

Watson's Magazine

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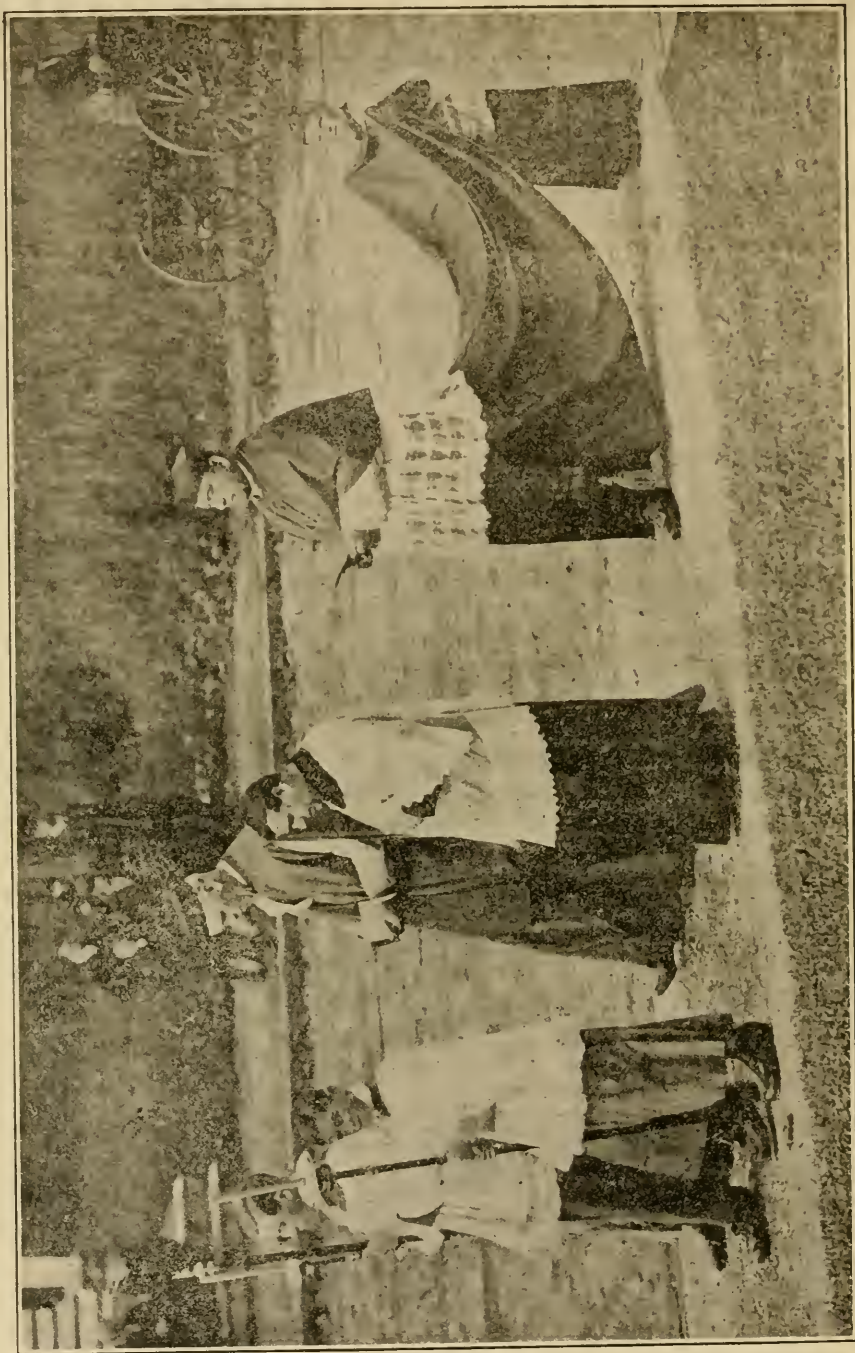
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CARDINAL BILL O'CONNELL PRANCING IN A HOLY CAKE-WALK IN LOWELL, MASS.

Watson's Magazine

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

The Strange and Tragic Fate of Mexico

ONE of the most accomplished men of letters, during the last century, was Sismondi, member of the Geneva Academy of Arts, of the University of Wilna, of the Italian Society, &c.

His greatest work is, *The Historical view of the Literature of the South of Europe*, republished by Bohn, (London,) in 1853. Those who will read it, before taking up the study of Mexico, will gain a vantage ground from which they can overlook more intelligently the Spanish conquests in the New World.

It helps us a great deal to learn what was the Moorish civilization which the Roman Catholics destroyed, for we thereby become acquainted with the Papal idea of *what it has a right to destroy*.

By seeing what the State seeks to put down, we learn what the State wants to set up. By familiarizing ourselves with that which a church feels duty-bound to stamp out, we become acquainted with the true character of that church.

We never know the real nature of the individual man, until that man gets where he can do as he pleases. *Then*, indeed, the old Adam makes him show just what he is.

Amiable princes have often become cruel tyrants, after they had gained absolute power. Nero himself gave no sign of what he was, until after he had drunk deeply of uncontrolled, irresponsible authority. Roderigo Borgia

was a suave, insinuating, popular priest, until he became Pope Alexander VI.; and *then* he threw off the mask, had Savonarola burnt, had the Archbishop of Cosenza starved to death, had the Turkish prince, Jem, poisoned, had the Lord of Faenza murdered, and turned the Vatican into the most profligate bawdy-house in Christendom.

Churches are the same way: it would not be safe to give any of them absolute power.

As to the Roman Catholic church, the proposition does not allow room for debate. *The fundamental law of the papal system makes it a murderous, destructive, despotic establishment*. And the record shows that wherever the Pope has power enough to enforce the law of his corporation, he does it. That law enjoins it upon Catholics, *as a solemn religious duty*, to force all Christians to obey the Pope, to kill those who will not obey, and to utterly wipe out whatever institution or principle is at variance with the canon law of the Italian church.

Inasmuch as that basic law of Popery is still in her code, and inasmuch as the Roman priests continued to enforce it in Mexico, by the burning of "heretics," so late as 1895, it is important that we have a clear idea of other civilizations which the Papacy has blotted out.

In Volume I. of his masterly work, Sismondi dwells upon the glories of Bagdad, as a seat of learning. The Mohammedan ruler was a patron of

letters. He invited to his court learned men from all over the world, and kept them there by "rewards, honors and distinctions of every kind." He collected books, and manuscripts from every province of his vast empire. "Hundreds of camels might be seen entering Bagdad, loaded with nothing but manuscripts and papers, and those which were thought to be adapted for the purposes of public instruction, were translated into Arabic" (the common tongue of the people,) in order that they might be universally intelligible. Masters, instructors, translators, and commentators, formed the court of Al Mamoum (the Caliph) which appeared to be rather a learned academy, than a center of government in a war-like empire."

What a picture! What an eye-opener as to the character of Mohammedan civilization, before the day of the Seljuk Turks!

Contrast it in your thoughts with that of Catholic Spain, where Louis Ponce de Leon, "the last of the great poets who rendered illustrious the age of Charles V., and who shed much splendor upon that epoch of Spanish literature," was seized upon by the Pope's Inquisition, and "cast into prison where he passed five years, separated from human society and deprived of light." (Vol. II., p. 210.)

The last of the great Spanish poets of the age of Charles V., (*and of Hernando Cortez,*) scion of one of the proudest families on earth—a *devout Catholic*, too—seized by the Pope's officers, flung into a dungeon, and kept in solitary confinement, in the dark, for five years—*for what?*

"For having made a translation of the Song of Solomon!"

After this monstrous expiation of his crime, he was restored to his monastery, and subsequently became Vicar-general of the province of Salamanca—but he never afterwards dared to unseal any part of the Scriptures, and make

it a living letter for the common people.

Sismondi tells how liberal were the Caliphs of Bagdad in allowing the investigation of the most abstruse questions, the study of sciences, the art of medicine, the principles of law, and the mysteries of astronomy. All this was in progress under the Mohammedan rulers, and by the shores of the Tigris, at the same period when the Popes, enthroned on the Tiber, were dealing out tortures and banishment and death, to progressives of every kind.

This was the age when Kepler fled from Papal ferocity, when Galileo was compelled by threats of torture to deny that the earth moved, when Roger Bacon was cruelly punished for his studies in physical science, when enlightened physicians were classed as sorcerers, and were persecuted for curing people by natural means, instead of by "relics," incantations, and prayers. It was the age in which the Father of modern Astronomy, made his calculations in trembling secrecy, slipped his immortal manuscript into Holland for publication, and crept away to hide himself, and hug his book and die, as a dotting Jacob might clasp his dying arms around the Benjamin of his old age. Had Copernicus lived in a Mohammedan country, the Caliph would have sought him out, clothed him in purple and fine linen, thrown open the court at Bagdad to him, and welcomed him with rewards and distinctions.

"In all parts, in every town, schools, academies, and colleges were established, from all of which many learned men proceeded. Bagdad was the capital of letters." but in every centre of population there were numerous schools, there being twenty schools of philosophy, alone, in Alexandria—Alexandria, the Egyptian city where fanatical Christian monks horribly murdered the Grecian lady, Hypatia, *because* she taught philosophy.

The followers of Mahomet did not confine their civilizing institutions to Asia and Africa. They established in Spain magnificent schools, academies, colleges, and libraries. There were upwards of seventy of these public libraries in Mohammedan Spain at a period when Roman Catholic Europe "without books, without learning, and without cultivation, was plunged in the most disgraceful ignorance."

So says Sismondi, who adds (on page 67, Vol. I.) "No nation of Europe, Asia, or Africa, either ancient or modern, has possessed a code of rural laws more wise, just and perfect than that of the Arabians of Spain; nor has any nation ever been elevated by the wisdom of its laws, the intelligence, activity and industry of its inhabitants, to a higher pitch of agricultural prosperity than Moorish Spain."

A great number of the inventions which, at the present day, add to the comforts of life, and without which literature never could have flourished, are due to the Arabians. Thus paper . . . is an Arabic invention."

At this period, and at later ones, the few manuscripts which Roman Catholic lands possessed, were buried in the dark cup-boards of monasteries, hid away in the Vatican, entombed in the Escorial of Spanish kings, and grudgingly pulled out for the inspection of the occasional traveller. Even the few copies of the Latin Bible were *chained to the altars of churches, or kept under lock and key, in convents and monasteries*. The common herd had no literature, no books, no schools, no chance to learn.

Picture to yourself the Mohammedan civilization, as described by all the historians, and as evidenced by many of its remains. It was a highly developed state, with commerce, manufactures, agriculture, education, architecture, &c., flourishing in all parts of the empire. There was a literature which included romance, poetry, his-

tory, philosophic speculations, scientific research and moral teaching. They were pioneers in experiment and invention. They perfected the system of irrigation. They reared the noblest public buildings, palaces, and temples. They gave Europe an object lesson in the comforts, refinements, and elegances of domestic arrangement. They set the most inspiring example of encouraging the general spread of knowledge. They made magnificent cities, and the most lovely, fruitful farms. They took hold of arid Spanish wastes, led mountain streams down into valley and plain, to slake the thirsty soil; and the grateful earth gave golden pay, in the richness of the harvest. Literally, they made the desert to blossom as the rose. But Roman Catholic bigotry drove out the keepers of the gardens; and the barren waste now reminds the beholder what Popery will do, *where it has the power*.

Bear in mind that Cortez knew the Moorish civilization intimately; and that, like other Spaniards of the period, he believed it his duty to destroy it, and to destroy anything which resembled it. He went into the New World with that Moorish picture, and that Catholic idea, both in his head. The priests and the adventurers who went with him had the same ideas in *their* heads; and, therefore, you can easily understand the barbarities they perpetrated on the Mexicans, and also the exaggerations they wrote into their reports, when they were bragging to Europe of their exploits in America.

Historians like Robertson and Prescott founded their works upon the wild tales of the Spaniards, without any critical research in Mexico itself. Dr. Robertson was not permitted to use the Spanish archives at all, and in some respects his idea of the American Indian was altogether wrong. Prescott, indeed, was given a free hand among the accumulated manuscripts of public and private libraries in Spain, but he was

too much disposed to take them at their face value.

For example, he admits in a marginal note, that he founded his description of the Aztec religion on the book of a *Franciscan friar*, Bernardino de Sahagan! (See Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*; Vol. I., p. 80. Last of Chapter III.)

Could any admission do more to shake your faith in Prescott's brilliant *Conquest*? Ought any sane man give child-like credence to a Roman Catholic priest, when that sworn foe of other religions sits down to write an account of the other religions? Would any student of history take the Roman Catholic version of the Inquisition, the St. Bartholomew, the Albigensian crusade, the Reformation, the atrocities in Holland, and the treatment which these same Franciscan friars gave the Filipinos?

Sahagan had a hard task on his hands. He wanted to frame some sort of story that would justify the Spanish conquerors in the eyes of Europe. The perfidy and the butcheries of Cortez and his companions had been so enormous, that it was necessary to put the Mexicans out of the pale of human sympathies. Hence, Sahagan did his utmost.

In his work, which Prescott followed, the Mexicans not only ate human flesh, but sold it in their markets, like beef and pork! They also sacrificed human beings to their gods! Therefore, if the Spaniards left any of them alive at all, they erred on the side of mercy.

Yet, the historic *Auto da fe* was an established institution of the Roman Catholic church, set up in Spain by Papal decree, as well as by royal order.

The Pope's decree (Bull) setting up the Inquisition in Spain was issued November 7, 1478, many years before Cortez and his priests began to butcher the Mexicans.

The Catholic *Auto da fe* (*Act of faith*), was a sacrifice to Almighty

God. It consisted of burning at the stake men and women whose religion differed from that of the Popes of Rome. *It was human sacrifice*; and the historians tell us that, in one year, two thousand Spaniards were burnt alive in these hideous *acts of faith*.

Sahagan was familiar with these human sacrifices offered up in Spain and France and Portugal, by *his Church*; but, with that moral blindness which afflicts us all, *he charged this very thing against the Aztecs*, as one of the worst of crimes, to damn them in the eyes of the Christian world!

Yet, one of the immortal scenes pictured in art, represents Agamemnon and the priests offering human sacrifice to the pagan gods. The victim is Agamemnon's only daughter.

The sacrifice of Jephtha's daughter is of the same nature, and it is one of the memorable passages in our Bible. The willingness of Abraham to drive his knife into the heart of his son Isaac, partakes of a similar character. It was the universal ancient idea. Among all peoples that belief prevailed. "Sacrifice to the gods that which you hold dearest, and you will appease the supernatural powers which control your fate!" Our own "Plan of Salvation" is based upon the proposition that "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son to die on the Cross, that we who believe in the sacrifice may be saved."

Our spiritual leaders tell us that, "without the shedding of blood, there is no remission of sins." One of our favorite hymns pictures the wicked as being plunged beneath the surface of a fountain (pool) of blood, drawn from Emmanuel's veins, and as being cleansed from sin by this immersion in sacrificial blood. Some of our commonest pulpit sayings are, that Christ died for us, that he shed his blood for us, that his blood has made us whole, and that he bought us with his blood.

All of us have heard sermons which were preached for the purpose of demonstrating that, as Man was in a lost and ruined condition, God could not *consistently* save him, without sacrificing His own Son.

One of the great differences between Catholics and Protestants is, *that the Catholics renew what they call this killing of God, every time they go to Mass*, whereas, the Protestants say there was only one crucifixion and one sacrifice.

It is not difficult to believe that the Aztecs practised a rite which all other primitive people adopted, and which we see traces of in the Old Testament.

We know that the ancient inhabitants of Europe practised human sacrifice. The Druids continued their dreadful rites almost down to the time of Christ. There are relics reminding us of it, both in England and upon the continent. Did our remote forefathers eat human flesh? It is claimed that they did. It is a historic fact that in Germany, during the frightful Thirty Years' War which the Jesuits and the Hapsburghs instigated, the desperate and starving people devoured fresh corpses and the bodies of recently executed captives and criminals.

(See Markham's *Germany*. Harmsworth's *History of the World*.)

Not only did the Spaniards find in Mexico the symbols of cross-and-altar worship, but they found also what resembled exactly the Roman Catholic *Madonna and Child*. There was the mother with her babe in her arms!

What could it mean? How had these sacred images come to this pagan land?

The priests soon offered an explanation. They asserted that Saint Thomas, the Disciple, had pushed his missionary labors into this remote region, and that the divine symbols were the evidences which the Saint had left behind!

They were so ignorant that they did not know that the Virgin Mother and

her miraculously conceived son—like the cross and the altar—belong to all the religions of antiquity. They are not only found in Egypt, India, Assyria, Phœnicia, Greece and Rome, but in Etruria and China.

Why should you marvel that Thomas the Disciple preached in Mexico? It was not more difficult for the angels to pick him up and fly with him to the land of the Aztecs, than it was for the heavenly athletes to pick up the house of the Virgin Mary and carry it from Palestine to Italy. Besides, the benighted Aztecs needed Saint Thomas much more sorely than the enlightened Italians needed the Virgin's house at Loretto.

Do we not remember that Lazarus, and his sisters, Martha and Mary, were driven out of Palestine, after the crucifixion, and cast adrift in an open boat, and were blown miraculously across the seas, and at length gently cast ashore in France, on the coast of Provence?

Of a surety, we remember it. Lazarus not only evangelized the people of Provence, but went to Marseilles, and became the first bishop of that city.

Nearly 1,000 years afterwards, the priests needed a most holy relic, and bethought themselves of Lazarus. Ah, if they could only find his bones!

The ardently wishing priests wrestled mightily in prayer, beseeching the angels to indicate at what spot the bones of Lazarus lay. As usual, the angels were open to reason. As usual, an angel appeared to a priest in his sleep. As usual, the bones were found. If they were not the bones of Lazarus, it didn't matter. They were good enough bones to work miracles on, and to elicit ducats from the faithful. Therefore, the most holy bones of Lazarus were moved ("translated") with solemn ceremony, from Marseilles to Autun, where a shrine was erected—after which began the miracles and the ducats.

The Cathedral of St. Lazarus stands

there, to this very day, commemorating the most miraculous discovery of the most holy bones of the Jew whom Christ raised from the dead.

(See, *Burgundy, the Splendid Duchy*, and authorities therein cited: Chapter IV. By Percy Allen, Francis Griffiths, publisher. London. 1912.)

When modern historians began to study the Spanish manuscripts relating the Conquest of America, they ought to have made a large allowance for the *Spanish state of mind*. Apologists for the horrible deeds of Mediæval popery beg us to consider what they call "*the spirit of the age*," forgetful of the fact that supreme and intolerant popery created that very spirit. Not only did Mediæval popery create the spirit of murderous bigotry, but it cultivated and enforced a childish credulity as to marvels, miracles, absurd fables, and constant supernatural interference with earthly events.

The modern historians should have paid more attention to the legal principle applied to witnesses in the proceedings of law-courts: "False is one thing, false in all." When the priests declared that the disciple Thomas had been to Mexico, the historians *knew* that the story was an invention. If the priests would palm off upon Catholic Europe a fable about Thomas, and about the Devil leading the Indians from California to Mexico, what would they *not* invent?

If Cortez would write to the Emperor Charles V. telling him how a few hundred Spaniards had battled with 150,000 Mexicans, what Munchausenism would Cortez balk at?

You and I know perfectly well that nobody ever saw an army of 150,000 Indians in Mexico, or anywhere else. You and I know perfectly well that Cortez, like other Indian fighters, combated tribal bands, one after another, and beat them in detail, never being very greatly outnumbered in any battle. The tribal system of the Indians, gave rise to natural jealousies and tribal

wars. These internal discords *always* hindered the formation of Indian confederacies. King Philip found it so: Brandt found it so: Pontiac and Tecumseh found it so; and *Montezuma found it so*.

Hernando Cortez whipped the Mexicans, in practically the same way that Andrew Jackson whipped the Creeks. In each case, the white man found the reds split up into tribal feuds; and, in each case, the reds gave the whites powerful aid in whipping the reds.

This is literally true; and there is reason to doubt that the triumphs of Cortez were at all more wonderful than the victories of the Indian fighters of North America.

General Lewis Cass, Governor of early Michigan and Secretary of War under President Jackson, lived among the Indians many years, fought them in the campaigns of the Northwest, helped to defeat them at the Battle of the Thames, made treaties with them, and acted as U. S. Superintendent of Indian affairs in the Northwest; therefore, he is an authority upon the red men, their system of government, their tactics in war, their customs and their manners.

In fact, General Cass' article in the 55th number of *The North American Review* (1828) was one of the earliest of really valuable treatises on the subject of Indian conditions, history, and relations to the whites; and he afterwards published a book which is indispensable to ethnologists. (*The Indians; their History, Traditions and Languages*.)

He was one of the founders of the Historical Society of Michigan, and his studies and observations of the Indians convinced him that the Spaniards had made a romantic fable of their conquest of Mexico.

In a letter which General Cass wrote to Robert Anderson Wilson (author, traveller and ethnologist) in 1858, he says—

"I was led some years ago to investi-

gate the truth of the early reports of the state of civilization among the Mexicans, at the time of the Spanish Conquest. I became satisfied that the accounts were not merely exaggerations, but fabrications."

Yet Mr. Prescott continued to believe that Cortez fought vast armies, besieged and took opulent Babylons, and destroyed architectural splendors that were greater than anything the Goths, the Moors, the Jews and the Spaniards had reared in Spain!

Not only that, Prescott soberly states that the Spaniards created the arid regions of Mexico, because they desired something to remind them familiarly of the old country from which they came. The amiable Prescott readily believed that Nature made the deserts and treeless wastes of Spain; but he asserts that, by destroying the Mexican forests, the conquering Spaniards manufactured the arid lands of Mexico.

You cannot help wondering how Mr. Prescott explained the treeless regions of Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico.

Perhaps he fancied that the home-loving Spaniards kept on felling forests, in order that Old Spain might figure largely, on our early maps, as The Great American Desert.

A man gifted with that sort of a mind, ought to write books about Amadis de Gaul, Rolando and Oliver, the Cid Campeador, Sir Galahad, Jack the Giant-killer, and the late, lamented Alice, of Wonderland.

Mr. Prescott should have been put on his guard by the evident purpose of the monkish writers to represent Cortez and themselves as engaged in a Holy War. He ought to have seen that everything possible was being done to picture the Spanish pirates as deeply pious men, whose slaughter of the natives was similar in motive to those of the Isarelites who gave no quarter to any living soul in Canaan.

Mr. Prescott was not even suspicious of a narrative which began with a chapter head-line like this:

"How it was the wish of the Devil to substitute himself in the place of God by taking a chosen people, which he constituted in the Mexicans."

Those words form the title of one of the chapters of Torquemada's history of the *Indian Monarchy*, and Torquemada is one of the authorities upon whom Prescott relied. After Torquemada had set before himself the task of proving that the Devil had chosen the Mexicans for his own, did Mr. Prescott suppose that Torquemada would fail?

Torquemada could not but succeed, He had it all his own way. The Mexicans were either dead or enslaved; and even had they been able to prepare a history of their system of government and religion, there was nobody to print it. Spanish laws made it a crime for anybody, excepting a cleric, to publish anything relating to Mexico!

Therefore, when Torquemada set out to find evidence to prove that the Mexicans belonged to the Devil, he had an open field; and whatever facts did not exist, he could invent. There was nobody who could deny what he wrote, and nobody who felt interest enough to visit Mexico, and investigate. What Torquemada published was officially sanctioned by the Spanish authorities, and accepted by the world. That such scholars as Robertson, Sir Arthur Helps, and Prescott should never analyze it, and test it by some of the methods known to literary and historic criticism, is amazing.

Another of these monkish historians was Herrera, the royal favorite. Of the Indians of Mexico, he says—

"Never did any Devil hold such familiar converse with men as he (the Mexican Devil) and accordingly he thought proper to copy the departure from Egypt and the pilgrimage performed by the children of Israel."

(Meaning that the Devil led the Indians from California to Mexico.)

Thus, according to Herrera, this Devil who owned the Mexicans was so peculiarly wicked and artful, that he thought proper to imitate the God of the Old Testament!

A parlous Devil, indeed.

Friar Sahagan is every whit as orthodox as Torquemada and Herrera; and Sahagan not only believed in the personal Devil who ruled the Indians, but, he actually heard the demon's voice!

However, he is not quite convinced that the Devil led the Indians of California, through the wilderness, fed them on manna, and finally planted them in Mexico—in imitation of what God had done for *His* chosen people, the Israelites—but he admits that “the weight of historical evidence” supports this theory. He *is* firmly convinced, however, that, no matter where the Devil got the Mexicans, he certainly had got them. Alas! The Devil is a masterful knave. No sooner was his realm endangered by Spanish marauders and Roman Catholic priests, than he went over to their side, and continued to rule the realm. He is at it yet, apparently.

How could sober historians expect to find truthful narratives upon such trash as that of Sahagan, Herrera, and Torquemada? Bernal Diaz (whoever *he* was) wrote just as fantastically.

The historical novels of Sir Walter Scott and of Miss Louisa Muhlbach came nearer to historical truth, than do the Mexican histories of Robertson, Sir Arthur Helps, Prescott and Hugh Bancroft.

Like Prescott and Helps, the California historian, H. S. Bancroft, examined masses of Spanish manuscripts, all colored with the original Spanish ideas and purposes, and all tending to prove that Mexico was a gorgeous empire, densely peopled, highly developed, abounding in great cities, blazing with

oriental magnificence, *but devoted to the Devil.*

It was in 1855, that Sir Arthur Helps wrote the Preface to his entertaining romance. The fancy-sketch is entitled *The Spanish Conquest of America*, and it is in 4 volumes, octavo. On page 234 of Volume II. Sir Arthur jots down a marginal note, to this effect:

“The historian finds it difficult to forgive the missionary efforts of such a one as that bishop of Merida (Lomda) who destroyed upwards of 5,000 monuments and 224 manuscripts relating to Yucatan. *He then sat down to write a history of the country*, and his plan illustrates the primitive methods of many of the early Spanish writers.”

“The historian finds it difficult to forgive the missionary” who destroyed the history and then sat down to write the fable. But what are we to think of Helps, and Bancroft, and Prescott who knew of just such proceedings as this, and then trusted to other Spanish writers who wrote in the same spirit, and by the same method, as the Bishop of Merida's?

How could you expect more than a grain of truth, in a barrel of chaff, when the Spanish law made it a crime for anyone, save a priest, to publish anything about the New World?

Strange to say, the first observers and thinkers who cast doubt upon those monkish fairy-tales, were the two American statesmen, Albert Gallatin and Lewis Cass.

Gallatin was a wonderfully intellectual man, and he was as versatile as subtle. He was perhaps the ablest financier of his day, and a clear-headed, far-sighted statesman who opposed both the War of 1812, and that against Mexico. He founded the American Ethnological Society, and was himself a profound student of that fascinating subject.

The physical conditions fastened

upon Mexico by the law of Nature, made it utterly impossible for such hordes of Indians to have ever existed, as the Spaniards described. Indians never did fight in the numbers and in the way that those Spanish stories represent. They never did have such gorgeous palaces, splendid cities, elegant manufactures, sublime temples, and elaborate religious ceremonial.

The mounds of Mexico, are of the same character as those of the North American Indians; and the marvellous ruins found here and there to the South of us, are not of Indian origin at all. They are the fragments left by another people—Phœnicians, savants think—and about which the Indians never even had a tradition.

(Consult the monumental work of Robert Anderson Wilson, *A New History of the Conquest of Mexico*. J. B. Lippincott & Co., and others, publishers. 1859.)

As one example of the wild exaggeration of these Spanish narratives, you have only to recall the fable of the "Seven Cities of Cibola." These mythical emporiums of gold and dense population, were the object of eager exploration by the avaricious Spaniards. Many a life was lost in trying to locate these Eldoraos. No such Cities could ever be found; and finally it was the accepted theory, that some Spanish adventurer had seen the Pueblos in Arizona, or had heard of them; and that these community houses, consisting of several stories, and inhabited by the Zuni Indians, formed the one solid fact upon which grew the Seven Cities of Cibola.

The growth of Falstaff's "men in buckram" was sober history, compared to the myriads that danced before the eyes of the Spanish romancers.

The largest of these adobe family houses did indeed shelter about 1,500 Indians, counting the men, women and children. It was built on the slope of the Sierra Madre mountains, high

above the valley. This chief Pueblo was partly constructed of red sandstone, and partly of red-clay bricks. In height, it ranged from one to five stories. Some of the rooms were 20x40, with 8 feet pitch between floor and ceiling. The upper stories were reached by ladders. Each family owned its separate apartment, and the wife was the proprietor. Each family had its separate garden. These Puebla Indians cultivated corn and vegetables; and they made bread by mashing the grain between flat stones, and rolling it out thinly on a slab in the hot sun.

The Spanish explorer, coming from the South, over weary wastes of sand, or barren prairie, with his brain half crazed by sufferings, and his eyes famishing for a sight of what he sought, might easily mistake one of these straggling, extensive Pueblos, and its motley crowd of tenants, *for a city*.

And it is practically certain that Cortez found no "palaces" in Mexico that were much more substantial than the Zuni dwellings which Coronado found in Arizona.

All of us know that, in 1815, the cannon of Napoleon were not able to demolish the stout walls of the Chateau of Hougomont at Waterloo: and we all know that Hadrian's tomb, at Rome, after defying the artillery of the Age of Charles V. and of Cortez, still stands majestically upon the Tiber, where the pagan Emperor built it, nearly 1800 years ago. How absurd, then, is the notion that the pitiful little guns of the Spanish marauders could have utterly demolished all those Babylonish edifices in Mexico.

Rest assured that General Cass and Albert Gallatin were right: the Mexicans of Montezuma's time never had any temples, palaces, &c., that were built of anything more substantial than sun-dried mud. Bricks of that kind make a very showy house, but it

is not quite so durable as the Pyramids.

As everybody knows, Columbus in the effort to find a new and shorter route to India ran upon one of the smaller Islands of the group which we call the Bahamas. He afterwards discovered and occupied St. Domingo, and skirted the Southern coast of Cuba. This he believed to be a part of the mainland. He died without knowing that Cuba is an island, and that North America is not Hindostan. He left three legacies behind him: one was the slave trade, which he first introduced; another was the division of land and natives among the conquerors, without the slightest regard for the rights of the Indians; and the third was religious persecution, enforced by Spanish power, at the instigation of Spanish priests.

The New World had been free from those three evil systems, until Christopher Columbus stumbled upon Watling Island.

The hard bargain which Columbus had driven with Ferdinand and Isabella proves that he was as much of a gold-hunter as Cortez, Alvarado and Pizarro. His success naturally stimulated others to voyages of adventure.

The Pope had given the New World to Spain; and all Spaniards who could obtain a royal commission were free to "discover" any island, or any continent; and to take forcible possession of the land, the people, the gold, the silver, the valuables of every kind—for the glory of the Virgin Mary and the Spanish king.

The system of slavery which Columbus introduced into the New World not only covered the West Indies but soon extended to the mainland of South America, Central America, and Mexico, penetrating as far North as the "Missions" of California.

It was beyond all comparison the cruellest slave system ever visited upon the human race. The Spaniards had no mercy upon the natives. The lash,

the torture, the fiery stake itself, were used to force the Indians to hard tasks to which they had never been accustomed and for which they were physically unfitted. The run-away slaves were hunted with savage bloodhounds, and were often torn to pieces before the huge brutes could be pulled off. Just as the old Romans had cast criminals to the lions, the Indians who excited the wrath of the Spaniards were thrown to the dogs. Yet, it had been the kindly nature of these Indians, that had kept the Spaniards from starving, at the time they first landed.

Under the terrible hardships of the new system the natives died like flies, and in a few years, they were extirpated. Spanish cruelty had wiped out the whole race.

One noble priest—may his good name live forever! strove hard and long to protect the Indians. Las Casas ranks with the greatest lovers of Humanity: the Prince of Peace never claimed a truer disciple.

Before a royal commission, in Spain, Las Casas held a famous debate with Juan Sepulveda, the principal historian of the Emperor Charles V., and author of several learned treaties. Sepulveda was a Doctor of the Church, who stood high at Rome, and with such eminent scholars as Erasmus.

The Rev. Juan Sepulveda D. D., (as we would now call him) wrote a book in which he proved, to his extreme content, that God gave to Christ all power on earth; and that Christ gave this power to Peter; and that Peter passed it on down the line, apostolically to the various Popes, who, accordingly were vested with divine authority over all lands and peoples, not only for converting sinners to Christ, but for killing those who obstinately refused to be converted. It follows, as a matter of course, that the Rev. Juan Sepulveda D. D. was able to support his theory by citations from the Saints.

Not only did he quote Augustine, and Ambrose and Gregory, but he leaned heavily on that pillar of Roman Catholic righteousness, Saint Thomas Aquinas, who most clearly and cheerfully teaches, that you may slaughter any wild animal of a man who differs from you about religion. Saint Thomas held such male factors to be the chiefest of ten-thousand sinners altogether sinful, and that you may banish them by death to get them out of your way, and out of their sins.

The Rev. Juan Sepulveda D. D., argued that the blessed Emperor Constantine had set us a glorious example, by making a law which condemned to death those subjects of his, who should refuse to become as much of a Christian as he himself was. Doctor Sepulveda sagely contended, that you can convert more people in one year by making war on them, than mere preaching would convert in 100 years. The Doctor further insisted that, since the age of miracles was over, War was necessary to bring people to a saving knowledge of Christ!

The Doctor's book caused a ferment. And, of course, a controversy. Therefore, in 1550, the Emperor Charles V. convoked at Valladolid a commission of theologians to hear these great questions argued. Las Casas appeared for the side of *evangelic* propagation of the Gospel, as opposed to the *Martial Law* doctrine of Sepulveda and Saint Thomas Aquinas.

To the junta of theologians who presided at this wonderful debate, was joined the royal Council of the Indies; and the personal Confessor of the Emperor acted as a sort of reporter of the arguments, for and against. The length and thoroughness of the discussion may be judged from the fact that the speech of Las Casas occupied five days. Doctor Sepulveda had the conclusion, and undertook to make good his twelve objections to the contentation of Las Casas—the gist of which

contention was, that Roman Catholics have no right to kill people who differ from them in religion.

With only one dissenting voice, the imperial tribunal which heard the debate, gave their decision in favor of the bloody doctrine of Aquinas and Sepulveda!

(See *Life of Las Casas*, by Sir Arthur Helps. Chapter XI.)

Reporting to the Emperor upon the treatment of the enslaved Indians, Las Casas states that they were worked from the break of day until late in the evening. They wore no clothes, except a strip around the loins. There was a heavy yoke "an enormous piece of wood, as large as a royal pine tree, and when they stopped to rest, a negro, who followed them, armed with a whip, forced them to continue their march, striking them with his whip, from the first man to the last, to prevent them from resting and to keep up the bad habit, so common, of beating them incessantly and maltreating them.

As all were naked and as the negro struck as hard as he could, all the strokes of the whip had their full effect.

Not one of the Indians said a word, or turned his head, *for they were all broken down by misery.*"

Las Casas adds—"This ill treatment of the Indians is the cause of my having, with the permission of your majesty, resigned my office of auditor." (Local royal agent.)

When he wrote the report of which the foregoing is a short extract, Las Casas was 90 years old, and was in Spain where he soon afterwards died. His testimony has all the force of a dying declaration.

He states that he had known as many as 4,000 Indians to be pressed into service as bearers, &c., for an expedition of the Spaniards and that only six of the wretched creatures returned. The others had perished of brutal

hardships. On the march, when one of the Indians fell sick, or was faint from hunger or fatigue, the Spaniards got him loose from the long chain to which they were all fastened, by cutting off his head. It was easier to sever the head with one cut of a sword, and to let head and neck fall out of the collar, than to take the trouble to unlock the collar.

On these estates where the Indians were kept as peons, on soil that had recently been their own, the annual tribute they had to pay the land-lord, for each 500 Indian families, consisted of 180 sheep, 300 pieces of cotton goods, 1,000 bushels of corn, 850 bushels of wheat, 1,000 fowls, 1,000 sacks and cords, 60 baskets of coca, 100 cotton napkins, 30 head of hogs, 50 measures (arobas) of fish (the camaron), 500 measures of another kind of fish, and 5 measures of wool. Each of these measures was 25 pounds of 16 ounces. Therefore, the poor tenants had to pay more than 13,000 pounds of fish (dried fish, presumably) and 125 pounds of wool, in addition to the 180 sheep. But this was not all: they paid annually, 40 skins of sea-wolves dressed, and 40 others, undressed: also 50 pounds of cord, 3 tents, 8 table-cloths, 2,000 baskets of pepper, 50 pounds of ball-cotton, 9 house cloths (rugs?) 75 pounds of tallow to make candles, 15 Indians for domestic service in the house of the Spanish proprietor, 8 Indians to work in his garden, and 8 more, to look after his flocks and herds. (Helps' *Las Casas*. Chapter XII.)

While the particular renting quoted is taken from *Las Casas*' report on Peru, similar, or harder terms were enforced throughout the vast regions of Spanish America. They grimly embodied the doctrine of the Rev. Juan Sepulveda, D. D. They put to shame the Christian principles of *Las Casas*, and mocked every teaching of the Christ, in whose name these enormities were systematized.

Well has the historian said, there is no sum total of human misery which equals that which the Spanish grandees and their co-conspirators, the Roman Catholic priests, inflicted upon the doomed peoples of the New World. I can understand that Indian who was being burned at the stake, and who spurned Christian rites, when he was told, in answer to his question, that Christianity would carry him to the same Heaven with those monster Spaniards. He answered, "Then I will not be a Christian; for I would not go again to a place where I must find men so cruel." (Prescott's *Conquest*: Vol. I, p. 165.)

What was the character of these Indians whom Columbus condemned to slavery and extinction? How had they treated *him*, when he landed, a stranger and a trespasser, upon the shores where it had pleased God to plant *them*?

From the very beginning, the simple, hospitable natives welcomed these Spanish destroyers, with unsuspecting generosity and helpfulness. From the very beginning, they fed the adventurers, and made them rich presents.

What a picture that is, of the night when, after three weeks of stress and danger in these new, uncharted seas, Columbus had gone to rest; and his pilot, utterly worn out, left a boy at the wheel!

The *Santa Maria* sails on into the Night, over the smooth sea, before the light winds, with all the crew asleep, with one little boy at the helm, with the known lands far away, and the unknown lands yet to be found: and the lad at the wheel thinks that all is well, for the ship moves swiftly on. Too swiftly, for she has been caught in a current that carries her straight to the sand bank which she strikes, and which holds her fast.

Farewell, *Santa Maria*, gallant little tub that had dared so much, and done so much, and come so far, to perish on

a lone sand bank off the West Indian shore!

Now, listen to the voice of history: "Columbus lost no time in sending news of the disaster to the chieftain, and imploring his assistance, which was at once afforded, the Cacique sending a fleet of canoes to the reef, &c."

It was Christmas, 1492-93!

Writing home to Ferdinand and Isabella, and describing these Indians who had saved his life, feasted him, royally treated him, and courted his friendship, Columbus said—

"I swear to Your Majesties, there are no better people on earth; they are gentle, *and without knowing what evil is*, neither killing nor stealing."

Before these glowing words had had time to reach Europe and sink into the consciousness of Christendom, Columbus himself had begun to weave "that historical tapestry, woven by Spanish

artisan-conquerors in the loom of the New World, the warp whereof was blood and tears; the woof, the sighs and groans of a dying people."

The very first chieftain upon whom the cruel Spaniards made war, was the Cacique whose assistance Columbus had implored, and who had immediately sent the fleet of canoes to take the ship-wrecked strangers off the reef!

And the very first transaction in slaves that ever took place in the New World, was the shipment of 500 kidnapped Indians to Spain, the kidnapper and consignor being Christopher Columbus.

(See page 313, Ober's, *In the Wake of Columbus*. Also, Sir Arthur Helps *Spanish Conquest in America*, Vol. I. Also, Washington Irving's *Columbus*, Vol. II.)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Discarded

Ralph M. Thomson

If called upon to take an inventory
 Of what she may in truthfulness possess;
 If asked to list in some absorbing story
 The little tokens she may chance to bless;
 If told to name the earthly goods she treasures—
 The trinkets hallowed in this world of sin—
 With no intent to drone distressing measures,
 Where would the poor, discarded wife begin?

If pressed, perhaps, to designate her station—
 To indicate her status in this life;
 And tell unto a crucifying nation
 Whether she is a widow, maid or wife,—
 Denied by law the right to still love's yearning,
 Refused by church the privilege to live,
 With due regard for critics all-discerning,
 What answer could the one deserted give?

Without one place, when daylight's din is over,
 Where she may heed some heart-hymned undertone;
 With yet no home for her, a restless rover,
 To proudly claim, and worship as her own,—
 If called upon to take an inventory
 Of what remains to her in part or whole,
 All she could hope to leave, of hers, to glory
 Would be a scarred and badly battered soul.

Brooks' "History of Georgia"

A LITTLE school-girl of Wilkes County wrote me a letter saying, that the text-book of Georgia history, which she was made to study, had so many new, big words in it, that she could not understand what she read. Upon request, she sent me the name of the book, and in due time I got a copy.

The author is Robert Preston Brooks, Ph. D., one of the "Associate Professors of Georgia History at the University of Georgia." (Athens.)

How many of the savants are aiding Professor Brooks, I do not know.

The Professor's History was written for study in our public schools, and has been (as I am told) officially adopted. It is being used in some of the counties, if not in all.

Woe unto the orator whose language takes him over the heads of his audience. And woe unto the writer who forgets that the perfect style is that which shows most clearly *what the author means*.

When Lord Macaulay finished his celebrated speech at Edinburg, Scotland, he was immensely pleased by a compliment which a shoe-maker paid him. The compliment was, "*I understood every word he said!*"

In all of the volumes which contain the famous speeches of Daniel Webster, you will not find as many uncommon, big words, as you will meet in a chapter of Professor Brooks.

The supreme master of English oratory was John Bright; and in his speeches you find nothing but the short, strong, clear, sharp words of the English tongue, such as you will find in the King James Bible.

To come nearer home, you will find that such men as Ben Hill, Robert Toombs, Howell Cobb, and William L. Yancey used none but the simple English.

Whenever I see a speaker, or a writer, slopping around in polysyllables (excuse me, I mean long words,) I can't help but think of the old man, in the back part of Webster's Spelling Book, who chunked the naughty boy with tufts of grass, and got laughed at. But when the old fellow reached down and picked up those small, hard stones, the boy knew that something was about to happen, and he came to his milk.

For instance, Professor Brooks tells the children that sandy soil is "infertile." Couldn't he write a history of Georgia without coining new words? Infertile! Why couldn't the Professor tell the children that certain soil is thin, poor, barren, not fruitful? It is strictly correct, in speaking of land, to say, that it is "*rich*," or that it is "*poor*." It is strictly correct to say that soil is sandy and thin. Everybody speaks of land in those terms, and every child knows what you mean, when you say that the soil is "poor."

The word "fertile" is seldom used, and "infertile," *never*.

The words fruitful, and productive are sometimes heard; but, as a common thing, land is always spoken of as strong or thin, rich or poor, clay or sand, red or gray.

Wherever a word of one syllable would have expressed his meaning, Professor Brooks shies off from it, and goes after a word of four joints.

In the "History of Georgia" the slaves are not freed: they are "emancipated." Explaining to the children that the growing of cotton kept the slaves at work nearly all the year, the Professor thus loads his blunderbuss—

"Cotton production occupies the labor practically all the year, thus enabling the planter to avoid supporting his laborers over long periods of inactivity."

That sounds like a banker's essay, at an agricultural convention.

Alluding to the Southern white man's patience with lazy negroes, Professor Brooks says—

"He (the white Job) is not too greatly exasperated at the present day negro's shiftlessness, and aversion for work."

Such a sentence is very bad.

"Exasperated" is not a kind word to fling at children who have done you no harm, and who are trying to be good; but to follow it up with such a compound as "the present-day negro's shiftlessness and aversion," is mighty hard on the innocents. Especially, when the Professor in the same sentence refers to "the essential fidelity of the slave."

Essential fidelity to what?

You and I can guess that the Professor means the faithfulness of the old-time slave to his "Master;" but the Professor did not write his book for you and me. It was written for the boys and girls of today, and it ought to tell them just what is meant, and not leave them in such doubt that they will have to ask the teacher the meaning of "the essential fidelity of the slave."

Where the term, "farming" can be used, it is a better word for a school history, than "agricultural industry;" but the Professor dotes on "agricultural industry," and hates "farming."

Consider these sentences, taken from page 236 of the book:

"The absorption of practically all the available capital in the purchase of land and slaves prevented the development of manufacturing, and, in fact, any except agricultural industry. Further, wholesale cotton planting with inefficient negro labor resulted in a too rapid exploitation of the land. Another unfortunate effect was the too great stratification of the society, &c."

That's tremendous! No wonder the little girl howled. It's enough to make grown people howl.

The style is vicious, and the statements misleading.

"Absorption," "available," "inefficient," "too rapid exploitation," "too great stratification," are not the words and terms for a popular history. In fact, such terms as "too rapid exploitation," and "too great stratification" are not good, idiomatic English.

I suppose that Professor Brooks meant to say that all-cotton farming wore out the land. If he doesn't mean that, I don't know what he means. But if he means *that*, then the word "exploitation" is not the right word. The word "exhaust" would express the idea of "wear out," but the word "exploit" does not.

The Professor thinks the South did not develop manufactures, because it used all the money to buy land and negroes. That is not by any means true. The reason lay deeper: the genius of the Southern people carried them into the open, active, generous life of the farm. The typical Southerner has never been a close, shrewd, calculating business man, who hardens his heart, stifles sympathy, and laughs at sentiment. The men who created modern Commercialism entailed a curse on humanity, and I am very glad that the land owners of the South were not the authors of the wage-slavery of today.

The Professor is also in the wrong when he says that cotton wears out the soil. He was thinking about *tobacco*, probably. Anyway, cotton does not injure land. Cotton is the one crop of which the soil of the South never gets sick. It sickens when grain and corn, follow grain and corn; but, all other things being the same, the field will bring the same cotton, year after year.

Then, what about the "too great stratification of society?"

What can a helpless child do, when it gulps down words like those?

Geology is not my long suit, by any means, but I think "stratification"

means, that one layer of something or other lies on top of another layer, and that these layers, stretched out on top of one another, are separate, each layer sticking hard and fast to its own shelf, as it were.

Of course, Professor Brooks must correct me, if I have gone wrong on "stratification."

Well, now, *when and where* was society in the South so divided into frozen layers that there was no mixing of the substance of one layer with that of another?

In the old slavery days, there were snobs and fools, just as there are now. Some folks are purse-proud; and some get stuck up about their "blood," family-tree, &c.

But no country on earth is free from that. It is found among the very Arabs of the Sahara, among the Tartars of the Asian steppes, and even the savages have some of it. But in the Old South, the beautiful daughters of the poor were constantly marrying rich men; and the sons of the poor were constantly winning the daughters of the aristocrats.

Thomas Jefferson's plebian father married a patrician Randolph; and George McDuffie, the poor widow's son, married one of the proudest ladies of aristocratic South Carolina—and *his* daughter was wooed and won by General Wade Hampton, a blue-blood of the bluest sort.

A vast deal of nonsense has been written about the poor white trash of the South, the crackers, the clay-eaters, the pellagra type, &c.; but so intelligent an educator as Professor Brooks ought to have steered himself out of that beaten road of error.

There never was a time when talent, character and energy did not have as much opportunity in the South as anywhere; and, in the old days, it was greater than it is now.

This is shown by the careers of Henry Clay, Andrew Jackson, John Sevier,

George McDuffie, William Wirt, Patrick Henry, William H. Crawford, S. S. Prentiss, Stonewall Jackson, N. B. Forrest, Andrew Johnson, Thomas H. Benton, Sam Houston, Joseph E. Brown, Zebulon Vance, Wilson Lumpkin, Eli Shorter, Jesse Mercer, Elijah Clarke, and Alexander H. Stephens.

Any one who really knows about Southern conditions, is aware of the fact that our poor whites have always been at least as proud as the rich; and that the social ladder has always been like Jacob's dream: some that were high were always coming down, some that were low, *always going up*.

The poor whites of today might be the aristocrats of tomorrow, and to the contrary.

In one generation, the name Fouché might be pronounced "Fooshay;" but, in the next, its pride might have departed with its wealth, and the pronunciation might simmer down to "Fouch."

Once upon a time, the noble French immigrant, bearing the name of Cheves, would stickle for a pronunciation of Chev-ess, and people would call him so, to avoid a duel.

But when the family "came down," the name grew shorter, and it was pronounced "Chevs."

I went to college with one of these noble French descendants—and incidentally had a fight with him—and he tried his best to restore the ancestral honor of "Chev-ess." Nay, he even went so far as to call himself, later, by the still more Frenchy name of "Sheevay!"—giving the letter "C" the sound of S. But it was no go. His family had "come down;" the name was "Chevs;" and no earthly power could jack it up again to its foreign form.

I don't remember now what Sheevay and I fought about: it must have been that I considered his name and his manners "exasperating."

The last that I ever heard of mine ancient enemy, Chev-ess, he had gone

back to his old neighborhood to preach a Sunday sermon in the pulpit of that odd genius, Rev. Frank Johnson. At that time, Chev-ess was calling himself "Sheevay," and he requested Brother Johnson to announce to the Saturday congregation that he, *Sheevay*, would fill the pulpit on the Sabbath.

Frank Johnson was a queer mortal, an original, a puzzling mixture of the sublime and the ridiculous. He rose to make the desired announcement, saying—

"I am requested to announce that the morning sermon, tomorrow, will be preached by a visiting brother, the Rev. J. B. Sheevay.

In order that you may know who he is, I will state, that he is the son of old Jim Ball Cheevs, who lives out here in the country, about five miles."

Professor Brooks gives a chapter to the Indians, and accepts the idea that there are about as many Red Men in North America as there ever were. Some theorists hold this view, but I do not see how it can be maintained. There are many facts, not disputed, that make against it. There were powerful Indian tribes in New England; and, excepting a pitiful remnant, they are gone. There were very strong tribes in New York, and the Six Nations could put an army in the field. Excepting a handful, those tribes long since passed away.

The Powhatan Confederacy of Virginia, like the Iroquois League of New York, numbered many thousands of warriors; and there are now but a mere handful living on the Pamunkey. All over the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, there were powerful tribes, now extinct.

It is highly probable that the sparseness of Indian population in the vast prairie and desert sections of our country, gave birth to the idea that the Indians were never numerous. In portions of Texas, and in Colorado,

Arizona, Nevada, Kansas and Nebraska the red men could not well settle down, make farms, build towns and herd cattle.

There was no secure site for the Long House of the Iroquois, no safe place for the villages of the Virginia tribes, no possibility of the farming communities of the Creeks and the Seminoles.

The same reasoning from physical facts that rejected the Spanish fables about the teeming population of the arid provinces of Mexico, applies to much of our Western territory, but it does not apply to the North, the East, and the South. Hence, any theory built upon Western conditions is necessarily bad.

The exceeding numbers of arrowheads, stone hatchets, &c., which have been ploughed up in nearly every farm in the South, and which are still being uncovered, afford convincing evidence against the idea of a thin population.

In the middle-west, all through the Indiana, Wabash region, there were uncounted thousands of Red Men. So also, along the Missouri and the Mississippi. So, also, in the Pacific region, and in the Oregon country.

I think that the weight of evidence is as much against the sparse population of North America, as it is against the Cortez-Diaz fables concerning the vast numbers and the splendid civilization of the Aztecs. Anyway, it seems to me unwise for Professor Brooks to tell the children, positively, that there were not more than half-a-million Indians on the continent, north of Mexico.

He cannot prove such a statement to be true. It is a theory, and it should be given for what it is worth. I don't think it worth a hill of beans, myself; and my reasons have been stated. I don't see how any historian can read Captain Smith's account of Virginia, or C. C. Jones' monumental History of Georgia, and Pickett's Alabama, and the Historical Collections of the Caro-

linas, Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio, Florida, &c., and *then* dogmatically assert that there are as many Indians now, as they were before they were nearly all killed out.

Such a statement conflicts with the undisputed facts concerning our numberless and *exterminating* wars with the Red Men.

Professor Brooks' picture of Indian conditions in Georgia is vague in its outlines, and imperfect in its details.

For example, he tells the children that "each head of a family had a dwelling house, a corn house, a poultry house, and a hot house." Therefore, the boys and girls of Georgia are given to understand the every Indian who had a wife and children built at least four houses, one for his corn, one for his chickens, and two for himself. He lived ordinarily in his dwelling, and he used his hot house to get warm in.

Professor Brooks states that a low door was the only opening of this hot house, and he says, sympathetically, "Here the Indians slept in winter, lying around a fire which was kept constantly burning. How they endured the smoke is a mystery."

Yes: it is a mystery to academic historians who write on subjects which they have not studied. The Indians, like our own ancestors, left a hole in the top of the house, (or the tent, or the wigwam.) and the smoke crawled out through the hole, and went away. At least, some of it did. A good deal of it stayed inside, with the Indians, to give them chronic sore-eyes, and to afflict them with blindness in old age—a detail which you can learn from any full and accurate account of the "aborigines"—such as Parkman's, for example.

In a mere skeleton arrangement of European history, I find the following items of 16th century description:

"At this period there was scarcely a chimney in England. Fires were kindled by the walls and the smoke

found its way out at the roof, doors, or windows."

How the English stood it, is a mystery.

"The people reposed on pallets of straw and had a log of wood by way of a pillow."

How they endured this, is a mystery.

"Queen Elizabeth used to ride in state on a pillow behind her chamberlain."

Why she did not straddle a bicycle and ride in front of her chamberlain, is a mystery.

Why she did not reduce her haughty chamberlain to the humble station of a chauffeur, while she rode in state in her automobile, is also a mystery.

If Professor Brooks ever has enough leisure and inclination to write another history, I hope he will clear up these conundrums.

Benjamin Hawkins, the friend of Washington, was for many years the agent of the Federal Government in caring for the Creeks and keeping them at peace; and his sketch of the Creek Country is a fine, distinct picture.

As to the Cherokees, they had an alphabet, a written language; and the names given by them to the valleys, the streams and the mountains prove that they had some idea of music and poetry. They dressed becomingly, and had a high standard of modesty and virtue. They also had their code of laws and a lofty conception of justice. Some of them lived in framed houses, two stories high, and these dwellings were well furnished. The sons and daughters of the head men were sent to the schools of the whites, and a few even took a college course at the North. Many of the Creeks, Cherokees, Choctaws, Chickasaws and Seminoles owned negro slaves.

An author who can spare 18 pages to the Indians of Georgia, and who does not even mention Wetherford, Sequoyah, and the Big Warrior, does not do justice to his subject. Prof. Brooks

slightly mentions William McIntosh, but leaves the impression that he was fleeing from his enemies, when killed. That is most incorrect. McIntosh died as bravely as any warrior that ever faced a foe. He did *not* run out of his house: he fought inside the house, was shot down in it, was dragged out into the yard, and was butchered there, defying his enemies to the very last.

With *all* the authorities unanimous on this point, it was inexcusable for Prof. Brooks to say of this cousin of George M. Troup, this friend of the whites, this comrade-in-arms of Andrew Jackson, that "he was shot as he ran out of his house."

The colonial period in Georgia is full of incident and interest. A fascinating story could be made out of it, by one who has the gift of narration.

How Oglethorpe came to fix his attention upon the colony; how he dealt with the Indians and the Spaniards; how he made explorations, treaties, campaigns and settlements; how the Quakers came and bought their 40,000 acres; how the churches and schools were founded; how the Georgians fought the British, and sent the powder that was used at Bunker Hill; how the Georgians sent food to the New England troops; how the gallant band of Captain Cone defeated the British raid up the St. Mary's; how the heroic volunteers rode with General Elijah Clarke to King's Mountain, and helped to win that turning-point battle of the Revolutionary War; how the Whigs used to fight the Tories; and how the British tried to make use of the Indians—all these strands could be knitted into a tale that would thrill the boys and girls—and even instruct the grown folks.

Alas! Professor Brooks has entirely lost the picturesque significance of Queen Mary Musgrove, and he only jots down the name of Nancy Hart in a foot-note, telling the children, in effect, that if they want to know any-

thing about this extraordinary woman and patriot, they must read of her in the book of Joel Chandler Harris! If our children must read other books to learn the history of Georgia, why should they be made to study the book of Professor Brooks?

In a History of Georgia which singles out Murphey Candler and Dr. L. G. Hardman for honorable mention, and hands down their illustrious names to future ages, I *do* think we should find some information about the Polish nobleman who came across the seas to fight for us, and who consecrated with his life-blood the independence our forefathers won. Count Pulaski ought to be a sacred memory to all Georgians.

(The Polish name seems to have been, Palausky. He was a General in the Polish army under the King (Poniatowski) who had been forced upon Poland by Catherine of Russia and Frederick the Great of Prussia.

General Palausky formed a conspiracy against King Poniatowski, had him kidnapped, and came very near causing him to be killed. The King owed his escape to the darkness of the night, and the dispersion of his captors. The one man who was left in charge of him (Kosinsky by name) relented, and the King got back to his friends.

Two of the kidnappers were put to death, but Kosinsky was pardoned and pensioned. The others engaged in the capture of the monarch were sentenced to life imprisonment. Gen. Palausky, the author of the plot, made good his escape to America.)

Professor Brooks is not accurate in his statement concerning the Salzbergers. They were not driven out of South Germany by the cruel persecution of their local prince. Their local ruler had no such power. Their Roman Catholic Bishop *commenced* a local persecution, and the Salzbergers commenced a local resistance; but the

Hapsburg emperor of Germany sent his imperial soldiers to back up the Bishop; and the result of the business was, that the Hapsburg tyrant ordered the Salzbergers to quit his dominions within a given time. He drove out these Bible Christians, *because* they would not submit to the Jesuits and the Pope; and he did it in violation of the Treaty of Westphalia, which ended the Thirty Years' War.

The present awful war in Europe was caused by the same Hapsburg family, the same Jesuit intrigues, the same Italian papacy, and a similar violation of a solemn Treaty.

Professor Brooks is also in error when he tries to account for the disfranchisement of Roman Catholics by the laws of Georgia. It is not accurate to say that the colony denied toleration to Romanists because of the Stuart attempts to regain the English throne. The cause lay deeper. The Catholics were denied political privileges for the reason, that they were regarded as the subjects of a foreign potentate who was the historic and deadly enemy of civil and religious liberty. The New England colonies which outlawed the papists acted from the the same motive. Massachusetts now bitterly rues the day she changed her laws, and allowed the priests of Rome to gain control of her affairs.

Our forefathers knew Roman Catholicism: the men from France, from Holland, from Germany and from Protestant Ulster knew too well the true inwardness of the Papal system. They had felt its fangs, they had seen it kindling fires around Christians who refused to become the Pope's vassals—and they hated it and dreaded it. The years passed in and out, the few Catholics who were among us *needed toleration*, and their priests behaved very meekly, indeed. The descendants of the Huguenots, the Presbyterians, the Salzbergers, and the Episcopalians forgot what their ancestors had told of

the horrible Catholic system. We opened wide the doors of Immigration, and the Pope launched his hordes upon us.

The wealth of the Hapsburg family and the Austrian empire reinforced the work of the Jesuit and the Popes—and now the terrible shadow of Popery is falling upon our Republic.

The Jesuits are in the secret councils of our rulers; the priests pull the wires of our national politics; our press is cowed and muzzled; and the voice of Rome is heard dictating to the Federal Government its policy toward Mexico.

Professor Brooks makes brief mention of General Clarke's attempt to establish an independent little state of his own, on the western bank of the Oconee River, but does not tell us how Governor Matthews tried his hand at the same thing in Florida. Those were interesting facts, especially, the experiment of Matthews, for it is certain that President Adams was secretly in cahoot with the Georgian. Tradition has it that Matthews was so enraged by the way Adams went back on him, that the furious Georgian threatened to lick the President in the White House. To mollify Matthews, President Adams appointed the son of the ex-Governor to a fat land-agency in the Alabama country.

Our old friend, "the Yazoo Fraud," gets a chapter from Professor Brooks, but he omits the vivid picture of the Georgia legislature, assembled in the little square in Louisville, with James Jackson standing at their head, sun-glass in hand, and catching "the rays from Heaven" to burn the odious Act which had authorized the sale of 40,000,000 acres, of land for a trifle.

In Sparks' "Memories of Fifty Years," we are told that the ring-leaders in that early "Credit Mobilier" rotteness suffered vengeance at the hands of their infuriated constituents. Some had their dwellings burned, some

were lynched, and one who fled to Virginia was followed and killed.

Our Professor tells us that Governor Matthews was "weak and incompetent." He was neither weak nor incompetent. He made a mistake in signing the Yazoo Act, just as General Wade Hampton made a mistake in joining the Yazoo Company. Matthews had been a most gallant soldier in the Revolutionary War, and was left for dead on the bloody field at the Battle of Eutaw Springs. Doubtless he knew Gen. Wade Hampton personally, and whether he did or not, he was bound to have the highest opinion of Hampton, as a soldier and a patriot. Therefore, Matthews would be as slow to believe that General Hampton would lend himself to a fraudulent speculation, as a Confederate soldier would have been to suspect General Gordon.

Governor Matthews enjoyed the confidence and friendship of William H. Crawford, and that, of itself, is a testimonial to his ability and character. It was on Crawford's advice that George Matthews (son of the Governor) moved into the Yazoo country and made his home there. He married into one of the best families of Mississippi, and became Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of that State. No man in Mississippi was more universally esteemed than this Georgian, who, like so many others "went West."

Professor Brooks devotes quite a number of pages to national matters, such as the Constitutional Compromises, the Compromises on the Slavery question, the issues between national political groups, the extension of slavery, the Dred Scott decision, the Tariff, the Kansas-Nebraska bill, &c.

You will doubtless agree with me, that those pages would have done the children more good had they been given to description of the manners, customs, sports, pastimes, parties, dances, games, and general social conditions of the

Old Times. It is delightful reading, and instructive too, when you come upon a chapter which pictures the life that was lived in the Long Ago. The material was ample, it lay at hand, and Professor Brooks ought to have used it. Boys and girls are not apt to understand constitutional compromises, tariff systems and the larger questions of government.

In a "History of Georgia," written only a few months ago, and presumably the digest of the most recent information, it is unpardonable to give to Eli Whitney sole credit for the modern cotton gin.

There were several Southern men working hard to perfect a roller-saw gin, at the same time that Whitney was engaged on his machine. He beat them to the patent-office, but his gin did not adopt *the principle* on which Oliver Bull worked. At the old Quaker town of Wrightsboro, *the saw gin* was first made; and it is the invention of Oliver Bull that fathered the roller-saw machines now in use. Whitney's gin was made on a different principle altogether. If Professor Brooks ever gets out another edition of his book, let him put in it the result of his examination of the court records at Savannah.

The planting and the development of churches is an important thing in the history of a State. The life of nations is closely connected with that of religion, and in Georgia, the churches took a leading part from the very beginning.

Professor Brooks tells almost nothing of this. He curtly mentions the Wesleys, and says nothing of Daniel Marshall, the pioneer Baptist who made so deep an impress upon the State.

Jesse Mercer is ignored, except in a line in a foot-note. In the text of Brooks' history, this pioneer in the establishment of journalism and education does not figure at all!

It was Daniel Marshall's son, Abraham, who organized the first negro

Baptist church at Savannah, and ordained the first negro Baptist preacher, Andrew Bryan. (*Benedict's Fifty Years Among the Baptist's.*)

Surely the founder of Mercer University, of the Christian Index, and of many churches, deserved a place in the gallery of Georgia's great men. What sense of proportion has a writer who will give biographical sketches to W. J. Northern, Hoke Smith and John M. Slaton, while he dismisses Jesse Mercer with a cold sentence of two lines?

What do we learn, in Brooks' *History*, about Lovick Pierce? Nothing, except that a man of that name "opposed secession." Who was Dr. Lovick Pierce? Professor Brooks does not say. He assumes that the school-children already know.

Of Bishop George Pierce, the notice is more nearly just, but it gives no real idea of the man's vast labors in the establishment of Methodist churches, a work that took him into the West and South-west where often his vehicle of travel was an ox-cart.

What is the truth about education in Georgia, before the War? Professor Brooks says that the teachers were "usually hopelessly ignorant of anything beyond the rudiments. They are represented as a wandering class of ne'er-do-wells, too lazy and worthless to make a living in any other way, and not commonly remaining in one school longer than a few months. They were petty tyrants, using the rod with great freedom."

Who was it that "represented" the school-teachers as being that kind of a "class?"

Were the slave-owners so grossly negligent of the interests of their children as to hire school teachers who were totally unfit for the work? You can't condemn the teachers, in bulk, without condemning the parents.

Would men who were careful in buying slaves, and very particular about

horses and mules, be slip-shod in the choosing of school-teachers?

When I started to school at the opening of the Civil War, I was sent to good schools that had long been established. While I was too young to know what the teachers had been in the earlier generation. I heard my father, mother, uncles, aunts, and the grown folks, generally, speak of their school days; and, of course, I had every opportunity to learn the educational condition of the people among whom I grew up. *It was at least as good as it is now.*

Old Columbia County was not exceptional in any way: it was an average Georgia community; and what was true of Columbia was true of all the settled portions of the State. There were academies at Thomson, Wrightsboro, Jemison, Cobham, Appling and Harlem. There were good schools throughout the rural districts. The same teachers taught in the same neighborhoods, year after year. Sons often went to school to the old teachers of their fathers. More than one of the teachers to whom I went, had taught in the Old Field Schools before the War; and some of them were very strict, but I never saw anything which could be classed as tyranny. The switch was sometimes used, and maybe a dull boy would catch it pretty hot; but it was seldom that a bad boy was hit a lick amiss. It was not *policy* for the teacher to be brutal, for the pupils would run away, or be withdrawn; and *that* would ruin the school.

The only teacher that ever dusted my jacket was a beautiful young lady who was employed as private tutor by my father and my uncle: she didn't hurt me much, and she was my dear and loyal friend to her dying day.

Let me tell you a fact that is worth a great deal in this connection: the old deeds and wills, before the War, were generally signed in the writing of the maker, and not by the cross mark. I

found that to be so, when examining chains of title, during a law-practice which covered a period of 25 years. It was my duty to investigate these old papers, and I have handled great numbers of them. Almost without exception, the deeds, bonds, wills, &c., of the Forties, the Fifties, and the Sixties, are signed by the written name and not by the mark of the cross.

Based upon my actual experience and observation, my honest opinion is, that education was more universal and more thorough before the War, than it is today. I believe that the teachers, *as a class*, were more competent, conscientious, and fonder of the pupils than the teaching class of the present time. The huge appropriations made by the State for our Public Schools have created the professional teacher who takes to it as a trade, who looks upon the system as *his*. He runs the school for his benefit, mainly, with a secondary regard for the pupil. The patron is not expected to have any wishes that the teacher is bound to respect; and the scholars are allowed to attend on probation, only. So long as the teacher can keep in favor with the school-board, the patrons can go to Hades! The pupils must be thankful for being allowed to come and remain.

In the old days, the text-books were excellent, and they were used until they were worn out. One set, would serve every child in the family. Now-days, the Book Trust pays a secret bribe to teachers and Boards, and the Trust robs the patrons by a periodical change of text-books. This arbitrary change is a virtual confiscation of the former text-books, and for this outrage there is no redress.

The State authorities and the heads of the Teachers' Association stand together, *in permanent collusion with the Northern Book Trust*, to prevent the State from publishing its own school-books, and furnishing them at cost to the people.

The State publishes the Supreme Court Reports, and furnishes these indispensable books to the lawyers, at cost; but it is impossible to have as much done for the school children.

The strangle-hold of the Book Trust, of the Public School officials, and of the Teachers' Association, is not to be broken.

The children suffer, and often lose what the law intends them to have, because of the greed of the Trust and the collusion of the Public School officials.

The natural consequence is, that while the tax-payers are mulcted for huge sums to maintain "free schools," *we have no free schools*. They not only charge "dues" of one sort and another, but they even impose tuition fees! Therefore, illiteracy grows faster than the appropriations for free schools. Why? Because the whole system is founded upon impractical methods and wrong ideals. The basic idea of the Constitution of 1877 was to give a plain, practical English education to all children, *free of charge*.

The State is spending enough money on the public schools to give every boy and girl a chance to escape the bitter bonds of ignorance; but the money is not doing what it was meant to do, and what it could easily do, *if we could shake loose the knaves who are betraying the people to the Northern Book Trust*.

I venture to say that there are a million school books in Georgia, almost as good as new, that have been rendered useless and valueless, because the dishonest school authorities hungered for more commissions on the sale of new books.

I appeal to all the men of my age to say whether I am not right in my defense of the Old Field School, and the splendid men and women who used to teach them.

Those old teachers have gone their way, to their long home, in the land of the shadows, but they

left their stamp upon generations of preachers, lawyers, editors, doctors, authors, fathers, mothers; and the glories that the South won in field and forum, in war and peace, in literature and legislation, cannot be taken wholly away from our olden-time school teachers, and our Old Field Schools.

The literature of a people deserves mention in any book that claims to be a history; but Professor Brooks finds little to say on that subject. He briefly names Bill Arp, A. B. Longstreet, R. M. Johnston, C. C. Jones, Will Harben, Joel Chandler Harris and Sidney Lanier.

Bill Arp's contribution to literature consisted mainly of a History of Georgia, which was almost as good as Professor Brooks': Judge Longstreet wrote the "Georgia Scenes," which are local in their incident and fun. R. M. Johnston did his writing after he moved away from Georgia, and his books did not quite succeed. C. C. Jones did valuable work among our historical sources, and it is to be regretted that his labors were not continued until he could have given us a *real* history of the State, from the Oglethorpe period down to the advent into our midst of Professor Brooks.

Joel Chandler Harris wrote the best of books for little boys and girls, and he used a language that little boys and girls can understand. I regret that Professor Brooks did not learn to write that way, when he was a little boy.

Sidney Lanier was a true poet, and perhaps a great one. He is an original, striking and pathetic figure in the literary world.

But did Lanier compose anything superior to the lyrics of Doctor Frank Ticknor? Why mention the one, and not the other?

The "Dukesborough Tales," &c., of Johnston, do not begin to compare with the prose sketches of Harry Edwards.

Why name the one, and not the other?

Col. C. C. Jones' "History of Georgia" is a great book, but so is Stephens' "History of the War between the States," and Miller's "Bench and Bar." Will Harbin has published fine novels, but Mrs. Corra Harris has done the same thing.

Judge Longstreet's Georgia Scenes has always been locally popular, but so was "Major Jones' Courtship," the work of Thompson.

James R. Randall, Richard Henry Wilde, Charles W. Hubner, Don Marquis, Frank L. Stanton and Paul H. Hayne are names that will occur to most Georgians, when literature is mentioned; and it would not be a waste of time to mention Dr. J. L. M. Curry.

The battle-tyric of the South, "Maryland, my Maryland," stirs the blood as a Frenchman's is stirred by the *Marseillaise*, and a German's by the "Watch on the Rhine;" surely the man who wrote it should not be ignored.

If I were writing of Georgia authors, and found room for R. M. Johnston and Bill Arp, I would certainly squeeze in a paragraph or two for Chappell, whose sketches of Georgia history are splendid; and for Mrs. Lovett, whose *Grandmother Stories from the Land of Used-to-be* is the most fascinating book of its kind I ever read. If I were able, I would put that charming volume in every school-library of the whole South.

Professor Brooks has much to say about political parties; and, like a nice, careful man, he goes right back to the very commencement of the trouble. He begins on the "Federalists and the Antifederalists," and he drags the helpless school-children over a corduroy road of awfully hard words. He explains how the Antifederalists became Democratic-republicans, and he hands the tots this nut to crack—

"The Democratic-Republicans believed in the exercise of a minimum

amount of government; and the Federalists strove to make the Union a national State by limiting the sphere of State activity and by enlarging and extending the powers of the central government."

Whew! You and I might have some idea of what the Professor wanted to say, but how is an average school-boy to know? Can the average pupil tell the meaning of "a minimum amount of government?" Can the average pupil understand what is meant by "a national *State* limiting the sphere of *State* activity?" The language is not only confusing to young people, but it is not accurate in its statement of the case.

Broadly speaking, the two schools of political thought divided on the question of strict construction, and liberal construction: that is, the Jeffersonians wished the Federal Government to stay inside the lines marked out for it *by the written contract which created it*; while the Hamiltonians claimed that the Union possessed "*implied powers*" which authorized the Federal Government to do anything that was not expressly forbidden in the written Constitution.

After the formation of the Federal Government, there was never any practical question of "a minimum amount of government," for the simple reason that there was a fixed amount which the central organization *had to do*. The real question, from the first jump, was to keep the Federal Government from *going beyond* its duties and powers, as laid down in the act creating it.

But what has all this to do with a History of Georgia? Properly, it does not belong there, except in connection with the Civil War.

There is one political party about which Professor Brooks does not tell anything, namely, the mis-called Know Nothings. We can learn from this History that Benjamin H. Hill was

their candidate for governor, but that's all. Yet the American Party shook the political world in its day, and it tore the State of Georgia wide open. During that fierce fight, Ben Hill invaded the districts of Stephens and Toombs, boldly attacking them in their strongholds. At the celebrated Lexington debate, Hill gave Little Alec such a drubbing that he wanted to fight a duel afterwards. At Washington, Hill sailed into Toombs, and the honors were even; but it was a contest where "Lancelot held his own with pain." What were the principles of the American party? Professor Brooks does not answer. In brief, the gist of those principles was, that *the members of a church who owe allegiance to a foreign power, should not be permitted to hold political office in this country.*

When the Know Nothings sprang this issue, the Roman Catholics were weak in numbers, and the average voter was slow to believe that Italian popery could ever become a menace to our liberties. The Know Nothings did not put their literature, and their educational movement, ahead of their candidates for office. They took it for granted that all non-Catholics understood the deadly antagonism of popish principles and laws, to *our* principles and laws.

The Know Nothings assumed too much, when they took it for granted that the Protestants knew the real nature of the Italian system. The Protestants of that day did not know it. Neither did the average Catholic know it. Even in our day, after several years of anti-Catholic agitation, there are millions of Protestant church members who not only do not know what the Roman Catholic church stands for, but who do not know *why* the Protestant churches were brought into life.

But they are learning mighty fast.

There are more than 400 pages in Professor Brooks' History, and he di-

vides *one* of these pages between W. J. Northern and the Populist party. The number of words given to each, is about the same. But the Populist party rides in the text, while Northern goes down in a footnote; and therefore, the Populists come out a little ahead.

The Professor says—"On the National People's Party ticket, Thomas E. Watson was the candidate for vice-president." That's a fact; but who was on the National People's Party ticket as the candidate for *President*? Professor Brooks ought to have told the children who it was that ran at the head of the Populist presidential ticket. The Professor does not say much about the Pops, who, according to him, faded away because the Democratic party adopted many of the Populist planks, made laws in accordance with Populist demands, and brought prosperity back to the human race.

The Professor is an innocent brother: he never heard of Fusion, stuffed ballot-boxes, fraudulent returns, repeaters, and so forth.

What were those Populist planks which the Democrats took and made into laws? *One* was the anti-barroom plank, for which the Professor gives Dr. Hardman credit. Seaborn Wright and I fixed up that plank in 1896, the first time it ever appeared in a Georgia campaign; and the People's Party consistently stood for it, until Bryan's treachery and the Spanish War put the Populist party out of business.

Another of the demands of the People's Party was for the abolition of the Convict Lease system, for which Professor Brooks gives Murphey Candler credit. The Populist agitated that question in every campaign, and educated the people upon it.

Other demands of the People's Party in Georgia were, the election of all officers by the people; the direct election of Senators; the abolition of the fee system; and the State publication of school books.

Directly growing out of the necessity for two white parties in the State, came *the Populist proposition in 1904 which resulted in the disfranchisement of the negroes.*

Directly, as the benefit of the Populist movement, came the present Rural Free-Delivery of Mail, which has revolutionized country life, vastly tended to the spread of knowledge among the masses, and worked an immense economic saving of time to those who used to travel miles for their mail.

If it was a Georgian who originated this national and universally beneficial service—a service that hurts nobody, and blesses the millions who most need it and deserve it—if a native Georgian did this, Professor Brooks might at least have told the children who was the public servant that did the work.

Moreover, after telling the children who John M. Slaton is, he might have mentioned at equal length, Eli Shorter, Abraham Baldwin, Thomas W. Thomas, Joseph Cobb, Bishop Asbury, Andrew J. Miller, Charles J. Jenkins, William H. Felton, Dr. Battey, and Dr. Lindsey Durham. Dr. Battey was a pioneer in advanced surgery, and Doctor Durham founded a distinct school in medicine.

If in a History of Georgia nearly half-a-page can be consecrated to Hoke Smith, it seems to me that the masterful evangelist, Sam P. Jones, might claim a passing notice. A very powerful and unique figure was that of Sam Jones, original in genius, heroic in moral courage, and tireless in his devotion to duty. Remembering how recently this native Georgian towered above the common level, and how his name and his sayings were on every lip, it gives one a sad sense of the fleeting of fame and the coquetry of historians, to miss this great Georgian entirely from the permanent record which Professor Brooks has compiled.

Some Great Georgians, is the title of one of his chapters. He sketches

seven men, who come under that head; to-wit, Dr. Crawford Long, Sidney Lanier, George F. Pierce, Henry Grady, J. C. Harris, and Judge Logan E. Bleckley.

Two full pages are given to Judge Bleckley; but not a page to Joseph Henry Lumpkin, or Hiram Warner, who were certainly not inferior to Bleckley in mind, or in service to the State.

Chief-Justice Lumpkin's great decisions have not only instructed generations of young men *in the law*, but they have given these young men the highest standard of rich, stately, luminous literature. Some of Lumpkin's masterly discussions of the principles of jurisprudence, are equal to the best performances of Edmund Burke.

As to Hiram Warner, he had a legal head that was almost exactly like Chief Justice John Marshall's.

Are we to lose from our history the inimitable Judge Dooly?

In all the early narratives, the witty jurist of Lincoln county appears in many a racy anecdote that has caused many a hearty laugh; but he is not seen in the book of Professor Brooks.

There are numerous footnotes in which the Professor gives short biographies of other great Georgians; but he slights such celebrities as Walter T. Colquitt, William C. Dawson, Colonel William Cumming, General Glasscock, General Floyd, Linton Stephens, and General A. R. Wright.

I simply cannot understand the historian who, in a carefully prepared History of Georgia, will omit the commander who led the Georgia troops at Gettysburg, and took them farther up those bloody heights than Pickett's men could go.

I cannot understand why a beautiful of a cavalry officer, like P. M. B. Young, should be left out, when he lives so vividly in the army Reports, and in the Virginia books. Jeb Stuart had no better lieutenant than Pierce Young, and it was the headlong charge

he made at Brandy Station that won that hard-fought field—the hottest cavalry fight of the War.

Nor can I understand the omission of General David E. Twiggs, a soldier of three wars, the hero of Palo Alto, and Resaca de la Palma, who was brevetted Major-General in the U. S. Army for conspicuous gallantry at Monterey. Congress thought enough of this Georgian to vote him a golden sword, and my recollection is that New Orleans voted him another, and the State of Georgia, a third: but Professor Brooks does not allow General Twiggs to figure in his book, at all!

It may be that the Lamar brothers (Mirabeau and Lucius Q. C.) do not properly belong to our State history, although they were born in Middle Georgia, and grew to manhood here, as did one of the immortal heroes of the Texas Revolution, Colonel Fannin. It may also be improper to mention those illustrious sons of Liberty County, Joseph and John LeConte, who filled the English-speaking world with their fame as scientists.

Finally, this book leaves out too much that ought to be remembered, and puts in too much that has no right to be there. It is too national to be a good State history, and it is too local to be a good national history.

It is too much broken up into separate subjects, and it does not *keep time*. To use a big phrase, the chronological order is not respected. It is continually going forward in one chapter, and then going backward in the next.

It does not take hold of the narrative, and carry it straight on through. In a book for children, that very thing is a most important thing. All children love stories; and all histories can be made attractive, if the author will go right ahead with the story. But when there are breaks and stops and lack of connection, the mind loses its grasp on the facts. What school-boy, or girl, wants to be held up by Dred

Scott decisions, Constitutional Compromises, Missouri Compromises, and academic definitions of the difference between Federalists and Antifederalists?

The style, as I have already said, is exceedingly stilted and pedantic. That style would kill any book intended for general use. It may be the language of the academy, but it is not the tongue of the people.

There ought to be a difference between a history and a catalogue of events. A dry digest of characters and occurrences is not the story of a people. We ought to preserve history as we raise monuments, partly to commemorate the dead, and partly to stimulate the living.

All normal human beings love distinction, hope for honors, crave recognition and praise. Nobody likes to pass unnoticed, and to sink into a forgotten grave. Because we know how complex is the heart and mind, and how mixed is the motive that drives men onward and upward, we pitch our standard and our rewards to the highest possible plane; and in song as well as story, in the marble which reaches toward the sky, as well as in the memorial celebration, the studied oration and the tribute of perishable flowers, we seek to fire the young into emulative zeal.

The histories of nations, written in the true spirit, *is the sum of all monuments*, the lesson of all lessons, the fountain of inspiration which should shine as the star does, forever and un-fading. Whatever is best, whatever is bravest, whatever is unselfish, whatever is noble, whatever makes for the brighter light and the happier life, should glow on the pages that tell the story of a great, aspiring people.

None of this do you find in Brooks' *History of Georgia*. It is cold, and hard, and dry. It is a skeleton, not covered by warm flesh, not throbbing to the beat of the warm heart. The

flush of life is nowhere in it, nor is there any beauty in its form.

If you were to judge of the human family by this book, you would hardly suspect that Georgia's paradise ever held an Eve within its hallowed precincts.

Womanhood finds no chivalrous Knight in Professor Brooks. If any Georgian of the gentler sex ever cut any ice, anywhere, it escaped his notice. Did a Georgia lady originate the beautiful custom of the Confederate Memorial Day? I don't know, for Brooks is silent. Did a Georgia woman ever write anything that was worth a chinquapin? I don't know, for Brooks leaves me in the dark. Did Georgia women ever organize an influence that compelled the legislature and the governor to hustle, and do about and kill bears? I do not know, for Brooks has not kept me posted.

If it had not been for Southern women, the heroes in Gray could never have kept up for four long years their one-to-four contest with the whole world. If it had not been for our women, there would not be the monument-history that tells the whole world how proud we are of the Confederate soldier. If it had not been for one tireless little woman, (Mary Gay,) there would not be a splendid shaft at the tomb of Alexander H. Stephens.

If it had not been for such devoted women as those of the W. C. T. U. there would not be a State-wide dry law on the statute books of Georgia.

If it had not been for our women, there would not have been so much headway made against the heartless wealth-seekers who want to grind the lives out of little children at the dreary wheels of Labor.

And if it were not for our patient, pious, consecrated, self-denying women, working unselfishly for the charities and the churches, God only knows what would prevent a general collapse.

The good ladies toil of nights, making the fancy articles that are sold in

the bazaars. The good ladies cook the fearful suppers and dinners that are sold and eaten for the glory of the Lord. The good ladies convert their sweet selves into mendicant nuisances, seeking ducats for righteousness' sake.

Then, when the women get the money, the men take it and spend it—grumbling because there isn't more of it.

Do you see that ancient edifice, back there, standing out against the horizon of time, crumbling with age, but still majestic in its grandeur and beauty?

Do you see the graceful, towering column which support the freize, the cornice, the entablature?

Do you have a queer feeling of curious interest, when you recognize the figure as that of *a woman*?

Perfect in grace, strength and symmetry, the column is the statue of the ideal feminine figure; and on her bowed head rests the whole of that stupendous fabric of ancient Grecian art.

Did you ever think what it means?

Theorists have accounted for it in many prosaic ways, and have not been satisfied with their own explanations.

Do not laugh me to scorn if I suggest that perhaps the splendidly intellectual artists of the olden times realized that everything in the State, in the church, in the social life—everything that is elegantly refined and nobly good—rests upon the women.

Caryatides is the architectural term applied to these symmetrical female figures that support the glories of the ancient world.

Even so, in a sense, it is today. The caryatides uphold the entire structure of our modern civilization. The glorious women—wives, mothers, sisters, daughters—stand beneath the weight of social service, industrial uplift, charity help, and church work; and, with their beautiful devotion to duty, *hold it up!*

However, there is no hint of such a truth in Brooks' "History of Georgia."



A Death=Bed Promise

(From Chambers' Magazine)

FROM the darkened chamber where Philip Stourton's wife lay sick of a mortal disease, the doctor had taken his departure, after gentle but ominous words, and husband and wife were face to face in "the valley of the shadow of death." Buoyed up to the last with hope, that might ebb and flow but had never wholly forsaken them, the doctor's warning fell heavily indeed on their hearts; and the pangs of parting came upon them with premature and unlooked-for bitterness.

"I could have wished to live a little longer with you," said the sick lady, in a momentary lull of tears, "and not to leave the bonnie little children so soon with no mother to care for them; but, Philip, you will promise me this, it is my dying request—do not put them in the power of a mother who is not their own; such are always cruel. For the memory of me, dear Philip, and for the sake of the children, promise me not to marry again."

Philip Stourton was silent; he felt all the onerous conditions which a promise of this nature involved. However much he loved his wife—and he loved her devotedly—yet he saw what his partner could not see, that in depriving himself of his free-will to act, he might be creating for himself a lifelong burden and sorrow. But his wife renewed her entreaties, and clasping him round the neck in a passion of tears, besought him not to refuse the request of one so near to the grave. With those dark, beseeching, dying eyes upon him, he could not deny the petition: he promised. Nay, she begged him even to swear that he would be faithful to her memory, and never wed a second wife: and Philip Stourton took the oath, his reluctance vanquished by an

importunity which it seemed almost cruelty to resist.

The nurse who tended Philip's wife was a woman of a peculiar temperament, strictly upright, but fanatical in her notions of duty, and with a strong self-will. She was an old servant, had been in the family of Mrs. Stourton's father many years, and had been selected to accompany the young lady at the marriage. She had a sincere attachment to her mistress, who trusted and favored her, and when the fact became known that Mrs. Stourton could not recover, her grief was violent and uncontrollable. On the day following the scene above described, Philip Stourton, walking almost noiselessly into his wife's sick chamber, observed the nurse bending over the invalid, and taking from her hands a letter, whilst some whispered instructions were being given as to its careful delivery. His entrance seemed to disturb them somewhat; but he was too heavy of heart to heed any thing except the pale face which looked wistfully at him from the pillow. It was a sorrowful day, for before it closed his young wife died in his arms.

During the months of desolate solitude which followed his bereavement, the circumstance of the promise he had given never once recurred to his mind. The great grief swallowed up all minor responsibilities of life. His loss was irreparable, his sorrow inconsolable; with his heart sealed up, as he fancied and wished, against consolation, he went on his cheerless way. But the influences which nature brings to bear upon us in our misfortunes, though slow and silent in their operation, are in the end irresistible. Grieving constantly over his loss, Philip's sorrow grew less poignant. His children be-

came more dear to him, and to a greater degree than he had thought possible grew to supply the place of his dead wife. By degrees their merriment became less grating to his ears. There were times, too, when his disposition recovered its natural tone; intervals of forgetfulness of the past, of hopefulness of the future. The children found a kind but strict foster-mother in the nurse; and his household was a fairly ordered household yet, though not the bright and complete one which he knew before the spoiler had trespassed upon it.

So Philip Stourton lived through his trouble, and found, after a while, in his children, his calling, and his books, both comfort and tranquillity.

In his profession of an architect he worked steadily and successfully; he loved it because he excelled in it and labor of any kind blunted the sense of pain and loss. A wealthy manufacturer had employed him in the erection of some extensive business premises, and afterwards of a private mansion; and on the completion of the latter, arranged a pleasant party to celebrate the circumstance. To this festive gathering the architect received a kindly worded invitation. Philip debated with himself whether he should accept it, and finally concluded to do so. His wife had now been dead two years, during which time he had altogether refrained from society. In his happier days he had been any thing but a recluse, for a gay and buoyant temperament had made him the favorite of many circles; and now the natural desire to mix with men once more began to find a place in his mind. His promise occasionally recurred to memory, but had hitherto caused him no embarrassment or uneasiness. It was no fear on this score that had influenced his mode of life hitherto; and he thought not at all of the circumstance when he consented at last to break in

on the seclusion which had become habitual. Once under the roof of his hospitable friend, Philip's mind quickly took a coloring of cheerfulness and gayety in keeping with the scene. This gayety was, in fact, its most natural phase, and long constraint served no doubt to make each pleasurable impression more vivid. It has been said that he was well fitted to shine in such gatherings; seemed to regain all his old powers on this occasion. Had the reunion been specially and cunningly planned (as it was not) to allure him back into the circle of living sympathies, the object could scarcely have been accomplished more effectually. The lights, the music, the wine, conversation, and repartee, the fair and happy faces about him, made up an atmosphere which a nature like his could not long resist. And when Philip returned to his somber hearth, the shadows seemed less dense, and life more lovable than before; for we look at life through the coloring medium of inward feelings, and to these human intercourse is like sunshine. But was there no special reason beyond for this revulsion in Philip Stourton's mind? He might have answered there was no other; but it was whispered that bright glances had shone upon and fascinated him. Pshaw! glances indeed! Yes, but they were Honor Westwood's glances, and Honor was a very lovely girl.

She was the niece and ward of Mr. Westwood, their host; his heiress, also, it was said. Philip admired her beauty, felt perhaps a little flattered by her favor. But he was not to be taken by the first pretty face that chanced to look his way. Not in the least.

But Philip had or made an errand to the great house within a few days, when an opportunity was afforded to him of judging whether he had not over-estimated the young lady's beauty and courtesy on his first visit, a matter

which curiously interested him; and exceedingly favorable to the lady were the conclusions he came to.

Then more than once or twice or thrice did he repeat his visit, and gradually from his heart and from his hearth faded the dark shade which fell upon them when his dear wife died.

One night, after a prolonged visit to the Westwoods, Philip Stourton returned home, and sat down in his silent study with a flushed and troubled brow. He tried to read, but after turning a page or two the book was thrown aside, and he sat with thoughtful eyes before the fire, absorbed in reverie. Not very pleasant were his reflections, to judge from the muttered words that escaped him now and then, betraying the theme on which his thoughts were busy. He had subjected himself to an influence which few can long resist, more especially when the mind has been acted upon by sorrow and solitude. He found himself suddenly in a forbidden realm, tempted by beauty, affection, companionship, feelings universally welcomed as the highest good of earth. But he was under disabilities; he was not free to choose like others; his promise stared him in the face. A wild mood of passion and remorse, and unavailing repentance perhaps for his rash promise, took possession of his mind, and made the long hours of that night sleepless. He was not so deeply enslaved but that he still retained sufficient control over himself to take what was undoubtedly a wise resolution, if he desired to preserve inviolate the pledge he had given to his lost wife.

Honor Westwood wondered when the summer evenings came and went, but brought not the wonted and welcomed guest. To wonder succeeded disappointment, and to disappointment, the bitter, though only half-acknowledged, pangs of slighted love. Would he ever come again? What discourtesy had she been guilty of? She searched her mem-

ory and tortured her mind in vain. In Philip's absence she brooded over his image, and, as we are all apt to do, overvalued the merits of what she seemed to have lost, till in this way her half-formed attachment ripened into absolute love.

Mr. Westwood missed Philip Stourton, too, and, unacquainted with the true state of affairs, at last sent a pressing summons for him. And what did Philip? With the faculty for self-delusion which is common to us all, he resolved to visit his friend; it was but a pleasant intelligent intercourse he sought; was it manly to shun the society he valued because of this shadowy danger? Honor Westwood was nothing to him: he would go. He went, and in that peculiar mood of mind it may be easily guessed with what results. His early impressions were intensified, a passionate love took root in him, against which all his struggles were unavailing. But the lady was changed too; now Philip had come back, she manifested a certain reserve. He felt the change, and was piqued. Instead of accepting the opportunity thus offered, and placing the intimacy on a footing more consonant to his sense of duty—as had he been at one with himself on the subject he would have done—he determined to combat and overcome this enstrangement. He succeeded. As his visits grew more frequent, Honor Westwood's manner resumed its old grace and warmth, till her uncle began to take note of such small circumstances as led him to suspect that his niece and his architect were—well, no matter—Honor was of age, mistress of a small fortune, and Philip Stourton was an estimable man and his good friend. Smooth as regarded outward influences was the course of Philip's love-making, but his own mind was irresolute and distracted. He felt the fascination which had seized upon him grow day by day in power. He knew that he was palter-

ing with a sacred engagement which he had never proposed to himself to break through, yet he would not terminate the dangerous intimacy, and he dared not look beyond the present hour. He worked hard at his profession, crowded tack upon task, purposely allowing himself little leisure for reflection, but he gave blind way to his impetuous feelings whenever chance or choice led him to Honor's side. He did not neglect his own home; but the nurse (now house-keeper,) to whose management his domestic concerns were intrusted, was far from being satisfied with the state of affairs, and spoke out her mind as she was in the habit of doing. "The motherless children were slighted. Business—if it was business that absorbed Mr. Stourton—should not swallow up home duties; and if it was gay company that attracted him, it was still less excusable." These remonstrances she did not scruple to make to Philip's face, and far from being silenced by his rebukes, let fall expressions which showed a knowledge of the attentions he paid his fair acquaintance, and inveighed bitterly against second marriages. This was sufficiently insolent, but Philip did not care to resort to the obvious remedy. Her well-tried fidelity, and the anxious care with which she watched over the welfare of his children, forbade her being sent away; so her insubordination was endured, and her prate and caprices passed over as necessary evils.

There came a time, however, when Philip's vacillating purpose became fixed, though probably in an opposite direction to what the real balance of his confused feelings inclined him. On a quiet winter evening he and Honor met once again. It might be she was kinder to him than usual, or he himself more susceptible. However that might be, her beauty and the scarcely concealed favor with which she regarded him so far conquered that be-

fore they parted he had asked her to become his wife. And on the morrow, while his mind was filled with conflicting emotions of love and remorse, Honor wrote to him, consenting. It made him very happy, of course. Poor Philip Stourton!

He had taken a step, however, which seemed irrevocable, and he rushed blindly on to the end. Like a man engaged in the commission of crime, he resolutely evaded reflection on the course he was pursuing, though he could not prevent his thoughts from playing at a distance, as it were, round the forbidden point. In incessant labor he endeavored to escape self-examination, indemnifying himself with long evenings of delicious companionship, when conscience, which should then have stung the sharper, was laid to sleep by the all-powerful blandishments of the hour.

After a while the marriage-day was fixed, and the preparations for it were begun. The fact was whispered about, and reached the ears of Philip's house-keeper; but strangely enough that ready tongue of hers for once was mute, though her feelings were any thing but placid, to judge from her stormy face.

One evening, after a laughing dispute about some intended matrimonial arrangement, Honor suddenly remarked: "By the way, Philip, what was the nature of that promise you made your late wife? I have received a curious anonymous letter about you, which I suppose I ought to show you."

Philip's face grew white; he was not able to affect unconcern, the onset was so unexpected and so deadly. He remained silent, breathing hurriedly like a man in pain.

Honor was rather startled when she observed the effects produced by her words, and said: "I am sorry, dear Philip, if I have grieved you by any question, but I have indeed received a letter containing some vague accusation

or other against you. I give not the slightest credence to it, however; neither do I ask you to explain anything if to do so would be disagreeable to you. I can trust you, Philip."

"You have trusted me, Honor, more than I deserve," said Philip; "let me look at the letter."

She handed it to him; it contained but a few words, penned evidently by an illiterate person, and ran thus: "You are about to be married to Philip Stourton, I hear. You have no right to him. Ask him about the promise, the oath he took to his wife who is dead. God will visit you both."

There was no signature. Philip read it thrice, and lingered over it, as though endeavoring to take some resolution in his own mind. He looked at Honor at last, and said: "Could you marry me, Honor, if you knew I had broken a promise such as the letter mentions?"

Honor trembled a little; but after a short pause smilingly said: "Well, perhaps I could, provided it were not a very bad case."

"A death-bed promise—an oath?" said Philip.

The lady was silent for a moment, and her eyes began to fill with tears. "What have you been doing, Philip? What do you mean? Must you break an oath in marrying me?"

"I must," groaned Philip. "I promised my wife on her death-bed not to marry again. She had no right—I feel it now—to impose such a burden upon me. I had no right so to pledge myself; but I did. It is irrevocable; no one can relieve me of it."

"I will not marry a man who has perjured himself," said Honor. "You have been cruel to tempt me so far for this. I can not marry you now, Philip," she repeated; and covering her face with her hands, she sobbed bitterly, and left the room. Philip, too, stole away, crushed and miserable; in his own eyes, hopelessly dishonored.

Truth, loyalty, self-respect are but thin shades dwelling in a human breast, lightly esteemed, seemingly of little power; but when they depart, the pillars of the world seem to have fallen in, so weak and desolate are our lives without them.

If Philip had been less scrupulously honorable, if in his heart he had attached as little weight to the promise made to his wife as his recent course implied, he need not have seen his hopes fall in ruin about him as they now appeared to do. It was not that he lacked the ingenuity to avert it. It had crossed his mind, of course, to deny the vague accusation contained in that miserable scrawl, to impute malice and falsehood to the writer. Who was to know what transpired between him and his wife at such an hour? And Honor Westwood would have been a lenient judge, although in her secret heart she had believed him guilty; but when confronted with his offense, conscience reasserted itself, and constrained him to admit the truth.

Philip went straight home to his study, and there sat down. By-and-by he got up hastily, unlocked a secretaire, and drew out something which glittered in the dull light of the lamp. It was a pistol. He placed it on the table at his elbow, and turned his pale cheek and absent eyes toward the fire. Did he see faces there, as we all do occasionally, when imagination is busy and judgment in abeyance? Perhaps he did. The gentle face, it may be, of his dead wife, earnest, loving, deprecating the evil deed he meditated. The faces, perchance, of his children, touched with dread and wonder, appealing to him not to leave them helpless to the scant mercy of the world. However that might be, a change came over his face before long which augured a better mind, and he put the shining loathsome weapon back.

On the morrow, though his reflections were bitter enough, the despair

which had given birth to that dark thought of the previous night no longer haunted him. It was true that there was an end for ever to his hopes for Honor, but now at least he could face conscience once more. He was even glad, amidst his disappointed passion and poignant sense of humiliation, that he had been prevented from completing his design. The authorship of the anonymous letter perplexed him, though his suspicions finally narrowed down upon his own housekeeper. Yet how could she have possessed herself of the secret? His wife, he felt certain, would never have communicated to her what took place at that troubled interview, but it was possible she might have overheard. He took measures to ascertain, if he could, the truth; but they were of no avail. The woman's sullen answers revealed nothing, and Philip ceased at last to question, though not ceasing to suspect her.

With stern self-discipline, Philip weaned himself from every thing connected with his unfortunate passion, hoping to find, as once before he had found, in labor, solace and forgetfulness. The struggle, though sharp, was in a measure successful, and he calmed down by degrees into content. It would have been harder to him had he seen how dim the fair face of Honor grew beneath the cruel blow dealt her in her trustfulness; and had he heard the apologies she made for him to her own heart, he would most surely have been tempted back. Her sex naturally, it may be assumed, would deal lightly with such an offense. A woman perhaps was wronged, but a woman was the gainer—and promises are but words. Honor was angry with him, it must be confessed; but rather because he faltered than because he allowed himself to be tempted. "She had no right to exact such a promise; he had no right to give it; but the fault was hers. Oh! Philip, had you urged this as some would have urged it, I think I

should have forgiven you." So mused the woman he loved; and it was well for Philip he could not know.

With great chivalry of character, Honor never disclosed to her guardian the cause of the abrupt termination of their engagement; and he naturally attributed it to some petty quarrel originating in a difference of disposition. "You must make it up, Honor," he said more than once. "Write to Philip, and bring him back." But of course Honor never wrote, and Philip never came.

Several months had passed away, when Philip Stourton's housekeeper was taken seriously ill. Meeting the doctor after one of his visits, Philip asked how his patient progressed. "I will not disguise from you," was the reply, "that she is in great danger. I fear she will not recover."

"I trust you are mistaken, doctor," Philip said; "I could ill afford to lose her. She had been a most faithful servant."

The same evening Philip visited the sick-room, and perceived too plainly that he had heard the truth. A peculiar expression came over the pale hard features of the housekeeper when she observed his entrance, and there was an anxiety in her manner of replying to his inquiries which attracted his attention.

"Are we alone?" she asked.

Philip replied in the affirmative.

"I wished much to see you. I know I shall not live long," she continued; "and there is a matter nearly concerning you, of which I feel it my duty to speak—something about your late wife, my beloved mistress."

Her voice was steady, her manner resolute; but she paused, as if debating with herself whether or not to proceed. Philip asked if she referred to the letter received by Honor Westwood.

"Yes, to that, and something beside. Mark, sir, I do not confess I have done wrong. I do not believe it, and I do

not repent of what I have done. But if I had lived, I should have broken silence some day, and I feel I have no right to take my secret out of the world with me. Listen: I nursed Mrs. Stourton when she was a child, and I loved her. Before she died, she called me to her, and confided to me how in the first dreadful moment when the knowledge of her fate came upon her, she had exacted from you an oath that you would never marry again. She told me that in a calmer hour she had considered and repented of that act, but that the subject was too painful to be revived betwixt you again. She intrusted to me a letter which she had written to you, and enjoined me to deliver it to you when she was dead. That letter I never delivered."

Philip was struck dumb by the avowal; the old affection and the new hope, both starting to life at the sound of the dying woman's voice, clashed together within his heart.

The housekeeper went on: "Of second marriages I do not approve, and I do not believe they are happy ones. It was enough for me that my darling wished you not to marry again. She might unsay the words, but she could not unsay the wish, and I followed her wish. Had you not your children to console you, and was I not better to them than a stepmother could be? However, I am leaving you now, and you may work your will. I wrote the letter to Miss Westwood. I do not say forgive me for all this, for I prayed to heaven for guidance, and my conscience does not condemn me."

"Nurse, you have acted a strange

part; I might reproach you, save that you are so near to the time when you will be judged by a higher power. Where is the letter you have withheld?"

The sick woman put her hand beneath the pillow and drew it forth. Philip took it and silently left the room.

In the silence of his study, with a beating heart, he opened the letter, which seemed in truth like a message from the dead. With difficulty he deciphered the loving, sorrowful words that his wife's dying hand had traced to free him from his fetters. Amongst many a blurred passage of tenderness and regret, there was no word of reservation: he stood fully absolved from his oath.

Men's hearts will not cease to beat with love and passion though never so faithful a friend or dear companion is spirited away from their sides. The dead are not forgotten, nor are their memories profaned because we who are left, impelled by irresistible instincts, seek out in the living world those who can best compensate us for our loss. It is but selfishness after all, that commands us to remember, yet forbids us to restore, and

Set our souls to the same key
Of the remembered harmony.

It was not long before Honor Westwood had to weigh another proposal, urged with greater earnestness and new credentials; nor was it long before the bells rang out a merry marriage-peal for Philip Stourton's second nuptials.



Editorial Notes and Clippings

IN the Collection of British Authors, Tauchnitz Edition, there is a volume by Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, entitled *Talleyrand, the Politic Man*. It is quite a full biography, (some 340 pages) of the most unique product of the *Ancient Regime* in France. By birth a grand seigneur, Maurice Talleyrand was by profession a priest; and he not only tasted every flesh-pot that libertine prelates have peculiar opportunities to enjoy, but he took a strong, active hand in demolishing the Old Order.

He was at the death-bed of Mirabeau; and it was to Talleyrand that the dying tribune handed the manuscript of the speech which was read to the Assembly, after the great orator's death. It was Talleyrand who officiated, on the memorable day when Robespierre led the Assembly to the unveiling of the statue to the Supreme Being. It was Talleyrand who helped the Democrats to upset the Royalists, and the Directory to upset the Democrats; and then helped Napoleon upset the Directory, and the Royalists, again, to upset Napoleon; and then helped the Orleanists to upset the Bourbons; and then died, in great sanctity and peace of mind, before he had a chance to betray anybody else.

This chequered record proves that Talleyrand was an able man. You and I may have our opinion as to his character, but we have too much sanity to doubt his very great capacity for taking care of Talleyrand, and making disaster for other people.

The most valuable document found in Bulwer's biography of this "Politic Man," is his Report to the National Assembly of France, on the confiscation of the drossical wealth of the Roman Catholic Church. The lucidity of his argument was equal to its

strength, and in its simple strength was its irresistible force. He says—

"I think it unnecessary to discuss at length the question of church property. What appears to me certain is, that *the clergy is not a proprietor like other proprietors*, inasmuch as that the property which it enjoys (and of which it cannot dispose) was given to it—not *for its own benefit*, but for the performance of duties which are *to benefit the community*.

What appears to me also certain is, that the nation, exercising an almost unlimited power over all bodies within its bosom, possesses—not the right to destroy the whole body of the clergy, because that body is required for the services of religion,—but the right to destroy any particular aggregations of such body, whenever they are either prejudicial or simply useless; and if the State possesses this right over the existence of prejudicial or useless aggregations of the clergy, it evidently possesses a similar right over the property of such aggregations."

Talleyrand then proceeds to argue that the State may, if the national needs require it, take possession of the whole property of the church and appropriate the same to public purposes, provided the State takes upon itself the original duties contemplated in the endowment, and furnishes the ousted clergy with a decent support.

I regret that space is not at my disposal to give in full the masterly reasoning of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Autun, Maurice Talleyrand, in favor of subjecting the vast wealth of his church to public uses—bringing the haughty princes of Rome down from their magnificent palaces and their enormous incomes, to something more nearly resembling the simple sincerity of Primitive Christianity.

As all the world knows, the Catholic

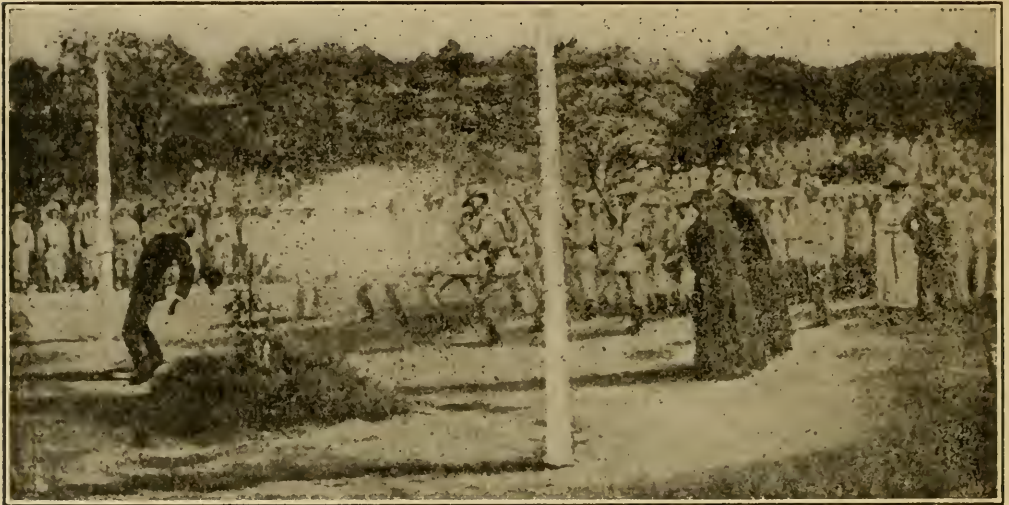
Church then owned one-third of France, and was steadily going after the other thirds. It had to be checked. It was devouring the Nation. Talleyrand's argument carried the day, and the landed estates of the clergy were confiscated.

Confronted with a somewhat similar condition in the Philippine Islands, Mr. Taft did not know how to handle it. If he had been familiar with the principles applicable to church property, and had gone upon the idea that

for the rascals who had scooped those lands, in violation of their own *oath of Poverty*.

Those Spanish Friars had taken the three vows of Chastity, Poverty and Obedience.

The evidences of the Chastity took the shape of illegitimate children, acknowledged concubines, and the enforcement of the feudal right of spending the first night with the Filipino's bride. (See Taft's Report: Sen. Doc. 190: 56th Congress.)



THE PRIEST HAVING THE FILIPINO CHAMPION, RIZAL, MURDERED IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.
DEC. 30, 1896.

it is *always* in the nature of a *Trust*, he would not have allowed the Pope's representative to out-talk him. According to the evidence taken by Mr. Taft's own Commission, the Friars had got the lands by fraud, and had *never* used them for the benefit of the Filipinos.

The Friars had used Church influences to coerce the natives into ceding the land, and had then appropriated the property *to their own personal use*.

Consequently their title was voidable, and Mr. Taft should have taken measures to declare it void. Instead, he bonded the Islands to raise \$7,000,000

The evidences of their Poverty consisted of the choice farms and the choice municipal lots, throughout the Islands. For the land, these Poverty-swearers got \$7,000,000 in cash, and the city property is owned by them, yet. Through the Friars, the Pope owns at least one-half of the cities in the Islands. The main reasons why the U. S. Army is kept in the Philippines are two:

(1.) That our Sugar Trust, and other Trusts, may exploit the "natural resources of said Islands," and

(2.) That the Filipinos may not apply the Talleyrand logic, and the

Henry the Eighth logic, and the Jaurez logic to the ill-gotten wealth of the Pope's all-grasping Church.

As we see the Pope trying to grab the sixteen million dollar Campbell estate in St. Louis, and reaching out for other estates all over this Union, we are beginning to realize what these Italian corporations mean to our future.

A letter from an American who now lives in Havana tells me that I do not know one-half of the tyranny and corruption of Roman Catholicism, where it is in control. "You do not know one-half," the writer says: "No Protestant should ever vote for Wilson again, or would, if the people knew the facts as I do. His acts will be part of history that will hasten the bloodiest religious war of the world. The Knights of Columbus are the advance guard of the next-best army the world ever saw.

"Did you know, Mr. Watson, that eight-tenths of the clerks in our consular service are Catholics, and that practically all our consuls are? Do you know why?"

The Catholic is the only denomination which has a Chair of Diplomacy, and teach diplomacy in any school in the United States; hence, when examinations are held for that service, no one but a Catholic has any show whatever. This is known and winked at in Washington, everybody being afraid to say a word for fear of alienating the Catholic vote. It is fearful, the terror these great men labor under in Washington."

It is not only true that the Romanists train their young men for the diplomatic service, but they train them for the civil service, also. Three-fourths of the clerks in the Departments in Washington are god-eaters and foot-kissers. The Protestants who do not eat their God, and do not kiss

any Papal foot, are almost afraid to breathe naturally in the departmental service.

What else can you expect? When the President, and the Cabinet, and the Supreme Court, and the Speaker of the House all turn out solemnly, respectfully, deferentially and reverently, to see Monsignor Bill Russell change a pancake into the body of Christ; and then look on, with bowed heads, while the Catholics eat this Christ—what *can* you expect of a lot of Protestant clerks whose bread and butter depend on their jobs?

Verily, there is no cowardice quite so utterly despicable as that of the Protestant politicians, crawling in the dust to these arrogant Catholic prelates.

The day of reckoning approaches, AND IT IS COMING FAST!

Speaking of the creation of God out of a wheat-cake: it seems that in the diocese of Dijon (France) the wafers had been made out of potato meal for 15 years, before the bishop found it out. How wonderful! For years and years, the priests had been changing potatoes into gods, and nobody knew it. Probably, they were Irish potatoes, which, having eyes, see not.

What more appropriate article for miraculous service could a Catholic adopt? It is far better than the rice meal which they use in New York.

The following is taken from *The Orphanage Gem*:

"SHOOTING THE DEVIL."

B. A. Copass.

On a recent Sunday morning, the writer went on an early train to Kyle, Texas, with the intention of worshipping with the First Baptist Church and presenting the claims of the San Marcos Baptist Academy. As we got off the train, we saw a number of Mexicans dressed like Indians being taken in a wagon in the direction of the Catholic church. We followed simply through curiosity. When

they got out of the wagons one was seen to be dressed like proverbial pictures of the Devil. The Indians arranged themselves in a circle around the Devil.

Just over the fence back of the church a Mexican exploded some dynamite. "The Devil" fell down as if shot, kicking for a little while and was "dead." The church bell began to toll, and the "Indians" began to dance what looked like a war dance. "The Devil" was dead, the bell was tolling and the Indians rejoicing.

In a few minutes the dancing stopped. Presently I noticed that two old Mexicans went into the building where the priest was and in a little while came out again. The priest also came out and spread his hands as if in blessing. Then the whole performance was repeated. More Mexicans went in to see the priest, another blessing, more dynamite, a dead Devil, and renewed dancing. After the dancers grew weary the priest took them over to a little house by the side of the church and they partook of refreshments. I saw them drinking the contents of some bottles but I could not see what it was. This sort of thing was kept up at intervals throughout the day. There were hundreds of Mexicans present from all over the surrounding country. Many came on trains. I asked several of the Mexicans what it meant, but none of them would tell me. I finally got hold of an American who could speak Spanish. He soon found out something for me. The performance is called "The Service of Shooting the Devil," sometimes called "Shooting the Witches."

But it costs to have the Devil and witches shot. Those people who went into the place where the priest was, were said to be paying him. It was said that for ten dollars the priest would have the Devil shot for one year, so far as that person was concerned.

For five dollars he would have him shot for six months, etc., the length of time depending upon the amount of money. Those who paid the money were, for the most part, the older Mexicans. The younger people among them seemed ashamed, amused, or disgusted. An American restaurant keeper told me that the priest ate in his place. During the meal the priest laughingly said, "Good money today, good money."

When I returned to San Marcos, I talked with a Mexican who is now a Baptist deacon, and another, who was once a Catholic. They told me that "shooting the Devil" or "witches" is a regular service of the Catholics, but that they had never

heard of its being done publicly in this country before. They accounted for it from the fact, there are so many Mexicans in this country from Central Mexico. They are bigoted Catholics. They further said that the regular time for that service was during Lent, and the American said that he, himself, while a Catholic had paid to have the Devil shot. But Lent does not come during the cotton season in Texas. The Mexicans are now making money picking cotton. The priests had to change the time to fit the money calendar. Those poor old Mexicans were paying their cotton money to get the Devil shot so that they might go free for a time.

Is there any reason why a woman who wishes to give herself to Religion and good works, *should be imprisoned for life?*

Nobody has a right to object if a woman, of full age, and therefore her own mistress, decides to become "the Spouse of Christ:" but why should the bachelor priests be permitted to take custody of her, and lock her up for life, so that no other men may have access to her?

Suppose that she changes her mind, after one year or after ten, ought she not have her freedom?

Isn't it against public policy to allow a foreign church to imprison 18,000 American women, *and hold them behind barred walls, under lock and key, FOR LIFE?*

Would we allow the Buddhists, or the Mohammedans to jail 15,000 of our women?

Would we allow the Mormons to do it?

But the priests declare the women don't want to get out.

How do you know?

A man who habitually lies concerning his own private life, will lie about the women whom he keeps in his custody.

The priest can't afford to tell the truth about his private life, nor can he afford to tell the truth about *his imprisoned women.*

These private jails, scattered all over

our country, are an insult to the laws which guaranty personal liberty; are a reproach to the authorities which will not periodically examine them; *and are a standing menace to morality and religion.*

This national menace is all the more ominous, for the reason that girls of immature age, who cannot know their own minds, are advised to obey *the confessor*, rather than *their parents*.

In the Benziger Magazine, an official Catholic publication of New York City, there recently appeared the following question and answer, in its "Question Box" department:

Can a girl of seventeen enter the convent? What amount of money is required?

The best advice we can give in cases where all the circumstances are not known is,—consult your confessor and be guided by him.

For more than a year, a distracted Protestant mother has been trying to rescue her daughter from the clutches of the Catholic convent in Baltimore. She has been in the courts, and her efforts to assert her parental rights have been baffled by the Mother Superior of the Convent.

Last January, (1914,) Judge Bond ordered that the girl be delivered to her mother—but *she mysteriously disappeared*. Evidently, she had been spirited away. Finally, the mother again located the girl, and the case is again pending in the courts.

But it will go against the Protestant mother, for it is in Baltimore, where Cardinal Gibbons is supreme, and the Protestants, apologetic for being alive.

The name of the girl is Madeline Wright: the name of the prison is St. Raphael's Institute: the name of the prison-keeper is Mother De Sales: the mother's name is Mrs. Elizabeth Wright, and her home is Washington City.

In reporting the case, the Baltimore *Sun* says:

Judge Bond decided that Mrs. Wright should have the custody of her daughter and the girl became almost hysterical over the decision. She was permitted to return to the institute to secure her clothing and mysteriously disappeared. Mother De Sales was questioned in court about the disappearance, but Judge Bond declined to consider her in contempt because of the occurrence. For some time the case caused considerable comment, and the mother made a somewhat sensational search for her daughter.

In other words, the Cardinal Gibbons power was greater than that of the Courts.

Suppose that had been a case where the Protestants had custody of a Catholic girl, and were defying the Judge who ordered her surrendered to her parents!

The following is an extract from a letter written by one of the convent prisoners:

"Dear Sister: Do you know that the Spanish girls, who live under your flag do not all have a happy time? The priests of the Roman Catholic Church have a grip upon us, which we cannot easily shake off. Our hearts are heavy and we long for the happiness and freedom, which you enjoy. Surely the followers of Christ have something better in life than what we have been taught, of course, we know that you do not even know our names, but can you tell us of someone, who would be interested in us; even though we may be strangers?"

This victim is at San Antonio, Texas.

The Italian herarchy is composed of a dozen secret societies, each of which has inner rings whose secrets are never known to the outer rings, but collectively the whole organization of organizations is known as The Roman Catholic Church. It is making herculean efforts to suppress free speech and

free press and religious liberty, in this land of *dry-rot Protestantism*.

Religious freedom has already been suppressed in the Army and Navy, to the extent that non-Catholics are compelled, as a matter of military discipline, to attend the heathen mummeries and flummeries that are called Catholic "worship."

Freedom of speech has been suppressed wherever the local frock-wearing god-maker could raise a mob of god-eating hoodlums.

Freedom of press is the next objective, and the god-makers are approaching it through the Postoffice Department.

The bachelors who wear female regalia and create God out of rice, potatoes and cream of wheat, are rousing all the God-eaters to demand that the Government close the mails to everything which *they* consider scurrilous.

The word "scurrilous" is one of great flexibility, elasticity, adjustability, and possibilities.

If the Pope's American subjects could close the mails to everything which *they* consider scurrilous, nobody's robust language, but theirs, could travel.

All the literature which gave birth to the Reformation would be laid on the shelf, at one move.

The word "scurrilous" has a wide range of synonyms, including such vague terms as "abusive," "opprobrious," "reproachful," "offensive," "insulting," "insolent," "vituperative," "invective," "vulgar," "ribald," &c.

If the Postal laws should be amended, as per the demand of the Italian Pope, a Pharisee could stand at Uncle Sam's elbow, and rule out everything that Christ said concerning that self-righteous sect.

Then the Scribes and the Sadducees could raise another point, and rule out everything that Christ said against *them*.

Suppose the Jews of old had had a

P. O. Department, and the rulers had made a law excluding everything that was "reproachful," how on earth could we have learned what Jeremiah and Isaiah had to say about the sins of the wicked?

The wicked would have been "offended," and they would have shut the mail sacks right in Jeremiah's face.

Think how much we would have lost by that!

I am fond of Jeremiah, for he said that God ruled the world by universal, unvarying *Law*.

How would the Roman Catholics themselves fare, if we had a law against scurrility, and if it were enforced against their priests and their papers?

Only a few days ago, the Catholic papers of Pittsburg were full of scurrilous abuse of the Hon. John Lind and his wife. Why? Because these honest people had told *the literal truth about the causes of the troubles of Mexico*.

Did John Lind's eminent position in Minnesota and in the Union screen him from the bitter invective of the Pittsburg *Observer*?

Did Mrs. Lind's sex shield her from coarse, cowardly, malicious abuse? No.

Mr. and Mrs. Lind have been in Mexico for nearly a year, and they had the amplest opportunities to see for themselves what the conditions were down there in that priest-ridden land. They had unusual facilities, Mr. Lind being *the personal representative of the President of the United States*.

Did that fact deter the rabid editor of the Pope's Pittsburg papers? Not at all.

It is the settled, historic policy of the Pope's church to slander, libel and relentlessly persecute *anybody* who dares to oppose the Italian hierarchy and *tell the truth on it*.

There is no controversial literature

on earth that equals the vituperative malignancy, the diabolical mendacity, and the rabid obscenity of that of the Roman Catholic Church.

As between Christ and the Italian Pope, they will libel Christ, every-time.

Here was another vow-of-poverty papist:

PRIESTLY POVERTY.

The newspapers of Minneapolis, Minn., call attention to the fact that Priest Thos. C. Kennedy, for forty-five years in charge of Sacred Heart parish at Belle Plaine, died possessed of an estate valued at \$400,-

the world that have virtuous women; **THERE ARE NO VIRTUOUS WOMEN IN THE PROTESTANT CHURCHES.**—Father Corbett, of Duluth.

Why is it that this insolent bachelor-priest made such an assertion?

It is because the Canon law of his Italian Church teaches him that nobody except the Italian Pope, can lawfully sanction marriage. That's *the law* of the Roman Church.

That's the law which the *Ne temere* decree puts on top of our American law.

Only the Italian Pope and his



THE MEXICAN PATRIOTS BURNING THE CONFESSIONAL BOXES: THERE WAS REASON.

000. It would seem from this fact, revealed by a contested will, that the self-sacrificing poverty of a priest is not so distressing as poverty is usually supposed to be.

When the U. S. Income-Tax-law went into effect, Archbishop Blenk was among the first of the priestly paupers to make his returns.

Gibbons, Farley, and O'Connell kept the lid on, as to theirs.

Is it scurrilous for Roman Catholic priests to preach and publish such language as the following?

You Catholics ought to be proud of your women, because you are the only people in

priests, can marry people. All other pretended marriages are null, void, adulterous—"legal concubinage," as they delicately express it.

Is it "scurrilous" for one of these rotten bachelor *convent-keepers* to talk about *your wife, and your mother, and your married daughter*, in that style?

On one of the official records in New Jersey there stands the following entry, written by one of the insolent, lawless priests—

"Parents, contracted marriage before Calvinist preacher, *which is nothing*, under latest decree of our Popo Pius X.; therefore the boy is illegitimate.

CAROLUS RADOCZY.
Roman Catholic Curate."

The entry was of course a birth certificate as required by New Jersey law. For obvious reasons, I have omitted the boy's name.

This insolent, lawless priest branded that boy *as a bastard*, although he was a legitimate child under the laws of the United States.

Why did the priest enter that libelous statement upon the official records of New Jersey?

Because of the Pope's *Ne temere* decree!

In the eyes of these American priests the laws of Italy override the laws of America. When I say the laws of Italy, I mean the laws made in Italy by the Italian Pope.

(If you wish to verify the fact as to this New Jersey case, consult *The Christian Herald*, of New York City, under date of August 14, 1912.)

Under that infernal *Ne temere* decree, happy homes have been broken up in every land in Christendom.

Some of these tragedies have happened in my own State of Georgia.

I know of two cases, at Macon, where husbands and wives have been separated by the lawless priests who place the laws of Georgia underneath the laws of Rome.

One of the cases was that of the Central Railroad engineer, Bernard Brown.

The other was that of a young couple just beginning life, the husband (Sinclair) being a Catholic, and the wife, (Miss Taylor,) the daughter of a Baptist deacon and prominent planter in Bibb County.

It is a crime for a husband to desert his wife, and the law is enforced against Protestants; but the grand juries wink at the crime, *when it is committed at the instigation of a priest.*

Under our law, those priests are as guilty as the husbands who desert their families, and they ought to be handled.

It is a shame and a disgrace that

we should allow any law to override the laws made by the law-making bodies of this Union.

The men who introduce and enforce foreign laws, annulling ours, and destroying homes, *are the worst sort of criminals and traitors. THEIR LAWLESSNESS AND TREASON SHOULD BE STERNLY PUNISHED.*

The Italian Pope has officially declared that all such men as you and I who are married outside the Catholic Church are not married at all. We are living in "legal concubinage," and our sons and daughters are bastards!

Pope Leo XIII., in his Encyclical, entitled "Inscrutabili," of April 21, 1878, declared:

"Impious laws, taking no account of the sacredness of this great sacrament, placed it on the same level as all mere civil contracts; and the deplorable results has been that citizens, desecrating the holy dignity of marriage, **have lived in legal concubinage, instead of Christian matrimony.**"

The Western Watchman, in its issue of March 28, 1812, said:

"A civil marriage is only licensed cohabitation. There should be no legal abomination and the church should be the supreme judge of the marriage relation."

Father Minehan says:

"A marriage outside of the Catholic church is not better than a deal on the cattle market, a mere mating of animals."

These declarations are all in accordance with the decree of the Council of Trent, called the "*Ne temere*," concerning the marriage relations.

Three and a half centuries ago, 255 holy bachelor fathers attached their signatures to it, 189 of whom were Italians, 31 Spaniards, 26 French, 3 Irishmen and 1 Englishman, with a few others of various nationalities, **presuming to make marriage laws for all mankind forever.**

Protestant Germany prohibited the promulgation of this outrageous *Ne temere* edict in her territory, and Catholic Italy has, passed laws making it a criminal offense for any priest to interfere with the peace of any family under penalty of fine and imprisonment and suspension from office.

But America and Great Britain permit a foreign hierarchy to place the brand of

infamy upon the holiest family relationships of fatherhood and motherhood and even of innocent helpless God given childhood.

The Public Printer mentioned below, is the first who ever was furnished, by the Government, a magnificent automobile, at public expense:

PROTESTANT PRINTERS DISCHARGED.

Cornelius Ford, the newly appointed Roman Catholic head of the department of printing at Washington, is discharging all the Protestant printers and putting Roman Catholics in their places. Ford and Tumulty are working hand in hand and if the next five-dollar bill you get hold of has a picture of the pope of Rome on it, you needn't be frightened, as it is only another step in the campaign to make America Catholic. Some of the Congressmen claim to be sore about the matter and threaten an investigation, but it is hardly likely that Tumulty will allow anything of the kind to occur under his administration as President.—Long Island Masonic News.

Senator Joseph Ransdell of Louisiana, is one of the honorary vice-presidents of the concern which prints the most untruthful magazine in America. The name of it is, *Truth*.

It comes out of New York City, out of which many other things come.

In the Jan. 1915 number a fellow by the name of John Sutton writes:

The grafters who started **The Menace** have reaped a harvest of dollars, and this has been an incentive to obscene rascals all over the country to start similar publications. These people are inoculating with their poison a large, and, let it be said with all due deference to the public schools, a densely ignorant population. So widespread has this moral and mental infection affected the people of the South that the Democrats of the Georgia Tenth Congressional District adopted in their convention platform, last August, the following paragraph, aimed without doubt at the Catholic Church:

"The doom of the American's priceless constitutional privileges will have been sealed the moment her governmental affairs become dominated by men whose

supreme allegiance is to that church which disputes the authority of a secular government and whose high priests arrogate to themselves the viceregal powers of heaven."

Fancy the intelligence of men who could subscribe to such a specimen of Watsonian anti-Catholic rot.

Well, what about it? Isn't it true that the Canon law of Popery arrogates to the Roman Church supreme power over all men, all government, all nations?

Isn't it true that there is a deadly antagonism between the principles of our Government and the principles of Popery?

The trouble and the danger is, that *the Roman Catholic priests won't tell American Catholics the truth about the Italian hierarchy*, and they are furiously angered at the idea that any one else should reveal it.

They are not afraid of slander and falsehood: what they dread is EXPOSURE!

In this same number of *Truth* magazine, you have an example of how the priests conceal the truth. They give an account of the punishment of the ex-nun, Anna Lowry, whom they have so venomously persecuted, and whom they prosecuted for using *obscene language in public*.

They gloat over the fact that she was convicted, and that, on appeal, her conviction was sustained.

Does Senator Ransdell's *Truth* magazine tell the whole truth about the case?

No: it couldn't afford to!

What was the real truth?

Anna Lowry in addressing a *meeting of women*, recited some of the *horribly vile questions which bachelor priests habitually pour into the ears of American girls*.

It is not even pretended that she said a word that was false, nor that a single word of her own was obscene.

The Romanists prosecuted her be-

cause she told the truth on the profligate priests, who use those hideously immoral questions, in the confessional box, in order that they may discover which wife, or which daughter, can be safely invited into the sacristy—the priest's private room which in the case of Cardinal O'Connell's priest, Petrarca, was the scene of his rape.

Senator Ransdell's *Truth* magazine doesn't tell its readers anything about Cardinal O'Connell's Bishop Beaven, *who knowingly appointed a libertine priest* to a parish which was not put on its guard against the wolf. At the altar rail of the Sacred Heart church, this wolf seized a Catholic girl, bore her into his sacristy, and violated her person.

The Supreme Court of Massachusetts declared that the evidence showed that Bishop Beaven knew the licentious character of the priest, and knew he would try to seduce the women of his parish.

But the Court said the Bishop could not have known that the priest would *rape* the Catholic women under his pastoral care. Evidently, the women were expected to submit!

Why doesn't Senator Ransdell's *Truth* magazine tell American Catholics about *that* case?

Why hound poor Anna Lowry for reciting a passage out of Saint Liguori? Why not *go after Cardinal O'Connell*, who has not rebuked Bishop Beaven, or unfrocked priest Petrarca?

Is this libertine priest still running amuck among Catholic women?

Senator Ransdell's *Truth* magazine quotes the language of the English Judge who affirmed the conviction of a man who had exposed the bachelor priests:

"THE CONFESSIONAL UNMASKED."

"In Reg. vs. Hicklin (L. R. [3 Q. B.] 360) the defendant was charged with misdemeanor for selling a book entitled 'The Confessional Unmasked showing the de-

pravity of the Romish Priesthood, the iniquity of the Confessional and the questions put to females in Confession.' Cockburn, C. J., writing the opinion sustaining the charge, says: 'The very reason why this work is put forward to expose the practices and propensities of a certain description, to do mischief in the minds of those to whom such questions are addressed, by suggesting thoughts and desires which otherwise would not have occurred to their minds. If that be the case between the priest and the person confessing, it manifestly must equally be so when the whole is put into the shape of a series of paragraphs, one following upon another, each involving some impure practices, some of them of the most filthy, disgusting and unnatural description it is possible to imagine. . . . We have it, therefore, that the publication itself is a breach of the law.'"

The decision of Chief Justice Cockburn amounts to this:

If the alleged questions are actually put by priests to women, in the Confessional, those questions suggest practises that are of the "most filthy, disgusting and unnatural description," but whoever exposes the priest, injures the public, *in the same way*.

That is precisely the logic of the English decision.

As I argued to Judge Foster in my own case, the logic relied on by the priests, *to conceal their own sins*, leads to the absurd and monstrous conclusion, that *the worse the vice, the safer from exposure*.

Let the priests establish a practise, or adopt a language, that is so utterly vile that the coarsest men are ashamed to repeat it to one another, *and the priests will be protected in using it to refined ladies, BECAUSE it is a crime to expose them!*

Let the priests establish a usage and a language too nasty to go upon a court-record, and then the law will punish, *not the priest who pollutes women with that filth*, but the men who are *trying to save pure women from impure priests!*

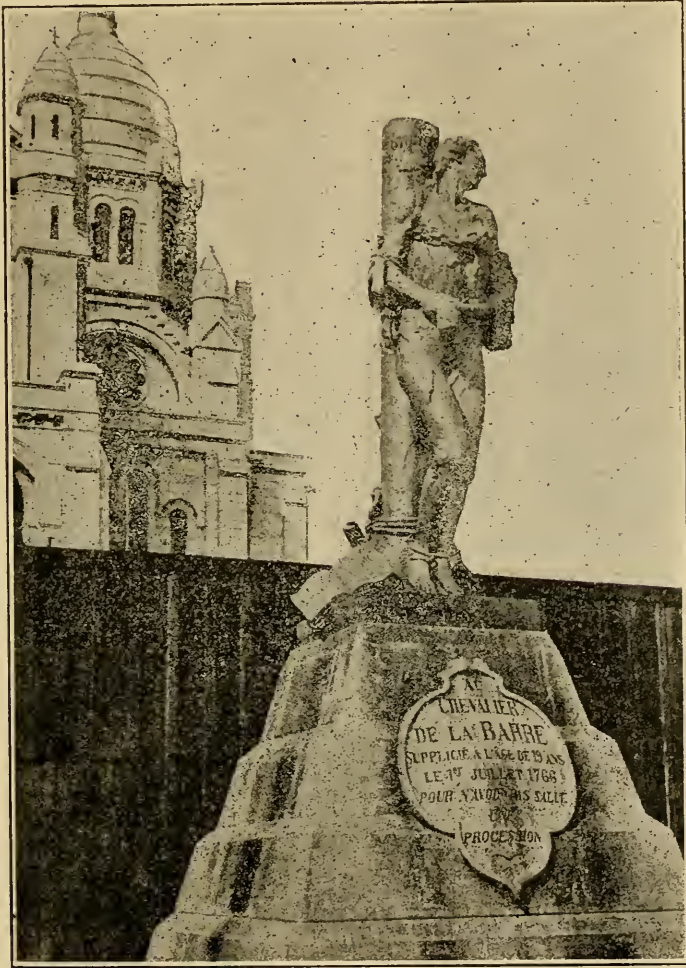
No wonder the priests sunk Central

and South America into the cess-pool of illegitimacy and mongrelism: *it was a crime to tell on them.*

Senator Ransdell's *Truth* magazine states, in reply to a correspondent's

This editorial statement comes presumably from Rev. Wm. F. McGinnis, D. D., the Editor-in-Chief, or from Rev. Ward G. Meehan, Associate Editor.

It was in 1520 that Luther burnt the



A FRENCH MARTYR—TORTURED AND KILLED BY THE PRIESTS FOR NOT BOWING TO THE PAN-CAKE. 1766.

question that, "no less than seventy editions of the entire Bible had been printed in vernacular tongues before the dawn of the so-called Reformation, and with the approbation of the Holy See, and in one instance at least, in Spain in 1478, with the formal permission of the Inquisition."

Bull of Pope Leo X.—*the libertine who was operated on by the surgeons for a venereal disease during the sitting of the Consistory at which he was elected Vicar of Christ!*

(See Sanger's *History of Prostitution*: edition of 1899, page 158, and authorities there cited.)

It was in 1450 that Gutenberg set up his types, and brought out the first printed Bible, *in Latin*.

Now the editors of *Truth* would have us believe that Europe was flooded with 70 editions of the Bible between the years 1450 and 1520. They would have us believe that not only did the Pope encourage the translation of the Book into the common tongue of the people, but that the Inquisition in Spain did the same thing.

Why, then, did the Pope have William Tyndale kidnapped, strangled and burnt for having translated the New Testament? Why did the Pope murder this true Christian at Vilvorde, in 1536, on account of his English translation, if seventy other translations into common language had been permitted?

Why was John Wycliffe, some years later, savagely persecuted by the Pope for his English version of the Bible, and why did the Pope's English agents buy up and burn the Bibles?

And why did the Spanish Inquisition cruelly imprison so noble a Catholic Spaniard as Louis Ponce de Leon, *in the sixteenth century*, for having shown to one friend a translation of the Song of Solomon?

(See Sismondi's *Literature of Europe*, Vol. II., page 210.)

In Alfred Von Reumont's *Lorenzo the Magnificent*, Vol. I., page 437, we are told that even some of the convents had no Bibles at all—Greek, Latin, or translation—and that a copy of the Book cost *eleven gold florins*.

As the florin was a couple of cents less than our half-dollar, and the coin was then about ten time more valuable than now, each copy of the Scriptures represented at least fifty dollars!

How many of the common folk could even now pay that price for a Bible? The price itself proves the scarcity of the copies.

The literal truth is, that Germany had no German Scriptures in general

circulation until Luther made his translation; and the English speaking world had none, until the Wycliffe version.

And even if there were Catholic translations, does not everybody know that the Pope and his Council of Trent had forbidden—and *still forbids!* the Catholic laymen to "search the Scriptures?"

So far as Spain is concerned, the Pope did not allow any version of the Bible, in the tongue of the people, until the year 1782, and even after that late day, the Book was confined to such an expensive edition that none but the rich could buy it.

Not only the Pope and his Spanish Inquisition forbade the translation of the Bible into the Spanish language, but King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella issued a royal decree to the same effect.

(See McCrie's *Reformation in Spain*. Pages 74, 190 to 205, 349, 373-4, 380 and note.)

Even to this day, the common people in Spain have no Bibles and are not free to have any. The priests oppose it.

(See Borrow's *Bible in Spain*.)

In a recently published book, *The Truth About Spain*, (G. H. B. Ward, Cassell, New York and London, Publishers.) you will find statements like these—

"Sellers of Bibles are the frequent victims of annoyance, ill-usage, and sometimes imprisonment. The method of persecution is almost always the same. A priest assaults the colporteur, or incites the crowd against him. . . . *The Bibles are afterwards destroyed by a public bonfire*"—just as the priests burned the Bible in the Philippines a few months ago!

Inasmuch as these truthful American priests are impudently unloading upon Ferdinand and Isabella the whole responsibility for the atrociously infamous Inquisition in Spain, I will repeat that this murderous institution was set

up in Spain by virtue of the Pope's decree, dated Nov. 1, 1478.

Under this Papal decree (Bull) Ferdinand and Isabella named the first Spanish inquisitors on the 17th of September, 1480.

It was on the 2nd day of January 1481, that these secret torturers and assassins began their hellish work, *in the Dominican convent*, at Seville.

Two years later, the infernal friar, Torquemada, was put at the head of this secret and merciless Mafia of the Pope, and it was he who used all the fearful power of Rome and bigotry to drive Spain into its frightful excesses against Jews, Moors and "heretics."

(See McCrie's Reformation in Spain. Page 89., *et seq.*)

Before Mr. Roosevelt lets himself go too far in denouncing Messrs. Taft and Wilson for not having recognized Huerta, let him re-read the following:

HUERTA "EXECUTIONER" TELLS OF HIS WORK.

Has No Record of Number of Men Put to Death.

By William G. Shepherd.

Vera Cruz, May 19.—"I didn't keep count of them."

This was the reply of Dr. Aureliano Urrutia, refugee from the wrath of General Huerta, when asked today how many men had been put to death in Mexico City in the last 12 months.

The "removal" of countless Mexicans of high and low degree during the rule of Victoriano Huerta was calmly discussed by Urrutia, once Minister of the Interior and credited with being Huerta's "secret executioner." He admitted that many were summarily killed, but denied all personal responsibility.

"How many Mexicans have been assassinated?" Urrutia was asked.

"I do not know," he answered. "I was blamed for them all, but I did not do them."

The former Minister spoke bitterly, mindful of the deep resentment still manifested against him by the Mexicans at Vera Cruz. Even as he talked in the

Hotel Diligencia a muttering crowd could be seen in the plaza outside, but American marines kept the crowds moving. Urrutia fled within the American lines, he said, to save himself and his family from the wrath of Huerta. He is under the protection of General Funston.

"Were many killed secretly?" was asked. "Yes, but I do not know how many," was the cautious reply.

Dominguez, Huerta Critic, Killed.

"Is it true that Dominguez, the Senator who arose in his seat and criticized Huerta, saying that the criticism was his last will and testament, was killed?"

"Yes, he was killed."

"Is it true that he was taken to your sanatorium before he was shot and his tongue cut out by Huerta's orders?"

"That is a lie," vehemently answered Urrutia. "That was started against me by jealous Cabinet members."

"Were not you Minister of Gubernacion and responsible for executions when Huerta ordered them?"

"Yes," came the weary reply, "but I only followed orders."

"How was Dominguez killed?"

"Taken out and shot, I suppose, as was usually done."

"How many were killed?"

"I do not know."

"Were as many as one hundred political opponents of Huerta shot in this way by Huerta's orders?"

"I did not keep any count," Urrutia persisted.

Huerta Ordered Rendon's Death.

"Who was responsible for the killing of Rendon, the Maderista Senator?"

"President Huerta ordered that to be done and the order was carried out. There was nothing else for me to do."

As all the world knows, the Judas who betrayed and murdered Madero, was financed, to the amount of \$10,000,000, by Archbishop Mora, and other high-priests of Roman Catholicism.

The Rev. William Sabbath must possess genius, else he would not hold public attention as he does.

He is quoted as having said, in his recent Philadelphia meetings:

"Don't you dare stand up and say God has nothing to do with wars. How do you

know God doesn't mean for the Allies to punish Germany for the miserable heresy that crawled out of Leipsic and Heidelberg? How do you know that he doesn't mean for Germany to punish Russia for Russia's persecution of the Jews? God won't stand for persecution of the Jews. How do you know God doesn't mean for Germany to punish France for France's tearing down of the monasteries?"

If the Allies are being used by God "to punish Germany for the miserable heresy that crawled out of Leipsic and Heidelberg," it would seem that the method selected by the Almighty is awfully bad for Catholic Belgium. To wipe out the Catholics of one country, as a punishment for heresy in another, hardly looks fair.

If Germany is being used by God to "punish Russia for Russia's persecution of the Jews," it's awfully tough on the German and Austrian Catholics, who are being slaughtered by the hundreds of thousands by the Russians.

Billy Sunday says, "God won't stand for persecution of the Jews." Then, He has changed His mind, since Billy quit playing baseball, and took up something more remunerative. God

stood for a thousand years of persecution of the Jews, when the Roman Catholics were the persecutors.

If Germany is being used by God "to punish France for France's tearing down of the monasteries," then it would appear that God cares more for a few hundred old houses, then he does for hundreds of thousands of innocent men, women and children.

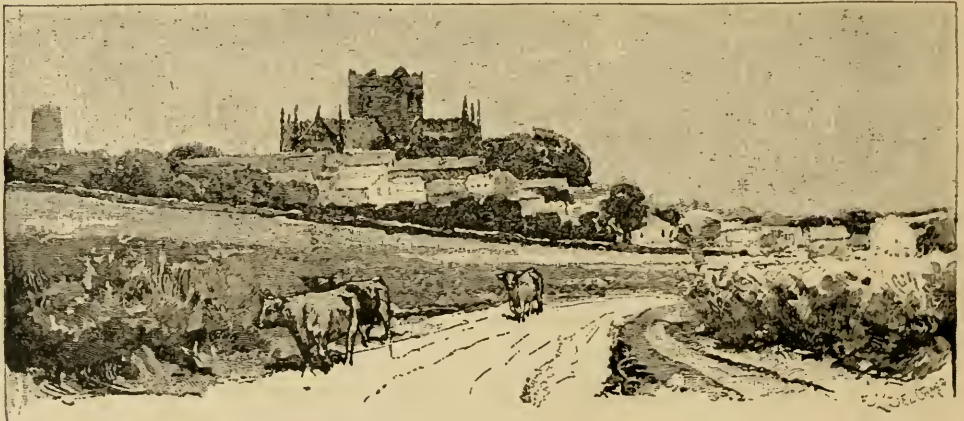
If Billy Sunday knows what God wants, and will "stand for," the French priests evidently do not. Here is what *they* preach:

Paris, Jan. 8.—Le Matin, representative Paris newspaper, publishes a statement which may not be believed outside the allied countries. It throws a sombre light on the hatred and bitterness aroused by war:

"The clergy in the devastated regions of France," it says, "are from the pulpit advising women to slay the innocents born of German fathers.

"One priest is quoted as saying:

"You must not perpetuate the abomination of which you are the innocent and saintly victims. I will give you absolution before God and men, and if the act be accorded unto you as a sin, let its expiation fall upon me.'"



The Telephone Unites the Nation



AT this time, our country looms large on the world horizon as an example of the popular faith in the underlying principles of the republic.

We are truly one people in all that the forefathers, in their most exalted moments, meant by that phrase.

In making us a homogeneous people, the railroad, the telegraph and the telephone have been important factors. They have facilitated communication and intervisiting, bringing us closer together, giving us a better understanding and promoting more intimate relations.

The telephone has played its part as the situation has required. That it should have been planned for its present usefulness is as wonderful as

that the vision of the forefathers should have beheld the nation as it is today.

At first, the telephone was the voice of the community. As the population increased and its interests grew more varied, the larger task of the telephone was to connect the communities and keep all the people in touch, regardless of local conditions or distance.

The need that the service should be universal was just as great as that there should be a common language. This need defined the duty of the Bell System.

Inspired by this need and repeatedly aided by new inventions and improvements, the Bell System has become the welder of the nation. It has made the continent a community.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

Georgia Legends

The Legend of the Cherokee Rose

Eleanor Young

The sunlight played with the forest-stems
 And the sunbeams danced in the frothing river,
 As the water leaped over rocks and crags
 Like a Cherokee warrior rushing to war
 And sounding his war-song ever.

On the banks of the river made dark with the shade
 And sweet with the fragrance of woodvine's breath,
 A Cherokee daughter of Cherokee chief
 Wandered, lamenting her lover's fate,
 A Seminole warrior doomed to death.

While the lover lay ill in the hut of the chief
 And the Cherokee maiden her watch was keeping,
 She heard her father, the Indian chief,
 Say "The Seminole warrior soon must die,"
 And the maiden wept o'er her lover sleeping.

Now sought she comfort from forest song;
 Now sought she comfort from river's flowing;
 She wandered far in the Indian wood,
 Where the pines grew straight like a warrior's limbs,
 And the Cherokee rose was growing.

And she looked at the heart of the Cherokee rose,
 As she looked at its petals gleaming,
 They seemed to point towards the Seminole lands
 And tell her to flee with her lover away,
 Ere the great Sun-God was beaming.

Swifter than graceful and wild gazelle
 Ran the Cherokee maid to her Seminole lover,
 And the two stole softly at night away:
 But the Indian maiden plucked a rose,
 As she left her home, with the stars above her.

So e'en to this day in the Seminole lands
 The Cherokee rose is growing,
 The rose which the Cherokee maiden brought,
 From her far-off home in the Georgia hills,
 Where the rivers swift are flowing.

Book Reviews

"THE OLDEST OF FOUR." Amy Bell Marlowe. Grossett & Dunbar, New York City.

If you have wondered what had become of the sort of books YOU read when you were a young girl, you will rejoice to get acquainted with Miss Marlowe's "The Oldest of Four."

Clean, sprightly her story tells of the pluck and energy displayed by an American girl who has suddenly to assume the responsibilities of her family.

The tale is interesting, the inevitable thread of romance runs through it, and it is a desirable book for the young whose literary training is yet in the plastic stage.

The book is nicely bound, illustrated and will charm the average girl.

A. L. L.

"THE PRINCE OF GRAUSTARCK." Geo. Barr McCutcheon. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York City.

It was unfortunate that this book did not reach all the reviewers in time for a good review for the holiday trade, for it deserved a blue ticket in the "Desirable Gift" class.

Mr. McCutcheon has a fund of quiet sarcasm, and he is ruthless in his description of the new-rich American; the worldly wife; the daughter (who is a decided improvement on the parents) and the everlasting adulation of this type of American for anything that has a title.

The book is a surprise, and Mr. McCutcheon is most clever in his manner of handling the denouement; one reads along, secure in the knowledge that all will end well and that the hero and heroine will "live happily for ever after."

They do, but it isn't the heroine you imagined it would be.

The book is gotten up in the usual Dodd-Meady style, beautifully illustrated, and altogether a welcome addition to the six-foot of fiction every regulated family should have in its library.

A. L. L.

"A BAR OF SONG." H. E. Harmon, The State Co., Columbia, S. C.

Our Southern poets are growing in repute, as they should, and the new volume of H. E. Harman's poetry will be welcomed by the discriminating reader, whose

Predicted This War in 1913.

Here is a man who claims to have predicted this war a year before it happened and proves his claim conclusively; offers free life readings to all. A splendid opportunity for our readers to put him to a test.

In September 1913, the well-known Prof. Roxroy, of The Hague, Holland, distributed thousands of his astral indications for the year 1914, all over the world to his clients and amongst other things he said the following: "A bereavement in Royal circles—mind you, not the mere passing away of a Monarch, but a very sudden and gruesome demise—will affect most of the crowned heads of Europe."

Could anything be more plainly said than this? Has ever the death of a Royal personage affected so many Monarchs and involved so many countries in war as the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria-Hungary and his Wife has done? This is certainly an additional proof of this man's most mysterious and unerring power to foretell the coming events.

If you want to know something about your life, health, finance, travel, speculation, marriage, business, relations, or questions pertaining to this war, etc., or about those who are affected by this terrible crisis, write to him at once. All he wants is the name, address and birth-date. He does not ask for any money, but if you like you may enclose 10 cents (stamps of your own country) to pay for postage and clerical work. Postage to Holland 5 cents. Address your letters to Prof. Roxroy (Suite 2714), No. 24 Groote Markt, The Hague, Holland.

(We are informed that Prof. Roxroy's Office is open as usual and all letters are safely delivered and collected in Holland.)



love of verse will be strengthened by many of Mr. Harman's poems.

His tribute to Henry Timrod, another young Southern poet, is a very graceful thing.

"No faithful watch beside thy lowly grave
By those for whom thy sweetest songs
were sung;

Nor polished marble, with its silent tongue,
Though eloquent, can ever dare to save
Half of the glory that in pity hung
About thy path; nor can these tell how
brave

Was thy young soul, consumed by heavenly
grave.

So sleep, bereft, though greater than a
king,

The singer! in whose song Love's holiest
thing

Was woven fast and o'er whose grave is
flung

Echoes, in tune, to thy immortal spring."

The volume is beautifully printed, richly illustrated and elegantly bound

A. L. L.

The Birds and the Light-house

EVERY year the lighthouses that stand in the great migration paths of the birds are the cause of much slaughter, but no one, before Miss Cambridge, so far as we know, has put this tragedy into verse. ("The Hand in the Dark." Heinemann.)

Confused, dismayed, they flutter in the gale,

Those little pinions that have lost their track;

The gallant hearts that sped them reel and fail

Like ships aback.

Sucked in a magic current, like a leaf

Torn from autumnal trees, they drift abroad,

But ever nearer to the siren reef,

The ruthless sword.

On, on, transfix and swooning, without check,

To the lee shore of that bedazzling wall,
Until they strike, and break in utter wreck,
And founder all.

Brave little wings, that salled the storm so well,

Trimmed to the set of every wayward blast!

Brave little hearts, that never storm could quell,

Beaten at last!

The great sea swallows them, and they are gone,

For ever gone, like bubbles of the foam;
And the bright star that lured them, shining on,

Still points to home.

MALE HELP WANTED

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