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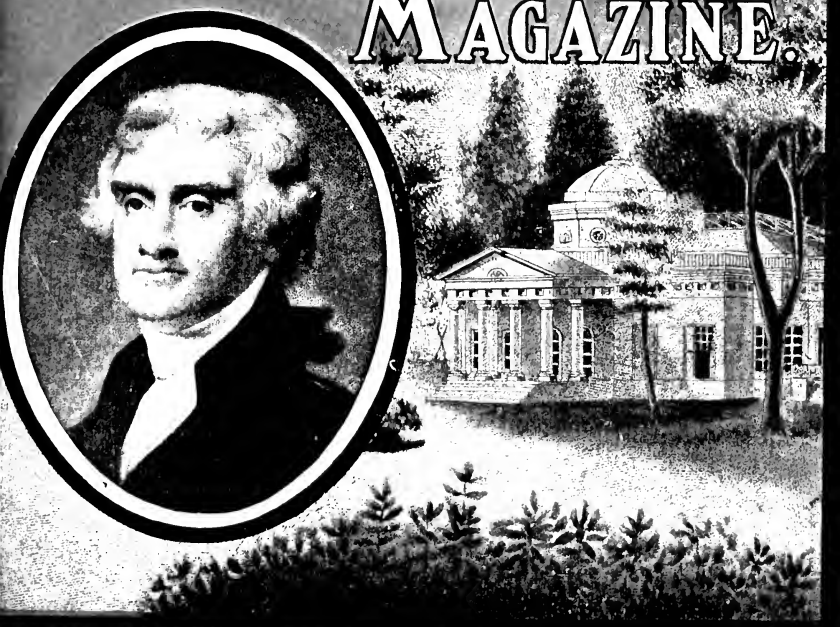

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EDITORIALS

The Glory That Was Greece

They will tell you that the people are incapable of self-government; that the mob is a great beast; that in every democracy lies the germ of dissolution. Very lofty and supercilious is the scorn with which your Allisons and Hamiltons and William Pitts look down upon plain commoners. Even genial Sydney Smith must have his fling at "them asses."

How odd it is that a recluse poet, like Gray, musing in a country church-yard, should strike a deeper, truer note in the study of possibilities than is to be found in the ornate orations of Burke. What a proof of innate ideas it is that Robert Burns, the illiterate Scotch bard, should, in one impromptu, indignant burst of lyric verse, pour forth the essential truths of the Declaration of Independence,—the creed of democracy.

The fathers who founded our Federal Government had no faith in the people. In a sly, covert way, the select few who were dissatisfied with the Old Confederation set out to overthrow it. A loose Confederacy did not suit them; they wanted a centralized government in which the privileged few should manipulate the republic to their own advantage. They professed a desire to *amend* the Articles of the Confederation; and the sincerity of these professions is shown by the fact that, when they convened for business, *they drew from their pockets new constitutions creating a new national government.* No effort was made to amend the Articles of Confederation. They deliberated behind closed doors, for fear that their constituents might learn what was going on and might arouse themselves to protest. They forbade the keeping of any record of their proceedings. It was not until 1842, when the Madison Papers were given to the world that the American people knew what had passed behind those closed doors.

It was then too late. Had the proceedings of the Convention of 1787 been faithfully kept and promptly published, Hamilton could never have overcome Jefferson in the matter of the National Bank, for the world would have known that the authority to charter a corporation, proposed in the Convention, had been voted down. Nor would Chief Justice Marshall have been able to make the decision in "Marbury *vs.* Madison," arrogating to the Supreme Court the Constitutional right to set aside Acts of

Congress, for that delegation of power to the Court was proposed and *voted down* in the Constitutional Convention.

When the Convention of 1787 had finished its work, they offered to the country a scheme of government which was undemocratic, in letter and in spirit. Instead of leaving sovereign power in the hands of the people, the new Constitution, created a Senate which the masses could not control, a federal judiciary which was purely aristocratic and oligarchal, and a President who wields greater power than the kings of modern limited monarchies.

The fathers created this kind of a government because they honestly believed that the people needed masters—being incapable of self-government.

Yet, looking back over the long reaches of the past, what monarchy, what aristocracy, escaped the decline and fall which overtook democracies? Alike, they were born, grew into greatness, sunk into decrepitude and death. The five "Great *Monarchies*"—what did they leave for us save a melancholy lesson and a few mounds from which archæologists dig terra-cotta tablets, winged bulls, mutilated sphinxes, and crude wall-paintings?

What did the *aristocracies* bequeath to us,—excepting gruesome records of human greed, weakness, vice, cruelty and crime? Nothing. Not an illustrious name, not an inspiring thought, not a glorious achievement. Commenting upon the stifling effect which aristocracy has upon genius, Macaulay says,—the reference being to Venice:

"God forbid that there should ever again exist a powerful and civilized state, which, *after existing through* 1300 *eventful years, shall not bequeath to mankind the memory of one great name or one generous action.*"

When we speak of "the glory that was Greece," *we mean Athens.* Spartan ruggedness and heroism, Macedonia's meteoric career of conquest, Epaminondas and his dauntless Thebans, may each claim the tribute of admiration, but it is to Athens that we turn to find the glory that was Greece—the oratory whose rapt audience has been succeeding ages, whose poesy has outlived empires and peoples, whose art is the despair of the modern, as it was the pride of the ancient world; whose wise men and great men are yet types which defy approach; whose ideals of home-life and state-life were as splendid as was the courage that conquered at Marathon and Salamis.

Says F. Hopkinson Smith, describing a recent visit to the Parthenon; "What I saw was an epoch in stone; a chronicle telling the story of a civilization, *a glove thrown down to posterity,* challenging the competition of the world."

Remember this tremendous fact: what the writer saw so feelingly described are the ruins left by more than two thousand years, left by vandal hordes that came to destroy; left by Goths, like Lord Elgin, who came to take and carry away.

The English monarchy is old and rich and powerful and civilized,—tell us what there is in London that would withstand the ravages of 2,000 years, the inroads of barbaric armies, the spoliations of countless Vandal hands?

Athens was a democracy. It was the state which set the world the example of intrusting supreme power to the people. It was there that the principles of civic liberty were first given freedom of action.

The historian alluding to Athens—"the eye of Greece, mother of arts and eloquence"— declares that *the passion for gain had been lost in the strife for glory.* No man was classified as great because he was rich. "How much is he worth?" was not the touchstone of rank. Alexander the Great assumed no superiority over Apelles the matchless painter, or over Aristotle the profound philosopher. The Athenian standard of success was higher, truer, more of an inspiration to good citizenship. "What has he *done*, in war or in peace, on the battle-field, in the academy, in the Council, in the Assembly, in science, art, or literature? Has he carried off the prize in the Olympic Games? Do students flock to his school? Do breathless multitudes hang upon his tongue when he speaks? Are his paintings visions of beauty? Do his statues attain the ideal? Is the temple that he rears a wonder of the world?"

These were the questions which probed character at Athens, and fixed the standing of her citizens. It does not appear that riches were able to rule this democracy; nor did the mere demagogue acquire ascendancy. On the contrary, no man ever wielded over any people the personal influence which Pericles maintained so long over the Athenians; and Pericles was as far removed from the demagogue type as was Alexander the Great.

Because he was pure, because he was patriotic, because he was wise, strong and true, the democracy of Athens supported the great man who enriched history with the "*Age of Pericles.*"

* * *

The money system of Athens was established by Solon. The coins were the *drachma*, worth about fifteen cents in our money; the *mina*, one hundred times as much, or $15.00 and the *talent*, $900. The *obolus* was worth about two and one-half cents.

According to the German scholar, Boeckh, the purchasing power of Grecian money, in the ancient times, was three times greater than it is now. Others contend that it was ten times greater.

Both gold and silver were coined,—the ratio varying from ten to one, to fourteen to one, according to the difference in time and place.

In Dr. J. P. Mahaffy's "*Survey of Grecian Civilization*," we find a statement which seems to show that in addition to gold and silver coin, there was a species of *fiat money* used.

Says the learned Dr. Mahaffy:

The practice of the Phoenicians was "to seal up small bags professing to have within them a certain sum, *which was stamped on the outside with the seal of the State.* Though it was notorious that the coin was not there, such a bag, *so long as it carried the seal guaranteeing its value in exchange,* PASSED AS ACTUAL MONEY."

Hence, it appears that the Greeks and Phoenicians used a currency based upon *government fiat.* The credit system was in its infancy at Athens, and, therefore, they knew nothing of financial panics. There were no booms and no crashes, no bulls and no bears, no shearers and

no lambs, no flotation of watered stocks and no organization of thievery such as we see in our Stock Exchanges.

The indorser was bound for a year, and the laws for the collection of debts were severe. The rich paid practically all the taxes, but the state gave ample protection to their business and their property. There were no banks which put their notes in circulation and grew rich off the usurpation of a governmental function. Money lenders were plentiful, but the state *alone* supplied the circulating medium. The rate of interest was, usually, one per cent a month, but there was no legal restriction. Sometimes the rate rose to thirty-six per centum.

Imprisonment for debt was forbidden. Solon's Code put an end to that abuse five hundred years before Christ.

Athens excelled in manufactures, yet practiced free-trade. No duties exacted at the ports held foreign goods at bay and compelled Athenians to pay extortionate prices for home-made products.

In the domestic market, the retail trade was open to all.

The average value of land was $30 per acre, and the holdings were small. An estate of 360 acres was considered enormous. The patrimony of the Great Alcibiades was only 70 acres.

The writer was present at a meeting of congressmen in Washington (1892) when a land-owner from Missouri referred boastingly to his big farm of 1,400 acres, and recalls the smile of good-humored derision with which a Dakota member expressed the wish that *his* State could be cut up into little strips like that. Dakota farms often contain 40,000 acres. So greatly do differences of locality alter standards of magnitude! A French farmer of today would consider himself a nabob were he possessed of an estate like that of Alcibiades, whereas in Missouri it would be considered a a bagatelle and, further toward the North-west, a joke.

Houses were built in Athens for $45. A fine dwelling might cost $1,800. The average home could be purchased for $1,000.

Slaves sold at prices ranging from $7 to $30, according to age, health and skill. Almost all of the free citizens owned slaves, the number owned by each ranging from one to fifty.

The ordinary horse could be had for $45, but a well-trained saddle-horse, or carriage-horse sold for $180. The price of a pair of mules ranged from $80 to $120.

It was necessary for Athens to import bread-stuffs, her own production being insufficient for her support. To prevent forestalling and monopoly, severe laws were adopted. The quantity which a dealer might purchase was limited, and the retailer was restricted to a profit of less than two cents on the bushel.

At the time of Solon, a bushel of wheat was worth ten cents; the price gradually rose until, at the time of Demosthenes, it was fifty cents.

Wine was an article of food at Athens and it was cheap. The best vintage of Attica could be had for two cents a quart. A fairly good wine could be bought for one cent per quart. The Chian wine, however, cost forty-five cents per quart.

The cost of living was low. With pure wine at half-a-cent the pint, and wheat at twenty-five to fifty cents the bushel, the citizen could support life for a mere trifle, if he chose to confine himself to *necessary* food.

Thus the slave in Terence buys his old master a meal for two and a half cents. When a guardian charged his three wards about twenty-five cents for a day's support, his extravagance was denounced in Court!

Socrates maintained his family at a yearly expense of $75, but he lived meanly. (Our sympathies have ever been with Xanthippe!)

Demosthenes, the orator, living in his own house, paid $105 for the board of himself, his sister and his mother.

There were so many slaves that the manual labor of the free men commanded a sorry wage. Ten cents per day was about the average.

Common soldiers, in the infantry, received thirty cents daily to cover pay and rations; officers below the grade of general got sixty cents; and

Glory was the passion which ruled in Athens, not love of money. The privates who immortalized the fields of Marathon and Plataea fought practically without pay. The generals,—Miltiades, Themistocles, Cimon —did the same thing.

Actors in the theatres, however, could coin popularity into fortunes. For a two-day engagement, one of these was paid $900. This sum is said to have been the highest ever paid in Greece.

The Athenians *governed themselves,* in the literal sense of the word. They met in town meetings, debated public measures, voted for or against proposed legislation, and sanctioned or condemned public policies.

To encourage the citizen to attend to affairs of Government, *in person,* seven and a half cents per diem was fixed as the compensation for attending the public assemblage. Historians assert that eight thousand Athenians constantly came to the meetings, and that each sovereign assemblage cost the state $600. There were forty regular meetings a year, and, therefore, the whole expense of legislation was $24,000 per year.

This modest little outlay is an agreeable contrast to the annual cost of one of our State Legislatures, and the yearly expense of one of our big cities.

The members of the Athenian Senate were paid fifteen cents per day. In Athens, nearly one-third of the free citizens sat daily as judges. Acting in this judicial capacity, they were paid seven and a half cents each. The entire cost of the judiciary of the State was $135,000 per annum.

The ten public orators, advocates and lawyers employed by the people were paid fifteen cents per day for each day of service. No citizen could draw pay for more than one kind of service on the same day.

In Athens, the State took care of the helpless, poor and aged. The children of those who fell in battle were supported and educated at public expense. Those who were crippled in war were pensioned.

Incredible as it may seem, Solon included among his reforms the principles which in our times are embodied in the *Initiative,* the *Referendum* and the *Recall.*

The great Athenian lawgiver vested in the Council of State the power to propose legislation. As constituted by Solon, this body was composed of four hundred delegates, and the lowest order of citizens in Athens had the right to choose one hundred of these.

Laws proposed by the Council of State were referred back to a general

assembly of all the people. In this, the lower orders out-numbered the upper classes, and, therefore, it is a literal fact that the common people of Athens controlled legislation. Not only was this so, but the judicial decisions, even of the highest courts, were subject to review in the popular assembly. If rulings were made by corrupt, ignorant and prejudiced judges, which shocked the common sense of the Athenian public, such rulings were reviewed by the plain people and annulled.

In our own day and country, we see the high-headed oligarchy of Federal Judges setting aside Acts of State Legislatures and Acts of Congress,—doing so without authority of law, and doing so in contempt of the rights of a helpless people. No such anomaly was possible in Athens. The Judges, like all other officers of state, were directly accountable to the general assembly, and no decision of a Court could stand if the people disapproved.

In Aristotle's great work on "Government," it is stated:

"Solon seems not to have altered the established *form* of government, either with respect to the Senate or the mode of electing magistrates, but to have *raised the people to great consideration in the State,* BY ALLOTTING THE SUPREME JUDICIAL DEPARTMENT TO THEM."

In our own times, a proposal to give to the American people the supreme judicial power would be treated as the product of a diseased intellect.

Aristotle further says:

"He (Solon) thought it indeed most necessary to entrust the people with the choice of their magistrates, and *the power of calling them to account,* for without that they would have been slaves, etc."

That the Athenians exercised this power without favor and with extreme energy, is proven by the case of Miltiades. All the glory with which the victory of Marathon covered him, could not save him from "the recall," when he went wrong on the Paros expedition. He was dragged before the popular assembly, tried like any other offender, dismissed from his military command, and fined nearly $63,000.

Other instances in which the great men of Athens, becoming unfaithful or running counter to the popular will, were hurled from power and banished are to be found in the cases of Themistocles, Cimon, Aristides, Phocion, and Alcibiades. Phidias, the unequaled sculptor, died in prison—for he had dared to offend his countrymen by the impiety of his monumental work. Aristotle, the preceptor of Alexander the Great, escaped sentence of death by exile, for he had been too much of a courtier and not enough of a patriot.

The financial condition of Athens had needed reform, and Solon had reformed it. The evil was that *the many were in debt to the few,* and that the amount of money in circulation was so small that it was easily controlled by the capitalists.

Solon's remedy was, in the language of historians, *to cheapen the currency.* What he *did* was to expand the volume. He made *more* money. And *more money* meant *a currency which was easier to get.* The poor man, needing money, and going into the market to buy it, with his labor or his produce, found that he did not have to give as much of his labor or his produce for the same amount of money as he had

had to do when the supply of money was smaller. Consequently, more money meant easier money, better times, debts less hard to pay, fixed charges less difficult to meet. The more money there is floating around, the better chance for everybody to get some of it. *That* ought to be plain enough, even to a modern daily-paper editor; it was very plain indeed to Solon, the wisest of all the wise men of Greece.

Such was the economic and political system of Athens. Such was the tree which budded and blossomed into the most wonderful and magnificent and elegant civilization that the world has ever known. A democracy of less than half a million souls! A territory not so large as some American Counties! Yet against this small democracy, the huge empire of Persia dashed itself in vain; and it could only be weakened and subverted "When Greek met Greek" in the tug of war, and the unconquerable Hellenes committed the most gigantic *hari-kari* that ever saddened the pages of history.

In science, art, literature, they led and still lead the world. Save in the Orient, their architecture has never been rivaled. Not even in the Orient was it surpassed. Their paintings disappeared under the waves of barbarian conquest, but we know that the ancients considered the brush of Apelles as much of a marvel as was the chisel of Praxiteles; and we know that modern art is too inferior to Greek sculpture to admit of envy. Orators yet vainly strive to found themselves on Pericles—to Demosthenes is paid the tribute of mental vassals to the unapproachable king. Poets and historians saturate their minds with Sophocles, Aeschylus and Euripides, with Homer and Thucydides, hoping to assimilate the form and the spirit of classic antiquity,—no one dreams of reaching its perfection.

Consider what our own illustrious Emerson says of *one* of the Athenian philosophers:

> "Among secular books, Plato only is entitled to Omar's fanatical compliment to the Koran, when he said, 'Burn the libraries; for their value is in this book.' These sentences contain the culture of nations; these are the corner-stone of schools: these are the fountain-head of literatures. A discipline it is in logic, arithmetic, taste, symmetry, poetry, language, rhetoric, orthology, morals or practical wisdom. There was never such a range of speculation. Out of Plato come all things that are still written and debated among men of thought. * * The Bible of the learned for 2200 years. * * Neither Saxon nor Roman have availed to add one idea to his catagories. No wife, no children had he, and the thinkers of all civilized nations are his posterity and are tinged with his mind."

Was ever so noble a tribute paid to mental grandeur?

What system of education aided the Grecian intellect to expand, enrich itself, and bear fruit?

Did the little boys and girls of Athens stagger under the arm-fuls of text-books which tax the strength of our children? Were they given the artificial, impractical and superficial training customary to our academies? Were they moulded into monotonous sameness, and lifted away from common-sense proficiency as is so often the case with our colleges? Or did they have a method of their own which encouraged individuality, evolved the innate strength of each student, and produced men of all-round, practical capacity?

Listen to Macaulay:

"There seems to be, on the contrary, every reason to believe that in general intelligence the Athenian populace far surpassed the lower orders of any community that has ever existed. It must be considered that to be a citizen was to be a legislator,—a soldier—a judge—one upon whose voice might depend the fate of the wealthiest tributary state, of the most eminent public man. The lowest offices, both of agriculture and of trade, were in common performed by slaves. The commonwealth supplied its meanest members with the support of life, the opportunity of leisure, and the means of amusement. Books were, indeed, few, but they were excellent, and they were accurately known. It is not by turning over libraries, but by repeatedly perusing and intently contemplating a few great models, that the mind is best disciplined. A man of letters must now read much that he soon forgets, and much from which he learns nothing worthy to be remembered. The best works employ, in general, but a small portion of his time. Demosthenes is said to have transcribed, six times, the history of Thucydides. If he had been a young politician of the present age, he might in the same space of time have skimmed innumerable newspapers and pamphlets. I do not condemn that desultory mode of study which the state of things in our day renders a matter of necessity. But I may be allowed to doubt whether the changes on which the admirers of modern instructions delight to dwell have improved our condition as much in reality as in appearance. Rumford, it is said, proposed to the Elector of Bavaria a scheme for feeding his soldiers at a much cheaper rate than formerly. His plan was simply to compel them to masticate their food thoroughly. A small quantity thus eaten would, according to that famous projector, afford more sustenance than a large meal hastily devoured. I do not know how Rumford's proposition was received; but to the mind, I believe, it will be found more nutritious to digest a page than to devour a volume.

"Books, however, were the least part of the education of an Athenian citizen. Let us, for a moment, transport ourselves, in thought, to that glorious city. Let us imagine that we are entering its gates, in the time of its power and glory. A crowd is assembled round a portico. All are gazing with delight at the entablature, for Phidias is putting up the frieze. We turn into another street; a rhapsodist is reciting there; men, women, children, are thronging round him; the tears are running down their cheeks; their eyes are fixed; their very breath is still; for he is telling how Priam fell at the feet of Achilles, and kissed those hands,—the terrible,—the murderous,—which had slain so many of his sons. We enter the public place; there is a ring of youths, all leaning forward, with sparkling eyes, and gestures of expectation. Socrates is pitted against the famous Atheist, from Ionia, and has just brought him to a contradiction in terms. But we are interrupted. The herald is crying—"Room for the Prytanes." The general assembly is to meet. The people are swarming in on every side. Proclamation is made—'Who wishes to speak.' There is a shout, and a clapping of hands: Pericles is mounting the stand. Then for a play of Sophocles; and away to sup with Aspasia. I know of no modern university which has so excellent a system of education."

Note: Macaulay speaks of Phidias as "putting up the frieze." The reference was doubtless to the Parthenon,—certainly to one of the magnificent public buildings. This was a curious mistake in Macaulay. Phidias did no actual building, and therefore, he could never have been seen "putting up the frieze" on the Parthenon, or any other edifice.

The Parthenon was built by Callicrates and Intinus. Phidias executed for it the colossal statue of Minerva, (in ivory and gold) which was placed inside the temple. He was an artist who worked mainly in hard-wood, ivory, gold and bronze: it is by no means certain that he used marble, save in the finish of hard-wood sculptures.

the battlefield; we know what they were in a sea-fight; we are familiar with their art, their eloquence, their philosophy, their literature. But what were they at *Home?* How did they regard their women?

It is the fashion, nowadays, to say that woman, in the ancient world, was a mere chattel, a helpless slave. The tendency of modern teaching is to make us believe that under paganism, the wife was not truly loved, and that the Home was not truly happy.

We are asked to believe that during the thousands and thousands of years which God in his infinite wisdom allotted to the reign of paganism, there was no real nobility of character, no lofty ideals of private and public life, no proper conception of the beauty and strength of womanly character, no yearning for and appreciation of the sweetness and holiness of Home.

This demand upon our credulity is too great; we simply can not believe anything of the kind. Human nature is always the same, and there must always have been loftier types of men and of women who lived noble lives, and whose homes were the abode of the Virtues which make for human bliss.

The literature of a people reflects the manners, the customs, the characters, the ideals of that people; and to the Literature of Greece we confidently appeal.

First of all, Monogamy was the general system in Greece. This fact, of itself, is of vast importance. According to modern ideas, there can be no *Home* where Polygamy prevails. The Oriental, then as now, had his Harem, his plurality of wives, his eunuchs to watch and guard his women—but he had no Home. The Greek *chose his one woman*, made her his wife, and established her as mistress of his household.

Search the whole field of European poesy, and you will look in vain for a more beautiful picture of conjugal love than Homer gives in the mutual tenderness of Hector and Andromache. All the dreary length of the ten years of the Siege of Troy and the other years of voyaging were not too great a strain upon the wifely devotion and constancy of Penelope, waiting for the return of her lord. When the wife of the dying painter, Millais, gives him a final kiss, knowing that it will cost her life, all the world is touched by the conjugal passion and sacrifice: but thousands of years ago, the heroic Alcestis voluntarily died that her husband might live.

Indeed, *what was the whole Trojan War but the uprising of Greece to punish the violation of* ONE MAN'S HOME?

..It is true that among the Greeks women were considered inferior to men,—but that idea still prevails. You find it everywhere. Occident and Orient, Christianity and heathenism, are still in accord as to *that* In law, in politics, in business, *in social life*, the man is cock of the walk. Even the kitchen and the millinery department is dominated by *hateful man*. It should not be so, perhaps, but it *is* so, and always has been.

With a loud, raucous voice, modern historians complain that among the Greeks, the suitor gave a sum of money to the father of his bride. This was mercenary and degrading, but what does it prove? We must not contend that the father *sold his daughter*. That would never do. If we once adopt logic of that kind, we would be driven to admit that, with us, rich fathers hire men to marry their daughters; for it is a well-known

fact that foreigners of distinction do not wed wealthy American girls unless they are well paid to do it.

The foreigners tell us, truly, that it is the custom of the country where they live for the father of the bride to give the bride a *dot* to marry her off. No *dot*, no husband. The richer the *dot*, the better the marriage. That is the custom in France, particularly.

Now, consider: was it worse for the young Greek to buy his sweetheart from her father, than it is for the French father to buy a husband for his daughter?

Under the Grecian system, it was the suitor who gave proof of his passion for the girl: under the French system, it is the girl who must offer the bribe to get the husband. Greece was Pagan: France is Catholic:—which system appeals to you as the better?

For our part, we say, "Give us, a custom which compels the suitor to prove his desire for the woman, rather than the obscene practice which compels the girl, or her father, to offer a *dot* to get a husband." (At a later period, the suitor ceased to pay the father, and the father began to pay the suitor,—as in France.)

The Grecian wife gloried in the seclusion of her Home. Her existence was merged in that of her husband. In public, she was seldom seen. No male visitor could gain access to her, unless her husband were present. She was mistress of the houshold. She managed the slaves. It was she who overseed the domestic economies. She assigned the various tasks, disbursed the family income, and kept everything in order. As public life demanded and absorbed the husband, so private life demanded and absorbed the wife.

But the Grecian woman was something more than a mere housekeeper. If we may rely upon the picture of married life, as drawn by Plutarch, the wife was the equal and the companion of her husband. Reciprocal duties were acknowledged, and the ideal of Home life, as there sketched, is not unworthy the best models of today.

Aristotle can be quoted to the same purport. No wifely character has been more beautifully drawn than that which he sketches in the first book of *Economics*. It is Aristotle who, contrasting his countrymen with the barbarians, declared that the Greeks did not, like other nations, treat their wives as slaves, but as *helpmates and companions*.

* * *

It would be foreign to my purpose to relate the thrilling story of Hellenic conquest,—how the light of Athens blazed along the Mediterranean, all the way to the pillars of Hercules; how it shone over the Dardanelles, and bathed the Islands of the Adriatic and Aegean Seas. Of the dependences which looked to Athens for control and which poured tribute into her industry, there is no need to speak. These colonies, these distant possessions and dependences, destroyed the integrity of her national life, mis-directed her energies, divided her counsels, dissipated her strength, and paved the way for her ruin.

That the mighty democracy of Athens was lured from its first great purpose, and made the fatal mistake which so many monarchies, aristocracies and republics have made, is a mournful fact; but of all the states that have risen, flourished and fallen, none has left so splendid a legacy to

mankind. Even from her tomb comes the inspiration which is worth more to the world than any other heritage which it takes from the pagan past. To her standards, modern ambition aspires, and to her thought, modern intellect is at once student and disciple.

Weigh the impassioned testimony of Macaulay:

"If we consider merely the subtlety of disquisition, the force of imagination, the perfect energy and elegance of expression, which characterize the great works of Athenian genius, we must pronounce them intrinsically most valuable; but what shall we say when we reflect that from hence have sprung, directly or indirectly, all the noblest creations of the human intellect; that from hence were the vast accomplishments and the brilliant fancy of Cicero, the withering fire of Juneval; the plastic imagination of Dante; the humor of Cervantes; the comprehension of Bacon; the wit of Butler; the supreme and universal excellence of Shakespeare? All the triumphs of truth and genius over prejudice and power, in every country and in every age have been the triumphs of Athens. Wherever a few great minds have made a stand against violence and fraud, in the cause of liberty and reason, there has been her spirit in the midst of them; inspiring, encouraging, consoling;— by the lonely lamp of Erasmus; by the restless bed of Pascal; in the tribune of Mirabeau; in the call of Galileo; on the scaffold of Sidney. But who shall estimate her influence on private happiness? Who shall say how many thousands have been made wiser, happier, and better, by those pursuits in which she has taught mankind to engage; to how many the studies which took their rise from her have been wealth in poverty,—liberty in bondage,—health in sickness,—society in solitude? Her power is indeed manifested at the bar; in the senate; in the field of battle; in the schools of philosophy. But these are not her glory. Wherever literature consoles sorrow, or assuages pain,—wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and the long sleep,—there is exhibited, in its noblest form, the immortal influence of Athens.

"The dervise, in the Arabian tale, did not hesitate to abandon to his comrade the camels with their load of jewels and gold, while he retained the casket of that mysterious juice, which enabled him to behold at one glance all the hidden riches of the universe. Surely it is no exaggeration to say, that no external advantage is to be compared with that purification of the intellectual eye, which gives us to contemplate the infinite wealth of the mental world; all the hoarded treasures of the primeval dynasties, all the shapeless ore of its yet unexplored mines. This is the gift of Athens to man. Her freedom and her power have for more than twenty centuries been annihilated: her people have degenerated into timid slaves; her language into a barbarian jargon; her temples have been given up to the successive depredations of Romans, Turks, and Scotchmen; but her intellectual empire is imperishable. And, when those who have rivalled her greatness shall have shared her fate: when civilization and knowledge shall have fixed their abode in distant continents; when the sceptre shall have passed away from England; when, perhaps, travellers from distant regions shall in vain labour to decipher on some mouldering pedestal the name of our proudest chief; shall hear savage hymns chanted to some misshapen idol over the ruined dome of our proudest temple: and shall see a single naked fisherman wash his nets in the river of the ten thousand masts,—her influence and her glory will still survive,—fresh in eternal youth, exempt from mutability and decay, immortal as the intellectual principle from which they derived their origin, and over which they exercise their control."

* * *

One can imagine a Greek of Athens soliloquizing in this strain:

"The world will never forget me: I will not wholly die: in what I

conceived and wrought I shall live forever. Of immortality of the soul I know nothing. Hope yearns, but Reason gives no sign. Faith essays to build, but Doubt benumbs the hands. After all, *I do not know*.

"Even should I arise from the dead to live again, in another world, what would I *be*, there; what would I *do*, there? Unless I could be much the same as here,—the same to feel and hope and love and work,—I would not care for it. The spirit which would be satisfied with perpetual rest, an eternity of fruitless bliss, would not be *mine*. Even if it were *me*,—and Paradise meant idleness and perpetual peace and joy,—were it not better to choose that kind of immortality which is certain to be mine?

"In my laws, arts, science, philosophy, social and political and literary models, I will survive the wreck of empires. Myriads of boys and girls, men and women, will drink at my fountains, to become pure and strong. As long as time shall last, my work will multiply itself in the efforts of others; thus my immortality will be the uplifting of all the generations that follow me, rather than a selfish quietude in some beatific but unprogressive Paradise. Wherever the orator shall speak with tongue of flame, I shall be heard: wherever the sculptor shall chisel beauty from senseless stone, I shall be seen: wherever warriors strike for liberty, poets embody truth and majesty in verse, statesmen evolve civilizations, and scholars and philosophers and scientists conquer new worlds, I shall be known and honored,—deathless in the divinity of inspired purpose and work.

"*I alone have reared an altar to* MERCY. I alone have based civil and religious institutions on the Brotherhood of Man. I alone have endeavored to poetize the loveliness and the grandeur of Nature: no one else created dryads for murmuring groves and naiads for gurgling streams; no one else dreamed of making rural life Arcadian, and elevating the harvest into the enchanted regions of poesy and religion. I alone have practiced the splendid creed that no head is so high that it shall not bow to law, and no fellow-man so low that he shall not be the object of my care and protection.

"The career open to talent, the tools to him that can use them—lo! I stamped that motto indelibly upon the Golden Age: three thousand years hence, a Corsican boy, grown great, shall re-stamp it upon a forgetting world.

"Immortal? Yea, I *am* immortal. I shall live, not *one* idle, blissful unfruitful life in the eternity of the shades; but I shall live lustily, joyously, fruitfully, usefully, sublimely in all the years that are to come to this earth,—side by side with soldiers in the shock of battle, heart to heart with scholars as their shining faces tend upward to the higher summits of Thought, soul to soul with patriot statesmen who give their days and nights to the noble problem of just laws, healthy conditions, happy homes!"

A Most Dangerous Precedent

When the sovereign states of the Old Confederation, disregarding the warnings of such prophets as George Mason, Luther Martin, Richard Henry Lee and Patrick Henry, *walked into the trap* of the Constitution of 1787, they thought that they had taken every precaution to preserve their own local sovereignty. Having created a central government of limited powers, they had no fear that the creature would become so much greater than the creators that underling officials of the United States (such as Federal Judges), would claim and exercise the right to annul the laws of a sovereign state. Among other powers delegated to the central government and limited in the most exact and jealous manner, was the tremendous power of taxation. When a state, or nation takes away from the citizen a portion of his property, by the process of levying taxes, it literally *confiscates,* to that extent. No free people ever armed their government with this irresistible and dangerous authority, without restricting the use of it to those purposes which are necessary to the life and well-being of the state itself. We *must* have government; government *must* have the wherewith to support and maintain itself; hence, we grant to it, reluctantly and grudgingly the right to confiscate a portion of our property.

By reference to the Constitution of the United States, you will see how carefully the sovereign states hedged the grant of the power of taxation. Congress may collect duties, imposts and taxes to pay the public debt, and to provide for the defense and general welfare of *our* country. It has, of course, the right to tax us to pay the necessary expenses of operating the machinery of government.

No matter how many vicious precedents there may be on record, the highest law of the land admits of no levying of taxes for any other purposes than those mentioned. Money in the public treasury is there by reason of the duties, imports and taxes levied by authority of the Constitution. Therefore, all the money in the treasury is a trust fund. It was taken from the people—*Confiscated to National use*—in order that the Government might live, might pay its debts, might provide for general welfare and the common defense. Can anyone dispute this? Will any U. S. Senator or Representative dare imperil his popularity and his rating as an intelligent man by challenging the correctness of our position? We hardly think so. Yet, $800,000 of that trust fund was applied to the relief of destitute people in Italy and Sicily, and we have already sent over *three thousand portable houses,* to furnish homes for homeless dagoes.

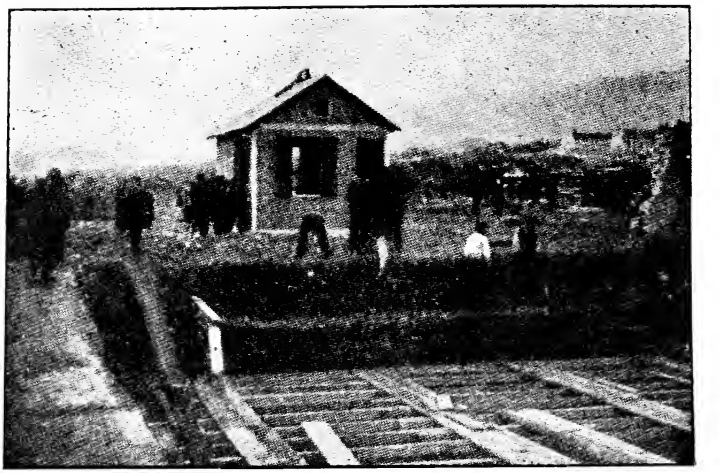
Under what clause of the Constitution do Congressmen justify their conduct in mis-appropriating trust funds in this manner?

Has Congress the legal right to levy a tax to raise money to feed, clothe and house the hungry, naked and homeless people of foreign lands?

Would Congress have the audacity to impose a direct tax upon the people for the avowed purpose of building homes for homeless Italians.

Certainly not, yet Congress might just as well do that as to misapply in that manner, public funds which have already been collected.

If Congress has no constitutional right to levy a tax on us to supply the destitute Sicilians with shelter, it has no Constitutional right to use



By courtesy of the New York *Sun*.

AMERICAN PORTABLE HOUSES IN THE EARTHQUAKE DISTRICT.

Three thousand of these houses reached Messina by the steamship *Eva* in the latter part of February, and have been set up for the sufferers' use. Another shipload is expected. The American houses were ready long before those planned by the Italian authorities, a fact that is said to have hurt the Italian national susceptibilities, so that the American sailors had to set up the houses without Italian aid.

for that object $800,000 that we have put into the treasury under existing revenue laws.

Some years ago, a great cry of distress went up from drought-stricken Texas, and Congress appropriated a small sum to purchase planting seed for the farmers who help to feed and clothe our people. President Cleveland very properly vetoed the bill.

If Congress had no legal right to use our tax-raised moneys to aid our own people, when providentially plunged into distress, where did it get the legal right to send food, clothing and houses to foreign lands—relief to Martinique, relief to Jamaica, relief to Italy?

The Federal Government built no homes for the Galveston flood-sufferers, none for the thousands who lost their all in the Mississippi Valley overflows, none for fire-swept Chicago and San Francisco. Mr. Hearst, indeed, attempted to prevail upon Congress to come to the aid of the later city, by *relieving building materials of tariff duties*... The suggestion was hooted out of existence. The sacred tariff could not be touched.

But now, when there is a providential visitation upon any isle of the sea, or any land that is far away, our statesmen compete with each other, in a spirit of expansive emulation, to rush aid to the afflicted.

Where is it to stop? This unlawful, hysterical misuse of money raised by taxation started modestly. The sum voted for Martinique was so small that it disarmed criticism. A few who realized the peril of the example, spoke out; the country at large took no interest in the matter.

But the evil has grown to portentous dimensions. Eight hundred thousand dollars is a serious sum to any nation—and ours is even now handicapped with a deficit.

"We must have more revenue!" cry the fanatics of militarism and general extravagance. Where is it to come from,—this additional income? From the pockets of the people, of course.

How much greater, then, is the reason that the people should call Congress to account for a plain violation of the Constitution in misappropriating public funds?

Having adopted the policy of taxing our own people to feed, clothe and build homes for the sufferers from calamities in foreign lands, we have certainly drifted into a shoreless sea. Earthquakes will happen every year or so; fire and pestilence may be expected to work desolation somewhere, every now and then. Italy and Sicily alone may be relied upon to furnish the world another horror and then another, at periodic intervals.

Are we to persist in a lawless, and mistaken governmental policy of this kind—*a policy which no other government on earth practices*—or will we let our Congressmen know that we condemn it, and mean to have it stopped?

Charitable relief is the proper subject of private energy and generosity: it is not the province of a government to engage in it. As to taking money away from our people by taxation and then using it to build model houses by the thousand for Sicilians and Italians, when we have so many thousands of homeless families among our own bread-winners and taxpayers, it seems absolutely incredible that Congress should do it and that none of the newspapers and magazines should denounce it as unlawful, unwise and unpatriotic. Such a thing would have been impossible twenty years ago.

Prisons And Prisoners In The Civil War

West York, Ill., Feb. 8, 1909.

Dear Sir—Last fall, a short time before the election, I read in the Terre Haute (Ind.) Star a notice of the dedication of a monument at Andersonville to the Union prisoners of Indiana who died there during the Civil War. And, as a matter of course, the story of Andersonville was told again.

Now, as I have always read it, I think it was a disgrace to civilized warfare. And I think, too, that Sherman's march through Georgia was a disgrace. I have read that if they starved to death at Andersonville they froze to death in the Federal prisons.

I have read that during the war there were more prisoners captured by the South than by the North, and that there were fewer deaths in Southern pens than in Northern pens. Is this correct? However that may be, I have never read the story by a Southern writer.

Now, then, as you have lately written up Abraham Lincoln and also the negro, and done a good job on both, will you write up Andersonville?

MARTIN NEWLIN.

(I am old enough that I voted twice for President before the war, for Buchanan and for Douglas.)

(Answer.)

This subject is one of the saddest. Poor human nature *always* reveals its inborn frailty and wickedness whenever one lot of men have absolute power over another. It has always been so, and during our Civil War there was conduct on both sides that might have made angels weep.

It is a literal fact that the North held in captivity the smaller number of prisoners, and that a larger number of these died in the prisons. According to the official report of Secretary Stanton, 26,436 Confederates lost their lives in the Northern pens, and 22,576 Union soldiers perished in the Southern prisons. The South held from 10,000 to 50,000 more captives than the North held, and the mortality was less by 4,000.

This fact has given the professional Bloody-shirter much worry. Only last year, Corporal Tanner explained it away by stating that the Confederate prisoners *were in a low state, physically, when captured!*

The Jeffersonian had a great inclination to "go after" Corporal Tanner, at the time, but concluded that it would do no good.

The Corporal's explanation doesn't explain. In the first place, if the Confederate soldiers had been so weak, physically, as Tanner says they were, how on earth was it that they killed and wounded such an enormous number of the Yanks? Lord! *Look at that U. S. pension roll! ! !*

According to the affidavits which the applicants for national pensions made, *the Confederate soldiers were the out-fightingest devils that ever toted guns.*

Yet Corporal Tanner declares that these Johnny Rebs were so weak, so debilitated, that they *died of exhaustion* in the prison pens!

To support the Tanner theory the figures would have to show that the Confederate captives died soon after being caged. The record shows to the contrary.

But there is one convincing piece of testimony going to prove that these Confederate prisoners were not human wrecks.

It is this: *the Federal authorities were afraid to turn them loose!* In vain did the Confederate Government urge an exchange of prisoners, Union generals and Union civilians agreed with one accord that it would never do to let these Rebs go back to the firing line. Gen. Ben. F. Butler says (see "Butler's Book", pages 592-3-4,) that Gen. U. S. Grant

and he held a conference at Fortress Monroe, April, 1864, on this very matter.

Maj. Robt. Ould, Confederate States Commissioner of Exchange, was then at the mouth of James River on the C. S. Steamer, *Roanoke*, for the purpose of arranging for the delivery and exchange of prisoners.

At the conference between Generals Grant and Butler it was finally decided that they would agree to accept such Union captives as the Confederates might see fit to surrender, *but that no Confederate prisoners would be delivered in return!*

And why?

Gen. Butler was a man who in many respects was brutally frank and fearless, and he made no bones of putting on record the reason why General Grant and himself refused the offer to exchange.

He says, page 593, that if the Confederates whom they had captured should be released and should join Lee they would probably bring failure to Grant's operations. If, on the other hand, they were released and should join Sherman (page 594) they would turn the scales against *him*.

In short, they decided that it would be the safer course to allow the Union soldiers to stay in the Confederate pens, no matter how great their sufferings, *than to liberate those Confederates*.

Many a tribute has been paid to the soldier of the Lost Cause by those for whom he fought, by those of the same blood and faith, by those who gloried in his splendid courage and pitied his terrible sufferings; but the highest compliment that ever was paid to the tattered and half-starved wearer of the gray was that of the Commander-in-chief of the Union armies who, *in a council of war*, took the ground that *the Confederate prisoner* WAS TOO DANGEROUS TO BE EXCHANGED.

THE CICATRIX.

Time heals all things, and it is well
That God has willed it so;
Today, when past, can never tell
Tomorrow of its woe.

However deep the wounds may be,
Heart-rending though they are,
Time heals all things;—eternity
Can not remove a scar.

RALPH M. THOMSON.

HARD TO KEEP THE LID ON

Boston Herald

A Survey of the World

By TOM DOLAN

Revising the Tariff

When the 61st Congress was convened in extra session on March 15th, it had before it the most difficult and disagreeable task that can confront our latter day statesmen,—that of actually getting to work upon a matter that had need to be accomplished without loss of time. To add a touch of real horror to this, their bosses, the people, had somehow, through some terrible mischance, decided to superintend the job. Nor was there a presidential screen interposed as a diversion. Mr. Taft left with Congress one of the briefest possible of *billet doux* and gracefully retired. Mr. Payne, as Chairman of a Ways and Means committee that had toiled long and under a vexatious pressure of public opinion, unrolled yard after yard of a new tariff bill. The crisis had come. Under such circumstances, what wonder that the only escape from the labyrinth, with its multitudinous blind alleys of confusion and rout, was in the manful suggestion to close the debate promptly in the House and pass the bill, in some form, on to the Senate, where it is presumed the fierce and decisive battles will rage. If the Senate could see an avenue, preferably a nice, shaded one, that would enable them to beat retreat, no doubt they would be over the hills and far away before the first schedule could overtake them. Unfortunately for the distinguished gentlemen, they will have to await the arrival of the bill with as much dignity as they can muster. And theirs will be the harder task, theirs the final credit or odium, as the case may prove.

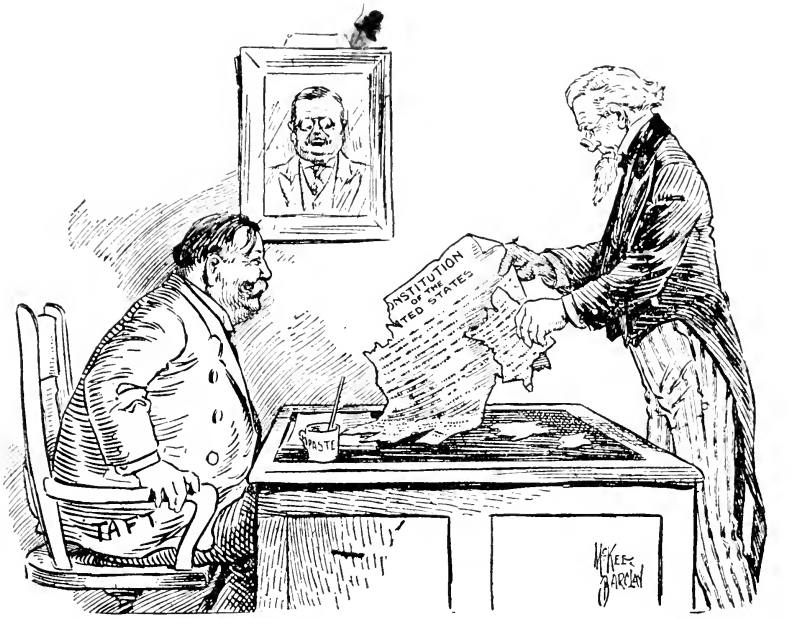
Seldom, perhaps, has the fate of parties rested so wholly upon a purely economic issue. The Republicans were literally bound to take some definite step toward a revision of the Tariff and at a time when their extravagance and imperial mania had plunged the national finances into serious embarrassment. To raise revenue, to retrench expenses, to protect the interests that have historically depended upon high duties and still to consider the ominous mutterings of discontent that begin to make the hitherto neglected and insulted consumer formidable as a voter, constitutes a conflict of purposes that would require every bit of tact, delicacy and Italian finesse available within their own ranks, even without the inevitable criticism and opposition of the Democrats, while the clear presence in Congress of a third element, made up by a loose mixture of real reformers in the ranks of both parties, adds to the ticklishness of the situation. In all of this, there is a great common hope. Whatever bill ultimately is passed must either afford substantial relief to the masses, or there will be a make-up four years hence. The time has passed when mere juggling with words, seeming concessions, or excuses of hindrance by obstructionists pitifully in the minority, will serve. The American citizen is generally stupidly partisan, but not altogether blind to his own interests.

And the critical point to be mastered by the faction in control of the issue is to determine just how much the public will tolerate, since so much light has been thrown upon the whole iniquitous tariff scheme.

When such authority as Andrew Carnegie cannily announces that the steel industry no longer needs any protection; and when the "joker" in desiring to protect the Standard Oil by high duty, when no other country has anything but a negligible quantity of petroleum that could by any remote chance be exported to these United States is so patent that even a child may understand, the ancient fallacies upon which high protectionists have ever relied simply evaporate from the consciousness of the most credulous. The stand-patter hasn't a leg to stand pat on. As a trust tool, he is decidedly out of repair. Nevertheless, he will die hard, he will cover the desperate occasion as best he may by virtually assuming the "tariff for revenue" position of his political foes, appealing to the blind jingoism that does duty for patriotism to sustain him in demanding enormous revenues for national defenses, etc. There has, in fact, been a certain reversal in the attitude of both the old parties that illustrates beyond all peradventure the hypocrisy and corruption that have eaten the heart of sincerity in each. The Democrats, instead of driving squarely and honestly against exorbitant duties, against the expenditure of enormous sums on naval and military silliness, have shamelessly displayed their eagerness for local spoils. "If there is any stealing to be done, we want our share" has been about as high as their patriotism has soared. And there will be barter and trade and deals galore, each greedy industry, section and politician grabbing as much as it can out of the bag, no matter how many others must suffer.

In just what form the new tariff bill will be passed, it is not possible to predict. Certain it is, however, that the public will be laid, as usual, under tribute to special interests. Yet it is unlikely that anything worse than the Dingley measure will be foisted upon the consumer, and in all probability the Payne bill, after the agitation subsides and business is no longer in the throes of uncertainty, will offer just enough reduction to save the faces of its framers. Certainly no more than that. However, airing the question has done incalculable good in that we will have no more sentimental solicitude over "infant industries," no more hear that hoary irony that "the foreigner pays the tax:" Congress and the Senate are working in the open. The eyes of the people are upon them now and it would take considerably more than specious pleas to blind them to the fact that they have been excessively, outrageously robbed, not for the benefit of their government, not on account of unavoidable expenses, but merely to enable a favored class to pile up profits.

It will be woe to that administration now under which the people should grow colder, hungrier or more ragged. It will mean annihilation to that man who legislates in favor of the luxuries of the well-to-do, and against the necessaries of the poor. For the American people are essentially lovers of justice, and they are fools indeed who imagine that the coercion of capital will always beat the voter into submission. The tariff has ceased to be an abstraction, a thing of inexplicable complexities. It is glaringly plain in every grocery bill, every garment, every pair of shoes. It is speaking at every fireside today. Cheap labor and high prices for the masses, protected manufacturers and unprotected farmers, have sown the wind and unless the



Baltimore Sun

THAT MUTILATED CONSTITUTION

"Here, Bill; I wish you'd see if you can't paste this together like it used to be!"

signs are heeded, the whirlwind must ensue.

All complex causes considered, the effect of the new Tariff will be practically the same as of those preceding. It is easy to be cynical of definite relief; almost impossible to expect any, yet when the gang of standpatters headed by such men as Payne, Cannon, Aldrich and Dalzell have been forced to lend themselves to at least the appearance of altering the Dingley schedules in favor of the consumer, it is a tremendous concession. The fight in Congress has already resulted in some slight modifications and the popular interest in a study of the tariff was never greater. Take all the refuge they may by introducing technicalities known to the manufacturing interests and which are Greek to the average individual, the result on the market price of ordinary commodities will be closely watched by the common people and surely they will not always be blind to the fact that Federal extravagance means enormous taxation and that the indirect method of levying the tax is gross subterfuge.

It is true enough that other tariff bills have aroused the American people before, but never at a time when *every penny counted* as is the case today; when there were so many able-bodied men out of work, so great an army of women and children toiling for a pitiful wage.

Congress may not realize this fully, but the thinking mass of private citizens is alive to it. It is almost incredible that the sop of slight relief will not be thrown to the resentful wage-earner. With such sop, he will patiently continue to vote for "an avowed protection policy," possibly. But signs of refreshing commonsense in civic affairs is plain, and the tendency to place the blame for governmental wrongs squarely upon the representatives who betray the people in order to serve their masters, the various Trusts, of which some seventy were spawned upon this "land of the free" during the operation of the present Dingley bill, a fit brood to supplement the monstrous monopolies whose methods they now imitate, and whose power they hope one day to enjoy.

Fight of the Insurgents

Highly dramatic was the situation when Congress went into session. The "Insurgents," consisting of a Republican element which had grown sick and tired of Joe Cannon's domination, together with presumably the whole of the Democrats under the leadership of Champ Clark, had determined upon revolt. Uncle Joe was scared. He called upon Taft and the party whips. A new Speaker was probable, the overthrow of the gag rule seemed imminent; excitement reigned.

The outcome was puerile and pathetic. At the critical juncture twenty-three of the Democrats repudiated the plan of the "insurgents" and the minority leader and scuttled to cover of the Cannon patronage. True, they tinkered a trifle with the rules, but the Fitzgerald amendment, as cheerfully announced by Mr. Hines, for many years Cannon's clerk, gives to Uncle Joe as much power as before, while relieving that aged gentleman of some irksome responsibility. The excuses given by the bolting Democrats are flabby. Every one knows that they struck their colors in order to retain the favor of the Czar and to grease their greedy fingers at the pork barrel.

Judge Jeter R. Pritchard Reversed

It is most gratifying to note that the outrageous decision of Federal Judge Pritchard, rendered in the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals at Richmond, Virginia, some months ago, against South Carolina in her famous Dispensary case has been reversed by the Supreme Court.

This decision of the Supreme Court is in line with other notable rulings made by it of late which are, briefly, to the effect that the lower Federal courts must "hands off" while the State regulates its own affairs.

Judge Pritchard's decision, if sustained, would have been a body-blow to the dignity of State courts, where Federal intervention is invoked, would have virtually wiped out the Eleventh Amendment to the Constitution, placed there as safeguard from the usurpation of authority similar to that essayed when Chief Justice Marshall, before the war, ruled that a citizen could sue the State of Georgia in a Federal Court.

When the Dispensary went out of business in 1907, the Legislature of South Carolina appointed a board of commissioners to adjust the claims, pay the indebtedness and wind up the affairs. Naturally the creditors sought to obtain all they could, and the matter was soon a tangle of charges of graft, extortion and things were generally vexatious. In this condition, the claimants undertook a short-cut via Federal jurisdiction, to compel the State to make settlement as per their own accounts. The Circuit Court in-

clined a kindly ear, appointed a receiver and issued the usual injunction —the dear, indispensable injunction—forbidding the Commission to dispose of the funds. All this is past history and at the time of Judge Pritchard's ruling created no little indignation.

The reversal by the Supreme Court places the matter in proper light and vindicates the principle of State sovereignty once more. Most fortunate it is that there is still some power in the land prohibitive of the complete absorption of all power by the Federal judge.

Harrying Castro

"It is not strange," remarks some one sagely, "that all the world should be against Castro, who so recently was against all the world." Maybe it isn't, considering the genial Christian spirit that animates our mighty civilization, but the spectacle of refusing harbor anywhere to a sick man, accompanied by his devoted wife, is not one that commends itself to a healthy pagan mind. It is on a par with any other brutal baiting, and indicates that worst phase in humanity and in nations which revels in "being in at the death," if there be any creature at bay.

What purpose Cipriano Castro may have had in view, when he determined to sail for his home in Caracas, it is needless to conjecture. So far as reason and justice indicate, he had been deposed from the Presidency, during his absence, through the treachery of Mr. Gomez. With Gomez and his faction, the United States, England, Holland, Germany and France were apparently in full understanding and accord. If Castro were indeed odious to his people, surely he could foment no rebellion at the rule of the usurper. But were the anti-Castro

—*Baltimore Sun*

UNCLE SAM:—Well, good-by, Teddy. Take keer o' yourself. I'm a-thinkin' I'll take the "rest cure!"

riots in the least degree sincere? Very likely not. They had all the appearance of a "frame."

However, it is apparently safer for the peaceful exploitation of Venezuela that the former president languish in Europe, hence the determination to allow him no harbor in the Caribbeans.

As a dominant personality, tinged with mystery, Cipriano Castro escapes the heroic slightly, if at all. Certainly his solitary figure touches the chord of sympathy which must ever vibrate in unison with the broken note of any lost cause. Idealist or unscrupulous dictator, Castro's return has set at rest the accusation that he fled, a cowardly poltroon. A Don Quixote, at war with the fat complacence which prefers commercial expansion to aught knightlier in nations, Castro may fume and rage, but must inevitably yield. Heroics have long since been out of fashion and that man not cast in the precise mould of other men, or who, differing, is not able prudently to conceal his unlikeness from the mass, is deservedly due the persecution, the sneers and the jeers.

Judge Jones Knocked Out

Somebody or something will really have to go to the rescue of the Federal Judge if a certain kind of decision is going to deprive them of their sacred wish to protect the "vested" rights of the railroads to enjoy control of the states in which they move and have their being. The famous Railway Rate Case in Virginia hit the plea of "confiscatory" and its attendant injunctions a blow in the solar plexus, and now the reversal of the restraining order of Judge Thomas R. Jones, of Alabama, has about finished as pretty a piece of jugglery as a corporation ever devised to make its artificial person superior to any and all real citizens whose rights it overrode.

Missouri, North Carolina, Virginia and Alabama have seen litigation, entangled and embittered, between the State, through its Legislature or Railroad Commissioners, and the corporations. In each instance the railroads first deemed it incredible interference with their time-honored privilege to do exactly as they pleased and so soon as rules and regulations were actually framed and issued, they rushed in all the rage of violated majesty to their sworn allies, the corporation tools who had been elevated to the bench. Injunctions sped. State Courts should *not* presume to say what freight rates or what passenger rates were equitable. How *could* State authorities, quite ignorant of the intricate system of rebates and manipulations know *what* sums must be realized by taxing the public, in order to pay dividends upon watered stock? It was outrageous—absurd. That was the view to which the Federal Judge lent his courtly assistance.

The history of the fight in Virginia is not all written. Much in the subject is yet chaotic, but the principle of non-intervention by inferior Federal Courts with the operations of those of the State was established beyond all cavil, and as absolutely as any hater of Federal usurpation could have asked. The Alabama case is another along the same line, and equally sweeping and glorious. It grows out of the enactment of laws governing rates, in 1907, affecting the Western Railway of Alabama; the Central of Georgia, the South and North Alabama Railroad, N. C. and St. L. and L. & N. These roads resisted on the plea that reduction in freight and passenger rates was a confiscation of property and Judge Jones of the U. S. District Court of Montgomery, enjoined the State Courts from enforcing the reductions. This injunction has been dissolved by the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals, in New Orleans, Judges Shelby and McCormick concurring, Judge Pardee dissenting.

LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD

"COME RIGHT IN, DEAR."

—*Boston Herald*

It will be a happy day for this country when the Federal Judge is taught his place. And it is regrettable indeed that there does not accompany the dissolution of the restraining order the imposition of an adequate fine for hampering and impeding the progress of justice, as in this instance, for two long years.

The Strike in Paris

Not presenting alarming features, yet provocative of much irritation, delay and inconvenience, the strike among the government employees in the postal and telegraph service in the city of Paris lately has been made much of by those hopeful of illustrating, thereby, an inability on the part of the government to be a successful employer of labor. Before this could take place, however, and the classical "horrible example" be fixed as in a mordant upon the attention of economists, a queer thing happened: The strikers went back peaceably to work, relying upon M. Clemenceau to adjust their grievances, chief among which appears to have been an odious gentleman by the suggestive name of M. Simyan. Evidently it should have been Simian, for he monkeyed with the conduct of the department in a way that got on the nerves of the clerks, particularly those of the fair sex. M. Simyan scolded, in short. And was hateful and altogether intolerable. Of course, *he* will go, if indeed he has not already gone. M. Clemenceau has handled difficulties of the sort before, and is acquainted with the intricacies of mere human nature. He is no strike-breaker after the approved sort. The French premier is altogether a man, and a strong one; too big a man, indeed, to fail in the niceties of diplomacy when these please others and can not hurt any essential principle or policy of his own. The offended employees are certain that he will not permit them to be hectored by a mere martinet in the service. And they will work hereafter more willingly than ever before.

In the whole difficulty, there has been all the difference in the world between a strike as we understand it in these United States and a strike such as occurred in France, or such as would occur in our own mail system. What we know is the blind hatred, intolerance, disposition on the part of each party to force the other to his knees and to humiliate him even after the victory has been won. In the misunderstanding between the government and its employees, there simply is not and can not be underlying any bitter resentment. All are workers together; one portion of the workers is not getting rich at the expense of the other. Reason and humanity and respect for the claims of the public are bound to prevail.

Those who would try to prove that the strike of government employees in the telegraph offices of Paris, is an argument against public ownership of public utilities, would over-reach themselves. Either the government can successfully handle all such departments that reasonably, logically and almost irresistibly come into its own possession, or it can not successfully manage any one of them. And there is not a civilized being today so fond of private ownership that he would entertain for a moment giving his precious mail into the hands of a private corporation. He will entrust a letter to the post-office, with the serenest confidence in its safe delivery, the certainty that if it is tampered with he will have all the forces of Uncle Sam arrayed against the offender if he chooses to prosecute. In what else does he have such freedom and such protection? Where does he meet the same polite, impartial treatment? At the telegraph office? No. At the express office? No. When he ships goods? NO!

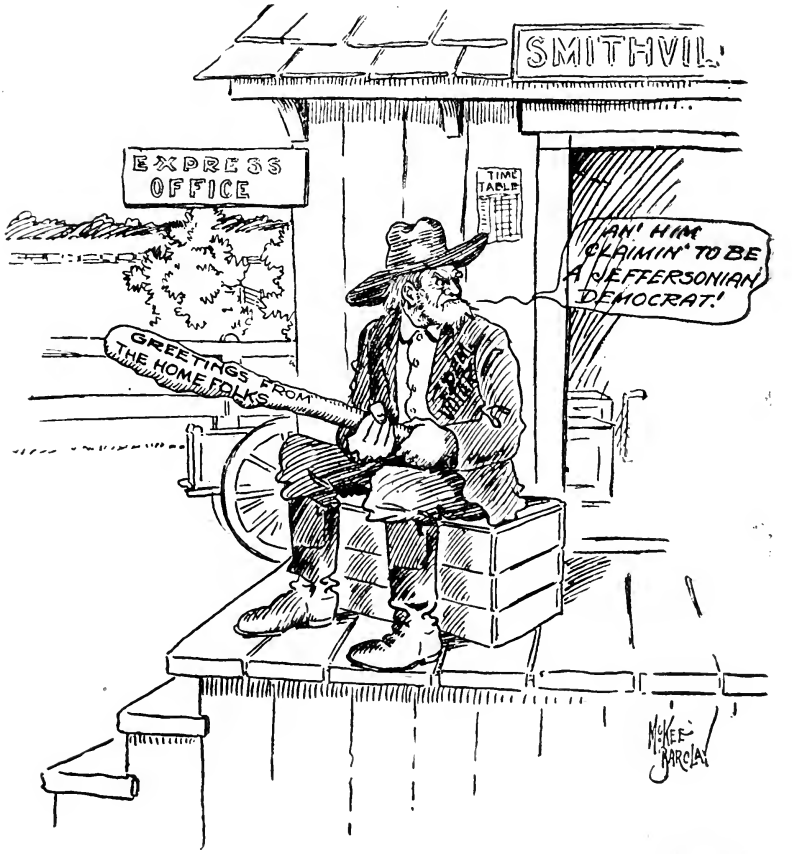
The principle of private ownership,

sans competition, is absolutely tyrannical, oppressive, intolerable. The corporation kings have grown so great that this generation can not realize that there ever was, or ever could be, anything better or different.

The Murdock Measure

Representative Murdock, of Kansas, has sprawled into the spot-light lately, apparently somewhat to his surprise. "I introduced the bill two years ago," quoth he, "and nobody paid any attention to it."

The bill in question calls upon a number of States to return $28,000,000 deposited with them by the national government in 1837, there having arisen a surplus in the treasury the year before, owing to the sale of public lands in the middle West. Congress authorized a distribution of this



Baltimore Sun

AWAITING THE CANNON DEMOCRAT

surplus among the States which then constituted the Union, being less than twenty. Among these, the following Southern States appear to have been the chief recipients and upon them would fall the heaviest burden should a refund ever be ordered:

Maryland	$ 956,000
Virginia	2,199,000
North Carolina	1,444,000
South Carolina	1,051,000
Georgia	1,051,000
Alabama	669,000
Louisiana	478,000
Mississippi	382,000
Tennessee	1,434,000
Kentucky	1,434,000
Missouri	382,000
Arkansas	287,000

There is, however, not much likelihood that Mr. Murdock's anxiety on this question will ever be appeased. The deposit was clearly a distribution of a surplusage to which the States had a right at the time and a lapse of seventy years would have seemed sufficient to outlaw even a good debt —and where the use of the words "temporary deposit" was fully understood at the time not to indicate the establishment of an obligation on the part of the States concerned to the Federal government, Mr. Murdock's bill will hardly occasion even a debate.

Federation of South African States

Very recently, after months of deliberation, the National Convention to bring about a South African Union drafted a constitution which is in the form of an act to be passed by Parliament after the Colonies have approved it.

The idea borne in mind by the men undertaking this great work seems to have been the establishment of a federation of provinces whose functions shall considerably resemble those of our sovereign States. Throughout, broad and enlightened statesmanship on the part of both Dutch and English seems manifest. The native speech of both is to be equally preserved. The provision for senators and representatives appears to be fair, and each party at interest has yielded something to the others. This is exemplified in a rather amusing, but possibly admirable, provision to have practically three capital cities, one in which the legislative branch of the government will meet, another for the judicial and a third for the executive.

The colonies are each to determine the right of suffrage. No person now voting is to be disqualified by color or race, but future suffrage is to be left to the discretion of the different portions of the federation. Each colony will be entitled to eight senators, four of whom it is especially provided shall be selected mainly on the ground of their thorough acquaintance with he wants and wishes of the colored races. Evidently this leaves a chance for the more experienced to deal with the South African race problem rather than tyros, as has been the case all along with us.

The transplanted Englishman and Dutchman has always displayed marked genius for establishing enlightened governments, and to these in South Africa should be left the working out of the new plan without hindrance from the ruling nation.

Jno. D. as B'rer 'Possum

Just at the time when Governor-elect Hadley, of Missouri, was thoroughly congratulating himself on the idea that his State had found a way to control the Standard Oil, through its conviction and eviction of the so-called Standard Oil Company of Indiana, the Republic Oil Company of

HE WHO LAUGHS LAST, LAUGHS BEST

Missouri and the Waters-Pierce Company, the Standard Oil Company had devised a way whereby it hoped to control Missouri under the following proposition, offered in lieu of the execution of the judgment of ouster:

"This respondent is willing to place itself and its business under the vigilant eye of the State and subject to the supervision and control of the court, if it will aid in the solution of a difficult situation. If such arrangement be acceptable, the owners of the majority stock of the Waters-Pierce Oil Company will place that stock in the same situation.

"A new Missouri corporation be formed which shall take over all the Missouri property of the Indiana company, and succeed to all its business in this State. All the stock of the new company, less enough to qualify directors, shall be issued to, and for four years stand in the names of two persons as trustees; one selected by the State and the other by the Indiana company, both selections to be approved by this court.

"Those trustees shall act as officers of this court and, subject to its control and direction, shall so vote the stock, and keep vigilant supervision over the affairs of the company as to see that it conducts them in a way that fair, just, lawful, and proper treatment is accorded to the public as well as to

the property, company, and its real owners. If ever, as to any action to this taken or pursued, the said trustees cannot agree, the controversy shall be submitted to the judges of this court, or some one named by them as an arbitrator, the decision of the judges or their arbitrator to be final.

"This respondent would prefer not to form a new company. It would prefer to remain in the State and have appointed such trustees, giving them by irrevocable power of attorney full power of supervision over the conduct of its business in Missouri, as that outlined with respect to a new company."

Frank Hagerman, attorney for the corporation, says quite airily:

"We have told the State to step in and watch us closely. If prices don't suit, the State can change them."

Missouri is apparently in a quandary whether to go into this unnatural partnership as an experiment in State control of corporations, or to pursue the course of ousting the offenders altogether. Certainly it is the most unexpected and startling idea advanced in connection with the vexatious litigation and more Socialistic on its face than anything heretofore specifically proposed. That the company, convicted upon four or five counts of violating the law, is sincere in its willingness to be under the supervision, henceforth, of counsel delegated by the State of Missouri to regulate its prices and methods, it were folly to imagine, although the outcome of such an experiment would perhaps be worth while as an object lesson. The result would be stupendous graft, as in South Carolina's Dispensary. The Trust would debauch and control the State.

The Oil Trial Recommences

Testimony in the retrial of the famous case against the Standard Oil Company of Indiana for accepting rebates from the Chicago and Alton railroads on shipments from Whiting, Indiana, to East St. Louis began on March 2nd. This is the case in which Judge Landis imposed the twenty-nine million-dollar fine and in which his ruling was reversed by Peter S. Grosscup, corporation tool.

Judge Anderson, casting about for a way by which to minimize any penalty he could not avoid inflicting, hit upon the happy solution of calling each *settlement* a *shipment;* under this the maximum fine, should the case go finally against Standard Oil, will be $720,000. The insolence with which the Standard Oil goes into court and its arrogant certainty that its multitudinous offenses will not bring upon it any punishment, is well exemplified in the charge made by attorney Miller to the jury: "We are looking to this jury," haughtily says Mr. Miller, "to find a verdict based on the merits of this controversy, not on the pipe dreams of counsel for the government." Pity but that the pipe dreams could not be turned into a lead pipe that would subdue Mr. Miller and creatures of his kind, but with a magistrate like United States District Judge Anderson there is little prospect of justice being meted out.

Oklahoma's Misfortune

Our newest State is having plenty of trouble, not the least of which, perhaps, is a Governor who has brought odium upon himself and his commonwealth through revelations which started during the summer and have since followed fast and followed faster. Recently he was indicted for complicity in schemes to defraud the Creeks and also to defraud the government. It is charged that the names of many dummies were scheduled to secure valuable town lots at Muscogee, and that these lots were transferred from the dummies to the defendants by means of forged quit claim deeds.

Besides the Governor, the names of many other prominent citizens appear upon the indictments.

Governor Haskell, of course, alleges that he is the victim of a conspiracy which is the concoction of Theodore Roosevelt and William Randolph Hearst. The legislature has for the present inclined to the Governor's view of it, but the courts and the public will doubtless come to the opinion that, as stated by one of the Hearst papers, Mr. Haskell has been felled by "stark, incontrovertible facts."

P. S.—On April 10, Judge John A. Marshall quashed the indictments on the ground that they were returned by a grand jury composed of 23 men under the Federal law instead of by a jury of 16 as provided for by the Arkansas law, which was held to be in force in the Indian Territory by Federal enactment at the time when the alleged frauds were committed.

It is to be hoped that this wonderful vindication will be very satisfactory to the distinguished Governor and highly convincing to the public. When twenty-three men instead of sixteen find ground for indictment, the innocence of the suspect is as clear as mud.

Dreadnaughts for Dread Everythings

The British cabinet has just come to what is made to look, upon its face, to be a dignified compromise between the urgent demand for an unheard-of naval appropriation, and the sentiment on the part of certain members of the cabinet against the wild waste. As a matter of fact, however, it is more likely that the latter, "protest-

ing they would ne'er consent," always intended to consent, for the determination to make the navy the excuse for the contemplated taxation, as well as the heavy burdens already borne, demanded that the cabinet should apparently be forced to give in to a popular wave of patriotism, the anti-German feeling which has been fostered and fomented by things deliberate, and things fortuitous which happened in a most timely manner to sustain the ministers in their business of promoting extravagance.

The total naval estimates have now reached the simply appalling sum of $175,713,500. And all because of the insane rivalry over the building of battle-ships. Germany grimly refuses to abandon her idea of making her navy match that of Great Britain, and that country is equally determined to maintain her several times superiority on the seas, no matter at what cost.

There isn't the slightest danger, and if there were, it would be better to fight it out, cool their hatred of each other in a man-to-man combat, than crush the life and hope out of the common people by a taxation that takes the heart out of peaceful work.

There is a kind of insanity in the world which prophesies war and devastation. In all the preparations for national defense there is a sort of insatiable fear. That household which locks its doors, soon latches its windows, installs burglar alarms, bolts the gate, buys a new bulldog and a choice assortment of weapons and finally grows so hysterical that it lets down the folding bed and looks under it for midnight marauders. So with the nations. There is a lack of vital, vigorous manhood in the masses when they consent to be robbed; to go cold and naked and hungry in order to pay their government to buy ships and guns to protect them. Barbarism would be vastly better than such a travestry on civilization. Oh for an era of the good right arm!

Austria Gains Her Point

Servia has yielded to the demand of the combined powers of Europe and for the sake of avoiding a hopeless struggle, has surrendered the coveted Bosnia and Herzegovina to Austria. So the war-cloud in the Balkans lifts for the time being. But not for long. The jealous countries forming that part of the world have a curiously amoeba-like way of thrusting out a portion of themselves and gradually dragging the balance along, until a wider encroachment upon another's domain again has changed the map. Treaties stay, but do not settle, the conflicting issues that constantly arise. There is scarcely a veiled pretense that anybody's cause is just, except as may appear to the ardent imperialist bent upon gaining advantage over other powers as unscrupulous as his own.

Perhaps it is just as well, for the sake of sensitive persons at a distance, that King Peter has proven so weak, and his sons so ill-fitted to assume the responsibilities their father would plainly be very much relieved to give over to more capable hands. It is understood they will abdicate, and take up their residence in Switzerland within a short time. When all their little country was inflamed with resentment at Austrian oppression, less timid monarchs would have hurled it into a hopeless conflict, involving one may not guess how much bloodshed and suffering before the close.

End of the Gompers Case

Progress of this case has been from time to time reported in the Jeffersonian, that phase of it especially growing out of the violation of the

ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC

—*New York America*

injunction by Messrs. Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison, which resulted in heavy fines and jail sentences for each and which sentences caused a storm of indignant protest to gather at Judge Wright,—not so much for his ruling, as for his bitter and entirely needless excoriation of the accused. It remains now but to chronicle the end of the injunction brought by the Buck Stove and Range Company. This amounts to what may be termed a happy compromise. The Buck Stove and Range Company does not win its effort to force complete silence on the part of The American Federationist, the official Labor Union paper of which Mr. Gompers is editor. Nor does the editor obtain leave of the Court to maintain his "We Don't Patronize" list in furtherance of an illegal boycott. Both parties must be very well satisfied outwardly, however much it may be incumbent upon them to gnash their teeth at incomplete vanquishment of the enemy.

Justice Robb affirmed the ruling of Justice Gould enjoining publication of complaint company's name in the list of those to be shunned, but took the occasion specifically to uphold the principle of press freedom. Justice Van Orsdel and Justice Shepard, sitting conjointly in the case, were not only in accord with the opinion of their confrere, but each of these gentlemen might have gone more fully over to the Gompers' view of the matter.

Thus ends this famous litigation with the right of free publication undamaged. And now if that part of the American press which sells itself day after day to bolster up class rule and its train of wrongs would take counsel of its own conscience and resolve to use its freedom for higher things than the Almighty Dollar, press freedom would be as swift toward truth as the wing of an angel. The mockery is that among the publications are a multitude of subsidized papers that rowl and rave and shriek at injunctions and libel suits, knowing that they are either bound and voiceless lest they offend some powerful interest; or they are active tools in forging fetters on the feet of Progress.

The sentences of Judge Wright in the Contempt case have not been reviewed. Needless to say, he and his conferes are quite at large, and were recently in conference at the White House with Mr. Taft.

Recent Deaths

Admiral Pasquel Cervera, who commanded the Spanish fleet at Santiago when it was destroyed during the Spanish-American war, has just passed away at Puerto Real, Spain. As brave, perhaps, as the Cid, Admiral Cervera bore himself as proudly and as nobly as the proud and noble traditions of his race demanded. It was not his to lead a forlorn hope, but to face, unflinchingly, foregone defeat. And as the years pass since that fateful day, the pathos grows more apparent, and the fine courage that led the remnant of the glory of old Spain to throw the gage of battle in the faces of their overwhelming foes. In rare degree Cervera deserved and enjoyed the confidence and honor of the world.

Almost simultaneously the life work of two great writers closed early in April. F. Marion Crawford, the widely-known novelist, died in the Italy he loved so well, at Sorrento. Born in Italy, but educated in England and America, he was cosmopolitan in the best sense, and his works have met with a wide appreciation. Although he had only reached life's meridian, he had written some twenty

novels, as well as plays and historical books. His "The Christian," is perhaps the best known and liked, although "The Heart of Rome," "A Roman Singer," and "A Cigarette-maker's Romance," met with considerable success. Thomas Crawford, the sculptor, was his father and Marion Crawford leaves two sons to bear the distinguished name. A widow and two daughters also survive.

Algernon Charles Swinburne fell asleep at his home, The Pines, at Putney in England about the time that Crawford breathed his last. This great English poet had reached his "three score-and-ten" so quietly that the world had scarcely realized he was still in the flesh and indeed, he had written but little since the eighties. He was Tennyson's contemporary and rival. To one who loves the work of each, it would be hard to make a choice between the two, but it would seem that the sustained purity and sweetness of Tennyson won for him a popularity Swinburne could never have achieved. Yet, Tennyson will never be what Swinburne is, in his finer work, "the poet's poet." Both had in their souls the substance of poetry and Tennyson was content with that. Swinburne distilled it, until the result was the very spirit and essence of verbal music, but the remaining mass, after the ethereal inspiration had been drawn, was not so good as Tennyson's steady excellence. Swinburne met with harsh criticism,—the literary world almost repudiated him at times, but there will live always those breath-catching, exquisite *little* things that are at once the delight and the despair of those who recognize the perfection of poetic art.

The roll-call of death reached, too, a graceful and a great actress, a great and a gracious woman, when Mme. Helena Modjeska yielded to long illness. In the fibre of her being was blended the patriotism of a daughter of Poland and her Utopian dreams sprang from sweet, pure humanitarianism. A fine tragedienne, the impress of her simple womanliness, her avoidance of the glitter and tinsel, the "tempermental" and the neurotic, not only made inspiring her life and fragrant her memory, but did much to lend distinction to her calling itself.

After making a success as an actress, she sought to found a communistic colony in Santa Anna County, California. But she did not realize that ordinary humanity can not live in a state of unselfish devotion to mere ideals, that a socialistic world is possible after, but not before, the Millenium itself. So it failed, together with her own fortune. She then studied English, and presented here many of the great plays of Shakespeare's, Ibsen, Suderman, retiring from the stage in 1905. She was about 65 years old when the summons came.

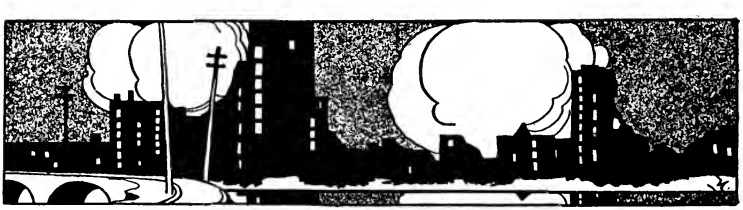
Anti-Alien Bills

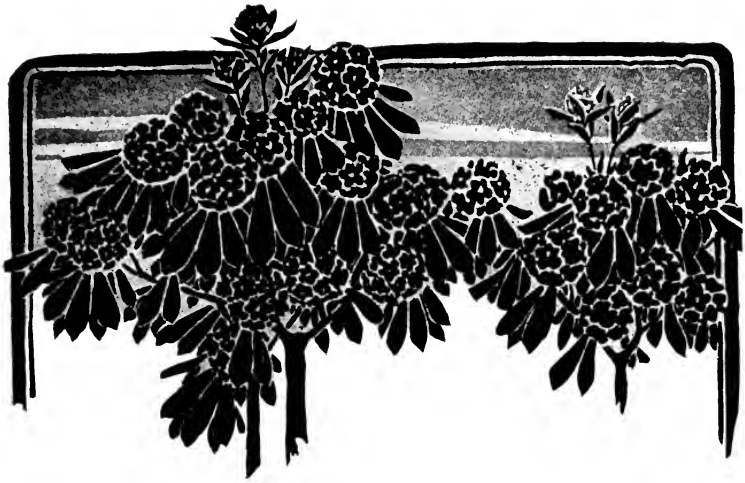
To say that there is deep and widespread indignation all along the Pacific coast over the interruption of the anti-alien measures, is not putting it too strongly. And each day the new and interesting facts come to light, showing just how much of an "E. Z. Mark" Uncle Sam is expected to be. The Australian anti-Mongolian legislation has been of drastic kind, and its stand against the possibility of negro emigration something surprising, in view of the slight occasion so far to enact any measures, for an unthreatened white supremacy. Japan has its own anti-foreign ideas, and among these it appears that special effort has been made to create difficulties for American residents in Ja-

pan—that that country is determined, and has been so all along, to prevent the possibility of American citizens obtaining a foothold there. Her "sensitiveness," therefore, as to the treatment of her people in this country is a piece of amazing effrontery.

For years the South has been reviled and assailed for a policy which excludes negroes from political assertion, and now the United States government is urged to spend thousands of dollars to create a commission to aid the people of Liberia, who for sixty years have been given the chance to govern themselves under conditions which should have been favorable to the best growth. Booker T. Washington pleads eloquently that "this great and rich government" is in duty bound to do as much for Liberia as it is willing to do for Hawaii, the Philippines, Cuba or Porto Rico, and he modestly offers himself as one of the commissioners; would even, it is thought, accept the salary and emoluments of the office without a death-struggle—and lo! it develops that no white citizen of Liberia has voice or vote there. The law of the Liberian Republic is framed for black supremacy—not "equality of political privileges."

All this is highly interesting, and should lead the United States to wake up to the necessity of self-preservation before it is everlastingly too late. Unless each section is allowed to work out its own problems, free from interference, and with the sympathetic cooperation of the rest, the East will continue to get European immigration in quantities that cannot possibly be assimilated promptly enough not to cause infinite trouble economically and industrially, if not socially. The desirable immigration doesn't come South, because the negroes are already here as a peasant class. The undesirable went to huddle in the cities and congest them beyond all reason. The South has the darkest problem of all, with no aid from anybody in solving it. And now, in a few years, has sprung up a danger in the mighty West which none but the easy-going, thoughtless, indolent citizen will view as exaggerated. It is high time the bars were put up both East and West.





The Life and Times of Andrew Jackson

BOOK II

CHAPTER III

On the 24th of May, General Jackson took possession of Pensacola and Fort Barrancas. His excuse for this second outrage upon the helpless Spaniards was the threadbare pretence that Indians and outlaws had collected there and that the Spanish Governor was furnishing supplies to these miscreants. Jackson's own story was that 550 Indians "who I had dispersed east of the Apalachicola were harbored at Pensacola. I had positive proof." Yet after Jackson, over the written protest of the Governor, had seized the undefended town and fort, not a single Indian was found at the place! Nor was a single person of any nationality discovered who could by any ingenuity of prejudice and hatred be shot or hanged. Jackson seemed to regret this very much, and wrote to his friend, George W. Campbell, of Tennessee, "All I regret is that I had not stormed the works, captured the Governor, put him on trial for the murder of Stokes and his family, and hung him for the deed."

It is possible that Indians may have massacred Stokes and his family, but in jumping at the conclusion that the Governor of Pensacola was a party to the crime, Jackson proves merely the blind fury of his own prejudice. There was not a particle of evidence to support the preposterous accusation.

Leaving a garrison at Fort Barrancas, Jackson moved his army homeward. First, however, came the inevitable proclamation, in which the world, through his soldiers, was told of the great things they had so bravely done in Florida. Of all military documents, this Pensacola output is the most vaingloriously ridiculous. Even Andrew Jackson's talent for verbal pomp encountered difficulties in the attempt to find something to boast of in this ill-conceived and bungling campaign. *His* army had not done any fighting, had done nothing but march, burn houses, drive off cattle and haul corn. Consequently, we find the proud general congratulating his noble troops upon *the length of the march* which they had made, under "immense difficulties." What these fearful obstacles were, one is not informed. The spring of the year isn't so very bad in Florida, and while sandflies and mosquitoes are a nuisance they have never been dignified with honorable mention in a military proclamation.

At Pensacola, Jackson had brought the poor old Governor to a hasty capitulation by threatening to storm the ungarrisoned fortress. Alluding to this crisis of the campaign, Jackson says in his proclamation: "Your General cannot help admiring the spirit and military zeal manifested when it was signified that a resort to storming would be necessary."

This is probably the first time any General ever thought it worth while to issue a formal statement telling his soldiers that he admired them because they showed that they were ready to fight, if necessary.

When he comes to name the officers who had distinguished themselves in the campaign, the strain on "your General" becomes tense. Your General, therefore, warmly praises Captain Gadsden for his good judgment in selecting the position for the batteries; and the "gallantry" of Captains McCall and Young, in aiding Captain Gadsden to erect the batteries, is highly commended. Captain McKeever, of the navy, had landed two guns, to be used if needed, and to McKeever is awarded the General's "warmest thanks." Fortunately, the McKeever guns were an idle surplus. A round or two from Jackson's three cannon ended the splendid affair.

"Your General" takes affectionate leave of such troops as he leaves behind, and hastens to Nashville to receive the ovation which his enthusiastic fellow citizens are preparing for the conquering hero.

In the meantime, the international situation clouds up in a very ugly manner indeed. Jackson's high-handed doings in that brief campaign have made all sorts of trouble for President Monroe, the Cabinet, and the Congress. Spain is enraged, Great Britain growls ominously, and at the time when the self-satisfied Jackson is being acclaimed in Tennessee, Mr. Monroe is at his wits' end to know how to get the republic out of the scrape into which "your General" has brought us.

Spain is pacified by a prompt surrender of the forts. Great Britain has powerful reasons for not going to war, and she allows herself to be satisfied with diplomatic assurances. But there's to be a big battle over the Seminole matters in Congress; the Cabinet is to split over it, and the feud between Calhoun and Jackson will relate back to it; and since that feud changed the political history of this country, one may safely

say that the ruthless and headstrong conduct of Jackson in Florida was the source of incalculable woes to his own people.

Like master, like man. General Jackson's example of indiscriminate slaughter found its imitators. In Southern Georgia there was an occurrence which even now fills one with horror and indignation.

The operations of McIntosh and Jackson naturally caused a great commotion among the Indians in the lower part of the State. Governor Rabun wrote to General Jackson about this, and requested him to detail a portion of his superabundant force to protect the frontier from incursions. To this appeal, Jackson gave no heed. Governor Rabun felt that the inhabitants of South Georgia should not be left exposed to the depredations of hostile savages, and he, therefore, ordered Captain Obed Wright, with a sufficient force of mounted men, to attack the towns of the celebrated old Chief Hopaunee. It is claimed that Hopaunee and his braves were on the war-path. When Captain Wright and his two hundred and seventy men neared the Hopaunee towns, they were told the old chief had removed and was then living at the village of Cheha.

Now the Indians of this town were not only not hostile, but nearly every able-bodied man of the place had joined Jackson's army, after having furnished him with all the corn they could spare. They had even taken into their care and keeping some sick soldiers of Jackson's command. At the time (April 23, 1818) that Captain Wright was advancing upon Cheha, not a dozen warriors were there. Some old men, some herders, a small guard, and the women and children were the sole occupants of the place. Hopaunee was not in the village, and it does not appear that he had ever been there. But just as wild rumors were sufficient evidence for Jackson in Florida, so a rumor was enough for Wright in Georgia.

An Indian who was herding some cattle first noticed the approach of the white soldiers. Alarmed and amazed, he earnestly begged Captain Wright to let him and the interpreter enter Cheha and bring before the white soldiers any of the head men that could be found. His prayer was denied. The attack was ordered, the cavalry galloped forward, and the massacre began. The venerable chief, known as Major Howard, and known as a friend to the whites, came out of his house, bearing a white flag, and this the old man waved in front of the charging line. *He was fired upon, shot down and bayoneted.* His son, also, was killed. Besides these, three other men who had been left to guard the town, and one woman were slain. Every house in the town was burned.

Perhaps there is no episode of our treatment of the Indians that is more disgraceful than this. It has a parallel, we grieve to say, in the action of Lieutenant Kingsbury, who, on the Mississippi River, fired a six-pounder upon Black Hawk's flag of truce, murdering some starving women and children.

When General Jackson heard of what had been done at Cheha, he was in a towering passion. Not only was he indignant at the outrage committed upon his allies, but he was indignant that Governor Rabun should dare to put troops in motion, in Jackson's military division, when

Jackson himself was in the field. Said Jackson to the Governor, "You, sir, as Governor of a State within my military division have no right to give a military order while I am in the field."

This monstrous proposition was treated by Governor Rabun with the scorn it deserved. Said the Governor to the General, in substance, "I told you of the condition of our bleeding frontier on the 21st of March, and requested that you detach a portion of your overwhelming force for our protection. You did not even deign to reply. You marched off with five thousand men to attack scattered bands of two hundred and three hundred Indians, leaving our frontier totally undefended. Since you would not protect the frontier, I did. If necessary, will do it again. As to the powers you arrogate to yourself, they are preposterous. As to Captain Wright, you have nothing to do with him. He is a State officer, and the State authorities will deal with him. In conclusion,—you attend to your own business and I will attend to mine."

In this correspondence, Rabun not only defies Jackson, but goes at him hammer and tongs. After the spunky Governor's second letter, the irate General thought best to "drop it."

As to the "inhuman monster" Wright, he was probably no worse than thousands of other white men who thought that there was no great harm in killing Indians. He was put through the form of a trial, and was allowed to make his escape. No white man was ever put to death, or severely punished, for crimes against the red men. East, North, South, West, the record is the same.

Note: Henry A. Wise, in "Seven Decades of the Union," gives a curious account of the action of Congress in voting for war:—

"Party spirit ran rankling to the most violent extremes. Not only was personal courtesy forgotten in partisan rudeness, but measures were carried or defeated by means *'fas aut nefas'*. On the question of 'war or no war', the House of Representatives was kept in session several weeks, day and night, without recess of respite.

"So determined was the Opposition that the Federal leaders, with an organized phalanx of debaters, got the floor, and held it by preconcerted signals, until the patience of their opponents was exhausted. The physical endurance of the Speaker was overcome; his sleep was not that of 'tired Nature's sweet restorer,'—it was not 'balmy.' An elderly gentleman from New England, with rather goggle-eyes, took the text of peace, and spun it out exceeding fine and broadly disquisitive, from point to point, each of infinite detail, like Captain Dalgetty's pious tormentor, far beyond 'eighteenthly' and never towards 'lastly,' until Bellona, or some one else, resorted to most startling means of storming the tenure of the floor to get at the 'previous question.' The Speaker of the House and most of the members, making a bare quorum, were asleep, and there was nothing to disturb the solemn silence but the Dominie-like drawling of the member on the floor,—didactic, monotonous and slow; the clerk's head bent low down upon the journal; when lo! sudden noises, rattling, dashing, bounding down the aisles, awoke and astonished Speaker's chair and clerk's desk; spittoons were bounding and leaping in the air, and, falling, reverberating their sounds like thunders

among the crags of the Alps. 'Order! order! order!' was the vociferated cry; but, in the midst of the slap-banging confusion of the no longer drowsy night, the humdrum debater who had the floor took his seat from fright, and a belligerent Democrat snatched the pause to move the 'previous question,' which was seconded, and the declaration of war against Great Britain was thus got at, and carried in the House of Representatives of the Congress of the United States in June, 1812."

CHAPTER IV

In one of the tart letters of Governor Rabun he twits General Jackson about two things which are significant,—the overwhelming number of his troops and his disobedience of the orders of his Government. And, strangely enough, *Jackson made no reply.*

Here, then, is a circumstance to arrest attention and cause one to reflect. Why did General Jackson march against a handful of Seminoles with an army nearly twice as large as that which he had led against the great Creek nation? And *did* he disobey orders when he seized St. Marks and Pensacola?

We think that there can be no doubt that when Old Hickory set out from Nashville, his settled purpose was to bring on a war with Spain, and wrest Florida from her failing grip. The letter to Monroe proves it: the size of his army proves it: the heavy investments in Florida land made by his family connections and close friends prove it.

The Monroe letter will be discussed presently; the size of the army speaks for itself; and the purchase of the Florida lands was made by James Jackson, John Jackson, J. Donelson, J. H. Eaton, J. McCrea, J. C. McDowell and T. Childress.

In 1818, there was peace between the United States and Spain. President Monroe was negotiating for the purchase of Florida, and, therefore, he had powerful reasons for wishing to maintain friendly relations with the Dons. Knowing this, General Jackson must have realized how gravely he would compromise his government if he went beyond his orders. Eager to seize the coveted territory, yet conscious that Monroe could not sanction an attack upon Spain, how did the General set about getting *his own way?*

Students who are willing to throw prejudice aside and learn the true character of public men and events will find much to interest them in this episode of Jackson's career.

On the 6th of January, 1818, the General wrote to President Monroe a letter to which an ingenious reasoner might plausibly trace the source of the Civil War,—which changed our democratic republic into the centralized plutocracy of the present era. Jackson begins by stating to the President that he is aware of the orders which had been given to General Gaines. These orders authorized the pursuit of Indians into Spanish territory, but expressly forbade the seizure of any Spanish fortress.

Now, Jackson wanted a freer hand than this, and he argued that if the savages took refuge in Pensacola and St. Augustine, it would be

necessary to seize those places. He believed that he should be allowed to take possession of the whole of East Florida which should be held as an indemnity for the "outrages of Spain upon the property of our citizens."

The General very well knew that President Monroe could not openly sanction such a course. To authorize the violent spoliation of a friendly power, with whom we were even then conducting amicable negotiations would have been dishonorable and perfidious. Jackson himself realized this. What, then, was his proposition to Monroe?

"Let it be signified to me through any channel (say Mr. J. Rhea) that the possession of the Floridas would be desirable to the United States, and in sixty days it will be accomplished."

Were not this letter a matter of record which no one ever disputed, it would be incredible. The popular conception of Andrew Jackson is that he was a bluff soldier, tough and rough, and utterly incapable of double dealing. The historical impress which James Monroe made upon his times is that of a perfectly truthful, honest, disinterested, patriotic man. Yet here we find the soldier, who was supposed to be free of guile, making a written proposition which involves moral turpitude of the blackest kind, and making it to a man of the nicest sense of honor.

In effect, the Jackson suggestion is this:

"You, Mr. President, must continue to show a friendly face to Spain; you must smile and negotiate; I understand that you can not afford to do anything else; but, still, I believe that East Florida should be seized and I am not quite willing to seive it in violation of my orders. Therefore, do you tip me the wink *to go ahead*. There's Johnny Rhea, a nobody, who is a bootlick of mine; do you say on the sly to Johnny Rhea that you would like for me to pounce upon Spain's unprotected territory, while you are lulling her into deceptive security by pretending friendship and by keeping up negotiations for the purchase of Florida. Do this, and in sixty days I will rob Spain of that which you are pretending that you wish to buy."

Can there be any question of the morals of a proposition like that? We shall see this trait of Jackson's character reveal itself again in the matter of the Texan revolt against Mexico, as well as in his dealings with John Quincy Adams and William H. Crawford.

What reply did President Monroe make to the letter?

Jackson and his partisans claimed that the President spoke to Rhea and that Rhea wrote to the General, *but no one has ever pretended to state the contents of this alleged letter.*

As a matter of fact, Monroe did not read the Jackson letter of January 6th, until after the Seminole war was ended. He was sick at the time the communication reached Washington, and he handed it to Calhoun, who laid it away. Jackson had already been given his orders, and the President could not possibly suspect that the General was making the disgraceful proposition contained in the unread letter.

On December 21st, 1818, Monroe himself wrote to Jackson explaining fully how it came about that the Jackson letter of January 6th, 1818,

had not been read by him until after he had received the dispatches brought by Hambly announcing Jackson's seizure of the Spanish forts. Hambly did not reach Washington until July, 1818.

General Jackson did not at that time dispute this statement, did not remind the President of the alleged letter of Johnny Rhea, and continued on the most cordial terms with Monroe.

In the Diary of John Quincy Adams, date December 17th, 1818, occurs the entry: "At the President's met Secretary Crawford who was reading to him (Monroe) a violent attack upon himself in a letter from Nashville, published in the '*Aurora*' of day before yesterday."

In this Nashville letter the Monroe administration is charged with having had knowledge, beforehand, that Jackson meant to invade Florida. As this part of the attack on Monroe evidently refers to Jackson's letter of January 6th, 1818, the person who wrote it must have been in the General's confidence. The publication which Crawford read to Monroe on December 17th, 1818, would seem to explain why Monroe went out of his way, in the letter of December 21st, 1818, to assure Jackson that it was not until after the fall of Pensacola that he was aware of his suggested seizure of East Florida. Here the matter rested for many years. We shall see how it was revived some years later.

All the world admires a man of dash and force and bravery, and the people of America were now wrought up to such enthusiasm over Andrew Jackson that he was rapidly becoming the national hero. It was Jackson who always did the thing which he set out to do. He had made up his mind that the power of the Creeks must be broken, and in spite of every difficulty he had annihilated them. He had resolutely said that he would "smash h—ll out of the British," and he had done it. He had declared that he could trample upon Spanish rights in Florida, and he had done *that*, too. Of such a strong, triumphant man, his countrymen were proud. Small errors and misdeeds were condoned or forgotten, or denied, or justified. If he had gambled, he was a gentleman gambler, not a blackleg. If he had killed a man in a duel, that was a trifle; murder by the duello was gentlemanly homicide. If he had courted another man's wife, won her heart, and scared her husband off the range, *that* was a personal and private affair, and there was much to be said in extenuation. It was the strong man's masterful way of getting the woman he wanted.

As to hanging those two English subjects, Ambrister and Arbuthnot, it was perhaps a somewhat hasty proceeding,—but how many flagrant outrages had Great Britain inflicted upon American sailors? Besides, it would teach her to quit sending English officers to incite red men to war. As to the Indian chiefs who had been hanged without any sort of trial,—that was nothing. They were just savages, who deserved killing on general principles. So reasoned the populace; and the close of the Florida skirmishes, house-burnings, cattle-liftings and fort seizures found General Jackson the most popular man in America. In such a grandiloquent style had Old Hickory written and spoken of

his performances in the land of flowers, the people of the East and North honestly believed that heroic things had been accomplished. They could not know that General McIntosh had done very nearly all of the fighting, and that the fortresses taken by Jackson were not in condition to make any resistance. Consequently, at very slight expense, our hero gained a great increase of reputation,—reminding us of the cheap laurels won by Dewey, Sampson, Schley, Shafter, and some others, in the pitiful little Spanish War of 1898.

But while the multitude acclaimed Andrew Jackson, there were many intelligent, observant men throughout the Union who severely censured his high-handed doings in Florida. This dissatisfaction, however, took no definite shape, save in Congress. There, the politicians threshed it out in a debate which ran along for several weeks. In the lower house, Mr. Clay led the attack on Jackson, doing it with his usual eloquence. But he had not taken the trouble to study the facts carefully and therefore his speeches lacked the convincing strength which he might have given them. George Poindexter, of Mississippi, defended the General, and, being coached by the General himself, he was able to make a strong case. Where he omitted a detail, Clay was unable to supply it; and when he misstated incidents, there was no one to correct him. Besides, President Monroe, while disavowing the seizure of the Spanish posts, lent the whole weight of his administration to Jackson.

Meanwhile, a very curious situation had developed in the Cabinet. Calhoun was of the opinion that Jackson had gone much too far in Florida, and appears to have taken the position in the Cabinet counsels that he should be censured. Crawford was of the same opinion. The Secretary of State, the able and learned John Quincy Adams, had a fine capacity for hatred, and two of the men whom he ardently loved to dislike were Calhoun and Crawford. Whether this personal feeling had anything to do with deciding him to antagonize the views of these two colleagues, no one can say with certainty. Very probably, it gave Mr. Adams a keen pleasure to espouse the cause of General Jackson and to foil not only Calhoun and Crawford, but Henry Clay, also. At any rate, Mr. Adams *did* take up the cudgels for the grim warrior who was under civilian fire. By the time the astute Adams had suppressed and distorted the facts of the case to suit his conception of the law of nations, he was able to build upon this fabricated foundation an exposition of the law which no one could overturn. It checkmated Spain, puzzled Great Britain, satisfied America and scored a glorious victory all around.

The three towers of strength to Jackson in this crisis were Monroe, Adams and Poindexter. We shall hereafter see how bitterly he turns against all three.

While the fight was raging against him in Congress, the General himself was on the ground, in personal command of his partisans, directing every movement of the defense. He was boiling with wrath against Clay, and against Crawford; and is said to have been violent in his threats. Lacock, who made the report against Jackson in the Senate, was told that the furious warrior had sworn to cut the honorable Senator's ears off,—whereupon Lacock began to carry on his endangered person weapons of deadly character.

There appears to be no doubt that the enraged General was turned back by his friend, Commodore Decatur, when in the act of entering the Senate chamber for the purpose of assaulting John W. Eppes, son-in-law of Thomas Jefferson.

After the prolonged debate, the House of Representatives voted down the proposition to censure Jackson, and his victory over the politicians endeared him all the more to the people. Wherever he appeared in public, whether in Baltimore, Philadelphia or New York, he was lionized. Banquets, balls, receptions, etc., were given in his honor; and his manners were such a natural blending of dignity and grace that he came forth from every scene of entertainment with his popularity broadened.

In October, 1820, the Spanish government ratified the treaty under which Florida was ceded to the United States for five million dollars; in the following February, Congress also ratified it, but not without a vigorous protest by a minority led by Clay. Our title to Texas was as good as the title by which we held New Orleans, and Mr. Clay insisted that we should not relinquish our claim to it, as the treaty bound us to do.

The New England States, however, had shown such extreme opposition to the Louisiana Purchase, and were so sensitive on the subject of the growth of the West and South that President Monroe was of the opinion "we ought to be content with Florida for the present." On June 20th, 1820, General Jackson, in response to a letter from the President, explaining the reasons for the relinquishment of Florida, wrote Monroe that he fully agreed with him.

Many years later when the Texas question was red-hot, the old General denied—bitterly, vehemently, and with much profanity—that he had ever sanctioned the giving up of our claim on Texas, *or that he had ever been consulted about it.* So fickle is memory!

On May 31, 1821, General Jackson resigned his commission in the army, and was appointed by President Monroe to the Governorship of Florida. This office brought nothing to our hero but vexation of spirit, for himself and others. In the shortest possible time, he managed to get up a row with the Spanish officials who were going out as he was coming in. Upon the complaint of a mulatto woman, that the retiring Spaniards were about to carry off valuable papers belonging to an estate in which she was interested, Governor Andrew Jackson—without waiting to hear the other side or to make any investigation into the merits of the woman's claim—ordered the papers surrendered. But the order was directed to a gallant subordinate who had no authority to give the papers up. The official who did have the authority was most willing to exercise it, but got no chance. Jackson proceeded so rapidly that everything got into a brain-racking tangle, and the upshot of the business was that the furious American Governor flung the Spanish Ex-Governor into the calaboose!

No wonder John Quincy Adams declared that Monroe's Cabinet dreaded to see the Florida mail arrive: they never could tell what Jackson might do next.

In this particular instance, Andrew Jackson got the situation in Florida so "balled up" that he himself was at a loss what to do with it. Particularly, as a Writ of *Habeas Corpus* was issued by a Federal judge, requiring the production of the body of the Spanish Ex-Governor.

Jackson stormed, frothed at the mouth, banged the table with his fist, and made use of frightful language. Bue he was completely stalled, —did not know what to do next. The officer who had no right to surrender the papers had been clapped in jail; and the officer who did have the authority, but who did not know which papers were wanted, was likewise in the calaboose,—where the ridiculousness of the thing had caused the prisoners to pass a night in laughing at Jackson and themselves, rehearsing the turbulent scenes through which they had passed, and drinking much champagne.

Jackson had the filthy little calaboose full of merry Spaniards, but he had not been able to get those valuable papers. In this dilemma, the Alcalde Breckenridge came to his relief "Send Commissioners to the Spanish Governor's house, and get the papers." This was done. Then the calaboose was emptied, the Federal Judge given a terrible cussing-out, and the valuable papers examined. *They were found to be of no value whatever.*

Of course, Governor Jackson made a formidable report to his Government, demonstrating with fierce sincerity that he had been in the right all the way through.

To John Quincy Adams, Secretary of State, fell the task of explaining things to the Spanish minister, and of keeping the peace with harassed Spain.

It is well known that President Monroe had thought of appointing General Jackson Minister to Russia. When this was mentioned to Mr. Jefferson he was horrified. Strenuously objecting to a step so rash, he exclaimed, "My God! He would breed you a quarrel with Russia in less than a month."

Possibly a great European complication and world-war was averted by the sending of Jackson to Pensacola, rather than to St. Petersburg. The wrongfulness of Jackson's course is shown by his unconditional release of his prisoners. If they had done anything punishable, they should have been punished: if they had committed no offense, they should not have been imprisoned. The mere seizure of the papers by Jackson did not alter the status of facts, so far as the conduct of the prisoners was concerned. The papers could have been seized at first, or at any stage of the game. The Spaniards made no attempt to hide the documents, and had no idea of resistance to an attempt to take them. The Spanish Governor contended all along that he was perfectly willing to surrender the papers if Jackson would specify the papers desired, and would make the demand of him in his capacity of Spanish official. In other words, the retiring governor merely asked to be treated with common civility, and to be given, in writing, a paper which would serve to explain to his superiors why he had surrendered a portion of the documents *left in his official custody.*

Nothing could have been more reasonable. The Spanish Governor,

whose name was Callava, was a gentleman, but the treatment accorded him was brutal in the extreme.

Disappointed because his office gave him no opportunity to reward his friends with patronage; worn down by his old enemy, chronic dysentery; and realizing that he was adding nothing to his fame or fortune at Pensacola, General Jackson resigned in November (1821) and returned to the Hermitage.

LOVE AND YOU AND I.

A little room with lights turned low,
Where our shadows blend in the embers' glow;
The world locked out with its wild din,
And You and I and Love locked in,
And You and I and Love locked in.

The sailor dreams on the treach'rous sea
Of the homeward voyage that never will be;
But You and I and Love are here,
Just You and I and Love, my dear,
Just You and I and Love, my dear.

The soldier falls on the battle-plain,
The widow weeps for her hero slain;
So You and I and Love must part.
With Love and Tears we Kiss, Sweetheart,
With Love and Tears we Kiss, Sweetheart.

H. A. Terrell.

—*New York American*

UNCLE JOE STILL ON THE JOB

ALL'S FAIR

By M. L. CHERBONNIER, Timonium, Md.

HE was a man of the Race Course — truly beloved among the followers of the thorough-bred, and had always in all of his dealings been as straight as a die. He ran his horses for the pure reason of proving the best horse, and though by no means a rich man he, nevertheless, let no promised amount of spoils tempt him from the straightforward attitude he had always adopted. He was a whole-souled, clean-minded chap, this Bob Meredith, and his deep set gray eyes had a troubled expression and he seemed to be debating with himself some weighty problem: "Now and forever more," he murmured, as his horse landed him over a stiff jump of four and a half feet—"A woman in the case! I can't quite understand myself—here am I, who was never known to look twice at any woman, unless she was riding a good-looking animal—falling desperately in love with a wee slip of a girl, who sits a horse as though she were part of him. Surely she is beautiful with a strange, wild sort of beauty, but then I've seen many beautiful women who have moved me not at all. And I have known Mildred Carter barely three weeks—oh, hang it all! I'll really just have to ride over and see if she'd be willing to run neck and neck through this long stretch of life with a fellow like me for a mate!" So saying he put his horse into a gallop. "Go it, boy!" he said, "remember you're to get good and hard for that 'Welbourne Stake' that comes off in a couple of weeks, and a good swift cross country for yours will help the odds in your favor—just to think of the 'Welbourne Stakes,' $20,000 to the winner! Why that would give us a flying start, old fellow, and not a debt left in the world, and"—his musings were interrupted—a peal of girlish laughter from the bend in the woods ahead, and he came upon the object of his ride, Mildred Carter—a slight, dark-eyed, dark-haired girl, riding a coal-black horse, and laughing heartily at the antics of a bull terrier, which tried in vain to jump to the saddle of his mistress, from where he stood on a slightly elevated bank. She looked back as his horse turned the bend—"Oh, it's you," she said smiling, while a faint flush dyed her cheeks, "how you startled me!" "I am sorry," he answered, "but I think for such a pleasant surprise I should be tempted to do it even again." She started her horse and he rode up by her side. "May I?" he asked, "I was just coming over to see if I could not get an opportunity to speak to you alone but the Fates seem to have thrown it at my feet, for which Allah be praised!" The girl looked at him questioningly, and a faint understanding seemed to be in her eyes. "Mildred," he said softly, "Mildred, I have done very little in this life; I have made no great name for myself, and I have not a kingdom to offer you, but from the first day I saw you I have loved you, and if you will accept a deep, honest love, and my heart of hearts as a kingdom and be the queen thereof, nothing in this world could make me a happier man." "Oh, no, don't—don't, please," she an-

swered, "it's impossible." "Don't you care for me at all? Can't you love me?" he pleaded. Mildred looked into his white face, now strained and drawn, "Bob," she murmured, "Bob, I do love you." The man made an involuntary gesture towards her, but she put out her hand. "No, don't," she said, "I might as well be perfectly frank, I can't marry you, I can't. Do you know why I am staying down here? Two weeks from today father starts 'Kireeple' in the Welbourne Stakes. He is heavily in debt—our place is mortgaged. Richard Voyce, a wealthy manufacturer, has asked me to be his wife. If I marry him all will be saved; but I have put him off, hoping against hope that 'Kireeple' will win the stake. If he doesn't then my duty to my father, who has been both mother and father to me, since my mother's death, when I was a baby, and has given me all I ever wished for, will have to be done. If he should happen to win, the mortgage can be paid, and a balance over—" and the girl, burying her face in her hands, sobbed audibly for a few seconds. "No," she continued, sitting very erect and brushing away the tears, "I'll not be a coward, and I'll do it though it breaks my heart." "Good God!" said Bob, "Marry a man you don't love!" But the next instant his admiration had broken forth. "You're a plucky girl, dearest, and I'll stand by you in what you think right. If there was only some way I could help you!" "Thank you, Bob, but there is really nothing you can do. I cannot help loving you, but you must not think me despicable to keep a man waiting for his answer for such a mercenary reason. Though I really think he loves nothing but my family position and my poor horsemanship, which seems to appeal to him." "You are wrong there, Sweetheart, I do not think you anything but the best little girl in the world, and I know there are times when all of us have to solve the most difficult of problems in the one way our poor human reasoning tells us is the fittest, and if we try to work it out to the best of our ability, in the way that seems the most advisable, the one way, then only God can tell us if our answer is correct. And so, dear heart, though our paths for the present are separate, let us hope that something, some one, some good Fate will solve the Future for us, and those paths meet at the altar," and leaning over he kissed her hand, and turning his horse, rode quickly away.

Saturday afternoon and the "Welbourne Stake" was to be called in half an hour. The grounds were filled, the grandstand packed with thousands of people—from fashionably gowned women to the lowest tout. Bob Meredith dressed in his white jacket with red bars, ready to mount when the bugle rang, stood in one of the boxes chatting gaily with a party of friends among whom was Mildred Carter. She seemed laboring under a nervous strain but wore a smiling face. "Your horse is favorite you know," he said, turning towards her. "Yes, she answered "but yours"? "Oh, Volantine? let me tell you a secret, he's always had a hitch in his gait, so while the boy was warming him up, slowly round the track, he gave all appearances of being lame. There aren't three bets down on him in the ring, he opened at 15-1." "But what do you think of his chances? I do so wish you were riding 'Kireeple.' I am afraid my nerve will fail me." "No, no, little girl," he whispered, "there is no sure thing in this race, and your horse being the favorite speaks well for his chances." They were interrupted by the appearance of a tall heavily set man, who made his way to Mildred's side—"Mr. Meredith,

Mr. Voyce." Bob took in the heavy-set face and air of parvenu, and he felt a shiver of repugnance. "Mr. Meredith," said the new comer, "charmed. Your fame is as well known in our state as here, isn't that so Miss Carter? I am sorry I can't wish you luck, but as you see I am backing 'Kireeple.'" "Yes?" answered Bob, but he couldn't say he was sorry.

The second race was won, and the bugle rang out for the stake—Bob made his way down from the stand and into the paddock. "Looks pretty fit," he said to the boy as he mounted, "but it's a hard field, seven starters for a long stiff course." "Wish you luck, Mr. Bob," answered the boy, simply.

Parading past the stand, Bob only looked up once, right into Mildred's eyes, and what he saw there made him wish "Kireeple" was the only one to start for he knew what the horse would have to contend with. They made their way across the infield to the starting post, and "were off" in a bunch at the first fall of the flag. Oh, the feeling of a chase! A sensation indescribable passed over him! Such exhilaration! He leaned farther over his horse, holding and steadying him with firm light hands. Some dark bay horse shot to the front, after the first brush jump, setting a rattling pace. Bob, by pulling gently but steadily brought "Volantine" fifth, neck and neck with "Kireeple." He saw the widely distended nostrils of the big black as he edged "Volantine" in front of him preparatory for the take-off at the Liverpool. Better a little in front, he thought, safer for the landing. Now they were passing the stand and Bob could plainly picture the face of Mildred as she watched, hoping against hope. Love fighting Duty.

Again they have come to the water jump; two horses fall, and just by a narrow margin does he escape landing on them. The third and last time around,—he is edging up,—he has passed the pacemaker, passed "Kireeple," and the dark grey, and still "Volantine" is pulling and bearing on the reins. He had seen as he went by the other three, their labored breathing and the reins held partly slack, and he had known at a glance that "Kireeple" was the best of the bunch. And now as he took the lead with only two more brush jumps before the track, he knew, he felt, the race was his. The rest had followed all too blindly the fast pacemaker. Volantine was as fresh as in her first mile. The thought of the twenty thousand, the largest purse he had ever ridden for, sang like music in his brain. Twenty-thousand!! But as "Volantine" lifted over the next to last jump with "Kireeple" on her flank, a pair of dark pleading eyes seemed to meet his, and he saw the love-light there. A heavy set, repugnant face blurred the vision for a moment. Then he heard his words of a fortnight ago as he had talked with Mildred—"The one way, the only way, we think is best." "All's fair in,—a mere stumble, a slight blunder; the twenty thousand would be lost!! But a pair of eyes—a love——"

They're nearing the last jump. His reins fell a trifle slack, an imperceptible pull towards the left wing, —"Kireeple" has cleared it,—but Volantine refused. The three last horses take it, and Bob swings his mount around and back at it again and bringing his whip down sharply, clears it safely; then he lay low over his horse's neck, riding him as though his life depended upon it, little by little he overtakes the others, all but "Kireeple." He has made his run and finished a close second to the big black which flashes under the wire, a neck in the lead!

How Love Came.

(By ALONZO RICE.)

Her threads the hand of Fate so spins
For bonds of lovers and of friends,
What art can tell where one begins,
The other ends!

'Twas only just a little while
A friend I sought my life to grace;
I watched, as morning's dawn, a smile
Across your face.

I sought companionship with you,
Your conversation sounded dear;
I wandered on, but never knew
What would appear!

A friend to every anxious thought
I deemed I knew my life possessed,
Nor noted of the wonders wrought
Within my breast!

I wished you nearer; somehow claimed
Communion of diviner bliss;
A tender yearning never named
In rhyme like this.

One time (delicious thoughts abound
With fancies that I can not name),
A friend had overstepped her ground,
A lover came!

Responsibility for Commercialism

J. D. SHEWALTER

Just after the late election all kinds of explanations were given as to what brought about the result. Colonel Watterson of the Courier-Journal, put forth a characteristic eruption—characteristic because it had a very pleasing sound and was void of political wisdom. It was pleasing to the ear, but so far from being instructive it left the reader deeper in the "Slough of Despond" that Colonel Watterson lamented.

He first quoted Burke's hackneyed words about not being able to draw an indictment against a whole people. This like "Charity" has been made to cover a multitude of sins. He then added, "Neither does the Courier-Journal." But the latter did know how, by its great influence, to deliberately lead a "Whole People" into a trap and then afterwards tell them why it was plainly so. It does no good for a man, as does Colonel Watterson, to tell me, after I am shot, the gun was loaded; knowing the fact he should have warned me in advance. To induce a man not to lock a stable and then tell him why it was logical that the horse should be stolen, because the stable was not locked, sums up accurately Colonel Watterson's after-election political philosophy. This is a case where an ounce of prevention would have been worth tons of advice afterwards.

Let us quote from the article that we may point a moral: "The idiosyncrasy of the times is commerce, as in the last century it was liberty, reaching out after constitutional freedom." And speaking of the educated class he adds, "He is completely engrossed with the present:" i. e. money. I deny the last proposition as applied to the *truly intelligent,* but if true why should it not be so under our teachers and leaders? We are mainly creatures of education and environment—the tree will grow as the twig is bent—and public thought and conduct is formed and guided by certain influences, mainly by newspapers and especially the leading ones. And after the election comes along one of the latter and tells the people that the idiosyncrasy of the present is commerce, as in the past ages it was "Liberty." That is, Colonel Watterson puts the noble aspirations of the latter on the debased level of the former, and tells us that both ages were crazy (for that is the literal and exact meaning of the word); that after all, everything in the past we adore and worship; our constitutional freedom and proud history, was a "Craze," just as is now commercialism. If the late political contest was one between the principles of liberty on the one side (which I do not believe) and commercialism on the other, was it not natural, under such teachers as Colonel Watterson, that it should have resulted exactly as it did?

If Colonel Watterson says commercialism and liberty are both a craze, is it any wonder that the people believe it to be true? That they should on this theory enthrone mammon and drive out patriotism? If I believed Colonel Watterson's theory I would so act myself, but I know (it is not a mere belief) it is not true, it is nothing but the false teachings of Watterson, Bryan and others. I know that Washington crazy, if you please Mr. Watterson, on "Liberty" is not

on a plane with Rockefeller crazy as all know on money; that Jefferson (so poor that to the everlasting disgrace of the American people his remains now virtually lie in a borrowed grave) is above Carnegie with his hundreds of millions. And yet Colonel Watterson would have us believe that nothing but a peculiarity—nothing higher—animated both.

The American people—even the *reputed* intelligent—follow a bell. If Mr. Watterson and others should affirm that the earth was flat and the belief that it was round was error, many would adopt this view without question or examination. And when the Wattersons put liberty and commercialism on a level; when the Woodrow Wilsons write books, affirming that the president, constitutionally and legally, has more power than the czar or sultan (extensively quoted in the late canvass) and miscall them "Constitutional Government," how natural it is, with such teachers, that it should finally come to pass, as Colonel Watterson laments, "The people would not exchange the current crop reports, with a rising price list, for all the books that were ever written upon political economy."

Now the great enemies of constitutional government are not the oil trust, the steel trust, and so on to the end; these are the products and natural fruits from the tree planted—the mere parasites. The great enemies are those who have taught the pernicious doctrines; the professors in subsidized colleges; the editors, great and small; the senators; the leaders, including presidential candidates, who have made it possible by teaching error to first overthrow our constitution and then wonder that liberty no longer exists. Such dreamers should wonder when the breath leaves the body death ensues. The constitution of the Fathers being overthrown, trusts, et aliter, as naturally follow as that a dog breeds fleas. Colonel Watterson endorsed before election Mr. Bryan's remedy, yet the remedy, by a law as fixed as that of gravitation, would breed more fleas. And more, Colonel Watterson knew this perfectly well before the election—I say so for he neither lacks sense nor education.

Our Fathers warned us against centralization. They not only told us it was impossible to extend a single republic over so vast a territory as even then existed (and only three millions of people) but why it was so. They told us it would prove a despotism *and bring the conditions that now exist.* To make free government possible they joined free and independent states, with all the other powers of government reserved to the states, and created a general government of these States for certain limited and defined purposes, and clearly expressing, in a written constitution "between the States" all the powers so delegated. The founders also told us that a strict construction of this constitution was demanded in order to prevent a subversion of the plan. Colonel Watterson could have quoted the great Edmund Burke to much better advantage, for he said (omitting his quaint expressions): "The history of the world teaches that free governments have ever been destroyed by the assumption of undelegated powers by those in authority." Yet Mr. Bryan's remedy for these evils, directly following from centralization, was *more centralization.* And Colonel Watterson knows, as well as he knows the door to his house, that Mr. Bryan goes beyond anything ever dreamed of by Hamilton and Adams in the direction of centralization. For instance, his license of certain corporations by the United States. If a man should proclaim that the fall and not the spring was the time to plant

seed corn none of the millions of farmers who voted for Mr. Bryan, under Colonel Watterson's insistence, would have turned the control of their farms over to his management. And yet I know, raised between plow handles, and for many years having diligently and laboriously studied that other subject, that the one was not more ignorant of agriculture than the other of government. This one thing alone would have created a central despotism, too abhorrent to describe, for eventually it would have withdrawn from State control and taxation (like the national banks) and transferred to the control of the United States four-fifths of the entire business of the country. It would bankrupt every state (in fact, there would have been no necessity for their continuance) and many cities and towns. Its central control at Washington, and its thousands of additional offices would have made corruption easy and universal, and reform impossible, except by bloody revolution.

Commercialism has taken the place of patriotism is all too true. But the question is why? For the cause that produced it, must first to be found before any effectual remedy can be applied.

I am not subservient to the press for I ask no office. But reading and reflection has convinced me, as it has convinced all reflecting minds, that no free government can be maintained without a free press, and there can be no free press without a patriotic and intelligent press. As truly said in the "Great Constitutional Convention" that framed our plan of government: "The people do not lack patriotism, but they lack accurate knowledge and become the dupes of designing demagogues." Against these dangers it is the office of the press to guard them. The editor of the local paper must be looked to mainly. But few of these have the time or opportunity to study the science of government—this is a life work—from original sources. Hence, for guides they look to the great editors of great dailies and great statesmen. Of late there are no great statesmen—the machine makes them impossible. And as a rule the great dailies are also commercialized. But I can name four daily papers in the South (and the Courier-Journal is one of them) who, had they told the people plainly the truth before the nomination, Mr. Bryan would never have been nominated or his Denver monstrosity promulgated. Yes, it is true, Colonel Watterson, as you say,—sadly true—commercialism is enthroned. And why? When you consider the course of the Denver Convention—its subserviency to the will of one man—its ruthless restraint of free discussion and intelligent action—its undemocratic and often silly utterances—previous to 1860 Colonel Watterson and the Courier-Journal would have burned its presses before it would have supported the candidate or the platform. And yet with others, having rendered truculent subserviency to such monstrosity, after the natural results, Colonel Watterson laments that commercialism has triumphed! Triumphed over liberty? No; for liberty was not the battle cry of Colonel Watterson's candidate.

The task of regeneration is difficult, but not impossible. The public mind has been debauched and the Courier-Journal has done its part towards debauching it. But the public mind can be reformed and let the battle now commence. Send men to the rear, especially self-seeking ignorant demagogues; press Democratic principles to the front. They have never gone down in defeat, for they were never involved in the last three political canvasses.

The old principles of Democracy are as definite and certain as the pavement down Broadway—more enduring than the stones that compose it. But at present as a party it is a stranded boat—without oars, compass, rudder, unable to reach any shore; without hope or prospects for the future; its prow pointing in all directions and in none. No man could be recognized on the street as a Democrat by the late party platform, for as to principles he knows none. Should the Presbyterian church deny the divinity of Jesus, or the Sermon on the Mount, the teachings of the apostles, it would be a hopeful sign if the people turned from it. So too it is a blessing that "Centralization," "Paternalism," "Socialism," destruction of the "Reserved Rights of the State," "Strengthening of National Banks," a great nation erected through a destruction of "The Ambassadors from the State government," all of which are found in the Denver platform, was not approved under the spurious name of Democracy.

I thank God as a Democrat, if Jefferson was one, but not a Democrat if Mr. Bryan is one, that true Democracy still lives. And living, if we are true, it will again reign —after while "Money satisfieth not." Turn to the so-called Denver platform. Was it anything else than commercialism from Mr. Bryan's standpoint? Did it breathe the spirit of Liberty and Democracy? When the principles of Jefferson, dethroned in 1860, are enthroned again at Washington, the watchman on the tower (if God in mercy but raise him up as He did in 1800) will proclaim "All is well." All is well "For all the people and for Constitutional Government." Returning sanity, let us hope, will hasten the day before it is too late. In the meantime "Let us hold to the faith of the Fathers" and reject the new counterfeit. Let us abide in the Ark. It is our only safety.

THE PASSING.

Not when the ebb-tide trembles on the deep,
And in a languid refluence, like a maid
Who softly smoothes the ripples from her braid,
Uncurls the sea-weed from its stony keep,
Not then, sweetheart, to sleep;

Not when the sunset's faintly glowing bars—
A reminiscence of departed dawn——
Grow silver-chill beneath the frost of stars,
And mortuary night-winds gently mourn,
Not then, love, to pass on;

Not when the world may bid the calm repose,
The quiet, well-earned rest. When ties are frail
As waxen fingers, whence the flushing rose
Has faded wholly, and the pulse is pale,
And memory feebly goes

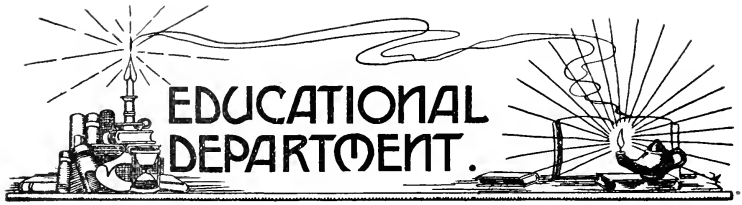
Back on a slender pathway thro' the maze
Of Real and Seeming, wavering in a blend
Of shadowy Now and blurred, dim Yesterdays,
The slow beginning of the slow, sad end,
Not *so* to pass, my friend,

But, when the tide of life in strongest flood,
Beats the full-bosomed waves against the rocks,
When the compelling passion in the blood
Leaps lustily to meet the mighty shocks,
Then, death to crown the good!

While Heart exults in reaching Heart's Desire;
When Light O' Wing pursues the flight of Truth;
The blaze still bursts from out volcanic fire,
And lips and eyes reveal a reckless youth,
Thus, only, to expire.

To lead the lists, and leave result to trust;
For ride behind—We feel their panting breath—
Those who will snatch our banner from the dust,
And save the dripping sword from shameful rust,
When flashes forth the swift, sweet wound of death,
Yea, love, *the warrior's death!*

GRACE KIRKLAND.



Will you please oblige us by answering the following questions?:

J. E. M.

Okalona, Arkansas.

QUESTION I. What effect would the direct election of the President have on political parties?

Answer: Probably none. We would still have the two great parties both favoring substantially the same things. The Republican party is composed of Republicans; the Democratic party is composed of assistant-Republicans. No matter how the President is elected the Twins will be as closely related as ever.

QUESTION II. What effect would a six-year term have upon the country by virtue of the fewer elections?

Answer: Unless we had Direct Legislation and the Right of Recall, the six-year term would have the effect of making the people even more indifferent to their public affairs than they now are.

QUESTION III. What effect would inelegibility to a second term have on the administration?

Answer: Mighty little, if no other changes were made. Presidents, as a rule, have not done any worse or any better during the last four years of the term than during the first. A man who allows himself influenced by the love of popularity will do it whether he is to be a candidate again or not.

QUESTION IV. Is the restriction on the people affected by indirect method of election necessary now?

Answer: No. Originally, it was meant that the Electors should exercise their discretion in voting for Presidential Candidates, but the un-written law compels them to vote as the people have instructed them. Consequently the people even now elect their President direct.

QUESTION V. Would election by popular vote be practical in the United States?

Answer: Yes. But each state could only be given the same proportion of the political power it has in Congress. Otherwise a very populous state would outweigh a great number of small states.

QUESTION VI. Is election by popular vote desirable? Why? If not, why?

Answer: Since the people vote directly for the Electors, and since the Electors vote as the people direct, we see no practical value in a change.

Will you kindly tell me whether Great Britain, or any other government, contributed to the late earthquake sufferers of San Francisco, California?—R. A., Blue Hill, Nebraska.

Answer: No. Our hysterical government on earth that votes away public money to relieve earthquake sufferers. The people, and the charitable associations do that kind of work in foreign lands, the governments do not.

Even in the case of the Italian earthquakes last year, the Italian government made no appropriation. The private citizens did, Churches did, charitable societies did, but the government did not.

Nor did any other nation on earth, but ours, appropriate a cent to relieve Jamaica, Martinique, Sicily or Calabria. But our lawless statesmen and President not only voted away $800,000 of your money for those dagoes of Sicily and Italy, but actually built hundreds of houses for them. One report said that 3,000 of these cottages were put up by our Government for the homeless dagoes. Another report was 500.

Our Government had no legal right to take your money and build a single house for any such purpose.

Isaac M. Allen, 7528 Hamilton Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

Will you kindly answer the following questions in your magazine? I think they will interest many of your readers:

QUESTION I. Why are women, as citizens of the United States, not permitted to exercise their full rights as such? The Constitution to me appears to be very clear on this point.

Answer: To the extent that women are denied political privileges, we have a survival of the Common Law of England which gave the husband the right to beat his wife, take her children from her, own her property and spend it as he pleased. Her existence was merged in that of her lord and master, the two being one, could cast only one vote,—and of course her lord voted for both.

QUESTION II. By what authority—legal or otherwise—is the reading of the Bible made a part of the exercises in our public schools?

Answer: None. Bible reading has no more business in our schools than a doctrinal sermon has. The public schools are state institutions and religious teaching is out of place in them. The Sunday schools, the churches and the home are the places in which religious teaching should be had,—not the public schools.

Powersville, Ga., March 10, 1909.

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

Dear Sir: I notice that the American National Bank, of Macon, Ga., is issuing some bank notes that read, **"This note is secured by U. S. Bonds or other security." Isn't this the emergency currency that Congress authorized last year?** Please answer in your **weekly,** or magazine.

Your friend,
H. W. CARTER.

(Answer.)

Yes, that is the emergency currency authorized by the Aldrich-Vreeland bill of last year.

The scheme of the National bankers is to gradually get rid of notes based on government bonds, and to replace them with notes based on "other securities," such as railroad issues, municipal bonds, etc.

Whenever a National banker can persuade the Secretary of the Treasury that an "emergency" has arisen in his neighborhood, that obliging official authorizes the banker to go ahead and stamp a new supply of money.

Macon, evidently, had an emergency of that kind; hence the notes to which Mr. Carter refers.

Columbia Sta., Seattle, Wash.

On page 208, of the March Jeffersonian, in your answer, last paragraph, if not mistaken, you have missed a cog in the banker's wheel of fortune; the Credit Strengthening Act declared the bonds payable in coin; the exclusive gold payment was an afterthought, or, rather, a pre-arranged plan to test the people as to how much abuse they would stand; possibly, they consider it a mercy, as giving us a chance to gradually become accustomed to the burden.

This may seem unimportant and doubtless you are a very busy man, yet I thought best to call your attention to the matter, as it furnishes an object lesson as to their customary and historical method of gradually tightening the reins and curtailing the opportunities of the people.

I like your views on the Race Question, notwithstanding the fact that "I was born in Illinois." Taft's eulogy of Cleveland is refreshing and significant.

G. S. FLOYD.

Ed. Comment: There was no slipping of a cog. The subscriber inquired the date of the Credit Strengthening Act and we gave it. The Jeffersonian Magazine has more than once gone over the history of the banker-conspiracy which changed the terms of the bond contract from "lawful money" to "coin" and from coin to "gold."

South Sharon, Pa., 510 Fruit Ave.
March 10, 1909.

Mr. Thos. E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir: I have heard it stated by several different parties that James J. Hill, the railway magnate, is in reality an agent for the Roman Catholic Church and invests money for the said Church in railroad stocks. Also that J. P. Morgan is looking after the financial interests of the same institution in the steel investing business.

Please inform me through the columns of the monthly Jeffersonian whether the above is an obscured fact or merely a rumor.

Yours respectfully,
JOHN GUFFEY.

(Answer.)

We have no information on the subject of James J. Hill and his alleged investing of the funds of the Roman Catholic Church, but a couple of years ago the newspapers were carrying an item to the effect that J. P. Morgan had visited the Pope for the purpose of securing the handling of the fund of four million dollars, which it was said the Pope had put with the Rothschilds at London to lend out at interest. The press dispatches stated that Morgan had assured the Pope that he could get a larger return in the way of interest than the Pope was then receiving through Rothschild. Whether Morgan ever got possession of the Papal millions, we do not know.

Cohutta, Ga.

Dear Mr. Watson: I am needing a little information. Would you kindly give it to me through your Educational Department?

(1) I met a man on a blind horse, with a rope bridle and a wooden saddle, who was whooping up the high tariff,—said it was the very thing for "poor folks."

(2) A graduate of Mercer tells me that labor produces but little of the world's wealth; that Mr. Harriman produces more wealth in a day than the laborer does in a month.

Are these benighted, or am I merely near-sighted? I had talked it, and said it pretty loud, that the protective high-tariff protected a class that was fattening at the expense of "poor folks." And then I went almost to the top of my voice when I tried to tell 'em that all wealth was the product of labor. I kinder held my own with the blind-hoss man, but this University chap, he puts it clear beyond me. Feeling almost certain that you have medicine that will reach the seat of the disease, I hope you will send it by first mail, and oblige.

Very truly yours,
J. C. PARROTT.

(1) The man on the blind horse probably remembers when quinine cost from $3. to $6. per ounce. There was a high-tariff on it, and a Trust monopolized the supply and sale. When it was put on the free list, the price immediately went down, and it has been cheap ever since. Why? Because there is no high-tariff on it, and therefore we get the benefit of competition. Was high-priced quinine good for "poor folks"?

(2) Harriman and his railroad-grabbing gang never added one dollar to the wealth of this country. Neither do bankers, speculators, express companies, insurance companies and telegraph companies produce wealth. They absorb; they do not create.

The Steel Trust issued stocks and bonds to the extent of $750,000,000, over and above the actual investment. The $750,000,000 was water. It did not represent a dollar of cash. But the Trust, by reason of the high tariff, has enjoyed an era of monopoly prices; and it has made the American people pay dividends upon the fictitious capitalization, just as though it were real.

Harriman's methods are of the same nature. He issues hundreds of millions of watered stock, and then taxes the people, in freight and passenger

charges, to get earnings on this fictitious capitalization. Wealth is produced in the fields, forests, mills, mines, by men who, as a rule, work with their hands. A banker, by financing enterprises, may enable others to produce wealth, but he doesn't produce any. He is, commercially, a sponge.

The railroad may open up new mines, forests and fields to development; but it is the man who labors in these industries that creates the wealth. The railroad produces nothing, but absorbs a tremendous percentage of what others produce.

Harriman himself is the holder of more than $110,000,000 in three of his lines of railroad; to the extent that this stock has value it was put there by passengers and shippers. However much genius a railroad magnate may have, his wealth must come primarily from passengers and shippers. In the subtle strategy of railway management, he may out maneuver his rivals and take their business away from them, but the golden eggs, after all, are laid by the public,—the men who travel and the men whose toil brings forth the commodities which the railroad hauls.

We regret that old Mercer should turn out a graduate whose notions of wealth production are so erratic. He should read "The Wealth of Nations" and study the statistics of production.

REPOSE.

Oh! sweet is the evening's repose
At the end of a day well spent—
A day that ere it reached its close.
Saw some worthy deed on its mission sent.

'Tis then, in our quiet slumbers,
There come the sweetest dreams of peace,
Like the airy tread of numbers,
Bringing from toil and sorrow sweet release.

And when we wake on the morrow,
To face the light of new-born day,
Forgotten is the moil and sorrow
That vexed us—for dreamed are they away!

So may we, when we cease to roam
Guided alone by Hope's faint gleam,
Find, beyond earth's cerulean dome,
The glad awakening of a happy dream!

FLETCHER DAVIS.

HER FLOWER

The flower you loved was not the rose,—
Flushed courtesan of blooms!—that throws
O'er sense and soul the subtleties
Of storied old adulteries;
Her heart's a censer of desire
Where passion tends his perfumed fire;
Whoso inhales that incense sleeps
Deep, deep within oblivion's keeps;
Her fain and facile loves suggest
What lust ached Messalina's breast,
Half-hinted secrets charge her breath
Of Helen's moods and Ilium's death;
Her clotted pages, every line,
Tell tales of honor sunk in wine—
Hope lost in one red revelling hour—
No, no, the rose was not your flower!

The violet rather, flower of hopes
That waken on the wooded slopes
Once more beneath the feet of Spring
When she comes northward journeying;
When she comes north again, and sings
The laughter-woven chant that brings
Her minstrels back from woods and streams
Where Summer ever sits and dreams.

You loved the lilies, pale with prayer,
That live like nuns, that do not dare—
The fragile flowers that bud and blow,
Aspire and die, and never know
The world holds any other good
Than holy prayer and solitude—
The sheltered lilies, cloistered where
To live means not to love and dare—
But better loved your flower that grows,
Unchilled by doubts, beneath the snows—
That stars our nether firmament
With purity and daring, blent.

The winds—(that tear her veil of mist,
Sun-fringed and tinged with amethyst,
From April's face)—haste with quick wings
To spread the tale the violet brings;
The tale of faith, renewed with years—
Of mirth, sun-blent with pity's tears—
Of free and fragrant thoughts that live
Outdoors, nor hothouse pleasures give.

Not lilies, all too faint to bear
Earth's weight joined to their climbing prayer
Not roses thorned with sharp regrets;
Sweetheart, I scatter violets
Upon your grave.

DON MARQUIS.

A LOCK OF HIGHLAND MARY'S HAIR

By S. F. NORTON

BEFORE me lies a tiny tress of almost flaxen hair. For years it has been one of my treasured keepsakes; not because of any personal regard for the one from whose head it was taken, for she died a hundred years ago.

But the lock of hair has a history, sweet and sad. It is no less than a veritable tress from the head of Robert Burns' sweet Highland Mary, whose name commemorated in the songs of the immortal Scotch bard, has been familiar to the world for a whole century. Who has not read those ineffably sweet and pathetic lines:

With many a vow and locked embrace,
Our parting was full tender;
And pledging oft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder.

But, oh, fell Death's untimely frost
That nipped my flower so early!—
Now green's the sod and cold's the clay
That wraps my Highland Mary.

Oh pale, pale now those rosy lips
I oft have kissed so fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me so kindly;
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that loved me dearly—
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

Who is not familiar with the touching and melancholy history of Burns and his Highland Mary—Mary Campbell? The story runs somewhat as follows: Although most devotedly attached to each other they were doomed to be separated. In parting they plighted their mutual faith by an exchange of Bibles. They stood wtih a running stream between them, and, lifting up water in their hands, vowed to love each other "while woods grow and waters run." In the Bible which Burns gave to Mary was written in his own hand, and over his own signature, accompanied by his mark as a Free-Mason, the words: "Ye shall not swear falsely by my name."

They parted to meet no more. She was carried off by a fever, and the first intimation which he had of her death was when he visited some friends, where he expected to meet her and be united to her in marriage. The compiler of one of the many editions of Burns' poems, describing the incident, says: "The Bible is in keeping of her relatives. We have seen a lock of her hair. It was very long and very bright, and of a hue deeper than the flaxen."

And now comes in the query as to how I got hold of the little tress that lies before the writer hereof on the desk as this sketch is being written.

During Mary's sickness her hair was cut off, as is frequently done in cases of fever. It was given to Burns, who, of course, treasured it as sacredly as he did his own life. It was carefully preserved, and labeled in his own handwriting, and at his death was found among his keepsakes.

The members of the Masonic Lodge, to which Burns belonged, and over which at different times he presided, and to which he addressed that well-known poem beginning:

"Adieu! a heart-warm, fond adieu,
Dear brothers of the mystic tie!"

gathered up as many as possible of these treasured keepsakes, and among

them Highland Mary's hair, and put them into a chest, which is today kept "among the archives" of the Lodge, securely locked in such a manner that it requires the presence of the four principal officers of the Lodge to open it. A number of years ago, a gentleman (M. O. Waggoner), who now resides in Toledo, Ohio, an high Mason and an admirer of Burns, spent a month or more visiting the scenes of Burn's life, and, of course, visited the Masonic Lodge. The members not only opened the chest and showed him the many relics, but gave him several trinkets—and among them a small lock of Mary's hair. From his own lips I heard the story, and from his own hand I received the tiny tress that now lies before me.

A life-long fondness and admiration for Scotia's sweet bard, Burns, make my keepsake very valuable in my estimation—and the story of the melancholy death of his heart's treasure adds to it an unspeakable fascination. I love Burns because he was such a noble, tender-hearted songster; because of his life-long struggles with obscurity and poverty; because of his grand, genial good nature; because his sarcasm and wit, though keen, did not rankle; because in describing the frailties of his fellow-men, his pen, though piercing, was not dipped in the gall of bitterness; because his big heart would have forgiven even Satan himself and granted him a chance to reform and gain heaven; because he loved mankind; because of the tears that filled his great, dark eyes as he beheld the sins and sorrows of the world; because, though sinful and weak, he was not malicious and wicked; because in my boyhood, his was the first book of poetry that I ever read, and the songs that I then read made such a lasting impression upon me that they have been running in my head and heart ever since.

And who shall say that love does not live forever! Two lovers, who lived and loved a hundred years ago in far-off, bonnie Scotland, are tenderly thought of today by every lover of poetry, song and romance in this distant land of America. While the great world still goes on with its countless changes and chances, the sweet, sad story of the gentle, fair-haired Scottish maiden is still told and sung, wherever the English language is written or spoken. And so it will be that as long as "woods grow and waters run," lovers' hearts will grow tender with a repetition of the same vows that bound together the poet Burns and his sweet Highland Mary.

April, 1883.

THREE SONNETS—THE SEA.

I.

For many years the hills, and now the sea!
Heart of the elder world, whose rhythmic beat
Close to the kind Earth Mother's breast, through heat,
Through cold, through solitude and night, flows free,
Flows ever to the swift heart beats of me
And these thy lovers; in thee the ages meet,
And Time, the laggard, sits at thy white feet,

II.

Mother of Mysteries; thy secrets keep
Darkly in hidden places, where the spell
Of silence hovers round, save what may tell
Those mutterings and murmurs in thy sleep
Concerning old adventures of the deep,
And crimes unguessed, echoes of ancient knell,
Dim coral treasure caves thou lovest well,
And gardens of wild beauty, terraced steep
Down to that under world, where thou dost hold
Thy galleons and heaps of stolen gold.
What Vikings' funeral flames once lit the West,
Whose ashes long have strewn thy heaving breast?
What dead do nourish thee whom thou hast wed?
Nay, let it pass; sirens must have their dead.

III.

For thou art old and wicked, though most fair,—
Mistress of wiles; and Helen thou hast seen,
Thy dimpled waves have smiled on Egypt's queen,
And caught her starry glance; and Sappho's hare,
White arms entreated thee; naught can impair
Those final charms they lent thee; deathless mien
Of beauty, lone, inscrutable, serene;
Wild song, and stormy passion, all are there;
And so thou art half siren, with a heart
Throbbing from lost Atlantis; under ban
Of good and evil; sibyl old thou art;
Thou only, and the voice of violin,
Can utter forth the restless soul of man,
His wrath, his love, his prayers, his sudden sin.

MARY CHAPIN SMITH.

WOULD PROCEED ALONG OLD LINES.

Swainsboro, Ga., March 29, 1909.
Hon. Thos. E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir: Your April number of the magazine is worth five dollars. Your editorial anent the foreign missionary mismanagement and the Catholic Church should be published in pamphlet or tract form and scattered broadcast all over the whole continent.

Now, much is being said in regard to re-organization of a reform party. I wish to say that I know of no better platform than the old Populist platform, and I know of no better plan of campaign than the old Populist plan of militia, or township club, as a basis to county and state organization; except, I would suggest that each county have a local weekly newspaper to combat the falsity of the opposition. And, again, I wish to say that I know of no better name than the People's Party, or Populist.

I see the Democratic press of the South is rather encouraging her twin sister, the Republican party, to take a place in the arena, and promising them a square deal. My opinion, borrowed, perhaps, from you, is that the Democratic leaders will welcome a strong opposition here in the South, just so that opposition does not have any hope of reform. But, oh, how they will howl "Solid South" and "White Supremacy," when any reform movement opens its doors for membership.

Mr. Watson, the reformers, outside of the Socialists, in the United States, are looking to you to lead in the re-organization of the **People's Party.** You are the logical man, and, pardon me, but I think the man and the occasion had better meet, yoke up and pull straight up the middle of the road together, instead of pulling against the yoke like steers hitched to an empty wagon.

I enclose you my check for $3, to renew my subscription to the two publications, and the subscription for Alf. Herrington for the magazine, beginning with the April number.

Yours truly,
LEE GODFREY.

WHY NOT ELECT JURORS?

Cheneyville, La., March 25, 1909.
Hon. Thos. E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir: Not wishing to unnecessarily intrude on your time or space in the Jeffersonian, still, being convinced that a larger part of the American people are longing for a reformation in all, and everything pertaining to their moral and financial welfare, I take the liberty of giving my opinions and views to your numerous readers, not with the intention of forcing myself on the public, but hoping that what I may say may be provocative in calling attention of those more fully informed than I on the subject spoken of herein, and bring about such discussion as may hereafter lead to a proper reformation in the matter of conducting our courts.

In so far as I know, the Populists and reformers generally have called for a reformation in nearly everything else except the conduct of our courts and trials by jury, as is practiced daily by all the states of our Union. When these are closely investigated, it will show to the unprejudiced mind that, the supposed intention of all our legal methods, as now used, are for dealing out justice, honesty, and fairness between man and men, but in reality the direct object is

otherwise, to which can be attached the suspicion that in a great majority of cases, how to circumvent or defeat justice was the rule of conduct. To do this, we find that technicalities of the most unheard of, or of the most trivial kinds are brought forward or lugged in, to delay or defeat justice; and this is most frequently done when the party litigants have a large bank account to sustain the litigation. The question in which the great commonalty is the most directly interested is, does the present regime comport either with their financial or their moral welfare? It is almost a self-evident conclusion that we can not so consider it.

In the many recent murder trials throughout the United States, and more especially made famous because of the wealth or position of those "brought before the bar" to stand trial, we find the best legal talent employed, and, be it to their shame, we see them resorting to low trickery or shicanery to defeat the law and exculpate criminals whom, in their very soul of souls, they know to be guilty of the crime charged; and, in all trials by jury we see in all courts in each state a passing strange inconsistency, i. e., lawyers, because they are **paid attorneys,** denouncing or pleading, doing their best to influence for or against the jury who are sworn to bring in a verdict according to the **law** and the **evidence** presented to them. No private citizen other than these paid attorneys are allowed to approach or speak to the jury. Such a proceedings, no matter how irrelevant to the case itself, would call for a rebuke from the judge, or a sentence to the common jail for a "contempt of court," while in some extreme cases the jury is discharged, and a new trial proceeds under a different panel. Is not this a most glaring and palpable inconsistency? We think it is so very inconsistent that it reflects discreditably on all intelligent people. And now comes a question: Why should a lawyer be permitted to address a jury? Why is he not confined in his duties as a lawyer to the **examination of the witnesses,** and draw from them "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth"? It surely is not his business to "expound the law." That is the province of the judge of the court; and, surely, under no circumstance should he be allowed to bias or prejudice the minds of a jury because he is a paid lawyer in the case on trial. Can any one dispute this?

Surely the jury, supposed to be made up of intelligent men, can, without outside aid, and among themselves, sift the evidence and find a true verdict without their prejudices being appealed to by one who they know is working for a fee.

For one, I am of the opinion that the drawing, indiscriminately, a jury at each term of court, should be done away with. The position of a juror is one of responsibility and should be made elective for a specified number of years. Give the people a chance to determine who shall constitute their trial juries. The people are not so apt to be mistaken as to a man's fitness as Dame Luck would be in drawing them haphazard from a jury box. It would be something of an honor to be elected to that office, and a man so chosen would, with his daily association with the courts, become more proficient in his knowledge of law and its demands, than the ordinary citizen, picked up on the streets.

If an objection is made by affirming that if jurors were **elected,** law violators would know who were to sit on their cases when called before the court, and might resort to bribery or intimidation, we admit this might be true in some instances, but does it disprove the fact, well known, that bribery is resorted to oftimes under our present system? It would be equally as satisfactory, in so far as proof is concerned, to assert that our Legislatures ought to be "drawn" instead of being chosen by the people. Anyway, our courts and all branches connected with them, as a general thing, have become so corrupt, so yielding to the fascinations and powers of wealth, or of political influences, that a radical change and reformation is greatly needed, and being in hopes that the able pen of the editor of the Jeffersonian may give his readers his views on the matter, I sign myself,

Yours truly,

LINN TANNER.

LITERARY SANDWICHES.

I'm puzzled at a journal's way,
That I've been patronizing,
Of hedging reading columns in
With slabs of advertising.

And since my eyes, too much inclined
To keep the same direction,
Move on instinctively, and scan
The advertising section,

I found one day a statement from
A thoughtful Southern preacher:
"The negro problem's only hope
Is"—"WHITE'S COMPLEXION
BLEACHER."

And in the column: "Talks with Boys"
I gleaned the information:
"And when you come to choose a
wife"—
"ACCEPT NO IMITATION."

And farther: "At the Spanish Court
Alfonso's Royal mother
Is urging"—"TRY BROWN'S
WHISKER EYE,
AND YOU WILL USE NO
OTHER."

And then: "My daughter, when the
will
Is firm, the world surrenders;
Put on a smile and"—"WEAR A
PAIR
OF NEVERBUST SUSPEND-
ERS."

And later yet: "A cheerful heart
Is Heaven's greatest blessing:
He conquers all whose soul is filled"—
"WITH LOBSTER'S SALAD
DRESSING."

And thus my reading illustrates
Our sad commercial trending:
For all beginnings have, perforce,
A most substantial ending.

Roy Temple House.

MEANING OF THE WORD "POPULIST" AND WHY WE SHOULD HOLD FAST TO THE NAME.

Tabernilla, C. Z.

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

Sir: I have been down here in these tropical jungles four years, but I am as true a Populist, P-o-p-u-l-i-s-t, as ever breathed the breath of life. I cast my first national ballot in Halifax, N. C., for J. B. Weaver, it being the only ballot counted for him at that place. Unchangingly since that time, I have given of both my time and money to the cause. Have withstood the jaunts and jeers of Democrats in N. C. and Republicans in Neb. Have been assaulted time and again for daring to own and speak my principles on the stump. I was one of the leaders of the much-abused "Mid-roaders" in Nebraska. Was a delegate to the Nebraska state convention and sat upon the front seat when you spoke in the old Oliver theater in Lincoln, when Tom Tibbles sold out the campaign to Bryan, through Mat Harrington and A. G. Shallenberger (now the hypocritical governor of Nebraska, I believe). I have ever been unflinchingly true and intend to remain true as long as the party keeps its name and formulated principles; so I believe I have a right to be heard on what I think to be a vital issue in the ranks at this time, viz.: The continuance of, or rejection of, the present name, Populist.

P-o-p-u-l-i-s-t brethren, I have noticed, but kept silent until I read last night the latest received copy of my loved Jeffersonian. That was more than my soul could bear. People good and true write, ignorant people write and liars and hypocrites write for publication, but the very worst of them all is the hypocrite. The Bryan order.

Now, to be called a Populist may bring a sneer from an ignorant bigot or an old party fanatic, but never from an educated or fair-minded gentleman or lady. I have known the singing of the doxology to make a dog howl.

To those who write of being ashamed of the name Populist, or wishing it changed, permit me to explain, as best I can, the meaning of the word. First, its latin derivative would be "populus," meaning the people; its equivalent in

Greek being "Dimos," the people, and "Kratos," power, from which comes the word Democrat. Hence the similarity to the Democrat party. Now, the person who says he is ashamed to be called a Populist is either ignorant or intending to deceive. Bryan always told us on the prairies that he was a Populist at heart, but did not like the name. Shallenberger told us the same. My most bitter political enemy in North Carolina was the Hon. W. H. Kitchin, a brilliant and capable ex-congressman. He did his best to destroy the party in North Carolina, but failed, until he entered its ranks and went to work to destroy the name, then he partially succeeded and returned to his wallow in the mire.

Long ago I learned to read political schemes through the mask. I have never seen one saint howling to throw the name Populist overboard, who did not prove to be false to the principle. And now, gentlemen, when you cry for the extinction of the God-given name selected and adopted by the wisest and most faithful of the Old Guard, kindly state how many times you have cast a real Populist ballot and how long since one of the old parties ceased to expect your vote and co-operation.

Ah, Mr. Watson, both you and I have seen too much of this wolf in sheep's clothing. I don't believe any true Populist alive wants to change the name. Its meaning is dear to me and I shall ever fight for it.

I say, in the name of God, to true political reform and to the loved memory of our brave brethren who have gone to their reward, let's continue to hold to the national name and to former principles as far as is suited to the present time.

I enclose two dollars, for which please send the paper and magazine to my brother, C. U. Skinner, Dunn, N. C.

I have found at least a corporal's guard of real Populists down here.

One of the Old Guard who has never surrendered.

G. H. SKINNER.

FROM AN ARKANSAS NAMESAKE.

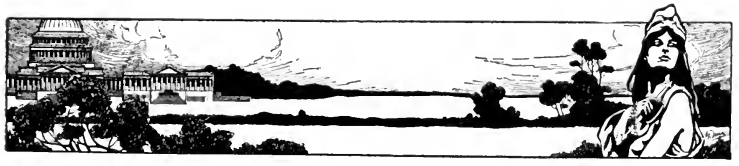
Mulberry, Arkansas.

Dear Mr. Watson: Find enclosed $3, for which send me your monthly Magazine to Polk Wisdom, Mulberry, Ark., and both monthly and weekly to Wayne Hoyle, Mulberry, Ark.

This letter is from one of your Arkansas namesakes, twelve years old. Papa is a reader of your literature and thinks you the greatest man in America. I send full amount, as the information I get from your writings, and the honor of bearing your name many times pays for all my trouble.

Yours truly,

WATSON CORZINE.



THE AWAKENING

By ITALY HEMPERLY

ELL me all you know of my mother." Dr. Andre's voice was full of gentle persuasion.

The elder man took off his glasses and pushed back the white hair from his broad brow. Then he spoke slowly, "Since you, her son, ask it, I will. But to no one else would I say the things I would say to you."

The dim eyes looked from the open window and then came back to young Andre's face.

"Young man, I loved your mother before—before that scoundrel came and broke her heart. It was just such a morning as this when I saw her for the first time. How well I remember the rose-leaf face beneath the white hat. I loved her from that hour, and I would have won her but for him. He came here and soon turned the heads of half the girls in the place. He was wealthy and fascinating. Agnes was an orphan and lived with her aunt. And her aunt never liked the man and forbade her to accept his attentions. But he lured her away with false promises."

The old man paused lost in thought. "True to his nature he soon tired of her and deserted her. She came back here heart-broken. In a few weeks you were born and she lived only a few hours afterward. But before she died she sent and begged my forgiveness and asked me to help her aunt care for and educate you."

The white head drooped lower as the old man talked.

"She was buried and soon after her aunt died. I carried you away and had you adopted in the home of a wealthy physician. I did not tell them all the pitiful story, but they were childless and I knew you would be given a mother's love by the physician's wife. From time to time I heard from you, although for years I was in Europe. But somehow I could not bear the thought of looking upon your face. I feared to find there the features of the man who had broken the heart of the being who was dearer to me than all things in life. Can you understand and forgive me?"

The dim eyes sought the young man's face beseechingly.

"I think I can," Dr. Andre said gently. "Go on."

"There is little more to tell. You will find her grave over there in the church yard. It is covered with violets and there is a headstone with her name. There is no date. Did you know her full name?" The old man smiled a fleeting smile at his own question.

"Of course, you don't. It was Agnes—Agnes Carew."

The young man gave a perceptible start.

"Agnes, Agnes," he repeated slowly and then suddenly seemed to recollect himself. He arose and stood looking down on the old man's face. It was a beautiful face full of strength and tenderness and as he looked he thought of Valjean. To him Valjean had always seemed the greatest hero ever found in literature—Valjean who faced death and perils calmly—Valjean who wept tender tears over Cossette's little stockings when he knew that he must give her to another.

"Doctor Dolman, I think you have been my best friend, but until a few days ago I did not know that you were in the world. My foster parents have never told me anything concerning you, and all these years I have thought that I was their own child. In some ways it seems cruel. A few days ago something occurred that made it necessary for them to tell me the facts. It all seems so strange and sad. I feel that I could have borne it better if I had known years ago. But I must see her grave—my mother's grave—before I go back to Atlanta."

The old man rose and slowly crossed the room and opened the drawer of his book littered desk. From the drawer he took a small locket and handed it to Dr. Andre. "In that you will see your mother's face. You have her eyes and mouth only your mouth is stronger. I might have known that you would be like her. She was several years younger than I."

Dr. Andre turned with the locket in his hand.

"I will come back after a while.

"He is so like her," the old man murmured as he watched the tall figure cross the square and go on past the little church.

The younger man paused at the church-yard gate and looked out to the hills beyond. All nature was pulsing to new life beneath the April sunshine. It seemed but yesterday that the trees were bare; and today they were clothed in a sheen of silvered green. And on the hills a myriad tender blades pushed their way softly and insistently into the warmth of the sunlight.

The man's deep, dark eyes grew wonderfully tender as he looked.

"I have been so proud," he said, "and now I am humbled. It is nature's awakening and mine."

He went slowly here and there among the well-kept graves until he came to one down near the brick wall. It was covered with violets, and he knelt to read the inscription on the low head stone.

"In memory of Agnes."

That was all; and he opened the locket and looked at the face it held. It was a girlish face with dark, wistful eyes and a mouth full of soft curves, and as he looked a feeling of yearning came into his heart. He returned the locket to his pocket and stood with bared head.

"Mother," he breathed tenderly, "dear mother, I have looked upon your face, and it is the face of one who could do no wilful wrong. And somewhere your soul must feel that I, your son, stand by your grave and send you my love. Amen."

The soft twitter of a little bird followed him as he turned to go.

He was near the gate before he caught sight of the slender figure of the girl beneath the purple glory of the china tree.

"Agnes!" he exclaimed involuntarily.

The girl stepped out to meet him, a joyous light in the blue eyes.

"Oh, Robert, I have come all this long way to ask you to let me explain." Her voice was half tearful.

"Dear little girl," he said drawing her arm beneath his own, "tell me all about it."

He noted the pallor of her face as she gave him a grateful smile. Even her little, saucily tilted nose seemed to droop a bit.

"That is so like you, Robert. I suppose I must begin with last Wednesday. It was aunt Mary who wrote you that horrid note. I was away at the time and knew nothing of it until I came home. I found that I could get nothing sensible from her about the matter and so I appealed to uncle Jack. And after I knew all that he could tell me I told him I was com-

ing straight to you and tell the truth. I went to the office that very afternoon and Mr. Rawson told me that you were down here. I went home and told uncle that I was coming here to see you. 'That's good, little girl,' he said. 'We can do a little scheming own our own hook.' Aunt Mary was so scandalized she flounced out of the room. So I am here. But it has taken me two whole days to get to the explaining point."

The girl's emotion rippled through her word in spite of her efforts at playfulness.

"The dear, old man at the parsonage told me where to look for you."

"I am sorry you have been worried, little girl, but I would not take the world for the joy your presence here brings me. But after all it is such a sacrifice for you to make." He spoke gravely almost sadly.

"Oh, Robert! can you even think that this will change my love for you? At first aunt Mary almost made me believe that you had committed some awful crime, but when I learned the truth, I told her I would marry you, daddy or no daddy!"

The man's eyes looked gravely down at the girl's sweet face. "Are you sure, Agnes, that you will never regret?"

"As sure as I am that God is near us."

He took the locket from his pocket and opened it. "That is the face of my mother."

The girl looked long and earnestly at the face. "It is a beautiful face, and I love it because—because she was your mother."

"Then let us go and tell the old man who loved her. He is waiting for me."

And they went on by the little church with the sunshine above them and in their hearts.

"OF SUCH."

He who hath a little child to love,
Hath drift of dawn on heights above;
The mystery of life within his hand;
A light to guide him to an holy land.

He who hath had a little child to die,
Soundeth the depth of human agony;
Gropeth in blindness ever toward the light
That smiled awhile; then left him to his night.

Clippings from Exchanges

FATE.

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON.

You gave me my work to do, you brought
and set it before me;
I laughed with the laughter of one, seeing, who understands;
I bent to the task elate, zeal like a mantle o'er me—
Why did you break my wrists and shatter the strength of my hands?

You gave me the song to sing, and mine
the joy of the bringing
Strands of Heaven and sea and earth
strung to the perfect note.
Finished, glorious, whole, I raised my
head for its singing—
Why did you seal my lips and crush the
song in my throat?

The work I was fain to do—it rusts in
the drift of the sands;
The song I was fain to sing is waste
for the winds to float.
Why did you break my wrists and shatter the strength of my hands?
Why did you seal my lips and crush
the song in my throat?

—Appleton's.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

What may in one sense be called a powerful "lay sermon," is comprised in an article written by Thomas E. Watson, entitled, "Another Word on Foreign Missions," and published in the Jeffersonian Magazine for April.

We do not think that any more intense, comprehensive, eloquent and convincing argument was ever made by any public man in this country than this, on the apparently innocent and savory matter of foreign missions.

It is more than an argument,—it is a powerful appeal to the latent patriotism of the American people.

We have all along been impressed with the foolishness, hypocrisy and delusion in the zeal and expense devoted to "converting the heathen," while in our own country were the elements of the grossest superstition, ignorance, vice and crime, which are beating with terrific force upon the very foundations of our national existence and threaten our overthrow.

Mr. Watson argues from the standpoint of common sense and patriotism. He says "the present system of doing the work is unscriptural, unwise, unpatriotic and unnatural." He shows, with great force, that while Protestant missionaries are endeavoring to detach one class of Christians from the "Mother Church," in Catholic countries, "we are annually losing to her (Rome) in the United States enormously more than we take from her in all the Catholic countries put together."

"Why not let Italy remain Catholic," says he, "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 own?"

"If Roman Catholicism is tantamount to paganism, why not combat it in North America?"

We will find the motives of missionaries going abroad about the same as those of persons remaining at home,—lacking in courage and patriotism. Our people are cravens and cowards. They have much knowledge, but it is the kind which ministers to their vanity and pride,—it is not saving knowledge. The people of this country know more without knowing anything as they ought to know it, than any other "civilized" people. Their greed and vanity have eclipsed their moral sense, and even the intellectual faculties are made to minister to their animal propensities. They are base, grovelling and mean, capable of any cunning artifice and any contemptible trick. A noble intelligence and rare opportun-

ity are prostituted to the lowest designs. Who, but the papal hierarchy, with its lust for gold and power, and conscious of losing ground in lands where popery has reigned unchecked for centuries, where at last the worm has turned,—who but this hierarchy should find here the best adepts for its use?

They are found in our churches and schools, in our public service, in our newspaper offices and libraries, everywhere that greed can entice and vanity flatter them.

Mr. Watson has opened one of the most tremendous issues before the American people today. It is not simply the question of supporting missionaries in heathen and "Christian" lands, with free food, clothing, shelter and schooling; it is the question, Are we ready and capable to deal with the overwhelming flood of superstition, ignorance, corruption and vice which is engulfing our own land?—American Whip.

THE POET SCOUT

Has Something to Say On the License Question.

Kind words become kind deeds when they cease to be thoughts and are spoken. No man can do a kinder deed than to speak well of his brother man, and my heart is overflowing to do that much for one of the truest, cleanest, bravest and most tenacious cusses that ever drew in the free air of heaven's ozone—William A. McCormick.

McCormick is a crank, because he has an idea to which he has wedded himself, heart and soul. It is a great big idea, and he sticks to it because he has faith in it. He is like many another crank—without means to push his idea into the channels where it ought to be.

Were some big man in congress to seize this same idea as his own he would make a sensation with it, but because McCormick is poor he is struggling. I have faith enough in him to believe he will ultimately win. It was cranks like he that brought about the Civil War, set the negro free and welded this great country into one, indivisible. There are cranks just like he rooting out dishonest trusts and scheming promoters, and cranks who have discovered unconstitutional laws before and brought about legal revolutions for the betterment of the country at large.

For ten years I have tried to persuade McCormick to let go, because I thought he could not afford to stand by it, yet while in California, at several towns where I was booked to give entertainments, he happened with me for several days, and on his asking me to do so, I refused to pay the license fee. When they threatened to lock me up, Mr. McCormick used his arguments in my defense, and not one of the different sheriffs would take the responsibility, in each case allowing me to go free. I saved about fifteen dollars on license fees in less than a week. This alone is suggestive. If it is so, isn't it rather conclusive evidence that there is a "nigger in the woodpile somewhere"?

I remember years ago, when a tramp was thrown off a train in Omaha, he went to the Western Union telegraph office in that city and asked for a job. It happened they were greatly in need of a night man to take Associated Press news from New York, so when the seedy, grimy tramp applied to the superintendent, he asked:

"Can you take from a rapid sender?"

"Yes, sir, I can," was the answer.

"Well, report here after supper and we'll let you tackle the Associated."

"Very well, sir," replied the tramp, "but I could take better if I could tighten up my belt a little. I'd eat, if I had the scads!" So he got the scads and departed.

"You won't see him again," said Ed. Rosewater, the day operator, afterward editor of the Omaha Bee. "Well, he deserves a meal for his wonderful gall."

But the tramp came back and everybody held their breath when he walked in and, pulling off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and asked where there was a place to wash.

"Why didn't you wash before you ate?" asked Rosey.

"Because there were no visible means, and besides, I was hungry." He was shown to the wash room and soon presented a really good face and, smiling, said:

"I'm ready for your Associated." Just

then New York called, and instantly the fellow said:

"That's New York now."

He sat down at the key, and answered:

"All right, let 'er go."

Well, every one was too surprised to act. They just gathered around and watched him. At the end of two hours, when the Associated was all in, the New York operator asked:

"Hello! Say, who are you?"

"A tramp; just blowed in on a freight train," was the reply.

"Well, you are a 'Joseph's orange blossom,' and the first man who has ever taken me without a break."

That tramp was a crank whom everybody called crazy and men kicked him out of their offices, but he has since lighted the world, for he is the wizard of the twentieth century—Thomas A. Edison.

He was poor, but he persisted and insisted. He tramped for information, paying his way when he could and beating it when he could not. He is still at it in his laboratory in Orange, N. J., and he will be at it 'till he dies, for men like Edison always die in harness. You can't suppress them, you can't corral them, you can't control them and you can't extinguish them.

So I say, let us have some brilliants tackle this subject. It is surely big enough for them. Ridicule it, if you wish, but discuss it, anyway. Let some legal lights illumine the pages of the magazines, and if it is unconstitutional to do anything injurious to the health and morals of the American citizen, as has been proven, then the entire liquor traffic is unconstitutional and the people are awakening to this fact.

The government should be for the people, by the people, and can only be so when the people muster up their courage and assert their rights—truly this is one of their rights.

Bring the license question to the bar of judgment and let this crank, Will McCormick, "who whistles and imitates birds and things and has his wonderful dog, 'Bronte,' help bark out a living for his team," have the credit at least of making people sit up and say: "Well, I'll be te-to-tatiously 'explunctified'."—Capt. Jack Crawford, another crank, thank you.—Liberty Bell.

SPRING.

BY HENRY TIMROD.

Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair,
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

Out in the lonely woods, the jasmine burns
Its fragrant lamps, and turns
Into a royal court with green festoons
The banks of dark lagoons.

In the deep heart of every forest tree
The blood is all aglee,
And there's a look about the leafless bowers
As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side we trace the hand
Of Winter in the land,
Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,
Flushed by the season's dawn;

Or where, like those strange semblances we find
That age to childhood bind,
The elm puts on, as if in Nature's scorn,
The brown of Autumn corn.

As yet the turf is dark, although you know
That, not a span below,
A thousand germs are groping through the gloom,
And soon will burst their tomb.

Already, here and there, on frailest stems
Appear some azure gems,
Small as might deck, upon a gala day,
The forehead of a fay.

In gardens you may note amid the dearth
The crocus breaking earth;
And near the snowdrop's tender white and green,
The violet in its screen.

But many gleams and shadows need
must pass
Along the budding grass,
And weeks go by, before the enamored
South
Shall kiss the rose's mouth.

Still there's a sense of blossoms yet un-
born
In the sweet airs of morn;
One almost looks to see the very street
Grow purple at his feet.

At times a fragrant breeze comes float-
ing by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate.

Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce
would start,
If from a beech's heart,
A blue-eyed Dryad, stepping forth, should
say,
"Behold me! I am May."

SOME FACTS IN CONNECTION WITH THE PROPOSED INHERITANCE TAX.

When President Taft, in his inaugural address, suggested the levying of an inheritance tax for revenue to reduce the growing deficit more attention was paid to it than when President Roosevelt made the same suggestion three years ago. Mr. Taft, being a judge, was considered a more reliable authority on the constitutionality of such a tax than Mr. Roosevelt, and for this reason the idea is receiving a more careful and studied attention than heretofore.

Inheritance taxes are as old as the Roman Empire, and in Great Britain "death duties," as Mr. Gladstone called them, have been infinite sources of governmental revenue for many years. According to Adam Smith, these taxes fulfill two of the four requisites of a good tax law—they are collected according to the ability to pay (and when is a person more able to pay than when there is no longer any need for the money?) and at a time convenient for a person to pay. Though the idea is old, the tax of the present day is of modern development. It is found in almost every civilized country of importance, and is in force in thirty-six of our forty-six states. Wherever tried by the states it has proved successful. The rates vary in amount and relation according to conditions. The amounts collected the latest accessible year range from $200 in North Dakota to $5,435,000 in New York. It is doubtful if the Federal government will be able to adopt such a tax over the states very soon, and they will doubtless oppose it. It would result in double taxation and would be an invasion of the rights of the states which, while not resenting it in time of war, would do so in time of peace, especially when the nation has failed to husband its resources, and the income from the tax has been used in the states for permanent improvement in many cases.

Among the advantages of an inheritance tax are, it takes the property for the use of the state at a time when individuals least feel its loss, and the ease of its collection, because all estates of deceased persons must come under cognizance of the probate courts independent of the question of taxation. But not only is it a source of revenue, it tends to distribute large estates and prevents the idle class from becoming greater by inheriting an unearned income. For this reason the graduated rate is frequently placed upon the devise, for by keeping the bequests small to escape the high rate it causes more beneficiaries to be named. The chief objection to such a tax, aside from the double taxation where the states have already appropriated the plan, are the possibility of evading it by donations before death, and the uncertainty of the amount yielded in any given year. But as property would have to be transferred on the court records some time, the tax is generally levied on the transfer and not on the devise itself.

As to the constitutionality, there are two rules laid down—that direct taxes shall be apportioned and indirect taxes shall be uniform. Inasmuch as Federal inheritance taxes do not admit of apportionment, and since, if they are to be regarded as direct taxes they can not be validly laid by any other rule, it became necessary for the United States Supreme Court to determine whether such taxes were direct or indirect. The question

came up in a case arising under the war revenue law of 1898, and the court held that they were not direct, for the reason that such a tax is not a tax on property, but on the right to bequeath property, and hence it is plainly an excise or duty. The Supreme Court of Illinois has decided that such taxes are constitutional; that the right to inherit and the right to devise are legislative acts, and that a tax or license may be collected thereon.

The provision as suggested for the United States government is generally similar to the New York State law. The Payne bill provides for a tax of five per cent on all inheritances of the value of $500 or over that are collateral inheritances or in which strangers are legatees. In the case of direct inheritance the bill prescribes the following: On $10,000 to $100,000, one per cent of the clear market value of the property. On $100,000 to $500,000, two per cent of the clear market value of the property. On inheritances exceeding $500,000, three per cent of the clear market value of the property. This sum would seem reasonable if it is adopted. The war measure of 1898 exempted all estates below $10,000. In some of the European countries the rates range from ten to twenty per cent, according to the relation, whether direct or collateral. Mr. Carnegie recently advocated a tax of fifty per cent.

Either the inheritance tax or an income tax is bound to be engrafted on our Federal system sooner or later. President Taft has said that an income tax law could be drawn that would stand the test of the United States Supreme Court, and he is likely to be taken at his word. Some method of raising revenue must be found whereby the wealthy classes can be compelled to pay a larger share of the public burdens, because the vast amounts spent by Congress are more largely to the interests of the higher than to the middle or lower classes. "Malefactors of great wealth" may be a myth, but the almost universal cry that the taxes are not equitably distributed indicates that something is wrong, and that the people are going to find out what and where it is. —Macon Telegraph.

UNEXPECTED POLITENESS.

The little French picture-frame maker had finished the lady's commission, and when he brought the engravings to her house he offered to hang them for her.

Remembering how she had knocked her thumb with the hammer the last time she had tried picture-hanging, she willingly agreed, and stood watching him as he deftly fixed each in its proper place.

"I think," she ventured, "you're putting that one just a little high."

But the little frame-maker gave no response.

"Don't you hear me?" asked the lady. "How can you be so rude?"

Thereupon the Frenchman gulped convulsively, turned towards her, and made the best possible bow, considering that he stood on a pair of rickety steps.

"Madame vill pardon," he said, "but I had ze mouth full of nails, and it vas not possible for me to speak till I had swallow zome."—Cassell's Magazine.

"LEGAL AND HISTORICAL STATUS OF THE DRED SCOTT DECISION," By Elbert William R. Ewing, LL. B. Cobden Pub. Co., Washington, D. C., Publishers.

The name of this volume revives painful recollections. It reminds us of the origin of the Republican Party,—a party whose organization had for its cornerstone a defiance of the Constitution of our country and a revolutionary appeal to the "higher law" of their own passions and prejudices.

It recalls the beginnings of that fierce sectionalism which threw the reins of power into the hands of New England capitalists, and which has resulted in more than half a century of ruthless exploitation of the South and West.

The Dred Scott Case was passed upon by the Supreme Court of the United States on March 6, 1857. Of the nine judges composing that tribunal, seven concurred in the decision. Only two dissented. Yet a people who have had to accustom themselves to five-to-four adjudications of the most momentous issues, went into furies of denunciation of the "divided court" which rendered the Dred Scott decision.

What was the gist of the matter? Simply this,—the Court held that descendants of negroes who had been brought into this country and sold as slaves were not citizens, within the meaning of the Constitution.

Does anybody now contend that they were? No constitutional lawyer does. Histories continue to be written by narrow partisans and hidebound academicians, and these may still contend that the Dred Scott decision was wrong; but those who really comprehend the question know that the Republicans themselves soon saw the necessity of evading the ruling of the Court by adopting amendments to the Constitution.

We heartily recommend Mr. Ewing's book to our readers. It is extremely interesting and valuable.

He gives an instructive explanation of our complex judicial system, a history of the Dred Scott case, a chapter on the citizenship of negroes, an account of Congressional and Territorial legislation on slavery, a chapter on the Missouri Compromise, and a chapter on Northern nullification and Southern secession.

Mr. Ewing's volume is written in easy, flowing style, is beautifully printed and well bound. It richly deserves a place in every library of American history.

We take issue with Mr. Ewing on the following paragraph:

* * "The Supreme Court of the United States is the sword of popular rule. It is the balance wheel preserving the democracy of America from monarchy or plutocracy. SOVEREIGN POWER IS more nearly expressed and EXERCISED BY OUR SUPREME COURT than by any other branch or branches of our government." He then quotes Mr. Justice Brewer to the effect that the right of the Court to annul Acts of Congress has not been seriously questioned since Marshall's decision in the Marbury-Madison case.

Here Mr. Ewing is off the track. The Jeffersonian school has never ceased to deny to the Court the Constitutional authority to annul Acts of Congress. Ever

since 1842, at least, it has been known that it was proposed in the Convention of 1787 to invest the Court with the jurisdiction to pass upon Acts of Congress and tnat the proposition was voted down.

This controlling fact, as to legislative intent, was not known when Marshall decided the Marbury-Madison case. (The Madison papers were not published until 1842.)

Mr. Ewing must admit that sovereign power, invested in an appointive, life-tenure judiciary, is an anomaly in our System. It is contrary to democratic form and spirit. There was no such irresponsible judicial oligarchy in the Athenian democracy, nor in the Roman republic. There is no such tribunal in modern Europe. Such a sovereign judicial power has no antecedent in Anglo-Saxon institutions. There is no precedent for it in England from whom we derive the principles of our jurisprudence.

Why, then, does Mr. Ewing concede to our Federal Judiciary a prerogative which he must know was rejected when proposed in the Constitutional Convention of 1787?

Instead of the U. S. Supreme Court being a preservative of democracy, it is now the bulwark of Special Privilege,—which is another name for plutocracy.

How can it be claimed that our Government is democratic when, admittedly, the sovereign power vests in nine ancient lawyers, who are not elected by the people, who are not removable by the people, and who are not in any way responsible to the people?

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION, by Henry C. Hughes. The Neale Publishing Company.

Few more difficult tasks can an author set himself than to write on a subject about which every school boy is presumed to have formed some opinion; and when the subject is one, too, that most persons imagine themselves sufficiently familiar with and about which they carefully avoid being bored.

Mr. Hughes, however, has succeeded in making his little book striking. Section by section he analyzes our Constitution and his conclusions seem unanswerably correct. The whole book is, in fact, an admirable presentation of the question of States' rights, from a broad standpoint and with a clear vision. Mr. Hughes proves beyond all peradventure that the States conferred upon the Federal government the only power it may legitimately exercise, and that with the States rests the scope of Constitutional authority. The Union, in short, owes everything to the States which created it. Where the Federal government assumes higher power, it is a direct usurpation, supported by specious arguments of interested persons anxious for centralization of authority and made possible by that tolerance on the part of citizens which grows out of their indifference or ignorance.

Mr. Hughes' volume ought to be a text in the schools which so often pretend to study the origin of our government, but in reality, pay but superficial attention to the foundation stone of our liberties.

A BEE: THE SOLOMON OF FOLLY.

Across the red-gold of my Laura's hair,
A bee, black-girt and gilt, went circling slow,
His drowsy music droning soft and low
Of clover, lambs, blue sky and buoyant air.
So sweet a fragrance from her curls did blow,
He settled there. Wise bee! Who'd further go?

FRANK E. ANDERSON.

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