

The Jeffersonian

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The Roman Catholic Priesthood Curbed in Mexico

FOR two years, the Federal Government has prostituted its powers to the Jesuits and the Knights of Columbus who, in a *National Convention*, formally resolved that I must be "put out of business."

Why were these sworn subjects of a foreign power so determined to boycott and ruin our publishing house, and to make me "see the inside of a penitentiary?"

The reason was, that I had set myself seriously to the great task of arousing our people to the danger of allowing a foreign Italian secret society to rule the United States.

Through Immigration, political deals, and the use of the Confessional, the secret societies of the Italian pope had used religion as a mask, while they made insidious and terrible encroachments upon morality and liberty.

In sorrow I admit, that my political and personal enemies, together with those Protestant fanatics who think more of a China-

man's children than they do of an American's boys and girls, aided the persecution aimed at me by the Italian machine.

What was the chief reason why the pope's subjects wished to hush me up?

The tender spot was, my exposure of the Confessional, in which the priests compel their dupes to turn themselves inside out, for the pope's benefit.

If the Italian secret societies can put every member of every family through the most searching cross-examination, and bind every dupe not to tell to any living soul what questions are asked, and what answers are given, can you not see the enormous power for evil that is thus surrendered by the people?

The secrets of families, the secrets of diplomacy, the secrets of crime, the secrets of government, and the secrets of every business can be fished for in the Confessional; and the knowledge thus obtained can be used to the vast advantage of the foreign secret

society which has declared its purpose to "make America Catholic."

No other religion claims the right to dive into the deepest secrets of human life, human thought, and human desire.

In every other religion, the confession is voluntary, public, open and above board.

In every other religion, the confession of sins is meant for no other purpose than to purify the conscience and save the soul.

But in the Roman Catholic works on Moral Theology, published under the sanction of the Italian pope, and taught in all the Roman Catholic theological seminaries, the questions themselves show that the purpose of the Roman Catholic priests in asking all those questions is, to gain complete control, for themselves, of the mind, heart and conduct of the persons questioned.

**I UNCOVERED THE CONFES-
SIONAL!**

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The Record of the Self-Commissioned Senator, Hoke Smith, on the

Negro Appointments

Republican who was appointed by President Woodrow Wilson, the alleged Democrat.

Smith is loading the mails again with unpaid freight, to explain to the people that he made a tremendous fight against that coon.

But the coon didn't come down. It was Smith who came down.

The Republican negro got the appointment.

The great Self-appointed Senator alleges that he "spoke frequently and at length against his confirmation."

When? Where? What went with those speeches?

They are not in the Congressional Record.

Why doesn't Senator Smith prevail upon Ralph Smith to send one of those long speeches to the *Journal*, for publication?

Upon what grounds did Senator Smith oppose the nigger City-Judge?

Let him tell the people now, upon what grounds he opposed Bob Terrell.

I want to see how the alleged speech can be reconciled to Smith's refusal to attend the Democratic meeting of the white people who were kicking against the appointment of the negro.

The Senator told Secretary Warfield, of the Democratic Association, that they ought not to make the negro an issue.

Did the Senator himself make the negro an issue?

If not, what were the grounds of his opposition to the negro City Judge?

If the Senator himself made the issue that Terrell is a negro, why did he advise the Democratic Association against doing the same thing?

The Senator, in making those frequent

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One of Hoke Smith's Victims, the Widow of "Lee's Old War-horse"

WHEN Henry Grady and General Gordon brought ex-President Jefferson Davis and his daughter Winnie to Atlanta, at the unveiling of the statue to Ben Hill, I was there.

The mists of many years hang between now, and then; but the whole scene is clear to my eyes, as though it happened yesterday.

The hotels were thronged, the streets were full, the feeling was deep, the enthusiasm was unbounded.

Jeff Davis coming back to Dixie! To be received with the acclamations of a loving people, after so many years of exile, of obloquy, of isolation and of relentless misrepresentation.

Blaine had made a martyr out of our fallen leader, by seeking to exclude him by name, and under cruel accusations, from the Amnesty bill—and that was a generation after Appomattox.

Blaine did not go to the War himself; and therefore, like Zach Candler, Thad Stevens and John J. Ingalls, he was much harder to pacify, than were Grant, and Sherman, and Sheridan, and that magnificent fighter, old Dan Sickles.

Whatever we Southern people may have thought of Jefferson Davis, we did not consider it fair for Blaine to single him out, and lay our alleged sins upon that one pair of enfeebled shoulders—shoulders all bent with age and grief and misfortune.

Consequently, when the ex-President of the Lost Cause reached Georgia, the ovation was spontaneous and immense.

I have never seen anything like it, nor ever can, again. Men who were ordinarily self-possessed, lost control of themselves: they wildly cheered, waved hats, and brushed tears out of their eyes.

As I watched the street from one of the

windows of the Kimball House, the first note of "Dixie" broke upon the air, telling everybody that Jeff Davis had reached the depot. The "Rebel Yell" almost drowned the brass-bands and the drums.

The multitude at the monument was such a press of humanity, that any sudden excitement and movement of the mass meant danger to the individual. I never knew until then what it was to feel afraid of being crushed in a crowd.

Before, getting into the midst of the jam, I had been standing on the side-walk, looking at a file of horsemen, drawn up, motionless and silent, in the street.

At their head was a gray-whiskered veteran, in full uniform of Confederate General, sitting on his horse with grim composure, and looking as some old Norse-King

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