

A DEAD ISSUE

AND THE

LIVE ONE

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BY

B. F. VAN METER, SR.

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“We should gather inspiration from this world in which we live,
And discern among its beauties all the meaning God would give.
What though men of deepest learning, versed in sciences and art
Do proclaim a new religion in which Jesus has no part?
Human nature, striving, longing, yearning, feeling after God,
Finds its only path of safety where those ancient feet have trod.”

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PREFACE.

It would be an all-sufficient reason for writing this book, to draw the attention of the rising generation and of those who may follow to the Truth; and thus counteract the erroneous, false, and harmful impressions which are continually being made by school teachers and others upon the rising generation. The twaddle and silly sentiment which is thus used as argument against the institution of slavery could as well, or better, be used to oppose the slaughter of beasts or animals, birds and fishes, for the sustenance of man, and the burdensome labor imposed upon horses and all domestic animals. God, the Almighty and infinitely wise Creator of all things, has given man no more authority or right in His Holy word and Testament for these last named things than he has to possess and use slaves; and His infinite wisdom is as well displayed in His provision for the institution of slavery as for food and raiment or the institution of marriage and all the provisions which He made for the use and benefit of the human beings which He created as the crowning act of His creation of this world, that they should have dominion and control over it and all that is on it and in it. We are confident that we find abundant testimony in God's Word as contained in the Old and New Testaments to convince all who accept this book as inspired and true, that "Bible Slavery" was as Divinely instituted as any of the other institutions and precepts set forth in that holy and inspired Word, and besides this and in connection with it, furnish a subject of sufficient magnitude and importance to enlist the most serious and earnest thought, even of the greatest living Statesmen, and all who have an earnest desire for the welfare of mankind.

NOTE—I am indebted to a pamphlet published from two or three lectures delivered by Rev. Stuart Robinson, D. D., of Louisville, Ky., while sojourning in Canada in 1862-3, and there perhaps more from necessity than choice while the abominable old unpleasantness was raging furiously in this country. He was one of the most learned and distinguished divines then living. I have drawn on this pamphlet freely for scripture testimony which he had already collected in proof of the sentiments and views which I entertain and have expressed in this book.

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A DEAD ISSUE.

We may say that the dead have an inalienable right to a correct epitaph; Justice and Truth demand this, and we believe that no one at this late day will deny that African slavery as it existed in America fifty years ago is a *dead issue* and therefore entitled to a true and correct history as much for the benefit of future generations as in justice to the slave-owners who will soon have all gone the way of this subject proposed for discussion.

To begin with, I do not propose to discuss this subject with any person who is not willing to admit that the Bible as contained in the Old and New Testament is the inspired Word of God and therefore true, wise, and righteous; then whatever in regard to this subject can be made to accord with the inspired Word of God should be accepted as true and correct, whether it accords with the prejudice passions, and predilections of the reader or not.

"*Uncle Tom's Cabin*" and all such writings have long since served their purpose and should pass to their reward and receive their just deserts, while history should be just, true, frank and honest. To make anything to stand the test and storms of time a firm foundation is needed and "How firm a foundation for saints of the Lord" can be found by searching in God's Holy Word; then let us find what is the "thus saith the Lord" in regard to this subject and abide by that, whatever it may be. To do this, if need be, we can go back to the days of Noah, soon after he came out of the Ark and learn what this prophet of God said in Genesis. First, let us see what is said of Noah in the 6: 9, 10. "Noah was a just man, and perfect in his generations, and Noah walked with God. And Noah begat three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth." Then further on (9:22) "And Ham, the father of Canaan, saw the nakedness of his father, and told his two brothers without." And then the 24th verse: "And Noah awoke from his wine, and knew what his younger son had done unto him. And he said of Canaan, 'a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren.'" 26th: "And he said, 'Blessed be the Lord God of Shem, and Canaan shall be his servant.'" 27th verse: "God shall enlarge Japheth, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem; and Canaan shall be his servant."

Now, here in the prophesy of Noah, we see that it was the purpose of God revealed at the very origin of the present race of men

that one portion of the race should be doomed to servitude; and that portion, as we shall see further on, are from those of heathenish degradation and devil-worship.

What is claimed from Noah's prophecy is that this purpose of God revealed at the very origin of the present human race furnishes a clue to the interpretation of the subsequent revelations of His will both in His Word and in the history of His providence as revealed in His Holy Word. And then in Genesis 12: 16 we find these words: "And he (Pharoah) entreated Abram well for her (Sarah's) sake, and he (Abram) had sheep and oxen, and he-asses, and men-servants, and maid-servants, and she-asses, and camels." So this Abraham, a large slave-owner, was chosen by Jehovah for the earthly head of his Church, and God made a covenant with this slave-owner. In the 20: 14, "Abimeleck took sheep and oxen, and men-servants, and women-servants and gave them unto Abraham." We find in the 14: 14: "And when Abraham heard that his brother was taken captive he armed his trained servants born in his own house, three hundred and eighteen, and pursued them unto Dan." Then again read in the 24: 34, 35: "And he said, I am Abraham's servant, and the Lord hath blessed my master greatly and he has become great, and He hath given him flocks and herds and silver and gold, and men-servants, and maid-servants, and camels, and asses." And if you will read all of this chapter you can but be convinced, if you are not already, that Abraham, this greatly favored man of God, was a large slave-owner. It is just as true of Job, as we see from Job 1: 15, 16, 17. "And the Sabeans fell upon them and took them away; yea they have slain the servants with the edge of the sword and I only am escaped alone to tell thee" While he was yet speaking there came also another and said, "the fire of God is fallen from Heaven and hath burned up the sheep and servants and consumed them, and I only am escaped alone to tell thee." While yet speaking there came another also, and said, "The Chaldeans made out three bands and fell upon the camels and have carried them away, yea, and slain the servants with the edge of his sword, and I only am escaped alone to tell thee." And then when Job was in the depths of his afflictions, see the 31: 13: "If I did despise the cause of my man-servant or maid-servant when they contended with me." Without producing any further testimony there can be no more doubt of Job's having been an extensive slave-owner than there is of Abraham; and after Job's affliction when he returned again to prosperity and affluence he owned more slaves than he had owned before, as see 42: 10. "And the Lord turned the captivity of Job when he

prayed for his friends; also the Lord gave Job twice as much as he had before.”

But to return to Abraham, when the fullness of time has come and by the Divine legation of Moses, this family of Abraham is to be organized fully as a visible Church and also as a Nation, to whom has been assigned in the Abrahamic Covenant, the Land of Canaan as an inheritance; another Covenant of redemption with its sacramental seal as the former. The Passover ordinance is entered into with a Church composed of masters with their slaves in the land of Egypt as, see Ex. 12: 43, 44, 45. That such were the constituent elements of the Church at this time is manifest from the terms of the law.—“This is the ordinance of the passover; There shall no stranger eat thereof, a foreigner and a *hired* servant shall not eat thereof, but *every man's servant that is bought for money*, when thou hast circumcised him, *then shall he eat thereof.*” This Holy ordinance is given to the Church as a *Church* through its recognized leaders, the elders.

Thus we find that the relation of master and slave was sanctioned in the Church of God as such, and not merely as a civil institution, even before the law given by Moses; and this is certainly very strong testimony to begin with against all theories of the sinfulness of slavery. When the Church of God, prepared with great solemnity by a council of its elders, stood before Mount Sinai to hear directly the very voice of her Lord and heard utter the great Covenant of the law, two of the precepts of the law recognized the propriety of the relation of master and slave within the Church itself. In the fourth commandment masters are required to see to it that their *slaves* shall keep holy the Sabbath as well as themselves and children. In the tenth commandment, forbidding even unlawful desires of another's property, slaves are enumerated among the representative articles of property which men shall not covet, thus, “Nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's,” here recognizing slaves as legitimately the property of the master, as much so as his money or any of his possessions; and these ten commandments were written by the finger of Almighty God upon tables of stone and given as a foundation for the Mosaic Law. Who dare say to the Almighty, “Why, or what, doest Thou?” If it seems that unnecessary care has been taken to establish this conclusion we have only to reflect on the important bearing it must have on the interpretation of the civil code of Moses and its no less important bearing upon the interpretation of the New Testament teaching concerning slavery.

Moses found perpetual slavery already established among the Hebrews, just as certainly as the Statesmen who framed the Constitution of Virginia and South Carolina after the American Revolution found slavery already established among the people of those States, and it is scarcely conceivable how language could more explicitly set forth the idea of permanent servitude as a part of the social system in the Hebrew Commonwealth, and remember *these* were *God's chosen people*. "Both thy bondmen and bondmaids shall be of the heathen—of them shall ye buy bondmen and bondmaids, and they shall be *your possession*, and ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you to *inherit them for a possession*."

Now, if you will compare the old slave codes of the former slave States of this Union you will find that the *fundamental principles* of the two are almost identical. But in some material points the slave code of the American Southern States were more restrictive of the principles of slavery and the power of the master than the Mosaic code, the Roman code of Justinian, which develops the law of slavery as it existed at the time that Christ was on earth and of the apostles, and after that time.

The Mosaic code protected the slave as a *person* just as the codes of all the Southern States did. The wilful murder of a slave under both the ancient and the modern codes was punished just as any other murder (See Lev. 24: 17.) "He that killeth any man shall surely be put to death," and (See Ex. 21: 20) "If he (the slave) die under his hand he (the master) shall be punished."

In order to protect the slave from cruel usage the Mosaic law provided that in case of more than ordinary punishment, amounting to cruelty, as the loss of an eye or a tooth from a blow of the master, the slave should go free. In the American as in the Justinian code it was provided in such case the slave should be taken from the cruel master and sold to one more merciful, and cruelty to a slave in America was an indictable offense.

But to return again to the Mosaic law, the holding of slaves under the civil law was not deemed inconsistent with the highest of obligations of religion, and the holiness symbolized in the ritual law is manifest from the fact that when thirty-two thousand captive slaves were taken with other spoils from Midian (See Num. 31: 28) Moses, by special command of Jehovah, took three hundred and fifty-two of the "persons" and turned them over to Eliezer the *High Priest*, as the *Lord's Tribute*; and then the further fact that the Priests were assumed to be slave-holders, as appears from Lev. 22: 10, 11, where it is said of the Priest's portion of the sacri-

ficial victim, "No stranger shall eat of the holy thing, a sojourner of the priest, or an hired servant shall not eat of the holy things but if the priest *buy any soul* with his money he shall eat of it, and *he that is born in his house* they shall eat of this meat."

We have now briefly, but we think very conclusively, traced the existence of slavery under the Abrahamic Covenant, the Mosaic laws, and by Divine prophesy even before Abraham and the Mosaic constitution and laws, and then by God's command ("Get ye your slaves from among the heathen"). And by a little search into Roman and Grecian history we are easily convinced that at the time of Jesus Christ's personal ministry upon the earth, slavery existed throughout the civilized world. Classical scholars compute the number of slaves in the Roman Empire alone, at that time, at sixty millions. The historian, Gibbon, after describing the condition and character of slavery in the Empire, speaks thus of their number (see "Gibbon Decline and Fall," Vol. 1, page 53), "After weighing with attention every circumstance which could influence the balance it seems probable that there existed in the time of the Emperor Claudius about one hundred and twenty millions of persons. The slaves were at least equal in number to the free inhabitants of Rome and besides these the Grecians held about the same proportion of slaves." We should bear in mind that quite a large majority of these slaves were of the degraded barbarian, which was in accord with the decrees of God; but a comparative few were Jews which had been captives in war and held as slaves contrary to the law of God.

We find then when Christ's ministry on earth began He found slavery an institution fixed and established, as much so as that of marriage—husband and wife. He did modify the latter by a restriction to one wife at any one time, and a prohibition of divorce; but made no change in regard to the institution of slavery, simply enjoining the duties of the slave to the master and of the master to the slave as such. Now, all believers in the Messiahship of Christ must admit that He did denounce sin and wickedness wherever and whenever He found it during His sojourn upon the earth. A case of slavery came before Him in one of the first of His recorded miracles. (See Matt. 8: 6, and Luke 7: 2.) A Roman Centurion appeals to Him to save the life of a highly valued slave. (Luke calls him *Doulos*.) Jesus healed the slave and pronounced the master a hero of faith beyond and yet met with in Israel. What an excellent opportunity this would have been for our Lord and Master to rebuke the master and denounce slavery if it had been obnoxious to his views and principles; on the contrary slavery is left throughout the

New Testament just as it was found in the Old Testament. Our Lord manifestly uses the language of a slave-holding people and alludes to the existence of such a relation as master and slave as a fact familiar to His hearers. Particularly in His parables does He borrow for the illustration of Divine Truth, as a thing perfectly familiar to the people, the doings and sayings of masters and slaves. For instance, the parable of the talents (Matt. 25: 14-30) in which some of the peculiar features of Roman slavery are distinctly brought out. And others might be sighted, yet in no one of them does He utter a word of condemnation or disapproval of slavery as it then existed throughout the civilized world. And African slavery as it existed for hundreds of years before 1860, in the Southern States of America, was in accord with the Roman system; and whenever different it was in favor of the slave as to amelioration and kindness and as to his elevation in the scale of civilization and religion. But it was said by the fanatical Abolition philanthropists, for years before, and during and after that *cruel, bloody, and utterly unnecessary Civil War*, that though Jesus Christ pronounced no specific rebuke of the relation of master and slave yet He uttered the great law of Love, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, etc., etc., and thy neighbor as thyself." It is curious enough how people with a Bible at hand could quote this as an original saying of Jesus and intended as a "higher law" to supersede the ancient ethical law of the *Church* as revealed in the Old Testament by Moses, or rather by Jehovah through Moses, and when it had been thrice repeated by Moses (See Deut. 6: 5, 10, 12,—30: 6). More than this, Jesus expressly tells them that the law and the Prophets teach this great truth, and this great law of God was promulgated first by Jehovah through Moses, his vicegerent, to God's own chosen people, a slave-owning people. And anyone who has ever owned slaves can know and realize that there is nothing at all incompatible in a slave-owner's complying with this law any more than one who never owned a slave. If he is a loyal citizen of a Kingdom he can love his King as a King, his slave as his slave, and his neighbor as himself by the grace of God in his soul.

This *Dead Issue* having been briefly discussed, but we hope clearly and distinctly set forth from the time that Noah left the Ark, through the Abrahamic, Mosaic, and the Jewish periods of God's people and the Church and the civilized world, we come now to the time of the reorganization of the Jewish Church as a Church of all nations through Christ's Apostles under the dispensation of the Holy Spirit. Beyond question or doubt wherever the Apostles went throughout the Roman Empire preaching the Gospel and

planting Christian churches they found slavery existing by the Roman laws, as has been already alluded to. And into this New Testament Church, just as into the Abrahamic and Mosaic Church, slave-holders and their slaves were admitted as its constituent elements; and this continued the same throughout the Southern States of this Union when I was a lad, and my father and my mother and my grandmother and the older brothers and sisters of the family were members of the same old Winchester, Ky., Church with the old carriage driver, *Riddle*, who had his place in the gallery with scores of other slaves, and after the sacramental elements had been dispensed on the lower floor they were taken without fail to the gallery to be received in the same manner by the faithful Christian slaves.

In 1st Timothy, 6: 1, 2, we find these words: "Let as many servants as are under the yoke count their own masters worthy of all honor, that the name of God and His doctrine be not blasphemed and they that have believing masters let them not despise them because they are brethren, but rather do them service, because they are faithful and beloved partakers of the benefit. These things teach and exhort." In 1st Cor. 7: 20, 21: "Let every man abide in the same calling wherein he was called. Art thou called being a slave? Care not for it; but if thou mayest be made free use it rather." Now, all this inspired testimony above quoted is from Paul, the Apostle of Christ, more especially than the other eleven as a minister to the Gentiles which included the heathen. Again, take the entire epistle of Paul to Philemon, which is only one chapter containing twenty-five verses, and nearly all of it about a runaway slave named *Onesimus* whom Paul had captured and by the power of the Holy Spirit made a Christian man. See how he addresses this slave-owner: "Paul, a prisoner of Jesus Christ, unto Philemon, our dearly beloved and fellow laborer." And the entire epistle goes to show that the master as well as the slave was numbered among Paul's converts and furthermore it is plain that Paul would have liked right well to have retained *Onesimus* as a body-servant, but knew he had no right to him and therefore sent him home to his master as a bearer of this epistle; and in the 10th and 11th verses he says, "I beseech thee, for my son *Onesimus* whom I have begotten (converted) in my bonds, which in time past was to thee unprofitable (when he ran away), but now profitable to thee and to me." And this entire epistle fails to show the least antipathy on the part of this inspired Apostle to the institution of slavery; on the contrary, in his pastoral epistles instructing young ministers in their duties, he enjoins upon them specifically to teach slaves to

be faithful and obedient to their masters. Thus in the instruction to Titus (See 2: 8-10): "Exhort slaves to be obedient to their own masters and to please them well in all things, that they may adorn the doctrine of God our Savior." See how very similar this is to the admonition given by inspiration to husbands and wives: "Husbands, love your wives, etc."; and "wives, be obedient to your own husbands, etc." (as see 1st Peter 3: 1-7); and in other parts of the Bible, both Old and New Testament, we find the relation of husband and wife referred to and the institution of marriage in a very strikingly similar manner to that of the institution of slavery.

Paul, in the Epistle addressed to the "Saints which are at Ephesus, and the faithful in Christ Jesus," after specific directions to husbands and wives, parents and children, precisely in the same manner addresses specific directions to masters and slaves without one word to distinguish this last named relation as ethically less proper than either of the others.

So we see that we must seek elsewhere than in the Word of God, as contained in the Old and New Testament, for a just cause for the abolition of this institution of slavery. You may search the Scriptures from the first chapter of Genesis to the last line of Revelation, and by no fair and candid interpretation can you find any more condemnation of this institution of slavery than you can find of the institution of marriage and the family relation, or, any other of God's ordained or authorized institutions.

The Queen of Sheba owned at least one slave in her day which I doubt if Solomon in all his glory had money enough to buy—the man riding in the chariot whom Philip was sent by Divine guidance to talk to on the subject of religion, and who was converted and baptized and sent on his way rejoicing. She had more need of that man than she had for gold or silver. There is no doubt but he was reliable, faithful, discrete, and in every respect trustworthy, and possessed extraordinary capacity. Then how could she spare him? But besides all this she loved him as her *choicest slave* and he loved her as his *own dear mistress*. Now this is something that the person who has never owned a slave knows nothing and has no just conception of, and never can have.

An occurrence took place when I was quite a young man and soon after I was married. My father had died and left me executor of his estate, which comprised with other property some thirty or forty slaves of all ages and both sexes. But after my older brothers and sister had received the older and more experienced and competent servants for their portions—leaving not one who was competent to cut and fit clothing for the servants and such like things,

so that my wife was compelled to cut and fit clothing until she raised quite severe bumps and painful knots on her wrist and thumb from severe labor with the shears. By inquiring around the neighborhood I found and hired a young woman named Rachael, who belonged to a young lady who was quite an intimate friend of my wife. Rachel proved to be an excellent cutter and fitter, and trustworthy and valuable servant for any branch of housekeeping. My wife's father had given her two girls, one about seventeen and the other fourteen years old, and her uncle had made her a bridal present of a girl about fourteen years of age, and my father's estate contained a full supply of "green," gawky servants, but not one competent to fill the place of Rachael. Not long after I had hired this woman, my wife and I went over to visit her parents, when, of course, she displayed the bumps on her wrist and thumb and told of what a relief I had given her by hiring Rachael and what a treasure she was. When we started to return home her father went to his secretary drawer and brought out a roll of bills amounting to \$1500 and said to me, "Take this and buy Amelia the best girl you can find to fill the place of the one you have hired. If this is not sufficient add a few hundred to it, but I think this should get a good one." My first thought was to try to buy Rachael, although I had very little hope of success. I lost very little time in seeing Miss Mag (her mistress). She was not quite of sufficient age to give a legal title to the girl, but I knew no title could be had without her consent; so as affably and tenderly as I could I broached my subject and finally let her know that I was really anxious to buy Rachael, when she very promptly replied, "Rachael is not for sale." "Oh," I said, "I knew you did not care to sell her, but I thought possibly if I promised to take good care of her as you can, you might consent to part with her, and I will give you \$1500 for her." Then the tears of indignation began to show in her eyes, she turned and looked me full in the face, and replied: "You have not money enough to buy her. I would not sell her for money." Then I found that I had carried that matter as far as it would bear, so I said, "Well if I owned her I suppose I would talk just like you do," and quickly turned the conversation to something more pleasant.

It is plainly seen from God's Word that it is His will that His people, those who know and worship Him, should enslave and own those who know not God and are living in heathenish degradation and barbarism as the African negroes were when they were brought to America and sold as slaves. They were running naked or with only breech-clouts on and living on the spontaneous production of the earth and, for an occasional extra meal, eating each other. But

snakes and lizards and wild fruits were their principal diet and they were utterly ignorant of God, their Creator, and living only a few degrees above the brute. It appears that any person who is not unreasonably prejudiced against slavery would realize at once that it was a great blessing to the negro to be brought from the jungles of Africa, and their degradation and devil-worship, to civilization and Christian influence in accordance with God's plan, to teach them the practical truth of Scripture which says, "By the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thy bread."

It is plain to be seen that the command of God to "Get ye your slaves from among the heathen" referred to that class of human beings who were in such a low state of degradation that they required a process of elevation to capacitate them to comprehend the truth of God as their Creator and the Creator of all things, and on up to the Messiahship of Christ. There are many nations and people such as the Chinese, Coreans, and many tribes in India (and less than 100 years ago the Japanese), who are classed as heathen, but all of these had more or less some just conception of the immortality of the soul and a future life, and there is very little doubt that all of these as well as the American Indian descended from Japheth, and some of them a combination of Shem and Japheth. There is no doubt but the African negro descended from Ham. And there is very little doubt that the Esquimo descended from a combination of Ham and Japheth and are originally from the lowest grade of humanity. And from these, by God's command, the slaves were to be taken.

This was a plan of infinite wisdom to put these human beings through a practical process of uplifting and elevation which would result in their capacity to comprehend the truths of God's word and their final civilization in the most practical, if not the only practical way for any considerable success, and the former African slaves of America are a convincing proof of this statement.

Whenever man undertakes to make improvement on God's plan *about anything*, if he would only take a second sober thought he should know that he is certain to make a botch of it, if he does not do more and make a disaster. He will make a great blunder if he does not commit a crime. One of Satan's successful strategies, ever since he prevailed on our first mother, Eve, to disregard God's law and undertake to improve upon His plans, has been to allure mankind to try to fix up something better than God's way; and of course it has always been and always will be not only a failure but a crime, and nearly certainly a disaster. Our Lord and Master illustrated this Satanic strategy as He only could do, by his parable

of the tares, as (See Matt. 13: 25): "But while men slept an enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat and went his way." In 30th verse: "Let them grow together until the harvest." The devil never sowed tares in any political field which did more damage and inflicted a greater curse upon the human race than he did in regard to slavery. He planted a heavy crop in Scotland and England and Wales and in the Northern and Western States of this Union, while the Southern States who owned the slaves slept and basked in their imagined security, knowing that they had purchased their stock of slaves from English and Dutch and New England slave vessels. King George I, and Queen Ann, and perhaps other crowned heads, sanctioned and fostered this traffic in slaves and made profit in this commercial deal and the older Northern States had done the same thing. The laws of all the slave-holding States and the fundamental laws of the Union (the Constitution of the United States) all recognized and protected this property-right in slaves as thoroughly as it did land titles, or money, or any kind of personalty.

The slaves as a mass, and with rare exceptions, were loyal to their owners. Large numbers of them had descended for many generations with the same family. The great, great grandfather, or even further back than that, of the present owner, had purchased the slaves, ancestors of some Dutch or English or other slave-trading vessel, with perhaps no clothing on except a breech-clout, and their language of the most crude and unsatisfactory kind, while their mental and moral condition was only a few degrees above the brute creation. They had been brought from the jungles of Africa where they had subsisted on fish and lizards and the spontaneous production of that land. They had certainly been obtained from the heathen according to God's command, and it was just as certainly a blessing to the negro to be brought from their native jungles to civilization and religious influence according to God's plan. They were susceptible of being taught and advanced in their mental and moral condition as well as having their capacity for manual labor greatly increased, which was greatly needed by the purchaser.

If Satan had not sowed the tares that brought on that horridly wicked and shockingly cruel Civil War, by this good day there would not have been a wild heathen negro in Africa, and there should have been by this time not a just as densely heathenish Esquimo left between here and the North Pole. If the Northern States had been looking after their own highest and best interest and acting in accordance with God's way, they would have discarded the African as they did because he had been created for a country of warm climate, and could not be made profitable in theirs;

and would have gone toward the North Pole and captured just as heathenish slaves from among the Esquimos, had them to shed their walrus skins and their dog skins and their white bear skins, and then use plenty of *soap* which they had never before seen or heard of or felt any need for; and then after cleaning them to a human consistency had them to don the cotton shirt and the woolen top-clothing; and then would have taught them the practical force of that passage of Scripture which says, "By the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thy bread"—instead of eating no bread at all; and taught them to wash their faces every morning and their entire bodies at least once in a month, winter or summer, instead of never washing at all; yes, and taught them that when they had labored steadily for six days they could rest on the seventh day, and this because the Great Almighty, Creator of all things who had created them, said so, and just this alone, if they heard nothing more, would have excited their natural curiosity to learn more of the Great and Almighty God; and then when they saw the master and mistress dress finer on that day than on either of the other six days and go away to be absent for several hours every Sunday, their natural curiosity would have impelled them to go and see and hear what was said and done. All of this is practical mission work according to God's plan.

Instead of many thousands of these degraded Esquimos having died in their heathenish degradation and filth without any knowledge whatever of the God that created them, there could by this good day have not been an Esquimo between here and the North Pole who had not heard and did not know of the living and true God; and all this would have been in accord with God's plan—a glorious mission work; and still more, very *much* more, there never would have been that furious, dreadful, inexcusable Civil War which the tares brought on as a part of their harvest, which shed the life-blood of thousands of the best men who ever lived in this Republic, and expended the utmost energies of more than 2,500,000 soldiers made up of the philanthropic but fanatical and misguided people of this government, deceived as they were by the devil's tares, an army added to and more than doubled by the hirelings from Europe who were procured at a high price.

And more, much more than all of this, there never would have been that cruel, unjust and bloody Boar War which shed the life-blood of thousands of as brave and patriotic men as ever shot a gun in defense of their rights and justice, who were finally overwhelmed by greed added to and inflamed by the prejudice against African slaves which the Boars possessed—another harvest of tares. In-

stead of this successful war of subjugation there would have been no war, but by this good day there would have been ten or twelve, or more, States of a great Republic of slave-holding States, made up for the most part of the enterprising young men of Holland, England, Ireland, Wales and Scotland, who would have owned plantations stocked with African slaves in this great African Republic; and the millions of acres of the jungles and waste land of that country would have by this time been converted into cotton and rice and cane and corn fields vying for beauty and profit with our own beloved South-land, and competing in friendly rivalry with us in the commerce of the world. All of South America and all of the islands of our seas would have been slave-holding countries, and by this time there would not have been an African or Esquimo or Cannibal heathen of their type on earth, but there would have been many millions of contented, happy, and very useful slaves and laborers of African, Esquimo, and other inferior races which God in His wisdom and sovereignty intended should be "servants of servants," and so proclaimed immediately after Noah left the Ark and repeated many times after that in His inspired Word.

There would have been in the Northern and Western States of this Union by our day at least ten millions Esquimo slaves, and they would have been a very considerable portion of the capital of these States, and there would have been no conflict between the labor and capital because the labor would have been a part of the capital; and these millions of slaves would not now have been degraded, ignorant, heathen, but civilized human beings who would have now been prolific and prosperous instead of being as they now are, almost exterminated by Satan's plan of civilization. Instead of this present ignorance and degradation, they would have heard and known much of the Almighty God their Creator, and they would have been civilized according to His plan, and there would have been at least ten million less of the anarchical skum of Europe, and Asia crowding our cities and polluting our land; and there never would have been that bloody, destructive, and wicked Civil War which left us, as its reward, its hellish hate and untold millions of national debt after gloating for four long years and reveling in the life-blood of many thousands of the very best men that this country or the world ever produced—and all of this was only a part of the harvest of the political tares which were sown while men slept and much more can be told later in the Live Issue.

Some ten years since, I was driving to this city from about three miles in the country in my buggy when I found a negro man walking who had come some three miles on the road before I met

with him. He had been working with a threshing machine, and it had rained where they were threshing during the night (Friday night), so that they could not thresh the next day; and he was making for his home in the city. His shoes were very damp when he came to the road where it had not rained; and they were very thickly covered with the dust, showing that he had walked several miles. When I got opposite to him I checked up my horse and said, "Don't you think a good ride would beat a bad walk?" With a polite bow, and lifting his hat, he replied, "It would beat it mighty bad, Master Ben." From his reply and his actions I knew that he had been a slave and was acquainted with me, although I had not known that I had ever seen him before. So I said, "Come, then, and get in here with me," and he at once sprang to the side of the fence and commenced to kick the long grass to clean the dust from his feet, and was soon seated in the buggy, and said, "I am sure you don't know me, but I have known you for years, and used to know a good many of the slaves you owned;" and then went on to name several of them. I determined at once to have him do nearly all of the talking while we rode together, and I only tried to keep his mind and conversation on the subject that I wished to hear him discuss. His first start was to compliment me as a master, and tell what my slaves had said about that; and he had a good deal to say about old slave times, and talked all the while more favorably of slavery than I expected him or any other negro to do; and finally said, "I thank my God from the bottom of my heart that my grand-mammy, away back, was brought from Africa to this country for a slave." Then I said, "You don't find many of your people who agree with you about this." And he replied, "There are a great many more than you might think for. I hear some of these young fellows that never were slaves saying mean things about the old slave-owners, and I tell them they are fools and don't know what they are talking about, and I ask them Where would you have been if your grand-mammy had never been a slave? and I tell them that if you or I either had been born in Africa we would not had much more sense than a wild monkey. And nearly every time you hear one of these young negroes talking that way about the old slave-owners, he has not got a dollar, or nothing but the clothes on his back, and never will have." Then he went on to say, "I bought a little house here in town and paid half down, and I am trying to pay for it, and it keeps me awake at night trying to get a way to pay my taxes and get something to eat for my family. I don't believe this thing you call freedom is half as big a thing as some people try to make it out." The ride with this man set me to thinking and investigating

the labor question more thoroughly, and had something to do with my writing this book.

Lincoln never made a truer statement than when he said it was an interminable conflict and therefore impossible for this union of States to continue to exist part free and part slave. The two civilizations were entirely dissimilar and inconsistent, and "how can two walk together unless they be agreed," or agree to disagree? And how can they agree to disagree while one is going on the way that God in His wisdom and providence had plainly marked out and said, "Here is the way, walk ye in it," while the other had been beguiled by Satan to sing the siren song of brotherly love and play upon the harp that alluring lullaby that all mankind are born free and equal? Does any sane person believe that God, in His Word, anywhere, commands that we shall love the filth, degradation, and heathenish ignorance of the naked African in his jungles, and the Esquimo in his skins of wild beasts and his burrow in the ice-clad earth, or the condition of any other human beings that are in a similar degradation? And then this lullaby of free and equal, free from filth, degradation and ignorance? Equal to what and to whom? The entire proposition is too supremely ridiculous to require any reply—the statement refutes itself. But Satan kept all the while entirely out of mind the overwhelmingly potent truth in God's Word that the "love of money is the root of all evil," and God, in His wisdom and providence, had made this love of money to counterbalance itself in His plan for the labor system which He devised, so that the labor was a very valuable part of capital; and therefore no conflict between the labor and capital could exist; but, instead a constant, continual elevation of the lowest grade of heathenism and degradation of the human race to religious influence and civilization according to His wise plan.

What an overwhelming difference it would have made in the past, and what a difference it would make now if all of the statesmen and politicians and public men would place a supreme estimate upon the "Thus saith the Lord" in regard to all matters of vital importance? It would make as infallible a guide to them as the compass is to the mariner. In the days of my youth I heard lawyers at the bar, who were not church members at all or professors of religion, quoting the Mosaic law and even passages of the New Testament; and it appeared to me then, when it was correctly and aptly applied, to be an impregnable and incontestable establishment of their case. I have not heard that kind of argument in our courts for a long while.

The pen that wrote the proclamation that freed the slaves of America was the most destructive and damaging weapon that was ever used against the African race. They were a contented, happy, and prolific race, raised up by God's plan and providence from the lowest degradation and heathenism to a civilized and comparatively Christianized condition; and during these two hundred and more years of transformation they had been for the most part brought down along with the master's family, inherited by the son or daughter from the parent from the slave-ship and the voyage from Africa to the day of Lincoln's proclamation. Each generation from the ship to that fatal day had been steadily advanced and elevated until they were the most trustworthy, reliable, and profitable servants in the world, and now at this late day it is almost incredible to relate the numerous incidents of fidelity to the owner which was frequently displayed by the slave. I know that I would have been financially ruined by that war but for the faithfulness of my trusted slaves. If all the deeds of fidelity performed by the faithful slaves to their owners, during that bloody war, were even briefly related it would require a volume much larger than this one to contain them; but I will relate a few as samples of thousands.

I lived during the war about three miles away from any turnpike road, but there was a dirt road which lay along the entire length of my farm and extended along two or three other farms to the turnpike which led to Winchester, Ky., about six miles distant from my house; and I was "over-seer" of the dirt road and took care to never permit it to be repaired during the entire war and of course it soon became impassable for any wagon or vehicle, and by this means we saved our grain and provender from the Federal Army. But my father's estate owned (and I had control of it), a two hundred acre farm which was bounded on one side by the turnpike, about a mile from Winchester; and this farm became the camping ground for the Federal Armies as they passed to and from Lexington through Winchester to Mt. Sterling, back and forth. These soldiers had burned all the fencing on the road, and in sight of the road, on the farm; but there was enough material left on the back part of the farm to make a temporary fence along the turnpike to enable me to get some benefit of the grass that would grow on the farm during the spring and summer. I was not willing to risk my mule teams upon that road for fear that soldiers might pass and press them into service; so I had Herod, my ox-driver, to hitch two yoke of oxen to the feed wagon with the hay frame on it and go with three or four of my most reliable men to gather up material from the back part of the farm and make a fence along the road. They had

worked there until the afternoon, when a regiment or two of infantry came on a forced march from Mt. Sterling, bound for Camp Nelson, and pressed the wagon, oxen and Herod into their service and piled their knapsacks on the wagon; and then as many tired soldiers as could find a place sat all around it on the edge of the frame, leaving only room for Herod to sit on the front end to drive the team; and thus they put him into their forced march. When night came on, they went into camp between Lexington and Nicholasville—more than twenty-five miles for an afternoon's drive for the ox-wagon and team. Herod told me that he noticed a pond of water on the side of the road about a mile back from where they went into camp, and he got permission from the Commander to take his team back to that pond for water which put him outside of the picket line, and instead of stopping to water his oxen he kept a steady "lick" for home all night; and by daylight next morning had come back about eight miles and stopped to hide his team from passers along the road behind a large barn and ice-house, a short distance from the road, where he fed his cattle and took a four or five hour's nap on the wagon while the oxen rested; and when he awoke it was nearly noon. Then he hitched up and started for home, inquiring of every man he met riding in a buggy if he had passed any soldiers on the road; and receiving a favorable reply each time he kept on his way until he was about ten miles from home, when a man in a buggy told him he had not passed any on the road, but there were lots of them in Winchester when he passed through; so he determined to take no further risk and turned off to the left, and came through the farms from there to our home. He was thoroughly acquainted with the farms and took advantage of gateways so that he only had to take down three or four stake-and-ridered fences and put them back as he found them; and about nine o'clock that night I was sitting on my front porch, brooding, and very sad, with the moon shining bright, with the stillness of the night, but the world very gloomy to me, when I heard the familiar words, "Ben, Buck, Bright, Ball," and a loud crack of the whip about a half mile distant in the woods in front of my house. I sprang to my feet, smacked my hands, and exclaimed, "*Well done!* There is Herod and the ox-team." I knew he would come back if they did not kill him or tie him; but I had not the faintest glimmering hope of ever seeing the oxen and wagon again. I retired soon after this in much better spirits than I had been for some time before. Next morning, early, when I went to the back door, Herod was there waiting to make his report and I congratulated him upon his splendid success. All of the servants on the place and in the

neighborhood called him "King." My father purchased him from the estate of Roger Brookin when he was about sixteen years old. Herod and a man named Bob were the only two slaves I ever heard of my father purchasing. My father was making his brother Abram a visit, and while he was there my uncle was fretting and complaining of the aggravation and bad behavior of "little" Bob, as he called him because he had two of that name. My uncle had brought this Bob from Virginia with him when he removed to Kentucky, and my father soon learned of the old stock of my grandfather's slaves Bob descended from and told my uncle if he would put a fair price on him he would buy him, and they soon closed a trade. Bob had more of his old Virginia friends at his new home than he left at his old home and appeared to be more happy and better contented.

My father brought with him when he removed from Virginia to Kentucky in 1818, Watt and Rachael (husband and wife), Jim and Elijah (two brothers about sixteen and eighteen years of age). These slaves were all born in his father's family and he received them as an inheritance. They had been raised by his parents from slaves which had been brought into the family from my grandmother Inskeeps' parents or descended along with the Van Meter family and the families with whom they intermarried back to John Van Meter who was the son of the immigrant from Holland to New Amsterdam in 1663.

Rachael and Watt reared five sons and three daughters, according to their ages as follows: Cynthia, Susan, Granvil, Anthony, Andrew, Dillard, Eunice, and Harve. All of them were stout able-bodied men and women. My father, in his life-time, had given to my older and only living sister, the second daughter, Susan, and she was considered the most efficient and valuable woman-servant in the family. He had given Granvil to my older brother, Isaac; and to my older brother, Jacob, he had given Anthony; and he gave Dillard to me. All of the others my father still owned at the time of his death. My brother Jacob died a few years before my father and left Anthony and a man named Mark which he had inherited from our grandfather's estate, with three hundred acres of land, to his widow. My brother, Thomas C., inherited from our father's estate the youngest child, Harve, then about fourteen years of age, which old Rachael called her baby and made a great pet of.

The first land deal I ever made was to purchase the life interest or dower of my sister-in-law's three hundred acres of land; and I induced her to include the two slaves in the deal, Mark and Anthony. Then I owned two of Rachael's children. In the meantime Andrew had married Martha, the oldest girl my wife's father

had given her, and although he still belonged to my father's estate I paid hire on him and kept him at home, so that Watt and Rachael felt sure that I would own three of their sons and they were determined that I should own the baby. Old Rachael gave me no peace on this account. In the meantime my man, Mark, married my brother Thomas' cook, named Mandy. Mark was worth \$1200, and \$600 would have been a full price for Harve, then about fourteen years old; but my brother Thomas had learned that Old Rachael was determined that I should own Harve; so when I offered to buy him he priced him at \$1200, and said if I would rather he would give me Harve for Mark. So he had Old Rachael in my rear, and he stood very firm in front. He had inherited two hundred acres of land from our grandfather's estate which adjoined the lands I inherited in the same way and also joined the land I had bought of my sister-in-law, and I knew he wished to sell this land (which joined me and was two miles or more from his residence), and buy lands that adjoined him. I told old Rachael if she would be quiet and have patience I would own Harve if I had to give Mark for him; and this would quiet her for the time, until my brother Tom would say or do something to "set her on nettles" and make her come at me again. In this way I was for several months with old Rachael as a fire in my rear, until I finally got the land priced at what I thought was a \$600 reduction; and then I swapped my \$1200 man for his \$600 boy and made the land deal, and made old Watt and Rachael happy. When my father made his will he did not mention old Watt and Rachael in it but told me that he wished me to take first-rate care of them as long as they lived at the expense of his estate; and after his death I told what my father had said, and that they could live wherever they preferred, and they concluded to live where they were and occupy the house where they had lived before his death; but after remaining there for several months they concluded to go to Fayette County and live where the oldest son (Granvil who was then dead), had lived with my older brother, Isaac, where their son had left some family. After they had been there about one year, when I was making my brother a visit, they both came in delighted to see me and let me know that they had a matter they wished to lay before me, which amounted to this: The place where I lived was the old homestead of my grandfather, and in the latter part of his life he had bought an imported short-horn bull named "Goldfinder," for which he paid \$1500, and built a fine large stable of nicely hewn logs twenty feet square, a story and a half high, and covered with first-class shaved shingles. Old Watt's proposition to me was to let him have Goldfinder's stable and have

it fixed up for him so that he could live in it and be far enough away from everybody "not to be bothered." It was at least fifty yards from any other building, in a blue-grass lot; and a nice spring of water was in the lot, about twenty or thirty yards distant. I told him to get his master Isaac to send him up in his two-horse wagon with all of his possessions and I would let him have Anthony and Andrew and Dillard to help him, and he could get my wagon and haul all of the rock and lumber to build a house to suit his taste. Andrew was an ingenious mechanic, had built for me many rods of excellent stone fence and some brick flues for cabins, and my blacksmith shop, and was an ingenious fellow with tools of any kind. It was interesting to see the building progress. I told Andrew to fix the old man's house any way he wished to have it, just so that he made it look respectable on the outside. The first thing they did was to go to the creek and the quarry and get a supply of broad, thin, flat rock and set them against the bottom logs of the building all around on three sides, leaving the door front free; then the cellar was dug out at least four feet deep and sloping in as it was made deeper, so that it was two feet smaller at the bottom on each side than it was at the floor. The dirt which was taken out was placed against the flat rock all around the three sides of the house, sloping from the house so as to thoroughly exclude the air and turn the water from the cellar; and then the blue-grass sod was taken from where I told him he could have a garden and sodded on one side and the back end of his house, leaving one side of the terrace next to the garden for old Rachael to plant her pinks and daisies and hollyhocks; and on that side I had a small patch pailed in for their garden; and a more fertile spot did not lay out of doors, because it was originally fine land and then the gleanings from the stable had been thrown here for years and then the blue-grass sod had covered that up for perhaps thirty years. There was a strong, close floor placed over the cellar, and another overhead to make a good room up to be reached by a step-ladder. Another step-ladder led to the cellar, a trap door to enter each, while a very broad porch or shed covered the door. One window cut opposite the door, a flue built of brick for his stove, the building "chinked and daubed," and Watt's house was completed in accordance with his wishes; and I never saw two people who seemed to enjoy life more than those old darkies did as long as Watt lived. He died the second year of the Civil War, and after his death I had Rachael's oldest son, Anthony, to take care of her as long as she lived, which was four or five years. She lived to see freedom, and I have no doubt but it was the saddest sight she ever saw, although

she did not lack for the comforts of life. Anthony raised one son about the beginning of the war, and his wife got my permission to let her name him for me. After the war they raised a daughter and named her Rachael, and she is the only member of Anthony and Neoma's family now living, a large, stout, healthy woman. She has worked for my family as a cook and general house-servant and I would not wish for a more competent one but for her besetting sin, and it is the great and ruinous enemy of the race at this time—*"Intoxicating drink and dope,"* which renders her utterly worthless. I have taken her out of the clutches of the law and from prison and tried to control her, but to no purpose now; and the poor creature has shown her gratitude for my kindness by making what to her, must have been, quite a sacrifice; for after I had taken her from jail she purchased and brought to me a nice little china pitcher and insisted that I should accept it as a present just to let her show me her gratitude—without a master, without protection—a withering waif.

The supreme devotion that old Watt manifested for my wife was very interesting. He showed very plainly that he considered her the prettiest and the smartest and the best thing in the world. He called her "Miss," and he never bothered me or bothered about me concerning anything if he could get to see "Miss." She called him Uncle Watt. Nearly all of the men, women, and children on the place called him Daddy, or Old Daddy. He was my wife's gardener as long as he lived. She would never have him to do any work in the garden except to take two or three of the able-bodied men and have it planted by her supervision the way she wished to have it, and after that she had no further care of it. He would have it kept in fine condition. He made it a rule to have the cabbage ploughed once a week, and the entire vegetable garden cleaned of weeds once every week by calling out all of the field hands (6 to 10) at daylight one morning in every week to have the garden cleaned before breakfast. Watt was Commander-in-Chief of that force in that garden, and his orders must be obeyed implicitly. On one occasion when Watt had the hands in the garden I walked out in sight of him and he called to me in a loud, coarse voice so that I knew he was angry, and when I answered he said, "Come here, please sir." I went, and he said to me, "I wish you would take that nigger there out'n this garden and never let him come in here no mo'. I tell him to do somethin' and he go right off to do somethin' else just like I had said nothin' and I don't want to be bothered with him no mo'." I replied to Watt by calling to Thruston at the far side of the garden in a very firm tone of voice. He came quick,

and when he came I said to him, "If I had a whip I would give you a few right now, and if you don't go and do just what the old man told you to do I will have your shirt off in two minutes." And he did not need to be told the second time. Every man in the garden heard what was said and I never had any further bother about the garden. Thruston was the oldest son of old Riddle my grandfather's body-servant during the war of 1812-13, and I inherited him and his youngest brother from my grandfather's estate, and this was the nearest that I ever came to whipping either of them. They were both drafted with some of my other men to build fortifications at Camp Nelson; and Riddle, Jr. died of the fever while there, and was the first slave I lost by the war. Thruston came back after he had been there a few months but showed discontent after his return and ran away a short time before Lincoln's emancipation proclamation and I have never seen him since. He was the only slave I ever owned who left me before the proclamation of freedom. I owned thirty-three—of all ages, sex, and sizes, when the war for their emancipation began.

The way I came to own my first slave was this: It must have been in the month of August, for I was not going to school and had been riding around with my father for days helping him to separate the live-stock on the farm wherever he wished to make any change and frequently going to the field where the hands on the farm were ploughing and hoeing corn. The noon meal (dinner) was at about twelve o'clock the year around, but the morning and evening meals vary from an hour or more to regulate the labor by the sun. The three meals were for the most part at 6, 12 and 6, but varied to 5, 12 and 7 in summer, and in the winter proportionately. I was in the seventeenth year of my age. After dinner my father and I walked down to the front stile. He had let his horse go with the saddle and bridle on to graze on the luxuriant blue-grass in the front lot for an hour or more while he had dinner. I said to him, "If you or I go after Bob (his horse) we will have trouble to get him, but if we send any of the boys they will have no trouble because he will think they are going to feed him," and seeing a lad of about fourteen years down in the lower part of the yard, named Dillard, I called to him to "go and bring Bob here to father right quick." He scampered away down under the hill and when the horse saw him coming he only held his head up and without moving allowed the boy to put the reins over his head and climb up into the saddle by the stirrup. But instead of taking Bob to the stable for feed as the horse expected, he "mosied" him to the front stile and rolled off on the far side while my father mounted the

horse leisurely from the stile, and then instead of riding away immediately he pointed with his riding whip to Dillard and said to me, "I am going to give you that fellow," and before I could make any reply, Dillard looking up into my father's face with a broad smile which showed two rows of fine broad teeth, said, "Dat suits me, Mastah." My father soon rode away leaving me with my darkey, who showed many signs of pleasure and delight. I very soon said to Dillard, "Let's go to the stable and see my filly, don't you think you can take good care of her for me?" "Yes, sir, I can keep her fat and sleek." We went to the stable and I showed him just how much oats and how many ears of corn I wished her to have at each feed, three times a day, and from that time on until several years after Lincoln issued his emancipation proclamation I rode a well-kept saddle horse, not all this time by Dillard, but constantly and carefully by him until after I was married. Then after a while I superseded him as my horse-groom by his youngest brother Harve, of whom I will have more to say later.

In those Ante-bellum days we had altogether wood fires and when I went to keeping house Dillard kept plenty of wood on the long back porch and made me a fire in my bed-room and in the dining-room every morning before I got up; in fact, Dillard was my body-servant and main-stay for several years after I was married. He was the fourth son and eighth child of Watt and Rachael whom my father brought with him when he removed to Kentucky in 1818 and married my mother, the only child of Capt. Isaac Cunningham. Besides Watt and Rachael my father brought Phil and Nancy and two brothers of about twelve and sixteen years, named Jim and Lige, of whom I may have more to say later on. But Watt and Rachael were the two oldest slaves my father brought with him and were about his age. He inherited them from his father in whose family they had been born and raised, and no doubt from parents whom his parents had inherited from their parents, very probably back to the time when John Van Meter's four sons removed from New York state and built their forts in Virginia in 1744 as (See Kirchival's History of the Valley). John Van Meter, this book describes as a man of roving disposition, a man who made his money principally by trading, and traded a good deal with the Indians outside of civilization and conducted something of a caravan manned principally by a band of friendly Caw Indians whom he employed for the purpose.

This John Van Meter had no doubt bought from some Dutch or English slave vessel a supply of slaves to give to his four sons when he urged them to go and possess some of the rich valleys of

Virginia, which they did in 1744 after procuring a land grant from King George I, through Gov. Gooch, then Governor of the Colony of Virginia. We know that each one of them brought slaves from New York when they came to Virginia, and it is not at all improbable that Watt and Rachael and in fact all of these slaves' ancestors had been purchased by John Van Meter from a slave-vessel; but we have no record as to when their ancestors came into the family, but we do know that these were all born in my grandfather's family and my father inherited them.

Isaac Van Meter, the son of John, the enterprising Indian trader who moved from New York in 1744 and built his fort at what has since been known as the Indian Old Fields on the South branch of the Potomac in Hardy County, now W. Virginia, was killed and scalped by the Indians in 1757 because he disregarded the admonition and entreaties of the faithful slave woman. It was like this: It was her daily duty to ride out and bring the cows up and milk them, and as usual she went after the cows in the evening, but before she had gone far the horse began to prick up his ears and prance and snort until the woman became frightened by the horses' extraordinary behavior and slackened the reins when the horse scampered off in a gallop to the fort and when she came back in such haste without the cows her master asked what was the matter and showing great excitement and fright she said, "Mastah, dars Injuns out dar jes' sho!" "Did you see any Indians?" "No sir, I didn't see none, but old Dave smelt 'um and kep' cuttin' up till I loosened the lines and den he come taren' home. I tell you, Mastah, dars Injuns out dar jes sho. Old Dave jes' snorted and carry on jes' lak he does when he smell injuns and I know dars injuns out dar jes' de way old Dave come tarin' back." "You got scared half to death at your shadow, you go on and attend to your work, I'll bring the cows." "Massa, if you gwine out dar aint you gwine to take you gun?" "No, I don't need a gun. If there were any Indians out there they would be friendly Indians. There has not been a hostile Indian here in our country for four or five years. You go on to your work, I'll bring the cows." The woman obeys orders, but as she goes talks thus to herself: "Mastah talkin' 'bout good injun; aint no good injun 'cept dead injun." (the slaves dreaded and hated Indians.) She went directly to her mistress and was relating all of the above occurrence to her when a loud report from a rifle was distinctly heard perhaps a quarter of a mile away. When the curiosity at least of the entire family was awakened and all went out to see and hear, they had not long to wait before the horse came galloping back without a rider, and then

in great excitement the gates of the fort were quickly closed, the guns put in order, and the horn blown with that furious and continued blast which brought everyone for miles around within its hearing with all possible speed to the fort, and as quickly as they could, with proper precaution, arrange to go, they went in search for Isaac Van Meter and found his bleeding, dead body, scalped and not far from where the faithful woman had turned back in fright for the fort. It was night when the dead body was brought to the fort and it rained during the night which so obscured the trail of the savages that there never was much definite information obtained in regard to them; but the opinion prevailed that it was some malicious brute from the tribe of Indians who had removed from that valley across the Ohio River and who had gathered up a small squad of his own kind and sneaked back to his old home to seek vengeance.

Harve, the youngest child of Watt and Rachael, for whom I had swapped my \$1200 man, Mark, for a \$600 boy, was the most loyal, faithful, and devoted slave, that I ever owned. My wife contended that I made a pet of him and showed him great favors because I never required him to work in the field with the other hands or with tools, but I knew that he was worth more than twice as much to me where I did work him as he could have been as a farm hand or as a mechanic. I always kept a good horse, saddle and bridle for his own use and it required a good horse to do his service because he did a great deal of hard riding which I would have been compelled to do but for him; seeing after several hundred beef cattle and other live stock on the farm. He knew the number of cattle that should be in each pasture, and where every horse and sheep and pig belonged, and it was his duty to keep them in place, and it was his regular business to count the cattle in each pasture twice a week and see them every day to see if there was one with a cracked heel, or had slipped a horn, or any other trouble, and report to me, or if I was not at home, to get help from the field and put tar and a rag on the slipped horn, or verdigris on the cracked heel, or have done whatever he knew I would do if I were there. He kept my shoes well shined, my saddle and driving horses well groomed and cared for, and the mistress's carriage and horses in nice condition. He was passionately fond of a fine horse and kept the horses he used in as nice condition as those I used. He was as fine a reins-man as I ever saw on a coach seat, and drove my family carriage for about fifteen years, and kept the carriage, harness and horses in first-class condition. He had care of the horses that he drove to the carriage for four or five years trained for cutting

antics equal to a circus horse, and when the congregation began to disperse from the church he would have selected his place near the church door convenient for my wife and family to get in, and in a conspicuous place, and then by a certain twitch of the lines which the horse understood he would have him begin his antics, and by the time the larger number of people were coming out he would have the horse standing on his hind feet and holding one front foot out as if to shake hands with the congregation, and all the while the other horse would be standing stock still; but some of the nervous ladies would think it passing strange that my wife and family would get right into the carriage without the least concern about that frantic horse. Harve was nearly as reliable, faithful, and true to the Southern cause as he was to me. I had an Irishman in my employ living on my farm about one mile from my home, who was a very zealous Southern man, and he very soon found that Harve was thoroughly trustworthy for anything he could do for the Southern cause, and he had Harve to do many things that would have got his neck "cracked" if it had been known by the Federal authorities, and perhaps I would know nothing of it for weeks after it occurred and when he had a first-rate opportunity he would tell me of it. When I would caution him and warn him that if the Federal soldiers ever caught up with him they would hang or shoot him, he would give one of his big "nigger laughs" and say, "Mastah, you can't do anything like that, but they never suspect me; they think I am a nigger." I had been riding a fine black saddle horse around town when there were no troops there, and soon after some came in and a Federal officer came with a posse to get him and came very near succeeding; but Harve and McGuire managed to save the horse that night. McGuire led the horse and eluded the pickets by going through the country in a back way to the cemetery and locked my horse up in a vault. An Irish friend of McGuire's was keeper of the cemetery and he had no difficulty in making this arrangement. There were a lot of Federal soldiers camped very near the cemetery, but McGuire said he knew that was the very last place a Yankee soldier ever wanted to go, and he knew the horse would be safe. I did not know where they had hid the horse until the soldiers left and they brought my horse home and told me all about this.

Harve knew Mr. William Curry for years before the war, and he was with Morgan's command and was captured on the Ohio raid when Gen. Morgan surrendered and was taken to Camp Chase, but after a while was removed with others to a prison further North and when in the vicinity of Wheeling, W. Va., he jumped through a

water-closet window and made his escape, then assumed the garb of a cattle-shipper which business he had followed before the war and returned on a passenger train to Covington, Ky., and made his way to his home within a few miles of my house, and his wife came the next evening to see me and let me know that Mr. Curry wished me to furnish him a first-rate horse that could out-run a Yankee and he would try to have it returned to me as soon as he could get along without it. I related these facts to Harve early the next morning and after he reflected for a few minutes, he said, "I had better get up the Phaeton filly and have her shod for him, (she was a mare by Impt'd Phaeton, dam by Colossus, he by Impt'd Glenco, and Harve had been riding her) she can go from here to old Richmond quicker than any Yankee's horse." I said, "Well, get her up and have her shod all around. And I told Mrs. Curry to tell Will to take the horse he finds in the stall right in front of the door, so you be sure to put her in that stall and leave the stable door unlocked and then if she is not there in the morning we will not make much fuss about it." The next morning as soon as he saw me he said, "The filly is gone," and then chuckled as he added, "They will never catch him." The Phaeton mare was found in my front pasture about ten days or two weeks after that.

If all of the occurrences in behalf of the Southern cause which Harve participated in were related here he would take up more than his share of this book. I have more than once met with soldiers during and after the war with whom I was not acquainted, and when they learned my name would enquire about Harve and relate something he had done to help them out of a tight place when Gen. Morgan or Gen. Smith or Col. Cluke made their raids into Kentucky. He remained with me for several years after the war closed, but finally removed to Lexington and drove a carriage and waited on some wealthy gentleman and finally virtually destroyed himself with strong drink. He married a Lexington woman, but left no children and died before he was fifty years old. He was a very valuable slave but entirely unfit to be free, and did not wish to be. Sad, very sad to remember. His older brother, Andrew, who was my foreman in the farm labor both before and after the war, and was working for me when he met with an accident from a drill while he was preparing to make a blast, which finally ended his life after lingering several months. His widow, Martha, is still living and has two children living. Dillard lived ten or twelve years after the war. He and his wife are both dead and left two daughters, and one of them is still living. Anthony, Andrew, Dil-

lard and Harve were all stout, able-bodied men—sons of Watt and Rachael, and I believe the entire family will be extinct with the second generation after the war. As slaves they were a prolific family. This is the blessing that freedom brought.

Rachael was boss of the milking place for more than thirty years until my father's death. There would be from 15 to 30 cows to milk night and morning and she had three or four girls or young women to go with her and a boy to mind the gate and only let in as many cows at a time as there were milk maids, so that each calf would get one-half the milk while the milker got her share. In good weather the milking was done at the gate between the calf lot and the cow pasture, but in bad weather at the large shed which was near the negro quarters. Every woman on the farm was taught to milk, so when there was a large number of cows to milk every woman would go to help milk except the cooks and housemaids, and have a boy on a horse and one on foot to help with the cows and calves, and old Rachael was boss of that business.

Among my earliest recollections of fun and frolic and real boyhood pleasure was going to the sugar camp with old Rachael and with all the boys and girls, white and black, from about eight years of age up to sixteen or seventeen years old, to make home-made sugar (maple sugar and syrup), and old Rachael generally had one or two of the older women along to help her, more especially to manage "the kids" and keep them from worrying her beyond all endurance. This grove of about two hundred and fifty sugar trees was about midway between my father's residence and my grandfather's residence, and was conveniently accessible from either place, and the youngsters from both places were generally at the sugar camp early every good day. The camp consisted of a large rough shed covered with clapboards and a furnace with six iron kettles in it. At one end the kettle would hold at least forty gallons and then continually less size to the other end reduced to about ten gallons. After a good day's run of sugar water the two smallest kettles would contain ten or twelve gallons of thin syrup to be conveyed to the kitchen at home at night to be strained and boiled down to a thick syrup, or stirred off to sugar cakes the next day under the supervision of my mother. The process of sugar-making was to fill all the kettles with water from the trees, and then never put any water from the trees into the two or three smallest kettles after the first filling, but after the large kettles were one-half boiled down, replenish the small kettles from the large ones, and fill the large ones from the trees, and by night you would have

a nice thin syrup in the two smallest kettles, and the larger kettles still containing the water from the trees.

All of the slaves of Kentucky were exposed to the machinations and intrigues of the Federal Army and their abolition influence almost continually through the four years of strife, and it seems strange that they did not succeed more readily in decoying them away from their owners. This can only be accounted for by the utter ignorance of the Northern people and the outside world of a correct idea of the true relation which existed between the slave and the owner. They had no conception of the peculiar strong tie that existed between the slave as a slave to the owner, and the owner as an owner, a protector, and a guide to the slave. The slave was a part of the owner's money and in the wise providence of God had been instead of its love being a root of evil, was made a shield and buckler for the slave and an incentive for the elevation and advancement of that human being from dense ignorance, degradation, and filth to civilization and Christianity, and all of this wise providence was a mutual benefit to the slave and master as well as to the advancement and up-building of God's kingdom in the world according to His own wise way: "But while men slept the enemy sowed tares." Thousands of the more sensible and valuable slaves remained with their owners after the close of the war, and withstood the overwhelming tide of fanaticism for a time, but like a struggling crew on a ship in a cyclone they were washed off a few at a time until now after nearly half a century it is a rare exception that you will find a servant with his former owner or with the family of the former owner.

There might be a great number of instances related of the fidelity and faithfulness of slaves to their owners and their families' best interests during that horrid Civil War, and frequently at a serious risk for the slave, but the negroes soon learned that they could with reasonable safety rely upon the fact that the Federal government and soldiers would rely and act upon the hypothesis that the slave would do anything within the bounds of reason to obtain his freedom, and so long as the slave could keep them under that delusion they could do a great deal in a clandestine way to protect and serve the owners' best interests. There have been many instances related, and not a few put in print, such as the following which has been clipped from a Southern writer and many similar instances could be truthfully related.

"Two negro men belonging to an army officer's widow who lived with her young daughters on an Arkansas plantation, conveyed \$50,000 in gold in the cushions of an ambulance to Houston,

Texas—a place of safety from marauding troops, who burned the house and cabins, and captured the live stock. The Yankees would not molest escaping negroes. These were faithful to their trust. Similar instances are numerous.”

My father was passing through the grounds of his negro quarters when he saw a lad about four years old laying on the grass cutting many antics and didos, when he remarked to his mother who was at work near by, “That lad reminds me of a cub bear.” The other negroes near by who heard what he said, after he got out of hearing rigned and joked the mother about the child and he got the name of “Cub.” I do not know what name his mother had given him, but whatever it was he lost it and was called “Cub” for the balance of his life, and was finally “Old Cub.” This negro stammered and stuttered badly, made a very poor out at talking, but was a stout able bodied man about five feet, seven or eight inches high, and was as faithful and reliable for any work that he knew how to do as any man on the farm. He was never put to plowing because he could not say “gea” or “haw” in time to keep from plowing up the corn, but if he was told to drop the corn and put three grains in a hill there would be three grains in every hill and no more. If my mother wished to have the truck garden cleaned of weeds and hoed over she would ask father to let Cub work in the garden, and then if she told Cub to clean up the potatoes and the onions and the beets, and any other vegetable, when she went out in the cool of the evening to see the garden, as far as Cub had worked that day there was not a weed to be seen and everything was in perfect order. In cold weather, in fall or winter, when the other negroes would cut up a lot of wood for the family room fire, Cub did not need to be called to carry it and lay it on the large back porch right near to the family room door and I imagine that Cub dropped the last few sticks down a little harder than he had placed the others, anyhow mother would lay by her sewing or a book she might be reading and go to the cupboard or pantry to get a large slice of pie or two or three sweet cakes, or whatever dainties might be left from the last meal, to give to Cub. Then with his bows and a broad grin he would be able to twist his mouth around to the side of his face sufficiently to get out, “Thanky, Miss,” and by this time any one of the maids who might be in sight and earshot would be so much amused that they would begin to titter and snigger with laughter when mother would turn on them, and while she kept her face as firm as she could, might rebuke them by saying, “Cub don’t tell half as many lies as some of you negroes do,” and then while the girl skipped quickly into the kitchen at the far end of the

long porch where she could give vent to her excessive laughter, while mother stepped into her room and closed the door where she could shake her fat sides at the amusing occurrence, and Cub would strut past the kitchen door and give a disdainful glance in as he went by holding his good things up in full view to all the occupants of the kitchen; and the darky in the kitchen, between her laughs, might say, "Mistus say Cub don't tell lies. He don't tell the truth neither 'ceps you give him a plenty time, and he couldn't tell many lies if he try." There came a great freshet in the late summer, and a small creek, the head-waters of Johnson Creek, which passed through my father's estate, known then as the Funk Lands. During a freshet this little creek overflowed its banks and washed the fence away on both sides and washed out a water gap which exposed a field of growing corn to damage from a lot of cattle which were grazing in an adjacent pasture. My father had the entire force of farm hands with the horse wagon and the ox wagon to haul rails and rebuild the fence which was soon all completed except the water gap and the little creek was still too flush to work in, and it was a problem to know how to make that secure from the depredations of the cattle (there was no barbed wire in those days). He had a tall tree cut down which stood near by and it made a long log which would extend across the creek and three or four feet into the bank on either side, and then had a ditch dug on either side to receive the ends of the log, and then the question was how to get this long log into its place with the ends in the ditches, and then it would be easy enough to cover the ends with dirt and rock so that the water could not lift it out of its place, and thus make the corn field secure. My father asked Jim and Lige and Herod and perhaps others for their opinions as to the best way to get the log where it was needed, and finally he turned to Cub who was standing back to one side with his arms folded and taking quite an interest in what was said, and asked him how he thought was the best way to get the log in place. Then all of the young negroes began to titter and jump behind the large trees near by, two or three together, and peep out to see and then fall back to hide and laugh, but Cub sprang to the large end of the log and then to the ditch on the near side and then he went upstream and said, "Oxen pull it here," pointing to the smaller end of the log, and pointing to the far side, said, "Water help down." My father saw him go through his motions, and his stammer, and said, "Cub's idea is a good one; let's pull the large end to the ditch on this side and hold it there while we pull the smaller end up the creek, and then let Herod get on the saddle-ox and pull the log down stream. Get a strong skid

on the far side that will keep the log from touching the bank until it gets on top. Half of you go with Jim in the horse-wagon across the creek and the others stay on this side to hold the log here with spikes;" and it was very soon put in place, but the surprise and great amusement was my father calling on Cub for his opinion.

Jim was my father's foreman for many years after Watt retired from that position, and he willed Jim and a young fellow named Bush, who drove his carriage when Jim wished to be excused, and several other men and three women to my mother. Jim had complete control of my mother's farm (about 500 acres of land) as long as she lived. I lived about a mile away and he consulted me about all matters of importance, but I consulted him about some farming operations, because he had more experience than I had and was an extra good hand to raise crops and to take care of them. During the war, Jim had two large cribs full of fine corn that he had raised, and although my mother lived about three miles from any turnpike road there was a gate-way and a fairly good road to get to her place, and a Federal officer had learned that the corn was in her cribs, and brought eighteen wagons and loaded them from a crib, taking about 540 to 550 bushels of my mother's corn. I saw Jim coming in a gallop on one of the carriage horses, and I knew something was going wrong, and when he related these facts to me I told him there was only one thing that we could do and that was to have mother get a voucher for the corn and I would try to collect pay for it. My mother asked for a voucher giving the amount of corn he had received. He wrote the voucher payable when *she proved her loyalty*, which stirred her Cunningham blood about to the boiling point. She asked him where he was from and he replied, "from Ohio." Then she turned on him, in her wrath, and said, "When my father was helping to drive the British and Indians from that country he had no idea he was helping to hand it over to a gang of thieves. If he had known as much as I know now he would never have made his bed on the brush piles, and covered up with the snow, and shortened his life for any such a gang of thieves." Jim said, "the way Mistus talked to that Yankee scared me." I was afraid she would make him mad and he would tear the farm up, but he said something in a low tone to one of his men who was very close to him, and he went away with his wagon train of corn.

My mother had me to take the voucher to a rampant Union man, from whom she had bought thousands of dollars worth of dry goods in bygone days, for clothing the household, and asked him to collect the claim. But after this man had failed to collect the debt

for six weeks or more, I went to get the paper and the man said he had mislaid the paper and could not find it. My mother never received a cent for that corn, but Uncle Sam paid all it was worth for it. "Loyalty" was very profitable in Kentucky at that time.

Jim had charge of my mother's farm as long as she lived, but she died before the close of the war, and after her death and after Lincoln's proclamation of freedom he lived in the neighborhood for a few years, bought a cottage in Winchester where he spent the balance of his life, and while he was living there I saw him frequently and he called me by the same name from my early youth to the day of his death, viz: "Master Binny." Several years before his death I made him a present which appeared to enlist his unbounded appreciation. I had a dress suit of broadcloth made, and before I had worn it a half dozen times I had increased in flesh and weight until I could not wear the suit at all, and in thinking of what use I could make of them I concluded that they would fit Jim nicely. The next time I saw Jim I told him if he would come to see me right soon I thought I could make him a present that would fit his taste. I explained to him that I had entirely outgrown my finest suit of clothes, and I believed they would just fit him. He did not make any unnecessary delay of the visit and the next time I saw him after his visit he said no tailor could make a better fit for him than they were. He lived only a few years after this. He died before he was sixty-five years old. I was not at home when he died, but the first time I saw a member of the family I was told all about his sickness, death, and burial, and that he had made it known to all the family that he must be buried in that suit of clothes, and concluded by saying that he was the finest dressed corpse that has been buried in this town for a long while. After his freedom, Jim assumed the name of James Dudley, which I never could account for, unless it was his admiration for the Rev. Thomas P. Dudley, a man of considerable note in our community, who owned a farm in Fayette County, Ky., and owned a few slaves.

Looking back for sixty years or more, as my mind's eye can see distinctly, and then looking around us and seeing the daily occurrences which are forced upon our observation and attention, we can get quite a distinct light if we take God's Word "as a light to our path." His word is just as distinct and plain in regard to this labor question as it is in regard to matrimonial relation. We might have the most bitter opponent of African slavery, or in other words, the most radical abolitionist to say all that could be said within the bounds of truth against this slavery and admit all that can be thus said. Then, in not one particular has the negroes' moral or

physical condition been improved by freedom over what it would have been if they had continued in slavery up to this time and in their condition progressed with the balance of the world as they would necessarily have done and there would have been at least double the number of them that are now living. Lincoln's proclamation freed thirty-three for me, and I cannot now find or hear of half of that number and their descendants.

Anthony and Andrew were the only two slaves that I owned who were older than myself, and neither one of them was five years older, and they have both been dead more than twenty years. Their parents (Watt and Rachael) both lived, as slaves, to be more than seventy years old and they raised seven children to be stout, healthy men and women, to be freed. And not one of them lived to be sixty years of age, and nearly all died before they were fifty years of age, and they have all been dead more than ten years, and from this entire family and descendants there are only four or five living and one of them blind and helpless. If freedom did not mean extermination for that family then I do not know what to call it; and a more healthy, strong, hardy family of slaves would have been hard to find. Of the entire thirty-three of my slaves of all ages and sexes I am confident that there are not more than fifteen of them and their descendants now living. If this is not extermination, what is it? If there had been no disturbance of God's plans by "Satan's tares" until this time I am very certain that without buying a slave I would have owned or would have given away to my children at least fifty slaves, and in God's way we could have had a happy, prosperous, and prolific advance.

But now, while I have four sons and three daughters prospering in this world, the thirty-three slaves are well nigh exterminated by the crazy fanaticism which was produced by "Satan's tares," which has not only brought this destruction of the negro after that shockingly cruel, bloody, and destructive Civil War with its untold millions of debt and other horrors, and then left an interminable and destructive strife between capital and labor which is entirely beyond the wisdom and power of man to reconcile, because "the love of money is the root of all evil," and it is beyond the power of man to destroy that *root*. God, in His wisdom, had made this root a shield and protection for labor by making labor an indispensable part of capital, but Satan's strategy has subverted God's plan, hence this interminable strife which greatly retards the advancement and upbuilding of Christ's Kingdom in the civilized and most enlightened portions of this world, while the most degraded and heathenish people are either exterminated to give place for civili-

zation, or neglected and left to self-destruction by degradation, filth, and ignorance. But this is anticipating some what upon the *Live Issue* to be discussed later.

I consider, Shepherd, the negro missionary to Africa from this country, the greatest living man of the negro race, as he is well educated, very intelligent, and full of the grace of God, and he is spending his life, his best efforts and energy for the advancement and elevation of the negro race in their native land; but I am convinced that if those negroes that Shepherd comes in contact with in their native land, could be subjected in slavery to civilized, intelligent, and enterprising owners they would be advanced in civilization and intelligence a vast deal faster and more effectively than Shepherd or any other man can do this in any other way; because that was God's way, and of course it would be much better for the slave as well as the master if the owner had the grace of God in his heart, but even without this the owner's self-interest ("the love of money") would impel him to advance the slave as much as possible, because in degradation and ignorance the slave would be comparatively worthless, while every advance that was made in intelligence and capacity would enhance the slaves value and would therefore be a great incentive to this end.

From the Leader evening paper of June 21, 1910, we copy the following item: "Twenty-five killed in an explosion to-day. Workmen in a quarry of Portland cement (Union men). Near Ogden, Utah. Most of the killed were Japanese and Greeks." This is merely a sample taken at random of similar occurrences recorded almost daily of destruction of life in quarries and mines of various kinds throughout the country, and the number of lives lost varying from this, as a minimum, to sometimes hundreds. If these twenty-five laborers had been Esquimo slaves they would have represented at least \$25,000 in that Portland cement corporation, and there would have been every needed precaution taken to prevent such an accident, and the corporation greed which is now so universally condemned would have acted as a life-preserver to protect these laborers from harm, and all of this would have been in accord with God's plan and no conflict between capital and labor.

The old Scotch adage of "Like man, like master," was more literally true with the African slave than with the Scotch white servant. The African is by nature an imitator, and I have known cases which were very strikingly so, and very amusing. A gentleman who owned a very faithful and valuable servant who had charge of his master's blooded stock when they were being exhibited at the County Fairs and some of the State Fairs, was a very competent man that

had been born and raised in his master's family. The master had one defective eye which he kept closed most of the time and he had a habit of clearing his throat before he began to talk and other peculiarities, and when, in the absence of the master, gentlemen would go around to the stalls to see this stock, this servant would unconsciously close one eye, clear his throat, and go through with his master's peculiarities, and his being utterly oblivious of the fact made it the more ludicrous and amusing. This slave bestowed the utmost care upon the stock, and appeared to get as much pleasure and delight from receiving a premium as his master did.

In the months of April and May, 1853, I traveled over a considerable part of the best agricultural sections of England and Wales for six weeks in a carriage through Yorkshire, Durham, and pretty much all of the best sections of both counties, and some little in Scotland, and I became thoroughly satisfied that the laboring class in that country at that time was not as well cared for and had not as much of the comforts of life as the same class had in Kentucky and Virginia. I had not traveled over the cotton States but had traveled over Kentucky several times, and over Virginia sufficiently to be thoroughly acquainted with the condition of the slaves in these States and had good reason to believe that all of the slave States lived in about the same way. The farmer and his family, including his slaves, lived on the "fat of his land," eating and consuming all of the best that his farm produced and selling what he could not consume. The sun did not shine on any country on this planet where there was more universal and unstinted hospitality than prevailed throughout the slave States of America. That passage of Scripture which says, "Be careful to entertain strangers" was as universally and cheerfully obeyed as in any country in the world. I have traveled on horseback and otherwise over Kentucky and Virginia for weeks at a time and many times staying at farm houses at night wherever my business and convenience led me, and was hospitably and comfortably entertained by a family whom perhaps I had never seen or heard of before. The last salutation would very probably be, "If you ever come in this neighborhood again we will be glad to have you stay with us" and with no more thought of paying or charging for the night's lodging than we would have thought of flying—and human beings did not fly in those days. And all of this was in accord with God's plan as revealed in His Holy Word. A very large part of the wealth and affluence and comfort of these States was on the farms and plantations, and nearly all of the farmers owned at least a part of the land on which he lived and at least a part of the labor which they employed in their business, and it

was reliable and stable, and those he hired were just as reliable as his own, if they had not been he would not have employed them. His labor was a part of his capital and therefore there was not the least conflict between his capital and his labor, and it was little or no inconvenience to entertain a wayfaring man. Mr. Frank Hasper, a breeder of race horses, who resided in Woodford County, Ky., made the following statement to me and I have not the least doubt of its correctness: When he bought and paid for Impt'd Glenco (\$500 for the horse with a saddle and bridle) in one of the Carolinas he had \$2.50 in his pocket left from the deal, and he rode the horse to his home in Woodford County, Ky., and had a comfortable lodging with supper and breakfast at a farm house every night, with his horse well fed and groomed and sometimes he would stop in at noon-time when he heard a horn blow and get his dinner and have his horse fed, and when he arrived at home he had a little small change left from the \$2.50 with which he started; having paid out the largest part of the \$2.50 for ferrying over the rivers he had to cross on his way home and through toll gates which he had passed on turnpike roads, and occasionally a dime to a boy for extra attention to his horse. This kind of hospitality was the universal custom throughout the slave holding States and it was no serious inconvenience and it was in perfect accord with God's command and admonition, as (see Hebrews 13: 2), "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." (Alluding to Abraham in the Old Testament entertaining angels on their way to Sodom); and (see Romans 12: 13—given to hospitality); and (see 1st Timothy 1: 2), "A Bishop must be given to hospitality as one of the imperative requisites for an officer in God's Church;" and (Thes. 1: 2—is to the same effect). Now any matter which is of such vital importance as to be repeated so frequently as this is in God's Word should certainly receive serious consideration.

When the labor system was conducted in God's way it was entirely practicable to heed this admonition, but now since the harvest of tares, it is frequently nearly an impossibility, though the heart may yearn for the privilege; all of which adds more testimony to the truth that whenever man attempts to make any improvement or change in God's way he is very certain to make a botch if he does not commit a crime, and he is nearly certain to do both.

To look back at Lincoln's emancipation proclamation, at this distance of nearly fifty years, it appears rather ludicrous, and I have sometimes thought it was a case of extreme desperation. Thousands of people of the Northern States and the outside world had been brought by the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" literature and the pul-

pit and political oratory of that day, to believe if the yoke of slavery was only lifted then the slaves would rise in their fury and with the hatchet and axe and corn-knife, and such-like implements of destruction, make a bloody feast for fiends of the decrepit old men and women and children who were at home, as they thought, entirely unprotected and at the mercy of the slave. All such fanatics must have been bewildered, after months of waiting had passed beyond the proclamation and not a drop of bloodshed of the mistress or any of her children by any slave. Is this not proof as true and strong as "Holy-writ" that the outside world knew little or nothing of the real and true relation that existed between the slave and the owner. Where, or how, did President Lincoln get authority to write that proclamation? He knew that it was ignoring and over-riding the constitution of the United States, and there had been no authority given by Congress. If he had been the Czar of Russia, or of late, even the Emperor of Germany, he might have fallen back on the "Divine right," but no, it was just simply a military necessity. But when you get down to the bottom facts it was to stir up and renew the lagging enthusiasm of the Northern people, and it was well-timed and had the desired effect on his people, and a correspondingly opposite effect in a less degree upon the Southern people who were then almost worn to a frazzle. But then what about the slaves? More than two-thirds of them in the Confederate lines and those did not hear of the proclamation perhaps for months after it was issued, and some never heard of it until after the close of the war. Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri were within the Federal lines and of course the slaves of these states heard of it as soon as their owners did.

I called all of my servants up that were of the age of discretion and told them of the proclamation and that we would be compelled to abide by it, and I said, "Any of you that wish to go where you think you can do the best for yourselves and your families can have my wagon and team and move your families to town and go from there wherever you like. You must take care of yourselves, now. You do not belong to me but any of you that wish to work for me I will pay what is fair and right for your work, and you all know that I have a good supply of provisions and can feed you and your families, but remember that I am free just as much as you are. You must learn to take care of yourselves and make your own living for yourselves and families." As soon as I stopped talking to them a man named Albert, who I had bought the first year of the war from a Mr. Lowe (a strong Union man) who had a blacksmith shop and who owned a family of slaves and had brought this fellow

up from early boyhood in his shop. He was about twenty-two years old and quite a good mechanic, an excellent horse-shoer, and he had been running my shop since I bought him. He said, "Master, you know what I promised when you bought me; that I would stay with you until you said, 'go.' No matter how this war turns out you will find me in that shop working right along like nothing had been said, and you just do whatever you think is right and that will do for me." And he worked right along and run that shop for five or eight years after the war closed, and until I had curtailed my business so that I did not need a shop, and then I went with him to see a man who had a shop six or eight miles away and helped him to make a deal to work for that man as long as he worked at his trade, but he finally went the way of a large number of the best slaves that I ever knew; he killed himself with strong drink, and died comparatively young. He was the hardest slave to set free that I ever owned, and was really as valuable a slave as I ever owned, although I paid only \$500 for him, and this is the way I came to own him:

I was riding from my house through a woodland pasture to my mill and shop and stock barns about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile distant from my residence, and Albert was in the woods where he could see me when I started from my house and could tell where he could meet me in the woodland, as he did, and when I was within speaking distance he took off his hat, and with a polite bow, said, "Sir, I would like to talk with you, please." I could see at a glance that he was greatly disturbed and excited, and he detained me there for at least a half hour pleading his cause and insisting that I should go and buy him, and finally I told him to go to my shop and stay there until I came and I would go and see Mr. Lowe and if he would sell him at a mean price I would buy him. I went and found Mr. Lowe in his shop and told him that I had found a runaway in my woods that called himself Albert and said he belonged to him, and he begged me to buy him and I told him to go to my shop and stay until I came back and I would come and see you. If you will put a low price on him to me I will buy him running in the woods, or you can go home with me and I will help you to find him. He finally priced him to me at \$1000.00, and that was the price he could have put him in the army. I told him, "The last word your man said to me was that I could tell you that he was not going in the army, that it was not his fight and he was not going into it. I cannot afford to pay any such a price as that. It may be only a little while until he is as free as you are and you are helping to set him free." He said, "What will you give me for him?" and I replied, "I will give you a check for \$500 for a clear bill of sale for him and take my chances for him run-

ning in the woods, or you can go home with me and I will help you to find him." He replied, "If I get him he will do-me no good, and I will sell him to you." He gave me a bill of sale for Albert and warranted him sound and healthy and a slave for life, and in four years Albert was as free as William Lowe or I either, but I made a good bargain then and this was the last slave I ever bought, and I never did sell one of my own. All the slaves that were with me when the emancipation proclamation was issued remained with me for months after that and most of them remained until the war closed and some of them for many years after that. This man, Albert, had some of the most practical, hard-sensed ideas of any negro that I ever knew. He was working in my shop when the negroes received the right to vote, and although I had never said a word to any of them about voting or talked politics to them, when the election day came he said to me, "You know that none of us negroes know anything about politics, and I believe it is a fool notion to let any of us vote, but there are lots of them going to vote and I have determined that if you will tell me every time who you vote for I will vote that same way, and then your vote will count two instead of one." And he did this as long as he lived; and the man, Harve, of whom I have written elsewhere, did the same thing. It was an open ballot in those days and there could be no doubt about how the votes were cast. There were several of my former slaves who did not vote and paid no attention to elections.

I never had the pleasure of attending a 4th of July or Feb. 22nd celebration by the negroes from two or three cotton plantations in slave times, but from the descriptions I have heard given of them, to witness one was to carry with you for the balance of your life a most amusing recollection. Each plantation whose slaves were to participate in the celebration would elect an "orator of the day," or perhaps two from each plantation for the occasion, about a week before the holiday to give them time to prepare their speeches and get their extra apparel for the occasion; and then to see the six or eight, or more, "orators of the day" step out with the master of ceremonies, who was of course the "Big negro" of the neighborhood, and these would have seats on the platform while the several hundreds of men and women and boys and girls would hasten to make themselves comfortable in any way that suited their convenience to get within hearing of the speakers, when the boss of the occasion would step to the front and give each orator, besides his own name, some high-sounding or ludicrous nick-name, and as each one is mentioned there is no difficulty in designating him, because as soon as his name is called he begins to bow and strut

around to show beyond doubt "that's me," and the celebration begun, and to give an adequate description of the proceedings of that occasion is entirely beyond my pen, pencil, or paint brush. But the man who could murder the most of the King's English in a given length of time in the most fantastic style and keep it up for the greatest length of time, was the orator who excelled. A few anecdotes here may serve to suggest the idea and illustrate, such as this: A negro woman lost her husband. He died intestate and left four little infants on her hands. She went to the Probate Judge's office to be appointed executor. She found the Judge's office and said, "Is you de reprobate Judge of dis cote?" "I am the probate Judge." "Well, you's de man I's lookin' fur. My husband done died detestable and left me four little infidels on my hands and I's come here to be pinte executioner."

There was another that I have seen in print of a negro boy who was interested in the welfare of Judge Billings. The Judge was drinking water from a well in his back yard while his hired boy was swinging on the back yard gate, and said, "I'm feared you'd better quit drinkin' out'n dat 'ar well." "What is the matter with this well?" "Hit's pizen. Hit'll kill you. Go 'way! Don't you know hit's don been scandalized by phrenologists, and hit's done bin decided dat hit's two parts oxhide and one part hydrophobia. Go 'way from here. Hit will kill you, sho!"

The negroes in the cotton and sugar producing States, where there were generally more of them together, appeared to enjoy life more and have a happier time than in the other States, and besides this the climate was warmer and more congenial to them. But they naturally incline to congregate, and they are much better contented when there are quite a number of them together. This appears to be a part of their nature which can not be bred out of them. In their native jungles they lived in villages with their huts close together, which was a matter of imperative necessity to be in sufficient numbers to prevent the wild beasts from devouring them, of which they were in constant danger from the most ferocious kinds.

Henry Clay, the great Statesman and sage of Ashland, advanced the most practical scheme which was called gradual emancipation, and if it had been judiciously carried out in connection with a continual gathering-in or importation of a fresh supply of degraded heathens from wherever they might be found, there would have been some real philanthropy and wisdom manifested, and then by this time this class of human beings would have been as scarce on this earth as wild mustangs are on the plains of Texas and Mon-

tana, and this world would have been immeasurably advanced in every particular and strikes would never have been heard of in this country. Mr. Clay's plan was for the Government to buy and set free the slaves that displayed intelligence and capacity sufficient to prosper when left entirely to their own resources, if such desired to be free; then to colonize these free men in Liberia, where our Government would hold a protectorate over them, but the political excitement was so intense between the abolitionists of the North and the "fire-eaters" of the South that neither party would give much heed to his suggestion, and he died before the final dreadful conflict commenced. Senator John J. Crittenden advocated this plan of emancipation but his best efforts amounted to nothing.

This great Statesman, Henry Clay of Ashland—(to distinguish him from Col. Henry Clay of Bourbon County, a gentleman of considerable note and wealth who never participated much in politics) owned quite a number of slaves—forty to fifty, of all ages. When Mr. Clay went to Washington if he went alone he would take one man—his body-servant, but if his wife went with him he would take two men and a maid, and in those days he drove through from Lexington, Ky., to Washington City in his carriage, with two men up in front on the box of the coach with the woman on the front seat inside with the care of the youngest child, which of course must go along. His man, Charles, would go always, and if any others, then Aaron and his wife Lizzie Ann were to go. Charles was at one time decoyed away from his master by the machination of some Yankee, but very soon discovered the folly of his way and returned very penitent to his master and remained with him as long as he lived. It would have been a revelation and perhaps entertaining for a Northern man or any person who was not familiar with slave life to hear the conversation which would take place between a group of the headmen of these slave-owners when they met at the County Fairs or such like gatherings where they drove the family carriage to the Fairs for several days in succession and met for several hours each day and had their social chat. It might be Mr. Clay's Charles, Major Shelby's Spencer, Capt. Cunningham's Riddle, I. Vanmeter's Jim, Capt. Warfield's, Mr. W. Sutton's, Preacher Breckinridge's, and a great many more that might be mentioned for this region of country; and remember that in those days more than two-thirds of the intelligence, wealth, and affluence of the entire South was in the country residences; in the cotton, rice and sugar countries, more gorgeous and finer than in the other slave states, but throughout the entire South commodious and comfortable homes for black and white. The conversation among the servants would be like this:

"Jim, how is your corn crop this year?" "Well, sir, we have got a good crop of corn—better than average. We will make 12 or 14 barrels to the acre. We got a good stand this spring, and when it was about six or eight inches high there come a dry spell on us; hardly a drap of rain for about three weeks, and I begun to git scared, but about the time we got all the crop plowed over the second time there come a good rain, and it rained right even on ahead all night, a slow, study rain, then you never did see corn grow off like it did. We had to hurry up to plow that corn over twice more before it got too big. While we were givin' it the last plowin' it was away up along the horses' sides, and it never did lack much for rain after that. It is about ready to cut now, and it is a good crop. Our wheat was a little pinched by that dry spell, and then it got too much rain before it was cut and the rust got it a little, but we just got it thrashed the other day. We had a little more than one hundred acres, and we will git about two thousand bushels. We have got it all safe in pens where it will keep safe and dry for twelve months. It aint worth much. I don't know what we will do with it, but we have got it in a safe place. It can stay right where it is for twelve months to come without any damage." "Well, Jim, what are you going to do with all that corn?" "Do with it? Lord, man, you never heard of having too much corn on our place. Every shock of that corn will soon be settin' up like a sugar loaf and then it will stay till the frost gets right heavy, and by that time two hundred of our cattle will go to New York as fat as hogs without a 'year' of corn, but the other fifty, master will put on some of the best grass right jining the corn field, and then he will say, 'Now Herod, you git your ox team and take one of the boys and give the cattle three shocks of that corn every morning, and git the corn from the middle of the field while the weather is dry and when it is muddy haul from next to the fence.' We will shuck out 'thirty or forty acres of our corn. I think we have got two or three pens of old corn, now, but the sows and pigs will get all of that and the fatenin' hogs will get some of it before we shuck the new corn. We have got plenty of corn in the crib for the horses and bread. But along about the first of December you will see master git his leggin's on and strike out on old Bob, with his cattle whip, and he has done told me the day before he was going away for a week or two, and he tell me about work enough on the place that he wants done to keep me and all hands busy for a month, and then when he rides by he will holler at me loud enough for everybody to hear, 'Jim, keep things going here while I am gone,' and he has started Master Solomon out the day before down towards Maysville to buy

cattle and then he goes over the river into Madison County and all them counties on that side of the river, and you wont hear of either of them maybe for two weeks or more, but when they do come you will see more than 100 cattle in front of them. They tell me that sometimes Master tells Mistress that he believes the cattle Solomon bought are better than the ones he bought and did not cost any more money. They all say he can buy cattle as well as anybody. But the next oldest son, Isaac, he lives with his grandfather. We don't see much of him." "Riddle, don't he buy all of your cattle?" "Yes, old Master never goes off to buy cattle. The young man buys all our cattle except what old man Cockrell brings down from the mountains. He comes down just as regular as the month of October comes and brings 75 to 100 half-scrub cattle and turns them into our front pasture and then rides up to the stile and takes off his bear-skin from his saddle and his saddle bags and goes on right into the house and on into Master's room without ever knocking at the door, and puts his saddle-bags in the first corner he comes to and throws his bear-skin down in front of the fire and falls down on it and sticks his feet with his moccasins on up to the fire and his old blue jeans huntin' shirt on, and if Mistis aint in there, maybe when she goes in there she will find the old man in there fast asleep. She calls him old Si, and when the old man wakes up she will say, 'How are you, Si? Pretty tired, I guess.' 'Yes, Madam, I have been driving cattle ever since daylight and I am tired. Where is Squire Cunnigin?' 'I don't low he will git to see the cattle to-night.' And then the old man will turn over and go to sleep again and Mistress go on about her business just like he was not there; but when old Master comes in the old man will get up and stretch himself and get on a chair and go to talking. Then old Master, he will say, 'See you have been riding hard all day; how would a little old whiskey go?' and the old man will jump up and say, 'Now Squire, if you say so, we will try that,' and they go in the other room to the side-board and when they come back that old man done forgot he was tired. Next morning they ride down among the old man's cattle for about an hour, and then the young man, Master Isaac, has to go to Lexington to the Bank to get silver money to pay for that old man's cattle. They say he won't take gold and he won't take paper money, so they have to take the old man's saddle-bags and bring him silver money. Sometimes he stays at our house two or three days before he starts home. They tell me that old man has got six or seven thousand acres of that mountain land and raises every one of them cattle. He has been bringing them cattle every year regular for eight or ten years."

(Riddle to Charles) "Charley, did you bring Mr. Clay up to our house that time when he and Mr. Webster and another gentleman come up there, or did Aaron drive the carriage that day?" "I am the very fellow what drove the carriage that day when you all gave that big barbecue." (Riddle) "Well, what was that other gentleman's name?" "Wy, that was Mr. Pindexter (Poindexter). He was from down South somewhere and that was one of the biggest days I ever did see." (Riddle) "Well, I recon it was. About two days before that, Master called me up just before night and told me he wanted me and Jack to have the two carriage horses ready before breakfast to git away as soon as we got our breakfast, and he wanted to send us away on an errand, and he said, 'I'll tell you more in the morning, and you tell John and Josh to ask Mr. Webb what two horses they are to ride and they are to go as soon as they get their breakfast.' I knowed that somethin' was up and next mornin' he called me and Jack and he give me a note and Jack one, and he tell us, 'Mr. Clay and some more gentlemen will spend the day with me tomorrow, and this note is to invite all the gentlemen around here to come to our barbecue tomorrow. Now you take this note and go down by all the Cunninghams and Hutchcrafts, and on down the Paris Road as far as Mr. Brutus Clay's, and then cut across to Mr. King's and come back by Mr. Tom Cunningham's, and you tell your Master Tom to notify everybody around Clintonville, and you ask every gentleman you show this note to to please invite all of his neighbors to come;' and he told Jack the same thing and he sent him half the way to Mt. Sterling, and told him to go by the Goff's and Gay's and Anderson's and Sphorr's and Judy's and on to Mr. Skinner's Mill, and then come back by the Gist's and Lewis' and Bean's, and back that way. Well, I believe he sent Big John out by the Harrison's and Fishback's, and Taylor's, and on down that way to the river, and then he come back by the Quisenberry's, and the Hampton's, and on up that way home. I think he must have sent Josh over to the Renick's, and after old man Fry. He was an old Frenchman and couldn't talk much like our people, but he could butcher a beef and carve a ham as well as any man that I ever did see, and when I got home that evening just before sun-down, don't yer know him and Mr. Webb had one of the very finest fat steers on the farm, all quartered and hanging up in the spring house; dressed as nice as ever you see a chicken, and I do believe that beef would have weighed 1500 pounds, and he was as fat as a hog. I reckon I showed my note to twenty people that day, and I got to Mr. King's just as his horn blowed for dinner and when he read the note he said, "Well, man, our dinner is about ready. You had

better give your horse a few 'years' of corn and come around to the kitchen and the cook will give you your dinner." So I took dinner with Mr. King and then come on up the road to Master Tom Cunningham's, and through Clintonville and by the Stepp's, and the last man I showed my note to was Gen'l Pendleton—about two miles from home.

When I got home and see the big fat beef hanging in the spring house and the row of tables fixed along side of the locust grove about fifty yards, with cotton tacked all over it—then a long row of big kettles hanging on poles. Mistess has sent to the sugar camp and got the kettles out of the furnace, and then she had all of her wash kettles, and there must have been eight or ten kettles hanging in a row, and I could tell that meant soup for a big lot of people. They had put wood under all of them, and under two big kettles at the upper end of the row they had a big fire already burning, and when I looked in I saw about a half dozen fine bacon hams cooking for tomorrow, and they had dug a ditch a little way from the kettles to barbecue the beef next day, and they had three or four wagon loads of wood ready to make the fire. Next morning early old man Fry was down in the grove cutting up that beef and fixing it for cooking and getting out the bones for soup. But I did not see anything more down there that day. Mistess called me and Jack before breakfast and said she wanted us to stay right at that kitchen door to wait on her and the women that were in the kitchen and dining room, and then Mistess was in both them places at the same time just as nigh as she could get, and when she was not giving me and Jack orders, here would come Peggy and Lizzie and Cindy and Mandy, one right after tother, and every one of them giving orders, and they kept us both moving; and Mistess she went down to the soup kettles soon in the morning two or three times, and then between nine and ten o'clock she went down there agin and that time she took Jack with her and I did not see Jack no more that day, but she come back pretty soon and she and them women just kept me on the jump till about three o'clock. But just a little while after she come from down at the kettles that time she was going from the dining room to the kitchen and Mr. Clay came right in on the back porch from down towards the locust grove and met Mistess right at the kitchen door with her sleeves rolled up to her elbows and sich another hand-shaking and joking and laughing as they did have right at the kitchen door." (Charles) "Yes, Master told me down at the lower gate he would get out, and he opened that gate and then he told me to drive on up to the front stile and he went to the stable and then walked up through the locust grove and

I did not see any more of him until I heard him on the front porch.” (Riddle) “Well, sir, after he and Mistis had laughed and talked there a little while they went on in the dining room and she introduced him to some ladies in there, and after they talked a little while there she went with him on into her room and introduced him to a whole lot more in there, and after a little while I heard him talking louder than any of them out on the front porch. But there was sich yelling and hollering out there in front I could not tell what was going on. But Mistis come back before long and then she and them women kept me on the jump till about three o’clock before I got a mouth full of dinner. Then Liza beckoned to me at the dining room window and when I went there she handed me two great big plates full, one of them stacked up with roast beef and ham and bread and all kinds of vegetables they had in the house, and the other had pie and cake on it, and she told me to take a cup and go to that jar there and get some milk. Then I went out under the old locust tree in front of the kitchen door and there was some chairs out there. I put the plates on one chair and I got another, and you’d better believe I hid every scrap on them plates before I quit.” (Charles) “Well, sir, when I got up to the stiles Capt. Cunningham and Gov. Clark and Squire Harrison and Major Moore and some other gentlemen, I did not know, come walking from the porch and met us at the stiles and when they found Master wa’nt there, some of them asked, ‘Where is Mr. Clay?’ and Mr. Webster said he got out at the lower gate and said he would walk up, and some of them said, ‘He is playing a joke on us now!’ But Capt. Cunningham said, ‘He will turn up alright.’ Come walk in gentlemen, and they all walked on up that pavement right through a big crowd of men, shaking hands and introducing all the way along from the stiles to the front porch, and that front yard was full of people and every once in a while they would smack their hands and holler, and about the time these gentlemen got up to the front porch with Mr. Pindexter (Poindexter) and Mr. Webster here come Master out of the house with his hat off and when the people see him come out you never did hear such laughing and whooping and halloing and smacking their hands, and then they were shaking hands and talking for a good while before these gentlemen went into the house, and then I drove my carriage around to that big tree out in the lot and there were horses hitched to every low limb on that tree, but I put my carriage right where the sun was going to throw the shade pretty soon and out of the way of the horses and then unhitched my horses and put them down in the stable, and when I crossed the branch I let them have all the water

they would drink before I got to the stable and then put them in two empty stalls where there was a rack of good hay, and I went over to the crib and got an armful of corn and give them six "years" apiece, and fixed them there all safe, and then I went up through the grove just like Master did, and when I got up close to where Mr. Webb and the hands were I heard one of the boys say, 'There is Mr. Clay's man,' and when Mr. Webb heard that he looked up and when he saw me said to me, 'Man, maybe you had better take this while you have got a chance,' and he handed me a tin plate full of bread and a slice of ham and of beef and said, 'Just take a cup and go to one of those kettles and git a cup of soup,' and I thanked him and obeyed orders; and about that time I heard somebody up toward the front calling loud, 'Come down here, gentlemen, and git some dinner;' and in a few minutes you could not see that long table from one end of it to the other. The men were three deep or four deep on both sides. Well, when I got as much as I wanted to eat I begin to look around and I see a platform with about two dozen chairs on it, and I could see there was where the big men would be after dinner; I went up around by that cane-patch—you know that platform was about sixty feet from the lower yard fence by the cane-patch and about the same distance from the upper end of the long table, and right at the upper end of the locust grove where most all of them were in the shade. So I set down on the ground right against the big corner post where all three of the post-and-rail fences come together in that big corner post, so I would git in nobody's way and could see and hear everything up on that platform; and it was not long before I could see Master and a lot of gentlemen coming down from the front porch, and then the crowd gathered around, and that post and rail fence on two sides of that platform had men sitting on it as thick as blackbirds git on a limb, and one big fat man got on that big corner post right over my head and stayed there most all the time they were speaking, and every once in a while he would holler as loud as an Indian. Master, he spoke first, for about an hour, and every once in a while the crowd would holler so loud he would have to stop till they got done; and after he quit then Mr. Webster spoke for more than half an hour, and they hollered over him about the same way, and then Mr. Pindexter he spoke for half an hour, and then a little bit of a man got up that would not weigh more than about 130 or 140 pounds and he had light colored hair and blue eyes, and he had no more show for beard than a woman, and I thought they must be mighty nigh done now, but I tell you that little man fooled me. He could out-talk any man of his size

that I ever did hear and they made as much fuss over his talk as any of them. He was from up about Mt. Sterling, and I think they called him Dick Menafee. Well, when he got done Gov. Clark, he got up and he kept that crowd laughing and whooping for a half an hour, telling jokes on Master and everybody that had been saying anything that day, and then the crowd broke up and I slipped over the fence and got my horses and hitched them to the carriage, and Master and the other gentlemen were not ready to go for more than a half hour after that, but we got home before dark."

(Spencer) "Riddle, wa'nt you in the army with Capt. Cunningham?" "Yes, I spent one mighty tough, hard winter upon them lakes. It is awful cold up there in the winter. I did not have much hard work to do. We had plenty of men to do the work. But it was so awful cold up there you had to keep close to the fire to keep from freezing. I did not have to go out much only to attend to our horses and get wood to keep a good fire and wait on Master. But he was out more than I was, but he wrapped up in his buffalo (buffalo overcoat) and overshoes so he could stand the cold. Our company was not in but one big battle. They had some little fights and they called them skirmishes, but the battle of the River Raisen was a rousing big one and a lot of men were killed and wounded. We had some men of our company killed and one of our near neighbors, Mr. Frederick Stipp was badly wounded, and when they brought him into camp Master came with him and after the Doctor got through working with him, Master told me to stay right with Mr. Stipp and take good care of him and do whatever Doctor told me to do for him, and then I didn't see anything more of Master for about two weeks, and by that time Mr. Stipp began to set up and hobble around a little, and when Master come back I went with him, and Mr. Stipp never did get in the company any more, and I never did see him until we come home, and he heard we had got home and he come down to see us, and he had come home before we did because we stayed until the war was over. About a year after that Mr. Stipp's wife had a boy baby and he named him Isaac Cunningham, and that child growed up to be a fine man. When he was nine or ten years old he would ride on a horse along with his father, and Mr. Stipp would be going to town riding through our farm. Our place was right between his house and town. Whenever Mr. Stipp would see me he would come to where I was and shake hands with me and have something to say. That boy always called me Uncle Riddle, and he has got a brother named John

that was born before the war. He is a fine man, too, and treats me mighty well."

Now the foregoing is a fair sample of the kind of conversation usually carried on and enjoyed by the more intelligent class of slaves when they met and had leisure hours, and they were the most contented as well as the most efficient and satisfactory class of labor on this earth up to the war of 1860, and this labor system was thoroughly in accord with God's plan as it is revealed in His holy scriptures of the Old and New Testament as it ever had been from the time that Noah left the Ark, through the days of Job on to Abraham and Isaac and Jacob—all through the patriarchal era, sanctioned by God's prophets and was the universal custom throughout the entire era of the rise and fall of the Roman Empire, which embraced the entire civilized world in its time and included the time of our Savior's sojourn upon the earth, and His apostles after Him, and sanctioned, upheld and indorsed by Jesus Christ, our Lord, and by His chosen, inspired followers after Him; a God-ordained relation, just as the marriage relation; and never was as much abused by the sins and wickedness of man as the latter always has been, as the innumerable cases of divorces throughout the world abundantly testify with their constantly varying wails of woe which come in a continual stream before the courts. No doubt, but that as mean men have owned slaves as ever have married a wife. But the wicked man loved his money and the slave was a part of his money and his love of money was at least a barrier, if not a shield and protection for the slave against his meanness, and besides this, the laws of the Commonwealth furnished full as much protection for the slave as it did for the wife.

I believe the highest type of a man I have ever known or read of who is directly descended from Africa and an ex-slave is Rev. Wm. Shepherd. I have met him and heard him preach and am informed that he was born at Wanesborough, Va., and was educated at the Tuscaloosa School and Seminary for the education of men of his race, and he is a missionary to Africa and is devoting his best efforts for the elevation of those benighted heathen negroes to a knowledge of their Creator, and in the pursuit of what he considered his duty he went contrary to and conflicted with what King Leopold of Belgium considered his rights and best interests in a huge and profitable gum-rubber business, which the King is having conducted in that country. Shepherd did something which so aroused the King's indignation and wrath that he was arrested and the King appeared to be determined to "do him up," which the Christian people of our Southern States soon heard of and it at once

raised such a furious excitement throughout the South that it soon spread to the religious people of the entire Union and this brought Uncle Sam "up standing" to his full height, and he finally lifted his big stick and held it so high that the shadow of it reached to Africa, and on to Belgium, and finally Uncle Sam spoke out in tones that were heard in Africa and in Belgium: "I say, King, that is my man you have got," and when Leopold heard that, he said to Shepherd, "You can go," and then he went quietly and meekly back to earnest and faithful labor in the jungles, and I have some hope that in the providence of a merciful God he may be the means of saving the souls of some of those ignorant and benighted creatures; but I believe he is sailing, as it were, against wind and tide in laboring among a people who need to be raised first by God's plan to a sufficient degree of intelligence to enable them to comprehend the Divine truth which he so earnestly tries to teach them. While I have an abiding sympathy and tender regard for Shepherd and his life work, I am sadly certain that much the larger portion of the African negroes will be exterminated by the present process of civilization, instead of being civilized by God's plan, of which Shepherd and others in our country are bright and shining examples. But Shepherd is trying to follow in the footsteps of Paul, as Paul followed in the footsteps of our Lord and Master. Paul was arrested, tried, and finally killed by wicked government authority because of his faithful and persevering service of our Lord and Master. Shepherd was arrested by the authority of the little 2 by 6 King, and but for the over-ruling providence of God in raising our big stick he might have met Paul's fate.

Booker Washington's pedigree is much shorter back to the jungles of Africa and his ancestral mammy's degradation and heathenism than King George's is back to the lost tribes of Israel and to *Abraham*, the man that I have drawn on so largely for testimony in laying the foundation for slavery and the jurisdiction of it in this book, and Booker's pedigree is certainly as well authenticated. He says in his London interview that "None of us wish to go back to Africa," and we can but give him credit for worldly wisdom in this. "There would be no White House dinners there now." Mr. Roosevelt has come home and Booker does not wish to associate with the lions and tigers and elephants and such like, so there is very little left in Africa to attract him. We quote from the *Leader* (evening paper), taken from a two-column interview in the *London Post*—"The negro problem in the United States will right itself in time, and the American negro has not the slightest desire to return to his ancestral Africa," and "England is a country that

people of my race hold in the highest esteem and reverence, on account of the noble part taken by the English people in the struggle for the abolition of slavery." Booker is correct about this, because it must be admitted by all who are acquainted with the truth of history that but for English influence and power, slavery would have been in full force to-day in America and Africa and most probably in both North and South America, and in many islands of the sea; and all of this testimony is the strongest that he could give to corroborate statements written in this book before he gave this interview, and we quote again from the same: "Washington is the famous founder and principal of the Tuskegee, Normal and Industrial Institute for students of the negro race in the state of Alabama," and again—"Mr. Washington, who has had an honorary degree conferred on him by the University of Harvard, and was received at the White House as an honored guest during the Presidency of Mr. Roosevelt, *was born a slave*, and his story is as inspiring as that of any of the heroes of Mr. Smiles' "Self Help" and may we add in parenthesis (they may be very much of the same character) but be that as it may, we quote from the same source: "The negro problem you know is the problem of the man 'farthest down,' and I want to ascertain at first hand how the man who is farthest down in Europe lives and works, and I believe that when America comes to a more accurate understanding of the difficulties which the masses of the working people in other parts of the world have to struggle against, it will have gone far towards solving what is called the race problem." Just how Booker is to solve his problem by seeing how the "Italian Hobo" and the "Polish Jew" live in their native land, we confess, is beyond our imagination, because we know that both of these classes which he designates as "farthest down" are flocking to our country by the millions to better their condition, which is known to be far worse in their native land than the masses of the Southern negro is, even after deducting the few hundreds of those who are well-to-do, even now after freedom, and we all know that this class is far worse off now than when they had their owners to feed and clothe and protect them, and would be much worse off now than they are but for the philanthropic sympathy and interest still lingering in their former owners and their children for them; and this is a very good explanation and reason for Booker's statement, "That they prefer to remain in their own Southland." But here is one other quotation that I must not fail to put in: "In Scotland, by the way, I shall pay a visit to Mr. Carnegie at Skibo Castle to-night." Booker has one characteristic of the negro fully developed as any man of

his race that I ever read of. From my early youth I have known and frequently seen demonstrated that peculiar contempt mingled with pity, with which the "rich man's" slave negro estimated what that negro regarded as "poor white folks" and the reverse of that sentiment is just as prominent. But here is another quotation from the same paper of a later date which puts the capstone on the pedestal of Booker's glory: "HONORS—showered upon Booker T. Washington at capital of Denmark, Copenhagen, Oct. 4, '10 King Frederick yesterday received Booker T. Washington, and conversed at length with him on the subject of the colored race. His Majesty asked the American for a copy of one of his publications. Later, as the guest of prominent Danes, Mr. Washington motored to Roskilde, the old capital, where he visited a school and had lunch. Last night he dined at the palace, meeting the members of the royal family, including Queen Mother Alexandra, the widow of King Edward of England."

Booker Washington is the shrewdest and most practical man of the "world-kind" of any ex-slave or man from African descent that I have ever read of. He uses his politics to as great an advantage for Booker as any of our loyal men of the South during that old war ever used theirs to their very best financial interest and for their own glory. Booker manipulated his politics to secure him a big White House dinner, and then used that circumstance to get *higher up* from that time on, and finally to obtain an interview with a London paper, and then another big dinner with the Royalty of Europe. It would be hard to find the record of a Southern man, during the old war which can beat that for glory. And besides all this, Prof. Washington is deeply interested in skimming the cream off the rising generation of his race and making all out of them that he can for himself and for them, and after he skims what he can, if all the balance goes into the pig-trough to be consumed by the hogs the Professor cannot be held responsible for that.

Taken, all in all, Shepherd and Washington are a long way the highest and brightest trophies left from African slavery in America. But besides these two there may be several hundred others who are as well, or better off than they would have been as slaves; and then after these, what about the millions as the Professor puts it—"furtherest down" and I fear continually getting *further down*? Are they to be left in the trough and exterminated in an unequal contest with the millions of foreign labor which is pouring in a constant stream like a flood into our country? Is this the blessing that freedm brought them? But before Prof.

Washington gets to his work with them we will see what the Southern people are doing for the rising generation of the negro race; and then Washington skims the cream off of this. I give the following, taken from our daily paper here in Lexington, and it is but a fair sample of what is done in nearly all the former slave states and nowhere else:

"COLORED TEACHERS INDORSE PROVISION FOR
EDUCATION OF THEIR RACE.

INSTITUTE CONVENES.

Superintendent Mrs. Nannie G. Faulconer and Others are
Thanked.

We desire to thank our honorable superintendent, Mrs. Nannie G. Faulconer, for the interest she has manifested in the negro schools of Fayette County and also for the many suggestions and good advice she has given us during the session of the teacher's institute. We also desire to thank Prof. E. H. Clarke, Rev. E. L. Bakerville and Rev. G. V. Morris for the very excellent addresses they gave before the institute. 'All children regardless of race, creed, sex or social station or economic conditions of their parents, have equal rights to and should have equal opportunity for such education as will develop to the fullest possible degree all that is best in their individual natures, and fit them for the duties of life and citizenship in the age and community in which they live. We indorse the accepted policy of the states of the South in providing educational facilities for the negro youth, believing that whatever the ultimate solution of this grievous problem may be, education must be an important factor in that solution. We believe that the education of the negro in the elementary branches of education should be made thorough, and should include specific instruction in hygiene and home sanitation for the protection of both races. We believe that in the secondary education of the negro youth emphasis should be placed on the subject of agriculture, the industrial occupations including nurse-training, domestic science, and home economics. We urge upon school authorities universally the importance of adequate buildings, comfortable seating and sanitary school accommodations for the negro youth. We believe that the better education the negro has, the better citizen he will make. Therefore we advocate the higher education of the ambitious and deserving negro. We advocate the all-around education

—the education of the heart, hand and brain.’ The resolutions are signed by L. W. Taylor, Laura Bogan, G. S. Johnson, Resolution Committee. Following are the names of the teachers in attendance at the institute: Birdie Taylor, Laura Bogan, Emma Whitley, Mildred Hill, Susie H. Johnson, Helena Turner, Mary E. Graves, Clara Howe, Mattie Caldwell, Edna Munda, Leon Smith, Fannie Jackson, Margaret Upshaw, Anna Jones, L. W. Taylor, B. C. Green, B. D. Black, T. S. Johnson, J. H. Johnson and Emma Clayborne.”

Now all of this is from the spontaneous sympathy, kind feeling and interest, felt by the former owners and their children for the former slaves and their children in an earnest and unselfish effort to advance and elevate them in the scale of civilization and intelligence. You see no special effort of this kind in behalf of the Italian immigrant or the polish Jew or any other class in our country who are little, if any, higher grade of civilization than the negro after slavery. Nor do you see in the northern or western states, where African slavery never existed, any especial effort made in behalf of the negro. But in their minority and weakness among the whites they are left to “sink or swim,” “survive or perish” in a contest with a large majority of those who have a jealous antipathy and prejudice against them, and with their former protection and shield clean gone they are left to their fate, which is gradual extermination—the final result of emancipation.

But there is another man who has recently had his name frequently in the papers, and he calls himself Jack Johnson, and must be a very stout, able-bodied man, just such as fifty years or more ago would have sold for a good deal of money for practical and useful purposes, and could no doubt have been taught to break more than 300 lbs. of hemp per day, which would have made his labor worth more than \$3.00 per day; but has now become the champion prize fighter of America, if not of the world, and has recently whipped the white man at that game of scientific brutality, and by this great feat the papers say he has made enough money to buy a \$60,000 residence on Tony-Row in New York City, right among the aristocracy and millionaires of the city, and now of course he is no “nigger,” and if not, then what is he? I suppose he is just a “What is it?” But this great victory he has gained has made him a hero to receive the great admiration of a large majority of his race, and so excited them in many localities where there were large colonies of them that they became so boisterous and demonstrating and insulting to the whites in their vicinity that they raised riots and commotions which terminated in violent death of not a few of the negroes and some whites, and required the strong arm of

the law to suppress. In Philadelphia and Pittsburg and Ohio and Illinois and many others of the Western and Southern States there were more than twenty of these disturbances chronicled in one weekly paper immediately following the fight which took place at Reno, Nevada, and this is unmistakably a convincing testimony as to the trend and tendency of a very large majority of the race. But here is another hero of a much darker hue that we chronical with sorrow and dismay as still stronger proof of the certain doom to final extermination of the race in this country, because we know this is no rare exception, but only a sample of such as you find almost daily in the papers:

“NEGRO KILLED AFTER HE SHOOTS POSSEMEN.

One of His Pursuers Dead, Two Fatally Hurt and Five Others Injured.

MOB DRAGS BODY.

Chief of Police is Finally Successful in Getting the Corpse to Morgue.

(By Associated Press.)

Huntington, W. Va., Oct. 14—Two persons were killed, two fatally wounded and five others seriously wounded in a fight for the capture of George, alias “Red Johnson,” a fugitive negro. He shot and probably fatally wounded Detective George Lentz when the latter attempted to place him under arrest, and shot seven members of the posse before being taken dead.

The dead are George Bias, railroad brakeman, and member of the posse, and George Johnson, the negro fugitive. The fatally wounded are: Charles Hale, shot through the lungs; George Lentz, detective, shot through the back.

The seriously wounded are: W. W. Lowe, policeman, shot through left side; Charles Stuart, shot in the head; G. D. Thomas, shot through the arm; William Hutchison, shot through the arm; Ira Harold, shot in the leg.

After fatally shooting Lentz the negro escaped into the hills back of the city and barricaded himself in a cliff where he defied arrest. A posse led by blood hounds soon trailed the negro. When he saw the posse approaching the negro opened fire and Charles Hale, who was following the hounds, was shot.

A moment later George Bias fell with a bullet through his head, The posse retreated to wait reinforcements. When it advanced the second time Johnson opened fire. During the battle Chief of Police Clingenpeel climbed to the top of the cliff where the negro was barricaded, and getting the drop on him, shot him dead. The body rolled out into view and a mob dragged it down the hill to the city limits. Chief Clingenpeel addressed the crowd, which apparently was bent on mutilating the body, and succeeded in getting it to the morgue.

The negro had been shot nine times. Little is known here of his identity. He is said to have come from Virginia, and to have had a brother killed by the officers at Williamson, W. Va., last January."

This desperado now enlists the unbounded and idolatrous admiration of a very large majority of his race, and is a fair sample of negroes of which Mrs. Beecher Stowe and others wrote such hair-raising, and dreadful accounts of the bloodhounds and the cat-o-nine-tails, but if he had been a slave he would have had no gun but would have found his place where he would have done six honest days work during nearly every week in the year, and would have been made useful, if not ornamental, and in all probability would never have killed any man and would never have been killed.

This book contains certainly abundant testimony to prove to and satisfy any rational and unprejudiced mind who is willing to accept God's Word as contained in His holy scriptures, as credible truth; that slavery as it was organized and instituted in the Southern States of this Union prior to 1860, was divinely instituted, and if so, consistent with God's general arrangement for the civilization and elevation of the entire human race in the best possible way, from the condition which at that time they were in to the highest degree of civilization attainable for each several branch of the human race.

The owner of the slave, as a rule belonged, of course, to the higher type and class of civilization, and because of this ownership of the slave was not compelled from necessity to perform the daily manual labor and drudgery, and could therefore bestow the entire time of life to the cultivation and expansion of intellect and mental development, while the very fact of this ownership carried with it as a general rule a rural and out-of-door country life, conducive all the more to the fullest physical as well as mental development and the highest type of humanity.

While the African race, as slaves, from the time they were brought from their degradation (“The man lowest down,” as Booker Washington has well said)—in the five to eight generations through which they have come up, have made full as much advance in the scale of civilization and intelligence, because they were brought in accord with God’s plan—“The Way of Wisdom.” And the Esquimo and other tribes of little, if any, higher grade of humanity than the original African negro, could have been just as well brought up in the same way from their degradation, to have made efficient and very valuable labor instead of leaving them in their degradation for extermination by small-pox and filth, in dense ignorance, while being continually driven back further and yet further North into continually more miserable and horrible conditions by Satan’s plan of civilization.

We are curious to know what disposition will be made of this subject by quite a large number of intelligent Christian people, not confined to the Northern and Western portions of our country, but throughout the world, who have been brought up to condemn African slavery as it existed before 1860, just on general principles and without any regard for God’s precepts or plans and a large majority of these people have never heard or read anything in regard to this institution except condemnation. What will they do with it? They dare not go to the Bible because if they do they will find nothing there to condemn it. It is as much a God-ordained institution as marriage. They are compelled to close that book and ignore its precepts while they seek elsewhere for testimony with which to condemn it; or better still, just *laugh the case out of court* or ignore it altogether. “Nero fiddles while Rome burned,” but the fiddle did not put the fire out—*It burned out.*

There were, perhaps, more than a million of Eskimo 100 years ago, which were excellent material of which to make slaves, as well adapted to the Northern and Northwestern States of this country as the African negro was for the Southern and Southwestern States, and for a large part of South America and the tropical Islands, and away on toward the South Pole, there were no doubt just as suitable material in every respect for slaves which could have been just as well adapted to the colder portions of the Southern hemisphere; and if God’s wisely devised plan for the civilization and propagation of these heathen had been adhered to to this day, there would not have been a heathen of this kind and character on this earth by this time, but instead there would have been, as there was when the Roman Empire was in the zenith of its prosperity and

glory, about as many slaves as free citizens in the "New World," and the slaves would have been as contented and happy, and as efficient and satisfactory labor as the Southern slaves were in 1858 and before that time.

One hundred years ago there were at least one million Esquimos in our North country, including Greenland, and they have been pressed North, and still further North by the Satanic process of civilization and extermination, until now from the best information that can be obtained there are less than ten thousand of them left, and this remnant still in their degradation of heathenish filth and ignorance; when there should have been 20 millions of able-bodied, efficient slave laborers in Northern and Western States of this country from these people, and every one of them would have heard and known of the omnipotent God that created them and this world, and many of them would have been faithful followers of Our Lord and their Redeemer, and all of this would have been in strict accord with God's plan for having the "heathen for His inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession."

Somebody, and some nation, is more or less responsible for this dereliction and wickedness. By this day, with the increase of the output of gold in the world, there would have been at least twenty-five million millionaires and one-half millionaires and one-quarter millionaires in the United States, besides many millions more would have owned and lived on their farms with their slaves and their estates worth from \$25,000 to \$100,000, and one-third of their estate would have consisted of slaves, and about one-third in real estate, and the balance in money and luxuries, and these men of affluence would have resided upon the landed estates, scattered broadcast over this country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans, and from the Gulf to the ice-bound North, and there would not have been a man within the bounds of this slave country worth one-third as much as Jno. D. Rockefeller, and New York City and Chicago, or any of these large cities, would have contained not more than one-half of the population which they now have, because a much larger part of the wealth and affluence would have been on the farms. And as it was throughout the slave States before they were freed, so it would be now—you could travel in an automobile, or a vehicle, or on horseback, from Maine to California, and from the Gulf to the Northern boundary of our country, and have comfortable lodging at a country residence every night, with a good square meal night and morning, without one cent of cost, and this would be considered only customary hospitality to "entertain

strangers” according to our Lord’s command, and according to the universal custom throughout the slave States before 1860—and that horrid Civil War.

“A war that emancipated one race and impoverished another; that uprooted a whole civilization, involving vaster consequences than follow the fall of a dynasty or the wreck of an empire. It was the ‘about face’ of a continent and of an age. It was the convulsive roar of a thousand unchained thunders. Four years of a war that startled the laughing waters of peace into an incarnadined flood equal to centuries of schooling,” which paralyzed the highest type of civilization that was in this world, and wiped out and destroyed the Divinely planned, and most consistently wise system of labor that has ever been or ever can be devised for man, because it was God-given and destroyed by Satan’s strategy. “But the surrender at Appomattox was not to be the close of this dreadful drama.” Far worse was to come—“the half has not been told.” “The horrors of ‘Reconstruction’ were at hand. The war closed, indeed, but it closed in colors of a stormy sunset, to be followed on the morrow by black clouds of poverty banked up in mountains and shot through with red streaks of crime and murder.” “Appomattox was the brook Kedron over which the South passed to a Gethsemane of Horrors—eight years of them, where every landscape was marred by ruins, where every breath of air was a lament and every home a house of mourning.” But after malice and greed had been satiated there still remained the indestructible and unquenchable blood and breeding transmitted from the ancestry of 1776 to 1781, who had thrown off the tyrant’s yoke of oppression then and planted the indestructible seed of liberty and equity which sprang up afresh through the ashes that remained from the conflagration of malice and greed which had swept like a beasum of destruction over our beloved Southland and left but the ashes. And now when fifty years have not yet passed after all of this, it is to-day the fairest and most prosperous portion of this, the greatest nation on earth, with less turmoil and strife between capital and labor than any other section or country. But it is only a question of time when the negro labor which is continually retrograding and becoming less efficient, may finally become more unscrupulous and anarchical than the other while it is being superseded and absorbed as fate has decreed that it shall be.

As I have said before, the institution of marriage was devised by infinite wisdom the same as the institution of slavery to bless and elevate mankind and to serve as one of the principal bulwarks to protect and advance the highest and best interests of humanity

in all ages, and it is a remarkable fact that throughout the Bible, but especially the New Testament, when one of these institutions is referred to the other is almost invariably associated in the same chapter together. Satanic strategy has abolished one and badly shattered the other, and now if it were possible for his majesty to wipe out the other he would have this old world in a condition which should satiate at least for a time his majesty's most fiendish desires, and there is no doubt that the institution of marriage has always been much more abused and has now vastly more excuse and cause for its abolition than could ever have been justly brought against the God-devised plan of heathen slavery—the divorce. Mills that are continually grinding out their interminable grist of separation and termination of the marriage relation throughout our country, and in fact throughout the world, is overwhelming testimony of this, to say nothing of the hundreds and thousands of the constantly occurring murders of wives by husbands and husbands by wives. To verify what has been written here we give the following well-authenticated statistics produced by Prof. Elwood of Missouri:

“DANGER TO THE NATION.

Columbia, Mo., Nov. 2.—Charles A. Ellwood, professor of sociology at the University of Missouri, figures that at the present rate of increase of divorces, before the end of the century one out of every two marriages will result in divorce. He has figures to show the rapid increase that has been made. In 1885 American courts granted 25,000 divorces, as against 24,000 for all the rest of the world. In forty years, therefore, the divorce increase has been three times as great as the population increase.

The ratio of divorce and marriage in America now, he says, is one to twelve. In France it is one to every twenty-five; in Germany one to every forty, and in England one to every four hundred.

In Missouri, according to the professor's statistics, one divorce is granted to every eight marriages. In the State of Washington there is one divorce to every four marriages. In Colorado and Montana the ratio is one to five, and in Texas, Oklahoma and Indiana is one to six.”

If Satan could bring as powerful political lever to bear upon this institution of marriage as he wielded against African slavery he could very soon bring on more strife and bloody carnage and chaos than he did in the other struggle, but thank God, we have in His blessed book one assurance as to this that we did not have

as to the other—it assures us that there will be marrying and giving in marriage here when Christ returns in glory to reign upon this earth, and if there could be placed upon our National statute book one plain, short, iron-clad law, and have it rigidly enforced upon the rich who marry the titled aristocracy as strictly as on the common people it would reduce the number of divorces in this country a good deal more than half.

Just make it a penal offense for either party to a divorce to marry while the other party is still living, and if this law was rigidly enforced it would prove a great blessing to our nation. But if Satan could just give this old world *free love* as thoroughly as he has given us *free labor* this would surely satiate his majesty for a time at least.

To find a chapter in the Word of God which bears forcibly on this whole subject and at the risk of recapitulation, let's go back to Paul's epistle to the Ephesians, 6th chapter; and remember, he addressed this epistle to a slave-owning people, and to all who should come after, from that time until the second coming of Christ. The first four verses of this chapter are addressed to parents and children, and then in the same strain and as of the same importance, commencing with the 5th verse, "Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters, according to the flesh, with fear and trembling in singleness of your hearts as unto Christ." And 8th verse, "Knowing that whatsoever good thing a man doeth the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bound or free." 9th verse, "And ye masters do the same thing unto them (your slaves), forbearing, threatening, knowing that your master also is in Heaven, neither is there respect of persons with Him." And then in the 10th verse he refers to parents and children, masters and slaves, all alike, who love the Lord, Jesus Christ, and accept Him as their Lord and Master—"Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might. Put on the whole armor of God that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil." And then mark well this 12th verse, "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places (with Satan as Commander in Chief), whereof take unto you the whole armor of God that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all to stand." Then the 16th and 17th verses, "Above all, taking the shield of faith wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of Salvation and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God." Taking the shield of faith—in other words, accept-

ing the Word of God with implicit confidence as truth and righteousness, and in preference to any other way; then by this means you shall be able to quench the fiery darts of the wicked, that is, ye shall overcome and vanquish all of the machinations and strategy of Satan, and with this helmet of Salvation wisely and practically used by the civilized world it would have been a shield for a temporal as well as it is for a Spiritual and eternal Salvation, and the sword of the Spirit (the Word of God) should have been an effective and sufficient weapon with which to defend, protect and maintain the right, which is God's way, if all of God's people had stood together to maintain His way. But Satan's strategy and the tares that he sowed throughout the greater part of the civilized world appears to have deceived quite a large number of even God's elect.

There might be many other passages of Holy Scripture brought to the support of what has here been written, perhaps fully as strong as what has been used, but considering this subject already so thoroughly based upon Bible truth, and so well supported by God's Word, we consider further proof unnecessary.

The Bible is the inspired word of God, and besides this if anything further imaginable could be needed—no book has been so severely tested, so thoroughly investigated, so closely scrutinized. It has been tried by every possible test. If there were anything bad about the Bible we would have found it out long ago. After all of these trials and tests we may still say of it, "Forever, Oh Lord, is thy Word established." The Bible proves itself by what it has done, by the way in which it has been preserved, by its teachings, and by its influence on the world. For these reasons without naming any others all rational human beings should without hesitation or doubt accept God's Holy Book as true and righteous altogether.

"Righteousness exalteth a Nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

Righteousness consists in obedience to God's laws and giving due heed to His admonitions and council.

"Sin is any wont of conformity unto or transgression of the laws of God." The laws of God as well as His admonitions and council are contained in the Scriptures which are recorded in the Bible which consists of the Old and New Testament.

A Nation's righteousness invariably brings its own reward of prosperity, peace and happiness to its people. National sin just as certainly brings punishment of strife, adversity, distress and misery to its people. The Ruler of Nations as well as of mankind

and of all His creation "will not be mocked, neither will He restrain His wrath and anger forever."

When I have already abundant testimony and facts to fully and clearly set forth and establish all I wish to do in this "DEAD ISSUE," an incident is recorded in the evening daily paper which adds unquestionable and overwhelming additional proof of what has been written. The following incident shows that there were 100 canoes with 50 stout, able-bodied men in each, of low, degraded heathen cannibals, who by this day, according to God's command: "Get your slaves from among the heathen," should have been, instead of running naked in these primeval jungles, like jackals and panthers, with a craving desire to eat a fat Englishman for a very rare and dainty meal, should have been the property of some intelligent enterprising Anglo-saxon—a part of his estate, "his money," comfortably clad and well fed on beef, pork, corn and beans, and other substantial and healthy food, and doing a reasonable day's work six days out of nearly every seven; in reclaiming that wilderness of wealth and beauty in Africa and making it an agricultural paradise to vie with our own lovely Southland, both for beauty and for profit, and while doing all this being elevated according to God's infinitely wise plan to civilization and a knowledge of the only living and true God in the only practical way by which this could be done. The clipping referred to follows:

**"WILD MEN ATTACK GROUNDED VESSEL BUT ARE
REPULSED WHEN CREW TURNS ON THE HOSE.**

New York, May 8, 1911—After fighting off one hundred war canoes full of cannibals while aground on a coral reef at the Womazi Islands, German East Africa, the British steamship Kasenga has arrived here.

From the day she sailed from New York, many months ago, with a cargo of 100 mules and five locomotives until she reached Sandy Hook on her return the Kasenga's voyage was one long series of thrilling adventures.

While proceeding along the coast of German East Africa the Kasenga ran aground on January 28th. It was raining and foggy and Chief Officer Wooster did not get bearings until he saw a coral reef sticking out of the water. The reef was between two of the Womazi Islands. The Islands were apparently uninhabited, but Wooster found them to be filled with birds and game.

Half an hour before high tide 100 war canoes with naked cannibals paddled toward the Kasenga. Each canoe held 50 men. On

these islands the crew and passengers of a French mail boat were clubbed to death ten years ago.

The crew of the *Kasenga* lined up with high pressure steam hose. Of the 57 men aboard 44 were Malays, and they became panic stricken as soon as they saw the cannibals.

When the cannibals were within ten feet of the *Kasenga*, the hose was turned on them. The scalding steam drove the savages out of reach, where they held a parley. Then they scattered and commenced to row down the *Kasenga* from all directions. The tide was full by this time and at the second attack the freighter's engines began to turn, and she slowly moved out into deep water, and was quickly clear of the reef. Then with steam pouring from many hose onto the canoes the *Kasenga* escaped from the cannibals."

But for Satan's tares and strategy there would not have been a naked degraded heathen negro on the Continent of Africa, nor on this earth by this good day, but instead there would have been many millions of well-clothed, well-fed, civilized, useful, and happy negroes, the property of intelligent, enterprising, God-serving owners, who would be rapidly converting Africa from its state of nature to an Eden of beauty and profitable plantations; while the gold and diamonds and as yet hidden and unheard of treasures of that continent would be only a small part of the real wealth of that country, and that, as well as this country, should have been by this good day dotted all over with school houses and to be used five days of each week for school children and cleaned up on the 6th day, and used on the 7th day for a Church to give the slaves the gospel as it is recorded in the Bible; and all of this would have been in accord with God's wisely devised plans and purposes and we would never have heard of a strike in Africa or America.

In the autumn and winter of 1851-2 when I was in the eighteenth year of my age I attended Hanover College in Indiana, for one term, with eight or ten youths from Kentucky. We were known as the Southern delegation, all boarded at the same house, and were rather shunned by a majority of the other students and looked upon as a squad of slave-drivers; while we felt quite confident that we were the piers of any of them, and decidedly superior to any ignoramus who did not know that by all of the laws of God and man we had as much right to own our negroes as they had to own their horses or any other property.

But we did not by any means realize the effective work which the *Uncle-Tom-Cabin* literature and the fanatical political stump oratory was having with the Bible, then already closed and its pre-

cepts ignored. My few month's stay at that college opened up to me a considerable revelation, but of course I could not realize that it was possible for the constitution and laws of our country and the laws of the Almighty God could be fanatically ignored and trampled under foot without scruple, and we basked in our own imagined security, and lost no sleep in serious contemplation of what was so soon to follow.

The Whig and Democratic parties were at that time in a desperate struggle for supremacy, with the then insignificant Republican party just budding, and not sufficient to receive serious consideration from the public at large. But ten years after that the young giant had devoured what was left of the Whig party and we all know what followed.

To-day this "Socialist" party, or whatever you choose to call it, is fully as much developed and as far advanced as the Republican party was in 1851; and at that time there were no telephones; or flying-ships; and even electricity, nitro-glycerine, and many other implements for destruction of life and property were not half as much developed as they are to-day. Far be it from me to assume the role of a pessimist, much less a prophet; I only give the facts and the reader can draw the conclusion. I am not authorized to assume the role of Jonah to Ninevah.

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THE LIVE ISSUE.

THIS LIVE ISSUE is the most vital, the most intricate, the most world-wide, the liveliest issue before the civilized world, and it is impossible for any or all human wisdom to make a permanent settlement and a quietus of this issue. This strife between *Capital* and *Labor* is the "Live Issue of the World," and so long as the "*Love of money is the root of all evil*" this will continue to be a "Live Issue" despite the most strenuous and utmost efforts of human wisdom to reconcile this strife or make a permanent settlement of the Issue. And more than this, despite the most strenuous and earnest efforts of government and all the wisdom of man the strife will continue to grow more bitter and the issue more irreconcilable as the laboring classes along with the rest of the world advance in civilization, education and general intelligence and the love of money continues to be "the root of all evil." It appears that with serious consideration these statements should become self-evident, but if we prefer to live in doubt and hope then when we look back through the past fifty years, since Bible slavery was abolished and observe the rapid growth of strikes and the continually increasing bitterness and strife between Capital and Labor and investigate the cause and effect, then the last lingering hope and doubt will vanish and so far as all human effort can reach, leaves nothing but despair.

When we get down to the bottom facts and foundation for all of this strife, brushing aside all sophistry and subterfuge, it is because the controlling powers and governments have been beguiled by Satan to disregard God's Word as it is plainly set forth in the Bible, and to set aside and ignore the statutes, the advice, the admonition and the wise council of the most High God, and have undertaken to make an improvement upon God's way and instead of getting their "slaves from among the heathen" that are "lowest down," and so low that they require subjection to slavery according to God's plan to elevate their mental capacity sufficiently to enable them to comprehend the truths contained in God's Word sufficiently to give them a saving knowledge of God and a crucified, risen, and everliving Redeemer. This, God's plan, was one of propagation and elevation for this class of human beings, which, when thus brought up constituted the best, the most contented, and in

every way the most satisfactory class of labor in the world. But instead of this, Satan's plan is gradual, yet certain extermination for these human beings with a constant effort on the part of *greed* and the "love of money" to make serfs, far worse than slaves, of any and all who from any cause or misfortune may be compelled to subsist by daily manual, or menial labor, though the laborer in many instances may be the superior, both mentally and morally of the employer who strives to get the greatest amount of labor for the smallest amount of money and with no concern whatever for the prosperity, health or life of the laborer, and the laborer tries to get just as much for his labor as he possibly can and has just as ardent love for his dollars as the employer has for his hundreds and thousands of dollars. If the laborer has only \$20, \$50 or \$100, or a few hundreds of dollars, whatever it may be, it is his entire estate, little as it may be and he prizes it just as highly as the employer prizes his thousands or hundreds of thousands, which is his entire estate, and while the employer needs the labor to conduct his business and the laborer is compelled to give labor to procure an honest and comfortable living, there is no interest common to both employer and employee sufficiently strong to make a barrier or congeniality which will counteract or overcome that "Love of money" which is common to both, as much a "root of evil" in one as in the other a constant source of interminable strife between capital and labor, which will continue as long as the "Love of money is the root of all evil," and will continue to become more and still more serious as each party to the contest increases in strength and power by additional combinations.

The most casual observer can but be impressed with the gravity and serious importance of this matter when we can seldom look through a daily newspaper without finding some reference to, or account of one or more strikes of more or less serious import, and within less than one year there might be hundreds of clippings from the daily press such as the following few which are copied, and this first one refers to one which occurred in London years ago, and has gone down in history as the "Haymarket tragedy"—fearful to contemplate, but since that time many have occurred which were little, if any, less shocking, yet of so frequent occurrence that the world has become so accustomed to them that except to those in the immediate vicinity of the occurrence they have comparatively lost their terror and their shock; so much the more sad is this to contemplate.

"Lexington Herald, Nov. 3, 1910.

GRIM SPECTERS OF HAYMARKET RIOTS IN CHICAGO.

Inspector and Squad of 60 Policemen Charge Strikers With Drawn Revolvers in City's Streets.

Fifteen Seriously Injured in Clash, Bleeding Heads and Faces Numerous.

Manufacturer's Plant Attacked.

While this strike was on about 10,000 women garment-makers joined in and the result was the following:

"FIVE THOUSAND BABIES OF STRIKERS STARVING.

Chicago Situation Arouses Committee Which Meets at Hull House.

Chicago, Nov. 27.—The citizens strike committee, which has investigated the conditions in the families of the striking garment workers, reported to-day that 5,000 babies were starving here as a result of the labor war. The report was made at a meeting at Hull House and a special babies' milk fund was started at once by members of the committee. Estimates at the meeting show it would take at least \$100 a day to provide milk for the babies in actual want, and the suffering appeared so great that \$1,100 was contributed by members of the committee. The fund is to be kept distinct from other strikers' funds. The garment strike is no nearer settlement than it was a week ago, according to reports of the unions, and both sides have settled down for a long strike."

And while these two were in full blast in Chicago the following occurrence was taking place in New York City, as taken from the New York World:

“November 2, 1910.

GENERAL STRIKE TYING UP CITY IS IN BALANCE.

Two Officials of Teamsters Union Are Given the Power to Call Off Every Driver in the Greater New York at Any Moment.

The Longshoremen Pledge Walkout if Aid is Needed.

ISSUE UP TO MAYOR; POLICE TO LEAVE WAGONS.

Mr. Gaynor Denies That Threat to Stop Municipal Service Forced Promise to Remove Guards From Vehicles.

Situation in New Jersey City Complicated, and Demand for Militia is Likely.”

In the great emergency in Ohio the services of the Ex-President of two terms and an aspirant for a third (Mr. Roosevelt), has been secured to quiet the disturbance and we note what he does and says, taken from the morning Herald of the next day:

(Editorial)

HEAVEN'S FIRST LAW.

Colonel Roosevelt touched a popular chord when in a speech at Toledo, Ohio, he condemned in strongest terms the rule of the mob as well as the injustice of corporations. It is as much the duty of the law to put down the one as it is to prevent the other. Order is Heaven's first law and that must be maintained at all hazards, or chaos results. (But right here let us be permitted to inject this important fact that Satan's first law is disorder, strife, and hatred, and since the abolition of the slavery which was according to God's plan, and the continual effort of capital to substitute an abominable slavery which is contrary to and in violation of God's plan and laws, Satan has the say and he is very certain to keep it despite the very best efforts of Mr. Roosevelt, or any other man, just simply because "The love of money is the root of all evil," and it is beyond the power of man to counterbalance and regulate and reconcile capital and labor as thoroughly, completely, and wisely, as God in His providence had done before the abolition of slavery, whereby, in His wisdom he had made the love of money and the power of capital a potent force to elevate the most degraded and

benighted and helpless, heathenish humanity to a higher and more civilized and Christianized condition. But now, despite the most strenuous efforts of the wisest and best statesmanship, so long as the "Love of money is the root of all evil" there will be a continual strife between capital and labor, an irreconcilable struggle. So long as capital has a potent influence in control of government there will be a constant, uncontrollable tendency to a God-forbidden, wicked, enslavement, or worse still, a heartless serfdom which is controlled by the supreme idea of obtaining the greatest amount of labor for the smallest amount of money with an utter disregard for the source from whence the labor comes. On the other hand, if labor gets an over-powering control of government you have just as uncontrollable tendency to communism and final anarchy. Satan has got the world between these two horns of the dilemma—choose ye which ye will take. I know which it will be—a perpetual and bitter struggle between capital and labor, and who is to be the judge as to the real wrongs.

To show a crop of tares which is being gathered, I copy this from the headlines of the Morning Herald, a daily paper:

"STRIKING RIOTERS ARE SCATTERED BY THE OHIO MILITIA.

Seventy-five Persons are Held at Police Station Following Attempt to Dynamite a Car.

CLUBS USED BY THE SOLDIERS ON CROWDS.

No Mercy is Shown and a Deputy Mistaken for a Loiterer is Hurt."

And then the headlines from the Leader, evening paper of the same day:

"BATTLE WITH RIOTERS.

Columbus Car is Blown up and the Trouble is on.

Wounded Trampled Under Foot as Officers Force Mob Back.

Missiles Hurlled From Residences at Minions of Law, Many Arrests Expected."

Now, what does all this mean? Simply this; that despite all the wisdom of man and the best of statesmanship that

can be devised, the machinery of Government has "jumped a cog" in the State of Ohio, and there is great destruction of life and property, and altogether a serious disturbance which is hard to rectify, and by the time you get this righted up to run smooth in Ohio, it is very liable to do the same thing in Chicago, or St. Louis, or Pittsburg, or anywhere that a strife arises with more or less destruction of life and property and with a constant increase of bitter hate—an interminable conflict between capital and labor brought on by Satan's tares—"The love of money is still the root of all evil."

"Canton, O., Feb. 10.—More than 200,000 miners in Eastern Ohio, Western Pennsylvania, and parts of West Virginia, may be called out on a sympathy strike, as a result of the failure of the miners and operators of Sub-District Five of District Six to reach an agreement on wage differences here.

"International President Lewis of the miners, announced in the conference this evening that the International Executive Board had ruled that unless the operators of this sub-district agreed to the miners' demands a general strike would be declared in all of the mines in which these same operators hold interests. Twenty-four coal companies, principally those with headquarters in Pittsburg and Cleveland, are included in this.

"The miners of the Northern half of Sub-District Five have been on a strike for months, and the fifth conference ended today in a failure to adjust differences. There are 3,500 in the Northern half of this sub-district. President Cassingham, of the Eastern Ohio Operators' Association, pronounced Lewis' statement a bluff and said it was merely political play."

ANOTHER BIG EXPRESS STRIKE.

"New York, March 3.—Three Hundred Drivers and Helpers of the U. S. Express Company in Jersey City struck today, alleging discrimination by the company against men who participated in the big strike last fall. No wagons were sent out and business in the Jersey City headquarters was at a standstill.

"The strike later spread to this city, and no wagons were sent out from the companies' stables in either city. The trouble leading to the walkout arose over the appointment of a driver who had been three years in the company's service to the position of driver of a money wagon. The men contend that the appointment was due a driver who had been in the service twenty years."

For the purpose of setting forth the labor party's side of this question, we reprint what we conceive to be a strong, though par-

tisan, view of their case. These strike notices above given at random, are only a few of a great number that might be selected from the daily papers, which are seldom without similar notices of more or less magnitude. And all of this is strong testimony of the bitter and ever-increasing animosity which exists between Capital and Labor, and which is utterly irreconcilable.

We reproduce this from "THE COMMONER," and it reproduces it from Lewis F. Post's paper, "THE PUBLIC," as follows:

"A STRIKING PICTURE FROM THE WORKINGMAN'S VIEWPOINT.

In a recent number of The Public (Louis F. Post's paper), a striking article written by Thornton West, was published. The Commoner reproduces this article in full. It follows:

AS WORKINGMEN MUST SEE IT.

"Are there two kinds of law in the United States—one for the rich and one for the poor man? Are the petty thief and the poor criminal to be promptly and adequately punished while the rich thief and the powerful criminal go unpunished, save for an occasional fine during the stress of aroused public opinion? Are members of organized labor to be prosecuted for capital crimes on dubious testimony, while rich and powerful mine owners can bribe legislatures, can appoint governors, and state supreme court judges can openly, defiantly, and violently trample under foot state and federal laws, and with the aid of governor and militia—the latter confessedly in the pay of the mine owners—suspend the writ of habeas corpus, nullify all civil law, depose civil officers, deport citizens, suppress newspapers, destroy property, and create 'lawful' anarchy—with absolute impunity and without even a pretense of prosecution by state or federal authority?

"From the viewpoint of organized labor and its sympathizers, those questions constituted the real issue in the Boise trial. This fact explains the deep and widespread suspicion and the expressed bitterness against "the state"—that is, the prosecution in the Boise trial, and the denunciation of President Roosevelt for his untimely and unfortunate classification of the three accused men as 'undesirable citizens.'

"It is 'dangerous' and 'unpatriotic' to minimize the revelations of the trial at Boise. Yet the labor troubles in Colorado and Idaho are different only in degree from what happened in the street rail-

way strike at San Francisco; from what happened in the Homestead tragedy; in the anthracite coal mining strikes; in the railway union strike at Chicago, and a hundred other strikes of less impression on the public memory.

“On the part of organized labor, what is the meaning of this unmistakable lack of faith in law and government, of this too ready resort to primitive and barbaric methods to obtain justice as its members see it? On the part of organized capital, what is the meaning of this generally insidious, but when necessary, flagrant and defiant violation and usurpation of law and government? Surely it is not merely a contention between employers and employes as to whether or not wages shall be temporarily increased or reduced.

“Is not the present attitude of organized capital and of organized labor the outgrowth of a different method of doing business on a large scale, of a different spirit in industrial and commercial enterprises—the different method and the different spirit being the product of the marvelous growth of corporations, especially of trusts?

“Professedly, a trust is formed to reduce the cost of production and to establish and to maintain prices that will be just and fair to consumer and producer alike. In reality, a trust is formed to crush out competition, to control the supply of the raw material and of the finished product, to reduce wages, to make the price of the product as high as the public will stand, and to limit the disbursement of profits to as few persons as is practicable—in short, to prey on the necessities of the people, to subordinate humanity to money.

“Are not the violence of labor troubles in the last twenty-five years, and the most universal and unanimous condemnation of the high-handed methods of railroads and all other monopolistic corporations—are not these an expression of a profound popular discontent caused by the glaring injustice of special privilege on the one side, and of constantly lessening industrial opportunity on the other?

“Is not President Roosevelt’s wonderful popularity due to the fact that he has called a halt on the abuse of corporate power, and has demanded at least the regulation of few special privileges?

“Are not the bitterness of organized labor and the strong popular feeling against monopolistic corporations potent proof that the world old struggle is now being waged in this country more openly and more fiercely than ever before—the struggle between those who earn without getting, and those who get without earning?

“Do not the masses of the American people plainly see that now, as never before in our history, all men are not equal before

the law? It is universal knowledge that the officers of three of the largest insurance companies in the world used trust funds for speculative purposes, opened their treasuries to the devotees of 'high finance,' to the Wall Street sheep-shearers—all for greed, for private gain. Not even one offender has been punished.

"The few men that autocratically control the railroads of the country have brazenly violated law and equity, have treated the public with defiant insolence, and have maintained lobbies to corrupt state legislatures and congress. Yet the railroads owe their very existence to special privileges granted by the people; and every dollar used to build, to equip, and to operate the roads has been furnished by the people, directly, or indirectly.

"These same railroad autocrats have 'won' hundreds of millions of dollars by juggling railroad stock in Wall Street, while the service and the equipment of the roads were not capable of handling the freight offered them. There is no record of any stock manipulator or railroad president being punished.

"'Watering Stock' is a favorite pastime of 'high finance.' Watering stock is but another name for stealing; it is taking money and giving nothing for it. Yet it places a heavy secret tax on the American people and their prosperity. All of these hundreds of millions of flat stock must pay dividends, and the American people will do the paying in the name of legitimate earnings, but in fact for extortionate charges. A small group of men dealing in public utilities and domestic necessities, have made hundreds of millions by watering stock. No stock-waterer, no dealer in fictitious property, has yet seen the inside of a prison, by operation of law.

"The prices of nearly all the necessities and commodities of life are arbitrarily fixed by trusts. As a trust means no competition—absolute control of the supply—the American people have no other course open to them than to submit to being 'lawfully robbed.' Notwithstanding this hold-up method of making money, the trust magnate continues to be an eminently respectable and exemplary citizen.

"The American people have been plucked of hundreds of millions of dollars by means of the 'Dingley Bill,' a protective tariff law passed by a pre-election bribed congress, in consideration of the munificent contributions in the first McKinley-Bryan campaign—a bargain and sale that has no parallel in history for its audacity in deliberately taxing all the people for the benefit of the few.

"After 'swollen fortunes' had been taken from the pockets of the people, the 'Dingley Bill' promoters and beneficiaries formed trusts, created monopolies, and wound up by issuing hundreds of

millions of stock without adding a dollar to the actual value of the plants.

“By the judicious use of a small percentage of this special privilege tax, the ‘protective’ tariff beneficiaries have been successful, up to date, in keeping congress in a ‘stand-pat’ attitude, and a special taxation of all the people for the benefit of the few still goes industriously and merrily on.

“There is no more bitter sarcasm nor mocking humor than the tariff beneficiaries’ plea that the ‘protective’ tariff is for the benefit and protection of the American workingman. It is true that the American workingman has wrested from employers higher wages than ever before; but this is through the efforts and the sacrifices of organized labor. It is true that he is better fed, better clothed, and better housed than those of his own class in other countries; but he is a much more valuable and competent workman than the foreign wage laborer.

“Nevertheless the American workingman is worried, and he has been led to do some thinking and investigating; first, because 14,000,000 girls and women in the United States find it necessary to labor; second, because his share of ‘unprecedented prosperity’ does not abide with him, but is taken from him by the greatly increased cost of living—the tariff—protected trusts being the largest beneficiaries of this increased cost.

“He sees that there are two distinct classes of citizens—the producing class and the exploiting class. He sees the shining lights of ‘high finance,’ of stock watering, of public franchise huckstering, of special privilege, and of graft of all kinds and degrees, lined up in the front ranks of the exploiting class—the class that has added nothing to the nation’s happiness or to its material welfare, but that has debauched private and public morals at home and has disgraced the nation abroad.

“He sees the stock jugglers, the stock-waterers, the trust magnates, the tariff-tax beneficiaries, the special privilege recipients, parading their evidence of unlimited wealth. He sees them contributing with princely liberality to churches, to libraries, to colleges—to popularize and to perpetuate the present system of protective tariff, trusts, and ‘high finance.’ He sees them with their villas and their castles at home and abroad, their public post-offices within their private grounds, their private cars, their yachts, their banks, their railroads, their newspapers, their lobbies in and out of the legislatures and congress. He sees them on intimate terms with law-makers and federal judges, even hobnobbing with royalty. He

sees all this, and he feels that he pays a large part of the toll, very much against his will.

“He is not envious of the so-called plutocrats because they have ‘lots of money;’ but he is convinced that lots of their money is other people’s money, for which they gave no value and to which they have no moral right.

“He has learned that if he steals \$50.00 he goes to the penitentiary; but that the man who steals millions is admitted into ‘high finance’ and is heralded as a foremost American. He has found that if he violates the injunction of a court he goes to jail, and his home is sold to pay the court’s cost; but what when the corporation magnate violates an injunction, he gives bond and goes free.

“He has learned that when a corporation is the complainant, federal judges are not only prompt to assume jurisdiction, but only too often they assume also the spirit of the prosecutor. He sees the leading business men of the country placing pride of pelf above pride of self. He sees them proclaiming and exemplifying the heresy that the dollar is the standard of success, and that this success is the standard of character, of worth.

“He hears himself patronizingly asked to accept ‘a full dinner pail’ in lieu of a full share of civic rights and full opportunities in life. He has discovered that the devotees of ‘high finance’ have two systems of arithmetic. When they buy they estimate the cost of labor, material and machinery, by the formula of 2 and 2 make 4; but when they capitalize to sell stocks and bonds, it is 2 and 2 make 22.

“He is told by the railroads that the rails made and sold by the steel trust at exorbitant, protective tariff prices, are defective, and are continually breaking, thus causing railroad wrecks, and daily and hourly endangering the lives of thousands of people; and he is told by the railroads that the tariff-protected steel trust monopoly turns out these defective rails so as to save money—the money going to pay dividends on hundreds of millions of watered stock. But no one in authority has ever suggested that the steel trust rail-makers are criminally responsible.

“The government itself tells him the railroads, congressmen, senators, and men of large wealth have conspired to defraud the people of thousands of acres of valuable mining and timber lands, but he sees one of these very senators at the head of the prosecution of the mine union leaders of Colorado.

“He sees corporation lawyers appointed to federal judgeships. He sees cabinet officers go direct from the administration to become intimately associated with Wall Street leaders of ‘high finance.’

“He has been given ample evidence that even the United States Senate, the highest law-making body of the nation—and the body that confirms the appointments of all federal judges—is controlled, when necessary, by senators elected to represent railroad trusts, tariff-beneficiaries, and other special privilege recipients.”

There might be an interminable number of strikes reported as they occur from day to day, and are in full blast now as I write, as well as other articles and writings similar to this very forcible one from Mr. L. F. Post, all of which make a continuous flow of testimony to substantiate and fortify the facts, sentiments and views set forth in this Dead Issue, as well as the Live one. But as to the strikes I will insert only one more, and that of a very unique kind, as it is simply a strike up side down and “tuther end” foremost, as follows:

“**LOCK-OUT of 130,000 Cotton Spinners Declared by Federation of Masters at Manchester, England. 700 Mills are Closed. Manchester, England, Oct. 1.**—The Federation of Master Cotton Spinners to-day declared a lock-out of one hundred and thirty thousand operatives and closed the doors of seven hundred mills owned by its members.”

We see that this strike was declared by a Federation of Masters at Manchester, England, and shut down on 130,000 laborers; and now what does this little press dispatch of less than ten lines mean? There might be a column written from *this text*. It tells how many laborers, but how many women and children were involved will never be known except to Infinite Wisdom, whose recording angel has every one recorded and the hairs of each head are all numbered and known unto Him.

Can we interpret what this “**LOCK-OUT**” says? Only in part; but this much we know—it means if you refuse to do what we say and submit to the terms we propose we will starve and freeze you and all of your family who cannot get somewhere away from us to eak out your existence. And who are these human beings who are so oppressed? Were they brought from the jungles of Africa, and from their degradation, ignorance and filth, with no clothing to hide their nakedness save a breech-clout, or perhaps only a string of beads? Oh, no; not one of those. They were all sold for gold to the Southern States of America, and after they had been brought up by God’s Divine plan, from the lowest human degradation to a full equality and level with those whom they now heartlessly oppress, it became a political necessity with England that these Southern slaves whom they had sold for gold should be freed; and freed from what? From a God-given protection and tutilage which had

brought them up from the "lowest down" and made them the most efficient, satisfactory, and best contented system of labor that the world ever possessed (because it was a God-devised system) to be turned loose in the world and compelled to compete with their serfs or perish.

But who are these "serfs" that are "LOCKED OUT"? Not one of them, to the remotest generation, has descended from the heathen from whom by Divine command we were commanded to "get ye your slaves." But your own kith and kin, whom God has said, "Thou shalt not enslave," much less hold in Satanic serfdom, or even "oppress the hireling in his wages."

In the February number of "Everybody's Magazine" there is an article of nearly ten pages written by Mr. Frederic Townsend Martin, of whom the editor says as a preface to the article: "An American citizen of the world—New York—London—Paris—the host of royalty, peerage and aristocracy." Mr. Martin speaks from intimate personal knowledge of the "rich."

And I can safely add that he is giving all of this very valuable testimony in favor of my case entirely unawares, and with no knowledge of my case and the application of his statements to it. His evidence can certainly be taken at its full par value. His theme is the "Passing of the Idle Rich" in the February, March and April numbers of this valuable magazine, and the articles are not only very entertaining but intensely interesting, while they furnish food for serious thought and meditation. While all the articles furnish indirect testimony, more or less, emphatically in favor of my case, I only quote a paragraph here and there as extracts from these articles which furnish direct and convincing testimony in support of what I have written, and have to write of this Live Issue as well as the Dead Issue.

"Forty years ago, as a boy, I lived in a true American home. The atmosphere of that home was still under the vitalizing influence of the nation's great struggle for emancipation. Lincoln was a saint. We were provincial, to be sure, but there was bliss in simplicity and innocence. Morally and intellectually, the life of the family and the life of the state were settled. We knew there was a God. We were positive as to just what was right and what was wrong. The Bible, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, the fact of the assured greatness of our country, the power of our religious, political and social ideals to save the world—our faith in these was our Rock of Ages.

"Just how far these fundamentals are now broken and scattered I shall not here attempt to say. But it is simply true that the Bible

is no longer read, that religion has lost its hold, that the constitution and laws are trampled upon by the rich and powerful, and are no longer held sacred by the poor and weak. Less than half a century ago the aristocracy of America worked with its hands, labored in its broad fields, ate its bread in the sweat of its brow. The cities were small and inconsequential, and the laws of hospitality far over-balanced the traditions of class. Here and there was wealth—but wealth was shackled to the wheels of opportunity.”

If this testimony had been made to order it could not have been stronger proof of what has been written in the Dead Issue. Lincoln, a saint!! The man who inflicted more damage on the negro race than any other one man that ever lived, and at the same time obliterated the last barrier left to hinder this interminable strife between capital and labor. The Bible never read!! Its commands, its precepts, its admonitions, all ignored; the only real chart or compass for any nation or people thrown overboard and with Satan as Commander-in-Chief and Captain of the ship and crew, set sail on the tempestuous sea of *future time*. Where, oh, where, will we cast anchor! God, in His Infinite Wisdom, knows! But here is more testimony from the same source and of the same kind:

“I confess the terrific sweep of industrialism (greed) across this land throughout the past half century appals me as I study it from records written and unwritten. I cannot go down through the crowded tenement sections of our great cities without having it borne in upon me that we, as a nation, pay a fearful price in human blood and tears for our industrial triumphs. I cannot see the poverty, even the degradation, of the wives and children of the wage-working class in many cities, without being visited by the devastating thought that surely, if the principle of the thing be necessary and right, there must be fearful errors somewhere in the application of the principle.

“For the grim fact stands out beyond denial that the men who are the workers of the nation, and the women and the children dependent upon them, are not to-day given the opportunities that are their proper birthright in free America; and that, struggle as they will, save as they may, lift their voices in protest as they dare, they cannot obtain from our industrial hierarchy much more than a mere living wage. And on the other hand, it is equally true that the wage of capital is high, that the class of the idle rich has grown out of all proportion, and that it has taken upon itself a power and an arrogance unsurpassed in the industrial history of the world.”

He says, “I confess;” is this not States’ evidence from an eye witness, “I cannot go down through the crowded tenement sections

of our great cities without being convinced that we pay a fearful price in human blood and tears for our industrial triumphs." And then he confesses that "He sees the poverty, even the degradation of the wives and children of the wage-working class." And these are of your own kind and color, ground down as miserable serfs by heartless greed, the excessive "love of money—the root of all evil," which God in His wisdom had made a shield and protection for the most degraded, miserable and "lowest down" humanity, while being brought up from degradation in God's appointed way to civilization and to make the best class of labor; and while the most efficient was the most contented and satisfied labor in this world—well clothed, well fed, well protected and well cared for because they were the owner's money, and his "love of money" was a protection and a comfort. But now the Bible is a closed book, and Satan is Commander-in-chief, and he has reversed the program, and any and all who are overtaken by adversity of every class and kind, even of your own color and kind, are to be ground down and totally destroyed by the idolatrous worshippers of the "Almighty Dollar." Where are we drifting; without chart or compass? There is a stiff gale, with the entire horizon dark and ominous; mutterings from the North, the East and the West, with scarcely a lighter hue from the South. There are unmistakable mutterings and tokens of a rapidly approaching hurricane, with frequent flashes of lightning from the East and North and West. New York is partially paralyzed. Ohio is not a whit better, and Chicago and all of Illinois in much the same condition, with an offer in California of \$100,000 reward for miscreants who undertook to "fight the devil with fire" and dynamite. Where are we drifting? But let us go back and get a little more testimony from our witness. Here it is:

"We can no longer blind ourselves with idle phrases nor drug our consciences with the outworn boast that the workingman of America is to-day the highest paid artisan in the world. We know those lying figures well. Many a time I myself, in personal argument, have shown that the American workman receives from one and a half to three times as much as his English cousin at the same trade; but we know now that this means nothing. We are learning, instead of envying the American workingman his lot, to pity more deeply that English cousin. We are learning, too, that what we give our workers in wages we take back from them in the higher cost of necessities, in food, in clothing, in medicine, in insurance, in a hundred devious ways all with one tendency—to keep the living margin down."

And then here is something more specific from the same source which is full as strong testimony.

In the census of 1900, it is shown clearly that the average employee in this country produces every year \$1200 of wealth, after full allowance for the cost of the material he works with and all possible running expenses that are paid by his employer. Out of this amount of wealth he gets \$437. The remainder, \$843, goes into the hands of other men—the capitalist, or the exploiter of labor.

That money, nearly two-thirds of the wealth produced by the men who labor with their hands and heads, goes to pay interests and dividends on the securities that represent the increment gathered by those who sold out, in other days, or who capitalized their plants and settled down to draw their sustenance from the labor of other men. Hence the idle rich.

Turn back to the industrial history of the second half of the nineteenth century, and you can trace this development in the very statistics of industry. For the idle rich are but the outcome of our industrial evolution; and the same mighty forces that gave us a golden age of American prosperity gave us also the Idle Rich and the Serfs of Industry.

Yes, by Satan's process which impels the "mighty forces" and continually makes the rich man richer and the poor man poorer. How long can any sane person hope that this process will continue to grind down the unfortunate civilized and christianized of God's heritage to a condition of degradation no better than that from which the negro was brought by God's infinitely wise and merciful providence from his African jungles. It requires no prophet to foretell the speedy result of these "mighty forces" in a conflict of indescribable horror. Imagine, if possible, an internal struggle with every city divided against itself—with the balloon or flying-machine as much in the possession of the labor party as the millionaire, and every millionaire's castle a special target for bombs and combustibles; 1000 feet, or more, up in the air by night and by day. Oh! horror of horrors! And if you turn to Europe or any other country in the world you find no asylum where you can find a haven of rest.

The struggle between capital and labor is probably more advanced and bitter in France than in any other country, with Britain and Germany, in fact all of Europe, in little if any better condition than our own country. Let's turn this horrid picture's face to the wall, and pray that God in His infinite mercy and His Almighty power may avert this world's most dreadful calamity.

But is this the Armageddon of which much has been written and many predictions made? I do not know, but of this I am quite certain that since the Divine plan of elevating the "furthest down" grade of ignorant and heathenish humanity to the most satisfactory and contented class of labor has been thwarted by Satan's strategy. There never can be a permanent settlement made between capital and labor so long as "the love of money is the root of all evil," as see Rev. 12: 12—"Woe to the inhabitants of the earth and of the sea for the devil is come down unto you having great wrath because he knoweth that he hath but a short time." Mr. Carnegie has donated millions as a peace fund to prevent nations from going to war, and he may achieve some success in that undertaking, but this— is to my mind a vastly more intricate and dreadful problem, and does not appear to have disturbed his mind. But if I see correctly he could spend the last dollar of his millions with his most earnest efforts to avert and put a quietus on this struggle between capital and labor and he would utterly fail because "the daughter of the horse leaches," insatiable greed can never be quenched, and if he could make a bargain with the devil and pay him his price his majesty would not comply with his contract.

There are many thousands of men and families working as day laborers in this country, who, but for the abolition of slavery would have owned homes and farms and slaves. Does any sane person believe that this class of human beings can be made into serfs without a bloody struggle. They will need be exterminated. They cannot be subjugated to serfdom. The persistent efforts of the "money-power" has a constant tendency to oppression of labor, and there is just as determined resistance on the part of labor to oppression with a constant yearning and longing for amelioration on the part of labor, and with these two opposing elements constantly and energetically at work.

There is a steady and continual combination and concentration of capital, which grows more and yet more powerful, and more thoroughly unified, until its power when brought to bear on anything of sufficient importance to arouse its interest, becomes overwhelming and almost irresistible. And this "money-power," despite all efforts to prevent, will very soon get control of any party or administration which may have charge of our government, and when they have this control it is quite an easy matter to manipulate all matters of government, as well as commercial and business affairs, to make the country prosperous by making the rich man richer and the poor man poorer.

Meantime there is a constantly increasing and rapidly, growing combination of labor which as yet has not been sufficiently organized and augmented to make its real power practically available. But it is plainly to be seen that it is only a question of a very short time when this combination of labor will be thoroughly organized so that all of its power can be made as available as that of capital; then the labor combination will be by great odds more powerful and overwhelming—What then? There is abundance of convincing evidence accumulating from day to day, and given in the papers, to satisfy any discerning mind that it is scarcely possible to exaggerate the seriousness of the “Labor Problem.” Hobson mirates over the yellow peril. But that is thousands of miles away while this “Labor Problem” is at our door in every city and in every land and in every civilized nation on this earth, and perhaps as critical in the United States as in any other country, because the labor is, as a rule, better educated here than elsewhere; and then besides the labor has a better opportunity to participate in the affairs of Government here than elsewhere and is already and becoming more and more a political factor, and will very soon become sufficiently strong and well-organized to contest successfully with the “money-power” for government control, and then which horn of the dilemma shall we take. The inevitable tendency of the “money-power” is to an abominable, insufferable oligarchy while the tendency of the labor union is just as strong and inevitable to socialism or communism and the legitimate fruit is anarchy.

If there is need for more testimony to prove what we state there is no lack of it in the daily records of strikes throughout the country, and continual strife and struggle between capital and labor.

The third and last series of Mr. Martin’s articles comprising about ten pages, commencing with chapter II, is a continuation of just as valuable testimony and corroboration of what I have written and have to write as what has been already quoted, but I will refer to only a few more of the most impressive statements. He speaks of charity and reform as follows:

“It may be that as it spreads and grows and brings into the battle thousands upon thousands of devoted men and women, hundreds of millions of dollars of hoarded wealth, social reform upon social reform, it will act as a check and an offset to the tremendous industrial discontent that is spreading over the country. In so far as it is a sign that the wealthy men and women of society are really throwing their hearts and minds into the mighty problem of adjusting the relationship between the classes which are so rapidly drifting apart, it is hopeful.

“Yes I am obliged to admit that in the majority of cases with which I come personally in contact; the charity of my class is at present one of two things: it is either simply a fad with little genuine spirit of helpfulness behind it; or else it is, as it were, a sop to fear. A good many people seem to think that it is up to the rich to distribute largess to the poor, whether the poor want it or not. They ignore the economics of the matter, if indeed they know them. They have come to be afraid of the growing pressure from below, and they think that by indiscriminate charity they can lessen it. So they give ships of corn to the mass. You remember, perhaps, that in the later plutocracy of Rome, after the triumph of Sulla, it came to be a regular habit, when frenzied mobs of Romans, or would-be Romans, threatened death and ruin to the plutocrats, for various and sundry men to buy shiploads of corn in Egypt and distribute them gratis to the Roman plebs. It is true that in all human probability the plutocracy of Rome prolonged its life for more than half a century by just such means. If a mob of slaves is hungry, and you give them something to eat, they will go home and eat it; and in the meantime, if you happen to be a Roman Senator with plenty of money, your hired thugs may be able to find the leaders of the delayed revolution and put them beyond any possibility of raising further trouble.

“You forget, when you try the process in America, that the plebs of America are not slaves, and that their leaders, of whom there is a host, are pretty nearly as well educated, are certainly as shrewd and probably as strong, legally, as you are. In Rome the masses were a race of parasites who could be fed or crushed as the occasion demanded. In America, on the contrary, the masses are the producing elements of the nation, and you are the parasites. Between the cry of the Roman multitude for coin and the demand of the working American for wages there is a difference of intensity and seriousness as great as that between the humming of a mosquito and the thunder of an earthquake.

“High society is becoming a rampant reformer. It will reform anything on a moment’s notice. It is perfectly amazing, this plague of reform, in its variety, in its volume, and in the intensity of earnestness with which it is pushed.

“It is the same old story. There are too many among the idle rich who jump at the first obvious conclusion. They see the strange phenomenon that I have noted as arising out of our industrial evolution, and they say to themselves: ‘The nation, indeed, faces a crisis. We are in danger of falling. The world should continue as it is. It is pleasant to be booted, spurred, and in the saddle. No

oats for the horse, and we shall be thrown down. The mob must be appeased. Feed the hungry and we shall be saved. Cure society of its most evident disorders and the public mind will forget the rest.'

"I challenge any gentleman to instance a single case in history where petty reforms and petty charities thrown indiscriminately to the mob have ever established any permanent betterment of social conditions, or failed to be followed in the end by a terrific reckoning.

"It is true that among the wealthy, many men to-day are honestly advocating and honestly working for real deep-planted, permanent reform."

It is astounding to read a paragraph like the following, signed with the name of Andrew Carnegie:

"Whatever the future may have in store for Labor, the evolutionist, who sees nothing but certain and steady progress for the race, will never attempt to set bounds to its triumph, even to its final form of complete and universal industrial cooperation, which I hope is some day to be reached." (Socialism.)

'By industrial cooperation Mr. Carnegie explains that he means the slow process of selling or giving actual ownership of manufacturing industries to the workmen. He claims that he began this experiment in this country when the Carnegie Steel Company took in, from time to time, forty-odd young partners, none of whom contributed a penny of money, the company taking their note payable only out of profits.

A dozen other instances could be adduced, beginning with the United States Steel Cooperation itself, the giant among the trusts. There is no doubt whatever that this reform is spreading." "What is more, I believe it is an honest reform, and that most of the men who have introduced it into their companies have done so from an honest belief that it would elevate the workingman and solve in each separate instance the most dangerous of the industrial problems that confront us.

In my own mind, knowing the habits of a plutocracy, I cannot help doubting whether widespread cooperation between wage workers and capital, particularly between the lower orders of the wage-workers and the larger masters of capital, would not simply afford to dishonest, disreputable, or unprincipled captains of industry a fuller opportunity than they now enjoy to hold down the wages and profits of wage-workers.

'Wealthy society in America, as everywhere else, is pursued by a demon of futility. It does not matter what we do,

whether we work like other men and women, whether we play like normal men, whether we study, whether we idle, whether we spend our money on charity and reforms, or throw it away in the pursuit of pleasure, whether we study hard and seriously or merely regale our minds and appetites with frivolous novels and salacious plays—nothing seems real, nothing seems earnest, nothing has any result. Too often our lives are empty of anything permanent, anything honest, anything simple and human. But of all the futile things in the world none is more futile than wealth itself. Eliminate the necessity for struggle and you remove from money all its true value. It becomes either dross, to be thrown away for other things better worth while; or it becomes an idol, a god, the very sum and substance of the world's desire. Yes, and it has its idolatrous worshippers by the thousands who manifest as much fiendish earnestness and zeal as did Jezebel when she was withstanding the best efforts of Elijah in favor of her Astaroth, and they are certain to meet her fate if they continue to follow her example. This is "old-fashioned religion," which he says is *dead* with the *closed Bible* as follows:

"The old-fashioned religion is dead among us, and so one great protector of the home is passed and gone. I am not going to dwell upon this theme, for it is a beastly thing. I have only mentioned it because it is a logical climax to this chapter on futility; and I regard futility as the real nemesis of society. It turns our lives to nothing; it makes of our fairest garden a desert; it robs us in our very cradles, of our lives, our liberties, and our happiness. It leaves us groping about in a world of shadows, longing for the substance, dreaming of realities we never can know, wishing always for change, sighing always for worlds that are out of our reach."

Of all the grim jokes that ever were perpetrated, the grimmest of all, in my estimation, is the time-honored coupling of the words wealth and happiness in the formal blessing of a new-made bride.

We have come to the end of the story. The days of the idle rich in America are as a tale that is told. To-morrow in this land there will be one of two things—either an evolution or a revolution. Either by one of those characteristically swift and marvelous changes for which the history of our race is noted, the class which I represent will again be merged into and assimilated by the body of the nation, as it was half a century ago, or we shall stand face to face with the forces of anarchy, socialism, trade-unionism, and a hundred other cults that either do represent or claim to represent the spirit of this mighty people; and we shall reenact in this land some of the most terrible tragedies of history.

I do not believe a middle course is possible. I know, of course, that the rank and file of the class I represent is blind and careless. I know that many of them, if they read these articles, will lay them aside with a smile, calling them hysterical and untrue. Yet I am bound to say the things I think, and I can only trust that some few at least will be impelled to study facts.

For the poison of gold, if it has debauched and corrupted American Society, if it has brought within our gates new armies of parasites, if it has led to a degree of ostentation and of luxury, and even of vice and profligacy, comparable with that of the Roman Empire under Heliogabalus, has also spread throughout the nation. I said in a former chapter that the middle class in America has almost, if not quite, lost its power. One of the most vital reasons for that fact is that much of that middle class has become confused with the lower fringes of the wealthy class; has learned to ape its habits and luxuries; has come to live with ostentation and display; and has given up its traditional habits of frugality and thrift.

And hear what a "tremendous" compliment he pays to our beloved Southland—unawares, and that makes it all the greater—when he says almost in so many words that there "still remains in the South 7000, yes 70 times 7000, who have never yet bowed the knee to Baal, nor to his Ashtaroth either,—the almighty dollar, but still cling to the 'old-fashioned religion' with their open Bible, and ascribe glory and majesty and dominion and power to the only living and true God 'without beginning of days or ending of years'—the same yesterday, to-day and forever; whose Bible is of as much import now as it was in the days of Abraham, with whom He made His covenant, and on to its last inspired writer." But hear Him again "Then what are we going to do about it? I wish I could answer the question in one great sweeping generality. Unfortunately, I do not believe it can be answered so. I know that the author of 'The Trust: Its Book' has found an answer in a Utopian partnership between capital and labor. I know that Mr. Carnegie has found the answer in cooperation. I know that such skillful writers as Lloyd and Wells have solved the riddle by Socialism. I know that many thousands of the hardest-thinking, hardest-working citizens of this country are pledged already to the doctrine of government ownership of the sources of wealth.

"I know that Danton and Robespierre thought that they had found it when they sat up the guillotine in Paris. I know that the terrorists of Russia have worked out their own solution. I know that the Rockefeller Foundation, the Sage Foundation, and a thousand other mighty charities, are intended as an answer. I know

that Samuel Gompers and John Mitchell think that the extension of trade-unionism will solve it. Above all, I know that many of the seasoned leaders of the social world believe that it will swiftly solve itself.

“Yet I cannot believe that any one of these solutions is the right one. No permanent change in the social structure of this nation can be accomplished except by a revolution or by the process of evolution at which I have vaguely hinted here and there throughout this series.”

What stronger and more irrefutable testimony can be needed than this of what I had written before this was written—that we are on a stormy sea without chart or compass, with Satan chief in command, with bedlam and confusion reigning supreme, with thousands of remedies prescribed, any one of which will but make confusion more confounded. But hear our excellent witness again as follows:

“I cannot help but hope, even against the evidence of my own ears and eyes, that this plutocracy which to-day threatens the very life of the nation, can be passed into American history without an epoch-marking revolution. Only, we of the wealthy class have many things to learn, and we must learn them faithfully, sitting at the feet of the historians.

“I do not believe that the march of progress in this land is to be turned backward.

“I take for granted that the wiping out of the idle rich is to be one of the first steps in a program of national advancement, greater, more splendid, and far more universal than any other period of advancement and progress in the history of the nation. The idle rich are an obstacle in the way, therefore they must be eliminated or destroyed. Whether we—all the rich, as a class—are to share with them in that destruction depends upon whether or not we, too, set ourselves up as an obstacle in the path of the nation’s development.

“As I have said, I can not name a panacea, nor dispose in a few rounded paragraphs of the problems that confront us. Personally, I am convinced that many measures to which my class is to-day unalterably opposed will within the next few years take their places as laws upon our statute-books.

“I do not expect to see a general triumph of pure Socialism. It may be that ultimately we shall experiment with government ownership of railroads and public utilities, but I should look forward with terror to any such experiment. It may be that in the remedying of the defects of our civilization we as a nation shall be impelled into excess of this sort for at least a brief period.”

He takes it for granted that the idle rich are to be wiped out. If it will serve as a panacea I can tell him in all candor, and seriousness as well as sadness that it is my candid opinion that in a very short time there will be no idle rich—not one—because they will all get busy, very busy, trying to take care of their wealth, and find a haven of safety and rest. Does he not admit, and do we not all know that for the last forty years the pendulum has been steadily and continuously swinging on and on to make the rich man richer and the poor man poorer until now nine-tenths of the people feel a discontent and unrest caused by this oppression, and a large majority of these, comprising all the laboring class and the entire producing class of our country, and in fact of the civilized world, more or less ground down and oppressed by an Oligarchy of unscrupulous and tyrannical wealth until the pendulum has at last reached the limit of its arch in that direction with the oppressed millions in a rage and frenzy of wrath.

Does any one hope that the wisdom and power of man can construct a barrier that can stop the pendulum at the central point of justice, equity, and righteousness, with Satan in command? If that could be done by human power the concussion might jar this old world out of its orbit. It will never be done save by the same Almighty power and wisdom that adjusted capital and labor aright at the first.

I do not propose to try to grasp this subject which I call the "Live Issue" in all its length and breadth, because I realize that it is almost an inexhaustible theme, and if I can bring it with sufficient prominence before the public to have it receive the serious thought and consideration which its vital and imperative purport demands and thus secure for it the combined and most serious and earnest statesmanship and wisdom of this world, I will have fully satisfied my fondest hope.

When we realize that all of the Governments with the mighty powers and controlling influences of this world are working with a closed Bible, and with a deaf ear to all of its statutes, admonitions and warnings, you can look back through history, sacred and profane, from the days of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, on through the ages to the present time and find that the same fate has befallen every nation that has turned away from and disregarded the laws of the Supreme Ruler of Nations.

King Solomon is referred to as the Wise man in Holy writ as well as by the world at large, and he was no doubt one of the greatest potentates in the world's history, either ancient or modern; and so long as he was guided and controlled by Moses and the Prophets,

and by Divine inspiration he had a peaceful, prosperous and glorious reign. But when he departed from this way he at once brought adversity and misery not only upon himself and his nation, but on his posterity. The great world power of the Roman Empire disintegrated, dissolved and vanished during the "dark ages" from no more utter disregard for God's laws and admonitions than now prevail. But in that day the use of steam power, electricity, telephones, and flying machines were unknown, and the developments and results which required a half century or more for accomplishment then will now require only a few years.

We see from the papers that an aviator flew from London, England to Paris, France, 250 miles at a speed of about one mile per minute. When the Roman empire was in its zenith this journey would have required five or eight days, perhaps longer, which was performed in about two hours; and this world and all of its affairs now progresses at about this increased rate of speed.

Without going into details as to the condition of England, France, Russia or Germany, or any other civilized nation, we can say without fear of contradiction, that none are in better condition as to this strife between capital and labor than the United States; but in all of these, the struggle is continually growing more bitter and determined.

The German government is perhaps at this time the strongest and most firmly founded power in Europe. Its foundations were laid deep and strong, centuries ago, cemented with blood and iron, and knit firmly together for strength and durability; but if you will place your ear to the ground, even there you will hear the deep dull rumblings which betoken and give unmistakable evidences of a political earthquake, which, when it does come, will be sufficiently furious to destroy "Divine Right" along with the money power.

But to return to our own country, in the affairs of which we are more deeply and vitally interested.

In a speech made before the Indiana Legislature, Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, declared that, "A constructive, progressive, radical labor party must soon enter the field of politics against the republican and democratic parties."

Then to Mr. Bryan's paper, "The Commoner," we are indebted for the following:

THE GROWTH OF SOCIALISM GIVES EDITORS A CHILL

Mark This Socialism Movement and Mark it Carefully, Because
it is a Force That Cannot be Ignored.

Must be Viewed With Alarm.

SOCIALISM WILL CONTROL IN FUTURE.

How the Secret Agents of Socialism are Permanencing the
Old Parties.

What Shall We do to be Saved?

The sudden and enormous growth in the Socialists' vote sent a chill through the editorial rooms of the country. Men of money are also greatly alarmed lest they find it necessary to cope with this 'new force' at an early day.

This widespread alarm is well founded, but the blow these gentlemen so greatly fear cannot be avoided by attacking socialism or socialists. The remedy is in the application of democratic reforms honestly applied.

Nothing would so increase the Socialists' vote and transform the vote into the strongest force that has ever moved against the entrenched forces of special privilege as for the democratic party to surrender itself to the representatives of plutocracy.

A COLORADO CHILL.

Two years ago the Socialists received the following votes in five out of the fifteen instances where they had filed tickets:

California, 28,000; Connecticut, 5,133; Indiana, 13,476; New York, 33,994; Ohio, 33,759; Wisconsin, 28,144.

That vote was recorded in a presidential year when every available convert to the new scheme of political and industrial salvation was brought to the polls.

Last week the Socialist vote in those same sections reached the following totals:

California, 60,000; Connecticut, 12,000; Indiana, 20,000; New York, 68,000; Ohio, 50,000; Wisconsin, 60,000.

And those figures show that in an "off" year the Socialist vote had increased as follows:

California, 31,856; Connecticut, 6,867; Indiana, 8,524; New York, 34,006; Ohio, 16,241; Wisconsin, 31,856,—which gives a total increase of the Socialist vote in these five instances only of 127,350.

And this increase is not accidental. It is the result of regular methodical work. Socialism is presented to men, not in the guise of "periodical platform pledges," but as a sweeping, economic philosophy, as the solution of every kind of known industrial and political problem. It is a faith; a religion; a working hypothesis of life; a final, curative treatment that does not waste efforts on results, but goes straight to first causes. And socialism seems likely to awaken us from our contemptuous indifference only when it holds the balance of power in congress and its mayors are the chief executives of many of our cities.

And the socialist propaganda is not only working through the machinery of the soap-box orators and well-considered pamphlets; it has its system of what it calls "permeation," and its ingenious agents are working with rare diplomacy in the councils of both the "old" parties. These "permeation" agents do not call themselves socialists; they make a profession of the ancient political creeds. They instigate municipal undertakings that seem innocent of any collectivist bearing; but they are, nevertheless, an installment of collectivism. They get a "plank" put in this platform of some state democracy; and another "plank" put in that platform of some republican state party; and those "planks" are lauded as sound "reforms" by good party men. They have adopted this system of "permeation" abroad with notable success; they commenced its operation here just prior to Mr. Bryan's declaration in favor of National ownership of the interstate railroads. They are keen men who handle this phase of the movement, educated, alert, subtle, and they are laughing in their sleeves at the easy way in which politicians of the old schools are "falling" for the game. They have established several successful daily newspapers. They have a thoroughly organized system of publicity; they are in business, not before each campaign, but every day of the year; and we should realize that the time has arrived for us to cease from ridicule and to consider carefully the breadth and meaning of this propaganda. We are not crying "Wolf" where there is no wolf; we are saying, "Mark this socialist movement, and mark it carefully because it is a force that cannot be ignored."—Denver Times.

A TEXAS CHILL.

The Dallas Times-Herald in summing up the results of the recent elections has the following to say regarding gains made by the Socialists; "Socialism is on the boom. Charles Edward Russell, Socialistic nominee for Governor of New York, polled more than 75,000 votes. In California the heavy socialistic vote defeated the State democratic ticket. Wisconsin Socialists elected a congressman, came within 300 votes of electing another, sent thirteen men to the Wisconsin legislature and captured every office in Milwaukee County. Los Angeles Socialists voted 10,000 strong. A socialistic candidate for mayor in the city of Minneapolis ran neck and neck with the nominees of the old parties. In Oklahoma the socialists polled a heavy vote and captured one county. In 1912 the socialist nominees for president will poll more than 1,000,000 votes unless all signs fail. In the coming years it is a party to be reckoned with in the United States."

Freemont did not receive as many votes as the socialist candidate did at our last election. Yet at the next election Lincoln went into the presidential office. It may be that with a united democracy we may be blessed with another or possibly two more democratic administrations such as President Wilson is now giving us, but sooner or later either the money-power or the socialist radical labor combination will get control of the government and it matters little which of the two as either will bring about equal disaster. The money-power appears to have a clear title to all that is left of the Republican party—while the Progressive party and the Democratic party will both be active bidders for the labor vote and as long as this vote can be kept divided between two or three parties their influence will be limited, but when it consolidates and controls its full legitimate strength it will hold the balance of power and will therefore be very powerful. Before President Wilson was in office six months he displayed his statesmanship and ability by quietly settling the most serious and dreadful strike that ever threatened our country which if it had materialized with its full force would have paralyzed our country from ocean to ocean with more serious results than any financial panic could possibly do—even if it had not brought bloodshed and Civil War. But he had no sooner quieted this threatened calamity in the New England States than it broke out only on a smaller scale but with violence and bloodshed in Indiana with sufficient force to call forth the entire force of State troops to quiet it. Our President as a highly educated, very talented and thoroughly equipped statesman is the equal of

any man who ever filled this office and with excellent judgment he has selected a cabinet perhaps equal to any that could be found in our country, although of this class there is no scarcity. In his selection he has as closest to him for Counciller the "Gladstone of America," but with all this President Wilson nor any other man can ever reconcile or put a quietus upon the conflict between capital and labor. IT CAN ONLY BE DONE BY THE "KING OF KINGS AND JUDGE OF ALL THE EARTH," WHEN HE COMES IN HIS GLORY, WHEN THE WICKED IN THEIR TERROR OF FRIGHT "SHALL CALL UPON THE ROCKS AND THE MOUNTAINS TO FALL ON THEM TO HIDE THEM FROM THE RATH," OF A JUST GOD. THEN, AND NOT UNTIL THEN, WILL THIS ISSUE BE SETTLED.

THE END.

