If you are intefested, and would care to learn what a very defective book has been put into the hands of your children, wrote for a copy of this review.

Professor Brooks has not answered it, because he cannot. Neither has any member of the State Board undertaken to justify its selection of the book, which is totally unfit for school purposes.

This pamphlet of mine is high-class campaign literature, and it makes this appeal to you, namely—

Does Professor Brittain deserve a life-term in the office of State Superintendent, when he condemns your child to the study of a history which does rank injustice to the great men, and the great events of which our State is so proud?

Read the pamphlet, and you will realize the harm that such text-books necessarily do to our young people.

Bully for Prior G. Veazey and Bob Blackburn!

They defeated the House Committee, and passed the Convent Inspection bill.

Henry Fullbright and some other lawyers objected to the measure upon the ground that the Writ of *Habeas Corpus* affords ample remedy in cases where boys and girls, men and women are confined against their will.

The writ of *Habeas Corpus*, is entirely insufficient, for many reasons which I am sure will occur to Mr. Fullbright and other attorneys upon further reflection:

(1) The writ of *Habeas Corpus* is a process taken out by an individual, to secure possession of another individual; or it is used by an imprisoned individual, through an attorney.

The State is not a party. It is a personal, private matter, altogether, *dependent upon personal initiative.*

But the State virtually guarantees *liberty* to all citizens, and the State owes a duty to citizens held in confinement.

For example, the State inspects her jails, her penitentiaries, her sanitarium, her asylums, &c.

In like manner, the State should inspect every other institution, wherein her citizens are confined.

If the inmates are there, of their own free will, no harm is done by the inspection.

If the inmates are *not* there, voluntarily, then *the State* owes them *liberty.*

It is a strange kink of the mind which authorizes *the inspection of the public schools*, and refuses to authorize the inspection of Roman Catholic work-houses, and convents.

We pay three Inspectors to go around inspecting our schools. We pay Inspectors to go over the State, examining the camps, &c., of our convicts. How then, can members of the Legislature consistently object to a Grand-jury examination of the Pope's' dungeons?

(2) The second reason why the Writ of *Habeas Corpus* is inadequate, is that the boys and girls confined do not know their legal rights, and perhaps never heard of the Writ of *Habeas Corpus.*

Smart lawyers sometimes assume that all people are smart lawyers.

How many girls know that the Police Matron of Atlanta has no legal right to take them from the Police Court to the Pope's work-house, in Cincinnati?

For several years, Atlanta girls have been railroaded into that papal laundry, which thrives on the unpaid labor of Protestant women.

Have any of the victims applied for the Writ of *Habeas Corpus?*

Not one.

Look into this, friend Fullbright, and you will discover some things that will astonish you.

The Legislature couldn't do much better than to add a clause to our Penal Code, making it a *felony*, to take Georgia girls out of this State *for confinement in THE PRIVATE INSTITUTIONS OF A CHURCH.*

Pass us a law like that, Brother Fullbright, and we will send you to Congress, to keep company with gallant Bob Blackburn!

(3) Another reason why the writ of *Habeas Corpus* does not remedy the evil is, that it takes *money* to employ good lawyers, and the prisoners in the convents and Houses of the Good Shepherd haven't got any.

(4) The prisoners are *afraid* to resort to legal proceedings, dreading brutal punishment, if not assassination.

(5) Before you could draw up the *Habeas Corpus* papers, get them signed, and have them served, *the prisoner would be spirited away to another State.*

(6) The names of convent prisoners are *always* changed, and you wouldn't be able to identify the girl.

There was a recent *Habeas Corpus* case in Baltimore, where a Washington mother tried to get her daughter from the clutches of Rome, but Cardinal Gibbons' gang laughed at the Court, *by hiding the girl.*

The mother never did get her daughter.

Governor Harris' labored defense of the Stripling pardon bears a family likeness to John Slaton's commutation of the sentence of his client Leo Frank.

There is the same brave show of irrevelant testimony, resembling the paper which the juggler pulls out of the hat you were wearing.

There is the same ludicrous importance attached to "an alleged letter;" and, in this case, poor Nat Harris has nothing but an alleged copy of the alleged letter.

John W. Moore did better than that, with his celebrated letter of Judge Roan.

There is the same color-blindness, as to the evidence which satisfied the jury, the Superior court judge, and the Supreme court, of defendant's guilt.

There is the same illogical conclusion that the punishment was "enough," after the demonstration that the defendant wasn't guilty at all.

In Col. Nat's letter to the little girl, he weeps with one eye, over his sympathetic redemption of a promise; and he weeps with the other, over the unjust conviction of poor Stripling. The Colonel is the only Governor we have ever had who resembles Lake Itasca, in that a narrow ridge separates the two streams which flow from this fountain-head; and one of the streams originates the limpid Mississippi, while the other begins the muddy Missouri, until at length they meet, and the whole blamed River becomes liquid mud.

No human being can tell, from reading all that Col. Nat has said, whether he pardoned Stripling because he was sorry for the girl, or because he was sorry for Stripling. I doubt whether Nat Harris himself knows which it is.

You can imagine the Governor sweating blood every time he is travelling our dirt roads, and comes to a fork. There is no telling what agonies he suffers, before he can tell which prong to take.

In his appeal to "thinking men," Col. Nat says:

2. The insult to the wife is shown by a copy of a letter alleged to have been received by her from the deceased, making improper proposals, of which she informed her husband. This letter was susceptible of the most terrible construction. The letter was handed to her while the husband was in Columbus attending the bedside of his dying father. Following this the sister of Stripling was insulted, according to statements contained in the record, and improper advances made to her by Cornett. This was done while her husband was engaged in guarding a small pox patient and was necessarily absent from home.

"Thinking men" will find it difficult to restrain a smile at this "appeal."

"A *copy* of a letter *alleged* to have been received from the deceased."

Husband at dying father's bedside, and sister's husband nursing a case of small pox? Cornett determined to seduce the whole family.

Conceding all this after-thought fabrication, does our law justify a cold-blooded assassination, *for revenge?*

The Governor's own showing makes nothing else than deliberately planned revenge, upon an unsuspecting man who had gone no farther than improper advances.

Did any sane married man ever attempt to seduce a married woman, *by letter?*

Never in the world. Gov. Harris is bound to know that such a claim is preposterous.

I will go further and say, that in all my experiences as a lawyer I never knew a married woman seduced, *who did not make the first advances.*

Other experienced lawyers and men of the world will tell you the same thing; and they will also tell you that no man ever made the first advances *in a letter.*

"Newly discovered evidence!" O yes! We had *that*, also, in Slaton's 15,000 word defense: but nobody could ever locate this newly discovered evidence. In Stripling's case it seems to consist of a copy of an alleged letter.

Attenuation could no further go. Cornett is dead: *his* girl is not consulted: the judge was anxious to adjourn court, and *he* appears to be dead: Stripling's lawyer was sick and maybe he is dead: and Stripling broke jail, because he had no confidence in our Supreme Court; and he went to shooting other men in the back, in Virginia, because he was just naturally unable to help it.

If Stripling committed no crime, as Harris demonstrates, he ought to sue the State for damages, or get the Legislature to make an appropriation compensating him for his lost time.

The Governor doesn't dwell on Stripling's friendly relations with Cornett, the evening of the same day of the killing; nor does the Governor draw a word-picture of Stripling—waiting, watching, hiding at the empty house—until midnight, when his unsuspecting victim comes home from the sick neighbor's, where he had been sitting up, the first half of the night.

Stripling was afraid to shoot Cornett, as the man came along in the dark. The dastard was afraid he would miss, or not kill.

With the patience of the lynx, *he waited until Cornett lit the lamp, inside.*

Then, he stood at the window, outside, and shot him full of holes.

What silly nonsense it is, to drivel and drool about Cornett's "lust," and "a copy of an alleged letter."

Bob Davisons written excuse for his recommendation of the pardon, is less discreditable than the utterly imbecile plea of Nat Harris. Bob said that Stripling happened to be passing along in the big road, saw Cornett, and killed him, because of uncontrollable heat of passion.

The Governor makes out a strong case against Providence, which brings upon the unlucky Stripling the necessity of killing so many men, and killing them *in the back.*

How perverse it was, that the negro who was killed at Stripling's house in Danville, should have been the identical coon *from Harris County*, who knew Stripling as a jail-breaker, and a convicted assassin.

How queer it was that the white man whom Stripling shot and killed should also have got it in the back.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE FOUR.)