

Watson's Magazine

Entered as second-class matter January 4, 1911, at the Post Office at Thomson, Georgia,
Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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Vol. XX.

JANUARY, 1915

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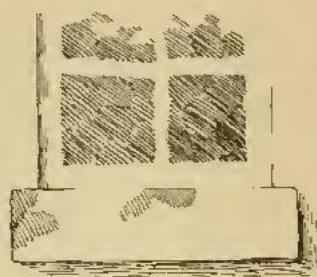
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MEXICO: ONCE CLUTCHED BY ROMANISM. SHALL IT BE AGAIN?

Watson's Magazine

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

The House of Hapsburg

The Reigning "Divine Right" Austrian Dynasty

"THE emperor would rather see beggars than heretics in Germany!"

This monstrous sentiment was proclaimed, in reply to the appeals of the people whose substance was being destroyed by Roman Catholic marauders, or devoured by the no less ruinous process of unmerciful taxation.

To execute the despotic will of such an emperor, the Jesuits had fashioned the most terrible instrument that Divine Right ever used, and then broke. This was Wallenstein, the great soldier of the Thirty Years' War.

Around this man's name and career hangs an impenetrable mystery and a horrible fascination. *What was he*, at heart and in purpose? Did he have any fixed, ultimate aim? Did he believe in anything, or anybody? Had he a creed, a mission, a secret plan within the folds of his outward work? No one can say. He rises into eminence at the darkest period of Germany's travail; he enrolls and victoriously leads great armies; he becomes the indispensable Captain and organizer to the stupid Hapsburg, Ferdinand II.

He lives in regal state at Prague, where blocks of houses are bought and pulled down, in order that he may have space and quiet; he gives no man his friendship; no woman, save his wife, ever spends a moment with him in private; his officers keep their distance, and his soldiers are not permitted to

notice him as he stalks gloomily through the camp. He brings to bloody failure the brilliant campaign of Gustavus Adolphus, and leaves the Swedish King dead on the field of Lutzen. He beats down all the Protestant champions, until the Jesuits and their puppet emperor are supreme; and then the Jesuits and the Hapsburg hire vulgar, brutal assassins, who vulgarly, brutally kill him—and are paid for it in lands and purses, openly, shamelessly, exultantly!

In all the annals of royal and priestly turpitude and crime, there is no blacker mystery and murder than this!

Wallenstein's parents were Protestants; but their death, when he was a child, threw him into the hands of an uncle who placed him in the Jesuit College at Ollmutz. By the time these corruptors and poisoners of youthful minds had finished with him, young Wallenstein had been thoroughly imbued with the deadly spirit of Jesuitism.

The year 1625 found this marvellous German already rich by marriage, and famous by reason of his military exploits against the Turks and the Bohemians. Ferdinand selected him to enrol 20,000 men for a campaign against the German heretics.

"That is not enough," said Wallenstein; "let it be 40,000, and the army will support itself."

The emperor consented, the horde of

marauders were brought together, and under the stern command of their Captain, they pillaged, ravaged and conquered, wherever they marched. To maintain such a host, Wallenstein had to ignore the difference between Catholic and Protestant: to men who must live by loot, all tempting victims look alike.

In the wake of Wallenstein's army were burning towns, sacked cities, ruined farms, impoverished men, violated women, the wails of the homeless, and the dread Twins of all such wars—famine and pestilence.

On confiscated estates in Bohemia, Wallenstein became many times a millionaire. He received from the emperor the duchy of Friedland, containing 9 towns, and 57 castles and villages. He loaned millions to the bankers of Venice and Amsterdam; and one of the imperial provinces which was surrendered to him, in satisfaction of Ferdinand's debt, was the duchy of Sagan, which, by the strangest course of events, is now the property of a grandson of the late, lamented Jay Gould, of New York, patriot, philanthropist, and benevolent assimilator of other peoples' property.

A strict disciplinarian on a campaign, Wallenstein tolerated the loosest living in camp. His officers kept many servants, entertained lavishly, and provided musicians, jugglers and other such crude theatricals as were known to the Middle Ages. Among the camp-followers, were thousands of bad women.

The great Captain's eye was keen for military merit, and his rewards to soldiers who distinguished themselves, were lavish; but, for cowards and mutineers, there was no mercy. "*Hang the dog!*" was the sentence of death to the insubordinate, and the craven.

In physical aspect, Wallenstein very nearly corresponded to one's mental conception of Mephistopheles. Tall, thin, stern, cadaverous, taciturn, his

little black eyes gleamed fiercely, or coldly—and inscrutably—from a pale face, beneath the black brows of a closely cropped head of black hair; and his long nose came down, beak-like, over a heavy black moustache, hiding the iron mouth from which no kind word, no soldier-song, no joyous battle-cry was ever heard—and on which no genial smile was ever known to rest.

He wore above his elk-skin jacket, a white doublet and cloak; and over his black hat, fluttered a large red plume—and his breeches were red, and his boots, russet; and he must have looked a good deal like the Devil.

He hanged one of his upper servants for having awakened him without orders; and he caused one of his officers to be secretly "removed," because he persisted in wearing spurs which clanked when he came to the chief. His servants were naturally not given to prattling in the palace; and a dozen patrols were ever on duty to assure tranquility; and when the great Captain was at Prague, chains were stretched across the streets in his neighborhood, to shut out carts, drays, wagons, and noisy pedestrians. If dogs barked, or cows lowed, or roosters crowed in the hearing of Wallenstein, they did not remain long in that environment.

In the year 1629, the army of this most extraordinary man numbered 150,000. They were a devastating horde of Vandals. The common people, Catholic and Protestant, were stripped bare, with inexorable impartiality. The peasants starved, and the soldiers feasted. So frightful were the sufferings which were inflicted upon Germany, that the Archduke Leopold wrote to his brother, the emperor—

"The soldiers burn, violate, massacre, cut off noses and ears, break windows and stoves, torture the poor, and plunder their resources."

Such were the miseries brought upon his own people, his own empire, by this

Hapsburg, whose motto was, "Better a desert, than a country tainted with heresy!"

"Heretics were therefore to be exterminated, not solely because their doctrines were damnable, but because those who presumed to differ from their sovereign were in his eyes guilty of rebellion. More than 10,000,000 human beings were sacrificed to this unjust and cruel policy. The Jesuits had impressed upon him the devilish maxim, that a land had better lie waste than harbor heretics and rebels; and on this principle he had acted through life, and reduced the fair plains and fields of Germany to the condition of a howling wilderness, through which dissolute soldiers and half-starved miserable peasants, in whose breasts famine and suffering had extinguished the feelings of humanity, wandered like fiends, ready to devour alike friends and foes. The year in which the emperor died a frightful famine was added to the other horrors of war. So ghastly was this visitation *that men, to save their lives, disinterred and devoured the bodies of their fellow-creatures, and even hunted down human beings that they might feed on their flesh.* The effect of this unnatural and loathsome diet was a pestilence, which swept away the soldiery as well as the people, by the thousands. In Pomerania hundreds destroyed themselves, being unable to endure the pangs of hunger.

On the Island of Rugen *many poor creatures were found dead with their mouths full of grass, and in some districts attempts were made to knead earth into bread.* Throughout Germany the license of war and the misery consequent on famine and pestilence had so utterly destroyed the morality which was once the pride and the boast of the land, that the people, a few years before the most simple and kind-hearted of Europe, now vied with the foreign mercenaries who infested their country in setting at nought the laws of God

as well as of man. 'Germany,' says Bethius, in his 'Excidium Germaniæ,' 'lieth in the dust. Shame is her portion, and poverty and sickness of heart. The curse of God is on her because of her cruelties, and blasphemies, and blood-shed. Ten thousand times ten thousand souls, the spirits of *innocent children butchered in this unholy war,* cry day and night unto God for vengeance, and cease not; *whilst those who have caused all these miseries, live in peace and freedom; and the shouts of revelry and the voice of music are heard in their dwellings.'*" (Markham's History of Germany, pps. 311-12.)

In Harmsworth's admirable "History of the World," (Vol. VI., p. 4410) we are told that Germany was at this period a land of desolation. One-half of the inhabitants butchered, four-fifths of all the domestic animals destroyed, houses by the hundreds of thousands burned, "starving men in whom all feeling for the benefits of society is dead, *and who have sunk to the degradation of cannibalism*"—such is the hideous picture of Jesuit-Papist-Absolutist vengeance upon a people that had dared to indulge in freedom of conscience.

In March, 1629, the Jesuits struck a deeper blow in the famous "Edict of Restitution" which ordered the immediate restoration to the Romanist clergy of all the property they had lost during the previous 27 years.

The effect of this Edict may be imagined, if we can realize what would happen in Mexico, if the President of the United States should heed the Roman Catholic prelates who are now demanding that our Government order the restoration of the ill-gotten wealth which Spanish priests lost, when, in 1867, the Emperor Maximilian's mad enterprise failed.

The ruthless Edict which the Jesuits had wrung from Ferdinand II. was ruthlessly executed by as brutal a soldiery as ever made militarism hateful.

It was at this period of woe, rapine and slaughter that Gustavus Adolphus, with a small Swedish army, came to the rescue of German Protestants. He was not able, however, to save the city of Magdeburg. It fell to the Papist army of Pappenheim and Tilly, and the fearful scenes that followed its capture, excite horror in all who read.

"Men, women and children were murdered, or driven back into the flames. Women were outraged in the sight of their husbands, daughters at the feet of their mothers. The Croats amused themselves by hurling children into the flames; while Tilly's dragoons transfixed nurslings to their mothers' breasts with their sabres."

Pappenheim wrote to the Hapsburg emperor that he was sorry "we had not, as spectators, your imperial majesty and consort."

When Tilly entered the smoking city, 6,000 corpses were thrown into the river to clear a passage for him. Out of a population of 31,000 only 5,000 survived the massacre. During the long siege, the starving wretches had actually resorted to cannibalism, so maddening was their distress. Catholic historians have themselves chronicled this ghastly truth, and have gloated over it. (May, 1631.)

(See, Schiller's *Thirty Years' War*. Mitchell's *Life of Wallenstein*. Markham's "Germany.")

At the battle of Lutzen in 1632, Wallenstein was technically defeated; but as the Swedish hero and Protestant champion was killed, the Papal cause reaped the substantial fruits of victory.

Once before, the Jesuits and the Hapsburg emperor had thought they could dispense with Wallenstein, and he had been disgraced: but events having again made him an imperious necessity, they had fawned upon him, pleaded with him, surrendered implicitly to all his conditions, and placed the fate of the empire in his hands. Now, however, the tide had decisively

turned against the Lutherans: the Protestant forces seemed hopelessly vanquished, and Papalism permanently established. It was time to rid the Jesuits of a former pupil who had grown to hate them so implacably that he would not tolerate a priest in his camp or palace—time to rid a cowardly and perfidious Hapsburg of a subject who had heaped too many favors upon the head of an ungrateful prince.

Lulling the great Captain by flattering letters, the emperor signed an order for his assassination; and it gives an American a queer feeling to read the names of the murderers—for *they were Irish Catholics*.

Ferdinand II., the Nero of Roman Catholicism, died in 1637, in the odor of sanctity, and with a lighted candle in his hand. The twelve million Christian Germans whom he had butchered in the name of Jesus Christ, the Virgin Mary, and the Italian Pope, did not haunt his dying hours, any more than they awoke remorse in the Jesuits who had taught the imbecile that the only true way to get to Heaven, was to murder people that did not join the Catholic Church.

Ferdinand II. was succeeded by a son, of whom it may be said that he was even more of a besotted slave of the priests than his father had been.

For another 11 years, the hideous war went on; and then the Jesuits and Hapsburgs fell, before the combined powers of Sweden and France.

By the Peace of Westphalia, (1648.) Austria lost a portion of the empire, and the Protestants won freedom of worship. But the Jesuits held their grip on Austria itself, and, with the exception of brief intervals, they have held it ever since.

Ferdinand III. passed from earth in due course, and another Hapsburg entered into the service of the Jesuits. His name is known to history as Leopold, and he was a most thoroughly Jesuitized prince. Every morning he heard three

masses, one after the other; and his prayers were so long and so fervid that he was supposed to have callosities on his sacred knees. On the approach of a priest, the emperor always took off his hat. His devotions during Lent were so tremendous, that foreign ambassadors—Catholic, but not crazy—resigned their office, rather than go through such an ordeal.

In Leopold, the Hapsburg facial deformity appeared in exaggerated form, as it did in some of the Spanish members of the family. His under jaw projected, so that the sacred mouth could not be closed over the teeth; and therefore he could neither chew his food properly, nor speak plainly. His sacred head was small, and his thin hair was white. His sacred little legs were weak, and he tottered as he walked. He was below the middle height, and wore a tall head-dress, known as the peruke. His prodigious, deformed chin was adorned by a scraggy, sparse growth of black hairs, which were nature's efforts at a beard. To complete the charms of this Divine Right monarch, he played the flute, and operated a turning-lathe. He believed in fortune-telling, divination, alchemy and miracles.

This Hapsburg reigned half a century, and was engaged in five great wars, but he was never seen anywhere near a battle field. He was never even seen in camp. Wrapped around by the ceremonial of court etiquette, this rickety creature had no will of his own, nor any knowledge of current events, save that which was sifted through his screen of Jesuits.

By accident of birth, a hideous imbecile controlled the destinies of millions of intelligent human beings, each of whom was a better man than himself. He devoured their substance with his taxes. A million husbandmen toiled year in and out, living in penurious frugality, to feed and pamper the gaudy courtiers

who buzzed about the corridors and salons of the palace in Vienna. This sceptered idiot plunged nations into wars, and sent his subjects to fight, suffer, and die in prolonged struggles about whose causes and motives they knew nothing at all.

For his success, great generals planned campaigns and won immortal victories—and were hardly permitted to kneel at his feet and kiss his hand. John Sobieski, King of Poland, beat back the Turks and saved Leopold's throne, after Leopold himself had ingloriously fled from Vienna; and then the cowardly emperor *refused to shake hands with his savior*, because Sobieski was a king *by election*, and not by birth!

In a letter written from the army before Vienna, Sobieski describes with just indignation the haughty, ungrateful conduct of the Hapsburg emperor, saying—

"I paid my compliments to him in Latin, and he replied in the same idiom, with phrases already prepared. . . . I presented my son to him, who advanced and saluted him. The emperor did not even lift his hand to his hat."

In other words, this Hapsburg who had run away from his capital at the approach of the Turks, and who owed his kingdom to the Polish army, would not condescend to notice the son of the *elected* monarch of Poland!

Sobieski continues—"The Viovoce of Galicia led the emperor through my army; but our soldiers were irritated by his haughtiness. They complained bitterly because he did not display the least gratitude for their fatigues and privations, *not even simply lifting the hat.*"

Speaking of how the Austrian courtiers had thronged his tent before the great battle, and how they then avoided him after he had saved the emperor, Sobieski adds—"Everybody is disheartened: *we wish that we had never helped the emperor*, but that this

haughty race (the Hapsburgs) had been eternally confounded."

Another brilliant soldier who fought and triumphed for the cowardly idiot, Leopold I., was Prince Eugene, celebrated in the Western world as the companion-in-arms of Marlborough. In August, 1697, the Austrian forces under Eugene defeated the Turks at Zenta on the Theiss, inflicting a loss that was almost unprecedented for those times, 30,000 men, 80 cannon, and 423 standards.

After putting his army into winter-quarters, the adventurous Eugene formed a flying column of 4,000 cavalry, 2,600 infantry, and 12 guns, dashed over the Balkans, and penetrated as far as Sarajevo.

These were the first troops from the West to invade the Turkish dominions; and it is curious to note that the world-war now deluging so many nations with blood, *originated in Austrian-Jesuit persecutions in that identical territory.*

The crushing blow given to Turkey at Zenta, led to the peace of Carlowitz (January, 1699,) whereby the Hapsburgs obtained the kingdom of Hungary, excepting Banat, Transylvania, and Slavonia.

(See, Harmsworth's History. Vol. 6, p. 445.)

Already, the Jesuits had been at work in upper Hungary, where a brother of the ferocious Cardinal Caraffa had been appointed Commandant. In applying for this authority over the doomed country, Antonia Caraffa (a Neapolitan) said to the imperial court:

"If I believed I had in my whole body a single drop of blood favorable to the Hungarians, I would have my veins opened. Let me be employed, then, to subdue them! *I laugh at their immunities, their laws, their judicial forms, and their Constitution.* I will make Hungary captive, next mendicant, and finally Catholic." (Michiel's, p. 203.)

This diabolical threat was carried

out. The systematic attempt to do the same fiendish work, for the Hapsburg family and the Italian church, in Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Servia precipitated the Armageddon that has already cost the lives of more than two million human beings.

Thus does a difference of two hundred years fail to show the slightest difference in dynastic ambition and Jesuit diabolism!

The Hungarian crucifixion began in February 1687, and nothing that Spanish heretics suffered was worse than the savage crusade against the Magyar Protestants. Arbitrary arrests, rigorous imprisonments, horrible tortures, swift murders were measured out by the Jesuits to all who were suspected of disloyalty to the Roman Catholic Church. To those who protested their innocence and asked for a trial, Caraffa replied,

"You will be tried after execution."

(Vehse, Vol. V., p. 272. Michiels, p. 205.)

"The most noble persons, the men of highest reputation, and the brave captains who had fought in the war of independence, were led onto the scaffold, either together or separately, with victims of a lower class. Some were dragged out and lengthened on ladders expressly made to dislocate limbs; others had their heads bound with cords or fillets of metal, until their eyes started from their sockets." (History of the Hungarian Revolution, Vol. I., p. 349.) "They were hanged by the hands to gibbets, and enormous weights attached to their feet, while the hangman burned their armpits with wax tapers, or shook over the unhappy men torches of pitch and rosin which bedewed them with a liquid shower of fire. They were tortured with red-hot pincers, and steel blades or nails were raised to a white heat and thrust beneath the nails on their fingers and toes. Many, half roasted and half lacerated, died under this torture.

Leopold's delegate offered six hundred florins to any one who invented a new punishment, and one of these tortures, the most atrocious of all those described by the historians, makes our hair stand on end. Large wires at a white heat were introduced into the natural passages of the body, and after the victims had been stripped of their clothing.

If the excess of pain subdued their courage, or the slightest word escaped from them which might be used against them, their execution was immediately proceeded with, in defiance of the ancient law (belonging to a barbarous code, too) which demanded that the culprits should confirm their confession when out of their torturer's clutches. Their right hand was first cut off, and then they were decapitated, fastened to the wheel, impaled or quartered, according to the caprice of the judges and their blood-thirsty auxiliaries.

The Jesuits, those men of God, applauded these horrors, and regarded this hideous carnage with unblushing cheek.

Antonio Caraffa displayed his ferocity to even a greater extent, for, while the victims were groaning and imploring for his mercy, or howling and writhing in intolerable agony before his windows, he amused himself with lost women, drank delicate wines, played dice—in short, gave himself up to joy and pleasure." (Michiels "Secret History of the Austrian Government," pps. 206-207.)

So complete was the Jesuit triumph in Austria, that the secret Manual of the Inquisition found its way into the law of the empire. Article 337 of the Penal Code of the Hapsburgs contains these terrible words:—"As the defence of innocence is one of the duties of the criminal judge, the accused can neither ask for an advocate to be allowed him, nor for information as to the charges against him."

Any citizen obnoxious to the Jesuits,

or to a private enemy, was subject to arrest, and to trial before an imperial judge, who could not allow the accused to prepare for trial, or to know what was the charge against him, or what was the testimony of the prosecution, nor to have the aid of a lawyer to advise him in his awful danger.

That system of secret, one-sided, and malevolent persecution was the system under which Jesuits had tried, condemned and destroyed hundreds of thousands of men and women whose only crime was non-belief in Popery.

In Article 377 of the Austrian Penal Code, it was provided, that the wife should denounce the husband, the brother his brother, the father his son, the son his father, the brother his sister—and so on—or be held equally guilty.

Thus the devilish spirit of the Inquisition entered the national law of Austria, setting aside the natural affections and loyalties of the family, and substituting for the compassionate creed of Christ the infernally cruel dogmas of Popes.

That legislation still exists in Austria, and the Roman Catholic intolerance of that Hapsburg empire, is almost as unmerciful as it was in the days of Leopold.

The emperor Leopold I. died in 1705, and was succeeded by Joseph I., who fell a victim to small-pox in 1711. His brother inherited the Hapsburg principalities, kingdoms, and peoples, by the Divine Right of birth, just as the modern fee-simple owner of lands, houses, flocks and herds, cash and notes, mules and horses, passes them on down the line of inheritance.

The brother who became heir to all the Austrians, Hungarians, Bohemians, Tyrolese, Slavonians, Czechs and Germans of the Hapsburg empire, is known to history as Charles VI. In him, the Italian Pope and the Jesuits possessed a pliable and powerful tool. Of him, they had made a perverted bigot who

could not even tolerate the existence of the inoffensive Bible-Christians of Salzburg.

The ruler of this mountain province was at once a prince and a prelate. He was a temporal lord under the feudal system, and a spiritual lord under the Papacy. Archbishop Paris Lodron was a Catholic, but not a fanatic. He would not allow the Jesuits to enter Salzburg, nor did he join the papal League which was shedding torrents of German blood in the name of religion. At the same time, he prevented the Bible-Christians of his diocese from allying themselves with the Hussites and the Lutherans. Thus, the Thirty Years' War left Salzburg unscathed. No blare of trumpets broke the quietude of those remote and lovely valleys where the peasants fed their flocks and herds. No cannon's roar echoed through the forests which clothed those sublime mountains. The miner and the woodsman and the shepherd pursued their peaceful vocations in the midst of such landscapes, such scenes of natural beauty and charm, as the Creator made when His thoughts were moulded into snow-capped hills, azure valleys and silver streams.

No army of Goths desolated those fair regions: no Tilly or Wallenstein wrought havoc there.

Salzburg was an oasis in the horrible desert of the Thirty Years' War—a haven where life-boats rode at ease when all the vast ocean of Germany was storm-swept, and wreck-strewn.

Archbishop Lodron ruled his province for more than thirty years, and outlived the era of religious carnage; but after his death, troubles began to come upon the vassals whom he had so long protected.

The infernal Jesuits marked them for persecution, and the machinery of imperial despotism was soon put in motion. One act of oppression and repression, of exaction and spoliation followed another, until in August, 1731, the mountaineers chose delegates to

meet and settle upon some plan for self-protection. The new Archbishop claimed the emperor's help, and Charles sent an army of 3,600 men. Thus menaced with the awful fate which had overtaken the Protestants of Hungary, and Bohemia, the Salzburg Christians appealed to the Lutherans of Prussia, Saxony and Hanover.

This step so provoked the Jesuits and the Italian Pope, that they prevailed upon the emperor to decree the banishment of the entire sect, numbering 17,714 *families*.

Since the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, the ferocity of the Italian church had not more sweepingly outlawed a larger number of men; and in *this* case, the victims were white people, of European blood, and of Christ's religion!

As in the case of the Moors, a solemn treaty was shamelessly violated, for the Peace of Westphalia had pledged the Hapsburgs to allow three years' grace to any objectionable Reformer, and to respect their property rights, even when banished. But the Salzburgerers who owned no property in land were given eight days to quit the country, while the land-owners were given five months to sell out and leave. The losses inflicted by such a decree can be readily imagined.

Some of the fugitives found homes in Prussia, some in Denmark, some in Hanover. In the Protestant provinces of Europe, these victims of the Hapsburgs, of the Jesuits and of the Italian Pope were eagerly welcomed and aided. In Catholic Bavaria, they were watched by hostile troops, restricted to one highway, *and given one week to pass through!*

Some of the Salzburgerers braved the ocean, and came to the Colony of Georgia, settling at Ebenezer, some twenty-five miles above the City of Savannah, and building their historic church on a height which overlooks the river. There they multiplied and prospered.

When the writer of these lines was a penniless youth of eighteen, and in search of a school to teach, he went into this Salzburger settlement. He remembers how the broad German accent of the men, and certain peculiarities of language and manner, impressed him at the time; and, also, how highly these descendants of the original refugees were spoken of by the people of the adjacent communities.

There isn't a burial ground in America that excites a nobler veneration than that wherein the old Salzburgers sleep. Every tomb-stone marks the grave of a hero—a stalwart, God-fearing soul that would not bend his conscience to emperor and pope, and that forsook home and country, rather than desert the sacred Cause.

"I am a poor man, but there is not a moment that I am not ready to die for the truth." said the typical Salzburger, Peter Wallner, when they threatened him with the gallows, if he did not surrender to the Pope.

Write it! Write it forever on the marble that stands where brave men lie! Write it for eternity on the pages where living lovers of liberty tell of the dauntless spirits that defied Popes and Kings, in order that you and I might be free, in hand, in mind, in soul!

Write it in letters of gold on the memories of rising generations, so that the stars themselves may fade away, before the immortal words shall be forgotten!

The only son of Charles VI. died early, and the emperor wished his daughter to inherit the Hapsburg dominions, peoples, lands, houses, herds, flocks, &c.

Neighboring scions of Divine Right agreed to the proposed change, and the thing was settled. The people of Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, &c., were not consulted or considered. *They* went with the lands, just as the coal-miners used to be sold as a part of the chattels belonging to the mines.

Having effected this salutary change in the law of imperial inheritance, Charles departed this life. (1740.)

The Empress Maria Theresa is the most popular Hapsburg, mainly because she was one of the least detestable, and was a woman who had to endure the hard mauling of Frederick the Great. The world sympathized with her when the Prussian king took Silesia away from her, for by that time the world had forgotten whom the Hapsburgs had taken it from. The world also admired the dramatic manner in which she threw herself and her babe on the chivalrous nobles of Hungary, for the world did not then know what diabolical deeds the Hapsburgs had been guilty of in Hungary.

Maria Theresa was a severely religious potentate, but when she wanted the help of France, she did not hesitate to court the handsome harlot who controlled the Bourbon king. She wrote an autograph letter to the Pompadour, addressing her as, *"Madam, my dear sister and cousin."*

The scarlet French lady replied, "My dear Queen," and the two good Catholics made wax out of that other good Catholic, Louis XV.

When the straight-laced husband of Maria Theresa learned of this correspondence, and of the affectionately royal terms in which his Hapsburg wife had written to the French cocotte, he was so infuriated that he used unprecedented language to his Maria, and inflicted irreparable damage upon the furniture in the room. (Michiels: p. 289.)

However, the alliance between the two Catholic countries was made, and in the events which followed, France suffered enormous losses.

Concerning this alliance between the crafty Hapsburg and the infatuated Bourbon, an experienced French statesman says:

"The long enmity which, for three centuries rendered the houses of Bourbon and Hapsburg, was succeeded by

an apparently close and intimate union, in which sincerity, frankness and burdens were on one side—ingratitude, craft, dissimulation, and advantages on the other; a union which was more hurtful to France than any one of the wars that the hatred between the two houses has ever kindled; a union which produced the decadence and degradation of France, the aggrandisement and elevation of Austria; which has raised the latter country to the rank which the other had hitherto held in the order of the European powers; a union, in fine, during which France did not cease to make sacrifices; but these sacrifices, far from earning the gratitude of Austria and inspiring her with a faithful and sincere attachment, did not even extinguish her old feelings of aversion, jealousy, and rivalry." (Political Situation in France, by M. de Peyssonnel, Vol. II., pps. 13-14; published in Neufchatel, 1789.)

There was a Jesuit whose name was Joseph Monsperger, and after many years of endurance, he grew tired of the yoke of his secret society, and asked to be set free from his vows. His repeated requests were repeatedly denied; and, because he was useful in the secret work at the Vatican, he was not sent to starve in some under-ground vault. One day he discovered a hidden chest in the panelling of the Jesuit chancellerie, and on opening it, found a number of mysterious papers, letters in cipher, accounts, and other documents. Among these concealed manuscripts were the general confessions of several kings, emperors, ministers, princesses, which had been written during the reign of Charles VI., and the first ten years of Maria Theresa. Some of these papers were copies, *the originals having been sent to Rome!*

Prince Kaunitz was the supreme minister under the Empress, and his private secretary was Tobias Harrer, a former school-mate of Joseph Monsperger; and it was through Harrer that

the discontented Jesuit gained access to the all-powerful Kaunitz. The astute minister hated the Jesuits, and he saw at a glance how effectively he could use against them the documents which Monsperger had discovered. First of all, the papers coerced the Pope into releasing the Jesuit from the chains of his order. Secondly, they were employed by Kaunitz to convince the ministers of Portugal, Spain and France of the extreme danger of harboring Jesuits at court. In the end, these stealthy plotters were driven out of every Catholic country in Europe, including Austria itself. Finally, Pope Clement XIV. abolished the order (1773) *and the Jesuits poisoned him!*

Prince Kaunitz was so certain that a similar fate would befall *him*, that he took the utmost precautions against assassins, refusing to touch food or drink, save that prepared by his own servants.

Armed with the damning papers which Monsperger had delivered into his hands, Kaunitz influenced the Empress not only against the Jesuits, but against the more glaring abuses of Roman Catholic monasteries, dungeons, schools, legacy-hunting, *and girl-hunting*. One of her regulations forbade the priests to allow any woman *under twenty-four years of age* to take the perpetual vows.

In these United States, and in this 20th Century, we supine, indifferent, cowardly Protestants are permitting the lecherous girl-hunters to drag into their walled brothels maidens who are in their teens—girls who have scarcely reached the age of puberty!

It is a national disgrace, that the black veil of priestly desire should be thrown over these beautiful, innocent, and deceived young women. Worthy to live in the life, light and freedom of marriage and motherhood, they are the lured victims of celibate lust, doomed to a living death within the barred cells of the cloister, where vir-

tue is unprotected, where beauty inflames the appetite to which no denial can be given, and where the fruit of this hidden sin is destroyed in the hour of its birth.

To Maria Theresa, succeeded her son, Joseph, an emperor who detested the Jesuits, and who reformed many Papal abuses. Among other things, he abolished 700 convents and monasteries. So firm did he stand in his attitude of German independence of the Italian Papacy, that the Pope went in person to plead with him to cease his "persecution" of the Holy Mother Church. In other words, *the Papa went to Canossa!*

But the visit was a failure: the Emperor stood his ground. The Jesuits and the Pope had to chew the cud of patience, and wait for another Hapsburg, more mediæval and stupid.

Joseph II. was followed by Leopold II., who in turn was succeeded by Francis, whose daughter was given in marriage to Napoleon—in the evil hour when the Emperor of the French was lured into the fatal attempt to found a Bonaparte dynasty similar to the Romanoffs, the Guelphs, the Hohenzollerns, and the Hapsburgs.

The real rulers of Austria were Metternich, the Rothschilds and the Pope. The unique combination of the rich Jew and the Romanist church, was not unprecedented, for there had been such combinations between the emperor, the pope and the rich Jew at a much earlier period.

Under the long ministry of Metternich, the power of the Hapsburgs was thrown invariably and without stint against modern liberalism of all kinds. In the State and in the Church, Metternich wanted everything to remain just as it was. No such things as modern schools, modern newspapers, modern books, modern preachers, modern democrats and republicans were to be tolerated. "I want the kind of education that teaches men to obey those in power," said His Sacred Majesty, Fran-

cis, to whom his imperial son-in-law, Napoleon, used to refer as "an old goose."

Metternich worked in the strongest co-operation with Talleyrand, Wellington and Castlereagh to re-establish on firm, Council-of-Trent foundations the glorious old doctrine of Legitimacy and Divine Right. According to Metternich, peoples were made for kings, and the son of a royal sire was as much entitled to inherit millions of human beings, as he was to be the heir to a drove of hogs. It was the business of the king to think and act for the people: the people must not on any account be permitted to think and act for themselves. That idea is the Hohenzollern-Hapsburg theory and practise which is now more commonly called by the new name of "Militarism." No change of name can change the thing-itself. Militarism is the modern phase of mediæval absolutism. It is the deadly opposite of free will, free conscience, free speech, and popular self-government.

After Napoleon was tricked by Metternich into the fatal truce of Pleisswitz (June, 1813.) and had ended his career in captivity, the Austrian reactionary bent every energy to stamp out Protestantism in Church and State. He founded the Holy Alliance, an armed conspiracy of despots, for the purpose of suppressing liberal principles, democratic tendencies and popular institutions.

French troops were poured into Spain to overturn her constitution, and to re-enthroned in absolute power the despicable and pitiless tyrant, Ferdinand VII.

Austrian troops were launched against Italy, to re-instate the abominable misgovernment of the Pope.

This Holy Alliance indicated a purpose to even cross the ocean with its despotic programme, and to force South America into renewed slavery to foreign potentates. But Great Britain, as

well as the United States, was determined that Metternich's system should not be planted in the new world; hence, Canning's aid to South America, and Monroe's firm declaration that European monarchs must "hands off."

The Pope called upon the Hapsburg for an army to crush the Italian republic of 1848, and the army was sent. With frightful cruelty, the Austrian troops conquered the Italians, and restored the baleful rule of the priests.

But in Vienna itself, the popular feeling was not entirely dead: the Revolution of 1848 in Paris which hurled the last Bourbon king off his throne, created a profound sensation throughout the Hapsburg dominions. There were uprisings in Austria, and Metternich fled for his life. But leaders were lacking and the insurgents had not sufficiently prepared themselves for the contest. Partly by deceitful concessions, and partly by force, the Jesuits and their puppet-emperor subdued all resistance.

How the Hapsburgs called on the Romanoffs for help in the Hungarian uprising, is a well known story. The Russian army did bloody work in Hungary, and all patriotic resistance was crushed by the combined forces of Hapsburg and Romanoff.

Kossuth carried his burning eloquence and his tale of woe into England and into America; but while the sympathetic millions greeted the hero with enthusiastic welcome, the statesmanship of Great Britain and America could do nothing.

Hungary was the property of a Hapsburg, and if a Romanoff was willing to send armies to assist the Hapsburg hold the estate, it was not the business of other nations to interfere. Dynasties must stand together. The Romanoff and Hapsburg families had helped the Bourbons to regain their throne in France; the Bourbons had helped the Hapsburgs re-conquer Spain; the Bourbons and the Haps-

burgs helped the Pope subdue his beloved children in Italy; Romanoff and Hapsburg confederated to crush Hungary; and the infamous General Haynau, whose name became so odious in connection with Hungarian atrocities, was sent to Italy to butcher Italians in the interest of the Temporal Power of Pope Pius IX!

The absolute despot of an Infallible Church is the natural ally of the dynastic, absolute king; and such a Church is logically the implacable enemy of liberalism and progress, just as the Me-and-God monarch is the natural foe of democrats, republicans and socialists.

To Francis I., succeeded his son Ferdinand, who resigned in 1849; and in due course the present emperor, Francis Joseph came to the imperial throne. He was never anything more than a pleasure-loving figure-head. He has no talent of any sort. He is a typical Hapsburg, and honestly believes that the Austrian empire was created for his glory. He could not give his beautiful wife the splendid tribute of conjugal fidelity, but he spent *sixteen million dollars*, of money that did not belong to him, *in building for her a villa on the island of Corfu.*

The son of Francis Joseph was a moral pervert, who led a wild life, became a drunkard, a morphine maniac, and a shameless debauchee. When last seen, he was staggering away from the table with his paramour, on his way to their bed-room, after a prolonged drinking bout. Next morning, the dead bodies of Prince Rudolph and Marie Vetchera were found on the tumbled bed, she strangled, and he strangely mutilated and with his head blown to pieces!

(See "The Real Francis Joseph," by Henri de Weindel, p. 239.)

The fanatical Archduke Ferdinand then became heir-apparent to the aged emperor; and the Jesuits held the Hapsburgs by a tighter grip than ever.

They made some sort of deal with the crack-brained Kaiser, and entered upon that series of aggressions which led to the present Armageddon.

Bismarck drove the black brood of Loyola out of Germany, but the Kaiser drove Bismarck into retirement, and allowed the Jesuits to return.

By means of the Centre Party in the Reichstags, the Jesuits have dominated the policies of William Hohenzollern. The Jesuits have persuaded him that the Pope is the surest safeguard against Socialism; and that a restored Germanic Empire, like that of the Middle Ages, would be a most holy and glorious consummation. The Kaiser would be a Charlemagne, and the Pope his spiritual prop!

So, when Austria violated the Berlin Treaty of 1878 by seizing Bosnia and Herzegovina, the mad Kaiser acquiesced. When a hungry host of carpet-bag Roman Catholics from Austria poured into those Greek Catholic provinces and began a crusade of religious conquest, the Kaiser was indifferent. When the Austrian Jesuits launched themselves next upon independent Serbia, and extorted a treaty which was almost a surrender to the Pope of Rome, the Kaiser made no sign. Then came the fury of revenge and the tragedy at Sarajevo, where a Greek Catholic youth killed the Roman Catholic fanatic and persecutor, Ferdinand.

Although the demands which Austria laid upon Serbia, in consequence of this crime, were harshly imperious, and amounted to an extinguishment of her independence, the Kaiser approved. Not only approved, but virtually declared that Austria must be left unrestrained, to deal with Serbia as she saw fit. In vain did Serbia beg for time, and for a reference of the whole matter to the Hague Peace Tribunal. Austria was peremptory and inexorable; and, back of Austria's impossible and unprecedented demands, was the man of the ferocious moustache, of the

mailed fist, of the German war-machine, of the Hohenzollern dynasty. The crafty Jesuits have inoculated his egomaniac brain with the mediæval idea that all dynasties must stand together, and that the natural ally of dynastic imperialism, is the absolute monarch of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy.

The Hapsburg dynasty touches our history in the episode of the transitory empire of Maximilian, *younger brother of the Austrian emperor*. The exiled Archbishop of Mexico, La Bastida, had been compelled by the Mexican patriots to abandon ill-gotten property, of the value of \$100,000,000. He thirsted for revenge, and for his confiscated wealth. At Vienna and in Paris he intrigued, until the French empress, Eugenie Montijo was completely won over by the priests. She gave Napoleon III. no peace, and finally he agreed that Bazaine should lead a French army to Mexico, for the purpose of setting up the Austrian prince, and restoring the confiscated properties of the Spanish priests.

In May, 1864, Maximilian and the French army, and the returning Spanish prelates, landed at Vera Cruz. Very harsh were the measures adopted to suppress the Mexican patriots. Every man taken in arms was shot. The patriot priest, Hidalgo, was captured, tried, condemned and executed. Maximilian's throne, baptised in Mexican blood, was apparently made secure by the muskets and cannon of Catholic France. But when our Civil War ended, the Monroe Doctrine reminded European potentates of its existence, and in 1866, the French army went home, begging Maximilian to abandon his crazy enterprise. Fed on false promises by the Spanish priests, this visionary bigot stayed in Mexico.

His devoted wife, Carlotta, returned to Europe for succors. She made a frantic appeal to Napoleon III., but really he was powerless to help her.

His own difficulties were thickening; and he had become mentally, physically and morally impotent.

The distracted Carlotta then sought the Pope, and pleaded with him to allow Maximilian to use, as a last resource, the vast riches of the Mexican Catholic Church. Pius IX. coldly and sternly refused. Then her spirit broke, and night fell upon her mind. The demented princess dragged out the long, miserable years in confinement, and she has not been released by death.

Many bitter things have been written against Napoleon III. because of his withdrawal of the French troops from Mexico—a step which the U. S. Government made it necessary for him to take; but I have never read a line of criticism of Pius IX. This potentate had been mainly instrumental in sending the Hapsburg to Mexico, and Maximilian had gone there to serve the Papacy, as well as himself. The Pope's blessing was bestowed upon the enterprise, and the Pope's instructions were laid upon him; but when the riches of the Mexican church were needed to sustain this Catholic prince, the Pope preferred to keep the wealth, and lose the Catholic prince.

Maximilian maintained a despairing struggle in Mexico until 1867, when he was captured, and was shot by virtue of a decree *which he himself had signed in October, 1865.*

(See "The Real Francis Joseph," p. 173.)

When this infatuated Hapsburg left his ideally beautiful home at Miramar, on the Adriatic Sea, to bother with Mexican affairs and become a tool of Spanish priests, he brought with him the commands of Pope Pius IX., to suppress all schools except those of the Catholic Church, *to forbid freedom of worship*, and to prohibit freedom of the press.

The American Catholics who acclaimed the Maximilian despotism in

Mexico, and who condoned the burning of Masons and heretics, so late as 1895, are now pleading for religious freedom in Mexico.

The Hapsburg family, then, has been a perfect example and exemplar of dynastic power, *and of the natural result of the union of Church and State.*

It has contracted marriages for the sole purpose of gaining kingdoms, provinces, and peoples. It has intermarried its own members, for the purpose of keeping these dominions in the family. It has made and broken treaties, with no other end in view than the maintenance of family power. It has dragged nations into long and bloody wars, in the effort to keep kingdoms in the line of Hapsburg inheritance.

It gained Protestant support and Protestant kingdoms by taking the most solemn oaths to respect the right of all men to worship God as conscience dictated; and, after having won the advantage of position, it perfidiously broke the contract, and violated the oaths.

It began the religious wars of central Germany. It set the diabolical precedent of burning Germans for a difference in religious faith. It set the terrible Duke of Alva and his Spanish troopers upon the loyal and peace-loving Dutch, who asked of the Spanish king nothing more than the freedom to worship as they believed.

The hundred thousand victims of this atrocious persecution were Hapsburg-Papal *human sacrifices* to their conception of a blood-loving God.

These human sacrifices were not offered as the Druids had done, and as the Aztecs are said to have done—with one swift knife-thrust at the heart of the one victim a year.

These Hapsburg-Papal sacrifices were offered up in multitudes of hundreds and of thousands, every month in every year; and the victims were made to suffer the utmost possibilities of tor-

ture and pain, as a prelude to a savage death by sword, or rope, or rack, or fire.

This Hapsburg dynasty plunged Europe into the War of the Spanish Succession, a sordid strife for family aggrandisement. It was largely responsible for the Seven Years' War, and it was wholly so for the longest and bloodiest religious war that ever blighted the human race, to-wit, the Thirty Years' War.

When the French peasantry, and middle-class rose in revolt against the intolerable abuses of Church and State, it was the Hapsburg family that sent armies to refasten upon the people of France the hateful yoke of Italian Pope and Bourbon King. During all the tragic Revolutionary Epoch, in which democracy was battling for its life, the Hapsburgs drove millions of their subjects to the battle-fields where hereditary despotism in Church and State were making desperate efforts to turn back the progressive tendencies of the age.

By insincere promises for the redress of abuses and the granting of constitutional liberties, the people were led into these sanguinary struggles against liberal principles; and, after Napoleon had been sent into exile, and the Bourbons put back on the throne, the Hapsburg united with the Romanoff, and the Hohenzollern, and the Bourbon, to re-enslave the people!

The Hapsburg family has seldom produced a good man, or a good woman. On the contrary, it has cursed the world with such monstrosities as the Neapolitan kings and queens, and the Spanish kings and queens—such Neros as Philip II. and Ferdinand VII.—such abandoned and vicious strumpets as Caroline of Naples, such frivolous, extravagant and dissipated feather-heads as Marie Antoinette.

In the Emperor Charles V., it developed an ambitious tyrant who kindled the lurid fires of the religious

wars: in Ferdinand II., the Pope and the Jesuits owned an instrument with which they destroyed thousands of German towns and cities, desolated the fairest provinces along the Rhine and the Danube, and sent to their graves twelve million men, women and children, the victims of popish persecution.

It so lowered the standard of morals, that Austria was like Papal Italy, every wife had her lover; every husband his mistress; and the priest had the enjoyment of both the wife and the mistress, without the expense of either the one or the other.

During all the centuries of Hapsburg despotism, Austria has scarcely produced a man of genius. Her literature is the poorest in Europe. She boasts no Grotius, and no Montesquien; no Schiller and no Goethe; no Shakespeare and no Milton; no Rabelais and no Diderot; no Humboldt, and no Copernicus; no Scharnhorst and no Stein. Letters owe nothing to the Hapsburgs: science and art, nothing. Whatever has been done for polite learning in Austria, has been done in spite of the Hapsburgs.

There has been no education of the masses, no general spread of knowledge. The most primitively ignorant immigrants that land on our shores, come from the hereditary dominions of these reactionary Hapsburgs.

They have not only choked liberty and throttled progress in Austria, but they have exerted their utmost energies to suppress it in other countries.

They fought progress in Spain, in Germany, in Poland. They sent brutal soldiery into Italian states, again and again, to murder and devastate, in the interest of dynastic absolutism and Papal supremacy. They formed the Holy Alliance to perpetuate their damnable system. They sent one of the family to Mexico, to set up a hereditary royal house in the New World. They organized Roman Catholic missions in the Western States of this

Union for the purpose of checking democratic principles, and the Protestant churches.

They have kept Austria aloof from the progress of the age. The spirit of modern enlightenment has not touched the corpse of that Jesuit-ridden land. There is no freedom of speech, no freedom of press, no freedom of religion. The people have no real, potent voice in government, no part save to endure and to pay.

Papal intolerance lives in Austria with the same murderous hatred that inspired it, when the inoffensive Salzburgers were given eight days to escape with their lives—and that was less than one hundred years ago.

THE JESUITS RULE!

At the end of his "Secret History of the Austrian Government," Alfred Michiels says of the Hapsburgs—

"This family must disappear from the face of the earth, or at any rate from power, for never has a criminal race committed such wrongs on humanity, abused so pitilessly and cra-

venly the accident of mere birth, invented more falsehoods, martyred a greater number of men, caused more tears to be shed, provoked more curses, or caused more wanton bloodshed."

This was the summing up, written, in 1859, by a scholar who had carefully studied the records.

After those blistering lines were given to the world, the Hapsburgs added to their criminal record, the Italian invasion, the Venetian atrocities, the attempt on Mexico, and the "Leopold Foundation" which has been systematically planting popery in the United States.

Last of all, came the perfidious breach of trust in the seizure of Bosnia and Herzegovina, the designs on the independence and religion of Serbia, and the imperious demands which plunged the world into the greatest, bloodiest, insanest war known to the annals of the human race.

Verily, Papal and Dynastic ambition halts at no price and no crime.

Hope and Love

Ralph M. Thomson

*Hope seldom trembles at the thought of ill,
Or shrinks from Time,
So long as he may face some rugged hill,
And upward climb.*

*It is not on the journey to the height,
After renown,
He loses heart, and sickens of the fight,
But coming down.*

*Love does not hesitate to dare dismay,
And brave each foe,
Whether the road winds skyward; or, away
To wilds below.*

*His faith is firm that he will gain the goal,
And win the prize;
And it is in this steadfastness of soul
His great strength lies.*

One of the Priests Who Raped a Catholic Woman in a Catholic Church.

What the Supreme Court of Massachusetts Decides As to the Responsibility of a Catholic Bishop Who, Knowingly, Appointed a Libertine Priest

WHAT will the Roman Catholics say about the case of Carini *versus* Beaven, in *The North-eastern Reporter*?

The decision was handed down by the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, on October 24th, 1914.

The case is new, and yet old. It is new in that it is the most recent exposure of the immorality of a bachelor priesthood. It is old, in that it accords with the putrid record which these bachelor priests have always made, ever since Pope Gregory VII. determined that the Papacy should have the service of men who are not hampered by family ties and affections.

In this Massachusetts case, a priest named Petrarca, *and who was known to his bishop to be a bad, lustful man*, was appointed to a parish, where he had power over young women.

One of these women was 18 years old, and she excited the carnal desires of the bachelor priest.

This young Catholic woman was in the "Sacred Heart" church, doing duty at the altar, *alone*, when the priest came out of his private room, (the vestry) *seized her, and dragged her into the vestry, AND RAPED HER, in the Sacred Heart church building.*

There seems to have been no dispute about the facts. The Supreme Court states that Petrarca *did* ravish the girl in the sacrilegious manner alleged.

But she sued the *Bishop* who had appointed Petrarca. Her case proceeded upon the idea that the Bishop (Beaven) *knew* Petrarca's lust-

ful character, and was therefore legally responsible for what he did *in the position where the Bishop put him.*

Upon the same theory, the law holds you and me responsible, if we knowingly place a vicious dog, or bull, or horse where it can injure other people, without fault on their part.

That principle is sound, in morals and in law.

In the case of Bishop Beaven it especially applied, because the Catholic women of the congregation had a right to feel certain that their Bishop would not wilfully put them in the power of a priest whom he *knew* to be vicious.

But the Supreme Court of Massachusetts stretched the law, and saved the Catholic Bishop.

In the decision of the Court, it is held that the Bishop could not have anticipated that Petrarca "would do more than to seek to seduce the women of his parish into acts of adultery, or fornication."

According to this amazing language of the highest Court in old Massachusetts, the Bishop would have been a party to the crime, *had the priest seduced the Carini girl, instead of raping her!*

The Supreme Court says that this Catholic Bishop placed a Catholic parish, and a lot of Catholic women and girls, in the power of a priest whom the Bishop knew to be immoral, and whom the Bishop knew would attempt to seduce the maids and have sexual relations with the married women.

Good God! What about the Catholic women who had already been the partners of this priest's vices?

Was the Bishop going to continue to give this lustful priest a free rein—so long as nothing leaked out?

Was this Bishop and this priest among the number who got so angry with me, because I exposed the secret doings in the Catholic church, and the natural vices which corrupt a bachelor priesthood?

No doubt Bishop Beaven is one of those who contend that Maria Monk told lies on the priests.

What is Cardinal O'Connell going to do with such a Bishop as Beaven?

What has been done to the ravisher, Petrarca?

This crime was committed right under Cardinal O'Connell's nose.

And the Supreme Court of Massachusetts makes a new law to save the Roman Catholic bachelors.

The Court says, in effect, that the Bishop cannot be held responsible by the victim of his appointee, *because* the Bishop didn't expect rapes.

All that the Catholic Bishop expected from Petrarca were the usual bachelor-priest seductions, fornications, and adulteries!

This is not the voice of poor Maria Monk!

It is not the voice of Margaret Shepherd.

It is not the accusing voice of Chiniquy, or Fulton, or Hogan, or McCabe, or Ferrando, or of the Senate Document 190, of the U. S. Government.

It is the solemn voice of the highest Judicial Tribunal of that grand old Bay State—the State of Lexington, Concord, Paul Revere, and Faneuil Hall.

And that awful voice says, *that Bishop Beaven deliberately appointed a priest whose crimes against Catholic women were known to him, and whose lustful passions made it certain that he* **WOULD CONTINUE TO SEDUCE**

CATHOLIC MAIDS, CONTINUE TO CORRUPT CATHOLIC WIVES!

Another thought is this:

The complaisancy with which Bishop Beaven viewed Petrarca's immoralities indicates that Beaven is the typical Bishop and Petrarca, the typical priest!

And so they are.

For the information of our readers, the decision is given below:

CARINI v. BEAVEN.

(Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, Worcester. Oct. 24, 1914.)

1. Religious Societies (Sec. 27*)—Torts of Priest—Liability of Bishop.

The bishop of a diocese, who appoints parish priest, is not responsible to a female member of the congregation, raped by such priest, even though he knew of the priest's unfitness and immoral proclivities.

[Ed. Note.—for other cases, see Religious Societies, Cent. Dig. Secs. 180-193; Dec. Dig. Sec. 27.*]

2. Religious Societies (Sec. 27*)—Torts of Priest—Liability of Bishop.

A bishop, who appointed an immoral priest, knowing his character, is not liable to those female parishioners who succumbed to the priest's wiles and with him committed adultery and fornication.

[Ed. Note.—For other cases, see Religious Societies, Cent. Dig. Secs. 180-193; Dec. Rig. Sec. 27.*]

Appeal from Superior Court, Worcester County; Edward P. Pierce, Judge.

Suit by Annie Carini, by her next friend, against Thomas D. Beaven, bishop of the Springfield diocese, in which the parish of Milford was located. From a judgment sustaining a demurrer to the declaration, plaintiff appeals. Affirmed.

Michael T. Flaherty, of Whitinsville, for appellant. Herbert Parker and Henry H. Fuller, both of Boston, and John C. Lynch, of Milford, for appellee.

SHELDON, J. [1] The plaintiff in each of the four counts of her declaration seeks to hold the defendant on the ground that he appointed as his agent to take charge of a parish of the Roman Catholic church in Milford, to care

* For other cases see same topic and section NUMBER in Dec. Dig.—Am. Dig. Key-No. Series & Rep'r Indexes.

for the property of the defendant in that parish and to perform the pastoral and religious duties of a priest therein, one Petrarca, a man who, it is averred, was "of low moral character," "of vicious and degenerate tendencies and gross sexual proclivities." She avers that the defendant made this appointment with full knowledge of the bad character and evil tendencies of Petrarca, and knew or in the exercise of reasonable care ought to have known that the appointment of such a man to such a position was dangerous and likely to result in attempts of said Petrarca "to debauch and carnally know the female members of said parish, and that by reason of such confidential relations between such agent and priest and such members of the parish such attempts would be successful." She avers that while she was a member of the parish, "not quite 17 years of age innocent and confiding," and while she was engaged alone "in the act of a religious service in the church of the Sacred Heart parish, said church being the property of the defendant," Petrarca, being the agent of the defendant and "occupying the position of the defendant's moral and religious instructor to the people of said parish, guarding the morals of the young of said parish, and sustaining said confidential relations with the members thereof," dragged her from the altar to the vestry of said church, assaulted and overcame and debauched her, in consequence whereof she afterwards gave birth to a child. And she avers that all her injuries and sufferings resulted from and were caused by the defendant's negligent appointment of said Petrarca as his agent and priest in said parish.

We have summarized what are contended to be the material averments of the first count; but with one exception, hereafter to be spoken of, we find nothing upon which to base any important distinction between this and the other counts. The case comes before us upon demurrer to this declaration.

The gravamen of the plaintiff's charge is that the defendant negligently put or retained in the position of a parish priest one whom he knew or in the exercise of proper care ought to have known to be a man of bad character and of gross sexual proclivities, who he knew or ought to have known would be likely to attempt successfully to debauch the female members of the parish, and that this man committed upon the plaintiff what must upon the language of her declaration be taken to have been a rape. In other words, her claim is that the defendant appointed an unfit man; that this appointment was apt to give and did give to the appointee opportunities to seduce women; and that the appointee, by means of these opportunities, committed a rape upon the plaintiff.

It would be difficult for the plaintiff in any event to maintain such an action. Upon elementary principles she could not do so without proving that the negligence of the defendant in appointing or retaining an unfit man was the direct and proximate cause of the injury which resulted to her. But according to her allegations the injury to her was done by Petrarca entirely outside the scope of his alleged agency or of his duties; it was a crime committed of his own free will, the result of his own volition, for which no one but himself was responsible. The criminal act of the alleged agent was itself the efficient cause of the plaintiff's injury. But the general rule of law is, as stated in *Stone v. Boston & Albany R. R.*, 171 Mass. 536, 540, 51 N. E. 1, 2 (41 L. R. A. 794), "that where an intelligent and responsible human being has intervened between the original cause and the resulting damage, the law will not look back beyond him." So it was said in *Glynn v. Central Railroad of New Jersey*, 175 Mass. 510, 511, 56 N. E. 698, 78 Am. St. Rep. 507, that "ordinarily even a wrongdoer would not be bound to anticipate a willful wrong by a third

person." The principle was carried further in *Daniels v. N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R.*, 183 Mass. 393, 67 N. E. 242, 62 L. R. A. 751, in which it was sought to hold the defendant liable for the death of a man who had been injured by its negligence, and who soon afterwards committed suicide while his mind was disordered in consequence of his injuries. It was held that the defendant was not liable for the death, because the proximate cause of that was not the defendant's negligence and the resultant injury to the deceased, but his own act of suicide. The same principle was applied in the recent case of *Horan v. Watertown*, 217 Mass. 185, 104 N. E. 404, in which it was held that the defendant town, although by its negligence it had afforded opportunity for the commission of certain crimes by third persons, could not be taken to have anticipated that such crimes would be committed, and so was not responsible for the injurious consequences which resulted therefrom to the plaintiff.

But however that may be, we cannot find that any ground of liability is stated in this declaration. It is true, as was stated in *Horan v. Watertown*, *ubi supra*, that where a defendant's original negligence is followed by the independent act of third persons (not amounting to a crime such as is charged in the case at bar), and such new act directly results in injury to a plaintiff, "the defendant's earlier negligence may be found to be the direct and proximate cause of those injurious consequences, if according to human experience and in the natural and ordinary course of events the defendant ought to have seen that the intervening act was likely to happen." Even if we should extend this doctrine to cover cases where the intervening act of another was an atrocious crime, yet it does not appear by the averments of this declaration that the defendant had any reason to foresee, or was at all

chargeable with negligence for failing to foresee, that Petrarca would commit a rape, especially with the circumstances of sacrilege which here are charged. It is not "according to human experience and the natural and ordinary course of events" that a parish priest should commit so flagitious and atrocious a crime and expose himself undoubtedly to the discipline of his church as well as to the bitter penalty of the civil law (R. L. c. 207, Sec. 22), even though he might be a man of low moral character, of vicious and degenerate tendencies, and of gross sexual proclivities.

[2] Upon the plaintiff's averments the defendant had no reason to apprehend that Petrarca would do more than to seek to seduce the women of his parish into acts of adultery or fornication; and flagitious as such acts would be, they could afford no ground of action to a woman who, under whatever stress of temptation, had shared in their commission. *Dennis v. Clark*, 2 Cush. 347, 350, 48 Am. Dec. 671. The facts averred in the case at bar are more favorable to the defendant than those which were considered in *Henderson v. Dade Coal Co.*, 100 Ga. 568, 28 S. E. 251, 40 L. R. A. 95.

The fourth count contains the additional averment that the defendant knew that Petrarca was often under the influence of liquor, and that while under that influence his lusts were ungovernable. But that is immaterial: for it is not averred or intimated that when he committed this crime he was at all under the influence of liquor.

It is not necessary to consider in detail the other assigned causes of demurrer. For the reason that neither of the counts of the declaration states any cause of action against the defendant, the order of the Superior Court sustaining the demurrer and the judgment for the defendant must both be affirmed.

So ordered.

The Leo Frank Case

AN aged millionaire of New York had a lawyer named Patrick, and this lawyer poisoned his old client, forged a will in his own favor; was tried, convicted and sentenced—and is now at liberty, a pardoned man.

Through the falling out among Wall Street thieves, it transpires that the sensational clemency of Governor John A. Dix, in favor of Albert T. Patrick, was inspired by a mining transaction involving millions of dollars.

Patrick says, that he was "pardoned on the merits of the case."

It was a negligible coincidence that his brother-in-law, Milliken, who had for years resisted the Wall Street efforts to get his Golden Cycle mine, yielded it, *when Patrick got the pardon.*

Such is life in these latter days, when Big Money makes and unmakes Presidents, makes and unmakes legislation, makes and unmakes the policies of the greatest Republic.

There was a man of the name of Morse; and he was a parlous knave, to be sure. He, also, lived in New York, and he was an adept in the peculiar methods of Wall Street.

To Charles W. Morse, it seemed good to organize an Ice Trust, and he did it. To prevent Nature from interfering too impertinently with his honest designs, he sent boats up the Hudson, to destroy the ice which was in process of formation on the river.

There is no law against the breaking of ice—so far as I know—and therefore the curses, the imprecations and the idle tears of the independent ice-dealers availed them nothing.

Summer came in due course; and with it came stifling heat in crowded tenements, the struggle for fresh air and the cool drink, and the sickness that pants for a chance to live. Charles W. Morse had the ice. Nobody else

had any. Charles W. Morse made new rules for the ice market: he not only raised the price, but refused to sell any quantity of his frozen water for less than ten cents.

It seems a fearful thing that our Christian civilization should have reached a stage at which any one man, withholding a ten-cent block of ice, can condemn a sick child to death, but it is a fact. Unless the daily papers of New York and Jersey were the most arrant liars, the weaker invalids in the sardine-boxes, called tenements, died like flies.

Day after day, the editors pleaded with Morse, begging him to rescind the new rules, and to sell to the poor the five cent piece of ice that they had formerly been able to obtain.

The editorial appeals made to Morse might have softened the heart of the stoniest despot that ever sent human beings to the block, but they did not soften Charles W. Morse.

His relentless car was driven right on, day after day, week after week; and the victims that were crushed under his golden wheels, were pitiful little children.

Later, he made a campaign against the Morgan wolves of Wall Street, and he came to grief. The Morgan wolves turned upon him, and brought him down. His methods were the orthodox Morgan methods, but he was a poacher on the Morgan preserves; and so, he was sent to the penitentiary, not so much because he was a criminal, as because he was a trespasser.

Being in prison, Morse craved a pardon, and Abe Hummel was not at hand to get it for him. Abe was in Europe, for his health. Abe had got Morse a wife by the gentle art of taking her away from an older man. Morse had looked upon the wife of Dodge; and while doing so his memory went back

to the time when King David gazed upon the unveiled charms of Bathsheba. Dodge could not be sent the way of Uriah, but the woman could be taken by the modern process of the divorce-court. Abe Hummel found the evidence: Abe managed the case: Abe mildly took a penitentiary sentence which rightly belonged to Morse: Abe spent a short while in prison, and Morse took Mrs. Dodge: Abe got out of jail and went to Europe—afterwards, Morse went to jail, and also went to Europe.

Morse was in the Atlanta penitentiary, and he was a very sick man. His lawyer said so; his doctor said so; the daily papers said so. Morse was suffering from several incurable and necessarily fatal maladies. His lawyer said so; his doctor said so; and the daily papers said so. Morse was a dying man: he had only a few days to live: his will had been made: the funeral arrangements were about complete: the sermon on the virtues of the deceased was in course of preparation; the epitaph was practically written; and all that Morse wanted was, that Dodge's wife and his own should not have to bear throughout the remainder of her chequered existence, as the ex-wife of both Dodge and Morse, the bitter recollection that the man who took her from Dodge had died in prison.

Therefore, heavens and earth moved mightily for the pardon of Morse, the dying man. President Taft was so afraid that any delay might seem hard-hearted, and that Morse's death in the penitentiary might haunt *him* with reproach the remainder of *his* life, he hurriedly pardoned one of the grandest rascals that ever was caught in the toils of the law.

Of course, the man was shamming all along; and with indecent haste he revealed himself as the robust, impudent, unscrupulous knave that he had been, when he was virtually murdering the destitute sick in New York.

These cases are cited because they

are recent, and have been universally discussed. They are examples of what Big Money can do, when it has a fixed purpose to gull the public, influence the authorities, and use the newspapers to defeat Justice.

Let us now consider the undisputed facts in the case of Leo Frank, about whom so much has been said, and in whose interest Big Money has waged such a campaign of vilification against the State of Georgia.

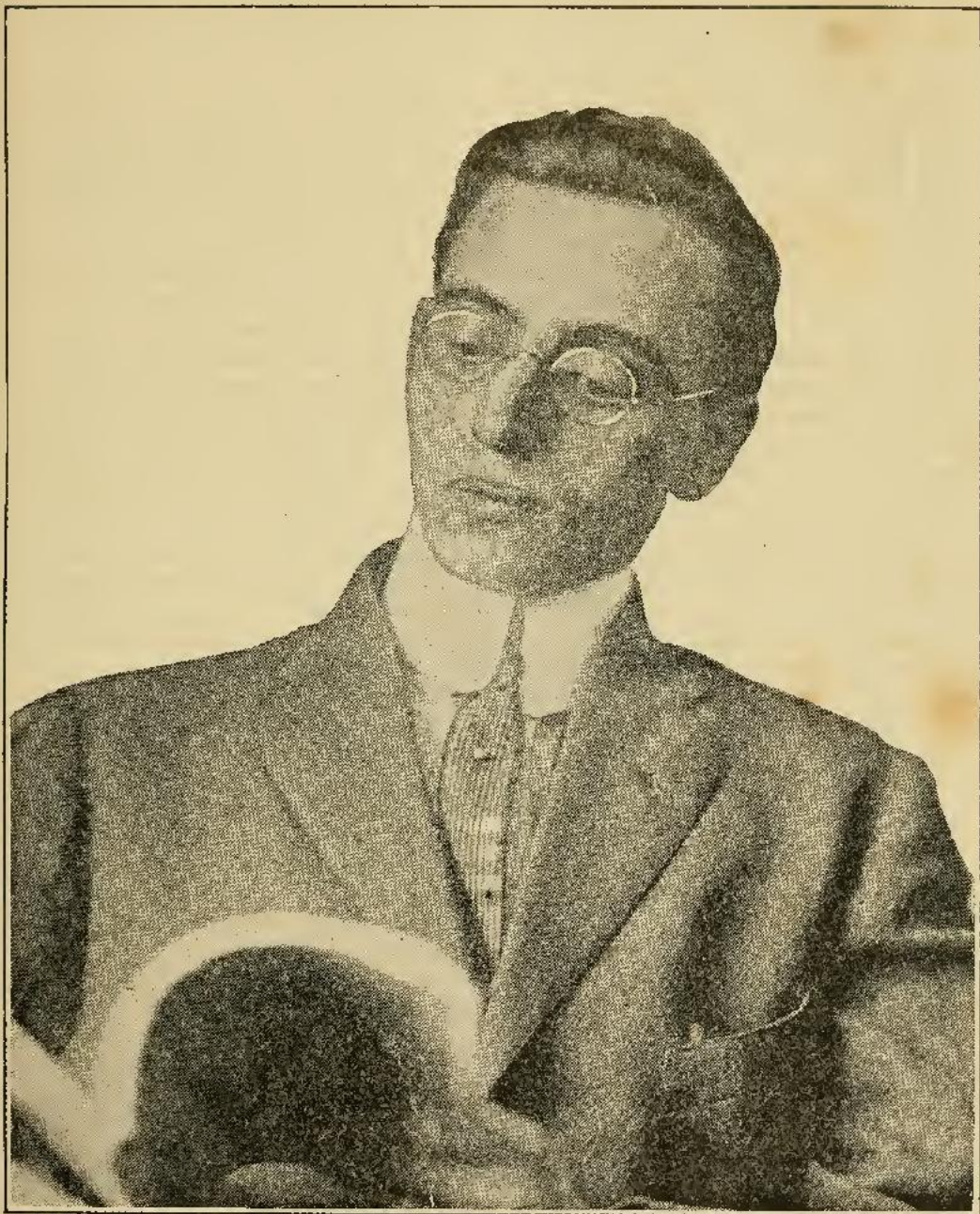
Far and wide, the accusation has been strewn, that we are prejudiced against this young libertine, because he is a Jew. If there is such a racial dislike of the Hebrews among us, why is it that, in the formation of the Southern Confederacy, we placed a Jew in the Cabinet, and kept him there to the last? Why is it, we are constantly electing Jews to the State legislatures, and to Congress?

The law-partner of the best criminal advocate at our bar, is a Jew. I refer to Judge H. D. D. Twiggs of Savannah, and his able associate, Mr. Simon Gazan.

The law-partner of the Governor of Georgia, is a Jew. I refer, of course, to Mr. Benjamin Phillips, the partner of Hon. John M. Slaton.

The daughters of our best people are continually intermarrying with Jews; and Gentiles are associated with Jews in fraternal orders, volunteer military companies, banking and mercantile firms, &c., &c.

The truth of the matter is, that the lawyers and detectives employed to save Leo Frank were themselves the authors of the hue and cry about his being a Jew, and they did it for the sordid purpose of influencing financial supplies. Wealthy Israelites all over the land have been appealed to, and their race-pride aroused, in order that the lawyers and the detectives might have the use of unlimited funds. The propaganda in favor of Frank has been even more expensive than that in favor of Morse.



LEO FRANK

The rich Jews of Athens, Atlanta, Baltimore, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, &c., have furnished the sinews of war. I dare say the campaign has not cost less than half-a-million dollars. The lawyers have probably been paid at least \$100,000. The Burns Detective Agency has no doubt fingered \$100,000. The publicity bills in the daily papers must be enormous.

Under the law of Georgia, no man can be convicted on the evidence of an accomplice. The testimony in the case, apart from that of the accomplice, must be of such a character as to exclude every other reasonable hypothesis, save that of the defendant's guilt.

Has any civilized State a milder code than that? Could any sane person ask that the law of Georgia should be more favorable to the accused?

The newspapers which sold themselves to the Burns propaganda, have said, and repeated, that Leo Frank was convicted on the evidence of a low-down, drunken negro.

It is not true. Under the law of Georgia, that cannot be done. And in the Frank case, it was *not* done.

Before going into the facts of this most horrible case, let us get our bearings by referring to other celebrated cases. Take, for instance, the case of Eugene Aram, which still possesses a melancholy interest, though the murderer paid his penalty 155 years ago. "The Dream of Eugene Aram" is one of Thomas Hood's fine poems; and Bulwer made the story the basis of one of his best novels.

Eugene Aram, the learned, respected schoolmaster, was convicted upon the evidence of his accomplice. Apart from this, there was almost nothing against the accused. There was not even an identification of the skeleton of the deceased, which for thirteen years had been buried in a cave. For thirteen years the scholarly Aram had been leading a correct, quiet life, when he was arrested. His character, pre-

vions to the crime, was unblemished. Without the accomplice, there was no proof of the *corpus delicti*, nor of any motive; nor was there any corroboration that excluded the idea of defendant's innocence.

But there was testimony to the effect that Aram was in company with Clark (the deceased) the last time Clark was seen in life; and Aram (like Frank) did not even try to tell what had become of the deceased.

This was the circumstance that weighed most against Aram—who confessed, after sentence of death!

One of the most celebrated of American cases was the murder of Dr. Parkman, of Boston, by Professor Webster, a man of great eminence and of spotless character, whose friends were numerous and of the highest standing. All New England was profoundly stirred when it was learned that Dr. Parkman had disappeared, and that he had last been seen entering the College where he went for the purpose of seeing Professor Webster on a matter of business.

In this case the controlling factor was, that Dr. Parkman had disappeared into the Professor's rooms, and had never reappeared. *What went with him? What became of him? Professor Webster could not answer.*

When Rufus Choate, the greatest criminal lawyer in New England, was applied to by the friends of Professor Webster, he offered to take the case if they would consent for him to plead *manslaughter*. He meant to put the defense on the line, that the two men had had a quarrel in the laboratory; and that, in the heat of passion, the Professor had killed the Doctor. Webster's friends declined this proposition, and Choate refused the case.

Webster was convicted, *and confessed*, after sentence of death!

In the case of Henry Clay Beattie, the testimony was about on a par, in character and convincing power, with

that against Frank; yet, Beattie continued to lustily cry out, "I am innocent! They are about to commit judicial murder," and there were numbers of our most intelligent people who believed what he said.

He, also, confessed, after he lost hope of reprieve.

The standard books on evidence teach young lawyers that one of the most striking phases of human nature is, *the inclination to believe.*

toiling to save a wretched miscreant who was as guilty as hell, and who didn't deserve a day out of the Book of Life of any respectable lawyer.

And I venture to predict that when Frank's attorneys get through with their labors for this detestable Sodomite, they will never again be what they were—in health, standing, or practice.

Leo Frank came down from New York, to take charge of a factory where young Gentile girls worked for He-



MARY PHAGAN

Trained lawyers, entrusted with the lives of the Beatties, the Patricks, the Beckers, the Woodfolks, and the Franks, realize the value of the constant repetition, "I am innocent. I didn't do it! They are about to commit judicial murder!"

Realizing it, they make use of it. Sometimes, they overdo it!

In the Tom Woodfolk case, a splendid gentleman and first-class lawyer, John Rutherford, actually worked himself to death, for a guilty monster who, among his victims, killed a pretty little girl.

In the Flanigan case, the best criminal lawyer in North Georgia, Hon. Bill Glenn, made himself a nervous wreck,

brews, at a wage-scale of five or six dollars a week.

Leo Frank was a typical young Jewish man of business who loves pleasure, *and runs after Gentile girls.* Every student of Sociology knows that the black man's lust after the white woman, *is not much fiercer than the lust of the licentious Jew for the Gentile.*

Leo Frank was reared in the environment of "the gentleman friend," whose financial aid is necessary to the \$5-a-week girl. He lived many years in that atmosphere. He came in contact with the young women who are paid the \$5-a-week, and who are expected to clothe themselves, find decent lodgings, and

pay doctor's bills out of the regular wage of five dollars a week.

Leo Frank knew what this system meant to the girls. In fact, we all know what it means, but we don't like to say so. We prefer not to interrupt our bounties to Chinese charities, or check our provisioning of Belgian derelicts.

How gay a life Leo Frank led among the wage-slaves of the North, we do not know; but when he arrived in Atlanta, he seems to have kept the pace, from the very beginning.

To his Rabbi, he was a model young man: to the girls in the factory, he was a cynical libertine. The type is familiar.

If the seducer wore a badge, as the policeman does, he would never seize his prey. If all the immoral men were to appear so, when they go to church, the hopeless minority of the virtuous might have to limit their devotional exercises to family prayer.

With prurient curiosity, Frank used to hover about the private room, where the girls changed their dresses, &c.

A girl from the fourth floor, spent some time, frequently, in this private room, in company with Frank, and they were alone. Neither Frank nor the woman from the 4th floor had any legitimate business alone in the private room of the girls. *One of Frank's own witnesses, a white girl, testified to these facts.*

Such things cannot be done in a factory, without being known to somebody; and that somebody is sure to tell the others.

That is why Mary Phagan detested him and repulsed him. She was a good girl; and, while her poverty forced her to work under Frank, she was determined not to yield to him in any dishonorable way. Her resistance had the natural result of whetting his depraved appetite.

The lawyers of the defense put Frank's character in evidence, proving

by certain witnesses that it was good. The prosecution had no right to question these witnesses as to details.

Then, the State put up witnesses who swore that Frank's character, *as to lasciviousness, was bad.* Again, the State could not go into details. *But the defense could have done so.* The law allows a defendant, thus attacked, to cross-examine the witnesses, as to the particular facts and circumstances which cause them to swear that the defendant is a man of bad character. In other words, the law of Georgia authorizes Leo Frank to have inquired of each one of these witnesses,—

"What moves you to testify that I am lascivious? What is it that you know against me? What are the facts upon which you base your opinion? Tell me what you saw me do! Tell me what's in your mind, and perhaps I can explain, rebut, and remove the evil effect of your testimony."

That's the position in which our law places a defendant. It gives *him* the privilege of sifting the witness, and of drawing from him the particular incidents, or circumstances, which have caused him to believe that the defendant *is* bad.

It often happens that, when the defendant cross-examines these witnesses against his character, they give flimsy and absurd reasons, thus bringing ridicule upon themselves, and *vindication to the accused!*

All lawyers know this; and all lawyers, *who feel sure of their client*, never fail to put these character-witnesses through a course of sprouts.

Confident of the integrity of their client, they know that a cross-examination of the character-witnesses will develop the fact, that they have been jaundiced by personal ill-will, and have made mountains out of mole-hills.

But Leo Frank's lawyers did not dare to ask any character-witness *why* she swore that Frank was a man of lascivious character!

Messrs. Rosser and Arnold knew their client, Leo Frank; they did not dare to ask a single witness the simple question, "Why do you swear that Frank's character is bad?"

They did not dare to ask, "*What is it that you know on him?*"

They *KNEW* that the answers would ruin whatever chance Frank had; and that it would be suicidal to ask those white girls to go into the details of Frank's hideous private life.

In this connection, there is another ominously significant fact that should be weighed: Frank and his lawyers did not offer to allow *him* to be cross-examined. Under our law, it is the right of the defendant to make his statement to the jury, and his attorneys may direct his attention to any fact which he omits. But the State cannot ask him a single question, unless he voluntarily makes that proposition.

In this case, where the defendant claimed that the only material evidence against him was that of "a drunken negro," *an innocent man would have joyfully embraced the opportunity to save his life, and clear his name.*

Isn't it so? Can you imagine what objection *you* would have had to being questioned, had *you* been in Frank's place? *You* are innocent: *you* could have accounted for yourself at the time Mary Phagan was being done to death: *you* would have gladly said, "Ask me any question you like. I have nothing to hide. I am not afraid of that negro. I *know* that I didn't commit the crime. I *know* that I can tell you where I was, when Mary Phagan was killed."

Did Frank do that?

No, indeed! He sat there and heard Jim Conley's story. He sat there, and listened, hour after hour, as Luther Rosser, the giant of the Atlanta bar, cross questioned the negro, and vainly exhausted himself in herculean efforts to shatter the rock of Jim Conley's simple and straightforward account of the crime.

He sat there as Jim Couley fitted the damning facts on *him*, Frank, and he did not dare to do what the negro had done. He did not dare to allow the Solicitor-General to cross-question *him*, as Rosser had cross-questioned Jim.

Innocent? Was that the courage of conscious innocence?

No. Frank prepared a careful statement, and recited it to the jury, and did not offer to answer any question. *He knew that he could not afford it.*

Helen Ferguson had often gotten Mary Phagan's pay-envelope; and had Frank allowed Helen to do this, one more time, he would not now be where he is—and poor Mary Phagan would not be a memory of horror to him, and to us.

Why wouldn't he let Helen Ferguson draw the pay-envelope that time? Ah, he wanted Mary to come back.

The next day was the Memorial Day: the next day is the Jewish Sabbath; the next day, in the morning, Mary Phagan is one of the sweetest flowers of the Sunny South; the next day, in the morning, she is seen of all men, rosy, joyous, pure and full of life and hope; the next day, in the morning, she goes to Frank for the withheld pay-envelope, with its poor one dollar and twenty cents; *and when she is lost to sight, on her way to the den where Frank is waiting for her, SHE IS LOST FOREVER.*

No man or woman ever sees her more, until the lifeless body is found in the basement.

There were scratch-pad notes lying beside her; and Frank says that the "drunken Jim Conley," not only raped and killed the girl while he, Frank, was unconsciously at his usual work in his office, but that Conley alone got the body down to the basement, and then secured the scratch-pad, and composed those four notes.

In those notes, the negro is not only made to say that a negro "did it, by his self," but the negro is described so particularly, that he can be advertised for;

and no attempt is made to lay it on the white man who is the only other man in the building!

Marvellous negro, Jim.

Mary Phagan was barely fifteen years old, and the evidence is all one way, as to what kind of girl she had been. As far back as the early days of March, 1913, Leo Frank had begun to ogle her, hang about her, and try to lead her in conversation. The little white boy, Willie Turner, swore to it, and no attempt was made to impeach him. He saw Frank endeavor to force his attentions on Mary, in the metal room; and he saw the girl back off, and say to Frank that she must go to her work. He heard Frank when he made the effort to use the job-lash on Mary, saying to her significantly, "*I am the Superintendent of this factory.*"

What did that mean? He had not spoken to her about her work, or about the factory affairs. He was trying to get up a personal "chat," as he had a habit of doing with other women of the place; and when she excused herself and was backing away from the man whom she instinctively dreaded, he used that species of employer's intimidation, "*I am the Superintendent of this factory.*" Meaning what?

Meaning, "*It lies in my power to fire you, if you displease me.*"

Dewey Hewell, a white girl who had worked in the factory under Frank—and who knew him only too well—testified that she had heard Frank talking to Mary frequently, and had seen him place his hands on her shoulders, and call her by her given name.

Gantt testified that Frank noticed that he, Gantt, knew Mary Phagan, and remarked to him, Gantt, "*I see that you know Mary, pretty well.*"

Yet, Frank afterwards said that he did not know Mary Phagan!

Frank had been monkeying with girls who depended on him for work.

Lascivious in character, according to twenty white girl witnesses, *whom Robber and Arnold dared not cross-examine*. Leo Frank's lewdness drove him toward Mary Phagan, as two white witnesses declared. She repulsed him, as the evidence of white witnesses showed.

Her work-mate applied for the pay-envelope on Friday, April 25th, Frank refused it, and Mary went for it on the morning of the 26th. She is seen to go up in the elevator towards Frank's office on the second floor.

He says that she came to him in his office, and got her pay!

No mortal eye ever saw that girl again, until her bruised and ravished body—with the poor under garments all dabbled in her virginal blood—was found in the basement.

Where was Leo Frank?

It was proved by Albert McKnight that Frank went to his home, sometime near 2 o'clock that day, (his folks were absent) stood at the side-board in the dining room, for five or ten minutes, did not eat a morsel, and went out again, toward the city.

A determined effort was made to break down this evidence, but it failed.

On that same day, Frank wrote to his Brooklyn people, that nothing "startling" had happened in the factory, since his rich uncle had left. He stated that the time had been too short for anything startling to have happened. The tragedy had already occurred.

That night he did something which he had never done before: he called up the night-watchman, Newt Lee, and asked him over the telephone if anything had happened at the factory.

Mary Phagan's body was lying in the basement; and in his agony of suspense and nervousness, *Frank was trying to learn whether the corpse had been found!*

At three o'clock that same night, Newt Lee found the body, and gave

The alarm. Detective Sharpe called Frank over the telephone, asking that he come to the factory at once. Two men were sent for him, and he was found nervously twitching at his collar, and his questions were, "What's the trouble? Has the night watchman reported anything? Has there been a tragedy?"

Why did he think there had been a tragedy *at the factory?*

If he had paid off Mary Phagan as he says, and she had gone her way out of the building and into the city—to see the Confederate Vets parade, or for something else—why was he calling up Newt Lee, Saturday night, asking if anything had happened at the *factory?*

NOBODY THEN KNEW THAT ANYTHING TRAGIC HAD HAPPENED TO MARY, ANYWHERE!

He was haunted by the dead girl who lay in the basement. To save his soul, he could not get her off his mind. The gruesome thing possessed him, held him, tortured him. Thundering in his brain, all the time, were the terrific words, "*Be sure your sin will find you out!*"

During the dreadful hours that followed Frank's return to the factory, his agitated mind cast about for a theory, a scape-goat, that would keep the bloodhounds off his own trail. He insinuatingly directed suspicion toward Newt Lee, the negro who was never there at all during the middle of the days. He not only hinted at Lee, and suggested Lee, but after *somebody* had planted a bloody shirt on Lee's premises, Frank asked that a search be made at Lee's house. The bloody shirt was found, *bloody on both sides*. Unless the carrier of the dead body shifted it from one side to the other, there was no way to account for blood on both sides of any shirt. But, worst of all! whoever planted the dirty old shirt, and smeared the blood on it, forgot to saturate it with the sweat of a negro!

There was none of the inevitable, and unmistakable African scent on that soiled garment—and yet the armpits of a laboring negro ooze lots of African scent.

Not only did Frank try to fix guilt on Lee, but he hinted suspicion of Gantt, the man who went to the factory on the fatal Saturday, after Mary had been killed, to get two pairs of old shoes which he had left on one of the upper floors.

Frank demurred at Gantt's going in, and made up a tale about the sweeping out of a pair of old shoes along with the litter and trash. But Gantt caught Frank in the falsehood, by asking him to describe the shoes that had been swept out. Frank "fell to it," and described *one pair*. "But I left two pairs!" exclaimed Gantt, and Frank was silenced. Gantt went up, got the shoes, and left. Yet Frank tried to fasten suspicion on *him*.

Now, use your mother wit:

Why did Frank never cast a suspicious eye, or a suspicious word, TOWARD JIM CONLEY?

He was ready to put the dogs on the tracks of Newt Lee, the negro who worked there *at night*. He was ready to lead the pack in the direction of Gantt, the white man who came on Saturday to get his old shoes.

But he was *not* ready to breathe the slightest hint toward Jim Conley, *whom all the witnesses placed in the factory, WITH FRANK, during the very time that Mary Phagan must have been ravished.*

Why did he keep the hounds off the trail of Jim Conley? Why did he point the finger of suspicion toward Gantt and toward Lee, *and never toward Conley?*

There is but one answer—and you know what that is. *Frank could not put the dogs after Conley, WITHOUT BEING RUN DOWN, HIMSELF!*

In vain did the detectives endeavor to trace evidence against Lee, and

against Gantt. In vain, did they labor to get the trail away from that factory. It was right there, and no earthly ingenuity could move it.

On Monday, Frank telegraphed to Adolf Montag, who was in New York, that the factory had the case well in hand and that the mystery would be solved. He had employed a Pinkerton detective, and this detective, fortunately, pinned Frank down as to where *he* was, at the crucial hour, that Saturday.

Scott asked Frank—"Were you in your office, from twelve o'clock until Mary Phagan entered your office, and thereafter until ten minutes before one o'clock, when you went to get Mrs. White out of the building?"

And Frank, answering his own detective, said that he *was*. Thus, his own admission, before his arrest, placed him near the scene of the crime, **AT THE TIME IT WAS COMMITTED.**

Scott again asked—"Then, from 12 o'clock to 12:30, every minute of that half hour, you were at your office?"

Frank answered, "Yes."

But he lied. The unimpeachable white girl, Monteen Stover, testified that *she* went to Frank's office, during that half hour, **AND NOBODY WAS THERE!**

No wonder the infamous William J. Burns did his utmost, afterwards, to frighten this young woman and to force her to take back what she had sworn. No wonder he sent the Rabbi after her. He himself threatened her, and then entrapped her in the law office of Samuel Boorstein, and tried to hold her there against her will!

The brassy, shallow, pretentious scoundrel! He richly deserves to be in the penitentiary himself!

Mind you! When Frank told his detective, Scott, that he was in his office during the half-hour between 12 o'clock and half-past twelve, *he did not know that Monteen Stover had been*

there. He had not seen her; he had not heard her. *He was employed at something else, somewhere else.* At what? And where?

In his statement, which he had had months to prepare, he said that he might have gone to the water closet.

In the note that lay beside Mary Phagan's body, she is made to say that *she* was going to the water closet, when the tall negro, all by "his self," assaulted her.

And it was on the passage to *THIS toilet*, (adjoining Frank's own toilet,) that the crime was committed.

The water-closet idea is in those tell-tale notes—and where else? In Leo Frank's final statement to the jury!

Would "a drunken brute of a negro," after raping and killing a white woman within a few steps of a white man's private office, *with the white man inside of it*, linger at the scene of his awful crime to compose four notes? Would *he* need any theory about the water closet?

Would *he* have been in an agony of labor to account for the presence of his victim, *at that place?* Not at all.

He would have left that point to take care of itself, and *he* would have struck a bee line for the distant horizon. Negroes committing rapes on white women, do not tarry. *Never! NEVER!!*

They go, and they keep going, as though all the devils of hell were after them; for they *know* what will happen to them, if the white men get hold of them.

Jim Conley—where was he, at the time when Frank was *not* in his office?

Mrs. Arthur White swore that Jim Conley, or a negro man that looked like him, *was at his place of duty, down stairs.* He was sitting down, and there was nothing whatever to attract any especial attention to him. This was at thirty-five minutes after twelve—and Mary Phagan had already been to

Frank's office, *by his own statement*, and had got her pay envelope, and gone away. *Gone where?*

Toward the toilet?

If so, Frank knew it, and Conley didn't, *for Conley was below, on another floor*. Mrs. White puts him there.

Who, then, wrote the note about the water closet, and made Mary say she went to it "to make water?"

Where was Mary, when Monteen Stover looked into Frank's vacant office? *Where was Frank, THEN?* The note said Mary went toward the toilet "to make water;" Frank's statement was that he must have been at the toilet, when Monteen looked into his office. *Great God! Then, Frank puts himself at the very place where the note puts Mary Phagan!*

Did you ever know the circumstances to close in on a man, as these do on Frank?

Out of his own mouth, this lascivious criminal is convicted.

The men's toilet used by Frank, and to which he said he may have unconsciously gone, *was only divided by a partition from the ladies room to which the note said Mary had gone.*

THEREFORE, FRANK PLACES HIMSELF WITH MARY, AT THE TIME OF THE CRIME!

Why did he pretend that he did not know Mary by sight? Why did he go to the Morgue *twice*, and shrink away without looking at her; and then afterwards, in his statement, describe her appearance on the cooling table, as fully and as circumstantially, as though he had been a physician, making an expert examination?

Why was he so completely knocked up by suspense and anxiety, *that he "trembled and shook like an aspen,"* on his way to the police station?

And why, *why* did this white man never flare up with blazing wrath against the negro who accused him of the awful crime, and gladly embrace

the opportunity to face the negro and put him to shame?

Where is the innocent white man who is afraid to face a guilty negro?

Where is the white man who would have tamely taken that negro's fearful accusation, *as Frank took it?* Would you have failed to face Conley?

Apart from every word that Jim Conley uttered, we have the following facts.

Frank's bad character for lasciviousness: his pursuit of Mary Phagan, and her avoidance of him: his withholding her pay-envelope Friday afternoon and thus making it necessary for her to return to his office on Saturday: his presence in his office in the forenoon, and her coming into it at noon, to get the pay-envelope: her failure to reappear down-stairs, or up-stairs, and the absence of both Frank and Mary, from his office, during the halfhour that followed Mary's arrival in the office: the presence of Conley on the lower floor, *at the necessary time of the crime*: the inability of Frank to account for himself, *at the necessary time of the crime*: the utter failure of Frank to explain what became of Mary: his desperate attempt to place himself in his office at the time of the crime, and the unexpected presence of Monteen Stover there, *and her evidence that he was out*: his incriminating lie on that point, and his nervous hurry to get Mrs. White out of the building: his strange reluctance to allow Gantt to go in for his old shoes, and his falsehood on that subject: his refusal to allow Newt Lee to enter the building at 4 o'clock, P. M., although the night-watchman came at that hour, and begged to be allowed to go in and sleep: his conduct that night, calling up Lee, and asking the officers about the "tragedy," when no tragedy had been brought home to him by any knowledge save his own: his efforts to throw the officers off the scent: *his amazing failure to hint a suspicion of Jim Conley*: his equally

guilty fear of calling Daisy Hopkins to the stand—Daisy, the woman who was shown conclusively to have visited Frank at the factory, and who had no business there except in her peculiarly shameful line of business. It was this woman that Conley said he had watched through the key-hole, when Frank was sodomizing with her, *and Frank's lawyers dared not put her up, as a witness.*

The blood marks are found, in the direction of the men's toilet and the metal room; and Mary's bloody drawers and bloody garter-straps show that she bled from her virginal womb, before she died. Around her neck was the cord that choked her to death. On her head was the evidence of a blow.

Frank could not have been off that floor. He could not have been far away. He had been in his office, *with Mary*, just a few minutes before. *He was back in his office, at 12:35, seen by Mrs. White, and jumping nervously as she saw him.* He stated that his temporary absence from his office may have been caused by a call of nature. Such a call would have carried him directly toward the place where the note said Mary went, *for the same purpose!*

Had you been on the jury, with all these links of circumstances fastening themselves together in one great iron chain of conviction, what would you have believed, as to Frank's guilt?

Now consider Conley:

He was Frank's employee, and to some extent his trusty. Frank didn't mind Conley's knowing about Daisy Hopkins, and other things of the same kind. Frank did not want Rabbi Marx to know anything of his secret sins, but he did not care if Conley knew. Therefore, Conley was the person to whom he would naturally turn when the Mary Phagan adventure went wrong. Frank needed help to dispose of the body, for Frank had a vast deal at stake. His social position, his busi-

ness connections, his fellowship in the B'nai B'rith, his standing in the synagogue, his wife and mother and father and uncle—all these imperatively demanded that Frank dispose of *that terrible dead girl!*

Would Conley have cared what became of her body?

Do negroes who violate white women stay to dispose of the bodies? Never in the world. Their first thought is to get away *themselves*, and they do it, whenever they can.

What hindered Jim Conley, if he was the rapist, from being in the woods, *sixty miles away*, by the time Mary's body was found Sunday morning? Nothing!

If he had raped and killed the girl, he could securely have gone out of the building, out of the city, and out of the State, before anybody knew what had become of Mary Phagan.

Frank couldn't afford to run!

He had to stay.

Ask yourself this question:

Was it more natural for a negro to rape a white girl, and stay where he was, *in the belief that he could lay the crime on a white man*; or was it more natural for a white man to do it, remain where he was, *and hope to fix it on a negro?*

It is unnecessary to relate Jim Conley's evidence in detail. He made out a complete case against Frank, and he was corroborated by white witnesses at every point where any of the facts came within the knowledge of others. Of course, there could be no witnesses to what he and Frank did with Mary's corpse, but so far as the physical indications of the crime existed, they contradicted Frank, and corroborated Conley.

According to the allegations made by Conley's lawyer, William M. Smith, the friends of Leo Frank made strenuous efforts to corrupt Conley, then scare him, and perhaps poison him, before the trial came on.

William J. Burns afterwards made a fool of Smith; but Smith did not attempt to escape from the allegations which he had formally, in a legal paper, made against the friends of Frank. According to Smith, Conley's life was in danger, and measures were taken to protect it.

This is the Smith that the New York Times, World, &c., made such a loud noise over, when he went into a deal with Burns, to *play the Nelms case against the case of Frank*.

The indictment against Frank was found by the grand jury, on May 24th, 1913. He had been in jail since the Coroner's jury had committed him May 8th.

His trial commenced on the 28th of July, and more than 200 witnesses were examined.

On the 25th of August the Judge, L. S. Roan, charged the jury, and they went to their room for deliberation. In a comparatively short time, they returned, saying they had made a verdict, and defendant's attorneys, waiving his personal attendance, polled the jury. That is, each juror was asked if the verdict of guilty was *his* verdict.

This perfunctory right is the only one that the law allows a defendant at that stage of the trial.

Frank was asked on August 26th what he had to say, as to why sentence should not be pronounced on him. He had nothing of consequence to say, and he was sentenced to be hanged on October 10th, 1913.

On October 31, Judge Roan denied a motion for new trial, and the case was taken to the Supreme Court, *which reviewed the evidence* and sustained Judge Roan, Feb. 17, 1914.

An extraordinary motion for new trial was made and overruled in April, 1914.

Then, the lawyers of Frank raised the point, that he had not been per-

sonally present when the jury rendered their verdict. This was treated as trifling with the law and with the court.

It never was a right, under English and American law, for a defendant to be personally present all the time; and it *is* the law that whatever he can waive, during his trial, his attorneys can waive.

Had Frank been personally present, he could not have done anything more than his lawyers did; to-wit, poll the jury. That is a formal, valueless right which is almost never exercised, *and which never has panned out results in Georgia*.

Jurors do not bring in a verdict until they *are* agreed: the verdict *is* each juror's verdict. Otherwise, there is a dead-lock and a mistrial.

After the best criminal lawyers of the Atlanta bar had exhausted themselves in behalf of Leo Frank, the case was given to that calliope detective, William J. Burns—the fussy charlatan who hunts for evidence with a brass-band, and a search light.

With an uproarious noise, he invaded Georgia, and breezily assumed that the Frank case had just begun. He began it all over again. He went to the factory to look over the physical indications, just as though the crime had not been committed a year before Burns got to Atlanta.

He raised his voice, in a boastful roar, and invited mankind to watch him, "the Great Detective," as *he* went sleuthing over the premises of that factory. The way the man talked was something phenomenal, prodigious, cyclonic, cataclysmic. Every morning the papers were full of Burns, the Great Detective. Every day we had to eat, drink and digest Burns. Every night we had to think, talk and dream about Burns. The whole State, and all the papers, got to looking toward Atlanta, as a Mussulman does toward Mecca, for Burns was there.

With inconceivable rapidity, Burns made up his mind, and announced his decision. Nay, he roared it from the castellated battlements, so that the whole human race could hear.

He had discovered that the crime on Mary Phagan had been committed by a moral pervert of the worst type. He had discovered that no one who had been suspected and arrested, was guilty. The miscreant who did the deed was "at large," and Burns knew where to get him when he wanted him.

Then Burns shot out of Georgia, and went North—presumably to put his hands on that miscreant who had never been suspected, and who in Burns' own words, "is at large."

Everywhere that Burns went, the noise was sure to go.

The papers resounded with Burns. The Baltimore Sun, (Abell) the New York Times, (Ochs) the New York World, (Pulitzer) and other Hebrewish organs, proclaimed the joyful news, "Burns clears Frank!"

It was airily assumed that Burns was the coroner's jury, the grand jury, the petit jury, the judge, the witnesses, and the lawyers.

What did it matter to this asinine mountebank that Frank's case had been given, to the fullest measure, the liberal metres of our statutory law?

Is every man to have two trials, because he wants them? Is any man entitled to exceptional rules, usages and privileges?

Did the gunmen who shot Rosenthal get two trials?

They also were Jews, and they also were vehemently "innocent." Yet they confessed before execution.

Is the richly connected Jew, Frank, entitled to better treatment in Georgia, than those indigent Jews got, in New York?

The Abells, and the Ochses, and the Pulitzers, did not raise much fuss for the Hebrew gunmen.

If Mary Phagan had been a Jewess,

and Frank a Gentile, would all this scurrilous crusade against Georgia have been waged in the Jewish papers?

If Frank had killed a Jew, as the New York gunmen did, would these Jewish millionaires be so lavish with their money and their abuse?

Do they imagine that we care nothing for the Mary Phagans that are left alive?

Is no check ever to be put upon the employers of girls, who insolently take it for granted that the girls can be used for lascivious purposes?

Shall the Law trace no dead-line around the children of the poor, and say to arrogant wealth, "*Touch them, at your peril?*"

Upon what monstrous theory of shoddy aristocracy, and commercial snobbery, is based the idea that, in pursuing Mary Phagan, entrapping her, ravishing her, and choking her to death, this lascivious pervert did not foully outrage every decent white man who has a pure daughter, granddaughter, sister, or sweet-heart?

Burns rooted around in several Northern cities, endeavoring to discover the criminal who "is at large." Burns failed to find this criminal. Then he returned to Atlanta, and began his virtuous efforts to suppress, and to invent evidence.

For his dastardly campaign against Monteen Stover, he richly deserves to be tarred and feathered in every State where he shows his brassy face.

For his abortive purchase of the affidavits of Rev. Ragsdale and the deacon, Barber, he richly deserves a penal term.

In May 1912, President Taft, upon the recommendation of Attorney-General Wickersham, set aside some verdicts in some Oregon cases, in the U. S. Courts, upon the express grounds that WILLIAM J. BURNS AND HIS AGENTS HAD PACKED THE JURY-BOXES!

No wonder Burns skipped out—the

braggart, the faker, the crook, the coward!

His right hand man, Dan Lehon, was expelled from the Chicago police force for being a detected crook; and Lehon is a better man, and a braver man, than the contemptible Burns.

It was on this bought and perjured evidence that Frank endeavored to secure a new trial, by the extraordinary motion.

An effort to suppress evidence is indicative of guilt: Frank did that.

An effort to fabricate testimony is indicative of guilt: Frank did that.

An effort to seduce the attorney of an accessory, and to have that attorney betray his client, is indicative of guilt, especially when the attorney in question is willing, but not able, to shift suspicion to his own client.

Encircling Frank, *and nobody else*, are these convicting circumstances:

Motive; opportunity; unexplainable movements, sayings and conduct; contradictory statements; presence at the time and place of the crime; attempts to inculcate innocent persons; efforts to intimidate witnesses, suppress evidence, and use perjured affidavits: and *lascivious character in dealings with the girls in that factory.*

Frank wanted Mary Phagan, not to kill her, but to enjoy her. His *murder* of the girl was *incidental*.

He did not resolve to choke her to death, until after he realized that if she left there alive, she would raise the town, and he would be lynched by the infuriated people.

Then he called for Conley's help, and his plan was, to make way with the corpse.

And because he had used Conley, and was therefore afraid of what he might say, Frank never once suggested to the policemen, or the detectives, to question Conley. *Question Newt Lee, BUT DON'T QUESTION CONLEY, THE DAY MAN, WHO WAS THERE WHEN MARY WAS!*

Why did Frank ignore *THIS* negro, *at that time*, and try to fasten the guilt on *the other negro*, Newt Lee?

Newt could not implicate Frank: *Jim Conley could.*

There you are; and all the lawyer-sophistry in Christendom cannot get away from it.

"A drunken negro!" That shibboleth, of late adoption, is now the burden of Frank's statements. In his many newspaper articles, in the editorials which the Jewish papers publish, in Burns' various proclamations and war-whoops, in the pleas of the lawyers, it all simmers down to Jim Conley, "a drunken brute of a negro."

When did Conley become the black beast of the case?

Burns himself did not make him the scape-goat when he uproariously bore down upon Atlanta, and lifted the floodgates of his jackass talk. At that time, the guilty man "is a pervert of the lowest type; he has never been arrested: he is at large." Burns was going to spring a sensation by pouncing upon somebody that had never even been suspected. He was going to show the Atlanta police and the Pinkerton Detective Agency that they ought all to have gone to school to William J. Burns, *The Great Detective.* *Conley* was not at large; *Conley* had been arrested, investigated, and relegated to his proper position as accessory.

Therefore, *Conley* was not the imaginary man that Burns *THEN* had, in his omniscient optics.

Not until all his turbulent efforts to find a straw man had failed, did he and Lehon bribe the poor old preacher, Ragsdale, and his poorer deacon, Barber, to swear that they had heard Conley tell another negro that he had killed a white woman at the pencil factory. It was the clumsiest, Burnsiest piece of frame-up that I had ever read; and I immediately picked it to pieces, in the weekly *Jeffersonian*.

The papers had barely reached Atlanta for sale on the streets, before Ragsdale broke down and confessed—and now Burns is afraid to put himself within the jurisdiction of the Georgia courts.

When did Frank discover that Jim Conley was a drunken brute of a negro? Not while employing him, *for two years!* Not while allowing him to remain inside the factory, that Saturday afternoon, when Newt Lee was not permitted to come in and go to sleep. Not while Frank's own detective was probing, here and there, this one and that one, in the effort to find a lead. Not while the Coroner had the case in charge. Not once did Frank aid the police, the Pinkerton Detective, or the City detectives, by so much as a suspicious look toward the drunken brute of a negro.

Why not?

This young, lascivious Jew is a Cornell graduate, is as bright as a new pin, and keen as a needle; but in the tremendous crisis in which he found himself, that Saturday afternoon, his brain was in a turmoil, "a whirling gulf of phantasy and flame." Hence, having made a terribly criminal mistake, he followed it up, *as most criminals do*, by making minor mistakes.

It was a mistake to move that bleeding body. It was a mistake to lie to Gantt about those old shoes. It was a mistake to refuse to let Newt Lee enter. It was a mistake to show so much anxiety to get rid of Mrs. White. It was a mistake to call up Newt Lee and inquire whether anything had happened at the factory. It was a mistake to ask the men, Rogers and Black, whether a tragedy had taken place at the factory. But of course, the crowning mistake was, *to take Jim Conley into his confidence, in the mistaken effort to dispose of the corpse.*

The one mistake in calculation led to the other, and these two led to the third; to-wit, the writing of those four

notes, in which he made the dead girl say she had gone to the toilet "to make water."

Are you to be told that a drunken brute of a negro would seize a white girl, inside a house, on a quiet legal holiday, violate her person, choke her to death with a cord, and then sit down to write four notes about it? Are you to be told that a drunken brute of a negro would attempt such a crime, *within a few steps of the white man's office*; and would leave the stunned, unconscious victim on the floor while he searched around to find a cord with which to choke her to death? *The hands* of the drunken brute of a negro would have been as much cord as *he* wanted.

When you put Jim Conley in the place of the murderer of Mary Phagan, you cannot budge an inch. Nothing going before the crime, points at him. Nothing that is shown to have happened at the time and place of the crime, points to him. Nothing that occurred afterwards, points to him. *Against Conley, the only testimony is that of Leo Frank!*

Had the State endeavored to convict Conley, it would have been met at the very threshold by the law which mercifully says the accomplice cannot convict the accomplice.

Frank's evidence against Conley stands alone! It has no corroboration whatsoever. And he is actuated by the irresistible motive to save his own neck.

Therefore, the case against Conley, *is Frank*, and nothing more.

When you put the negro in the place of the rapist and murderer, you confront the following difficulties:

Frank's first intention to shield Conley from suspicion.

Frank's attempts to cast suspicion on Lee and Gantt.

Frank's fixed idea that a tragedy had happened in his place of business.

Frank's haunting the Morgue, yet

shrinking from the sight of Mary Phagan's accusing face.

Frank's refusal to face Conley, and to have a talk with him in the presence of witnesses.

Frank's absence from his office, *at the time of the crime*, and his false statement that he was in the office, *at that very time*.

Frank's efforts to "approach" Conley, intimidate him, or come to terms with him, as William M. Smith sets out in his statement to the court: and Frank's attempts to make Monteen Stover perjure herself.

Frank's bribery of Ragsdale, and the deal that was made with William M. Smith, by which he was to help slip the noose over the head of his own client, "the drunken brute of a negro."

Was there ever a fouler attempt than *that*?

Was there ever a completer failure?

You cannot imagine that the intellectual Frank has not kept in the closest communication with his lawyers, his detectives, and his friends, in these almost superhuman efforts to save his guilty life.

It is *not* Jim Conley that has struggled to pull himself out of the meshes. It is *not* Jim Conley that endeavored to corrupt Frank's witnesses, and seduce Frank's lawyers. *It was not Jim Conley that went out to hire a preacher and a deacon to swear away the life of Leo Frank!*

It was not Jim Conley who attempted to use the purchased affidavits, to mislead the Court, befuddle the public, and escape Justice.

It was Frank, whose conduct before the crime points in the direction of guilt. It was Frank who could not be seen, heard, or accounted for at the time of the crime. It was Frank whose actions were suspicious after the crime. It was Frank whose conduct, since the trial, has been that of a desperate criminal, frantically and blunderingly endeavoring to escape the toils.

None of this will fit Jim Conley, or anybody else. *It fits Frank!* It cannot be made to fit anybody but Frank.

Then who is guilty?

Either the white man, or the negro, or both, ravished and killed that little girl.

The bloodmarks say she was killed on Frank's floor, not far from his private office—*AND NEAR HIS TOILET, WHERE HE SAYS HE MAY HAVE GONE—not on Conley's floor, where Mrs. White saw the negro, at that time.*

The note says she was killed on Frank's floor, on her way to the toilet, where she had gone "to make water," *therefore, next to Frank's toilet—not on Conley's floor at all.*

Did Conley leave the lower floor, come up to Frank's floor, and do the deed? Why, *Conley could not have known that Mary was not in Frank's office*, for that was where he had seen her go.

Conley did not know where Mary was at that time. *Leo Frank was the only human being that knew where Mary was, at that identical moment!*

He himself says that she had been in his office and had gone out; and *he* knew that she did not take the elevator up or down, *but went towards the metal room*, to see whether the metal which she was to work with had come.

He followed her, overtook her, solicited her, put his hands on her—and *she screamed!* Then he struck her, knocking her down, fiendishly mistreated her, and then, horror-struck at the sight, and terrified by his consciousness of consequences, he went and got the cord which choked her life out.

Take Jim Conley's story, and *every proved incident dove-tails into it.*

Take Frank's story, and *every proved fact collides with it.*

Then who is guilty?

Ah, who knows a man so well as his wife does? This young married man,

who had a young wife, must have been outraging every feminine instinct of her honest nature, for at first, *she would not go about him.*

In your bitter time of trouble if your own wife, near by, holds aloof, there is something hideously wrong with you!

"Last at the Cross, and first at the grave," women are true!

It makes terribly against Leo Frank that his young wife held back! What pressure finally conquered her reluctance?

Poor little Mary Phagan! The chiefest of poets has sung of the proud Roman lady who would not survive her honor; but, in the hearts of right thinking men, Cornelia, ravished by a King's son, is no better than this daughter of the good old State of Georgia, who lost her life in defense of her chastity.

While the City witnessed the parade of the time-battered remnants of the Confederate armies that had given so many precious lives in defense of those things that men hold dear, only the angels and the Great God witnessed the struggles of Mary Phagan for the priceless jewel that good women hold dear. And there must have been blinding tears of unutterable pity, as those celestial witnesses looked down upon that frightful deed. Among all the horrible crimes that make humanity pale and shudder, there has been no blacker crime than that.

Only "a factory girl!" That's what the papers kept on saying.

Yes; she was only a factory girl: there was no glamour of wealth and fashion about her. She had no millionaire uncle: she had no Athens kinspeople ready to raise fifty thousand dollars for her: she had no mighty connections to wield influence, muzzle newspapers, employ detectives, and manufacture public sentiment.

Only a factory girl: therefore the Solicitor-General has had no outside help, has found his path of duty one of arduous toil, has fought his way at every step in the case against overwhelming odds, and he won simply and solely because he had the Law, and the Evidence on his side.

Honor to Hugh Dorsey!

Just as Whitman of New York bravely met the hell-dogs of organized crime, and lashed them into cowed defeat, Dorsey triumphed over Big lawyers, Big detectives, Big money, and Big newspapers in Georgia.

And because an enthusiastic people caught up this young hero in their arms, *after he had fought the good fight and won it*, we are accused of saturating the court-room with the spirit of mob violence!

It's an outrageous libel, on the State of Georgia!

No man ever had a fairer trial than Leo Frank, and no man was ever more justly convicted.

Never before did any criminal who had exhausted in his own behalf, every known right, privilege and precedent of the law, resort to such a systematic and unprecedented crusade against civilized tribunals, orderly methods, and legally established results.

If Frank's lawyers, detectives and newspapers are to have *their* way, then the Code, the Jury System—proud achievements of the most illustrious lawyers that ever lived—will have suffered a degradation not known since the packing of juries in the New Orleans cases, a decade ago, so infuriated the people, that they rose in their wrath and wreaked vengeance upon those Italian assassins.

During all the stormy times of the Pitt-Eldon regime in England, our jury system rode triumphantly through its waves. One intrepid lawyer, Thomas Erskine, was able to vindicate the no-

ble truth, that the effort of our judicial system is, *to get twelve honest men in the jury box.*

So proud was Erskine of the fact that *our system*, had come out of the terrible ordeal untarnished and with added glory, he took for his motto, to be emblazoned on the panels of his carriage—

"Trial by jury."

That which the most consummate of English advocates gloried in, *we* are asked to be ashamed of; and we are asked to condemn the verdict of Frank's jury, when Frank himself is utterly unable to show that the law did not give him *the twelve honest men in the box.*

What more could it have given?
What more did it have to give?

Nobody compelled Frank to become a citizen of Georgia. He came of his own free will. *Has he any more rights than a native?*

If Frank had been living in London at the time he crushed the life out of that human flower, little Mary Phagan, he would have long since gone the swift road that Dr. Crippin travelled to his merited doom.

"Whosoever sheds man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." So reads the sternly just law of the great old indomitable, unconquerable race from which we take so much of our religion, our law, and our democracy.

Is Frank to be an exception to Mosaic law? Is alleged race-prejudice to save him from the just penalties of the Code?

God knows, my sympathy is pro-

found for those who sin through sudden passion, who are drawn astray by some irresistible temptation, who are lured to vice and crime by intense love or burning hate. For the man who kills another openly and who says to Society—"Yes, I did it! I had a right to do it. Here I am, take me, and try me!"—for such a man I have the broadest charity.

But for the man who waylays the road, or who basely stands outside a dwelling at night and murders the inmate—I have no pity whatsoever.

So, in a case like Frank's, where a married man, a college-bred man, a man of the most creditable connections, deliberately lives a double life, debases himself to unnatural and inordinate lusts, and sets himself to the foul purpose of entrapping the one pure girl who was trying to save herself to be some good man's wife—I admit, I freely admit, that it is in me to be as stern as the Law of the Twelve Tables.

Somebody *must* resist the dissolvent power of Big Money and a muzzled press, or Society will fall to pieces.

In all the imperial limits of Atlanta, were there not enough purchasable women, or lewd girls, to sate the lusts of Frank? Why was he *so* hell-bent to take this one little girl?

With his command of money and of opportunity, *was he not the man of many flocks and herds?*

Let us turn to The Book, and read the old, old story, ringing yet with the righteous wrath of the Prophet, and moving men's hearts yet with its infinite pathos:

"And the Lord sent Nathan unto David -----
and he came unto him and said unto him -----
There were two men in one city ----- the one
rich ----- and the other ----- POOR ----- The
rich man had EXCEEDING MANY flocks and
herds ----- but the poor man had NOTHING
----- save one ----- little ----- ewe lamb -----
which he had nourished up ----- and it grew up
together with him and with HIS CHILDREN -----

it did eat of HIS OWN meat-----and drink of HIS OWN cup-----and lay in his BOSOM-----and was unto him as a DAUGHTER.

"And there came a traveller unto the rich man-----and he spared to take of his OWN flock and his OWN herd-----to dress for the way-faring man that was come unto him-----but took-----the POOR MAN'S LAMB and dressed IT for the man that was come unto him.

"And David's anger was GREATLY kindled against the MAN-----and he said to Nathan—'AS THE LORD LIVETH—the man that hath done THIS thing shall surely die-----and he shall restore the lamb FÓURFOLD-----because he did this thing and because he had no pity'-----And Nathan said to David-----'THOU-----art the man!'"

Not long ago, a rich Hebrew, most influentially connected, stole two million dollars from the working people of New York, many of whom were Jews.

Henry Siegel stole the money under the familiar disguise of a commercial failure. He was tried and convicted—and sentenced to pay a fine of one thousand dollars, and to serve nine months in prison.

Whereupon, the Pulitzer paper, *The World*, admits that there *does* seem to be in this country one law for the rich and another for the poor.

Now, in the State of Georgia, we are doing our level best to prove that the law treats all men alike, and the Pulitzer paper is doing its best to defeat our aim.

The New York *World* has taken sides with the negroes, against the white people of the South, on all occasions.

It claims that the negroes are as good as we, and that the negroes should enjoy social and political equality.

So extreme has been the Pulitzer paper on this line that it sharply reproved President Wilson in the matter of the William Monroe Trotter episode.

The New York *World* virtually says that the President deserved the insolence of the negro delegation, in that he had not interfered to prevent the heads of the Departments from requir-

ing that the negroes use separate water-closets, &c.

Yet in the Frank case, the great point emphasized by the *World* and the other Jewish papers is, that a witness against Frank *was a negro!*

It seems that negroes are good enough to kill our ballots, make our laws, hold office, sleep in our beds, eat at our tables, marry our daughters, and mongrelize the Anglo-Saxon race, *but are not good enough to bear testimony against a rich Jew!*

It is all wrong for us to disfranchise the negroes, all wrong for McAdoo, Burleson and Williams to require them to eat in separate restaurants, use separate wash-rooms, and go to separate toilets; all wrong for the President to allow any difference between whites and blacks, *but no negro must be taken as a witness against a Jew who can command unlimited money.*

That sort of logic is a fair sample of all the Leo Frank special pleading. None of it would be tolerated a minute, if there had not been such a systematic propaganda in favor of this worst of deliberate criminals.

From the very necessity of the case, we have to take the evidence of negroes in some cases—else Justice would be defeated.

Criminals do not summon the best men in the community to witness their crimes.

The murder in the brothel must of necessity be proved by bad women. No good woman is there to see it—nor any good man, either.

Time and again, in Georgia, as in all States, it has happened that the only witnesses to the crime were negroes, or bad white men. What is the law to do, in such cases?

Must it let murder go unpunished, for the lack of white men of the best character?

Every case must of necessity stand on its own merits, and be judged by its surroundings. A witness, otherwise objectionable, may become invincible *by reason of the nature of his association with the criminal*, and with the *res gestae* of the crime.

In his proclamations to the public, Leo Frank stresses the point that the reviewing court has never passed upon the question of his guilt, or innocence.

In other words, he asserts positively, in a carefully prepared written statement, that the Supreme Court of Georgia has never reviewed the evidence in the case.

What an arrant falsehood!

Every tyro in the legal profession knows better.

In a first motion for a new trial there are three grounds which are so invariably taken, that even the form-books lay them down, as stereotyped.

The defendant *always* alleges that the verdict was strongly and decidedly against the evidence, against the weight of the evidence, and without evidence to support it.

Therefore, the Supreme Court *had* to pass on the evidence. The Supreme Court *did* pass on the evidence. And the Court *did* say that the evidence was sufficient to sustain the verdict.

There was no "mob" threatening the Supreme Court. There was no mili-

tary display menacing the Supreme Court.

Those serene, experienced lawyers were *not* twelve terrified jurors, for whom Leo Frank is now so sorry.

On their oaths and their consciences, those superb lawyers, coolly deliberating in private and in the profoundest security, *had to say whether the evidence set forth in the record was sufficient to warrant the verdict of those twelve jurors.*

And those Justices, *upon their oaths and their consciences*, said the evidence was sufficient.

Yet Leo Frank has the brazen effrontery to argue that his case has never been tried, except by twelve men who were scared into a verdict by the Atlanta "mob."

This attempt at misleading a sympathetic public is on a par with the efforts made to suppress testimony, to frighten those girl witnesses, and to buy up Ragsdale and his deacon.

It is on a par with that pulpit crusade they started in Atlanta. It is on a par with William J. Burns' "utterly confident" explorations in Cincinnati and New York. It is on a par with Burns' interviews with Conan Doyle, John Burroughs and a whole lot of other people who have never seen the record in this case, *nor been charged with the fearful responsibility of trying this man for his life.*

The State of Georgia and its Judiciary, and the honest jurors who were sworn to try Frank, have been vilified, held up to scorn and made objects of derision and hatred, by irresponsible persons who know nothing of the evidence, except that Jim Conley is a negro.

The public has been gulled, again and again, by the noisy protestations of William J. Burns, and by the assurance that something wonderfully sensational would explode very soon.

But nothing ever comes of it. Every

time there is a show down, it is the same old thing. The same old fatal pursuit of the girl by Frank; the same old undisputed and damnable fact of the little victim being lured back to his private office, to get the pitiful balance of her pitiful wage; the same old unexplained disappearance of the girl, and the same old utter inability of Frank to give an account of himself.

Let me quote one sentence from a masterful book which has recently been published, and which has been widely read. Its author is Edward A. Ross, Professor of *Sociology* in the University of Wisconsin: the name of the book is, "The Old World and the New."

This expert in Sociology makes a study of Immigration, the changes brought about by it, the diseases, crimes and vices incident to this foreign flood, &c.

On page 150, he says—

"The fact that the pleasure-loving Jewish business men spare Jewesses, but PURSUE GENTILE GIRLS excites bitter comment."

This bitter comment is made by the city authorities, who have had to deal with these pleasure-loving Jewish business men who spare the Jewish girls, and run down the Gentile girls!

If Professor Ross had had the Frank case in his mind, he could not have hit it harder.

Here we have the pleasure-loving Jewish business man.

Here we have the Gentile girl.

Here we have the typical young libertine Jew who is dreaded and detested by the city authorities of the North, for the very reason that Jews of this type have an utter contempt for law, and a ravenous appetite for the forbidden fruit—a lustful eagerness enhanced by the racial novelty of the girls of the uncircumcised!

The Frank case is enough to depress the most hopeful student of the times. It has shown us how the capitalists of Big Money regard the poor man's

daughter. It has shown us what our daily papers will do in the interest of wealthy criminals. It has shown us how differently the law deals with the rich man and the poor. It has shown us that some of our lawyers, members of the Bar Association, are ready to use crook detectives and crook witnesses to defeat Justice.

It has shown us that these lawyers are eager to have the Federal Courts step into the province of our State Courts, and set a precedent which would mean that whoever can hire the attorneys, can run the gamut of our State Courts, and then run the gamut of the Federal judiciary.

And the end will not even then be reached. If no court will disturb a righteous verdict, political pulls must be tried.

The most insidious, sinister and powerful pressure will be brought to bear upon the Pardon Board, and upon the Governor, to prevent the law from taking its course, and to give another depressing instance of "the difference, 'twixt the Rich and the Poor."

It is fair and proper to assume that our State officials will do their duty, "without fear, favor, affection, reward, or the hope thereof."

Collier's, however, has taken it upon itself to announce that Leo Frank will not be executed.

Therefore, *Collier's* has been guilty of forestalling the action of the Georgia Pardon Board, and the Georgia governor.

Collier's is publishing a series of articles on the case. They are similar to Connolly's rignaroles in the *Baltimore Sun*. They repeat the one-sided statements of the *Times* and the *World*. Burns seems to have won the confidence of Mr. Connolly, and Mr. Connolly's articles sound loudly of William J. Burns.

These newspaper articles of the propaganda of Big Money against the Law, are all based on Leo Frank's ex-

parte statement, which he dared not submit to the test of a cross-examination.

Not one of these newspaper articles deals with the undisputed facts which form the chain of circumstantial evidence, solidifying the work of the direct testimony.

These intensely partisan articles are predicated upon the alleged fact, that some men on the streets of Atlanta said, "Hang the d—n Jew!" and upon the baseless assumption that the jury heard these cries, and were controlled by them.

Not once have these hirelings for the defence argued the actual, proved, material, controlling *facts that compelled the verdict.*

What do rich Jews care for Jews who are poor?

Suppose Leo Frank had been a moneyless Hebrew immigrant, recently arrived from Poland, and peddling about from house to house to get a few dollars for the wife and child he left behind in the war-zone, would the wealthy Jews, of Athens, Atlanta, Baltimore, Brooklyn, Philadelphia and New York be spending half-a-million dollars to save him from the legal consequences of premeditated and horrible crime?

Or suppose Mary Phagan had been Jacob Schiff's daughter, or Belmont's daughter, or Pulitzer's daughter, or Och's daughter, or Collier's daughter, would Leo Frank be the subject of a propaganda of libellous misrepresentations of the people of Georgia?

It hasn't been so long ago, since *Collier's* published the slander on Southern white women, in which the editor alleged that *the white women accused negro men of rape. TO HIDE THE SHAME OF CONSENT!*

Having championed the negro rapist against the Southern white woman, *Collier's* now champions an abnormal Sodomite, who comes as near *carrying*

it on his face, as any lascivious degenerate ever did.

William J. Burns knows that he has discredited himself, and he is now using C. P. Connolly as his megaphone. C. P. Connolly is flooding the country with literature, finely gotten up on glossy paper, and illustrated by an idealized cut of the horribly sensual face of Leo Frank.

The purpose is to divide public opinion, create mawkish sentiment, and manufacture a sympathy which will influence the authorities. The most outrageous misrepresentations about the Atlanta "mob," and the Atlanta military, and the terrorizing of the jury, are being recklessly circulated, to save as guilty a man as was ever arraigned, and to besmirch a State whose laws, juries and judges are notoriously inclined to the utmost verge of leniency.

There was no Big Money to push the case against Leo Frank. There were honest Atlanta police-officers, an honest Pinkerton detective, some white girls and white men who could neither be bullied nor bought; twelve honest jurors in the box and a just judge on the bench; an able, fearless and energetic Solicitor-General as the State's representative; and a chain of proved facts and circumstances, which apart from negro evidence, excluded every other reasonable hypothesis, save that of the defendant's guilt.

Above all, towered the Supreme Court of Georgia, which ignored the attempted intimidation of the *Atlanta Journal*—a Georgia paper that prostituted itself to the propaganda of Big Money and declared that the execution of *this Beattie, this McCue, this Durant, this Leftie Louie*, would be "judicial murder."

Leo Frank and Mary Phagan, the pursuer and the pursued, the hawk and the dove, the wolf and the lamb—there they are! The bones of the little Georgia girl are mouldering in the ground,

while Leo Frank poses for another photograph and composes another statement, and his rich, powerful champions declare defiantly that he will not be punished.

May the Almighty source of Justice and of Power, give to the Governor of Georgia the strength to withstand all blandishments, all improper influences, all mawkish appeals, and to *stand firm, BY THE LAW, and do his duty*, as the jurors and the judges have done theirs.

The systematic and hugely expensive campaign of slander that has been waged against the people of Georgia in regard to this case has logically and necessarily created this kind of a situation: to-wit—

If the Pardon Board, or the Governor, intervenes, that intervention will be inevitably understood to be a *condemnation of the jury, of Judge L. S. Roan, of Judge Benjamin H. Hill, and of the Supreme Court.*

The charges made by Frank's lawyers, by Frank himself, by William J. Burns, by the big Jewish newspapers, and by *Collier's*, strike at the integrity of our judicial system, and the racial fairness of our people.

The courts are accused of trying this man by riot and hysteria, instead of by evidence and law. The people are accused of condemning him because he is a Jew, and on the unsupported testimony of a negro!

Are those charges true? If they are, the courts and the people of Georgia are *eternally disgraced.*

The Big Money propagandists say that the charges are true.

Alleging them to be true, the propagandists demand that the Pardon Board and the Governor change the sentence of the Law.

Shall this charge be countenanced by the Pardon Board, and the Governor?

Shall wealthy outsiders invade the State of Georgia, and take this case into their own hands? *Shall foreign influ-*

ences usurp the functions of our courts, and dominate the administration of our laws?

No other State tries its criminals in the newspapers, in the pulpits, in the banks, or in the back-rooms where politicians juggle.

The daily papers and *Collier's* did not attempt to dictate to Virginia, in the McCue and Beattie cases. Nor did the papers attempt to annul the law, to save the lives of the gunmen who shot the Jew gambler.

Infinitely worse than the Rosenthal case, infinitely worse than the McCue and Beattie cases, is that of Leo Frank, the libertine who kept after this little girl, and kept after her. *AND KEPT AFTER HER*, with the lust of a satyr, and the ruthless determination that she should not escape him.

All over this great Republic lawlessness is raging like the wild waves of a stormy sea. All over this Christian land the crimes against women are taking wider range, vaster proportions, and types more fiendish. The white-slaver stands almost openly in crowded streets, in waiting rooms, and at factory doors, with his net in his hands, ready to cast it over some innocent, unsuspecting girl. The lascivious employer—from the highest to the lowest, from the lawyer and politician who advertise for type-writers and stenographers, down to the department stores, the small factories, the laundries and the sweat-shops—are on the lookout for poor girls and young women who will exchange virtue for "a good time."

Do not we all know it?

Where the girl is of the age of consent, and consents, it is bad enough, God knows!

But where the girl is good, and wants to stay so, and she is pursued, and importuned, and entrapped, and is not permitted to keep the one jewel that her poverty allows her, but is

forcibly robbed of it, and then killed to hush her mouth—O what shall we say of that?

And what are we to think of the men, *and the women*, who can forget the poor, weak, lonely little heroine *who died, for her honor*—amid this magnificent people who rear monuments to regiments of *strong men* who have died for principle?

The Creator that made me, best knows how I revere brave and good men that stand the storm, resist temptation, keep to the right path, and go to their graves—martyrs to Faith, and Duty, and Honor—rather than surrender the glorious crown of Manhood.

But the words have never been coined which can express what a true man feels for the woman who is so

great, in the divine simplicity of unconquerable innocence, that she, like the snow-white ermine of the frozen Arctic, *will die, rather than soil the restment that God gave her.*

In this day of fading ideals and disappearing landmarks, little Mary Phagan's heroism is an heirloom, than which there is nothing more precious among the old red hills of Georgia.

Sleep, little girl! Sleep in your humble grave! but if the angels are good to you, in the realms beyond the troubled sunset and the clouded stars, they will let you know that many an aching heart in Georgia beats for you, and many a tear, from eyes unused to weep, has paid you a tribute too sacred for words.

The Wolf At the Door

St. George Best

No common man am I, but one of liberal mind,
Doomed none the less to feel,
In this broad land, with millions of my alien kind,
The print of fortune's heel.

My years of stalwart strength have run to four-score now
Of penury and distress:
These shrunken limbs, these palsied hands and wrinkled brow—
They are my witnesses.

For two-score years I've lived upon your nation's soil,
Earning my bread in sweat;
Accustomed early and accustomed late to toil,
In sunshine or in wet.

I've wrought the glowing metal at the forge, breast-bare,
I've tilled the untilled land;
Where once your giant forests kissed the neighboring air,
The homes of culture stand.

I've dug the mine and laid the rail, the iron horse,
With his metallic roar,
I've driven like a whirlwind on his fiery course,
From east to western shore.

Your halls of classic song where music wakes the tyre
 Cecilia woke of old;
 Your temples too where learning and where art inspire,
 With myraid works untold,

Bespeak, both one and all, the patient workman's skill,
 His strong and tireless arm,
 That chiseled out huge blocks of ragged stone until
 They bore a pleasing form.

You ask me wherefore and for what I've done all this?
 To win myself a name?
 To climb footsore the steep and dizzy precipice
 Where sits the goddess Fame?

Perchance for wealth or independence when the sere
 And yellow leaf is shed?
 Was it for any such I laboured year by year?
 Not so; it was for—bread.

Bread was my children's cry by day, by night their cry,
 And oftener it was mine;
 My scanty recompense at times would scarcely buy
 A rich man's glass of wine.

Behind me skulks a wild and wolfish being whose
 Grim face is lean and gaunt;
 Surnamed by those whose halting footsteps he pursues,
 The demon—horror—Want.

Beware, ye rich, in purple and in linen fine!
 The poor man lies in wait;
 His patience will not last for two-score years like mine,
 His step is at your gate.

Beware, ye magnates, gloating on your hoarded spoil!
 The poor man's heart is sore;
 Beware, but doubly so, ye tillers of the soil—
 The wolf is at your door!

And ye that rule o'er five and ninety millions, when
 Will ye heed their muttering?
 The stars presage one more will fill the Chair, and then—
 The people shall be king!



Editorial Notes and Clippings

WHEN President Cleveland appointed Pat Egan as the minister of this country to Chile, he opened a new volume in our diplomatic history. Egan was a low-type Tammany politician, without ability, education and fitness for the place; but the Roman Catholic priests of New York had elected Cleveland, and they had to be paid. Their price was high, for not only did they dictate the ludicrous and discreditable appointment of Pat Egan, but they also demanded that Cleveland receive *an ambassador from the Roman Church*.

By the spirit, if not the letter of the U. S. Constitution, our President is prohibited from holding any official relations with religious bodies, no matter what their names may be. Ours is the one Government that bravely started out to avoid the fearful consequences that have always followed, when questions of religion were mixed up with questions of State.

If His Holiness, Joachim III., the Patriarch of the Greek Catholic Church at Constantinople, had proposed to send an envoy, nuncio, delegate, minister or ambassador to the Government of the United States, what would the President have done? What would the newspapers have said? What would have been the attitude of Cardinal Gibbons and the Pope's lobby at Washington? What course would the Protestant churches have taken?

His Holiness, Joachim III. was a great and good man, and high-priest over many Catholic churches. He was a Christian of a fine type, so upright and admirable, both as a man and a prelate, that the Mohammedans among whom his long life was spent, loved and venerated him. When he died, (November, 1913) he was given a magnificent funeral. *His escort of honor*

to the tomb was composed of Mohammedan soldiers!

Captain Granville Baker in his book, "The Passing of the Turkish Empire in Europe," says—

"On Sunday, Dec. 1, a great multitude assembled about the Phanar," (the Vatican of the Patriarchate) and crowded the streets leading to it, for the Patriarch was buried that day. .

. Guards of honor from the Russian warships lined the aisles of the Cathedral church, another from the Roumanian warship. Preceded by Turkish cavalry, His Holiness was borne *on his throne* to the waterside and there placed on a steamer which carried him down the Golden Horn, . . . to Psamatia, there the remains landed again, and, escorted by Turkish soldiery and Armenian priests, the solemn procession moved through the thronged streets . . . Joachim III. had requested that he be buried on Mount Athos . . . But the Greek ecclesiastical authorities decided to please the populace by disregarding the Patriarch's wish and so he will not rest at Balukli, *the Lourdes of the Orthodox Church*. Pilgrims from afar come to worship here and seek healing *in the wonder-working waters* of the well at Balukli."

(So it seems that the Roman Catholics cannot be original even in their discoveries of miraculous springs, wells, grottoes and so forth. This faith-cure business has more sides to it than the medical practise can ever develop.)

Joachim III., did not issue official commands for the renewed teaching of the Roman Catholic doctrine, *that those who will not join the Church may be lawfully killed*.

His Holiness, Joachim III., did not issue a decree ordering his priests to break up every happy home where

there was a mixed marriage—unless the Protestant party to the marriage would confess that the connection was adulterous, and would agree to a remarriage by a Catholic priest.

It was Pius X., the head of the *Roman* Catholic church, who did these fearfully un-Christian and illegal things; yet when *he* died, President Wilson and Secretary Bryan cabled their messages of grief, and their testimonials to the goodness of the deceased prelate.

On the death of Joachim III., the President of the United States paid no attention to the event. It was not expected that he would. But why was there such a discrimination in favor of the less ancient and less Christian church? Upon what theory do we officially deal with *Roman* Catholicism, and not with *Greek* Catholicism?

The Greek church is the older, it is really the larger, and it is much nearer the original church of Christ, than is the tawdry patchwork of paganism which maintains the monstrous impostures of Rome.

While the Greek Catholics of this country have no Tammany Hall, and no Cardinal Gibbons, and no lobbyist O'Hern at the federal capital, it is powerfully represented in the financial, mercantile, industrial, and religious world. Suppose, therefore, His Holiness, the present Patriarch of Constantinople should demand that our Government officially receive an ambassador from his church, what would your opinion be, if President Wilson should ask you for it?

AD INFINITUM.

This is the house that Diaz built.

This is Madero, who lived in the house that Diaz built.

This is Huerta, who put away Madero, who lived in the house that Diaz built.

This is Carranza, who chased out Huerta, who put away Madero, who lived in the house that Diaz built.

This is Villa, who is ousting Carranza,

who chased out Huerta, who put away Madero, who lived in the house that Diaz built.

This is Zapata, who will overthrow Villa, who is ousting Carranza, who chased out Huerta, who put away Madero, who lived in the house that Diaz built.

This is the Peon—his name doesn't matter—who soon will be bouncing the warlike Zapata, who will overthrow Villa, who is ousting Carranza, who chased out Huerta, who put away Madero, who lived in the house that Diaz built.—L. H. R. in Life.

If Ex-President Roosevelt has any friends left, they will also leave soon, unless he quits writing for the newspapers. Since his return from abroad in 1911, he has done nothing but blunder. He hurriedly jumped into the same boat with Senators Lodge and Gallinger, when everybody knew that his proper place was by the side of Cummins, Bristow and La Follette. He fatally acquiesced in the endorsement of President Taft, at the Saratoga convention, when he must have known that the vulnerable places in Taft's armor antedated the convention. Apparently, he lacked decision at the crucial moment in the Chicago convention, for instead of bursting it up, and starting his own race *then*, he allowed the steam-roller to pass over him, and he went back to Chicago with another convention when the collar had cooled.

Under almost similar circumstances, Bryan missed his opportunity at the St. Louis convention of 1904. After sulking in his tent for a few weeks, he accepted the terms of Judge Parker's Shehan and Belmont and Ryan—and went to making 63 speeches a day for Parker, "the Moses of Democracy."

Moses did not even get a look in, on the Promised Land; and, by 1912, he had become unfit to be temporary chairman of a Democratic Convention. At least, Bryan said so at Baltimore, and of course Bryan is too much of an altruist to say anything that isn't true. When he said that Judge Parker was

"the Moses of democracy," it was true: when he said that Judge Parker wasn't fit to be the temporary chairman of the Democratic Convention, it was also true. While Moses was a good leader for lost Israelites, who spent a number of years crossing a narrow strip of ter-

have lost his anchor. In his newspaper articles on the European war and the Mexican tangle, he is simply wild—and therefore dangerous. He contends that our Government should have taken sides against Germany, and should have become *particeps criminis* to the



THIS ROMANIST-DEMOCRATIC ADMINISTRATION.

ritory, it does not necessarily follow that he would have been a good chairman for a political party that spends all the years crossing nothing but its own tracks.

As to Mr. Roosevelt, he seems to

betrayal and murder of President Madero, by recognizing Huerta.

The gist of our national policy touching the Old World has always been, "Hands off." It is none of our business to regulate Europe. It is none of

our business to regulate the internal affairs of other New World States and Republics. The Monroe Doctrine commits us to the proposition that Old-World systems of monarchy and popedom shall not be forced upon America.

Of course, if Mexico wants to set up an emperor, and does it of her own accord, we can have nothing to say. But if the Pope and a spurious Bonaparte send a Catholic army over here to establish such a despotism by foreign military force, the Monroe Doctrine fits the case, and we *have* got something to say.

Therefore when Pope Pius IX. sent the Austrian emperor's younger brother to Mexico in 1864, backed by a Catholic army, and intent upon creating another papal hell-on-earth—which Maximilian and the Spanish priests immediately proceeded to do—the United States felt bound to interfere.

Up to 1867, the Austrian prince and his Romanist priests had been savagely shooting every Mexican patriot who dared to protest against this foreign invasion.

Pope Pius IX. and Napoleon II forgot that the days of Pope Leo X. and of Charles V. of Hapsburg were passed.

Some 400 years ago, an Italian pope could assign Mexico to a Hapsburg prince, and send a barbarian, like Cortez, to conquer it, for the joint benefit of the Hapsburgs and the Papacy.

But 400 years is a long time: what could be safely accomplished in the 16th century was no longer possible in the 19th.

Popes never learn anything, nor forget anything; and dynastic royalties are all Bourbons, alike. The Hapsburgs and the Popes of the 20th century are at heart the same as the Popes and the Hapsburgs of 400 years ago.

Col. Theodore Roosevelt should brush up his knowledge of history, and quit writing like an excited sophomore.

Every student of history knows that

Maximilian was the poor dupe of the expelled Spanish priests who wanted revenge, and to regain the vast riches which the Mexican patriots had confiscated.

Every careful reader of the newspapers of today is aware of the fact that Archbishop Mora and other Spanish high-priests furnished Huerta and Felix Díaz *ten million dollars*, to finance the overthrow and murder of the regularly elected constitutional President of Mexico.

To our national shame be it said, the American minister (Henry Lane Wilson) and our Consul-General, (Nelson O'Shaughnessy) were partners to that crime, and our embassy was the hatchery of the plot. Wilson has boasted of his share in the crime, and O'Shaughnessy has never taken the trouble to deny his.

Consequently, there were special and peculiar reasons why Presidents Taft and Wilson could not recognize Huerta. To have done so would have been to dye our hands in Madero's blood.

Honor to the Presidents who refused to stoop to complicity with the most perfidious crime of the 20th century!

The ex-President whose violent partisanship leads him to argue that our Government should have become a guilty party to the overthrow of a neighboring republic, has clearly lost his head.

It isn't another case of Panama, Colonel.

And let me tell you something that you may reflect on with benefit, Col. T. R., *do you quit backing up the foreign priesthood which is spending hundreds of millions of dollars yearly, TO MAKE ANOTHER PAPAL PERU, ECUADOR, AND 17TH CENTURY MEXICO, out of our Republic!*

The law of Mexico expelled the plotting, murderous Jesuits in 1855, just

as the laws of France and Portugal have since banished these dangerous incendiaries.

Did the high-priests of Romanism demand that our Government break off relations with France because she expelled the Jesuits? No. At that time, they were less bold and arrogant than they are at present. Did they demand that our Government refuse to recognize the new republic of Portugal, when it drove out the bachelor priests, and their nun-concubines?

If they did, the demand was ignored.

But the high priests of the foreign church have gone the way of Jesurun: they have waxed fat and they kick. They arrogate to themselves the right to dictate to our Government *what sort of a government to recognize in Mexico.*

When, before, did any church ever attempt to dictate the foreign policy of our Government?

When, before, did any church dare to lay written demands upon our State Department in regard to its foreign relations?

It was never before attempted.

And it remained for an insolent Jesuit, R. H. Tierney, to place those demands before the Secretary of State.

Tierney is the editor of the New York Magazine, *America*, in which a Romanist chaplain in our Navy exultingly related how the Catholic crew had beaten a Protestant marine, for having suggested that they subscribe to a Protestant paper.

I called the attention of Secretary Josephus Daniels to this *religious persecution*, on board of one of our battle-ships, and he refused to pay any attention to the outrage.

Yet this same Jesuit, R. H. Tierney, *who rejoiced when a Protestant was maltreated in this country on account of his religion*, is marvellously exercised because Mexico is enforcing her law of 1855.

Mr. Bryan has had the deplorable

weakness to temporise with this effort of popery to dictate our foreign political policy.

Instead of telling the Catholic high-priests that our Government is constitutionally prohibited from entertaining such a proposition as theirs, Mr. Bryan has replied to Tierney, Gibbons, Blenk, Schrembs, & Co. that our Government will "defer final decision . . . until the time will have arrived for making such decision."

The answer is weak as water. Mr. Bryan ought to have told Tierney and Co. that this Government had nothing more to do with the expulsion of Mexican priests and nuns, than with the expulsion of French and Portuguese priests and nuns; and that, therefore, the demands of the Italian church could not be considered at all.

Like Col. Roosevelt, Mr. Bryan will discover that he has intensely angered Protestants and non-Catholics by his unconstitutional and undemocratic truckling to Rome's political machine.

If the priests and nuns of France, Portugal and Mexico *had led Christian lives*, there would be no more animosity against them, than there is in America against men and women *who lead Christian lives.*

A few months ago, a Romanist priest went into the shop of a gun-smith, at Loretta, Florida, and presented for repair *a rifle-in-a-cane!*

Laymen of the game-cock breed long ago ceased to use the walking stick which concealed a long, keen sword; but this priest is carrying a deadly weapon hidden in a cane.

Several gentlemen at Loretta saw this strange invention of clerical Rome. It was an ordinary walking stick, in outward appearance, with a small brass band around the neck; but when this band was *turned*, a little trigger dropped into place, and the rifle was ready for business.

It carried a 44 calibre ball, and was deadly at a range of at least 100 yards. The priest explained to the gun-smith that he used the rifle to shoot rats!

It is against the law for any man to carry a concealed weapon like that. Why should the priests of the Prince of Peace arm themselves with concealed guns? Where are those deadly weapons manufactured? How do they get into this country? Who furnishes them to the Roman Catholic priests?

And upon whom do the priests use, or expect to use, those concealed rifles?

Perhaps all the priests are dead down on "rats."

But that isn't the only concealed weapon the Catholic priests have manufactured, imported and used.

There is a crucifix which conceals a most deadly Italian stiletto!

I can produce a sample, if my statement is denied.

What do you think of a foreign church whose holy priests are armed with Forty-fours in their walking canes, and with the deadliest daggers in their holy crucifixes?

To disguise the weapon of assassination in a harmless looking cane is bad enough. Heaven knows! when a layman does it; and when a holy priest—a man who "is higher than the angels"—does such a thing, the wickedness is immeasurably greater; but what words can express your feeling when you see the deadliest dagger hidden inside the image of the Cross on which died the Prince of Peace?

Could sacrilege, hypocrisy and intended crime wear a more shocking mask?

It would be idle folly to say that all crucifixes have poniards concealed within: and it would be equally untrue to allege that all the walking canes of the Roman priests are Forty-fours in disguise.

But, *somewhere*, there is a gun factory that makes rifles inside the sticks that priests walk with, and whoever

runs that factory supplies nobody but Roman Catholic priests.

Where is that gun factory?

Why do the priests use these particularly dangerous rifles?

They are particularly dangerous, for the reason, *that the person about to be shot would never suspect his danger, until he WAS shot.*

No one would suspect that the lifting of a walking stick, was the prelude to the bark of a Forty-four!

The crucifix dagger acts in exactly the same way as the cane-rifle. You give the top of the sacred emblem a slight twist, and you hold a stiletto in your hand *by the handle.*

The top of the cross makes a three-pronged handle to the knife, and the scabbard falls away from below.

Thus, the priest could kill you, while appearing to be presenting you the holy crucifix.

Where were these crucifix-daggers manufactured? How did the priests keep it a secret? Do the American Catholics who are neither nuns nor priests know of these things?

I cannot answer. You may ask me how I came to know it. Well, a private letter informed me of the rifle-in-the-cane, which the priest took to a small, out-of-the-way place to be repaired. The priest hoped that nobody at Loretta would ever blab.

As to the dagger-in-the-crucifix, it was discovered *by accident.* This particular weapon may be hundreds of years old; but, as the priests are now manufacturing Forty-fours in the disguise of walking sticks it is reasonable to suppose that they still make crucifixes which conceal poniards.

The letter which told me of the murderous crucifix reads as follows:

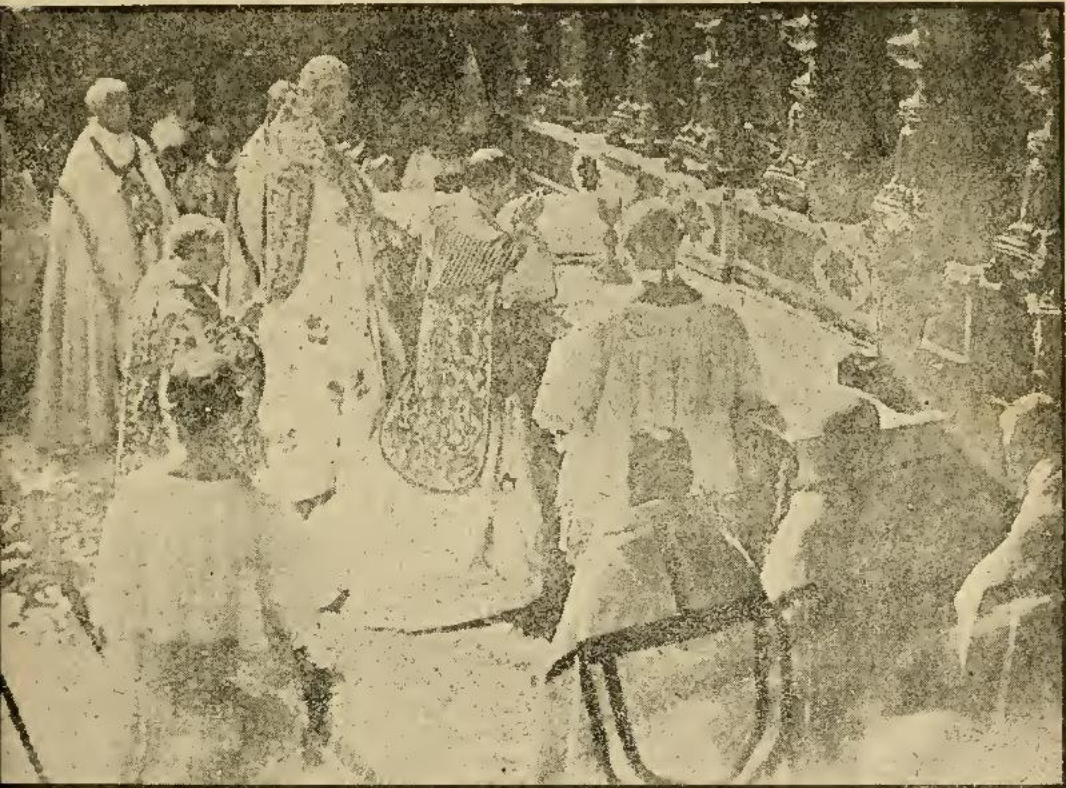
Dear Sir: Some time ago while traveling in the western part of Florida I came across one of the most elaborate collections of old fire-arms and instruments of warfare that I suppose is in existence, some of them dating back as far as the

year 1500. Among the number that attracted me especially was a crucifix, which unquestionably was worn by a Catholic priest in years gone by. This crucifix has the figure of Christ on the front and with a slight turn of the top brings out a stiletto, the cross bar of the cross forming the hilt to the stiletto, as will be seen by the inclosed diagram. It is about 8 inches long.

It is one of the most deadly weapons

Florida that the papal slave-drivers committed such atrocities upon the Indians. It was at St. Augustine that the Italian pope set up his damnable Inquisition, and tortured people for not being "true believers."

The instruments of torture which were used to inflict the pains of hell upon the Protestants, are



THE POPE HAS PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN, AS HE MAKES GOD OUT OF A PAN-CAKE.

I have ever seen and thinking you would care to give some publicity to this, I am calling your attention to it and if you wish further data, I will be glad to supply you.

Very truly yours,

You will remember that Florida was an early Paradise of the Pope's true believers. It was in Florida that the true believers massacred the Protestant colony near St. Augustine. It was in

still to be seen at this historic place. You may also see there some of the grossest, coarsest and most sensual looking priests—the bull-necked virgins who think no evil, and feel no emotion at the rustle of calico, the frou-frou of feminine underwear, or the languishing glances of voluptuously frail penitents.

In a book lately written by the "Lon-

don Bible and Tract Society of Brooklyn," on page 132, of series 4, is a quotation from one Count Paul Von Hoensbroech, a former Jesuit, concerning the Belgium Catholics, which reads as follows: "Belgium has for centuries been Catholic, and Ultramontane to the core. This country has a population of over six million, of whom only 15,000 are Protestants, and 5,000 are Jews. All the rest are Catholics. In the year 1886 a circular letter was sent to representative men in all of the different stations in life with questions pertaining to the condition of the working men. Three-fourths of the replies declared that religiously, the people deteriorated, Catholicism was losing its hold more and more. Liege with its 58 churches and 35 cloisters, returned a hopeless answer. Brussels declared that nine-tenths of the children are illegitimate, and immorality beyond description." Is not that an awful record? 333 in every 334 are Catholics, and nine in every ten are illegitimate. I see from the papers, that there is now a move on foot to settle a colony of these people in Manatee County, Fla., not far from Tampa. I hope they will leave their nine behind, and give us the tenth.

New York, Dec. 8, 1914.

Dear Sir: Have you read the new book on Mexico, "The Mexican People, Their Struggle for Freedom," by De Lara and Pinchow?

It is unnecessary to say that the authors are both Mexicans, and a careful reading of the book proves that they thoroughly understand their subject and are not at all afraid to tell the truth about it.

And my God, what an arraignment the work is of the "Holy Roman Catholic Church!"

It is enough to make every lover of his fellow man feel like taking down his gun and going out a hunting for Catholic priests.

These able authors, born and bred in Mexico, reared up in the church, in close touch with the institution, and in the posi-

tion to see clearly all that it has done and is doing, do not hesitate to declare that the priests are at the bottom of all the misery and trouble that their beautiful country has had from the time of the discovery right down to the present moment.

The unspeakable misery of the common people in Mexico is all owing to the conspiracy between the priests and the aristocracy. Led on by the scoundrelly Jesuits, the unprincipled upper-class fellows exploit the people and divide up with the church—the priests being always sharp enough to get for themselves the larger share.

It is interesting to note (in view of the hypocritical profession of sanctity on the part of the "Holy" crowd) how the book uncovers the abysmal degradation of the Romish church in Mexico.

Here is what the book says of the "Holy Catholic Church" in Mexico. "With the very rare exception of a member engaged here and there in philanthropic work, the vast army of parasites are delivered up to a life of selfish indulgence, and, to a large extent, or UNSPEAKABLE VICE.

The picture of the church in Mexico, as drawn by these two Catholic-bred Mexicans, is that of a band of robbers and libertines, too unspeakably hard-hearted and immoral to describe except in a very limited way.

It should be noted that the authors call the Romish church "THE OCTOPUS THAT IS STRANGLING THE UNITED STATES TODAY."

There are lots of Protestant fools in this country who should read and prayerfully study those words. It might open their eyes some.

Romanism is the same sort of thing in Mexico and the United States, and what it has done for Mexico it will most surely do for this country—if the fool Protestants have their way.

I wish every American might read the book by De Lara and Pinchow. If I were a rich man I would have it broadcast all over the country.

You do not need to be told that in our late gubernatorial election here in New York State the priests were given a dose that will last them, we hope, for a long time. It was the heaviest blow they had received at the hands of an American electorate for years.

Yours for the cause,

AMERICUS.

The *Catholic Transcript*, (Hartford, Conn.) published the following statement made by Schrembs, the haughty Bishop of Toledo, who has recently been issuing orders to the U. S. Government concerning Mexico:

I defy the world to mention a single good, unselfish, disinterested, practicing Catholic, a man faithful and tried in virtue who has ever abandoned the Church.

The ex-priest is he that has been silenced, excommunicated, thrown out of the Church because of a scandalous life. There is the fact! I boldly issue the defiant challenge to mention to me one single name of a man who left the Church for disinterested motives in order to better himself spiritually.

This shocking falsehood is no more flagrant than those which Romanist prelates habitually deal in, when pulling the wool over the eyes of Englishmen and Americans.

Schrembs wouldn't dare tell such a disgusting untruth, were he addressing Frenchmen in France, or Germans in Germany, or Italians in Italy.

Indignant Frenchmen would immediately resent the libel on Pere Hyacinthe, and ex-Abbe Lamennais; Germans would wrathfully scout the slander on Dollinger, and Hoensbroech; and Italians would hotly repel the attack on Gavazzi, and Campanella, the heroic comrades of Garibaldi.

The Catholic propaganda in England and the United States proceeds upon an avalanche of impudent lies, and there has been a continuous slide of the avalanche ever since the days of that most precious and prolific liar, John England, of Corke, Ireland, whose first sermons in this country were so dove-like in their sound and so serpentine in their guile.

The *Catholic Transcript* having editorially endorsed the absurd falsehood of Schrembs, I took up the challenge, confined myself to its demand for one virtuous ex-priest, and named Blanco White.

The people of this day and generation do not know the sad story of this talented, upright, unspotted and *cruelly persecuted ex-priest*, who lost two sisters to the system which he abandoned, and *who published what he knew*, with such tremendous effect that Romanism was temporarily halted in England and America.

Incidentally, Blanco White was the author of possibly the most beautiful short poem in the English language. (His sonnet, "To Night.")

The savage manner in which the murderers of his sisters tried to torture him to death, affords an impressive illustration of the innate horrors of the Roman system, about which according to the unassailable "Nun of Kenmare," the Roman prelates dare not reveal the truth.

For instance, if the Bishop of Toledo wanted to tell what he knows, he would have to be a braver, truer man than he is, to incur the danger of doing so. At least that is what Sister Clare Cusack alleges, in "The Nun of Kenmare."

Blanco White's name so stirred the *Transcript*, that the editor devotes two columns to an effort to get away from his embarrassment.

The editorial, with characteristic Roman Catholic urbanity, is headed,—
"FOOL, BIGOT, SLAVE!"

The closing paragraph of the two-column attempt to escape from Blanco White, ends with these words—

Accompanying one of the copies of Mr. Watson's editorial that has come to this office is the legend:

"He that cannot think is a fool.
He that will not think is a bigot.
He that dare not think is a slave."

Mr. Watson is a great thinker, therefore he is no fool. He thinks therefore he is no bigot. He dares to think, therefore he is no slave. The pathetic part of it all is that Mr. Watson is fool enough to think that he thinks, he is so much a bigot that

he cannot think, and he is so much enslaved by his darling vice that it is a prodigal waste of time to accord him any attention whatever. For the prodigality herein indulged, we crave pardon from the gentle reader.

In this bewildering paragraph, the intoxicated Editor says that I am not a fool, not a bigot, and not a slave; and then adds that the pathetic part is, that I *am* all three.

Moreover, he says that it is a prodigal waste of time to pay any attention to me, although I am a great thinker, who thinks, and who dares to think; and then craves pardon from the gentle reader for having devoted two columns of prodigality to this great thinker, who, in spite of being such a great and daring thinker, is a fool, a bigot and a slave.

I wonder what sort of liquor this Editor drinks!

The Catholic Transcript does not deny that Blanco White was loved, respected, and honored by such men as Coleridge, Mill, Whately and Newman. It does not perhaps know that Newman acknowledged *his deep indebtedness to White for higher and purer religious thought and inspiration*. The Transcript may not even know that White was the tutor of Archbishop Whately's children, and that the great Dublin prelate knew the ex-priest in the most intimate relations of life.

But the *Transcript* does know that John England found the anti-Romanist books of White very much in his way, as a Catholic missionary in the United States; and that John England resorted to the *traditional policy of his church*, to get this obstacle out of his path. He plunged into the vilest abuse of Blanco White, of whom he had no personal knowledge whatever. He would not have dared to do this in England, or in Ireland, while John Stuart Mill and Archbishop Whately were living, *or while Blanco White was alive*; but like the scurrilous coward

that he was, he published his attacks in Baltimore, in 1849. Blanco White had been a dead lion for eight years, before John England, the Romanist donkey, ventured to kick him!

The Transcript says that *John England* abused Blanco White!

So he did; and John England had the crass stupidity to preface his coarse and scurrilous diatribe, by *admitting that he knew nothing of the persecuted ex-priest whom he reviled*.

John England stated that he derived his knowledge of Blanco White *from the constructions which he, England, placed on certain passages in White's writings!*

Intemperate and brutal abuse poured out by John England, who did not know Blanco White, and who knew nothing of his life and character, is relied on by the *Transcript* to destroy the powerful testimony of the great scholars, historians, philosophers, and divines who did know Blanco White personally, and who not only loved him, but heartily admired his pure, courageous, unselfish and elevated character.

John Henry Newman never testified more warmly in favor of anybody's truthfulness, than he did for that of the ex-priest, White.

Archbishop Whately, one of the really great and good men of his age, thought so highly of White, that he became his literary executor.

The Editor of the *Transcript* asserts that Newman was the friend of White *before* Newman left the Episcopal church. Well, Newman's departure from the Episcopal church may have marked the mental decline of *Newman*, but I fail to see what that had to do with the good character of *White*.

Poor old Newman doddered along in his dotage, and published his firm belief that marble statues of the Madonna wept, and sweated, and bowed, and smiled, and coughed, and spat, &c.; but the fact that Newman *became*



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senile, does not militate against the testimony he gave in favor of White, at a time when he and White were both sane.

But since the Editor of The Catholic Transcript rejects Blanco White who was honored by Newman, before Newman lost his mind, by Archbishop Whateley, the great prelate of Dublin, Ireland, by the immortal Christian poet and philosopher, Coleridge, and by that irreproachable master of Political Economy, John Stuart Mill, let us humor the distressed Editor of the Transcript by leaving the dead to bury their dead, while we come down to the present time.

What can Bishop Schrembs and the Catholic Transcript say against ex-Bishop Charles Villatte of Chicago, and ex-Bishop Manuel Ferrando, of New York, and ex-Monk Joseph McCabe?

I "pause" for a reply.

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THOS. E. WATSON.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of September, 1914.

C. F. HUNT,
Notary Public.

[SEAL.]
(My commission expires August 5th, 1916.)

