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THOS. E. WATSON, EDITOR

## Articles by the Editor in this Number

History of the Papacy and of the Popes
Chapter I

The Story of the South and West
Chapter XXII

An Open Letter to Cardinal Gibbons
No. 7

Was Machir An Only Son?

Educational Department

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REPRESENTATIVES: Geo. S. Krantz, 107 W. 13th Street, New York City; C. S. Parr, Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

LET one smile more, departing, distant sun,
One mellow smile through the soft, vaporing air,
Ere o'er the frozen earth the loud winds run,
Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare;
One smile on the brown hills and naked trees;
And the dark rocks, whose summer wreaths are cast,
And the blue gentian flower, that in the breeze
Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last.
Yet a few sunny days, in which the bee
Shall murmur by the hedge that skirts the way,
The cricket chirp upon the russet lea,
And man delight to linger in the ray.
Yet one rich smile, and we will try to bear
The piercing winter frost, and winds, and darkened air.

—Bryant.

# Watson's Magazine

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor


## History of the Papacy and of the Popes

### Chapter I.

THERE was a time in the history of every race, when its literature was carried in the memory. The Sagas of the Northmen, the songs of wandering minstrels and the legends of primitive tribes are familiar instances. The learning of the Druids was transmitted orally, and Sanskrit scholars tell us that the wisdom of the Brahmans was handed down in this manner for many ages.

The Homeric poems were recited and sung throughout the Grecian world many centuries, before they were reduced to writing.

The Vedas of the Parisians were not reduced to writing for thousands of years. The Talmud of [illegible]

cult to tell just where one's feet begin to rest upon a solid basis of fact.

The history of Rome and Greece, for example, loses itself in childish, incredible legends.

Even in our own day, the men of the Orient take a great pride in committing to memory large portions of the Koran and of the teachings of Confucius. Let us remember that the Jews were an Eastern people. They sang their psalms many a generation before Ezra arranged them in their present form, some four hundred years before Christ. Let us further remember that Christ and His disciples were Jews, and that Christ Himself carried in His memory the gems of the Talmud and the Prophecies of the Old Testament.

There is no evidence that He could write. We are not told by those who walked with Him daily that He ever did more than write upon the sand. This does not necessarily mean that He did more than make unintelligible marks.

[illegible]

repeated from mouth to mouth for many years after His crucifixion.

Just when and where the first Gospel was put in written form, nobody knows. It is a matter of pure conjecture.

The first mention that we have of the Gospels occurs near the end of the second century after Christ.

ERRATUM.

First line—third paragraph of this article should read: "The Vedas of the Persians"

Irenæus states that, "Matthew among the Hebrews published a Gospel in their own language."

But Irenæus does not say that he had ever seen this Gospel, or had ever talked with any one who had seen it.

Therefore, we cannot know whether the Matthew to which he refers was identical with the Matthew of our New Testament.

Inasmuch as Irenæus, in the same paragraph, asserts that "Peter and Paul preached together at Rome"—when it is demonstratable from the Bible itself that Peter was never in Rome, we suspect that Irenæus was a very credulous person, little to be trusted.

It was not until the 3rd century after Christ that we come upon convincing testimony that Gospels are in existence. Origen and Cyprian begin to quote them—and we are at length upon a firm footing.

It is true that Justin Martyr (died 166) speaks of "apostolic memoirs" which were regularly read in the churches for the edification of the Christians, but we have no means of determining whether these "memoirs" were our Gospels. On the contrary, the very orthodox Mosheim tells that there were Apostolic memoirs, distinct from the Gospels.

The profound scholar Ernest Renan says, on page fifty-one of his book on the Gospels, that: "it may be doubted whether, before the death of the Apostles and the destruction of Jerusalem, all that collection of narratives, sentences, parables and prophetic citations had been reduced to writing. The features of the Divine Figure, before which eighteen centuries of Christians have prostrated themselves, were first sketched about the year 75. Batanea, where the brothers of Jesus lived, and where the remnant of the Church of Jerusalem had taken refuge, appears to have been the country where this important work was executed.

"The tongue employed was that in which the very words of Jesus had been uttered, that is to say Syro-Chaldaic, which was abusively called Hebrew. The brothers of Jesus spoke that language, little different from that of the Batanean who had not adopted the Greek tongue.

"It was in an obscure dialect and without literary culture that the first draft of the book which has charmed so many souls, was traced. It was in Greek that the Gospel was to obtain its perfection, the last form which has made the tour of the world.

"It must not, however, be forgotten that the Gospel was first a Syrian book, written in a Semitic language. * * * Hebrew is its basis."

The first thought which occurs to the reader is, that a Gospel which was handed down by oral tradition, then put into the Hebrew tongue by illiterate men, and then perfected by others in the Grecian tongue, long afterwards, cannot have escaped many alterations. From the very nature of the case this was inevitable.

The most treacherous faculty of the human mind is the memory, and where there was so much to be memorized and so many different men to repeat the story—a story

which embraced incidents, sermons, figures of speech, Biblical quotations, parables, familiar conversation and prophetic warnings—it was humanly impossible that it never should be varied, and that nothing ever should be added or omitted.

Even in our own day we find scholars disputing as to the correct reading of Shakespeare's plays; yet these plays have always been in writing.

A familiar instance is the speech of Dogberry, where he is made to boast of his former good circumstances, and is made to say: "I am a man that hath had losses." There are critics who maintain that the correct word is "leases," and not "losses."

Again, where the woods of Dunsinane are seen by Macbeth to be coming against him, there is a dispute among the scholars, as to whether his exclamation should be rendered: "the cry is, 'Still they come,'' or "the cry is still, They come.' "

There are so many of these disputed passages in the works of this comparatively modern dramatist that erudite scholars have published costly works concerning them, an example being J. P. Collier's "Notes and Emendations of Shakespeare's Plays, from Early Manuscript Corrections, in a Copy of the Folio of 1632."

What scholar can be ignorant of the difficulties of translating from one language into another? Who can fail to see the dangers of misconstruing words and phrases? Translated by Alexander Pope, Homer's Iliad is "a very pretty book," as he was told by the best Greek scholar of his day, "but it is not Homer."

Translated by Chapman, the same Homer becomes rugged and sublime, perhaps the true Homer.

The dying words of the skeptical but highly intellectual Roman Emperor, Hadrian have been translated in a dozen different ways, each translation reflecting the mind of the translator.

*It is well known that every language contains words whose equivalents are not to be found in other languages.* For instance, the French language has no exact equivalent for our word "Home," or for our phrases, "At home," "Not at home," "God bless our home" &c. Therefore, it is impossible to translate our song of "Home, sweet home" into French.

Again, the French have an idiom, *ventre a terre,* which means, literally, "*belly-to-earth,*" the words being suggested by the appearance of a dog, a rabbit, or a horse, when seen at a distance, *running at full speed.*

The stomach of the animal seems to be touching the earth.

But in making the translation from French into English, it is necessary to leave the equivalents, and to adopt new words, altogether.

As to the translations of the Bible, we must realize that *the translators* were not inspired. These translators often followed their own bent in the interpretation of the Holy Word.

Thus, Luther's famous German Bible is admiringly described as "a *re-writing,* rather than a translation" of the Vulgate.

The English translators often

went far astray in their rendition of the Latin and Greek.

Fortunately, I can furnish you with an illustration:

In the English Bible which was long the favorite version of English Puritans and Scotch Presbyterians, the verse 7 of Genesis III. was translated—

"Then the eyes of both were opened, and they knew that they were naked, and they sewed fig-tree leaves together and made themselves breeches."

In the eyes of the sober Puritans and Presbyterians of those days, there was nothing ludicrous in the thought of Mother Eve wearing fig-leaf breeches.

The older Latin version of the Bible was known as *the Itala.* Jerome was set to work to make a new translation. The task occupied him for ten years.

He made so many alterations in the original text that he was charged with *falsification and heresy,* by Rufinus and Augustine.

Therefore, it seemed for a long time that this new Bible, called the Vulgate, would fall into complete discredit. It was not until 200 years after the death of Jerome before his translation was virtually forced upon the Roman church, mainly by Gregory the Great.

In 802, Charlemagne commissioned Alcuin to revise the corruptions out of the Vulgate—by comparisons with the original Mss.

Other revisions and emendations were made by Laufranc and Cardinal Nicolaus, in the 11th and 12th centuries.

In 1546, the Roman church, at the Tridentine Council, re-adopted the Vulgate of Jerome.

In 1593, under Pope Clement VIII., another, and "authenticated" version was published; and this has ever since been the Roman Catholic Bible, in Latin. The Douay translation is the Romanist Scriptures, in English.

I am quite aware of the fact that the current opinion is that the Gospels were originally written in Greek. It is my information that such is the teaching of our theological seminaries. I am also fully aware of the fact that most people believe that the Gospels always existed in written form, and that they never had to depend solely upon human memory.

A very patient and thorough investigation convinces me, beyond all doubt, that our Gospels, like the religion of the Druids, and of the Brahmans and of the ancient Persians were once passed from lip to lip, and from memory to memory.

When once this fact is fully grasped and believed, it will be easy for you to understand how so many apparent contradictions crept into the text, why there are so many differences between the four Gospels, and why the Christian world soon split up into so many different sects, each sect claiming to be founded on the holy Scriptures.

In this day of intellectual honesty and of mental liberalism, it would be idle to allege that Matthew does not differ in some respects from each of the other Gospels, and that the four harmonize upon all points in the relation of facts, or in the statement of doctrine.

Were we dealing with a testament that had always existed in written form, and which was composed by four authors who knew, at first hand, the story and the doctrine which they were committing to parchment, these differences and contradictions in the text would gravely compromise the entire work.

It is only when we allow for the uncertainties of hearsay testimony, the treachery of the human recollection, and the variations that are inseparable from legends, translations, *and copying,* that we can free ourselves from any suspicion of collusion, and from doubt as to the absolute honesty of the compiler.

By common consent, the Gospel of Matthew is taken to be the oldest. There is not the faintest evidence that this manuscript was ever known, previous to the time mentioned by Renan. If Matthew wrote it, seventy-five years after Christ, he must have been a very young man when Christ called him from the receipt of customs. Jesus Himself was then past thirty years old. If Matthew was no older, he was more than one hundred years of age when he drew up the written account of his Master's three years' ministry.

It is conceded by all of the authorities that after the first century of the Christian era, Gospels multiplied rapidly. Mosheim, and all other authorities, agree as to this vital fact. These Gospels circulated all over the Eastern world. They were received as true.

The esteem in which these rejected Gospels were once held is shown by the fact that when Mahomet came to write the Koran, he took the story of Christ from the apochryphal books.

Singularly enough, the language, the spirit and the literary form of these apocryphal books resemble very closely the four Canonical Gospels. They tell practically the same story of Mary, of Christ, of the teachings of Jesus, and of the Crucifixion.

There is the same account of the marriage in Gallilee and of the miracle of the wine.

There is the same story of Christ's burial and resurrection. There is the same account of His appearing to Mary Magdalene, and of His descent into Hell. There is even the same statement as to the crown of thorns, of the last judgment, of the baptism in the Jordan, of the suffering in the Garden of Gethsemane, of the birth in the manger, and of the kiss of Judas Iscariot.

The names of two of the spurious Gospels are: "The Gospel of the Birth of Mary;" "The Protevangelion; or an Historical Account of the Birth of Christ and the Perpetual Virgin Mary His Mother, by James the Lesser, Cousin and Brother of the Lord Jesus, Chief Apostle and First Bishop of the Christians in Jerusalem."

It is in this spurious Gospel, which the Christian Church rejected in a general council, that we find the very first mention of the perpetual virginity of Mary, a dogma upon which, a thousand years later, the Roman Catholics founded their worship of this Jewish woman.

It is certainly a most curious circumstance that the Christian

Church which now claims that no one can win salvation out of its pale, should find itself supported in one of its most peculiar doctrines, not on Canonical Gospels, but upon one that was cast out as apocryphal, 360 years after Christ.

It will be remembered that the Council of Trent (1564) pronounced a *curse* upon all those who rejected as apocriphal those Gospels which the Council of Laodicea had condemned as spurious. (Rome never changes, you know.)

Another one of these spurious Gospels is called: "The First Gospel of the Infancy of Christ." Another is: "The Second Gospel of the Infancy of Christ." The first of these rejected books was received by the Gnostics in the second century and was credited by such Fathers of the Church as Eusebius, Athanasius, Chrysostom and others. The second "Infancy of Christ" was attributed to the Apostle Thomas.

Then there is the Gospel of Nicodemus, supposed to have been written by the Hebrew of that name who became a disciple of Jesus Christ.

Another rejected book was called "The Acts of Paul and Thecla."

Another was: "The First Epistle of Clement to the Corinthians." Then there is: "The General Epistle of Barnabas;" it was accepted and cited by many of the early Fathers. Origen and Jerome both considered it genuine and canonical. We are told that it was also considered authentic by such modern scholars as Vossius, Dupuis, Dr. Cave, Dr. Mill, Dr. S. Clark and Archbishop Wake.

The Epistle of Polycarp to the Philippians was implicitly believed in by Archbishop Wake and other modern scholars.

The Shepherd of Hermas had a wide circulation among the early Christians, Origen thought it a most useful writing and that it was divinely inspired. According to Eusebius and Jerome it was read in the churches during public service; and Athanasius tells us that the Fathers directed that it should be read for direction and confirmation in faith and piety.

It was at the council of Laodicea in the year 360, that the Christian Church found it necessary to officially designate those manuscripts which should constitute the Christian Bible.

The various books were voted upon by the members of the council, a majority deciding which should be accepted. Some of those which are now classed as apocryphal, lost their place in the Church by a very close vote. Some of those which were accepted, came near being rejected. There is a tradition that the Gospel by Luke got only one vote by way of majority.

The Book of Revelations was at that time classed as apochripal, and the Council decisively rejected it.

Eusebius (4th century after Christ) classed as spurious the Apocalypse, the Epistles of James, Jude, 2 Peter and 3 John.

It was not until the 5th Century that the Roman bishop, Innocent I., recognized as canonical the New Testament in its present form.

Erasmus denied the Apostolic origin of the Epistle to the Hebrews. 2 Peter and Revelations.

Luther and Melancthon rejected the Apocalypse and the Epistle to the Hebrews.

Calvin denied the apostolic authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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# The Story of the South and West

## Chapter XXII.

BEFORE taking leave of old Virginia and Maryland, let us, as far as possible secure a definite idea of how the people lived in those primitive times.

Remember, that there was practically no such thing as town life. A small cluster of houses at Williamsburg, another at Norfolk, another at Yorktown, and another at St. Mary's were the only villages then in existence. Williamsburg was undoubtedly very gay during the session of the House of Burgesses, when the tobacco barons of the tide-water region came up to Court, over the muddy roads, in their huge chariots, drawn by four or six magnificent horses. But during the remainder of the year, Williamsburg, like the other towns, was merely a struggling country village, with no town life, such as we now know it.

Country life certainly had its fascinations in those bygone Colonial days. Each plantation was a little kingdom to itself, ruled from the Big House by the patriarchial head of the family. As I have already stated there was a superabundance of the best of food. The woods were full of game, the waters teemed with fish and wild-fowl. We are told of one instance where a Mr. Stockett, an ordinary person, apparently, with a family of seven, had in his larder, eighty deer. Horses, cows and hogs roamed wild in the forests, in numbers which we are told baffle conjecture. In the celebrated law-suit of Claiborne it is stated as a grievance, a very great hardship, that where the inhabitants of his island were cut off from their supply of corn, they were compelled to eat oysters, to keep from starving.

So late as 1763, one haul of the seine, at Kent Island, landed 173 bushels of fish, and they were marketed at 2 shillings and sixpence a bushel.

At that time there were scarcely any roads. Those planters who had no water-front, brought down their tobacco to the wharves, by rolling roads, where the cask, with an axle through it, was drawn by an ox, or by a horse in a pair of hoop-pole shafts. The cask, filled with tobacco, was at the same time, the load and the vehicle.

Those settlers who did not travel about in boats, rode horse-back along bridle paths, many of which were so dim that they could only be followed by watching the blazed trees through the forest.

The labor which was considered the greatest drudgery, was that of

pounding corn into meal. This was done in large wooden mortars, and it was indeed a laborious task. Naturally therefore, we find that what we used to call "big lye hominy" was in universal use—that is, the entire grain, unbroken, was cooked and eaten. My own opinion is that there is no better form in which to eat Indian corn, and to obtain in full its rich taste and nutriment.

However, the planters felt so severely the want of grist-mills, that a law was passed empowering any citizen to bring to compulsory sale twenty acres of land which embraced a mill site, where the owner of the land was either unwilling or unable to erect a mill.

Those old time colonists were certainly good livers. It is impossible to escape the conviction that they got more out of life than we do. There was no stress or strain about it: there was little or no pushing and scrouging for wealth and power. There was no cause for nervous break-down; there was no soul-racking anxiety about the chance and change which the future might hold. There was an ease, a security, a breadth of humanity and hospitality which made for peace, and which reduced crime to its minimum, by removing the temptation. Those people lived a full, robust life. The days were spent out of doors. The nights were given over to rational amusements and to healthful sleep. When we see George Washington riding to hounds, when over sixty years of age, and jotting down in his diary how he went out with young Jack Custis, following a musical pack which might have been covered with a blanket, and how he "catched" a fox, we feel instinctively that he was but the type of the Virginia and Maryland gentleman of the old school.

What was it in this out-of-dors, free and easy, hearty eating and heavy drinking life, which developed such men as the Randolphs, Patrick Henry, George Mason, the Lees, George Wythe, Thomas Jefferson, and George Washington? What was it which gave to these country gentlemen such lofty deportment, that when they entered the old Continental Congress they were instinctively deferred to by the men of New England? What was the secret of happiness in the farm life of those rude days? It cannot for one moment be doubted that there was happiness on the plantations in Maryland and Virginia.

Travelers from the Old World, whether simple traders, like Eben. Cook or aristocrats like the Marquis of Chastellux, were deeply impressed with the joy of life which was felt in almost every home.

In that day, tobacco was king. The vessels from Europe came to the planter's private wharf, took on board his hogsheads of the Indian weed, and gave him in exchange all the manufactured articles of which he stood in need—Virginia and Maryland having practically no manufactures.

The vessels that were used in the kitchen, the furniture and clothing of the household, the books that might be added to the library, the implements used on the farm, all came from abroad, paid for in tobacco.

In reading the novels of Charles Dickens, especially Picwick Papers, we cannot help but notice the amount of good eating and good drinking that are considered necessary to human enjoyment. The same feature is noticeable in the home life of those sturdy Colonists.

George Washington took his pint of Madeira every day, in addition to which he imbibed freely of beer and punch, and we are told that he was a prodigious eater. We know how fond Mr. Jefferson was of the light wines of France. All the biographers of Patrick Henry lament the fact that he lost so much of the time of his youth and young manhood, in fiddling, dancing, hunting, and idling at the tavern.

In the Memoir of Chief Justice Roger B. Taney, there is a vivid description of the intemperance of Luther Martin. Young Taney was associated with Mr. Martin in a law case, to be tried in Hagerstown, a distance of twenty-six miles from Frederick, from which place they set out to the Court. "At every relay of horses, which was every five miles, Mr. Martin drank at the tavern—whiskey when he could get it, and when he could not, he drank ale, and when he could get neither, he drank buttermilk. On their arrival at Hagerstown, they took supper; and Mr. Taney told Mr. Martin that after he had smoked a cigar and rested, he would come to his room and go over the case with him. At eleven o'clock he went to Mr. Martin's room and found him with his hat on and one boot, and all his clothes, lying across the bed, asleep from his various potations on the road, and what he had taken since his arrival."

Mr. Taney adds, however, that Mr. Martin appeared in Court in due time next morning and gained a brilliant victory over the next best lawyer in Maryland.

It is unquestionably true that John Randolph, William H. Crawford and Henry Clay were heavy drinkers, yet all of the men who have been mentioned gave highest evidences of splendid manhood.

There is a curious contract made in 1653, by which one T. Wilford engaged himself, in consideration of twenty thousand pounds of tobacco, to support Paul Simpson like a gentleman for the rest of Simpson's life. We further find that being supported like a gentleman, a bachelor, meant that Simpson was to have a house fifteen feet square, with a Welsh chimney and ceiled on the inside with riven boards. Furthermore, Simpson was to have a handsome joined bed-stead, bedding and curtains; one small table, six stools, three wainscot chairs; a servant to wait on him; meat, clothing and washing; and every year one anker (ten gallons) of drams, one tierce (forty-two gallons) of sack (Madeira or Sherry wine), and a case of English spirits for his own drinking.

The houses of the wealthier planters were often built of brick, made on the place not far from where the house was constructed. The familiar Virginia legend "built of bricks imported from England" rests upon no foundation of fact. Instead of importing brick, Virginia and Maryland exported them. It cost less than half as much to make brick in this country than it did on the other side of the ocean.

Besides the negro slaves who were imported by English traders and by New Englanders, there was a class of servants known as redemptioners.

Those were poor people in the old country who could not pay their passage money to the New World, and who bound themselves to labor for a term of years, to pay for the passage out. Besides these there were many kidnapped persons who had been seized on the streets of London and other English cities, by bands who sold them into slavery to ship-masters, who, in turn, sold them to the planters in Virginia and Maryland.

Against the protests of the colonists, many persons convicted of crime in England, were sent over to this country to serve out their terms laboring on the plantations. It seems that many of these victims of kidnappers and cruel laws were mere children.

In those days, wages were low. The plowman was paid 50 shillings *a year,* or about $12.50. An ordinary workman received 40 shillings. A cook's salary was about $6.00 per annum. A girl under 16 years of age, earned 14 shillings for the year's work. A mower was paid 10 cents a day. A woman reaper 6 cents; and a female haymaker, 4 cents. When the laborer fed himself, double wages were paid.

With the exception of the negroes, all of the servant class could expect to soon gain their liberty and to be given a tract of land, together with a small start in the way of live stock and farming implements, with two suits of clothing and a gun.

In fact, every Colonist who came over to Maryland had the right to take up fifty or one hundred acres of land, and artisans who had mastered a craft, could take up twice or three times as much.

In addition to this encouragement to land-owning, there was a law which prevented the accumulation of large tracts of unused lands.

We are told that the bloody code of England was enacted in the new land, but that it never was enforced. In Maryland especially the administration of the law was singularly mild.

If we are to believe some travelers, there were no prisons at all in that Colony, and hardly any offenders. There were no beggars nor ale-houses, nor idlers.

The amusements of the people consisted of foot-races, wrestling-matches, horse-races, cock-fighting, gaming, dancing, fox-hunting, deer-hunting, fishing &c.

We are told that the people were as much devoted to sports and amusements, as the people of Merrie England ever had been, and that both men and women passed a large part of their time on horseback.

They were constantly holding fairs at which all sorts of antics were cut up, and from which all classes of people appeared to derive a vast amount of fun.

A gilt-laced hat would be placed on the top of a pole from which the bark had been stripped, and which had been so well greased and soaped that it was not until after many a man had tried in vain to climb it, that the prize-winner would finally reach the hat.

It seems they had some kind of

bull-baiting; and young men and young women would be sewn up in sacks and then set to running races. Great lines of sugar hogsheads with the ends knocked out, would be placed in connection with each other, and young men would run races through these improvised tunnels. Even such buffoonery as to who could eat the most of a plate of hot mush was a constant practice.

In the Virginia Gazette of October 1737, there is a list of the sports and the prizes for the Hanover County fair of that month. These consisted of races in which twenty horses and mares should run a three miles course; there was to be a cudgeling match for a hat. A violin was to be played for, by twenty fiddlers, each contestant to furnish his own fiddle. "After the prize is won, they are all to play together, and each a different tune, and to be treated by the company."

Twelve boys of twelve years of age each were to run one hundred and twelve yards for a hat. A choir of ballads were to be sung for "by a number of songsters, all of them to have liquor sufficient to clear their windpipes."

A pair of silver buckles were to be wrestled for by the young men; a pair of handsome shoes was to be danced for; a pair of silk stockings was to be given to the prettiest girl: "with many other whimsical and comical diversions too numerous to mention."

"And as this mirth is designed to be purely innocent and void of offence all persons resorting there are desired to behave themselves with decency and sobriety." The managers of the fair "being resolved to discountenance all immorality with the utmost rigor."

How many country people of the present day could you collect at a county fair, to chase pigs whose tails had been greased for the occasion, and who were expected to keep up the chase until some strong fingers were able to hold the pig by his tail?

How many men and women would gobble at hot mush and find amusement in it?

How many school boys could you now organize to close up the school-house, bar out the teacher and put up a stiff fight against him, until he consented to give them a holiday?*

How many school-boys of our own time would give chase to the passer-by who called out "school butter?"**

All of these things belong to the past, just as the open-house hospitality which welcomed the young and the old, the rich and the poor in the days when our country was young, and when even the tavern-keeper could not legally collect a board bill unless he told his lodger in advance that he meant to charge him and told him how much the charge would be.

*From "Georgia Scenes" an account of a "turning out the schoolmaster is given —and the book being out of print, is here reproduced:

"* * * there was an all-absorbing subject which occupied the minds of the boys during the whole evening, of which I could occasionally catch distant hints, in under tones and whispers, but of which I could make nothing, until they were afterward explained by the captain himself. Such as "I'll be bound Pete Jones and Bill Smith stretches him." "By Jockey, soon as they seize him, you'll see me down upon him like a duck upon a June-bug."

"By the time he touches the ground, he'll think he's got into a hornet's nest," &c.

"The boys," said the captain, as they retired, "are going to turn out the schoolmaster tomorrow, and you can perceive they think of nothing else. We must go over to the schoolhouse and witness the contest, in order to prevent injury to preceptor or pupils; for, though the master is always, upon such occasions, glad to be turned out, and only struggles long enough to present his patrons a fair apology for giving the children a holyday, which he desires as much as they do, the boys always conceive a holyday gained by a "turn out" as the sole achievement of their valour; and, in their zeal to distinguish themselves upon such memorable occasions, they sometimes become too rough, provoke the master to wrath, and a very serious conflict ensues. To prevent these consequences, to bear witness that the master was forced to yield before he would withhold a day of his promised labour from his employers, and to act as a mediator between him and the boys in settling the articles of peace, I always attend; and you must accompany me tomorrow." I cheerfully promised to do so.

The captain and I rose before the sun, but the boys had risen and were off to the schoolhouse before the dawn. After an early breakfast, hurried by Mrs. G. for our accommodation, my host and myself took up our line of march towards the schoolhouse. We reached it about half an hour before the master arrived, but not before the boys had completed its fortifications. It was a simple log-pen, about twenty feet square, with a doorway cut out of the logs, to which was fitted a rude door, made of clapboards, and swung on wooden hinges. The roof was covered with clapboards also, and retained in their places by heavy logs placed on them. The chimney was built of logs, diminishing in size from the ground to the top, and overspread inside and out with red clay mortar. The classic hut occupied a lovely spot, overshadowed by majestic hickorys, towering poplars, and strong-armed oaks. The little plain on which it stood was terminated, at the distance of about fifty paces from its door, by the brow of a hill, which descended rather abruptly to a noble spring, that gushed joyously forth from among the roots of a stately beech at its foot. The stream from this fountain scarcely burst into view, before it had lost itself beneath the dark shade of a field of cane, which overspread the dale through which it flowed, and marked its windings, until it turned from the sight among vine-covered hills, at a distance far beyond that to which the eye could have traced it without the help of its evergreen belt. A remark of the captain's, as we viewed the lovely country around us, will give the reader my apology for the minuteness of the foregoing description. "These lands," said he, "will never wear out. Where they lie level, they will be as good fifty years hence as they are now." Forty-two years afterward I visited the spot on which he stood when he made the remark. The sun poured his whole strength upon the bald hill which once supported the sequestered schoolhouse; many a deep-washed gully met at a sickly bog where gushed the limpid fountain; a dying willow rose from the soil which nourished the venerable beech; flocks wandered among the dwarf pines, and cropped a scanty meal from the vale where the birch cane bowed and rustled to every breeze, and all around was barren, dreary, and cheerless. But to return.

As I before remarked, the boys had strongly fortified the schoolhouse, of which they had taken possession. The door was barricaded with logs, which I should have supposed would have defied the combined powers of the whole school. The chimney, too, was nearly filled with logs of goodly size; and these were the only passways to the interior. I concluded, if a turn out was all that was necessary to decide the contest in favour of the boys, they had already gained the victory. They had, however, not as much confidence in their outworks as I had, and, therefore, had armed themselves with long sticks; not for the purpose of using them upon the master if the battle should come to close quarters, for this was considered unlawful warfare; but for the purpose of guarding their works from his approaches, which it was considered perfectly lawful to protect by all manner of jabs and punches through the cracks. From the early assembling of the girls, it was very obvious that they had been let into the conspiracy, though they took no part in the active operations. They would, however, occasionally drop a word of encouragement to the boys, such as "I wouldn't turn out the master, but if I did turn him out, I'd die before I'd give up." These remarks doubtless had an imboldening effect upon "the young freeborns," as Mrs. Trollope would call them; for I never knew the Georgian of any age who was indifferent to the smiles and praises of the ladies—before his marriage.

At length Mr. Michael St. John, the schoolmaster, made his appearance. Though some of the girls had met him a quarter of a mile from the schoolhouse, and told him all that had happened, he gave signs of sudden astonishment and indignation when he advanced to the door, and was asailed by a whole platoon of sticks from the cracks: "Why, what does all this mean?" said he, as he approached the captain and myself, with a countenance of two or three varying expressions.

"Why," said the captain, "the boys have turned you out, because you have refused to give them an Easter holyday."

"Oh," returned Michael, "that's it, is

it? Well, I'll see whether their parents are to pay me for letting their children play when they please." So saying, he advanced to the schoolhouse, and demanded, in a lofty tone, of its inmates, an unconditional surrender.

"Well, give us holyday then," said twenty little urchins within, "and we'll let you in."

"Open the door of the academy"—(Michael would allow nobody to call it a schoolhouse)—"Open the door of the academy this instant," said Michael, "or I'll break it dwn."

"Break it down," said Pete Jones and Bill Smith, "and we'll break you down."

During this colloquy I took a peep into the fortress, to see how the garrison were affected by the parley. The little ones were obviously panic-struck at the first words of command; but their fears were all chased away by the bold, determined reply of Pete Jones and Bill Smith, and they raised a whoop of defiance.

Michael now walked round the academy three times, examining all its weak points with great care. He then paused, reflected for a moment, and wheeled off suddenly towards the woods, as though a bright thought had just struck him. He passed twenty things which I supposed he might be in quest of, such as huge stones, fence-rails, portable logs, and the like, without bestowing the lest attention upon them. He went to one old log, searched it thoroughly, then to another, then to a hollow stump, peeped into it with great care, then to a hollow log, into which he looked with equal caution, and so on.

"What is he after?" inquired I.

"I'm sure I don't know," said the captain, "but the boys do. Don't you notice the breathless silence which prevails in the schoolhouse, and the intense anxiety with which they are eyeing him through the cracks?"

At this moment Michael had reached a little excavation at the root of a dogwood, and was in the act of putting his hand into it, when a voice from the garrison exclaimed, with most touching pathos, 'Lo'd o' messy, he's found my eggs! boys, let's give up."

"I won't give up," was the reply from many voices at once.

"Rot your cowardly skin, Zeph Pettibone, you wouldn't give a wooden egg for all the holydays in the world."

If these replies did not reconcile Zephaniah to his apprehended loss, it at least silenced his complaints. In the meantime Michael was employed in relieving Zeph's storehouse of its provisions; and, truly, its contents told well for Zeph's skill in egg-pecking. However, Michael took out the eggs with great care, and brought them within a few paces of the schoolhouse, and laid them down with equal care in full view of the besieged. He revisited the places which he had searched, and to which he seemed to have been led by intuition; for from nearly all of them he drew eggs, in greater or less numbers. These he treated as he had done Zeph's, keeping each pile separate. Having arranged the eggs in double files before the door, he marched between them with an air of triumph, and once more demanded a surrender, under pain of an entire destruction of the garrison's provisions.

"Break 'em just as quick as you please," said George Griffin; "our mothers 'll give us a plenty more, won't they, pa?"

"I can answer for yours, my son," said the captain; "she would rather give up every egg upon the farm, than see you play the coward or traitor to save your property."

Michael, finding that he could make no impression upon the fears or the avarice of the boys, determined to carry their fortifications by storm. Accordingly, he procured a heavy fence-rail, and commenced the assault upon the door. It soon came to pieces, and the upper logs fell out, leaving a space of about three feet at the top. Michael boldly entered the breach, when, by the articles of war, sticks were thrown aside as no longer lawful weapons. He was resolutely met on the half-demolished rampart by Peter Jones and William Smith, supported by James Griffin. These were the three largest boys in the school; the first about sixteen years of age, the second about fifteen, and the third just eleven. Twice was Michael repulsed by these young champions; but the third effort carried him fairly into the fortress. Hostilities now ceased for a while, and the captain and I, having levelled the remaining logs at the door, followed Michael into the house. A large three-inch plank (if it deserves that name, for it was wrought from the half of a tree's trunk entirely with the axe), attached to the logs by means of wooden pins, served the whole school for a writing desk. At a convenient distance below it, and on a line with it, stretched a smooth log, resting upon the logs of the house, which answered for the writers' seat. Michael took his seat upon the desk, placed his feet on the seat, and was sitting very composedly, when, with a simultaneous movement, Pete and Bill seized each a leg, and marched off with it in quick time. The consequence is obvious; Michael's head first took the desk, then the seat, and finally the ground (for the house was not floored), with three sonorous thumps of most doleful portent. No sooner did he touch the ground than he was completely buried with boys. The three elder laid themselves across his head, neck, and breast, the rest arranging themselves **ad libitum**. Michael's equanimity was considerably disturbed by the first thump,

became restive with the second, and took flight with the third. His first effort was to disengage his legs, for without them he could not rise, and to lie in his present position was extremely inconvenient and undignified. Accordingly, he drew up his right, and kicked at random. This movement laid out about six in various directions upon the floor. Two rose crying: 'Ding his old red-headed skin," said one of them, "to go and kick me right in my sore belly, where I fell down and raked it, running after that fellow that cried 'school-butter.' "

**I have never been able to satisfy myself clearly as to the literal meaning of these terms. They were considered an unpardonable insult to a country school, and always justified an attack by the whole fraternity upon the person who used them in their hearing. I have known the scholars pursue a traveler two miles to be revenged of the insult. Probably they are a corruption of "The school's better." "Better" was the term commonly used of old to denote a superior, as it sometimes is in our day: "Wait till your betters are served," for example. I conjecture, therefore, the expression just alluded to was one of challenge, contempt, and defiance, by which the person who used it avowed himself the superior in all respects of the whole school, from the preceptor down. If any one can give a better account of it, I shall be pleased to receive it.

"Drat his old snaggle-tooth picture," said the other, "to go and hurt my sore toe, where I knocked the nail off going to the spring to fetch a gourd of **warter** for him, and not for myself n'other."

"Hut!" said Captain Griffin, "young Washingtons don't mind these trifles! At him again."

The name of Washington cured their wounds and dried up their tears in an instant, and they legged him **de novo**. The left leg treated six more as unceremoniously as the right had those just mentioned; but the talismanic name had just fallen upon their ears before the kick, so they were invulnerable. They therefore returned to the attack without loss of time. The struggle seemed to wax hotter and hotter for a short time after Michael came to the ground, and he threw the children about in all directions and postures, giving some of them thumps which would have placed the ruffle-shirted little darlings of the present day under the discipline of paregoric and opodeldoc for a week; but these hardy sons of the forest seemed not to feel them. As Michael's head grew easy, his limbs, by a natural sympathy, became more quiet, and he offered one day's holyday as the price. The boys demanded a week; but here the captain interposed, and, after the common but often unjust custom of arbitrators, split the difference. In this instance the terms were equitable enough, and were immediately acceded to by both parties. Michael rose in a good humour, and the boys were, of course. Loud was their talking of their deeds of valour as they retired. One little fellow about seven years old, and about three feet and a half high, jumped up, cracked his feet together, and exclaimed, "By jingo, Pete Jones, Bill Smith, and me can hold any **Sinjin** that ever trod Georgy grit." By-the-way, the name of St. John was always pronounced "Sinjin" by the common people of that day; and so it must have been by Lord Bolingbroke himself, else his friend Pope would never have addressed him in a line so unmusical as

'Awake, my St. John, leave all meaner things."

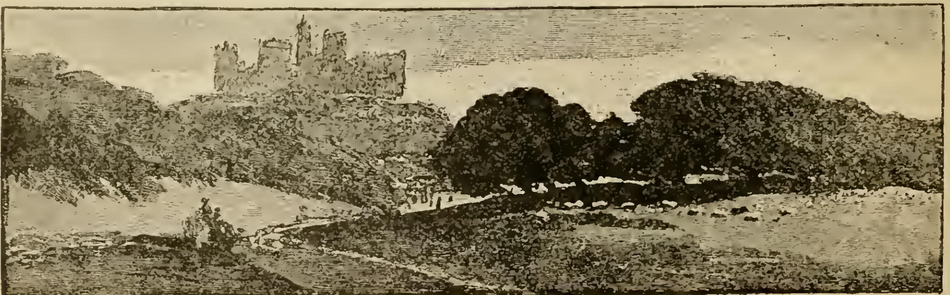
Nor would Swift, the friend and companion of both, have written

'What St. John's skill in state affairs,
What Ormond's valour, Oxford's cares."

* * * * *

'Where folly, pride, and faction sway,
Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gray."

—HALL.



# How the Greeks Threw Off the Turkish Yoke

ON the morning of the 6th of February, 1833, King Otho, then a youth of seventeen, landed at Nauplia from the English frigate which had conveyed him to the shores of his new kingdom. A fleet of twenty-five ships of war and forty-eight transports, at anchor in the bay, attested how important was the occasion in the view of the great powers of Europe. Everything conspired to give brilliancy to the scene. The sun was warm, and the air balmy with the breath of spring; while a light breeze wafted freshness from the sea, where boats, filled with people in holiday attire, were gliding amidst the gaily decorated frigates of the allied squadrons. The landscape was beautiful; and it recalled memories of a glorious past. Three thousand five hundred Bavarian soldiers had landed before the king, and were in position to receive him as he stepped on shore. The numerous mounted officers, the prancing horses and splendid plumes, the music of the bands, and the decorations, crosses, and ornaments of the new comers, produced a powerful impression upon the minds of the Greeks, accustomed to the sight of a wasted and poverty-stricken country. Anarchy and order shook hands. Greeks and Albanians, mountaineers and islanders, soldiers, sailors, and peasants, welcomed the young monarch as their deliverer from a state of society more intolerable even than Turkish tyranny. It is true that the residence provided for royalty was none of the best. The king's German attendants had a house allotted to them which could not afford shelter from the rain or from the north wind. Not half-a-dozen oxen, scarcely a hen or an egg, were to be found in the whole of Greece. Every thing had come to the worst. Even the members of the government and the high officials, who had been devouring the resources of the country, hailed the king's arrival with pleasure; for they felt that they could no longer extort any profit from the starving population. Enthusiasts, who recalled the poetic glories of the Greece of Homer, and the historic greatness of the Greece of Thucydides, might be pardoned if they then indulged a hope that a third Greece was emerging into life, a new Christian kingdom incorporated in the international system of Europe, which would unite the developments of modern progress with the splendors of ancient renown.

The anticipations then formed might have been fulfilled, notwithstanding the limited capacity of the young king, if only he had been surrounded by advisers capable of forgetting themselves, and of directing with wisdom and energy the affairs of the new state. But every thing went wrong from the first; and after twenty-nine years of splendid misery, the king and queen have been driven, with the unanimous consent of all classes of Greeks, from the throne and court of Athens. It may be urged in behalf of Otho, that since his accession the population of the kingdom has more than doubled; that Athens, which was then a collection of a few miserable huts, is now an increasing city of fifty thousand inhabitants; that a university and schools, and recently a steam-packet company, have been established; and that Greece has been gradually becoming of increased consequence in the estimation of civilized states. But these facts are altogether insufficient to turn the tide of European opinion. The Greek kingdom has not answered the expectations which had been reasonably formed with regard to it. How far this may have been the fault

of the king, how far it is the fault of the people, or how far it may be ascribed to the force of circumstances, are questions which can be answered only by referring to the past history and present condition of the country.

It is only within the last half century that the modern Greek has attracted the attention of civilized Europe. Fifty years ago he was as little known to Englishmen as the Montenegrin or the Circassian is now. For four hundred years, a combination of prudence and courage, of toleration and cruelty, had enabled two or three millions of Mussulmans to retain three times their number of Christians in subjection; and no Christian government, except that of Russia, considered itself entitled to interfere with the manner in which the sultan treated his subjects of the Greek Church. The sultan would have considered himself as much entitled to suggest measures for the government of the Mohammedans in India, as the king of England to advise any changes in the government of the Christian subjects of Turkey. Very little was known in England concerning the condition of the modern Greeks; and the testimony of the few travelers who had visited their country was singularly discordant. The character of the Greek race was in the meantime silently and steadily undergoing a process of change. The corruption and servility which had retained it in a degraded condition from the time of its conquest by the Romans, had been expiated by ages of suffering under the Ottoman yoke. The want of laws, of a judicial constitution, and fixed forms of legal procedure, rendered the Turkish administration of justice arbitrary, occasioned flagrant acts of wrong and retained society in a state of barbarism; whereas, among the Greeks, individual virtue had been developed, and individual improvement accelerated and extended, so as to lead to an increase of moral energy a desire for action, and a longing for national and political existence. The progress of education was also a herald of liberty. Several individuals endowed schools, and sought to raise their countrymen from the degradation into which they had sunk.

These improvements, it is true, were only upon a very limited scale; but they were sufficient to render the Ottoman misrule more and more insupportable. At the same time, the progress of events in other parts of the world afforded the Greeks opportunities of acquiring knowledge and experience. English liberty and American independence had struck chords that vibrated wherever civilized men dwelt. The chief impetus, however, was given by the events of the French Revolution. We do not believe, with M. Thiers, that it was the crowing of the Gallic cock which first discovered to Europe the dawn of liberty; it did succeed, however, in fixing the attention of mankind on Paris, and in stimulating to the uttermost political ideas. It became everywhere the fashion for the discontented subjects of established governments to imitate the French. The Greeks were excited more openly to urge their nationality as a reason for throwing off the Ottoman yoke, when they found similar doctrines supported by large armies and glorious victories in other lands. The influence of the clubs of Paris was peculiarly calculated to produce a powerful impression on the minds of the Greeks; for it seemed to prove that great results might be effected by small assemblies, and that words, in which Greece has always been rich, might be made to do the work of swords. They began to form literary clubs and secret societies. The Philomuse Society was founded at Athens in 1812; and the Hetairia was founded at Odessa in 1814. The latter was established expressly to accelerate and

direct a revolution in Greece, and to teach the Greeks to expect immediate assistance from Russia for the overthrow of Turkey. It was composed of bankrupt merchants, intriguing adventurers, and fanatical churchmen; it extended its organization throughout Greece, to Constantinople, and the Russian ports of the Block Sea; it alarmed, year by year, the Turkish administration. But neither the Hetairia, nor any other of the secret societies, ever effected much toward the establishment of Greek independence. They were hotbeds of internal intrigue, and sources of serious calamity to the nation.

Still less was the national cause indebted to the Klephts, or brigand chiefs, whom some writers have elevated into heroes. A life of independence, even when stained with crime, has always been found to throw a spell over the minds of oppressed nations; and we can not wonder that the hatred to the Turk, which these robber-bands ostentatiously professed, should secure for them not only tolerance but popularity during the early struggles of the Greek nation. But the patriot brigands of Greece are a mere creation of poetry, or of the opera. The Klephts were ignoble thieves, infamously sordid, whose cowardice would not allow them to attack unless they were three or four to one, and who compelled the poor people to maintain them at free quarters in idleness and luxury; just as truly heroes, in fact, as the garotters in the streets of London, or as the bandits who are at this moment flourishing under the protection of Pio Nono.

We shall not attempt the impracticable task of relating, within the narrow limits of a passing article, the tedious history of that twelve years' struggle which ended in the recognized independence of Greece under a constitutional monarchy, but must content ourselves with referring our readers to the carefully-prepared volumes of Dr. Finlay. The author possesses the advantages of a long residence in the country, a perfect familiarity with its language, and a personal share in the events which he undertakes to describe. He was a volunteer in the staff of General Gordon, and was in intercourse with the most noted English Philhellenists of that day. His "History of Greece Under Foreign Domination" has secured for him in this country an unquestioned position in the department of literature to which he has devoted himself; and the gratitude of the Greeks has been evinced by the title which they have conferred upon him, of "Knight Gold Cross of the Order of the Redeemer." To say that Dr. Finlay has produced a highly interesting book would be to ascribe to him a miracle. No amount of literary skill could make the Greek Revolution attractive. In the whole long struggle the nation did not produce a single man of eminence. Dr. Finlay is aware of this disadvantage; and his language, written before the recent outbreak in the United States, suggests a parallel which can scarcely pass unnoticed:

"From some circumstance which hardly admits of explanation, and which we must therefore reverentially refer to the will of God, the Greek Revolution produced no man of real greatness, no statesman of unblemished honor, no general of commanding talent. Fortunately, the people derived from the framework of their existing usages the means of continuing their desperate struggle for independence, in spite of the incapacity and dishonesty of the civil and military leaders who directed the central government. The true glory of the Greek Revolution lies in the indomitable energy and unwearied perseverance of the mass of the people. But perseverance, unfortunately, like most popular virtues, supplies historians

only with commonplace details, while readers expect the annals of revolutions to be filled with pathetic incidents, surprising events, and heroic exploits."—Vol. I., p. 283.

Of great events there is almost as trying a scarcity as of great men. The siege of Missolonghi was a glorious piece of resistance, rivalling the siege of Platæa, as our historian remarks, in the energy and constancy of the besieged; the siege of Athens has its points of professional interest; the battle of Navarino effected the destruction of the Turkish navy; but politically it was stigmatized by George IV., in his speech at the opening of Parliament as "an untoward event."

It was in the spring of 1821 that the first insurrectional movements took place. Three Turkish couriers were waylaid and murdered by the Greeks. The next day eight tax collectors were murdered, and a day or two afterwards a band of three hundred Greek volunteers attacked and defeated a marching party of sixty Turkish soldiers. These trifling events were the torch that kindled the flame of war; and so intense was the passion with which the Greeks threw themselves into the work, that in three months they had rendered themselves masters of the whole of Greece south of Thermopylæ and Actium, with the exception of the fortresses, and these were all blockaded. Had there been any man equal to the occasion, they would probably have succeeded in expelling the Turks from Greece before the end of the year; for the fortresses were inadequately supplied both with ammunition and provisions. It proved far otherwise. The nation, moved by a sudden and unanimous impulse, rushed to the contest with wonderful impetuosity. But selfishness, jealousy, and discord soon revealed themselves; scores of merchant vessels were hastily extemporized into a navy, but there was no commander—the sailors and officers were more intent upon enriching themselves than upon defending their country—and the fleet, instead of being ruled by authority, was managed on the principle of universal suffrage. Nevertheless, with all these drawbacks, the Greek cause rose in importance. At first it was merely a struggle of the Porte—so Turkey represented—with a few rebellious rayahs; but before the close of 1822 the independence of Greece was boldly asserted, and the war became a contest of an oppressed people against a powerful monarch. The strength of the one cause lay in the hearts of the people; the strength of the other lay in the energy of the sovereign.

Sultan Mahmoud II., the last of the royal race of Othman, had been thirteen years upon the throne at the time of the outbreak of the Greek rebellion. At that time the Ottoman empire appeared to be upon the verge of dissolution. The spasms of the "sick man" were already even more death-like than when Nicholas of Russia, thirty years afterwards, suggested the partition of his estate. The tyranny of the empire had awakened universal discontent, and its weakness incited to open rebellion. Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli were virtually independent. Ali Pasha of Albania had established a successful revolt, and was treated as an independent sovereign both by France and England. Even the Arabs and Egyptians showed a disposition to shake off the sultan's authority. At Constantinople, the janissaries were not more loyal than the chieftains of the distant provinces, and the *Ulema* had converted the administration of justice into an organization for the sale of injustice. Universal discontent rendered the Mussulmans quite as rebellious as the Christians. Statesmen pointed to this uneasiness and anarchy as a proof that the downfall of the empire was inevitable, while

omens and prophecies were cited by the people to prove that the House of Othman was doomed to a speedy end. To this frail and shattered fabric the revolt of the Greek provinces was another terrific blow; nor could the Turkish empire have been saved from destruction, had it not been for the matchless strength and invincible energy of a single hand.

The calm and melancholy look of Mahmoud gave no adequate indication of that fearless energy, undaunted courage, and inexorable will, which, braving the perils that had proved fatal to so many of his race, could subdue them all—could stamp, by his single hand, a different impress upon the institutions of a vast empire—and could, for a generation at the least, arrest its apparently inevitable fall. Ferocity was not natural to Mahmoud; but he had recourse to unflinching rigor upon principle, and death was for many years the lightest penalty he inflicted. Few travelers entered his court of the *serai* without seeing a head or a pile of ears and noses exposed in the niches of the gate. Dead bodies hanging from shop-fronts, or stretched across the pathway of a narrow street, were sights of daily occurrence, and proved that the sultan was indifferent to human suffering and regardless of human life. When the Revolution broke out in his Greek provinces, he endeavored to paralyze its movements by sheer cruelty; and was so far successful that he turned the tide of the Greeks' early successes, and would have reduced them to subjection, had they not received assistance from the Christian powers. This war was one of extermination on both sides. The Greeks rivalled the Turks in cruelty, and exceeded them in perfidy. They murdered in cold blood the Mussulmans inhabiting Greece—men, women, and children were indiscriminately put to the sword, even after they had surrendered themselves on receiving the most solemn pledges of safety—no promises could bind these Greeks, no motives of humanity soften them—prisoners were taken on board ship, and tortured with inconceivable refinements of barbarity—Turkish mothers, wounded with musket-balls and saber-cuts, rushing into the sea to escape, were deliberately shot, and their infants dashed against the rocks, till the dead bodies washed ashore, or piled upon the beach, threatened to cause a pestilence. Dr. Finlay himself passed a spot where lay the bleaching bones of two thousand Turks, of both sexes and all ages, who had been decoyed by the Greeks into a ravine, and every one of them murdered; and with all his attachment to the Greek cause, he is constrained to acknowledge that the lapse ot thirty centuries has not made the Greek race better, but "a good deal worse," than in the half-savage times of the Iliad. At the same time we fully admit the force of his exculpatory suggestion that "the fury of slaves who rend their bonds, and the fanaticism of religious hatred, have in all ages hurried men to the perpetration of execrable cruelties."

In three months after the commencement of the Revolution, a committee of oligarchs was appointed; in seven months the people, dissatisfied, demanded that a national assembly should be called. Orthodoxy was as potent an influence as patriotism. The Greek peasants served without pay, on the understanding that the money which could be raised or borrowed was to be expended in a regular fleet and in procuring artillery. Various actions of more or less importance, by land or sea, inclined the balance of fortune more and more to the side of the Greeks; and, like the Confederates in America, they were singularly successful in capturing their enemy's ammunition and stores, thus securing for themselves a great advantage. In Jan-

uary, 1822—less than a year from the first outbreak—a constitution was promulgated, and Alexander Mavrocordatos, a man totally unequal to the position, was elected the first President of the Greek Republic. The effect of these successes, and of the cruel measures of repression which the Sultan began to adopt, was to interest the feelings of all liberal men, and all sincere Christians, in favor of the independence of Greece, as the only means of establishing peace in the Levant. On the other hand, the power of Turkey was brought to bear more decisively in the struggle, and a long and tedious history of conflicts commenced which was not brought to a decisive close till the Turkish navy was destroyed by the Allied Fleet in 1827, in the bay of Navarino. During these years, under the new Government, Greece itself was in a state of anarchy. The leaders, both military and political, were selfish, little-minded, and avaricious; and it was not by the men of position and power that the libertion of their country was effected. The Greek Revolution, says our historian justly, "was emphatically the work of the people. The leaders generally proved unfit for the position they occupied; but the people never wavered in the contest. From the day they took up arms they made the victory of the orthodox church and the establishment of their national independence the great objects of their existence. . . . A careful study of the Revolution has established the fact, that the perseverance and self-devotion of the peasantry really brought the contest to a successful termination. When the Klephts shrank back, and the *armatoli* were defeated, the peasantry prolonged their resistance, and renewed the struggle after every defeat with indomitable obstinacy."—Vol. I., pp. 178-195.

The issue, however, would have been against them had not other nations come to the rescue. When the independence of Greece was asserted, and a temporary government appointed in 1821, the conflict with Turkey, so far from being ended, had scarcely commenced. So far from being able to maintain their independence, the Greeks, six years later, were utterly exhausted, and the interference of the European powers alone prevented the extermination of the population, or their submission to the Sultan.

To Russia the natural right appertained of protecting the adherents of the Greek Church. But the Russian autocrat saw clearly enough that Mahmoud's hands were heavy upon his Greek subjects, not because they were Christians, but because they were rebels; and to a democratic revolution he was as hostile as the Sultan himself. Nor could any interference be attempted on the ground of cruelties endured; for it was notorious that the palm of humanity must be conceded to the Turkish rather than to the Greek commanders. When at length, in 1824, the Emperor Alexander proposed terms of reconciliation, they were to the effect that Greece should be divided into three governments, thus destroying its political importance, and that it should be retained in subjection to Turkey in such a manner as always to stand in need of Russian protection. The Greeks saw with astonishment that the Czar, whom they had trusted in as a firm friend, was coolly aiming a death-blow at their national independence; and, virtually abandoned by the orthodox Emperor, they turned for support to England.

In England their cause had already become popular. The British people, accustomed to think and act for themselves, soon learned to separate the crimes which had stained the outbreak, from the cause which consecrated the struggle. Toward the end of 1824, the Greek government sent a communica-

tion to Mr. George Canning, then foreign secretary, adjuring England to frustrate the schemes of Russia and to defend the independence of Greece. To this Mr. Canning replied, that as Turkey would at present be satisfied with nothing short of unconditional surrender, and as Greece would demand nothing short of absolute independence, in the opinion of the British government mediation was at that moment impossible; but that, should a favorable juncture occur, the government would not be indisposed to offer its services. The mere circumstance of the British minister replying to the Greek note was a recognition of the right of the Greeks to secure their independence.

The English people went far beyond the government. The Lord Mayor of London subscribed a large sum to support the Greeks. Lord Byron and the Earl of Harrington openly joined them. Lord Cochrane (afterward Earl of Dundonald) undertook the direction of their naval operations, and a large sum was raised wherewith to build a fleet for him at Copenhagen; the ships were about half completed when the war was over. William Cobbett and Sir Francis Burdett floated pleasantly for a while on the stream of public enthusiasm. English bankers and capitalists supplied the Greeks with money, and were foolish enough to intrust the spending of it to Greek officials. The result was, that Greek loans passed into a proverb. Henry Lytton Bulwer was sent to ascertain what had become of the money, and ascertained that the Greek patriots were not clever at keeping accounts, nor over-scrupulous about appropriating the money to the particular object for which it had been subscribed. The acknowledgment of General Gordon, himself an ardent Philhellenist, who fought bravely in their cause, that the Greek executives were no better than public robbers, has been pretty well borne out by the fact that the subscribers to the first Greek loan have never to this day received a shilling of interest or a syllable of gratitude. The Greeks appeared to think that they laid the English under an obligation in permitting them to fight for the land of Demosthenes and Plato, and in conceding to them the further privilege of paying the expenses.

Notwithstanding all the assistance rendered by Sir Richard Church and others on shore, and by Lord Cochrane at sea, so vigorous and able were the operations of the Sultain's forces, that Greek prospects grew worse and worse, until in August, 1825, an act was signed by a vast majority of the deputies. clergy, and military and naval officers, placing Greece under the protection of the British government. The provinces of Epirus and Thessaly had been brought thoroughly under the Sultan. Early in 1826 Sir Stratford Canning was sent to Constantinople, charged with the delicate mission of inducing the Sultan to abandon the war; and the Duke of Wellington was sent to St. Petersburgh to obtain an acknowledgment from the Czar of the right of the Greeks to secure their independence. Matters dragged slowly along, and Greece was being utterly wasted; at length a convention was signed, which opened the way for formal mediation on the part of England and Russia in the beginning of 1827. This mediation was rejected by the Sultan. France now joined the two mediating powers, and an armed intervention was proposed. France had just been engaging in a dispute with the Dey of Algiers, which ended in the conquest of that Turkish dependency. The fleets of the three powers united, and on the twentieth of October, 1827, found the Turkish fleet, amounting to eighty-two sail of all sizes, at anchor in the bay of Navarino. The allied fleet con-

sisted of eleven English, seven French, and eight Rusians; but their proportion of line-of-battle ships was to the Turkish as three to one. The Turkish fleet was completely destroyed, and the efforts of Turkey against Greece were virtually brought to a close. The Porte has never recovered its navy since; and England and France in the Crimean struggle have been made to pay dearly for the victory at Navarino. After this action at sea, the French troops undertook to expel the Turkish forces who still occupied the Morea, and thus France gained the honor of completing the work which England had begun.

To eject a hated ruler is often difficult; it is sometimes more difficult still to supply his place. The five years which intervened between the expulsion of the Turks from Greece and the arrival of King Otho were years of misrule and misery. John Capodistrias, an able man, of some political experience, but censured as too Russian in his views, was elected President of the Greek State; and a little later, after a reduction of the frontier artfully contrived by Russia, and foolishly acquiesced in by England, Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg accepted the offered sovereignty of the diminished kingdom. There was an outbreak of national enthusiasm similar, though not equal, to that which had just occurred in favor of Prince Alfred; but three months after his acceptance of the crown Prince Leopold resigned it. He had not counted the cost, and the machinations of Capodistrias were a terror to him. Capodistrias resumed the presidency, but was assassinated shortly afterward; and thenceforth for two years the state of Greece may be summed up in one word—anarchy. At length the Sultan, in July, 1832, was prevailed upon formally to recognize Greece as an independent sovereignty, on receiving an indemnity of forty millions of piastres, about half a million sterling. The allied powers guaranteed a loan of sixty millions of francs to furnish supplies to the government of the new King, and pay the Turkish indemnity. They invited Prince Otho, of Bavaria, to become King of Greece, and secured for the Greek monarch an official admission among the sovereigns of Europe. Thus elected King Otho was hailed by the Greek nation, and landed, as we have seen, amidst the general acclamations of his new subjects, little dreaming, probably, that it would afterward be his fate to be expelled from his throne without a voice being raised for his recall.

The above article is taken from "The London Observer" of 1863. It is deeply interesting because of the war which is now raging between Greece and Servia, against Turkey.

Conditions in Greece have changed little, insofar as tends to the development of great leaders or warriors.

The Greek navy has more of a merchant marine aspect than that of a fighting machine.

A very large number of Greeks have settled in the United States in the past ten years, and they have been leaving in numbers for Greece, with the intention of enlisting in the army or navy.

The deep hatred of the Greek for the Turk, the fanatical wars they have waged against each other, the long fight the Greeks made for freedom from the yoke of Turkish rule all trend to make a war between the two countries less like modern warfare than an insane slaughter of ancient enemies.

# Garland, The Great Arkansan

Farrar Newberry, A. M.

READING the admirable article in the September issue of Watson's, on the life and character of Alexander Stephens, leads me to believe that the public at large would be glad to read a brief sketch of the life of Mr. Stephens' great friend and associate in the conduct of the Confederate Government, Augustus Hill Garland, of Arkansas. No man has yet hailed from the "Smoky Water State," with the possible exception of the late United States Senator James K. Jones, who was more widely known and influential in his party, and certainly none more skilled in the science of government nor with deeper and more profound knowledge of the law, than Augustus Hill Garland.

Born in Tipton County, Tennessee, June 11, 1832, Augustus H. Garland was brought by his parents at the age of one year, to Spring Hill, Heampstead County, Arkansas. Upon his boyhood I shall not dwell at length. His father died soon after they came to Arkansas; but his mother, strong mentally and morally, gave her son an elementary education at home, and moving to Washington, Arkansas, where they lived till he was fourteen, sent him to the Roman Catholic school at Bordstown, Kentucky, then one of the most famous seats of learning in the South. Here he took a thorough course of training, receiving a degree, and then doing some post-graduate work. While there he read law a great deal, as was the custom in those days for ambitious young men in the arts schools. Returning home, he went to Sevier County at nineteen to teach school for a year, and prepare himself for the law. It is said that while teaching at this early age, he was brought into a circuit court by one of the patrons of his school, for whipping the latter's child; but he plead his own case, and was acquitted.

He was married at Washington, just before he was twenty-one, to Miss Virginia Saunders, a brilliant young woman of an old Virginia family. Mr. Garland studied law with several lawyers at Washington, while acting as deputy clerk of the county under his father-in-law, Judge Hubbard. But after a few years he moved, in 1856, to Little Rock, where he went into partnership with a Mr. Cummins. The latter soon died and left the large practice of Pike and Cummins, and Cummins and Garland, to him to manage alone. But being a young man of strong mind and great energy, he rapidly advanced in the profession.

Garland was a Whig in politics, and in the Secession Convention of 1861, though only twenty-nine years of age, he took a leading part among the conservatives in opposing and preventing radical action at the first session. But when war became inevitable, he yielded and voted for secession, and for a brief period did actual service in the trenches. He was a member of the Provisional Congress at Montgomery, and took part in drawing up the Constitution of the Confederacy. He was called, without opposition, by his fellow-citizens to sit in the Confederate Congress, serving part of the four years in the lower House and part in the Senate.

At the close of the war, Mr. Garland resumed the practice of law in Little Rock. About this time, Congress passed a law prohibiting those who had aided the South in the war from practicing in the United States courts, unless they took the famous "Iron-clad Oath." This was a heavy

blow to the leading lawyers of the South, and deprived them of one of their chief means of support. Mr. Garland believed that Congress had no right to pass such a law, and resolved to test its validity. He carried his case to the Supreme Court of the United States, and won it by a majority of one of the Supreme Court judges. The law was thus set aside because of its unconstitutionality. This was one of the most notable contests ever waged before that high tribunal. It was a great victory for Mr. Garland, and won for him a national reputation as a lawyer.

In consequence of this victory, Mr. Garland was, in 1867, elected without opposition to the United States Senate, but was not allowed to take his seat, as Congress refused at this time to admit representatives from the South.

In the famous Brooks-Baxter war in Arkansas, where these two men were both claiming the governorship, Mr. Garland aided Mr. Baxter; and when Mr. Brooks had expelled the latter and seized the State House, Garland was chosen Deputy Secretary of State. He perhaps had more than any one else to do with directing the actions which resulted in restoring Governor Baxter to power. The latter determined to establish a government that would do away with the evils of carpet-bag rule; and upon his suggestion for a new Constitution, a convention for the purpose was called, consisting of the ablest men of the State. The first Governor under this new Constitution was Mr. Garland, who was elected without opposition.

As Governor, Mr. Garland pursued a broad and liberal policy. Feeling ran high when the carpet-bag government was overthrown, and there was a demand for punishment of the leaders. But he allowed none of this. He administered the government with so much tact that the wounds of the past were rapidly healed and good feeling restored. It was said that when he went into office there was not enough money in the treasury to buy the kindling necessary to build a fire in his office. But he restored prosperity to the State, and people began to rebuild their fortunes, which had been lost in the War, and the State treasury soon filled.

In 1877, Garland was elected to the United States Senate, and again without opposition; and at the close of his first term was re-elected. By his preeminent ability he restored the glory of former days when Arkansas was represented in the Senate by Ashley and Sevier.

Notwithstanding the fact that some of his speeches there brought criticism upon himself from inimical newspapers, he enjoyed the distinction of being one of the great constitutional lawyers of the Nation. His speeches were always without notes. His purpose was always to convince those to whom he spoke, and he never spoke over the heads of Senators to the people at large.

In 1884, while serving his second term in the Senate, Mr. Garland was appointed Attorney-General of the United States by President Cleveland. At this time he was one of the five most prominent leaders of the Democratic Party. This was a marked honor for the State as well as for himself; for it was the first, and is the only time, that Arkansas has been represented in the Cabinet of the President of the United States. While holding this place his opinions were at times severely criticised.

He seemed to shrink from the public gaze, and never sought to attract attention to himself. A lawyer and a student, he had little in him of what the word "politician" is usually understood to mean. He was a most timid and unassuming man; and during his time as Attorney-General, which lasted until the election of Harrison to the

Presidency, he never would attend any of the public functions, nor wear a dress suit. But his friends were always welcome to his large and hospitable home in the outskirts of the city.

When Mr. Garland retired from public life in 1889, he remained in Washington City, where he practised law until his death in 1899. Nearly all of his work was before the Supreme Court. He was an enthusiastic admirer of Chief Justice Marshall, and had a profound respect, amounting almost to reverence, for the highest court of the land. He had a personal familiarity with the long line of decisions which have been rendered by that Court, and it is now known, though the fact never passed Mr. Garland's own lips, that he was repeatedly offered a place on the Supreme Bench of the United States, and refused to take it because of his physical infirmities and advancing age.

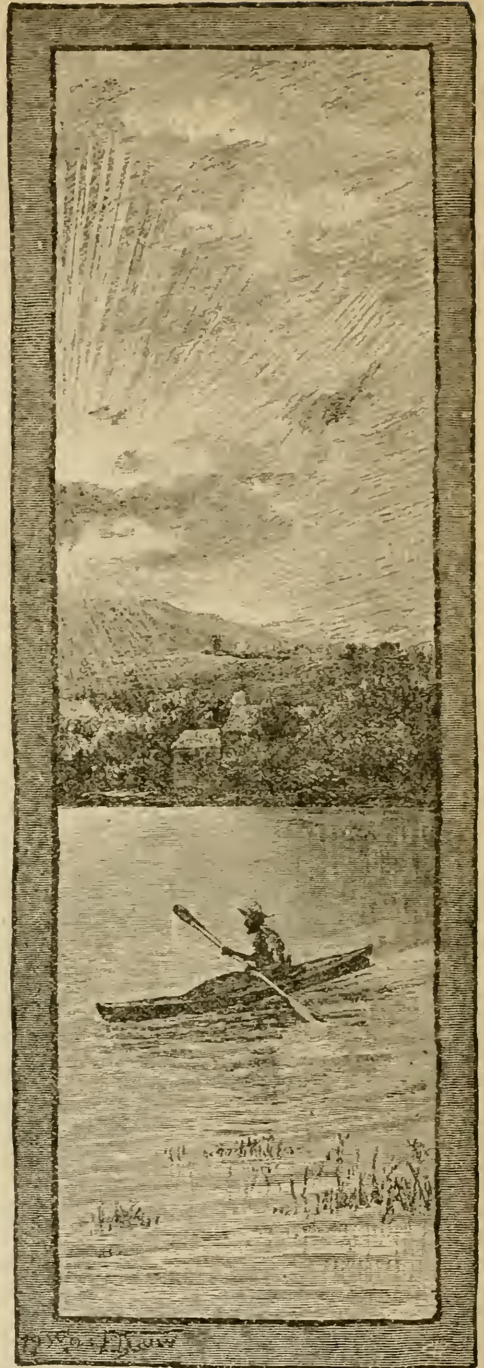
He was before that high tribunal pleading a case when the end came, and I am informed by a close personal friend and colleague in the Senate, that if Mr. Garland had been consulted, the manner of his death was doubtless exactly what he would have preferred. He was concluding an argument, which some of the Supreme Court judges have since said was the very clearest and profoundest he had ever made; as he raised his hand and said, "This is our contention," he fell back in the arms of his associate counsel and died in a few moments. His physician said that he had urged Mr. Garland to go to Old Point Comfort for a rest, but that he had answered that he must make a speech in this case on a certain day, and after that he would take a long rest. Mr. Garland said many times that he desired to perish in the harness.

Extravagant praise can neither avail the dead nor impart instruction. But Augustus Hill Garland was in many respects a truly great man. That he had faults is to say that he shares in the common infirmities of mankind. But these were overcome, in a great measure. He had a marvellous intellect, was a forcible public speaker, and a profound lawyer. Generous in his nature, he was plain and simple in his habits, and had the greatest contempt for sham. He was a man of convictions, and had the courage to express them. He was zealous for the honor of his State. It is authentically stated that at several different times he was offered a place on the Supreme Bench of the United States, but refused on account of ill-health and advanced age. No citizen of the State was held in higher esteem than Mr. Garland. Loved and respected by his own people, and honored by the Nation, he in every position acquitted himself of his duties with the profoundest patriotism and statesmanlike wisdom. He was never a conspirator, and never entertained a thought in public life that was not for the good of Arkansas. He never shirked a responsibility when the honor of his State was at stake. No Southern man ever defended his commonwealth in more councils than he.

Mr. Garland's marked eccentricities of manner and method, together with his great legal ability and capacity for making and holding friends, combined to attract to him an attention that was always a tribute to his high qualities. He was analytical, searching, and possessed of untiring habits. To great force of mind he added an unstudied dignity, the gentleness of a woman, and the charm of spontaneous humor. The venerable Senator from Massachusetts, Mr. Hoar, in his tribute to Garland, said: "He was a model of the Senatorial character, and an admirable lawyer; a statesman whose vision comprehended the whole country without distinction of party or section; a man full of unimpeachable

integrity,—a model of the character of the Senator and gentleman."

How poor the world would be without the memory of its mighty dead! In honoring a great man, one faithful to every trust, we only honor ourselves. Garland's public career is a great open book; a rich volume of true greatness; the record of a man who gave his country his best and his all. His principles could not be bought. In Congress, when men in high places were contaminated, he went in and out without charge or suspicion on his character. He ever kept the company of his self-respect; and above all his intellectual gifts loomed his integrity and plain worth of character. Generous to faults, he never demanded perfection, but took men as he found them. Of very strong family relations, the centre of his thoughts was the domestic hearthstone. His passing reveals the old story, that is repeated in every flower that blooms, and every leaf that falls,—that all our strivings, ambitions, contentions, victories, have for their exhibition only a narrow and contemporary stage; and the actions themselves and the objects for which they contend are alike but for a day. But his principles and power will ever serve as an inspiration to youth and an admiration to age.



# The Valentine Garb Order

IS Commissioner Valentine the President's man of straw set up officially to be knocked down for the Roman Catholic vote?

Would Commissioner Valentine, in subordinate position, dare to rekindle the smouldering fire of religious strife by issuing an official order against Roman Catholics wearing their religious garb in the United States Indian schools, without consulting his official superior—the Secretary of the Interior—if the power of the President were not at his back?

Would the President, in the face of his strenuous efforts to please the Roman Catholics for their votes, let Commissioner Valentine go unrebuked if Mr. Valentine were wholly at fault? Why does the Secretary of the Interior withhold his decision? Months have passed! It is a simple matter to settle. There is but one thing to do: to separate Church from State. Why does not the President act? Does the lure of the election dim his vision? Who can gainsay the velvet hand of the Papal priesthood and the blundering fist of the President in the Valentine order?

The question of the wearing of the religious garb of the Papal priests and nuns in the United States Indian schools had been raised and patched up for political party profit during the administrations of McKinley and Roosevelt. In the face of the same, would Commissioner Valentine have revived the delicate question and precipitated a religious conflict, on the eve of the election, without the sanction of the President? Such drastic action, of far-reaching political and social effect, is never initiated by a subordinate when his superior was at hand! There was no need for undue haste. Who, then, was back of Commissioner Valentine? The Secretary of the Interior is silent! The President is silent!! The free (?) press, and, indeed, the Papal press are silent!!!

Commissioner Valentine only, then, seems to be responsible! Yet, his indifference is remarkable. It is very patent and strange in one without the moral support of a tremendous force behind him. Certainly, he is not fighting with his "back to the wall." The more it is seen the worse is its mien. It looks as though the Commissioner is the catspaw of the President and the Hierarchy for the Papal vote for their mutual profit. Treasonable? It seems so.

And why, it may be asked, is it sanctioned by the President? It must be remembered that the President is Commissioner Valentine's great friend. Mr. Valentine would not hesitate to sacrifice his commissionership for President Taft. The belief is growing that Commissioner Valentine's anti-clerical garb order was merely a blind for brewing Protestant protest and boiling Papal passion for constant stirring by the President to catch the Papal vote. But it was not dreamed that the Protestant protest would assume such great magnitude and onset—an onset that threatens Taft's re-election, unless stemmed by the silent vote of the Papists. The perpetrators had banked on the passive Protestants grinning and bearing it as in the past. Patience, even Protestant patience, has its limits. Its smouldering fire kindled into flame often makes the white heat—the most intense of all. And plotting priests and treasonable politicians, inviting revolution, may feel its sting sooner than they think.

Now, President Taft is in a quandary—not particularly over the Val-

entine order, only, but for many other acts akin, in which he has truculently catered to the Papal preferment and mixed Government of Church and State against free institutions. Thus, the President, elected to serve all the people, forgets his sacred trust and lies down with the Papal priesthood, against the State, in treasonable bedfellowship.

And there are sentimentally mawkish Protestants who squeamishly say that they feel sorry for the President in his Papal predicament! Where do the people come in? What of their trust in their President and his keeping it inviolate?

The President voluntarily took his Papal bedfellow for political graft for power of political party and pleasure of personal profit in his re-election, with full knowledge that it was a crime against free institutions. Anyway, they have sinned together against free institutions and must go down together. And may the Lord have mercy upon their souls.

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But there is another phase of the question.

For a long time there had been newspaper report of a Congressional investigation of Commissioner Valentine and the Bureau of Indian Affairs.

Congress is run by committee. Legislation by committee is the rule. Congress is full of Roman Catholics at the head of its committees. Committees are generally controlled by their chairmen who, in turn, usually get the credit of the committee work. Romanists, in strength of organization, know this well, and get placed as chairmen of the committees, not only for the credit of the work done and the political power and profit of the place, but for opportunity for Papal service with glorious praise of priest and Pope for hierarchical honor; for love of basking in the limelight of the publicity of the newspaper advertisement of their religion for Papal church extension and power, and for the hope of place of credit in their church history, priest-sung and chanted as achievement for their church as Papists, rather than for their country as patriots. The vision of the Papist is double; for his church first, and his country afterward. That of the Protestant, single; for his country first, last, and all the time. The Papist is the servant of the priesthood; the Protestant, of the people. The Papist cannot separate his church and religion: his church is his religion. The Protestant's religion is his God, and individual.

For a long time, as has been said, there had been newspaper report of Congressional investigation of Commissioner Valentine and the Bureau of Indian Affairs.

Congressional? Yes, on the surface! But down deep it seemed to be a cloak for Irish Roman Catholic investigation for riddance of Commissioner Valentine to secure control of the Indian Bureau for Papal purposes. The advice of their great and good Archbishop Ireland to select and elect Roman Catholics to office and to demand their appointment to places of public trust was ringing in their ears. They saw a chance to get a Roman Catholic Indian Commissioner from their friend Taft *a la advice* of their Archbishop Ireland. They saw the chance to fill many public places with Papists; to control Indian Affairs; to select and distribute Romanized text-books; to turn United States Indian schools into parochial schools; and for priests and nuns to wear their garb of church, *ad libitum*, in their conversion of the Indians to Romanism.

Oh, most glorious opportunity! For was not a great Roman Catholic Congressman and Militant Knight of Columbus to head and conduct the

Congressional investigation? All seemed lovely!

The Congressional Committee convened. Its Roman Catholic Knight of Columbus chairman seemed invested with canonical orders as well as with Congressional authority.

The Militant Knight of Columbus chairman of Congressional Committee investigating Commissioner Valentine got down to work, as said.

Somebody had charged Valentine with unwarrantedly discharging a clerk from an Indian Reservation, and also with taking a drink unlawfully on an Indian Reservation. It was hinted that Romanism was behind the charges and prosecution. The Romanists claim the Indians are their special wards. Protestant Commissioner Valentine must be gotten rid of. He must be blown up with a Roman Catholic Congressional investigation as the Papal Irish McNamaras blew up *The Los Angeles Times*' building with *militia of Christ* dynamite. They preach and practice the end justifies the means—the Inquisition, St, Bartholomew's Massacre, the Coligny Huguenot Colonists' Massacre in Florida, the Camorra, the Black Hand and Mafia; the Fenians, McNamara, and Molly Maguire, and Tammany—Saint Tammany of New York City; and last, but not least, the Congressional Committee after Commisioner Valentine. Papal priesthood, prosecution, and persecution are synonymous. Commissioner Valentine was to be prosecuted and persecuted for discharging a clerk and taking a drink! Many administrative officers of Government discharge clerks very often and drink daily. Why, then, discriminate against Commissioner Valentine? That is the question.

It is said to be against the law to drink liquor on an Indian Reservation. Mr. Valentine is charged with violating that law. Suppose he did. Is it a crime that demands Congressional investigation?

What is the power behind the country that forces Congress to investigate? It is this, it seems: The discharged clerk happened to be an Irish Roman Catholic near an Irish Papal priest directed by three Irish Papal princes, commanded by an Italian Pope—foreigners, all—who are itching to run the Bureau of Indian Affairs of the Nation to help them to Romanize the United States. That was enough! Just discharge an Irish Papist near Irish Papal priests under Irish Papal Cardinal princes in effort to run the United States Indian Affairs, and the servant of the State commits a crime in the Papal eye, whereupon the Papal priesthood demands and gets a Congressional investigation *instanter*.

Well, as said, the Congressional Committee got to work; and, of course, as chairman of the committees have great power, in general, a chairman having jurisdiction over a bureau and investigating its head, would have great powers, in particular, over that head; and, accordingly, in any investigation of the head of the Indian Affairs, whatever the charges, great or small, would make it hot and hard for that head; especially when laboring under religious prejudice of church superiority and authority, and particularly of religious and political bias together. So Commissioner Valentine was up against it, and a-trembling in his boots, one would think. But he was remarkably indifferent. He had something up his sleeve. The charges in themselves, were minor, and apparently made up, but the animus, with the clique behind them, was the question. With Irish Papal witnesses of the "Militia of Christ," coached by Irish Papal priests, directed by Irish Papal Cardinals, commanded by the Pope of Rome, backed by the Congress

of the United States with a Congressional Committee of investigation, headed by a Roman Catholic Militant Knight of Columbus, under the winking eye of the President, the chances seemed slight and the outlook dark for Commissioner Valentine. The Romanists with inside information were in glee. The public was in the dark. What could it learn? The free press—the pulse of the public—was silent. The Irish Papists managing the free (?) press could and would minimize or magnify a thing for or against the Commissioner, at will. Mr. Valentine was in straits. His taking a quiet drink on an Indian Reservation out on the plains was a crime and the Commissioner a criminal in the Papal eye. But it is no Papal crime for Roman Catholic rum dealers, saloon-keepers, and bartenders to dispense drink to men, women, and children, in gilded halls and fifthy brothels. Indeed, such Papists, particularly the Irish, may be, and are regarded as honorable citizens and church members, as recently testified by some Papal priests favoring increase of liquor saloons in the National Capital.

Nor is it a Papal crime for President Taft and his official cabinet to clink cups of wine with *Cardinal* Gibbons and his Papal family, in merry feast in the rectory of St. Patrick's Roman Catholic church in the National Capital, served by Monsignor Russell (newspaper described as a lineal descendant of St. Patrick, Spiritual Adviser of the Knights of Columbus, and "Preacher to the three Americas") on the ocasion of the un-American, un-National "Pan-American Thanksgiving" for mixing Church and State against free institutions and the Constitution—the law of the land.

But Comissioner Valentine taking a quiet drink on an Indian Reservation, out on the plains, is a different thing in the Papal eye fixed upon the tempting Indian Bureau plum. Look where you will, in any history of any country, and you will find behind political strife the meddling Papal priesthood, and wherever the English language rules, the Irish Papal priests, in particular.

The Democratic Congressional Commitee, headed by its Roman Catholic Militant Knight of Columbus, was making it warm for Commissioner Valentine, who was now in a political box of many sides of complex shades and confusing colors. If he were ousted for taking a drink on an Indian Reservation, or for discharging an Irish Papist, it would serve the same purpose as if he were convicted for preventing the Roman Catholic priesthood from running the United States Indian Bureau for the Roman Catholic Hierarchy. In ousting Commissioner Valentine, the Roman Catholic priesthood and church would get the Indian Bureau, the Democratic party the Papal vote, and the Roman Catholic Militant Knight of Columbus Chairman of Congressional Committee bringing it about, would get a red feather in his cap, would be in line for Presidential timber, and, at least, die a Papal patriot in his church perpetuated as such.

Commissioner Valentine saw that the Indian Bureau was in danger; that he was in danger, and that President Taft was in danger. It must be stayed. He went before the Committee. The Roman Catholic Militant Knight of Columbus smiled. Around him were the Irish Papal priest-groomed prosecuting witnesses. Close by was another Roman Catholic Militant Knight of Columbus of the wonderful Fourth Degree effect. He was to prosecute Valentine. The Comissioner did not like the color of things. There was too much of the sword of the Fourth Degree Militant Society of the Knights of Columbus—"the right arm of the

Hierarchy." He began to smell a rat. There was danger. It must be stayed. But how, was the question. Ah, the order, the order! He looked at the Roman Catholic Militant Knight of Columbus, Chairman of Congressional Committee; the Roman Catholic witnesses, Roman Catholic priest prepared; the Roman Catholic Militant Knight of Columbus prosecutor, Roman Catholic priest employed, perhaps; and thinking of the Irish Cardinal princes so close at hand in Baltimore, New York and Boston, in cablegram reach of the Pope of Rome, he arose and objected strenuously, for appearances, against the presence of Roman Catholic Militant Knight of Columbus prosecutor, Easby-Smith. The newspapers did not say why—their Irish Papal managers merely indicated that their Roman Catholic Militant Knight of Columbus Graham, Chairman of the Congressional Committee, approved the presence of the Roman Catholic Militant Knight of Columbus Fourth Degree prosecutor Easby-Smith, and the valiant Knight stayed.

But Commissioner Valentine did not stay. He saw that the Knights of Columbus, of the wonderful Fourth Degree, with sword and buckler, were going to run it their own way, and he arose again and addressed the chair, somewhat as follows:

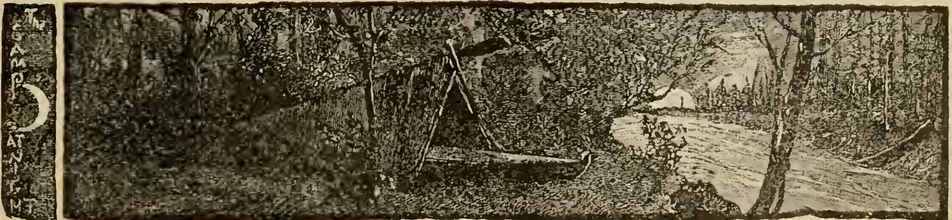
"I have not the time to stay here and watch you. I have important official affairs on hand. I will leave my clerk in my place. I am going to my office. If you want me, I am at the other end of the telephone. Just ring me up, and I will be with you at once."

He then hurried back to his office, and without knowledge of his official superior, issued his famous order seemingly with the knowledge of the President of the United States.

It was electrifying! It caught a whale of a sucker—the Democratic donkey. It was a freeze-out for the Militant Knight of Columbus Chairman James M. Graham and his Presidential aspirations along the Papal line. It turned Protestant against Papist, and Papist against Protestant. It changed the whole situation. President Taft would now take a hand. He would settle it in such a long drawn out, lingering, dying way as to lull the Protestants to sleep, and get the Papal vote for himself. It will hang on until after the election. The fool Protestants will forget it, and the President and priests will go on mixing Church and State against the Constitution and free institutions.

The remedy?

A National party for government of separation of Church and State, against a clerical party for mixed government of Church and State. There is no other remedy. To temporize is suicidal.



# Political Text Books for Schools

E. H. Randle, LL.D.

IT seems that most of the text-book writers North of the Ohio cannot refrain from inserting a little politics in their books. It is mostly done in a covert way, as if the author had not thought of such a thing. Histories, grammars, geographies, literature, rhetoric, and even an arithmetic in one case, usually have a coloring of Northern politics. It is generally injected in their books by selections and quotations having the color of the Northern sky.

These insidiously work their coloring into the minds of the Southern youth. And our Southern men rarely write anything. It was the writers in the first half of the past century who made it possible for the North to overrun the South in the sixties.

If we will not write text-books we ought at least to see to it that there is no politics in those our Northern friends write for us; but we do not.

I will select one example, Genung's Rhetoric, a work of considerable merit. But a youth studying the quotations from Webster in that book could not help from agreeing with the doctrines of the old Federal Party and thinking the same was the teaching of the Republican Party. The quotation is from Webster's speech in reply to Hayne.

I am astonished that Dr. Genung should wish to teach the youth of the land, especially the youth of the South, Republican politics; or that he was so ignorant as not to know that he was teaching the defunct politics of the old Federal Party of Hamilton, and John Adams. Hayne and Webster were both great men; as a sentimental orator I doubt whether Webster's equal can be found in the world's history.

It was on his marvelous play of patriotic sentiment that he won such a brilliant victory over such an extraordinary brilliant display of patriotic sentiment blazoned forth by Robert Hayne.

Mrs. Webster, sitting in the galleries listening to Mr. Hayne, wept because she said that Mr. Webster never could answer Mr. Hayne. It is a little surprising that in two such celebrated speeches, neither one is noted for close, compact, critical argument. It was the grand display of patriotic sentiment on both sides that caught the astonished attention of the American people, and in this Mr. Webster fairly won the victory over Mr. Hayne.

Webster tried to bring to life the old federalistic idea of a centralized, consolidated government. John Adams was the last President that professed this centralized doctrine up to Andrew Johnson, and the Republican Party refused to indorse his theory of our constitutional government,—that the States could not go out of the Union and had not, that they were still organic State governments in the Union. Andrew Johnson was classed as a Democrat, but in theory he was a Federalist.

John Quincy Adams and all Presidents after John Adams claimed to be Jeffersonian Democrats—then called Republicans. Daniel Webster, with all of his greatness and popularity, could never secure the nomination for the Presidency, for it was known that no candidate professing the Federal theory of government could be elected. His debate with Hayne perhaps lost him a nomination by the Whigs for the chief magistracy of the United States. He was classed as a Whig and

professed to be a Whig because there was no organized Federal party. There have at all times been a respectable number of individuals in all parties, except the Democratic Party, and even a few in it, who believe in a consolidated Union of States. But it is not the doctrine of the Republican Party and was not the doctrine of the Whig Party. Seward, the founder of the Republican Party, was a true Jefferson Republican, the same as Clay, a States' Right Whig.

In 1833, Robert Y. Hayne was elected Governor of South Carolina to preside over its destinies in the exciting days of nullification; and John C. Calhoun resigned his place as Vice-President to be elected to succeed Hayne in the Senate. His purpose was to defend his State in the doctrine of Nullification and to answer Webster, whom he knew would take the other side. Calhoun said that nullification was a peace measure, but that secession would bring on war, even when justified by the conditions and by the Constitution. In this he was right, for by the former South Carolina secured her rights in the Union and by the latter she lost her independence, was crushed to extreme humiliation, and her government wrenched from the hands of the intelligence and wealth of the State and turned over to the freed slaves to rule and rob their former masters.

In 1833, Daniel Webster made his great speech in the Senate, the chief point of which was to prove that the Union is not a compact between the States, but a solid, indissoluble Union —the old Federal theory. He made practically the same speech that he made in the Hayne-Webster debate, leaving out the patriotic effusion of sentiment, for he knew Calhoun was to follow, and would use only facts and logic of the severest kind. His speech was far superior to the one in reply to Hayne in all that gave it strength.

Ten days after its delivery Mr. Calhoun replied, and since the world began, a more complete victory was never won in debate. There was not a single point of Mr. Webster's debate but what was completely crushed.

Mr. Webster never attempted to answer; nor has any one else from that day to this. That killed the last efforts of the old Federal doctrine of a consolidated Union. No one can read this debate without seeing that Mr. Webster felt crushed. He did not fail for want of ability, and for transcendent ability at that, but for want of facts. Mr. Webster afterwards in his Capon Springs speech practically admitted that our Union is a compact between the States. He referred to the Constitution and said in that agreement: You cannot expect for one party to break the contract and to hold the other party bound to it. He said: "I will take up arms to fight for Virginia as quick as I will for Massachusetts whenever other States invade her rights," (condensed in my own language and from memory.) He was alluding at the time in Virginia's right to her slaves. His friends accused him in this of advocating the right of secession, which he denied, but he believed, he said, in the right of revolution when a State is denied her rights in the Union. (See Stephens' "War Between the States.")

In the United States Senate of 1850 for the last time the great trio, Clay, Webster and Calhoun, met, Calhoun to live only a few months and the other two to pass away in two years. They all rose to distinction about the same time and were all about equally distinguished, Webster having the advantage of the others in being from a State of distinguished and prolific writers.

Webster was never surpassed as a

sentimental orator, Clay was never surpassed as a profound thinker and for unassailable argument. The works of the three were practically finished in 1850.

In that session a brilliant young statesman from New York astonished the country and dazed the Senators when he exploded his higher lawism as a bomb on the floor of the Senate. From that day forward William H. Seward was the great leader of the anti-slavery party. He claimed that no body of men could hold another body in slavery by any law or constitution agreed upon by men. That speech was the genesis of the Republican Party.

Webster agreed with Calhoun that the Government had no right to invade a State or to interfere with slavery in the States.

Seward agreed with Calhoun in the Jeffersonian doctrine of States' rights, but disagreed with Webster in his position against Hayne. It was not on Webster's theory that Lincoln invaded the South, but on Seward's higher lawism.

The theory that the Union was a consolidation of States had long been dead before the sixties. Doubtless some individuals still held to that doctrine. Andrew Johnson did for one, but it was not generally known until in the sixties. If there had been any life left in it, the Dred Scott decision of the Supreme Court would have crushed it out. But higher lawism rode rough shod over the Supreme Court, State lines, and the Constitution. It was not only applied in anti-slavery matters, but soon became to be applied to whatever the Republican Party wanted.

Five days before the emancipation proclamation was issued, B. Gratz Brown, a strong Republican, made a great speech in St. Louis, in which he stated that Lincoln had violated all the laws of the Constitution, all the laws of war and of nations, that he had assumed more despotic authority than Cromwell ever did, but that they were willing to accord him all the power he wanted, if he would get results. He argued that they must have the proclamation to get results.

Was there anything in this speech of Mr. Brown's but higher lawism?

I do not suppose an intelligent man can be found but what would acknowledge that the last three amendments, especially the fourteenth and fifteenth, were strictly bayonet laws, that they were never constitutionally passed by the States, but being a necessity were passed under the theory of the higher law. The actors in it made a sort—a very faint sort—of pretense in using regular methods—enforced by bayonets.

Andrew Johnson tried to administer the Government according to Webster's notions, and the advocates of higher law brought a bill of impeachment against him. They gave Lincoln as much use of higher law as he wanted, but they deprived Johnson of the use of nearly all law to which he was constitutionally entitled because he believed in Webster's theory of the Constitution.

For the last several decades, magazine writers, short history writers, and school text-books writers, and all who write to please the Northern fancy have been parading the Hayne-Webster debate, lauding Chief Justice Marshall and his decisions, rewriting the life of Alexander Hamilton, digging up the forgotten history of Judge Wilson of Pennsylvania, a man of fine ability, a member of the Constitutional Convention and who was one of the clogs, which, combined with others, came near disrupting the convention.

Why do not these writers parade the Webster-Calhoun debate? Are they ignorant of it, or afraid of it? If

ignorant, they are inexcusable for writing without knowledge; if afraid, they are dishonorable writers.

Now examine Genung's "Practical Rhetoric," page 434, beginning about the middle, and read Webster and Genung mixed for several pages—not a word of Calhoun's reply in 1833—and see if you think anything could be more deliberately unfair, thus to teach this exploded falsehood to the youth of our land and especially to the youth of the South, to use unsuspecting means to make the youth of our country quaff the poison before they are aware of it.

But perhaps John F. Gunung, Ph.D. (Leipsic) did not know.

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# Humphrey Granger's Losses

I SAT, as desolate as Marius among the ruins of Carthage, in the parlor of a Liverpool hotel, surrounded by a chaotic pile of luggage, which had been landed with myself the evening before from the Australian steamer, after a tempestuous voyage of four months. I was an utter stranger in England, without any known friend; and very miserable had been the anxious, sleepless night, and the dreary loneliness of the day, now the familiar circle of my fellow-voyagers was broken up. Without resting, I was taking counsel with myself, and forming impracticable plans, until at last the weariness and melancholy of my situation overpowered me, and I fell asleep in the uncomfortable easy-chair before the fire. Still dreaming of the splash of the waves, and the ceaseless throb of the engine, as they had rung in my ears during the last few months, I mingled them with the indistinct sound of a door opening, and a man's tread across the floor, or deck as it seemed to me, and then a muffled, subdued voice exclaiming, "Is this the widow?"

My eyes opened widely at once, and met a very grave and pitying gaze, that was fixed upon me with something of the regard of a shepherd looking down upon a stray lamb. A tall, strong, largely-built figure, and a face of massive and marked features, leaned over me, filling the whole scope of my vision with a powerful breadth and height, which gave me just the pleasant sense of strength and protection I needed at the moment. He turned away instantly, and energetically stripped off his rough overcoat, handing it to the landlady who accompanied him with an air of amiable concession.

"Be so good as to take it away," he said. "I had no idea she was such a little, young creature as this."

He appeared considerably smaller and smoother, but still colossal to me as I stood before him, having risen to my feet by this time. With a gentle hisitation, as if fearful of touching me too roughly, he took my hand in his own, and patted it softly with two fingers, repeating in the same subdued tone:

"Not Harry's widow?"

"Oh, yes!" I cried, bursting into passionate tears, and leaning my head against his great arm. "Oh, it was so hard! He died before we had been on board three weeks, and they buried him in the sea. I've been all alone ever since; and I have no friends here."

"Poor thing! poor little child!" he said, stroking the hair from my burning forehead. "Don't give way, my dear. I am your cousin—poor Harry's cousin—Humphrey Grainger; and of course I am your friend. There, sit

down on the sofa, and tell me all about it when you are calm."

It was a long time before I was calm, for the tears welled to my eyes again and again after I thought I had mastered them; but he sat quietly beside me, speaking now and then in a hearty, genial tone, and in no way betraying any impatience to bring my hysterical weeping to an end.

"Now, then, my dear," he said, when at length I only sobbed at intervals, "first of all let me tell you I received Captain Thompson's letter about you this morning, and I started down to Liverpool at once to fetch you home. I did not wait for my sister Eliza to accompany me, as, under the circumstances, I considered speed to be the essential thing. My dear girl, do you know that we had no idea that poor Harry was married?"

"We were only married a week before we sailed," I answered. "I will tell you how it all happened, Mr. Grainger; it was such an unforeseen event. My brother is a lawyer in Sydney; and when Harry went to his office on business, William invited him to stay a few weeks at our house, he was so ill. I was very, very sorry for him. It made my heart ache to see him suffering and feeble, and in a strange land among strangers; so I did all I could to nurse and comfort him. We went on in that way till his business was ended, and he came to say 'Good by' to me, and tell me he had taken a passage home in this steamer. He cried dreadfully, Mr. Grainger—like a child; and he said he was so afraid of going this long voyage alone among rough seasen; and perhaps he should die, with no one near him that cared about him. I don't remember exactly what I said; but he understood that I was willing to go with him, if I could be a comfort and help to him."

"But he did not marry you for that!" exclaimed Mr. Grainger.

"He was really very fond of me as well," I continued. "But oh, you can not imagine how afraid he was of dying alone; and the voyage was so very long. So when he asked me if I would be his wife, I told him I loved him very much, and I was very sorry for him."

"But what did your brother say to it, my poor child?" he inquired.

"Girls of my age in the colony don't ask their brothers," I replied. "We were married quiety in a chapel in Sydney, and told William afterwards. But somehow I never believed he would surely die after we were married; he was so young, and I had never seen any one die. I thought he was getting better, he was so cheerful and happy. And oh, he died one evening on deck, while we were watching the sun go down; and I sat very quietly by him, only thinking he was asleep, till the captain came up and said he was dead."

There was a very perceptible frown upon the grave face to which I lifted my tearful eyes, quickly followed by an expression of profound pity as he met my appealing glance. I went on to tell him how bitterly I had found out my folly and self-will in marrying without my brother's knowledge; and how afraid I was of being a trouble to him and his sister until I could write home, and hear again from William unless he decided it would be best to send me back by the next steamer; but I shrank from the thought of a second long voyage, with the ceaseless dirge of the waves where my husband was buried following me month after month. Mr. Grainger listened to me without interruption, and then said, in a few consoling, friendly sentences, that he should consider himself my guardian until he could hear from my brother in Sydney, and that tomorrow I should return with him to the home which had been Harry's.

When I had left Sydney, the railway to Paramatta was only just begun, and

my first journey by rail was from Liverpool to Sherwood; but I could see nothing of the seventy miles of British ground we traversed so swiftly, for the carriage windows were opaque with frost. Though it was scarcely noon, Mr. Grainger and two other gentlemen who were our fellow-passengers, after looking at their newspapers for a few miles, apparently resigned themselves to a profound slumber, and continued in it, with but brief intervals of wakefulness, until we reached the little country station where we left the train. We were immediately surrounded by a band of servile officials, whose obsequiousness was as strange to me as everything else had been since I left the steamer; but Mr. Grainger hurried me away immediately, and lifted me into a dog-cart which was in waiting for us at the gate, where I stayed while he gave his servant directions about my cart-load of luggage.

"I never saw snow like this before," I said, when he came to fasten the apron at my side, and fold round me the rugs which had been sent for our protection from the severe climate. "It snowed in Sydney the year I was born; but of course I don't remember that."

"By George, I never thought of that!" exclaimed Mr. Grainger, regarding me with an air of surprise, while he tore off his rough overcoat impatiently. "Here, stand up, Mrs. Grainger; let me button this right round you, or you will be frozen to death before we get home. It will be a sorry welcome to Sherwood."

We drove thorugh a white wilderness, sparkling and soundless, save for the dull beat of the horse's hoofs upon the snow, and the shrill chirping of little birds in the hedges. It was a magic scene to me. The sky was cloudless, of a pale, bright blue, and there was no color in all the snow-covered landscape, except a very faint and scarcely perceptible tinge of golden-pinkish hue, just visible in the shadows of the masses of pure white. Under the hedge-rows were huge drifts, twisted and coiled into a thousand fantastic shapes; and every branch of the leafless trees we passed beneath was blanched and wreathed with a delicate fret-work of frost. It was already sunset, though scarcely four o'clock, and the pinkish shadows were deepening into purple under the level rays of the sun, when Mr. Grainger, who had been very silent all the way, turned his horse from the turnpike-road, and drove through a small park to the entrance of Sherwood Manor. It was an old-fashioned country house, of no architectural pretensions, built of red stone, and pointed with gables and casements painted black. But relieved as I was at its homeliness, I was sorry to have to alight, though I was half-numbed with cold, so nervous and apprehensive had I grown at the thought of meeting Miss Grainger. I was conscious that I could more easily propitiate and please a man than a woman; and to Mr. Grainger I had already grown accustomed, and he did not appear so very unlike the settlers who came down from their stations in the bush to my brother's house in Sydney. But I was greatly afraid of coming into the presence of an English lady, whose traditionary grandeur and refinement had been the topic of my mother's nursery tales. I remembered them all, as Mr. Grainger carried me, benumbed and wrapped up as I was, from the dog-cart into the large hall, in the center of which he sat me down, and stood off a pace or two, to scrutinize me as a curiosity.

We were approached by a middle-aged woman, somewhat stately in her deportment, but motherly enough to make me feel a sudden hope that this was my hostess. Mr. Grainger, however, looked round him with an air of dissatisfaction, and speaking in a short, sharp tone, inquired:

"Where is Miss Grainger, Parrot?"

"In the drawing-room, sir," was the reply.

"Pooh! nonsense!" he exclaimed. "Just help Mrs. Grainger off with some of those things; and we will go to her at once, if the mountain won't come to Mohammed!"

"Sir, Miss Yardley is there," said Parrot significantly.

He checked his impatience in a moment, casting a hasty but criticizing glance over his own travel-worn aspect, and my dishevelled, wearied appearance; and coming to Parrot's assistance, he helped to unshell me from the multitude of wrappings in which I was mantled, and presented me in all my diminutiveness and childishness to Parrot's wondering eyes.

"Not Mr. Harry's widow!" she ejaculated involuntarily, as her master had done before her.

Mr. Grainger nodded a silent affirmation, and bade her attend me in my room; which she did in a gentle and tender manner, though I caught her now and then fixing on me a very puzzled and bewildered regard. The arrangement and fashion of the strange room embarrassed me; I did not know the use of half the articles on the dressing-table; and Parrot's prolonged scrutiny of me when I had completed my short toilet made me turn again anxiously to my looking-glass before descending to the drawing-room. The reflection did not reassure me. My only black dress, which I had put on as mourning, was a velvet robe, worn by my mother at a colonial ball some years before she died; and it hung in straight heavy folds round my slight figure, making my brown face and short tangled curls look as quaint and elfish as if I had purposely clad myself in some grotesque disguise. I envied the staid, self-possessed Parrot her acquaintance with English customs and etiquette, while I followed her with a beating heart, consciously ignorant of the manner in which I ought to enter a drawing-room.

The drawing-room door, flung wide open by Parrot, revealed a scene almost as white and frigid as the landscape without. I stood in the doorway, a shy, nervous, shrinking girl from the colony, anxiously gazing round a large and elegant room, which seemed a confused mass of cloudy curtains and coverings. Three windows, with delicate white drapery over pale blue, looked out upon the snowy park; chairs, sofas, and ottomans were veiled under a profusion of white network; the walls, of a pale, creamy tinge, were hung with light paintings; here and there were little tables, with their spindle legs supporting services of old china of the most shell-like fabric; and the marble chimney-pice contained similar fragile ornaments, to the number of forty-seven, as I discovered by counting them one day afterwards. Two ladies, of whom I discerned only a full light amplitude of form and raiment, were seated gracefully in lounging-chairs upon the hearth; while I saw myself in a large pier-glass opposite as the only blot, a little speck of blackness, upon the frosty elegance of the tableau.

I was trembling on the threshold, fearful of treading my way through the labyrinth of tables and ottomans, when a hand, with whose well-shaped and muscular proportions I was already familiar, took mine within its encouraging clasp, as if I were a child. Mr. Grainger led me into the room, clearing every obstacle without apparent effort; and addressing the two ladies, who rose with a ceremonious and formal demeanor at our approach, he said, in an appealing voice:

"Eliza, this is Mrs. Henry Grainger. This is poor Harry's young wife, my dear Lavinia."

Miss Grainger was a large, plump, blonde woman, about forty years of age, with a certain self-conscious stateliness and grandeur, well befitting her

importance as the lady of a manor house. There was nothing faint or feeble about her, and her prejudices in particular were very strong. Moreover, her strongest prejudice was in favor of knowing everybody, with whom she was brought into any close contact, "from their cradle." She had spent her whole forty years at Sherwood, a small and isolated village, where all the families native to it were reticulated into a perfect network of kindred by itnermarriages and distant cousinships; and where every household was patent to her, and patronized by her. A dark, mysterious episode, brooded over by dire suspicion, was any prolonged absence from Sherwood by any of its inhabitants, scarcely to be redeemed by an unbroken course of decorous and virtuous conduct through a protracted season of probation. Foreigners were her dread and aversion, and all who were not purely English she counted such. Until yesterday morning she had not known that I was born at all; and now I came, neither English born nor English bred, to dwell under the same roof in a close domestic intercourse. Since Mr. Grainger's departure, she had alternately bewailed Harry's fatal voyage, to which she had always been opposed, and studied with an appalled interest a work entitled Botany Bay; or, the Penal Settlements of Australia, reading herself well up in the convict history of the colony as it had been thirty or forty years before. When her brother placed me face to face with her, she ventured her lips to my cheek with as much caution and rapidity as if she were touching an icicle from the fringed eaves, and fell back instantly after the freezing salute. The younger lady, who was also a tall, fair-haired woman, resembling Miss Grainger, was more prodigal of her caress, as women are apt to be in the presence of a lover; she folded me impressively in her arms, with a considerable show of affectionate sympathy, for which she was rewarded by Mr. Grainger kissing her hand with an air of courtly homage, and drawing a chair near to hers, after he had seated me in one opposite the trio.

In the mirror above the marble chimney-piece I could see myself perched uncomfortably upright upon my chair, having a vague recollection of my mother telling me, when I was a child, that the ladies in England never lolled upon their seats. A conversation about my husband's relatives, in the course of which I was informed that Miss Yardley's great-aunt was cousin to Harry's mother, gradually merged into a magisterial examination of myself, conducted by Miss Grainger.

"Mrs. Henry Grainger," she began, "you are aware that we know absolutely nothing of your antecedents and connections. It is a most remarkable circumstance that Harry never mentioned your name in his communications to us, nor indeed the name of any young single perons of your sex."

"I am afraid," I interrupted apologetically, "that Harry had no idea of marrying me till he was just starting home, or else he would have spoken of me, I dare say."

"May I inquire what your maiden name was?" asked Miss Grainger.

"Victoria Sydney Burke," I replied; and reminiscences of the great criminal of that name no doubt flashed across her troubled mind. "My brother Will is a lawyer in Sydney, but our house is on the Wooloomooloo road. Tom, my youngest brother, is assistant police magistrate at Bathurst. I have no other relations."

"Did you bring your marriage certificate with you?" she asked.

"Oh, dear, no!" I exclaimed; "I never thought of such a thing. But we could get it any day at the Yorke Street Chapel, where we were married."

"Married at chapel?" cried Miss

Grainger, who, with all the people of Sherwood, was a staunch churchwoman. "A Grainger married at chapel! Jumped over a broom-stick nine times, I suppose!"

"I never heard of such a custom in the colony," I answered, partly perplexed and partly irritated. "We have not all the sects there that you have here, I dare say. But I told Will directly after that we had been married there, and he said what could not be cured must be endured."

Miss Grainger was silent for a few minutes, glancing over the pages of her volume on Botany Bay, while Mr. Grainger and Miss Yardley conversed apart, with an air of maidenly condescension, and he with looks and tones of the most refined deference. I watched them all with furtive but keen inspection.

"Were you born in Australia?" suddenly inquired my examiner.

"We were all born in the colony," I said, with a mournful pride. "My father emigrated from Ireland when he was quite young, and my mother was a native of Paramatta, but her parents were English. I don't think we have any relations living in England. I am sure none ever wrote to us."

Miss Grainger paused again, as she uneasily referred to the index of her Guide to the Penal Settlements for the town of Paramatta, until her misgivings conquered every dictate of hospitality and good-breeding.

"You are very young, my dear," she said insinuatingly; "do not be afraid of us. We shall not judge you, or anybody else, harshly. But you would relieve my mind very considerably if you could inform me for what reason your parents emigrated to Botany—I mean to the Australian settlements. Don't be afraid of confiding in us."

She uttered the last words in a persuasive and patronizing accent; but it was utterly impossible that my colonial susceptibility on this point should leave me in ignorance as to her meaning. I, the daughter of free settlers, who had never spoken on equal terms with any descendant ot a convict, was asked significantly for what reason my parents had emigrated! I sprang from my seat, and confronted my amazed guardian with flaming eyes and hurried, quivering lips.

"Take me back," I gasped, stamping my feet with rage; "I will not stay in this house for one single night. She means that my father was a transport—a felon. I will go back to Sydney in the next steamer. You have no right to detain me here. I am a married woman."

Mr. Grainger left his seat by Miss Yardey, and drew me to his side soothingly, with his arm round my shoulders, while he lowered his voice into a very quiet and soft tone.

"Come, come, my child; be calm," he said. "Eliza did not mean to hurt you. It is necessary for you to stay with us for a time, and you will grieve me if you do not live here in Harry's home, contentedly. You shall stay as my own peculiar guest. Here in England we are not accustomed to see married women like you wandering about without any protection. There, go away to your own room for tonight; and tomorrow you shall show me all poor Harry's papers. Lavinia, will you have the goodness to accompany this poor little girl?"

Miss Yardley passed her arm round my shoulders where Mr. Grainger's had rested, and conducted me up-stairs, staying until she had completely pacified my brief passion. When she had soothed me into a sufficient of quietness, she commenced her own private investigation.

"Poor Harry!" she sighed. "You are aware, my love, that he went out on business for Mr. Grainger? Do you know whether he succeeded or not?"

"We never talked about business," I answered, sobbing again at the mention of Harry's name, "because we were only married three weeks. But I am afraid he failed, for he said one day he wished he had died at home—he had done more harm than good by coming out."

"We shall know for certain tomorrow," she said, glancing round at the huge pile of trunks in the corner. She sat still for a long time, gazing into the fire with her light, shallow, glassy eyes, and smiling every now and then as she tapped her foot restlessly upon the fender. Just as I was falling asleep that night, she came in again to ask me if I were comfortable, and stayed until she heard Mr. Grainger's step upon the stairs, leaving me with a sweet-toned "Good-night" as he passed my door. No doubt he thought her an angel.

The next day Harry's boxes were carried down into Mr. Grainger's private room. They were all opened and examined by him and me alone; but several times my ear caught the rustling of silk and the tread of stealthy footsteps in the hall, and I should have been glad to open the door unexpectedly. When every loose paper had been collected, and poor Harry's desk placed upon the center-table, Mr. Grainger seated me in a large, magisterial-looking chair on the hearth, and taking up a position opposite to me, addressed me solemnly:

"You are very young to hear about our family affairs," he said, "but, as Harry's widow, you have a right to know why I am about to examine his private papers, and even his letters. I must tell you that I have an elder half-brother, who ran away from home at the age of eighteen; and no authentic intelligence has been received of him since, though various rumors have reached us from different quarters. My father died six years since, bequeathing his estate to Rowland, if he should return within seven years of his decease; failing which, Sherwood Manor became inalienably mine, and Russett Farm, the portion of the younger son, became the inheritance of your husband, whom my father regarded as his own child. In the event of Rowland's return, he was to succeed to the Manor and I to the farm, while Harry was to receive from Rowland the sum of three thousand pounds. Henry and I felt ourselves bound in honor and conscience to make every effort to find my missing brother. A few months ago we heard a rumor of his having been seen in Sydney, and Henry, to wohm a long sea-voyage was recommended, proceeded thither at my instigation. His letters, until the last, contained no information; but in that your brother's name occurs, and he speaks of some clew he has discovered. Yet his sudden intention of returning home appears to be against the supposition that he had traced Rowland. In your presence I will examine his desk. We shall also see if he has made any will in your favor."

Mr. Grainger unlocked the desk, and removed the papers with a deliberate and reverential hand, passing each packet to me that I might glance over its contents. Very weary and sad I felt before the task was over, which at last brought us to the conclusion that Harry had failed in his mission, and no trace of Rowland Grainger had been discovered in Sydney. Mr. Grainger went alone to communicate the result of our search to his sister and Miss Yardley, and the intelligence appeared to give them unmingled satisfaction, for both addressed me pleasantly when I joined them; and Lavinia in particular, when Mr. Grainger was absent, displayed an exuberance of spirits which went far to dissipate my awe and shyness.

Still, through all the winter, while the severity of the climate imprisoned me, I felt myself an alien in this very

orderly, somewhat ceremonious, and formal household. In Miss Grainger's estimation I was a questionable and suspicious inmate of it, needing a very strict surveillance, lest I should be connected with some "gang," visions of whom floated before her apprehensive mind day and night. I chafed and fretted under her prying vigilance exceedingly, until the spring came to free me, and my Cousin Humphrey made me his special charge and companion in his unfettered out-door life, which suited me tenfold better than the polished drawing-room seclusion of the ladies. They gave me up then to the savagery of my untamed youth, and the unfettered colonial spirit I had brought with me from Sydney.

Miss Yardley had been the ward of the late Mr. Grainger, and had been engaged to Cousin Humphrey for ten years. Nothing could be more exquisite than the courtly chivalry of his mode of wooing, with all the graceful but somewhat solemn punctilio of Sir Charles Grandison. Humphrey Grainger, with his gun and dogs, roaming over his fields, and chatting to a garrulous Australian girl, who was incorrigibly wild, and could never be trained into a decorous ladyhood, was a very different personage to the distinguished and stately gentleman who presented himself before Miss Yardley in the drawing-room, and attended upon every glance with the assiduous reverence of a vassal. Miss Yardley received his homage with a coy coldness very well befitting it; and I, with my impatience and restlessness of life, wondered how long such a courtship could be carried on.

It was not to continue long after my arrival, which had been such a crisis in their uneventful lives. Lavinia left Sherwood, to reside for a time with an aunt in Cheltenham; and her departure was the signal for the invasion of a whole host of painters, and decorators, and ornamental gardeners. Miss Grainger began to look out for a suitable residence in the near vicinity, where she could still be among her own people, whom she had known from their cradles. Every evening, before Humphrey could venture upon smoking a cigar, he had to write a long letter upon scented paper, and with laborious precision. The villagers, too, as they crossed our path in our daily rambles, gave utterance to respectful hints and jests, at which the squire's face would redden like a girl's, though he could not forbear smiling happily. I should have been glad to think I should see a real English wedding before I returned to the colony, if I had not felt an irrational antipathy to the bride-elect.

The alterations and embellishments in house and garden were in their very wildest confusion of progress, when one day in June I found myself with nothing to do, and time hanging heavily upon my hands, as my Cousin Humphrey was gone to a neighboring town on business. With true feminine instinct I turned to the inspection of my girlish colonial finery and treasures, to while away the hours till he returned. There had been no need to open some of my boxes, and they remained as I had packed them at home. One especially, which had been kept in my cabin during the first month of my voyage, as it contained the dresses I had selected for wearing on board, had been untouched by me since the day it had been stowed below in the hold, after I had assumed my only black gown. I remembered so well closing down the lid upon all my bright bridal outfit, bought hastily in the stores in Sydney, while I put on my dead mother's robe to honor the memory of my dead husband. As I raised the lid again, I saw lying at the top a loose warm cloak of poor Harry's, which had always hung at the head of his berth, ready to be thrown on in a moment if any casualty should

occur. I had thought no more of it after wrapping it up and putting it into the box to fill up the space of my velvet dress; but now, as I lifted it up tenderly, as if it still belonged to him, I felt that one of the pockets was carefully stitched up, and containing a small packet of papers.

I had them out as quickly as my fingers, trembling with eagerness, could unfasten the close stitching. They were three letters from my brother Tom at Bathurst, in answer to some inquiries made by Will on behalf of my husband. Tom said he knew Roland Grainger, who was then working at the diggings, and had led him into a conversation about his early life. He had run away from Sherwood in a passion of jealousy and resentment against his stepmother, resolved not to return home until he was independent of every one. That would not be at present, Tom remarked; for he was a reckless, half-civilized, dare-devil fellow, notorious even among the motley and lawless population of the Macquarrie Plains. It was evident from these letters, that for some reason Harry had not confided to either of my brothers the real object of his inquiries, but rather that he had given them the impression that he expected some aid from his kinsman toward settling in the colony. I read Tom's letter till my head ached, trying to conjecture all the consequences of this discovery. At last I roused myself to the recollection that my Cousin Humphrey must be home by this time, and that I should find him in the library writing to Lavinia. He was, as I anticipated, busy with one of his tinted, scented love-letters, and only nodded good-temperedly as I opened the door, where I stood for a minute or two, watching the gleaming of his honest eyes, and his lips moving half with a smile, and half with the unconscious whispering of the words he was writing to his Lavinia. At the thought of her I gained courage, and stealing to his side I laid my brown hand upon the delicate paper.

"Don't interrupt me, Tory," he exclaimed; "you know I cannot write easily. I am not clever at it, and even your presence rather disturbs me."

"Cousin Humphrey," I said, "I have just found these letters in a cloak of Harry's."

I stood beside him while he read them, enduring without shrinking the grasp of his iron hand upon my small fingers. The lines upon his forehead —for there will be marked lines upon the forehead of most men who are nearing forty—deepened into heavy wrinkles, and he set his teeth together as he gazed up into my face for some minutes before he spoke.

"I cannot bear it, Tory," he said. "I had made up my mind to it before you came; but now—now, when I am getting my home ready for Lavina, after all these years of waiting! I am not bound to send for him. If Rowland comes back of himself before October, he must have the place; but after that I am safe."

"But he is found," I whispered; "your brother is found; but he will not come home of himself. He will never hear of your father's will till he has lost his inheritance. If Harry had told him he would have been master here Now. Cousin Humphrey, you said once you were bound by conscience and honor: can that bond ever be destroyed?"

"But to bring such a man to my father's home—to this peaceful little village! He will be a curse to it," said Humphrey.

TO BE CONTINUED.

# Open Letters to Cardinal Gibbons

## No. 7

Your Eminence:

IT was highly edifying to read the description of your recent visit to Wichita, Kansas.

You went from Baltimore in a "Cardinal's Special," composed of the most elegant Pullman Palace-cars.

It was beneath your princely dignity to take a section, or the drawing-room, in the ordinary Pullman sleeper. You had to have a Special, all to yourself, because you are a Prince.

Princes and Prima Donnas, I observe, cannot travel in company with ordinary mortals.

When you arrived in Wichita, your feet were too good to hit the grit. Your ardent admirers and lick-spittles had carpeted the ground with a fine red carpet, and you proudly pranced over this carpet, through the beautiful arch of welcome, which the Missouri Pacific Railroad had been but too happy to erect and decorate in your honor.

Cardinal, what sort of rabbit foot do you work on these railroads that you can secure so many favors from them?

They haul your church-on-wheels for you, free of charge.

They wouldn't do that for any other church.

They allow your Charity beggars to ride on the street-cars free of charge.

They spend the ducats of the Protestant stockholders in the erection of magnificent arches for you to pass under, when you deign to visit such out of the way hamlets as Wichita.

Honest Injun, Cardinal, did you pay anything for those three Pullman cars that constituted your Special?

Were they not furnished you as a "courtesy," just as priestly regalia, jewels &c. are admitted free of duty at our Custom houses, as a "courtesy of the port?"

When you had proudly pranced under that decorated archway, you entered the magnificent automobile which was in readiness for you, and you were motored to the humble hut of Bishop Hennessy—whose given name no doubt is Mike, or Dennis, or Patrick.

In short, Cardinal, your progress into Wichita reminded me vividly of Christ's triumphant entry into Jerusalem. Only there was no colt of the wild ass for you to ride. How pleasant it would have been to have seen you straddle a colt of a wild ass and ride it into Wichita!

May I suggest, Cardinal, that the next time you have to make a semi-royal progress into one of our Western villages you urge your ardent lick-spittles to provide you with the colt of a wild ass?

Your Eminence needs not to be reminded that it was the custom of popes and prelates in Europe to ride mules. They invariably did this, and they kept it up for many centuries. Why? Because the mule was, approximately, the colt of the wild ass.

Inasmuch as Christ rode such a quadruped, His representatives on earth felt constrained to do likewise.

Therefore, in all the books, and in all the pictures, we find popes and prelates riding mules.

Why has this honorable custom fallen into innocuous desuetude?

Are we not told that Rome never changes? Yet, here we have a pile of evidence to the contrary.

Popes Gregory, Pius, Leo, Alexander &c. rode mules. Even the haughty Cardinal Wolsey, of England, rode a mule. In Don Quixote, we find that

even the all-powerful Inquisitors of the so-called Holy Office rode mules.

Rome seems to have changed. I don't remember to have ever seen it stated that any American prelate made use of the near-colt of the wild ass.

Would Your Eminence mind explaining to me why the use of the mule has been discontinued?

Cardinal, you are supposed to have listened to the sermon of Archbishop Glennon, of St. Louis. You heard him deny that The Knights of Columbus are provided with rifles and steel swords. You heard him tell the audience and the country that the swords of the Knights are made of tin, and that they have no guns.

Cardinal, you were present, in all your glory, when The Knights of Columbus paraded the streets of Baltimore, last year. They marched in military order, were dressed in uniform, and carried their rifles, as any other military organization would have done.

These Knights presented the appearance of a regiment of perfectly drilled, and perfectly armed soldiers.

The pictures published in the Baltimore *Sun*, and other papers, showed up the guns, the uniform and the military formation of these traitor Knights.

*Archbishop Glennon was present, and gazed exultantly on those soldiers of the Pope, as you yourself did.*

Yet he lied most flagitiously about it, in his Wichita sermon, *and you*, by your silence, became a party to Glennon's outrageous and unblushing mendacity.

You and he salved your conscience with the Jesuitical doctrine—born in hell—of the "mental reservation."

Cardinal, the papers tell us that you and Ireland and Glennon demanded of President Taft that he allow you to take another census, *at the expense of Protestant taxpayers.*

You are discontented with the Government's census: you claim that it does not give the correct number of Roman Catholics.

You demand that Archbishop Glennon shall act as Chief Supervisor in the taking of another census, your purpose being to augment the influence and prestige of the Papacy.

This new census is to be taken for the benefit of one church—the only church in America that is ruled by a foreigner.

The expense of it will be borne by all citizens — Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Jews, free-thinkers and the non-religious.

To this monstrous proposition, President Taft has agreed.

If you were to tell Taft to kiss your foot, he would do it, wouldn't he, Cardinal?

Haven't the Methodists the same right to demand another census?

Haven't the Jews the same right?

Haven't the Christian Scientists the same right?

This baleful precedent once set, it will stay put.

Having once recognized your right to a separate census, the Government will feel that the same right must be recognized, *every ten years.*

Like your School-garb victory, this census taking is an entering wedge.

*What you mean, Cardinal, is the establishment of relations between your church and the Federal Government — OFFICIAL RELATIONS NOT ENJOYED, OR CLAIMED, OR DESIRED, BY ANY OTHER CHURCH.*

Is it not so, my Prince?

# Was Machir An Only Son?

THE following letter will interest our readers:

Mr. T. E. Watson:

Dear Sir: A minister of our town, after reading your 6th open letter to Cardinal Gibbons, commented as follows on your argument relating to Cardinal Gibbons' contention for the perpetual virginity of Mary:

"The 17th chapter of Joshua, from which your conclusions are drawn, is not a statement of the immediate family of Manasseh, but a statement of the division of land for the tribal inheritance. The daughters of Menasseh who inherited with the sons are, simply, the women of the tribe. As Machir was the only son of Menasseh, the tribe was small and the inheritance of the women was essential to give to that tribe its proportionate part of the land of Canaan. This division of land took place 150 years after Menasseh's death."

Please give your opinion of this criticism of your position.

Your subscriber,
R. E. BORDEN.

Strasburg, Va.

COMMENT:

Machir, the first-born of Menasseh, is referred to, in the Bible, in the same way that Menasseh is called the first-born of Joseph.

Time and again Menasseh is called "the son of Joseph," just as Machir is called "the son of Menasseh."

The Biblical words which inform us that Joseph had other children, besides Menasseh, are no plainer than those which tell us that Menasseh had other children than Machir.

See, *Numbers* BF-BG—"The sons of Menasseh."

See, also, *Chronicles*, 7-14: "The sons of Menasseh; Ashriel whom she bare; (but his concubine the Aramitess bare Machir the father of Gilead," &c.)

In this chapter, we are given, as it were, a census by families; and the names of the children of each family are recorded.

The statement that Manasseh had a legitimate son, named Ashriel, is as clear and positive as any that appears in the Bible.

But it seems to me that Joshua—17: 1 and 2—are as lucid and definite as need be:

(1) "There was also a lot for *the tribe of Menasseh* (for he was the first-born of Joseph) for Machir, the first-born of Menasseh" &c.

(2) "There was also a lot *for the rest of the children of Menasseh*, by their families * * * and *for the children of Asriel* &c."

Is not this plain enough?

Is the Asriel here mentioned identical with the son of Menasseh, mentioned in *Chronicles?*

The time of the division of the land is not a matter of importance, so far as the question in dispute is concerned.

If the clergyman who agrees with Cardinal Gibbons, that Machir was an only son, *will cite me to his authority*, he will oblige me, and will let the Cardinal out of a hole.

The Cardinal cited no other evidence than the 1st. verse of 17th Joshua; and that verse certainly does not support His Eminence.

On the contrary, it supports my contention, by mentioning Machir, a first-born, along with Menasseh, another first-born. We *know* that Joseph had other children, besides his first-born, and we would naturally *infer* that Menasseh had others, than *his* first-born.

And the positive statement in *Chronicles* furnishes the name of one more son to Menasseh; to-wit, Ashriel.

I hope to hear further from the clergyman of Strasburg, Virginia.

If Machir, a "first-born," was an only child, there ought to be some way of proving it.

# Colonel Zeg and Captain Dearby: A Tale of the Civil War

W. Letterman Smith

IT was noon of the nineteenth of September in the year 1864. General Early's whole force of enlisted men, numbering 13,288, occupied an elevated ridge two miles east of Winchester, Virginia, and in front of the enlisted men under General Sheridan.

Both Generals realized that a grave crisis was impending, and issued orders that all might be in readiness for the awful conflict. The men in the opposing ranks, too, felt that a terrible struggle was about to begin, the result of which would tell for good, or for ill, upon the cause they represented; and that, therefore, every man should be prepared to do his whole duty as a soldier.

The storm, which had been gathering for months past, now broke in all its fury.

With wild whoop and yell the Confederate infantry charged furiously upon the Federals, pouring in severe and rapid volleys. But General Wright at the head of his troops, amid whistling bullets and shrieking shells, utterly reckless of life, boldly faced the determined charge of the foe, and pressed steadily forward. Before their deadly fire the Confederate center gave way. Grover, with his brigade, attaked the Confederate left, held by Evans' brigade of Gordon's division; and only the skill and bravery of the Confederate artillerists, who were working the guns of Braxton battery, saved the line from utter defeat that hour.

Russell's division of the Sixth Corps came up; and, aided by the Fifth Maine battery, reinforced the Federal line.

Colonel Zeg, of Russell's division, calling to his men to follow, rushed forward at their head; and, while man after man fell pierced by the bullets of the foe, on, still on, he pressed; on, even to the Confederate line; and with the remnant of his troop seized Captain Dearby and seventeen of his men, whom, after a fierce hand-to-hand fight, he brought back as prisoners through the galling fire of the enemy. It was a heroic deed. And as the Colonel and the remnant of his brave little band returned with the captives a great shout went up; and the daring courage of these heroic men was infused throughout the entire division. The Confederates were forced to retreat. The Federal troops, somewhat discouraged, were again reformed.

Meanwhile, Captain Dearby and his fellow captives, placed under a strong guard, had been remanded to the rear, and confined in tents until, with other prisoners, they could be sent to the army prison.

The Federals being now re-formed, General Thoburn and his men, aided by the troops under Duval, made a furious charge upon Gordon's division, and broke it. General Torbert, with Merritt's cavalry division, crossed the Opequon, and dispersed the Confederate pickets. Averill pushed back the enemy in his front. The Sixth and Nineteenth Corps steadily drove Ramseur and Rodes toward Winchester. The entire Confederate line now began to waver.

The excitement in both armies, wrought up to a high pitch, became tense and intense. Deeds of valor on both sides of the firing line thrilled the soldiers, and nerved them to do their best.

Shortly before sundown, Cook's

infantry, which had not yet been discovered by the Confederates, struck Early's left and rear so suddenly as to cause his army to break in confusion and flee to Winchester;—and beyond, even to Fisher's Hill, three miles to the south of Strasburg, with a loss of five pieces of artillery, nine battle-flags, 4,000 muskets, 3,000 men as prisoners, 3,000 or more wounded, who were left in Winchester, and 1,000 killed on the field of battle; his total loss of men being over 7,000, while Sheridan's was about 5,000.

"Having sent Early whirling through Winchester," as General Sheridan tersely expressed the defeat, orders were issued for pursuit. And the Confederate rear guard had barely cleared the town soon after sunset when Sheridan's column entered. The pursuit was continued, and when the sun rose the following morning only a few straggling Federal soldiers and wagons were to be seen upon the streets of Winchester.

The rout was complete. The lower valley was restored to Federal control, from which it was never again wrested; Maryland and Pennsylvania were permanently relieved from the periodical invasions to which they had been subjected during three years.

The confusion attending the advance of Sheridan's army was Captain Dearby's opportunity. Darkness gathered and deepend. The guard within the tent, by a lamp which but dimly lighted it, was cleaning his gun, while the guards without were excitedly recalling the stirring scenes and incidents of the eventful day.

To the Captain escape now seemed possible. He would venture. And so, closely followed by Abraham Davis, one of his men, he crawled noiselessly to the side of the tent, cautiously raised its edge, and peeped out. It was very dark. He listened. The guards, from the sound of their voices, were not very close by. Softly he and his fellow-captive crept from under the tent out into the darkness beyond.

At that moment a shrill cry: "The Johnnies are out," startled and alarmed them. Springing to their feet, they ran with the fleetness of deer, gaining all the while upon their pursuers, and eluding them. On and still on they ran, nor stopped until they came to the base of the mountain some four miles to the west of Winchester. There they hid in the underbrush until early dawn, and then made ther way up the mountain-side nearly to the summit, finding there a more secure refuge in clefts of the rocks.

Here, for five days, they remained, subsisting on roots and whatever else they could find that might sustain life, which was but little indeed in that barren, rocky retreat. But they were refreshed by the clear, cool water of a mountain spring near by.

From time to time as they peered out from their place of concealment, they could see bands of Federal troops marching to and fro in the valley beneath; and, at night, camp fires glimmering sometimes at the very base of the mountain. And in the stillness of the evening hours they heard the songs of the soldiers, homesick ones, as they sang:

"I'd rather be a speckled dog
And pick a well-skinned bone,
Than live such a life as this,
And never hear from home."

And at times the more familiar army songs:

"We'll rally round the flag, boys."

And:

"Tramp, tramp, tramp the boys are marching."

Or, that song believed to have originated with Judge Hurm of Kansas in

this same valley when, two years before, "Stonewall" Jackson was being pushed toward Harrisonburg,—a song which, sung to the tune of "John Brown's Body," was then quite popular in the North:

"We'll hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree;
As we go marching on."

Started by one or two of the men, these and other army songs, were caught up by another, and another, and another until all in the camp seemed to join in, making the mountain fairly ring and echo with the sound.

It was Saturday evening, and the fifth day after the escape of the two prisoners. Although both the Captain and Abe. had kept a sharp lookout all that day they had seen no troops; and now as darkness fell their intent gaze could discover no camp fires, save one only, and that far away. About them all was quiet and peaceful.

"Now's our time to be off, Abe.," said the Captain to his companion. Stumbling along over rocks and through tangled underbrush, they made their way down the mountain and then crossed open fields until they came to a house standing away off by itself. Abe. knocked at the door. There was no response. Again, and louder; then an upper window was raised, from which the muzzle of a gun immediately protruded, and a female voice called: "Off, or I'll shoot!"

"No, no! Don't! We're Confederates escaped from the Yankees," exclaimed the Captain in a low voice.

"If that's so, you're welcome here, and to all we've got," and the woman came down, still holding her gun, and let them in.

The valley, infested by Federal troops returning from the campaign, rendered it manifestly unsafe for the escaped prisoners to remain long here. The good housewife, therefore, hurriedly furnished a meal, which was quickly disposed of by the half-starved men, who, when they had received information as to the safest way for them to take through the mountain range beyond, continued their tramp towards West Virginia, where they might find shelter and safety at the home of the Captain's brother.

Long days in hiding, and longer nights in toilsome, footsore journeyings, every moment in peril of wild beasts, or poisonous insects, or venomous reptiles, or bloody men, slowly, wearily, painfully they pursued their way, now losing their course and making long detours in consequence, now startled by the snarl or growl of a savage beast, and beating him off with clubs or climbing a tree to be out of his reach, now alarmed at sounds which they mistook for the tread of marching troops, and because of it spending hours of precious time in hiding; now almost perished with cold against which their ragged clothes furnished but little protection; now well-nigh famished, and meagerly sustaining life with the scant supply of food they could gather, but largely by pure water from springs and streams.

Faint, footsore, famished, exhausted, dirty, unkempt, their garments about them in tatters, the two men presented a sorry spectacle as one night, long after midnight, they arrived at Mr. Dearby's home and roused that worthy man from his slumber.

"Who's there? What's wanted?" he shouted from his window.

"Hist! It's your brother, Harry. Make no noise. Let us in quick. I'll tell you all."

"It's a lie. My brother's off fighting with the Johnnie Rebs. Now, who are you? What do you want? My gun is loaded. Speak out quick, or I'll fire."

The moon, before hidden by a cloud, now shown brightly, and by its light

farmer Dearby saw the pitiful condition of the two soldiers, and added: "All right; wait; I'll come down." And down he came with a lighted lamp in one hand and a gun in the other. Placing the lamp on a table, he opened the door, raised his gun, and bade the shabby foot-travelers enter. A few words and an intent gaze were sufficient to establish his brother's identity, and he took the men in, gave them a hearty welcome, got something for them to eat, and heard the story of their capture and escape.

"Now, brother," said the Captain, when he had finished the recital of his thrilling experiences, "we've come to you seeking protection. You're a Union man. Don't turn us away, or give us up. We'll be as your hired servants. Only let us stay."

"No; I'll not give you up, nor turn you away, neither. No sirree. But it's not safe for you to be known hereabouts. I'll do as you say. I'll hire you both as field hands. Abe. here can wear some of the old togs a field hand left here, and I'll trump up some of my old duds for you. And these old Rebel rags we'll put in the fire, which is a good place for 'em. I guess, then, you'll be safe enough here if you'll just keep your mouths shut. But you must work in the fields, mind, as my hired men. You understand?"

And this they were glad to do, even to the end of the war, when they returned each to his own home.

* * * *

Forty years have passed. Colonel Zeg and Captain Dearby occupy adjoining rooms in a plain boarding house in the City of Washington, and are constant companions, on warm, pleasant days spending much of their time in the park near the Smithsonian Institution, talking to each other, and to others whom they meet there from time to time, their conversation invariably turning sooner or later to scenes and incidents of war times.

"A monstrous bold charge that of yours, Zeg, down there in Virginia! And I must say I trimbled with a spell of the fears when I sees you come a-dashing on right at me. But we gave you a good, hard fight to ketch and hold us, didn't we, Zeg? And you lost many a man to do it, too."

"Jist so, Dearby. Sich is progress. Nothin' gained without sufferin', and the sheddin' of blood. And mebbe the sufferin' was as great in them army prisons as on the battlefield; and I ain't sayin' as it ain't. I don't know. But this I knows, Dearby, that little charge, with its loss of precious blood, put new 'thusiasm and courage into our whole division. And I reckon that was worth the loss of some men."

"Now don't mention them army prisons again, Zeg. Never again. It gives me the shivers and creeps. I've heard some of 'em tell their experiences, which was turrible, turrible, turrible. So many men locked in the cells at night that all couldn't lie down, even on the bare floors, for a wink of sleep! And vermin of all kinds, from rats to body-lice, swarming everywhere over bunks and tables, and in every crack and cranny of the filthy buildings! Our poor fellows were set nearly frantic by the cinches and other bugs, and had to hold their ragged clothes over burning paper to rid them of the pests. And sometimes for days no water to wash in! And everywhere nauseating filth and stench, and the disgusting smells in the over-crowded, ill-ventilated cells! And the rations, sometimes rotten, sometimes scarce, sometimes nothing to eat for a whole day or more! Oh! Zeg! To think how our poor men were treated! Turrible, turrible, turrible!"

"A long speech that, Dearby, and mebbe all quite true. I'll not deny it; and bad enough, too. And thet's not sayin' as how your speech's bad, but the prisons. And I'll admit it. There

# A Proverb of Bell Service

Once upon a time there dwelt on the banks of the holy river Ganges a great sage, by name Vishnu-sarman.

When King Sudarsana appealed to the wise men to instruct his wayward sons, Vishnu-sarman undertook the task, teaching the princes by means of fables and proverbs.

Among his philosophical sayings was this:

*"To one whose foot is covered with a shoe, the earth appears all carpeted with leather."*

This parable of sixteen hundred years ago, which applied to walking, applies today to talking. It explains the necessity of one telephone system.

For one man to bring seven million persons together so that he could talk with whom he chose would be almost as difficult as to carpet the whole earth with leather. He would be hampered by the multitude. There would not be elbow room for anybody.

For one man to visit and talk with a comparatively small number of distant persons would be a tedious, discouraging and almost impossible task.

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now! But don't expect Waldorf-Astorias, nor Marlborough-Blenheims neither for prisoners of war. It ain't human natur' to pervide sich like. 'Tennyrate they was no worse, I reckon, than your prisons down South, where our poor men was took—Libby, and Andersonville, and Belle Isle."

"True, Zeg. It's true. There was faults on both sides as there gen'rally is. But what does it all come to? Where's our men, and where's yours now? Only a few of 'em left awaiting their end. And the end's not far off, neither, Zeg."

"And mebbe not so far off from me and you, neither, Dearby."

*  *  *  *

Their end has come. The worn-out body of the one lies in the National Cemetery at Winchester, Virginia, and just across the roadway in the Confederate Cemetery lies the worn-out body of the other. And there, near the spot where they had fought, are buried the bodies of these two brave soldiers almost side by side; near together in death as for many years they had been in life.


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# Why Man of To-day is Only 50 Per Cent. Efficient

By Walter Griffith

IF one were to form an opinion from the number of helpful, inspiring and informing articles seen in the public press and magazines, the purpose of which is to increase our efficiency, he must believe that the entire American Nation is striving for such an end—

And this is so.

The American Man because the race is swifter every day: competition is keener and the stronger the man the greater his capacity to win. The stronger the man the stronger his will and brain, and the greater his ability to match wits and win. The greater his confidence in himself the greater the confidence of other people in him: the keener his wit and the clearer his brain.

The American Woman because she must be competent to rear and manage the family and home, and take all the thought and responsibility from the shoulders of the man whose present-day business burdens are all that he can carry.

Now what are we doing to secure that efficiency? Much mentally, some of us much physically, but what is the trouble?

We are not really efficient more than half the time. Half the time blue and worried—all the time nervous—some of the time really incapacitated by illness.

There is a reason for this—a practical reason, one that has been known to physicians for quite a period and will be known to the entire World ere long.

That reason is that the human system does not, and will not, rid itself of all the waste which it accumulates under our present mode of living. No matter how regular we are, the food we eat and the sedentary lives we live (even though we do get some exercise) make it impossible; just as impossible as it is for the grate of a stove to rid itself of clinkers.

And the waste does to us exactly what the clinkers do to the stove; make the fire burn low and inefficiently until enough clinkers have accumulated, and then prevent its burning at all.

It has been our habit, after this waste has reduced our efficiency about 75 per cent., to drug ourselves; or after we have become 100 per cent. inefficient through illness, to still further attempt to rid ourselves of it in the same way—by drugging.

If a clock is not cleaned once in a while it clogs up and stops; the same way with an engine because of the residue which it, itself, accumulates. To clean the clock, you would not put acid on the parts, though you could probably find one that would do the work, nor to clean the engine would you force a cleaner through it that would injure its parts; yet that is the process you employ when you drug the system to rid it of waste.

You would clean your clock and engine with a harmless cleanser that Nature has provided, and you can do exactly the same for yourself as I will demonstrate before I conclude.

The reason that a physician's first step in illness is to purge the system is that no medicine can take effect nor can the system work properly while the colon (large intestine) is clogged up. If the colon were not clogged up the chances are 10 to 1 that you would not have been ill at all.

It may take some time for the clogging process to reach the stage where it produces real illness but, no matter how long it takes, while it is going on the functions are not working so as to keep us up to "concert

pitch." Our lives are sluggish, we are dull and heavy—slight or severe headaches, come on—our sleep does not rest us—in short, we are about 50 per cent. efficient.

And if this condition progresses to where real illness develops, it is impossible to tell what form that illness will take, because—

The blood is constantly circulating through the colon and, taking up by absorption the poisons in the waste which it contains it distributes them throughout the system and weakens it so that we are subject to whatever disease is most prevalent.

The nature of the illness depends on our own little weaknesses and what we are the least able to resist.

These facts are all scientifically correct in every particular and it has often surprised me that they are not more generally known and appreciated. All we have to do is to consider the treatment that we have received in illness to realize fully how it developed, and the methods used to remove it.

So you see that not only is accumulated waste directly and constantly pulling down our efficiency by making our blood poor and our intellect dull—our spirits low and our ambitions weak, but it is responsible through its weakening and infecting processes for a list of illnesses that if catalogued here would seem almost unbelievable.

It is the direct and immediate cause of that very expensive and dangerous complaint—appendicitis.

If we can successfully eliminate the waste all our functions work properly and in accord—there are no poisons being taken up by the blood, so it is pure and imparts strength to every part of the body instead of weakness—there is nothing to clog up the system and make us bilious, dull and nervously fearful.

With everything working in perfect accord and without obstruction, our brains are clear, our entire physical being is competent to respond quickly to every requirement, and we are 100 per cent. efficient.

Now this waste that I speak of cannot be thoroughly removed by drugs, but even if it could the effect of these drugs on the functions is very unnatural, and if continued becomes a periodical necessity.

Note the opinions on drugging of two most eminent physicians:

Prof. Alonzo Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence, every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

Prof. Joseph M. Smith, M.D., of the same school, says: "All medicines which enter the circulation poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce disease."

Now, the internal organism can be kept as sweet and pure and clean as the external and by the same natural, sane method—bathing. By the proper system warm water can be introduced so that the colon is perfectly cleansed and kept pure.

There is no violence in this process—it seems to be just as normal and natural as washing one's hands.

Physicians are taking it up more widely and generally every day, and it seems as though everyone should be informed thoroughly on a practice which, though so rational and simple, is revolutionary in its accomplishments.

This is rather a delicate subject to write of exhaustively in the public press, but Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., has prepared an interesting treatise on "Why Man of To-day Is Only 50 per cent. Efficient," which treats the subject very exhaustively, and which he will send without cost to any one addressing him at 134 West 65th Street, New York, and mentioning that they have read this article in Watson's Magazine.

Personally, I am enthusiastic on Internal Bathing because I have seen what it has done in illness as well as in health, and I believe that every person who wishes to keep in as near a perfect condition as is humanly possible should at least be informed on this subject; he will also probably learn something about himself which he has never known through reading the little book to which I refer.

### AN OBSERVANT MAN NOTES ACTIVITY OF R. C'S. IN GOVERNMENTAL AFFAIRS.

My Dear Sir: I read with much interest and profit your article on the Roman Catholic Church and its policies, etc., as this country is affected by them. Having studied the subject closely and observed carefully along thes lines, and being a native of Kentucky, I feel a great interest in those kind of articles.

I submit the following statements for your consideration:

I call your attention to statistics showing the influx and localities of settlement of immigration in this country during and subsequent to the Civil War, together with the voting power of this element of our population as it is affiliated with and guided by the princes of the Roman Catholic Church in this country. The Pope's relation to the U. S. Government and politics, and also to constant attempts made to influence policies and appointments made through the Papal Delegate in Washington. The policy of the Papacy looking to the subversion and control of the Government and country and legislation which would affect or hinder that policy seriously. The sacrifice of our country to the interests of Roman Catholicism, its believers and adherents, regardless of the equitable privileges and interests of the great masses of our people who are entitled to the protection and preservation of their interests. Here is one great trouble with our country today, and accounts for a great many other ills. The equality of all men before the law, the consummation devoutly to be sought, prevented by injustices and graft of which this organized political power is guilty. Constant discriminations in favor of the political advocates of that church who are identified with Government encroaching upon and being referred to the rights and privileges of others of different religious faiths in the Government service, in many instances attempts being made to either overcome or overwhelm by subtle and subversive influences other believers. To enlist them in the Roman Catholic following by marriage, political support, etc., and failing at this to drive them into infidelity or agnosticism so as

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to make them neutral. It is clear that our Government with its glorious past, prospective future and high ideals, as well as Protestantism in this country, (and mission fields too), and its interests generally, are being injured and dishonored by such underhanded, secret and vicious methods through misapprehension and lack of information as to the true situation as it exists today. The persistent persecutions, by Roman Catholic employes who in many instances are inferior, of Protestant employes. I have known of many instances where these employes obtained promotions and increases in salary over Protestant employes in this manner. I know of a case where one man was struck over the head by the superior in office, presumably a Roman Catholic or of such a family, solely for personal dislike, or for some trifling disregard of his wishes. The man was in fact intoxicated at the time. Where in some instances such people have been very offensive in the use of profanity, or in their abusive treatment of others, to such an extent that violent resentment has been shown, or thought necessary. The recent insistence upon their part of the revocation of the Valentine order and the relentless advocacy of the use of their garb in schools among the Indians. The covert attempt to set apart a Columbus Day national holiday, thereby securing Government recognition of and celebration in honor of their Patron Saint. I do not know, but would not be surprisd if it were not their attempt that caused legislation removing the motto "In God We Trust" from the silver dollar, which, however, has been restored. The constant lobbying in Congress and the Senate to secure appropriations, offices, to further immigration, or political interests and advantages. The fostering of local and other schools by the Government, such institutions being regarded as identified with the interests of their church, the fostering of


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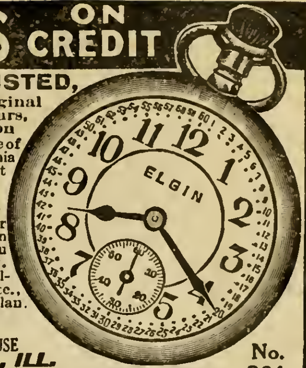

CHRISTMAS SPECIAL No. 364

their policies generally. Undertaking to own and run the country, believing they are the people to do this, and others are to be sacrificed to this end, in spite of the welfare and interests of a great many of our worthy, intelligent American citizens of recognized education and competency, who are being displaced by them. They are great believers in the survival of the fittest, and labor ever to this end. Every step gained is held after being fought for uncompromisingly. There is great need of an awakening among our people to these facts before too late, now prior to the nominations and elections and in the time of opportunity. There is crying need for the present restriction of immigration, (a recent step was made in the right direction), the readjustment of our Government, civil service, apportionment of employes to the different religious faiths, without discrimination to any one. The direct primary is a good thing. There is pressing need of conditions so produced that the political parties cannot override the real rights of our people, which consists in the administration of our Government in a way promotive of better, happier, safer conditions for the generations that are to come as well as that which now is.

You will find many of these statements supported by J. M. King, in his "Facing the Twentieth Century." I consider him an able authority on the subject.

There are but a few of many facts that our people throughout the length and breadth of the land are in some instances ignorant of and should be informed of at this particular time, while they yet have opportunity to act, that they may bring into control this tremendous evil, before it carries any further the blight, taint and destruction that it is constantly perpetrating upon our people, and its power to profane and sacrifice to infidelity and agnoticism scores and hundreds of young lives for the sake of and in return for political advantages. This, to my mind, is the most serious and tremendous issue before the American people today,—as to whether this sort of evil will be allowed to longer hold sway in our great, free and enlightened Republic.

I also call your attention to the attacks by these people upon centers of population, such as larger cities, and attempts to control same, as well as their municipal governments. Washington is a signal example of their making the lives of other people burdensome and uncomfortable. Their control of Federal judgeships is noteworthy.

There is only one remedy of present utility, and that is the absolute unity of the Protestants of this country and the combination of political forces to save the country from their corrupt dominion, influence, purposes and injury.

Respectfully, L. J. E.
Washington, D. C.

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## AS TO THE GENUNENESS OF "SECRET INSTRUCTION OF THE JESUITS."

Dear Sir: I note in the September number of your Magazine that you have commenced the publication of the secret instruction of the Jesuits. In all probability the Roman Catholic publications will repudiate these instructions as being a forgery, and I thought possibly you might not have at hand some information in my possession bearing upon this question.

I recently secured from London "Fourteen Years a Jesuit,' by Count von Hoensbroech, tranlated from the German by Alice Zimmern, published in two volumes by Cassell & Co. Count von Hoensbroech deals with these secret instructions ('Monita Privata"), and I enclose herewith a copy of what he says bearing upon the genuineness of this work. In case you are called to account, this extract may be of some service to you.

With best wishes, Yours very truly,
W. W. PRESCOTT.

"From what has been and must still be

said I have not the least doubt that the Order has secret statutes, which it guards carefully. The Jesuit Order merits the designation 'secret society' more than any other association.

"The question as to the authenticity or spuriousness of the **Monita** cannot be answered so easily and simply.

"The **Monita Privata Societatis Jesu** ('Secret Instructions of the Society of Jesus') first appeared in print at Cracow in 1612, after they had already been circulated in manuscript form. The editor seems to have been the ex-Jesuit Zahorowskin. Almost innumerable editions and reprints in all civilized tongues followed one another. The latest edition was published at Bamberg in 1904.

"The importance of the publication follows from the fact that, directly after its appearance, the General of the Order, Mutius Vitelleschi, twice (in 1616 and 1617) instructed the German Jesuit, Gretser, a prominent theologian of the Order, to refute it, and that up to most recent times Jesuit after Jesuit has come forward to repudiate it.

"A few years ago, Adolf Harnack asked my opinion as to whether the **Monita** were genuine or not. I replied that we had to distinguish between the genuineness of the form and of the matter, and I still hold to this distinction.

"The genuineness of the form—i. e., that the **Monita** were drawn up by the Order itself in the published text as a secret supplement to the official Constitution of the Order—is hard to prove.

"Of the genuineness of the contents—i. e., that the **Monita** contain regulations in harmony with the spirit of the Order, whether its author were a Jesuit or an enemy of the Jesuits, whether he wished to write a serious or a satirical work—I am as positive as of the existence of secret instructions of the Order.

"But even the genuineness of the form cannot be as easily disposed of as has been done by the Jesuits, and recently, in an especially superficial manner, by the Jesuit Duhr.** In face of the historically indisputable facts bearing on the **Monita**, it only remains to the disinterested and conscientious examiner to pronounce 'Not proven' over the genuineness of the form.

"Ecclesiastical opinion (those of bishops, Congregations of the Index, etc.), regarding the genuineness are of no value, because they are partial, are prompted by the Jesuits themselves, and condemn them as false without attempting to produce proofs.

"It is natural that the Jesuits themselves should deny the genuineness in a flood of refutations. But such denials only merit the belief or unbelief which the denial of every defendant deserves. Only sound proof can turn the scale

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against the genuineness of the Monita. And such proofs have not been produced up to now by the Jesuits. Nor has any convincing invalidation of the facts advanced on behalf of its genuineness been produced.

"The advocates of their genuineness rely essentially on the fact that the manuscript copies of the Monita, upon which the printed edition is based, were to be found in Jesuit colleges. The discovery of such copies in the colleges of Prague, Paris, Roermond (Holland), Munich, and Paderborn is beyond question. The copy in the Jesuit house at Paderborn was found 'in a cupboard in the Rector's room' (in scriniis rectoris***). The manuscript copy at Munich, belonging to the contents of the library of the Jesuit college of this place, was suppressed in 1773, was only found in 1870 in a secret recess behind the altar of the old Jesuit Church of St. Michael at Munich. It would be a decisive token of genuineness if it could be proved positively that the Prague copy was already there in 1611—i. e., before the first printed edition of 1612. F. Friedrich's statement 4 makes this seem probable, but not certain. What the Jesuit Duhr 5 writes to the contrary is of no value. It is certain, however, that the discovery in Prague was so disagreeable to the Jesuits that the chief champion of the spuriousness of the Monita, the Jesuit Forer, considered it advisable to pass it over in silence in his work of repudiation, **Anatomia Anatomiae Societatis Jesu.** On the other hand, he zealously demonstrated—what no one disputed—that the copy at Paderborn was only brought to light after the first edition had been published. Forer's silence is the more remarkable, as a manuscript note, intended for his book, treats the Prague discovery as a fact 6. The saying that those who keep silence when they could and should speak seem to give consent, comes to my mind in the case of this ominous silence.7

"1 See Duhr., S. J., **Jesuitenfabeln**, 4th edition (Frieburg i. Br.), 1904, p. 90 et seq.

"2 **Jesuitenfabeln**, p. 91 et seq.

"3 **Anatomia**, p. 49.

"4 J. Friedrich, **Beitrage**, p. 8.

"5 **Jesuitenfabeln**, p. 94.

"6 Friedrich, pp. 9 and 65.

"7 Cretineau-Joly, who writes in the pay of the Jesuit Order, has indeed the audacity to designate the discovery of the manuscript Monita, in the Jesuit colleges of Prague and Paderborn as 'a base historical lie' ("un grossier mensonge historique'). (**Histoire de la Compagnie de Jesus.** Paris, 1844, III., 372, 2)."


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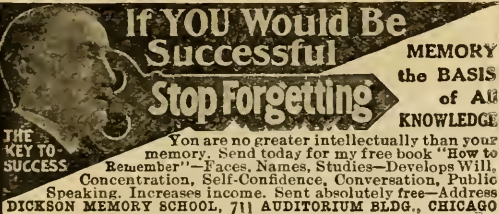

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