

eral welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.”

It was we, the people; not we, the white male citizens; nor yet we, the male citizens; but we, the whole people, who formed the Union. And we formed it, not to give the blessings of liberty, but to secure them; not to the half of ourselves and the half of our posterity, but to the whole people—women as well as men. And it is a downright mockery to talk to women of their enjoyment of the blessings of liberty while they are denied the use of the only means of securing them provided by this democratic-republican government—the ballot.

For any state to make sex a qualification that must ever result in the disfranchisement of one entire half of the people, is to pass a bill of attainder, or an ex post facto law, and is therefore a violation of the supreme law of the land. By it the blessings of liberty are for ever withheld from women and their female posterity.

To them this government has no just powers derived from the consent of the governed. To them this government

is not a democracy. It is not a republic. It is an odious aristocracy; a hateful oligarchy of sex; the most hateful aristocracy ever established on the face of the globe; an oligarchy of wealth, where the rich govern the poor, an oligarchy of learning, where the educated govern the ignorant, or even an oligarchy of race, where the Saxon rules the African, might be endured; but this oligarchy of sex, which makes father, brothers, husband, sons, the oligarchs over the mother and sisters, the wife and daughters of every household—which ordains all men sovereigns, all women subjects, carries dissension, discord and rebellion into every home of the nation.

Webster, Worcester, and Bouvier all define a citizen to be a person in the United States, entitled to vote and hold office.

The only question left to be settled now is: Are women persons? And I hardly believe any of our opponents will have the hardihood to say they are not. Being persons, then, women are citizens; and no state has a right to make any law, or to enforce any old law, that shall abridge their privileges or immunities. Hence, every discrimination against women in the constitutions and laws of the several states is today null and void, precisely as in every one against Negroes.

### Questions

1. Anthony argues women already possessed the right to vote. Explain.
2. Does Anthony draw on religious or legal authority?
3. What does Anthony’s willingness to endure “other oligarchies” indicate?

## 18-7 Smashing at Kiowa (1899)

### Carry A. Nation

Carry A. Nation (1846–1911) was probably the most colorful character the temperance movement produced. Nation became particularly famous for using a hatchet to vandalize Kansan drinking establishments, while other women looked on, singing hymns, and in the process created a powerful and lasting stereotype, if not a cartoon, of woman reformers. The following passage is taken from Nation’s autobiography, in which she explains the inspiration behind her “smashing” of a bar in Kiowa.

Source: From Carry A. Nation, *The Use and Need of the Life of Carry A. Nation* (Topeka, KS: F. M. Steves & Sons, 1909), 126–135.

As Jail Evangelist for the W. C. T. U. in Medicine Lodge, I would ask the men in prison, young and old, why are you here? The answer was, it was “drink,” “drink.” I said, why do you get drunk in Kansas where we have no saloons? They told me that they got their drink in Kiowa. This town was in Barber county, a county right on the border of Oklahoma. I went to Mr. Sam Griffen, the County Attorney, time after time, telling him of these men being in jail from drink. He would put the matter off and seem very much annoyed because I asked him to do what he swore he would do, for he was oath bound to get out a warrant and put this in the

hands of the sheriff who was oath bound to arrest these dive-keepers, and put them in jail and the place or dive was to be publicly abated or destroyed. Mr. Griffen was determined that these dive-keepers should not be arrested. I even went down to Kiowa myself and went into these places and came back asking this County Attorney to take my evidence and he would not do it. Then I wrote to Mr. A. A. Godard of Topeka, the State’s Attorney, whose duty it was to see that all the County Attorneys did their duties. I saw he did not intend to do anything, then I went to William Stanley the Governor at Topeka. I told him of the prisoners in jail in our

county from the sale of liquor in the dives of Kiowa, told him of the broken families and trouble of all kinds in the county, told him of two murders that had been committed in the county, one alone costing the tax payers \$8,000.00, told him of the broken hearted women and the worse than fatherless children as the result. I found out that he would not do his duty. I had gone from the lowest to the chief-executive of the state, and after appealing to the governor in vain I found that I could go to no other authority on earth.

Now I saw that Kansas was in the power of the bitter foe to the constitution, and that they had accomplished what the whiskey men and their tools, the Republican party and politicians had schemed and worked for. When two thirds of the voters of Kansas said at the ballot box—about 1880, I think it was—“We will not have a saloon in our state.” This was made constitutional by the two-thirds majority. Nothing could change this or take it out of the constitution except by having the amendment re-submitted and two-thirds of the people voting to bring the saloons back. They intended then with their bribes and otherwise to buy votes. The first act was to organize the state into what they called the “Mystic Order of Brotherhood.” Of course this was kept very quiet and few of the people in the towns knew of this order and organization. When the Devil wants to carry out his deepest plots he must do, through a secret order, what he cannot otherwise do. He does his work through, by, and in, the kingdom of darkness. For this one reason he must hoodwink the people to make them his tools.

God has given me a mean fight, a dirty and dangerous fight; for it is a war on the hidden things of darkness. I am, in this book throwing all the light I can on the dangerous foe to liberty, free speech and Christianity, the Masonic Lodge, which is the father of all the other secret orders. Through this Mystic Order of Brotherhood managing the primaries and elections, they got into office from constable up to the governor, the tools of the liquor power. . . . Their great word was, “you can’t,” “prohibition will not prohibit.” I do not belong to the “can’t” family. When I was born my father wrote my name Carry A. Moore, then later it was Nation, which is more still. C. A. N. are the initials of my name, then C. (see) A. Nation! And all together Carry A. Nation! This is no accident but Providence. This does not mean that I will carry a nation, but that the roused heart and conscience will, as I am the roused heart and conscience of the people in operation. There are just two crowds, God’s crowd and the Devil’s crowd. One gains the battle by *can*, and the other loses it by *can’t*.

My Christian experience will give you the secret of my life. It is God indwelling. When I found I could effect nothing through the officials, I was sad, indeed. I saw that Kansas homes, hearts and souls were to be sacrificed. I had lost all the hopes of my young life through drink, I saw the terrible results that would befall others. I felt that I had rather die than see the saloons come back into Kansas. I felt desperate. I took this to God daily, feeling that He only, could rescue. On the 5th of June, 1899, before retiring, I threw myself face downward at the foot of my bed in my home in Medicine

Lodge. I poured out my grief and agony to God, in about this strain: “Oh Lord you see the treason in Kansas, they are going to break the mothers’ hearts, they are going to send the boys to drunkards’ graves and a drunkard’s hell. I have exhausted all my means, Oh Lord, you have plenty of ways. You have used the base things and the weak things, use me to save Kansas. I have but one life to give you, if I had a thousand, I would give them all, please show me something to do.” The next morning I was awakened by a voice which seemed to be speaking in my heart, these words, “GO TO KIOWA,” and my hands were lifted and thrown down and the words, “I’LL STAND BY YOU.” The words, “Go to Kiowa,” were spoken in a murmuring, musical tone, low and soft, but, “I’ll stand by you,” was very clear, positive and emphatic. I was impressed with a great inspiration, the interpretation was very plain, it was this: “Take something in your hands, and throw at these places in Kiowa and smash them.” I was very much relieved and overjoyed and was determined to be, “obedient to the heavenly vision.” (Acts 26:19.) I told no one what I heard or what I intended to do. Note this reader, that I did not think of smashing, God told me to do it. . . .

I got to Kiowa at half past eight, stayed all night. Next morning I had my horse hitched and drove to the first dive kept by a Mr. Dobson, whose brother was then sheriff of the county. I stacked up these smashers on my left arm, all I could hold. They looked like packages wrapped in paper. I stood before the counter and said: “Mr. Dobson, I told you last spring to close this place, you did not do it, now I have come down with another remonstrance, get out of the way, I do not want to strike you, but I am going to break this place up.” I threw as hard, and as fast as I could, smashing mirrors and bottles and glasses and it was astonishing how quickly this was done. These men seemed terrified, threw up their hands and backed up in the corner. My strength was that of a giant. I felt invincible. God was certainly standing by me.

I will tell you of a very strange thing. As the stones were flying against this “wonderful and horrible” thing, I saw Mr. McKinley, the President, sitting in an old fashion arm chair and as the stones would strike I saw them hit the chair and the chair fell to pieces, and I saw Mr. McKinley fall over. I did not understand this until very recently, now I know that the smashing in Kansas was intended to strike the head of this nation the hardest blow, for every saloon I smashed in Kansas had a license from the head of this government which made the head of the government more responsible than the dive-keeper. I broke up three of these dives that day, broke the windows on the outside to prove that the man who rents his house is a partner also with the man who sells. The party who licenses and the paper that advertises, all have a hand in this and are *particeps criminis*. I smashed five saloons with rocks, before I ever took a hatchet.

In the last place, kept by Lewis, there was quite a young man behind the bar. I said to him: “Young man, come from behind that bar, your mother did not raise you for such a place.” I threw a brick at the mirror, which was a very heavy one, and it did not break, but the brick fell and broke every-

thing in its way. I began to look around for something that would break it. I was standing by a billiard table on which there was one ball. I said: "Thank God," and picked it up, threw it, and it made a hole in the mirror.

By this time, the streets were crowded with people; most of them seemed to look puzzled. There was one boy about fifteen years old who seemed perfectly wild with joy, and he jumped, skipped and yelled with delight. I have since thought of that as being a significant sign. For to smash saloons will save the boy.

I stood in the middle of the street and spoke in this way: "I have destroyed three of your places of business, and if I have broken a statute of Kansas, put me in jail; if I am not a

law-breaker your mayor and councilmen are. You must arrest one of us, for if I am not a criminal, they are."

One of the councilmen, who was a butcher, said: "Don't you think we can attend to our business?"

"Yes," I said, "You can, but you won't. As Jail Evangelist of Medicine Lodge, I know you have manufactured many criminals and this county is burdened down with taxes to prosecute the results of these dives. Two murders have been committed in the last five years in this county, one in a dive I have just destroyed. You are a butcher of hogs and cattle, but they are butchering men, women and children, positively contrary to the laws of God and man. . . . When I was through with my speech I got into my buggy and said: "I'll go home."

### Questions

1. What was the role of religion in Nation's temperance advocacy?
2. On what grounds did Nation rationalize her extreme actions?

### Question for Further Thought

1. In an effort to change society, Anthony and Nation both resorted to breaking laws. Compare how they justified their civil disobedience.

## Science and Faith

Charles Darwin delayed publication of *The Origin of Species* until 1859, even though he had conceived of the theory of natural selection years before. Darwin delayed, in part, because he was well aware of the opposition the book would produce in certain religious circles, an opposition which has yet to spend itself. However, many within the church came to accept the biological theory, including the prominent Protestant preacher Henry Ward Beecher, who wrote a number of influential sermons on the topic (Document 18-8). Other intellectuals, or "Darwinists," most famously Herbert Spencer, who coined the term "survival of the fittest," sought to apply Darwin's biological theory to the nonbiological worlds of politics, society, law, and business. William Graham Sumner's philosophy is a case in point (Document 18-9). Theodore Dreiser's *Sister Carrie* (Document 18-10) succeeds as neither religion nor as philosophy, but as fiction as well as social history.

## 18-8 Evolution and Religion (1885)

### Henry Ward Beecher

Henry Ward Beecher (1813–1887) was one of the most prominent Protestant preachers and writers of his day. Henry was a member of the famous New England family the Beechers, and his siblings included Harriet Beecher Stowe (author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*) and Catharine Beecher (an educator). His church was the Plymouth Congregational Church in Brooklyn, New York. Active on many reform fronts, Henry Beecher was a strong advocate of reconciling evolution and religion.

Source: From Henry Ward Beecher, *Evolution and Religion* (New York: Fords, Howard, & Hulbert, 1885), 50–51, 144–145.