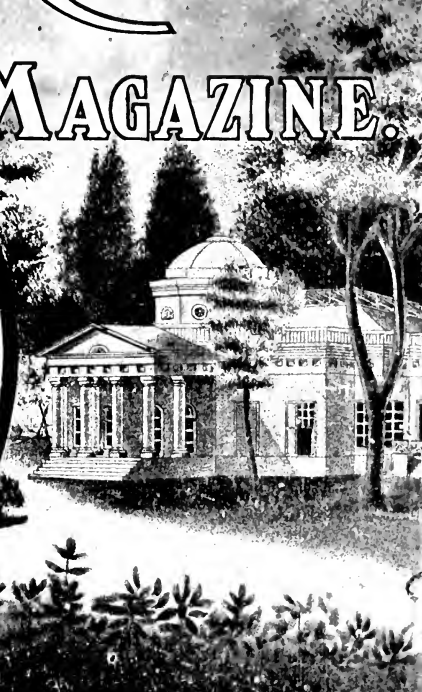


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THE JEFFERSONIANS, Thomson, Ga.

# WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE

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WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT.



## EDITORIALS

### Another Word on Foreign Missions

In Dickens' "Bleak House," the great-hearted author, who laid his hands tenderly upon so many chords of public opinion in the effort to guide humanity into higher and better paths, draws a ludicrous picture, true to life then and true to it now, of the missionary enthusiast who allowed her own household to become a tragedy of disorder, and her children to grow up in scandalous neglect, while her tender sympathies roamed abroad in search of the natives of the Borrioboola-Gha.

In the same spirit, we have recently been discussing, in this magazine and in the weekly *Jeffersonian*, the general subject of Foreign Missions. It was not until a few years ago that we had any definite idea of the *modus operandi* of the Christian workers in heathen lands. We honestly believed that the simple and heroic standards of the pioneer missionaries still prevailed. Whenever the Sunday came round for the regular sermon on Foreign Missions, we went along with the others, and listened with sympathetic admiration to the recital of missionary sacrifices, struggles, perils, and glorious triumphs. When the preacher mentioned the martyrs who had given their lives to the cause, we were deeply moved; and when the plea for the benighted heathen was made we did our share in putting up the money to send the Gospel message to our distant brothers in yellow, brown, black and red. But a few years ago, we began to hear of things which seriously disturbed our reflections. Ministers, returning from foreign fields, would drop words in private conversation that did not harmonize with the Missionary Sermon. Now and then we would come upon a statement in some book that shook us up considerably. Gradually, we formed our own conception of what was going on abroad, and we began to write about it. Then, a friend, who is on the other side of the question and who desired to convince us of the error of our conclusions, brought us a stack of books, pamphlets, tracts and denominational papers to *prove* that we were wrong. Carefully and patiently, this literature *in favor of foreign missions* was studied,—with results which will be manifest to those who read this article.

We hope that our position will not be misunderstood nor misrepresented. *We heartily favor foreign missions.* But we contend that

the present system of doing the work is unscriptural, unwise, unpatriotic and unnatural.

If Jesus Christ had meant to command us to carry free schoolbooks and free tuition to the heathen, while our own children are steeped in poverty and ignorance, He would doubtless have said so. If our Savior had meant that we must go into all the world and carry victuals and clothes to foreigners, when our own people have not enough to eat and wear, He would, in all probability, have told us so. We prefer to believe that when He said, GO and PREACH, he meant just that. He didn't say, "Leave your own sons and daughters unconverted, uneducated, bound in child-slavery, perishing in the crowded dens of vice-reeking tenements, growing up in squalid stupidity in the backward regions of your own land,—leave these, *your own flesh and blood*, and hurry abroad to all the heathen nations, *and to some of the Christian nations*, carrying victuals and clothes, medicines and books, doctors and pedagogues, *and give to the heathen what you deny to your own.*"

Let us at the start, rid our minds of the hereditary idea of missionary heroism and martyrdom. All that belonged to the early days, several generations ago. Too much praise cannot be given to the fearless pioneers who first planted the cross among the nations which we class as pagan. Theirs were lives of danger, of hardships, of noble self-sacrifice. That was a long time ago. The going of the European merchant into heathen lands made more easy the work of the European Missionary. Innate hatred of strangers, and inborn reverence for their own religion ceased to be strong enough to continually feed the furies of persecution. In our own time, the hardships and the perils of the foreign missionary admit of no comparison with those of the soldier ordered to the Philippine Islands. Our foreign consuls have no better jobs than our foreign missionaries, whose toil is no longer arduous and whose salary is not only good but regular. To teach and preach abroad, is about the same, now, as teaching and preaching here. To run the hospital and boss the commissary, is no more fatiguing in South America and the Orient than it is in Europe and America. Dearly beloved! Don't weep any more over the hard life of the foreign missionary. The chances are that he is having a much better time than yourself. He wears up-to-date habiliments, lives on appetizing viands, has comfortable and roomy quarters, smokes good cigars when he feels like it, and has a corking time generally. As to his annual vacation and his summer home on the New England or other seacoast, we may have something to say later.

Danger? Why, beloved, your own wife and daughter are *always* in greater danger than the wife and daughter of the foreign missionary *ever are*. You dare not leave your women-folk alone in your own home; you dare not allow them to travel alone along the public highway. Your daughter is not safe on her way to school. No white woman is safe in any by-street of our cities. *The fear of the negro shadows the entire Republic.*

Then read this little paragraph clipped almost at random from the *Times-Courier*, a newspaper published in Lincoln, Illinois, as to the frightful danger in which our sisters in the Northern States find themselves in this enlightened century;

"In the New England States the men don't respect women the same as they do in the Southern States. A fine looking woman here has lots to contend with; all sorts of tricks are done to get the best of them; girls disappear here and there is not much said about it, some are found dead and no clew who did the deed. You can hardly read a paper without an article of some girl missing or murdered, or drowned. The young men and boys need looking after, they are led astray just as much as the young girls. Parents want to watch their boys and find amusement for them. I can't see where people are any better off here than the negro slaves were. That is, I mean the poor people that work in the cotton mills and woolen mills, too, and shoe factories; the wages are not enough to keep the family decent and the consequence is, the mother goes to the mill and the children, as soon as they can dodge the school age."

Girls are kidnapped and sold into a slavery that is worse than death. Women are seized, on the street, hurried away to some cellar or dark room, and outraged. There is not a heathen land on this globe where a man or a woman is not safer than in Christian America.

You will, perhaps, hear some one dispute this, and the Boxer Rebellion in China may be cited. That will be the only episode upon which he can base a denial, and even that will not serve, *for the Christians provoked that uprising.*

The Catholics had forced the Chinese government to concede privileges which set up a state within a state—a fact explained in another portion of this article. Then, again, the Christian nations were slicing off big hunks of Chinese territory. Russia took some, Germany took some, Great Britain took some, and so on. Then again the Christians were demanding larger trade privileges and were proceeding to gobble up public utilities, after the fashion of private capitalists in this country. In short, *the foreigners were crowding the monkey*, and the natives flamed out in rebellion against the encroachments. The special ferocity with which the Boxers attacked the Catholics proves what the natives thought of the source of the trouble. And the huge indemnity which China had to pay the Roman church will rankle in the minds of the celestials for generations.

\* \* \*

Come! throw aside your preconceived notions and your indifference, and think of the matter as an original proposition.

What does the Bible command us Christians to do? JESUS *issued the order*, not Bishop Bashford, nor any other prince of the Church. What is the exact meaning of the divine instruction?

Go among the heathen and *preach* to them. Deliver Christ's message. Explain the plan of salvation. Let every nation hear the word of God. Jesus has come to save the world,—go ye, and proclaim the glad tidings!

That is the command, clear and positive; and *the marching orders* are equally simple and plain:

"*Carry neither scrip, nor purse!*" Take no thought of what ye shall eat, drink or wear. Accumulate no treasures on earth,—lay them up in heaven.

This, in substance, was the divine injunction. One of the strongest

appeals which the Fathers of the Church made to the ancient peoples was based on *the contrast between the consecrated poverty of the Christian missionaries and the riches of pagan priesthods.*

Origen cried out to the Egyptians, "Forsake the priests of Pharaoh, who have earthly possessions, and *come unto us who have none.* WE MUST BE CONTENT WITH SIMPLE FOOD AND APPAREL."

So late as the fourth century after Christ, the great Council of Antioch declared that the ministers of the Gospel must "*have food and raiment and therewith to be content.*"

How far is the cry from this standard of primitive purity to the standards which now prevail! Then the motto was "Let us live as Christ lived: let us beware of wealth and the covetous spirit: let us win a lost world from these luxurious priests of paganism by offering the sharpest contrast to them—our unselfish devotion, our purity and poverty and humility and consecrated zeal, winning the hearts of the people away from the pomps and sensualities of heathen ceremonial."

Alas! Papa Pius at Rome now hands over a comfortable surplus of four million dollars to the Rothschilds to be loaned at usury, and thus the Vicar of Christ uses the Jews to skin the Christians!

No earthly king has a palace so large and gorgeously splendid as the Vatican, wherein the haughty Italian princes of the church stand around the papal throne, apparelled with a richness surpassing by far the luxury which Origen denounced.

And when the Protestant missionaries to China filed their claims for damages, on account of property destroyed in the Boxer riots, the amount of diamonds and other jewelry listed caused sarcastic comment in the United States Senate.

One member of the Committee on Foreign Relations remarked that "the wardrobes of the missionaries must have far excelled those of the most extravagant actress on the stage today. Taking their claims *at their face values*, the diamonds alone must have been worth as much as the entire stock of the largest diamond dealer in New York City."

We do not endorse the above statement, for it is a self-evident exaggeration; but there can be no doubt of the fact that the richness of the wardrobes and the abundance of jewels, listed in the claims for damages, did cause much critical and ironical remark. The Mission Board felt the force of these sarcasms, and deputized two of the brethren to confute them. We have read the paper which the brethren accordingly prepared, and we consider it a very weak document. In the first place, it does not give due weight to the words "*at their face value*," and, in the second place, it relies entirely upon averages and generalities. *There is no specific denial whatever about the diamonds.* Evidently, then, the wives of the missionaries to China *did* file claims for rich wardrobes and for much jewelry.

Very far, indeed, are such luxuries from the missionary standards of Judson and Morrison and Crawford, and thousands of others who pioneered the Christian work in heathen lands.

\* \* \*

In a discussion of a subject like this, a few details are of greater value than volumes of glossy generalities. The gist of our contention



is that *our own ignorant, unconverted and destitute people*, should be the first objects of our benevolence, and that we have no moral right to furnish food, clothing, medicine, education and employment, to the heathen of foreign lands while millions of our own flesh and blood,—OUR NEIGHBORS WHOM WE ARE COMMANDED TO LOVE AS OURSELVES,—are left in squalor, in ignorance, and in a spiritually lost condition.

The book called "Fifty Years in China," by Rev. L. S. Foster, is a history of the life-work of that noble and gifted missionary, Rev. T. P. Crawford, one of the consecrated souls of whose record the Baptist denomination is justly proud. Glancing through the volume, we find this item:

"There were already two day schools for boys and one boarding school for girls, superintended by the ladies of this mission. The Crawfords did not desire the former, because the Chinese are accustomed to educate their sons, nor the latter, because it involved too much expenditure of time and money. *In mission boarding schools the girls, as their education is not valued, had to be furnished with food, clothing and much else, to induce the poor people to send their daughters. Without such inducements it had not been found possible to secure them.* But they heard of one lady who had procured day pupils by giving each girl TEN RIN, CASH, or two-thirds of a cent per day, ostensibly to buy lunch. THIS BRIBERY (as it certainly was, though they did not then realize it) SEEMED LESS OBJECTIONABLE THAN GIVING A FULL SUPPORT."

You will observe that the Chinese children were given free board and tuition, free clothing, free schoolbooks, AND MUCH ELSE!

Does anybody believe that the poor children of backward regions of our own land would *have to be hired to come to school and get a free education?* Are not the minds and bodies and souls of the little waifs of our own land as precious in the sight of God as are the heathen boys and girls?

Again we quote from "Fifty Years in China:—"

"Some years previous to this they had observed a growing belief among the native Christians *that the education and permanent employment of their children was the legitimate obligation of the Board and the missionaries.* To correct this, Mrs. Crawford began to require a *fee of three dollars per annum* from each of the pupils for defraying his expenses. From the first they had been required to furnish their own clothing, *which was a decided advance upon any boarding school yet in China.* BUT THEY WERE STILL SUPPLIED WITH TEACHER, SCHOOL-ROOM, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND FOOD FROM THE MISSION TREASURY. When the fee of three dollars was asked considerable dissatisfaction manifested itself, and a *few dropped out of school.* The most of them, however, continued, *believing that at the end of the course they would be given a good employment. This was the rule in the Presbyterian College near them, which was their model.*"

Think of this, will you?

Mrs. Crawford adopted a new rule, requiring *three dollars per year*, to pay for food, clothing, fuel, books, teacher and school-room! And because the pupils had to pay about *one cent per day for all that*, some

of them quit, and the others held on *because of the permanent jobs promised them* at the end of the educational course!

Would not thousands of mountain boys and girls thank their heavenly Father for such a chance as that?

Suppose the same system had been applied to our own country at the time when the missionaries adopted it in China,—what might have been the inspiring result?

\* \* \*

What is the *modus operandi* of the Foreign Missions? *How do they set about converting the heathen?*

Three agencies, co-operating, are relied on,—the church proper, the school, and *the dispensary*. To this last, the commissary department, it is customary to attach *the missionary physician*.

Very few of the churches, after a hundred years of trial, are self-supporting. China is regarded as the finest field of achievement in missionary work, and yet out of the twenty-seven churches, only four sustain themselves.

In connection with the churches in China, *two dispensaries were maintained, one hospital supported,* AND FREE TREATMENT GIVEN TO 20,714 PATIENTS.

As to the Schools, ranging from Kindergarten to finishing College, we understand that none of them are self-supporting. In this, we may possibly be in error, but we certainly get the impression that, as a rule, the education of the heathen is given without cost to them. Free books, free tuition, free board, and, in many cases, free clothing must be offered as an inducement to attendance upon the Christian schools.

The Commissary, which is called dispensary in all the missionary books and tracts, is just what its name would imply. It distributes, gratuitously, the necessities of life among the heathen.

The "missionary doctor" is a physician who goes about among the people of the mission fields and gives them his professional services, medicine included, free of charge.

"The Uplift of China," is the title of a volume whose author is Rev. Arthur H. Smith, "thirty-five years a missionary in China."

With a candor which is refreshing, Brother Smith explains how the physical necessities of the poorer heathen are made the basis of missionary effort. See Page 175, where he tells us that A SEASON OF FAMINE *furnishes a wonderful opening to the Christian workers in China*. He mentions the great famine of 1877-78 as a pentecostal time for the Church. Very naively, Brother Smith says, "*Famine relief proves a golden key to unlock many closed doors.*" How many doors, in our own land, might not the Mohammedan or Buddhist missionary unlock with a similar "golden key"?

Then he speaks of asylums for lepers which the missionaries establish and support, and also asylums and schools for orphans and for the blind and for deaf-mutes, as well as for the insane.

On page 162, is this paragraph:

"A well-equipped mission station will have a *dispensary and a hospital,* THE RESORT OF THOUSANDS FROM NEAR AND FROM FAR."

To get medicine and medical attention, *and board and lodging while sick*, thousands of poor Chinamen flock to the free hospital, are given treatment, are taught the plan of salvation and are urged to join the church.

How many "converts" might not the Buddhists make, if they put in practice, in the United States, tactics like those employed by our missionaries abroad?

Think of it! The Christians send more than twenty-one million dollars to foreign countries every year, to maintain asylums, orphanages, hospitals, commissaries, traveling doctors, an elaborate system of free education, and a system of industrial training.

From what verse in the Bible do we get *the command* to do this? What word of Jesus Christ can be twisted into such a meaning?

If we had no starvelings crouching at our own gates, if we had no illiteracy blotting our national map with huge black splotches, if we had no domains of spiritual darkness in which the religion of Christ is a dead-letter, an undelivered message, *then*, THEN, we would do well to succor the heathen out of our superabundance. But until we shall have taken bodily and spiritual care of our own household, we have no moral right to tax our people to feed, clothe and educate the heathen. To preach the Gospel to them meets every requirement of duty.

\* \* \*

China, as already stated, is the field to which the parson who is put up to preach the missionary sermon, *always* "points with pride." It is there that is found the most reassuring harvest of results. In studying the subject of foreign missions, we were specially interested in the reports on China.

And what is the situation in that huge empire? After a century of effort and the expenditure of stupendous sums of money what is the net result?

China is a country which contains some 400,000,000 souls, and yet there are only 6,388 working Protestants among them, counting both sexes. There are but 112,808 names on the church books!

*What a small drop in that vast bucket!*

We are decidedly of the opinion that a Buddhist missionary, coming to New York with a fund of \$21,000,000 to spend, every year, and offering to supply the poor with every necessary of life and a first-class education besides, *could enroll a hundred thousand "converts" in less than ninety days.*

In Rev. A. H. Smith's book, after saying every good word that he could for the progress of Christian evangelical work in China, he makes this notable admission:

"The masses in China are as yet unaffected by Christianity."

What? After a century of labor and half a century of *free schools*, free asylums and hospitals, the masses of China are as yet unaffected? Terrible admission. (Page 199.)

Another disheartening fact is mentioned by Rev. Mr. Smith: "During the current year (1906) practical war existed between Roman Catholics and Protestant Christians." This state of affairs scandalizes the

"heathen Chince." He cannot understand why sects who worship the same Jesus should hate each other rabidly. So bitter has become the mutual animosity of the Catholic and Protestant that heathen Chinese soldiers have had to be sent to the affected district to preserve order among the Christians!

Could any statement be more damaging?

In 1898, the Catholics put a pressure on the Chinese government (through the French legation) and extorted a concession which will forever be a bone of contention and a cause of bad blood. The priests were given civil as well as ecclesiastical jurisdiction over their converts: Catholic bishops were raised *to the rank of Chinese viceroys*, and the lower clergy to the dignity of Chinese mandarins. Thus the missionaries have set up a government within a government, a foreign empire within the Chinese empire.

What nation would suffer such a thing if she had her own will? Are we not bound to know that this thorn rankles in the flesh, and that China will come to hate all Christians, if the Catholic Church persists in her encroaching policy? The Roman hierarchy is absorbing property in China just as it did in the Philippines, and as it does wherever it becomes a fixture. Therefore, it is practically certain that, sooner or later, the national spirit of China will thrust out the foreign intermeddler and become Christianized, if at all, under the evangelical work of Chinese Christians.

\* \* \*

A refrain which runs through all these missionary books, tracts and pamphlets is "we need more money." The language may vary, but the meaning never. The unanimity with which everybody engaged in the foreign missions speak upon this point is pleasing. Harmony could not be more sweetly attuned.

In one of the pamphlets the demand for "more money" displays itself in maps. On one of these is pictured the shortcomings of our Methodist brethren in the matter of Tithes. The showing is startling. According to this map, the members of that denomination were heavily in arrears in 1900. They owed God tithes to the amount of \$29,000,000 and paid only \$5,000,000. This particular map is in the form of a circle; a space is marked off, in white, to show the relative size of the \$5,000,000 to the larger sum which remained unpaid. The balance of the circle, and much the larger part, is red-inked, and these accusing words appear:

*"Balance due God on the \$29,000,000."*

The cool assumption that the members of the Methodist church owe a tithe to God, and that the churches alone are authorized to collect the debt, would be ludicrous had it not been lifted into the realms of the serious by many a sermon and tract.

The writer of this was attending divine services at White Oak Camp Ground (in Georgia) some years ago, and heard an eminent Methodist Presiding-elder tell the congregation why the farmers were having such short crops that year. The good parson said that the crop-failure was a punishment sent upon the people by the Lord because they had not paid tithes to God. Why *the farmers* should have been

singled out by Jehovah for pains and penalties, was not explained. But Bishop J. W. Bashford is on the same line. In his book, "God's Missionary Plan for the World," occurs a chapter on *Tithes*; and in that chapter of his book Bishop Bashford is surely a mighty good Jew, so far as church finance goes. *Bishop Bashford makes the statement that there are stronger arguments in favor of doing away with the Sabbath Day than can be urged for the abolition of tithing!*

Then the Bishop harks back to Leviticus and lays down the law to us. Heavens above! *Is the law of Leviticus our law?* If it is, why take only one part of it? If any of it binds us, how do we rightfully escape the rest of it?

Bishop Bashford cites passages from Leviticus to clinch his argument. Very well: if Leviticus is good law, binding upon us Gentiles, then we must look about us, and get our general bearings.

Leviticus is strict with men who wear beards, definitely forbidding the rounding of the corners of said hirsute appendages. Giving to this Levitical law a liberal construction, we would say that it meant to prohibit a man from monkeying with his beard at all. He must let it grow as God pleases. To round off the corners, or to block out a naked chin leaving the cheeks paraded, or to resort to other vain and fanciful efforts to coax comeliness, are clearly against the law. It must be stopped.

Again, the higher clergy must quit marrying widows. The Levitical Code is emphatic on that point. Alas! for ambitious widows.

Again, the farmers must not cut all the grain off the corners of the wheat field, and must not glean after the harvest. It is against the law. The corners and the grain on the ground, must be left there for the poor and the stranger.

Again, we must not cross-breed our cattle, nor sow any mixed grain, nor wear clothes of mixed fibre. It is against the Code Leviticus. The mule industry must discontinue.

Again, we must resort to the law of retaliation to get redress for all grievances. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth: if a man knocks your teeth down your throat, the sheriff must knock his teeth down *his* throat, and thus the law be satisfied.

If we must adhere to the law of Leviticus, we shall demand physical perfection of our clergymen. No man with a cast in his eye, none who is lame of foot or arm or leg, none who has a flat nose, none who has lost or maimed a single part of his physical equipment can be retained in the ministry. No more blind preachers, no more one armed preachers, no more hump-backed preachers!

Besides, Leviticus expressly forbids the shaving of the head, and every tonsured monk would have to get out.

If Leviticus is good law, we must quit eating lobsters, crabs, eels, and oysters. This would play havoc with the fish-trade, and cause a riot among the gourmands.

Moreover, if the law of Leviticus is binding upon us in the matter of tithes, it must also be obeyed in the matter of the Sabbath Year and the Jubilee. We must let all the farming land lie fallow, every seventh year; and we must, every fiftieth year, cancel debts, liberate prisoners, restore land to all who have been forced by poverty to sell it during the

preceding forty-nine years. The year of Jubilee had a profound economic meaning, its purpose being to prevent the concentration of wealth and the creation of a pauper class.

We want to be fair with Bishop Bashford, and we therefore make him a proposition:

If his mighty denomination will help us bring about some system to prevent the centralizing of power and privilege and riches, we will help him get a tenth of the annual increase. *If the Church will give us the Jubilee, we will give the church the Tithes.* You know, Bishop, that the tail should go with the hide.

In 1788, Henry Grattan, the great Irish orator and statesman, delivered, in Parliament, an exhaustive speech on Tithes. In this address, Mr. Grattan challenges and disproves the divine right of the clergy to a tenth. He points out that the priesthood of the Jews did not enjoy a tithe. The Levites had a tenth because they had no other inheritance; but Aaron and his sons *had but the tenth of that tenth.* The tithes which were paid by the Jews supported the Levites, the priesthood, the poor of the country, the stranger within the gates, the widow, the orphan and the temple.

But how can a Christian priesthood claim under the Jews? Did not the old dispensation pass away? Did not the tithe system belong to the religion which Christ came to supplant? Can we hold on to the financial part of it and reject the remainder?

Christ was not a Levite, nor of the Jewish priesthood: how is it, then, that we inherit that one feature of the Jewish religious system, tithes?

In one of Alexander Del Mar's great books, "The Middle Ages," we find some curious details relating to the historic origin of voluntary donations to temples and priesthoods. The Greeks devoted a tenth of the spoils of war to the temple of Mars. The Gaditan chaplains exacted tithes for Hercules. Herodotus records the fact that the Siphnians gave a tenth of the produce of their gold mines to Apollo. The Brahmin, the Buddhist, Assyrian and Egyptian priesthoods all exacted tithes from the people to support their religious worship. From the Assyrians and the Egyptians, the Hebrews borrowed the system, and now Bishop Bashford wants to borrow it from the Hebrews.

Before the time of Christ, the Romans had adopted tithes in support of their paganism and the Catholics appropriated this feature of paganism as they did so many others.

\* \* \*

Upon what theory are American church-members burdened with the expense of Missionary work in countries that are already Christianized?

Take Italy, for example. What scriptural authority have we for spending our money on mission work in a land where the message of Christ has been heard for nearly nineteen hundred years, and where the Christian religion has had absolute sway for centuries?

Are the Italians heathen?

Is the Christianity of Papa Leo, Papa Pius and his cardinals a mere paganism? Is the adoration of the Virgin and the prostrations before images of saints a modernized idolatry? Are the miracle-workings of the Catholic priests a persistent survival of the trickeries of the ancient temples?

It must be that our Protestant churches hold that these questions are to be answered affirmatively, else they would not put Italy in the same category with China and Corea. All Italy is Catholic, and the Protestant churches of America are trying to convert Italians from Catholicism just as they are trying to convert the Chinese from idol-worship. In other words, one sect of the followers of Christ are dealing with another sect as though they were heathen.

What text in the Bible authorizes that?

The Cubans have long been Catholics, yet we are spending much money there to convert these Christians to another form of Christianity. The same is true of South America.

In these Catholic countries, our Protestant churches are running the commissary, the hospital, the circuit-riding doctor, and the free school, just the same as though South America had not been a Christian territory for generations.

With heroic toil and at great expenditure of life and treasure, Catholic missionaries planted the Christian religion in Mexico, in Central America, in South America, and in the West Indies. For many and many a decade, these have been Christian lands,—domains over which the Cross reigned supreme. Yet, at this time, we find the Protestant world treating these Catholic countries as they treat India, Corea, Burmah, China and Japan. Catholic South America is put on the same footing as a heathen land, and is regarded as a fit object of foreign missions.

This fact suggests the question: "*If Roman Catholicism is tantamount to paganism, why not combat it in North America?*"

In the United States, Roman Catholicism is sweeping all before it. Fourteen millions of our people profess its creed. A few months ago, American prelates assured Papa Pius that our republic would soon belong to Rome. Not many weeks since, an American Catholic bishop declared that his church meant to capture the Presidency. It is already the power behind the throne. Cardinal Gibbons was a potentate whom Cleveland dared not offend, and Roosevelt has been notoriously controlled in various instances by the same insidious, irresistible influence.

The greater number of our large cities are ruled by a combination of the priests and the saloon-keepers. Our municipal governments are the rottenest on earth. From San Francisco to New York, the cry is "Graft, corruption, vice, crime, misery." Centres of population like Philadelphia or Pittsburg are the despair of the patriot. In New York, alone, thirty million dollars is the amount annually stolen from the taxpayers, and under the priest-barkeeper regime the debt of that one city has been made as large as the public debt of the United States government.

What then, is the literal fact?

While we Protestants are reaching out after Cuba, Jamaica and South America, *Rome is conquering North America.* We are annually

losing to her in the United States enormously more than we take from her in all the other Catholic countries put together.

Why not let Italy remain Catholic, and Cuba remain Catholic, and South America remain Catholic, until we have called home all our workers, concentrated all our energies, and put Catholicism to rout *in our native land?* What shall it profit us to redeem South American republics, *and lose our oxen?*

\* \* \*

The proposition upon which our republic is founded is that in the people rests the sovereignty which makes and changes the governments. We deny the Divine Right of Kings. We deny the infallibility and the supreme power of Popes. We claim that every individual is "equally as free and independent" as any other citizen, and that no priest has the right to dictate to us in matters of conscience.

*Roman Catholicism threatens the very foundation of our institutions, strikes at the very root of our liberties.*

A good Catholic is bound to believe that supreme sovereignty is inherent in the holy Papa at Rome, and that the Papa has the power, as the vicegerent of Christ, to depose Kings and rule nations. That has always been the Catholic doctrine, and the *Church boasts that it never changes.* It can wait, it can dissemble, it can wheedle and hoodwink and deceive, but it does not change. Its purpose is ever the same, and wherever it has been a master it has been a blight.

So late as 1867, Cardinal Manning, of England, reaffirmed the Papal doctrine of supreme sovereignty over Christian peoples. Says the Cardinal, "It is necessary that . . . the temporal authorities should be subject to the spiritual power. . . . Moreover, we declare, say, define and pronounce it to be altogether necessary to salvation that every human creature should be subject to the Roman Pontiff."

Bishop Gilman, of Cleveland, Ohio, in a Lenten Letter, 1873, wrote: "Nationalities must be subordinated to religion, and *we must learn that we are Catholics FIRST and citizens NEXT.* God is above man and **THE CHURCH IS ABOVE THE STATE.**"

There you have the Roman Catholic doctrine. *It is at deadly war with republican institutions,* for we say in our fundamental law that the church shall have nothing to do with the State. They must forever be kept separate. Roman Catholicism contends that they must not only come together but that the relation between them must be that of master and servant. What the Catholics are aiming to do is to give us Presidents and Cabinets that will look to Rome for orders.

When we naturalize a foreigner, we compel him to take an oath renouncing allegiance to any and all foreign powers; but the Roman Catholics of America are bound to obey, as their supreme, infallible master, *an old Italian priest,* sitting enthroned among the slippery but powerful politicians of the Vatican. The profession of faith sanctioned by the Catholic Council which was held in Baltimore in 1884, contains the following oath of allegiance: "*I pledge and swear true obedience to the Roman Pontiff, vicar of Jesus Christ.*"

In case there should be a conflict between the law of our land and the laws of the Church, the Catholic must obey his church.



Here is a clause from their Canon law: "*No oaths are to be kept if they are against the interest of the Church.*"

Who is to decide whether the oath is detrimental to the church? Either the person who took the oath, or his priest, or his Pope. Therefore, *all oaths are subject to be annulled at the pleasure of the hierarchy.*

We Americans believe in liberty of conscience. Our laws safeguard it. The Popes deny it, and make war upon the doctrine as a damnable heresy. In Roman Catholicism, the priests are, under the holy Papa, the keepers of the people's conscience. Not only does Roman Catholicism declare that Protestants have no rights where Catholicity is triumphant but the Bishops' oath binds them to *persecute* all who will not bow to the "our said Lord and his successors." Our said Lord is, of course, *the aged Italian gentleman who calls himself the vicar of Christ.*

Suppose Baptist and Methodist clergymen were required to take a solemn oath *to persecute the Catholics*,—there would be a howl, wouldn't there? Yet nobody says a word when Catholic Bishops are sworn in, as persecutors of the Protestants.

Princes of the Roman hierarchy very frankly declare that they only allow liberty of conscience *where they are in the minority*. Where they are in the majority, they refuse it, *and they persecute.*

As to the Public Schools, everybody knows where Catholicism stands. It is waging relentless warfare against the free, non-sectarian school, the purpose being to put the children in the power of the nuns and the priests. Wherever Rome has ruled, she has left the people sunk in ignorance. *Never has she favored popular education. Never has she encouraged the laity to study the Bible.* In every possible way, she has striven to make *learning a sealed book to the masses, compelling them to look to the priest for guidance.*

Against our system of popular education, the holy Papa and his satellites have launched the poisoned shafts of bitter religious hatred. Our Public Schools are characterized as filthy, vicious, diabolical, godless, scandalous, pestilential, a social plague, breeders of unrestrained immorality.

Our forefathers knew what the Roman Catholic hierarchy was. Its record,—reeking with crime and fraud—was familiar to them. Its enmity to popular rights, its foul partnerships with tyrannical kings, its frightful atrocities of persecution, its devouring greed and its corrupting influence upon nations, were but too well known. The convents which had become brothels, the shameless sale of licenses to commit sin, the peddling of Indulgences which remitted sin, the massacres encouraged by the Church, the ghastly and wholesale murders of the Inquisition, the broods of bastards that clung around the knees of Cardinals and Popes, the monstrous impositions and hypocrisies by which the priests preyed upon the masses while holding them down in the densest ignorance,—victims of the nobility, of the king and of the Papal hierarchy,—had excited a profound indignation in the men who framed our government. Everything that the Fathers could do to save us from the insidious encroachments of priest-craft was done.

But the children forgot the reason why The Fathers so dreaded the Catholic Church. The children know not the record of crime and

devastation which caused our forefathers to detest the Roman hierarchy. Consequently, the Pope has found our republic an easy prey to his designs. In the year 1800 there were but fifty priests at work in the United States. In 1890, there were 8,332. At present there are more than 15,000! In 1800, there were but 10,000 Catholic converts in the United States. In 1890, there were 8,277,039. At present there are 14,000,000. In 1800, the Catholics had no foothold in this country, and no appreciable influence upon public affairs. At present they are powerful in all our cities; and in the great West, *which will rule the future of this country*, the Catholics have grown enormously and almost have controlling numbers. In 1800, there were 3,030 evangelical churches; now there are nearly fifty times as many. But the Catholics had *no* churches in 1800, while they now have 12,449. They have almost doubled the number of their churches *in twenty years*.

In view of these statistics, the warning of LaFayette, himself a Catholic, is worth remembering. The "Knight of Liberty" knew the political record of the Catholic hierarchy, and he predicted:

"If the liberties of the American people are ever destroyed, they will fall by the hands of the Romish clergy."

Already we have members of our highest law-making body who consider it an honor to be allowed *to kiss the foot of a man!* Already we have members of the United States Supreme Court, and one member of the Cabinet, who would feel incredibly elated at being given a Vatican "audience," in which they would humbly *knuel before a man*, and touch his slipper with their devout lips. Already we have fourteen millions of people in America to whom the privilege of abasing themselves in the presence of a venerable Italian priest is an unattainable blessing of which they can only dream, while they from a distance adore.

God of our Fathers! Isn't it enough *to terrify the American patriot*, when he sees the unthinking girls who are burying themselves alive in the convents, sees the priest shackling the press; sees the papal politician working the wires of public policies; sees the Church of idolatry and superstition absorbing our people by the million *and eating the heart of independence out of a great nation?*

Protestant Missionaries! Again we ask you, *what will it profit ourselves, our country, or our God to redeem Jamaica and Cuba and South America from the Romish priests AND LOSE TO THEM OUR OWN REPUBLIC?*

\* \* \*

"God's Missionary Plan for the World," is the modest title which Bishop J. W. Bashford gives to *his* book and *his* plan. What a comfortable state of mind one must have attained to identify himself with Jehovah in that complacent manner! Is it not barely thinkable that the Bishop's plan may be the Bishop's, without being God's?

Not more than fifty years ago, we had a little one-hoss Baptist preacher officiating at our synagogue, and *he* thought that we were going to keep him as long as he wanted to stay, and he concluded that he needed a parsonage. First of all he selected the name "*Pastorium*" for this parsonage; and then he opened his campaign to get it built. He told us that *God wanted a Pastorium* for our church, and he continued to tell

us that until he got the ladies going,—and, of course, that settled it. We had to build the house for this little preacher, and never once did he say that *he* wanted it. With great unction, fervor, and deep conviction he hammered us with the assertion that *God wanted it*,—so the Pastorium was built and the little preacher moved in.

We have not the slightest doubt that, in this case, our pastor sincerely believed that he spoke the truth when he declared from the pulpit that the Lord wanted a Pastorium; nor can we doubt that Bishop Bashford is entirely honest in saying that the mission plan adopted by himself and his brethren is God's plan.

Nevertheless, it may not be the divine arrangement. When one searches the scriptures, it is easy to find texts which appear to mean that a man's duty is to provide first for those who are dependent upon him. Responsibility has its birth at the hearthstone. First of all, we owe duties to wife and child, as the wife and child owe duties to husband and father. Both in morals and in law, every citizen is responsible first for himself and household. Charity, beginning at home, reaches forth, expands its scope and makes one love his neighbors. In a large sense, one's state is his household, and after his state comes his nation. In exactly the same sense that the members of one's family constitute his household, the citizens of one's own country are his national family. One of the national airs of France was inspired by that very idea. Now, since God condemns the man who neglects his own household, and classes him as worse than an infidel, it would seem that national polity should be framed along the same lines.

He who would go forth to carry medicine to the sick of a stranger's house, leaving his own wife or child sick and unattended, would be justly considered an unnatural husband and parent. He who would carry food and raiment to the naked and hungry family of a stranger, leaving his own household to perish of want, would be thought a lunatic. He who would establish hospitals, commissaries and free schools for those who were strangers to him in creed and blood, leaving his own poor unfed, and letting his own child grow up in squalor and brutish ignorance, could hardly expect to escape the scorn and the indignation of all right-minded people.

*This is the charge which the Jeffersonian brings against the present plan of foreign missions.*

Brother! In the name of the Most High, study the books which reveal the awful conditions existing in our own country. Think of the illiteracy, of the pauperism, of the orgies of vice and crime, of the irreligion which has either emptied the churches or fills them with indifferent, perfunctory adherents.

In the State of Alabama there are 66,072 children, *between the ages of ten and fourteen*, who cannot read and write. In Georgia, the number is 63,329. In Louisiana, 55,691. In South Carolina, 51,536. In North Carolina, 51,190. In Mississippi, 44,334. In Tennessee, 36,375. In Texas, 35,491. In Virginia, 34,612. In Arkansas, 26,972. In Kentucky, 21,247. One-third of the native whites of the Southern States, over ten years of age, are unable to read and write.

*Are not those figures an indictment of our present system of Foreign Missions?* HOW DARE WE GO ABROAD WITH FREE SCHOOLS, TEMPTING

THE HEATHEN TO ACCEPT A FREE EDUCATION BY GIVING THEM BOARD AND CLOTHING, WHEN MILLIONS OF OUR OWN CHILDREN ARE UTTERLY ILLITERATE?

Even among those children who can go to school, conditions prevail which wring the heart. In January, 1909, it was officially stated that 6,000 of the pupils of New York City *were hungry all the time*.

In this land of the free and of Christ, there are 1,752,187 child slaves, mostly white children. Their minds and their bodies are being sacrificed to commercial greed. There are more than half a million wage-earners, killed and wounded, every year in the various industrial pursuits; and the greater number of these "accidents" could be prevented were not dividends so much more highly valued than human lives.

At least ten per cent of our entire population are in distress all the time. We have 125,000 families that own *one-third of the property in the Union*, and *we have thirty million people who own nothing*. Ten per cent of the dead of our richest city go to the Potter's field.

Brothers, listen! There is a Morgue in Christian New York, where bereaved parents bring their dead babies *to be put on ice* until the parents may be able to give them burial. Every year, *six thousand babes of the poor are brought to the Morgue and placed in the refrigerator*. No corpses are received excepting those who died of natural causes or accidents. Victims of scarlet fever, or other infectious diseases are rejected.

*Are the infants, who are brought there because the parents are too poor to bury them, ever buried?* No. It is Denis O'Sullivan who writes of this Morgue in the book which he named "The Cold-Storage Baby."

Mr. O'Sullivan visited the place, saw the tiny corpses and talked with the man in charge. Says the author: "I asked him where these babies were buried. His answer was, '*They don't last long.*'"

The dead children thus stored away on ice, are from one month to two years old. Six thousand per year, in *one* of our Cities!

In the same city murders are committed on an average of three a day, and the crimes against women roll up a perennial list of horrors.

\* \* \*

Professor Franklin H. Giddings says, "We are witnessing today, beyond question, the decay of republican institutions. No man in his right mind can deny it."

That is a true saying. Our political situation grows worse and worse; our industrial system is concentrating all power and wealth in the hands of a few; our moral condition, as shown by the record, is enough to send a fire-bell warning to every Christian worker in foreign fields, calling him, *Come home! Come home!* Let your hundred thousand Chinese converts finish the work in China! Let the natives of heathen lands whom you have redeemed, complete what has been nobly begun. But do *you* come home, and *help us save ourselves!*

Members of our own household,—bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, are dying of cold and hunger and homelessness,—we want the dispensaries and the hospitals and the medicines for *these*. Our own chil-

dren need to be rescued from the regions of darkness, clad in decent apparel, put to school, and taught to know Christ.

Suppose the same amount of money had been applied to Home-missions, and that the same devoted men and women had toiled for sixty years in the Home field,—would we now have the awful conditions which threaten the future of this republic?

Could not the White Slave traffic be stamped out? Could not the reeking slums be redeemed? Could not the ravening brutes who pursue unprotected women be put under lock and key? Could not the depravity which has taken possession of the stage be shamed and checked? Could not the ban be put upon women who smoke and drink? Could not the manners and the morals of our young people be elevated? Could not the Augean stables of municipal government be cleaned out? Could not the newspapers and the publishing houses be compelled to deny publicity to items and to books which appeal to evil passions? Could we not lift the standards of right-living, until it would be impossible for cynics like Harriman, *who boasted that he could buy courts and legislatures*, to be publicly honored by our Chambers of Commerce?

Who does not know that the asylums, sanitariums, hospitals, and penitentiaries cover a multitude of sins? Who can be ignorant of the awful waste of human life in sweat-shops, rolling mills, mines, match-factories, railway service and packing establishments? Who does not know that in every one of our larger cities there are dens of shame where women are held in bondage for the vilest purposes? Who can pick up a metropolitan paper without seeing *news items and advertisements* which reveal social conditions that wring one's heart and almost stupefy one's thoughts?

*Could we not CONCENTRATE OUR AIMS AND OUR ENERGIES, AND REDEEM OUR OWN LAND FIRST?*

\* \* \*

While Christian denominations are expending huge sums of money to convert heathen lands to Christ, they are letting the ground slip from under their feet *at home*.

A blessing would it be for Italy, were the Holy Papa of our Roman Catholic friends to devote his treasures *to the uplift of the Italians*. Within sight of St. Peter's towering dome there is an ocean of vice and crime and ignorance and irreligion and sordid poverty which would break Holy Papa's heart, were he indeed the Father of his people.

So it is in England, where Christianity rules with undisputed sway. The cathedrals are hoary with age and gorgeous in wealth; the ceremonial is perfect and the lip-service divine; but the spirit of Christ has gone out of it. The rich Pharisees whom our Lord blasted with his bitter words of invective thrive marvelously in England; and to the uttermost regions of earth they send contributions to the heathen; but there are millions of men, women and children in Great Britain who live and die in such fearful poverty that the black sea of vice swallows them up, and they perish without ever having known a school-house,—*without ever having had the chance to become Christians*.

You scout this statement as an exaggeration? You need not. Read the official reports published by the British government, and you will never again sneer at such a statement. You will come to know that there are conditions in London, in the manufacturing towns, and in the mining districts which are at least as bad as anything which exists in any heathen land.

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The conclusion of the whole matter is this. We contend that Christ did not tell his disciples to do more than to "go and preach the gospel to all the world:" we contend that the word "*preach*" must be construed to mean PREACH: we contend that the word preach does not mean *feed, clothe and educate*; we contend that the delivery of the message of Jesus Christ to all the world *does not include the maintenance throughout the earth of commissaries and the furnishing of board, tuition, books, fuel and medicine to yellow, brown and black children of heathen lands*; we contend that the establishment and support of free kindergartens, schools and colleges to give an English education to Hindoos, Chinese and Japanese is altogether a mistaken policy, so long as we leave our own children to grow up without the advantages which we are giving to the heathen.

The little boys and girls of our own land constitute our national family. The good book tells us that "he who provides not for his own household is worse than an infidel." Why not take Jesus at his word, and content ourselves with doing that which he told us to do? Why not *preach* the gospel to the heathen, and let it go at that? Japan is rich enough to educate her own children, and is doing it. China is wealthy enough to teach her own children, and is doing it. Even India, bled white as she is by the oppression of the Christian English, is yet able to educate her own dusky little ones, and is doing it. Where, then, do we get the moral right to carry free education, hospitals, medicine and medical service, dispensaries of free food and raiment to these people of foreign countries and an alien race, *until we have first fed and clothed and educated the members of our own great family?*

One of the sayings of Frances E. Willard, whose life was so beautifully devoted to the highest and best ideals, is this: "It is better to stir an issue without settling it than to settle one without stirring it." Most of us have settled this question of foreign missions without having stirred it: *we have been content to hear only one side*. For the sake of yourself, your children, your country and your future, *stir the question before you settle it*; examine both sides; reach a conclusion that satisfies your common sense, and then stick to it and practice it like a man.

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## The President Bulldozes California

Since the adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, we have had two kinds of citizenship, state and national. The old doctrine was that a person became a citizen of the Union by becoming the citizen of a State, and in no other way. That has been changed, and now whoever is born in the United States, subject to its jurisdiction, is a citizen of the Union, whether he resides in a state, or a territory or other national possession.

But no change has been made in the old principle of Constitutional law that *the State*, and not the Union, is the foundation of *civil rights*. The Constitution forbids the states to do certain things (to pass *ex post facto* laws, for example,) but with these exceptions the authority of a State, within her own borders and in the regulation of her own affairs, is *sovereign*. To her citizens she can grant or deny privileges and immunities, as she may think proper, as long as no express provision of the Constitution is violated.

The United States, therefore, are *not the source of civil rights*. If Congress had jurisdiction over the privileges and immunities of citizens, the States could be shackled and emasculated until they would be the mere shadows of governing corporations. Instead of being sovereigns, revolving grandly within their own orbits, they would be powerless vassals, controlled by the whims of come-and-go Congressmen.

But while the Fourteenth Amendment created a national citizenship, no person enjoys any privilege or immunity *on that account*. His civil rights are fixed by the State in which he lives: his political privileges are derived from the same source. The United States has not a single voter, nor is it in the power of the nation to create or qualify one. While the republic may confer a national citizenship, it is *the State which gives civil rights, privileges and immunities*.

It is all-important to bear this in mind when considering the President's controversy with California. The people of that State contend that they have legal authority to exclude the Japanese from the white schools. They contend that such a regulation of their domestic concerns is the sovereign right of the State,—an exercise of police power with which the United States cannot lawfully interfere.

If the President is correct in his contention, he would have the authority to do by treaty what Congress, and the President, acting together in the making of the laws, are notoriously unable to do. In claiming that he can, by treaty, give to the Japanese such equality of rights with the white people of the United States that California cannot, constitutionally, debar them from their schools, *he is asserting, practically those which the Constitution itself confers upon citizens*. Such a position as to the relative rights of the Federal Government and one of the States composing the Union is untenable.

Of course, we all understand that the Constitution of the United States is the supreme law of the land. Emanating directly from the people of the separate States which formed the original Union, it expresses

the sovereign will of the nation. In order for the President, or for Congress, or the Federal Courts, to exercise powers additional to those granted in the Constitution, *recourse must be had to the States*. In other words, it would require an amendment to the Constitution for the President to go a step further than he is now allowed to go by the express terms of the constitutional concessions of power granted by the States to the Federal Government. In passing upon every question of constitutional law where the respective limits of power of the Federal Government and of one of the States is at issue, it should never for a moment be forgotten *that the States made the Union*, and that the Union did not make the States. Every State would still be a sovereign power, with a thoroughly organized government capable of separate, independent existence, even were the Federal Government abolished; but without the States to support it, there could be no Federal Government.

Unless the States have granted to the Federal Government a power inconsistent with that which they seek to exercise, the Federal Government has no jurisdiction over them at all, and no right to question their exercise of sovereignty within their own limits. This principle is laid down in various decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, two of which we cite:

Chief Justice Waite, in *Cruikshank's case*, reiterated the old doctrine:

"The government of the United States is to some extent a government of the States in their political capacity. It is also for certain purposes a government of the people. Its powers are limited in number but not in degree. Within the scope of its powers as enumerated and defined, it is supreme and above the States; but beyond it has no existence. . . . It can neither grant nor secure to its citizens any right or privilege not expressly or by implication placed under its jurisdiction . . . All that are not so granted or secured are left under the protection of the States."

The language of the Court, in *New York v. Miln*, is very plain and strong:

"A State has the same undeniable and unlimited jurisdiction over all persons and things within its territorial limits as any foreign nation, where that jurisdiction is not surrendered or restrained by the Constitution of the United States; that by virtue of this, it is not only the right but the bounden and solemn duty of a State to advance the safety, happiness, and prosperity of its people, and to provide for its general welfare by any and every act of legislation which it may deem to be conducive to these ends, and when the power over the particular subject of the manner of its exercise is not surrendered or restrained by the Constitution and laws of the United States."

To estimate the extent to which the police power of a State may be exercised, consider the case of the negro. Originally, he was not a citizen of any State, and was not recognized as a citizen in the Constitution of the United States. It required constitutional amendments to make him a citizen. Having become a citizen, he was still so completely within the power of the State in which he lived that he has been separated by law from the whites. In our code we prohibit the intermarriage



of the negro with the whites, and the constitutionality of these laws which discriminate against him have not been questioned. Again, we say, by statutory enactments, that he shall not travel in the same railway cars with the whites, and the Supreme Court of the United States has upheld that legislation as not contravening the letter or the spirit of the Constitution. Then as to schools,—the right of the State to say that those of her citizens who are black shall not attend the schools where the white children are educated,—the highest Court in the land has upheld *this* law of separation as well as the others.

In the case which went up from Kentucky and was decided last year,—the Berea College case,—the Supreme Court held that the State of Kentucky had the right to debar colored students from her schools and colleges.

Now, *if the States can shut out some of her citizens from the schools and from the railway cars, is it not perfectly clear that she can exercise the same power of discrimination against people who are not citizens?* If black children can be lawfully excluded from white schools, why may not the brown children be excluded? Why could not the yellow children be barred out?

Mr. Roosevelt does not contend that the State of Kentucky, and the State of Georgia, are doing an unconstitutional thing when those States forbid the attendance of colored children upon the schools and colleges in which white children are taught; yet the negroes are citizens of the United States in the same sense that those white children are. Could Mr. Roosevelt by negotiating a treaty with Morocco, or Abyssinia, or Liberia, or with one of the numerous African Kings, take away from the State of Kentucky, or from the State of Georgia, the inherent, sovereign power to exclude black children from the white schools? Manifestly not.

Yet, if he can, by treaty, give to the Japanese advantages in this country which our black citizens do not possess, he might just as well claim the right to give the blacks of Morocco, or Abyssinia, or Dahomey privileges which would place them on a higher plane than is occupied by the negro citizens of the Union.

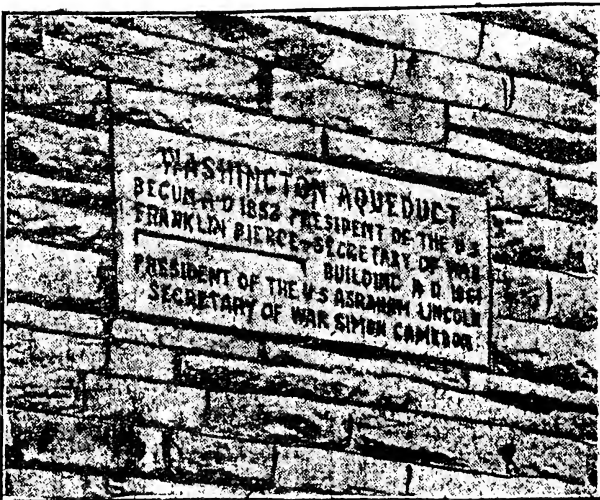
Considered as law, treaties occupy the third place. First, comes the Constitution itself; second, Acts of Congress made in pursuance of the Constitution; third, treaties. If Mr. Roosevelt's view of the supremacy of treaties is correct, they would no longer occupy the third place, but would take precedence both of congressional law and of the Constitution.

The long and the short of it is that, according to the Supreme Court of the United States, the Constitution does not contain any concession of power by the States to the Federal Government which deprives a State of the sovereign, inherent right to regulate her own domestic concerns in the manner which she thinks best conduces to her own internal welfare; whereas, Mr. Roosevelt in his controversy with the State of California is putting forward, in a very practical and coercive manner, the contention that the President and the Senate can, by treaty, take away from a State those very inherent rights.

We think that such a claim is monstrous; and we regret very much that California did not "call" the President's bluff. In this day when

Federal authority,—executive, legislative and judicial,—is showing such a determination to extend its frontiers in every direction, nothing can be more important than that every step of this usurpatory advance be stoutly contested.

NAME OF JEFFERSON DAVIS BACK ON CABIN JOHN BRIDGE



The picture shows the tablet on Cabin John Bridge as it appeared after the name of Davis was chiseled out by order of government at the beginning of the civil war

—*Atlanta Constitution*

# A Survey of the World

By Tom Dolan

## President Taft

Owing to execrable weather, the inauguration of William Howard Taft as President of the United States on March the fourth was robbed of many of the anticipated outdoor features. Washington is essentially a show city. When its wide, tree-lined streets, beautiful parks and great sweeps of distance are clothed in the emerald hues of summer, or gorgeous in autumnal glow, the national capital is the joy of the landscape artist, but when the scenes become mere vistas of icy desolation, rendered further depressing by torn, bedraggled decorations, no place could present a much drearier aspect nor produce keener discomfort, as the chilled and disappointed crowds discovered. Nature, it seems, has a grudge at the inaugural date, which it might be the part of wisdom to heed, in view of the natural public desire to make a fete of the quadrennial ceremonies; while the danger to the health of those most concerned therein is by no means slight, when they must be subjected to the almost inevitable deluge of rain or sleet laddled out to Washington, D. C., at the fag end of the winter.

However, the inaugural feat was accomplished and the new administration launched with singular cheerfulness and unanimity of good-will. Throughout the world peace reigns and at home his fellow-citizens regard Mr. Taft with an approval which is in part due to that sunny social side of his character which has been so tactfully displayed during the past months, and in part to the weariness

even the Republican party has felt of his distinguished predecessor. No better argument against a third term could be advanced than that people become very tired of persons and anxious for a change in the chief actors upon the stage. This is human and, if not in itself commendable, must be an instinct implanted for some wise purpose.

Certainly, Mr. Taft himself is almost the antithesis of a popular idol. He has never done anything heroic, never indulged in the spectacular, always fed rather quietly at the public crib through appointive offices which ranged from various judicial positions in Ohio to first Civil Governor of the Philippines, ambassador to the Pope and finally Secretary of War. Amiable, judicious, family-loving, he appears to be in eminent degree: neither foolish nor profound, thoroughly enjoying the good thing that has come his way without imagining that he has been singled out by Destiny to be custodian of the entire universe. If Mr. Taft sticks to his present intention to be President, without being a world "ruler," the American people will have occasion for rendering thanks.

## The Inaugural Address

Whatever animosities there were during the campaign of 1908, Mr. Taft largely escaped them, and after November 3rd has been the subject of almost no adverse criticism. Who would constitute his cabinet? What would be his policies? These questions have been discussed as matters in which the entire public had a real

HE CAME IN LIKE A LAMB — (Do You Remember?)  
 AND  
 OUT HE GOES LIKE A RAGING LION — (Notice It?)



—Louisville Herald

interest and from a less partisan standpoint, perhaps, than in the case of any previous President-elect. The address at Washington is entirely consistent with his previous utterances, and though very long, offers nothing new, nothing unexpected. As has been the case heretofore, Mr. Taft's ideas of economics are decidedly weak and little is to be hoped for in the control of the trusts other than following Mr. Roosevelt's plans, which proved after seven years' persistence almost futile. What progress has been made is scarcely the achievement of the executive branch of the Federal Government, for all its thunder against

swollen fortunes and illegal combinations.

Mr. Taft commits himself to an "elastic currency" which is to be framed up according to the plan of that Monetary Commission. Is Mr. Taft simply superficial, or merely willing that the public should continue to be deceived by this juggling with language, while the *single gold standard* in all its viciousness is retained?

On postal savings banks the President is quite definite and progressive, sound as to the conservation of resources, fair in desiring laws for the better protection of the laborer. While the recurrence in his address of



"I look forward with hope to increasing the already good feeling between the south and the other sections of the country. My chief purpose is not to effect a change in the electoral vote of the southern states. That is a secondary consideration. What I look forward to is an increase in the tolerance of political views of all kinds and their advocacy throughout the south, and the existence of a respectable political opposition in every state; even more than this, to an increased feeling on the part of all the people in the south that this government is their government, and that its officers in their states are their officers.

"The consideration of this question cannot, however, be complete and full without reference to the negro race, its progress and its present condition. The thirteenth amendment secured them freedom; the fourteenth amendment, due process of law, protection of property and the pursuit of happiness; and the fifteenth amendment attempted to secure the negro against any deprivation of the privilege to vote, because he was a negro. The thirteenth and fourteenth amendments have been generally enforced and have secured the objects for which they were intended. While the fifteenth amendment has not been generally observed in the past, it ought to be observed, and the tendency of southern legislation today is toward the enactment of electoral qualifications which shall square with that amendment. Of course, the mere adoption of a constitutional law is only one step in the right direction. It must be fairly and justly enforced as well. In time both will come. Hence it is clear to all that the domination of an ignorant, irresponsible element can be prevented by constitutional laws which shall exclude from voting both negroes and whites not having education or other qualifications thought to be necessary for a proper electorate. The danger of the control of an ignorant electorate has therefore passed. With this change, the interest which many of the southern white citizens take in the welfare of the negroes has increased. The colored men must base their hope on the results of their own industry, self-restraint, thrift and business suc-

cess, as well as upon the aid and comfort and sympathy which they may receive from their white neighbors of the south. There was a time when northerners who sympathized with the negro in his necessary struggle for better conditions sought to give to him the suffrage as a protection, and to enforce its exercise against the prevailing sentiment of the south. The movement proved to be a failure. What remains is the fifteenth amendment to the constitution and the right to have statutes of states specifying qualifications for electors subjected to the test of compliance with that amendment. This is a great protection to the negro. It never will be repealed, and it never ought to be repealed. If it had not been passed, it might be difficult now to adopt it; but with it in our fundamental law, the policy of southern legislation must and will tend to obey it, and so long as the statutes of the states meet the test of this amendment and are not otherwise in conflict with the constitution and laws of the United States, it is not the disposition or within the province of the federal government to interfere with the regulation by southern states of their domestic affairs. The negroes are now Americans. Their ancestors came here years ago against their will, and this is their only country and their only flag. They have shown themselves anxious to live for it and to die for it. Encountering the race feeling against them, subjected at times to cruel injustice growing out of it, they may well have our profound sympathy and aid in the struggle they are making. We are charged with the sacred duty of making their path as smooth and easy as we can. Any recognition of their distinguished men, any appointment to office from among their number, is properly taken as an encouragement, and an appreciation of their progress, and this just policy shall be pursued.

"But it may well admit of doubt whether, in the case of any race, an appointment of one of their number to a local office in a community in which the race feeling is so widespread and acute as to interfere with the ease and facility with which the local government business can be done by the appointee, is of

sufficient benefit by way of encouragement to the race to outweigh the recurrence and increase of race feeling which such an appointment is likely to engender. Therefore, the executive, in recognizing the negro race by appointments must exercise a careful discretion not thereby to do it more harm than good. On the other hand, we must be careful not to encourage the mere pretense of race feeling manufactured in the interest of individual political ambition.

"Personally, I have not the slightest race prejudice or feeling, and recognition of its existence, only awakens in my heart a deeper sympathy for those who have to bear it or suffer from it, and I question the wisdom of a policy which is likely to increase it. Meantime, if nothing is done to prevent, a better feeling between the negroes and the whites in the south will continue to grow, and more and more of the white people will come to realize that the future of the south is to be much benefited by the industrial and intellectual progress of the negro."

From the foregoing it is clear that Mr. Taft's ideas are still reassuring only in a limited sense. While it will be an enormous relief to the South if negroes are not appointed to local positions of authority, the broader policy of continuing to recognize the negro politically as a means of encouraging the race is utterly vicious. It continues to make him a ward of the government, to have his hope for individual preferment hinge upon government service rather than individual efforts. He is not and never can be an American in the sense Mr. Taft evidently means and wherever he assumes an office some white man must yield, to the detriment of the Caucasian. If the South is, indeed, to feel herself an integral part of the Union she founded and helped to sustain in every crisis, then her people must not be looked upon as queer beings filled with unreasonable prejudices that for a time must be humored in an effort to promote better feeling, but her

ideas of what is best for the race must be recognized to be just as applicable to Washington, New York and Maine as to Georgia, Tennessee or Texas. While the South and the West have been trying to preserve an undefiled Americanism through long, bitter years, it ill becomes any man in Mr. Taft's position to announce himself as personally "entirely free from race prejudice," which is the basic force which has kept this nation strong in the strength of a purity to which Mr. Taft himself, as a citizen of white birth and decent ancestry, owes so much. It is just as offensive to Southern citizens to know that white men and women of the North, in ignorance very often, are subordinate to negroes, as it would be to have the same conditions at home. The race question is a national one, and if the South is to be a force in national politics her opinions thereon must be held in respect, and not smiled at as lingering traces of an ancient peculiarity. The South is not selfish enough to wish visited upon another section a wrong she herself found so hard to bear. Those people in the North who are without "race prejudice," simply don't know. They do not realize the inevitable results that proceed from certain causes, and they discount the experience, the wisdom and statesmanship of the South which once meant so much to this republic, and which would still suffice to save it from destruction.

## The Cabinet

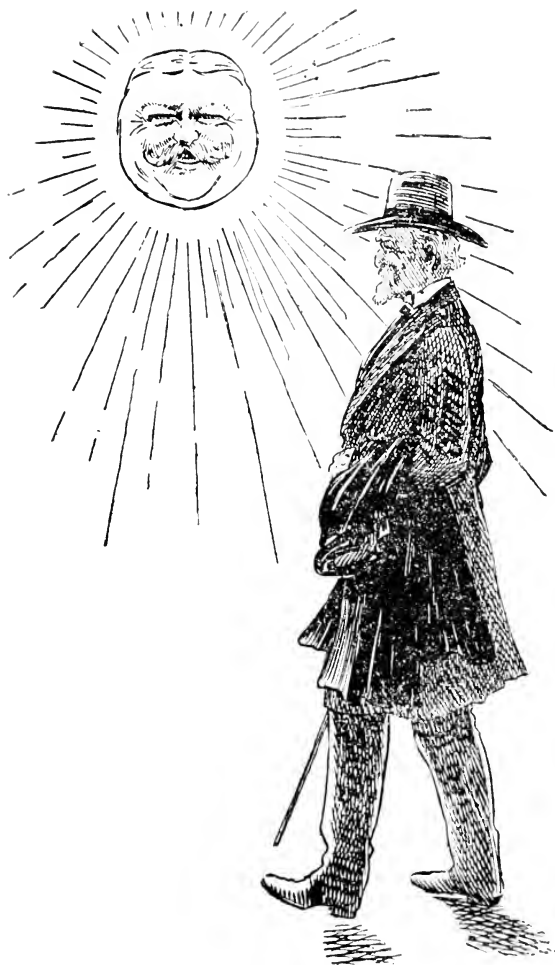
Philander C. Knox, for Secretary of State, was the first appointee definitely known. His efforts to get his constitutional disabilities removed have been quite diverting. He forgot, Mr. Taft forgot, Mr. Roosevelt probably never did know, that when Senator Knox voted to increase the pay of all cabinet officers, he thereby rendered



### THE WIND AND THE SUN;

"The wind and the sun once came to high words as to which had the more strength. man's cloak off first, should win the day. The wind was the first to try, and he blew with round him. Next came the sun, who broke out with his warm beams; and cast his rays which he flung to the ground.





## ÆSOP'S FABLE UP-TO-DATE.

Just then by chance a man came by, so they let the point rest on this, that he who got the all his might and main a fierce blast; but the man wrapt his cloak all the more closely on the man, till at last he grew faint with the heat, and was glad to part with his cloak, "Kind means are the best."



ARIZONA AND NEW MEXICO HAD  
BETTER "GO BACK TO THE RANCH."  
*Spokesman-Review (Spokane)*

himself ineligible to any office for which such pay had been increased. It appears that this embarrassing predicament was overlooked by everybody except a Washington newspaper man, who himself thought so little of it that he sent on the "story" to home papers as unimportant. Then the word flew, the Constitution was brought forth into the light of day once more, consulted and found to be quite awkwardly specific on the point, under paragraph 2, section VI, article 1. However, the House of Representatives stepped in and by another Act, the constitutionality of which seems debatable, reduced the pay of the Secretary of State to its former proportions so that Mr. Knox may fill the office. But it was a very odd blunder for one of the Constitution's high interpreters—a Senator and prospective Secretary of State—to have made, and indicates how slight is the real familiarity of our lawmakers with the foundation stone of our liberties and duties.

Richard A. Ballinger will be Secretary of the Interior. He was born in Iowa, has lived in the South and far West, having been mayor of Seattle. He is a lawyer, as is Jacob M. Dickinson, who succeeds General Luke E. Wright as Secretary of War. Mr. Dickinson is a Tennessee man,

an ex-Confederate soldier, an attorney of fine ability who has already done many things in the service of the government, the most notable being his connection some years ago with the Alaskan boundary dispute.

George Von L. Meyer, who has been an efficient Postmaster General in the Roosevelt cabinet, will take up the work of the navy under Mr. Taft. He is a Bostonian by birth and rearing, and an active business man as well as politician.

Another attorney at law is Geo. W. Wickersham, of "Brother Charlie" Taft's own firm. He is to become Attorney General and, like Mr. Root, his chief claim to distinction is that he has all his career been a "corporation" lawyer. He is a Pennsylvanian by birth.

Chas. Nagel, of St. Louis, has been active in politics and educational work in Missouri, but he is new to the nation. Mr. Taft has shown his partiality for members of the bar in this instance again, by making Mr. Nagel Secretary of Commerce and Labor.

Frank H. Hitchcock, for Postmaster General, is the well known Ohioan who managed Mr. Taft's nomination by steam-roller methods, and who conducted the campaign. He resigned the position of first Assistant Postmaster General to take up the campaign work.

James Wilson will continue to hold the office of Secretary of Agriculture for a time, a position which he has filled with credit to himself and benefit to the country. He has seen a good deal of public life, having spent three terms in Congress. He is a native-born Scotchman.

From the ranks of the national bankers comes, heaven help us, Franklin MacVeagh, for Secretary of the Treasury. He appears to be the canny type of man who found being a Democrat unprofitable, so lopped

over to the Republican party quite lately. Mr. MacVeagh will be *acceptable to Wall street*.

### Good-Bye or "Au Revoir?"

In all the press mention of the outgoing President, one note has been strangely dominant although comparatively few editors have seen fit boldly to name it "The Passing of Roosevelt." There has, however, been universal harmony in the attempt to regard Mr. Roosevelt's work, and himself officially, as finished. A year ago perhaps this would not have been so, but the depressing revelations which have followed throughout the entire political scenes of the year have rendered people entirely willing to regard Mr. Roosevelt as a mere man neither demi-god nor the reverse, who has done a few things acceptably, many things badly, and most things not at all. He shows tremendous acumen in going to Africa just now. Should he re-enter public life, he will have to reenthuse adherents grown weary, reanimate a popularity that has simply sunk to extinction. Nothing better could have been devised than a strenuous life in wild lands to stimulate the hero-worship with which the younger men have heretofore regarded him; and the complete severance of the ties between himself and a civilization which, through weariness, has begun to find Roosevelt intolerable, will make possible a political rebirth. While he has elected many a one to the famous Ananias Club, to their no great detriment in most instances, he himself, by his endless platitudes, his obvious insincerities, his egregious and inextinguishable egotism, was being rapidly marked for the Gimlet Club, and if he had been elected thereto and urged to "Bore, brother, bore," after any one of the numberless special messages, it would have been fitting.

Still, it is quite useless for an exasperated Democratic press to attack him with bitter invective. Mr. Roosevelt is a demagogue, perhaps, but in his strictly humanitarian efforts, worthy of regard. He has simply outworn his welcome as a Chief Executive, and the mere thought of another four years of bombast, childish activity and non-accomplishment makes the shuddering nerves recoil. Yet he might have been re-elected, had he wished. He was doubtless tired, too.

Summed up, he has done exceedingly little, for all the smashing of precedent and exercise of personal energy. The famous "Peace of Portsmouth" redounds to his credit as does no other one thing, and yet both nations at war were exhausted, anxious to quit. The task was ridiculously easy. Yet it showed Mr. Roosevelt in his best mood, as did his interference in the Pennsylvania coal strike, and other things wherein the impulsiveness of the heart did not have to override the wisdom of better heads than his. Against these things there is a long line of exceedingly doubtful achievements, but worse than aught else has been his influence toward centralization, toward establishing a republic on the Mexican, rather than the American, plan. Few really regret his going and most would dread a return, yet there is small doubt that



BRYAN: "Mother, I want you to get me a sled like Georgie Chamberlain's."  
—*Spokesman-Review* (Spokane)



OREGON CAN LEAD AN ELEPHANT TO  
WATER AND MAKE HIM DRINK.  
—*Spokesman-Review* (Spokane).

Mr. Roosevelt does not regard himself as "passing"—not by a good deal. In his own view, he again has left Bill Taft to hold down the lid while he rests, the public rests, and the situation ripens for his triumphal re-entry in four or eight years.

### Let's "Faintly Trust the Larger Hope."

After all, the influence of any President, while powerful, should not be controlling, and it is anything but a proud condition which permits the lime-light to be concentrated upon one mere man out of a population of millions quite as good as he. Mr. Taft has not been elected to "rule" and while his personal responsibility is very great, the actual work of the administration will be in many hands. We are accustomed to a President, yet in the language of Senator Bacon recently, if certain conditions had been foreseen by the framers of our government, the office of President would never have been created. Pre-eminent-ly the office is a gift from the people, and they are in no wise dependent upon the individual who from time to time occupies the White House. There is far too much nervous tension and stress over the conduct and views of the President, and too much indifference to State and county officials, Con-

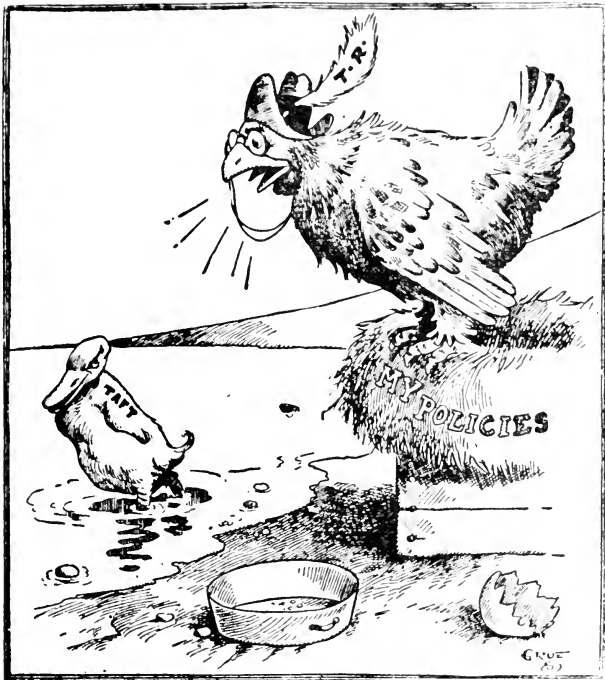
gressmen and Senators. A general uplift of the legislative and judicial branches of government will amazingly help a good executive, and absolutely make negligible a bad one, and a dead-lock such as we have witnessed this winter proves how great a need, how large a hope there is for public betterment, through the elimination of corruption all along the line. Turning things over generally to a President who is "from time to time accountable to the people" is a short cut that will lead quickly to ruin. The maintenance of democracy means that vigilance must be exercised all along the line.

### A Pretty Heavy Administration "Hang-Over."

The atmosphere has been surcharged with acrid smoke from the firing lines of two hostile forces—Theodore Roosevelt, et al., and the New York World and Indianapolis News, with the gentlemen whose trenchant pens have gone to make these papers famous. Now that Mr. Roosevelt leaves shortly for Africa, the situation is somewhat clarified in that after much recalling of ancient sedition laws by the Federal henchmen and much fulmination on the part of the papers concerned and the press generally against the attack upon its freedom, the case has become simplified, outwardly, at least, by becoming a mere libel suit by the ex-President and others against these papers, for the publication of charges of official corruption in the Panama canal negotiations.

At the outset, whatever a trial might determine, the newspapers have come off victorious. The printing of the gossip as to the rottenness in the canal deal was only a rehash of what had been said plenty of 'times before in the past years. The late Senator Morgan, of Alabama, tried to get at the

## LOOKS LIKE A DUCK



Gossip in Washington is that Taft has Turned Down the Friends of T. R. and is Friendly with Enemies of the Roosevelt Administration.— *St. Joseph Star*

truth, and only that. He was not aided in this, it will be remembered, but on the contrary was ignored completely. William Nelson Cromwell went to Europe, Senator Morgan died, the matter smouldered feebly until the campaign of 1908. Then "Who got the money?" became a burning question. The Messrs. Roosevelt, Robinson, Cromwell, Taft and others, let it burn until after William Howard Taft was safely elected. Then the executive righteousness blazed forth in an attempt at prosecution of the two papers. And, running right along

with all of this, Congressman Tawney has taken identically the same position that Senator Morgan did in demanding to know the facts and reiterating the charges of crookedness. So there had been a triple bombardment.

In the effort to silence criticism few will sympathize with the complainants in the libel suit. Indeed, the worst critics of the Panama blunderers, if nothing worse, have been the expert engineers who have been astounded at the price originally paid for the junk left by the de Lesseps enterprise, and

the engineers of the Roosevelt administration who changed plan after plan, at terrific expense. The ordinary citizen, who looks upon the whole plan as one involving a wild outlay of money for a very problematical benefit, is excoriated as unpatriotic, worse than inexperienced and a stupid obstructionist, and even the highest technical authorities who have differed on the question of lock or sea-level have been branded as guilty of "inexcusable folly."

So it is small wonder that the papers which have merely given printed publicity to that which was otherwise no secret should have called forth the wrath of the men who have chafed at criticism. Usurpation of authority has indeed gone so far that the "rulers" may not be called in any wise to account for any expenditure, no matter how unwise; any transaction, no matter how doubtful. The shifting from government, to individual, prosecution does not alter the danger to the freedom of the press, and it is gratifying to find that one Federal attorney is manly enough to resign his position rather than prosecute a case wherein he "believes the principle involved is a dangerous one, striking at the very foundation of our form of government."

Mr. Keating goes more into detail on the grounds of his refusal, as follows:

"I am informed that indictments have been returned by the grand jury of the District of Columbia, against Delavan Smith and Charles B. Williams, proprietors of the Indianapolis News, for criminal libel and that steps will be taken to remove them to that district for trial. As both are in this district, under the law it will become my official duty to assist in such removal proceedings.

"For almost eight years I have had the honor of representing the Govern-

ment of the United States as attorney. During that time I have prosecuted all alike, without fear or favor, where I had an honest belief in their guilt.

"I have been compelled on several occasions to prosecute personal friends, but in each case I only did so after a thorough investigation had convinced me of their guilt.

"In this case I have made a careful investigation of the law applicable thereto. As to the guilt or innocence of the defendants on the question of libel, I did not attempt to say. If guilty, they should be prosecuted, but properly indicted and prosecuted in the right place, viz.: At their homes. It is only with the question of removal that I have to do.

"I am not in accord with the Government in its attempt to put a strained construction on the law, to drag the defendants from their homes to the seat of government, to be tried and punished, while there is a good and sufficient law in this jurisdiction, in the State court."

He has put into legal phraseology that which is in the mind of the plain citizen—not the question as to whether or not Messrs. Roosevelt and others were guilty or innocent of the charges made against them (who could pass on this without the proof, and where at this late day may proof be found?) but the illegality of the proceeding through which those in authority would punish criticism in the present instance and stifle the press for the future.

### A Disquieting News Item

A dispatch which will lend some color of truth to the contention that censorship of the press is becoming a menace is the following:

"Manila, Jan. 11.—Two of the editors of *Renacimiento*, an organ of the Immediate Independence party, which

for a long time has been making vigorous attacks on Americans, have been sentenced to six months' imprisonment and fined \$1,000 each for libeling Dean C. Worcester, secretary of the interior, whom they charged with grafting.

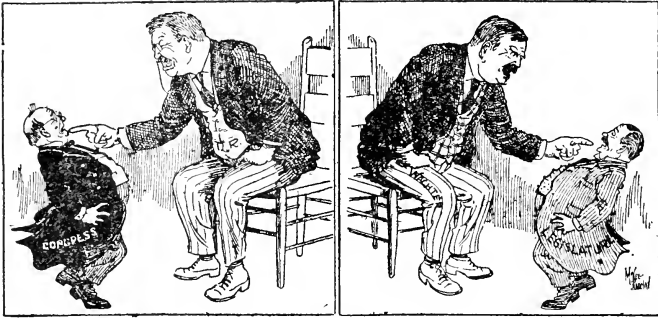
The paper declared his administration was a general failure. Two other

editors of *Renacimiento*, tried on the same charge, were acquitted."

What the exact truth is in this matter has not been ascertained but an imperial policy can no more proceed without abuses of authority creeping in than sparks can cease to fly upward. From sneering contempt of Hinloo opinion, Great Britain has



AND NOT A PENNY TO WIPE OUT ILLITERACY!



THESE LATTER DAYS OUR LAWMAKERS LIVE HARD

—The Baltimore Sun

steadily been forced to increase the rigor of repressive measures until they begin to approximate Russia's fear of revolution and desperate efforts to check it. The gentleman named may be, and it is hoped that he is, the victim of unfounded scurrility, but it is notable that it is an organ of the Immediate Independence party which has suffered and should it appear that the editors have been dealt with unjustly it should spur the most lethargic to demand relinquishment of the Philippines. It is not possible forcibly to hold other countries in subordination without ceasing ourselves to be a free people.

#### Guilty of Criminal Complacency

"Wasn't it pitiful?

In a whole city full

(Shame) there was none!"

might be sung of Pittsburg, whose adventures in graft have been so colossal that those of San Francisco pale by comparison, and even Philadelphia seems almost virtuous.

Yet there is a civic conscience in Pittsburg whose active exponent has been the Voters' League. This organization has worked quietly for some years, but lately unearthed such indisputable evidences of corruption that

drastic action was unavoidable. Pittsburg's council is composed of two bodies,—select and common,—with a total membership of 96. Not long ago W. W. Ramsey, President, and A. A. Vilsack, Cashier, of the Pittsburg German National Bank, were bound over to the criminal court for trial on the charge of giving a bribe to councilmen to have their bank, with five others, designated as a depository for city funds at 2 per cent a year. Other banks equally reliable had offered 2 1-2 per cent. Seven councilmen were first placed under arrest. That was in December. Since that time indictment after indictment has followed to such an extent that no more than six or eight of the entire official body of Pittsburg are free from taint of corruption. The thought of the "leading citizens" lending themselves shamelessly to the giving and the taking of bribes is sickening. The spirit of the two factions at work in Pittsburg is well illustrated by the language of the so-called reform mayor, George W. Guthrie, who attempted to hush things up thus: "The less said about this, the better; it is scandal-monging."

A. Leo Weil, President of the Voters' League, made this significant





"A FRIEND IN NEED."

—*Journal* (Minneapolis).

statement: "Let the facts be known. The guilty must suffer! But to convict a grafter in Pittsburg, we must first convict the public. *The public is guilty of criminal complacency.*"

There is a whole sermon in that sentence of Mr. Weil, and it is to be hoped that the league will have the backing of the citizens in general. The public, not alone in Pittsburg, but elsewhere, is guilty of criminal complacency. While Pittsburg officials have enriched themselves through the awarding of contracts and other devices known to the skilled grafter, the death rate in their city from typhoid fever, due to lack of sanitation, has been absolutely appalling. This is merely one instance showing the crime of graft, to say nothing of lowered moral tone and the robbery of the people through taxation.

### In the Wake of the Czar.

While Germany has long been a military despotism in the worst sense of the word, it appears it now must go a step further and adopt the methods of Russia for stamping out political activity. In Eastern Prussia a portion of that unhappy nation—the Poles—has been attempting to gain a little

foothold and retain a few traces of that spirit which long has made them a great people, even under crushing misfortune. Certain small banks had been established for no other purpose than to assist, by wise loans, the Poles in buying little homes. For this reason the German government has now prescribed such conditions and restrictions as to doing business that will absolutely abolish these concerns, working terrible injustice upon them and those to whom they have given help and hope.

Nor has the Fatherland been content with this, but is bent on the complete extinction of the language and customs of the Poles. Young men who carried a banner emblazoned with the white falchion, the emblem of the dismembered Polish monarchy, have been arrested and punished, and young women teachers arrested and fined for teaching, to private classes of *girls*, the literature of Poland. German has been ordered to be the language used in all the classes of all the schools in the section, and forcible Germanization is being attempted after the most approved methods of blind despotism.

### Hail to the Fleet

At last the fleet returns from its world voyage and much joy was manifested that it succeeded in getting back. It is no light thing to send battleships and men designed for war off on a pleasure trip and experience no casualties. The ships might have been marooned some place, or the entire navy been demolished by floral bombardments in foreign ports. It is really quite wonderful that those selected to take care of the nation on the sea should have been able to look after themselves like sane human beings, so, all things considered, there is occasion for great happiness and that kind of gasping admiration which says: "Well, you did it, but I never thought you could!"

And the sublime achievements—the wars that didn't happen, because the universe quaked in the presence of our mighty squadrons! All this, at a cost of only a few millions more than it would have cost to keep the navy at home. Who dare, then, remain disgruntled when all should be as grateful for this salvation as the child to a pin that saved its life—because it didn't swallow it.

### England's Grave Problems

The Irish question seems perennial. While matters in the near East, the situation in India and the host of Colonial problems, to say nothing of those appertaining purely to conditions in England itself, obscured for a season the distress of the Emerald Isle, it comes up again upon the reassembling of the House. For decades Irish and English statesmen have been hammering on this problem. A multitude of solutions have been offered, partially tried and found wanting; yet it is a very simple matter to understand. The Irish people want to have the use, by purchase or lease, of enough land to support them. The landlords, most of them of the vicious absentee type, would hinder this in every way for their own selfish ends.

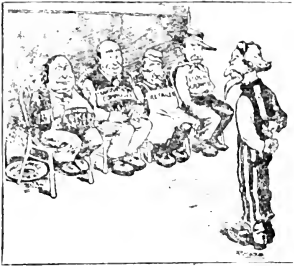
When the Irish leaders subordinated political recognition to the more fundamental need of the common people, to a right to earn their bread, it seemed that most of the trouble might be abolished. Not many years ago Parliament tried to end the difficulty by providing to lend money to Irish farmers so that they might buy their little homes through government aid. This measure has failed simply through the refusal of the landlords to relinquish land on any terms; or by putting prohibitive prices upon their holdings. Boards of arbitrators to consider land values have been unable to get the minds of the parties to meet.

The long standing friction between landlord and tenant has increased and a condition bordering upon civil war is actually existing, although thus far there has been no loss of human life. There has been a repetition of the old scenes—mutilation of cattle, wholesale arrests, boycotting, assaults and arson, and in some instances lately dynamite has been used. All this goes clearly to show that without home rule England's attempt at promoting the progress of Ireland is bound to fail. The Irish leaders are more insistent and aggressive than ever in demanding that Ireland be enabled to control her own affairs and some of them openly defend the violence in Ireland's campaign against the English. There is no doubt whatever that not one other colony of England would tolerate such misrule as Ireland has been forced to endure, and these men would be looked upon in any other quarter of the globe as patriots. The impossibility of Ireland throwing off the yoke by violence much complicates a situation where the greed and cold-blooded selfishness of "the nobility" clamors for stern repression of every attempt on the part of the Irish people to gain the *right to live*.

The desire of the Irish common people is surely one that ought to commend itself to any right thinking man, —a few acres of land, a little home and a living. And against the pathetic simplicity and sweetness of this instinct, is the absolute inhumanity of those who have no interest in the peasantry save to exploit them.

### The Plight of the Hindus

An almost categorical answer to certain superficial observations of the exuberant Mr. Roosevelt, that "in India we encounter the most colossal example history affords of the successful administration by men of European blood of a thickly populated region on



WHO'S GOT THE BUTTON?

(Apropos of the proposed Federal investigation of the meat business.)

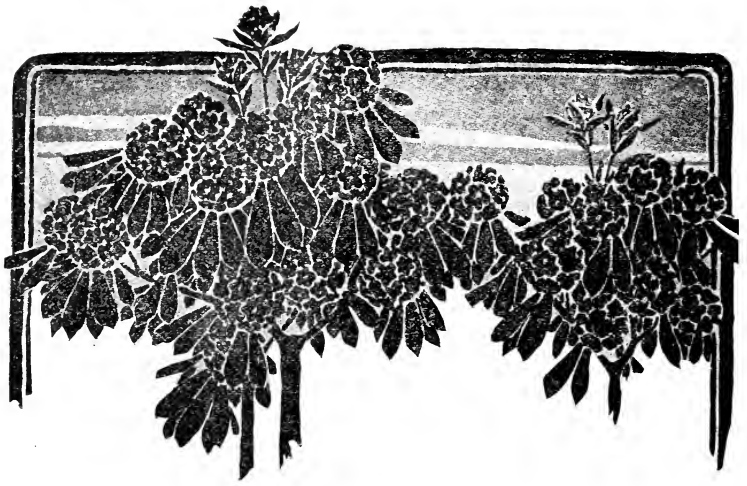
—*Pioneer Press* (St. Paul).

another continent; that the mass of the people have been and are far better off than ever before; that England does not draw a penny from India for English purposes," and, in short, that "the part played in India has been to the immeasurable advantage of India," is the protest of the Society for the Advancement of India. In detached form, each one of the charges of misrule has heretofore been made, but the summing up given by the society makes a mountain of misery under which the subject people must be in even more deplorable condition than had been suspected by the outside world. That neither freedom of speech nor press existed, has been known, and that India was one of the "hen roosts" Mr. Lloyd-George, Chancellor of the Exchequer cheerfully robbed in order to restore any nest-egg taken by English appropriations out of the treasury had been more than suspected, but the specific statement is laid, parallel to Mr. Roosevelt's quite unnecessary de-

fense of England, that "one hundred million dollars a year goes to Great Britain in the form of pensions, savings from salaries, profits from business enterprises, interest on investments," etc. And, instead of England having mitigated the horrors of an occasional famine, it is charged that a condition of famine has become chronic—in the last twenty-five years 15,000,000 to double that number of lives have been lost through *starvation*.

The acute condition in Indian affairs was clearly foretold by certain statesmen in England and in America, when the British government forced upon India the single gold standard in 1897. Since that time, savings have been discounted one-half, interest on debts has been doubled, and the hungry and wretched peasantry has groaned, scarcely knowing the cause of much of its woe. Indeed it is doubtful if the Hindu agitators who are crying for representation in the councils of their country really appreciate one of the fundamental causes of the increased poverty of the masses. Some mitigation of the troubles may, indeed, be brought about by more liberal policies now contemplated by England, but the press of the single gold standard will continue to crush out the life of the helpless millions, no matter how much political preferment may be extended as a sop to some of their leaders.

Throughout the civilized world the same curse of monopoly in currency is producing conditions of a deadly economic slavery which the people are too ignorant to break.



# The Life and Times of Andrew Jackson

## BOOK II

### CHAPTER II

In an official investigation, David B. Mitchell, who was twice Governor of Georgia, testified under oath, that "the first outrage committed on the frontier of Georgia, after the treaty of Fort Jackson (1814) was by a party of these banditti (lawless white men) who plundered a party of Seminole Indians on their way to Georgia for the purpose of trade, killing one of them. This produced retaliation on the part of the Indians."

The following extract from a proclamation of Peter Early, Governor of Georgia, corroborates Mitchell and sustains the claim of the Indians that the lawless white borderers were seizing their farms:

"Whereas, I have received repeated information that divers persons, citizens of this State, are making settlements on the Indian lands contiguous to our frontier by clearing ground and preparing to raise crops thereon. And whereas, such trespasses, in addition to the severe punishment annexed to them, are at this time peculiarly improper, I have therefore thought fit to issue this proclamation warning all persons against perseverance in or repetition of such unwarrantable procedures. And do hereby require all persons, citizens of this State, who have made any settlement . . . on the Indian lands, forthwith to abandon the same. . . ."

The above proclamation was published April 25, 1814. Not being backed up by force of arms, it had no effect. The whites pushed their advance farther and farther, until the Seminoles were driven to measures of desperation.

The Spanish Governor of St. Augustine (December, 1812,) complained bitterly to the Governor of Georgia of the manner in which the Georgians encroached upon the Florida Indians.

" . . . But the Indians, you say—well, sir, why wantonly provoke the Indians, if you dislike their rifle and tomahawk? General Matthews told Payne, in the square of Latchuo, that he intended to drive him from his lands. McIntosh sent a message to Bowlegs, another Indian chief, that he intended to make him as a waiting man; the Florida Convention (Patriots) partitioned their (the Indians') lands amongst their volunteers, as appears by a certificate in my possession signed by Director McIntosh; the Indian trade was destroyed by you and your friends, and they (the Indians) found that, from the same cause, they were to be deprived of their annual presents. These, sir, are the provocations about which you are silent . . . The Indians are to be insulted, threatened, and driven from their homes; if they resist, nothing less than extermination is to be their fate. But you deceive yourself, sir, if you think the world is blind to your motives; it is not long since the State of Georgia had a slice of Indian lands, and the fever is again at its height. . . . "

The present writer passes a portion of each winter in Florida, off that portion of the Everglades where the wretched remnant of the Seminole nation now lingers. Some of the head-men of these perishing groups have visited him, bringing their wives and children. They are simple, cheerful, sociable folk, easily pleased and grateful for favors. The men are models of physical perfection, and they seem to be most indulgent to their families. One of the head-men, an Apollo in bronze, consented to gratify my curiosity to see the war-dance. I shall never forget the gravity with which he did it, nor the uncontrollable and mocking laughter of his wife and his two sons as they looked on. The solemn chief took no notice of the merriment aroused in the bosom of his family by his performance. Poor children of nature!—the whole group to which these visitors belonged was well-nigh exterminated by measles some months later.

Curious to learn something of the traditions which had been handed down, among the whites, about the Seminole wars, I made inquiries to which the answers were invariably the same. The Seminoles on the Georgia frontier had splendid, well-stocked plantations. They were excellent farmers and a quiet, good-natured, honest, loyal people! But the Georgians crossed over the line and squatted on the Indian land. White men would not only drive the Seminole off his farm, but seize his cattle also. Then, when the Indians rose in mass, the whites called for the troops. The rest is history,—and history is generally the conqueror's gloss-over of his wrong-doing.

White men who would never think of robbing one another, will unite to rob an Indian. Do we not remember that Abraham Lincoln's

uncle said that it was a virtuous deed to shoot an Indian on sight? and that General Sherman declared "the only good Indian is a dead Indian"?

Yet the whites who have lived among them, are those who have praised them most highly. General Sam Houston, after spending many years among them, defended them in glowing terms in the United States Senate; and Col. Ben. Hawkins, the trusted friend of Washington, declared, in substance, that the greatest obstacle to peaceful management of the red men was the rapacity of the whites.

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General Edmund P. Gaines, of the U. S. Army, was the hot-head who precipitated the first Seminole war. In November, 1817, his "talks" to the chiefs were couched in this conciliatory vein:

"You Seminoles are a bad people. You have murdered my people, stolen my cattle and many good horses that cost me money. I know it is so and you know it is so." And more to the same effect.

The insulted and threatened Seminoles naturally "talked back," saying that where one American had been killed by Indians, four Indians had been killed by Americans.

This intemperate General Gaines, as we have seen, was stationed at Fort Scott, near the junction of the Chattahoochee and the Flint. Fourteen miles south of the fort was Fowltown, an Indian village, containing forty-five warriors. The chief of this town contended that the Treaty of Fort Jackson did not cede any lands east of the Flint River. A reading of "Article I" of that document seems to prove that the chief was right. The names of some obscure water-courses are mentioned in the treaty, and these are not shown on the maps; but so far as we can judge from the language used, the eastern boundaries of the ceded lands do not go *across* the Flint. At all events, it would have required a survey, officially made, to establish the right of the whites to eject the Fowltown Indians from their homes. And no such survey had been made. Right or wrong, the whites were determined to drive the red men away.

To Colonel Twiggs, in command prior to Gaines' coming, the chief had said, "The land is mine. Don't come on the east side of the river. I am directed by the powers above to defend our homes, and I will do it."

*It was not even alleged that the Fowltown people had ever committed a single depredation upon the whites.* The sole grudge that the Americans had against these Seminoles was that they refused to abandon their fertile plantations and move off from their ancestral home.

The hot-head, Gaines, sent a runner to the Fowltown chief, ordering him to come to Fort Scott. The Indian refused to go. "I have already said all that I have to say."

The feather-headed Gaines flew into a passion, like your true military martinet, and issued the order that was to cost hundreds of human lives and millions of dollars.

He commanded Colonel Twiggs to take two hundred and fifty soldiers to "bring me the chief and his warriors. In the event of resistance, treat them as enemies."

Now, in the name of all that's holy, what right did General Gaines have to do anything like that? This chief had done no wrong to any human creature. He was not under Gaines' jurisdiction. He was no more bound to obey the summons of Gaines than Gaines was bound to respect the orders of the chief.

Against this village of forty-five warriors, the white soldiers under Twiggs marched *in the night* coming upon Fowltown just before day-break, November 21st, 1817. If the intention was merely to make prisoners, why did not Colonel Twiggs surround the little village, wait until daylight, and demand the surrender of the Indians? Nothing would have been easier. Not a drop of blood need have been shed. But the whites wanted *car*. Gaines' ire was up. He, too, would be a hero of the Jackson-Harrison sort. Consequently, Colonel Twiggs was directed to proceed in such a manner as necessarily impressed the Indians with the belief that they were being attacked. Hastily delivering a few shots, which did no harm, the Indians fled. The gallant whites fired upon the red people, killed two men and one woman, wounding several more. The gallant whites took possession of the deserted town, and the heroic Gaines, coming upon the scene at this the psychological moment, valiantly set fire to the town with his own martial hands.

Thus the vainglorious officer had dramatically enacted Scene First in the play of military hero, and looked forward exultingly to the easily won triumphs ahead, which were to make for *him* a renown, similar to that of Jackson and Harrison.

Alas! Fate was against the aspiring Gaines. The Secretary of War, Mr. Calhoun, did not know what Gaines was doing and planning, and, ignorant of the war which Gaines had begun, had ordered him to another field. These orders arriving soon after the Fowltown achievement, halted poor Gaines in mid-career, cast down his eager hopes, and brought Andrew Jackson to the front to continue this glorious war. By the time Gaines rejoined the Jackson army, Old Hickory himself had focused attention.

Inflamed by the one-sided statements which came to him at his home in Tennessee, General Jackson rushed to arms with the fury of an enraged bull. There were no doubts anywhere, nothing to debate, nothing to investigate. All was as plain as day. Blood-thirsty Indians, English and Spanish villains, spies, and cut-throats had conspired to spread carnage along the frontier, pillage and slay in all directions—and these atrocious miscreants must be annihilated. That was Jackson's way. He jumped at conclusions, and if he happened to jump the wrong way, the case was hopeless. Nobody could turn him, once his head was set.

So, in this first Seminole war, he took the field with men enough to have won the fight for Texan independence. In fact, he had so many troops that it was a heavy task to feed them. They had no fighting to do. The friendly Creeks, under General William McIntosh, did what little of that was necessary. By the time Jackson and McIntosh reached the scene of hostilities, their forces amounted to 5,000 men! Not a single band of Seminoles numbered one-tenth of that number, and if every one

of these had united they would not have exceeded a thousand poorly equipped warriors.

The building of the forts on the lower Flint and Chattahoochee, the series of depredations by white banditti, the blowing up of the Negro Fort, and the wanton destruction of Fowltown caused the Seminoles to believe that they were to be crushed. British emissaries such as Nichols and Woodbine intensified these fears. Indeed, the marplot Nichols went so far as to make, in the name of Great Britain, a treaty, offensive and defensive, with Chief Francis and other Indians. So much in earnest was Nichols that he took Francis and other Indians to England with him, and the Seminole Chief was treated with distinction by the King and his court. While the British minister assured our Government that the Nichols treaty with the Indians was not taken seriously, it does not appear that the Indian Chief was undeceived.

The attack upon Fowltown having been an act of unprovoked atrocity, the retaliation of the Seminoles was swift and bloody. They ambushed a party of whites—forty U. S. soldiers, seven women and four children—as they were ascending the Apalachicola in an open boat, on their way to Fort Scott. Four of the soldiers escaped by jumping into the river and swimming to the opposite bank; one woman was led into captivity; excepting these, every man, woman and child in the boat was either killed by the repeated volleys of the Indians or slaughtered after the red men rose from ambush and rushed upon the boat.

A few days later, the Seminoles fired upon another detachment of U. S. soldiers boating their way to Fort Scott. Two of the Americans were killed and thirteen wounded. It is worth remarking that the Indians confined their warfare to the U. S. soldiers,—the Fort Scott people who had destroyed Fowltown and shot down the Indian woman, as well as several warriors. In fact, the Seminoles approached Fort Scott itself, kept up a scattering fire upon it for several days, and its gallant defenders not only did not attempt to drive the red men off, but seriously considered the evacuation of the post!

On March 9th, 1818, General Jackson arrived at Fort Scott. Crossing the river, he pushed on to Prospect Bluff, and established a fortress where the Negro Fort had stood. Here he awaited supplies and the concentration of his troops. General William McIntosh, at the head of two thousand Creeks, was already in the field, shooting down Seminole warriors wherever he found them, capturing women and children, burning houses, wasting with fire and sword whatever he could not carry away.

By the 26th of March, the army of General Jackson was ready to move. On the 1st of April, it had its "baptism of fire." The Americans came upon some unsuspecting Indians who were "minding their cattle" in the open, unfenced woods. *These* Seminoles were certainly not on the warpath; their wives were with them helping about the cattle, and from the very nature of their occupation had every right to be treated as non-combatants. But General Jackson immediately ordered his troops to attack these peaceful herders. Fourteen of them were killed, and four of the women made prisoners: the others escaped into the swamps.

This glorious victory over a little party of Seminole herders, was won by an army of about three thousand whites!



Pursuing his advance upon St. Marks, Jackson halted near the fort on the 6th of April. To the Spanish Governor, he sent a bullying and peremptory demand for the surrender of the fortress. The Governor, in almost cringing words of deference, denied that the Indians and negroes had ever obtained supplies, succor or encouragement from Fort St. Marks. On the contrary, he had refused such supplies and had incurred the hostility of the Seminoles by doing so. He had no authority from his government to surrender one of its fortifications. He requested that Jackson grant him time to write to his government. With a conciliatory courtesy that ought to have appealed to Jackson's better nature he wrote: "The sick your excellency sent in are lodged in the royal hospital, and I have afforded them every aid which circumstances admit. I hope your excellency will give me further opportunities of evincing *the desire I have to satisfy you.*"

Here was the high-breeding of the best type of Old Castile. This Spaniard who was about to be compelled to drain a bitter cup of humiliation, had been asked by General Jackson *to take care of Jackson's sick soldiers*, and the Spaniard had lodged them in the royal hospital and had personally attended to their needs. Yet when the loyal officer of the King of Spain implores Jackson to believe him, as to the Indians and the negroes, and to grant him time to consult his superiors,—the headstrong Jackson instantly replied to the Governor with an insolent message and a seizure of the Spanish fort. Not a single Indian was found in the town. Not a single negro bandit, brigand, villain or ex-slave was discovered. An inoffensive old Scotch merchant, named Arbutnot, was there, a guest of the Governor, and he was taken into custody.

Before Jackson's arrival at St. Marks, Captain McKeever, of the navy, had sailed into the harbor, displaying the English colors at his mast-head. Chief Francis saw the vessel, was duped by the British flag, and went off to the ship in a canoe,—he and another chief named Himollemico. The Indians were lured down to the Captain's cabin, "to take a drink," and while there were seized by the sailors and bound with ropes.

The next day the two chiefs were delivered to General Jackson, who ordered them hanged at once. There was no form of trial; Jackson's command was sufficient; the two Indians, captured by a dastardly trick, were murdered by a barbarous exercise of despotic power.

Himollemico was accused of torturing the prisoners taken by the Indians when they ambushed the boat of Lieutenant Scott, but there were no charges against Francis. His reputation was that of a model chief, intelligent and humane. To hang him, because he was trying to defend his country from invasion, was murder—and a very black one at that.

After staying at St. Marks two days, the army pushed on to the Suwanee to attack the town of Chief Bowlegs.

Again McIntosh scoured the country, shooting at such Seminoles as he could find. In one skirmish he killed thirty-seven men, taking ninety-eight women and children, and six men prisoners. McIntosh's

force numbered two thousand; that of the Seminoles one hundred and twenty.

After a slight skirmish in which only one white soldier was seriously wounded, the invaders reached Suwanee. They found it a deserted village. For nearly three miles along the bank of the beautiful river, stretched three hundred well-built houses. It was here, more than a hundred miles from St. Marks, that the Seminoles of Chief Bowlegs farmed, raised cattle and hogs,—apparently having no thought of war.

A letter which Arbuthnot had sent by an Indian runner to his son, instructing him to remove their merchandise to a place of safety, gave this peaceful Seminole settlement its first warning of danger. The Chief barely had time to put his women and children across the river, where the endless swamp gave them safety, when the whites appeared. But for the Arbuthnot letter, Suwanee would have been one more name of horror,—a reminder of ruthless, indiscriminate butchery of unoffending men, women and children. Great was the wrath of General Jackson when he saw that his prey had escaped him. Vengeful was his mood toward the old merchant who had written that letter!

It is hardly necessary to say that every house at Suwanee was burnt, and that everything of value which was not destroyed was taken away.

This was the end of the Seminole war. Glorious, wasn't it? Five thousand Americans and Creeks had been chasing little squads of Seminoles, burning houses, carrying off corn and cattle, and, so far as Jackson was concerned, he couldn't find anybody to fight excepting a score of cow-herders and an insignificant force at Suwanee. In this so-called Seminole War only one of Jackson's soldiers was killed. If he had not taken the wrong view at the beginning, he would soon have realized that he had woefully blundered, that the Seminole nation was not on the war-path, that the only Indians in the field were *those that had been attacked*, and that a conference and a treaty were the remedies demanded by the situation.

But having started wrong, he was never able to get right; and his overbearing conduct toward the Spaniards, his summary execution of the two chiefs, and his unprovoked depredations on the non-combatant Seminoles sowed the seeds of future trouble. So far from breaking the strength of the Seminoles, he merely filled them with an abiding sense of wanton outrage which was to smoulder, year after year, burning deeper with succeeding wrongs, and flaming out fiercely in the second Seminole war, when Osceola, for five years held at bay the military power of the United States.

Returning to St. Marks, Jackson had the two white prisoners, Arbuthnot and Ambrister, court-martialed and executed.

Arbuthnot was charged with exciting the Indians to war against the United States, and of acting as a spy, aiding and comforting the enemy.

This unfortunate man was condemned upon the testimony of one witness, who swore to the contents of a letter which he had read nearly a year before. The alleged letter was said to have been written by Arbuthnot to the Indian chief, Little Prince, advising him not to comply with the treaty of Fort Jackson, for the reason that under the treaty

of Ghent the United States were bound to restore those lands to the Indians, and that, therefore, his Britannic Majesty would see to it that the lands were restored.

Arbuthnot reminded the court that Indians never destroyed letters and documents, and prayed delay in order that the letter might be produced to show for itself what he had written. This plea was denied. The officers composing the court did the prisoner the gross injustice of allowing the contents of a paper to be given in evidence without the slightest effort to produce the letter itself, or to prove that it could not be produced. Arbuthnot feelingly complained of being made the victim of "the vagrant memory of a vagrant individual." Said he to the Court, "Make this a rule of evidence, and where would implication, construction and invention stop? Whose property, whose reputation, whose life would be safe?"

One of the witnesses used against the prisoner was Cook, who was under arrest, and whose own letters, *then in the possession of the Court*, proved that he had been one of the attacking party when Fort Scott was assailed by the Indians. But when Arbuthnot asked that Ambrister be called to testify in his behalf, the request was refused!

Everything was prejudiced in this wretched Seminole war, and the condemnation and hanging of the innocent old trader was a deed of the same character as the attack on Fowltown and the murder of Chief Francis.

Ambrister was "tried" next. He was convicted and sentenced to be shot. Then one of the officers relented, and a reconsideration of the sentence was had. Without additional light of any sort, the "Court" changed its mind and condemned the prisoner to be whipped, and imprisoned a year. Jackson arbitrarily set aside the sentence of his military tribunal and executed the one which it had set aside. He ordered the prisoner to be shot, and the unhappy young man,—a Waterloo hero!—was shot like a dog.

In his case, there was no doubt that in behalf of the Seminoles he had taken the same position as that which LaFayette, Count Pulaski, and Baron De Kalb took in behalf of the American Colonies. The land of the Seminoles being overrun by foreign invaders, he had espoused the cause of the oppressed and urged them to fight for their homes. What right did General Jackson have under the law of nations, or any other kind of law, to shoot this gallant, warm-hearted young man? None,—absolutely none.

To be Continued.



# The Harvest

The Year of Our Lord 2007

By LAFAYETTE McLAWS

Author of "The Wedding," Etc.



HE Governor was still seated at his desk when the under janitor, whose task it was to close the rooms on that floor of the capitol, entered his private office. He was for slipping away noiselessly to wait outside in the corridor, but the Governor caught sight of him and called him back.

"Come on in," he commanded, motioning the under janitor in with a wave of his hand. He was seated tipped back in his chair before a large polished desk, smoking with the air of a man who has finished satisfactorily his work for the day. "Go ahead and close up," he directed. "You won't disturb me. I shall be leaving directly."

The under janitor was a little middle-aged white man and in his shabby clothes, without the smartness of his janitor's cap and jacket, all the futile weakness of his character was stamped on his dull irresolute face. As he shuffled about the room drawing down the shades and replacing the furniture he cast sly furtive glances at the man seated before the desk. The Governor moved in his chair and after a guilty start, covered by the pretence of pulling a chair in place, the white man glanced cautiously back over his shoulder.

In his changed position the light from the open window brought out

with vivid distinctness each characteristic of the Governor's profile. His broad shoulders, his well-developed chest, his square and somewhat heavy jaw, his large mouth with its thick brown lips, his strongly marked brow and the slightly retreating forehead above his broad flat nose. Even the few white strands in the closely cropped wool on his head and in his mustache were noticeable. He was the first Negro Governor of Georgia, and it was a matter of pride with him that there was no taint of white blood in his veins.

Besides these physical characteristics and the innumerable details that made up his immaculate appearance, hinting at an accustomed luxury at which the white man could only guess, he noted the Governor's calm face with its unvarying expression of self-possession and competence. Then his gaze shifted and passing over the Governor's head encountered the portrait face of his own great-grandfather who just one hundred years earlier had occupied the chair in which the negro now sat. He, too, had been a large man with a square jaw. With what little intelligence lay within his sluggish brain he began to compare the two faces, to pick out their points of resemblance rather than their difference. He noted their closely shut, inflexible mouths, the breadth of their heavy brows and the dominating power in the calm unflinching expression of their eyes,

His study was interrupted by the opening of the office door and the Governor swinging around in his chair faced the man who entered. He also was a negro, vigorous, well-developed and in the prime of young manhood, but unlike the man in the chair the stamp of the white race was on him indelibly. The red blood was distinctly visible through the olive skin in his cheeks, and his thick lips instead of carrying the brown to the rim of the mouth were a healthy carmine with just sufficient tinge of yellow to render his strong teeth dazzlingly white.

"Still working?" he asked, smiling down at the Governor with the familiarity of one accustomed to associating with those in exalted positions on terms of equality.

"No, only recalling the past and comparing it with what promises to be our future. Do you remember that just one hundred years ago that man—" Here the Governor motioned to the portrait of the under janitor's great-grandfather. "Just one hundred years ago, 1907, that man did for the negroes of Georgia what you men now ask me to do for the whites by affixing my signature to the bill which you have at last succeeded in pushing through the Legislature?"

"Ah!" the young man exclaimed. The smile left his face and the hand that had been stroking his chin stopped and remained motionless. "You mean the bill disfranchising the illiterate whites regardless of their descent from Confederate veterans?" he questioned.

The Governor nodded assent.

"Well that is just what we intend. We were the under dogs then. Now we are on top and—"

The Governor lifted his hand and a slow puzzling smile crept into his face.

"You don't mean—?" the young man questioned, after a few moment's silence. "You can't mean that you will refuse to sign that bill?"

"I haven't fully made up my mind," the Governor answered, as he left his chair and putting on his hat began leisurely to draw on his gloves. "I'm going to take the matter up to Alice. Explain the situation to her and get her advice. She is young but she has a pretty quick perception, and as my daughter and the great-great-granddaughter of that man—" the Governor again indicated the portrait of the under janitor's great-grandfather—"she should be able to judge impartially both for the negroes and the whites."

"You think—?" the young man began.

"Come up and hear me state the case to Alice," the Governor interrupted smiling, as he placed his hand on the young man's arm and turned towards the door. "Alice is the one for you to argue with."

As they quitted the room the under janitor's gaze went back to the face of his great-grandfather. In the duskiess of the room the full-length figure of the portrait stood out with peculiar vividness. To the little white man it appeared that the calm face had undergone a startling change. The mouth seemed twisted into a mocking smile, while the eyes pursued him with an expression of unmistakable malignancy.

"Hit ain't my fault I can't read," he whimpered, drawing away from the portrait and speaking as though defending himself against a spoken accusation. "They put me in the mills when I was six years old an' I never had no chance to git to school. Ma was always a—"

"Well, I'll swear! You standing here arguing with the old Governor's picture and me thinking the room full

of people." The janitor had switched on the lights and was standing in the door regarding his assistant with contemptuous amusement. He was a large powerful young mulatto and by comparison the little white man cowering beneath his gaze appeared particularly helpless and shabby. "What was maw always a-doin'?" he asked, mimicing the white man's speech.

"I thought you'd been home befo' now," the under janitor spluttered in apprehensive nervousness.

"So I would have been if the Governor hadn't overtaken me just as he discovered he'd forgotten a book he'd intended taking to his daughter, the beautiful Miss Alice." Then the mulatto grinned and added: "As you don't seem to be in any particular hurry to get home I'll send you up with it." Here as though seized by a new idea he turned and looked at his assistant. "Where do you live anyway?" he demanded. "I find you here when I come in the morning and I leave you here at night. Haven't you got a home?"

"You wouldn't call it much of a home, I reckon," the white man replied unwillingly. "It's a little shanty down in the mill district. Me an' my daughter Alice live there."

"So you've got a daughter Alice, too?" the mulatto regarded him with new interest. "Maybe I'll come down some time and have a peek at her. She might be a good match for a fellow. I hear the Governor's wife was kin to you?"

"Her father was my mother's first cousin," the white man admitted.

"He was, eh? Well, you just take this book up and give it to the widower of your second cousin. Deliver it to the Governor himself. Seeing you are his cousin maybe he will invite you to stay to dinner."

As the under janitor shuffled from the room and set out on his errand a

half realization of the cause of his shame was borne upon his torpid brain. He hated the mulatto and he hated the Governor. The feeling was not new. It had dated back to the beginning of his service but for the first time he realized that it was not their negro blood, the color of their skins. It was something within the men themselves lifting them unalterably above the plane of his existence. It was the subtle undefinable power before which he was forced to feel so pitifully helpless. He had discovered the same power in the portrait face of his own great-grandfather.

Pursuing this train of thought inevitably there occurred to him his own lack. Since it was not race why had not he inherited a share of this wonderful attribute from his great-grandfather? He remembered how tall and strong he had been in that brief, almost unbelievable period marked by his recollection of their life on the farm. Before his father with the restlessness of the shiftless ignorant had uprooted his family from their natural surroundings to transplant them in the clamorous, feverish atmosphere of the mills. He recalled his mother's pride in his resemblance to her distinguished ancestor. Even now in spite of his dwarfed body and haggard face he knew his resemblance to the portrait in the capitol was easy to trace.

On reaching the executive mansion instinctively he turned to the servants' entrance. He was admitted by a maid and passed along to another white servant, a man, who after brusquely demanding the reason for his presence led him through a narrow hall and into the main body of the house. At once he was enveloped by a thrill of amazement that rendered the stately beauty of his surroundings one gigantic blur of light and color. The one detail of his definite comprehension

was a broad flight of shining stairs down which a young lady was slowly descending. The servant led him hastily into the large library where the Governor and his guest, dressed for dinner, were seated before a fire of blazing logs with decanters and glasses on a table between them. His errand accomplished he would have followed the servant from the room had not the Governor bade him wait.

As he stepped aside he came face to face with the young lady entering the room. She was a beautiful young person, tall, gracefully proportioned and a brilliant brunette. She was dressed for the evening in a low-necked gown whose frosty whiteness harmonized so completely with the brilliancy of her coloring as to seem almost a created part of her.

As she crossed the room with a slow and faintly undulating step the two men seated before the fire rose and remained standing until she sat down. For the first time in his life the white man was brought into intimate contact with the world in which his great-grandfather had lived. For the first time he was seeing a woman of that world in the setting of her own proper place. Lifting his eyes from the girl his gaze was caught and held by the portrait of a slender woman in middle-life. Though he had never seen the face he did not need to be told that she was the wife of the Governor whose portrait hung in the capitol, and his own great-grandmother. Her likeness to his own daughter, his Alice, was not to be mistaken.

Noting the resemblance between the dress of the portrait and that worn by the Governor's daughter he realized with a quick throb of satisfaction that in spite of this effort to produce a likeness there was none. That likeness was his daughter's one inheritance from her distinguished progenitors. With a feeling nearer akin to self-ap-

probation than he had ever known before he recalled that her blood was as pure, as free from taint of the negro as that which flowed in the veins of the woman whose portrait he now faced. These thoughts were interrupted by the Governor's voice reading from the book that had been the occasion of his errand.

"All persons who have honorably served in the land or naval forces of the United States in the Revolutionary war, or in the war of 1812, or in the war with Mexico, or in any war with the Indians, or in the war between the States, or in the war with Spain, or who honorably served in the land or naval forces of the Confederate States, or of the State of Georgia in the war between the States, or

"All persons lawfully descended from those embraced in the classes enumerated in the subdivision next above, or

"All persons who are of good character and understand the duties and obligations of good citizenship under the Republican form of government, or

"All persons who can correctly read in the English language any paragraph of the Constitution of the United States or of this State and write the same in the English language when read to them by any one of the registrars, and all persons who solely because of physical disability are unable to comply with the above requirements but who can understand and give reasonable interpretation of any paragraph of the Constitution of the United States or of this State, that may be read to them by one of the registrars, or

"Any person who is the owner in good faith and in his own right of at least forty acres of land situated in this State, or is the owner in good faith and his own right of property, situated in this State and assessed for

taxation of a value of five hundred dollars.' ”

Here the Governor stopped reading and turned towards his daughter. She had been leaning back in her chair and listening intently. Now she bent towards him her hands clasping the arms of her chair.

“Those were the qualifications required of voters in the State of Georgia according to the law which you say was enacted one hundred years ago?” she questioned.

The Governor smiled an assent.

“I don't see how such a law could have degraded the whites and improved the condition of the blacks as you claim that it has done,” she told him.

“When that law was passed nine-tenths of the blacks in the State of Georgia not only could not read, but they hadn't an acre of land nor five dollars worth of taxable property,” the Governor replied. “The few whose ancestors had seen service in the wars could not claim that as a qualification because those ancestors had fought as slaves, not as free citizens. On the other hand, nine-tenths of the whites possessed all three qualifications, while the remaining one-tenth, the illiterates, were descendants of Confederate veterans. So you see this law though robbing nine-tenths of the blacks of the ballot did not affect the vote of a single white man.”

The girl nodded and the young man added his agreement. The Governor continued:

“After recovering from the first wave of indignation against this unjust enactment, the blacks of Georgia realized that their only hope for regaining the ballot lay by way of the property and educational clause and set about to accumulate property and educate their children. The whites, on the other hand, feeling their right to the ballot secure by reason of their

descent were indifferent to both property and education as qualifications. The result today after one hundred years in the complete reversion of conditions, nine-tenths of the blacks possess both the property and education required of voters while a like proportion of the whites have neither.”

Here the young man straightened up as though about to speak, but the Governor lifting his hand stopped him.

“Aside from this law there were two important factors which assisted in bringing about this result, prohibition and the enormous increase in the manufacturing interest of the State. It was in this same eventful 1907 that Georgia went dry. The black man being too poor to follow his white brothers' example, import whiskey surreptitiously, had the greatest enemy to his advancement placed beyond his reach. It was at this juncture also that the high wages offered by the factories caused the poor whites of the isolated country districts to flock to the towns by the thousands where whole families found employment in the mills. The negroes not being allowed in the mills because of the color line were forced into the country where they gradually became the owners of the farms left vacant by the whites. As time passed the whites, weakened physically by work in the mills and mentally by lack of education, sank lower and lower in the scale, while the negro, his body strengthened by labor in the open air, his mind trained in school and college, pushed to the front. In the second generation in answer to the demand for trained machinists and other skilled labor, the negro, in spite of the color line, crept into the better paid positions in the factories and trades. In the third generation he slipped ahead in the professions, in the fourth he leaped to the social and political leadership of today.”



There was a moment silence, then the girl spoke.

"How could they, the negroes, become skilled machinists if they were farmers?" she asked.

"Through training in industrial schools founded and supported by Northern capital," the Governor answered.

"Were there no industrial schools for us, the white children?" his daughter demanded, and there was a flash of the animal defending its own in her eyes.

"In that same year, 1907, there was a bill passed by the Legislature authorizing the establishment of an industrial school for white children in every county of the State, but nothing ever came of it. It seems to have been one of those legislative concessions made from time to time in order to quiet the clamorous demands of influential reformers. Once the bill was passed the reformers lost interest and no further steps were taken towards establishing the schools. With their right to work protected by the color line and their vote by the blood in their veins the whites considered their ascendancy over the negro as established for all time. Today even they do not realize the true condition. They look upon the present supremacy of the blacks as an accident that will be righted at the next election."

"You fear that disfranchisement will be rubbing in their humiliation as it were, and the worm turning will set to work to regain its forfeited leadership?" the young man asked.

"My dear fellow, I not only fear just that, but I am so sure of the ultimate result I feel that in signing this bill I am handing the State of Georgia back to the white race, again putting the white man's heel on the neck of the negro."

"Then why hesitate? Since we are the superior race fallen behind because

of the blindness of our ancestors, give us back our inheritance. It is the white man's right. Sign the bill and give it back to us." The girl had moved to the edge of her chair, her eyes sparkling with emotion, her white blood showing in crimson spots on her cheeks. Her tone and manner as she addressed her father was more of command than entreaty. "It is only—"

As the Governor watched her an expression that could never have been mistaken for love slipped into his face.

"You do not yet fully understand," he interrupted, speaking very quietly. "You make use of the pronouns we and our, numbering yourself with the white race. Do you fancy that the whites once in power will accept you as that woman's descendant, and their equal?" He pointed at the portrait of the old Governor's wife and shook his head. "Do you fancy that you would be allowed to stand before the altar of a white church in your bridal dress, and when the end of your days come that you will be laid in the tomb of your great-great-grandfather? You might as well put up your hand and try to touch the stars. In life and in death once the white race is in power you will be my daughter and a negro. Do you still advise me—?" Here the Governor's eyes fell on the attentive face of the white man and the frown on his brow increased perceptibly. "What are you doing here?" he demanded angrily.

The under janitor seemed to shrivel with fright. Made dumb by fear he could only shuffle his feet. It was the girl who answered for him. She reminded her father of the errand that had brought him and of his own order for him to wait.

"I had forgotten," the Governor admitted. Then he motioned to the white man. "Go home," he ordered. "Be off."

As he was slinking away the girl's voice calling to him caused him to hesitate. He half-turned and casting one timid fleeting glance in her direction he was dimly conscious of the sympathetic graciousness of her manner, and of the tears of humiliation shining in her eyes.

"Stop in the kitchen and tell the cook Miss Alice says to give you a good dinner," was what she told him.

As he stumbled out all recollection of her order faded from his mind. He remembered only the Governor's reasoning, was consumed with rebellion at the injustice of it all. What right had those men in his great-grandfather's time to rob him of his vote, to make a servant of him for the children of their servants? They, not he, was responsible for his stunted body and torpid brain. Why had not they established those industrial schools authorized by the Legislature? Why had not his parents forced him to attend night school? Even though tired out by work in the mill he could have been forced to learn enough to protect his right to vote. By their neglect they had placed him in a bondage as hopeless as ever shackled a negro slave and he hated them. Yes, he hated them all as bitterly as he hated the mulatto janitor and the Governor and his daughter.

At the thought of the girl his feeling of exultation returned. He had seen tears in her eyes, tears of humiliation caused by the realization that in spite of her beauty and wealth she could never free herself of her negro blood. Once the whites regained power where would she stand as compared with his own daughter, she who had sent him to her kitchen to beg food of her cook? Then the memory of her gracious manner came back to him, the sympathetic

kindliness with which she had regarded him. It had been years since he had received such a glance. Even his own daughter—

With a dull pang he began to puzzle over the strange hostility of the look with which his daughter now always regarded him. What had he done to make her hate him? That she, his only child, hated him he knew. He had seen it too often in her face to doubt. She hated him as bitterly as he hated his great-grandfather and the other men of his race who by their shortsightedness had made him an underling.

This thought brought his answer. As his parents had neglected him so he had neglected his own child. In spite of her beauty and her untainted white blood she must remain always an illiterate drudge. He had made her so. He recalled her joyous love for him as a child, and after the death of her mother the trustful affection of her optimistic young girlhood. He had made her what she now was and realizing the mortal injury which he had done her she had grown to hate him. Perhaps unlike the Governor's daughter she did not look upon her untainted white blood as a priceless inheritance. Under the press of conscious inferiority she might even have come to long for some tangible connection with the dominating negro race.

As he entered the little enclosure about the rude unkept shanty in which he lived the sound of the mulatto janitor's voice coming from the house overwhelmed him as a realization of his fears. The gate swung from his nerveless fingers and he stood at the foot of the steps not daring to enter, or even conjecture the situation in the shanty.

## How Came the Violet

JAKE H. HARRISON

One day, as Venus musing sat  
Where flowers were in bloom,  
They sent to her, upon the breeze,  
A medley of perfume.  
The wild plum sent its lovely breath,  
The rose its richness rare;  
The sweet red-bud, and wild-grape bloom,  
Sent pulsing on the air,  
The poetry of woodland life,  
The goddess fair to greet—  
In short the sweets of blossom life  
Were wafted to her feet!  
But Venus, in her kindest tone,  
Said: "Now I do declare  
Those flowers, though they know it not,  
Have loaded me with care;  
For how I should reciprocate  
The honor they have shown,  
And hurt no feelings in the act,  
The gods have never known!  
In kindness, then, I shall select,  
(That they may not regret  
The favor they have kindly shown,  
And I may not forget,)

"And kiss, with love, some modest plant.  
(No one can envy it)  
But as for rich and rare perfume,  
It shall not have a bit!"  
She found a quiet, modest weed—  
A cautious action this—  
And kneeling said: "'THE VIOLET,'  
I name you, with a kiss!"  
She little knew her lovely breath,  
Had caught the medley scent,  
And kiss'd it in the violet—  
With all its sweetness blent!



Thomson, Ga., Feb. 17, 1909.

Mr. J. F. Arceneaux, Brittany, La.

Dear Mr. Arceneaux:

Owing to the pressure of other work which could not be postponed, there has been some delay in replying to your recent favor.

The writer who signs himself "Society of the Holy Spirit" ignores the greater portion of my former letter. He particularly fails to answer the question about the ringing of the church bells, which was the signal agreed upon in the beginning of the massacre.

Now, we should not allow personalities to confuse the issues when we are discussing an historical fact. What is thought of me by "Society of the Holy Spirit," or what is thought of him by me, is a matter of no consequence whatever. What we are endeavoring to do is to fix the responsibility for one of the greatest crimes that ever polluted the records of the human race. You have said that the Catholic Church was an accomplice in the horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew. I undertook to furnish you with some evidence sustaining that contention. "Society of the Holy Spirit" asserts that the clergy took no part in the butchery, and that the Catholic Church neither instigated it, took part in it, nor endorsed it. Now, let us briefly examine the facts:

At that time, the Protestants were in the ascendant. The Queen mother, Catherine de Medici, had recently made a compact with them, from which they derived such advantages as put them in the best of humor, but which filled the Catholics with fury. Therefore, the motive for an outbreak was to be found

not among the Protestants but among the Catholics. The fact that Admiral Coligny, the leader of the Protestants, was acting as the confidential advisor of the young King, Charles IX, and his mother, was a fact which wrought the Catholics up to a state of fanatical indignation. Nevertheless, the King and his mother persisted in the policy of reconciliation, and to emphasize this, a marriage had been arranged between the King's sister, Margaret of Valois, and the young King of Navarre, who afterwards became known to history as Henry IV. To be present at the celebration of the nuptials of this Catholic Princess and Protestant King, the leading members of the reform party throughout France had been invited to Paris by the King, who promised them royal protection. Accordingly, they had trooped in great numbers to Paris, where they were expecting no trouble, where they were taking no precautions, and where they were trusting implicitly to the word of the King. To impute to them, under those circumstances, a conspiracy whose purpose was the murder of the King, who at that time was being guided by the strong hand of the Protestant Chief, Coligny, is to do violence to common sense and to the undisputed facts.

To form a just conclusion of what happened on that terrible Sunday, August 24th, 1574, one should bear in mind some of the events which had gone before. So far back as 1565, Charles IX and Catherine de Medici had an interview at Bayonne with the Duke of Alva, representative of the Spanish King, Philip II, for the purpose of agreeing upon the best plan of delivering France from the

heretics. According to Adriani, continuer of the historian, Guicciardini, the opinion of King Philip was that this great blessing could not be brought about save by the death of all the chiefs of the Huguenots. He thought that the Protestants should be massacred after the manner of the Sicilian Vespers, where it is well known that priests not only butchered some of the men who were slain upon that occasion, but cut the throats of women who were their own penitents. It is well known that Catherine de Medici instructed Cardinal Santa Croce to assure Pope Pius V that she and her son had nothing more at heart than to get the Admiral (Coligny) and all of his confidants together some day and make a massacre of them but, as she said, the matter was so difficult that there was no possibility of promising to do it at any particular time. Corroborating the statement of Adriani concerning the meeting at Bayonne is the testimony of La Noue and De Thou.

It should also be remembered that the nobleman who led the bands of butchers on the Sunday of St. Bartholomew was the same that massacred the Protestant worshippers at Vassy a short while before.

Now let us review the circumstances attending the beginning and the prosecution of the massacre. In the first place, one of the sacred days of the Catholic church was chosen, a day upon which the religious enthusiasm of the followers of that creed could the more easily be influenced to deeds of madness. In the second place, the signal to be sounded was the ringing of the church bells, which would have the tendency to appeal to the religious fervor of those who were to do the bloody work. Again, the badge which the assassins were to wear in order that they might recognize each other and do each other no violence during the night and day of excitement, was the cross,—the holy emblem of their mother church. Again, the fatal mark which was placed upon the doors of those who were doomed was likewise the sign of the cross. Therefore, in the very beginning of the massacre, everything was done to give it a religious character. While the massacre was actually in progress, the cries

of those who were slaying men, women and children all over the stricken city indicated that religious fanaticism was the passion which they were glutting. Crying out to the terrorized victims, "Oh you Huguenots! Oh you Huguenots!" the Catholic zealots murdered them with indiscriminate ferocity. As to the part which the priests took in the work, Voltaire is not the only authority who charges them with complicity. All of the non-partisan historians agree that during that awful Sabbath the priests who officiated in the pulpits exhorted their hearers to continue the good work, and to purge Paris of heretics. To inflame the minds of their superstitious followers to a still higher pitch of fanatical exaltation, the priests pretended that a miracle had been worked. To the blood-thirsty and miracle-craving mob the priests cried out, "Go to the Cemetery of the Innocents and see the hawthorn bush which has just blossomed the second time with a new and vigorous youth as having been watered with heretic blood." Numbers of the audience did rush to worship the Holy Thorn, and left the cemetery flushed with redoubled zeal in the conviction that heaven approved of the hellish atrocities to which they were being incited.

If the Catholics were simply endeavoring to anticipate a conspiracy against the King, why did they slay innocent babes at the breast; why did they ruthlessly butcher helpless little children; why did they murder the women as fiercely as they struck down the men? As Guizot well says, the statements concerning the alleged conspiracy of the Protestants were "tardy and lying accusations," the result of second thought, when it was found that the massacre had excited a feeling of horror throughout the European world, and that even a considerable number of Catholics renounced their faith and joined the Protestants because of their disapproval of what had been done in the name of the Church.

As to the sanction given to the massacre of St. Bartholomew by the Pope, the facts are equally well known. Papa Gregory XIII was filled with joy, not because the King had escaped from a fancied peril, but because the heretics had been dealt such a blow. To the messen-

ger who brought him the news he gave a thousand gold pieces; he not only fired the cannon of St. Angelo as a salute to the glorious event which had occurred in Paris, and offered up solemn thanksgiving with the College of Cardinals, but he proclaimed a jubilee and had a medal struck off to commemorate that awful tragedy.

The brother of the Duke of Guise, who was the leader of the assassins in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, was the Cardinal of Lorraine, then residing in Rome. It is believed that he was aware of what was about to happen in Paris, and he it was who communicated the design to the Pope. This would explain what was the attitude of expectancy on the part of the papal court. When the news of the massacre was brought to Rome, Cardinal Lorraine instructed the procession to joyously celebrate the event, and he declared that now at length heaven had answered the prayers which he had offered daily for twelve long years.

Philip II of Spain, who had, through the Duke of Alva, suggested the massacre of the Protestant leaders, was so filled with joy by the news of what had been done in France that he burst out into a loud laugh, and historians say that this is the only time that he is known to have indulged in that luxury during the whole period that he occupied the throne.

As to the number of the victims of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, there is no trustworthy record. In the nature of things, there could not be. In great numbers the bodies of the slain were thrown into the river; at one place 1,100 bodies were taken from the Seine and buried. In other parts of Paris bodies were heaped up and burned. Of course, it is natural to presume that numbers of those who were cast into the river floated away and the corpses were never reclaimed. Upon the subject of the number of those who perished in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, Guizot cites various authorities: De Thou states that about 2,000 persons were killed in Paris on the first day; D'Aubigne says 3,000; Brantome speaks of 4,000 bodies that Charles IX might have seen floating down the

Seine. As to the entire number throughout France, De Thou puts the figure at 30,000, Sully at 70,000, Perefex, archbishop of Paris in the 17th Century, raises the number to 100,000, whereas Masson and Davila reduce it to 10,000. The lowest estimate places the number of those who were slaughtered in Paris at 2,000, and of those who were killed in other portions of France at from six to eight thousand.

"Society of the Holy Spirit" is either not well posted in the records of the Catholic Church, or he is not willing to give us the benefit of his investigation. He certainly knows that the putting of heretics to death was a settled policy of the Pope's. He cannot be ignorant of the fact that the holy Papa at Rome sent to the Duke of Alva a consecrated hat and sword as a token of his approval of the frightful butcheries of the Protestants in the Netherlands. It was this same Papa, Pious V, who, when despatching a force to aid the French Catholics, told their leaders, "Take 20 Huguenots prisoners; kill every one of them that falls into your hands." He certainly knows that the Albigenian Crusade, one of the bloodiest episodes in history, was not only sanctioned by the holy Papa at Rome, but was led by the highest dignitaries of the church after a crusade had been preached against the people of Languedoc. Here indeed was no conspiracy against the King, for Philip, a good Catholic, was also a humane King and refused to soil his hands with the atrocious work which was done in the name of God in that province of France. It was Abbot Citaux, and not a soldier at the siege of Beziers who, when asked how the soldiers were to distinguish the faithful from the unfaithful, said, "Slay them all, for the Lord will know all that are his." No historian denies that the orders of the Abbot were executed to the letter,—old and young, rich and poor, man, woman and child were all swept away in one indiscriminate murder, and over that terrible crime there was not only the exhortation of the Papal court in advance urging that it be done, but there were the blessings and rewards, and the grateful Te Deums after the fanatics had devastated

and depopulated that fair province of France.

"Society of the Holy Spirit" says that Mr. Watson was not present at the Massacre of St. Bartholomew and, therefore, cannot, himself, say what took place. That is true, but if "Society of the Holy Spirit" wishes the evidence of one who was an eye witness, and who himself passed through the streets while the massacre was in progress, let him turn to Vol. I, page 57, of the "Memoirs of Sully." As everybody knows, the Duke of Sully was Prime Minister to Henry of Navarre, otherwise known in history as Henry IV. The Duke of Sully is one of the great figures in the history of Europe; and what he says that he saw with his own eyes on the night of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew may, I think, be taken as evidence of the highest and best kind. Here is the Duke's story in his own words:

"Intending on that day to wait upon the King, my master, I went to bed early on the preceding evening; about three in the morning I was awakened by the cries of the people, and the alarm-bells, which were everywhere ringing. M. de Saint Julian, my tutor, and my valet, who had also been roused by the noise, ran out of my apartments to learn the cause of it, but never returned, nor did I ever after hear what became of him. Being thus left alone in my room, my landlord, who was a Protestant, urged me to accompany him to mass in order to save his life, and his house from being pillaged; but I determined to endeavor to escape to the College de Bourgoigne, and to effect this I put on my scholar's gown, and taking a book under my arm, I set out. In the streets I met three parties of the Life-guards; the first of these, after handling me very roughly, seized my book, and, most fortunately for me, seeing it was a Roman Catholic prayer-book, suffered me to proceed, and this served me as a passport with the two other parties. As I went along I saw the houses broken open and plundered, and men, women and children butchered, while a constant cry was kept up of, 'Kill! Kill! O you Huguenots! O you Huguenots!' This made me very

impatient to gain the college, where, through God's assistance, I at length arrived, without suffering any other injury than a most dreadful fright."

Brantome, the Catholic historian, was a contemporary of Coligny. Speaking of the death of the Admiral he says:

"Unfortunate death I call it for all France, seeing the evils which came of it and yet will come; for what could the King wish for more than to get rid of a powerful enemy, though he showed him a good face? Coligny was going out of the kingdom with 20,000 of his own partisans, and, God knows, the best. He was going to conquer a country as large as a kingdom, and appropriate it for his King. For himself, he wanted nothing. All the reports of that kind are false. He no more wished to be the King of France than I do. But he did wish to hold a great charge under the King—to have the same rank as he had held under the great King Henry—to be his lieutenant general."

Surely this witness should be sufficient to clear the Protestants of the trumped-up after thought accusation that they provoked their own massacre by conspiring against the King. Let it be borne in mind that at this time the Catholics of France numbered nearly nineteen millions, and that the Protestants numbered only one and one-half millions; but in Paris itself, where the conspiracy is alleged to have had its existence, the preponderance of Catholics against the Protestants was absolutely overwhelming.

The following is from "Two Eras of France."—De Normand.

"On that terrible Sabbath, blood reeked from the principal streets of Paris, as from a field of battle. The bodies of the slaughtered, of men, of women, of children, of infants, were heaped together into carts, and so carried down and thrown into the river, in which they might be seen everywhere floating and tumbling, while its waters were turned red by the blood that flowed from them. The general description which de Thou gives us of the horrors of the scene, is exceedingly striking.

"The people," he says, "incited against their fellow-countrymen by the captains

and lieutenants of the city guard, who were flying about in all directions, rioted in the phrensy of a boundless license, and all things wore an aspect of woe and affright. The streets resounded with the uproar of the crowds rushing on to slaughter and plunder, while ever and anon the lamenting cries of persons dying or in peril, met the ear, or the carcasses of those who had been murdered were seen tossed forth from the windows of their dwellings. The courts, and even the inner apartments of many houses, were filled with the slain; dead bodies were rolled or dragged along the mire of the highways; the bloody puddle overflowed the kennels, and ran down, in the different places, to the river; an innumerable multitude perished, not only of men, but of women and children."

As to the voting of appropriations by Congress to support Catholic schools in New Mexico and Arizona, where the English language is not allowed to be taught, the fact is known to all who have taken the trouble to read the Congressional Record.

Yours truly,  
THOS. E. WATSON.

Willmar, Minn., Feb. 13th, 1909.  
Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir: Would you kindly answer the following questions in the Educational Department of your magazine?

First.—What literature is available for one who wishes to study the States' Rights question?

Second.—Does California, as a state, possess absolute right to do as she pleases in regard to the public schools within her territory, and if not, what are her limitations?

Respectfully submitted,  
VICTOR E. LAWSON.

(Answer.)

(1) Calhoun's Speeches: "Constitutional View of War Between the States," by Alex. H. Stephens; the works of Thomas Jefferson; Schooler's "Constitutional Studies;" Landon's "Constitutional History"; Bullitt's "Review of the Constitution."

(2) She has. The decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, last year, in the Berea College case, which went up from Kentucky, proves this.

If a state may lawfully separate black children from white children, in the schools, as the highest court says may be done, a state may lawfully separate white children from brown children, or yellow children.

Under the Constitutional Amendment, the negroes are citizens, entitled to equal rights with the whites. Yet in the exercise of her police powers, and powers which she never ceded to the U. S. government, a state may say that negroes shall not be received in her white schools.

Now, the Japs and Chinese are not citizens. But Roosevelt and other federalists contend that the Government may, by treaty, confer upon people who are not citizens HIGHER RIGHTS than are conferred on the negroes by the Constitution.

This is ridiculous. The Constitution is the highest law, yet the states can in the regulation of their domestic affairs, compel the blacks to stay out of the white schools.

Treaties, made in pursuance of the Constitution, rank next to the Constitution as law. Now, by this kind of law, which is expressly declared to be inferior to the Constitution, Roosevelt is claiming that he can give the Japs certain privileges which the Constitution itself cannot give to the negroes.

To put it another way,—Mr. Roosevelt is contending that, by a treaty, he can deprive a sovereign state of powers over her own concerns which the Constitution did not take from her.

Thus, he puts the law of a treaty on a loftier plane than is occupied by the Constitution.

The Constitution declares itself supreme; and the Supreme Court declares that, under this supreme law, a state may separate the races in the schools. But Mr. Roosevelt maintains that he can make a treaty which robs the state of that control of her internal affairs.

And he has been so audacious and persistent about it that he has actually



bluffed California, in a matter where California was in the right.

According to the Roosevelt view of Constitutional law, it is in his power to conclude a treaty with Morocco, Abyssinia, Liberia or Dahomey which would make it impossible for Kentucky to keep black children out of her white schools,—the recent decision of the U. S. Supreme Court to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Cartersville, Ga., (R. F. D. No. 2), Feb. 12th, 1909.

If you will answer the following questions through the Educational Department of your Jeffersonian Magazine, same will be appreciated by me.

1. Did Hoke Smith's administration in Georgia and the reforms he advocated have anything to do with bringing on the Money Panic in fall of 1907?

2. Expressed in dollars, about what is the aggregate wealth of all property in these United States?

3. What per cent of this wealth does all the money in the United States represent, and what per cent of a Government's wealth should be represented by full legal tender money?

4. What is the date of the law creating National Banks?

Any thing you may desire to say relative to the above queries will be instructive and helpful to some of us. You are doing a great work through your Educational Department. Jeffersonian Democracy is sure to win if you can only get people to read about it and study it.

Your subscriber,  
IRA V. MAXWELL.

(Answer.)

(1) No. The panic was caused by the action of certain New York rascals, who concentrated the available cash of the country in a few national banks, and refused to turn it loose. The Government declined to break this corner on money, as it could easily and legally have done, by issuing paper money under the Acts of Congress of 1862-3. There being a vast expansion of credits and no cash to meet contracts, a crash was logical and unavoidable. The Hoke Smith

administration had no more to do with it than a floating log has to do with the freshet which carries it along.

(2) In 1906, the total wealth of the United States was, in round numbers, \$106,000,000,000.

(3) The amount of money in the United States, Jan. 2, 1909, was officially stated to be \$2,725,000,000.

This does not include national bank notes, \$667,178,177. A very large amount of the money represented on the "Circulation Statement" of the Government does not circulate. The U. S. Treasury, itself holds \$150,000,000 of idle gold which never circulates. The excuse for keeping this money out of use is that the Government must have that amount so that it can redeem the greenbacks.

But the law requires that the Government shall issue a new greenback every time it redeems an old one,—therefore the excuse is a mere pretense. The national bankers compel the Government to retire \$150,000,000 of gold from circulation in order that their gold may be the more valuable.

The volume of real money, in actual circulation, is only about one per cent of the nation's wealth, and is so infinitesimal in comparison to the annual volume of business, that one would have to resort to decimal fractions to express the ratio.

In the time of President Jefferson the United States government was run at an expense of less than four million dollars per year.

On the 18th day of Feb., 1909, the same government spent more than half that sum IN ONE DAY!

Mr. Jefferson contended that the U. S. Government should issue paper money to the amount of about \$40 per capita.

At present, we have less than four dollars per capita, IN ALLEGED CIRCULATION. How much of the \$346,000,000 of greenbacks which escaped the contractionists has been lost or destroyed, nobody knows.

If Mr. Jefferson's ideas were adopted and practiced, governmental paper would be circulating to the extent of about three billions of dollars.

Great old crank,—Jefferson.

(4) June 23, 1864.



## When Madame Spring Kiss'd You

The day was just as balmy,  
The sky was quite as blue,  
That time five years ago, love,  
When Madame Spring kiss'd you.  
The arms that press'd you closer  
Formed just the kind of nest  
A downy little blue bird  
Would cuddle in to rest.

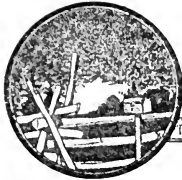
The heart that throbbed above you  
Was warm with joy and pride,  
That day five years ago, love,  
You took your first spring ride.  
And oh! today, while pondering  
O'er all the years have brought;  
God sent a vision to me,  
A happy spring-time thought.

There passed before my cottage  
A country wagon wide;  
With man and woman seated—  
So proudly side by side.  
Upon her lap there fluttered  
A little gown of blue,  
As such another fluttered  
That golden day on you.

And a rush of love so tender  
Swept sorrow from my heart,  
As I thought of the passing mile stone  
That marked the nestling's start.  
For I knew that the spring-time mother  
Felt the joy I too had known  
And the little ones were kinsmen,  
By the gowns of blue both had worn.

So a prayer on the air was wafted  
For mothers and babies all:  
God keep them thro' spring's sweet  
brooding,  
Thro' the chilling blast of the fall."  
May the angels remember with me  
That dear little gown of blue,  
You wore five years ago, love,  
When Madame Spring kiss'd you.

ANNA WALKER DOUGHTY.



# COMMUNICATIONS



THOS. E. WATSON, AUTHOR OF



RURAL FREE DELIVERY.

## ON THE COTTON SITUATION.

Natchez, Miss., Jan. 28, 1909.

Hon. Thos. E. Watson,  
Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir:

I may say I have been "a constant reader of Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine since you escaped from the New York Philistines, and indorse nearly all of your views. I send by this mail under separate cover a copy of the "Report of Committee on Revision of Future Contract and Rules of the New Orleans Cotton Exchange." This contract has been used by the New Orleans Cotton exchange for many years, whose membership includes many of the shrewdest business men of the country; why is it they have waited until this late day to cover its defects? Is it because speculation is so nearly dead that one or two concerns could execute all of the orders and not half try? Then, it seems to me part of the remedy is in the wrong direction. If it is true that speculation helps the price of cotton, why not change the clause to include all clean, merchantable cotton? There are many thousands of bales of Tinges and Stains below Middling, of good staple, fairly clean, that spinners run after when the ruling price is very high. The farmer raises this kind of cotton (a bad, rainy fall it is the best he can do), then why not give him the privilege of delivery on contracts, of all the cotton he grows, provided it is merchantable and spinnable? Two years ago I shipped several thousand bales of low grades (not a bale of it would have been accepted under the terms of this contract) to a spinner making fine yarns, which cost him between nine and ten cents in Mississippi.

To a suspicious mind it looks like chalk marks are cheaper than bales of cotton, and the real reason is, they want to curtail the volume of cotton deliverable on contracts; the less real cotton the easier to manipulate both ways. I send these views in confidence, hoping they may be of service, if you care to write about it.

Some time ago I read your article showing the great loss to the farmer failing to cover his cotton with six per cent of tare. I enjoyed your reply to the Texas cotton man very much. It is astonishing how stupendously ignorant some smart men are. Of course every figure you made was correct. All the world knows the American shipper is adding the bagging the farmer fails to put on at the gin. No American grown cotton arrives at foreign mills with less than the full 6 per cent of tare, but the Yankee is a little smarter; he buys without reference to tare, therefore, he makes a condition of trade that the cotton he buys in the south shall not be wrapped with more than 22 pounds to the bale of tare. If the shipper exceeds that amount he is billed back with the excess.

With best wishes, I am,  
Yours truly,

W. M. P.

## A RESUME OF THE POLITICAL AND INDUSTRIAL SITUATION.

Nashua, Iowa, Dec. 28, 1908.

How long must we continue to frame a new political party among the people? As often as a new idea and a new method seizes upon the minds of a few baker's dozen of people? My opinion is, that such a course should be pursued until

the alleged intelligent voters shall see the extreme folly of such efforts, and thereby come to know that there is, and there can be no remedying of the monstrous wrongs, daily and hourly being inflicted upon the wealth producers, except by united political action in the true interest of such producers of wealth by toil; or else, by a revolution of tremendous character, when the now outraged toilers, shall be outrageous destroyers.

Our daily papers are now filled with fearful accounts of terrible crimes committed by man against his brother man.

No man, today, is safe from the ravages of awful crimes.

The very soul of the humanitarian cries out in agony, "Is there no sure remedy which the voters can easily employ, to stop the mad plunging after greater wealth of cash, money and property?"

The answer comes—the infinite goodness of the Almighty God has vouchsafed to human kind such magnificence and munificence of material wealth (granted gratis), that there is vastly more than enough for each to supply their necessities, with a largess besides, for each one of blessed luxuries. What is it that stands in the way of the success of the People's Party movement in the true interest of the actual producers of wealth? Who will tell, and clearly tell, that we may know?

The highest vote for any candidate on the People's Party ticket at the last election in this state was officially reported, as 261 for you. Hisgen 404. Debs 8,857. Chapin 9,857. Bryan 200,771. Taft 275,210. This shows that Taft and Bryan were the central figures in the late political contention; neither one of them advocating the creation of, and administering of, the correct and duly scientific remedies, which, in proper operation will certainly, in a very large measure, cure all the economic ills that now affect our social and civic life.

Why did the voters in Iowa vote for either Taft or Bryan?

It is certain that the six New England states with New York, Pennsylvania,

New Jersey and Delaware,—ten in all, cannot and do not produce enough cereals, meats, and fibers to supply the needs and demands of all the people within the area of said ten states into 90 per cent—ten per cent will cover all the producing forces that the said ten states can produce of cereals, meats and fibers. The other 90 per cent they must purchase or procure from some other section of the world. It is but reasonable to suppose that the keen, shrewd cunning, "Business is Business" buyers or getters in those ten states will purchase or get that 90 per cent deficit just where, and by whatever means they can purchase or get the said 90 per cent at the very lowest cost price; and also, that they will aid, invent, assist and insist, in putting into operation such governmental policies, influences, forces, and measures, as will with the greatest certainty enable them to purchase or get that 90 per cent at the very lowest cost price. For over forty years, I, a farmer in Iowa and a lawful citizen and voter, have been shovelling into the wide open hoppers of the manipulators of the said ten states of the products of my toil, skill, and farm, all the surplus of cereals, meats, and fibers I could produce, with never a successful word to say what price I should get for my said surplus—and more: I did not have the right or privilege to utter a successful word as to the price I had to pay to the manufacturing interests in these ten states for their productions which I must have or go naked of clothing or bare-foot of shoes. The ten states mentioned had me, and the productive likes of myself in all the other states—the great Northwest, the West, the Southwest, and the South,—on the hip of their cunning, their business skill, and their financial greed, for lo! these more than forty years; and have been feeding and fattening at my expense, and that of every other farmer in the very great producing elements of wealth production in the above mentioned Northwest, West, Southwest and South. Millions upon millions of dollars worth of cereals, meats and fibers have been shipped from this section of our common country into

the ten states mentioned at a more than 25 per cent discount upon or from its fair productive paying value, no penny of which has ever been returned to the actual producers.

Can this diabolical condition be remedied by the voters in the thirty-six states, in a lawful, constitutional and peaceable manner? The very heavens answer, Yes!

Will they so do, as our National Constitution provides they may? The dark, murky, sullen skies in muffled thunder tones, answer—Will they! will they!! will they!!!

But three propositions or national questions need to be formulated into wise and patriotic laws and such laws courageously enforced to ensure a remedy which will produce results salutary and blessed to all the actual producers of wealth in all our fair land; viz.:

1. Money; in sufficient national supply, so that the price of money (interest) in the average shall not exceed its actual value as an auxiliary in the actual production of wealth. By money, I mean, that which is a complete and perfect legal tender for the cancellation of all obligations solvable by money within the jurisdiction of our government.

2. A complete system of strictly equitable taxation, which includes a national graded income tax by which enormous incomes shall be absorbed by the government in payment for the protection which the general government ensures to the holder.

3. Tariff, to be settled by the voters in the several states in the selection and election of members of congress. Last of all at this writing, call a congress of actual reformers of all reform organizations to meet at St. Louis, and there labor until a mutual platform has been constructed, and then move for united victory in 1912.

Fraternally,

L. H. WELLER.

**"EYE WITNESS TO EXECUTION OF CONFEDERATE SOLDIER."**

J. B. Bozeman, Quitman, Ga.: Some time ago I read in the Weekly Jef-

ersonian a short story relating to the execution of a Confederate soldier. The story in main is true, but some of the details are wrong. I witnessed the execution, and know, personally, the officer in command of the squad that shot him. The soldier was a member of my regiment, the 29th Georgia.

His name was Chapman, but was known as, "Old Yaller." The officer in command of the squad that shot him, is A. P. Pearham, now editor of the Waycross Herald. Should you care to investigate the matter further, write to him and he can give you all the details of the matter.

**A CANADIAN SOCIALIST.**

Port Arthur, Ontario Canada.

Feb. 2, 1909.

Hon. and Dear Sir:

Perhaps you have forgotten me, but I think of you often these stirring times. I am that "most liberal Socialist you ever met with," as you said, and you used to hear from me occasionally while I was in New York.

I haven't seen a copy of either of your publications since I left New York in October last, and I do want to know what you think of this Taft-Roosevelt-Roman-Hierarchy-Alliance. Don't you think it's nearly time to act on some of the suggestions offered by Donnelly in "Caesar's column"?

You have done much for the people, whether they appreciate it or not, but it seems to me, you are needed now more than ever. I am a Southerner myself, and when a man is needed for a crisis I naturally turn to the South to look for him. I have spent much of my time the past 25 years North, East and West, and I've found some noble men in all sections, but if it's left to me to hunt a man for a crisis, I naturally expect him to bob up from the South.

I am still a Socialist. The more I learn of it the more I like it. It just fits my nature,—it fills the demands of my conscience, and I don't really feel very uneasy about this alliance, for I firmly believe we Socialists can and will save the day, but if a man should be

needed, he should be at hand and somehow or other I believe you are the man; there may be others, but I know we could find none better.

I often think of that mule and wagon and ten acres, you offered me, if I should come South, but destiny seems to have brought me to Canada instead. Cold? Well, it just hangs around 35 to 40 below zero, with a few pleasant days sandwiched between to encourage one to keep on living. We Socialists could manage things so differently. We would have summer excursions up here and bring the workmen to attend the necessary business during the open months, and take them South again, when the season closed and attend the business in hand in the South! North in summer, South in winter! My! wouldn't life be worth living then?

Please let me suggest that you read "Our Near Future" if you have not already done so. It is out of print, but I think you can obtain a copy, through "New Thought" magazine, Chicago.

Please if you have one send me a copy of "The Hazzard circular." I sent to "The Monetary League," Denver, for one but they had none at hand, but sent Buell circular and other pamphlets. Am real anxious to get a "Hazzard circular." Want to show it to the Canadians who are not yet wise to the game.

There will be more millions spent at Port Arthur and vicinity this year than at any town of its size on the American continent. A few plucky Southern boys, not afraid of a little cold weather, could do well here. One couldn't possibly lose a dollar by buying real estate here at the present time. Five hundred dollars invested five years ago is worth \$5,000 now, five years hence, it will be worth \$25,000.

Very truly and most respectfully,  
Your Socialist Friend,  
E. C. W. SCOTT.

AN OLD FRIEND.

Athens, Ga.

Dear Sir:

Inclosed find \$2.50 postoffice order for the two Jeffersonians. It does me good to

see that you are now furnishing the brains for both old parties, a clear case of one tail wagging two dogs. In the main I have been with you through thick and thin even though my life was threatened and a plot laid to kill me for opinion's sake. But when you proposed, in certain emergencies to turn my vote over to W. J. Bryan, I bucked. I supported Hoke Smith for Governor with all my might for reasons I thought good, but when he left his office and ran off after W. J. Bryan, I bucked again. So when you so frankly acknowledged that you made a mistake I forgave you and voted for you on the 3rd of November last. No man living can ever turn my vote over to W. J. B. or any of his worshipers if I have any knowledge of his intention beforehand. I will be 78 years old next birthday. I hold no political office and want none. I owe no political debts and have no political favors to ask. In future as in the past I expect to vote the man that measures to suit me. I have always claimed that clean measures and bad men were a damned bad mixture. And will never support any man for any office unless I think he is clean and has some brains in his head. May you live long to battle in defense of those who most need your help.

As ever yours truly,  
JAMES J. GREEN.

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A LETTER ABOUT LINCOLN. PAY  
FOR THE SLAVES. ETC.

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Burnet, Texas, February 8, 1909.

Dear Sir:

I have been a life-long Democrat, and have no claim upon your attention except that the boldness and brilliancy of your views on public issues have ever exacted my admiration. I read your estimate of the character of Abraham Lincoln with great interest twice, but it contains two statements as facts that might not go unchallenged.

First: You say that twenty years ago, to be a Republican in the South was to be socially ostracised. Allow me to suggest that this was not so in Texas. I

believe that Burnet County is a fair sample of Texas Democracy upon this point, and I know that not only were Republicans of good character regarded and received as the social equals of the rest of the decent people, but many of us even voted for Republicans for non-political offices when they were better qualified for the positions than the competitors of our own party. The only Republicans in the South who were ever ostracized, according to my observation, were the carpet baggers from the North and some of the natives—both scalawags of the Reconstruction period.

Second: You say that Mr. Lincoln never proposed a bill for Congress to offer the South \$400,000,000 for her slaves, provided she would return to the Union. Col. Alexander McClure, the distinguished editor of the *Philadelphia Times*, in a remarkably brilliant series of war articles a few years ago, stated unqualifiedly that Mr. Lincoln did favor such a proposition at one time, but, in a few days, the news of the Union victories at Gettysburg, or Vicksburg (I have forgotten which) stopped further consideration of the measure, for Mr. Lincoln and Congress then decided that the backbone of the Confederacy was broken.

Mr. Lincoln was a great man and a patriot, yet, there is no doubt his cruel taking-off had not a little to do with his exaltation to the position he now occupies in the eyes of a sympathetic world. Had the result in the Hamilton-Burr duel been the reverse of what it was, the Democrat's vices would have been condoned, and the Federalist's virtues clouded. Had Lord Nelson failed at Copenhagen, he would have probably been court-martialed for disobedience of orders.

JAS. A. STEVENS.

(Answer.)

It must be that Texas did not have such a bitter dose of Reconstruction as some Southern States were forced to swallow. We know that our statement as to the ostracism of white Republicans was true of Georgia. We have had lifelong Republicans to thank us warmly for

our part in bringing about a more liberal state of feeling.

Now that the whole South seems to be moving over into the Republican ranks, we fear that somebody has overdone the thing.

As to the Lincoln proposition to pay for slaves, we followed the official record. That is always the safer plan. What Mr. Lincoln may have talked about, in a tentative way, is a different matter. Col. McClure doubtless referred to some unofficial discussion.

In Blaine's "Twenty Years of Congress" there is no mention of any proposal to pay for the slaves,—excepting the conditional offer kept dangling before the eyes of the border States until it had served its purpose, and which was then withdrawn. In S. S. Cox's "Three Decades of Federal Legislation" there are many allusions to Mr. Lincoln, but nothing said of the alleged proposal to pay for the slaves.

That the South ought to be paid for them, even now, is a self-evident proposition.

England forced the slave system upon her colonies in spite of the protest of Virginia, Georgia and other States. In the old Confederation, slavery was an established institution. Every one of the Colonies had slaves.

In that New England Confederation which preceded the Confederation of the Revolutionary era, THERE WAS A FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

Each one of these New England colonies bound itself to render up to her sister colonies such slaves as might flee from bondage.

Therefore, a similar provision went into the Constitution of 1787, by universal consent. No one so much as questioned the rightfulness of such a course.

Afterwards when Jesse Bull, Daniel Pratt, Eli Whitney, and some others, invented the cotton gin, the negro became immensely more valuable to the South, and correspondingly less so to the North. As New England forged ahead in manufactures, the negro ceased to be profitable to her and she unloaded him. When the Eastern States passed their emancipation acts, they had but few slaves. They had sold to the South.

All the world is familiar with what followed. Garrison, Seward & Co. declared that there was a higher law than the Constitution, and the North nullified the Fugitive Slave compact, refused to abide by the decision of the Supreme Court, and put in operation a system which deprived slave-owners of property which they had bought in a legitimate manner upon the faith of the Constitutional guaranty which the North had given the South.

Surely such a course was not consistent with sound morals.

It is necessary to remember that the Massachusetts Puritans were devoutly earnest in the matter of the slave-trade. They made strenuous efforts to utilize the Indian, but the red man was a failure: consequently, when the Puritans captured a lot of savages they shipped them to the West Indies and exchanged them for negroes. Among those who were thus sold into slavery was the grandson of Massasoit,—the king who had been a life-long benefactor of the Colonists. Boston, the Holy City of the Saints, owned 1,514 black slaves in 1742, and at the time the Constitution of 1787 was adopted, Massachusetts, the Mecca of the Righteous, was clasping to her industrial bosom more than 6,000 negro slaves.

Of course, then, Massachusetts was in favor of the Fugitive Slave Law in 1787, just as she had been in 1643, when she confederated with Plymouth, New Haven and Connecticut.

According to William H. Seward, every twelfth man in New York was a slave at the time of the Revolutionary War. This being so, that state was as much interested in having the new Constitution protect slave property as Virginia was.

Yet so rapidly did New England get rid of the negro, after discovering his unfitness for her climate and her industries, that in 1840 there was only one slave in New Hampshire, five in Rhode-Island, and seventeen in Connecticut. In the whole of New England, there were not a thousand negro slaves. In the one Southern State of Virginia, a larger number of blacks had been set free by voluntary act of the masters than the

whole of the North liberated by her Emancipation Acts.

It is but fair to the South to bear this in mind.

All the books tell us of the Dutch ship which in 1620 brought to Jamestown, Virginia, the first cargo of negroes that was ever landed upon these shores. Few of the books, however, mention the fact that the second cargo came in the goodly ship, *The Desire*, which was built at Marblehead, Mass., and which landed the slaves at Salem. The General Court of the Colony commended and rewarded the officers of the vessel, and the negroes were benevolently assimilated in the regions round about.

In fact, New England got her first start toward commercial glory out of the rum and nigger line of business.

In those good old days, a well-regulated Puritan might pick up his weekly paper, and, after scanning the market reports on sugar and shovel hats, happen upon an item like unto this, to-wit:

"Just arrived, a choice lot of negro boys and girls."

At that period, such an advertisement caused no greater surprise and aroused no keener interest than a whiskey advertisement does now, when carried in one of our prohibition papers.

Sometimes the notice which courted the attention of the Plymouth Rock subscriber would run after this fashion,—

"A likely negro woman, about 19 years old, and a child of about 6 months of age. To be sold together or apart."

So cute were these sons of Pilgrim Sires that we find them shaving and oiling the older blacks, on board ship, so that they would look younger when landed and put up for sale. Picture to yourself a group of pious New England negro-traders "roaching" a lot of old Africans, as live-stock dealers roach old mules, and then oiling them over to make them look fresh!

The late lamented Daniel Webster, in his Plymouth Rock speech, refers adoringly to "the awful virtues of our Pilgrim sires." It is an awful thing to cover some of the things those old chaps did with the godly word "virtue".

In passing judgment upon any system, or any people, one should always try to



ascertain what was the **mental attitude** of the era. How did the generality of men look at things? How was the system in question regarded? What were the standards of the age?

The following letter which Emanuel Downing, who married Lucy Winthrop, wrote from New England, in 1638, to his brother-in-law in London, throws a curious light on the times:

"A warr with the Narragansett is verie considerable to this plantation, ffor I doubt whither yt be not synne in vs, having power in our hands, to suffer them to maynteyne the worship of the devill, which their paw wawes often do; 2lie, if upon a Just warre the Lord should deliver them into our hands, we might easily have men, women and children enough to exchange for Moores, which which will be more gayneful pilladge for us than we conceive. . . And I suppose you know verie well how we shall maynteyne 20 Moores cheaper than one English servant."

Frequently, we Georgians are twitted with the action of the State Legislature which offered a reward of \$5,000 for the arrest and conviction of Wm. Lloyd Garrison. This good man was inciting the slaves to what would have been a bloody revolt. But it must not be forgotten that Garrison was dragged through the streets of Boston, by some of her most wealthy and respectable citizens, and almost lynched, at nearly the same time that Georgia offered the reward for his capture.

This proves the **mental attitude** of New England toward the negro and the abolitionist was the same as that of the South, until the fire-brand was thrown into politics and the infernal

flames of sectional hate swept the country.

What we contend is this: all the world believed in slavery when it was brought into this country; the custom of ages sanctioned it; the Bible expressly upheld it; and Christ never uttered a word against it, although it was in operation in whatever direction He looked.

The old New England league had protected it, and the Fugitive Slave clause of that league of 1643 went into the Constitution of the United States in 1797.

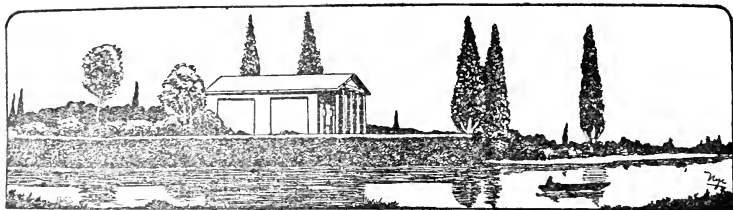
We of the South bought the slaves which New England no longer found profitable, and we did it on the strength of the Constitutional guaranty. Then the North, having taken the money which the South in good faith paid for the negroes, made war upon us because we did not wish to remain in the Union when the North nullified the Constitutional guaranty as to slave property.

The long and the short of it was, that **the North sold us her slaves and then confiscated the property.**

By the custom of the world and the law of the land, we held good title to our slaves. The property was taken away from us by force, and without compensation. No other nation accomplished emancipation in that unjust manner. England paid the owners of the negroes when she freed them. Russia compensated the nobles for the serfs. So it was in Sweden, Denmark, Mexico and Brazil.

The fact that the negro caused the whites to fall out and fight does not obscure the issue. We were deprived, by force of arms, of valuable property which was held by legal title, and we are equitably entitled to remuneration.





# The Old House

ADA A. MOSHER

---

O when we built the new house  
If we had only known  
The sorrows it would shelter,  
We had not laid a stone.

The old house, the old house,  
Where all of us were born,  
We turned our backs upon it,  
And broke its heart with scorn.

We jacked it up and moved it  
Back on the little street:  
And sold its threshold over  
To strangers' careless feet.

The threshold that angels  
Of Birth and Death had crossed:  
Worn by the children's little feet  
Thro' flower-time and frost.

We tore it from the maple's arms:  
And there was none to save—  
We turned it so it could not see  
The little dead child's grave.

The old house that sheltered us  
So long from wind and storm:  
That shivered in the cold itself:  
But kept the children warm.

That old porch—beside it  
May purpled her first plums:  
And there, in Decembers,  
We spread the red bird's crumbs.

The old house, the old house,  
It makes my heart grow numb  
To see its windows' wounded eyes  
Fixed on me large and dumb.

The old house, the old house,  
Somehow it can't make sure  
We love it less—it loved us more—  
Because of being poor.

The old house, the old house,  
It stares and stands aloof:  
I fear me, Esau-like, we've sold  
The Blessing of the Roof.

It stands in the moonlight,  
A ghost that won't be laid:  
The old house, the old house,  
Whose love we have betrayed.

Tonight, to the old house,  
I'll go when all is still,  
And lay my cheek, as on a grave,  
Upon the worn door-sill:

With tears—O, with salt tears,  
I'll take its pain away:  
Its dry heart, its broken heart  
Shall leap at what I say.

Peace shall be with the old house  
Beneath the moonlight's pall:  
Tonight then, tonight then,  
It shall forgive us all.

# Clippings from Exchanges

## URGED BY SOUTHERNERS DECADES AGO.

One objection that the New York Tribune has not yet urged against the projected ship canal across the Florida peninsula is that it was first proposed by Jefferson Davis when he was Secretary of War under Pierce's Administration. It is hard to find any field of practical development which the minds of the oldtime Southern statesmen did not explore. The reforms lately introduced in the organization of the army were almost verbatim those urged on Congress by John C. Calhoun seventy-five years ago.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

## BRYAN'S WEAKNESS.

If the election of Tuesday, the 3rd, has demonstrated anything at all, it is that Mr. Bryan is weaker than his party, yet he has been allowed to control the party machinery with no one to dispute his authority. More than a year ago, when Mr. Bryan landed in New York after having made a tour of the world, he was received and given an ovation the like of which was never before accorded to any private citizen of the United States. Mr. Bryan had toured the Orient; he had been received with respect by the crowned heads of Europe; he spent months traveling and studying conditions in foreign countries and returned home after an educational campaign that seemed to have made him the hope of the party.

The demonstration accorded him at Cooper Union in New York City was attended by thousands of democrats from all over the country. They went there to pay honor to the man who seemed to be the Moses of the democratic party. Mr. Bryan made a characteristic speech in which he declared himself unequivocally in favor of government ownership of railroads. He said further that he

was an independent American citizen; that he was not a seeker of any office; and that if he was a candidate for president again it would be because of the act of his party in putting him forward; that he did not seek the nomination and would not seek it; and expressed a desire that the party should look to some other leader to carry the banner in the campaign of 1908.

Mr. Bryan's declaration in favor of government ownership of the railroads was a signal for a howl from his old enemies in the party, and it was only a short time until Mr. Bryan became as dumb as an oyster on the proposition, and in less than six months from the time he made his Cooper Union speech, declaring that he would not seek the nomination for president, he was using the entire machinery of the party, as far as he could control it, to elect Bryan delegates to the Denver Convention. No man ever worked harder for the Democratic nomination than did Mr. Bryan, and when the convention met he had it his own way. He dominated it as completely as the man who is at the head of the household dominates his family. He had things his own way. The platform was his platform; the nominee for vice-president was his nominee; the selection of the national committee was his selection; everything pertaining to the Denver Convention was but the echo of Mr. Bryan.

In spite of Mr. Bryan's power in controlling the machinery of the party, he is weaker than his party with the masses of the people, and this was shown in almost every important state where the vote was close. For instance, in Ohio Taft was victorious, but the democrats elected Judson Harmon, their candidate for governor. Indiana went for Taft, but elected Marshall, democrat, for governor. The democratic candidate for governor in Michigan was defeated by a very narrow margin, if

defeated at all, and yet Taft carried it by 100,000. In Massachusetts Taft received twice as large a plurality as the republican candidate for governor. In Connecticut Taft ran thousands of votes ahead of the republican state ticket. In Illinois Taft won by a plurality of something like 170,000, while Stevenson, who was the democratic candidate for governor, got within 50,000 of his republican opponent. In New York Mr. Bryan's defeat was even more pronounced than it was in 1896, having lost greater New York, a democratic city, where he received 24,000 fewer votes than he did eight years ago.

Commenting on this situation the New York World says that the election "was a Bryan disaster rather than a democratic disaster. The democratic candidates for governor balloted hundreds of thousands of votes more than the democratic candidate for president. It was Bryan who was weak. With a candidate for president who could have balloted the full strength shown by the democratic party, Mr. Taft's majority in the electoral college would have been small indeed.

The leaders of the democratic party, however, are responsible for Mr. Bryan's nomination. They rushed pell mell over each other in their zeal to be the first to express themselves as being unequivocally in favor of the GREAT COM-MONER. The political leaders of Arkansas were among the first to say that it should be Bryan and no other. They joined in the chorus that went up from the political leaders all over the country shouting, Bryan! Bryan! Bryan! The people who sat mute while the leaders directed the party machinery said nothing then, but they spoke at the ballot box on the 3rd inst., and what they said was a stinging rebuke to the democratic leaders to whom this disaster is due.

The dictatorship of Mr. Bryan and his followers has well nigh disrupted and ruined the party and there is no hope of its resuscitation without a change of leadership; without a reorganization, with the leaders who have brought disaster to the party retired to the ranks, while new men are brought

forward. Never before was a great political party so completely led and dominated by the ambition of a single individual, nor did any man ever bring greater disaster to his followers. Napoleon led the French to slaughter, not to avenge a national wrong, but to satiate his own ambition. France was no longer in danger after Napoleon was confined to St. Helena. Is there not some St. Helena to which Mr. Bryan can be sent that the democratic party may retrieve its standing in the counsels of the nation?—Soliphone, Paragould, Ark.

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### POPULISM.

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While Populism may be dead, its spirit goes marching on. A number of the reforms demanded by the Populists have been taken up and engrafted in the platform of the two old parties.

The Initiative and Referendum was a Populist measure. It is now a law in this state and a number of other states.

The two-cent fare rate on railroads was a Populist demand and is also a law. The parcels post is Populist principles, and it is getting there fast.

The postal savings bank is another Populist demand and it is also on deck with both old parties.

Although the Populist Party has never been able to take charge of things as a political party, it has succeeded in delivering a whole lot of the goods through the two old parties. The Populist party has not lived in vain and deserves better things at the hands of the people.—Mo. Sharp Shooter.

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### TEA AS A GERM KILLER.

Tea is now elevated from the position of a social beverage to the dignity of a germ destroyer. Dr. McNaught, the medical investigator, has found that typhoid bacilli placed in cold or lukewarm tea are greatly diminished at the end of four hours, and have completely disappeared at the end of twenty-four hours. The value of this finding is obvious to military surgeons. Sterilized water may become infected after it is placed in the canteen.—Army and Navy Journal.

## THE NEW BOOKS.

(By J. W. Foley, in the New York Sun.)

Pray read "The Basement" by all means;  
a prince of story tellers

Has written it, and I can say it's one of  
our best cellars;

"The Almanac" is one that I can offer  
without fear,

And I assure you that it is the story of  
the year;

"The Broken Corset Steel" is new—just  
from the press today,

They say it grips you like a vise—'tis  
something that will stay;

And if you want a thing that lasts—that  
will not let you slumber,

Here's something I can recommend—'tis  
called "The Green Cucumber."

"The Newlaid Egg" they say is good—  
and in a certain set

It has tremendous vogue—I have not  
opened it as yet;

"Days Twenty One" is good for one who  
love and letters seeks,

(The book reviewers say it's quite the  
equal of "Three Weeks.")

"The Batsman" is having quite a run—  
made a tremendous hit;

"The Peach" is good—they say it is far  
better than "The Pit";

They're pushing "The Lawnmower" now  
—it's going very well.

And as for "Full Rigged Pirate Ships,"  
they say the sails still swell.

"The Germ" still holds its own—"gets in  
the blood" the critics say;

"The Beaten Egg" 's a stirring tale—you  
can't put it away;

"The Coalman's Ton" is very short—in-  
deed so short and light

You'll find that you can finish it with  
ease, say overnight;

"The Switch" is helpful and much liked,  
and I have heard it said

That many do not lay it by until they go  
to bed;

"The Sea Dog" is a waggish thing—the  
true sea lover's friend—

And like all dogs it has a bark and tale  
at either end.

WOMEN ALREADY HAVE THE RIGHT  
TO VOTE.

A Portland, Me., Dispatch to the Boston Herald says: Prof. A. W. Anthony, of Bates College, in an address before the Maine Woman's Suffrage association, has told the women that they are citizens, that they were being denied the ballot contrary to the provisions of the constitution of the United States.

He said that the constitution of the United States declared that "All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States, and of the state wherein they reside."

"Citizenship, then," said Professor Anthony, "according to the highest authority in our country, is unaffected by age, sex, color, race or condition. To deny the ballot to one class of citizens while granting it to another is not sanctioned or defended by the constitution. The constitution further declares 'No state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of the citizens of the United States.' By the constitution, therefore, all citizens are entitled to unrestricted privileges and unlimited immunities.

"But the constitution is even more explicit. In the fifteenth amendment it distinctly declares 'The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude.'

"This is a legitimate basis by which women may demand the right of suffrage. It is constitutional. Or to put it otherwise, it would appear unconstitutional to limit the right of suffrage to male citizens only. The steps appear plain and logic convincing. According to the United States constitution, birth and naturalization, together with allegiance to the jurisdiction of the country, make citizens; citizens are entitled to equal privileges and immunities which may not be denied or abridged, and the right to vote is explicitly defined as one of the rights which may not be denied

or abridged because of personal peculiarity due to present or past conditions.

"I venture, therefore, to think that women already have rights which they might properly claim and exercise, and that those states like our own, which restrict the franchise and debar a portion of their citizens from exercising constitutional rights, are acting outside of the fundamental law of our land and are infringing the liberties and the responsibilities of a portion of their citizens. When the constitution of the United States defines a citizen without reference to sex, and declares that citizens shall have the right of suffrage, why should the state of Maine take away that which the constitution of the United States give? I venture to declare that woman suffrage is constitutional and that restricted male suffrage is unconstitutional.

"I would not suggest to the women of this country that they revolt and by highhanded measures undertake to possess themselves of their rights. I know of no reason, however, why an association like this in a peaceable manner might not carry their contention to the supreme court and ascertain whether they might not secure and exercise their rights. If certain ladies should appear before the board of registration to have their names placed on the voting list, and altho denied, should then go to the polls on election day and ask for ballots that they might vote, and then, denied again, should by legal process, serve writs upon the election officers and subsequently carry the case from court to court until it came to the supreme court of the United States, they would at least satisfy themselves that they had done all that was possible to secure, by peaceable means, the privileges which belong to them."

The speaker went on to argue that the claim that women should not be allowed to vote because they cannot bear arms was fallacious, for, if followed, it would debar from suffrage all one-legged, no-legged, one-armed and no-armed men, all blind and deaf, sick and infirm, all men who are in profes-

sions like physicians, surgeons, school teachers, clergymen, justices, magistrates and all who are not enlisted in the army or in the state militia.

"But," he said, "neither the defense nor improvements of our country calls for physical force. They are not the best citizens who can lift the heaviest weight, strike the strongest blow or wrestle the longest. The prize fighter is not the type of citizen for us to admire. John L. Sullivan is not the best citizen, nor any big stick the emblem of American citizenship."

The speaker asserted that women were outstripping men in the pursuit of knowledge and symmetrical culture. It is the women who use for the most part the libraries and reading rooms. It is the women who organize clubs for literary pursuit. Men get together to smoke, eat and parade. Women meet together to report what they have read, to study and promote reforms. They are outstripping the men in the attainment of the prime essential for good citizenship—knowledge. The speaker also contended that women are more benevolent, more courageous and more patriotic than men.

He denied that to give women suffrage would mean to but double the vote without changing the result. "Women," he asserted, "have as great independence as men and more courage in expressing their opinions."

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#### ON EARLY POST ROADS.

From Scribner's Magazine for November.

The palmy days of the Boston stage began, when in conjunction with the early sound steamboats, it brought New York and Boston within less than 30 hours of each other. The country was then well established and prosperous and looking forward to a brighter future. In 1829 largely under the control of the Eastern Stage company, 77 lines radiated from Boston in different directions. Over 1,600 stages rolled in and out over its streets every week. In 1832, three years later, this number had increased to 106 lines running regularly; and 29 steamboats were running from New York to

nearby points. A trip from Boston to Savannah, Ga., or even farther, could be timed and planned before starting through "Badger and Porter's Stage Register," a publication appearing monthly from the printing establishment of Jonathan Parmenter in Boston. This publication was the Baedeker of stage travel. It was said "taverns were thick as fiddlers in hell." Commodious barns were built, countless blacksmith and farrier's forges glowed along the lines, keeping in repair and running order the vehicles of traffic. Lumbering "Conestogas," like ancient arks, dotted the highway, and at night could be seen anchored at the roadside near the village or tavern which formed their source of supply. Tethered to their wheels, or grazing along the road, were the horses, whose only protection from the summer or winter's storm was the lee side of the wagon and a covering of oil cloth or rough blanket, and the warmth of their own rugged bodies. The team drivers also carried their own accommodations, a straw mattress and blankets, in which they slept under the tunnel-like canvas tops.

During the war of 1812, when American shipping lay locked in port, the hapless victim of the embargo act, or of British blockade, these Conestogas furnished the only means of freight transportation, and crept over the highways from Maine to Georgia, in great caravans, scores at a time, often under military escort. Like treasure-laden ships from afar they were enveloped in an enticing air of mystery. Their great canvas tops did not reveal their identity, whence they hailed, nor with what riches they came burdened; but the ponderous roll and creak of the wheels spoke of their bulk and weight, and an unsociable dog trotting beneath kept away the curious.

With the light muscal jingle of many bells and chains as an accompaniment, and each wagon drawn by eight or more horses incased in heavy harness, gayly decorated with many plumes and ribbons, these retinues passed through village and township.

To eye entrancing as the glittering train

Of some sun-smitten pageant of old Spain.

With what a dash and flourish did the fast mail coaches, well named "The Thoroughbred," or "The Thunderbolt," pass these freight trains of other days. For them a fair day's journey was 25 or 30 miles, while the mail coaches, with frequent relays, covered 12 miles or more an hour over the hard turnpikes.

The inn was the center of the business, social, and at one time even the civic life of the community, for court once held its regular sessions there. It remained the headquarters for all sales and "vandues," for the opponents of different political creeds to solve the intricacies of self-government, and it was often the postoffice. Many taverns provided rooms with polished floors for dancing, and gay coaching parties came from Boston or Providence and mingled in the sinuous web of the quadrille and country dance. Gallant sparks came from town in broadcloth suits of purple and maroon, high rolled collar and ruffled neckerchief and scant waistcoats of flowered silk with dangling fobs, and with them bewitching maids clad in trim gowns of white and buff, silken hose and slippers. Then the building glowed with light and cheer and the music of violin and pianoforte drifted from open windows and down the highway.

The tavern host was the gleaner of the world's news as recounted by his many guests. His advice was sought upon all matters, whether of private or public importance. They were men of prominence and personal worth, for it would have been difficult for anyone else to have obtained a license. Sometimes, as with Lyman Howe, who presided at the Wayside Inn, a crest and coat of arms denoted a lineage from families opulent and distinguished in England. They perforce were genial and open-hearted and could entertain as well the obscure traveler as men of fame and prominence in affairs. Imposing personalities from both England and the continent were at times their guests; such men as Baron von Humboldt, Louis Philippe, LaFayette or the brilliant Talleyrand, and such native political heroes as Webster, Clay and

Adams; and distinguished men of letters and business. Able to set for their guests a table "fit for a king" they were able, also, to preside with dignity and grace at that self-same table.

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### MIND THE MASTER.

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Man's life unfolds, like the rose, from within.

For mind is source of all.

As the seed is, so is the flower; and as the state of a man's mind is, so is his life.

Mind is the master weaver of destiny. Mind environs the man with conditions of its own making. Out of the mind comes every word, action and achievement that make up one's life.

No more pregnant words occur in holy writ than these: "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he."

The main difference between millionaire and pauper is that one thinks in millions and the other in pennies. The whole difference between poet and plowman lies in the inner mind.

Every man is where he is and what he is by reason of the thoughts out of which he has made himself and his conditions. There is no deviation from the divine law that thought is the molder of circumstance.

The law of cause and effect is as absolute and immutable in the secret realm of the soul as in the outer world of visible things.

The lightest word, the faintest smile, the slightest impulsive action, were first definitely framed in the mind.

The most intricate mechanism existed first as thought. The grandest cathedral,

the greatest work of man, was constructed out of a thought. Thought was the builder, not the machine-like workman. Thought is the substance, not the dead stones.

Joy and sorrow, hope and despair, courage and fear, love and hate, enlightenment and ignorance—the warp and woof of life—are nowhere but in the mind.

The boy who longs for the sea and whose heart leaps at the sound of the breakers and thrills at sight of a sail is building his own ship.

The youth who sits spellbound by the word of the orator and makes the solitudes eloquent with his own declamations is erecting his own rostrum or pulpit.

The child Napoleon playing ceaselessly with his wooden soldiers was making a new map of a continent.

Wishes are wings.

Upon them we mount to what heights we will.

But they must be genuine, soul-deep.

The painter cannot, by mere wishing, have the colors arrange themselves upon his canvas. The wish must be virile enough to give source to ceaseless effort and consummate skill.

For the thought or wish that does not shape itself into the concrete form of determined and continued effort is but a whim.

We become what we wish to become, we do what we wish to do—not in fleeting fancies, but in the earnest, constant yearnings of the soul.

He who can control his thoughts can control his destiny, and his destiny will be as grand as his thoughts.—Louisville Herald.





# The Cost of Dissipation

P. J. CAMPBELL

Every normal human being is endowed with a certain amount of vital energy, the virility that courses through the veins with the thrilling vigor of the divine spark of life. The nerves are keyed at a tension that responds to the finer sensibilities. The healthy human body is an instrument attuned to the harmony of life by its Maker. Such is the natural refinement of Nature.

The individual who is born into the world minus this delicate adjustment, has been robbed of his birth-right by parents or ancestors and the person who deprives himself of this priceless heritage, which alone distinguishes man from the lower forms of animal life, is both knave and fool.

The chief agencies in this reducing process are alcohol and nicotine, but they have a hundred auxiliaries that drug and drain the human system, quenching the fire of youth, and smothering the divine spark that makes man fit to associate with the gods. This supreme price is paid for a few moments' diversion and amusement, unnatural pleasures craved chiefly because we find ourselves dull company and because we are imitative creatures.

Artificial nerve stimulants deaden the sensibilities. They produce pleasurable sensations at a prodigious cost. The moments of unnatural brilliance and the artificial rose hued dreams are paid for by hours of dullness and days of stupidity. The users of such stimulants have sold their birth-right for a mess of red pottage that takes the keen edge off of life and leaves it dull indeed. They deprive themselves of the highest joys for the stupid satisfaction of the ox in his stall ministering to his appetite. They derive artificial pleasures by the sacrifice of the pleasures that are real.

Dissipation costs a man the product of a thousand years of evolution. It projects him on the giddy heights for a

moment but only to sink him to the gloomy depths—it wipes him off the natural plain of the real, he is either above or below—mostly below. He has lost his equilibrium.

Most of us come into the world with an intelligence none too keen for the welfare of our existence; none of us have brains to burn, or grey matter to throw away—yet this is precisely what dissipation does; it deadens the nerves, drains the vitality, robs us of brains, and annihilates grey matter, all with the mocking pretense of getting the most pleasure out of life.

The pursuit of pleasure is an idle quest, for she flies on the wings of the air, is swifter than the roe and more elusive than a sun beam. Pursue pleasure and she vanishes, seek her and she is not, attempt to corral her and she evaporates in your empty grasp and in the yawning void springs up her antithesis. True pleasure comes to those who merit her. She delights to follow those who tread the path of Nature.

Nature has no pity for her creatures. She has something better—it is Justice. She is not sorry for the fool nor is she proud of the sage—she accepts each as a matter of course, and deals with each as he merits. Nature has endowed life with a joyous exuberance, a capacity for happiness and pleasure along natural lines, but when a fast generation rush on ahead of her and glut themselves upon the unnatural and the premature, Nature calmly cuts them off early, for their usefulness is gone.

Health is the greatest wealth, and a perfect physical and mental development make for the greatest happiness. The joy of life is only for those who have all of their natural faculties, unimpaired. Life is most worth living for those whose senses have not lost their normal keenness; their sensibilities, alone, are capable of the finer appreciation that puts us in harmony with the universe.



ASTYANAX, An Epic Romance. By Joseph M. Brown. Broadway Publishing Co., New York, Publishers.

For many years there was a rumor, repeated from time to time, that Joseph M. Brown, of Georgia, was writing "the great American epic." Whenever this fact was mentioned, there was a tendency to smile. He who spoke of it smiled, and he who heard it smiled. There was no disposition to laugh at the idea of Joseph M. Brown composing "the great American epic." Interest in the matter was not so keen as that,—a smile was as far as ridicule ever felt strong enough to go.

Mr. Brown was well known as a typical business man, apparently dry and unsentimental, who was as likely to display rich creative genius, of the poetic sort, as an elevated sandbed is to germinate sugar-cane. He was known to be a reader of many books, a writer of singularly effective newspaper "cards," a man of great tenacity of purpose and of a high order of intelligence; but if a reward had been offered for the discovery of one of the great original and creative minds of this generation, the most ardent worker for the prize would never have dreamed of going to Marietta and looking up Joseph M. Brown.

Yet, I stake my reputation as a literateur upon the declaration that "Astyanax" is a great book, its author a literary genius, and his epic the noblest work of the kind that has yet come from the pen of an American.

If anybody had told me six months ago that I would read four hundred pages of Joe Brown's book at a sitting—not as a penalty, but because it held me,—I would have laughed at him. There are upwards of a thousand pages of "Astyanax", and not only did this reviewer go through the whole thing once, but he immediately went back and read it again. Many years ago, I read "Paradise Lost,"—no earthly consideration could induce me to do it again.

This of course puts the burden of proof on me; it is necessary that the merits of "Astyanax" be set forth.

First of all, there is no American book, within my knowledge, whose English is so pure and whose style is so exquisitely simple and polished. Indeed, the volume is a perfect specimen of the very best literary style.

Second: the book mirrors the highest standard of morals, of manhood, of patriotism, of government. In this age, when there is so much of the morbid and the decadent, it is a delightful thing to find a work in which the tone is so elevated and ennobling, from the first word to the last. In the hands of the young, "Astyanax" should prove an inspiration,—a clarion call to the loftiest ideals and purposes.

Third: the book is **marvelously rich in color and incident**. The wealth of event is amazing. The splendor of conception, and the skill of expression are of the highest order. While the author has wisely adhered to prose, "Astyanax" is truly a poem,—a great epic poem.

Astyanax is the son of Hector of Troy, and after a sojourn in the island of Atlantis, he sails to South America. Here the King gives him a warm welcome, and, after a terrible war with Gautomozin, Emperor of Mexico, he becomes monarch of Amaraea, (the ancient, immemorial name of our Continent) wedding the lovely Columbia, daughter of the South American King.

The first strikingly beautiful conception in "Astyanax" is the "Farewell of the Gods"—the deities of Homer bidding adieu to the "dear race of Ilion," as the Trojan ships set sail, leaving the Old World for the New.

The destruction of Atlantis, the magnificence of Tenochtitlan and Anahuac, the horrible rites of human sacrifice, the abduction of Columbia by Gautomozin, the vast armies which rush to war because of this act of treachery and violence, the deeds of heroism performed by the leaders of the opposing forces, the constancy and courage of Columbia in captivity, the final overthrow of Gautomozin, and the magnanimity of Astyanax in sparing his life and setting him at liberty,—must be read in order that the masterly manner in which they have been handled may be appreciated.

I have never read with more interest the history of any real war than this stirring narrative of the imaginary struggle of Mexico and North America against Central and South America.

Mr. Brown has been at work on his epic pretty much all of his life. The range of knowledge apparent in "Astyanax" is immense. He re-creates a remote past, and peoples it with men and women and birds, beast, reptiles and insects that belong to the world he re-creates. Warriors go to the field on Mastodons; Amazons fight like men; the bola is one of the dreaded war missiles; from trees the wild Antis blow poisoned darts from long reeds upon the enemies beneath; and the stricken warrior, knowing he must die, seizes the bugle to sound "the warrior's farewell."

I regret that limited space prevents the making of a number of selections from "Astyanax." No extracts, however, could give any adequate idea of the book. It occurs to me that out of this mass

of materials, the author might construct a drama which would be brilliantly successful.

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THAT BOY O' MINE, by Nina Hill Robinson. M. E. Church Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn.

The author has sought to give a faithful picture of "just Glendower, with the shut-in life of the Tennessee hills" and she has succeeded in her aim. Deriving our ideas of the simple and the homely not so much from our own backwoods, as from exaggerations of rustic life in the old world, there is a certain American realism with which we have yet to become familiar in literature. Aside from New England tales, fiction has dealt sparingly with the great United States, perhaps awed by the immensity of the subject. Certainly no author has as yet attempted to grasp more than a limited field except Frank Norris, whose untimely death cut short what must have been the work of an immortal novelist. His best tales are those of California, as are James Lane Allen's, of Kentucky; Will N. Harben's, of the mountains of Georgia.

As in "Thro the Gates of Gold," the story is exceedingly simple. It is just the sweet, high-souled mother again, with a man-child to rear. There is the deathless determination to make of him the fulfillment of her dream of all that is pure and true and lofty. Jacob and Abilene Hayes are hard-working, debt-paying folk, but with Jacob aspirations seem limited to the accumulation of goodly acres. There is "no nonsense about him." But to Abilene the son and his equipment for life are all. To this end she studies, to this end her little personal earnings are devoted. With wonderful skill a father's pride, without a father's indulgence and help, are brought out in the character of Jacob Hayes and his treatment of his wife and boy. There is not the slightest brutality, scarcely anything definitely sordid—and yet it is singularly repellant to watch the father stand aloof, doing just so much to feed and clothe and shelter—without appreciation of the spiritual needs.

There are few other characters in the book. Mr. Stanley, the aristocrat—using the word in its best sense—and his two lovely, womanly daughters, complete the "types." The interest of all is centered upon Philip Hayes, whose childish precocity is the forerunner of splendid capability in the after years. How he struggles from the narrow environment into the larger life of the world and, best of all, brings home the blessings of education to other Glendower boys that were denied to him; and the pretty romance that runs very unobtrusively

through the whole, make a story that is not only clean and wholesome, but lead the reader's thoughts in the direction of that human material all over the Southern mountains that is going to waste!

Women with starved lives, homes where the capacity for the highest culture abounds, but where opportunity never comes, from one generation to another. To be the evangel of this class, rather than merely to weave a pretty story, is the purpose of Nina Hill Robinson in "That Boy O' Mine."



## When Naught but the Spirit

M. E. BRADLEY

Thou wert my Love, when in thy spring-time glowing;  
 Nature, all charms combined, to make thee fair.  
 Fairer than roses, in thy garden growing,  
 That with sweet odors, scent the fragrant air.  
 Didst think that Love was only Youth's warm hour;  
 To perish in November's barren cold;  
 Scorning itself the price of passion's power;  
 Losing its charm as something worn and old?  
 Ah! no. Thy worth a deeper, holier, charm inspires,  
 Than any magic beauty's gifts may know;  
 In thine eyes, sweet depths, there burn diviner fires,  
 Love shalt thou have in Age's bleak December  
 That draws no warmth from Passion's waning ember.

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