

# This Old Confederate Soldier's Letter Was Too Hot For Howell

Editor of The Constitution.

**I**N your issue of May 9th, I see a letter from the Hon. Thomas E. Watson to William J. Harris, and Harris' reply to Watson. You may wonder what that has to do with my writing this letter to you. Let me explain. What was in Watson's letter I know not. But the gentleman sent me one. He shore did, under Frank of the Government—postage in advance you see. From the reading of the letter, one with any perceptive faculties could plainly see, that it was a lame and labored effort to mislead and boost himself for things which he had not done or achieved. Did he confine himself to the duties of Census Enumerator, the duties of his office, giving you all the statistical facts which he might have gathered for future reference? He did not. What was the purport and contents of that letter? Now, Constitution, don't you faint, when I reveal them to you, or else we might be called upon to pass or sit in judgment upon the truth or falsity of the charges of Watson's Humbugism. Shall I pronounce it? Refunding of the entire bonded system to reduce interest, as Thomas Jefferson said, "Robbing the people upon a grand scale." What well posted and intelligent financier that does not know that refunding mortgages the present as well as future posterity? It gives enslavement a lingering existence. It is a method of building up social castes by compelling a large part of the people to pay tribute to the few. Why not levy a direct Tax so that the people can see the injustice of it and arise and beat it back? There never has been a time or period, from the foundation of the Republic, up to the present time, no excuse or necessity for the issuing or creation of a single Bond, either National, State, County or Municipal; and every one which has been issued, has been issued with and for the express purpose of robbing and enslaving the people. Note you, bonded and bondage are from the same derivation; consequently when the people are under a bonded debt, (and a robbing Tariff besides) they are in financial bondage or slavery. There is no slavery so insidious as that of financial slavery, none which reduces the people to such depths of degradation and none to which they submit with such complacency; for their chains under the guise of freedom are unseen, and their clanking is drowned amid the boastful din of "our liberties."

Constitution, do tell me, is Mr. Harris in this working under the impulses of dishonest degeneracy, or at the dictates of Wall Street cohorts, or at the dictation of his Lord and Master, Hog-it-all, Goliath, Usurper Smith?

There is a great deal of ground which I would be glad to cover in this letter, but I realize that I will not be able to do it, hence I will have to condense as much as I can. Friend Megaphone Harris of Goliath Smith alludes to the Booker Washington incident between Watson and Wilson. He is the first one I have known to deny it, and I have seen no disapproval of it by any one else. As long as we are upon the negro subject—what about Wilson's nomination or appointment of the negro Robert H. Terrell as Municipal Judge for the District of Columbia, and your Boss failing to oppose or fight his confirmation? Why is it that your Boss is letting that negro fat Four Thousand Dollar office, in the Government Service at Washington? Why is the negro paper in Atlanta supporting him for re-election? Now, Baldy, or as some call you Mr. Fatty Harris, you have certainly undertaken a stupendous and

difficult task, when you think all of the people of the United States are such stupendous ignoramuses, that you can palm off on them, that Woodrow Wilson is a saint and an honest man. That the laying bare of his true record would be abuse or slander. Know you not, with the exception of his position on the Repeal of the Panama Tolls question, and that is not exactly straight, for he has let Grape Juice Bryan agree to throw away \$25,000,000 on the purchase of Colombia, and by England's consent, grant her free tolls. See the point, Baldy? Trying to court favor with one and serving another. Instead of assigning the grand and real reason for it, the breaking up of a base Railroad Shipping Subsidy, he was prating about national honor, with old perfidious and monarchal England, when he and Grape Juice Bryan have got it up their sleeves in favor of the Wall Street masters, so that they can run their vessels under the flag of Colombia, free and exempt from competition. The balance of his record is a base betrayal of the people. Would to God that I had time and space, and an audience to lay it bare and write it up, confining myself to the Congressional Record. You need not be so solicitous about keeping it smuggled and hid from the people, the very thing upon which you won your victory, in your base betrayal of it will lead you to defeat. You assert that Tom Watson has abused well nigh everybody, and particularly in the Tenth District, that is false. He abuses nobody. He asserts nothing but truths and facts and fights, which he ought to, their crimes and iniquities. He has not lashed them one-twentieth enough in that hell hole of Augusta, where such criminals as Dan Forgarty, an Irish Roman Catholic traitor, can do his criminal devilment, and Boykin Wright, who is one of yours and your Boss's chums, can run roughshod defying our election laws, even to the stupendous fraud of manufacturing twenty odd hundred young twenty-one year old negro voters, in a few hours time.

Not content with all of these vile iniquities, as Attorney for the Electric and Railway Company, he can murder up three poor defenseless creatures for no just cause under the sun, snatching them from their families, and hurl them into eternity without a moment's warning; and then turn them scot-free by a perjured drum head court martial. Today, there in that hell hole, your co-Roman Catholic, assassinating conspirators are not only persecuting, but planning to hem and head him off, cripple and hamper him in defense of the truth and right, leading us back to the Dark Ages. Be it said to Watson's praise, that he and that grand old Roman, Judge Thurman of Ohio, are the only two men, who have truly and inflexibly represented the people in Congress, since the surrender of Lee at Appomattox, up to the present time.

Senator Beck of Kentucky was a good man, giving us some good statistics of your corporate monied robbery through the national debt. Now lastly, that Macon Convention, Baldy, I sure wish I could have been there. There is nothing in the history of so-called Democracy in Georgia blacker than the doings of that convention in saddling Jim Price as Commissioner of Agriculture upon the people and against their expressed will and wishes. A repetition of traitorous, treacherous, Grape Juice Bryan at the Baltimore Convention. Still, Baldy, in your answer to Watson you checked up and confessed that you were participants criminals to that iniquity. Must I be charitable enough to say, however bitter that, "An honest confession is good for the soul?"

Now, to the point, let's analyze as well as we can in this brief article. The man that says that J. J. Brown was in any way connected, or took any stock, or had any agents of the so-called Fertilizer Trust working for him is a base and perfidious liar. Smoke that in your pipe. Who was it in the main that played the treacherous part, of Grape Juice Bryan of the Baltimore Convention at the Macon Convention? It was one Blalock, a corporate banker, the father and daddy of all trusts. But for him and his ilk, a trust could never be born or know any existence. Disowning and denying his own child and progeny upon the floor of the convention. It ought to have been an insult to the farmers of Georgia for such a perfidious creature as Blalock to have presented his filthy carcass to them to have been voted for—let alone Jim Price. Great God! Just think of it, this corporate banker, booted and spurred astride of their backs, riding them for all they were worth, and presenting himself to them to let him fasten the shackles tighter. This is the creature, now rewarded by his Hog-it-all master, by appointment in the Revenue Service, who like the thief cries out to the honest man as he passes by, "Stop thief," in order to divert attention from himself in order to get in his deadly work.

A little more lecturing, Baldy, and I have done for this time. What in the mischief does your infamous committee, mean, under the dictation of your Master, Hog-it-all Smith, in assuming to yourselves powers and jurisdiction to which you are not entitled and do not possess, either equitably, legally or constitutionally? That committee was never created for any such purposes as you and your Boss are prostituting it to. Really it is nothing but a thing of system of convenience, arranged for set dates for primary, appoint managers, etc., but never to assume the elective franchise and vote for the people. Hence yours and your Boss's Macon usurpation,

was dishonest and illegal. Your Boss started this under Rube Arnold, of Leo Frank fame, and good Lord, Reuben out-Herod, Herod. Trampling the people under his feet like they were dogs, as long as he saw they would bear it, and when he saw their wrath kindling he had to vacate, which brought you in under duress. Baldy, I do think that you and your Hog-it-all Boss, and John Marmalade Slaton, through his Secretary Elm, ought to have been satisfied in your first effort, to destroy the county unit system, and thereby disfranchise the smaller counties. But not so through the persistency of your Boss you had to feel and try again, but you found it no go. Thank God for such men as Bob Toombs, who with his Patrick Henry prophetic ken was mainly instrumental in grafting into our Constitution, this grand principle. One day the old Roman was walking to and fro through the convention hall with his hat upon one side of his head over one eye, and the other one bare; when some one approaching him, made inquiry, "General, what does all this mean?" To which he replied, "I have one eye shaded, the other one open and bare a-looking for dam rascals."

Baldy, Fatty or W. J. Harris, and your usurping Hog-it-all Boss, for the present adieu. By God's help and his grace sustaining us, we will try and meet you at Philippi.

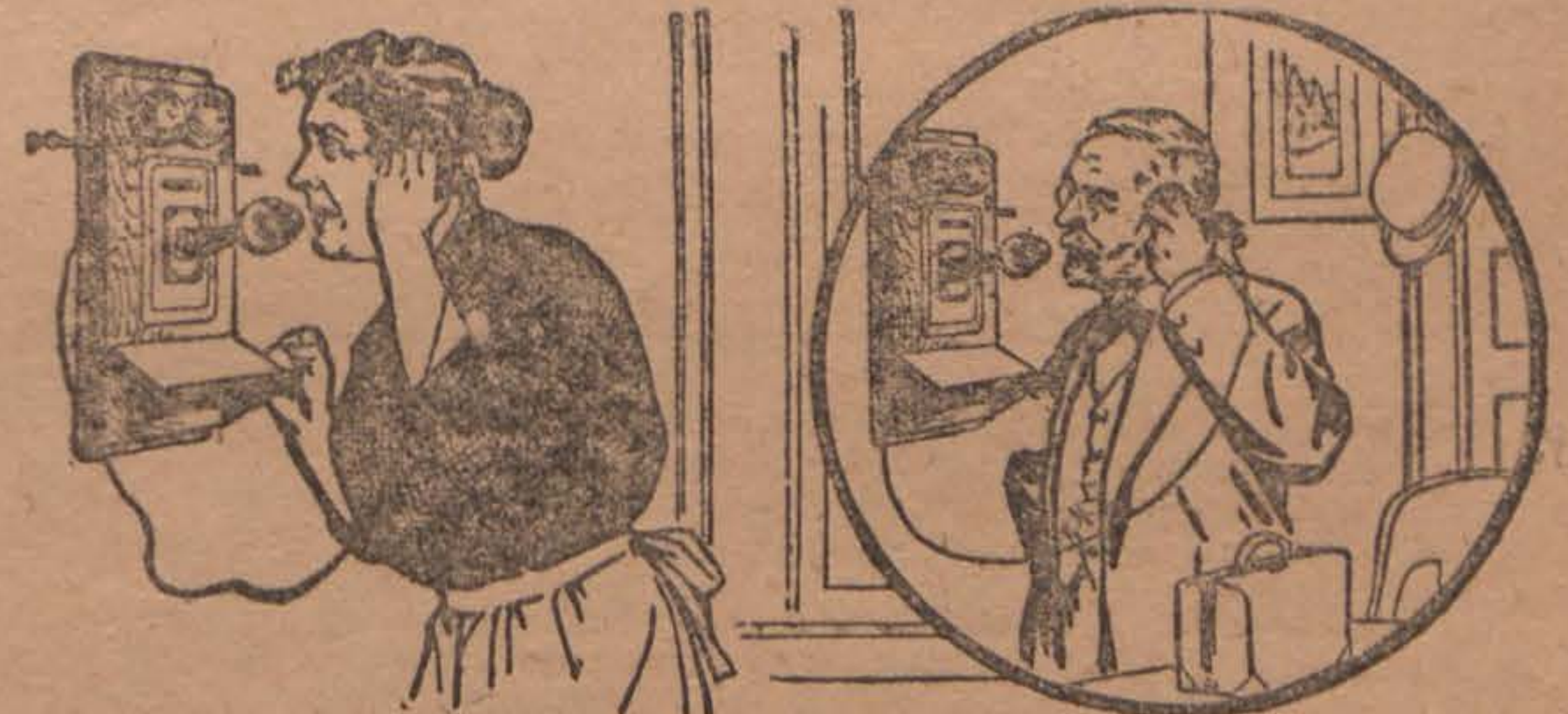
Respectfully, an old Confederate, seventy-two years old, who baffled for four long years to regain our lost liberties which our fore-fathers transmitted to us, and of which we have been despoiled and robbed.

A. L. NANCE, M. D.  
Gainesville, Ga.

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## LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

## HERE IS ONE OF THE NAME-SAKES.

Dear Uncle Tom: I am proud to note the exchange being made in the past two months in favor of you, and the Jeffersonian. I notice men, that heretofore would abuse you and were ready to stab you in the back, but now say they see the evil of their way, and have recanted and are anxious to read The Jeffersonian. Your version of Roman Catholicism and the Leo Frank case have added many stars to your crown. That in part has broke the spell on those hide-bound, spell-binders. The good seed that you have been a long time sowing is now verging on to harvest, and will make an abundant yield. It is being generally conceded here and where I go that the Jeffersonian is the one paper that comes out in the open without a muzzle on, and fights for the rights and justice for the people. It is hoped that the Jeffersonian and Magazine, those live wires, may continue on and on, until a conversion among all the people of our country. And may the great Lord of heaven and earth spare the editor of these truthful wires for a long and happy life, and shield and protect him from harm and danger is my prayer. Hoping you success.

Very truly yours,  
THOS. WATSON SMITH.  
Swainsboro, Ga.

## Comment.

My namesake is a little bit hard on the hide-bound brethren who have recently seen the evil of their ways, and loosened up their hides; but you must excuse him, on account of his youth and inexperience.

By the time he has wrestled with hide-bound humans as long as you and I have, his charity will express itself as softly as mine sometimes does.

As William Jingleton Harris—the Census man—said at Cedarburgh, the longer I live the more I wish I hadn't said it. T. E. W.

## OUR GOOD OLD FRIEND JOHN L. G. WOODS.

Dear Sir and Friend: I had the pleasure of mailing The Jeffersonian Publishing Co., a P. O. order for \$17.05 with the address of 33 subscribers to the Jeffersonian, and an order for three copies of the K. of C. Oaths, and a copy of the "Eye Opener," by ex-Priest Sequin. I am indebted to Dr. J. M. Pittard for 19 of these subscribers, I induced him to subscribe for both the Magazine and the Jeffersonian about two months ago, and he is now an enthusiastic admirer of yours, and alive to the burning issues of the day. Would to God that every man who is a true man, and who has the good will of his fellow man at heart, and who believes in justice and right, in free speech and a free press; the right to worship his God according to the dictates of his own conscience, and who is opposed to Roman rule in free America, and opposed to the ring rule of the rule or ruin political demagogues, would line up as Americans, as patriots in defense of free America, religious liberties and against the deadliest enemy to civilization and mankind, the Roman Catholic church.

Boy's, let us get busy. I have sent the Jeffersonian, I suppose over one hundred subscribers this year, help me, let us push the subscribers up to the million mark, we can do it. Mr. Watson, the people are waking up and opening their eyes, and are seeing things as they never saw them before. "A little more grape and canister, Captain Bragg." Thank God, Mr. Watson, you have uncovered the enemy, and are shell-

ing the woods, you've got the enemy on the run. Watch our enemies, for they are cunning and subtle, look out for the ambush, the assassin, the false swearing, for bribery, for packed juries, and an ingenious frame up, for the Jesuitical Roman Knights of Columbus, and the devilish, low down, infernal politician will move Heaven, Earth and Hell, in an effort to suppress your papers, stay your hand and silence your tongue. The people know it, and the people are with you. There is a sentiment abroad in the land so strong that it is spoken aloud, you harm Mr. Watson, or our Protestant lecturers and we will hold the Romanist officials responsible, from the priests to the cardinals.

"Forbearance may cease to be a virtue." Retaliation. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and "self preservation is one of the first laws of nature." Rome had better mind how she wakes up sleeping giants.

I am in the fight with you to the finish, and glad to see "Old Jasper" falling into line.

Yours as ever,  
G. JNO. L. G. WOODS.

## YES, BURNS IS GETTING ON THE ROTTEN EGG LIST MIGHTY FAST.

My Dear Mr. Watson: Thousands and tens of thousands are singing your praises all over Atlanta and the South for the manly, truthful, honest position you have taken in the Frank-Burns case. You will notice on last night Burns had his license cancelled and only one of the members of council objected, was one Albert D. Thomson, and it is well to note that he is of the firm of Candler, Thompson & Hirsch. This explains the nigger in the wood-pile.

Faithfully one of your friends and admirers,  
ATLANTA, GA.

## Comment.

I notice that in the speech made by Burns to the bankers in Atlantic City, he said that crimes against banks had been practically wiped out.

I suppose one reason is that the fellows on the inside don't give the outsiders any chance.

Most of the banks that are gutted are "did up" by the insiders who hire William J. Burns to watch the outsiders.

This works well, but as yet we have not found the best way to watch Burns.

I think we will have to lynch William.  
T. E. W.

## GIVE T. E. W. LOTS OF PRAISE.

Dear Sir: Of course you have already seen the two clippings we are enclosing you herewith, but we want you to know that your friends are watching developments, and in every good cause we can see Tom Watson at the helm. So far as we can learn you were the first to attack the methods of Burns the famous sleuth, and your relentless warfare on Roman Catholicism is bearing fruit as evidenced by the action of the Baptists at Nashville. A nobler, truer type of American manhood never breathed the pure air of American freedom than Tom Watson. The cause of right and justice need more just such men as yourself to keep the masses informed as to the true conditions existing in our beloved America. No country ever produced a nobler son than Tom Watson.

With every good wish, I am your friend,  
J. L. RAGLAND,  
Alabama.

## TRUE TO THE LAST, IS THIS OLD SOLDIER.

Dear Tom: I am handing you herewith new list of subscribers and P. O. money order in the sum of \$7.50. Tom, I am seventy-two years old, an old Confederate soldier, a disciple of the Watson doctrines for now near thirty years. At this age my time is worth but very little to any one, but I have obtained fifteen new subscribers in addition to the seventeen sent you some two weeks ago.

In this thirty years time, I have learned to trust in Watson, in the truthfulness of his statements, his immunity from corrupt political deals, the righteousness of turning the light on in the Roman Catholic church. I am writing you these few lines, fearing that I may be shut off by the Grim Reaper before again urging you to be faithful, because right will prevail; be not dismayed, die in the harness and receive an everlasting glory.

Your friend,  
Doerun, Ga. J. D. STORY.

## JUDGE BROYLES EXPLAINS HOW HE CAME TO INTRODUCE BURNS

My Dear Sir: Please allow me a few words in reply to a letter signed "S. W. F." in your last issue taking me to task because last winter I introduced Wm. J. Burns to an Atlanta audience as "the greatest living detective." This was before Burns had any connection with the Frank case, and when I had no idea that he would ever be connected with it. I had never seen him and knew but little about him or his methods. My friend, Russell Bridges, head of the Lyceum Lecture Association, asked me to introduce Burns when he appeared in Atlanta as one of the regular numbers of the lecture course. Since his conduct in the Frank case I have regretted that I consented to introduce him.

Yours truly,  
NASH R. BROYLES,  
Atlanta, Ga.

## Comment.

That's all right, Judge. Nobody blames you. If Saint Paul came to Atlanta to deliver a lecture for my friend Bridges, my friend B. would never rest until he prevailed upon Dr. John White or Bishop Candler to make a neat speech of introduction.  
T. E. W.

Watch the label on your paper. Don't let your subscription expire.

## HERE IS A MAN WHO ISN'T AFRAID TO HAVE HIS NAME USED.

Dear Sir: I want to congratulate you on your bold and fearless stand you have taken on the Frank case and on the Roman Catholics. Watson there are thousands of people that read your editorials with profound interest and consider you the champion of all the great statesmen. My father was a devout Watson man, and was one of your followers back in the 90's, in those dark days. I am not a Watson man because my father was, but from a pure motive of principle, because I believe you are a friend to the masses. I have never heard you speak in my life, but will never be satisfied until I do and shake your hand. I hope some day to have the honor of voting for you for President. If we had you for President and enough John L. Burnett's in Congress we would smash B—l out of the Pope's pauper dago trash that are being dumped on us by the thousands every year. If I were able to give \$1,000 a year for missionary work, I would invest every cent of it in your Jeffersonian and send it to the remotest corners of the earth. I believe they would do more to enlighten and educate the heathen than all the bum gosh gab the missionary boards and preachers are doing for the poor little Doras.

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