

NEWBERG GRAPHIC SUPPLEMENT.

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Is it Treason?

In reply to an article in the *Times* of April 7th, I claim to have been basely misrepresented. Having been a soldier in the union army, with a record clear as the sunlight, an honorable discharge, and having taken the obligations of the Grand Army of the Republic, no one but a fool or a scoundrel would impute to me disloyalty. The conversation that occurred between Mr. Clark and myself was begun and carried on in a joking way. We were always good friends and when we met we always had fun at each other's expense. The gentleman misrepresents me in regard to what was said about the flag, and he did not fly to pieces until I said that the flag protected saloons and houses of prostitution. The whole article published by Mr. Clark is a tissue of falsehoods and misrepresentations. The statement that I asked Mr. Clark, who Mr. Leavitt was, is untrue, as I have known Mr. Leavitt for years and have conversed with him many times during the past year. Neither did I enquire where he lived. Mr. Clark did not say to me that the deceased was a member of the G. A. R. I did not inquire where they intended to bury him. I asked the old question common on such occasions "where do they bury?" These things are not important only to prove that the gentleman because of his utter perverseness, or under the extreme excitement, was incapable of stating a fact—the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

Mr. Clark makes me to say why don't they bury him in the Friends' cemetery. This is what I said, why don't they bury in the Friends' cemetery, meaning the G. A. R. Mr. Clark in answer to this said, "The Friends have refused to let the flag into the church."

Then I am represented as saying: "I do not blame them for not permitting the 'dirty old rag' to go into the church." This is utterly, totally false. This is what I said verbatim: "I don't blame them for not letting the flag in the church." Neither would I. I meant by this that every organization has the right to make its own rules of conduct. I can enjoy the sanctuary if its altars were covered with the stars and stripes or if there was no flag within a thousand miles. The term "dirty old rag" never crossed my lips during this conversation. Here are the facts: Mr. Clark then said that the Friends

were a set of d—d rebels and looked upon the flag as an "old rag." (Up to this time in the conversation Mr. Clark did not use the term "dirty.") Then I laughingly remarked: "that is about what it is, ain't it, Mr. Clark?" The statement that I said that any religious organization that allows it in their church don't amount to much is maliciously false. I have carried the flag into the church on more than one occasion, participated in the ceremonies, and carried it out again.

Mr. Clark represents me as following him to the door and repeating "it is a dirty old rag." I was perfectly cool on that occasion and claim to know how to state a fact and I say again that on that occasion or any other that sentence I never uttered. Now I am charged with saying that the flag did nothing for forty years but protect the negro drivers. False again—I said this: that the flag did protect blood hounds and negro hunters. This needs no explanation. The man who does not know this ought to be treated immediately for softening of the brain. I did not say that the flag now protects nothing but the saloons and houses of prostitution. I said this: that it does protect saloons and houses of prostitution. That is just what I meant. I am not the only exponent of that doctrine. That the U. S. government is a partner in the whisky business, has been, and is, heralded from a thousand platforms by men as loyal and brave as ever walked the American continent. I am bold to declare that the government is in league with the most gigantic evils of all times. I have no hard words for the whisky venders, they have as much right under the law to sell as any other merchant and they are protected by law.

Mr. Clark makes of himself a laughing stock when he says that had it not been for the interference of some gentleman present no doubt Harford would now be a patient in the hospital. That is a pusillanimous falsehood. To my certain knowledge Harford is the fourth man in this community that Mr. Clark was going to whip, but I agree to put under my finger nail all the men that ever Clark or Harford whipped. I do not fight, but I stood too long by the old 24 pound howitzers to get nervous over guns of such small caliber. If any one gets blood in their eye and wants to fight, come out and I will turn you loose in an acre lot with my bull dog and whoever gets knocked out will pay the hospital ex-

penses. That would be a slur on the dog but it's a go.

Now I consider that I have acted the part of a gentleman and have kept my obligations as a member of the G. A. R. I did not talk this on the street corners, have used no hard names, have made no threats, but have sat quietly under these base misrepresentations, while those who by obligations should have been my friends have without any investigation heralded this thing far and wide. I think my record as a gentleman, a citizen, or patriot, will compare favorably with theirs. I have stood in this and every community where I have lived for whatever was good and pure and true.

Whoever is loyal to the community is loyal to government, and *vice versa*; whoever is disloyal to the community is disloyal to government. I do not stand upon your street corners and curse the institutions that are the strength of community and the nation's bulwarks. If you judge my patriotism by blue clothes and brass buttons, your standard is too low. I do not feed on the old musty memories down by the camp fires of the Potomac nor on the tented fields of Georgia. I propose as a patriot to grapple with the great problems of the present that confront us and vex the wisest political philosophers of our day. Anything else would be disloyalty for me. I say to those who doubt my loyalty, come out from among the old skeletons of the dim past and put on the armor and take hand in the new crusades and let us have reason to believe that you understand the first principles of loyalty. While you are living in the dead past the wheels of progress have shot by with terrific force and a new civilization bristling all over with mighty thoughts confronts us. In the war of the rebellion in the thick of the fight a standard bearer rushed out away beyond the command and planted the stars and stripes upon the enemy's works. The colonel shouted: "Bring back the colors to the regiment." The standard bearer shouted back, "Bring the regiment up to the colors." While we denounce this or any other government for its complicity with crime, and thus carry the standard to the front, we do not propose to recede, but say to you, "Bring the regiment up to the colors."

I shall pursue the even tenor of my way. "With malice toward none, and charity for all," I am,

Yours Respectfully,

F. L. HARFORD.