

lican, and the Republicans had left the narrow way and were on the broad road to imperialism. They had taken the job of overthrowin' the Boer and Philippine republics. Billy threw in hot shot and heavy, and called the sinners home. Lincoln Republicanism, Jeffersonian democracy, Declaration of Independence, and the beatitudes of Christ, he talked them all; but nothin' was so fetchin' to that Senate as the Mephistophelean leer, "You all know how we got here."

We've been havin' a new song in this country. Don't know as you ever heard it. "Everybody works at our house but father"—"but my old man." It can't be sung or whistled any more now, they tell me, for the old man's got a job; but thinkin' ain't barred, I guess. I mind the time well when everybody didn't have to keep scratchin' so close to pile up these great fortunes, for that is all this stir amounts to. That's all we get, a bare livin' for all, and a fortune for a few. The old Egyptians built big pyramids for their kings; the Americans build big fortunes for theirs, and neither ever had sense enough to say: "We'll allow no more big pyramids built and no more big fortunes gathered, but all live along comfortable and even-like. 'Tisn't necessary that thousands should toil years to haul a mile of stones to build a tomb for a king, when a cart-load will do; nor for thousands to slave for years to build a fortune that some gambler will use against them in boosting real estate, or wheat, or railroads, that the same people must buy." When people all catch on, it will be as hard to build up a modern big fortune as it would be now to build an Egyptian big pyramid. People won't stand for it. It's obstructive to comfort. It'll be another lost art.

Yes, in the old days we didn't work so close, we didn't work the children so much. They had time to play and go to school. Law me, how I laughed 40 year ago at that Irish song a-ratin' pigs above the children:

But, childer are not pigs, you know;
They cannot pay the rint.

'Tain't so blame funny, come to think about it, neither. American children do it now! They do! They have reached the level of the Irish pig of 40 years ago; they pay the rent. Have to stay home from school to do it. Many a father couldn't pay his rent but for what his children bring in. 'Tain't fair to the child! Do you suppose, John, the great Republican

party could have really gone wrong? It's the party of Lincoln, John. It freed the slaves, and I've stood by it for many a year; but sometimes—sometimes I have misgivin's. Either so, or that blame poetry machine puts things into my head. When you get one, John, get a plute machine, you'll like the sentiments better. They stuck me with one with democratic wheels in it, I'm most sure. I chucked the general subject in for enlightenment, and it churned out this:

UNDER THE UPAS TREE.

Under the Upas tree, under the G. O. P.,
Everybody works for father, under the
G. O. P.,

Tommy and Lilly, and Sadie and Billy,
The cat ran away or she,
Too, would have to work for father,
Under the G. O. P.

UNCLE SAM.

REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

William Lloyd Garrison was born in Newburyport, Mass., December, 1805, and the one hundredth anniversary of his birth was commemorated in New York by the People's Institute, Charities and Commons for January 6, from which we reprint Dr. Conway's article, says that "it was fitting that this meeting should be held in the Cooper Union Hall, a traditional platform, whence Lincoln as well as Garrison spoke during the Civil War, and it was a privilege for those present to be able to hear the contemporary and friend of Garrison, Moncure D. Conway. Dr. Conway, now nearly 74, tall, slightly stooping, with full white beard and hair, made an impressive figure upon the platform. Whatever may be one's estimate of the cause with which Garrison threw in his lot, there was much of interest in Dr. Conway's graphic description of the personality of this reformer in the fifties. The accompanying article by Dr. Conway embodies his address, and contains some points not in it."

Fifty-six years ago, living with my father, a large slaveholder in Virginia, I was at 18 appointed to the proud position of secretary to a Southern Rights association—the earliest in that region. Our object was to resent and resist the attacks of one William Lloyd Garrison and his allies on Southern institutions. We did not object much to disunionism; we rather inclined to that ourselves, but Garrison was denouncing slavery itself—the immediate jewel of our soul. But also I had been brought up to believe in the Declaration of Independence, which says, "all men are created equal,"—which so many people twist into "all men are born free and equal," which is nonsense. I found it necessary to reconcile slavery with the Declaration of Independence, and wrote an essay on that subject. That essay is now

in my house, and I am here. That essay was never printed, but it was so convincing that I had no more to do with Southern rights associations, but found my way to Boston and to the side of William Lloyd Garrison—whose diabolical horns, once so visible to my Virginia eyes, had turned to a halo. In my small way I worked at his side, and it is because I am one of the few left of those who served the anti-slavery cause at that time that I am summoned from my retreat to give you some memories and impressions of the man.

It was on May 5, 1853, that I first met Garrison. It was at a grand banquet in Boston, given to John P. Hale, who had just lost his seat in the United States Senate through his courage in resisting the aggressions of slavery. The chief representatives of the radical movement which afterward developed the Republican party were on the stage. I remember there were Senators Sumner and Wilson, Anson Burlingame (who afterward married Hale's daughter), Cassius M. Clay, John Jay, Horace Mann, J. G. Palfrey, the historian, and Ralph Waldo Emerson.

After some speeches were made the large assembly clamored for Garrison, and Dr. Palfrey, who presided, with evident delight asked Garrison to speak. Then Garrison arose—tall, slender, blonde, and though nearing 50 years, youthful in appearance. Politically Garrison was alone in the hall, but he was there because of his respect for the courage with which Hale had confronted slavery in the Senate. The crowd of men and women welcomed Garrison with loud applause as he arose, and I remarked that all of those distinguished constitutional reformers looked on the disunionist with eyes beaming with gratitude. Garrison was their pioneer!

Garrison felt the cordiality around him, and spoke in a sympathetic way. Turning to Senator Hale, he said: "We are this evening all Hale fellows well met. We have it our own way. I do not believe there is in this vast assembly a single pro-slavery person—indeed I will put it to vote: all who are in favor of the immediate and everlasting overthrow of slavery will say 'aye.'" There was a universal shout of "ayes," but when he called for the "noes" one or two responded, not understanding amid the laughter the question put. Garrison said: "If those noes are from Democrats, they will come over and make the decision

unanimous, as the Democrats must always be on the popular side." He afterwards in a more serious vein, but still humorous tone, said: "Gentlemen, if you have been so fortunate as to find a Union worth preserving, cling to it with all your souls. I have not been so fortunate. With a price set upon my head in one State, outlawed in the South for my hatred of slavery, you will pardon me if I am somewhat lacking in loyalty to the existing Union."

One day I was conversing with Emerson about the anti-slavery leaders, and he remarked on Garrison's unconsciousness. "Wendell Phillips," said Emerson, "knows the value of every word he utters, but Garrison doesn't seem to think of style or effect."

On reflection I was not quite certain whether Emerson referred to Garrison's self-effacement before his cause, or to the extreme vehemence of his censures, or to both. Some one spoke to Emerson disparagingly of Garrison, saying: "He is a man of one idea." Emerson replied: "It isn't everybody that has one."

However severe Garrison's language might be, his voice was not stormy; his calmness was indeed impressive, especially in those days of outrage on freedom in Kansas and of slave hunting in the North, when pious people were uttering oaths, not sham damns, but solemn ones. Parker Pillsbury, once an orthodox preacher, in one of his powerful speeches lifted his hand and his face toward Heaven, and declared: "The Democratic party is the God-damndest party that ever existed."

All who heard this or heard of it felt like saying to Parker Pillsbury: "Thank you!" There was a genuine feeling that the recording angel would leave that oath till it was blotted out by Democratic tears.

About that time Garrison enraged people far and wide by publicly burning the United States Constitution at Framingham Grove. That was on July 4, 1854. After burning the Boston court judgment that had just returned Anthony Burns to slavery he held up the Constitution, read from it the pro-slavery clauses, struck a match and burned it to ashes. Then he said: "Let all the people say amen." There were hisses mingled with the amens, but there stood Garrison beaming upon us, not excited in face, word or gesture. It was the most picturesque thing I ever saw. It was Jeremiah the Prophet breaking the earthen bot-

tle, and saying: "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts: even so will I break this people!"

I was occasionally troubled by the severity of Garrison's language concerning the guilt of slavery, feeling that the slave-holders were as much the victims of slavery as their slaves. I knew well that the Southern whites were as good-hearted as people elsewhere. But Rev. Samuel J. May told me that Garrison's wrath was meant only for the Northern abettors of slavery. May said that many years before when Garrison could speak only on Boston Common, he had himself gone up to him and said: "Mr. Garrison, you are too violent—you are on fire!" and Garrison had replied: "I have reason to be on fire, for I have icebergs around me to melt!"

I have my own theory of Garrison's wrathful language. In the outset he was an orthodox preacher, and when he became himself a prophet he often used the language of the Biblical prophets. It was in Scriptural phrases, "the wrath of the lamb," the "fierceness of the dove." In such phrases as "covenant with Death and agreement with Hell," his constant description of the Constitution, and in other quotations from the Bible, he was transferring ancient denunciations of stiff-necked Jews to stiff-necked American oppressors. Garrison became unorthodox, even defending Paine, but the prophetic fire remained in him until the Union War broke out. In that he recognized the fulfillment of all the prophecies. Garrison was a non-resistant; if Jefferson Davis had slapped him personally upon one cheek, he would certainly have turned the other rather than have personally injured Davis. But the non-resistant doctrine of that day was mainly a personal principle; it did not hold that Almighty God was a non-resistant, and Garrison saw in that war a Divine day of judgment.

There never was a happier agitator than Garrison. His home was beautiful; his sympathetic wife and children were always outdoing the mobs that tried to make him a martyr. He was musical, and they were all singers. I remembered their voices just now when the young people were singing the old hymn, "Christmas," which he so much loved, and to the words he loved (Doddridge's) "Awake my soul, stretch every nerve," but which I always associate with one of the original verses of that Christmas carol:

Fear not, the angel cried (for dread
Had seized their troubled mind),
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind!

For myself I could not see with Garrison any Divine judgment in the war. War is the sum of all villainies. In that dreadful four years with its half million slaughtered men—chiefly the young flower of our nation—war surpassed a century of slavery in cruelties and horrors from which we have never recovered.

On January 14, 1862, Garrison spoke from Cooper Union and said:

Slavery is a thunderbolt in the hands of the traitors to smite the government to the dust. That thunderbolt might be seized and turned against the rebellion with fatal effects, and at the same time without injury to the South. . . . I am as much interested in the safety and welfare of the slave-holders, as brother men, as I am in the liberation of their poor slaves; for we are all the children of God, and should strive to promote the happiness of all.

Soon after he appealed to Abraham Lincoln:

Sir, the power is in your hands as President of the United States and commander-in-chief of the army and navy. Do your duty; give to the slaves their liberty by proclamation, as far as that can give it; and if the North shall betray you, and prefer the success of the rebellion to the preservation of the Union, let the dread responsibility be hers, but stand with God and freedom on your side, come what may!

Had Garrison's plea been heeded there would have been no cemetery of slaughtered soldiers at Gettysburg or anywhere else. Had the gun fired on Sumter been replied to by a proclamation of freedom to every slave, carrying the land of refuge from Canada to the Ohio river and the Potomac, every "rebel" would have been chained to his home, and even then that could not have prevented the end of slavery. As if on our knees we entreated the president to save the confederates by sacrificing slavery. But there was revealed then the astounding fact that such a divinity hedged about property in man that it must be the last thing touched. For nearly two years our generals were sent South with the virtual order—Kill the Southerners, burn their homes and towns, their cotton and crops; desolate their lands, but beware—O beware—of liberating a Negro! Slavery was still a giant, liberty a child, and what we witnessed was:

Blind Authority beating with his staff
The child that would have led him.

After the war Garrison entered upon peaceful years. Toward the close of his life he visited England, and it was delightful to see all who remained

of the old tollers for emancipation gathered around him, and listening to his charming speeches. We had the happiness of receiving him in our home in London, and of introducing to him a company of young people. He was then past his three-score-and-ten years, but his form was erect and an immortal youth shone in his eyes.

Never did we forget that picture of the "happy warrior" out in the garden amid the flowers, with the English maidens clustered around him, the roses in their cheeks flushing as they listened to his memories. He told us then that the highest compliment he ever received came from the eminent English anti-slavery leader, Buxton, who said: "What! You are William Lloyd Garrison? Why, I always supposed you were a black man."

That was the last I ever saw of William Lloyd Garrison. He was happy even in his death. He never lived to witness the rise of race hatred and lynchings and burnings of Negroes alive in the South, attesting once more that the sword never has done—never can do—clean and noble work. It did not do that in our so-called war of independence, which began the work of lynching, and made more than 200,000 citizens seek refuge from violence in Canada and Europe, and which was the cause of those concessions to slavery in our Constitution which led to the slaughter of half a million of our best men. Garrison never lived to see the Cult of the Sword bequeathed by the Union war, nor to suffer the heartbreak of seeing the nation he supposed identified with liberty and peace purchasing twice as many colored people as Lincoln proclaimed free and holding them in virtual slavery by military power. That which is done by violence is but half done, said Milton, and today he would add that they who commit and those that suffer the violence are undone, in a sense. Every war must have its sequel of deterioration.

Previous to women's voting, polling places were often located in untidy and most unsuitable places. Since the advent of women in politics, polling-booths are erected in cleaner and respectable localities, and profanity in and near the booths has disappeared. This improved environment we believe to be an external expression of cleaner political methods, for primaries, conventions, and legislative halls

are more orderly, personal abuse of opposing candidates is less frequent, and the machine politician is far less in evidence than formerly.—Mrs. Susan Riley Ashley, Denver, Col.

Gen. Grant records a good story that used to amuse him greatly of a certain rough carpenter who accompanied "Stonewall" Jackson in many of his marches.

On one occasion, when he was making a rapid movement, he came to a deep stream; the bridge had been burned, and it was necessary it should be restored as soon as possible.

Jackson sent for his engineers and the carpenter, telling them what was required, and the engineers retired to their tents to prepare their plans.

Two hours later the carpenter reported:

"General, that bridge is finished, but them picters ain't come yet."—Exchange.

Little Mary's big sister was engaged to Mr. Brown, who was away on an outing trip with Mary's brother. Her father was writing to his son and prospective son-in-law, and asked the little girl if she had a message to send to Mr. Brown.

"What shall I say, papa," asked she.

"Why," said the father, "I believe it is the fashion to send your love."

Some minutes later her father inquired: "And what shall I say to Brother Tom?"

"Well," replied the little miss, with a sigh, "you may send my fashionable love to Mr. Brown and my real love to Brother Tom."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The telephone company's lost lots of money
And though the wolf howls at its door.
It's after a franchise—you may think it
funny—

To give it a chance to lose more.
—Chicago Daily News.

BOOKS

A PEACE PROPOSITION.

Autobiography of Moncure D. Conway,
Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Boston—Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

At the conclusion of his two-volume autobiography, issued some time ago by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Moncure D. Conway offers this plan for ending war:

"That the friends of peace and justice shall insist on the demand that every declaration of war shall be regarded as a sentence of death by one people on another, and shall be made only after a full and formal judicial inquiry and trial at which the accused people shall be fair-

ly represented. This was suggested to me by my old friend Professor Newman, who remarked that no war in history had been preceded by a judicial trial of the issue. A declaration of war is the most terrible of sentences; it sentences a people to be slain and mutilated, their women to be widowed, their children to be orphaned, their cities burned, their commerce destroyed. The real motives of every war are unavowed and unavowable: let them be dragged into the light! No war would ever occur after a fair judicial trial by a tribunal in any country open to its citizens."

And the author withdraws with the final invocation: "Implore peace, O my reader, from whom I now part. Implore peace, not of deified thunder clouds, but of every man, woman and child thou shalt meet. Do not merely offer the prayer: 'Give peace in our time,' but do thy part to answer it. Then, at least, though the world be at strife, there shall be peace in thee."

The action of Conway himself, whose career, begun in the stormy days preceding the civil war, was influenced more or less by this spirit. A strong anti-slavery man, though a Virginian born of a slave-holding ancestry, he worked strenuously for the peaceful emancipation which he believed possible. In the belief that evil could be conquered only by the regeneration of the evil-doer, he saw in the raid of John Brown but an insane challenge and bloody sacrifice to the God of War. He criticises freely the delay of the administration in proclaiming freedom to the slaves, who, held in bondage, were supplying the rebellion its chief power and substance. Even the purchase of every man, woman and child in slavery would have cost in money far less than our long, wretched conflict from whose heart-breaking losses and moral degrada-

THIS MAY MEAN YOU

The suggestion here made relates to an important work of the present year, and every interested reader should give it immediate attention.

All who have not already done so are requested to send at once to the publishers the names and addresses (with occupation, where it can be given) of all those in their vicinity, men and women, who are believers in, or sympathizers with, single tax principles, whether actively so or not. Blanks will be sent where desired.

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