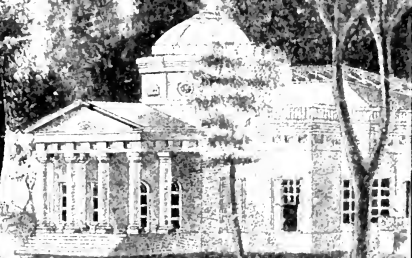


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# WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE

Vol. III.

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No. 10

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## The Higher Life

To live without envy, hatred, worry or malice; to work with earnestness and joy always, shattering hoary superstition, demolishing shams, letting the light into dark places, combatting evil in all its shapes; unfettering every enslaved mind from its ignorance, prejudice and dread of the Hereafter; reading beautiful books, writing beautiful books; inspiring men and women to nobler efforts, purer aims; slaying the sordid greed that puts the brand of the dollar mark on human beings who might be men; enlarging the ancient order of Knighthood with sun-crowned, chivalrous souls who would live and toil and fight for Love and Duty.



# Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine

Vol. III.

October, 1909

No. 10

## EDITORIALS

### SOCIALISTS AND SOCIALISM

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#### CHAPTER I.

**I**F YOU'VE nothing else to do and are at all interested in the subject, suppose you come along with me, and have a look at the Howling Dervishes. It takes all sorts of folks to make a world, you know, and the Howling Dervish is a time-honored institution. He has enormous faith in himself, and no amount of the opposition literature could exterminate him. He's a fixture, the Howling D. is, and we must reconcile ourselves to him, as we do to other inevitable and unescapable actualities.

The most amusing thing about the modern H. Dervish is, that he considers himself something new under the sun. He isn't. Plato dreamed of him; ancient Sparta knew him well: each savage tribe had to shake him off; and even the American colonies experimented with him, in their young and silly days. But the Socialists of our time bitterly deny the possession of a historic lineage, and wildly claim originality as they howl and whirl.

If you have no decided preference as to what part of the Socialist capon shall be put on your plate, I'll begin with young Robert Hunter. Young Robert is the Socialist leader who worked a get-rich-quick scheme by marrying a millionaire's daughter,—after which he published a book on "Poverty", and began to wear pink socks.

The Socialists run a daily screecher in New York City, and instead of naming it something reasonable, they christened it the *Call*. Young Robert Hunter (whom I know and dote on) had "a piece" in the *Call* recently, which reads this way:

#### "THE WRATH OF GOD.

"BY ROBERT HUNTER.

"If the wrath of God has ever been visited upon a people, that people is the people of the South.

"They have sought to free themselves from labor and to condemn another race to do their work forever.

"They tore an innocent, childlike, helpless people from the jungles of Africa.

"They chained them, scourged them, threw them into the holds of their vessels

and brought them to the white man's country to do as slaves the white man's work.

"They bred them as one breeds beasts. They sold their wives and children as one sells cattle. They trained them to labor, forced them to work under whip and musket, to build up the wealth of the South.

"They feared to let them know that they were human. They lied to them, classed them with animals, took care not to stir in them intellect or soul.

"Hoping to keep them in perpetuity their domestic animals, they crushed every human aspiration of their child-like wards.

"It was a struggle against nature, a fight against normal human development which ended in failure. The human spark in that black, innocent, long-suffering people could not be blown out.

"They did the dirty work, honestly, patiently, laboriously. And it was not until John Brown and Lincoln had lived and died that they knew themselves as part of humanity.

"The blacks suffered by slavery; the whites were brutalized by it. It stultified the intellect of the dominant race, because there was no time for other thought, except to keep the blacks degraded.

"It paralyzed the soul of the dominant race, because every ethical ideal had to be outraged.

"It wrecked the spirit of liberty, fraternity and equality, because the dominant race dared not believe in liberty, fraternity and equality.

"It demolished Christianity, because the dominant race became hypocrites.

"They cramped their souls, stultified their intellect, degraded their politics, and finally made war on their country to maintain mastery over the blacks.

"For profit they even bred themselves to the blacks and sold into slavery half their blood.

"At the thought of losing mastery they involved their country in a monstrous civil war. Over the heads of the simple childlike blacks a titanic battle was fought. A million white brothers cut each other's throats, tore each other to pieces, made rivers of each other's blood, pillaged and destroyed each other's homes.

"The very existence of the nation was threatened.

"All for what?

"To gain for the dominant race freedom from labor and to condemn another race in perpetuity to do the white man's work.

"Today, even, there is no end to that struggle.

"Senators and governors, clergymen and politicians, capitalists and land owners, still fight the same hopeless, unnatural, futile battle."

I begin the series of chapters on Socialism with Mr. Hunter's attack on the South, because it is desirable, first of all, to get the Socialist point of view of our most troublesome and important national problem.

The ignorant, narrow-minded and murderous fanatic, John Brown, is one of the patron saints of Socialism. Few Southern people are aware of this: it is well that they should know it. The frenzied old man who shocked his own following by his cold-blooded butchery of unarmed, unsuspecting and innocent white men and boys, in Kansas, is a hero and martyr in the eyes of the apostles of Socialism. The home of the peaceable citizen was not sacred to that ferocious monomaniac: the husband watching at the sick bed of his wife awoke no compassion in him: the sleep of men, women and children, unconscious of peril, did not check his implacable fury. Even the wicked, terrible old Jew, in "Oliver Twist", faltered, as he looked upon the innocent slumber of his intended victim, and muttered, in the low tones of awe, "not tonight: not tonight". But the heart of Fagin was tenderer than that of John Brown. The shield of home, of sleep, of night, of innocence—

he beat it down with ruthless hatred, and he slaughtered in cold blood men and boys who had committed no crime, and done him no sort of harm.

And this raving monomaniac, bloody-handed and bloody-minded, —is annually glorified in the Socialist papers, his name linked with that of Abraham Lincoln, —*who detested and denounced him*,—and his utterly impracticable and horribly wicked attempt to inaugurate a servile insurrection in Virginia ranked with the sane and glorious struggles of those who fought and won the battles for civil liberty.

Does young Robert Hunter know that the National Republican Convention which nominated Mr. Lincoln unanimously denounced John Brown's raid as "*the worst of crimes*"?

Does he know that some of the most prominent Republicans, who were familiar with Brown's personal record, described him as a dishonest, blood-thirsty, lawless character?

Does he know that the first victim of Brown in the Harper's Ferry raid was a negro—a negro who was on duty at the freight station and whom Brown slew as ferociously as he had butchered Doyle and his two boys in Kansas?

Does he know that in Kansas John Brown robbed stores and stole horses, and that he raided the plantation of a peaceable old Missouri farmer, murdered him in cold blood, and stripped the plantation of its mules, oxen, wagons, and all such portable property as he could lay his hands on?

A patron saint of Socialism and joint-heir of immortal glory with Lincoln—this ferocious old fanatic who tore a husband from the bedside of a sick wife, and hacked him to death with a two-edged cleaver, *in her hearing!* It was not then, or ever afterwards, claimed that this victim of Brown's ungovernable rage had been guilty of anything that called for vengeance. He was a poor borderer, living in a little cabin on the Pottawattomie, and was nursing his sick wife through the lonely hours of the night,—unconscious that a human tiger was at his door. Brown broke into that humble home, dragged the man away from his terrified wife, and hewed him to death with the cleaver, more brutally than a butcher slaughters an ox.

And Southern men are rushing into the European mess called Socialism, blindly following the blind zealots who worship the memory of the bloody monster, John Brown!

Well might Andrew Johnson say of him in the Senate of the United States:

"Innocent, unoffending men were taken out (of their cabins), and in the midnight hour, and in the forest, and on the roadside fell victims to the insatiable thirst of John Brown for blood. Then it was . . . that hell entered into his heart—not the iron into his soul. Then it was that he shrank from the dimensions of a human being into those of a reptile. Then it was, if not before, that he changed his character to a demon who had lost all the virtues of a man!"

It is difficult to believe that Mr. Hunter does not know more about the institution of Slavery than appears in his article. He holds the

South responsible, as though she had invented slavery and had alone been guilty of it. Surely Mr. Hunter has read the Bible: surely he knows that slavery is coincident with the earliest annals of the human race: surely he knows that Holy Writ expressly sanctions and regulates the system, that Christ never uttered a word against it, and that St. Paul commanded slaves to obey their masters as they would Christ.

The "Seven Wonders of the World" were the work of slave-holders: "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome", were the triumphs of slave-owners.

They who magnetized and were magnetized by the most glorious oratory of antiquity; they who scaled the loftiest pinnacles in science and art; they who blazed the trails along which the pilgrim-thoughts of the civilized of all subsequent eras have reverently passed; they whose civic achievements defy modern emulation and whose battle-fields cling to the memories of each succeeding generation,—were slave-owners.

The system had existed in all ages and among all nations, and it was thrust upon the American Colonies by the Old World. "Princes, potentates and powers" took a hand in the vile, inhuman traffic; and such monarchs as Queen Elizabeth did not scruple to become partners with piratical slaves, like Sir John Hawkins, and take their share of the blood money.

The Socialists ought to know well enough that the Spaniards brought negro slaves to this country, long before the Jamestown settlement was made. They ought to know that the Southern colonists were not a sea-faring people, and that New England enjoyed the lucrative monopoly of tearing "an innocent, child-like people from the jungles of Africa". From Marblehead, Massachusetts, sailed the first slave-ship that ever cleared from an American port; Rhode Island kept more than a hundred such vessels busy; it was from New York that the *Wanderer* put to sea, during the administration which preceded *Lincoln's*; and it was a Southern lawyer that libelled the ship, and put a stop to the piratical traffic which Mr. Hunter so fiercely and properly denounces.

I am not the least bit ashamed of the fact that the South owned slaves: if we had treated them with the brutality that Northern corporations inflict upon white slaves under the wage-system, I *would* be ashamed. Such doings as those at Pittsburg were never seen in the Old South. Such horrors as those we witnessed in Colorado, a few years ago, were foreign to our system. "Five dollars a week and a gentleman friend," was something unknown to *our* philosophy.

Does Mr. Hunter know that it was a Southern statesman who kept slavery out of the great Northwest; and that when the Committee, in the Convention of 1787, reported in favor of closing the slave-trade in 1800, New England voted down the proposition and made the date 1808? *Virginia voted to put an end to the infamy in 1800; Massachusetts voted to prolong it to 1808.* So did New Hampshire and Connecticut.



These sanctimonious, better-than-thou pharisees made good use of the interval between 1787 and 1808, for they brought and sold to the South and to the West Indies, a million blacks, whom they "tore" from the jungles, and "chained, scourged and threw into the hold of their vessels".

Does Mr. Hunter know that the first code of laws of Massachusetts established slavery in that self-righteous colony, whose severely pious Legislature, after the heroic Lawrence had made his splendid fight and gone to death with "Don't give up the ship!" on his lips, passed a resolution that, "it does not become a religious people to express approbation of military and naval exploits not immediately defensive?"

Does he know that in the very copy of the *Boston Gazette and Country Journal* (July 22, 1776), which published the *Declaration of Independence*, "a stout, strong, healthy negro man, about twenty-five years of age", was advertised for sale?

Does Mr. Hunter know that New England practiced Indian slavery, negro slavery and white slavery, from the very beginning, and that *she never gave it up until she found a cheaper, better way of exploiting human labor?*

\* \* \* \* \*

It was patriarchal.—Southern slavery was. The slave-owner allowed no human waste. The sick were visited, the hungry fed, the naked clothed. The African *savage* gradually evolved the *man*. The hideous devils that haunted his soul, in Africa, insensibly retreated, as hymns were learned and the Rock of Ages revealed. The despairing wail of barbaric music well nigh lost its place, as the lot of the poor negro improved. Never in all the Dark Continent has any explorer heard merry melodies—never. Terrorized by super-stition, by malignant witch-doctors, and by merciless chiefs, the negro lived without security for property, freedom or life, and without hope of future happiness.

The New Englanders who bought their human cargo from the fathers who sold children, or from the chiefs who bartered captives, conferred an immense benefit upon the blacks who survived the Middle Passage. In this country, they were taught how to work, and made to do it. Naturally, the negro doe-n't know *how* to work, and *won't* work, any more than is necessary to sustain life. In this country, he had set before his eyes high standards of living. He was compelled to curb his sensual appetites and to cloak his indecency. He *absorbed* much of what it had taken us centuries to learn. He *copied*, as well as he could, the picture that we had laboriously been painting for a thousand years; and when the negro now presents to the world *a tolerably fair copy of our original work*, his sap-headed admirers exclaim, "Oh, what marvelous progress Sambo has made!"

\* \* \* \* \*

*Envy* had a vast deal to do with the sectional war waged against the South, and Mr. Hunter reveals the feeling when he repeatedly alludes to the fortunes piled up for us by negro labor.

I seriously doubt whether *any* Southern planter ever made much money out of the slaves. In colonial times, "the British mortgage" was an heirloom, handed down from father to son, along with the family estate. General Washington was a most vigilant, economical and successful farmer, but his account-books reveal very small profits. Nearly all of the manorial proprietors of Virginia were chronically "hard-up" for ready money. They were not lenders: they were borrowers. Even Andrew Jackson, with his tremendous driving-power, failed to make his farming pay any considerable amount. And when he allowed his adopted son to take control, he was almost bankrupted in a couple of years.

The negro-slaves got a greater share of what they produced than the wage-earners of the North and East are getting now. My grandfather was as good a farmer as ever wet his feet in the dew of early morning, but nearly all that he made was consumed on the place. A few bales of cotton constituted the annual surplus. He added nothing to his realty, and had no money out at interest. Yet he owned nearly a hundred of these ebony fortune-builders.

And I have never talked with one of my grandfather's slaves who did not speak of him with affection and regret. They are glad they are free, but they look back to their life on the old plantation as the happiest era of their existence.

The planters of the Old South were not good "business men". Everybody knows that. They were an easy-going lot, fond of a toddy, of a pipe, of an after-dinner nap, of congenial company, of field sports, and "a little game of cards". They were by nature incapable of deliberate, systematic cruelty. They were constitutionally unfit for that deadly grind of money-making, which eats the soul out of men and drives them to the desperate pace which prevails in our modern commercial system. "Dollar-madness" was an unknown disease in the Old South.

What went with the fortunes which the slave is said to have piled up? When the War broke out, it became evident that the specie was not on our side of the Mason and Dixon line. The banks of New York, Philadelphia and Boston held the gold and silver. We had practically nothing but lands and houses, flocks and herds, corn in the crib, wheat in the bin, hay and fodder in the barn. We had no considerable surplus of money.

And why? Because the North, with the infernal tariff, had skimmed the cream off the agricultural South every year. By this route, the net profits of slave-labor poured into New England. The manufacturers of the North understood this well enough, and so did such Southern statesmen as Benton, McDuffie, Hayne, Walker and Calhoun. If the slave-driver's lash enriched any class, it was the capitalists of the North.

Broadly speaking, there has never been any profit in growing cotton. The men who make fortunes out of the fleecy staple are those who manufacture it. Look at the amazing wealth of the capitalists of

New England, where was it produced? Not in New England. Everybody will agree to that. Where then? Most of it came from the cotton fields of the South. With their tariffs they robbed us of our rightful earnings before the Civil War, and the exploitation is fiercer under the "*Downward Revision*" bill than ever before.

But the power of vivid, persistent lies is very great. The Abolitionists had the floor; their speakers scrupled at nothing; their writers were equally mendacious; the task of fanning into a consuming fire the ever present embers of sectional animosity, was not Herculean,—and so the North came to believe that the free and easy, hospitable, careless and open-handed Cavalier of the South was a remorseless master who was piling up wealth by inhuman slave-driving.

Sometimes when I see the hog-pen conditions in which the more shiftless negroes now live, and *every* time that I look upon the wearily monotonous and unpicturesque cottages in which mill operatives dwell (no privacy possible), my recollection goes back to the slave quarters of the Old South,—the comfortable cabins under the big trees, each house widely separated from the other, with a vegetable garden in the rear, and a vine and a flower at the front. Very happy seemed the black children that played in the sand-bed and about the doors. Very genuine sounded the laughter of those little slaves as they romped and played. They seemed to love "Old Miss"; they did not tremble, at the approach of "Old Marse". No pall of fear hung over those plantation villages. And the privacy of these homes of the blacks was respected by every white person on the place. Regulated in this patriarchal manner, and encouraged to marry, the negro man practiced continence, and was but slightly contaminated by venereal disease. The race is rotten with it now, and the consequent deterioration is glaringly evident.

In "slavery days", many a white child taught the negro children how to read. Thousands of white preachers expounded the Gospel to them, and prayed with them. They came to know something of law and order, of right and wrong, of the peace and the comfort of methodical industry.

The yodel-song of the slave used to ring throughout the South, on summer nights, as it never will again. It had no grief in it, no hatred, no despair. I remember how it used to rise and swell and lingeringly re-echo over the old plantation, when the singer, "on his way to his wife's house", was miles away.

Not a single case of rape ever occurred,—yet the "slave-driver" was constantly leaving his wife and children alone of nights at the "Big House". Nothing was more common than for the master, in leaving home, to select one of his slaves to sleep at the door while he was away. And every night that the white man was gone the negro would stretch his blanket on the piazza, and, with his axe in his arms, lie down to guard the master's wife and daughters.

Ah, Mr. Socialist, you know nothing about it. When we Southern men were boys, we'd fight other white boys, "at the drop of a hat", if they "imposed upon" our black playmates. In like manner, the negro

boys would fight other negroes in defense of their white playmates. (In the cemetery at Macon, Ga., is a magnificent monument over the last resting place of a rich white man who lost his life protecting his slaves. I saw it often while at Mercer University.)

When the cruel War began, who was more eager to follow "Young Marster" to the front than his black "boy"? How can any Socialist, holding the views expressed by Mr. Hunter, explain the devotion which so many thousands of negroes displayed on the march, in the camp, in the hospital, and on the battlefield? And how do they explain the stupendous fact that during the four years when the white men were in the army, the negro men protected white wives and daughters?

Mr. Hunter says that we crushed every human aspiration of the slave, and that it was not until after Brown and Lincoln died that the negro knew himself as a part of humanity.

Will Mr. Socialist listen to a colored man, testifying upon that subject? My witness is the Hon. William Hannibal Thomas, a South Carolinian who has served in the legislature (1876), where he was made chairman of its leading committees. He is a lawyer who has been admitted to practice before the Supreme Court, and he is a Colonel in the National Guard. I have never seen Mr. Thomas, but from what he says of his ancestry he must be a bright mulatto. He has recently published a most interesting and remarkable study of "The American Negro",—a work brought out by the Macmillan Publishing Company. I earnestly advise Mr. Hunter to get the book and read it. Speaking of the institution of slavery, this colored man says (page 21):

"Despite its barbarities, slavery wrought a salutary transformation in the negro race. It made rational men out of savage animals, and industrious serfs out of wanton idlers. It found the negro rioting in benighted ignorance, and led him to the threshold of light and knowledge. It clothed nakedness in civilized habiliments, and taught a jungle idolater of Christ and immortality."

This is the voluntary evidence of a South Carolina colored man who was born in 1843, lost an arm in service with the Union Army during the Civil War, resumed his studies in 1865 and spent three years at a Presbyterian Seminary, engaged in religious newspaper work awhile, and then (1871) went to Newberry County, S. C., to organize schools and teach free negroes. Mr. Thomas cast his first vote in 1864, and gave it to Abraham Lincoln.

If the Socialists reject the testimony of *such* a witness, whom *would* they believe? And if they accept his evidence, they must radically modify their absurd notions about Southern slavery.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was by contact with the Cavaliers of the South, and in imitation of our gallantry to women, that the negro got his first idea of what the Caucasian calls *love*. In Africa, the black man has the same feeling for a black woman that the bull has for the cow: in America, he has, by slow degrees, come under some of the influence of sentiment. In

Africa, the black man never "courted" the girl he wanted: he either took her without ceremony, or paid a cow or so to her father for her,—she having little or no voice in the trade. In this country the negro, —an imitative creature—saw how white boys "courted" the girls, and he delightedly copied the practice. On this subject, Hon. William Hannibal Thomas, in his book, "The American Negro", testifies:

"So bestial are negro men that *we have known them* to lead wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters to the sensuous embraces of white men."

Again:

"Fathers and daughters, brothers and sisters . . . abandon themselves . . . to sexual gratification whenever desire and opportunity arises."

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Hunter speaks of slavery brutalizing the master, "stultifying" his intellect, and paralyzing his soul! How ridiculous! There was never a finer race of men, nor a purer, sweeter, nobler type of womanhood than those of the Old South.

In Mr. Roosevelt's "Life of Benton", he candidly admits that the Southern soldiers were, man for man, superior to those of the North. Everybody knows that the statement is true. Else, how could the Confederates have so long maintained a five-to-one conflict? Is Mr. Hunter ignorant of the noble tribute which Mr. Roosevelt paid to the Army of Northern Virginia, and to Robert E. Lee? (The other day a Socialist writer, and worshipper of John Brown, classed General Lee with Benedict Arnold. Inferentially, Mr. Hunter does precisely the same thing.)

Is the South now producing higher types of men than George Mason, Edmund Pendleton, John Marshall, James Monroe, Charles Carroll, John and Henry Laurens, Archibald Bulloch, Thomas Nelson, Nathaniel Macon, William Lowndes, Hugh Legare, John Forsyth, Edward and John Rutledge, George M. Troup, Chancellor Wythe, Peyton Randolph, William Cumming, Alexander H. Stephens, Henry A. Wise, Albert Sidney Johnson, Bishop Pierce and Jesse Mercer? These are just a few of the names, strung on at random: there are hundreds of others, borne by slave-owners whose "heads were great and whose hearts were true". Will the South ever see their like again? I doubt it. The capitalists of the North have commercialized us, and the olden standards wane and sink.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Hunter says that slavery "degraded our politics". He wrote the article in New Jersey, and published it in New York,—and lays "degraded politics" to *our* door,—this *New Jersey* Socialist writing for a paper in *New York*! Mr. Hunter's sense of humor cannot be very keen.

Slavery degraded Southern politics, did it? Why, we never knew anything about stuffing ballot boxes, using the fraudulent registration, the repeater, and the doctored "return", until after the Civil War; and then we imported them from New York. We never knew what it was

to have Northern corporations choose our Senators, boss our Congressmen, debauch our Legislatures, and prostitute our Judiciary, until after the Republicans and Abolitionists took control of the Government.

The very lands out of which sprung the legions that devastated Virginia, were unselfishly donated to the Union by that slave State. It was a slave-owning President that widened your Western frontiers until your flag flew from sea to sea. It was the slave-dynasty that called the imperial Lone Star into your national firmament. They were slave-owners who put European Kings upon notice that *all* the New World, every one of the Americas, should forever be free from Old World domination.

The slave-owners combatted New England's greed for robber tariffs; ended the existence of the national bank; paid off the public debt; governed the country economically, at a cost of less than two dollars per capita; and when there was a surplus in the treasury, they did not make a gift of it to Wall Street thieves, but returned it to the States.

No pampered few were made millionaires by the laws of the slave-owner; no millions of industrious men were reduced to poverty by his abuse of power. Many slave-owners entered the public service rich, and left it poor: none ever entered it poor and left it rich. Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson,—each of them had to borrow large sums of money at the end of his Presidential term. It remained for the Abolitionists to give us a governmental system which spawns Trusts and bread-lines; a system in which the John Shermans, Arthur Gormans, and Nelson Aldriches go into office with good characters, but no wealth; and depart loaded with riches, but besmirched in character; a system under which the Guggenheims and Clarks and Brices and Depews buy Senatorial seats, as others purchase a berth in the Stock Exchange.

The very laws that make your paupers and your Socialists,—the refunding plots and contraction crimes, the resurrection of the national bank, the violation of the integrity of the Constitutional money-system, the Morrill tariff which begot the subsequent abominations, the partnership between Wall Street and the United States Treasury,—all these curses came upon the country *immediately* after the Republicans gained control.

The Abolitionists have done what Webster mournfully predicted, and they did it by forcing a war which the people of the North did not really want.

"Slavery degraded our politics!" O heavens, to think that such an indictment should be drawn against the proud, high-minded, scrupulously honorable statesmen of the Old South, by a Socialist who resides in *New Jersey* and writes for a paper in *New York*!

And to think that the accusation should follow so close on the heels of the extra session of Congress which framed the "*Downward Revision*" bill!

\* \* \* \* \*

If Mr. Hunter were a student, in the broad sense of the word, he would know that slavery was never the cause of the downfall of any nation. Peoples lose their civilization and sink into decadence, when they have suffered their blood to become vitiated by the infusion of inferior strains. *The nation that crosses its breed with lower races, is the nation that goes to hell.*

The creed of Socialism threatens Caucasian civilization, for it offers to the negro absolute equality with the whites, social and political. With such a breaking down of barriers, the mongrelization of the higher race would begin. At present, no African blood is in our veins. Some of our blood has gone into theirs, but racially *we* are, as yet, pure.

Mr. Hunter, Mr. Medill, and the Northern and European Socialists generally, construe the Brotherhood of Man to mean the putting of all races on the same level. The brown peoples, the yellow and the black are to be recognized as our equals in every way. The magnificent superiority given to the Caucasian by the God that made him, and used by him for the betterment of the world, is to sink into a debasing, unnatural equality with the scum of creation. It is sickening to think of.

The effeminate, dissolute, cowardly and sensual Asiatic, pouring into Greece after Alexander's career of conquest, wrote "*Ichabad*" upon the record of the Hellenese, whom they hybridized and degraded. The influx of the inferior races subjugated by Rome, sapped her imperial vigor, corrupted her blood, destroyed her ideals. The most awesome spectacle in history is that of the mongrelized empire of the Caesars, tottering from age to age, propped by the spears of pure-blooded Celts and Teutons,—who serve half scornfully, until such time as they dismember the impotent realm and divide it among themselves.

What ails Portugal, Spain, South America? The mongrel. What's the matter with Cuba? The mongrel. Who that knows the story of the nations can be ignorant of the fact that a superior breed, crossed with an inferior, sinks to a lower level? The Portuguese have too much African blood in their veins. In Central and South America, the Spaniards intermixed with Indians and negroes. In Cuba, there is almost no pure blood at all. Hence, it is incapable of self-government.

Teutons, Celts, Normans, Saxons, Angles, Jutes, Frisians, etc., could fuse, and not be hurt; they were all Caucasians, all members of the great white family. But fusion with a lower race is ruin. These Howling Dervishes who are eternally railing at the South and reviling her, are as blind as bats, or they would know that our invincible determination to protect ourselves from negro equality, *is the divine instinct of race-preservation.*

When such Socialists as Hunter, Medill and Debs strive to have John Brown accepted as a saint, and Robert E. Lee classed as a traitor, the ultimate purpose is to beat down what these fanatics call "prejudice against the negro". Socialism means to have the African classed as one of our brothers, whose skin freakish nature painted black. They ignore his *inferiority* altogether. They forget that thick skull which God gave him; they refuse to see the truth of history; they will not

admit that the African had as much time and as good an opportunity to evolve a civilization *from within*, as yellow, brown and white men had. They reject the evidence that the African was given the benefit of Phœnician civilization and lost it; of Grecian glories, and lost them; of Roman grandeurs, and lost them. They spurn the terrible testimony of San Domingo. They scout the pitiful lesson of Liberia. They simply *won't* learn anything about the *real* negro, *in the mass*. They judge every black man by the Booker Washingtons, and they don't know, as we do, that if Booker were to send his children to Africa, the third generation would be the slaves of Witch doctors, and would consider the thigh of a fat missionary an epicurean delicacy.

These Howling Dervishes ought to know, but do not, that there is no such thing, ethnologically, as a backward race,—no such thing as improving, racially, a fixed type. The brain-cavity of the negro skulls found in mummies 3,000 years old, is just the same inferior product of nature that it is now.

The German of a thousand years ago had the brain and the characteristics of the German of today. Herman, who smashed the legions of Varus, repulsed Drusus, and established the independence of his country, was a greater man than Barbarossa, than Frederick, than Bismarck. Charlemagne towers above his modern successors, as Alfred of England, the first Edward, and the Norman William take precedence of the monarchs of Britain. Once an Englishman, always an Englishman: once a Celt, always a Celt: once a Frank, always a Frank: once a Negro, always a Negro. God ordained it so: Man strives in vain to reverse the decrees of the Almighty.

Education does not alter racial characteristics. You can't make a Saxon or a Celt out of Jew, Turk or Chinaman, by sending him to college. All the waters of the Pierian Spring couldn't wash the inferiority out of the negro. And the most discouraging thing about the best educated negro is, that *education cannot be transmitted from sire to son*. Racial characteristics can be inherited, but *culture dies with the individual*.

Everybody who knows a blessed thing about it, will agree that, while a few of the negroes are becoming more and more like the better class of white people—in dress, manners, way of living, and education,—*the mass of the race is going backward*.

The towns are infested with young negro men who will not work at any price. They live on the negro women,—stealing what they can from the whites. Comparatively few of these men are free from loathsome maladies. Practically none of the girls and women are chaste. The South has squandered more than \$100,000,000 since the Civil War educating the blacks, but in most instances the schooling does the children no good. The average negro has no true conception of religion, of civic responsibility, of loyalty to the marriage vow, of *principle* of any kind.

Poor child of impulse! Anybody can lead him anywhere by playing upon his credulity, his ignorance, his superstition, his sensual appetites. The *mass of the race* are in a lower condition today—in



health, in morals, in physical well-being, in racial purity and strength—than they were in the days of slavery.

And notwithstanding the fact that they now receive more of what they produce than white labor does in protected industries, Mr. Thomas figures out, in his remarkable book, that *the Southern farmers pay less for free negro labor than slave-labor cost.*

We Southern whites are the best friends the negro has got, but we know what he really is. We know where he would go to, if our sustaining hand, our compelling influence, our constant pattern and example, were not ever present, *coercing him our way.*

Yes, sir! We know Sambo, and we like him first rate, *in his place.* And he must stay there, too.—Socialists to the contrary notwithstanding.

By the sacred memories of the mighty past, in the name of every hero-martyr that fought and died to create this Christian civilization, as trustees of the glorious legacy of Caucasian ideals and achievements, as defenders of the inheritance of our children's children, we *must*, we *MUST* safeguard our race and our institutions from the infusion of negro blood and the degradation of negro standards.

The Hindoo, encompassed by a vast welter of mixed, inferior races, drew around himself the rigid circle of Caste, and so maintained his civilization for centuries,—a civilization which blossomed gorgeously and ripened the choicest fruits of science and the arts, of literature, philosophy and religion. But the ocean of mongrelism encroached, the lines of Caste were overflowed, Hindoo blood mingled with inferior currents, and Hindoo civilization sunk.

*If ever there was a time when the Caucasians of America should take this historic object-lesson to heart, it is now.*

Says Mr. Hunter, referring to our Southern forefathers:

*"For profit, they even bred themselves to their blacks, and sold into slavery half their blood."*

Deliciously delicate, isn't it?

Joshua Giddings, Wm. L. Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Ben Wade, Thad Stevens and Charles Sumner tongue-lashed the South with all the intensity of partisan fury, but that was when passions were raging, and the Niagara of Civil War thundered in the distance. To read a sentence like Mr. Hunter's at this late day, stirs a feeling of profound surprise and regret.

According to Mr. Hunter, the mulatto is the result of a mathematical calculation. The master figured out the amount he could add to his fortune by selling half-breeds,—and then went and begot the children. Does Mr. Hunter seriously contend that even the colder-blooded Puritan was ever so icily calculating, as he represents the Cavalier to have been?

As to "involving the country in a monstrous civil war" for the sake of slavery,—that is another naïve conception.

There were only a quarter of a million slave-owners in the South, yet the whole section sprang to arms. To preserve slavery? Nonsense.

The truth is, the seceding States were so sincere in their belief that they had a right to leave the Union, that they made no preparations for war. They bought no supply of arms, threw up no defenses, strengthened no fortress, called for no troops. With the slaves, they had gone out of the old Confederation and joined the new one. The written condition was that slavery should not be disturbed. When that compact was violated, they withdrew, without bluster and without threats. The Southern leaders delivered farewell speeches to their Congressional colleagues—speeches which throb with profound emotion, suggestive of unshed tears.

If the capture of Fort Sumter was wrong, the Lincoln Government should have sent a fleet to Charleston and retaken the fortress. There was no legal, moral or other sort of justification for pouring armies into Virginia. It was Mr. Lincoln's call for troops to invade the South, that unified and electrified her people. Practically every Southerner, outside the mountains, intensely resented that invasion. Even the school-boys threw down their books, and rushed to Virginia to help defend her. Gracious God! why is it that Northern people will *never* understand that the South fought on principle, for what she considered her Constitutional rights, and *not* for the slave?

Mr. Hunter must know that when Lincoln took the oath of office, *he had just declared in his inaugural address that he had neither the legal right nor the inclination to interfere with slavery.*

With the advent of the rabid Abolitionists, the separation of the sections, or the abandonment by the Southern States of their Constitutional rights, became inevitable.

Jefferson foresaw the bloody conflict, when Senator Thomas, of Illinois, injected the slavery question, and demanded the arbitrary dividing line between free states and slave states, at the time Missouri sought admission to the Union. The "Missouri Compromise" was nothing more than a discriminating condition which the North imposed upon the South. In no sense, was it the work of Henry Clay or any other Southern statesman. The South simply accepted it, because the majority was against her. The agreement was that Maine and Missouri should both be admitted, but after Maine came in (1820), the Northern Abolitionists threw their whole strength against the admission of Missouri, and she did not get in until later, and after having drained a bitter cup of humiliation.

Apparently, Mr. Hunter is not well informed of the avowed purpose of the Abolition leaders to violate the Constitution and disrupt the Union. He probably knows that the first disunion threat ever heard in Congress was made by Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, and that the first Secession Convention was held at Hartford, Connecticut, and that New England was practically out of the Union during the War of 1812—her capitalists lending money and furnishing supplies to the enemy, and her officials defying the National Government. But does he know that the leaders of the Abolition movement were avow-

edly for disunion, and brutally frank in their declarations of their contempt of law?

So early as 1850, William Lloyd Garrison was bellowing, "A thousand times accursed be this Union!"

In 1855, Senator Ben Wade, addressing a mass-meeting in Maine, exclaimed, "Let us sweep away this remnant which we call a Union."

Anson Burlingame said, "We need disunion, a new Constitution, a new Bible, and a new God." The old Union, Constitution and Bible had slavery in them, and Burlingame was against all three on that account. Mr. Lincoln appointed him minister to China.

Joshua R. Giddings introduced into Congress a resolution demanding a dissolution of the Union. Mr. Lincoln appointed him to a fine Consular position.

Mr. Langdon, of Ohio, said in a speech, "I hate the Union as I hate hell."

Wendell Phillips declared that, "Washington was a sinner! It becomes an American to cover his face when he places Washington's bust among the great men of the world"; whereupon, one of the disciples of Phillips cried out,—“And I would like to spit on that scoundrel, Washington.”

The Father of his Country owned many slaves, you know, and the Abolitionists had to give him *post mortem* punishment for it. In fact, it riles their descendants to this day, when they are reminded that the noblest, greatest, tenderest, most intellectual and inspirational men that ever walked this earth, were "*slave-drivers*".

Not only did such agitators as Phillips and Garrison go up and down the North and East, preaching sedition and sowing the seeds of disunion, but even the philosopher, Emerson, told a New England audience that, "We must go back to the original form: in other words, go back to the original right of resistance and revolution, and nullify the Constitution and the laws."

In old Faneuil Hall (1854) a mass-meeting adopted a resolution in favor of a dissolution of the Union.

At a Boston meeting (1849), Wendell Phillips shouted:

"We confess that we intend to trample on the Constitution. We of New England are *not* a law-abiding community, *God be thanked for it*. We are disunionists."

The position of William H. Seward, Henry Ward Beecher, Charles Sumner and the rest of the Abolition leaders was identical with that of Phillips.

When the South seceded, these Abolitionists rejoiced and, strange as it may seem, nearly all of them admitted her right to peaceably withdraw from the Union. Sumner declared that, "*Nothing can possibly be so horrible, so wicked, or so foolish as a war on the South.*" That was, at first, the prevailing sentiment at the North.

The argument which perhaps did most to produce the War, was

that which Wendell Phillips had made to the Northern manufacturers. Said he to them, in substance:

"If the Southern States remain out of the Union, they will become the customers of free-trade England. You will either have to compete with the mills of the Old World, or lose the profits you now reap from the Southern cotton fields."

This was unanswerable, and it caused the New England capitalists to join the Abolitionists and bring on the Civil War.

Mr. Hunter must be singularly obtuse if he fails to understand that the more enlightened opinion at the North tacitly admits the error of sudden, uncompensated emancipation: the bestowal of suffrage upon a servile horde unprepared to exercise it intelligently; and the humiliating, disastrous conditions imposed upon the conquered states. The North acquiesces, as we enact local legislation whose purpose is to exclude blacks from political privileges.

This is as it should be. The ballot and the office are not at all essential to the negro's happiness and prosperity. He should have in fullest measure the protection of life, liberty and property; should enjoy the absolute and relative *rights* of the citizens; but *political privileges* should be withheld. He should have no place in the army, none in the navy, none in the public service. This should be a white man's Government,—to the exclusion of yellow men, brown men, red men and black men.

The "door of hope" should not be shut in the negro's face; *but he should be taught that the door of hope does not necessarily mean a vote to sell, an office that puts him above white people, and a place in politics that is corrupting and nationally degrading.*

Social equality follows where political equality leads; and social equality between blacks and whites would open the road to amalgamation. Under Socialism, no color line could be drawn; everything belonging to everybody, the negro would come in on the ground floor. Do away with the marriage system, as Socialism proposes, and elevate Free Love into a cult, and nothing but a God-sent miracle could arrest this nation on its hellward plunge.

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The Socialists of the North and West, favoring political and social equality for the negro, join Lincoln's name to that of John Brown. To do this is to ignore the record of Mr. Lincoln. Not only was he a late convert to the Abolition cause, but his votes in Congress had been more pro-slavery than otherwise. In his famous letter to Greeley, occurs the oft-quoted sentence, "*If I could save the Union without freeing the slaves, I would do it.*"

And against the Socialist demand for political and social equality for the negro, there is the familiar declaration of Mr. Lincoln:

"I have no purpose to introduce political or social equality between the white and black races. There is a physical difference between the two which will probably forever forbid their living together on the same footing of equality. I, as well as any other man, am in favor of the race to which I belong having the superior position. I have never said anything to the contrary."

To General Butler, went this letter, from Simon Cameron, Secretary of War:

"President Lincoln desires the right to hold slaves to be fully recognized. The war is prosecuted *for the Union*, hence no question concerning slavery will arise."

That was the Lincoln attitude from the time Seward gave him a written suggestion to that effect, down to the time when military expediency required him to sign the emancipation proclamation.

Here is a passage from Miss Ida Tarbell's "Life of Lincoln", which Mr. Hunter might study with profit:

"In 1864," relates Medill, "when the call for extra troops came, Chicago revolted. Chicago had sent 22,000 and was drained. There were no young men to go, no aliens except what were already bought. The citizens held a mass meeting and appointed three men, of whom I (Medill) was one, to go to Washington and ask Stanton (the War Secretary) to give Cook County a new enrollment. On reaching Washington we went to Stanton with our statement. He refused. Then we went to President Lincoln. "I can not do it," said Lincoln, "but I will go with you to Stanton and hear the arguments of both sides." So we all went over to the War Department together. Stanton and General Frye were there, and they both contended that the quota should not be changed. The argument went on for some time, and was finally referred to Lincoln, who had been silently listening. When appealed to, Lincoln turned to us with a black and frowning face: "Gentlemen," he said, with a voice full of bitterness, "after Boston, Chicago has been the chief instrument in bringing this war on the country. The Northwest opposed the South, as New England opposed the South. It is *you*, Medill, who is largely responsible for making blood flow as it has. *You* called for war until you had it. I have given it to you. What you have asked for you have had. Now you come here *begging* to be let off from the call for more men, which I have made to carry on the war *you* demanded. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. Go home and raise your 6,000 men. And you, Medill, you and your *Tribune* have had more influence than any other paper in the Northwest in making this war. Go home and send me those men I want."

The son of the Medill, to whom Mr. Lincoln said, "*You called for war until you had it! I have given it to you*", is now a shining light of Socialism, clamoring for political and social equality for the blacks, and no doubt as defamatory of the South as Mr. Robert Hunter.

In this Republic, the last hope of the world, we have been given an ominous riddle. We must solve it, or die.

Four millions of semi-savages, injected into our body-politic, have increased until every eighth person we meet is negro or negroid. To swell the bulk of that which we dare not assimilate, the mongrels and the inferior races are coming here from all parts of the world. The Germans no longer come; British and Scotch immigrants are few; the more liberal land-policy of England is rooting the Irishman to his native soil. From what countries, then, flow these high tides of immigration? Austro-Hungary, Russia, and Southern Italy, are flooding us with undesirables. The Orient threatens to follow suit. Actually, the foreign element predominates in many of our larger cities. Through our sea-ports have run torrents of loathsome disease, illiteracy, vice, crime and communistic longing. Millions of these immigrants never learn our language, never really become citizens, never understand our institutions, never care a continental for the country. And *into this huge mass of human dynamite, this chaotic and combustible world of*

negro, negroid, European mongrels, inferior race—remnants from every quarter of the globe, *the Socialist tosses the five brand* of collectivism, of free love, of social and political equality, and of an indiscriminating fraternity which *ignores the God-made differences between the races*, and which forgets *the causes which have carried lost nations to their doom*. When John Brown's memory is worshipped, and the name of Robert E. Lee blackened to the shade of Benedict Arnold's, we might as well pull down the busts of Washington and Jefferson, and fill our Hall of Fame with statuettes of Anarchasis Clootz.

[TO BE CONTINUED]



## WHAT THE PAPA DID FOR ERIN

**T**HE GULF STREAM, to which Chancellor Lipscomb gave the poetic name of "the wandering Summer of the sea", never nurtured a geographical flower more lovely than the Emerald Isle. Nature offers to man no dwelling place more variously tempting to his every desire, more satisfying to his every need. "Land of the green valley and the rushing river", as O'Connell was wont to call it, there is sublimity in its mountains, fascination in its waters, balm in its climate, wealth in its soil.

Sergeant S. Prentiss said, in the opening of that thrilling little speech of his at New Orleans, when Famine was slaying its thousands in Ireland:

"There lies upon the other side of the wide Atlantic a beautiful island, famous in story and in song. It has given to the world more than its share of genius and of greatness. It has been prolific in statesmen, warriors, and poets. Its brave and generous sons have fought successfully all battles but their own. In wit and humor it has no equal; *while its harp, like its history, moves to tears by its sweet but melancholy pathos.*"

Every word of this is true—true to the very letter. No other land has known more of the glory and the tragedy, the joy and the sorrow, of human existence. There isn't an island of all the seas which has sent forth so great a number of its sons to influence history by their words, their deeds, their inspiring examples.

Where blazed the torch of learning, of mental and spiritual light, most brightly during the medieval ages? In Ireland. At the beginning of the third century after Christ, Erin was not only Christian but evangelical. While Columba, a soldier of the Cross, invaded North Scotland to conquer and to hold, Columbanus, another Irishman, threw himself against the heathenism of Gaul and Germany. In those remote ages, the Celt from Erin was the Teacher of Europe. *Britain went to school to Ireland*. Sons of the Saxon sought the learning of the Celt.

In Italy, Celt was selected as chief instructor and, under Charlemagne's grandson, an Irishman was made superintendent of the whole system of Italian schools and universities.

In those ages, there was a learned man whose erudition and whose genius placed him so far above all of his contemporaries that he has been called the Aristotle, Archimedes, Bacon and Newton of his time. This was Joannes Scotus, or Erigena, an Irishman. Between the sixth and the tenth centuries, the Emerald Isle was blessed with peace and general content, was the home of orderly government and advancing civilization.

Then came the irruption of the Danes, and the long, bloody wars which left their legacy of depleted population and national exhaustion. The heroic Brien Boromhe and Melachlan broke the power of the Danes (1003 and 1022), but the struggle left Erin spent and divided, with no chief to unite all Ireland for recuperation and self-defense. Across the Channel, seated upon the English throne, was the crafty, cruel and powerful Henry the Second. Upon bleeding and distracted Erin fell the Plantagenet's eye of desire, and he determined that she should be his. Cunning, as well as grasping, he schemed to seize his prey in the name of Religion—and of all the foul plots of Popes or Kings, none was ever more devilish than that which gave to Henry's design upon Ireland the sanction of "the successor of St. Peter".

Ireland was a Catholic country, as she had been for eight hundred years. A more passionately loyal adherent of the Papa at Rome was not to be found among the nations. There was no pretense that Erin had offended the Vicar of Christ. But a greedy and victorious monarch lusted after this marvelously fair island, and with a cold spurt of the pen, Adrian IV., the reigning Papa, issued the decree which was to mean the ruin of a devoted Catholic people, the setting up of detestable tyranny, the overthrow of Irish law and order, and centuries of oppression, of bloodshed, of misery and chaos and starvation which have made Erin's name a synonym for national woe and desolation.

Exercising a power which the Popes had long arrogated to themselves, and which they would exercise even now if they dared, Pope Adrian IV. granted a bull, authorizing Henry II. to take possession of Ireland, *as of right at the disposal of his holiness*. "As for Ireland", said he, "and all other islands where Christ is known, and the Christian religion received, it is out of all doubt, *they do all appertain and belong to the right of St. Peter, and of the church of Rome*. You have (our well beloved son in Christ) advertised and signified unto us, that you will enter into the land and realm of Ireland, to the end to bring them to obedience unto law, and under your subjection, to root out from among them their foul sins and wickedness, *as also to yield and pay yearly out of every house, a yearly pension of one penny to St. Peter*. **WE THEREFORE DO GRANT THAT YOU DO ENTER TO POSSESS THAT LAND.** And farther also we do strictly charge and require that **ALL THE PEOPLE OF THAT LAND DO WITH ALL HUMBLENESS, DUTIFULNESS, AND HONOUR, RE-**

*CEIVE AND ACCEPT YOU AS THEIR LIEGE LORD AND SOVEREIGN."*

Literally interpreted, this document meant: "Go and seize Ireland and give me a share of the spoil,—no matter how much blood may be shed, nor how much misery may be inflicted upon the Irish, their children and their children's children."

Read in the light of the history of Erin, this document signed by Papa Adrian is the most wicked and fatal decree ever issued by mortal man. The death-warrant which led to the heartrending massacre of Glencoe is not a drop in the bucket when compared to this papal abomination. Beside it, the Vatican orders for the Albigensian Crusade, for the atrocities committed against the Waldenses, for the burnings and the butcherings under the Inquisition are as nothing. And concerning each of *those* horrible crimes of the See of Rome, it may be pleaded that something must be allowed to honest fanaticism. The Papa thought he was weeding heresy out of the land; and therefore Papa's sword and spear and wheel and rack and faggot were engaged in a holy work.

But Erin was Catholic: Erin was orthodox. The priest was ever a revered person to the Celt, and the Papa was his God. Oh, the heartlessness, the satanic malignity which could move Pope Adrian to unleash against his children the hell-hounds of Norman and Saxon ferocity and lust!

In the time of Tacitus, the commerce of Ireland was more extensive than that of Britain: in the age of Charlemagne the civilization of Erin surpassed that of England: for hundreds of years after the second century of the Christian era the Celt was the scholar and the missionary of Europe. But with the signing of that papal decree against her, Erin's glory and happiness departed. Thereafter, for many and many a century, her sons and her daughters were to be the victims of England's rapacity: her commerce and her agriculture and her learning were to languish toward extinction: her wretched population was to seek safety and opportunity in other lands than their own.

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In the year 1170, the invaders of Erin came—armed with no weapon half so effectual as that papal bull. Norman and Saxon swords, battle-axes and spears had no terrors for the Celt: the Danes, too, had had those, and the Irish had not been conquered. But these new invaders had armed themselves with an engine of war which carried division, consternation, despair throughout the Catholic millions of Erin,—the fatal paper on which their Papa had signed them away to the English King.

Only seven thousand soldiers were sent against Ireland by Henry the Second, but even that small force was sufficient. Awed and demoralized by the papal commands, the Irish could never muster enough strength to dislodge the English: and in course of time Irishmen lost their estates, their liberty, their commerce, their manufactures, their laws and their civilization.



Yet, with dog-like fidelity, Erin licked the hand that smote her. She remained Catholic. Obedient to the priesthood, she adored her Papa—and dutifully sent Peter's Pence to Rome.

Early in the fourteenth century, the Irish chiefs addressed to the Pope a remonstrance which is full of sad meaning and admonition. They referred to the bull of Adrian IV, which had authorized the invaders to seize their country. These Catholic chiefs did not question the Pope's right to give Ireland a foreign master. Not at all:—as good children of their Holy Father they conceded his sovereign prerogative. He represented God, and it was for him to say what king they should have. If he, in his divine wisdom, ordered them to submit to Norman and Saxon tyrants, it was not theirs to ask the reason why: it was theirs to obey.

The remonstrance addressed to the Papa by the Irish chiefs went upon the idea that while the Pontiff possessed the supreme over-lordship of Erin, the English had not complied with the terms of the papal decree. On the contrary, they had set aside the laws of the island, had corrupted the morals of the people, had seized upon the lands and had committed all kinds of enormities against the persons of the Papa's faithful children. For these reasons, the Irish chieftains declared their determination to revolt against the British and Normans—a desperate resolution which was soon emphasized by the ten thousand Irishmen who lay dead on the bloody and futile field of Athunree.

It was too late. The Pope's grant of Erin to the Normans had too long paralyzed the devout Catholics who were commanded to submit themselves "with humbleness, dutifulness and honor" to their "liege lord and sovereign", Henry the Second. Two hundred years of submission to the Papa had done their work: the foreign yoke was so firmly fixed that no subsequent rebellion could throw it off.

But all the while, the Irish remained devout Catholics. Painfully as they might feel the cross which Papa Adrian had placed upon them, they remained the obedient and affectionate children of Rome.

When Henry VIII. had his epoch-making quarrel with the Pope, and went into the business of making a Church, on his own hook, the Irish refused to go with him. They adhered to Rome. Dire were the consequences. The wrath of the English King was visited upon Erin,—and humanity shudders to think of what these Catholics suffered. Under Henry, under Elizabeth and even under James I., the Irish tasted of the bitter cup which the Pope, the Spanish King and the Duke of Alva had compelled the Dutch to drain.

A more infamous lot of "laws" were never placed upon the books than those which the English imposed upon the Irish. If the most radical negro-hater were given free rein to legislate against the blacks he would frame just about such a code as the Saxon made for the Celt. Intermarriage between the two races was forbidden, and it was provided that if any Englishman should use an Irish name, Irish language, or Irish costume, he should forfeit his estate, and that if he had no estate he should be cast into prison. If a man of the English race

married an Irish woman his act was *high treason*, and his punishment, *death!*

To this wretched pass had the bull of Papa Adrian IV. brought his deluded children. God! the degradation! From that far time,—when Erin's commerce out-stripped Britain's in all the seas, and when Irish ages and apostles went forth among the nations to teach and to Christianize,—down to this, what a fall! The best of Irish womanhood not worthy to be the wife of the commonest English men,—the Saxon guarding his blood from the Celt as the Caucasian of today loathes miscegenation with the blacks!

Surely a piece of parchment never wrought greater damnation than the bull which Adrian granted to Henry—the rapacious King, the insolent Pope and the superstitious victims collaborating to create one of the most shocking stories known to the terrible annals of the human race.

By a riper title than that of any other European people, the Irish held their land. They lost it as the weak are ever losing to the strong. They became tenants to the absentee robbers. They paid \$20 and \$30 per acre for the use of their own soil. The law stepped in and seized a tenth, besides, for the Episcopal Church. Loyalty to the Papa yielded another tithe to the priesthood and to the “august poverty” of the old gentleman who personified God at the Vatican.

Is it any wonder that Ireland sent her emigrants to the four corners of the earth? Is it any wonder that a decline set in among those who remained at home? Can we marvel that a Providential failure of the food crop of a people who had no surplus should mean almost universal misery? Yet whose cheek does not blanch to learn that in one season of dearth there were two million beggars tramping and wailing between the hedgerows of Erin and that six hundred thousand of her children perished in four awful, famine years?

“The Deserted Village” of a Goldsmith could melt the heart of all the world with its tender pathos, but no cry of hunger or of anguish coming out of Ireland could ever stay the ferocity of exploitation and mis-government—not until the French Revolution, when Kings and Popes learned what the maddened under-dogs might do if once they learned how to hunt in packs.

Aweing thrones and Vaticans, Public Opinion arose, novel, portentous, invincible. One by one reforms were adopted, not because they were just, but because ruling powers dared not refuse them. Rather than hurl divided England into war against United Ireland, the worst of the old barbaric code was repealed. By the operation of recent Parliamentary acts, the soil of Erin is passing back into the ownership of the Irish. Gradually the waste places are being built up: the wilderness is becoming a garden. “First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea”. Ireland once was: may she become so again.

Viewing the tomb of Mary of Burgundy, at Brussels—the fatherless princess whose inheritance Louis XI. of France seized upon—the trifling but intelligent Louis XV. remarked to his courtiers, “There lies the cause of all our wars.”

With even stricter accuracy, an Irishman could point to the atrocious bull of Pope Adrian IV, as the source of Erin's calamities, her centuries of strife, of misrule, of spoliation, of squalor, illiteracy, starvation and despair.



NEGRO GIRLS' HOME, OLD UMTALI, EAST AFRICA.—*World-Wide Missions*.

## No Wonder That They Are Proud These African Girls

ON PAGE 12 of *World-Wide Missions* for September, there is a description of the dedication of a new two-story brick building, erected for negro girls in East Africa.

This commodious home is "the gift of the women of America". Says Mrs. Louise M. Wadehouse, in her story of the dedication:

"It will be a great boon to the girls' work, for previously they had to be accommodated in huts. Now they are all together in this comfortable home, of which they are very proud."

No wonder these young black ladies are feeling good. To be promoted from the ordinary African hut to a fine brick house, and assured of comfort until they marry, is enough to justify their pride in their new home.

Meanwhile, millions of blacks and whites in America haven't even got huts of their own.

Are we Americans going crazy, or what? Maybe it's nothing more than a case of softening of the brain.

I feel as Truthful James did when he sang:

"Do I sleep? Do I dream?  
Do I wonder and doubt?  
Are things what they seem?  
Or is visions about?  
Is our civilization a failure?  
Or is the Caucasian played out?"

Nothing convinces like a picture, therefore I will waste a couple of bucks giving you a copy of the "likeness" of that nigger-girl home, which "the women of America" gave to the young black ladies of East Africa.



## EDITORIAL SMALL TALK

### WHAT IS CURIOUS?

In the *Washington Post*, our friend and philosopher, Mr. Ottinger, remarks:

"It is curious that no farmer has yet reported the loss of a handbag of jewels."

There isn't anything curious about *that*, John J.

The marvel of the thing is that the farmer should never inquire of the diamond-wearers, "Where did you get it?" and come to know that the jewels were taken, in a round-about way, from himself.

### MR. HEARST

Is again calling Tammany a "convicted criminal", and other hard names.

Charles Murphy is the Tammany boss. He was so when Mr. Hearst cartooned him in felon's stripes, four or five years ago. He was so when Mr. Hearst became his political partner, two or three years ago.

And Murphy has not changed. Same old corruptionist, boodler, criminal and national pest that he was when Hearst became his partner, after having told the world what a rascal he was.

### MUSICAL EDUCATION FOR THE HEATHEN

The Perry (Ga.) *Home Journal* announces the departure of Miss Bessie Houser, of that town, for China. She goes to Shanghai, under the auspices of the Woman's Foreign Mission Board of the M. E. Church, South.

Miss Bessie's business in China will be the giving of a musical education to the yellow girls of that happy land.

I cannot, at this moment, put my hands on the passage of Scripture which makes it our duty to neglect the musical training of our own children, and hike off to Cathay to confer that benefit upon the heathen; but I've no doubt the fanatics can find a text that will stretch.

Shades of Peter, Paul, Timothy and Barnabas!

Think of assaulting the walls of heathendom with such battering rams as "Kiss Waltz", "Hiawatha", "After the Ball", "Tickled to Death", "Rastus on Parade", "Just as the Sun Went Down", and "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie".

The *Perry Home Journal* states that seven other girls took passage in the same ship that carries Miss Bessie Houser across. It is not definitely stated what the other seven are to do, but they are bound for Korea, Japan and China, on mission work intent.

The "glamour of distance" exerts a powerful influence on most people; and the importance of giving music lessons to Oriental maidens impresses some as being far more Christ-like than the rescue of American white girls from their prisons in the slums.

## DOWNWARD REVISION

Said Candidate Taft, when Bryan was chugging him about the ambiguous language of the Republican platform, last summer:

"The Republican Party pledges itself to a substantial downward revision of the Tariff, and I pledge myself, if elected, to call an extra session of Congress for that purpose."

Said Senator Aldrich, while the extra session was framing the new law:

"When and where has the Republican party pledged itself to downward revision?"

Said Senator Lodge, in the same connection:

"The Republican party has never intended or promised a downward revision of the Tariff."

Said President Taft, when signing the bill which Senators Aldrich and Lodge had framed, and which leaves untouched the duties on imports worth \$447,000,000, and which reduces by twenty-three per cent. the duties on imports worth \$132,000,000, and which increases by 31 per cent. the duties on imports worth \$105,000,000:

"This bill is not perfect, but I officially approve and sign it because it is an earnest effort at downward revision." ! ! !

Then, when the prolonged, luxurious and delightful vacation is at last ended, the President opens his junket-campaign in Senator Lodge's good city of Boston, and fills his address with laudations of Aldrich!

Think of all these facts in the same connection, and then tell us whether your confidence in Mr. Taft's sincerity is increased.

Did he mean what he said when he pledged his party to substantial downward revision?

Did he not feel the insolence and the insult, when Senators Lodge and Aldrich virtually informed the country that the Republican party was not bound by anything that Candidate Taft said?

Does he not know that the bill framed by Lodge, Gallinger, Smoot, Hale and Aldrich was not meant to be a downward revision?

Does he not know that the new law will inevitably increase the living expenses of every family in America?

What does he mean by public and fulsome praise of this cynical Mephistopheles, who sneeringly asked on the floor of the Senate:

"When and where has the Republican party promised a downward revision of the Tariff?"

## USELESS FLUNKIES

There will be a mighty effort made at the next session of Congress to have our Ambassadors supplied with palaces in foreign capitals. The plea is that "the dignity" of the Government requires it. The true reason is that the pride and vanity of our diplomats demand it. In the Fifty-second Congress, when our foreign ministers were raised to the rank of Ambassadors, we were assured, most positively, that no other change would be needed to assert and maintain our dignity abroad. But, as any tyro in public affairs might have expected, the salaries were almost immediately increased. Now these proud and useless officials must be sumptuously lodged in palaces, in order that they may give magnificent entertainments, for the glorification of themselves and the gratification of our Smart Set, sojourning in foreign capitals.

The Ambassadors are entirely unnecessary, and instead of wasting additional money on them, they should be abolished, as out-of-date relics of the ages when there were no telegraphs, cables, newspapers, steamers, and quick letter-carriage.

## L. H. HARRIMAN

"*Courage, comrade, le diable est mort!*" exclaimed Dennis, the bold Burgundian, in "The Cloister and the Hearth".

Edward H. Harriman has left us. Would that he had gone sooner,—or, that he had never come at all. His precept was bad, his example was bad, his methods bad, their results demoralizing. Some of his victims he merely robbed,—as when he sold stocks that never did have and never could have value. Others whom he combatted he killed,—as in the case of John W. Castles.

Some of his financiering was plain cheating and swindling,—as when he, as an individual, bought from himself, as director of the

Union Pacific Railroad, bonds at 65 cents on the dollar, and, as an individual, sold these bonds to himself, as director of Insurance and Trust Companies, at nearly 100 cents on the dollar, pocketing millions by the swindle.

It was *larceny after trust* when he and his group of insiders swelled the indebtedness of the Alton to \$80,500,000, and took all of it for themselves, excepting the \$18,000,000 spent on the road.

"The Bishop of Wall Street", the name given to the Rev. Wm. Wilkinson,—went into J. P. Morgan's office, and preached to the wealthy thieves who gathered around,—preached about Harriman!

Among other things, the Bishop said:

*"He was a good Christian. He often said to men, 'You ought to go to church.'"*

Then the Bishop prayed.

### SMALL SLIPS OF MEMORY

In his editorial in the *New York American* of September 16th, John Temple Graves makes the following startling statement:

*"There is nothing more vital than investigation."*

After having paused to subject this announcement to the mental process of benevolent assimilation, we continue to read J. T. G.'s editorial. The next line thereof is:

*"John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, once declared that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."*

Dear and familiar sentence! How it reminds one of the Friday afternoon at the old school-house, when the girls had swept the yard with brush-brooms, and the books had been put in the desks, and we were all primly seated on the pine-plank benches, and little Julius Caesar Smith came forward, at the teacher's word, to commence the regular Friday evening declamation. Ducking his head, and perhaps catching at his top-knot, the tiny chap would elevate his voice to the stilted sing-song, usual in such cases, and begin,—

*"They tell us, sir, that we are weak",* winding up with the glorious climax, *"Give me liberty, or give me death!"*

It was Patrick Henry who said, *"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty"*,—though not in that particular speech. John C. Calhoun belonged to a much later era, as Brother Graves well knows. All of us make these little slips of memory. One day at an impromptu spelling-bee, in which I was fool enough to take part, the word "victuals" was suddenly shot at me, and I brought down the house by spelling it, "vittles". Have had an utter loathing for spelling-bees, ever since.



# AS THE MATTER STANDS.





# A SURVEY OF THE WORLD

By TOM DOLAN

## "The Frozen Grail".

ON APRIL 21, 1908, Dr. Frederick A. Cook, of New York, claims to have reached the North Pole, as the almost unexpected, splendid conclusion of an unostentatious, first attempt on his part. The thrilling tidings reached civilization September 2nd. While yet the world was ringing with this news, came word from Lieutenant Robert E. Peary, that he had reached the pole likewise, on April 21st, 1909. His first laconic message read:

"Stars and Stripes nailed to the Pole."

Quick following this was word warning against taking the claims of Dr. Cook seriously. No coincidence had ever been so startling, none perhaps ever caught and held such universal interest, and the questions rapidly rose: Did Peary find the Stars and Stripes nailed to the pole, did he himself nail them, had both men succeeded, had neither been there—or, if one only, which "somebody lied"?

As yet no definite answer can be given. It is most deplorable that the glory of the achievement should be dimmed by bitter accusations of stolen supplies and underhand work. Lieutenant Peary is well known to the public, having for 23 years given his life to the polar quest, while Dr. Cook is comparatively unknown. Yet the reports are all in favor of the latter, while his bearing has as-

surely been that of a quiet, winning dignity. The main points made by Peary in support of his contention that Cook could not have reached the pole, are, the short time of the final dash, and that he had no white witnesses; yet Peary himself claims to have made his final dash in much less time than Cook, and has no white witness. But all these matters will before another moon be threshed out, and perhaps the honors will be even.

## Quiet in Pittsburg

THE strike at McKee's Rocks Plant is over! The United States Pressed Steel Car Company has conceded every demand of the strikers, and they will return to work victorious. At the very height of the difficulty, the sudden, lulling tidings were announced.

The company had gone too far. Even the subsidized press could not indorse the lawlessness and brutality of the company and to the demand of the public, the feeble, deprecating voice of the "vested rights" papers had to be added. And, when the Government got busy with its probe, the sudden collapse came in the inflation of one Hoffstot.

Now, let the work go on to a finish.

If the Pressed Steel Car Company had not been *guilty*, would it have attempted to side-track

the investigation, and to conciliate public opinion and remove the just indignation of the community? Not on its precious life! It hadn't a thing to arbitrate until the threat of haling the company before the bar of justice for violation of peonage laws, and worse crimes, was being put into

commit grave stultification of itself if it does not pursue and punish the heads of this company. As in the case of the Sugar Trust, they are trying to placate, to pay out, to avoid the penalty that would be imposed upon private individuals for smaller violations of law, but the one case at least



### The Eternal Question

Washington Herald

effect, and the investigation should not halt now because the company has thrown a sop at its long abused laborers. In their woe and want and hunger, they may gladly accept the work and wages, and let bye-gones be bye-gones, but the Government will

comprehended, so far as the matter came directly under observation, only varied forms of stealing—not murder, not peonage, not red-handed crimes against humanity.

Let the guilty Hoff-stot and his confederates be prosecuted.

NOTE:—Further outbreak of hostilities between company and employees, and between foreign and native workmen is reported as we go to press. Details cannot now be given.

## The Monetary Commission Gets Busy

WHETHER or not the Taft administration will let itself be loaded with an issue of "Currency Reform" as well as that of "Tariff Revision" is doubtful, and, if the former is to be as complete a perversion of common sense and honesty as the latter, it is most earnestly to be hoped that the administration will rest upon its laurels.

However, the present Monetary Commission, under the domination of Cannon and Aldrich, is busy "fixing" up a Central Bank scheme, under the direction of "some of the ablest financiers of Wall Street". The public is cordially invited not to meddle. If it does, through any evil emissary, such as a newspaper reporter or other over-curious gentleman, said emissary will be courteously elevated by one ear and gently assisted to the untrammelled, sweet freedom of the outer air.

\* \* \* \*

No ordinary citizen, even of those who traditionally favor everything that emanates from a Stand-patter, understands what a "Central Bank of Issue" means, nor where it would be located, nor who would control it, nor what would be its functions. We get, however, from the indiscreet mutterings of some of those on the ground floor, that it is to be a reservoir into which all the banks,

everywhere, would drain the deposits of the people, so that, in time of panic—the bank would not be hurt! Nice idea, truly. A single, consolidated financial institution that could at one breath absolutely ruin any individual, or any section. We have heard much of the influence of Wall Street, but such a bank would not depend upon the veiled manipulations,—its authority would be absolute, its beek and nod greater than the power of all kings.

\* \* \* \*

We need a "Central Bank of Issue" about as badly as we need air or water or any necessary of life; but we need it to be a government bank of issue, founded for and by the people, and for the profit of no person or set of persons.

Maybe all these schemes will result, by the mysterious ways in which Providence is said to perform its wonders, toward the happy goal. Those who are hypnotized and befuddled over the complexities of present finance might one day discover that if a central bank could run successfully, a national, direct issue currency couldn't be so dreadful a thing, after all.

\* \* \*

Meantime, the President pudges along in favor of a Postal Savings Bank that we are going to get some time. Not that it matters so much, for people were never in a fairer way to need less a bank of any kind than under the extortionate system that prevents all but the few from accumulating a dollar ahead. It is a good deal like giving literature to those who can't read, and still,

there's hope that it might some day be useful.

The Postal Savings Bank will assuredly lop off one of the limbs of the banking octopus. Speed the day the system is an assured fact. And let the Parcels Post be a close second.

\* \* \*

The American Bankers' Association will fight this to the last ditch. It is understood that they will insist that this, as a financial measure, be referred to that famous Monetary Commission. If the Monetary Commission in any sense represented the people and under any circumstances would work for the interests of the people as a whole, the contention of the bankers would be eminently just. Conceding, as Taft must concede, and as all intelligent, disinterested parties must understand, that the Monetary Commission is a mere tool of the present financial oligarchy, what reliance can be placed upon anything it does?

The conclusion is inevitable even to the most stupid: That if the Monetary Commission is unfit to handle the matter of Postal Savings Banks, a minor measure, how can it be trusted with the vital matter of the nation's industrial blood?

### The Waterways Question

**F**OLLOWING the meeting of the Mississippi River Congress about this time last year, the board of engineers of the Interstate Waterways Commission made a report upon deepening the waterways from the Lakes to the Gulf, which, shorn of its verbiage, amounted to: "Yes, the work is

practicable, but what on earth do you want it done for? We don't see the desirability."

Yet the desirability has always been apparent, and the criminal neglect which lets the internal waterways be practically unused, while millions are expended on a canal in Panama, the necessity for which is not pressing, and the theoretical advantage of which is not universally admitted, cannot be too strongly condemned.

It is not that the Government has not appropriated enough money for the development of its waterways, but that grafters and railroad ringsters have connived to see that the appropriations accomplished nothing toward the public weal.

\* \* \* \*

The freight rates question has seared and burned, still sears and burns, unanswered. The small shipper, when "times are hard", has his rates increased arbitrarily and without redress. When "times are good" the railroads never have cars enough, and, according to the railway magnates, will always be about 40 per cent. short in freight facilities, so his fruits and vegetables perish unhailed, while trains laden with Standard Oil and other non-perishable goods puff past. With no little satisfaction he hailed the terrible "probe" that was thrust into the rebate charges, only to find that instead of giving rebates to favored shippers, the roads now politely pay "damage claims" for destruction that never occurred, while he is left to cool his heels for ninety-nine years before his little claim for a real and expensive breakage takes its unhurried

way, on blue sheets, red slips, yellow memoranda, green report cards, etc., accumulating innumerable letters and data, and getting into the hands of every employee of the railroad company except the cashier's with orders to pay.

\* \* \* \*

with the broad principle of waterways development.

However, in this there need be no undue haste, seeing we have allowed so many years to pass without taking the necessary steps. Some queries must be satisfactorily answered. One, why do the railroads seem now to fa-



### Will He Be Able to Satisfy Them?

—Baltimore Sun

It is obvious that non-perishable goods should be compelled to take the slower route, thus relieving congestion and insuring abundant transportation facilities to commodities which must have quick transit.

So, there can be no quarrel

vor the plan? Is it because they have reached the conclusion, even before the public arrives at it, that government ownership is inevitable, and that, if they yield to the idea of waterways *competition*, they will stave off the inevitable a quarter-century longer?

It will take many years to develop the river traffic, and in doing this, the public mind will naturally expect so much relief from the ultimate competition there will evolve no strong sentiment for taking over the railroads. Or, will the railways get hold of the water traffic, as they manage to get coal mines, or anything else that they want?

Another thing is the suggestion of "bonds" in connection with this scheme. Bonds for Panama, bonds for all the rivers that trail through the great valleys, bonds for everything! And who would own the bonds, and control the waterways?

Let the Government make this a public work, in very truth. Put on the project the army of unemployed, and issue the currency for their payment. Any other policy will prove sap-headed subserviency to the same element which already has us by the throat from one generation to another.

### End of Swedish Strike

THE general strike in Sweden is over, and its result will not be known until the text of the promised new labor law is given out from the Diet. There will evidently be some labor policy adopted, which is likely to prove a compromise between some hard conditions assigned to the Swedish toilers, and the gains they sought to force.

Throughout, the strike was peaceable, and resulted in nothing save annoyance and the exciting of apprehension. Nature itself has put certain "checks and balances" between those who earn their bread by the sweat of their

faces, so that the "general trades" on a general strike, find the non-producing and the farming classes to reckon with—in short, the complete tie-up is almost impossible, and if it were, would create so much vexation as to lose entirely the sympathy of that vastly larger portion of the public which does not belong to the ranks of organized labor. A peaceful, general strike is a threat of little weight; and a general strike that were not peaceable would be—revolution. Men can adjust their industrial difficulties without revolution, if their political rights are securely enforced. Just laws, fairly followed, will make strikes impossible, because unnecessary. No nation would oppress its workmen, if a purified public opinion dictated the national policies.

### Missouri Rate Cases in a Cul-de-sac

THE Interstate Commerce Commission has swung around the circle, to where its activities have apparently brought it back to the point from which it started. In the Missouri Rate Case, the temporary injunction granted some months ago, has been made permanent by Judges Grosscup and Kholsaat of the United States District Court at Chicago, they holding that the Commission has no right "to artificially divide the country into trade zones tributary to given trade and manufacturing centers, the Commission in such cases having as a result to predetermine what the trade and manufacturing centers shall be; for such power, vaster than any one body of men has heretofore

exercised, though wisely exercised in specific instances, would be putting into the hands of the Commission the general power of life and death over every trade and manufacturing center in the United States."

\* \* \* \*

This is a queer mix-up!

You can not find fault with the judges for their logical conclusion as to the vastness of the power of any Commission which can, by deciding the freight rates of all America, commercially make, or kill, any city or section. Yet this power, so vast as to terrify them, is *NOW* virtually in the hands of insatiable private greed, and the railroads themselves exercise undisputed "power of life and death over every trade and manufacturing center in United States."

The Commerce Commission and the Railroads meet the sharp issue as to which shall control; and thus far the Courts have made the Commission bump the bumps. The Supreme Court may reverse all this, but it is a slow, hard legal struggle. And makes ever plainer the certainty that the railroad problem will never be settled until this great public utility comes under the administration of its real proprietors—the public.

### Something Else for Ballinger to Explain

**O**N the heels of the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy over water-power sites, comes the ugly suggestion of scandal involving the Secretary of the Interior in reference to Alaskan coal lands, 35,000 acres belonging to the public domain, and containing almost

inexhaustible veins of coal, have been rapidly passing into private ownership, through methods that reek with fraud, "dummy" entries and other chicanery being resorted to in order to give the seeming of distribution to these lands, and afterwards consolidating the claims so that the ultimate ownership would be confirmed in a powerful monopoly.

It is time the Department of the Interior unveiled its workings. Unless they are in the public interest, on what ground *does* it exist?

### Oh, You Panama!

**W**HILE the chaste consciences of the gentlemen concerned in the original Panama purchases are seeking vindication in the courts from the libellous, slanderous and truly scandalous charges made against them by the rude and rowdy creatures of the fourth estate, it is painful that Congressman William Bennett, of New York, should bob up with the awkward assertion that the purchasing department of the canal commission has fairly wallowed in unnecessary barrels of paint, and has paid for cement \$600,000 more than the amount specified for that article by the lowest bidder.

Mr. Bennett is evidently one of those beings who torture everybody by their lack of tact.

It is not considered good form at all to make charges when, for instance, that paint is so fresh and the cement graft stigma apt to harden and indiscriminately adhere to the garments of the purchasing agents.

He should have waited until

the statute of limitations, and other pacifiers, had a chance to get in their kindly offices. In the pursuit of great projects, moreover, the "Guv'munt" can't stop to scrutinize every little Million Dollar piece it is called upon to expend. The thing seems mean and miserly, and does not comport with true and lofty dignity. Our best stewards will be deterred, we fear, from entering our service, if

oughly unravelled", however. The better to do which, investigators have sailed over seas, to get at the French end of the skein and find—O joy!—that the Government of France doesn't want to stir up its old, dimly remembered de Lesseps affair and so, as freely predicted, the truth of the purchase, the identity of the men composing that "French syndicate" which received the good American bond-born bonus, will be known only to those who pocketed the coin.

Given time enough, what in its hoydenish youth is a raw, plain steal, ripens into one of those hallowed Secrets of State without which no World Power would be genuine.

### Taking the Census Out of Politics

RECOGNIZING that Census taking covers a multitude of soft snaps, Mr. Taft has issued an edict—an elegantly embossed, gold embroidered, elaborately chased, filigree entwined edict—distinctly forbidding the discussion of anything bordering

upon politics by the swarm of official locusts sent forth to devour statistics.

And, thereupon, Mr. Taft skillfully divides the patronage, so that the solidity of the South may, by a crevice or two, afford room for a trickle of the lasses, while the Democrats in the solid Republican communities won't get even to lick the drippings from



### Another Crop Failure

Detroit Journal

somebody is forever at their heels, prowling through the pantry, and checking up the contents of the store-room.

\* \* \*

Have you kept up, by the way, with the progress of that famous libel suit of Roosevelt, et al., versus Delavan Smith and other Muckrakers? No! Neither has any one else. The case is being "thor-



the bottom of the cask.

Having stuffed the Census full of politics, Mr. Taft sagely believes that the machinery will work better without squeaking and, after all, hath it not been said of old that actions speak louder than words?

\* \* \* \*

If Mr. Taft is afraid of political impropriety, why has it not occurred to him that one of the best ways to keep partisan wire-pulling out of the work would be to divide the Census army so that the residence districts would be in charge of ladies? We suggest that the average woman loathes the visit of the census enumerator and his questions that, all too often, verge upon the impudent. It is quite bad enough that this periodical impertinence is demanded by the exigencies of civilization—but it could be mitigated by having women to question other women, while the insistence on negro census takers, clothed with authority to quiz, to invade white homes is an intolerable degradation.

Don't be too insistent, Mr. President and Supervisors, upon giving jobs to the voters, if by handing a few of them to the non-voting class you would have the work equally well done, and at the same time recognize, with high chivalry, that womanly modesty which is the flower of American life.

### Graft, in its Worst Form

THE magazine articles of General Bingham, ex-Commissioner of Police, New York, relative to crime in that city, are not

so much in the nature of "revelations" as of statistics from a source that ought to be authentic. Gen. Bingham is not a "low-brow" promoted from doubtful obscurity, but a West Point graduate, an ex-army officer, and a cosmopolitan citizen, and though his writings at this time may be the outcome of personal pique at his deposition by Mayor McClellan, that does not necessarily lessen their truth. Indeed, from a distance, it would seem that Gen. Bingham made an honest effort to reform the abuses of the police department *from the inside*, a thing that the reformer has generally found to be a hopeless and thankless task. From the outside, he lifts the lid, and says to his city, and the nation at large, that New York pays through graft and blackmail "not less than \$100,000,000 a year"; and that "New York is ruled, not by her wealth, or her virtue; but by the politicians, who control the poverty-stricken and criminal aliens on the East Side".

\* \* \* \*

This is putting it a bit too strong, perhaps. There is always a host of rich and reputable "business interests" which look askance at any reforms that will "deadend" their town. These can be found behind the Legislature at Albany, working against the cleaner element that would abolish some of New York's crying abuses.

With reference to the existence of the "white slave" traffic there, the following is simply enough to stupefy one with horror:

"A large number of men who formerly made their living by following the races

—tipsters, bettors and minor book-makers—have engaged in the white slave traffic, or of prostitution, which, in its various ramifications, is now controlled almost entirely by politicians, or by men useful to them as repeaters at the polls. Nine-tenths, if not all, of the men who control and conduct this great traffic in crime, in which from 15,000 to 20,000 persons are engaged in New York, are identified with the Democratic organization which this fall will depend upon them to furnish anywhere from 5,000 or 10,000 of the 30,000 to 50,000 illegal votes which Tammany relies on polling in a doubtful campaign. The 25,000 to 40,000 illegal votes brought

flag has been hoisted, in Crete, and hauled down again under the glowering of the powers—England, Russia, France and Italy, only a lover of statistics for their own sake would care to count. The manœuvres appear to have more of grand-stand play than real significance, and the outcome will no doubt be that Turkey will have to surrender the empty honor of its present suzerainty over the island.

Little Crete comes down to us



### The Rival Brothers

DUET— "My pretty maiden, won't you, pray,  
Take my arm and come my way?"

—Kladderatsch (Berlin)

in through other channels are furnished entirely by gangs of trained repeaters, that is, men who repeatedly vote at an election, and whose sole occupation between campaigns is law-breaking in one form or another."

With only variation of names and locality, Chicago reveals the same graft, blackmail and political rotteness. What is the matter with our big cities?

### The Cretan Crisis

THIS "crisis" is the one fixed quantity in a variable world. Just how many times the Greek

from mythology, with all the charm that clusters around the Aegean. Aside from the foreign garrisons that have been policing her, she has but a handful of citizens who desire to be Greeks in letter as well as spirit. And it is doubtful if these citizens will encounter real opposition, since the matter is really one for the powers, not Turkey or Greece, to determine, and it is difficult to believe that they will exert themselves on behalf of the frail claim of the Sultan, except perhaps to

save his face, as well as that of King George, neither of whom is anxious to go to war, but both bound to bristle with apparent rage over the situation.

### The Cry of Perpetual Maintenance

THE National Association of Letter Carriers will petition the Government for pensions! Last year, they asked for a graduated increase in pay, which was duly granted, and they now believe that they can be put on the same basis as United States soldiers. If this be true, why should not every Government employee demand a pension for himself, his widow and his children? So that the army of leeches sucking at the National Treasury could yearly be multiplied at the expense of all non-Federal workers? The thing would be ridiculous, were it not so very possible that the ever facile Republican party is delighted at the prospect for using a little more oil on its main machine.

If the carriers are sufficiently paid, and no one contends that they are not, their *own* scale having been accepted within a twelve-month, what justice lies in their demand for anything else? Other wage-earners expect to care for themselves in old age, or be cared for by the able members of their own families. And the average earnings have been abundantly shown to be far smaller on the part of most heads of families than the letter carrier receives. The carrier has easy hours and no expense or loss attaches to his service. He risks no more than other men in respect to inclement weather. If he cannot take care

of himself on his wages, as others must, he shouldn't follow the pursuit at all.

\* \* \* \*

Here enters the race problem again. The black letter carrier is legion, and to have foisted upon us an army of pampered Poms and Dinahs, with their little George and Booker Washingtons is an outrage to common sense and decency. The negro carrier now receives more pay and privilege than he would have anywhere except under Federal partiality to the black Republican voter. Naturally, his responsibilities do not increase. His wife usually finds her own board and clothes, and probably those of the pickaninnies, while the house they live in may cost all the way from practically nothing to a few dollars a month. The tax-payers educate his children, and his race is the recipient of perhaps more free medical attention than any other.

\* \* \* \*

The self-respecting white man should demand, and be content with, fair wages for fair work. And as for the black, who is rapidly becoming predominant in the postal service, a pension would be a case of buttering his already fat and greasy possum.

"A grateful nation" may be willing to do something for those who lost property, health or limb in its battles, and to care for the widows and orphans of those who fell. But must the unprotected and unpensioned farmer, laborer, clerk and artisan be literally saddled with the perpetual support of every doorkeeper, or stamp-licker who ever got on the

Government pay-roll? It will amount to that before long if the idea of increasing the legion of parasites is encouraged.

### Esperanto Yet Survives

THE recent Congress of the Esperanto Association of North America at Chautauqua, New York, brings this new tongue again to attention.

Among the many artificial languages,—perhaps 150 in number,—Esperanto seems to have succeeded better than its predecessors. It is said that public recognition of it as a universal language is increasing. The War Department at Washington was the first to give official recognition of the value of Esperanto and it has now quite an assortment of its literature on hand. There are probably more than a thousand schools and societies formed for the furtherance of this tongue and conferences are from time to time held which report progress. Germany has been impressed by the possibilities of its use in international trade and most of the nations are friendly to the spread of this mode of speech.

\* \* \* \*

Some one laments that "Esperanto, like simplified spelling, is confined to the very few and is given scant consideration even by the mass of the educated classes." More's the pity. The universal use of the metric system in mathematics; the simplification of spelling; the favoring of any measure that will save years that are now spent by children in acquiring the cumbrous and antiquated forms, ought to be promoted. Unfortunately, the "educated classes"

consider that they now know it all, and the uneducated classes are awed by them into silence, so that proof positive, presented by those interested in educational reforms, that years of time would be saved to pupils by the adoption of more rational systems in some branches, goes unheeded. The child of to-day has very much more to learn of history, science and art than the child of yesterday had.

If he could be as well equipped for life by measuring in the easy metric system instead of the laborious one now in vogue, or could enjoy literature just as well with some unnecessary letters left out altogether, or could have the wealth of foreign libraries brought within his reach through employment of a universal language, surely the most pedantic should not cavil. Insistence upon learning so many languages results, to the average busy person, in a pathetic superficiality which is a very travesty of *knowledge*.

### Witch Doctors

AN article just published in the *New York American* from Reading, Pa., gives a detailed account of the presence in that region of witch doctors and of their work. From time to time statements of this sort have appeared in the newspapers, but this is of somewhat wider scope and evidently authentic. It is estimated that within the past year at least a thousand babies and an indefinite number of men and women have been allowed to die through superstitious reliance upon these witch or "hex" doctors. It is not alone the ignorant who believe in

the crude incantations of these old charlatans, but many who are well to do and informed.

What sport an intelligent man from Mars would have with us, as a people with our conglomerate beliefs and crazy theologies! With

rent fad, anything that professes to "C'yore", gets the confidence of the gullible who are by no means always the illiterate. It is the touchstone of quackery. No legitimate, educated, conscientious doctor ever professes to *cure*. The



## The Trust Crows and the Sherman Law Scare-Scrows

—Baltimore Sun.

Theosophy, Catholic relics working miracles, all sorts of mental "healing," witch and "conjure" doctors, no stratum of society is exempt from rank superstition.

The "C'yore" is the thing. From the patent medicine to the cur-

true physician treats. Nature alone can effect the cure. The doctor relieves suffering and assists Nature. All the rest work miracles and get the credit therefor, yea, even unto trying to obtain legal recognition.

## Houses Melted and Poured

THOMAS A. EDISON, Wizard of America, has just solved the problem of cement consistency, whereby the composition is just right to run through huge iron moulds, and dry neither too quickly, nor too slowly, to keep the mass in shape until the whole is ready to come forth, as from a chrysalis—a house, ready for habitation, with bath-tubs, sinks, stationary wash-tubs and all “modern conveniences” in place. It will take two weeks to finish one of these houses from top to bottom, and their cheapness, comparing the cement houses with those of any other construction, it is said, will be profoundly gratifying.

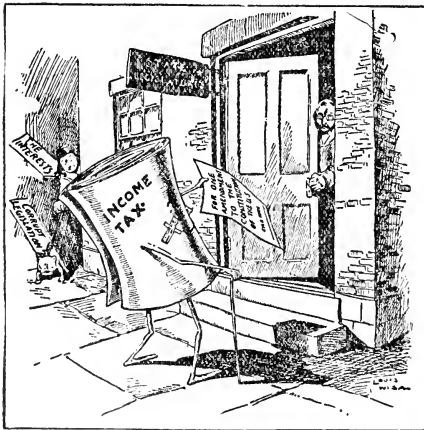
At present, we have Mr. Edison's word for it that such homes can be erected at so little cost that the crowding in the slums, and the frail, unsanitary dwellings

elsewhere need not much longer be with us.

\* \* \* \*

As a plane surface of cement cracks, subjected to the profound changes of temperature in our latitudes, what will be his plan for obviating this difficulty has not yet been published. Doubtless he will find a way, as in all other things to which his genius has turned.

Meantime, a “Concrete Trust” had better form, so that if there is, by reason of the unselfish and transcendent invention of gifted men, any hope of human betterment, it can forthwith be estopped. By putting the price of cement up to a prohibitive figure, we can maintain indefinitely the present breeding places of tuberculosis, and make certain as much life and property loss from fires as we have always been accustomed to enjoy.



Look Out for the Dog

# THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

By FRANK E. ANDERSON

SOMETHING in the big red letters on the window caught him and he stopped—a tall slender figure, all in black, obstructing the throng rushing homeward toward Harlem. They elbowed him—but he had got used to that. Some cursed. Six months ago, he would have answered with a blow—but he was tired now. As he paused under the vulgar glare of electric lights, which made the sky shudder with disgust behind her dark veil meshed with trembling stars, the vile noises of New York screamed in his ears like maniacs being beaten to a pulp by brutal keepers. And how cold it was! Sweeping up from the Bay's green waters—now fading to gray in the dying twilight—the wet wind raced howling up the street. Under the skyscrapers, which frowned down sullen and half-asleep, it pounced on the loiterer, worried him savagely, bit him to the bone. In vain, he drew his coat more closely round him. His clothes were summer clothes and he had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours. There was no warmth within, which that coat could save to screen him from the blast.

"B-r!" said he. "I'll go inside for a minute."

It was but a small establishment, was this restaurant of Tommy Gent, wedged in between two giant buildings and destined to

disappear, once the lawsuit over it had ended. In the rear were little tables, set for supper; in front, on one side, the quick-lunch counter where patrons fasted at five cents a fast, yet called it eating, while opposite stood something which had been once a young tree, green with lusty vigor, but now—stripped of leaves and bark—stood there, with its piteous dead trunk and branches, only the skeleton of a sapling, lifting its yellow fingers in vain to heaven. The evening rush had not begun, so no one was in, except the proprietor, who was also its single waiter—Mr. Thomas Gent. The rosy Irish face of this cheery old bachelor was edged by a light-brown beard, cut in the shovel fashion. Not a wrinkle marred his pink skin—not even a crow's-foot at the corners of his pleasant hazel eyes. Daily acts of kindness had kept him young in heart and young in look. With snowy apron protecting his short form, he was making up fresh sandwiches, whistling the while to his pet, a green parrot huddled together on the topmost twig of the dead tree. But Poll was in no mood to talk. Perhaps she was dreaming of the South.

Just then the man from outside walked up to the counter and put one hand upon it. It was a small and shapely white hand, as Tommy Gent did not fail to notice.

Slightly lifting his head under its sunburnt felt hat, the stranger fixed on Tommy eyes of wistful gray, which were shadowed by the ghost of Edgar Allan Poe, yet had within them fiery sparks, which burned like bits of flaming steel. A heavy dark moustache drooped over his thin and sensitive mouth. So dusky were the locks, clustering thickly round his temples, that the young man's countenance seemed almost ghastly pale.

"Give me a cup of strong black coffee, please," said he.

As he spoke, his fingers opened. There on the counter lay a nickel, which shone like silver and was hot as with a fever, he had held it gripped so long. But, before he could seat himself, Tommy Gent was beside him, saying:

"Don't sit down there."

His customer drew himself up. A flash of the oldtime lightning jumped into his gaze and the subdued music of his soft, well-modulated voice hardened to a sterner tone as, turning sharply on his heel, he demanded:

"Don't you wish to serve me?"

"It will be a pleasure, sir," replied Tommy Gent, "but this way, please."

He led him to the cosiest table and, after hanging up his hat, drew out a chair for him.

"Be seated, sir," quoth he. "Your coffee comes at once."

It brought, "And now, sir, what else will you have?" he inquired, laying a fresh napkin by the plate. The glances of the two men met—then, "Oh! That's all right, sir," exclaimed Mr. Gent, with a slightly redder color on his cheek. "Don't you suppose I

know a Southerner at sight, when I spent my happiest days myself in Dixie? And now that's settled," he continued heartily. "What will my guest have first? I would suggest that we start in with a sirloin steak, cooked Creole fashion—" But the wayfarer stopped him.

"Thank you very much," said he quietly, as his hand found the hand of Tommy Gent and wrung it hard, "but I shall take only the coffee, tonight."

Left to himself now, he sat, watching, with eyes which saw not, the rings of silver mist rising from the warm black bosom of the coffee to melt away like silent ghosts bearing off on their shoulders the scent of the spice-lands. Just then the parrot woke.

"Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill!" she whistled, with the true note of that night-bird of the wilderness. For the first time he observed the green creature perched on her dead twig and the tree with its fleshless fingers thrust upward in that vain appeal to heaven.

"How like my life!" he muttered, with an impatient sigh.

With rustling sweep of wings, which whispered of tropic winds, the parrot darted down to her master and laid her gray beak against his ruddy cheek. As she bent, one small round crimson tuft of feathers burst into sight on her side like a drop of blood new-fallen on green grass. In the cracked staccato of a stuttering old lady, she quavered forth:

"Polly—wants a—c-racke-r—c-racker—"

"That's like my life, again," murmured the listener, with a



low bitter laugh. "For, don't I need my daily bread, too? Though," he added gently, as he watched Tom feeding the bird, "Good fellow, he would have fed me, also. But not that! O, God, not that—"

And now the graphophone began songs, which came to him out of the long ago like loved and lost voices wailing sweetly to him through the grave—*Dixie—Maryland, My Maryland—My Old Kentucky Home—The Old Folks at Home*. The soul of the Old South filled the room, yearning over him, her lost son, astray in New York that night. The wanderer felt her presence. His heart swelled fuller and fuller with the agony of tender memory and his chin sank lower on his breast. As a clear pure voice at last started singing, "Tis the Last Rose of Summer", the soul of the Old South, Mother to us all, intensified itself into the spirit of his own dear mother brooding over him, her boy. Two heavy tears welled up and brimmed over. His lip quivered.

Quickly he put up his hand to screen his face. How often she had sung that to him, there on the piazza in the moonlight at home! Again he felt himself, a little lad, clasped in her loving arms. Again her dark head—rich with youth and lovely with Southern beauty—bent over him, as she sang—

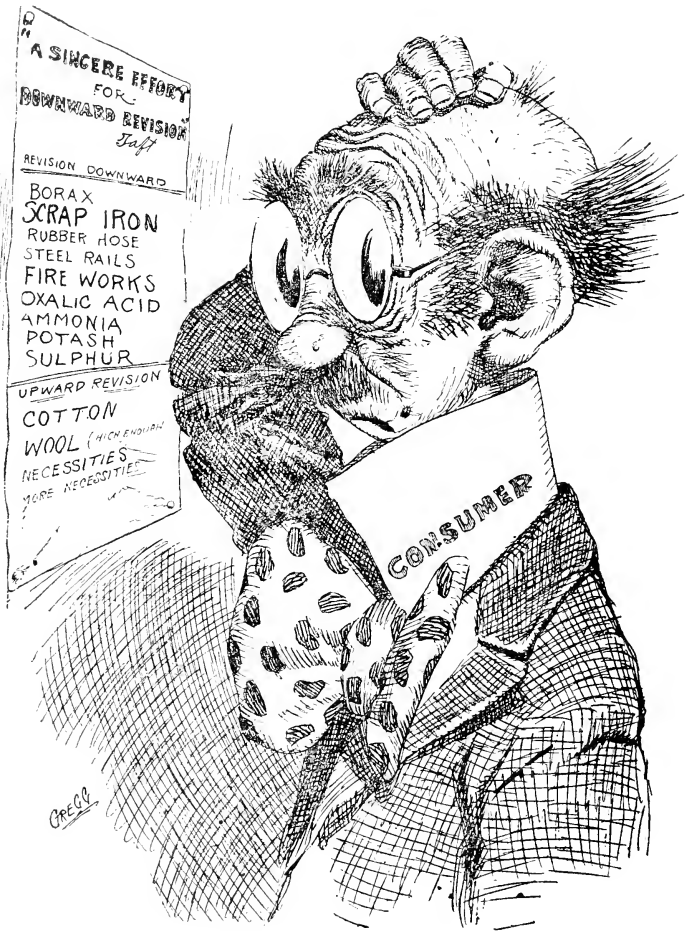
Suddenly Tommy Gent seemed to smell the scent of bitter almonds—a smell as of Christmas come before its time. With the uncomfortable feeling that he was a fool, he walked over to the table. It had been but a scant half-hour, as measured by the clock. The coffee was still smoking faintly in its cup before the stranger, who sat easily in his chair, with eyes closed and head fallen back, in the attitude of one who, though worn out, had yet been trying to listen but had been overtaken, as he tried, by sleep. Still, something glittered in his hand. It was an empty vial. The tired feet of John Taliaferro of Alabama would walk the streets of cold New York no more.

## Unearthed

By *Ralph N. Thomson*

*A little digging in the earth,  
A constant turning of the mold;  
A piece of ore of unknown worth,  
Containing—gold!*

*A little stirring of the breast,  
A rending of reserve apart,  
And in the nugget roughly dressed,  
Behold—a heart.*



Oh, Happy Days!

-N. Y. American.

# The Fame of Jefferson and the University of Virginia Sought to be Sold

By J. D. SHOWALTER

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—In the following article, an alumnus of the University of Virginia fires some red-hot shot at Dr. Alderman because the Doctor "went after" and obtained a goodly bit of the loot which Andrew Carnegie and Thomas Fortune Ryan have wrung from the American people.

Mr. Carnegie's wealth is tainted with "blow-hole" frauds, Homestead massacres, class-legislation bought with campaign contributions, and Steel Trust consolidations which wrecked thousands of private estates and overflowed the markets with half-a-billion dollars of watered stock. Carnegie bitterly opposes the income tax upon the alleged argument that it would necessitate the swearing to lies upon the part of himself and other law-made millionaires who don't intend to pay a fair share of the taxes.

Thomas Fortune Ryan was one of the five thieves who were caught up with in the stealing of a huge sum of money from one of the New York street railway corporations, and who, to prevent further trouble, *returned the stolen goods*.

This happened within the last twelvemonth, but may have escaped Dr. Alderman's attention,—he being no doubt a very busy man.

Thomas Fortune Ryan is the same eminently successful financier who, under forms of law, stole the Seaboard Air Line Railroad from John Skelton Williams, the builder and organizer who had created the same. Having bled the Seaboard of its last possible drop of blood, Thomas Fortune let it drop, and John Skelton is now trying to make it strong again.

Thomas Fortune Ryan is likewise the powerful Wall Street magnate who formed the Tobacco Trust, obtained from Congress the laws which drove the pillaged farmers to desperation and Night Riding, and is therefore responsible for every life that was lost, every house that was burnt, in the fight of the tobacco growers against the heartless, insatiable Trust.

In connecting the name of the University of Virginia with those of two of the most conspicuous beneficiaries of the system of legislative favoritism which is so utterly at variance with the Jefferson doctrine of "Equal and exact justice to all men, without special privilege to any", *Dr. Alderman did a bad day's work.*]

NOTHING shows so forcibly the great Revolution in this country and the supreme omnipotence of money, as the occurrence narrated below. Mr. Jefferson wrote his own epitaph. He made no reference to the high offices that he had held; but he did write that he was "*The Founder of the University of Virginia*". It is probable that he took more pride in this one act of his life than in any other. He founded the Uni-

versity upon Democratic principles, and his main object in so doing was to inculcate, both by precept and the mode of instruction, *Democratic faith*. It was intended to teach to the young men of this country the great and cardinal political principles of the Revolution. It fulfilled this object in an eminent degree, and it is safe to say, that more than any other one influence, it shaped the destinies of this country previous to 1860. It was a synonym of

honor and lofty purposes. We all look back with pride to some event in our lives. The writer has always regarded with grateful satisfaction, that after the close of the War, it was his great privilege to attend the Law Department of this institution, and to there have more deeply impressed upon his mind *reverence for the great Constitutional principles, exemplified in the life and teachings of Mr. Jefferson.*

Recently an event has occurred, which not only causes pain and sorrow to every alumnus of the University, but indignation in the breast of every man, not lost to every sense of propriety. It is difficult to speak in moderation of this disgraceful transaction.

A few years past, the office of President was created. This in itself was contrary to the wishes of Mr. Jefferson, and not in harmony with the plan that he had formulated. Doctor Alderman was elected to this position. Not a graduate of the institution, his actions show that he has not the faintest conception of the original aims and purposes which Jefferson had in view.

At the recent commencement, a dispatch to the New York *Herald* reports him as saying, "It is not my ambition to be thought of as a money-getter, with the greedy and glittering eye fastened upon increasing the endowments." The next sentence disproves this statement. For he then "announced the recent completion of the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Endowment Fund of one million of dollars". And who, pray, were the principal donors to this fund? Andrew Carnegie and Thomas F.

Ryan were among the largest and gave over half.

Certainly the high and lofty ambitions and methods of these donors, instead of the amount of their subscriptions, did not furnish the the evident gratification—to Dr. Alderman.

Could Mr. Jefferson come forth from his grave, he would have *burnt the buildings before he would have accepted such an "endowment"*. What right has Dr. Alderman to connect the names of Ryan and Carnegie with that of Mr. Jefferson?

But more, the half a million of Mr. Carnegie's is to be used to establish and maintain schools of law named "after great men who have helped to build the Union and the Republic". Think of it, *Carnegie and Ryan, whose lives and teachings are the reverse of what the University was founded to teach, and whose acts have gone far towards destroying the Republic*, are to found three Schools of Law to honor great men who founded the Republic!

They are to be called "The James Madison School of Law; The James Monroe School of International Law; The James Wilson School of Political Science and Political Economy". Who that has any regard for historical truth, or public virtue or decency, would thus associate the names and virtues of four men, long dead, in a manner that they would detest and indignantly repudiate, if living? What right then has Dr. Alderman thus to seek to connect the names of Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and Wilson with the names of Ryan and Carnegie, *in consideration of so much cash?*

Another matter, James Wilson was a great man; after years of study, I am impressed with the belief that intellectually he ranked first in the Constitutional Convention. But the Constitution adopted, he became a prominent member of the old Federal party and advocated a strong Central Government. There was afterwards no political harmony between his views and Mr. Jefferson's. What is the "Political Science" that is to be taught in this school—that of Jefferson held by James Wilson at one time; or, *the after* views of Alexander Hamilton, held by Wilson at another?

I have written this article in sorrow, but the facts should be stated. Every student of the University, who reveres the past, should pray that only bats and owls would hereafter inhabit the once sacred precincts. Let us be thankful that the "Washington and Lee" has not yet attempted to sell these two names for money, nor to join them with these other persons. *If the money of those who have defied our laws, and have gained it in defiance of law, honesty and the public welfare, is good enough to found schools of law, to educate the youth of the land, why may these young men not be taught that the methods of the donors are lawful and praiseworthy?* Dr. Alderman placed in the balance the name of Jefferson and his fame, and sought to sell it for a half a million of dollars—and succeeded in so far as he could do so. *If the Board of Visitors had the old spirit, they would disown Dr. Alderman and return the money.* And if they do not, every old

student should rise in protest, and see that the University is ignored hereafter.

Two of my mother's brothers were among the first students; an older brother of the writer's also, and I had hoped that two nephews would follow in their footsteps. No man, who reveres the name of Mr. Jefferson, the University and all it stood for, will or can condone this act. *Better the old poverty, and the old honor, than the present wealth and disgrace.* If the donors' money is honest, so must be the methods by which it is notorious they gained this money, and it is but logical that, with the former as a basis, the latter may be, consistently, held up to emulation. What a travesty; what a mockery is this whole disgraceful matter in the light of history and of present conditions! The whole Federal Government, and that of each of the States, is trying to devise some means by which the Carnegies, Ryans and their methods can be made impossible. It is recognized that the very conditions which they have brought about constitutes the most serious and alarming menace to the "Republic", that Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and Wilson sought to establish. It is recognized that these conditions arise from causes and methods more serious than the ordinary fractions of the law; that they strike at the very foundations of all government itself—Municipal, State and Federal; that it involves the very integrity of every branch of government, Legislative, Executive and Judicial. In a word, that it makes impossible "the more perfect Union—designed to secure the blessings

of liberty". It is a notorious fact that they and their class make the government of the Fathers impossible.

Yet they contribute the money to found a "School of Law", named after three of the greatest statesmen of the past, who labored to establish all that the other class have pulled down. In this school of "Political Science" they should have an appropriate text-book. I recently ran across one which professed to be written "for use in law schools". It occurred to me then that it would be appropriate in law schools, endowed by the trusts. It affirmed

that a Federal Government meant a nation of people united; that Federal and Confederate Governments were entirely different in form. And so it went on. Then there should be another text-book teaching that larceny of a million is a conventional crime, and of five million and up, a shining virtue. The surroundings would then harmonize. Is there any hope for the liberty of the people or free institutions, when even a university founded by Jefferson, with all its former name and fame, will barter all for money? "How have the mighty fallen!"

*Independence, Mo.*

## To a Still-Born Babe

By Mary Gravely Jones

**T**HOU tiny little waif!  
How strange that thou hast lived  
But that thy faint heartbeats were  
stilled.

Ere yet the breath of life thy nostrils  
filled.

On earth's dark borders thou didst fight,  
The human in thee battling for the light.  
But God, for thee, a heavenly fate had  
sealed

And called thee home, ere thou  
To earth didst yield.

My teardrops wash thy cheek,  
And still, my heart is glad  
That thou art all of good and none of  
bad;

That only heaven thy heart hast known;  
That none of earth's dark seed were sown.  
A loving Father lent thee for a moment  
here

That earth might seem less sweet  
And heaven more dear.

Thy angel form dost lure without sur-  
cease

My feet, to seek the Prim-rose path of  
Peace.

In thee is the essence of our Saviour's  
smile

When in their midst He placed a little  
child,

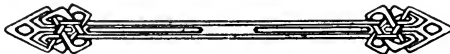
Saying, "Except ye become as one of  
these,

Ye can in naught my Heavenly Father  
please."

A flower of heaven, thy hand a petal  
curled,

Thou'rt born of God to bud, but not to  
blossom in the world.

(Through the loss of the last verse of the foregoing poem, the name of the writer was given, in the September JEFFERSONIAN as Nina Hill Robinson. Attention having been called to the error, we take pleasure in giving the proper credit, as well as in restoring the poem to its entire beauty.)



# LETTERS TO AARON BURR

[DESCRIBING THE HORRORS OF ST. DOMINGO WHEN THE NEGROES DROVE OUT THE FRENCH. PUBLISHED IN 1808. THE LETTERS WERE PROBABLY WRITTEN IN 1801-2. AARON BURR WAS AT THAT TIME VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. THE NAME OF THE LADY WRITER IS NOT GIVEN IN THE BOOK.]

## LETTER IV.

THE BALL announced by the admiral exceeded all expectations and we are still all ecstasy. Boats, covered with carpets, conveyed the company from the shore to the vessel, which was anchored about half a mile from the land, and on entering the ball-room a fairy palace presented itself to the view. The decks were floored in; a roof of canvas was suspended over the whole length of the vessel, which reached the floor on each side, and formed a beautiful apartment. Innumerable lustres of chrystal and wreaths of natural flowers ornamented the ceiling; and rose and orange trees, in full blossom, ranged round the room, filled the air with fragrance. The seats were elevated, and separated from the part appropriated to dancing, by a light balustrade. A gallery for the musicians was placed round the main-mast, and the whole presented to the eye an elegant saloon, raised by magic in a wilderness of sweets. Clara and myself, accompanied by her husband and Major B——, were among the first who arrived. Never had I beheld her so interesting. A robe of white crepe shewed to advantage the contours of her elegant person. Her arms and bosom were bare; her black hair, fas-

tened on the top with a brilliant comb, was ornamented by a rose which seemed to have been thrown there by accident.

We were presented to the admiral, who appeared struck by the figure of Clara, and was saying some very flattering things, when a flourish of martial music announced the arrival of the General-in-Chief. The admiral hastened to meet him, and they walked round the room together.

When the dances began the general leaned against the orchestra opposite Clara. Her eyes met his. She bent them to the ground, raised them timidly and found those of the general fixed on her: a glow of crimson suffused itself over her face and bosom. I observed her attentively and knew it was the flush of triumph! She declined dancing, but when the waltzes began she was led out. Those who have not seen Clara waltz know not half her charms. There is a physiognomy in her form! Every emotion is full of soul. The gracefulness of her arms is unequalled, and she is lighter than gossamer.

The eyes of the general dwelt on her alone, and I heard him inquire of several who she was.

The waltz finished, she walked round the room leaning on the arm of Major B——. The general followed, and meeting her

husband, asked (pointing to Clara) if he knew the name of that lady. Madame St. Louis, was the reply. I thought she was an American, said the general. So she is, replied St. Louis, but her husband is a Frenchman. That's true, added the general, but they say he is a d—d jealous fool; is he here? He has the honor of answering you, said St. Louis. The general was embarrassed for a moment, but recovering himself said, I am not surprised at your being jealous, for she is a charming creature. And he continued uttering so many flattering things that St. Louis was in the best humor imaginable. When Clara heard the story, she laughed, and, I saw, was delighted with a conquest she now considered assured.

When she sat down, Major B—— presented the general to her, and his pointed attention rendered her the object of universal admiration. He retired at midnight: the ball continued. An elegant collation was served up, and at sunrise we returned home!

The admiral is a very agreeable man, and I would prefer him, as a lover, to any of his officers, though he is sixty years old. His manners are affable and perfectly elegant; his figure graceful and dignified, and his conversation sprightly. He joined the dance at the request of a lady, with all the spirit of youth, and appeared to enjoy the pleasure which his charming fete diffused.

He told Clara that he would twine a wreath of myrtle to crown her, for she had vanquished the general. She replied that she would mingle it with

laurel, and lay it at his feet for having, by preserving the Cape, given her an opportunity of making the conquest.

Nothing is heard of but balls and parties. Monsieur D'Or gives a concert every Thursday: the General-in-Chief every Sunday: so that from having had no amusement we are in danger of falling into the other extreme, and of being satiated with pleasure.

The Negroes remain pretty tranquil in this quarter; but at Port-au-Prince, and in its neighborhood, they have been very troublesome.

Jeremie, Les Cayes, and all that part of the island which had been preserved, during the revolution, by the exertions of the inhabitants, have been lost since the appearance of the French troops!

The Creoles complain, and they have cause; for they find in the army sent to defend them oppressors who appear to seek their destruction. Their houses and their negroes are put under requisition, and they are daily exposed to new vexations.

Some of the ancient inhabitants of the island, who had emigrated, begin to think that their hopes were too sanguine, and that they have returned too soon from the peaceful retreats they found on the continent. They had supposed that the appearance of an army of thirty thousand men would have reduced the negroes to order; but these conquerors of Italy, unnerved by the climate, or from some other cause, lose all their energy, and fly before the undisciplined slaves.

Many of the Creoles, who had remained on the island during the



reign of Toussaint, regret the change, and say that they were less vexed by the negroes than by those who have come to protect them.

And these negroes, notwithstanding the state of brutal subjection in which they were kept, have at length acquired a knowledge of their own strength. More than five hundred thousand broke the yoke imposed on them by a few thousand men of a different color, and claimed the rights of which they had been so cruelly deprived. Unfortunate were those who witnessed the horrible catastrophe which accompanied the first wild transports of freedom! Dearly have they paid for the luxurious ease in which they revelled at the expense of these oppressed creatures. Yet even among these slaves, self-emancipated, and rendered furious by a desire of vengeance, examples of fidelity and attachment to their masters have been found, which do honor to human nature.

For my part, I am all anxiety to return to the continent. Accustomed from my earliest infancy to wander on the delightful banks of the Schuylkill, to meet the keen air on Kensington bridge, and to ramble over the fields which surrounded Philadelphia, I feel like a prisoner in this little place, built on a narrow strip of land between the sea and a mountain that rises perpendicularly behind the town. There is to be sure an opening on one side to the plain, but the negroes are there encamped; they keep the ground of which General LeClerc suffered them to take possession, and threaten daily to attack the town!

There is no scarcity of beaux here, but the gallantry of the French officers is fatiguing from its sameness. They think their appearance alone sufficient to secure a conquest, and do not conceive it necessary to give their yielding mistresses a decent excuse by paying them a little attention. In three days a love affair is begun and finished and forgotten; the first is for the declaration, the second is the day of triumph if it is deferred so long, and the third is for the adieu.

The Creoles do not relish the attacks made on their wives by the officers. The husband of Clara in particular is as jealous as a Turk, and has more than once shown his displeasure at the pointed attentions of the General-in-Chief to his wife, which she encourages, out of contradiction to her husband rather than from any pleasure they afford her. The boisterous gaiety and soldier-like manners of General Rochambeau can have no impression on a heart tender and delicate as is that of Clara. But there is a vein of coquetry in her composition which, if indulged, will eventually destroy her peace.

A tragical event happened lately at Port-au-Prince. At a public breakfast, given by the commandant, an officer just arrived from France, addressing himself to a lady, called her *citoyenne*. The lady observed that she would never answer to that title. The stranger replied that she ought to be proud of being so called. On which her husband, interfering, said that his wife should never answer to any mode of address that she found displeasing. No more passed at that time, but be-

fore noon Monsieur C—— received a challenge: the choice of weapons being left to him, he said it was absolutely indifferent: the stranger insisted on fighting with a rifle: Monsieur C—— replied that he should have no objection to fight with a cannon: it was, however, finally settled that the affair should be decided with pistols: and at sunrise next morning they met: the officer fired without effect. Monsieur C——, with surer aim, laid his antagonist lifeless on the ground.

On what trifles depends the destiny of man! But the Europeans are so insolent that a few such lessons are absolutely necessary to correct them.

Monsieur C—— is a Creole, and belonged to the staff of the general who commands at Port-au-Prince, from which he has been dismissed in consequence of this affair, which is another proof of the hatred the French officer bears the inhabitants of this country.

We have here a general of division, who is enriching himself by all possible means, and with such unblushing rapacity, that he is universally detected. He was a blacksmith before the revolution, and his present suits bear some affinity to his original employment, having taken possession of a plantation on which he makes charcoal, and which he sells to the amount of a hundred dollars a day. A caricature has appeared in which he is represented tying up sacks of coal. Madame A——, his mistress,

standing near him, holds up his embroidered coat and says, "Don't soil yourself, General."

#### LETTER V.

THREE of your letters arriving at the same time, my dear friend, have made me blush for my impatience, and force me to acknowledge that I have wronged you. But your friendship is so necessary to my happiness that the idea of losing it is insupportable. You know what clouds of misfortune have obscured my life. An orphan without friends, without support, separated from my sister from my infancy, and, at an age when the heart is most alive to tenderness and affection, deprived by the unrelenting hand of death, of him who had taught me to feel all the transports of passion, and for whose loss I felt all its despair. Cast on the world without an asylum, without resource, I met you:—you raised me—soothed me—whispered peace to my lacerated breast! Ah! can I ever forget that delightful moment when your care saved me? It was so long since I had known sympathy or consolation that my astonished soul knew not how to receive the enchanting visitants: fleeting as fervent was my joy: but let me not repine! Your friendship has shed a ray of light on my solitary way, and though removed from the influence of your immediate presence, I exist only in the hope of seeing you again.



# THE DARK CORNER

By ZACK MCGHEE

## CHAPTER IV.

JIM was awakened the next morning by the musical shuffling of a shoe brush—No, it was not a shoe brush; it was a blacking brush, the sweet sounds of which have now died away forever and are heard only in our dreams. Before the merciless sweep of civilization, with its liquid inky concoction called polish, its little box of paste, and its assortment of dirty rags, the old-time blacking brush, along with its most intimate associate, the old-time negro, has been pushed aside to take a place beside the old oaken bucket that hangs in the well.

It was an old-time negro, though not an old negro, that was shuffling the blacking brush, and he was accompanying his melody with low, even grunts in syncopated measure.

"Hello, there, Colonel! You're playing a tune, are you?"

Jim rubbed his eyes and yawned. The negro cocked his woolly head to the left so that the whites of his eyes appeared from over his shoulder, and his black lips parted, showing two rows of pearly white teeth.

"Naws'r, I's jest blackin' yer shoes, suh."

"Oh, that's it, is it? I thought perhaps you were giving me a morning serenade." Then opening his eyes a little wider and shifting the position of his head

on the pillow so that he could get a better view of the negro, he said reflectively, "Just this little thought came into my consciousness, Colonel, that rather than allow such peaceful, Elysian repose to be subjected to the violent shock of an abrupt awakening, it were your custom here, as in the Happy Valley of Rasselas, to have sweet music gently charm one back from the realms of fairy-land into this world of—a—of—a, say, ships and shoes and sealing wax, Colonel, and cabbages and kings—and—a—and—a—queens, too, Colonel, for I have learned, unless I have been in a dream all the time I have been here, that you have queens hereabouts. Isn't it so, Colonel?"

The woolly head tucked itself down over the shoe, and the brush shuffled vigorously. Jim raised himself, slightly resting his head on his elbow, and eyed the negro closely for a moment.

"You have read Rasselas, I suppose, Colonel, have you not?"

The negro turned his head again, looking over his shoulder, his mouth open wider as he saw the look of serious inquiry on his interrogator's face.

"I dunno whut dat is."

"Never have read it, eh? Well, I envy you. You certainly have a treat before you." Jim yawned again and lay back on the pillow, drawing the counterpane up around his shoulders to get another nap. The negro finished

shining the shoes, put some fresh water into the pitcher on the wash-stand; then, going up near the bed, he gently touched the sleeper on the shoulder.

"What's that!" exclaimed Jim, starting.

"Hit's jes me," the negro apologized, stepping back a few paces. "I jes wants ter ax if yer wants er fire, suh?"

"A fire? O no, I guess not, Thomas. It isn't cold, is it?"

"Naws'r, hit ain't cold."

"Well, what the deuce you suppose I want a fire for?" asked Jim, more amused than angry, though he spoke sternly.

"Well, suh, dey ain no tellin' whut a gemmun mont want, specially sometimes."

Jim laughed.

"That's a fact sure," he said. "I see you are a philosopher, Colonel."

"Naws'r, I ain no flossopher, but I dooz my best ter satisfy er gemmun whut I waits on."

"Well, you're all right, anyway, Thomas. Give me my trousers there."

"Yo' which, suh?"

"Trousers, trousers, Colonel—breeches!"

"Oh, yas'r, yo' britches, yas'r."

Jim got a dime from his trousers' pocket and gave it to the negro, who bowed and grined profusely and said, "I thanks you, suh," several times and left the room.

"Dat's de jabbernest perfesser I ever see," he said to the cook as he entered the kitchen a few minutes later. "He tawk en tawk, en haf de time you kyant unerstan whut he tawkin erbout. I don't speck he know beself."

"Who is that?" asked Mrs. Aston.

"De new perfesser. I don't know whut he name."

"Oh, that's Professor Thompson."

"Dat ain't Mr. Jim Thompson! Whar he come fum?"

Jim was still asleep when a few minutes later the negro again entered his room and stood over him, looking at him a long time in silence. At length the sleeper's eyes gradually opened.

"Hello, there, Colonel! What's the matter now? Breakfast ready?"

There was no answer.

"You have breakfast in your establishment, don't you, Colonel?"

"Yas'r, we haves brekfuss."

"What interval of time would you say will elapse before that event?"

The negro scratched his head.

"You means how long it's gwi be 'fo' brekfuss?"

"Certainly," said Jim. "That's what I am driving at."

"Hit'll be 'bout twenty-five minutes, suh."

Jim began slowly to lift himself up and throw back the cover.

"But what did you come back for, Thomas?"

"Nuffin 'tall, suh. Cep'n I 'low you mout want sump'n else."

"No, nothing, thank you, Thomas. Call again. I hope I make no mistake. It is—ah—your name, you know—it is Thomas, isn't it? Or is it just Colonel?"

The negro stopped again and stood looking at him with his eyes and mouth open, his tongue hanging out.

"You means, is I er Colonel?"

"Exactly. No, not exactly eith-

er. Of course, you are a Colonel; but are you Colonel Thomas, or Colonel Bill, Colonel Jim or what? or perhaps you are just plain Colonel?"

The negro grinned now all over.

"I ain no colonel, suh."

"But you've got a name, haven't you?"

"Hit's Simon, suh."

"Simon!" repeated Jim. "O yes, I thought so, Simon Peter." Then, after a slight pause, he knit his brows and asked in a melancholy and solicitous tone, "How is your mother-in-law, Simon?"

Simon's under jaw went down, and his hand was slowly raised to his woolly head, which he began to scratch as a stimulant to his mental activities.

"Mudder-in-law? I ain't got no mudder-in-law, suh."

Jim looked graver than ever.

"Ah!" he said in a tone of sympathy. "I hadn't heard a word of it. Then, the old lady is dead?"

"Whut old lady dat you tawk-in 'bout, suh?"

"Why your mother-in-law, Simon. Who else should we be talking about?"

"I speeks you done git me mix up wid some er de udder niggers on de place. I ain never been mah'd yit."

"What!" exclaimed Jim in astonishment. "Some mistake somewhere sure. The Bible says so. You believe what the Bible says, don't you?"

"Yas'r, I believes de Bible."

Jim was now sitting on his pillow in bed, his arms folded around his shins, his knees pressed up against his breast, and his chin hooked over the caps of his knees. The early morning sun streamed through the open window and fell

upon the heavy and disheveled mass of brown hair. His whole face was illuminated and his gray eyes seemed to glisten as they looked intently at the dusky but benignant countenance of the negro, who stood at the foot of the bed; one of his hands pressed his ragged wool hat against his side, while the other rested lightly upon the lower railing of the bedstead. A strange light seemed to come into his eyes as he stood there hesitating for a moment. Then he ventured in an apologetic tone:

"My name ain Simon Peter, suh: Hit's jes Simon."

"Oh, that explains it."

But the next moment Jim himself was wonderstruck, for the negro had stepped up closer to the bed and was now leaning away over, looking him full in the face and scrutinizing every feature.

"What's the matter, Simon?" he exclaimed. "What are you staring at me like that for?"

Simon straightened up, but still kept his gaze fastened on the man in bed.

"I jes wanter ax yer one question, suh."

"Well ax away, Colonel, ax me a hundred, but don't look at me that way. You scare me to death."

"Is you the same Mister Jim Thompson whut used ter live up in Wilson?"

"Yes," said Jim, "but I never killed anybody."

"He! he! he!" laughed Simon. "I knows dat, Mister Jim, but fit er fellow pow'ful hard one time."

"I did, eh? I don't remember that. Who was it?"

"Mister Jim, is you done forgit Ole Simon?"

"What's your other name?"

"I's Simon Vance, suh, whut used ter play in de yahd wid you en de ndder chillun. Don't you member we had de fight 'bout de little gal whut yer ma tuk kyeer uv which—"

"Simon, you black rascal, you!" exclaimed Jim, springing up. "Come around here and shake hands with me. Bless my soul, and yours too. Why didn't you tell me it was you?"

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#### CHAPTER V.

THE Hollisville Collegiate Military Institute, Professor Jefferson Marquinius Tilson, President, opened on Monday morning, for it was not raining, promptly as soon as the hall was filled—somewhere between ten and twelve; the hour announced for the opening was nine. The whole town and surrounding country had been summoned to be present, and the whole town and surrounding country was present, for it was a great and auspicious occasion.

The Reverend Jeremiah Owen Jasper, the good Baptist divine who had been pastor in Hollisville since grandfathers were school boys, opened with a fervent and comprehensive prayer. Ed Oldham had been heard to say that the Reverend Jeremiah, when he preached or prayed, reminded him of one of those old-time eight-day clocks striking. The good ladies of the church said Ed was a disgrace to the community. Ed waited outside and smoked cigarettes until the prayer was over. The good divine prayed that the "Great Architect

of the Universe, the Author and Finisher of our Faith," might shower his rich and plenteous blessings upon all men who deserved them. "The Lord knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him," he quoted. He prayed for peace on earth and good will to men, and "death to our enemies." He prayed that there might be no more war, and that they might have strength to fight their battles to a glorious victory. He prayed that they might be like St. Paul, "in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content," while they yearned and struggled till this "weary, weary life is o'er." He prayed that they might have everything that mortal heart could hope for, and that those things which they could not get they might have strength to deny themselves, because "man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long." He mentioned many things by name, and lest anything be left out he added the including petition that the Lord would send them those things which "Thou seest we need." He repeated his prayer for certain things which seemed to him to be of especial importance, so that the Lord might not forget them: among these were grace, mercy, peace, redemption. He prayed for these in many different phrases, metaphors, quotations from Scripture and hymns. After he had exhausted his vocabulary and his stock of Scripture and other quotations upon mankind in general, and after Ed Oldham had smoked five cigarettes, he began to particularize upon that especial community and that especial assembly, enlarging his supplications now and then so as not to be charged with

the fault of not being comprehensive in his prayer. He now prayed that rich and plenteous blessings might fall upon the teachers and children of that school, and upon the fathers and mothers of these children, upon those composing that assembly, and upon their friends, relatives, and acquaintances; upon the entire community in general; and here he put in a few special petitions for all other school children, teachers, parents, other assemblies and communities in general, with the friends, relatives, and acquaintances of all concerned, or who might, could, would, or should be concerned, and also their enemies. Ed had smoked up his package of cigarettes and was leaning over the window sill to borrow one from Dick Wilson, who sat just inside. He smoked this while the Reverend Jeremiah stopped to catch breath; then Dick having no more, he was considering whether he should go down town and get another package, when the good divine began to get particularly fervent and eloquent. Ed recognized the place and knew it would be only about fifteen minutes to the end. The Reverend Jeremiah was just beginning his prayer for "that noble and distinguished man, the learned scholar and polished gentleman, that leader of men and guiding light of little children, that great and good man, who has been such a blessing to this community and the world, whose name was, therefore, emblazoned in shining letters of gold in the great Book which the Angel of the Lord held aloft in his right hand, Professor Jefferson Marquinius Tilson."

When finally he finished—he for he did finish at last—the great and good man, Professor Tilson, arose and looked out over the admiring multitude. He stood there for a few minutes in silence and majesty, so that all might see and be impressed. Then in measured accents and a voice quivering with emotion and with greatness, he thanked the people for the support they had given him in the past, which support had enabled him to accomplish such wonderful things in that community. He gave them the figures as to the number of students, the number of counties represented in the school, and the number of miles traveled by the students to come to the school, which reached up into the thousands. At each one of these announcements, a look of awe came into the faces of his listeners; they were in the presence of the miraculous and the miracle worker. But great and wonderful as were the things that had been and that were, they were nothing compared with what was going to be.

Then, after waiting for the applause to die away and for the audience to cease contemplating these wonders and behold the man who had wrought them, the miracle worker begged leave to introduce as the "Orator of the day," "the Honorable Thomas Raymond Allen, Senator from Pee Dee and a distinguished member of the Waxton bar."

The distinguished gentleman from Waxton arose—pulled down his vest,—took a drink of water,—cleared his throat,—made a sweeping bow,—and, as Ed Oldham said, "opened fire."

"Ladies and Gentlemen!" he

said in a mighty voice, raising his portly form upon his toes, and then letting it fall with majesty and power upon his heels, his proud abdomen far advanced in front and his eyes gazing eloquently at the big Rochester lamp which hung down from the middle of the ceiling. Then he took another drink of water,—cleared his throat again, and orated to the lamp.

"It gives me untold pleasure and transcendant happiness to lend my humble presence to this sublime and significant occasion."

He paused, and, slightly lowering his eyes from the lamp, allowed them to survey the audience with untold pleasure and transcendant happiness. He paused a long time. With a less great man, the pause would have been considered awkward. He was waiting for something. At length Ed Oldham and some other young men near the door, divining what he was waiting for, started it by just a faint little stamping. It grew with gradually increasing force till every living man, woman, and child in the vast audience who had a pair of feet pounded on the floor as if they were trying to beat it down into the very earth; and, above the din, could be heard a shrill and piercing chorus of whistling from several parts of the hall, led by those near the door.

The ovation was so great that the Honorable Thomas Raymond Allen took another drink of water. Then, fumbling in the mighty tails of his Prince Albert coat, he brought forth a bulky and learned looking manuscript which he proceeded with great ceremony to open up and spread upon the table

before him. Having pulled down his vest again, he started out in stentorian eloquence, accompanied by gigantic gestures, to expound why on such sublime and significant occasion it becomes one to be transcendantly happy, and why the occasion itself, apart from his distinguished presence, was so sublime and significant. After this, he announced the subject of his oration, "Education the Palladium of our Liberties." Rome that sat upon her seven hills, Athens that sat upon something—I forget now what—Alexandria with its famous libraries, Carthage with its Didos and things, Caesar with his Brutus, Napoleon and Hannibal, George Washington and Thomas Jefferson, General Lee and Wade Hampton, Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln, sometimes in their right times and settings, sometimes several hundred years before or after, were summoned to lend their lustre to the brilliant phantasmagoria which threatened at times seriously to interfere with the peaceful repose of good Brother Zeke Woodward, who rested his peg leg on a box over in the corner near the stage. It did not do it, though: but the eloquence did at times wake up some of the other sleepers. It was a great speech. Of course, he closed with a glowing tribute to "the great and distinguished scholar and gentleman who presides over the destinies of this splendid and magnificent institution."

At the conclusion of the great oration, the school sang the Star Spangled Banner. After they finished—that is, after most of them had finished: of course, they did not all get through at once—the Methodist preacher was called on,



ostensibly to make a few remarks, but really to prevent the charge of partiality to the Baptist preacher. Then Captain King, the Chairman of the Board, made a few remarks, and several others, including the county superintendent of education, who, by special invitation of Professor Tilson, and by his sufferance, was allowed the privilege of appearing before that large audience. Each of these paid the customary tribute to the noble head of the splendid institution and exhorted the boys to emulate so illustrious a preceptor.

Then, after all these speeches, and after a hymn or two had been drawled out, Tilson, the great man himself, again arose and begged leave to announce as an evidence of growth and prosperity and an example of the great things which he was bringing about and was going to bring about, that he had secured the services of a "celebrated professor," Professor James Carlton Thompson, who had been elected Vice-President and Professor of Ancient and Modern Languages and English Philology. Him he begged further leave now to introduce to the audience.

The celebrated Professor of Ancient and Modern Languages and English Philology arose and stood for a moment stage-struck. At length, realizing that he must speak, he was about to deliver an oration, possibly about Rome and her seven hills or something like that, when a fortunate accident came to his rescue. Old man Zeke Woodward's peg leg suddenly dropped off the box and the audience took that as a signal for applause, during which he had an opportunity to collect himself.

Then he started out to give some of his ideas upon the subject of education, with special reference to what he conceived to be the mission of this school and his own relation to it. He spoke in a mild conversational tone, in such striking contrast to the pomposity and rant which had preceded him that many of the people waked up and listened. Even Brother Zeke Woodward, whom the fall of his peg leg coupled with the lull in the storm had aroused, opened his eyes, and, getting more and more interested in what Jim was saying, soon got to smiling and nodding his approval; and Ed Oldham, who when he had seen Tilson get up had gone outside to smoke another cigarette, poked his head through the window to see who that fellow was talking instead of making a speech.

"I am not much of a speaker, Ladies and Gentlemen. My understanding with Mr. Tilson"—Yes, he actually had the nerve to refer to the great professor as "Mister." It horrified most of the audience, but some of them excused him on the ground that he was young; he would learn better, they thought. "My understanding with Mr. Tilson," he said, "is that I have not come here to make speeches but to teach. There was a time, you know, when the man who could make the biggest speech in the neighborhood was the biggest man in the neighborhood, but now, when a man makes a big speech, many people begin to think that is all he can do."

And he did not attempt to make a speech, but rambled on for a few minutes in a conversational tone, in the course of which he said:

"My idea in teaching is to develop a well rounded Christian character; and the way to do this is to do the work set before you, leaving all other things which tend to divert absolutely and completely alone. I should like to see all schools emphasize that it is not what you appear to be but what you really are that is worth while in this life; and in accord with this, it is not what you appear to know but what you really do know that is important. That is why I have little to do and have no patience whatever with this showing off business so prominent in the affairs of some schools."

If Jim knew he was making a break he did not show it. He had heard mention of certain frequent entertainments (with the accent on the *ments*) which had been instituted by the Professor, though since he had arrived none had been announced. But it was strange doctrine to that audience, which had been so carefully trained to believe that the "showing off business" was the most important part of all well regulated schools; and, as Jim turned to take his seat, he noticed that Tilson's face had lost its smile of satisfaction. The Methodist preacher's face wore a troubled look. He had been to call on his new member and had been nourishing the hope of having a Methodist rise to prominence in this flourishing institution, but this was a daring stroke and he feared the consequences. There was a benignant placidity in the smile of the Reverend Jeremiah. His

views agreed with Jim's exactly, and after the meeting broke up he took him patronizingly by the hand and told him so; the one interesting circumstance about this being that the Reverend Jeremiah had not the most remote idea of what Jim meant, and but the faintest idea of what he had said.

In spite of this break, the speech on the whole made a very favorable impression on the audience. This is why the great Professor did not like it. He smiled, though, when a number of the good people, as they passed out, said to him that they liked the new professor. With his smile, however, he put in this word: "Yes, I think he will be all right when he catches on to our way of doing things. He is quite young yet, you know."

"I fear I made a fool of myself today; it looks like that is to be a part of my duty here, too," is the way the entry in Jim's journal for that day begins.

Miss Hall and her friend, Miss Anderson, discussed the speech and the speaker on the way home.

"Don't you think he's very impractical?" asked Aileen of her companion.

"I don't know," replied Miss Anderson thoughtfully. "We ought to give him a chance."

"Well, I don't like him a bit, anyway," said Aileen, impulsively. "I think he's too Big-Ikey."

They walked along for several minutes in silence. As they were entering the house, Aileen turned to her companion and said,

"But, Kathrine, don't you think he's nice?"

# THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JACKSON

BOOK II. CHAPTER IX.

ON DECEMBER 5th, 1823, the General was sworn in as Senator, and for the remainder of the session of nearly six months he spent the greater part of his time in Washington City. Aunt Rachel remained at the Hermitage, in Tennessee.

Some of the General's votes in the Senate are surprising, and the wonder is that his personal and political foes, who were numerous and rancorous, did not dig into the records at Washington, instead of harping upon the high-handed manner in which he took another man's wife. They attacked him savagely and continuously about John Woods, and the six militia men, and Ambrister and Arbuthnot; but in all these cases Jackson and his defenders could interpose in his behalf the findings of courts-martial. But there was nothing to screen him from direct personal responsibility for his vote *against the removal of the tariff duty on cotton bagging*.

Henry Clay's partisans could not have made political capital out of that, but the Crawford men might have used it with telling effect throughout the cotton belt.

The General also voted against the reduction of the duty on cotton goods. This, likewise, could have turned into a most damaging weapon in the intensely hot political battles that raged during the subsequent years. The same thing may be said of his votes against the reduction of duties on imported iron, and upon wool and woolen goods. True, the tariff on these various articles was nothing like the prohibitive rates that have since been wrung from Congress by the insatiable manufacturers, but they were too high, even then. The General's votes were bad votes. No word of defense can be uttered in behalf of his antagonism to free cotton bagging; nor for his opposition to the increase of the duty on silks. To go upon record as favoring the increased cost of the necessaries of life, which the poor are compelled to buy in that they may continue to exist, was certainly a strange thing for Andrew Jackson to do. And to extend his Senatorial protection to those who robe themselves in silks, was even more out of keeping with the popular conception of Old Hickory. "*Luxuries* must not advance in price, but the *necessaries* shall", is a queer policy to discover in the Congressional record of the Presidential candidate whose champions proclaimed him "the Friend of the People".

How short-sighted is partisan hatred! Had Jackson's enemies let his wife's name alone, and said nothing about his military doings,—concentrating their assault upon his expense-accounts and his Senatorial votes, there might not have been a "Jacksonian Era" for historians to wrangle over.

A very potent factor in political discussions for the last eighty and odd years is "the Colman Letter". One of the original Jackson men of Virginia, L. H. Colman, of Warrenton, wrote to the General, inquiring how he stood on the "*protecting duty policy*". Very promptly, he received a reply,—and a delicious specimen of flexible composition he got.

The General's letter refers to the manner in which "Heaven smiled upon, and gave us liberty and independence". Then the General argues that "If we omit or refuse to use the gifts which He has extended to us, we deserve not the continuance of His blessings." The General then proceeds to say that it is our solemn duty to provide ourselves with means for national defense, and that we must protect our manufacturers and laborers from European competition in order "that we may have within our own country a supply of those leading and important articles so essential to war". The General is careful, very careful, to say that the tariff which he favors must be "a judicious one". Furthermore, he contends that the agriculturists are suffering for lack of a market for their surplus products; and that too much labor is employed in agriculture, anyway; and that the channels of labor must be multiplied, so that the superabundance of farm labor may be drawn into manufactures,—thus simultaneously decreasing agricultural products and increasing the demand for them. The General figures that there are 600,000 people engaged in agricultural pursuits who ought to be drafted into the factories, mines, and quarries. Make this change, argued the General, "and you at once give a home market for more breadstuffs than all Europe can furnish us".

It is in bitterness of spirit that one reads this Colman letter and its confident prophecies, in the cruel white light of actual conditions. And the General's own votes are glaringly inconsistent with it. He based a part of his reasoning upon agricultural distress, and *not only voted against relieving it, but to increase it!*

The Colman letter was a mighty vote-winner for Jackson. The Southern States worshipped the hero of New Orleans too fervently to be lost by anything that he was apt to do or say; and such states as Pennsylvania were won to him because of his firm stand for the Tariff.

Boldly as the General voted against free bagging for cotton and lower rates on cloth and iron, he cast some anchors to windward. He favored a lower duty on blankets, and he came out squarely for the untaxed frying pan.

He likewise voted for the abolition of imprisonment for debt. The Tariff might reduce people to poverty, but the usual and inevitable consequences of such laws should not be penalized. As Joe Gargery said, "When you *do* come to a J and a O, and says you, 'Here, at last, is a J-O, Joe', how interesting reading is." Subsequently when the philosophic blacksmith was more despondent, and Pip made the consolatory remark, in allusion to this finding of the occasional J and the occasional O,—"*That is something*", the pessimistic Joe answered, "Yes, but I'll take my oath that it ain't much."

On went the Jacksonian campaign. The General's partisans worked like beavers. They were loud, confident and aggressive. Whenever every other argument was exhausted they fell back on "Hurrah for Jackson"! In vain, such men as Clay characterized the old hero as "a mere military chieftain". In the first place, military heroes have always been more popular than any other sort; and in this country, which had for its first President "a military chieftain", the objection of Clay was particularly lacking in force.

While the battle roared, the General behaved admirably. His friends all told him that he was sure to be elected, and he believed it. Serene of temper and conciliatory in manner, his stay in Washington was marked by a constant increase in the number of his friends. He made the first advances to Thomas H. Benton, and converted that ancient foe into a life-long champion. He even exchanged civilities with Henry Clay. He buried the hatchet with General Scott. He won the admiration of Webster. "My wife is decidedly for him", wrote the "steam-engine in breeches."

In short, Old Hickory, who had proved himself to be a "natural-born" military genius, was now giving the country at large some evidences of what was already well-known in Tennessee,—that he was a first-class political strategist.

Had not the General taken the stand he did on the Tariff, Henry Clay would probably have won the race. Winningly magnetic, where Crawford excited no enthusiasm and Adams repelled, Clay would almost certainly have been one of the names before the House, had not the Colman letter carried so many Protectionists to Jackson. And as Clay was Speaker of the House, and had a devoted following there, he would have found it much easier to have made himself President than it was for him to throw the prize to John Quincy Adams.

Nothing could be loftier than Jackson's bearing during this campaign of 1824. He made no speech, went on no tour, issued no address. When urged to invade the Adams territory, he wrote, "I have no doubt if I was to travel to Boston, that it would insure my election. But this I cannot do; *I would feel degraded the balance of my life.* If ever I fill that office (the Presidency) it must be the free choice of the people." In another letter, he declared that he would not "intrigue nor combine with any man, nor any set of men", to get the office.

What a noble, beautiful contrast that is to the standards of today! No yelling into the phonograph, at \$500 per screech; no rear-end harangues, with a throat-specialist along; no continuous stream of fulminations in the newspapers. None of that for Andrew Jackson.

The deportment of Adams, Clay and Crawford was equally proud and unbending. Neither of these great political leaders and masters of strategy would stoop to the circus-ring methods of our own day and generation,—methods which are as worthless as they are beneath the dignity of Presidential office.

How Clay proved to be the hindmost man in the race; how the election was thrown into the House; how the stroke of paralysis kept Crawford from receiving the support he expected, and put it out of

Clay's power to consider him instead of Adams: and how the warm Kentuckian allied himself to the cold Puritan,—making him President,—is one of the most familiar and dramatic episodes in American history.

General Jackson was among the first and the heartiest to congratulate Mr. Adams upon his election by the House. He went to the White House reception, gallantly, genially, and with a handsome lady on his arm. But in his soul, a storm of anger was raging. He believed that he had been cheated out of his just due. Between Clay and Adams, a guilty bargain had been made, and thus by corruption had the will of the people been thwarted. So thought Andrew Jackson. His letters were full of it. His private talk with confidential friends throbbed with it. And by the time Clay had been confirmed by the Senate as Secretary of State, the old General's fury burst all bounds, and his journey from Washington back to the Hermitage was made memorable in many places by his wild denunciations of Adams and Clay.

He had not wanted to run for the Presidency, had been slow to enter the race, and had made no compromise of personal pride to win; but all the lion of his nature was roused by the disappointment and the wrong put upon him. Everybody could see that the General would try it again, and that the next campaign would be bloody.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## *Love's Touch*

*By Stokely S. Fisher*

*I am loved, loved! I am loved!  
Like sun-rays athrill in a bud,  
Her first kiss, a swift fire, moved,  
A keen, sweet light in my blood,  
Lustration of love! All clean  
At touch of her soul grew mine;  
I entered her high demesne  
Renewed in the likeness divine!  
Oh, joy, she loves me—me!  
And my life is attuned to the beat  
Of the infinite heart to agree  
With a woman's love, all sweet!*

*I am loved, loved! I am loved!  
And the autumn evening  
Is afresh with the pulse that moved  
In rhythm and rapture of spring!  
My heart is strong! I am strong  
With more than the strength of youth,—  
Her true knight, to right the wrong;  
Her pure priest, to die for the truth!  
My veins with such music fill  
As gladdens a new day's birth:  
One woman's teal love is still  
Enough to make Eden of earth!*



# EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

## FACTS OF ENGLISH HISTORY AND CUSTOMS

Has the King of England or the English Parliament ever had the power to impeach the English ministry?

*Mobile, Ala.*

ANSWER

Since the Revolution of 1688, no English King has had the power to impeach the ministry, but Parliament can throw them out or impeach them at any time.

Was or was not George III. entirely responsible for the War of the American Revolution? Should not a great deal of the blame be placed upon the ministry? Was it not principally the source of all the outrages (the Stamp Act, tea tax, glass tax, etc.) which preceded the declaration of war?

I am well aware of the fact that George III. has the reputation of being one of the worst monarchs of modern times, and I do not doubt that England's aggressions upon the Colonies well pleased him. However, I would like to know if he had the power to prevent these aggressions, had he so desired to do,

J. H. C.

ANSWER

George III. was partly responsible for the American Revolution because he was intriguing to regain personal rule which English Kings had long before lost. George III. was not, himself, a bad man, but he was ambitious for sovereign power; he wanted to substitute the personal will of the King for the national will as expressed in Parliament. It is so well known among historians that George III. was waging a determined campaign to carry out his purpose, that many of the books declare that England would have lost her liberties if America had not achieved its independence. The resultant effect upon England herself in the triumph of the American Colonies was immensely beneficial to the cause of

representative government based upon the people's will as against government by royal prerogative.

## FUSION, DEMOCRACY AND CURRENCY

DEAR COMRADE:—The reasons stated by Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ for joining the Democratic party may have weight in Georgia, but when fifty-two Democrats in the Illinois House of Representatives and six in the Senate of that State *can* be counted for a Chicago Beef Trust boss for the United States Senate; when a Straforth Colorado Legislature *cannot* be counted for a single one of the party's pledges, and when the Aldrich-Cannon gang *can* count on as many Democratic members and Senators in Congress as they need, whenever they need them, is a poor time, it seems to me, for anyone, Populist or not, to think of saving that party by joining it.

And, as to that "silver dollar"—don't you know, comrade, that the present situation of that dollar proves the necessity of getting rid of all metallic money? Don't *YOU* know that the restoration of the silver dollar could possibly benefit no one but speculators and holders of that metal, and its mines? It could not prevent speculation in the metallic basis for our currency.

The people are disgusted—have settled into indifference because neither party presents, nor can present a sufficient remedy for the evils they feel, and understand. What is now needed is a reformation from the ground up—one that rebuilds the whole monetary structure.

Yours,

A. T. MORGAN.

*Denver, Colo.*

ANSWER

Mr. Morgan could now include the Nebraska Legislature in his specifications of the Democratic doings that disgust the people. If the Populists of Bryan's state are not now sick unto death of their fusion record they must have zinc-lined stomachs.

No, I *don't* know that a restoration of our constitutional financial system would benefit none but speculators and silver mine owners. I *think* that a return to constitutional money would be of immense benefit to everybody excepting the sharks of the Money Trust.

#### SUPREME COURT'S USURPATION OF POWER

EDITOR JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE:—Adams' and Trent's United States History, page 187, in a paragraph treating of the "Characteristics of the Constitution", says: "The authority given to the Supreme Court to declare Acts of Congress contrary to the Constitution, and, therefore, null and void, was a new element in government, and made the court stronger than any other court in existence."

I am surprised at such a statement—  
I believe it to be—made as history for pupils to believe.

Please give your criticism of this paragraph.  
J. L. KIBLER.

Standardsville, Va.

#### ANSWER

The statement to which Professor Kibler refers is one of those innumerable errors with which all of the histories of this country are crowded. The Constitution gives no such power to the Supreme Court. On the contrary, the proposition to vest the Supreme Court with authority to set aside Acts of Congress was proposed several times in the Constitutional Convention of 1787 and was voted down every time it came up. This most important fact, however, was not publicly known, for the reason that the Convention sat behind closed doors, under a pledge of secrecy. It was not until 1843, when the Madison papers were purchased by the Federal Government and given to the world in book form, that anyone save the members of that Convention knew what had taken place during its deliberations. Had the Convention held open sessions, the Constitution which they framed in disregard of the credentials which they bore would probably never have been adopted, and had their deliberations been published, and the people generally in possession of the fact that the proposition to give the stated authority to the Supreme Court had been voted down, it is probable that even the Federal Courts would never have usurped the powers which

they now exercise. In no other country in Christendom do the courts undertake to set aside statutes enacted by the sovereign legislative of the land.

#### A LIST OF BOOKS

Having, because of conditions over which I had no control, failed to secure the university training which I coveted as a preparation for a literary career, what books would you recommend that I read on the subjects of Language, Literature, Rhetoric, Logic, History and Philosophy to best atone for my loss and equip me, in a measure, for the coveted career?  
F. D.

#### ANSWER

We would advise our young friend to read "Phtarch's Lives", "Macanley's Essays", "Green's Short History of England", "Dieken's Short History of England", "Montaigne's Essays", "Meditations of Marcus Aurelius", "Souvestre's Attic Philosopher in Paris", "Holmes' Autocrat of the Breakfast Table", "Carlyle's French Revolution", "Thackeray's Vanity Fair".

From these books you will extract much in the way of history, of philosophy, of logic, of rhetoric, of literature proper, and of variety of language.

#### CAUSE OF THE WAR

Will you please tell us through THE JEFFERSONIAN what was the primary cause of the Civil War?

A SUBSCRIBER.

#### ANSWER

Racial and sectional prejudice. The one great fact, which is easily to be learned by close students of our national history, is that the North and South were settled by antagonistic classes of people. They disliked each other from the very beginning. This is true of the Colonial era: it was true during the Revolutionary War: it cropped out in the old Confederation: it burnt deep into the discussions of the Constitutional Convention of 1787: it left its evidences upon the finished work of that Convention: it flamed out in the debates on the adoption of that Constitution: it caused New England to make the first public threat of seceding from the Union when Jefferson purchased Louisiana: prior to that time it had almost convulsed the country over the question of opening up the Mississippi River to navigation: it



caused New England again to threaten to disrupt the Union when Texas came in: it caused the fierce struggle over the admission of Missouri, and the culmination of the debate was logically bound to be just what happened.

Differences so inherent, antagonisms so fierce, rivalry of interests so deep and so vitally important led naturally to the clash of arms. I have come in for a good deal of ridicule, misrepresentation and abuse for saying that just such

legislation as New England has forced upon the country in the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill will some day or other split the Union into four grand divisions.

The more closely one has studied the underlying causes which made our Civil War of the 60's almost inevitable, the less one will be inclined to ridicule what I have said about the future consequences of such monstrosities of sectionalism and class-legislation as are embodied in the new tariff act.



## *True Heroism*

*Jake H. Harrison*

*Quite often, with a mirthless laugh,  
With badinage or lively chaff,  
A man conceals the poignant smart  
That rankles in a breaking heart;  
And fain would cover with a smile  
The trembling of his lips the while,  
As sobbing tongue sends forth its laugh,  
Or tears leave moisture in the chaff.*

*He who keeps his sorrow back  
And smiles with soul upon the rack,  
Is more a hero, in his way,  
Than he who fights in mortal fray;  
For he who fights for land or fame,  
Expects the glory of a name,  
While he who does the harder part,  
Is known alone by his own heart.*

## The Rhyme of the Caliph

THE CALIPH ABDERAMA, in the pleasant south of Spain,  
Long continued, firmly grounded on his people's love, to reign;  
And one day his courtiers left him in his palace-hall alone,  
And he fell into deep musings, sitting on his golden throne.

"Fifty years" he thought, "have vanished since I've held the royal power,  
Standing in the midst of war-fare with the calmness of a tower;  
Fifty Winters, fifty Summers, fifty Autumns, fifty Springs,  
Rise like flocks of birds before me, fluttering on their airy wings.

"I will shut mine eyes in darkness; I will close up both my ears;  
That my soul may look and listen down the vista of the years;  
For I fain would gather wisdom of the rich and solemn past,  
And, from many visaged action, pluck the central Truth at last.

"Lo the visions gather thickly. Through that length of time my hand  
Has been clothed with awful power, and been honored through the land;  
The young mothers murmur of me, as they sing their babes to rest,  
Sitting at the open casements, when the sun is in the West.

"Riches I have had uncounted—ample pleasures—regal state—  
Might in all its sumptuous aspects—homage of the good and great—  
And the liquid lays of poets, glittering from the gorgeous East,  
All exalting Abderama, have I had at many a feast.

"Round my throne I have assembled grey philosophers, whose sleep  
Bring them fiery revelations from the distant starry deep;  
And my court has shown with warriors of the old Arabian race,  
With their eager souls outlooking in the quick blood of the face.

"Art and science, the twin-sisters, speak my praises near and far;  
Learning, from her groves and cloisters, hail me as a morning star;  
And though threatened by the Faithless, I have kept my lands entire,  
Underneath the sacred lightnings of the Crescent's silver fire.

"To increase my glory farther, and the largeness of my joys,  
I have caused a wondrous palace in a garden to arise—  
In a garden deep and leafy, where the sparkling walls are seen  
Through the crowding of the tree-trunks, and the heavy tremulous green.

"Like a vision in a sunset rise my palace towers in air,  
And the domes suspended lightly, and the galleries light and fair,  
And the terrace-walks of marble, shadowy dim with citron bowers,  
Where the birds made faint with perfume, fall asleep upon the flowers.



"And within, the walls are builded all of lapis lazuli,  
Overwrought with rubies sanguine, and the diamond's glancing eye,  
And the air is cooled with fountains, springing from the metals rich,  
Each one with its golden sculptures, standing in a jasper niche.

"Forty thousand silver columns lift the ceiling sappharine,  
Where the lamps of lucid crystal shed a languid light divine  
Shed a light on orbs of gold, that start and tremble into view,  
Like the constellations kindled in a depth of evening blue.

"Who so happy as our Caliph, cry the people 'every hour',  
Is to him a stately vision, full of loveliness and power—  
Lying in a light of jewels, laughing under lips of love—  
Like a rose-bud deeply reddening to the regal sun above.

"Idle words and lightly spoken, in that lapse of fifty years  
I have noted every day which has been free from doubts and fears—  
Every day of perfect pleasure, luscious lingering and serene,  
When my soul has seemed a monarch. And the number is fourteen.

"Better had I been a herdsman keeping flocks upon a hill,  
Eating the earth's simple produce, drinking water from the rill,  
Better had I been an Arab in the desert's luminous haze,  
Living like a patriarch, after nature's unadulterated ways.

"Better to have dwelt unlooked for in some forest's shadows dim,  
Where the leaves are pierced in triumph by the javelins of the sun,  
Better to be born, and die, in some calm nest, however obscure,  
With a vine about the casement and a fig tree at the door.

"Had I known no greater riches than the common earth and air;  
Had my flatterers been the tempest, blowing from the mountains bare;  
Had my palaces been the caverns; had my fountains been the floods;  
Had my gardens been the valleys and the barky, black-limbed woods;

"Had I seen no other pageant than the trooping clouds at even  
(Islands of the airy ocean, with their baseless tops in heaven),  
Or the Autumn forests, burning into heavy red and brown,  
And great flamey breadths of yellow, ere the leaves are shatter'd down;

"Had I never felt the aching and the fiery seeming pain  
Of the sceptre to the hand and of the crown about the brain,—  
Happier would my days have glided, calmer would my nights have flown",  
And the Caliph sigh'd full sorely, sitting on his golden throne.

FOOTNOTE:—I am sending you a copy of a poem I found in an old bound volume of "Household Words", conducted by Charles Dickens, Vol. 5, pp. 512 (1852). Abderama, the Third, one of the Spanish-Arabian Caliphs, is said to have left behind him, after his death in the year 961, when he had reigned fifty years, a paper containing the substance of the complaint embodied in these stanzas. There is no author given for these beautiful and exquisitely musical verses. I hope you will enjoy the reading and re-reading as much as I have.

Yours truly,

JOLI. B. FORT.

# THE JUNIOR JEFFS

By DADDY JIM

The first thing we must do this month is to make a correction. Two fine little fellows, Harry and Russell Shirley, of Powder Springs, *Georgia*, sent us their photograph, and it was published in the



TOM WATSON SPENCE  
Owassa, Alabama

August magazine. By some mishap, or misfortune (we will explain the difference in a minute), the printers made the address, Powder Springs, *Alabama*. So Masters Shirley write:

"DEAR DADDY JIM:—We wish to thank you for the excellent likeness of ourselves that appeared in the August issue of the magazine, but regret that the printer made us residents of Alabama, for we are, and insist on being known as Georgians."

Now for the difference between a mishap and a misfortune. If Mr. Bryan had fallen into the Missouri River last fall, it would have been a mishap; and if anyone had fished him out, it would have been a misfortune.

## OUR PICTURES

We are varying the monotony this month by presenting the pictures of a bright and happy baby, and an equally bright and charming young lady of 8 years. Now that Miss Gussie Aaron has started the ball rolling, we hope some other girls will send us their pictures for publication.

Of the baby, Mr. M. Johnston, of Owassa, Ala., writes: "I have so much faith in Tom Watson, that my daughter has named her baby Tom Watson Spence. I enclose you his picture. He is 12 months old, and weighs now about 50 pounds. He is grandson of an old Populist and firm believer in Tom Watson."

## YES, LET'S SHOW 'EM

As I've not written to Daddy Jim but once, I thought I would write to the "Conglomerate Society", or rather to the Junior Jeffs. Oh, yes, dear children, come on and let's show the readers what we can do! The page is for our training, and exists for our benefit. It fills me with so much joy to see children take pride and energy to build up our native land.

I'm going to school now. I'm 14 years old, and am promoted to the eighth grade. My expectations are to be a school teacher, and an industrious, intelligent lady. The institute, which I was a member of last year, was burned in February. It is now being built again. When completed, it will cost about \$40,000. Everything will be in honor of the new R. E. Lee Institute, located at Thomaston, Ga. I've never seen Mr. Watson, but I read after him.

As I'm afraid Daddy Jim does not think this will do for publication, I will ring off by saying I will come again soon.—ALPHA ELLERBEE, Crest, Ga.

## IN THE HOLIDAYS

Here I come again. I am going to tell you a few things I did through the holidays. Well, I spent one month in the country with my grandma and uncles and aunts. And I learned to milk the cow, and cook, and wash, and ride the old mule. I have made eight or ten

dollars getting subscriptions for the JEFFERSONIANS. I have been taking music, and playing with my dolls, too; but our school starts in the morning, and I will not have much more time to play, but I will keep working for the JEFFER-

SONIANS. I certainly do have a fine time in the holidays. I have an aunt whom I visit during my holidays. She lives just three miles from here, on a lake by the name of Lake Alberta; and when I visit her, I go fishing, boat riding, and also go in swimming every day. Sometimes a crowd of us girls and boys meet there on holidays, and go in swimming. On Sundays I mostly go to church, and I enjoy it very much. I also go out driving, and think it is the finest sport of all. I hope that my letter will be printed, and also wish I could win one of the prizes. I know my letter is not interesting, but am going to send it, anyway.—CLYDE ZIPPEBER, Lake Park, Ga.

(This letter takes the second prize.)



GUSSIE LEE AARON  
Lyons, Georgia

SONIANS. Your little friend, GUSSIE LEE AARON, Lyons, Ga.

(Miss Gussie's letter wins the first prize for the holiday letters.)

#### ANOTHER BUSY GIRL

Guess you will let me try my hand at "What I Did in the Holidays". I am 14 years of age; have dark hair and blue

#### WE WANT THIS PICTURE

Here I come to bother you with my nonsense. Daddy Jim, why don't you put your picture in the magazine? We would all be glad to know how you look. What will I have to do to become a member of Our Post-Card Club? I would like to be a member. I am going to have my picture taken, and when I do, I will send it to you. Well, I will close, with love to all.—BEATRICE RICE, Brittany, La.

(All you have to do is to write a nice letter to the Post-Card Club, receive some post-cards, and send some, when you have them; and be a good fellow.)

#### AN ENTHUSIAST

DEAR MR. WATSON:—Enclosed please find one dollar, for which please send me your JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE. My papa takes both of your papers, and thinks that you are one of the greatest men in the world. If anyone wants to get up a row, let him say something against you, and they have got it right now. Please send me the beautiful little knife. Papa has one, and I want one. I am only 13 years old. I was named for you and one of my grandfathers.—THOMAS F. ENGRAM, Coleman, Ga.



# Communications



THOS E. WATSON, AUTHOR OF



RURAL FREE DELIVERY.

## THE ONLY SOLUTION

EDITOR JEFFERSONIAN:—The letter of "Citizen" from Douglas, Ga., brings up a very important matter. Much is being said about the race question, but little is being done, that will settle the question.

The situation today seems to be about this: The negro is a beastly criminal, notwithstanding our efforts to civilize him. We have hanged, burned, and shot negro fiends for thirty years, but every paper you pick up gives an account of some horrible crime against a white woman or child. Hardly have the flowers faded on the grave of one victim, before the shriek of another victim sets men wild. Stop lynching them? No, never, as long as the black rapist is found. But lynching doesn't stop it. It is time to try some other remedy. Men can't stand about their homes with shot guns. The only way to stop the crime is, to put the negro away from among the whites.

The Georgia Railroad strike is only the beginning of trouble between black and white labor. Such schools as Booker Washington's are paving the way for a world of trouble. The fool Yankees who want to put their money into negro schools, should locate those schools in the North, and keep the "educated" negro up there. A negro should not be allowed to do anything in the South but plow his first cousin, a mule. White labor is not going to be walked over in this country.

The only solution is in the separation of the races. A territory should be bought for Sambo. Then buy his property at a fair price, give him a free ride to his new home, and turn him loose.

This can be done. Ten years would be time enough for deporting the whole gang. Some would go; others can be made go.

If this is not done what? Negro crime will continue until the pent-up fury of the white men breaks out and negroes will be hunted down and slain like wolves. I know what I'm talking about. Thousands of men in the South and West are now waiting the day to begin the slaughter. They are anxious for it to come. The old ex-slaves are nearly gone. The old sympathy of the whites is dying out. Negro competition and negro crimes will not be borne much longer. This gush about the friendship between blacks and whites becoming stronger is all wind.

It is time for the organization of a National Caucasian League, whose aim will be to remove negroes and Asiatics from this country. Are you willing to be one of such a society? Then drop me a card. Let's get our forces together.

S. GRADY.

Leary Ga., Aug. 24, 1909.

## MORE ON THE SUBJECT OF MISSIONS

DEAR SIR:—I am glad that you have been aroused on the Mission question. I am of the same opinion. I trust you will not stop until you have aroused the whole nation.

Respectfully,

JOHN ODOM.

Doles, Ga.

## WANTS THE PREACHERS TO PROVE IT

MISSIONARY BAPTIST PREACHERS:—Take the Bible and prove that Mr. Watson has lied; put aside your mean denunciations, men of God, and come at Mr. Watson fair; come at him like Paul and Peter, and like he comes at you, with the Bible and the words of Christ. Use God's weapon with the love of God in your heart. Just as long as the people see preachers clashing at Mr. Wat-

son with the spirit of the devil, we are not going to have much confidence in what you say.

W. H. JONES,

Dozier, Ala.

#### HOME AND FOREIGN MISSIONS

I have just finished reading the August number of the *JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE*, and if everybody had the same idea that I have and which you express, this good Southland of ours would never make herself ridiculous by sending her dimes, nickels and pennies, aggregating millions of good American dollars, to China and other foreign countries while millions of our own children are in want and many thousands perhaps dying for the bare necessities of life.

Yours for individual and collective home missions,

RUFUS L. FOSTER,

Lambert, Ga.

#### MORE GRAPE

DEAR SIR:—Your articles on Foreign Missions and Socialism are much enjoyed and admired here, and in the language of General Taylor in the heat of battle, we all say, "Give 'em a little more grape", Col. Tom.

LINN TANNER,

Cheneyville, La.

#### LUXURIES OF THE MISSIONS.

DEAR SIR:—I wish to commend what you are publishing about missions. It is astounding that our people through ignorance should allow the waste of money that is going on in China all the time. I can speak with authority.

The *Woman's Work* is run on the basis of a sacrificial work. The applicant is usually a woman handicapped in the conflict of life, either from misconduct, failure to marry from obvious reasons, etc. Others are in a class who, from a lack of intellect and over-conscientiousness, go to do good. This class is paid more than would have to be paid those of the best ability in the open market, if the truth was told them. But "sacrifice" is the magic word to conjure money from the public. Here is their stakes, after they have made the *sacrifice* they are then sent away to school for two years. When they are through they are given passage on a first-class steamer, \$400 for outfit—an illusive

term when she arrives she is provided with an elegant home. Missionary houses are such as princely city merchants live in here. The very finest doctor is paid by the Board and he is called for every pin scratch. She is then paid \$750 gold to buy food and clothing that is worth there now about \$1,750—sometimes more, sometimes—not often—less. The purchasing power of that sum is equal to \$1,500 gold in this country. To bear out my statement, I refer you to the copy of the *Advocate* I send, with the dinner price on a railway marked, that gives you some idea of the cost of food. The markets are excellent. She has various vacations during the year, three months in summer, which she spends in travel or on the mountains, where a home is provided for her. When she leaves the field she is given \$600 a year for life, with choice of residence. These women in return with their small ability are helping along a civilization. As far as making real converts to Christianity, I would say the work is nil, except the broader view, as education, medicine and modern appliances take hold and advance their ideas. These conditions make an aristocracy and one dare not criticise it. Every seventh year this missionary spends at home, all expenses in first-class style, salary continued.

ONE-WHO-KNOWS.

#### FIRST LETTER ON HIS R. F. D.

DEAR SIR:—Recognizing you as the originator of the R. F. D. system of our Government, I wish to honor you, and acknowledge my appreciation and gratitude for your untiring efforts in behalf of the wealth producers of this country by mailing to you this, the first letter that passes through my R. F. D. box.

Hoping that you may live to know that the greatest number of our people believe and practice that charity does and should begin at home, I am,

Yours truly,

R. H. CABBESS, R. F. D. No. 4.

Huntsville, Texas, Sept. 1, 1909.

#### SOMETHING NEW AS TO MISSION WORK

MY DEAR SIR:—Through the kindness of Mr. Jos. W. Baird of this place I received and read your articles on "Foreign Missions" in the April and June issues of the *JEFFERSONIAN*.

I want to say a *HEARTY AMEN* to nearly everything. I believe if you would express yourself a little clearer on a few minor points, I could indorse every word you said. I must say you did a grand work, and wish I had those two articles in tract form to scatter everywhere.

I believe in mission work, but the unscriptural methods used today are enough to make infidels of many who are weak.—John, 17:23.

The church is God's only missionary society (Eph. 3:21; I. Tim., 3:15). So much of the money contributed through the "Mission Boards" goes to "grease the machinery", but when the churches, through their own officers, communicate direct with the preacher, as the primitive churches did with Paul (I. Thess., 1:7-8; Acts, 13:1-4; Phil., 4:18; II. Cor., 8:18-19; Acts, 14:26-27; I. Cor., 16:1-3), there will be no need of the "Mission Boards" and their "grafters". Nearly all of them are appealing to Rockefeller for donations. When the church sends direct to the preacher (not through the Mission Board) the preacher gets all save postage and money order fees, otherwise the president, secretary and treasurer, etc., all must be supported. They sometimes employ lawyers.

I have evidence showing how much is held back to support the "middle men". I also have evidence showing the directorship in the "Christian Missionary Society" is bought with money. Even life membership is bought. This is worse than indulgences in the Catholic church. If you want this evidence for publication I will gladly let you have it. I am a member of the Church of Christ. I am not a member of the body who favor fiddles, horns, leg-shows, old maid auctions, mission boards and anything for money.

I send you a tract that you may locate me. Let me say to you again that your articles are *fine and logical*. I hope you understand this letter. Do as you please with this, and pardon my liberty.

Yours truly,

(Rev.) J. B. NELSON.

Paris, Texas.

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FROM A STUDENT OF THE  
FEDERAL CONSTITUTION

DEAR SIR:—Your Book Review in the May issue of the Magazine on Ewing's

book is, indeed, Anglo-Saxon like. Thirty years ago Constitutional History was a hobby with me. Since reading your review have looked through "Elliot's Debates" once more. Of course, Hallam, Hume, McCaullay and Blackstone are aids, but for the American view I prefer the "Debates".

Wishing all success, I am, etc.,

W. P. BUSH.

Fredonia, Pa.

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CONVENTS: IMAGE WORSHIP:  
FALCONIO.

Editor JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE:—I have read with a great deal of pleasure your article in the August JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE alluding to the position Southerners hold regarding the Civil War, and, although a Northern man, I yet feel that probably their position, after all, is the right one.

I am delighted with your showing up of the wrongs inflicted on the poor, and I think your position on the missionary question is correct; but I am sorry you attack the Catholic Church. I feel sure that Protestants do not know what the Catholic Church actually teaches. It is outrageous to think of Protestants establishing missions amongst Catholics. It would be like "Satan rebuking Sin." I feel certain that your opinion of priests and nuns is erroneous; but even supposing, for sake of argument, that they do have a little fun together occasionally, surely they are but human beings, and it is but natural to find here and there an individual overcome by his or her appetites and passions. How often do you find this the case with Protestant ministers and sisters? In regard to the allegation that Catholics worship images, *it is absolutely false in every particular*: it is true that they sometimes kneel and pray before an image of Christ, the Virgin Mary, or of some saint, but there is always present in the mind of even the most ignorant and unlettered person, the distinction between the image and that which it represents.

C. J. BUDLONG.

Phenix, R. I.

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Ed. Comment: It cannot be denied that many scandals crop out of the relations between Protestant ministers and the sisters; but *we have no system* which inevitably produces the scandalous conditions. We don't persuade beautiful young women to offer themselves as spouses of Christ, and then confine them



within convent walls, teach them that the priest cannot commit sin, and then give the priest every opportunity to "have a little fun" with the nun.

Mr. Budlong may not be familiar with historical evidence on the subject of monastic life. The conditions which were shown to exist in the English convents, at the time Henry VIII. broke them up, were awful beyond allowable description in plain terms. In some parts of Europe, the heads of families will not suffer priests to have access to their wives and daughters, *unless the priest is living with a concubine*.

Are men ever anything else than men? Are normal women anything more than women? Why ignore facts that are as old as the world? As Gibbon relates in the "Decline and Fall," the monks and the nuns used to pretend to be spiritual alonities, but the ordinary consequence was a baby.

No man can rid himself of the sexuality divinely implanted in him by the God who said "increase and multiply". If he does not gratify that natural passion in the natural way, he will resort to some form of pederasty or self-abuse. Everybody knows this to be true,—why then shout it be so shocking to assert that priests do not cease to be men when they take to wearing frocks?

In the decadence of paganism, when immorality was universal, there was a motive in taking the black veil. The woman-enthusiast called the world to witness that *she* meant to be pure. But now, when chastity among women is the rule rather than the exception, it is unnatural for them to be herded off to themselves, sworn to live unmated, and then put in the power of full-sexed young priests. *It ought to be forbidden by law!* Any girl who determines to devote

herself to a life of Charity and Good Works, can do so without going into a convent.

As to the worship of idols, the evidence is overwhelming. No heathen ever more truly worshipped his pagan gods than do the lower classes in Spain, Portugal, Italy, and South America venerate their images.

Travellers from Charles down to the latest returned tourist, bear testimony to that effect.

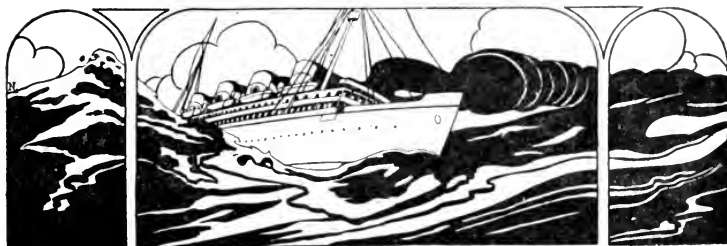
The other day the newspapers were carrying a story that our Papa at Rome meant to have the sepulcher of Christ removed to Italy. "No!" said Falconica, the ambassador of the Pope to the President. "No," we will not remove the sepulcher; we already have the Holy Steps, at Rome, and they are sufficient."

Ask travellers, and they will tell you of this flight of marble steps, up which superstitious idiots creep on their knees, kissing each step as they go. It is enough to make a sensible man despise his species.

Those marble steps, the *Via Sacra*, were made in Italy, and never any more saw Jesus Christ than you did. They are one of the countless impostures of Roman Catholicism, one of the numberless conquests of superstition over human reason.

Did you ever stop to think what a queer thing it is that the Pope sends an ambassador to your President? The Church of England doesn't do it. Why are the Roman Catholics allowed to do it? And for what purpose do they do it? *If Falconica's mission here is not political*, why does he reside at the National Capital, the place of residence of all the political ambassadors?

Can you answer?





"THE LIFE AND TIMES OF WILLIAM H. CRAWFORD". By Hon. J. E. D. Shipp. Southern Printers, Publishers, Americus, Ga. Price, \$3.

Every public-spirited citizen of the Empire State should feel grateful to the author for bringing out this extremely interesting volume. It represents years of research, the examination of ancient records, the study of many out-of-print books, the sifting of many a mouldy private paper and letter.

The average historian of the United States deserves killing on general principles, but he is peculiarly mean when dealing with such characters as Crawford. Not finding anything much about him in the "histories" which precede his own, the said average culprit, indolent and no glutton for new facts, classes Crawford as a sort of ancient whose eminence must have been due to "nigger luck".

Yet the most casual examination of Benton's Abridgement and of the Congressional report of debates, would convince any one that in soundness, strength, breadth and depth of mind, Crawford was head and shoulders above Benton, more than a match for Clay, and but a trifle inferior to Webster, if unequal to him at all. In fact, Crawford was what we call a solid man, with a great big natural capacity that fitted him for almost any task requiring good judgment, sagacity, power of initiative, and resourceful in advocacy. When he argued a great question, he exhausted it. In the debate on the National Bank, he made Giles of Virginia seem a surface man, and Henry Clay a mere brilliant declaimer.

We are earnestly thankful to Mr. Shipp for his valuable contribution to American history, and we hope that the state-pride of Georgia will start many a three-dollar cheque to Americus.

The copy which came to the JEFFERSONIAN was accompanied by a note that reminds us of old legislative comradeship in 1882-3:

"AMERICUS, GA., Sept. 2, 1909.

"DEAR TOM:—Please accept this volume with my compliments. It is the first one that falls from the press.

"Your sincere friend,

"SHIPP."

"CLASSICS OF THE BAR". By Alvin V. Sellers. Classic Publishing Co., Baxley, Ga. Price, \$2.00.

With a brief Foreword and a briefer Preface, the author spreads his collection of oratorical gems,—specimens of court-house eloquence, gathered without reference to North or South, East or West.

Mr. Sellers' collection represents every different type of forensic oratory, and he ranges all the way from the trial of the Tammany Boss, Croker, for murder, to that of Beecher for adultery, and of Admiral Schley for "Cowardice in action". Seargent S. Prentiss, Dan Voorhees, William H. Seward, Robert Ingersoll, Clarence Darrow and Delmas, of the Thaw case, are among those whose speeches have been quoted.

The selections are classics, and the book a most desirable acquisition to any library.

The author is a young Georgian, a lawyer of Baxley, and we are proud of him and his work. From a recent letter

of his to Mr. Watson, we take an extract which we think our readers will find interesting:

"I regret very much that none of your forensic utterances are included in the volume. You were one of the very first persons to whom I wrote asking for some copy. I felt that I owed it to the South to have you there. And I remember also how kind you were to me, when I was about fourteen years of age, and wrote to you for advice. You very promptly replied in a long letter, which I have in my scrap-book unto this day. You wrote of the high ideals that a young man should strive to attain—you wrote of what success consisted. I read your letter and read it again. And I have tried to do the right.

"I went to school—graduated from a high school over at Abberville, Ga., and was elected alumnal orator by the former graduates of that institution. I then went to Mercer and graduated from the Law Department, then came to Baxley, the county seat of my native county, and began the practice of law. Last year, although some of my friends were afraid on account of my youth (am only twenty-six now) that I might not win, I announced for the Senate. We had a warm campaign. Two very prominent and distinguished men of the county were my opponents. We had joint debates all over the county, but when the votes were counted one of them had received 225; the other 256; and I had received the remainder:—1026, and am at

present the youngest member of the Senate.

"I think I can say that I have been successful in life so far, and have always kept in mind those royal virtues of which you wrote me—those elements that go to make and form a splendid character—the greatest crown that manhood can wear upon its brow. I have thanked you in my heart many times for those words that came "like apples of gold in pictures of silver".

— — —  
 "LEGISLATIVE REMINISCENCES". By Hon. W. Irwin McIntyre. Times-Enterprise Publishing Co., Thomasville, Ga.

Some time ago, we made mention of "Wire-Grass Stories", and spoke of genuine merit which they possessed. The author of that little volume has now appeared again, in a booklet of 22 pages, paper covers, to relate some of the funny doings and sayings of members of the Georgia Legislature.

Bill Arp did not possess a richer vein of quiet, homely humor than Mr. McIntyre. There is no exaggeration about it, and no straining after effect. Incidents and conversations are reported in the simplest manner, and "the fun of the thing" seems to come along naturally, of its own accord.

"Some Experience With Colleague Stubbs" is the best chapter of the "Reminiscences", and is as laughable as anything in "Major Jones' Courtship".





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