PART II

GEORGIA IN THE FORUM OF ELOQUENCE

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Thomas R. R. Cobb: In Advocacy of Secession

[This is the full text of what was probably the most powerful speech made in favor of Georgia's withdrawal from the Union. It was delivered before the General Assembly, at Milledgeville, Georgia, on the evening of Monday, November 12, 1860. Though General Toombs is deservedly styled the "Mirabeau of Secession," he delivered no single speech the effect of which was more pronounced than Mr. Cobb's. The latter was afterwards a member of the Secession Convention, in which body, according to Mr. Stephens, he turned the scales in favor of secession by contending, in a most persuasive argument, that better terms could be made outside the Union than within. At the outbreak of the war, he organized Cobb's famous Legion, and fell at the battle of Fredericksburg, while wearing the stars of a brigadier-general. Thomas R. R. Cobb was a distinguished lawyer of Athens, who, in addressing the Legislature on this occasion, appeared for the first time in the role of a political speaker. His impassioned speech, urging immediate and unconditional secession, produced a dramatic impression upon the General Assembly and sent a thrill of intense excitement throughout the whole state. It caused some to liken him to Patrick Henry, others to Peter the Hermit. Hitherto preserved only in pamphlet form, it will here be seen by thousands for the first time in print.]

Gentlemen:

I must return to you my thanks for the courtesy you have extended to me in opening this chamber for my use and in honoring my remarks by your presence. As I do not pretend to be the sagacious politician or the experienced statesman—having never, in seventeen years, made a political speech—I can attribute this courtesy only to an honest desire on your part to hear what an humble citizen may say at this important crisis in our national affairs. My crude opinions may excite the ridicule of some and the pity of others, but remember I claim no infallibility for my head, but simply sincerity for my heart. Those of you who know me, can bear witness that I have never in the slightest degree interfered in past political contests, and hence I have no disappointed

ambition to satisfy—no personal wrongs to avenge—no party animosity to appease. While you and others have been engaged in urging the claims of the respective candidates for the Presidency, who received your suffrages, I have been publishing in northern newspapers, article after article, arguing, reasoning, urging, persuading, yea, begging our northern fellow-citizens not to force upon the South this terrible issue of disunion or dishonor. And, candidly, can I say tonight that I would have illuminated my house with enthusiasm and shouting, had either one of the candidates urged in Georgia been elevated to the Presidential chair.

Surely, then, my friends, you can yield me my claim to sincerity of heart. And now I admit allegiance to no party. I propose to serve no party ends. The truth is, there are no parties in Georgia. Heretofore, we have been divided on questions of national not state, policy, and each of us has claimed before the people, national organizations and a national platform. The election of last week gave to the winds the claims of us all, and democrats and Americans—Bell, Douglas, and Breckenridge men—have all to confess this night that as national organizations we are all powerless, and our national platforms have been with equal scorn rejected. Why cling, then, longer to empty names, the names so productive of discord and hatred. Tonight, let us bury the hatchet of controversy. The parties are all dead; let them be buried; and with them let us bury all the political and personal animosities which they have engendered, and as brothers, as friends, as Georgia's sons, let us come and take counsel together, how we shall avenge her wrongs, promote her prosperity, and preserve her honor.

In times like these, passion should not rule the hour; calm and dispassionate deliberation should be brought to the consideration of every question. Even the quick beating pulsations of hearts burning with a sense of injuries should be commanded to be still, while we survey the past, fully appreciate the present, and peer thoughtfully into the future; avoiding the impetuosity of rashness and the timidity of fears as well, let us invoke all our human wisdom, and light also from on High, to guide us in our decision. But, once decided, let us act, and act like men, men who are determined to do or die.

It is not necessary for me, in addressing this audience, to rehearse the history of those acts which have so often stirred up our hearts to mutiny, and mantled our faces with shame. You know them as well as —you have felt them as deeply, too. Nor shall I presume that you are less patriotic, or need my counselling voice to induce you to remember your homes or your state. The practical issue before us is the triumph of the sectional black republican party of the North, and the duty of Georgia in the present emergency. To this I address myself.

Is the election of Lincoln a sufficient ground for the dissolution of the Union?

This may be viewed both as a legal and as a political question. As a legal question, it resolves itself into this: Has he been elected according to the form and spirit of the Constitution? Formally, he has been so elected, when he is so declared by the Congress of the United States. And, literally, he has been so elected, if the states casting their votes for him are entitled to be counted in the electoral college. Nine of these

states, however, casting a combined vote of eighty-five electors, have by their local legislation nullified a constitutional act of Congress, and refused to comply with the obligations of the compact when the same are distasteful to the prejudices of their people. As a lawyer, I am prepared to say that parties to such a contract, who have thus violated its provisions when onerous to them, are not entitled to its privileges when demanded by them; and that, so long as the "Personal Liberty Bills" disgrace the statute books of these states, their electoral votes should not be counted in the electoral college. But who shall decide upon this question? The Constitution is silent, no provision having been made for such a contest. The mode of counting the votes is specified, but no power of decision given to either the Senate or the House, or the General Congress convened. It is an omission in the fundamental law. Who shall decide? The Supreme Court? They have already virtually declared these acts violative of the Constitution, but our opponents and oppressors "spit upon" such decisions. Shall it be decided by force of arms in Washington City? Then civil war must begin there, to end only by the subjugation of one section of the Union. No, my friends, in the absence of any tribunal, the right to decide is one of the reserved rights of the states, and Georgia has the privilege of declaring today that for herself she decides these votes illegal and this election unconstitutional.

But, in another view of this question, this man is not chosen as our President. According to the spirit of the Constitution, these states have violated its provisions in this election.

First, this Constitution was made for white men—citizens of the United States; this Union was formed by white men, and for the protection and happiness of their race. It is true that the framers gave to each state the power to declare who should be electors at the ballot-box in each state. But the fair implication was that this right of suffrage should be given to none but citizens of the United States. Can it be supposed that our fathers intended to allow our national elections to be controlled by men who were not citizens under the national Constitution? Never, never! Yet to elect Abraham Lincoln, the right of suffrage was extended to free negroes in Vermont, Massachusetts, Ohio, New York, and other northern states, although the Supreme Court has declared them not to be citizens of this nation. Yes! Our slaves are first stolen from our midst on underground railroads and then voted at northern ballot-boxes to select rulers for you and me. The memory of our fathers is slandered when this is declared to be according to the Constitution.

But, secondly, the spirit of the Constitution has been violated in another particular in this election. Ours is a republican government, based upon the democratic principle that the majority have a right to rule. That is an anomolous government in history or philosophy, which provides for or allows the permanent administration of its powers in the hands of a popular minority. Surely such is not ours. Yet it is true that, counting the unanimous votes of the Southern States, and the large majorities in the North against the black republicans, a majority amounting to perhaps a million or more votes, has declared against Abraham Lincoln for the next Presidency. Is not this according to the forms of our Constitution? I may be asked. I answer, it is. But will

my objecting friend answer, is it according to the spirit? I may be told that other chief magistrates have been elected by popular minorities. This I admit, but never against such an overwhelming majority, and never by a sectional party, based upon the prospect and avowal of a continuation of the same result in every future election. The truth is that we have lived to see a state of things never contemplated by the framers of the Constitution. At that time we were all slave-holding states—a homogeneous people, having a common origin, common memories, a common cause, common hopes, a common future, a common destiny. The wisdom even of our fathers did not suggest a future when we should be a distinct people, having different social organizations, different pursuits, different memories, different hopes, different destinies. And hence, while the Constitution is full of checks to protect the minority from the sudden and excited power of a majority, no provision was suggested for the protection of the majority from the despotic rule of an infuriated, fanatical and sectional minority. The experience of eight years in the presidential chair, and the almost more than human wisdom of Washington gave him a glimpse of the fatal omission thus made in the Constitution, and hence we find in that wonderful document—his farewell address—a note of solemn warning against such a perversion of the Government, by the formation of sectional parties. What was thus dimly foreshadowed in his prophetic ken, is the fact of today and will be the history of tomorrow. Is it not according to the forms of the Constitution? I am asked. I answer it is. But tell me, is it in accordance with the spirit and framework?

Third. The preamble to the Constitution of the United States recites the six leading objects for which it was adopted, namely, "to form a more perfect union, establish peace, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty for ourselves and our posterity." Had I the time, it would be profitable to take each one of these objects and show how fanaticism had perverted this Government from each and every one of the objects of its organization—how "the Union of hearts and hands" which existed prior to the adoption of the Constitution had given way to sectional jealousies and mutual hatred—how justice had been denied under the quibbles of executive traitors, outraged both on the bench and in the jury-box—how the common defense had been construed into local advantage, and the general welfare been found in the fleecing of our producers for the fattening of their manufacturers.

But these results are not specially attributable to the event we now consider—the election of Lincoln. Hence I shall call your attention only to two of these objects—the insuring of domestic tranquility and the securing of the blessings of liberty. Recur with me to the parting moment when you left your firesides to attend upon your duties at the capitol. Remember the trembling hand of a beloved wife, as she whispered her fears from the incendiary and the assassin. Recall the look of indefinable dread with which the little daughter inquired when your returning footsteps should be heard. And if there be manhood in you, tell me if this is the domestic tranquility which this glorious Union has achieved. Notice the anxious look when the traveling peddler lingers too long in conversation at the door with the servant who turns the bolt

—the watchful gaze when the slave tarries long with the wandering artist who professes merely to furnish him with a picture—the suspicion aroused by a northern man conversing in private with the most faithful of your negroes, and tell me if peace and tranquility are the heritage which this Union has brought to your firesides. Take up your daily papers, and see the reports of insurrections in every direction. Hear the telegrams read which announce another John Brown raid. Travel on your railroads and hear, as I did this day, that within seven miles of this capitol, a gang of slaves have revolted from their labor, declaring themselves free by virtue of Lincoln's election, and say if such fruits as these grow on the good tree of domestic tranquility. Mark me, my friends, I have no fear of any servile insurrection which shall threaten our political existence. Our slaves are the most happy and contented, best fed and best clothed and best paid laboring population in the world, and I would add also, the most faithful and least feared. But a discontented few, here and there, will become the incendiary or the poisoner, when instigated by the emissaries of northern abolitionists, and you and I cannot say but that your home or your family may be the first to greet your returning footsteps in ashes or in death. What has given impulse to these fears, and aid and comfort to these outbreaks now, but the success of the black republicans—the election of Abraham Lincoln!

I need hardly consume your time in adverting to the clause as to securing the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity. What liberty have we secured by the Constitution of the United States? Our personal liberty is protected by the broad aegis of Georgia's sovereignty. To her, we never appealed in vain. What liberty does the Union give us? The glorious liberty of being robbed of our property, threatened in our lives, abused and villified in our reputation, on every forum, from the grog-shop to the halls of Congress; libeled in every vile newspaper and in every town meeting; deprived of all voice in the election of our chief magistracy; bound to the car of a fiendish fanaticism, which is daily curtailing every vestige of our privileges, and by art and cunning, under the forms of the Constitution, binding us in a vassalage more base and hopeless than that of the Siberian serf. This is glorious liberty, secured by a glorious Union! And the election of Lincoln by a purely sectional vote, and upon a platform of avowed hostility to our rights and our liberty, is the cap-stone—nay, the last Magna Charta—securing to us these wonderful privileges. Is not all this according to the forms of the Constitution? I am asked. I answer, it is. But tell me, Union-loving friends, is this its spirit?

Fourth. Equality among the states is the fundamental idea of the American Union. Protection to the life, liberty and property of the citizens is the cornerstone and only end of government in the American mind. Look to the party whose triumph is to be consummated in the inauguration of Lincoln. The exclusive enjoyment of all the common territory of the Union is their watchword and party cry. The exclusion of half the states of the Union has been decreed, and we are called upon to record the fiat. Will you do it, men of Georgia? Are you so craven, so soon?

But protection—whence comes it to us? Dare you to follow you fugitive into a northern state to arrest him? The assassin strikes you

down, and no law avenges your blood; your property is stolen every day, and the very attempt to recover it subjects you to the insults of the North, and the smile of derision at your folly, at home. A province of Great Britain now covers with the protection of her flag millions of dollars of your property and mine. Let a fishing-smack from New Bedford be taken into a Canadian port, and the cry of British insolence resounds throughout the land. A demand for redress is made, and the threat goes with it to let loose the dogs of war! And yet no administration of the Government has ever yet been bold enough even to ask for the restitution of our property. Nay, more, so cowed have we become that no representative from the South has ever even complained of the wrong. But there is something more valuable than property, more dear than life. It is the good name a father bequeathed us, and the inheritance we hold dearest, to descend to our children. How is it protected? On the floor of Congress we are taunted with our weakness and our cowardice, and all the crimes of the calendar—murder, arson, rape, robbery—all compare not in enormity, we are told by our rulers and lawmakers, with that greatest of all sins, that most horrible of all crimes, the holding of slaves!

Where, then, is our protection, and for what owe we allegiance to this Government? Georgia extends her sovereign arm over us, and our lives, our liberty, our property and our reputation are safe under her protection. Loyalty and fidelity have reason for their growth and food for their sustenance when we turn to this good old commonwealth. But when we look to this Union—oh, tell me—why owe we allegiance to it? Long have I loved it. Blindly have I worshiped it. I bade selfishness avaunt, when my heart turned toward the Government of my fathers. I remembered only that it came from the minds and hearts of Washington, and Henry, and Adams, and Madison, and Pinckney, and Rutledge. I saw the glories of Bunker Hill and Monmouth and Saratoga and Yorktown, clustering around it. I recalled the story of her struggles as an aged ancestor who bled in her cause recounted it to infant ears around the winter's fire. I remembered a father's instructions, and had witnessed a father's devotion, and I fell down and worshiped at a shrine where he worshiped before me, and dared not to inquire into the cause of my devotion. But when the cruel hand of northern aggression aroused me from my worship, when it tore away the thin veil which covered the idol before me, I could but weep as the heart-strings were snatched from their attachment, though I woke to discover that I had been bowing before a veiled prophet of Mokannah, whose deformity and ugliness disgusted while they pained me!

Ten years ago, some of you, wiser than I was, warned me of my delusion, but I clung to my hope, when to you there was none, and tonight I give you the meed of praise for a clearer foresight, and a less blind devotion. But this very fact makes me charitable to them who may still bow at the shrine of the Union. It is almost cruel to dispel their illusion, but I cannot help feeling that the time must come, and come quickly, when the veiled prophet must say to them as he has said to me:

"Ye would be fools, and fools ye are."

Time warns me that I cannot pursue this inquiry farther. As a legal question, I am compelled to decide that the election of Lincoln is

in violation of the spirit of the Constitution of the United States. And am I told that this spirit is too indefinite and shadowy a substance to be made the basis of resistance? And can there be a Georgian who will never resist so long as the form and letter of the Constitution is not broken? Let us inquire. The interstate slave trade is within the letter of the Constitution. Should Congress abolish it will my objector submit? The amendment of the Constitution itself is within the letter of that instrument. If it is so amended in accordance with its letter as to carry out Lincoln's announcement that the states must be all free, will my objector submit? Why not? Because these are violative of its spirit. Truly, my friends, in the words of inspiration, "the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." To the spirit then we must look, and a violation of that spirit renders this election unconstitutional.

I come now to consider this question in its political light, and it rises in importance far above the mere legal question.

I must confess that the mere election of a candidate to the Presidency, in a manner legally unconstitutional, does not in my judgment justify necessarily a dissolution of the Union. The wise man and the statesman, to say nothing of the patriot, will always weigh well whether "it is better to bear the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of." And, hence, arises the political question, does this election justify and require a disruption of the ties which bind us to the Union? As much as I would dislike the triumph of a purely sectional candidate upon a purely sectional platform, I am free to say that I would hesitate even then to risk the consequences of a dissolution, provided that sectional platform was upon issues not vital in themselves, or were temporary in their nature. Such would I conceive to be protective tariffs and homestead bills—the acquisition of territory—peace or war with foreign powers. And if the election of Lincoln, unconstitutional though it may be, were upon a temporary issue, or a question not vital in importance, I should hesitate to declare it ground for disunion.

But, my countrymen, I cannot so view the triumph of black republicanism. It is a question vital in itself, and by no means of a temporary character. To see it in its breadth and enormity, to see its dangerous proportions and its threatening aspects, it becomes necessary for us to go back a little in history and to trace the slavery agitation as connected with our Government. Shortly after its organization, we find a petition from the Quakers of Philadelphia asking the abolition of slavery. We see that petition treated by a unanimous Congress as the mere ebullition of religious fanaticism, and as the paper is laid on the table we smile at the folly of the broad-brim followers of Fox. In a few years we find petitions accumulating from other sects and societies, until finally, by an overwhelming majority, we find the House of Representatives refusing longer to listen to their fanatical ravings, and as the twenty-first rule is adopted, we fondly dreamed that the cockatrice's egg would never be hatched. In a few years we find the floors of Congress desecrated by the ravings of Giddings and other abolitionists, and, at the same time, in a Presidential contest, an abolition candidate is presented to the people of the North. But the abolitionists in Congress are hissed at their ravings, and the miserable handful at the ballot-box only

manifested their weakness, and we rested secure in our confidence in the protection of the Constitution.

But a few years more found the miserable demagogues and political leaders of the North, in their party excitement, bidding for the abolition vote. Without real sympathy for the movement, we find them vying with each other in pretended zeal, and shortly we find the twenty-first rule falling as a sacrifice before the demands of the fanatics. We find the parties in power more and more undecided in denouncing the treason until finally the great whig party fell, demoralized, and, at the North, very much abolitionized. We find church organizations and great beneficent institutions, one after another, sundered and divided by the demon, which, when once aroused, there was no power to allay. We find reason and argument unheeded, the obligations of oaths and compacts disregarded, the very religion of God desecrated, his Bible denounced, his churches and pulpits polluted, and his children excluded from the communion table of their Master. And then for the first time we awake to the great fact that our lives and liberty are in jeopardy unless great exertions for our safety are made. In the meantime, our slaves are stolen, the old remedies are proved useless, new provisions are demanded. The postoffices become the vehicles for spreading insurrections, and new restrictions are required. Greater demands are made in Congress and states rejected from the Union because slavery is recognized in their constitutions. Finally the slave trade in the District of Columbia is attacked, and the interstate trade. The Wilmot Proviso is placed on all territory, and the South, aroused to her danger, demands security and peace. We all remember the great compromise measures of 1850. They were declared a finality, and the siren song of peace was sung in our ears. Some of us believed it, and we once more laid down in ease. Soon, however, a new question is raised, the monster shows himself again in the halls of Congress, and once more we hear that the Union is saved and peace restored by the provisions of the Kansas-Nebraska Act. The other events are known to you. This black republican party is formed; Fremont is its candidate; let us crush it now, and the slavery issue is dead forever. Such was the song. Great exertions are made. Fremont is defeated, and we hope on for peace. There seems to be a lull in the storm. One of Georgia's distinguished sons voluntarily terminates his long public career, and as he bids farewell to his constituents he informs us, in a public address, honestly, I have no doubt, that the battle is over, the victory won, that he lays off his armor because there is no other foe to meet, and he shows to our willing ears what great things had been done for us, "whereof we were glad." But hardly had he reached his quiet home, ere the territory of Virginia is invaded by a lawless band under John Brown, and today you find him with his armor again buckled on, to re-save the Union once more—to re-deliver us from the fanatical devil. And now, after four years of argument and persuasion and entreaty and remonstrance and warning, tonight, my friends, we find this demon master of our stronghold, this party, so long to be destroyed, more rampant and triumphant than ever—with almost fabulous majorities in every northern state—placing in the executive chair one of the most fanatical of its leaders. Are we blind that this retrospect will teach us no lesson? Read upon the banners of this army, and see what are its objects and aims: "No More Slave States," "The Repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law," "Relief from the Slave Power," "The Irresponsible Conflict," "No League with Hell." Look at its leaders and see the heroes who deify John Brown; the mad preachers, like Cheever and Beecher; the Fourier-ites, led by Greeley; the Sewards and Sumners and Hales, and Fred Douglass. Look at its cohorts and see their mottled ranks—free negroes and bootblacks, coachmen and domestics, infidels and free-lovers, spirit-rappers, and every other shade of mania and folly. Search in vain among them all for one gentleman like Everett, one sound conservative like Fillmore, one bold statesman like Cusing or O'Connor, one noble patriot like Buchanan, one daring leader like Douglas. Scan closely all its long lists of speakers or voters as far as we can see them, and where is the man you would invite to your table, or with whose arm you would walk through your streets? And yet these are our rulers. To them we are called to submit. Let me rather have a king, for I can respect him; or an emperor, for I can cajole him; or an aristocracy, for they will not envy, and dare not hate me. Nay, let me die before I shall bow to such fanatics as these.

The question, then, is vital. Is it temporary? The history of its insignificant rise and rapid progress—the little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, which has now overspread the whole heavens—the thunders which we hear too indistinctly to be misunderstood—the insolence which even the prospect of power has given to craven cowards—that already they taunt us with timidity and threaten us with chastisement—aye, a hundred indications too plain to be mistaken, say to everything but stolid ignorance or blind fatuity that this is the beginning of the end. My friends, history and philosophy would have informed us years ago of the same truth, had we listened to their teachings. Fanaticism is madness, is insanity. It has a zeal laudable in its earnestness, admirable in its honesty. Its error is in the false foundation on which it builds. Its danger lies in the depth of its convictions, which will not allow it to attend to reason, but makes it as the deaf adder "which will not listen to the charmers, charming never so wisely." Its fountain lies deep in the human heart. Its bonds are interwoven with many of the noblest principles of our nature. Hence it ignores consequences, it overrides obstacles, it ruthlessly sunders the dearest ties of the heart, it takes affection from the lover, yea, it steels the mother against her own offspring, the creature against his God. We call it blind because it cannot see; we call it deaf because it cannot hear; we call it foolish because it cannot reason; we call it cruel because it cannot feel. By what channel, then, can you reach its citadels? Firmly planted therein, with every avenue closed to ingress, and yet every door of evil influence open to the bitter issues which flow without, the deluded victim glories in his own shame, and scatters ruin and destruction in the mad dream that he is doing God's service. Such is the teaching of philosophy; and history, her handmaid, confirms the truth. The bloody minds of those who, with sinful hands, murdered the Lord of Glory, were never sated until the Roman legions sacked the city of David, and the eagle of Rome floated over the ruins of the temple. The fires of Smithfield never ceased to burn until the maiden queen, with her strong arm and stronger will, sealed in the blood of Mary the covenant of peace to the church. The wheels of the Juggernaut never failed to crush the bones of infatuated

victims until the shaggy mane of the British lion was drenched in the blood of oriental imbecility. The bloody crescent of the false prophet never ceased to behold the gory victims which Islam claimed until, on many a battlefield, the redemption in blood came to rescue the children of Faith. The Ganges bore in its turbid waters the innocent victims of the delusion of mothers until Britain assumed the position which God held to Abraham on the Mount, and, staying the murderous arms, bade the well-spring of a mother's love once more to gush from a mother's heart. Why should I continue the review? All history speaks but one voice. Tell me when and where the craving appetite of fanaticism was ever gorged with victims; when and where its bloody hands were ever stayed by the consciousness of satiety; when and where its deaf ears ever listened to reason; or argument, or persuasion; when or where it ever died from fatigue or yielded except in blood? And when you have done this, you may then convince me that this is a temporary triumph, and bid me hope on. Till you do this, I must listen to the teachings of reason, philosophy and history, and believe that Lincoln and Seward spoke the truth when they said this contest is never ended until all the states are either free or slave.

Mark me, my friends, the only tie which binds together this party at the North is the slavery issue. Bank and anti-bank, protection and free trade, old whig and old democrat have all come together. The old issues are ignored, forgotten. Abolitionism and agrarianism are the only specialties in their platform. This Aaron's rod has swallowed up all the others, and upon it alone has the battle been fought and the victory won. And no man and no party can make terms or obtain quarter from these fanatics, except by bowing down and worshiping this Moloch. Even in this election, have not southern parties offered candidates on every shade of opinion to this northern horde, and have they not all been rejected with scorn? Did not Bell and Douglas and Breckenridge, one or the other, agree with them on every question except slavery? Why were they rejected? Herculean efforts have been made. Arguments and eloquence have been offered lavishly, and money almost as lavishly, to bid off and buy up this motley crew. Scorn, contempt, insolence, and contumely have been the only answer we have received. Can any man shut his eyes and still cry the siren song: "Hope on! Hope on!"

We have seen, then, that this election is legally unconstitutional and that politically the issue on which it is unconstitutional is both vital in its importance and permanent in its effects. What, then, is our remedy? Shall it be the boy's redress of recrimination, the bully's redress of braggadocio or boasting, or the manly freeman's redress of independence. This is a most solemn question, and no man should rashly advise his countrymen at such a time. For myself, for months, nay, years, I have foreseen this coming cloud. I have given it all of the study of which my mind is possessed. I have called my heart into the council and listened to its teachings. Nay, more, my friends. I fear not to say that I have gone to the God I worship and begged him to advise me. On the night of the sixth of November I called my wife and little ones together around my family altar, and together we prayed to God to stay the wrath of our oppressors, and preserve the Union of our fathers. The rising sun of the seventh of November found me on my knees, begging

the same kind Father to make that wrath to praise Him, and the remainder of wrath to restrain. I believe that the hearts of men are in His hands, and when the telegraph announced to me that the voice of the North proclaimed at the ballot-box that I should be a slave, I heard in the same sound the voice of my God speaking through his Providence, and saying to his child, "Be free! Be free!"

Marvel not then that I say my voice is for immediate, unconditional secession.

The suggestion for delay comes from various quarters: Good men and true men hesitate as to the time. Their counsel deserves attention. Their very doubts are entitled to consideration. Let me then trespass a little longer on your time to answer the question, Shall we delay?

What are their hopes, and on what are they based? I have shown that we cannot expect this fanatical spirit to die or to be appeased. What, then, shall we look for? From one I hear the suggestion that Lincoln may betray his party and, like Fillmore, prove to be a conservative. Oh, shame, shame, shame! Is it come to this, that the only hope of Georgia is in the treason of an abolitionist? False to his friends, can you trust him? False to his friends, can you reward him? Can even the consolations of conscience be held out as an inducement to a perjured traitor? But suppose he did prove traitor, what then? Would not these bloodhounds seek in Seward, or Sumner, or Hale, a less scrupulous and more faithful servant? And would not the very mortification of disappointment only whet more keenly their appetite for blood? From another I hear the suggestion that the Senate can refuse to ratify his appointments, and thus he will be without a cabinet and without an administration. What is this, my friends, but revolution and anarchy? We destroy one Government without providing another. And more, and worse, we require our senators to disregard their oaths to the Constitution, and while within the temple to pull down its pillars. True, like Samson, they may destroy the Philistines, but, like Samson, too, we shall share their fate. Better far, peaceably to withdraw, and let their God smile on them with prosperity, if he wills it, while our God shall bless us who, doing no man harm, seek only to worship in our own holy hill.

From another I hear that we have both houses of Congress, and hence Lincoln is powerless. How blindly mistaken! The executive branch of the Government alone can protect us. The President alone can call out the army and navy. The President only can appoint commissioners and marshals and judges to execute the fugitive slave law. The President only can protect us from armed invasions and secret incendiaries. I admit that it is so feeble that we can hope but little from it, even with a friend as President—with a foe, what can we hope? But, I am told, suppose Lincoln, in his inaugural, pledges himself to carry out these laws. I would not believe him on his oath. Let them who can trust a black republican abolitionist hug to their bosom the fatal delusion that we can hope for sweet waters from such a poisoned fountain. Moreover, why wait for two years when at their close we hope for nothing? Will our hearts become braver by submitting to this rule? Will our arms become stronger from the paralysis of shame? Will our people be more unanimous when party spirit has enchained them by its bonds? The restive bullock chafes when the tender skin first feels the heavy yoke,

but a few days hardens the neck, and the sober, patient ox receives uncomplainingly the lash and the goad as well as the yoke. Two years of shame may crush out mountains of patriotism. No man dares say now I love this Union for its blessings. Today, if the question were submitted to Georgia independent—shall we go into this Union?—ten voters could not be found who would choose such a league with death. Why should ten be found who would choose to continue this league? Ah! the cry of "Union" has been a tower of strength, and I fear that some, yes, many, fearing the effect on the people, will still stand by the watchword after the citadel is in ashes. But, gentlemen, such leaders do injustice to our people. They were loyal to their Government while it was their Government. When it became the mere tool of their enemies, they will spurn it with a unanimity which will overwhelm their slanderers.

None of these arguments or suggestions carry conviction to my mind. While hope of better things lived, I could be patient and hope on; but when hope died, darkness came, and the only gleam of light on the dark horizon which meets my eye is from Georgia's star—independent—and if necessary—alone. But we shall not be alone. Our sister on the east holds out imploring hands to welcome us in our march. Our daughters on the west—Alabama and Mississippi—wait only for their mother to speak. Our neighbor on the south, to whom just now we are generously yielding a portion of our territory, begs for our counsel and our lead. Georgia, empire state as she is and deserves to be, must be no laggard in the race. The head of the column is her birthright and her due. To the column's head let us march!

My friends, there is danger in delay. The North, flushed with victory, construes and will construe every indication of hesitancy into a dastardly fear—every voice for delay into the quakings of cowardice. The stern, unyielding look of the brave man makes the snarling cur sneak back to his kennel, but let the cheek blanch before the foe, and the lips quiver, and the knees shake, and do you wonder when you do stand your ground that the miserable cur is biting at your heels? Delay, therefore, invites aggression and destroys all confidence in our courage. Let Georgia speak now and a northern regiment will never cross the border line. Let Georgia delay and they will make scourges to whip the cowards to obedience. Delay is dangerous, because now we have at the North a respectable body of men who sympathize with us in our oppression and will not aid the oppressor. They are melting away like frost-work before the burning zeal of this fanatical sun, and ere long their own thinned ranks and their inevitable contempt for our timidity will render them powerless as a barrier to northern aggression. Delay is dangerous because now the army and navy are in the hands of an administration that recognizes our right to withdraw. On the fourth day of March next the powerful arm of the executive will be wielded by a foe as unrelenting as he is cruel. Delay is dangerous, because it demoralizes our position—takes away from our cause its justice in the eyes of the world, enervates the arms that are now ready to rise in our defense, and chills the hearts that are now burning with patriotic zeal. Delay is dangerous, because it keeps open our territory to the emissaries of the North, teaches us to

weigh our honor in the scales of self-interest, and drives back to die the warm outgushing feelings of wounded hearts.

Shall I be told that the country is prosperous, that the crops are good, that money is plenty, and the people feel not the iron heel of the oppressor? I will not answer by predicting a financial crisis, and ruin and distress and the crush of hard times upon us. I will not allude to the difficulties already felt in financial circles, and the distrust which, like the barometer, ever indicates the coming storm. No, I have more confidence than you, my objector, in the people's wisdom. Behold on yonder ocean the leaking vessel. See the indications of her fate in the gradual, slow but sure rising of the water on her bows. On the upper, aye, the upper deck, behold the gay party basking in the warm sunshine and rejoicing in the gentle breeze. Do you tell me, when I warn them of their danger, and point them to the approaching billows, they will answer that they cannot move because the sunlight of heaven is bright around them and the zephyr fans sweetly their wearied limbs? No, never! They will weigh my evidence, they will examine into the hold, they will act as wise men before they are engulfed in the sea. Fear not the people! The coward may quake—a few luxuriating in their ease may shut their eyes to their danger—many may be deceived, but the great heart of this great people will respond to the voice of reason, to the call of patriotism.

Shall I be told to wait for an overt act? What act do you expect? What act will be overt? Are not the nullifying personal liberty bills of nine states overt? Are not the daily thefts of our negroes by underground railroads overt? Are not the national thefts of our national territory overt? Was not the John Brown raid, invading the territory of the South, overt? Is not the election of these sectional candidates over a broken Constitution overt? What is the overt act you wish? Does any man expect these wily, crafty lyers-in-wait to declare the Constitution a nullity, or to march with bold tread over its fragments? They can bind us hand and foot, and sell us into slavery, and never commit such an overt act, and every statesman in the country can explain to you the process. Shall I be told that the present is an abstraction and not a practical issue? The man who urges that would be hard to convince that the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia is not an abstraction, because there are very few slaves there. Would he not ask you, Will you destroy this 'glorious Union'' for that small patch of ground? Is not the repeal of the fugitive slave law an abstraction, because we all know that even now it is almost a dead letter. And would not the objector again sing pæans to this Union? The Wilmot Proviso is an abstraction, because climate and the laws of God have forbidden the negro to leave the warm sun of the South. Oh! where is the overt act for which you are asked to delay? I can imagine nothing else than the assassin's knife at your throat and the incendiary's torch under your dwelling. My friends, delay is dangerous, for ere long you will be imprisoned by walls of free states all around you. Your increasing slaves drive out the only race that can move—the whites—and the masters who still cling to their fathers' graves will, like a scorpion in a ring of fire, but sting themselves to die. This is your destiny in the Union. Out of it, you have a glorious soil, immense natural resources; cotton,

the great peacemaker of the world; the best social and political organization on earth—a people firm, free and independent—the smile of the God we worship illuminating our path, and the voice of that God saying, "Occupy till I come."

But the last and most potent argument to my mind in favor of immediate action, is, that by it alone can we preserve peace. I think I have shown that we have no danger to fear from servile insurrection, nor from northern bayonets. Whence, then, is the danger? At home, among ourselves, with Georgia as the theater, and our brethren as the victims. Suppose we are equally divided. A small majority will decide the question. As good citizens we ought to submit. I should surely so counsel all my fellow citizens. But you know, and I know, that there are zealous, warm spirits, who would rather grace a traitor's gallows than wear the badge of a slave. Collisions between them and the General Government are almost inevitable. What then? Will this arm be raised to strike them down? Never, no never! Will you stand by and see them gibbeted on Federal bayonets, or sentenced by Federal courts? I have spoken for myself; answer now for yourselves. When the dogs of war first lap the blood of freemen, what will be the consequences? I think I see in the future a gory head rise above our horizon. Its name is Civil war. Already I can see the prints of his bloody fingers upon our lintels and doorposts. The vision sickens me already, and I turn your view away. Oh! Georgians, avert from your state this bloody scourge. Surely your love of the Union is not so great but that you can offer it on the altar of fraternal peace. Come then, legislators, selected as you are to represent the wisdom and intelligence of Georgia; wait not till the grog-shops and cross-roads shall send up a discordant voice from a divided people, but act as leaders, in guiding and forming public opinion. Speak no uncertain words, but let your united voice go forth to be resounded from every mountain top and echoed from every gaping valley; let it be written in the rainbow which spans our falls, and read in the crest of every wave upon our ocean shores, until it shall put a tongue in every bleeding wound of Georgia's mangled honor which shall cry to Heaven for "Liberty or Death!"

Alexander H. Stephens: In Opposition to Secession

This great speech was delivered before the Legislature of Georgia, then in session at Milledgeville, on the evening of November 14, 1860. In the light of subsequent events, it was a marvel of prophetic wisdom, verified in almost every essential particular. Mr. Stephens, without denying the right of secession, or the propriety of its exercise as a remedy of last resort, sought to calm the angry passions which were fast rising in Georgia, by urging upon the Legislature the prudent counsels of conservatism; he sought to avoid anything like precipitate or hasty action; and consequently advocated the calling of a state convention to which all matters touching upon Federal relations should be referred. Notwithstanding his pronounced views on the subject of secession and his ardent Union sentiments, Mr. Stephens was subsequently chosen vice president of the Confederate States. This was no less a tribute to his wise and safe leadership than a well-considered strategic move, the object

of which was to conciliate the conservative element. Mr. Toombs, who sat in the audience, was a most intent listener to this speech, having himself addressed the Legislature on the evening previous. As will be seen from what follows, he frequently interrupted the speaker. Mr. Stephens said:]

Fellow Citizens: I appear before you tonight at the request of members of the Legislature, and others, to speak of matters of the deepest interest that can possibly concern us all, of an earthly character. There is nothing, no question or subject connected with this life, that concerns a free people so intimately as that of the Government under which they live. We are now, indeed, surrounded by evils. Never since I entered upon the public stage has the country been so environed with difficulties and dangers that threatened the public peace and the very existence of society as now. I do not appear before you at my own instance. It is not to gratify any desire of my own that I am here. Had I consulted my own ease and pleasure, I should not be before you; but, believing it to be the duty of every good citizens, when called upon, to give his counsels and views, whenever the country is in danger, as to the best policy to be pursued, I am here. For these reasons, and these only, do I bespeak a calm, patient, and attentive hearing.

My object is not to stir up strife, but to allay it; not to appeal to your passions, but to your reason. Good governments can never be built up or sustained by the impulse of passion. I wish to address myself to your good sense, to your good judgment, and if, after hearing, you disagree, let us agree to disagree, and part as we met, friends. We all have the same object, the same interest. That people should disagree in republican governments upon questions of public policy is natural. That men should disagree upon all matters connected with human investigation, whether relating to science or human conduct, is natural. Hence, in free governments, parties will arise. But a free people should express their different opinions with liberality and charity, with no acrimony toward those of their fellows, when honestly and sincerely given. These are my feelings tonight. Let us therefore reason together. It is not my purpose to say aught to wound the feelings of any individual who may be present; and if, in the ardency with which I shall express my opinions, I shall say anything which may be deemed too strong, let it be set down to the zeal with which I advocate my own convictions. There is with me no intention to irritate or offend.

Fellow citizens, we are all launched in the same bark; we are all in the same craft, on the wide political ocean; and the same destiny awaits us all, for weal or for woe. We have been launched in the good old ship that has been upon the waves for three-quarters of a century, which has been in many tempests and storms, which has often been in peril; and patriots have often feared that they should have to give it up, yea, have at times almost given it up; but still the gallant ship is afloat. Though new storms now howl around us, and the tempest beats heavily against us, don't give up the ship—don't abandon her yet. If she can possibly be preserved, and our rights, interests, and security be maintained, the object is worth the effort. Let us not, on account of disappointment and chagrin at the reverse of an election, give up all as lost; but let us

see what can be done to prevent a wreck. [Some one said, "The ship has holes in her."] Aye, there may be leaks in her, but let us stop them if we can; many a stout old ship has been saved with richest cargo, after many leaks; and it may be so now.

I do not, on this occasion, intend to enter into the history of the reasons or causes of the embarrassments which press so heavily upon us all at one time. In justice to myself, however, I must barely state upon this point that I do think much of it depended upon ourselves. The consternation that has come upon the people is the result of a sectional election of a President of the United States, one whose opinions and avowed principles are in antagonism to our interests and rights, and, we believe, if carried out would subvert the Constitution under which we now live. But are we entirely blameless in this matter, my countrymen? I give it to you as my opinion, that but for the policy the southern people pursued, this fearful result would not have occurred. Mr. Lincoln has been elected, I doubt not, by a minority of the people of the United States. What will be the extent of that minority we do not yet know, but the disclosures, when made, will show, I think, that a majority of the constitutional, conservative voters of the country were against him; and had the South stood firmly in the convention at Charleston, on her old platform of principles of non-intervention, there is in my mind but little doubt that whoever might have been the candidate of the national democratic party would have been elected by as large a majority as that which elected Mr. Buchanan or Mr. Pierce. Therefore, let us not be hasty or rash in our action, especially if the result is to be attributed at all to ourselves. Before looking to extreme measures, let us first see, as Georgians, that everything which can be done to preserve our rights, our interests, and our honor, as well as the peace of the country in the Union, be first done.

The first question to present itself is, shall the people of the South secede from the Union in consequence of the election of Mr. Lincoln to the presidency of the United States? My friends, I tell you frankly, candidly, and earnestly that I do not think they ought. In my judgment, the election of no man, constitutionally chosen to that high office, is sufficient cause for any state to separate from the Union. It ought to stand by and aid still in maintaining the Constitution of the country. To make a point of resistance to the Government, to withdraw from it because a man has been constitutionally elected, puts us in the wrong. We are pledged to maintain the Constitution. Many of us have sworn to support it. Can we, therefore, for the mere election of a man to the presidency, and that, too, in accordance with the prescribed forms of the Constitution, make a point of resistance to the Government, without becoming the breakers of that sacred instrument ourselves, by withdrawing ourselves from it? Would we not be in the wrong? Whatever fate is to befall this country, let it never be laid to the charge of the people of the South, and especially to the people of Georgia, that we were untrue to our national engagements. Let the fault and the wrong rest upon others. If all our hopes are to be blasted, if the Republic is to go down, let us be found to the last moment standing on the deck, with the Constitution of the United States waving above our heads. Let the fanatics of the North break the Constitution, if such is their fell purpose. Let

the responsibility be upon them. I shall speak presently more of their acts; but let not the South, let us not be the ones to commit the aggression. We went into the election with this people. The result was different from what we wished; but the election has been constitutionally held. Were we to make a point of resistance to the Government and go out of the Union on that account, the record would be made up hereafter against us.

But Mr. Lincoln's policy and principles—it is said—are against the Constitution, and that, if he carries them out, it will be destructive of our rights. Let us not anticipate a threatened evil. If he violates the Constitution, then it will come our time to act. Do not let us break it because, forsooth, he may. If he does, that is the time for us to strike. I think it would be injudicious and unwise to do this sooner. I do not anticipate that Mr. Lincoln will do anything to jeopardize our safety or security, whatever may be his spirit to do it; for he is bound by the constitutional checks which are thrown around him, which at this time render him powerless to do any great mischief. This shows the wisdom of our system. The President of the United States is no emperor, no dictator; he is clothed with no absolute power. He can do nothing unless he is backed by power in Congress. The House of Representatives is largely in a majority against him. In the very face and teeth of the heavy majority which he has obtained in the Northern States, there have been large gains in the House of Representatives to the conservative constitutional party of the country, which I will here call the national democratic party, because that is the cognomen it has at the North. There are twelve of this party elected from New York to the next Congress, I believe. In the present House there are but four, I think. In Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Ohio, and Indiana there have been gains. In the present Congress there are 113 republicans, when it takes 117 to make a majority. The gains in the democratic party in Pennsylvania, Ohio, New Jersey, New York, Indiana, and other states, notwithstanding its distractions, have been enough to make a majority of nearly thirty in the next House against Mr. Lincoln. Even in Boston, Mr. Burlingame, one of the noted leaders of the fanatics of that section, has been defeated, and a conservative man returned in his stead. Is this the time, then, to apprehend that Mr. Lincoln, with this large majority in the House of Representatives against him, can carry out any of his unconstitutional principles in that body?

In the Senate he will also be powerless. There will be a majority of four against him. This, after the loss of Bigler, Fitch, and others, by the unfortunate dissensions of the national democratic party in their states. Mr. Lincoln cannot appoint an officer without the consent of the Senate—he cannot form a cabinet without the same consent. He will be in the condition of George III, the embodiment of toryism, who had to ask the whigs to appoint his ministers, and was compelled to receive a cabinet utterly opposed to his views; and so Mr. Lincoln will be compelled to ask of the Senate to choose for him a cabinet, if the democracy of that party chose to put him on such terms. He will be compelled to do this, or let the Government stop, if the national democratic men—for that is their name at the North—the conservative men of the Senate, shall so determine. Then how can Mr. Lincoln obtain a cabinet which

would aid him or allow him to violate the Constitution? Why then, I say, should we disrupt the ties of this Union when his hands are tied—when he can do nothing against us? I have heard it mooted that no man in the State of Georgia, who is true to her interests, could hold office under Mr. Lincoln. But, I ask, who appoints to office? Not the President alone; the Senate has to concur. No man can be appointed without the consent of the Senate. Should any man, then, refuse to hold an office that was given him by a democratic Senate?

[Mr. Toombs interrupted the speaker by saying that if the Senate was democratic, it was for Breckinridge.]

Well, then [continued Mr. Stephens], I apprehend no man could be justly considered untrue to the interests of Georgia, or incur any disgrace, if the interests of Georgia required it, to hold an office which a Breckinridge Senate had given him, even though Lincoln should be President. [Prolonged applause, mingled with interruptions.] I trust, my countrymen, you will be still and silent. I am addressing your good sense. I am giving you my views in a calm, dispassionate manner, and if any of you differ with me, you can, on some other occasion, give your views, as I am doing now, and let reason and true patriotism decide between us. In my judgment, I say, under such circumstances, there could be no possible disgrace for a southern man to hold office. The Senate will suffer no man to be appointed, I am sure, who is not true to the Constitution, if southern senators are true to their trust, as I cannot permit myself to doubt that they will be.

My honorable friend who addressed you last night [Mr. Toombs], and to whom I listened with the profoundest attention, asks if we would submit to black republican rule. I say to you and to him, as a Georgian, I never would submit to any black republican aggression upon our constitutional rights. I will never consent myself, as much as I admire this Union, for the glories of the past or the blessings of the present; as much as it has done for civilization; as much as the hopes of the world hang upon it; I would never submit to aggression upon my rights to maintain it longer; and if my rights cannot be maintained in the Union, standing on the Georgia platform, where I have stood from the time of its adoption, I would be in favor of disrupting every tie which binds the states together. I will have equality for Georgia, and for the citizens of Georgia, in this Union, or I will look for new safeguards elsewhere. This is my position. The only question now is, can this be secured in the Union? That is what I am counselling with you tonight about. Can it be secured? In my judgment, it may be, but it may not be; but let us do all we can, so that in the future, if the worst comes, it may never be said that we were negligent in doing our duty to the last.

My countrymen, I am not one of those who believe this Union has been a curse up to this time. True men, men of integrity, entertain different views from me on this subject. I do not question their right to do so; I would not impugn their motives in so doing. Nor will I undertake to say that this Government of our fathers is perfect. There is nothing in this world perfect, of human origin; nothing connected with human nature, from man himself to any of his works. You may select the wisest and best men for your judges, and yet how many defects are there in the administration of justice? You may select the wisest and best men for your legislators, and yet how many defects are apparent in your laws? But that this Government of our fathers, with all its defects, comes nearer the objects of all good government than any other on the face of the earth, is my settled conviction. Contrast it now with any on the face of the earth.

["England," suggested Mr. Toombs.]

England, my friend says. Well, that is the next best, I grant; but I think we have improved upon England. Statesmen tried their apprentice hand on the government of England, and then ours was made. Ours springs from that, avoiding many of its defects, taking most of the good, and leaving out many of its errors, and from the whole our fathers constructed and built up this model republic—the best which the history of the world gives any account of. Compare, my friends, this Government with that of France, Spain, Mexico, the South American republics, Germany, Ireland—are there any sons of that downtrodden nation here tonight?—Prussia, and if you travel further east, to Turkey or China. Where will you go, following the sun in its circuit round our globe, to find a government that better protects the liberties of its people, and secures to them the blessings we enjoy! I think that one of the evils that beset us is a surfeit of liberty, an exuberance of the priceless blessings for which we are ungrateful. We listened to our honorable friend who addressed you last night [Mr. Toombs] as he recounted the evils of this Government. The first was the fishing bounties paid mostly to the sailors of New England. Our friend stated that forty-eight years of our Government was under the administration of southern presidents. Well, these fishing bounties began under the rule of a southern president, I believe. No one of them during the whole forty-eight years ever set his administration against the principle or the policy of them. It is not for me to say whether it was a wise policy in the beginning; it probably was not, and I have nothing to say in its defense. But the reason given for it was to encourage our young men to go to sea, and learn to manage ships. We had at the time but a small navy. It was thought best to encourage a class of our people to become acquainted with sea-faring life, to become sailors, to man our naval ships. It requires practice to walk the deck of a ship, to pull the ropes, to furl the sails, to go aloft, to climb the mast; and it was thought by offering this bounty that a nursery might be formed in which young men would be perfected in these arts, and it applied to one section of the country as well as to any other. The result of this was that in the War of 1812 our sailors, many of whom came from this nursery, were equal to any that England brought against us. At any rate, no small part of the glories of that war were gained by the veteran tars of America, and the object of these bounties was to foster that branch of the national defense. My opinion is that, whatever may have been the reason at first, this bounty ought to be discontinued—the reason for it at first no longer exists. A bill for this purpose did pass the Senate, during the last Congress I was in, to which my honorable friend contributed greatly, but it was not reached in the House of Representatives. I trust that we will yet see that he may with honor continue his connection with the Government, and that his eloquence, unrivalled in the Senate, may hereafter, as heretofore, be dis

played in having this bounty, so obnoxious to him, repealed and wiped off from the statute book.

The next evil that my friend complained of was the tariff. Well, let us look at that for a moment. About the time I commenced noticing public matters, this question was agitating the country almost as fearfully as the slave question now is. In 1832, when I was in college, South Carolina was ready to nullify or secede from the Union on this account. And what have we seen? The tariff no longer distracts the public councils. Reason has triumphed. The present tariff was voted for by Massachusetts and South Carolina. The lion and the lamb lay down together—every man in the Senate and House from Massachusetts and South Carolina, I think, voted for it, as did my honorable friend himself. And, if it be true, to use the figure of speech of my honorable friend, that every man in the North, who works in iron and brass and wood, has his muscles strengthened by the protection of the Government, that stimulant was given by his vote, and, I believe, by the vote of every other southern man. So we ought not to complain of that.

[Mr. Toombs: "That tariff lessened duties."]

Yes, and Massachusetts, with unanimity, voted with the South to lessen them, and they were made just as low as southern men asked them to be, and those are the rates they are now at. If reason and argument, with experience, produced such changes in the sentiments of Massachusetts from 1832 to 1857, on the subject of the tariff, may not like changes be effected there by the same means, reason and argument, and appeals to patriotism, on the present vexed question? And who can say that by 1875 or 1890 Massachusetts may not vote with South Carolina and Georgia upon all those questions which now distract the country and threaten its peace and existence? I believe in the power and efficiency of truth, in the omnipotence of truth, and its ultimate triumph when properly wielded.

Another matter of grievance alluded to by my honorable friend was the navigation laws. This policy was also commenced under the administration of one of these southern presidents, who ruled so well, and has been continued through all of them since. The gentleman's views with respect to the policy of these laws and my own do not disagree. We occupied the same ground in relation to them in Congress. It is not my purpose to defend them now. But it is proper to state some matters connected with their origin. One of the objects was to build up a commercial American marine by giving American bottoms the exclusive carrying trade between our own ports. This is a great arm of national power. This object was accomplished. We have now an amount of shipping not only coast-wise but to foreign ports which puts us in the front rank of the nations of the world. England can no longer be styled the mistress of the seas. What American is not proud of the result? Whether those laws should be continued is another question. But one thing is certain, no President, northern or southern, has ever yet recommended their repeal; and my friend's effort to get them repealed has met with but little favor, North or South.

These, then, were the three grievances or grounds of complaint against the general system of our Government, and its workings; I mean the administration of the Federal Government. As to the acts of several of

the states, I shall speak presently, but these three were the main ones urged against the common head. Now, suppose it be admitted that all of these are evils in the system—do they overbalance and outweigh the advantages and great good which this same Government affords in a thousand ways that cannot be estimated? Have we not at the South, as well as the North, grown great, prosperous and happy under its operation? Has any part of the world ever shown such rapid progress in the development of wealth and all the material resources of national power and greatness, as the Southern States have, under the general Government, notwithstanding its defects.

[Mr. Toombs: "In spite of it."]

My honorable friend says we have, in spite of the general Government; that without it I suppose he thinks we might have done as well or perhaps better than we have done. This grand result is in spite of the Government. That may be, and it may not be, but the great fact that we have grown great and powerful under the Government as it exists is admitted. There is no conjecture or speculation about that; it stands out, bold, high, and prominent, like your own Stone Mountain, to which the gentleman alluded in illustrating home facts in his record—this great fact of our unrivalled prosperity in the Union as it is admitted—whether all this is in spite of the Government—whether we of the South would have been better off without the Government is, to say the least, problematical. On the one side we can only put the fact against speculation and conjecture on the other. But even as a question of speculation I differ from my distinguished friend. What we would have lost in border wars without the Union, or what we have gained simply by the peace it has secured, is not within our power to estimate. Our foreign trade, which is the foundation of all our prosperity, has the protection of the navy, which drove the pirates from the waters near our coast where they had been buccaneering for centuries before, and might have been still had it not been for the American navy, under the command of such a spirit as Commodore Porter. Now that the coast is clear, that our commerce flows freely, outwardly and inwardly, we cannot well estimate how it would have been under other circumstances. The influence of the Government on us is like that of the atmosphere around us. Its benefits are so silent and unseen that they are seldom thought of or appreciated. We seldom think of the single element of oxygen in the air we breathe, and yet let this simple unseen and unfelt agent be withdrawn, this life-giving element be taken away from this all-pervading fluid around us, and what instant and appalling changes would take place in all organic creation!

It may be that we are what we are "in spite of the General Government," but it may be that without it we should have been far different from what we are now. It is true that there is no equal part of the earth with natural resources superior, perhaps, to ours. That portion of this country known as the Southern States, stretching from the Chesapeake to the Rio Grande, is fully equal to the picture drawn by the honorable and eloquent senator last night, in all natural capacities. But how many ages, centuries, passed before these capacities were developed, to reach this advanced stage of civilization? These same hills, rich in ore, these same rivers, these same valleys and plains, are as they have

been since they came from the hand of the Creator. Uneducated and uncivilized man roamed over them, for how long no history informs us. It was only under our institutions that they could be developed. The organization of society has much to do with the development of the natural resources of any country or any land. The institutions of a people, political and moral, form the matrix in which the germ of their organic structure quickens into life, takes root, and develops in form, nature and character. Our institutions constitute the basis, the matrix, from which springs all our characteristics of development and greatness. Look at Greece! There is the same fertile soil, the same blue sky, the same inlets and harbors, the same Aegean, the same Olympus—there is the same land where Homer sang, where Pericles spoke—it is in nature the same old Greece; but it is living Greece no more!

Descendants of the same people inhabit the country; yet what is the reason for this mighty difference? In the midst of present degradation we see the glorious fragments of ancient works of art—temples, with ornaments and inscriptions that excite wonder and admiration, the remains of a once high order of civilization, which has outlived the language they spoke. Upon them all, Ichabod is written—their glory has departed. Why is this so? I answer, their institutions have been destroyed. These were but the fruits of their form of government, the matrix from which their grand development sprung; and when once the institutions of our people shall have been destroyed, there is no earthly power that can bring back the Promethean spark to kindle them here again, any more than in that ancient land of eloquence, poetry, and song.

The same may be said of Italy. Where is Rome, once the mistress of the world? There are the same seven hills now, the same soil, the same natural resources; nature is the same; but what a ruin of human greatness meets the eye of the traveler throughout the length and breadth of that most downtrodden land? Why have not the people of that heaven-favored clime the spirit that animated their fathers? Why this sad difference? It is the destruction of her institutions that has caused it. And, my countrymen, if we shall, in an evil hour, rashly pull down and destroy those institutions, which the patriotic hand of our fathers labored so long and so hard to build up, and which have done so much for us and for the world, who can venture the prediction that similar results will not ensue? Let us avoid them if we can. I trust the spirit is amongst us that will enable us to do it. Let us not rashly try the experiment of change, of pulling down and destroying, for, as in Greece and Italy, and the South American republics, and in every other place, when our liberty is once lost, it may never be restored to us again.

There are defects in our Government, errors in our administration, and shortcomings of many kinds, but in spite of these defects and errors Georgia has grown to be a great state. Let us pause here a moment. In 1850 there was a great crisis, but not so fearful as this, for, of all I have ever passed through, this is the most perilous, and requires to be met with the greatest calmness and deliberation. There were many amongst us in 1850 zealous to go at once out of the Union—to disrupt every tie that binds us together. Now do you believe that, had that policy been carried out at that time, we would have been the same great people that we are today? It may be that we would, but have you any assurance

of that fact? Would we have made the same advancement, improvement, and progress, in all that constitutes material wealth and prosperity that we have?

I notice in the comptroller general's report that the taxable property of Georgia is $670,000,000 and upwards, an amount not far from double what it was in 1850. I think I may venture to say that for the last ten years the material wealth of the people of Georgia has been nearly if not quite doubled. The same may be said of our advance in education, and everything that marks our civilization. Have we any assurance that had we regarded the earnest but misguided patriotic advice, as I think, of some of that day, and disrupted the ties which bind us to the Union, we would have advanced as we have? I think not. Well, then, let us be careful now before we attempt any rash experiment of this sort. I know that there are friends whose patriotism I do not intend to question, who think this Union a curse, and that we would be better off without it. I do not so think; if we can bring about a correction of these evils which threaten, and I am not without hope that such may yet be done. This appeal to go out, with all the promises for good which accompany it, I look upon as a great, and I fear, a fatal temptation.

When I look around and see our prosperity in everything—agriculture, commerce, art, science, and every department of progress, physical, mental and moral—certainly, in the face of such an exhibition, if we can, without the loss of power, or any essential right or interest, remain in the Union, it is a duty to ourselves and to posterity to do so. Let us not unwisely yield to this temptation. Our first parents, the great progenitors of the human race, were not without a like temptation when in the Garden of Eden. They were led to believe that their condition would be bettered, that their eyes would be opened, and that they would become as gods. They in an evil hour yielded, and instead of becoming gods they only saw their nakedness. I look upon this country with our institutions as the Eden of the world, the Paradise of the universe. It may be that out of it we may become greater and more prosperous, but I am candid and sincere in telling you that I fear if we yield to passion and, without sufficient cause, shall take this step, that, instead of becoming greater or more peaceful, prosperous and happy, instead of becoming gods we will become demons, and, at no distant day, commence cutting one another's throats. This is my apprehension. Let us, therefore, whatever we do, meet these difficulties, great as they are, like wise and sensible men, and consider them in the light of all the consequences which may attend our action. Let us first see clearly where the path of duty leads, and then we may not fear to tread therein.

I come now to the main question put to me, and on which my counsel has been asked. That is, what the present Legislature should do, in view of the dangers which threaten us, and the wrongs done us by several of our Confederate States in the Union, by the acts of their legislatures nullifying the Fugitive Slave Law, and in direct disregard of their constitutional obligations. What I shall say will not be in the spirit of dictation. It will be simply my own judgment for what it is worth. It proceeds from a strong conviction that according to it our rights, our interests, our honor, our present safety and future security, can be maintained, without yet looking to the last resort, the ultima ratio regum.

That should not be looked to until all else fails. That may come. On this point I am hopeful but not sanguine. But let us use every patriotic effort to prevent it while there is ground for hope.

If any view that I may present, in your judgment, be inconsistent with the best interests of Georgia, I ask you as patriots not to regard it. After hearing me and others whom you have advised with, act in accordance with your own convictions of duty as patriots. I speak now particularly to the members of the Legislature present. There are, as I have said, great dangers ahead. Great dangers may come from the election I have spoken of. If the policy of Mr. Lincoln and his republican associates shall be carried out, or attempted to be carried out, no man in Georgia will be more willing or ready than myself to defend our rights, interests, and honor, at every hazard and to the last extremity. What is this policy? It is, in the first place, to exclude us, by an act of Congress, from the territories with our slave property. He is for using the power of the general Government against the extension of our institutions. Our position on this point is, and ought to be, at all hazards, for perfect equality between all the states and the citizens of all the states, in the territories, under the Constitution of the United States. If Congress should exercise its power against this, then I am for standing where Georgia planted herself in 1850. These were plain propositions which were then laid down in her celebrated platform, as sufficient for the disruption of the Union, if the occasion should ever come; on these Georgia has declared that she will go out of the Union; and for these she would be justified by the nations of the earth in so doing. I say the same; I said it then, I say it now, if Mr. Lincoln's policy should be carried out. I have told you that I do not think his bare election sufficient cause; but if his policy should be carried out, in violation of any of the principles set forth in the Georgia platform, that would be such an act of aggression as ought to be met in the manner therein provided for. If his policy should be carried out in repealing or modifying the Fugitive Slave Law so as to weaken its efficacy, Georgia has declared that she will, in the last resort, disrupt the ties of the Union; and I say so too. I stand upon the Georgia platform, and upon every plank of it; and if these aggressions therein provided for take place, I say to you and to the people of Georgia, be ready for the assault when it comes; keep your powder dry; and let your assailants then have lead, if need be. I would wait for an act of aggression. This is my position.

Now, upon another point, and that the most difficult, and deserving your most serious consideration, I will speak. That is the course which this state should pursue toward these Northern States which, by their legislative acts, have attempted to nullify the Fugitive Slave Law. I know that in some of these states their acts are said to be based upon the principles set forth in the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, in the case of Prigg against Pennsylvania; that decision did proclaim the doctrine that the state officers are not bound to carry out the provisions of a law of Congress; that the Federal Government cannot impose duties upon state officials; that they must execute their own laws by their own officers. And this may be true. But still it is the duty of the states to deliver fugitive slaves, as well as the duty of the general Government to see that it is done.

Northern states, on entering into the Federal compact, pledged themselves to surrender such fugitives; and it is in disregard of their constitutional obligations that they have passed laws which even tend to hinder or inhibit the fulfilment of that obligation. They have violated their plighted faith. What ought we to do in view of this? That is the question. What is to be done? By the law of nations you would have a right to demand the carrying out of this article of agreement, and I do not see that it should be otherwise with respect to the states of this Union; and, in case it be not done, we would by these principles have the right to commit acts of reprisal on these faithless governments, and seize upon their property, or that of their citizens, wherever found. The states of the Union stand upon the same footing with foreign nations in this respect. But by the law of nations we are equally bound, before proceeding to violent measures, to set forth our grievances before the offending government, to give them an opportunity to redress the wrong. Has our state done this? I think not.

Suppose it were Great Britain that had violated some compact of agreement with the general Government—what would be first done? In that case our minister would be directed, in the first instance, to bring the matter to the attention of that government, or a commissioner be sent to that country, to open negotiations with her, ask for redress, and it would be only after argument and reason had been exhausted in vain that we would take the last resort of nations. That would be the course toward a foreign government, and toward a member of this confederacy I would recommend the same course. Let us not, therefore, act hastily or ill-temperedly in this matter. Let your Committee on the State of the Republic make out a bill of grievances; let it be sent by the governor to those faithless states; and if reason and argument shall be tried in vain, if all shall fail to induce them to return to their constitutional obligations, I would be for retaliatory measures, such as the governor has suggested to you. This mode of resistance within the Union is in our power. It might be effectual, and if, in the last resort, we would be justified in the eyes of nations, not only in separating from them but in using force.

[Here the speaker was interrupted by a voice from the audience stating that the argument was already exhausted.]

Some friend says that the argument is already exhausted. No, my friend, it is not. You have never called the attention of the legislatures of those states to this subject that I am aware of. Nothing on this line has ever been done before this year. The attention of our own people has been called to the subject lately. Now then, my recommendation to you would be this: In view of all these questions of difficulty, let a convention of all the people of Georgia be called, to which they may all be referred. Let the sovereignty of the people speak. Some think the election of Mr. Lincoln cause sufficient to dissolve the Union. Some think these other grievances are sufficient to dissolve the same, and that the Legislature has the power thus to act, and ought thus to act. I have no hesitancy in saying that the Legislature is not the proper body to sever our Federal relations, if that necessity should arise. An honorable and distinguished gentleman the other night (Mr. T. R. R. Cobb) advised

you to take this course—not to wait to hear from the cross-roads and groceries.

I say to you that you have no power so to act. You must refer this question to the people, and you must wait to hear from the men at the cross-roads and even the groceries; for the people of this country, whether at the cross-roads or the groceries, whether in cottages or palaces, are all equal, and they are the sovereigns in this country. Sovereignty is not in the Legislature. We, the people, are sovereigns. I am one of them, and have a right to be heard; and so has every other citizen of the state. You legislators—I speak it respectfully—are but our servants; you are the servants of the people, not their masters. Power resides with the people in this country. The difference between our country and all others, such as France, England, and Ireland, is, that here there is popular sovereignty, while their sovereignty is exercised by kings and favored classes. This principle of popular sovereignty, however much derided lately, is the foundation of our institutions. Constitutions are but the channels through which the popular will may be expressed. Our Constitution came from the people. They made it, and they alone can rightfully unmake it.

[Mr. Toombs here interrupted by saying that he was afraid of conventions, whereupon Mr. Stephens continued:]

I am not afraid of any convention legally chosen by the people. I know no way to decide great questions affecting fundamental laws except by representatives of the people. The Constitution of the United States was made by representatives of the people in convention. The Constitution of the State of Georgia was made by representatives of the people in convention, chosen at the ballot-box. Let us therefore now have a convention, chosen by the people. But do not let the question which comes before the people be put to them in the language of my honorable friend who addressed you last night: "Will you submit to abolition rule, or resist?"

[Mr. Toombs: "I do not wish the people to be cheated."]

Now, my friends, how are we going to cheat the people by calling on them to elect delegates to a convention to decide all these questions, without dictation or direction? Who proposes to cheat the people by letting them speak their own untrammelled views in the choice of their ablest and best men, to determine upon all these matters involving their peace? I think the proposition of my honorable friend had a considerable smack of unfairness, not to say cheat. He wishes to have no convention, but for the Legislature to submit this question to the people: "Submission to abolition rule, or resistance?" Now, who in Georgia would vote, "Submission to abolition rule?" Is putting such a question to the people to vote on a fair way of getting an expression of the popular will on all these questions? I think not. Now who in Georgia is going to submit to abolition rule?

[Mr. Toombs: "The Convention will."]

No, my friend, Georgia will not do it. The convention will not recede from the Georgia platform. Under that, there can be no abolition rule in the general Government. I am now afraid to trust the people in convention upon this and all other questions. Besides, the Legislature was not elected for such a purpose. They came here to do their duty as

legislators. They have sworn to support the Constitution of the United States. They did not come here to disrupt the Government. I am, therefore, for submitting all these questions to a convention of the people. To submit these questions to the people, whether they would submit to abolition rule or resist, and then for the Legislature to act on that vote, would be an insult to the people.

But how will it be, under this arrangement, if they should vote to resist, and the Legislature should reassemble with this vote as their instruction. Can any man tell what sort of resistance will be meant? One man would say secede; another pass retaliatory measures—these are measures of resistance against wrong, legitimate and right; and there would be as many different ideas as there are members on this floor. Resistance does not mean secession—that is no proper sense of the term resistance. Believing that the times require action, I am for presenting the question fairly to the people, for calling together an untrammelled convention, and presenting all the questions to them, whether they will go out of the Union, or what course of resistance in the Union they may think best, and then let the Legislature act, when the people in their majesty are heard, and I tell you now, whatever that convention does, I hope and trust our people will abide by. I advise the calling of a convention, with the earnest desire to preserve the peace and harmony of the state. I would dislike, above all things, to see violent measures adopted, or a disposition to take the sword in hand, by individuals, without the authority of law. My honorable friend said last night, "I ask you to give me the sword, for if you do not give it to me, as God lives, I will take it myself."

[Mr. Toombs: "I will."]

I have no doubt my honorable friend feels as he says. It is only his excessive ardor that makes him use such an expression; but this will pass off with the excitement of the hour. When the people in their majesty shall speak, I have no doubt he will bow to their will, whatever it may be, upon sober second thought. Should Georgia determine to go out of the Union, I speak for one, though my views may not agree with them, whatever the result may be, I shall bow to the will of her people. Their cause is my cause, and their destiny is my destiny; and I trust this will be the ultimate course of all. The greatest curse that can befall a free people is civil war.

But, as I have said, let us call a convention of the people. Let all these matters be submitted to it, and when the will of a majority of the people has thus been expressed, the whole state will present one unanimous voice in favor of whatever may be demanded; for I believe in the power of the people to govern themselves, when wisdom prevails, and passion does not control their action. Look at what has already been done by them, in their advancement in all that ennobles man! There is nothing like it in the history of the world. Look abroad from one extent of the country to the other; contemplate our greatness. We are now among the first nations of the earth. Shall it be said, then, that our institutions, founded on the principles of self-government, are a failure? Thus far, it is a noble example, worthy of imitation. The gentleman (Mr. Cobb) said the other night it has proven a failure. A failure in what? In growth? Look at our expense in national power. Look at our

population and increase in all that makes a people great. A failure? Why, we are the admiration of the civilized world, and present the brightest hopes of mankind.

Some of our public men have failed in their aspirations; that is true, and from that comes a great part of our troubles. No, there is no failure of this Government yet. We have made great advancement under the Constitution, and I cannot but hope that we will advance higher still. Let us be true to our trust. Now, when this convention assembles, if it shall be called, as I hope it may, I would say, in my judgment, without dictation, for I am conferring with you freely and frankly, and it is thus that I give my views, it should take into consideration all those questions which distract the public mind; should view all the grounds of secession as far as the election of Mr. Lincoln is concerned; and I cannot but hope, if reason is unbiased by passion, that they would say that the constitutional election of no man is sufficient cause to break up the Union, but that the state should wait until he, at least, does some unconstitutional act.

[Mr. Toombs: "Commit some overt act?"]

No, I did not say that. The word overt is a sort of technical term connected with treason, which has come to us from the mother country, and it means an open act of rebellion. I do not see how Mr. Lincoln can do this, unless he should levy war upon us. I do not, therefore, use the word overt. I do not intend to wait for that. But I use the word unconstitutional act, which our people understand much better, and which expresses just what I mean. But as long as he conforms to the Constitution, he should be left to exercise the duties of his office. In giving this advice I am but sustaining the Constitution of my country, and I do not thereby become a "Lincoln aid man" either, but a Constitution aid man. But this matter the convention can determine.

As to the other matter, I think we have a right to pass retaliatory measures, provided they be in accordance with the Constitution of the United States; and I think they can be made so. But whether it would be wise for this Legislature to do this now is the question. To the convention, in my judgment, this matter ought to be referred. Before making reprisals we should exhaust every means of bringing about a peaceful settlement of the controversy. Thus did General Jackson in the case of the French. He did not recommend reprisals until he had treated with France and gotten her to promise to make indemnification, and it was only on her refusal to pay the money which she had promised that he recommended reprisals. It was after negotiation had failed. I do think, therefore, it would be best before going to extreme measures with our Confederate States, to make the presentation of our demands, to appeal to their reason and judgment, to give us our rights. Then, if reason should not triumph, it will be time enough to commit reprisals, and we should be justified in the eyes of the civilized world. At least let these offending and derelict states know what your grievances are, and if they refuse, as I said, to give us our rights under the Constitution, I should be willing, as a last resort, to sever the ties of our Union with them.

My own opinion is, that if this course be pursued, and they are informed of the consequences of refusal, these states will recede, will repeal their nullifying acts; but if they should not, then let the consequences be with them, and the responsibility for the consequences rest upon them. Another thing I would have that convention do. Reaffirm the Georgia platform with an additional plank in it. Let that plank be the fulfilment of these constitutional obligations on the part of those states—their repeal of these obnoxious laws as the condition of our remaining in the Union. Give them time to consider it, and I would ask all the states south to do the same thing.

I am for exhausting all that patriotism demands before taking the last step. I would, therefore, invite South Carolina to a conference. I would ask the same of all the other Southern States, so that if the evil should get beyond our control, which God in his mercy forbid, we may not be divided among ourselves; but if possible secure the co-operation of all the Southern States, and then, in the face of the civilized world, we may justify our action, and with the wrong all on the other side, we can appeal to the God of battles, if it comes to that, to aid us in our cause. But do nothing in which any part of our people can charge you with rash or hasty action. It is certainly a matter of great importance to tear this Government asunder. You are not sent here for that purpose. I would wish the whole South to be united, if this is to be done; and I believe, if we pursue the policy which I have indicated, this can be effected. In this way our sister Southern States can be induced to act with us; and I have but little doubt that the states of New York, and Pennsylvania, and Ohio, and the other Western States, will compel their legislatures to recede from their hostile attitude, if the others do not. Then with these we would go on without New England, if she chose to stay out.

[Someone in the Assembly: "We will kick them out."]

No, I would not kick them out. But if they chose to stay out, they might. I think, moreover, that these Northern States, being principally engaged in manufactures, would find that they had as much interest in the Union under the Constitution as we, and that they would return to their constitutional duty—this would be my hope. If they should not, and if the Middle States and the Western States do not join us, we should at least have an undivided South. I am, as you clearly perceive, for maintaining the Union as it is, if possible. I will exhaust every means thus to maintain it with an equality in it.

My position then, in conclusion, is for the maintenance of the honor, the rights, the equality, the security, and the glory of my native state in the Union, if possible; but if these cannot be maintained in the Union, then I am for their maintenance, at all hazards, out of it. Next to the honor and glory of Georgia, the land of my birth, I hold the honor and glory of our common country. In Savannah, I was made to say by the reporters, who often make me say things which I never did, that I was first for the glory of the whole country, and next for that of Georgia. I said the exact reverse of this. I am proud of her history, of her present standing. I am proud even of her motto, which I would have duly respected at the present time by all her sons—"Wisdom, Justice and Moderation." I would have her rights, and those of the Southern States, maintained upon these principles. Her position now is just what it was in 1850, with respect to the Southern States. Her platform then established was subsequently adopted by most, if not all, of the Southern States. Now, I would add but one additional plank to that platform,

which I have stated, and one which time has shown to be necessary, and if that shall likewise be adopted in substance by all the Southern States, then all may yet be well. But if all this fails, we shall at least have the satisfaction of knowing that we have done our duty and all that patriotism could require.

Robert Toombs' Farewell Address in the United States Senate

[Mr. Toombs delivered his farewell speech in the United States Senate on January 7, 1861, twelve days in advance of Georgia's action in adopting the ordinance of secession. According to James G. Blaine, it was the only speech made by a southern man in Congress specifying the grievances of the South, and naming the conditions on which the seceding states would remain in the Union. Like all the speeches of Mr. Toombs, it is epigrammatic, lucid and eloquent.]

Mr. President and Senators: • • • The success of the abolitionists and their allies, under the name of the republican party, has produced its logical results. They have for years been sowing the dragons' teeth and have finally reaped a crop of armed men. The Union, sir, is dissolved. That is an accomplished fact in the path of this discussion that men may as well heed. • • • And while this Congress, this Senate and this House of Representatives are debating the constitutionality and the expediency of seceding from the Union, and while the perfidious authors of this mischief are showering down denunciations upon a large portion of the patriotic men of this country, those brave men are coolly and calmly voting what you call revolution—aye, sir, doing better than that: arming to defend it. They appealed to the Constitution, they appealed to justice, they appealed to fraternity, until the Constitution, justice and fraternity were no longer listened to in the legislative halls of their country, and then, sir, they prepared for the arbitrament of the sword; and now you see the glittering bayonet, and you hear the tramp of armed men from your capitol to the Rio Grande. It is a sight that gladdens the eyes and cheers the hearts of other millions who are ready to second them. Inasmuch, sir, as I have labored earnestly, honestly, sincerely, with these men to avert this necessity, so long as I deemed it possible, and inasmuch as I heartily approve their present conduct of resistance, I deem it my duty to state their case to the Senate, to the country, and to the civilized world.

Senators, my countrymen have demanded no new Government; they have demanded no new Constitution. Look to their records at home and here from the beginning of this national strife until its consummation in the disruption of the empire, and they have not demanded a single thing except that you shall abide by the Constitution of the United States; that constitutional rights shall be restored, and that justice shall be done. Sirs, they have stood by your Constitution; they have stood by all its requirements; they have performed all of its duties unselfishly, uncalculatingly, disinterestedly, until a party sprang up in this country which endangered their social system—a party which they arraign and which they charge before the American people and all mankind with having made proclamation of outlawry against four thousand millions

of their property in the territories of the United States; with having put them under the ban of the empire in all the states in which their institutions exist, outside of the protection of the Federal laws; with having aided and abetted insurrection from within and invasion from without, with the view of subverting those institutions, and desolating their homes and their firesides. For these causes they have taken up arms. I shall proceed to vindicate the justice of their demands, the patriotism of their conduct. I will show the injustice which they suffer and the rightfulness of their resistance.

I have stated that the discontented states of this Union have demanded nothing but clear, distinct, unequivocal, well-acknowledged, constitutional rights, rights affirmed by the highest judicial tribunals of their country; rights older than the Constitution; rights which are planted upon the immutable principles of natural justice; rights which have been affirmed by the good and the wise of all countries, and of all centuries. We demand no power to injure any man. We demand no right to injure our Confederate States. We demand no right to interfere with their institutions, either by word or deed. We have no right to disturb their peace, their tranquillity, their security. We have demanded of them simply, solely—nothing else—to give us equality, security, tranquillity. Give us these, and peace restores itself. Refuse them, and take what you can get.

I will now read my own demands, acting under my own convictions, and the universal judgment of my countrymen. They are considered the demands of an extremist. To hold to a constitutional view now makes one considered an extremist. I believe that is the appellation these traitors and villains, North and South, employ. I accept their reproach rather than their principles. Accepting their designations of treason and rebellion, there stands before them as good a traitor and as good a rebel as ever descended from Revolutionary loins.

What do these rebels demand? First, "that the people of the United States shall have an equal right to emigrate and settle in the present or in any future-acquired territories, with whatever property they may possess—including slaves—and be securely protected in its peaceable enjoyment until such territory shall be admitted as a State into the Union, with or without slavery, as she may determine, on an equality with all existing States." That is our territorial demand. We have fought for this territory when blood was its price. We have paid for it when gold was its price. We have not proposed to exclude you, though you have contributed very little of either blood or money. I refer especially to New England. We demand only to go into those territories upon terms of equality with you, as equals in this great Confederacy, to enjoy the common property of the whole Union, and receive the protection of the common Government, until the territory is capable of coming into the Union as a sovereign state, when it may fix its own institutions to suit itself.

The second proposition is, "that property in slaves shall be entitled to the same protection from the Government of the United States, in all of its departments, everywhere, which the Constitution confers the power upon it to extend to any other property, provided nothing herein contained shall be construed to limit or restrain the right now belonging to

every State to prohibit, abolish, or establish and protect slavery within its limits." We demand of the common Government to use its granted powers to protect our property as well as yours. For this protection we pay as much as you do. This very property is subject to taxation. It has been taxed by you, and sold by you for taxes. The title to thousands and tens of thousands of slaves is derived from the United States. We claim that the Government, while the Constitution recognizes our property for purposes of taxation, shall give it the same protection that it gives yours. Ought it not to do so? You say, no. Every one of you upon the committee said, no. Your senators say, no. Your House of Representatives says, no. Throughout the length and breadth of your conspiracy against the Constitution there is but one shout of No! This recognition of this right is the price of my allegiance. Withhold it, and you do not get my obedience. This is the philosophy of the armed men who have sprung up in this country. Do you ask me to support a Government that will tax my property, that will plunder me, that will demand my blood, and will not protect me? I would rather see the population of my own native state laid six feet beneath her sod than that they should support for one hour such a Government. Protection is the price of obedience everywhere, in all countries. It is the only thing that makes government respectable. Deny it, and you cannot have free subjects or citizens; you may have slaves.

We demand in the next place, "that persons committing crimes against slave property in one State and fleeing to another shall be delivered up in the same manner as persons committing crimes against other property, and that the laws of the State from which such persons flee shall be the test of criminality. That is another one of the demands of an extremist and a rebel. The Constitution of the United States, Article Four, Section Two, reads:

"A person charged in any State with treason, felony, or other crime, who shall flee from justice and be found in another State, shall, on demand of the executive authority of the State from which he fled, be delivered up to be removed to the State having jurisdiction of the crime."

But the non-slaveholding states, treacherous to their oaths and compacts, have steadily refused, if the criminal only stole a negro, and that negro a slave, to deliver him up. It was refused twice on the requisition of my own state, as long as twenty-two years ago. It was refused by Kent and by Fairfield, governors of Maine, and representing, I believe, each of the then Federal parties. We appealed then to fraternity; but we submitted; and this constitutional right has been practically a dead letter from that day to this. The next case came up between us and the State of New York, when the present senior senator (Mr. Seward) was governor of that state; and he refused it. Why? He said it was not against the laws of the State of New York to steal a negro, and therefore he would not comply with the demand. He made a similar refusal to Virginia.

Yet these are our confederates; these are our sister states! There is the bargain; there is the compact. You have sworn to it. Both of these governors swore to it. The senator from New York swore to it. The governor of Ohio swore to it when he was inaugurated. You cannot bind them by oaths. Yet they talk to us of treason; and I suppose they expect

to whip freemen into loving such brethren! They will have a good time in doing it. It is natural we should want this provision of the Constitution carried out. The Constitution says slaves are property; the Supreme Court says so. The theft of slaves is a crime. By the text and letter of the Constitution you have agreed to give them up. You have sworn to do it, and you have broken your oaths. Of course, those who have done so look out for pretexts. Nobody expected them to do otherwise. I do not think I ever saw a perjurer, however bald and naked, who could not invent some pretexts to palliate his crime, or who could not, for 15 shillings, hire an Old Bailey lawyer to invent some for him. Yet this requirement of the Constitution is another one of the extreme demands of an extremist and a rebel.

The next stipulation is that fugitive slaves shall be surrendered under the provision of the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850, without being entitled either to a writ of habeas corpus or trial by jury, or other similar obstructions of legislation, in the state to which he may flee. Here is the Constitution:

"No person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due."

This language is plain, and everybody understood it in the same way for the first forty years of your Government. It was adopted unanimously in the Senate of the United States, and nearly so in the House of Representatives. Nobody then had invented pretexts to show that the Constitution did not mean a negro slave. It was clear; it was plain. Not only the Federal courts, but all the local courts in all the states decide that this was a constitutional obligation. How is it now? The North sought to evade it. Following the instincts of their national character, they commenced with the fraudulent fiction that fugitives were entitled to habeas corpus, entitled to trial by jury in the state to which they fled. They pretended to believe that fugitive slaves were entitled to more rights than their white citizens; perhaps they were right; they know one another better than I do. You may charge a white man with treason, or felony, or other crime, and you do not require any trial by jury before he is given up; there is nothing to determine but that he is legally charged with a crime and that he fled, and then he is to be delivered up on demand. White people are delivered up every day in this way, but not slaves. Slaves, black people, you say, are entitled to trial by jury; and in this way schemes have been invented to defeat your plain constitutional obligations. In January, last year, I argued this question, and presented at the close of my speech a compilation made by a friend of mine of the laws of the non-slaveholding states on this point. The honorable gentleman from Vermont [Mr. Collamer] commented upon the reference to his state; and the greater portion of his speech was taken up with a discussion of the particular act which was quoted in my appendix. I have no doubt the senator did not know of the Act of 1858. I will read him one or two of the sections of that act. I referred to and commented on it then in my speech; but in the appendix

containing the compilation there was an accidental misreference. That act provides—

"That every person who may have been held as a slave, who shall come, or be brought, or be in this State, with or without the consent of his or her alleged master—"

Mr. Collamer: What date is that?

Mr. Toombs: Eighteen hundred and fifty-eight. It is entitled: "An act to secure freedom to all persons in this State."

Mr. Collamer: That is not the one mentioned in the senator's speech.

Mr. Toombs: I have explained why it was not in the appendix; but I had read it and I supposed the senator had. The senator made his speech on this reference, because, I suppose, it was more easily answered.

Mr. Collamer: I made the speech on the one to which reference was made.

Mr. Toombs: That was very adroitly done, or very ignorantly done, I do not know which, but I want to see that portion of our record right. This was the act to which I referred, and upon which I commented in the body of my speech, though not in the appendix, which was prepared by another person:

"Every person who may have been held as a slave, who shall come, or be brought, or be in this State, with or without the consent of his or her alleged master or mistress, or who shall come, or be brought, or be in this State, shall be free."

The Constitution of the United States says they shall not be free; Vermont says they shall; and yet all her legislators are sworn to obey the Constitution. Vermont says if slaves come, voluntarily or involuntarily, with or without consent, if they flee from service, or if they come into Vermont in any way, they shall be free. The Constitution says they shall not be discharged from service if they flee; Vermont says they shall be. That is another one of our sisters for whom we ought to have a deep attachment.

Again:

"Every person who shall hold, or attempt to hold, in this State, in slavery, or as a slave, any free person, in any form or for any time, however short, under the pretense that such a person is or has been a slave, shall, on conviction thereof, be imprisoned in the State prison for a term not less than five years nor more than twenty years, and be fined not less than $1,000 nor more than $10,000."

This is decidedly fraternal! If a man passes voluntarily through the State of Vermont with his slave, that state, in her fraternal affections, will keep him fifteen years in the state prison and fine him $2,000. Fraternal, affectionate Vermont! I have made these references for the benefit of the senator. Will he say that this was done only to carry out the decision in Prigg versus Pennsylvania? * * *

The next demand made on behalf of the South is "that Congress shall pass efficient laws for the punishment of all persons, in any of the States, who shall, in any manner, aid or abet invasion or insurrection in any other State, or commit any other act against the laws of nations, tending to disturb the tranquillity of the people or government of any other State." That is a very plain principle. The Constitution of the United States now requires, and gives Congress the express power, to

define and punish piracies and felonies committed on the high seas and offenses against the laws of nations. When the honorable and distinguished senator from Illinois (Mr. Douglas) last year introduced a bill for the purpose of punishing people thus offending, under that clause of the Constitution, Mr. Lincoln, in his speech in New York, which I have before me, declared that it was a "sedition bill," his press and his party hooted at it. So far from recognizing the bill as intended to carry out the Constitution of the United States, it received their jeers and jibes. The black republicans of Massachusetts elected the admirer and eulogist of John Brown's courage as their governor, and we may suppose he will throw no impediments in the way of John Brown's successors. The epithet applied to the bill of the senator from Illinois is quoted from a deliberate speech delivered by Lincoln in New York, for which, it was stated in the journals, according to some resolutions passed by an association of his own party, he was paid a couple of hundred dollars. The speech should therefore have been deliberate. Lincoln denounced that bill. He placed the stamp of his condemnation upon a measure intended to promote the peace and security of Confederate States. He is, therefore, an enemy of the human race, and deserves the execration of all mankind.

We demand these five propositions. Are they not right? Are they not just? Take them in detail and show that they are not warranted by the Constitution, by the safety of our people, by the principles of eternal justice. We will pause and consider them; but, mark me, we will not let you decide the question for us.

But we are told by well-meaning but simple-minded people that, admitting our wrongs, our remedies are not justifiable. Senators, I have little care to dispute remedies with you, unless you propose to redress my wrongs. If you propose that in good faith, I willl listen with respectful deference; but when the objectors to my remedies propose no adequate ones of their own, I know what they mean by the objection. I tell them, if I have good sight, perhaps the musket will improve my defective remedy. But still I will as yet argue it with them.

These thirteen colonies originally had no bond of union whatever; no more than Jamaica or Australia have today. They were wholly separate communities, independent of each other, and dependent on the Crown of Great Britain. All the union between them that was ever made is in writing. They made two written compacts. One was known as the Articles of Confederation, which declared that the Union thereby formed should be perpetual—an argument very much relied upon by the "friends of the Union" now. These Articles of Confederation in terms declared that they should be perpetual. I believe that expression is used in our last treaty with Billy Bowlegs, chief of the Seminoles. I know it is a phrase used in treaties with all nations, civilized and savage. Those that are not declared eternal are the exceptions; but usually treaties profess to be for "perpetual peace and amity," according to their terms. So was that treaty between the states. After awhile, however, the politicians said it did not work well. It carries us through the Revolution. The difficulty was that, after the war, there were troubles about the regulation of commerce, about navigation, and above all, about financial matters. The Government had no means of getting at the pockets of

the people; and but for that one difficulty, this present Government would never have been made. The country is deluded with the nonsense that this bond of union was cemented by the blood of brave men in the Revolution. Sir, it is false. It never cost a drop of blood. A large portion of the best men of the Revolution voted against it. It was carried in the convention of Virginia by but ten majority, and among its opponents were Monroe and Henry, and other men who had fought in the war, who recorded their judgment that it was not a good bond; and I am satisfied today that they were the wiser men. This talk about the blood of patriots is intended to humbug the country, to scare the old women. Why, sir, it never cost a drop of blood. It was carried in some of the states by treachery, by men betraying their constituents. That is the history of the times. Five votes would have tied it in Virginia. It passed New York by but three majority. Out of nearly four hundred in the convention of Massachusetts, it passed by nineteen. That is the history of the action of the three greatest states of the Union at that time. Some of the bravest and boldest and the best men of the Revolution, who fought from its beginning to its end, were opposed to the plan of union; and among them was the illustrious author of the Declaration of Independence himself. Are we to be deterred by the cry that we are laying our unhallowed hands upon this holy altar? Sir, I have no hesitation in saying that a large portion of the people of Georgia, whom I represent, prefer to remain in this Union, with their constitutional rights—I would say 90 per cent of them—believing it to be a good Government. They have lived and prospered in it. Shallow-pated fools have told them this Government was the cause of their prosperity, and they have never troubled to inquire whether or not this were true. I think it had but little to do with their prosperity beyond securing their peace with other nations, and that boon has been paid for at a price that no freeman ought to submit to. These are my own opinions; they have been announced to my constituents, and I announce them here. Had I lived in that day, I should have voted with the majority in Virginia, with Monroe, Henry, and the illustrious patriots who composed the seventy-nine votes against the adoption of the present plan of government. In my opinion, if they had prevailed, today the men of the South would have the greatest and most powerful nation of the earth. Let this judgment stand for future ages.

Senators, the Constitution is a compact. It contains all our obligations and duties to the Federal Government. I am content, and have ever been content, to sustain it. While I doubt its perfection; while I do not believe it was a good compact; and while I never saw the day that I would have voted for it as a proposition de novo, yet I am bound to it by oath and by that common prudence which would induce me to abide by established forms rather than to rush into unknown dangers. I have given to it, and intend to give to it, unfaltering support and allegiance; but I choose to put that allegiance on the true ground, not on the false idea that anybody's blood was shed for it. I say that the Constitution is the whole compact. All the obligations, all the chains that fetter the limbs of my people, are nominated in the bond, and they wisely excluded any conclusions against them, by declaring that any powers not granted by the Constitution to the United States, or forbidden by it to the states,

belonged to the states respectively or to the people. Now I will try it by that standard; I will subject it to that test. The law of nature, the law of justice, would say—and it is so expounded by the publicists—that equal rights in the common property shall be enjoyed. Even in a monarchy the king cannot prevent the subjects from enjoying equality in the disposition of the public property. Even in a despotic government, this principle is recognized. It was the blood and money of the whole people—says the learned Grotius and say all the publicists—which acquired the public property, and therefore it is not the property of the sovereign. This right of equality being, then, according to justice and natural equity, a right belonging to all the states, when did we give it up? You say Congress has a right to pass rules and regulations concerning the territory and other property of the United States. Very well. Does that exclude those whose blood and money paid for it? Does "dispose of" mean to rob the rightful owners? You must show a better title than that, or a better sword than we have.

But you say, try the right. I agree to it. But how? By our judgment? No, not until the last resort. What then; by yours? No, not until the same time. How then try it? The South has always said, by the Supreme Court. But that is in our favor, and Lincoln has said he will not stand that judgment. Then each must judge for himself of the mode and manner of redress. But you deny us that privilege, and finally reduce us to accepting your judgment. We decline it. You say you will enforce it by executing laws; that means your judgment of what the laws ought to be. Perhaps you will have a good time executing your judgment. The senator from Kentucky (Mr. Crittenden) comes to your aid, and says he can find no constitutional right of secession. Perhaps not; but the Constitution is not the place in which to look for state rights. If that right belongs to independent states, and they did not cede it to the Federal Government, it is reserved to the states, or to the people. Ask your new commentator where he gets the right to judge for us. Is it in the bond?

The northern doctrine was, many years ago, that the Supreme Court was the judge. That was their doctrine in 1800. They denounced Madison for the report of 1799, on the Virginia resolutions; they denounced Jefferson for framing the Kentucky resolutions, because they were presumed to impugn the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States; and they declared that the court was made by the Constitution, the ultimate and supreme arbiter. That was the universal judgment—the declaration of every free state in this Union, in answer to the Virginia resolutions of 1798, and of all who did answer, even including the State of Delaware, then under Federal control. • • •

The Supreme Court has decided that, by the Constitution, we have a right to go into the territories, and be protected there, with our property. You say we cannot decide the compact for ourselves. Well, can the Supreme Court decide it for us? Mr. Lincoln says he does not care what the Supreme Court decides, he will turn us out anyhow. He says this in his debate with the honorable senator from Illinois (Mr. Douglas). I have it before me. He said he would vote against the decisions of the Supreme Court. Then you do not accept the arbiter. You will not take my construction; you will not take the Supreme Court as an

arbiter; you will not take the practice of the Government; you will not take the treaties under Jefferson and Madison upon the very question of prohibition, in 1820. What, then, will you take? You will take nothing but your own judgment; that is, you will not only judge for yourselves, not only discard the court, discard our construction, discard the practice of the Government, but you will drive us out, simply because you will it. Your party says you will not take the decision of the Supreme Court. You said so at Chicago; you said so in committee; every man of you in both Houses now says so. What are you going to do? You say we shall submit to your construction. We will do it, if you can make us; but not otherwise, or in any other manner. That is settled.

You have no warrant in the Constitution for this declaration of outlawry. The court says you have no right to make it. The treaty says you shall not do it. The treaty of 1803 declares that the property of the people shall be protected by the Government until they are admitted into the Union as a state. That treaty covers Kansas and Nebraska. The law passed in 1804, or 1805, under Mr. Jefferson, protects property in slaves in that very territory. In 1820, when the question of prohibition came up, Mr. Madison declared it was not warranted by the Constitution, and Jefferson denounced its abettors as enemies of the human race. Here is the court; here are our fathers; here is contemporaneous exposition for fifty years, all asserting our right. The republican party says: "We care not for your precedents or practices; we have progressive politics, as well as a progressive religion."

But no matter what may be our grievance, the honorable senator from Kentucky (Mr. Crittenden) says we cannot secede. Well, what can we do? We cannot revolutionize; he will say that is treason. What can we do? Submit? They say they are the strongest and will hang us. Very well, I suppose we are to be thankful for that boon. We will take the risk. We will stand by the right. We will take the Constitution and we will defend it by the sword, with the halter around our necks. Will that satisfy the honorable senator from Kentucky? You cannot intimidate my constituents by talking to them of treason. • • • I insist upon this perfect equality in the territories; yet when it was proposed, as I understand the senator from Kentucky now proposes, that the lines of 36 degrees 30 minutes shall be extended, acknowledging and protecting our property on the south side of that line, for the sake of peace—permanent peace—I said to the committee of thirteen, and I say here, that, with other satisfactory provisions, I would accept it. Yet, not only did your committee refuse that, but my distinguished friend from Mississippi (Mr. Davis)—another moderate gentleman like myself—proposed simply to get a recognition that we had a right to our own; that man could have property in man; and it met with the unanimous refusal of the most moderate, Union-saving, compromising portion of the republican party. They do not intend to acknowledge it.

Very well; you not only want to break down our constitutional rights; you not only want to upturn our social system; your people not only want to steal our slaves and make them freemen to vote against us; but you seek to bring an inferior race into a condition of equality, socially and politically, with our own people. Well, sir, the question of slavery moves not the people of Georgia one-half as much as the fact

that you insult their rights as a community. You abolitionists are right when you say that there are thousands and tens of thousands of men in Georgia, and all over the South, who do not own property in slaves. A very large portion of the people of Georgia own none of them. In the mountains there are comparatively few slaves; but no part of our people are more loyal to their race and country than our bold and brave mountain population; and every flash of the electric wires brings me cheering news from our mountain tops and our valleys that these sons of Georgia are excelled by none of their countrymen in loyalty to the rights, the honor, and the glory of the Commonwealth. They say, and well say, this is our question; we want no negro equality, no negro citizenship; we want no mongrel race to degrade our own; and as one man they would meet you upon the border, with the sword in one hand and the torch in the other. We will tell you when we choose to abolish this thing; it must be done under our direction and according to our will; our own, our native land, shall determine this question, and not the abolitionists of the North. That is the spirit of our freeman.

I have already adverted to the proposition in regard to giving up criminals who are charged with stealing negroes, and I have referred to the cases of Maine, New York, and Ohio. I now come to the last specification—the requirement that laws should be passed punishing all who aid and abet insurrection. These are offenses recognized by the laws of nations as inimical to all society; and I shall read the opinions of an eminent publicist, when I get to that point. I said that you had aided and abetted insurrection. John Brown certainly invaded Virginia. John Brown's sympathizers, I presume, are not democrats. Two of the accomplices of John Brown fled, one to Ohio, one to Iowa. The governors of both states refused to give up the fugitives from justice. The party maintained them. I am aware that in both cases there were pretexts to cover the shame of the transaction. I am going to show you that these pretexts were hollow, unsubstantial, not only against constitutional law, but against the law of nations. I will show you that it was their duty to seize them, under the law of nations, and bring them to their Confederate States, or even to a friendly state. The first authority I will read is Vattell on "The Law of Nations." If there had been any well-founded ground, if the papers had been defective, if the case had been defectively stated, what was the general obligation of a friendly state without any constitutional obligations? This general principle is that one state is bound to restrain its citizens from doing anything which tends to create disturbance in another state; to ferment disorders; to corrupt its citizens; or to alienate its allies. (Here Mr. Toombs quoted at some length from Vattell, p. 162.)

That is the law of nations, as declared by one of the ablest expounders; but, besides, we have this principle embedded in our Constitution. We have there the obligation to deliver up fugitives from justice; and though it is in the Constitution—though it is sanctioned, as I have said, by all ages and all centuries, by the wise and the good everywhere, our Confederate States are seeking false pretexts for evading a plain, social duty, in which are involved the peace and security of all society. If we had no Constitution, this obligation would devolve upon friendly states. If there were no constitutions, we ought to demand it. But, instead

of giving us this protection, we are met with reproaches, reviling tricks, and treachery, to conceal and protect incendiaries and murderers.

This man Brown and his accomplices had sympathizers. Who were they? One of them, as I have said before, who was, according to his public speeches, a defender and laudator of John Brown, is governor of Massachusetts. Other officials of the state applauded Brown's heroism, magnified his courage, and, no doubt, lamented his ill-success. Throughout the whole North, public meetings, immense gatherings, triumphal processions, the honors of the hero and the conqueror, were awarded to this incendiary and assassin. They did not condemn the traitor; think you, they abhored the treason?

Yet, I repeat, when a distinguished senator from a non-slaveholding state (Mr. Douglas) proposed to punish such attempts at invasion and insurrection, Lincoln and his party come before the world and say, "Here is a Sedition Law." To carry out the Constitution, to protect states from invasion, to suppress insurrection, and to comply with the laws of the United States, is a "Sedition Law," and the chief of his party treats it with contempt; yet, under the very same clause of the Constitution which warranted this important bill, you derive your power to punish offenses against the law of nations. Under this warrant you have tried and punished our citizens for meditating the invasion of foreign states; you have stopped illegal expeditions; you have denounced our citizens as pirates, and commended them to the bloody vengeance of a merciless enemy. Under this principle alone you protect our weaker neighbors of Cuba, Honduras, and Nicarauga. By this alone we are empowered and bound to prevent our people from conspiring together, giving aid, giving money or arms to fit our expeditions against any foreign nation. Foreign nations get the benefit of this protection; but we are worse off in the Union than if we were out of it. Out of it, we would have the protection of the neutrality laws. Now you can come among us; raids may be made; you may put the incendiary's torch to our dwellings, as you did last summer, for hundreds of miles on the frontiers of Texas; you may do what John Brown did, and when the miscreants escape to your states you will not punish them; you will not deliver them up. Therefore we stand defenseless. We must cut loose from the accursed "body of this death," even to get the benefit of the law of nations. • • •

You will not regard confederate obligations; you will not regard constitutional obligations; you will not regard your oaths. What, then, am I to do? Am I a freeman? Is my state a free state? To lie down and submit, because political fossils raise the cry of the glorious Union? Too long already have we listened to this delusive song. We are freemen. We have rights; I have stated them. We have wrongs; I have recounted them. I have demonstrated that the party coming into power has declared us outlaws, and is determined to exclude four thousand millions of our property from the common territories; that it has declared us under the ban of the empire, and out of the protection of the laws of the United States everywhere. They have refused to protect us from invasion and insurrection by the Federal power, and the Constitution denies to us in the Union the right either to raise fleets or armies for our own defense. All these charges I have proven by the record; and I

put them before the civilized world, and demand the judgment of today, of tomorrow, of distant ages, and of heaven itself upon the justice of these causes. I am content, whatever it be, to peril all in so noble, so holy a cause. We have appealed, time and time again, for these constitutional rights. You have refused them. We appeal again. Restore us these rights as we had them, as your court adjudges them to be, just as all our people have said they are; redress these flagrant wrongs, seen of all men, and it will restore fraternity, and peace, and unity, to all of us. Refuse them, and what then? We shall then ask you, "Let us depart in peace." Refuse that, and you present us war. We accept it; and inscribing upon our banners the glorious words, liberty and equality, we will trust to the blood of the brave and the God of battles for security and tranquility.

General Gobb's Bush Arbor Speech

[On July 4, 1868, there was held in Atlanta a state democratic convention for the purpose of nominating presidential electors. To accommodate the great assemblage, an immense bush arbor was erected near the present site of the old union depot on Wall street. It is doubtful if oratory in Georgia ever reached a sublimer height than it registered on this occasion, when four of the state's most eloquent sons addressed the vast audience in language which has never been excelled for withering invective. The speakers were: Robert Toombs, Howell Cobb, Benjamin H. Hill, and Raphael J. Moses. It was at a time when the state was just emerging from the hideous nightmare of reconstruction. Each of these orators was famed throughout the nation. General Toombs had just returned from Europe, after an exile of two years. As the great "Mirabeau of Secession," his appearance upon the platform elicited the wildest outburst of enthusiasm and to satisfy the demands of an impatient crowd, he was the first speaker introduced. But his speech, while a most terrific arraignment of the military regime in Georgia, failed to thrill his hearers as did the speeches of those who followed him. Mr. Hill's speech was unsurpassed. In the opinion of many, it was the greatest speech of his life, surpassing even his Davis Hall phillipic. But General Cobb was scarcely less eloquent, and his speech on this occasion constituted his valedictory message to the people of Georgia. He died suddenly just three months later in the City of New York. Except in pamphlet form, this farewell message from the lips of General Cobb has never before appeared in print. The speech of Major Moses has perished. Said General Cobb:]

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I congratulate you, my friends, that the time has come in Georgia when the people can meet together, as you have assembled today. When I say "the people," I mean just these I see before me—these women and children, these good men and true, who are the representatives of the men and women throughout our state. I congratulate you that you meet and again hear the voices of your favorite sons—that you can respond in your hearts to the patriotic sentiments which fall from the lips of those sons. While the past casts its shadows over the land, and my own

heart is in sympathy with the picture which was drawn by my friend (General Toombs), yet I do feel rising up in my soul the promise of a brighter day, not far distant in the future.

Today, in common with you, I have heard the familiar voice of one who, in times past, has aroused his countrymen from the mountains to the seaboard. He speaks freely and there is none to make him afraid. (Applause.) God speed the day when the echoes of that voice shall be heard throughout all the land, speaking from his old standpoint in the National Legislature. My friends, the argument on that branch of the subject which has been discussed by my friend has been presented to you so comprehensively that I shall not trespass upon your time, nor weaken its power and influence by a recapitulation of it. It was an exposition of truths that will live when you and I have passed away and are gone. The people of Georgia today are passing through a trying ordeal, which I trust and believe will be of short duration, and from which they will emerge refined and purified like gold from the furnace. They are living under a government whose days are numbered, but while it exists it is well that we make the best we can of it. I shall offer some suggestions here in your hearing for the benefit of those who are called upon to administer that government in order that, to the extent it is in your power, your rights and interests may receive some protection. I shall offer some advice to Governor Bullock. Although he has not sent for me or summoned me to his councils, I shall waive etiquette and give him some advice which will do him good and be of great benefit to the state if he follows it.

If he does not follow it, it has cost him so little, he will have no right to complain of me for having offered it. I would just say to him: Mr. Bullock, the people of Georgia have done you no wrong. It is your duty to inflict as little evil upon them as possible. Remember the circumstances under which you have been called upon to execute the duties of your gubernatorial office, and my advice to you is to behave yourself just as well as your nature and education will admit. (Laughter and applause.) I would say to him, in all kindness, that in the matter of character and reputation you have everything to make and nothing to lose. (Laughter and applause.) A better opportunity never was offered to any man. He is like an adventurous youth who goes into a gambling house without money to play at faro. He has everything to win and nothing to lose. He may break the bank, but the bank cannot hurt him. I would say to him, Mr. Bullock, this Constitution which has been imposed upon the people of Georgia against their will and without their approval, invests you with a great deal of power. Exercise it in a way to do good to the state if you can. You have got a judiciary to appoint. I would advise you to send for the official copy of the address of the chairman of the Grant and Colfax Executive State Committee, written by one Joseph E. Brown, in which he assumes to announce for you that the judiciary of Georgia will be corruptly appointed to subserve base and partisan purposes, and when you get it make a bonfire of the paper, and blot from your memory the recollection of its contents. Be not deceived with the idea that because your predecessor, the author of this paper, was partially successful in adding to his strength and popularity by a corrupt use of his official patronage, that a like success will attend a like corrupt course on your part. If the argument based on considerations of patriotism and duty cannot reach you, let me warn you, as a matter of policy, not to resort to a course of conduct so unworthy, so base, and which, in the end, will be of no benefit to you, but must produce calamitous results for the state. The appeal I make for the appointment of an honest judiciary is one which should commend itself to the favor of any man holding the high position you occupy, even though he reached that position by a not over creditable accident, the details of which I will not stop to discuss. I beg you to remember that since the organization of the Supreme Court of Georgia no one has been appointed to that bench who did not command the respect and confidence of the people. No one has ever filled that high station on whose integrity and honesty the shadow of a doubt ever rested. It remains with you to determine whether the high character of that bench shall be maintained, or whether it shall become a refuge for destitute and discarded politicians whose infamy and treachery have made them outcasts from the companionship of honest men. (Applause.) In the name of the people of Georgia I call upon you this day to drive from your presence these bad men who ask you to forfeit the only claim you can ever have to public respect and confidence, by the appointment of such men to offices of trust and honor. Rid yourself of the miserable vermin who are fastening themselves upon you, who are calling on you to appoint them to the Supreme Court, the Superior Court and the District Court, and who, in the better days of the Republic would never have presumed to solicit the appointment of a doorkeeper or a messenger—men whom you know to be unworthy, and whose only claim to the positions they seek at your hands is the record of their own infamy. (Loud applause.) How strange and startling it will sound to the ears of those who live beyond the limits of our state to hear an appeal made by the people of Georgia to him who exercises the highest executive power to grant the state an honest judiciary! And yet, strange as it may appear, startling as it is, the rumors which fill the atmosphere of this capital justify the apprehension upon which the appeal is based. Therefore I say to you, Mr. Bullock, be warned in time. Commit not these outrages upon a people who, God knows, have suffered enough at the hands of their oppressors. If you heed not this warning voice today, the time will come when you will repent in sackcloth and ashes the degradation which you will have brought upon yourself by the infliction of such an outrage upon a brave, a generous, and an honest people, in whose conduct towards you, you can find no justification for the injury you will have done. All I ask of you is to appoint honest men to these high positions, men who will administer the laws of the state in obedience to the conscientious obligations of their oaths. Fill all the offices with honest men. Protect the treasury from the robber band who are assembled here to break in and steal. Do these things, and at the end of your service you will have the consolation of knowing that if you have done the state no good, you will have refrained from doing it any serious harm. (Applause.) And for you this would be a result which your warmest admirers could not have reasonably anticipated. (Laughter and applause.)

And now I turn from an appeal to those in power to you, my coun-

trymen, and I invoke your aid and co-operation in the great work before us, of lifting our state from its present fallen condition and restoring it to its former prosperity and equality among her sister commonwealths of the Union. It is a noble work, worthy of the best efforts of our people, in which all good men can and ought to unite with an earnest and cordial good will. The day of arms has passed. We look for the dawn of a day of peace—such peace as carries healing on its wings and diffuses blessings over the land—not such peace as is offered to you at the point of the bayonet, or is contained in the findings of a military commission, but the peace which is founded on justice, is supported by the law, is accompanied by liberty, and brings rejoicing and contentment to every heart. Such is the peace which will follow the election of Seymour and Blair, and the restoration of the Constitution—a peace which will be for today, tomorrow, and for all time to come, because it will be a peace that would calm all the troubled waters, quiet all apprehensions, restore confidence and security in all the departments of life, and cause everyone, everywhere, to feel that the good old days of the republic had returned. Such a peace is worthy of the best efforts of patriots, the prayers of Christians, and will command the blessings of heaven. (Loud applause.)

I am here today to invoke your aid and co-operation in carrying forward this great and good work.

My countrymen, I care not who you are, I care not what has been your past history, I look to your status today. I want to know what you intend to do for your country in the future? She has suffered much, she has been wounded deeply, her body is covered over with the evidences of these wounds and this suffering. This old state—that has been so kind to you, so generous to me, beyond all that I deserve, beyond, perhaps, what you deserve—this noble, gallant, bleeding old state calls upon her sons to come forward and aid in the good work of redeeming her from the hand of the wrongdoer and oppressor. Is there in all Georgia one single heart, native or foreign, who will not respond in this the hour of her greatest trial, the hour in which she is struggling for liberty and for constitutional rights of all her children? The issue is fairly before me, my friends. None can fail to read it right. No man can plead ignorance. Not one who heard the exposition to which you and I have listened this morning, not one who has heard the eloquent voices of her sons throughout this land for months, can plead ignorance hereafter. The issue is made; on the one hand is a continuance and aggravation of the wrongs from which she has so long suffered and is still suffering, and on the other a speedy deliverance from the bonds which have bound her and the opening of a bright and promising future. The path is open; you are invited to tread it. On the one hand there is darkness, and shadow, and gloom, and continued misfortune and oppression; and on the other there is freedom, prosperity and peace. Choose you this day between these two offerings made for your free-will acceptance. My friends, that great party of this country which now brings within its fold every true man of the land, North, South, East and West, without reference to past political differences, comes and tenders you the guarantees of that Constitution which was framed by the wisdom and

consecrated by the blood of your fathers. Come and stand by us. Give your support to the men who are pledged to carry out these principles.

We have put a candidate before you for the highest office in the country—a man known as a statesman throughout the land—a man whose record in the past has been true to those great principles of constitutional rights. We have placed before you a candidate for vice president, one who, it is true, like General Grant, fought you during the war, but, unlike General Grant, ceased to fight you when the war was over. (Applause.) I honor a brave man, I can do reverence to his virtues, though he has drawn the sword against me. I honor such a man, and today give evidence of it in the cordiality with which I will cast my vote for Frank P. Blair for vice president of the United States. But the man who, after the battle is over, travels over the field, and, with a valor that I cannot commend, draws his sword to thrust it into each corpse as he passes along, such a man can never command my respect, and if my advice is heeded will never get a vote in Georgia.

Let the people of the North understand that we give to Seymour and Blair our warm and hearty support, with a perfect knowledge on our part that the one in the cabinet and the other on the field were fully identified with those who prosecuted the war against us, and to whose overwhelming numbers we finally surrendered. We do not pretend to say that we support them because they warred against us, but in spite of it, believing as we do, that in a restored Union they will extend to us those sacred constitutional rights of which they are now the chosen and honored representatives. And this is all that the people of the South ask or expect at the hands of the people of the North.

These are the men, these are the pledges which are offered to you by those whom I commend to your confidence and support today. On the other hand you are offered for the Presidency General Grant. I have said as much of him as he ever said of himself, and therefore he has no right to complain that I have not treated him with proper respect. Of Mr. Colfax, the candidate for the vice presidency, I am not sufficiently informed of his history in order to give you any very satisfactory account of him. My opinion is, however, if, when in the days of his infancy, his mother had been told that he would be a candidate for vice president, it would have run the old lady crazy. (Laughter and cheers.) It is sufficient to say of them that they stand before you as the representatives of the Chicago platform. That is condemnation enough. But these men, fellow citizens, are of today and will pass away. The principles which they represent belong to the future and will live long after those who upheld them are forgotten.

You have before you the great political truths presented by the democracy of the country. Let us go for a moment to Chicago and see what was presented there for the people of this country. What is offered to you by the convention of wild and bad men who placed General Grant and Mr. Colfax before the country? I will not stop to discuss the double-faced resolutions on finance. I come to the main starting proposition which you are called upon to give your sanction to, and which most nearly affects your interests.

Fellow citizens, that platform announces to you that a white man's government shall be guaranteed to the people of the North, but that

negroes are good enough for Georgia and the people of the South. I do not pretend to quote the language or the precise words, but such are the principles and doctrines enunciated. The radicals have not denied it in their press—they have not denied it by their public men—they can not, dare not, deny it. That platform says that the negroes of the South shall be guaranteed and protected in the exercise of political power, the right of suffrage, the right of sitting in the jury-box, the right of holding seats in the Legislature and upon the bench, and that it is all right and proper for you and for the people of the South that this should be the case; but when asked to put it to the people of the North, to the freemen of the West, and the freemen of the East and the Middle States, they said, "No! they are entitled to a white man's government; they are entitled to the protection which had been given them by the fathers of the land, from the earliest organization of the government; they are the sons of the revolutionary fathers who fought and with their blood won the liberty of this country—by their wisdom adopted the Constitution. They shall have a white man's government; they are worthy of it; they deserve it, but for those rebels down South, those men in Georgia, those women and children in Georgia, they deserve no such protection; they shall have guaranteed to them no such Government." My friends, what think you of these men of the North? What think you of the Grants and the Colfaxes? of the Thad Stevenses? the Sumners and the Wilsons of the North, who went to Chicago and then wrote it down in cold blood—there was no passion—there was no excitement—there were no war tones sounding throughout the land—but coolly, calmly, passionless, they wrote it down upon their platform: "The people of the South, you must submit to negro suffrage, you must submit to negro supremacy; but for our own people we reserve the old landmarks of the Constitution?" Today they defend the policy which puts these negroes in the Legislature. Today that platform says my friend (pointing to Mr. Toombs) and myself are properly and justly excluded from the rights of suffrage, from the right of holding office; but these negroes are the proper people to make laws to govern and control this great and good State of Georgia.

What think you of northern men who are prepared to perpetuate this great wrong and outrage upon our people? Can you say to them, "Brother"? Can you say to them, "Friend"? Can you welcome them to your house, when they come to your midst, either with the insignia of office or in the habiliment of private citizens? Why should they wonder and stand amazed because we bid them not to the feast when our friends are invited to assemble and make merry among themselves? Shall these men, ought these men, to expect it? Pardon me if I dwell upon it. I want to express it, and I urge it upon you, until there shall exist in the heart and soul of every son and daughter that walks and breathes her pure air, and lives upon her happy soil, this conviction, that these men of the North, these Chicago men, these men who call upon you to vote for Grant and Colfax, and that Grant and Colfax, who have indorsed these things, are neither worthy of your vote, your respect, or of your confidence, much less of your kindness and hospitality. My friends, they are our enemies. I state it in cool and calm debate. If they were our friends they could not doubly wrong us, and

if there beat in their bosom one single kindly emotion for the people of the South, they would never have made this public declaration to the world of your unworthiness and the contempt which they feel for you. Enemies they were in war, enemies they continue to be in peace. In war we drew the sword and bade them defiance; in peace we gather up the manhood of the South, and raising the banner of constitutional equality, and gathering around it the good men of the North as well as the South, we hurl into their teeth today the same defiance, and bid them come on to the struggle. We are ready for it if they are. But, my countrymen, if those are the feelings which rise in our bosom, in reference to these men of the North—these men who have no bond of union with you—these men who never trod upon your soil unless it was to plunder and to rob—these men who know not these women and these children—these men who have never worshiped at your altars, who never communed with the good men and women of your state around that altar erected to the living God—if these are your feelings towards strangers in blood, and sympathy and association, what can be your feelings towards those men of Georgia who traveled these hundreds of miles to meet these men at Chicago, who sat upon the bench with them, who went into the council chamber with them, and who have joined their voices and united their hearts in pronouncing that the men whom they have left behind them—the men of Georgia who had honored them overmuch, who had lifted them from the lowest dregs of society and elevated them to the highest offices of honor, profit, and trust. What say you of such men who went to Chicago, and there, crouch at the feet of our enemies, declared that these good people of Georgia deserved the fate that had come upon them, of being put under the ban of negro supremacy? My countrymen, don't think I speak harsh words because I say hard truths. I speak of those delegates to the Chicago convention; I speak of them in unmeasured terms.

A friend told me, as I was coming here the other day, that he heard another say that by a speech that I had made at Davis Hall I had made half a dozen votes for Joe Brown. Well, I come to make half a dozen more today. He and his associates were at Chicago. He and his associates joined and united in pronouncing this infamous doctrine—the negro is good enough for Georgia, but not good enough for Ohio and New York. Are not the people of Georgia right in assigning him the status which he has taken for himself? If negroes are good enough for Georgia, it is that kind of Georgia that he is, and I shall not dispute the doctrine. Let him associate with them, but white men of this country cut loose from him. Amen and amen. Let it reverberate over your mountains, down your valleys, from your old men and your young men, your women and your children, until one grand chorus shall ring through every throbbing heart! "Overboard with him!" "He has turned traitor to the country!" I tell you very frankly, my friends, I am not an intolerant man, but when I see a white man talking to Joe Brown and that class of men, a feeling of revulsion comes over me. I can't help it. But when I see them talking to a negro, I feel sorry for the negro. That is six more votes for Joe Brown. I will give him about three more, and quit him. I say to you, my friends, you owe it to yourselves, you owe it to the noble dead who sleep in their graves; to observe

these things. You go here, and I honor you for it, and scatter flowers over those graves. God bless you for it! They are the graves of good, true, and honest, and noble, and brave, and generous men. But as you return from that solemn duty turn your back to the right and left upon those who dishonor the memory of the dead. You owe it to the living, you owe it to your own children and to their children. Write down in their memories this day and all days and for all time to come the feeling and spirit of abhorrence with which you regard these men. O heaven! for some blistering words that I may write infamy upon the forehead of these men, that they may travel through earth despised of all men and rejected of heaven, scorned by the devil himself. They may seek their final congenial resting-place under the mudsills of that ancient institution prepared for them from the beginning of the world.

Fellow citizens, being in a counseling and advising mood today, I am disposed to ask a favor of another class of our fellow citizens; a class of whom I have not asked favors heretofore. They have been amongst us for the last three years, men of the North, some of them in high military position, some of them wearing the simple vestments of private life. Now the time has come when many of these are to leave us and return back to their homes, and in the part which they have played to return no more forever. Now, of these gentlemen personally, I know nothing, but I have a word to say to them and to ask them to bear a message from the people of the South to the people of the North. You have been here for three years. When you return to your homes tell your people that you came here and found our land one general plain of desolation; the ashes stand, or stood then, where this beautiful city now stands. You found our people overwhelmed by numbers, a conquered people, if you please, but a brave and generous people still. You have been in our midst and have seen the wrongs that have been done this people. You have seen their old men and their young men torn from the bosom of their families, and from their labor and occupation without warrant or authority of constitutional law. You have seen them carried to the dungeon, and from the dungeon to the courts which had no jurisdiction under the Constitution. Tell your people of the North these things when you go. Tell them, too, you have seen the polls opened, you have seen Georgia's noblest sons, born upon the soil and reared under her institutions, sons whom she has delighted to honor, sons whom you have received with welcoming arms in all the Northern States—you have seen these sons, upon whose character not one single blot rests, you have seen them driven from the polls. Tell them that! Tell them that you have seen the poor, ignorant, debased, unhappy, unfortunate, and deluded negro taken, not by the voice of persuasion and of argument, but by a power which he could not and dare not resist, and you have seen him go and fill up that ballot-box that formerly received the votes of the good and true men of Georgia. Tell them that you have stood here in her legislative halls. Gray-headed fathers have told you that these seats were once filled by the noblest and truest men of the land—her Crawford, her Troup, her Forsyth, her Berrien, her Lumpkin, her Wayne—her great and good men in the days that are past. Around me here I see the gray-headed fathers of this land who once filled these seats. Tell me whom you saw there on yesterday. True, some of her sons, good and true men, are there to try to save and rescue their state from wrong, but tell them that the seats of Troup and Clark were filled by two negroes who could not write their names. Tell them that my own old County of Clark—these men will recognize the name I speak of Clayton, Dougherty, Hull, and Hope, and Thomas, and, in later days, the brave and gallant Deloney, and other good citizens—tell them when you go to the North the seats formerly occupied by these men were filled by illiterate negroes. Tell them when you go there that in times past you were told that the good men of Georgia assembled at her capitol to inaugurate her government, these men whose names I have mentioned to you; but never in all the history of this state was any man, be he good or bad, placed in that chair, with those insignia of office, but in the response to the voice of the people of Georgia.

I care not, gentlemen of the North, military and civilians, with what prejudices you come here; I care not how passion has been inflamed. These are solemn truths, and it is your duty as honest men to tell the message I this day give you. Tell them that on the 4th day of July—a day memorable in the history of your country—a day honored and celebrated by the good men of the land—Georgia was summoned by the party who now rules her destiny, to assemble in mass convention at her capital. You were here and saw that scene. Go, I ask it as a favor; I will humble myself so far as to beg that the truth may be carried from Georgia and spread broadcast among your people. You witnessed that assembly. It was a mass meeting of the radicals of Georgia. Twenty white men were here, and probably all who deserved the name of white men, outside of spectators, did not reach quite a half a dozen. They were a motley crowd of negroes. They spoke of Georgia; they thanked this beneficent legislation that had brought the great blessing upon the land. Men stood upon that platform who had been honored by Georgia, and, addressing that assembly of dark faces and kinky heads, with not one white man scattered, here or there, called them "my countrymen!" Well, if they are his countrymen, let him and his countrymen seek some more congenial climate. Africa is open to him, and not knowing Joe as well as I do, the people of that continent might bid him come.

Go, gentlemen of the North, and tell your people that there was assembled in Georgia—this great and noble old state—that crowd! and a more respectable one works on my plantation every day, because they work for their daily bread and meat, and are respectable compared to the set of worthless creatures whom the radicals of both North and South pretend to call the people of Georgia.

Tell them that that was the people in whose hands and under whose control you left this noble old state, when you turned your back upon me, to seek your own homes, and then tell them that on the 23d of July there was another assemblage calling themselves the people of Georgia. Come, now, and stand here by my side. I want you to cast your eyes over this vast assembly. Come and look upon those daughters of Georgia, and, gentlemen of the North, tell me—you have hearts—you have souls—you have in your own states mothers, wives, and sisters; I ask you to come here today and stand upon this platform and look upon our mothers, and sisters and wives and little ones, and tell me in your heart is it right and just and proper? Does your own heart dictate it,

that those women and children ought to be under the dominion of those negroes that assembled on the Fourth of July? If there is one pulsation left in your heart, if there is one single throb left to beat for the people of the South, come and look upon this picture. Around them you see old men, denounced they have been as rebels, but from their youth up they have lived in Georgia. Their neighbors know them, respect them, esteem them, love them. Ought these men to be placed under that negro dominion? Ought these men to be required to bow their necks to the yoke which oppression and despotism have prepared for them?

Oh, men of the North, as ye travel homeward, spread these truths broadcast; and when you receive a cordial welcome into your own homestead, and that wife and mother and daughter impress upon your lips the kiss of affection and love, remember, I beg you, remember the mothers, and wives, and daughters of Georgia. If you cannot feel for them in that hour, then the spirit of love and affection has departed from you, never again to be reclaimed. Tell them that in the midst of all this desolation, in the midst of all these wrongs that there was not in all Georgia a single daughter that bowed her head to the yoke. Tell them that our brave men stood submissive at the point of the bayonet. Tell them that kindness and generosity would have won back the allegiance of their hearts, but all the bayonets that ever were made in the American Union cannot drive manhood from their breasts. Tell them that these men were brave and generous to the last, hating their enemies, loving their friends, and, even if it had been necessary, from the scaffold they would have hurled defiance into the teeth of their oppressors. They would have welcomed every noble and generous heart to the South with a cordiality they extend alone to those they love. Tell them, moreover, Georgia has a home for every true man of the North. She has a welcome for every true man that will come to live among us and with us and be of us. But she has neither a true welcome nor a false hospitality to offer to those who come to wrong and oppress them, and when you have told them all this, tell them that in Georgia there was but one voice, one heart, one soul, one spirit. When you turn your back upon the state, looking through all her length and breadth, upon her mountains, in her valleys, in her cities, in her towns, along the public highways, in the public and private workshops, you don't leave behind you one single white radical advocate of the Chicago platform who was worthy of the respect and confidence of a gentleman.

And when you are asked by your people what are the views and sentiments and purposes of the people of the South, do us the justice to pronounce the charge that we are hostile to the Union and the Constitution, and that we desire to renew the bitter conflict through which we have just passed, as false and unfounded. Tell them that when you heard the people of Georgia asserting their claims to perfect equality in the Union under the Constitution, you could not find it in your heart to deny the justice of their claims, and that the effort of the radical party as manifested in their congressional legislation and affirmed in the most offensive shape in their Chicago platform, should not find among the honest and true men of the North either an advocate or an apologist. Tell them that you believe it to be wrong, and that if they had been

among us and witnessed what you have witnessed they would unite with you in condemning the injustice which these things have done to us.

Tell them that the people of the South are ready and anxious for the restoration of perfect harmony and conciliation, whenever the terms upon which the restoration is offered, are such as brave and honorable men can accept—that they long for peace, but it must not be linked with dishonor—and the people of the North should bear in mind when they offer to us terms of humiliation, they not only wrong us but themselves also. Tell them that as you communed with our people you found that the aspirations of our young men, the prayers of our old men, and the ardent desire of all, were to restore a violated Constitution, cement a weakened Union, and unite all the people of this great country in a common and cordial brotherhood. Tell them these things, and if you present the picture faithfully you will have made a stronger argument, and a more powerful appeal for Seymour and Blair, than I can put in your mouths today. This, this is the picture that I want you to present.

Fellow citizens, I come today in the spirit of tolerance. I want to bury in Georgia bitter recollections of the past. You and I have differed for days and for years—since the hour in which my voice was first raised in the public meetings of my country. I come today to present you a platform, present candidates, and invite every good and true man in Georgia to join with me in the good work. Come—if you have gone far astray come back. The doors are wide open, wide enough, broad enough to receive every white man in Georgia, unless you should discover him coming to you creeping and crawling under the Chicago platform. Upon them there should be no mercy. They have dishonored themselves and sought to dishonor you. Anathematize them. Drive them from the pale of social and political society. Leave them to wallow in their own mire and filth. Nobody will envy them, and if they are never taken out of the gully until I reach forth my hand to take them up they will die in their natural element. But all others come that have differed about reconstruction. I could not go with you. I thought you were wrong. We differed in reference to the constitutional amendment. I thought you were still further from the path. But, my friends, come now, come, retrace your steps. You stand upon the bank; you have taken the last step you can take and recover lost ground. Come out from among this people. I appeal to you in the name of the past, in the memories of the past, in the hopes of the future. Sons of Georgia, come out from among this people. I appeal to you in their name. Oh! can you stand here and look upon these faces full of mourning for the past, full of grief over that which cannot be redeemed? But yet there plays a pleasant smile; a beam of hope comes gushing from each eye. Let it gush upon the altars of your heart, rekindle the flames that have almost gone out, and here today let all Georgia's sons come and unite in this great and glorious work. Her banner hangs drooping. Her proud institutions live only in memory. When she was a white man's government she was proud, honored, happy, prosperous. Come, and at this altar unite with me, and, by the grace of heaven, let us once more make Georgia a white man's government. It is for you to say, by your votes and by your actions, whether the sun of her greatness shall again reach to meridian splendor. Old men, come. Mothers, to your altars, and carry your daughters with

you. Ask the prayers of heaven upon your friends, upon your fathers, your husbands, and sons. Young men, in whose veins the red blood of youth runs so quickly, let the ardor of your temperaments, the pulsations of your hearts, all beat for Georgia! Your old state, the state of your fathers, that holds in reserve honors innumerable for you and them, come! Come one and all, and let us snatch the old banner from the dust, give it again to the breeze, and, if needs be, to the God of Battles, and strike one more honest blow for constitutional liberty.

[This great speech was delivered in the national House of Representatives, on January 10, 1876, within a month after Mr. Hill took his seat in Congress. It was on the General Amnesty Bill, from the provisions of which Mr. Blaine, a representative from the State of Maine, moved to except Jefferson Davis, upon whom he sought to fix responsibility for the alleged prison horrors at Andersonville, Georgia. Mr. Blaine's manifest purpose in making this speech was to further his political interests. He was an avowed candidate for the republican nomination for President and he sought to make friends for himself at the North by appealing to sectional animosities. He also endeavored to cast odium upon the national democracy by identifying it with the Confederate cause in the '60s. Mr. Hill, as a former Confederate States senator and a close personal friend of Mr. Davis, familiar with the real facts in the case, was the man to reply to Mr. Blaine's vicious attack. His defense of Andersonville became a classic. He put the responsibility for prison conditions in the South where it properly belonged, viz., upon the war policy of the Federal Government, in making medicine contraband of war and in refusing to exchange prisoners. Mr. Blaine was utterly routed. He failed to capture the coveted nomination. Moreover, the popular vote, in 1876, was given to Samuel J. Tilden, the democratic nominee for President; and when the Georgia Legislature met in the following winter, Mr. Hill was elected to the Senate of the United States.]

Mr. Speaker: The House will bear witness with me that we have not sought this discussion. Nothing could have been further from the desires and purposes of those who with me represent immediately the section of country which on yesterday was put upon trial than to reopen this discussion of the events of our unhappy past. We had well hoped that the country had suffered long enough from feuds, from strife, and from inflamed passions, and we came here, sir, with a patriotic purpose to remember nothing but the country and the whole country, and turning our backs upon all the horrors of the past to look with all earnestness to find glories for the future. The gentleman [Mr. Blaine] who is the acknowledged leader of the republican party on this floor, who is the aspiring leader of the republican party of this country, representing most manifestly the wishes of many of his associates—not all—has willed otherwise. They seem determined that the wounds which were healing shall be reopened; that the passions which were hushing shall be reinflamed.

Sir, I wish this House to understand that we do not reciprocate either the purpose or the manifest desire of the gentlemen on the other side, and while we feel it our imperative duty to vindicate the truth of history as regards the section which we represent, feeling that it is a portion of

this common country, we do not intend to say anything calculated to aid the gentlemen in their work of crimination and recrimination, and of keeping up the war by politicians after brave men have said the war shall end. The gentleman from Maine on yesterday presented to the country two questions which he manifestly intends to be the fundamental principles of the republican party, or at least of those who follow him in that party. The first is what he is pleased to term the magnanimity and grace of the republican party; the second is the brutality of those whom he is pleased to call "the rebels." Upon the first question I do not propose to weary the House today. If, with the history of the past fifteen years fresh in the memory of this people, the country is prepared to talk about the grace and magnanimity of the republican party, argument would be wasted. If, with master enslaved, intelligence disfranchised, society disorganized, industry paralyzed, states subverted, legislatures dispersed by the bayonet, the people can accord to that party the verdict of grace and magnanimity—then may God save the future of our country from grace and magnanimity.

I advance directly to that portion of the gentleman's argument which relates to the question before the House. The gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Randall] has presented to this House, and asks it to adopt, a bill on the subject of amnesty, which is precisely the same as the bill passed in this House by the gentleman's own party, as I understand it, at the last session of Congress. The gentleman from Maine has moved a reconsideration of the vote by which it was rejected, avowing his purpose to be to offer an amendment. The main purpose of that amendment is to except from the operation of the bill one of the citizens of this country, Mr. Jefferson Davis. He alleges two distinct reasons why he asks the House to make that exception. I will state those reasons in the gentleman's own language. First, he states that Mr. Davis was "the author—knowingly, deliberately, guiltily and willfully—of the gigantic crime and murder of Andersonville." That is a grave indictment. He then characterizes, in his second position, what he calls the horrors of Andersonville, and he says of them:

"And I here before God, measuring my words, knowing their full extent and import, declare that neither the deeds of the Duke of Alva in the Low Countries, nor the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, nor the thumbscrews and engines of torture of the Spanish Inquisition, begin to compare in atrocity with the hideous crimes of Andersonville."

Sir, he stands before the country with his very fame imperiled if he, having made such charges, shall not sustain them. Now, I take up the propositions of the gentleman in their order. I hope no one imagines that I am here to pass any eulogy upon Mr. Davis. The record upon which his fame must rest has been made up, and he and his friends have transmitted that record to the only judge who will give him an impartial judgment—an honest, unimpassioned posterity. In the meantime, no eulogy from me can help him, no censure from the gentleman can damage him, and no act or resolution of this House can affect him. But the charge is that he is a murderer, and a deliberate, willful, guilty, and scheming murderer of "thousands of our fellow citizens." Why, sir, knowing the character of the honorable gentleman from Maine, his high reputation, when I heard the charge fall from his lips I thought surely

the gentleman had made a recent discovery, and I listened for the evidence to justify that charge. He produced it; and what is it? To my utter amazement, as the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Kelley] has well stated, it is nothing on earth but a report of a committee of this Congress, made when passions were at their height, and it was known to the gentleman and to the whole country eight years ago.

Now, I say first, in relation to that testimony, that it is exclusively ex parte. It was taken when the gentleman who is now put upon trial by it before the country was imprisoned and in chains, without a hearing and without an opportunity to be heard. It was taken by enemies. It was taken in the midst of fury and rage. If there is anything in Anglo-Saxon law which ought to be considered sacred, it is the high privilege of an Englishman not to be condemned until he shall be confronted with the witnesses against him. But that is not all. The testimony produced by the gentleman is not only ex parte, not only exclusively the production of enemies, or at least taken by them and in the heat of passion, but the testimony is mutilated; ingeniously mutilated, palpably mutilated, most adroitly mutilated. Why, sir, one of the main witnesses is Dr. Joseph Jones, a very excellent gentleman, who was called upon to give his testimony in what is called the Wirz trial, and which is produced before this House and attention called to it by the gentleman. The object of the gentleman was to prove that Mr. Davis knew of these atrocities at Andersonville, and he calls the attention of the House to the report of this committee, and thanks God it has been taken in time to be put where it can neither be contradicted nor gainsaid, as a perpetual guide to posterity to find out the authors of these crimes.

One of the most striking and remarkable pieces of evidence in this whole report is found in the report made by Doctor Jones, a surgeon of fine character, and sent to Andersonville by the Confederate authorities to investigate the condition of the prison. That gentleman made his report, and it is brought into this House. What is it? The first point is as to the knowledge of this report going to any of the authorities at Richmond. Here is what Doctor Jones says:

"I have just completed the report, which I placed in the hands of the judge-advocate, under orders from the government, when the Confederacy went to pieces. That report never was delivered to the surgeon-general, and I was unaware that any one knew of its existence until I received orders from the United States Government to bring it and deliver it to this court in testimony."

Now, he was ordered by the United States Government, the first time this report ever saw the light, to bring it and deliver it on the trial of Wirz. In accordance with that order, he did bring it and deliver it to the judge advocate-general. And when the report itself, or that which purported to be the report, was presented to him while he was a witness, he discovered that it was mutilated, and he asked permission to state that fact. Hear what he says on that subject:

"I beg leave to make a statement to the court. That portion of my report which has been read is only a small part of the report. The real report contains the excuses which were given by the officers present at Andersonville, which I thought it right to embody in my report. It also contains documents forwarded to Richmond by Dr. White and Dr Stevenson, and others in charge of the hospitals. Those documents contained important facts as to the labors of the medical department and their efforts to better the condition of things."

All that part of the report is suppressed, and with that suppression this magnificent receptacle of truth is filed away in the document room for the information of posterity. * * * Now I want to call attention to another extract from that original report—a part not included in this book. There are a great many such omissions; I have not been able to get all of them. Doctor Jones, in his report, is giving an account of the causes of the sickness and mortality at Andersonville; and he says, among other things:

"Surrounded by these depressing agents, the postponement of the general exchange of prisoners and the constantly receding hopes of deliverance through the action of their own Government, depressed their already desponding spirits and destroyed those mental and moral energies so necessary for a successful struggle against disease and its agents. Home-sickness and disappointment, mental depression and distress, attending the daily longing for an apparently hopeless release, are felt to be as potent agencies in the destruction of these prisoners as the physical causes of actual disease."

Ah, why that homesickness, that longing, and the distress consequent upon it, and its effect in carrying those poor, brave, unfortunate heroes to death? I will tell this House before I am done.

Now, sir, there is another fact. Wirz was put upon trial, but really Mr. Davis was the man intended to be tried through him. Over 160 witnesses were introduced before the military commission. The trial lasted three months. The whole country was under military despotism; citizens labored under duress; and quite a large number of Confederates were seeking to make favor with the powers of the Government. Yet, sir, during those three months, with all the witnesses they could bring to Washington, not one single man ever mentioned the name of Mr. Davis in connection with a single atrocity at Andersonville, or elsewhere. The gentleman from Maine with all his research into all the histories of the Duke of Alva and the Massacre of St. Bartholomew and the Spanish Inquisition, has not been able to frighten up a witness yet.

Now, sir, there is a witness on this subject. Wirz was condemned, found guilty, sentenced to be executed; and I have now before me the written statement of his counsel, a northern man and a Union man. He gave this statement to the country, and it has never been contradicted. Hear what this gentleman says:

"On the night before the execution of the prisoner Wirz, a telegram was sent to the Northern press from this city stating that Wirz had made important disclosures to General L. C. Baker, the well-known detective, implicating Jefferson Davis, and that the confession would probably be given to the public. On the same evening some parties came to the confessor of Wirz, Rev. Father Boyle, and also to me as his counsel, one of them informing me that a high cabinet officer wished to assure Wirz that if he would implicate Jefferson Davis with atrocities committed at Andersonville his sentence would be commuted. The messenger requested me to inform Wirz of this. In the presence of Father Boyle I told Wirz next morning what had happened."

Hear the reply:

"Captain Wirz simply and quietly replied: 'Mr. Schade, you know that I have always told you that I do not know anything about Jefferson Davis. He had no connection with me as to what was done at Andersonville. I would not become a traitor against him or anybody else even to save my life."

Sir, what Wirz, within two hours of his execution, would not say for his life, the gentleman from Maine says to the contrary to keep himself and his party in power. Christianity is a falsehood, humanity is a lie, civilization is a cheat, or the man who would not make a false charge for his life was never guilty of a willful murder. He who makes a charge must produce his witnesses. They must be informed witnesses. They must be credible witnesses. The gentleman from Maine makes his charge but produces no witnesses. He says that men sent by Jefferson Davis to Andersonville were his officers, executing his orders, commissioned by him, and he therefore charges Mr. Davis with these atrocities by inference. It was only when the gentleman reached that portion of his argument that I thought I began to discover the real purpose of his movement. I will not charge him with it, but a suggestion came immediately to my mind.

What is the proposition which the gentleman proposes to establish? It is that those high in authority are to be charged with the sins and treacheries of their agents, commissioned by them and acting under their orders. Is the gentleman artfully—I beg pardon—under cover of the prejudice and passion against Jefferson Davis, seeking to assault President Grant? If Jefferson Davis sent General Winder to Andersonville, why President Grant sent McDonald and Joyce to St. Louis. Nay, more, sir; is not the very secretary of the White House, the private confidential secretary, indicted today for complicity in these frauds. Does the gentleman want to establish a rule of construction by which he can authorize the country to arraign General Grant for complicity in the whisky frauds?

Sir, is General Grant responsible for the Credit Mobilier? Was he a stockholder in the Sanborn contracts? Was he co-partner in the frauds upon this district? With all his witnesses, the gentleman never can find a single man who was confidential secretary to Mr. Davis and charged with complicity in crime, that Mr. Davis ever endorsed any man as fit for office who was even gravely charged with any complicity in fraud. Yet the gentleman's President, as I understand it, absolutely sent to the Senate of the United States for confirmation to a high office the very man who stood charged before the country with the grossest peculations and frauds in this district, and that, too, after these charges were made and while the investigation was pending.

Sir, I am neither the author nor the disciple of such political logic. And I will not, nor would I for any consideration, assume the proposition before this House to punish an enemy that would implicate the President of the United States in the grossest of frauds. Yet if the gentleman's proposition be true, General Grant, instead of being entitled to a third term as President, is entitled to twenty terms in twenty penitentiaries. But, sir, he is not guilty. The argument is false. It is a libel upon the American rule of law and English precedent. You cannot find its precedent anywhere in any civilized country. I acquit General Grant of complicity in the whisky frauds and revenue frauds, and the facts acquit Mr. Davis of complicity in any atrocity anywhere.

Now, Mr. Speaker, I pass from the construction of that question to the real facts about Andersonville. First, I want to call the attention of the House to the law of the Confederate Government on the subject of the treatment of prisoners. I read from the act of the Confederate Congress upon that subject. It was very simple and directed that "the rations furnished prisoners of war shall be the same in quantity and quality as those furnished to enlisted men in the army of the Confederacy." That was the law; that was the law Mr. Davis approved; and that was the law which he, so far as his agency was concerned, executed.

The gentleman in his speech has gone so far as to say that Mr. Davis purposely sent General Winder to Andersonville to organize a den of horrors and kill Federal soldiers. I do not quote exactly his language, but I know it is "to organize a den of horrors;" but I am sure I can use no language more bitter than the gentleman used himself. Therefore, the next thing I shall read is the order given for the purpose of locating this prison at Andersonville, or wherever it should be properly located. The official order for the location of the stockade enjoins that it should be in a "healthy locality, with plenty of pure water, with a running stream, and, if possible, with shade trees, and the immediate neighborhood of grist and saw mills." That does not look like the organization of a den of horrors to commit murder. That was the official order. That was not all. These prisoners at Andersonville were not only allowed the rations measured out to Confederate soldiers both in quantity and quality in every respect, but they were allowed also to buy as much outside as they desired; a privilege, I am reliably informed, which was not extended to many of the Confederate prisoners. I do not know how this is. I do not wish to charge it if the facts were otherwise. But in the book which the gentleman from Maine himself produces we find this testimony given by a Union soldier. He says:

"We never had any difficulty in getting vegetables; we used to buy almost anything we wanted of the sergeant who called the roll mornings and nights. His name was Smith, I think. He was Captain Wirz's chief sergeant. We were divided into messes, eight in each mess; my mess used to buy from two to four bushels of sweet potatoes a week, at the rate of $15 Confederate money per bushel."

They got $20 of Confederate money for $1 of greenbacks in those days.

"Turnips were bought at $20 a bushel. We had to buy our own soap for washing our own persons and clothing; we bought meat and eggs and biscuit. There seemed to be an abundance of those things; they were in the market constantly. That sergeant used to come down with a wagon load of potatoes at a time, bringing twenty or twenty-five bushels at a load sometimes."

Now, sir, Mr. Davis himself alluded to that privilege which was allowed to the Federal soldiers. The Confederate authorities not only allowed them to purchase supplies as they pleased outside, in addition to the rations allowed them by law—the same rations allowed to Confederate soldiers—but he says:

"By an indulgence perhaps unprecedented, we have even allowed the prisoners in our hands to be supplied by their friends at home with comforts not enjoyed by the men who captured them in battle."

The Confederate Government gave Federal prisoners the same rations the Confederate soldiers in the field received. Federal prisoners had permission to buy whatever else they pleased, and the Confederates gave their friends at home permission to furnish them the means to do so. And yet, Mr. Speaker, it is true that, in spite of all these advantages enjoyed by these prisoners, there were horrors and great horrors at Andersonville. What were the causes of those horrors? The first was want of medicine. That is given as a cause by Doctor Jones in his testimony; that is given by this very Father Hamilton, from whom the gentleman from Maine read. In the very same testimony which the gentleman read, Father Hamilton says:

"I conversed with Dr. White with regard to the condition of the men, and he told me it was not in his power to do anything for them; that he had no medicine and could not get any, and that he was doing everything in his power to help them."

Now, how was it that medicine and other essential supplies could not be obtained? Unfortunately they were not in the Confederacy. The Federal Government made medicine contraband of war; and I am not aware that any other nation on earth ever did such a thing before—not even the Duke of Alva, sir. The Confederate Government, unable to introduce medicine according to its right under the laws of nations, undertook to run the blockade, and whenever possible the Federal navy captured its ships and took the medicine. Then, when no other resource was left, when it was suspected that the women of the North—earth's angels, God bless them—would carry quinine and other medicines of that sort, so much needed by the Federal prisoners in the South, Federal officers were charged to capture the women and examine their petticoats, to keep them from carrying medicines to Confederate soldiers and to Federal prisoners, and they were imprisoned. Surely, sir, the Confederate Government and the southern people are not to be blamed for a poverty in medicines, food and raiment, enforced by the stringent war measures of the Federal Government—a poverty which had its intended effect of immeasurable distress to the Confederate armies, although incidentally it inflicted unavoidable distress upon the Federal soldiers in the South.

The Federal Government made clothing contraband of war. It sent down its armies, and they burned up the factories of the South wherever they could find them, for the express purpose of preventing the Confederates from furnishing clothing to their soldiers; and the Federal prisoners, of course, shared this deprivation of comfortable clothing. It was the war policy of the Federal Government to make supplies scarce. Doctor Jones in his testimony, and Father Hamilton in his testimony, which I will not stop to read to the House, explained why clothing was so scarce to Federal prisoners.

Now, then, sir, whatever horrors existed at Andersonville, not one of them could be attributed to a single act of legislation of the Confederate Government or to a single order of the Confederate Government, but every horror of Andersonville grew out of the necessities of the

occasion, which necessities were cast upon the Confederacy by the war policy of the other side. The gentleman from Maine says that no Confederate prisoner was ever maltreated in the North. And when my friend answered from his seat, "A thousand witnesses to the contrary in Georgia alone," the gentleman from Maine joined issue, but as usual produced no testimony in support of his issue. I think the gentleman from Maine is to be excused. For ten years unfortunately he and his have been reviling the people who were not allowed to come here to meet the reviling. Now, sir, we are face to face, and when you make a charge you must bring your proof. The time has passed when the country can accept the impudence of assertion for the force of argument, or recklessness of statement for the truth of history.

Now, sir, I do not wish to unfold the chapter on the other side. I am an American. I honor my country, and my whole country, and it could be no pleasure to me to bring forward proof that any portion of my countrymen had been guilty of willful murder or of cruel treatment to poor manacled prisoners. Nor will I make any such charge. These horrors are inseparable, many of them and most of them, from a state of war. I hold in my hand a letter written by one who was a surgeon at the prison at Elmira, and he says:

"The winter of 1864-1865 was an unusually severe and rigid one, and the prisoners arriving from the Southern States during this season were mostly old men and lads, clothed in attire suitable only to the genial climate of the South. I need not state to you that this alone was ample cause for an unusual mortality among them. The surroundings were of the following nature, viz., narrow, confined limits, but a few acres in extent—"

Andersonville, sir, embraced twenty-seven acres.

"narrow, confined limits, but a few acres in extent, through which flowed a turbid stream of water, carrying along with it all the excremental filth and debris of the camp; this stream of water, horrible to relate, was the only source of supply for an extended period that the prisoners could use for the purposes of ablution and to quench their thirst from day to day; the tents and other shelter allotted to the camp at Elmira were insufficient and crowded to the utmost extent; hence small-pox and other skin diseases raged throughout the camp.

"Here I may note that, owing to a general order from the government to vaccinate the prisoners, my opportunities were ample to observe the effect of spurious and diseased matter, and there is no doubt in my mind but that syphilis was ingrafted in many instances; ugly and horrible ulcers and eruptions of a characteristic nature were, alas, too frequent and obvious to be mistaken; small-pox cases were crowded in such a manner that it was a matter of impossibility for the surgeon to treat his patients individually; and they actually laid so adjacent that the simple movement of one would cause his neighbor to cry out in an agony of pain. The confluent and malignant type prevailed to such an extent and was of such a nature that the body would frequently be found one continuous scab.

"The diet and other allowances by the government for the use of the prisoners were ample, yet the poor unfortunates were allowed to starve."

Now, sir, the Confederate regulations authorized ample provisions for

the Federal prisoners, the same that was made for Confederate soldiers, and you charge that Mr. Davis was responsible for not having those allowances honestly supplied. The United States made provisions for Confederate prisoners, so far as rations were concerned, for feeding those in Federal hands; and yet what says the surgeon? "They were allowed to starve!"

"But why?—is a query which I will allow your readers to infer and to draw conclusions therefrom. Out of the number of prisoners, as before mentioned, over three thousand of them now lay buried in the cemetery located near the camp for that purpose—a mortality equal if not greater than that of any prison in the South. At Andersonville, as I am well informed by brother officers who endured confinement there, as well as by the records at Washington, the mortality was twelve thousand out of, say, forty thousand prisoners. Hence it is readily to be seen that the range of mortality was no less at Elmira than at Andersonville."

Mr. Platt—Will the gentleman allow me to interrupt him a moment to ask him where he gets that statement?

Mr. Hill—It is the statement of a Federal surgeon, published in the New York World.

Mr. Platt—I desire to say that I live within thirty-six miles of Elmira, and that those statements are unqualifiedly false.

Mr. Hill—Yes, and I suppose if one rose from the dead, the gentleman would not believe him.

Mr. Platt—Does the gentleman say those statements are true?

Mr. Hill—Certainly I do not say that they are true, but I do say that I believe the statement of the surgeon in charge before that of a politician thirty-six miles away. Now, will the gentleman believe testimony from the dead? The Bible says, "The tree is known by its fruits." And, after all, what is the test of suffering of these prisoners, North and South? The test is the result. Now, I call the attention of gentlemen to this fact, that the report of Mr. Stanton, the secretary of war—you will believe him, will you not?—on the 19th of July, 1866—send to the library and get it—exhibits the fact that of the Federal prisoners in Confederate hands during the war only 22,576 died, while of Confederate prisoners in Federal hands 26,436 died. And Surgeon-General Barnes reports, in an official report—I suppose you will believe him—that in round numbers the Confederate prisoners in Federal hands amounted to 220,000, while the Federal prisoners in Confederate hands amounted to 270,000. Out of the 270,000 in Confederate hands 22,000 died, while out of the 220,000 Confederates in Federal hands over 26,000 died. The ratio is this: More than twelve per cent of the Confederates in Federal hands died, and less than nine per cent of the Federals in Confederate hands died. What is the logic of these facts according to the gentleman from Maine? I scorn to charge murder upon the officials of northern prisons, as the gentleman has done upon Confederate prison officials. I labor to demonstrate that such miseries are inevitable in prison life, no matter how humane the regulations. I would scorn, too, to use a newspaper article, unless it were signed by one who gave his own name and whose statement, if not true, can be disproved, and I would believe such a one in preference to any politician over there who was thirty-six miles away from Elmira. That gentleman, so prompt

to contradict a surgeon, might perhaps have smelled the small-pox, but he could not see it, and I venture to say that if he knew the small-pox was there he would have taken very good care to keep thirty-six miles away. He is a wonderful witness. He is not even equal to the mutilated evidence brought in yesterday. But, sir, it appears from the official record that the Confederates came from Elmira, from Fort Delaware and from Rock Island, and other places, with their fingers frozen off, with their toes frozen off, and with teeth dropped out.

But the great question is behind. Every American, North and South, must lament that our country has ever impeached its civilization by such an exhibition of horrors on any side, and I speak of these things with no degree of pleasure. God knows, if I could hide them from the view of the world, I would gladly do it. But the great question is, at last, who was responsible for this state of things? And that is the only material question with which statesmen now should deal. Sir, it is well known that, when the war opened, at first the authorities of the United States determined that they would not exchange prisoners. The first prisoners captured by the Federal forces were the crew of the Savannah, and they were put in chains and sentenced to be executed. Jefferson Davis, hearing of this, communicated through the lines, and the Confederates having meanwhile also captured prisoners, he threatened retaliation in case those men suffered, and the sentence against the crew of the Savannah was not executed. Subsequently our friends from this way—I believe my friend before me from New York (Mr. Cox) was one—insisted that there should be a cartel for the exchange of prisoners. In 1862 that cartel was agreed upon. In substance and briefly it was that there should be an exchange of man for man and officer for officer, and whichever held an excess at the time of exchange should parole the excess. This worked very well until 1863. I am going over the facts very briefly.

In 1863, this cartel was interrupted: the Federal authorities refused to continue the exchange. Now commenced a history which the world ought to know, and which I hope the House will grant me the privilege of stating, and I shall do it from official records. This, I say frankly to the gentleman on the other side, was in truth one of the severest blows stricken at the Confederacy, this refusal to exchange prisoners in 1863 and continued through 1864. The Confederates made every effort to renew the cartel. Among other things, on the 2d of July, 1863, the vice president of the Confederacy, to whom the gentleman from Maine alluded the other day in such complimentary terms, Mr. Alexander H. Stephens, was absolutely commissioned by Mr. Davis to cross the lines and come to Washington to consult with the Federal authorities, with a broad commission to agree upon any cartel satisfactory to the other side for an exchange of prisoners. Mr. Davis said to him: "Your mission is one of humanity and has no political aspect." Mr. Stephens undertook that work. What was the result? I wish to be careful, and I will state this exactly, correctly. Here is his letter:

"Confederate States Steamer, Torpedo, in
"the James River, July 4, 1863.

"Sir:

"As military commissioner, I am the bearer of a communication in writing from Jefferson Davis, Commander-in-Chief of the land and naval forces of the Confederate States, to Abraham Lincoln, Commander-in-Chief of the land and naval forces of United States. Hon. Robert Ould, Confederate States agent of exchange, accompanies me as secretary, for the purpose of delivering the communication in person and conferring upon the subject to which it relates. I desire to proceed to Washington in the steamer, Torpedo, commanded by Lieutenant Hunter Davidson, of the Confederate States navy, no person being on board but Hon. Mr. Ould, myself, and the boat's officers and crew.

"Yours most respectfully,

"ALEX. H. STEPHENS.

"To S. H. Lee, Admiral."

Here is the answer:

"Acting Rear Admiral S. H. Lee, Hampton Roads: The Request of Alexander H. Stephens is inadmissible.

"GIDEON WELLS,
"Secretary of the Navy."

You will acknowledge that Mr. Stephens' humane mission failed. The Confederate authorities gave to that mission as much dignity and character as possible. They supposed that, of all men in the South, Mr. Stephens most nearly had your confidence. They selected him to be the bearer of messages for the sake of humanity in behalf of the brave Federal soldiers who were unfortunate prisoners of war. The Federal Government would not even receive him; the Federal authorities would not hear him. What was the next effort? After Mr. Stephens' mission failed, the commissioner for the exchange of prisoners, Colonel Ould, having exhausted all his efforts to get the cartel renewed, on the 24th of January, 1864, wrote the following letter to Major-General E. A. Hitchcock, agent of exchange on the Federal side:

"Confederate States of America, War Department
"Richmond, Va., January 24, 1864.

"Sir:

"In view of the difficulties attending the exchange and release of prisoners, I propose that all such on either side shall be attended by a proper number of their own surgeons who, under rules to be established, shall be permitted to take charge of their health and comfort. I also propose that these surgeons shall act as commissaries, with power to receive and distribute such contributions of money, food, clothing, and medicines as may be forwarded for the relief of the prisoners. I further propose that these surgeons shall be selected by their own government, and that they shall have full liberty, at any and all times, through the agents of exchange, to make reports not only of their own acts, but of any matters relating to the welfare of the prisoners.

"Respectfully, your obedient servant,

"ROBERT OULD,
"Agent of Exchange."

"Major-General E. A. Hitchcock."

The Speaker—The hour of the gentleman has expired.

Mr. Randall—I move the gentleman from Georgia be allowed to proceed.

Mr. Blaine—I do not object; but before the gentleman from Georgia passes from the subject upon which he is now speaking, I would be glad to know—

The Speaker—If there be no objection, the gentleman from Georgia will be allowed to proceed.

There was no objection.

Mr. Blaine—I believe the gentleman from Georgia was a member of the Confederate Senate. I find in a historical book of some authenticity of character that, in the Confederate Congress, Senator Hill, of Georgia, introduced the following resolution, relating to prisoners.

Mr. Hill—You are putting me on trial now, are you? Go ahead.

Mr. Blaine—This is the resolution:

"That every person pretending to be a soldier or officer of the United States, who shall be captured on the soil of the Confederate States, after the first day of January, 1863, shall be presumed to have entered the territory of the Confederate States with the intent to incite insurrection and abet murder; and unless satisfactory proof be adduced to the contrary before the military court before which the trial shall be held, shall suffer death. This section shall continue in force until the proclamation issued by Abraham Lincoln, dated at Washington on the 22nd day of September, 1862, shall be rescinded, and the policy therein announced shall be abandoned, and no longer."

Mr. Hill—I will say to the gentleman from Maine, very frankly, that I have not the slightest recollection of ever hearing that resolution before.

Mr. Blaine—The gentleman does not deny, however, that he is the author of it?

Mr. Hill—I do not know. My own impression is that I was not the author; but I do not pretend to recollect the circumstances. If the gentleman can give me the circumstances under which the resolution was introduced, they might recall the matter to my mind.

Mr. Blaine—Allow me to read further:

"October 1, 1862—The Judiciary Committee of the Confederate Congress made a report and offered a set of resolutions upon the subject of President Lincoln's proclamation, from which the following are extracts:

2. Every white person who shall act as a commissioned or non-commissioned officer commanding negroes or mulattoes against the Confederate States, or who shall arm, organize, train or prepare negroes or mulattoes for military service, or aid them in any military enterprise against the Confederate States, shall, if captured, suffer death.

3. Every commissioned or non-commissioned officer of the enemy who shall incite slaves to rebellion, or pretend to give them freedom, under the aforementioned act of Congress and proclamation, by abducting or causing them to be abducted or inducing them to abscond, shall, if captured, suffer death.

Thereupon, Senator Hill, of Georgia, is recorded as having offered the resolution I have read.

Mr. Hill—I was chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the Senate.

Mr. Blaine—And this resolution came directly from that committee.

Mr. Hill—It is very probable that, like the chairman of the Committee on Rules at the last session, I may have consented to that report.

Mr. Blaine—The gentleman then admits that he did make that report.

Mr. Hill—I really do not remember. I think it very likely.

A Member (to Mr. Blaine)—What is the book?

Mr. Blaine—The book from which I have read is entitled: "Republicanism in America," by R. Guy McClellan. It appears to be a book of good credit and authenticity. I merely want it settled whether the gentleman from Georgia was or was not the author of that resolution.

Mr. Hill—I say to the gentleman frankly that I really do not remember.

Mr. Blaine—The gentleman does not say he was not the author.

Mr. Hill—I do not. I will say this: I think I was not the author. Possibly I reported the resolution. It refers in terms to "pretended," not real soldiers.

Mr. Blaine—I thought that inasmuch as the gentleman's line of argument was to show the character of the Confederate policy, this might aid him a little in calling up the facts pertinent thereto.

Mr. Hill—With all due deference to the gentleman, I reply that he did not think any such thing. He thought he would divert me from the purpose of my argument and break its force—

Mr. Blaine—Oh, no.

Mr. Hill—He thought he would get up a discussion about certain measures presented in the Confederate Congress having no relation to the subject now under discussion, but which grew out of the peculiar relations of the Confederate Government to a population then in servitude—a population which the Confederate Government feared might be incited to insurrection—and measures might have been proposed which the Confederate Government may have thought it proper to take to protect helpless women and children in the South from insurrection. But I will not allow myself to be diverted by the gentleman to go either into the history of slavery or of domestic insurrection, or, as a friend near me suggests, "John Brown's Raid." I know this, that if I or any gentleman on the committee was the author of that resolution, which I think more than probable, our purpose was not to do injustice to any man, woman, or child, North or South, but to adopt what we deemed stringent measures within the laws of war to protect our wives and children from servile insurrection and slaughter while our brave sons were at the front. That is all, sir.

But, sir, I have read a letter from the Confederate commissioners of exchange, written in 1864, proposing that each side send surgeons with the prisoners; that they nurse and treat the prisoners; that the Federal authorities should send as many as they pleased; that those surgeons be commissioned also as commissaries to furnish supplies of clothing and food and everything else needed for the comfort of prisoners.

Now, sir, how did the Federal Government treat that offer? It broke the cartel for an exchange of prisoners; it refused to entertain a proposition, even when Mr. Stephens headed the commission, to renew it; and, then, sir, when the Confederates proposed that their own surgeons should accompany the prisoners of the respective armies, the Federal authorities did not answer the letter. No reply was ever received. Then, again,

in August, 1864, the Confederates made two more propositions. I will state that the cartel of exchange was broken by the Federal authorities for certain alleged reasons. Well, in August, 1864, prisoners on both sides accumulating to such an extent, and the Federal Government having refused every proposition from the Confederate authorities to provide for the comfort and treatment of these prisoners, the Confederates next proposed, in a letter from Colonel Ould, dated the 10th of August, 1864, waiving every objection the Federal Government had made, to agree to any and all terms to renew the exchange of prisoners, man for man, and officer for officer, as the Federal Government should prescribe. Yet, sir, the latter rejected that proposition.

Then, again, in that same month of August, 1864, the Confederate authorities did this: Finding that the Federal Government would not exchange prisoners at all; that it would not let surgeons go into the Confederacy; finding that it would not let medicines be sent into the Confederacy; meanwhile the ravages of war continuing to deplete the scant supplies of the South, already unable adequately to feed its own defenders, and much less able properly to feed and clothe the thousands of prisoners in Confederate prisons, what did the Confederates propose? They proposed to send the Federal sick and wounded prisoners without equivalent. Now, sir, I want the House and the country to understand this: that in August, 1864, the Confederate Government officially proposed to the Federal authorities that if they would send steamships of transportation in any form to Savannah, they should have their sick and wounded prisoners without equivalent. That proposition, communicated to the Federal authorities in August, 1864, was not answered until December, 1864; and in December, 1864, the Federal authorities sent ships to Savannah. Now, the records will show that the chief suffering at Andersonville was between August and December. The Confederate authorities sought to avert it by asking the Federal Government to come and take its prisoners, without equivalent, without return, and it refused to do that until four or five months had elapsed.

That is not the only appeal which was made to the Federal Government. I now call the attention of the House to another appeal. It was from the Federal prisoners themselves. They knew as well as the southern people did the mission of Mr. Stephens. They knew the offer of January 24, for surgeons, for medicines and clothing, for comfort and food, and for provisions of every sort. They knew that the Confederate authorities had offered to let these be sent to them by their own government. They knew it had been rejected. They knew of the offer of August 10, 1864. They knew of the other offer, to return sick and wounded without equivalent. They knew that all these offers had been rejected. Therefore, they held a meeting and passed the following resolutions; and I call the attention of gentlemen on the other side to these resolutions. I ask, if they will not believe the surgeons of their hospitals; if they will not believe Mr. Stanton's report; if they will not believe Surgeon-General Barnes' report, I beg from them to know if they will not believe the earnest, heart-rending appeal of those starving, suffering heroes? Here are the resolutions passed by the Federal prisoners, the 28th of September, 1864:

"Resolved, That while allowing the Confederate authorities all due

praise for the attentions paid to our prisoners, numbers of our men are daily consigned to early graves, in the prime of manhood, far from home and kindred, and this is not caused intentionally by the Confederate Government, but by the force of circumstances."

Brave men are always honest, and true soldiers never slander. They say the horrors they suffered were not intentional; that the Confederate Government had done all it could to avert them. Sir, I believe this testimony of gallant men as being of the highest character, coming from the sufferers themselves. They further resolved:

"The prisoner is obliged to go without shelter, and, in a great portion of cases, without medicine.

"Resolved, That whereas in the fortune of war it was our lot to become prisoners, we have suffered patiently, and are still willing to suffer, if by so doing we can benefit the country; but we would most respectfully beg to say that we are not willing to suffer to further the ends of any party or clique to the detriment of our own honor, our families, and our country. And we would beg this affair be explained to us, that we may continue to hold the government in the respect which is necessary to make a good citizen and soldier."

Was this touching appeal heeded? Let any gentlemen, who belonged to the "clique or party" which the resolutions condemn, answer for his party. Now, sir, it was in reference to that state of things exactly that Doctor Jones reported, as I have already read to the House, in his report which was mutilated before the committee of Congress and in the trial of Wirz—it was in consequence of that very state of things that Doctor Jones said that depression of mind and despondency and homesickness of these poor prisoners carried more to their graves than did physical causes of distress. That was not wonderful at all.

But, Mr. Speaker, why were all these appeals resisted? Why did the Federal authorities refuse to allow their own surgeons to go with their own soldiers, and carry them medicine and clothing and comfort and treatment? Why? Why did they refuse to exchange man for man and officer for officer? Why did they refuse to stand up to their own solemn engagements, made in 1862, for the exchange of prisoners? Who is at fault? There must be a reason for this. That is the next point to which I wish to call the attention of the House. Sir, listen to the reading. The New York Tribune, referring to the matter in 1864, said—I suppose you will believe the Tribune in 1864 if you do not believe it now:

"In August, the rebels offered to renew the exchange of man for man. General Grant then telegraphed the following important order: 'It is hard on our men held in Southern prisons not to exchange them, but it is humanity to those left in the ranks to fight our battles. Every man released on parole or otherwise becomes an active soldier against us at once, either directly or indirectly. If we commence a system of exchange which liberates all prisoners taken, we will have to fight on until the whole South is exterminated. If we hold those caught, they amount to no more than dead men. At this particular time, to release all rebel prisoners North would insure Sherman's defeat and would compromise our safety here."

Mr. Garfield—What date is that?

Mr. Hill—Eighteen hundred and sixty-four.

Mr. Garfield—What date in that year?

Mr. Hill—I do not know the day or month. I have read the telegram which was taken from the New York Tribune, after August, 1864. Here is General Grant's testimony before Committee on the Exchange of Prisoners, February 11, 1865. You believe him, do you not?

Question—It has been said that we refused to exchange prisoners because we found ours starved, diseased, and unserviceable when we received them, and did not like to exchange sound men for such men.

That was the question propounded to him. His answer was:

Answer—There never has been such reason as that. That has been a reason for making exchanges. I will confess that if our men who are prisoners in the South were really well taken care of, suffering nothing except a little privation of liberty, then, in a military point of view, it would not be good policy for us to exchange, because every man they got back is forced right into the army at once, while that is not the case with our prisoners when we receive them; in fact, the half of our returned prisoners will never go into the army again, and none of them will until after they have had a furlough of thirty or sixty days. Still, the fact of their suffering as they do is a reason for making this exchange as rapidly as possible.

Question—And never has been a reason for not making the exchange?

Answer—It never has. Exchanges have been suspended by reason of disagreement on the part of agents of exchange on both sides before I came in command of the armies of the United States, and it then being near the opening of the spring campaign, I did not deem it advisable or just to the men who had to fight our battles to re-enforce the enemy with thirty or forty thousand disciplined troops at that time. An immediate resumption of exchange would have had the effect without giving us corresponding benefits. The suffering said to exist among our prisoners South was a powerful argument against the course pursued, and so I felt it.

There is no disputing the fact that, with the knowledge that his prisoners were suffering in the South, he insisted that the exchange should not be renewed, because it would increase the military power of the enemy. Now, that may have been a good military reason. I do not quote it for the purpose of reflecting upon General Grant in the slightest. I am giving the facts of history. I insist that the Confederacy shall not be held responsible for the war policy of the Federal Government, especially when the record proves that the Confederate authorities made every possible effort to avert these results. Nor do I allege inhumanity on the part of General Grant or the Federal Government. I have given you the facts and I have given you General Grant's interpretation of these facts. Let the world judge.

Now, sir, we have authority upon that subject. Here is a letter by Junius Henri Browne. I do not know the gentleman. He signs his name to the letter. He writes like a scholar. He is a northern gentleman, and I am not aware that his statement has ever been contradicted. Now, what does he say?

"New York, August 8, 1865.

"Moreover, General Butler in his speech at Lowell, Mass., stated positively that he had been ordered by Mr. Stanton to put forward the negro

question to complicate and prevent the exchange. * * * Every one is aware that when the exchange did take place, not the slightest alteration had occurred in the question, and that our prisoners might have been released twelve or eighteen months before as at the resumption of the cartel, which would have saved to the republic at least twelve or fifteen thousand heroic lives. That they were not saved is due alone to Edwin M. Stanton's peculiar policy and dogged obstinacy; and, as I have remarked before, he is unquestionably the digger of the unnamed graves that crowd the vicinity of every Southern prison, with historic and never to be forgotten horrors."

That is the testimony of a northern man against Mr. Stanton. And he goes on:

"I regret the revival of this painful subject, but the gratuitous effort of Mr. Dana to relieve the Secretary of War from a responsibility he seems willing to bear, and which, merely as a question of policy, independent of all considerations of humanity, must be regarded as of great weight, has compelled me to vindicate myself from the charge of making grave statements without due consideration.

"Once for all let me declare that I have never found fault with any one because I was detained in prison, for I am well-aware that was a matter in which no one but myself and a few personal friends would feel any interest; that my sole motive for impeaching the Secretary of War was that the people of the loyal North might know to whom they were indebted for the cold-blooded and needless sacrifice of their fathers and brothers, their husbands, and their sons."

I understand that Mr. Browne is a contributor to Harper's Monthly, and was then. The man, so he tells you, who was responsible for these atrocities at Andersonville was the late secretary of war, Mr. Stanton.

Now, Mr. Speaker what have I proven? I have proven that the Federal authorities broke the cartel for the exchange of prisoners deliberately; I have proven that they refused to reopen that cartel when it was proposed by Mr. Stephens, as a commissioner, solely on the ground of humanity; I have proved that they made medicine contraband of war, and thereby left the South to the dreadful necessity of treating their own prisoners with such medicines as could be improvised in the Confederacy; I have proven that they refused to allow surgeons of their own appointment, of their own army, to accompany their prisoners in the South, with full license and liberty to carry food, medicine, and raiment, and every comfort that the prisoners might need; I have proven that when the Federal Government made the pretext for interrupting the cartel for the exchange of prisoners, the Confederates yielded every point and proposed to exchange prisoners on the terms of the Federal Government, and that the latter refused it; I have proven that the Confederates then proposed to return the Federal sick and wounded without equivalent, in August, 1864, and never got a reply until December, 1864; I have proven that high Federal officers gave as a reason why they should not exchange prisoners that it would be humanity to the prisoners, but cruelty to the soldiers in the field, and therefore it was a part of the Federal military policy to let Federal prisoners suffer rather than that the Confederacy should have an increase of its military force; and the Federal Government refused it, when by such exchange it would

have received more prisoners than it returned to the Confederates. Now what is the answer to all this? Against whom does the charge lie, if there are to be accusations of any, for the horrors of Andersonville?

Mr. Bright—What was the percentage of death in the prison?

Mr. Hill—I have already given it. I have proved also that with all the horrors at Andersonville which the gentleman from Maine has so ostentatiously paraded, and for an obvious partisan purpose of exciting upon this floor a bitter sectional discussion, from which his party, and perhaps himself, may be the beneficiary, greater sufferings occurred in the prisons where Confederate soldiers were confined, and that the percentage of death was 3 per cent greater among Confederate troops in Federal hands than among Federal soldiers held by Confederates. And I need not state the contrast between the needy Confederacy and the abundance of Federal supplies and resources. Now, sir, when the gentleman rises again to give breath to that effusion of unmitigated genius, without fact to sustain it, in which he says—

"And I here, before God, measuring my words, knowing their full extent and import, declare that neither the deeds of the Duke of Alva in the Low Countries, nor the massacre of St. Bartholomew, nor the thumb-screws and engines of the Spanish Inquisition, begin to compare in atrocity with the hideous crimes of Andersonville—let him add that the mortality at Andersonville and other Confederate prisons falls short by more than three per cent the mortality in Federal prisons. Sir, if any man will reflect a moment he will see that there was a reason why the Confederate Government should desire an exchange of prisoners. It was scarce of food, pinched for clothing, closed up with a blockade of its ports; it needed troops; its ranks were thinning."

Now, Mr. Speaker, it is proper that I should read one or two sentences from the man who has been arraigned as the vilest murderer in history. After the battles around Richmond, in which McClelland was defeated, some 10,000 prisoners fell into the hands of the Confederacy. Victory had perched upon its standard, and the rejoicing which naturally follows victory was heard in the ranks of the Confederate army. Mr. Davis went out to make a gratulatory speech. Now, gentlemen of the House, gentlemen of the other side, if you are willing to do justice, let me simply call your attention to the words of this man as they fell from his lips in this hour of victory. Speaking to the soldiers, he said:

"You are fighting for all that is dearest to man; and, though opposed to a foe who disregards many of the usages of civilized war, your humanity to the wounded and prisoners was a fit and crowning glory to your valor."

Above the victory, above every other consideration, even that victory which they believed insured protection to their homes and families, he tells them that at last their crowning glory was their humanity to the wounded and prisoners who had fallen into their hands. The gentleman from Maine yesterday introduced the Richmond Examiner as a witness in his behalf. Now, it is a rule of law that a man cannot impeach his own witness. It is true the Examiner hated Mr. Davis with a cordial hatred. The gentleman could not perhaps have introduced the testimoney of a bitterer foe to Mr. Davis. Why did it hate him? Here are

its reasons: "The chivalry and humanity of Mr. Davis will inevitably ruin the Confederacy." That is your witness, and the witness is worthy of your cause. You introduced the witness to prove Mr. Davis guilty of inhumanity, and he tells you that the humanity of Mr. Davis will ruin the Confederacy. That is not all. In the same paper it says: "The enemy have gone from one unmanly cruelty to another." Recollect, this is your witness. "The enemy have gone from one unmanly cruelty to another, encouraged by their impugnity, till they are now and have for some time been inflicting on the people of this country the worst horrors of barbarous and uncivilized war." Yet in spite of all this the Examiner alleged, "Mr. Davis in his dealings with the enemy was as gentle as a sucking dove."

Mr. Garfield—What volume is that?

Mr. Hill—The same volume, page 531, and is taken from the Richmond Examiner—the paper the gentleman quoted from yesterday. And that is the truth. Those of us who were there at the time know it to be the fact. One of the persistent charges brought by that paper and some others against Mr. Davis was his humanity. Over and over again Mr. Davis has been heard to say, and I use his very language, when urged to retaliate for the horrors inflicted upon our prisoners, "The inhumanity of the enemy to our prisoners can be no justification for a disregard by us of the rules of civilized war and of Christianity." Therefore he persisted in it, and this paper cried out against him that it would ruin the Confederacy.

I am sure I owe this House an apology for having detained it so long; I shall detain it but a few moments longer. After all, what should men do who really desire the restoration of peace, and to prevent the recurrence of the horrors of war? How ought they to look at this question? Sir, war is always horrible; war always brings hardships; it brings death, it brings sorrow, it brings ruin, it brings devastation. And he is unworthy to be called a statesman, looking toward the pacification of his country, who will parade the horrors inseparable from war for the purpose of keeping up the strife which produce the war.

I do not doubt that I am the bearer of an unwelcome message to the gentleman from Maine and his party. He says that there are Confederates in this body, and that they are going to combine with a few from the North for the purpose of controlling this Government. If one were to listen to the gentleman on the other side he would be in doubt whether they rejoiced more when the South left the Union, or regretted most when the South came back to the Union, which their fathers helped to form, and to which they will forever hereafter contribute as much of patriotic ardor, of noble devotion, and of willing sacrifice, as the constituents of the gentleman from Maine. Oh, Mr. Speaker, why cannot gentlemen on the other side rise to the height of this great argument of patriotism? Is the bosom of the country always to be torn with this miserable sectional debate whenever a presidential election is pending? To that great debate of half a century before secession there were left no adjourned questions. The victory of the North was absolute, and God knows the submission of the South was complete. But, sir, we have recovered from the humiliation of defeat, and we come here among you and we ask you to give us the greetings accorded to brothers by brothers. We propose to join you in every patriotic endeavor and to unite with you in every patriotic aspiration that looks to the benefit, the advancement, and the honor of every part of our common country. Let us, gentlemen of all parties, in this centennial year, indeed have a jubilee of freedom. We divide with you the glories of the Revolution, and of the succeeding years of our national life before that unhappy division—that four years' night of gloom and despair—and so we shall divide with you the glories of all the future.

Sir, my message is this: There are no Confederates in this House; there are now no Confederates anywhere; there are no Confederate schemes, ambitions, hopes, desires, or purposes here. But the South is here, and here she intends to remain. Go and pass your qualifying acts, trample upon the Constitution you have sworn to support; abnegate the pledges of your fathers; incite raids upon our people, and multiply your infidelities until they shall be like the stars of heaven or the sands of the seashore, without number; but know this, for all your iniquities the South will never again seek a remedy in the madness of another secession. We are here; we are in the house of our fathers, our brothers are our companions, and we are here to stay, thank God!

We come to gratify no revenges, to retaliate no wrongs, to resent no past insults, to reopen no strife. We come with a patriotic purpose to do whatever in our political power shall lie to restore an honest, economical, and constitutional administration of the Government. We come charging upon the Union no wrongs to us. The Union never wronged us. The Union has been an unmixed blessing to every section, to every state, to every man of every color in America. We charge all our wrongs upon that "higher law" fanaticism that never kept a pledge nor obeyed a law. The South did not seek to leave the association of those who, she believed, would not keep fidelity to their covenants; the South sought to go to herself; but so far from having lost our fidelity to the Constitution which our fathers made, when we sought to go, we hugged that Constitution to our bosoms, and carried it with us.

Brave Union men of the North, followers of Webster and Fillmore, of Clay and Cass and Douglass—you who fought for the Union for the sake of the Union—you who ceased to fight when the battle ended and the sword was sheathed—we have no quarrel with you, whether republicans or democrats. We felt your heavy arm in the carnage of battle; but above the roar of the cannon we heard your voice of kindness, calling, "Brothers, come back!" And we bear witness to you this day that that voice of kindness did more to thin the Confederate ranks and to weaken the Confederate cause than did all the artillery exploded in the struggle. We are here to co-operate with you; to do whatever we can in spite of all our sorrows to rebuild the Union; to restore peace; to be a blessing to the country; and to make the American Union what our fathers intended it to be—the glory of America and a blessing to humanity.

But to you, gentlemen, who seek still to continue strife, and who, not satisfied with the sufferings already endured, the blood already shed, the waste already committed, insist that we shall be treated as criminals and oppressed as victims, only because we defended our convictions—to you we make no concessions. To you who followed up the

war after the brave soldiers that fought it had made peace and gone to their homes—to you we have no concessions to offer. Martyrs owe no apologies to tyrants. And while we are ready to make every sacrifice for the Union, even secession, however defeated and humbled, will confess no sins to fanaticism, however bigoted and exacting. Yet, while we make you no concessions, we come even to you in no spirit of revenge. We would multiply blessings in common for you and for us. We have but one ambition, and that is to add our political power to the patriotic Union men of the North in order to compel fanaticism to obey the law and live in the Union, according to the Constitution. We do not propose to compel you by oaths, for you who breed strife only to get office and power will not keep oaths.

Sir, we did the Union one great wrong. The Union never wronged the South; but we of the South did to the Union one great wrong; and we come, as far as we can, to repair it. We wronged the Union grievously when we left it to be seized and rent and torn by the men who had denounced it as "a covenant with hell and a league with the devil." We ask you, gentlemen of the republican party, to rise above all your animosities. Forget your own sins. Let us unite to repair the evils that distract and oppress the country. Let us turn our backs upon the past, and let it be said in the future that he shall be the greatest patriot, the truest patriot, the noblest patriot, who shall do most to repair the wrongs of the past and promote the glories of the future.

Benjamin H. Hill: Defiance to Federal Bayonets

Extract from an address delivered in Davis Hall, Atlanta, Georgia, on July 16, 1867, against the military measures of reconstruction. Mr. Hill, on this occasion, spoke in the presence of armed Federal troops, whose bristling bayonets and flashing sabers failed to intimidate him in the least. His denunciation of the military regime in Georgia was most withering, and as a masterpiece of fearless invective this wonderful philippic has doubtless never been surpassed in the history of free speech. Clad in full regalia, the Federal troops entered the hall, just as Mr. Hill arose to deliver his address, and occupied seats directly in front of the speaker.

What excuse can we offer to our posterity and to the world if we, in this day, with the lessons of history before us, allow free institutions to perish on this continent? We have not yet lived a century. It is but seventy-eight years since the Constitution was framed, and but ninety-one years since independence was declared by our fathers, while the Commonwealth of Rome lived 400 years before the measures which produced her decay were proposed. What a spectacle! The best people, the richest soil, the most valuable productions, established as if by the providence of God as a new era in the history of the world, and bidding fair to be the shortest-lived of any free government in the history of nations.

There is no difficulty whatever—and I assert it without fear of contradiction—in discovering **when and how a nation is dying. The great symptom is a disregard of the fundamental law. I charge before heaven**

and the American people this day that every evil by which we have been afflicted is due directly to a violation of the Constitution. Tinkers may work, quacks may prescribe, and demagogues may deceive, but I declare to you there is no remedy for us and no hope of escape from the threatened evils but in adhering to the Constitution. I have come to talk freely to you about the dangers of the country. I have no personal attacks to make on an enemy, even if I have one. God knows, if I could, with my own hands, I would gladly place a crown of imperishable honor upon the brow of my bitterest foe, if I could thereby rescue my country from the perils that environ it! But, if I have an enemy and have a vindictive spirit and desire him to become forever infamous, I could ask no more of him than that he should support the hellish schemes of those who are seeking to subvert the Constitution and destroy our liberty. He is digging a grave for himself which posterity will never water with a tear. • • •

It is my business to support the Constitution and my duty and pleasure to persuade others to do so. Some of you who favor the acceptance of these military bills take an oath to this effect and still intend to vote for a convention which you admit to be unconstitutional. How is this? If you have a conscience I have said enough. Oh, I pity the race of colored people who have never been taught what an oath is or what the Constitution means. They are drawn up by a selfish conclave of traitors to inflict a death-blow upon the life of the Republic by swearing them into a falsehood. They are to begin their political life by perjury to accomplish treason. I would not visit the penalty upon them. They are neither legally nor morally responsible; but you it is—educated, designing white men—who thus devote yourselves to the unholy work—who are the guilty parties. You prate about your loyalty! I look you in the eye and denounce you. You are morally and legally perjured traitors. You perjure yourselves and perjure the poor negro to help your treason. You cannot escape it. You may boast of it now, when passion is rife, but the time will come when the very thought of it will wither your soul and make you hide from the face of mankind. • • •

Though an effort is being made to destroy us as Rome was destroyed, I believe the effort will fail. I have great faith in the Anglo-Saxon blood. I derive great encouragement from Anglo-Saxon history. Our liberty was not born in a day. It is not the work of one generation. It is the fruit of a hundred struggles. Often traitors have sought to substitute arbitrary will for established law; and often have the people for a time been misled. But thus far they have always waked up and called the traitors and factionists to account.

Charles I trampled upon the Constitution. He had judges who decided that his will was law and all who resisted that will and defended the Constitution were punished as disloyal. No doubt if you weak-kneed radicals of the South had lived in that day you would have said: "The Constitution is dead, and we must consent to what we cannot resist." But John Hampden would not consent. He resisted. He was tried as a criminal for resisting and was condemned. But what was the sequel? The people finally arose in power. Charles and his ministers perished. The very judges that condemned Hampden were themselves tried and condemned as criminals; and the very officers, the sheriffs who executed

of temptation, let us remember in all our aspirations after learning that, as the society of the world approximates nearer and nearer to that state when men are governed by opinion rather than by law, it becomes more and more necessary that the process of education should become a living organism, instinct with the spirit and power of our holy religion. He who is best educated for the world to come is best educated for the world that now is. I would not displace any book necessary to be known; I would not substitute the Bible for everything else; but I would have it the groundwork and companion of the whole course. We talk of the expansive power of other studies, of their discipline, their scope, and their elevation; and true it is that the mind grows dwarfish or gigantic, according to the subjects with which it is familiar. If, then, you would set your seal to give the world assurance of a man, let him span the disclosures of Revelation, scale the altitudes of eternal truth, explore the depths of infinite wisdom, and soar amid the glories of immortality, unveiled and spiritual; and then he will descend, like Moses from the mount, radiant with the light of high communion.

In this treasured volume lies not only the mystery of mysteries, but in it is the oldest history—history, past, present, and to come—poetry, alive, breathing, bounding; philosophy, condensed but comprehensive, deep but clear, profound but intelligible. We wander with the geologist, book in hand, all delight; look upon the surface, dig through some few strata of the earth; enter some dark and curious caverns; scan the precipitous banks of some rushing torrent as it hastens to its ocean home; but this book plants us amid the angel groups as they gaze upon the laying of the cornerstone of this material temple, and poises us over the heaving abyss where creative power is energizing, and wraps us in wonder and praise as the choral song of the morning stars breaks upon the cradle slumbers of the new-born world. We talk of the illustrious discoveries of science, and disport among stars and suns and systems; stand upon the outposts of telescopic vision, awe-struck with the amplitude of range; but this book stretches infinitudes beyond the orbits of astronomy, and leaving all calculation and measurement behind, dooms imagination itself to fold its wings in weariness; opens faith's interior eye; unrolls the scenery of judgment; sweeps off our terrestrial habitation and the planetary glories that now bestud our sky; reorganizes the dust of the sepulchre; bids a new creation rise, redeemed man rejoice, heaven his home and eternity his lifetime.

O, tell me if a book like that can be read and studied, without a quickening impulse, without expansive views, without an upward, onward motion. As well might the flowers sleep when spring winds her merry horn to call them from their wintry bed. As well might the sunbeams lie folded in the curtain of night when "the king of day comes rejoicing in the East." As well might the exhalations of the ocean linger upon its bosom when the sun beckons them to the thunder's home. Away, away forever with the heresy that the Bible fetters intellect! It is the oracle of all intelligence, the charter of our rights, "the day-spring from on high." What was the Reformation but the resurrection of the Bible? Cloistered in monastic seclusion, it lay for a thousand years, hidden, silent, and degraded. The dense vapors which went up from the fens of papal corruption shrouded in deep eclipse the lore of the world,

and men groped in the gloom of a long and awful night. Intellect, smitten from its pride of place, fell cowering in abject servility at the footstool of power. Superstition shackled the multitude, and the spirit of liberty slept beneath its wizard spell. Opinion, panic-stricken by the thunders of the Vatican, hushed its trumpet tones and left the empire of mind to darkness and to Rome. But, lo, in the cycle of years a change. The genius of Luther evoked the Bible from its retreat to disenchant the nations. It came, and breathing upon the valley of vision, its dishonored relics lived. It looked upon the sleeping sea, and the ice-bound waters melted beneath its glance. When from her dungeon gloom imprisoned Europe cried, "Watchman, what of the night?" the watchman said, "The Morning cometh." The ghosts of a mystic theology fled from the spreading day. The gloomy prejudices which had stagnated all the elements of enterprise let go their barbarian hold, and the powers which had rusted for ages in iron sleep, emancipated, rushed to the conflict, on the issue of which the destinies of the world were periled. Intellect, roused by the battle-shout, with new-found strength, burst from its thralldom, forged its fetters into swords, and fought its way to freedom and to fame.

Yes, it was the Bible which presided over the revival of letters and unrolled the manuscripts of ancient wisdom for the perusal of the nations; it was the Bible that unlocked the prison doors of knowledge and bade her go forth to teach the people their dignity and their rights; it was the Bible that wrenched from the reeking jaws of a ravenous usurpation the bleeding form of mangled liberty, and restored her to the earth, healed and sound, a blessing and a guardian. When, in after years, denied a home by the despotic monarchies of the Old World, these ancient companions braved the wide Atlantic's roar, and together sought a refuge in these western wilds. Let the Bible keep alive the spirit of liberty among the people and the spirit of reverence for God, and the Republic is safe. Let lawless violence, or reasons of state, or an intriguing infidelity sequester the Holy Volume, forbid it to walk upon the unquiet sea of human passions, and the last hope of patriots and the world is gone. This young Republic, smitten in the greenness of her years, shall be stretched to the gaze of nations, a livid corpse, the scorn of kings, and none so poor as to do her reverence.

Hear me, my country! Hear me for your honor and your perpetuity! Have done with your idolatry of patriotism, of talent, of government—your dependence on men and wealth and power! Away with your jealousy of the Bible, its influences and its institutions! Christianity is the vital spirit of the Republic, the richest treasure of a generous people, the salt of our learning, the bond of our union. Send religion and education in indissoluble wedlock to traverse the land in its length and breadth. Let the mother teach the Bible to her daughters, the father to his sons, the schoolmaster to his pupils, the professor to his class, the preacher to his congregation. Let the people read it by the morning's dawn and at evening's holy hour. Let the light of it gleam from the sanctuary, the college, the academy, and the private dwelling; and then will glory dwell in our midst and the light of salvation overlay the land, as the sunbeams of morning spread upon the mountain.

John MacPherson Berrien: "Stand Back, It Is Not Lawful to Enter Here."

[Judge Berrien was termed "the American Cicero." This sobriquet was bestowed upon him at a time when Calhoun, Clay, and Webster were his colleagues in the United States Senate and when eloquence registered its high water mark on this side of the Atlantic. Except for a few scattered fragments, the great speeches of Judge Berrien are lost. The speech from which these extracts are taken was delivered in the United States Senate when Judge Berrien was quite an old man. It does not represent his eloquence in its splendid noontide of power, but it furnishes the best specimen of his style extant. It was delivered on February 25, 1845, in opposition to the annexation of Texas.]

Mr. President: If there is no one who is disposed to engage in the debate at this moment, I will proceed as far as my strength will permit to discharge my own duty on this momentous occasion. And if I should be so fortunate as to gain the ear of the Senate, they must do me the favor to yield it to gentler tones than those by which it has been recently greeted. I have neither the inclination nor the physical ability to imitate, in this respect, the honorable senator who has preceded me. No, sir. I would speak to you the words of truth and soberness, not languidly or coldly or without emotion, but in the spirit and with the feeling which may become an American senator appealing to the intelligence and to the patriotism of his associates.

The honorable senator forbears to discuss the question of constitutional power. He assumes that. Sir, it is always convenient to assume what it is difficult to prove and the senator from Ohio has profited by the observance of the maxim. He addresses himself, therefore, to the question of expediency; and the expediency of incorporating a foreign state into this Union is maintained on the ground that this incorporation is necessary to enable us successfully to compete with England for the commerce of the world. Broken as it is into fragments, in the progress of the senator's remarks, this is the head and front, the sum and substance, of the argument which he has addressed to the Senate. Without attending to scan the statistical facts which he has presented to us or to examine in detail the conclusions to which they have conducted him, I desire simply to inform the honorable senator and to remind the Senate that there is no single fact which he has stated, in relation to the commercial rivalry of Great Britain, which did not exist or might not with as little license have been imagined to exist, when the treaty for the annexation of Texas was under discussion as at the present moment. All the considerations which he has urged today in support of this joint resolution existed then, yet that treaty was rejected by an unprecedented majority of the American Senate, not for want of power, but because it was unexpedient to ratify it; and the senator from Ohio concurred in that rejection. I prefer the first sober thought of the honorable senator to that which has grown up after an exciting canvass, even enforced as the latter is by the thunder of his eloquence.

But, sir, it is not expedient for me to do what, in my judgment, the Constitution forbids. I may not therefore exercise my imagination in

picturing to myself or in representing to the Senate the brilliant advantages or the alarming evils which may result from the consummation of this measure. Say that these advantages may realize the loftiest and most sanguine hopes of the advocates; say that the evils which are anticipated are but the phantoms of the imagination; concede that Texas is indeed a terrestrial paradise in which the South may repose in the undisturbed enjoyment of her peculiar institution, reveling amid the luxuries which a genial climate and a prolific soil combine to produce, still, sir, the boon, tempting as it would be, is denied me. I may not enter the portals of this paradise. The Constitution forbids it. I hear the warning voice of Washington admonishing me to beware, lest in the indulgence of sectional feeling I may contribute to break asunder the bonds of our common union. I hear and obey the stern, prohibitory mandate of the guardian genius of my country, "Stand back! It is not lawful to enter here."

Walter T. Colquitt: "Paint Another Star on the Flag for Texas."

[Judge Colquitt was a great orator. But his achievements at the bar, on the hustings, in the pulpit, and on the floor of Congress survive today only as traditions. He left behind him no speeches, the effect of which in cold type sustains his reputation or adequately reflects his genius as a prince of ante-bellum orators. This speech, delivered in the United States Senate, February 20, 1845, on the annexation of Texas, shows his political sagacity but conveys only a faint idea of his eloquence in debate. However, it is one of the few fragments which time has spared.]

The senator from Louisiana has undertaken to prove that the acquisition of Texas will be ruinous to Louisiana; but the logic which he employs is neither convincing nor commendable. The lands of Texas will be cultivated in sugar and cotton, whatever may be the fate of the measure which is now pending, nor will the protective tariff be able to avert the menace which he imagines. Moreover, the argument is entirely too provincial. If properly carried out the honorable senator would have no difficulty ere long in proving that he should be the only sugar planter in Louisiana.

I would ask the honorable senator to elevate himself as a statesman to a point from which he can view the wide circle of our growing country, consider its origin and mark its rapid progression in population, prosperity and power. Cities, villages and towns are now seen thriving and prosperous where a few years since the wolf and the wildcat found safe and solitary retreats. The forest has retired before the onward march of civilization. The hills are crowned with orchards, the valleys wave with harvests, while railroads, canals and navigable streams are laden with the products of labor and industry. From a mere handful of persecuted emigrants we have a country nourishing 20,000,000 people. The mighty tide of immigration, constantly swollen by increasing numbers, is now beating restlessly the base of the Rocky Mountains. Will the statesman close his eyes to the condition of the country for a century to come and adopt the time-serving policy of an hour, by refusing a valuable heritage to posterity, for fear it may diminish the price

of a pound of sugar and clog the sale of a quart of molasses? Such an argument can not have a feather's weight in the minds of the intelligent and patriotic people of Louisiana, who will look to the welfare of posterity, to the interests of their children and to the glory and power of their country. Cheap and fertile lands where the poor may find comfortable homes and cultivate the arts of peace can not be made an argument against the acquisition of Texas.

The senator from Louisiana has fully satisfied us of his disregard to the opinions and wishes of his state. He seems to fancy that an obstinate adherence to his own will, in defiance of public sentiment, is an evidence of independence and firmness which will entitle him to admiration. For my own part, I shall neither laud nor sympathize with any man who becomes a willing sacrifice upon the altar of his own conceit. We are but the agents through whom the people govern themselves; and it can never be an enviable office for the representative to brand the people who have honored him and imagine that he gives evidence of his superiority by treating the intelligence of his constituents with contempt.

But, sir, the most remarkable part of the speech which the senator has made was his ill-timed and unnecessary assault upon General Jackson. The honorable senator from New Hampshire had alluded to the interest which the old soldier and statesman had taken in this great question, and urged the adoption of the measure at an early day that this additional consolation might be afforded him before he passed to that "bourne from which no traveler returns." This allusion has not only been deemed a sufficient reason to charge the senator from New Hampshire with a want of self-respect and a contempt for the Senate, but as a justification for representing General Jackson as a poisonous tree, whose roots defiled the earth and whose branches spread disease and contamination through the body politic.

I had not supposed that there lived through the length and breadth of this land one man who indulged such malevolence toward the tottering, declining, dying patriot. After having devoted a long life in the camp and in the cabinet to public service, when he stands on life's last plank—on the grave's crumbling verge—breathing the inspirations of eternity, the warmest affections of his heart still clustering about the altars of his country, he dares speak to her counsellors in accents of remonstrance and love; and for this the senator from Louisiana denounces his admonitions as pestilential and poisonous. Is there another living man, no matter how bitter his enmity may have been in younger life, whose feelings have not been mellowed into kindness, who is not willing to forgive and forget the strifes and rivalries of ambition and strew flowers around the opening tomb of the dying hero and statesman? With him the whisperings of earthly glory are hushed and even an enemy might forget his errors and remember only his virtues. Above all, the senator who represents that proud city whose foundation stones drank the old soldier's willing blood, shed in her defense, should not, in the American Senate, and in the face of the American people, have so far forgotten himself and the people who have honored him, as to have spit his gall upon the character and feelings of their preserver and defender. General Jackson, however, will not find it necessary to extract an epitaph or covet

praise from his revilers; for his memory will live forever in the hearts of his countrymen.

It will not only be a cause of joy to General Jackson to witness the annexation of Texas to the Union, but to thousands of others whose hearts like his rejoice in the wealth, power and glory of the nation. Let us at once, by decisive action, secure the half-alienated affections of this infant republic. How important is this acquisition to the West! How deeply interesting to the Valley of the Mississippi! How important to people our continent with kindred spirits who worship at the same altars of freedom and religion—to press farther and farther the territory upon which a hostile foot can tread—to secure forever national ramparts that will guarantee the nation's safety and peace!

Sir, the people of Texas are our countrymen; they have been reared in our midst; many of them have been the companions of our childhood and the trusty friends of riper years. They have fed around the same board; played in infancy around the same knees, caught the lessons of patriotism from the same lips, and their hearts have been fired by the same love of freedom and independence. Texas is not a foreign country, but a dissevered member of our own confederacy. Her people are not strangers; they have helped to defend our own soil; they bear the scars of battle fought in sustaining the old banner. Bid them welcome as brethren to share with us a common heritage; and, by passing the resolution upon your table, paint another star on our flag, under the wings of that proud bird which is the symbol of the nation's glory.

L. Q. C. Lamar: Eulogy on Charles Sumner

[Mr. Lamar was a native Georgian. It was not until reaching mature manhood that he removed to Mississippi. This address, delivered in the American House of Representatives, April 28, 1874, thrilled and electrified a continent. It was the first real note of brotherhood sounded in either House of Congress, following the strife of civil war and the era of reconstruction. It was a difficult role which Mr. Lamar assumed on this occasion. He was a most intense southerner, standing for the time-honored traditions of his section. Mr. Sumner was an equally ardent New Englander. It was less than a decade after Appomattox. But such was the powerful effect of Mr. Lamar's speech—tender, eloquent, magnanimous, brave, and patriotic—that he became the toast of the hour and was universally acclaimed, North, South, East, and West, as the nation's peacemaker. He was subsequently sent to the United States Senate. Still later he became a member of President Cleveland's cabinet as secretary of the interior and finally closed his career on the Supreme Bench.]

Mr. Speaker: In rising to second the resolutions just offered, I desire to add a few remarks which have occurred to me as appropriate to the occasion. I believe that they express a sentiment which pervades the hearts of all the people whose representatives are here assembled. Strange as, in looking back upon the past, the assertion may seem, impossible as it would have been ten years ago to make it, it is not the less true that today Mississippi regrets the death of Charles Sumner, and

sincerely unites in paying honors to his memory. Not because of the splendor of his intellect, though in him was extinguished one of the brightest of the lights which have illustrated the councils of the Government for nearly a quarter of a century; not because of the high culture, the elegant scholarship, and the varied learning which revealed themselves so clearly in all his public efforts as to justify the application to him of Johnson's felicitous expression, "He touched nothing which he did not adorn;" not this, though these are qualities by no means, it is to be feared, so common in public places as to make their disappearance, in even a single instance, a matter of indifference; but because of those peculiar and strongly marked moral traits of his character which gave the coloring to the whole tenor of his singularly dramatic public career; traits which made him for a long period to a large portion of his countrymen the object of as deep and passionate an hostility as to another he was one of enthusiastic admiration, and which are not the less the cause that now unites all these parties, ever so widely differing, in a common sorrow today over his lifeless remains.

It is of these high moral qualities which I wish to speak; for these have been the traits which in after years, as I have considered the successive acts and utterances of this remarkable man, fastened most strongly my attention, and impressed themselves most forcibly upon my imagination, my sensibilities, my heart. I leave to others to speak of his intellectual superiority, of those rare gifts with which nature had so lavishly endowed him, and of the power to use them which he had acquired by education. I say nothing of his vast and varied stores of historical knowledge, or of the wide extent of his reading in the elegant literature of ancient and modern times, or of his wonderful power of retaining what he had read, or of his readiness in drawing upon these fertile resources to illustrate his own arguments. I say nothing of his eloquence as an orator, of his skill as a logician, or of his powers of fascination in the unrestrained freedom of the social circle, which last it was my misfortune not to have experienced. These, indeed, were the qualities which gave him eminence not only in our country, but throughout the world; and which have made the name of Charles Sumner an integral part of our nation's glory. They were the qualities which gave to those moral traits of which I have spoken the power to impress themselves upon the history of the age and of civilization itself; and without which those traits, however intensely developed, would have exerted no influence beyond the personal circle immediately surrounding their possessor. More eloquent tongues than mine will do them justice. Let me speak of the characteristics which brought the illustrious senator who has just passed away into direct and bitter antagonism for years with my own state and her sister states of the South.

Charles Sumner was born with an instinctive love of freedom, and was educated from his earliest infancy to the belief that freedom is the natural and indefeasible right of every intelligent being having the outward form of man. In him, in fact, this creed seems to have been something more than a doctrine imbibed from teachers, or a result of education. To him it was a grand intuitive truth, inscribed in blazing letters upon the tablet of his inner consciousness, to deny which would have been for him to deny that he himself existed. And along with this all-

controlling love of freedom he possessed a moral sensibility keenly intense and vivid, a conscientiousness which would never permit him to swerve by the breadth of a hair from what he pictured to himself as the path of duty. Thus were combined in him the characteristics which have in all ages given to religion her martyrs, and to patriotism her self-sacrificing heroes.

To a man thoroughly permeated and imbued with such a creed, and animated and constantly actuated by such a spirit of devotion, to behold a human being or a race of human beings restrained of their natural right to liberty for no crime by him or them committed, was to feel all the belligerent instincts of his nature roused to combat. The fact was to him a wrong which no logic could justify. It mattered not how humble in the scale of rational existence the subject of this restraint might be, how dark his skin, or how dense his ignorance. Behind all that lay for him the great principle that liberty is the birthright of all humanity, and that every individual of every race who has a soul to save is entitled to the freedom which may enable him to work out his salvation. It mattered not that the slave might be contented with his lot; that his actual condition might be immeasurably more desirable than that from which it had transplanted him; that it gave him physical comfort, mental and moral elevation, and religious culture not possessed by his race in any other condition; that his bonds had not been placed upon his hands by the living generation; that the mixed social system of which he formed an element had been regarded by the fathers of the republic, and by the ablest statesman who had risen up after them, as too complicated to be broken up without danger to society itself, or even to civilization; or, finally, that the actual state of things had been recognized and explicitly sanctioned by the very organic law of the republic. Weighty as these considerations might be, formidable as were the difficulties in the way of the practical enforcement of his great principle, he held none the less that it must sooner or later be enforced, though institutions and constitutions should have to give way alike before it. But here let me do this great man the justice which amid the excitement of the struggle between the sections—now past—I may have been disposed to deny him. In this fiery zeal, and this earnest warfare against the wrong, as he viewed it, there entered no enduring personal animosity toward the men whose lot it was to be born to the system which he denounced.

It has been the kindness of the sympathy which in these later years he has displayed toward the impoverished and suffering people of the Southern States that has unveiled to me the generous and tender heart which beat beneath the bosom of the zealot, and has forced me to yield him the tribute of my respect—I might even say of my admiration. Nor in the manifestation of this has there been anything which a proud and sensitive people, smarting under a sense of recent discomfiture and present suffering, might not frankly accept, or which would give them just cause to suspect its sincerity. For though he raised his voice, as soon as he believed the momentous issues of this great military conflict were decided, in behalf of amnesty to the vanquished; and though he stood forward, ready to welcome back as brothers, and to re-establish in their rights as citizens, those whose valor had nearly riven asunder the Union which he loved; yet he always insisted that the most ample protection

and the largest safeguards should be thrown around the liberties of the newly enfranchised African race. Though he knew very well that of his conquered fellow-citizens of the South by far the larger portion, even those who most heartily acquiesced in and desired the abolition of slavery, seriously questioned the expediency of investing, in a single day, and without any preliminary tutelage, so vast a body of inexperienced and uninstructed men with the full rights of freemen and voters, he would tolerate no halfway measures upon a point to him so vital.

Indeed, immediately after the war, while other minds were occupying themselves with different theories of reconstruction, he did not hesitate to impress most emphatically upon the administration, not only in public, but in the confidence of private intercourse, his uncompromising resolution to oppose to the last any and every scheme which should fail to provide the surest guarantees for the personal freedom and political rights of the race which he had undertaken to protect. Whether his measures to secure this result showed him to be a practical statesman or a theoretical enthusiast, is a question on which any decision we may pronounce today must await the inevitable revision of posterity. The spirit of magnanimity, therefore, which breathes in his utterances and manifests itself in all his acts affecting the South during the last two years of his life, was as evidently honest as it was grateful to the feelings of those toward whom it was displayed.

It was certainly a gracious act toward the South—though unhappily it jarred upon the sensibilities of the people at the other extreme of the Union, and estranged from him the great body of his political friends—to propose to erase from the banners of the national army the mementoes of the bloody internecine struggle, which might be regarded as assailing the pride or wounding the sensibilities of the southern people. That proposal will never be forgotten by that people so long as the name of Charles Sumner lives in the memory of man. But, while it touched the heart of the South, and elicited her profound gratitude, her people would not have asked of the North such an act of self-renunciation.

Conscious that they themselves were animated by devotion to constitutional liberty, and that the brightest pages of history are replete with evidences of the depth and sincerity of that devotion, they cannot but cherish the recollections of sacrifices endured, the battles fought, and the victories won in defense of their hapless cause. And respecting, as all true and brave men must respect, the martial spirit with which the men of the North vindicated the integrity of the Union, and their devotion to the principles of human freedom, they do not ask, they do not wish the North to strike the mementoes of her heroism and victory from either records or monuments or battle flags. They would rather that both sections should gather up the glories won by each section; not envious, but proud of each other, and regard them a common heritage of American valor.

Let us hope that future generations, when they remember the deeds of heroism and devotion done on both sides, will speak not of northern prowess and southern courage, but of the heroism, fortitude, and courage of Americans in a war of ideas; a war in which each section signalized its consecration to the principles, as each understood them, of American liberty and of the Constitution received from their fathers.

It was my misfortune, perhaps my fault, personally never to have known this eminent philanthropist and statesman. The impulse was often strong upon me to go to him and offer him my hand, and my heart with it, and to express to him my thanks for his kind and considerate course toward the people with whom I am identified. If I did not yield to that impulse, it was because the thought occurred that other days were coming in which such a demonstration might be more opportune, and less liable to misconstruction. Suddenly, and without premonition, a day has come at last to which, for such a purpose, there is no tomorrow. My regret is therefore intensified by the thought that I failed to speak to him out of the fullness of my heart while there was yet time.

How often is it that death thus brings unavailingly back to our remembrance opportunities unimproved, in which generous overtures, prompted by the heart, remain unoffered, frank avowals which rose to the lips remain unspoken, and the injustice and wrong of bitter resentments remain unrepaired! Charles Sumner, in life, believed that all occasion for strife and distrust between the North and South had passed away, and that there no longer remained any cause for continued estrangement between these two sections of our common country. Are there not many of us who believe the same thing? Is not that the common sentiment—or if it is not, ought it not to be—of the great mass of our people, North and South? Bound to each other by a common Constitution, destined to live together under a common Government, forming unitedly but a single member of the great family of nations, shall we not now at last endeavor to grow toward each other once more in heart, as we are already indissolubly linked to each other in fortunes? Shall we not, over the honored remains of this great champion of human liberty, this feeling sympathizer with human sorrow, this earnest pleader for the exercise of human tenderness and charity, lay aside the concealments which serve only to perpetuate misunderstandings and distrust, and frankly confess that on both sides we most earnestly desire to be one; one not merely in community of language and literature and traditions and country; but more, and better than all that, one also in feeling and in heart? Am I mistaken in this?

Do the concealments of which I speak still cover animosities which neither time nor reflection nor the march of events have yet sufficed to subdue? I cannot believe it. Since I have been here I have watched with anxious scrutiny your sentiments as expressed not merely in public debate, but in the abandon of personal confidence. I know well the sentiments of these, my southern brothers, whose hearts are so infolded that the feeling of each is the feeling of all; and I see on both sides only the seeming of a constraint, which each apparently hesitates to dismiss. The South—prostrate, exhausted, drained of her life-blood, as well as of her material resources, yet still honorable and true—accepts the bitter award of the bloody arbitrament without reservation, resolutely determined to abide the result with chivalrous fidelity; yet, as if struck dumb by the magnitude of her reverses, she suffers on in silence. The North, exultant in her triumph, and elated by success, still cherishes, as we are assured, a heart full of magnanimous emotions toward her disarmed and discomfited antagonist; and yet, as if mastered by some mysterious spell, silenc-

ing her better impulses, her words and acts are the words and acts of suspicion and distrust.

Would that the spirit of the illustrious dead whom we lament today could speak from the grave to both parties to this deplorable discord in tones which should reach each and every heart throughout this broad territory: "My countrymen! *know* one another, and you will *love* one another."

O. A. Lochrane: "Stand by Your State, Young Georgians."

[Extract from an address, delivered before the literary societies of the University of Georgia, during the commencement of 1879, by former Chief Justice of the Supreme Court Hon. Osborne A. Lochrane.]

Young gentlemen, I do not plead with you to live for wealth or station. The most unhappy men on this continent are those who have sacrificed most to fill conspicuous positions. The heart-burnings and envies of public life are too often the results of ambition. What a sorrowful lesson of the instability of human grandeur and ambition may be found at the feet of the weeping empress at Chiselhurst. Just as the star of the prince imperial was rising to the zenith, like a flash from heaven, it falls to the ground. Just as he was gathering about him the hopes of empire, the assegai of the savage hurls him to the dust. Born on the steps of a throne, amid the blazing of bonfires and the congratulations of kings, he fell in the jungles of an African wilderness, without a friend to close his eyes. Born to rule over thirty millions of people, he was deserted by all, and went into the chill of death without the pressure of a friendly hand. Although royalty carried flowers to deck his bier and princes were his pallbearers and marshals knelt at his coffin and cabinet ministers bowed their heads and his empress mother clung over him in an agony of grief, yet, alas, the glory of his life had vanished, and out of the mass of sorrowing friends his spirit floated away, leaving to earth but a crimson memory. Life's teachings admonish us that the pathway of ambition has many thorns and the purest happiness oftenest springs from the efforts of those who sow for the harvestings of peace and joy at home.

And this lies at your feet in your own state. Although she has suffered by desolation—although millions of her property have been swept into ruins and thousands of her bravest have been hurried to their graves—although Georgia has been weakened and bled at every pore—although she has been impoverished and dismantled—although she has been ridden through and trampled over by armies—although she has seen in folded sleep her most gallant sons, and spirit arms reach to her from the mounds of battlefields—she still has the softest skies and the most genial climate and the richest lands and the most inviting hopes to give to her children. And this is not the hour to forget her. The Roman who bought the land Hannibal's tent was spread upon when his legions were encamped before the very gates of Rome exhibited a spirit of confidence and pride of country which distinguishes a great patriot. Although disaster stared him in the face and from the Pincian Hill the enemy, like clouds, could be seen piled around, charged with the thunder

of death and desolation, and the earth was reeling with the roll and tramp of armies, his heart was untouched by fear of her future. He knew that Rome would survive the tempests of the hour and that her future would be radiant with the splendid triumphs of an august prosperity, and confident of that future whose dawn he felt would redden in the East, he never dreamed of abandoning her fortunes or deserting her destiny. This was more than patriotism. It was the heroism of glory. It was the sowing of a rich heritage of example on the banks of the Tiber for the emulation of the world.

One of the mistakes men make is in leaning without labor upon expectations too sanguine, waiting for honors to pursue them, scarcely reaching out their hands to gather the fortunes that cluster at their feet. Well did one of the old poets of Salamanca express the thought:

"If men come not to gather
The roses where they stand,
They fade amid the foliage;
They cannot seek his hand."

The rose of fortune which Georgia holds out to you is rich with hope and sentiment; and in its folded leaves are more honors for her sons than there are in the rose of England, the lily of France, or the nettle-leaf of Holstein.

Then, come together, in close and solemn resolve, to stand by her destiny, and soon the tide will run rich and riotous through the jeweled arches of hope, flushed with her prosperity; soon will come into her borders newer and stronger elements of wealth; manufactories will spring up from her bosom and the hum of industry resound throughout her borders; the glorious names of her present statesmen will take the places of those who have gone up higher into glory, and will still hold her banner waving to the sky.

Come, spirit of our Empire State—come from your rivers that seek the sea—from the waves that wash your shore and run up to kiss your sands; come from the air that floats over your mountain-tops; come from—

"Lakes where the pearls lie hid
And caves where the gems are sleeping."

Come, spirit of a glorious ancestry, from beyond the cedars and the stars; come from the history that wraps you in its robes of light, and let me invoke the memories that hang around you like the mantle of Elijah and will be the ascension robes of your new destiny; touch the chords in these young hearts—these proud representatives of your future fame—that they may rise in the majesty of their love and clasp you with a stronger and holier faith, and raise monuments to your glory, higher than the towers of Baalbek. Let them warm to the fires of an intenser love and brighten with the light of a more resplendent glory; and let them swear around the altar to be still fonder and still prouder that they are Georgians.

As an adopted son, who has felt the sunshine of your skies, who has been honored with your citizenship and with positions far beyond his

merits. I vow to the majesty of your glory, here in the temple of your fame, and to your spirit I would breathe out the fondest affection and pour prayers upon your pathway; I would clothe with light and bathe you in a rain of summer meteors; I would crown your head with laurels, and place the palm of victory in your hands; I would lift every shadow from your heart and make rejoicing go through your valleys like a song.

Land of my adoption, where the loved sleep folded in the embrace of your flowers, would that today it were my destiny to increase the flood-tide of your glory as it will be mine to share your fortunes; for when my few more years tremble to their close I would sleep beneath your soil where the drip of April tears might fall upon my grave and the sunshine of your skies would warm southern flowers to blossom upon my breast.

Charles C. Jones, Jr.: On the Life and Character of Robert Toombs

[Full text of an address delivered before the Confederate Survivors Association, of Augusta, Georgia, at its eighth annual meeting, on Memorial Day, April 26, 1886, by Col. Charles C. Jones, Jr., LL. D., president of the association. Colonel Jones was Georgia's foremost historian, antiquarian and scholar.]

Comrades and Friends: Mirzah saw in a vision a bridge, with a hundred arches, rising out of a thick mist at the one end and losing itself in a thick mist at the other, spanning a portion of time, and with the great tide of eternity flowing beneath. Of the vast multitude essaying to pass over this pont de vie, not a single individual, at some stage or other of the transit, escaped falling through the uncertain flooring. Many there were who, indulging in mirth and jollity, unexpectedly lapsed into the dark waters. Others, looking up toward heaven with the signs of calm speculation and Christian resignation upon their countenances, stumbled and disappeared. Others still, pursuing baubles which glittered in their eyes and danced before them, lost their footing and were swallowed up by the flood. Others still, their foreheads wreathed with bays, rich, powerful, influential, and saluted with honor, were, in a moment, lost to sight. And some went down with swords in their hands; some with crowns upon their heads; and a few there were who, having hobbled on almost to the farthest arch, tripped and fell, one after another, in feebleness and silence, as though tired and spent after a long journey. As he looked upon the farther end of the cloud-enveloped valley toward which the tide was bearing the generation of mortals, and ere the good genius had revealed unto him the vast ocean of futurity stretching beyond, divided by a rock of adamant, the one part covered with darkness, and the other dotted with innumerable islands, peopled with beings in glorious habits with garlands upon their brows, vocal with the harmony of celestial music, beautified with fruits, flowers, and fountains, and interwoven with a thousand shining seas, Mirzah—his heart moved with deep melancholy—exclaimed surely man is but a shadow and life a dream.

But, my comrades, it needs no journey to Grand Cairo, or inspection of oriental manuscripts, to persuade us, on this Memorial Day, that—

> "All flesh is grass, and all its glory fades
> Like the fair flow'r dishevel'd in the wind;
> Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream;
> The man we celebrate must find a tomb,
> And we that worship him."

The last twelve-month has been unusually lethiferous, and lessons of mortality have been rapidly multiplied in every station, in every land. Besides the unnumbered and the unrecorded dead falling like the leaves of autumn noisclessly and unheeded upon the bosom of Mother Earth, not a few there were, so famous in rank, fortune, literary attainment, and special service, that in descending into their graves they challenged public attention and evoked general sorrow.

But yesterday, amid the tears of the French people, Pere Lachaise opened its solemn gates to receive into the close companionship of warriors and statesmen, prelates and artists, astronomers and dramatists, physicians, poets, lawyers, novelists, and philosophers whose fame envious time has not yet impaired, all that was mortal of the venerable and idolized Victor Hugo.

Shadows are resting upon the German Empire, for the Baron von Manteufel, Frederick Charles—the dashing Red Prince of many campaigns—the charming song-writer—Franz Abt—are not.

England laments the tragic fate of the gallant Burnaby, the unique Gordon, and their brave companions—regrets that Sir Moses Montefiore, the noble Jewish philanthropist, has been gathered to his fathers, and scatters white roses over the new-made graves of Sir Francis Hincks and Lord Houghton.

The gonfalons of Spain are drooping in honor of King Alphonso and the sagacious Serrano. The soul of music is even now breathing a requiem to Doctor Damrosch, and the Mussulman sits with bowed head, for the careers of El-Maohi and Oliver Pain are ended.

Within the limits of this country, since our last annual convocation, the death harvest of prominent personages has been perhaps unprecedented. Ulysses S. Grant, commander in chief of the Federal armies during the Civil war, twice President of the United States, and complimented abroad with tokens of respect and distinguished consideration never before accorded to a living American; Thomas A. Hendricks, vice president of this puissant republic, of exalted statesmanship and manly qualities, a citizen of national fame and a Christian gentleman; Cardinal McCloskey, supreme prelate, in this land, of the Roman Catholic Church, venerated for his professional attainments, his charitable ministrations, and his saintly virtues; William H. Vanderbilt, the richest man in America, fostering commercial schemes of gigantic proportions, and the controlling spirit of immense corporations; Horace B. Claflin, the greatest shop-keeper on this continent; Richardson, the wealthiest and most successful planter in the South; George B. McClelland, erstwhile the organizer of the Grand Army of the Potomac, a captain of lofty im-

pulses, and a civilian of high repute; John McCullough, possessing a fine conception of, and manifesting a conscientious devotion to, "the purpose of playing whose end both at the first, and now, was and is to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure"; Richard Grant White, a capable scholar, a conscientious student, and an intelligent interpreter of the immortal lines of the Bard of Avon; Horatio Seymour, a lover of constitutional liberty, a genuine patriot, and well-qualified to fill the chair rendered illustrious by Jefferson and Madison; Winfield Scott Hancock, a noble type of the warrior and statesman, who was "wont to speak plain and to the purpose like an honest man and a soldier," whose escutcheon was never smirched even by the breath of suspicion; who, at an epoch of misrule, uncertainty, and oppression, subordinated military despotism to civil rule and accorded fair play to the vanquished; superb in person, head and heart, Father Ryan, the poet-priest of the South, who sang so eloquently of the "Sword of Lee," the "Conquered Banner," and of

"the Land with a grave in each spot,
And names in the graves that shall not be forgot,"—

all these, and others scarcely less distinguished, have, since our last annual meeting, passed into the realm of shadows, bequeathing memories of peace and war, statecraft and finance, literature and art, politics and religion, of no ordinary significance. Verily the harvest has been most abundant, and the insatiate Reaper may well pause at sight of the swath his remorseless scythe has made.

Busy too has he been within the circle of our special companionship. During the month of May three of our associates died—Maj. Frederick L. Smith, of Kershaw's Division, Army of Northern Virginia; Sergt.-Maj. Fee Wilson, of Byrne's Battery, First Kentucky Brigade; and Lieut.-Col. Joseph T. Armand, of the Thirty-seventh Regiment, Georgia Infantry. Private John Gallagher, of Company C, Forty-eighth Regiment, Georgia Infantry, responded to the final summons on the 11th of July; and, on the 15th of the following August, our venerable comrade, Brig.-Gen. Goode Bryan, fell asleep. A graduate of the Military Academy at West Point, he was an active participant in two wars. For gallantry in the battles of Molino del Rey and Chapultepec he was promoted to a majority in the Army of Occupation. The Mexican campaign ended, he led the gentle life of a planter until summoned from that repose by the call of his native state. Entering the service of the Confederacy as the lieutenant colonel of the Sixteenth Regiment, Georgia Infantry, then commanded by that distinguished Georgian, Howell Cobb, he gave to the southern cause his loyal and unswerving allegiance. Shortly after the memorable battle of Sharpsburg in which, as colonel of his regiment, he bore a brave part, he was advanced to the grade of brigadier general, and assigned to the command of the Tenth, Fiftieth, Fifty-third and Fifty-fifth regiments of Georgia Infantry, McLaws' Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. With this brigade he continued to share the perils, the privations, and the glories of that hitherto

invincible army until, on the 10th of April, 1865, it was, in the language of its illustrious commander, after four years of arduous service, marked by an unsurpassed courage and fortitude, compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources. All struggles, dangers, and uncertainties ended, he rests with those he loved, and the flowers of affection, respect, and veneration are blooming above his peaceful grave.

On the 12th of January last, another of our companions—Capt. De Rosset Lamar—was taken from us. He was an aide-de-camp at first to Brig.-Gen. Robert Toombs, then to Maj.-Gen. William H. T. Walker, and lastly to Brig.-Gen. Alfred Cumming. When General Cumming was wounded, Captain Lamar was assigned to duty with Colonel Roman, as an assistant inspector general. * * * Then, on the 15th of February, after a long illness, Private Eugene Connor, of the Washington Artillery, found friendly sepulture in our Confederate section. * * * And, on the 18th of last month, Private William Teppe, of Company D, Fifth Regiment, South Carolina Cavalry, Butler's Division, Hampton's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, responded to the trump which summoned him to the bivouac of the dead. * * * Alas! the circle of our fraternity is narrowing. It will grow rapidly smaller as the years roll on; and soon, aye, very soon, there will be only silent graves to greet the sun as he ushers in the return of this Memorial Day.

There is another name, high on the roll of the distinguished dead who have departed within the last twelve-month:—a name prominent in the annals of this state and nation; a name intimately associated with the memories of this region, and suggestive of much that was great and attractive; a name which should not be forgotten in the presence and on this occasion; a name borne by a gifted Georgian who, a lawyer by profession, a statesman by education, an orator by inspiration, and a citizen of marked individuality and acknowledged ability, for nearly half a century attracted the public notice, fascinated the popular ear, and, to a large extent, moulded the general thought. Aside from the prominent positions which he filled in the councils of this commonwealth and Republic, he was the first secretary of state upon the organization of the Confederate Government and, for some time, held the rank of brigadier general in the southern army. To most, if not all of us, he was personally known. Meet it is that we render some tribute to his memory.

In Wilkes County, Georgia, on the 2d of July, 1810, Robert Toombs was born. He came of good parentage and sprung from the loins of Revolutionary sires. In the schools of the neighborhood did he acquire his elementary education. His collegiate course—begun at Franklin College in Athens, Georgia—was completed at Union College in Schenectady, New York, where, in 1828, he received his degree of A. B. from the hands of that famous instructor, President Eliphalet Nott. Selecting the law as a profession, he repaired to the University of Virginia and there spent a year as a member of its law class. At school, at college, and at the university he was, by teacher and student, regarded as a youth of unusual promise and of remarkable intellect. His natural gifts were almost marvelous, and his powers of acquisition and utterance quite phenomenal. United with this mental superiority were a superb physical organization, a striking originality of thought and speech, and

social characteristics most attractive. Before he attained his majority he was, by a special act of the General Assembly, admitted to the bar. Opening an office in the Town of Washington, in his native county, he rose rapidly in his profession. Impressed by the ability evinced during his early efforts in the legal arena, that great Georgian, William H. Crawford, then the presiding judge of the Northern Circuit, prophesied for Mr. Toombs a career of marked distinction. To the pursuit of his calling, and to the establishment of a reputation enviable both within and beyond the confines of the courtroom, did he devote himself with great assiduity.

In 1836, as the captain of a company of volunteers, he served under General Scott in an expedition for the pacification of the Creek Indians. The following year he was elected a member of the lower house of the General Assembly of Georgia. This position he held until 1840, and again during the session of 1842-1843. His views were bold, enlarged, emphatic; and his utterances eloquent, aggressive, and weighty. In 1844 he was, by an admiring constituency, advanced to a seat in the representative chamber of the National Assembly. Here he made his debut on the Oregon question. In the judgment of Mr. Stephens, his first speech placed him in the front rank of the debaters, orators, and statesmen of that body.

Educated in, and a firm disciple of, the Jeffersonian school of politics, Mr. Toombs then sympathized with the southern whigs. In March, 1853, he quitted the Hall of Representatives for a chair in the Senate Chamber of the United States. This he continued to occupy until the passage by Georgia of her Ordinance of Secession, when he withdrew from the National Assembly and cast his lot with the southern people in their struggle for a separate political existence.

The public utterances of Mr. Toombs as a representative and senator from Georgia have passed into history. Among them will be specially remembered his speeches defining his position on the organization of the House in 1849—on the power of the House to adopt rules prior to its organization; on the admission of California, in which he arraigned the North for repeated breaches of good faith, and demanded equality for the South in the territories; and his speech in justification of the right of secession. His lecture delivered in Boston on the 24th of January, 1856, was carefully considered, and created a profound impression. On all these, and on kindred occasions, he exhibited wonderful physical and intellectual prowess. He was now in the zenith of his fame, in the full possession of his magnetic influence and kingly gifts—fearless, honest, and marvelously eloquent. In the language of another, those who did not see him then can form no conception of the "splendor with which he moved amid those dramatic scenes. A man of marked physical beauty, the idol of a princely people—golden-tongued and lion-hearted—the blood of the Cavaliers flashing in his veins and the heart of the South throbbing in his breast—he recalled the gifted Miribeau who, amid scenes scarcely less fiery or fateful, 'walked the forum like an emperor and confronted the commune with the majesty of a god.'" He gloried in the whirlwind and caught his inspiration from the storm. As though born to kindle a conflagration, he inflamed by his wonderful power of speech and swayed by his electric fire. Like unto a Scythian archer scouring the plain, he traversed the field of argument and invective and, at full speed, discharged his deadliest arrows. In forensic battle the wheels of his war-chariot, sympathizing with the ardent and resistless valor of him who guided them, grew incandescent.

Demosthenes, mingling the thunders of his eloquence with the roar of the Ægean; Cicero, his eyes fixed on the Capitol, wielding at will the fierce democracy and inspiring all hearts with a love of freedom and an admiration for the triumphs of the Roman race; Otis, kindling a patriotic flame wherein "Writs of Assistance" were wholly consumed; Warren, inscribing upon the banners of the Sons of Liberty "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God"; Henry, the "incarnation of Revolutionary Zeal," ringing the alarum bell and giving the signal to a continent; the impassioned Barre, defending even within the shadow of the throne the claims of the oppressed—were not more forcible in utterance, magnetic in action, or majestic in mien than Robert Toombs when contending for the privilege of free speech, or proclaiming the rights of the South as he comprehended them. The latter were paramount in his esteem. To their assertion was his supreme devotion pledged, best effort directed. Bold even to temerity in his assertions; in tone and manner emphatic to the verge of menace; by sudden bursts, savoring almost of inspiration, essaying at critical moments to decide the fate of great questions; iconoclastic sometimes in his suggestions; he was nevertheless always true to the principles of exalted statesmanship, and loyal in the last degree to the best interests of the South as he forecast them. Mighty was his influence in precipitating the Confederate revolution. Most potent were his persuasions in inducing Georgia to secede from the Union. It was his boast that he would live and die an uncompromising opponent of the unconstitutional acts and assumed authority of the general Government.

Upon his return from Washington, Mr. Toombs took his seat in the secession convention of Georgia, where he freely participated in its deliberation, and acted a conspicuous part. As a delegate to the Confederate Congress which assembled at Montgomery, Alabama, on the 4th of February, 1861, and as chairman of the committee from Georgia, he was largely instrumental in framing the constitution of the Confederate States. Upon the inauguration of the Hon. Jefferson Davis as president of the Southern Confederacy, the portfolio of state was tendered to and, after some hesitation on his part, was accepted by Mr. Toombs. He was content to discharge the duties of this office only during the formative period of the government. His restless spirit and active intellect could not long brook the tedium of bureau affairs, or rest satisfied with the small engagements then incident to that position. In the following July he relinquished the portfolio of a department, the records of which he facetiously remarked "he carried in his hat," and accepted service in the field with the rank of brigadier general. His brigade was composed of the Second, Fifteenth and Twentieth regiments of Georgia Infantry, and the First Regiment of Georgia Regulars. It formed a part of Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia.

To his imperious spirit, unused to subjection and unaccustomed to brook the suggestions and commands of others, the discipline and exactions of military life were most irksome, and sometimes the orders emanating from those superior in rank very distasteful. In open defiance

of well-known army regulations he did not hesitate, on more than one occasion, to criticise, publicly and severely, military movements and instructions which did not commend themselves to his approbation. To such an extent did this show of insubordination obtain that he was suspended from the command of his brigade to await the determination of charges preferred. He resumed his command, however, at the memorable battle of Second Manassas; and, at Sharpsburg, held the bridge with the courage and pertinacity of a modern Horatius. In the latter engagement he was wounded. In both battles he behaved with conspicuous gallantry and received the commendation of General Lee.

On the 4th of March, 1863, he resigned his commission in the army and returned to Georgia. General Toombs was not in accord with President Davis' administration of public affairs, nor did he acquiesce in the propriety of some of the most important enactments of the Confederate Congress. Although his affections, his hopes, and his aspirations were wholly enlisted in the southern cause—although he stood prepared to render every assistance in his power—he reserved and exercised the right of passing upon men and measures, and of gainsaying the qualifications of the one and the expediency of the other where they did not challenge his personal sanction. This attitude did not conduce to general harmony. Without hesitation he claimed and enforced the dangerous privilege of denouncing publicly what he disapproved, and of freely deriding that which his judgment did not countenance. Such conduct in one of his acknowledged ability and widespread influence would have been more tolerable in a period of peace; but when a new-born nation, confronting difficulties the most overwhelming and struggling against odds without parallel in the history of modern wars, was engaged in a death-grapple for life; when all, repressing personal preferences and refraining from harsh criticism, should have been intent upon making the best of the situation and rendering full service in the common cause, his attitude, to say the least, appeared obstructive of unity. It was characteristic of General Toombs to measure men and laws by his own standard of character, excellence, and propriety. Beyond question that standard was bold, advanced, colossal; but in its application it was sometimes dangerous, above the common apprehension, and suggestive of rule or ruin. If the order or enactment, no matter how august the source from which it originated, or how potent the authority by which it was promulgated, did not coincide with his views of right or necessity, he did not scruple openly to criticise, to condemn, or to disobey. He was largely a law unto himself, and in some instances did violence to the expectation which, under circumstances then existent, might well have been formed with regard to the judgment and conservative action of one possessing his grand powers and overshadowing gifts.

At the outset of the Confederate Revolution he apparently underestimated the determination, the martial spirit, and the resources of the North. So intent was he upon the unification of the Southern States, so eager was he for the immediate success of Confederate arms, that he did not refrain from denouncing the leaders upon whom, by any possibility, the blame of hesitation, mistake, or defeat could be cast. He was an avowed enemy of West Point, and ridiculed the idea, so generally entertained, of the superiority of officers of the regular army. As to

President Davis' ability to fill the exalted station to which he had been elected, General Toombs did not cherish a favorable opinion. The Conscript Act; the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus; regulations restricting the planting of cotton; laws governing the impressment of animals and the collection of supplies for the army; and some orders of the executive and enactments of Congress he pronounced ill-advised if not unconstitutional, and lent no helping hand for their enforcement. The consequence of all this was that this distinguished Georgian, who occupied so prominent a place in public esteem, who was so richly endowed, and who had been so instrumental in precipitating hostilities between the sections, did not, bello flagrante, in the advice given, in the support extended, and in the services rendered to the Confederate Government, fulfill the general expectation.

Upon retiring from the Army of Northern Virginia he took service with the state forces of Georgia, and retained his connection with them until the close of the war.

Eluding the pursuit of a body of Federal soldiery detached to compass his arrest when Confederate affairs were in extremis, he fled from his home and succeeded in making his escape to Cuba and thence to Europe. Upon the restoration of the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus within the states lately in arms against the general Government, he returned to Georgia and resumed, with undiminished power and marked success, the practice of his profession. The angry billows of civil war were rocking themselves to rest. After the great storm there came a calm. Hate was giving place to reason, and no attempt was subsequently made to execute the order for his arrest.

The last political service rendered by General Toombs was performed by him as a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1877, which was presided over by our venerable fellow citizen, ex-Gov. Charles J. Jenkins. In framing the present Constitution of Georgia, General Toombs exerted an almost overshadowing influence. The suggestion and the adoption of its leading and, in the opinion of some, its questionable features, are to be referred to his thought and persuasive eloquence.

His last public utterance, we believe, was heard when with tearful eye, trembling voice, and feeble gesture, he pronounced, in the Hall of Representatives at Atlanta, a funeral oration over the dead body of his lifelong friend, Gov. Alexander H. Stephens. For some time prior to his demise General Toombs had been but the shadow of his former great self. The death of a noble wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, proved an affliction too grievous for his declining years. The light went out of his home and gladness no longer dwelt in the chambers of his heart. Impaired vision deprived him of the ability either to read or to write except at intervals and with difficulty. His idols broken, his companions departed, his ambition blighted, his physical and intellectual forces abated, he lingered almost alone in a later generation which knew him not in his prime. His splendid person, months agone, suffered impairment at the advance of age and the multiplication of sorrows, and the commanding presence gave place to the bent form and the unsteady gait of the feeble old man. His intellect, too, formerly so authoritative, massive, and captivating, became uncertain in its action. To the last, however, he continued to denounce the reconstruction measures of Con-

gress, and proclaim himself an "unpardoned, unreconstructed, and unrepentant Rebel."

In the morning, at high noon, and even beyond the meridian of his manhood, he was intellectually the peer of the most gifted, and towered Atlas-like above the common range. His genius was conspicuous. His powers of oratory were overmastering. His mental operations were quick as lightning, and, like the lightning, they were dazzling in their brilliancy and resistless in their play. Remarkable were his conversational gifts, and most searching his analyses of character and event. In hospitality he was generous, and in his domestic relations tender and true. The highest flights of fancy, the profoundest depths of pathos, the broadest range of biting sarcasm and withering invective, generalizations of the boldest character, and arguments the most logical, were equally at his command. As a lawyer he was powerful, as an advocate well-nigh resistless. He was a close student, and deeply versed in the laws, statecraft, and political history of this commonwealth and nation. In all his gladiatorial combats, whether at the bar, upon the hustings or in legislative halls, we recall no instance in which he met his overmatch. Even during his years of decadence there were occasions when the almost extinct volcano glowed again with its wonted fires; when the ivy-mantled keep of the crumbling castle resumed its pristine defiance with deep-toned culverin and ponderous mace; when, amid the colossal fragments of the tottering temple, men recognized the unsubdued spirit of Samson Agonistes.

In the demise of this distinguished Georgian we chronicle the departure of another noted Confederate, and this commonwealth mourns the loss of a son whose fame, for half a hundred years, was intimately associated with her aspirations and her glory. He was the survivor of that famous companionship which included such eminent personages as Crawford, Cobb, Johnson, Jenkins, Hill, and Stephens. While during his long and prominent career General Toombs was courted, admired, and honored; while in the stations he filled he was renowned for the brilliancy of his intellectual efforts, the intrepidity of his actions, the honesty of his purposes, and for loyalty to his section; while his remarkable sayings, epigrammatical utterances, caustic satires, and eloquent speeches will be repeated, it would seem that he has bequeathed few lasting monuments. Among his legacies will, we fear, be found few substantial contributions to knowledge. Scant are the tokens of labor which will perpetuate his name and minister to the edification of future generations. Trusting largely to the spoken word, which too often dies with the listener, he will live mainly as a tradition.

Natural gifts so superior as those which he possessed, and opportunities so famous as those which he enjoyed, should have borne fruit more abundant and yielded a harvest less insubstantial. By permanent record of grand thoughts and great ideas he should have commended his memory more surely to the comprehension of the coming age, so that there might be no lack of "historic proof to verify the reputation of his power."

Enjoying a present fame as a legislator, a statesman, a counsellor, an advocate, an orator, a Confederate chieftain, a defender of the South, and a lover of this commonwealth, towering among the highest and the brightest of the land, this illustrious Georgian is also remembered as a

leader not always wise and conservative in his views—as a mighty tribune of the people sometimes dethroning images where he erected none better in their places.

Thus we are reminded that the children of men, be they of high or low estate, be they rich or poor, be they intellectually great or of the common measure,

> "Are such stuff
> As dreams are made of, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep."

Although this is true, let us remember, my comrades, it is not all of death to die; that the actions of the just are not wholly swallowed up in the oblivion of the tomb; that there are virtuous memories which, at least for a season, are not coffined with our bones; and, thus persuaded, may we, one and all, heed the injunction of the great American poet:

> "So live that when thy summons comes to join
> The innumerable caravan that moves
> To that mysterious realm where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of death,
> Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night
> Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustain'd and sooth'd
> By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
> Like one that draws the drapery of his couch
> About him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Henry W. Grady: "The New South"

[This celebrated banquet speech of the South's great orator-journalist was delivered before the New England Society, of New York, at an annual banquet given by the society, on the evening of December 21, 1886, and was delivered in response to a toast: "The New South." Mr. Grady caught the ear of the nation in this wonderful speech and acquired a country-wide reputation both as an orator and as a peacemaker. Much of the speech was wholly impromptu, having been inspired by some remarks of Doctor Talmage, who preceded Mr. Grady on the evening's program. Until the delivery of this speech, Mr. Grady's reputation as a public speaker was purely local, and he was known to the world at large, chiefly through the columns of the Atlanta Constitution, of which he was then managing editor.]

"There was a South of slavery and secession—that South is dead. There is a South of Union and freedom—that South, thank God, is living, breathing, growing every hour." These words, delivered from the immortal lips of Benjamin H. Hill, at Tammany Hall, in 1866, true then and truer now, I shall make my text tonight.

Mr. President and Gentlemen: Let me express to you my appreciation of the kindness by which I have been permitted to address you. I make this abrupt acknowledgment advisedly, for I feel that if, when

I raise my provincial voice in this ancient and august presence, I could find courage for no more than the opening sentence, it would be well if in that sentence I had met, in a rough sense, my obligation as a guest and had perished, so to speak, with courtesy on my lips and grace in my heart. Permitted through your kindness to catch my second wind, let me say that I appreciate the significance of being the first southerner to speak at this board, which bears the substance, if it surpasses the semblance, of original New England hospitality, and honors the sentiment that in turn honors you, but in which my personality is lost and the compliment to my people made plain.

I bespeak the utmost stretch of your courtesy tonight. I am not troubled about those from whom I come. You remember the man whose wife sent him to a neighbor with a pitcher of milk, and who, tripping on the top step, fell with such casual interruptions as the landings afforded into the basement, and, while picking himself up, had the pleasure of hearing his wife call out:

"John, did you break the pitcher?"

"No, I didn't," said John, "but I'll be dinged if I don't."

So, while those who call me from behind may inspire me with energy, if not with courage, I ask an indulgent hearing from you. I beg that you will bring your full faith in American fairness and frankness to judgment upon what I shall say. There was an old preacher once who told some boys of the Bible lesson he was going to read in the morning. The boys, finding the place, glued together the connecting pages. The next morning he read on the bottom of one page: "When Noah was one hundred and twenty years old he took unto himself a wife, who was"—then turning the page—"140 cubits long, 40 cubits wide, built of gopher wood, and covered with pitch inside and out." He was naturally puzzled at this. He read it again, verified it, and then said: "My friends, this is the first time I ever met this in the Bible, but I accept this as an evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made." If I could get you to hold such faith tonight I could proceed cheerfully to the task I otherwise approach with a sense of consecration.

Pardon me one word, Mr. President, spoken for the sole purpose of getting into the volumes that go out annually freighted with the rich eloquence of your speakers, the fact that the Cavalier as well as the Puritan was on the continent in its early days, and that he was "up and able to be about." I have read your books carefully and I find no mention of that fact, which seems to me an important one for the purpose of preserving a sort of historical equilibrium, if for nothing else.

Let me remind you that the Virginia Cavalier first challenged France on this continent; that Cavalier John Smith gave New England its very name, and was so pleased with the job that he has been handing his own name around ever since; and that, while Miles Standish was cutting off men's ears for courting a girl without her parents' consent and forbade men to kiss their wives on Sunday, the Cavalier was courting everything in sight, and that the Almighty had vouchsafed great increase to the Cavalier colonies, the huts in the wilderness being as thick as nests in the trees.

But having incorporated the Cavalier as a fact in your charming little books, I shall let him work out his own salvation, as he has always done, with engaging gallantry, and we shall hold no controversy as to his merits. Why should we? Neither Puritan nor Cavalier long survived as such. The virtues and good traditions of both happily still live for the inspiration of their sons and the saving of the old fashion. But both Puritan and Cavalier were lost in the storm of the first Revolution, and the American citizen, supplanting both and stronger than either, took possession of the Republic, bought by their common blood and fashioned to wisdom, and charged himself with teaching men government and establishing the voice of the people as the voice of God.

My friends, Doctor Talmage has told you that the typical American is yet to come. Let me tell you that he has already come. Great types, like valuable plants, are slow to flower and fruit. But from the union of these colonists, Puritans and Cavaliers, from the straightening of their purposes and the crossing of their blood, slow perfecting through a century, came he who stands as the first typical American, the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace of this Republic—Abraham Lincoln. He was the sum of Puritan and Cavalier, for in his ardent nature were fused the virtues of both, and in the depths of his great soul the faults of both were lost. He was greater than Puritan, greater than Cavalier, in that he was American, and that in his honest form were first gathered the vast and thrilling forces of his ideal government—charging it with such tremendous meaning and so elevating it above human suffering that martyrdom, though infamously aimed, came as a fitting crown to a life consecrated from the cradle to human liberty. Let us each, cherishing the traditions, and honoring his fathers, build with reverent hand to the type of this simple but sublime life, in which all types are honored, and in our common glory as Americans there will be plenty and to spare for your forefathers and for mine.

Doctor Talmage has drawn for you, with a master's hand, the picture of your returning armies. He has told you how, in the pomp and circumstance of war, they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes. Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war, an army that marched home in defeat and not in victory, in pathos and not in splendor, but in glory that equaled yours and to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes home! Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier, as buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox, in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot old Virginia's hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the painful journey. What does he find—let me ask you who went to your homes eager to find, in the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for a four-years' sacrifice—what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half as much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves

free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away; his people without law or legal status; his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone. Without money, credit, employment, material, or training; and, besides all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence—the establishment of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do—this hero in gray with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June; women reared in luxury cut up their dresses and made breeches for their husbands, and, with a patience and heroism that fit women always as a garment, gave their hands to work. There was little bitterness in all this. Cheerfulness and frankness prevailed. "Bill Arp" struck the key-note when he said: "Well, I killed as many of them as they did of me, and now I am going to work." So did the soldier returning home after defeat and roasting some corn by the roadside, who made the remark to his comrades: "You may leave the South if you want to, but I am going to Sandersville, kiss my wife and raise a crop, and if the Yankees fool with me any more, I'll whip 'em again." I want to say to General Sherman, who is considered an able man in our parts, though some people think he is a kind of careless man about fire, that from the ashes he left us in 1864 we have raised a brave and a beautiful city; that somehow or other we have caught the sunshine in the brick and mortar of our homes and have builded therein not one ignoble prejudice or memory.

But what is the sum of our work? We have found out that in summing up the free negro counts more than he did as a slave. We have planted the schoolhouse on the hilltop and made it free to white and black. We have sowed towns and cities in the place of theories, and put business above politics. We have challenged your spinners in Massachusetts and your iron-makers in Pennsylvania. We have learned that the $400,000,000 annually received from our cotton crop will make us rich when the supplies that make it are home raised. We have reduced the commercial rate of interest from 24 to 6 per cent, and are floating 4 per cent bonds. We have learned that one northern immigrant is worth fifty foreigners, and have smoothed the path southward, wiped out the path where Mason and Dixon's line used to be, and hung out the latch-string to you and yours. We have reached the point that marks perfect harmony in every household, when the husband confesses that the pies which his wife cooks are as good as those his mother used to bake; and we admit that the sun shines as brightly and the moon as softly as it did before the war. We have established thrift in city and country. We have fallen in love with work. We have restored comfort to homes from which culture and elegance never departed. We have let economy take root and spread among us as rank as the crab-grass which sprang from

Sherman's cavalry camps, until we are ready to lay odds on the Georgia Yankee as he manufactures relics of the battlefield in a one-story shanty and squeezes pure olive oil out of his cotton-seed, against any down-easter that ever swapped wooden nutmegs for flannel sausage in the valleys of Vermont. Above all, we know that we have achieved in these "piping times of peace" a fuller independence for the South than that which our fathers sought to win in the forum by their eloquence or compel in the field by their swords.

It is a rare privilege, sir, to have had a part, however humble, in this work. Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the uplifting and upbuilding of the prostrate and bleeding South—misguided, perhaps, but beautiful in her suffering, and honest, brave, and generous always. In the record of her social, industrial, and political illustration, we await with confidence the verdict of the world.

But what of the negro? Have we solved the problem he presents or progressed in honor and equity toward solution? Let the record speak to the point. No section shows a more prosperous laboring population than the negroes of the South, none in fuller sympathy with the employing and land-owning class. He shares our school fund, has the fullest protection of our laws and the friendship of our people. Self-interest, as well as honor, demands that he should have this. Our future, our very existence, depends upon our working out of this problem in full and exact justice. We understand that when Lincoln signed the emancipation proclamation, your victory was assured, for he then committed you to the cause of human liberty, against which the arms of man cannot prevail; while those of our statesmen who sought to make slavery the corner-stone of the Confederacy doomed us to defeat as far as they could, committing us to a cause that reason could not defend, or the sword maintain in sight of advancing civilization.

Had Mr. Toombs said, which he did not say, "that he would call the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill," he would have been foolish, for he might have known that whenever slavery became entangled in war it must perish, and that the chattel in human flesh ended forever in New England when your fathers—not to be blamed for parting with what didn't pay—sold their slaves to our fathers—not to be praised for knowing a paying thing when they saw it. The relations of the southern people with the negro are close and cordial. We remember with what fidelity for four years he guarded our defenseless women and children, whose husbands and fathers were fighting against his freedom. To his eternal credit be it said that whenever he struck a blow for his own liberty he fought in open battle, and when at last he raised his black and humble hands that the shackles might be struck off, those hands were innocent of wrong against his helpless charges, and worthy to be taken in loving grasp by every man who honors loyalty and devotion. Ruffians have maltreated him, rascals have misled him, philanthropists established a bank for him, but the South, with the North, protests against injustice to this simple but sincere people. To liberty and enfranchisement is as far as the law can carry the negro. The rest must be left to conscience and common sense. It must be left to those among whom his lot is cast, with whom he is indissolubly connected, and whose prosperity depends upon their possessing his intelligent sympathy and

confidence. Faith has been kept with him, in spite of calumnious assertion to the contrary by those who assume to speak for us, or by frank opponents. Faith will be kept with him in the future, if the South holds her reason and integrity.

But have we kept faith with you? In the fullest sense, yes. When Lee surrendered—I don't say when Johnson surrendered, because I understand he still alludes to the time when he met General Sherman last as the time when he intended to abandon any further prosecution of the struggle—when Lee surrendered, I say, and Johnson quit, the South became, and has since been, loyal to this Union. We fought hard enough to know that we were whipped, and in perfect frankness accept as final the arbitrament of the sword to which we had appealed. The South found her jewel in the toad's head of defeat. The shackles that had held her in narrow limitations fell forever when the shackles of the negro slave were broken. Under the old regime the negroes were slaves to the South; the South was a slave to the system. The old plantation, with its simple police regulations and feudal habit, was the only type possible under slavery. Thus was gathered in the hands of a splendid and chivalric oligarchy the substance that should have been diffused among the people, as the rich blood, under certain artificial conditions, is gathered at the heart, filling that with affluent rapture, but leaving the body chill and colorless.

The old South rested everything on slavery and agriculture, unconscious that these could neither give nor maintain healthy growth. The new South presents a perfect democracy, the oligarchs leading in the popular movement—a social system compact and closely knitted, less splendid on the surface, but stronger at the core—a hundred farms for every plantation, fifty homes for every palace—and a diversified industry that meets the complex demands of this complex age.

The new South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full-statured and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanded horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because, through the inscrutable wisdom of God, her honest purposes were crossed and her brave armies were beaten.

This is said in no spirit of time-serving or apology. The South has nothing for which to apologize. She believes that the late struggle between the states was war and not rebellion; revolution and not conspiracy; and that her convictions were as honest as yours. I should be unjust to the dauntless spirit of the South and to my own convictions if I did not make this plain in this presence. The South has nothing to take back. In my native Town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hill—a plain, white shaft. Deep cut into its shining side is a name dear to me above the names of men—that of a brave and simple man, who died in brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England, from Plymouth Rock all the way, would I exchange the heritage he left me in his soldier's death. To the foot of that shaft I shall send my children's children to reverence him who ennobled their name with his heroic blood. But sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory

which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in his almighty hand and that human slavery was swept forever from American soil—the American Union saved from the wreck of war.

This message, Mr. President, comes to you from consecrated ground. Every foot of soil about the city in which I live is as sacred as a battle-ground of the Republic. Every hill that invests it is hallowed to you by the blood of your brothers who died for your victory, and doubly hallowed to us by the blow of those who died hopeless, but undaunted, in defeat—sacred soil to all of us—rich with memories that make us purer and stronger and better; silent but staunch witness in its red desolation to the matchless valor of American hearts and the deathless glory of American arms, speaking an eloquent witness in its white peace and prosperity to the indissoluble Union of American states and the indestructible brotherhood of the American people!

Now, what answer has New England to this message? Will she permit the prejudice of war to remain in the hearts of the conquerors, when it has died in the hearts of the conquered? Will she transmit this prejudice to the next generation, that in their hearts who never felt the generous ardor of conflict it may perpetuate itself? Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which straight from his soldier's heart Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? Will she make the vision of a restored and happy people, which gathered about the couch of your dying captain, filling his heart with grace, touching his lips with praise, and glorifying his path to the grave—will she make this vision on which the last sigh of his expiring soul breathed a benediction, a cheat and a delusion? If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal; but if she does not decline to accept in frankness and sincerity this message of good-will and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster delivered in this very society forty years ago, amid tremendous applause, become true, be verified in its fullest sense, when he said: "Standing hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have been for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united all, united now, and united forever." There have been difficulties, contentions, and controversies, but I tell you that in my judgment—

> "Those opened eyes
> Which like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
> All of one nature, of one substance bred,
> Did lately meet in th' intestine shock,
> Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
> March all one way."

J. C. C. Black: On the Life and Character of Benjamin H. Hill

[Seldom, if ever, in the history of this country, has a monument been unveiled amid circumstances more replete with dramatic interest. Ex-President Jefferson Davis, the Confederacy's first, last, and only president, for years a recluse, declining every invitation to appear in public,

nevertheless journeyed from his home in Mississippi to be Georgia's honored guest on this occasion and to pay a tribute of respect to his beloved compatriot and friend. Just as the exercises commenced, General Longstreet, clad in his Confederate uniform, appeared upon the scene, to be greeted by his old chieftain with outstretched arms. For the moment political animosities were forgotten, and there rose from the tumultuous throng a wild shout of enthusiasm. Major Black's oration was a masterpiece of eloquence, unsurpassed by any similar effort of this character. It was delivered in Atlanta, Georgia, May 1, 1886. Subsequently the monument was removed from its original site, at the intersection of the two Peachtrees, to the corridors of the state capitol, where it today stands.]

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: History has furnished but one perfect character, humanity has but one example, in all things worthy of imitation. And yet all ages and countries have recognized that those who, devoting themselves to the public service, have led the people through great perils, and, by distinguished careers, added to the just renown of their country, were entitled to their highest respect, honor, and veneration. The children of Israel wept for their great leader and deliverer on the Plains of Moab. The men of Athens gathered at the graves of those who fell at Marathon, and pronounced panegyrics upon them. This sentiment is an honor to the living as well as to the dead. It is just, for no merely human pursuit is higher than that public service which honestly and intelligently devotes itself to the common weal. There is no study more worthy of the highest faculties of the mind than that which seeks after the nature of civil government, applies it to its legitimate uses and ends, and properly limits its powers. No object is more worthy of the noblest philanthropy of the heart than society and the state. It is not only honorable and just but, like all high sentiment, it is useful—for honors to the dead are incentives to the living.

Monuments to our great and good should be multiplied. May I take the liberty on this occasion of suggesting to the bar and people of the state to provide a fitting memorial to the distinguished chief justice who so long presided over our Supreme Court; whose decisions are such splendid specimens of judicial research and learning, and whose career recalls Wharton's picture of Nottingham "seated upon his throne with a ray of glory about his head, his ermine without spot or blemish, his balance in his right hand, mercy on his left, splendor and brightness at his feet, and his tongue dispensing truth, goodness, virtue and justice to mankind." And by its side, and worthy of such association, another to commemorate the sturdy chief justice who has recently passed from among us. The public disposition to honor the dead too often finds its only expression in the resolutions of public assemblies, and the exhibition in public places of emblems of mourning, soon to be removed.

"And the children of Israel wept for Moses in the plains of Moab thirty days: so the days of weeping and mourning for Moses were ended." Too often the great and good lie in unknown sepulchres; or, if known, they are marked by no lasting monument. When the feeling does crystallize in enduring marble or granite, in most cases, it is after painful effort and long delay. Eighteen years elapsed after the laying of the

cornerstone of the Bunker Hill monument, erected by the patriotism of New England, before its completion was celebrated. The statue of Chief Justice Marshall, appointed during the second administration, was unveiled during a very recent period. Immediately after his death, in 1799, Congress voted a marble monument to Washington. Half a century elapsed before the foundation was laid. After this, for seven and thirty years, it remained unfinished. Although intended to commemorate the life and character of him who was "first in the hearts of his countrymen," and had just claims upon the treasury of the Government, it stood as if insulting him whom it should have honored, symbol of nothing but the ingratitude of the country, prophecy of nothing but a broken Constitution, a divided people, and a disrupted Union. Its completion was not celebrated until the 21st day of February, 1885—more than three-quarters of a century after the resolution of Congress voting it. The history of these similar organizations marks with peculiar emphasis that of the association whose completed work we are here to celebrate with becoming ceremony.

Amid profound and universal expressions of grief at the public calamity to the country inflicted by his death—on the 16th day of August, 1882, his body was buried to await the dawn of that resurrection day of which he so beautifully wrote after he could no longer speak. Within a few days after his burial, a public meeting was called to assemble in the state capitol, on the 29th of August thereafter. That meeting resolved itself into an organization that undertook the patriotic duty of commemorating his public life by some fit and enduring memorial. The success, brilliant as his own resplendent career, which calls us together within less than half a decade after its inauguration to crown the completion of its work, is highly honorable to those who have achieved it, but most honorable to him who inspired it. It has few, if any, parallels. It is in itself a more fitting and eloquent oration than human language can pronounce, for that may speak in exaggerated phrase of the worth of the dead and the sorrow of the living; this is Love's own tribute; this is Grief's truthful expression.

As we come to dedicate this statue in his name and memory, all the surroundings are most auspicious. No place could have preferred a claim above this. It was his own home; it is the capital of the state, and his fame is a common heritage. The progressive spirit that has already made this populous and growing city the pride of every citizen, the wonder of every stranger, shall furnish opportunity to speak, as it shall speak, to the largest number of beholders. It is the time, too, when all over this southern land, in the observance of a custom that should be perpetuated, fair women and brave men pay tribute to our dead. May we not think of the spirits of our honored dead who preceded him in our history, as well as those of his worthy contemporaries, coming from that world where no uncharity misjudges, no prejudice binds, no jealousy suspicions, to hover over us, and rejoice in the tributes of this day. And, surely, if the honor which this occasion pays the dead could be enhanced, or the joy which it imparts to the living could be heightened by human presence, we have that augmented honor, and that elevated joy in the presence of one worthily ranked among the most renowned of the living, whose strength of devotion to our lamented dead has overcome the infirmi-

ties of age and the weariness of travel, and who comes to mingle his praises with ours. [Ex-President Davis.] Illustrious son of the South, thy silent presence is loftier tribute than spoken oration, or marble statue, or assembled thousands. Alas! Alas! We this day mourn the silence of the only tongue that could fittingly and adequately voice the honor we would confer upon thee. Beside the grave of him who never swerved in his devotion to thee and the cause of which thou wert and art the worthy representative, we this day acknowledge thy just claim upon the confidence, love, esteem, and veneration of ourselves and our posterity. May these auspicious surroundings help us to commemorate the life and character of him in whose honor we are assembled, and move us with the higher purposes of devotion to our state and country that life and character inspire.

As a son of Georgia he eminently merits this enduring memorial and all the honors conferred by this vast concourse of his grateful and admiring countrymen. Born upon her soil, reared among her people, educated at her schools, permeated by the influences of her society and civilization, he plead with an eloquence unsurpassed by any of her sons for whatever would promote her weal, and warned against every danger his sagacious eye detected threatening her prosperity. Called into public service at an early age, he at once gave assurance of the high distinction he afterwards attained. For years his public career was a struggle against prevailing principles and policies he believed to be dangerous, and he stood conspicuous against as powerful a combination of ability and craft as ever ruled in the politics of any state. Upon every field where her proudest gladiators met, he stood the peer of the knightliest. He did not always achieve popular success, but that has been true of the greatest and best. His apparent failures to achieve victory only called for a renewal of the struggle with unbroken spirit and purpose. Failure he did not suffer, for his very defeats were victories. To say, as may be justly said, that he was conspicuous among those who made our history for thirty years, is high encomium. During that period the most memorable events of our past have transpired. It recalls, besides his own, the names and careers of Stephens, Toombs, the Cobbs, Johnson and Jenkins. In what sky has brighter galaxy ever shone? The statesmanship, the oratory, the public and private virtue it exhibits, should swell every breast with patriotic pride. In some of the highest qualifications of leadership, none of his day surpassed him. He did not seek success by the schemes of hidden caucus or crafty manipulation. He won his triumphs on the arena of fair, open debate before the people. As an earnest student of public questions, he boldly proclaimed his conclusions. The power of opposing majorities did not deter him. As a leader of minorities he was unequaled. As an orator at the forum, before a popular assembly or convention, in the House of Representatives or in the Senate Chamber in Congress, he was the acknowledged equal of the greatest men who have illustrated our state and national history for a quarter of a century. He was thoroughly equipped with a masterly logic, a captivating eloquence, a burning invective, a power of denunciation, with every weapon in the armory of spoken or written language, and used all with a force and skill that entitled him as a debater to the highest distinction.

While the most unfriendly criticism cannot deny him the rarest gifts

of oratory, some have withheld from him the praise due to that calm judgment that looks at results; that political foresight that belongs to a wise statesmanship. Judged by this just standard, who among the distinguished sons of Georgia in that period when her people most needed that judgment and sagacity is entitled to a higher honor? Who more clearly foresaw in the clouds that flecked our political sky the storm that was coming? What watchman stationed to signal the approach of danger had more far-reaching vision? What pilot charged with the guidance of the Ship of State struggled more earnestly to guide it into clearer skies and calmer seas? With that devotion to the Union that always characterized him, and believing that the wrongs of which we justly complained could be better redressed in than out of the Union, or had better be borne than the greater evils that would follow dissolution, he opposed the secession of the state. We may not now undertake to trace the operation of the causes that brought about that event. We can justly appreciate how it could not appear to others as it did to us. As to us, it was not prompted by hatred of the Union resting in the consent of the people and governed by the Constitution of our fathers. It was not intended to subvert the vital principles of the Government they founded, but to perpetuate them. The government of the new did not differ in its form or any of its essential principles from the old Confederacy. The constitutions were the same, except for such changes as the wisdom of experience suggested. The Southern Confederacy contemplated no invasion or conquest. Its chief cornerstone was not African slavery. Its foundations were laid in the doctrines of the fathers of the Republic, and the chief cornerstone was the essential fundamental principle of free government, that all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. Its purpose was not to perpetuate the slavery of the black race, but to preserve the liberty of the white race of the South. It was another Declaration of American Independence. In the purity of their motives, in the loftiness of their patriotism, in their love of liberty, they who declared and maintained the first were not worthier than they who declared, and failed in, the last. Animated by such purposes, aspiring to such a destiny, feeling justified then—and without shame now—we entered upon that movement. It was opposed by war on the South and her people.

What was the South and who were her people? There are those who seem to think that she nurtured an Upas whose very shade blighted wherever it fell, and made her civilization inferior. What was that civilization? Let its products as seen in the people it produced, and the character and history of that people, answer. Where do you look for the civilization of a people? In their history, in their achievements, in their institutions, in their character, in their men and women, in their love of liberty and country, in their fear of God, in their contributions to the progress of society and the race. Measured by this high standard, where was there a grander and nobler civilization than hers? Where has there been greater love of learning than that which established her colleges and universities? Where better preparatory schools, sustained by private patronage, and not the exactions of the tax-gatherer—now unhappily dwarfed and well-nigh blighted by our modern system? Whose people had higher sense of personal honor? Whose business and com-

merce was controlled by higher integrity? Whose public men had cleaner hands and purer records? Whose soldiers were braver or knightlier? Whose orators more eloquent and persuasive? Whose statesmen more wise and conservative? Whose young men more chivalric? Whose young women more chaste? Whose fathers and mothers worthier examples? Whose homes more abounded in hospitality as genial and free to every friendly comer as the sun that covered them with its splendor? Where was there more respect for woman, for the church, for the Sabbath, for God, for the law—which, next to God, is entitled to the highest respect and veneration of man, for it is the fittest representative of his awful majesty and power and goodness? Where was there more love of home, of country, and of liberty?

Deriving their theories of government from the Constitution, her public officers never abandoned those principles upon which alone the Government could stand. Esteeming their public virtue as highly as their private honor, they watched and exposed every form of extravagance, and every approach of corruption. Her religious teachers, deriving their theology from the Bible, guarded the church from being spoiled "through philosophy and vain deceit after the traditions of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ." Her women adorned the highest social circles of Europe and America with their modesty, beauty, and culture. Her men, in every society, won a higher title than the "grand old name of gentleman"—that of "Southern gentleman." Thus in herself, what contributions did she make to the material growth of the country? Look at the map of that country and see the five states formed out of the territory north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi generously and patriotically surrendered by Virginia. Look at that vast extent of country acquired under the administration of one of her presidents, which today constitutes the states of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota west of the Mississippi, Colorado north of the Arkansas, besides the Indian Territory and the territories of Dakota, Wyoming and Montana?

Is it asked, what has she added to the glories of the Republic? Who wrote the Declaration of Independence? Jefferson. Who led the armies of the Republic in maintaining and establishing that independence? Who gave mankind new ideas of greatness? Who has furnished the sublimest illustration of self-government? Who has taught us that human virtue can set proper limits to human ambition? Who has taught the ruled of the world that man may be entrusted with power? Who has taught the rulers of the world when and how to surrender power? Of whom did Bancroft write: "But for him the country would not have achieved its independence, but for him it could not have formed its Union, and now but for him it could not have set the Federal Government in successful motion"? Of whom did Erskine say: "You are the only being for whom I have an awful reverence." Of whom did Charles James Fox say, in the House of Commons: "Illustrious man, before whom all borrowed greatness sinks into insignificance"? Washington.

What state made the call for the convention that framed the Constitution? Virginia. Who was the father of the Constitution? Madison. Who made our system of jurisprudence unsurpassed by the civil law of Rome or the common law of England? Marshall. Who was Marshall's

worthy successor? Taney. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Marshall, Taney—these were her sons. Their illustrious examples, their eminent services, the glory they shed upon the American name and character were her contributions to the common renown. Is it asked where her history was written? It was written upon the brightest page of American annals. It was written upon the records of the convention that framed the Constitution. It was written in the debates of congresses that met, not to wrangle over questions of mere party supremacy, but, like statesmen and philosophers, to solve the great problems of human government. It was written in the decisions of the country's most illustrious judges, in the treaties of her most skillful diplomats, in the blood of the Revolution, and the battles of every subsequent war, led by her generals, from Chippewa to the proud halls of the Montezumas.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!"

Forced to defend our homes and liberties after every effort for peaceful separation we went to war. Our leaders were worthy of their high commission. I say our leaders, for I believe that he who led our armies was not more loyal, and made no better use of the resources at his command, than he to whom was entrusted our civil administration. Our people sealed their sincerity with the richest treasure ever offered and the noblest holocaust ever consumed on the altar of country. To many of you who enjoy the honor of having participated in it the history is known. You ought to prove yourselves worthy of that honor by teaching that history to those who come after you. Though in no wise responsible for it, though he had warned and struggled to avert it, Georgia's fortune was his fortune, Georgia's destiny was his destiny, though it led to war. Others who had been instrumental in bringing about dissolution and the first to take up arms, engendered disaffection by petty cavils, discouraged when they should have cheered, weakened when they should have strengthened, but the spirit of his devotion never faltered, and through all the stormy life of the young republic, what Stonewall Jackson was to Lee, he was to Davis. If the soldier who leads his country through the perils of war is entitled to his country's praise and honor, no less the statesman who furnishes and sustains the resources of war.

Our flag went down at Appomattox. Weakened by stabs from behind, indicted by hands that should have upheld, her front covered with the wounds of the mightiest war of modern times, dripping with as pure blood as ever hallowed Freedom's cause, our Confederacy fell, and Liberty stood weeping at the grave of her youngest and fairest daughter. Our peerless military chieftain went to the noble pursuit of supervising the education of the young, proclaiming that human virtue should be equal to human calamity. Our great civil chieftain went to prison and chains, and there as well as afterward, in the dignified retirement of private life, for twenty years, has shown how human virtue can be equal to human calamity. The one has gone, leaving us the priceless legacy of his most illustrious character; the other still lingers, bearing majestically the sufferings of his people, and calmly awaiting the sum-

mons that shall call him to the rewards and glories of those who have suffered for the right.

Our Southern soldiers returned to their desolated homes like true Cavaliers, willing to acknowledge their defeat, abide in good faith the terms of the surrender, accept all the legitimate results of the issue, respect the prowess of those who had conquered, and resume their relations to the Government, with all the duties those relations imposed. The victorious generals and leaders of the North awaited the highest honors a grateful people could bestow. Their armies having operated over an area of 800,000 square miles in extent, bearing upon their rolls on the day of disbandment 1,000,516 men, were peaceably dissolved. Then followed the most remarkable period in American history—in any history. After spending billions of treasure and offering thousands of lives to establish that the states could not withdraw from the Union, it was not only declared that they were out of the Union, but the door of admission was closed against them. While it cannot be denied that the gravest problems confronted those who were charged with the administration of the Government, a just and impartial judgment must declare that the most ingenious statecraft could not have inspired a spirit which, if it permanently ruled, would most certainly have destroyed all the states. Its success would have been worse for the North than the success of the Southern Confederacy, for if final separation had been established, each new government would have retained the essentials of the old, while the dominance of this spirit would have destroyed every vital principle of our institutions. The success of the Confederacy would have divided the old into two republics. If this spirit had ruled, it would have left no republic. It was therefore a monumental folly as well as a crime. It was not born of the brave men who fought to preserve the Union; it was the offspring of that fanaticism which had, in our early history, while the walls of the capital were blackened by the fires kindled by the invading army of England, threatened disunion, and from that day forward turned the ministers of religion into political Jacobins, degraded the church of God into a political junto, in the name of liberty denounced the Constitution and laws of the country, and by ceaseless agitation from press and rostrum and pulpit lashed the people into the fury of war. In this presence, at the bar of the enlightened public opinion of America and the world, I arraign that fell spirit of fanaticism and charge it with all the treasure expended and blood shed on both sides of the war, all the sufferings and sacrifices it cost, and all the fearful ruin it wrought. And in the name of the living and the dead I warn you, my countrymen, against the admission of that spirit, under any guise or pretext, into your social or political systems.

There are trials severer than war and calamities worse than the defeat of arms. The South was to pass through such trials and be threatened with such calamities by the events of that period. Now and then it seems that all the latent and pent up forces of the natural world are turned loose for terrible destruction. The foundations of the earth, laid in the depths of the ages, are shaken by mighty upheavals; the heavens, whose blackness is unrelieved by a single star, roll their portentous thunderings, and "Nature, writhing in pain, through all her works, gives signs of woe." The fruits of years of industry are

swept away in an hour; the landmarks of ages are obliterated without a vestige; the sturdiest oak that has struck deep its roots in the bosom of the earth is the plaything of the maddened winds; the rocks that mark the formation of whole geological periods are rent, and deep gorges in the mountain side, like ugly scars in the face of the earth, tell of the force and fury of the storm. Such was that period to our social, domestic and political institutions. Law no longer held its benign sway, but gave place to the mandates of petty dictators enforced by the bayonet. What little of property remained was held by no tenure but the capricious will of the plunderer; liberty and life were at the mercy of the conqueror; the sanctity of home was invaded; vice triumphed over virtue; ignorance ruled in lordly and haughty dominion over intelligence; the weak were oppressed; the unoffending insulted; the fallen warred on; truth was silenced; falsehood, unblushing and brazen, stalked abroad unchallenged; anxiety filled every breast; apprehension clouded every prospect; despair shadowed every hearthstone; society was disorganized; legislatures were dispersed; judges torn from their seats by the strong arm of military power; states subverted; arrests made, trials held, and sentences pronounced without evidence; madness, lust, hate, and crime of every hue, defiant, wicked, and diabolical, ruled the hour, until the very air was rent with the cry, and heaven's deep concave echoed the wail:

"Alas! Our country sinks beneath the yoke. It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash is added to her wounds."

All this Georgia and her sister states of the South suffered at the hands of her enemies, but more cruel than wrongs done by hostile hands were the wounds inflicted by some of their own children. They basely bartered themselves for the spoils of office. They aligned themselves with the enemies of the people and their liberties until the battle was fought and then, with satanic effrontery, insulted the presence of the virtuous and the brave by coming among them, and forever fixed upon their own ignoble brows the stigma of a double treachery by proclaiming that they had joined our enemies to betray them. They were enemies to the mother who had nurtured them. "They bowed the knee, and spit upon her. They cried, 'hail!' and smote her on the cheek; they put a scepter into her hand, but it was a fragile reed; they crowned her, but it was with thorns; they covered with purple the wounds which their own hands had inflicted upon her, and inscribed magnificent titles over the cross on which they had fixed her to perish in ignominy and pain." They had quarreled with and weakened the Confederacy out of pretended love for the habeas corpus, and now they sustained a government that trampled upon every form of law and every principle of liberty. They had been foremost in leading the people into war, and now they turned upon them to punish them for treason. Even some who were still loyal at heart, appalled by the danger that surrounded, overwhelmed by the powers that threatened us, were timid in spirit and stood silent witnesses of their country's ruin. Others there were, many others, as loyal, brave, noble, heroic spirits as ever enlisted in freedom's cause. They could suffer defeat in honorable war, but would not, without resistance, though fallen, submit to insult and oppression. Their fortunes were destroyed, their fields desolated, their

homes laid in ashes, their hopes blighted, but they would not degrade their manhood. To their invincible spirit and heroic resistance we are indebted for the peace, prosperity and good government we enjoy today. Long live their names and deeds. Let our poets sing them in undying song; let our historians register them in imperishable records; let our teachers teach them in our schools; let our mothers recount them in our homes; let the painter transfer their very forms and features to the canvas to adorn our public halls; let the deft hand of the sculptor chisel them out of granite and marble to beautify our thoroughfares; let every true heart and memory, born and to be born, embalm them forever.

Among all the true sons of Georgia and the South in that day, one form stands conspicuous. No fear blanched his cheek, no danger daunted his courageous soul. His very presence imparted courage, his very eye flashed enthusiasm. Unawed by power, unbribed by honor, he stood in the midst of the perils that environed him, brave as Paul before the Sanhedrin ready for bonds or death, true as the men at Runnymede, and as eloquent as Henry, kindling the fires of the Revolution. As we look back upon that struggle, one figure above all others fixes our admiring gaze. His crested helmet waves high where the battle is fiercest. The pure rays of the sun reflected from his glittering shield are not purer that the fires that burn in the breast it covers. His clarion voice rang out louder than the din of battle, like the bugle blast of a Highland chief, resounding over hill, and mountain, and glen, summoning his clans to the defence of home and liberty, and thrilled every heart and nerved every arm.

It was the form and voice of Hill.

Not only is he entitled to the honor we confer upon him by the events of this day, and higher honor, if higher there could be, as a Georgian, but as a son of the South. The great West boasts that it gave Lincoln to the country and the world. New England exults with peculiar pride in the name and history of Webster, and one of her most distinguished sons, upon the recent occasion of the completion of the Washington monument, in an oration worthy of his subject, did not hesitate to say: "I am myself a New Englander by birth. A son of Massachusetts, bound by the strongest ties of affection and of blood to honor and venerate the earlier and later worthies of the old Puritan Commonwealth, jealous of their fair fame, and ever ready to assert and vindicate their just renown." Why should not we cherish the same honorable sentiment, and point with pride to the names with which we have adorned our country's history? What is there in our past of which we need be ashamed? What is there in which we ought not to glory? They tell us to let the dead past be buried. Well be it so. We are willing to forget; we this day proclaim and bind it by the highest sanction—the sacred obligation of Southern honor—that we have forgotten all of the past that should not be cherished. We stand in the way of no true progress. We freely pledge our hearts and hands to everything that is not dead—that cannot die. It moves upon us, it speaks to us. Every instinct of noble manhood, every impulse of gratitude, every obligation of honor demands that we cherish it. We are bound to it by ties stronger than the cable that binds the continents, and laid as deep in human nature. We cannot cease to honor it until we lose the sentiment that has moved all ages

and countries. We find the expression of that sentiment in every memorial we erect to commemorate those we love—in the unpretentious slab of the country church-yard, in the painted windows of the cathedral, in the unpolished head-stone and the costliest mausoleum of our cities of the dead. It dedicated the Roman Pantheon. It has filled Trafalgar Square and Westminster Abbey with memorials of those who for centuries have made the poetry, the literature, the science, the statesmanship, the oratory, the military and naval glory, the civilization of England. It has adorned the squares of our own Washington City and filled every rotunda, corridor and niche of the capitol with statues and monuments and busts until we have assembled a congress of the dead to instruct, inspire, and guide the congress of the living, while, higher than all surrounding objects, towering above the lofty dome of the capitol stands the obelisk to Washington.

Long may it stand fit but inadequate symbol of that colossal character. Of all the works of man it lifts its head nearest to the bright luminary of nature, so that every rising sun joins all human voices, and with the first kiss of the morning proclaims him favorite of all the family of men. May it and the character it commemorates and the lessons that character teaches abide with us until the light of that sun is extinguished by the final darkness that shall mark the end of the days.

Taught by these high examples, moved by this lofty sentiment of mankind, we this day renew the allegiance of ourselves, and pledge that of our posterity to the memory of our southern dead. No son of the South had higher claims upon our gratitude than he whom we this day honor. Against his convictions he followed the South into secession and war. True to her in the days of that war which she waged for separate nationality; true to her in the darker days that followed that war, when she was denied admission into the Union; after her restoration he stood in the House and Senate Chamber the bravest and most eloquent of her defenders, resisting every invasion of her rights, and defiantly and triumphantly hurling back every assault upon her honor. Not only as a son of Georgia and the South does he merit the tribute of her highest praise, but as a citizen of the Republic. He was a profound student of our system of government, and his knowledge of that system was not only displayed in his public utterances, but is written in the lives and characters of the young men of Georgia who learned from him at the State University, and who, in all the departments of the public service, are entering into careers of the highest usefulness and distinction.

"Melius est petere fontes quam sectari rivulos."

Madison and Webster were his teachers; never teachers had better student. Webster was not more intense in his love for the Union as originally established by the founders of the Republic. With the underlying principles of the Union he was familiar. To him the American Union was not the territory over which the flag floated and the laws were administered. It was a system of government, embracing a general government for general purposes, and local governments for local purposes, each, like the spheres of the heavens, to be confined to its own orbit, and neither could invade the domain of the other without chaos and ruin. In the solution of all problems, in the discussion of all questions, in the shaping of all policies, he looked to the Constitution.

He regarded the American system of government as the wisest ever devised by the wisdom of men, guided by a beneficent Providence which seemed to have chosen them for the highest achievements of the race. He esteemed it not only for his own, but for all people, the greatest production of man, the richest gift of Heaven, except the Bible and Christianity. As the fierceness of the storm only intensifies the gaze of the mariner upon the star, so the greater the peril the more earnestly he contended for the principles of the Constitution. But to him the states were as much a part of that system as the general Government. His indissoluble Union was composed of indestructible states. He opposed sectionalism in any guise and from any quarter. As long as it spoke the truth, he honored and loved the flag of his country. For so long, wherever it floated, from the dome of the national capitol at home, or under foreign skies, leading the armies of the Republic to deeds of highest valor in war, or signalling the peaceful pursuits of commerce; at all times and everywhere, at home and abroad, on the land and on the sea, in peace or in war, its stripes uttered one voice—of good will to its friends and proud defiance to its enemies—while the stars that glittered upon its ample folds told of free and equal states. Thus looking at it, he could exclaim with patriotic fervor: "Flag of the Union! Wave on, wave ever. Wave over the great and prosperous North, wave over the thrifty and historic East, wave over the young and expanding West, wave over our own South until the Union shall be so firmly planted in the hearts of all the people that no internecine war shall break our peace, no sectionalism shall disturb our harmony! Flag of the free! Wave on until the nations looking upon thee shall catch the contagion of freedom! Wave on until the light of knowledge illuminates every mind, the fires of liberty burn in every breast, the fetters fall from every limb, the bonds are loosed from every conscience, and every son of earth and angel of heaven rejoices in the universal emancipation." There never was a time in his distinguished career when he would not have arrested and stricken down any arm lifted against that flag speaking the truth. But he would have it wave "over states, not provinces; over freemen, not slaves," and there never was a time when flaunting a lie, by whomsoever borne, he would not have despised and trampled upon it. This was true American patriotism.

Though loyal to Georgia and the South during the period of separation, he rejoiced at their restoration to the Union. No mariner tossed through long nights on unchosen and tempestuous seas ever held the day of return to tranquil port more gladly than he hailed the day of restoration to the states. No son driven by fortunes he could not control from the paternal roof, ever left that roof with sadder parting than he left the Union, or returned from the storms without to the shelter of home with wilder transports of joy than he felt when the South was again admitted to "our Fathers' house."

Permanent peace and unity in republic or monarchy cannot be secured by the power of the sword or the authority of legislation. England, with all her power and statesmanship, has tried that for centuries and failed, and will continue to fail until her people and her rulers learn what her foremost statesman has recognized, that the unity of all governments of whatever form must rest in the respect and confidence of the people.

If this principle had been observed after the war between the states, that dark chapter in our history that must remain to dim the glory of American statesmanship would have been unwritten. Wisely appreciating this principle after the admission of the true representatives of the people in Congress, with voice and pen, he devoted all the powers of his great mind, and all the impulses of his patriotic heart, to the re-establishment of that cordial respect and good feeling between the sections upon which alone our American system, more than all others, must depend for permanent union and peace.

The great and good do not die. Fourteen centuries ago, the head of the great apostle fell before the sword of the bloody executioner, but through long ages of oppression his example animated the persecuted church, and today stimulates its missionary spirit to press on through the rigors of every clime and the darkness of every heathen superstition, to the universal and final triumphs of that cross for which he died. Four centuries agone the body of John Wickliffe was exhumed and burnt to ashes, and these cast into the water, but "the Avon to the Severn runs, the Severn to the sea," and the doctrines for which he died cover and bless the world. Half a century ago the living voice of O'Connell was hushed, but that voice today stirs the high-born passions of every true Irish heart throughout the world. The echoes of Prentiss' eloquent voice still linger in the valley of the Mississippi. Breckenridge's body lies under the soil of Kentucky, but he lives today an inspiration and a glory to her sons.

And today there comes to us and to those after us, the voice of our dead, solemn with the emphasis of another world, more eloquent than that with which he was wont to charm us. It says to us: "Children of Georgia, love thy mother. Cherish all that is good and just in her past. Study her highest interests. Discover, project, and foster all that will promote her future. Respect and obey her laws. Guard well her sacred honor. Give your richest treasures and best efforts to her material, social, intellectual, and moral advancement, until she shines the brightest jewel in the diadem of the Republic. Men of the South, sons of the proud Cavalier, bound together by common traditions, memories, and sentiment, sharers of a common glory and common sufferings, never lower your standard of private or public honor. Keep the church pure and the state uncorrupted. Be true to yourselves, your country, and your God, and fulfill the highest destiny that lies before you. Citizens of the Republic, love your system of government, study and venerate the Constitution, cherish the Union, oppose all sectionalism, promote the weal and maintain the honor of the Republic. 'Who saves his country, saves himself, saves all things, and all things saved do bless him; who lets his country die, lets all things die, dies himself ignobly, and all things dying curse him.'"

Illustrious citizen of the state, of the South, of the Republic, thou hast taught us to be brave in danger, to be true without the hope of success, to be patriotic in all things. We honor thee for thy matchless eloquence, for thy dauntless courage, for thy lofty patriotism. For the useful lessons which thou hast taught us, for the honorable example thou hast left us, for the faithful service thou hast done us, we dedicate this statue to thy name and memory. Telling of thee it shall animate

the young with the highest aspirations for distinction, cheer the aged with hopes for the future, and strengthen all in the perils that may await us. May it stand, enduring as the foundations of yonder capitol, no more firmly laid in the earth than thy just fame in the memories and hearts of this people. But whether it stand, pointing to the glories of the past, inspiring us with hope for the future, or fall before some unfriendly storm, thou shalt live, for we this day crown thee with higher honor than forum or senate can confer. "In this spacious temple of the firmament," lit up by the splendor of this unclouded southern sun, on this august occasion, dignified by the highest officers of municipality and state, and still more by the presence of the most distinguished living as well as the spirits of the most illustrious dead, we come in grand procession—childhood and age, young men and maidens, old men and matrons, from country and village and city, from hovel and cottage and mansion, from shop and mart and office, from every pursuit and rank and station, and with united hearts and voices, crown thee with the undying admiration, gratitude, and love of thy countrymen!

Walter G. Charlton: Oglethorpe

[This splendid commemorative address was delivered at the unveiling of the Oglethorpe monument, in Savannah, on November 23, 1910—267 years after the landing of the first emigrants on Yamacrow Bluff. The Oglethorpe Monument Association was chartered by the Superior Court of Chatham County, May 18, 1901, and its membership consisted of six representatives each, from the Georgia Society of Colonial Dames of America, the Sons of the American Revolution, the Daughters of the American Revolution, and the Society of Colonial Wars. In 1906, the Legislature of Georgia, toward this fund, appropriated the sum of $15,000 and a commission to take charge of the work, on behalf of the state, was appointed as follows: Hon. J. Randolph Anderson, chairman; Hons. P. A. Stovall, A. A. Lawrence, Walter G. Charlton, Peter W. Meldrim, J. H. Estill, and A. R. Lawton, of Savannah; Hons. R. E. Park, state treasurer; Allen D. Chandler, and W. G. Cooper, of Atlanta; Hon. Joseph R. Lamar, of Augusta, and Hon. H. F. Dunwoody, of Brunswick. Hon. J. H. Estill died during the administration of Gov. Hoke Smith, who appointed in his place Hon. R. J. Davant, of Savannah. Hons. R. E. Park and Allen D. Chandler died during the administration of Gov. Joseph M. Brown, who appointed to succeed them Hons. Wymberley J. DeRenne and J. Florance Minis, of Savannah. In 1909, the City of Savannah appropriated $15,000, while the remainder ($8,000) was appropriated by the patriotic societies—making a total cost of $38,000. The sculptor who designed the monument was Daniel Chester French, of New York. Said Judge Charlton:]

Governor of Georgia, Ladies and Gentlemen, My Fellow-Georgians:

Near two centuries ago, a man of strong and noble nature sought here and there in London a missing friend, whose character and kindly qualities kept him in affectionate remembrance. His search brought him at length to the debtors' prison of the Fleet, where in vilest surroundings, deliberately imprisoned in a narrow cell, with victims of small-pox, he found the friend of his youth dying of that loathsome disease. When he departed from that horrible scene, his life was consecrated to a noble purpose. With the passing of the years there came a bright day in the long ago, when, as the soft voices of spring were calling back to life and glory the sleeping beauties of nature, there landed upon what was destined to become a sovereign state a small band, selected to start upon its career the most remarkable experiment in the history of colonization. The purpose had reached its fulfilment, for the sorrowing friend was Oglethorpe; the adventurers, the passengers of the Anne; the land, the commonwealth which today holds our allegiance, our hopes, our happiness.

As they stood at that historic moment beneath the marvelous blue of the February sky—free as the winds which sighed through the majestic pines which surrounded them—their memories aglow with the hospitality which had received and sheltered them as their voyage drew to its conclusion on the neighboring shores of Carolina, no happier people ever faced the serious responsibilities of life. About them was grace and song and beauty; before them, the prospect of rest and content; within them, the peace of God. The tempestuous Atlantic, with its wintry wastes, had become a memory; and, in the dim vistas of the past, the cruel bitterness of man's brutality was fading away, as the phantoms of the night before the warmth and splendor of the rising sun. They were not makers of history, these six score men and women from the debtors' prisons of England. They were the opportunity through which history is made. With all the limitations which the condition suggests, they had been the victims of the most merciless system of laws which ever disgraced a civilized country—but were now free; free to take up the broken journey of life, which, burdened as it had been with measureless suffering, had yet been untouched by the vice and dishonesty which surrounded it hour by hour. They were good men who had failed in the practical affairs of life, and from whom had departed the buoyancy of youth. They had marked time as ambition hurried by and was lost. And yet, when the last man stepped ashore on that historic day the echo of his footfall was to sound down the centuries; the historian was to take up a new story in the annals of nations—for the great tide in human affairs had turned definitely to its upward flow.

There had been nothing like it in the history of mankind. They were of the weak and oppressed of earth. Few in number, untrained in military venture, unskilled in civic construction—their mission was to build for all time an empire in a wilderness and to hold it against the warlike savage and the armies and navies of one of the greatest powers of Europe. Even as they set foot upon the shore, facing them were the hordes of Indians whom they were to resist, whilst to the south were gathering like unto the storm-clouds of the coming tempest the hosts of Spain. Yet from the tragic elements of failure came victory, for in the divine purposes of the Almighty it had been ordained at that moment there should stand upon the soil of Georgia the one man in all the world through whom victory might come.

A great artist, under the inspiration of a great subject, has brought to triumphant conclusion a work of art which, for all time, will hold the attention and interest of those whose vision rises above the sordid and

groveling concerns of life and takes within its scope the things which charm and ennoble thought and action. To him who loves art for art's sake, the faithfulness of detail; the grace of outline; the strength of pose; the historic perfection of the portrayal will hold in fascination. What the Georgian will see and what he will carry in his memory from this historic spot will be the recollection of a strong, dominant warrior, with the fighting look upon his face—resolute and unconquerable—in the wisdom of Providence destined to stand on Georgia soil and in one momentous day end forever a conflict which had convulsed the civilization of Europe for centuries; and to see as he sheathed his victorious sword what would be in time the greatest monument it was ever given to man to rear—a free and sovereign state.

Human force and genius are so often contrasted with the grave crises which threaten to destroy the organized affairs of men, that when emergencies occur we instinctively search the perspective for the inevitable relief. The tension of the situation reacts upon the tendencies of given minds and won or lost no great cause ever swayed the hopes and emotions of mankind but from the stress and conflict sprang some heroic spirit to leave its shining record on the pages of history. Of the greatness of Oglethorpe is the fact that no crisis was at hand when he started upon the illustrious career, in recognition of which a grateful people this day do homage to his memory. In the times in which he began life the direction in which his steps led was along the beaten path of thousands. A military apprenticeship under generals of renown; a parliamentary career of more or less usefulness; a respectable and quiet old age amid the congenial surroundings of a privileged class—it was the common fate of those from whom he came.

The imagination falters as it attempts to reconstruct that conditions upon which the contemporaries of Oglethorpe looked with the complacency which hourly contact induces. In military prowess; in terrific hardships upon land and sea; in shrewd and cunning diplomacy and politics, the age was supreme. For the simpler and nobler qualities from which are derived the patriot and the brother, there was neither place nor recognition. The greatest soldier of the age did not hesitate to sell his country for gold; the poet on bended knee served the fruitions of his soul to the taste of the dissolute in power; the statesman pandered to the vices of those who could repay in coin and place the eloquence which belonged to the race and not to the individual. Jeffries had not long since ridden upon his circuit, with a sneer on his lips, sending to the gallows, amid the brutal clamor of the accompanying mob, women and children, for offences which now receive the least of punishments. The poor were despised; the sick abandoned; the stricken in mind maltreated and exhibited for money. Deep down in all this misery, friendless and hopeless, forgotten of friend and kindred, removed even from the exhausted malice of foes, was the insolvent debtor whose only crime was his inability at the moment of demand to deliver the money which he had promised to pay.

Appalling as was the condition which prevailed as the century drew to its close, the most frightful manifestation was the unprotested acceptance of it as endurably natural. Removed by the circumstances of birth from its more debasing aspects and influences, was born, on

December 22, 1696, James Edward Oglethorpe. Influence and opportunity brought him a commission, in his fifteenth year, under Marlborough, and, after the peace of 1712, he served under Prince Eugene in the campaigns on the Danube. There could have been no better martial schooling. But in this English boy was something beyond military enthusiasm. Working in his active brain was the constructive force which molds statesmen, and so directs and molds the destinies of nations. He might, in the parliamentary career upon which he entered in 1722 have attained distinction, or, restive in the subservient crowd that dogs the footsteps of the great, he might have gone prematurely to that life of quiet which in the distance awaited his coming. It was otherwise ordained. The pen of a great novelist a century later aroused to indignant protest the English mind against the iniquities of imprisonment for debt, and the echo of that far off revolution in public sentiment sounded at length in the constitution of Georgia.

But on the day when Oglethorpe moved by the misfortune of a friend passed through the portals of the Fleet to find Robert Castell suffering amid the unspeakable brutalities of the debtors' prison the tortures of small-pox, there was no public conscience to be aroused to horror. When Hampden stormed with vivid bursts of eloquence in the British parliament, appealing to the eternal principles of liberty, though they brought down upon him the wrath of royalty, his words found lodgment in the souls and memories of thousands, to grow and develop until in time all England responded to the truths he had proclaimed. The sentiment and the crisis were at hand. But upon this man was to fall not only the responsibility of meeting and overcoming a great evil by the force of his individuality, but of creating the opportunity without which his enthusiasm and devotion must fade and perish for want of that upon which it must take root to live.

The England of 1729 took no heed of what fate might befall the insolvent debtor. Misfortune and misery excited its mirth; and compassion like some feeble growth slight-rooted in arid soil, sent its weak and nerveless tendrils here and there in fitful and uncertain ways toward what might prove support. The man and the evil stood face to face, and singly and alone, as in the tales where moved the knights-errant of the age of poesy, he gave fight until the sheer gallantry of the spectacle began to make a responsive thrill, and gather to him, one by one, the kindred spirits which, few in number, but worthy of the cause in which they fought, stood with him until the glorious end became a conclusion never to be undone in the history of man. His chivalrous heart, full of indignant pity for the sorrows upon which he looked, Oglethorpe introduced into parliament a resolution of inquiry into the conditions of the debtors' prison. The investigation which followed revealed, in the language of an historian of that epoch, "infamous jobbery and more infamous cruelty on the part of prison officials." With the report came the opportunity without which the greatness of individuals means nothing.

They fail to grasp the greatness of this man's nature who see in his efforts only the workings of emotional benevolence—the distempered energy which forces its conceptions of altruism upon the poor with no thought for the poor man's dignity of thought and independence of

spirit. What moved him to action was a divine wrath against injustice—the scorn of an exalted mind for the besotted barbarities of a practice which found no warrant in the laws of God or the promptings of common humanity. It was characteristic of the situation that, when the charter of Georgia came to be signed, the names written into it were few—few and known and honored. Written at a time when the great civic and private virtues which illustrate every condition of our day were in a state of dormancy, its language places it among the priceless documents of the ages. Without profit or reward or hope of material benefit to any incorporator, it was recited that his majesty, having taken into consideration the miserable circumstances of many of his own poor subjects, ready to perish for want, as likewise the distress of many poor foreigners who would take refuge here from persecution, hath, out of his fatherly compassion toward his subjects, been graciously pleased to grant a charter for incorporating a number of gentlemen by the name of "The Trustees for Establishing a Colony of Georgia in America."

We are accustomed to the spectacle of public altruism, where the plethoric dispenser of charity pursues his complacent way with a staff of newspaper correspondents at his heels, and followed by the gaping multitude from whom he has drawn his wealth; and with check-book in one hand and chisel in the other erects an edifice with the one and with the other carves his ignoble name that we may not forget the incident. But here was a soul crying aloud, like John in the wilderness, with no thought of self, that the helpless might be lifted from the depths of despair and the stricken in spirit take hope for the renewed conflicts of a life which had come to be with them a vague and insubstantial memory. Whatever his eloquence or want of eloquence, from the material of the impossible this man evolved the possible and the fact; and when the slow processes of legislative inquiry began to quiver into movement, and piece by piece to form in the minds of the few the result which took form in the charter of Georgia, the refuge for the friendless and the oppressed, the first practical step in the direction of moral reform in social conditions had been taken; and although the labor and eloquence of 100 years were to be expended before the revolution in public sentiment became assured and the Samaritan began once more to travel along the highways of life, the fact remains that, among human agencies, to the founder of Georgia is to be ascribed the first practical step in the direction of that comprehensive altruism which in our day works to its blessed ends with no hope of reward and no thought of personal importance.

It was not to be conceived that any man, be his persuasiveness what it might, could impress on king or parliament or subject the practicability or disirability of establishing in a distant wilderness beyond the seas a colony for the friendless and the oppressed, without more. The shrewdness of Oglethorpe's mind foresaw that without some practical importance to be given the movement he had in contemplation, something which would appeal to a general sentiment already existing, rather than to one which should exist, but did not, the work he had in view would never progress beyond his hopes. Whatever might be the social degradation to which England had descended, with the consequent indifference to the inevitable results which followed upon such a deplorable condition, in one direction the public sentiment was sound. An appeal which was

founded upon the necessity or advisability of extending the military power had prompt and effective response from noble and peasant. Marlborough might traffic with the Court of France, but Marlborough was none the less the great general who had carried the flag of England in triumph through the ranks of continental powers; whilst wherever the ocean beat, over its stormy waves floated in defiant freedom the historic banner which our ancestors loved.

Colonies for the exercise of benevolence were unknown to the statesmanship of that or any other age; but colonies for military purposes were as old as civilization itself. The presentation was attractive; the utility demonstrable. Across the stretches of a vast ocean was a colony favored of the crown and established in the sentiments of the people. To the south and west were tribes of savages of unknown numbers, ready and eager to descend upon its resources, whilst in the offing were gathered the navies of the hereditary foe of England, with which at intervals it had waged desperate warfare extending over centuries of time. So to the project of the benevolent colony was added the alluring prospect of a colony which was to interpose its effective presence between Carolina on the one hand and the Spaniard and Indian on the other. Men might scoff at the opportunity to be furnished the insolvent debtor to redeem his fortunes, but it would not occur to the practical minded Briton to view with indifference a determined body of aggressive Englishmen to be drawn from the fighting stock of the old country and landed upon a distant shore charged with the duty of fighting, and in what to all was not only a good cause, but a cause which had in it the element of temper as well as right; and so, what was apparently the secondary purpose of the settlement of Georgia became by force of circumstances inherent in the original project the real purpose—and the charter in ringing terms made this the only military colony in America.

In considering the character and success of Oglethorpe both purposes are to be borne in mind. That his object was really to lift from the deplorable condition in which he was, the insolvent debtor, there can be no doubt; that he accepted in good faith but with the enthusiasm of one in whom the spirit of chivalry was developed to its highest excellence, the additional charge to carry to success the English arms, is equally certain. No one of his unusual perspicacity could fail to know that a colony of insolvent debtors, just from the loathsome prisons of England, however honest they might be, would be worse than useless as a military establishment. It meant in all probability just so many more people to protect. A man who was simply wise without being humane and great would, upon the granting of the charter with its two objects, have ignored the one and fixed his hopes upon the other.

If he had followed the paths of his predecessors in colonial experimentation that would have been his determination. If he had in view personal aggrandizement, personal greed, personal privilege, the military feature assured, the friendless prisoners would have been relegated to despair. It is to be remembered of this man, so long as history shall carry the deeds and greatness of mortals to a discriminating posterity, that in all the years of his administration of the colony of Georgia, from the moment when the project took shape in his mind and heart, to the moment when, his work accomplished, he saw the lines of her coast recede from his

vision; through the resulting years of honor and dignity, unto the moment when he passed into the peace of eternity, the founder of Georgia never owned a foot of Georgia soil; enjoyed no privilege in her vast domain save such as was necessary to the effective discharge of his public trust; and so far from taking to his profit one cent devoted to her development or to the purposes of her settlement, left the service of Georgia and of the crown of England, with fortune impaired and never restored by the government which had profited by his work.

You will search in vain through the stories of American colonization, my fellow Georgians, for the instance which suggests remotely the disinterestedness of him in whose honor we are here today. Integrity and disinterestedness in public life as they illustrated Oglethorpe, so made they our people great in the days which followed. Guard with constant watchfulness this priceless heritage, for on that day when we become indifferent to the influence of these virtues; that moment when we view with complacency the give and take of modern politics, so sure as the rising of the sun will be the passing of the republic which southern thought and sacrifice made possible and southern tradition and devotion keep secure in the deadly storms which are now shaking it to its foundations.

The occasion is concerned with the individual rather than the incidents which one by one formed his life work into a great historical event, not without its epic setting. Consider for a moment a broad and chivalric nature, trained in the school of military service under the great captains of Europe, at the head of a colony of 120 men and women, broken in fortune and in spirit, bound for a wild country across the tempestuous seas, extending, by the written words of the charter, from the waters of the Savannah to the South seas—a land inhabited by savages of warlike disposition and habit, and menaced by the naval and military power of the ancient and truculent foe of England. Yet when on November 30, 1732, the good ship Anne set sail from Gravesend and turned her prow to the setting sun, at that moment began a distinct epoch not only in the military history of England, but in the moral development of mankind.

Upon that momentous voyage and its conclusion at the hospitable shores of Carolina it is not permissible to dwell at length. Leaving the colonists in the generous care of the noble people of that great colony, Oglethorpe pursued his way to Georgia and in a brief interview with Tomochichi settled for all time the relations between the colony and the Indians. There is no such colonial record anywhere in America. Without this victory of peace the colony could not have progressed, if it could have started upon its way, and it would reflect upon a generous people to forego a passing tribute to that great Georgian of the long ago whose broadness of mind and faithfulness of character made possible the solution of this problem which confronted the colonists at the threshold of their undertaking. It is said that not a day passes over the earth but men and women of no note do great deeds, speak great words, and suffer noble sorrows. Of these obscure heroes, philosophers and martyrs, the greater part will never be known till that hour when many that are great shall be small and the small great; but of others the world's knowledge may be said to sleep; their lives and characters lie hidden from nations in the annals that record them.

Of these last was Tomo-chi-chi, who, when upwards of ninety years of age, was fighting the enemies of Georgia. In a neighboring square, a few hundred feet from this spot, where he was laid to rest by the people of Georgia, a noble band of Georgia women, carrying out the forgotten behest of Oglethorpe, made in the long ago, have placed as a memorial where he was buried, a boulder of Georgia granite. On it is inscribed that he was the Mico of the Yamacraws, the companion of Oglethorpe, and the friend and ally of the Colony of Georgia. As they were associated in life, so let them live together in our grateful memories, and let this spot on which stands the monument to the one discard a designation which is meaningless and take up the name of the old warrior whose friendship made possible the peaceful settlement of the colony of Georgia.

From the petty details and annoyances of colonial inauguration, infinitely more trying to one of Oglethorpe's character than the stern hardships and dangers of campaigning, the project, in what began to be its more critical phase, engrossed the thought and anxiety of the leader. The Indian had been converted into a friend, but the war-clouds were still gathering to the south. To attempt to stay that storm by the exhibition of 120 insolvent debtors would have recalled, amid the derisive laughter of the gods, Xerxes stilling the sounding waves with the uplifting of his hands. But the call to battle which rung in the words of the Georgia charter had not been unheeded. The first adventurers who sailed in the Anne came from the debtors' prison, but the colonists who followed during the next three years were of as free and sturdy a stock as ever ventured forth to extend the prestige and power of England. These freemen from England and Scotland, with the brave-hearted Salzburgers, were the substantial colonists of Georgia, and from their arrival here the movement took on new life.

It was a colony as notable for what it did not do as for that which was undertaken and accomplished. It was of the fortune of mankind that at the critical moments the guiding power was in the man who had made the experiment possible. An apparently impossible undertaking which must have appealed to the age in which it was essayed as a comic manifestation, took on a practical business aspect within a few hours of the landing. The Indians became friends; toleration prevailed; civic and military progression went on side by side; even the dreaded witch in free Georgia had more rights than the minister of God who in higher latitudes wandered from colony to colony seeking in vain the rest which his vocation suggested and his character demanded and after centuries of persecution here at last the learned and patient Jew found peace. To the practical mind of Oglethorpe no detail was negligible. As there were no mercenary aims in the venture itself or its development, the grinding processes which were applied elsewhere found no toleration here. It was not only a practical mind which governed, but the mind of a constructive statesman, trained in the hard school of military necessity.

Oglethorpe not only dealt successfully with the petty details of colonial life, but with singular clearness his vision took within its scope the things which were to come. He forbade slavery and prohibited rum, industries which found lodgment only after his departure. The very plan upon which Savannah progresses was formulated by him. The instructed Georgian cannot look in any direction here without being

reminded of the great man who was responsible for the existence of Georgia. The fate of the colony was in the keeping of this one man. Had he faltered; had his resources of mind and soul even so much as checked their out-pour at any given time, the experiment had failed. He had already accomplished a great work. The Colony of Georgia had been fixed on safe lines, and altruism had been rewritten upon the souls of men. A great man and a great work had come together, and the vitality of a great nature had been breathed into the work.

But the colonization of Georgia even upon such lofty ideals was the accomplishment of only a part of that which Oglethorpe had in mind. As you face his statue, with the naked sword in hand and its defiant and fighting look toward the south, another Oglethorpe confronts you. The statesman has stripped away his robes, and the lieutenant of Marlborough and Eugene, with the problem of centuries before him, awaits the moment when, along the narrow edge of the gleaming blade in his hand, shall flash the signal of battle, and the old quarrel between England and Spain find its solution.

From the settlement, on February 12, 1733, the colony had progressed without special incident for a year. In the summer of that year Oglethorpe had returned to England, accompanied by Tomo-chi-chi; and, on March 10, 1734, the Purisburg, with the Salzburgers arrived. The Highlanders sailed on the Prince of Wales, October 20, 1735. The London Merchant and the Symond left England with the Frederica colonists on December 21, 1735. Having returned to the colony toward the close of 1736, Oglethorpe again sailed for England to urge the departure of the military contingent. A portion of the troops sailed on May 7, 1738, and the remainder, with Oglethorpe as general, arrived off Jekyl bar, on September 18, 1738.

During the intervals, Oglethorpe, with the assistance of Tomo-chi-chi, made frequent demonstrations along the Spanish frontier. Hostilities began on November 15, 1739, with the slaying of two Highlanders by the Spaniards, on Amelia Island. Oglethorpe at once gave pursuit, pushing on to the St. John's River, and burning three outposts. Marching in the direction of St. Augustine, he attacked and defeated a detachment of the enemy, and attempted to take, unsuccessfully, forts St. Francis and Picolata. Returning, on January 1, 1740, he burned the latter and reduced the former. It never occurred to Oglethorpe to stay whipped. Driven off today he was back on the morrow—a practice which the Spanish governor took much to heart as unreasonable, with a touch of discourtesy to a successful antagonist.

In May, 1740, with an army 2,000 strong, consisting of regulars, militia, and Indians with a co-operative fleet, under Admiral Vernon, he moved on to St. Augustine; captured Fort Moosa, and signaling the fleet to action, prepared to deliver the assault on the fortifications of the Florida stronghold. The fleet failed to respond and departed, and the unsupported attack from the land becoming thus impracticable, a siege of three weeks followed which Oglethorpe was finally compelled to abandon. To his repeated and urgent requests for reinforcements the home government made no response and he had been practically abandoned to his fate, when, in the summer of 1741, the long gathering storm burst in all its fury. A Spanish fleet of fifty-one sails had appeared in June

of that year. Its vessels, in one way and another, were so badly used by Oglethorpe in detail that it finally disappeared, to be replaced on June 28th by the St. Augustine fleet of thirty-eight sails. Oglethorpe retarded its movements until July 5th, when, after a hot engagement, lasting four hours, it passed the batteries and got out of range toward Frederica, upon which place Oglethorpe fell back—the enemy landing on the south end of St. Simon's. On July 7, 1742, the Spaniards moved on Frederica and Oglethorpe advanced to meet them, and the decisive battle of Bloody Marsh was on. When the smoke cleared away Georgia was free. The battle had not been to the strong. The comment of Oglethorpe was as characteristic as it was modest. "The Spanish invasion which had a long time threatened the colony, Carolina and all North America, has at last fallen upon us, and God hath been our deliverance." And George Whitfield said of it, "the deliverance of Georgia from the Spaniards is such as cannot be paralleled but by some instances out of the Old Testament."

His work accomplished; his mission fulfilled, on July 23, 1743, he sailed for England, never to see again the land to which he had devoted the best years of his life. He was too great to escape the calumnies of the small and the ingratitude of the narrow. Having passed to payment the expenditures made by him out of his personal fortune, the English government revoked its action and appropriated his money. Having availed themselves of his military talents, the advisers of royalty court-martialed him on grounds which were dismissed as slanderous. Finally, he withdrew from the service of an ungrateful monarch and entered upon the last stage of the journey of life which was to end on July 1, 1785. King and courtier might see in him only a successful rival for the fame which it was not given them to attain, but with the great spirit of his time he became a welcome guest. Authors laid their tributes at his feet and poets bound about his brows the laurel wreaths of victory. Georgia and her fate never passed from his thought. Tradition has it that in the days of the Revolution he was tendered the command of the English forces, and refused to take up arms against the colony he had founded. Whether it be true or no, never in thought or word that history records was he ever disloyal to the colony to which he had devoted the best years of his life.

He had striven with success for the betterment of the weak and helpless in an age of abject selfishness. He had made an empire with a handful of the oppressed of earth, and the work had survived. He had overcome the Indian by persuasion and kindness, and won the abiding friendship of the savages he had been sent to slay. He had encountered the most powerful foe of England and driven him in disastrous defeat before his scant battle-line. Reversing all the traditions of colonial administration, he had been tolerant and just. He was a builder and not an iconoclast; a statesman and not a schemer; a soldier and not a plunderer.

Brave and wise and merciful, the ends he accomplished placed him in historic perspective a century ahead of the day in which he worked. Honest in an era of guile, without fear and without reproach, he comes to us with his unstained record, to live so long as Georgians shall stand upon the ancient ways, and see and approve the better things of life. In all his brilliant career—in the hour of stress, in the moment of victory—

no clamorous sound of vain and self-applauding words came from his lips. There was no need. That which he did sends its pæans down the centuries; and over his illustrious career Georgia stands guard forever.

John Temple Graves: Eulogy of Henry W. Grady

[This speech, a gem of oratory, was delivered at the memorial exercises held in DeGive's Opera House, Atlanta, Georgia, December 28, 1889, in honor of the South's great editor. It was received with the wildest outburst of enthusiasm by an audience which packed the opera house from pit to gallery, and at its close the speaker received an ovation which lasted for several minutes. Colonel Graves was at this time edtior of the Rome Tribune. He is today editor of the New York American, and one of the foremost public men of America.]

I am one among the thousands who loved him and I stand with the millions who lament his death. I loved him in the promise of his glowing youth, when, across my boyish vision, he walked with winning grace from easy effort to success. I loved him in the flush of splendid manhood when a nation hung upon his words; and now, with the dross of human friendship smitten in my soul, I love him best of all as he lies yonder under the December skies, with face as tranquil and with smile as sweet as patriot ever wore.

In this sweet and solemn hour all the rare and kindly adjectives that blossomed in the shining pathway of his pen seem to have come from every quarter of the continent to lay themselves in loving tribute at their master's feet; but, rich as the music which they bring, all the cadences of our elogy—

> "Sigh for the touch of a vanished hand
> And the sound of a voice that is still."

And here today, within this hall, glorified by the echoes of his eloquence, standing to answer the impulse of my heart to the roll-call of his friends, and stricken with an emptiness of words, I know that when the finger of God touched his eyelids into sleep there gathered a silence upon the only lips that could weave the sun-bright story of his days or mete sufficient eulogy to the incomparable richness of his life.

I agree with Patrick Collins that he was the most brilliant son of this republic. If the annals of these times are told with truth, they will give him place as the phenomenon of his period, the Admiral Crichton of the age in which he lived. No eloquence has equaled his since Sergeant Prentiss faded from the earth. No pen has plowed such noble furrow in his country's fallow fields since the wrist of Horace Greeley rested. No age of the republic has witnessed such marvelous conjunction of a magic pen with the velvet splendor of a mellow tongue; and although the war-like rival of these wondrous forces never rose within his life, it is writ of all his living that the noble fires of his genius were kindled in his boyhood from the gleam that died upon his father's sword.

I have loved to follow, and I love to follow now, the pathway of that diamond pen as it flashed like an inspiration over every phase of life

in Georgia. It touched the sick body of a desolate and despairing agriculture with the impulse of a better method, and the farmer, catching the glow of promise in his words, left off sighing and went to singing in his fields, until at last the better day has come, and as the sunshine melts into his harvests with the tender rain, the heart of humanity is glad in his hope, and the glow of his fields seems the smile of the Lord. Its brave point went with cheerful prophecy and engaging manliness into the ranks of toil, until the workman at his anvil felt the dignity of labor pulse the somber routine of the hours, and the curse of Adam, softening in the faith of silvery sentences, became the blessing and the comfort of his days. Into an era of practical politics it dashed with the grace of an earlier chivalry, and in an age of pushing and unseemly scramble it awoke the spirit of a loftier sentiment, while around the glow of splendid narrative and the charm of entrancing plea there grew a goodlier company of youth, linked to the republic's noble legends and holding fast that generous loyalty that builds the highest bulwark of the state.

First of all the instruments which fitted his genius to expression was his radiant pen. Long after it had blazed his way to eminence and usefulness, he waked the power of that surpassing oratory which has bettered all the sentiment of his country and enriched the ripe vocabulary of the world. Nothing in the history of human speech will equal the stately steppings of his eloquence into glory. In a single night he caught the heart of the country in his warm embrace and leaped from a banquet revelry into national fame. It is, at last, the crowning evidence of his genius that he held to the end unbroken the high fame so easily won and, sweeping from triumph unto triumph, with not one leaf of his laurels withered by time or staled by circumstance, died on yesterday, the foremost orator of all the world.

It is marvelous past all telling how he caught the heart of the country in the fervid glow of his own! All the forces of our statesmanship have not prevailed for union like the ringing speeches of this bright, magnetic man. His eloquence was the electric current over which the positive and negative poles of American sentiment were rushing to a warm embrace. It was the transparent medium through which the bleared eyes of section were learning to see each other clearer and to love each other better. He was melting bitterness in the warmth of his patriot sympathies; sections were being linked in the logic of his liquid sentences, and when he died he was literally loving a nation into peace.

Fit and dramatic climax to a glorious mission that he should have lived to carry the South's last and greatest message to the center of New England's culture, and then, with the gracious answer to his transcendant service locked in his loyal heart, come home to die among the people he had served! Fitter still that, as he walked in final triumph through the streets of his beloved city, he should have caught upon his kingly brow that wreath of southern roses—richer jewels than Victoria wears—plucked by the hands of Georgia women, borne by the hands of Georgia men, and flung about him with a tenderness that crowned him for his burial, that, in the unspeakable fragrance of Georgia's full and sweet approval, he might "draw the drapery of his couch about him and lie down to pleasant dreams."

If I should seek to touch the core of all his greatness, I would lay my hand upon his heart. I should speak of his humanity, his almost inspired sympathies, his sweet philanthropy, and the noble heartfulness that ran like a silver current through his life. His heart was the furnace where he fashioned all his glowing speech. Love was the current that sent his golden sentences pulsing through the world, and in the honest throb of human sympathies he found the anchor that held him steadfast to all things great and true. He was the incarnate triumph of a heartful man.

I thank God, as I stand above my buried friend, that there is not one ignoble memory in all the shining pathway of his fame! In all the glorious gifts that God Almighty gave him, not one was ever bent to willing service in unrighteous cause. He lived to make the world about him better. With all his splendid might, he helped to build a heartier, happier and more wholesome sentiment among his kind. And in fondness, mixed with reverence, I believe that the Christ of Calvary, who died for men, has found a welcome sweet for one who fleshed within his person the golden spirit of the new commandment and spent his powers in glorious living for his race.

O, brilliant and incomparable Grady! We lay for a season thy precious dust beneath the soil that bore and cherished thee, but we fling back against all our brightening skies the thoughtless speech that calls thee dead! God reigns and his purpose lives; and although these brave lips are silent here, the seeds sown in this incarnate eloquence will sprinkle patriots through the years to come and perpetuate thy living in a race of nobler men!

But all our words are empty and they mock the air. If we would speak the eulogy that fills this day, let us build within this city that he loved, a monument, tall as his services and noble as the place he filled. Let every Georgian lend a hand, and as it rises to confront in majesty his darkened home, let the widow who weeps there be told that every stone that makes it has been sawn from the solid prosperity that he builded, and that the light which plays upon its summit is, in afterglow, the sunshine which he brought into the world.

And for the rest—silence. The sweetest thing about his funeral was that no sound broke the stillness, save the reading of the Scripture and the melody of music. No fire that can be kindled upon the altar of speech can relume the radiant spark that perished yesterday. No blaze born in all our eulogy can burn beside the sunlight of his useful life. After all, there is nothing grander than such living.

I have seen the light that gleamed at midnight from the headlight of some giant engine, rushing onward through the darkness, heedless of opposition, fearless of danger, and I thought it was grand. I have seen the light come over the eastern hills in glory, driving the lazy darkness like mist before a sea-born gale, till leaf, and tree, and blade of grass, glittered in the myriad diamonds of the morning ray; and I thought it was grand. I have seen the light that leaped at midnight athwart the storm-swept sky, shivering over chaotic clouds, mid howling winds, till cloud and darkness and the shadow-haunted earth flashed into mid-day splendor, and I knew it was grand. But the grandest thing, next to the radiance that flows from the almighty throne, is the light of a noble

and beautiful life, wrapping itself in benediction round the destinies of men and finding its home in the blessed bosom of the Everlasting God!

John B. Gordon: The Last Days of the Confederacy

[Though not a West Point officer, General Gordon achieved the highest military distinction during the Civil war and commanded half of Lee's army in the last charge at Appomattox. Subsequent to the war he became governor of Georgia and United States senator. He was also commander-in-chief of the United Confederate Veterans for fourteen years, dating from the organization of this body in 1890 until his death in 1904. General Gordon was not only a superb soldier, but a peerless orator, and his lecture on "The Last Days of the Confederacy" was a most effective and powerful instrumentality in welding the sections more closely together.]

Ladies, and my fellow-countrymen: In deciding to deliver a series of lectures you will credit me, I trust, with having been influenced, in part, at least, by other and higher aims than mere personal considerations. If, from the standpoint of a southern soldier, I could suggest certain beneficent results of our sectional war, or if, as the comrade and friend of Lee, I could add any new facts illustrative of the character of Grant; or lastly, if I could aid in lifting to a higher plane the popular estimate placed by victor and vanquished upon their countrymen of the opposing section, and thus strengthen the sentiment of national fraternity as an essential element of national unity, I should, in either event, secure an abundant reward.

Let me say before beginning my lecture that, although you are to listen tonight to a southern man, a southern soldier, yet I beg you to believe that he is as true as any man to this Republic's flag and to all that it truly represents. In selecting as my theme, "The Last Days of the Confederacy," it is not my purpose to analyze the causes of its decline, nor attempt descriptions of the great battles which preceded its overthrow. I propose to speak of those less grave but scarcely less important phases or incidents of the war which illustrate the spirit and character of the American soldier and people.

Gettysburg and Appomattox fix the boundaries of the Confederacy's decline and death. At Gettysburg its sun reached its zenith and passed its meridian; at Appomattox it went down forever. Gettysburg, therefore, is the turning point, the dividing line between the aspiring and the expiring Confederate States of America. Among the interesting questions suggested by the battle of Gettysburg is the inquiry into the reasons or motives for southern invasion of northern soil. In this day of peace and plenty it is difficult to realize the force of some of the reasons I am about to mention.

We were hungry; and as we stood on the heights of our Southern Pisgah, on the Potomac's bank—

"And viewed the landscape o'er"

we beheld the valleys of Pennsylvania, fair, fertile, and grain-clad, stretching out in a most inviting panorama before us. Only the Potomac,

like Jordan of old, rolled between us and that land of promise. To cross over and possess it, therefore, seemed the dictate both of military strategy and of empty stomachs.

But there was another reason for crossing. Social reciprocity demanded it. We owed our northern cousins a large number of visits, and chivalric southrons could not ignore such obligations. We had endeavored to cancel a part of the social debt by a visit to Maryland the summer before; but the reception given us by McClellan and his men at Antietam, or Sharpsburg, as we call it, while very hearty, did not encourage us to stay long. We concluded to postpone our visit further north till a more convenient season. That season seemed to arrive in '63, and we decided this time to test Pennsylvania's hospitality. Therefore, for the reasons given, and for the additional reason that we desired closer communication with our northern kinspeople in order more effectually to persuade them to take General Scott's or Horace Greeley's advice and "let the wayward southern sisters depart in peace"; and, with appetites whetted to keenest relish by Pennsylvania's ripened wheat and fattened cattle, we rapidly and cheerfully crossed the Potomac, and then—a few days later—more rapidly and less cheerfully recrossed it. I think it due to historical accuracy and to a proper respect for social regulations, to explain that no discourtesy whatever was intended by our unceremonious departure. Our visit was cut short by circumstances over which we did not have entire control, and for which we cannot be held exclusively responsible.

Twenty months passed before our next visit. The war was over. We had changed our minds and had concluded not to set up a separate government. When we returned to you again, therefore, we came to stay. No more with hostile banner waving in defiance above gray-clad battle lines, but rallying now with all our countrymen around this common flag, whose crimson stripes are made redder and richer by southern as well as by northern blood, and whose stars are brighter because they emblem the glory of both northern and southern achievements. We returned, not with rifles in our hands, demanding separation as the price of peace, but with hands outstretched to grasp those of the North, extended in sincere and endless brotherhood. We returned, too, without lingering bitterness or puerile repining, but with a patriotism, always broad and sincere, now intensified and refined in the fires of adversity, to renew our vows of fidelity to that unrivaled constitutional Government, bequeathed by our fathers and theirs; and by God's help to make with them the joint guarantee that this Republic and its people, and the states which compose it, shall remain united, co-equal, and forever free.

It was the fortune of my command to be separated from General Lee's army, after crossing into Pennsylvania, and to penetrate further into the heart of that state than any other Confederate troops, and to pass through that portion of Pennsylvania inhabited by what they call the Pennsylvania Dutch, an unwarlike, magnificent people, priding themselves on their well-cultivated fields, their colossal red barns, and horses nearly as big as barns. Some of those horses disappeared about that time from those barns, and by some strange coincidence they were found the next day securely tied in the Confederate camp. How they got there,

whether through sympathy for the southern cause or were drafted into service, I never knew, and, to be honest about it, I never inquired; but they were there, and evidently without their owners' consent.

This fact was soon made apparent by one of those owners announcing to me in his broken English, as well as I could understand him, that I had his mare. I endeavored to explain to this Pennsylvania Dutchman that we were obliged to take some of Pennsylvania's horses to pay for those the boys in blue had been taking from us. This explanation, which was entirely satisfactory to me, was not at all so to the Dutchman. He insisted that I pay him for his mare, and I at once offered to pay him full price in Confederate money. This he indignantly refused. Whereupon I offered to give him, and in fact did give him, a written order for the full price of his mare, on President Abraham Lincoln, of the United States. This he liked much better. In fact, he was absolutely satisfied with this mode of settlement until there crept into his brain some doubt about my authority for drawing on the President of the United States. He had a good deal of difficulty in understanding by what right a Confederate general could draw on the President for money to pay for horses to serve in the Confederate army; and the more he thought of it the less light he had on the subject; and at last, when he saw the truth, he discharged at me a perfect volley of Dutch expletives, and ended by saying, "I have been married three times, and I vood not geeve dot mare for all dose vomans."

I relented and gave him back his mare. Now, the great injustice done by him to the womanhood of his state was made manifest a few days later by the heroic conduct of one of Pennsylvania's noblest daughters. The retreating Federals had fired the bridge which spanned the Susquehanna River at the Town of Wrightsville, where lived this superb woman, whom I shall designate as "the heroine of the Susquehanna." Wrightsville would have been inevitably consumed but for the fact that my command was formed around the burning district, and at a late hour of night checked the flames. The house which would have been next consumed was that of this splendid woman of whom I am about to speak. Early the next morning she invited me to breakfast at her house, with my staff. Seated at her table was this modest, refined northern woman, surrounded by none except Confederate soldiers; but she was so dignified, calm and kind that I at once imagined that I had found a southern sympathizer in the heart of Pennsylvania, and I ventured some remarks which indicated to her the thought that was on my mind. In an instant her eyes were flashing with patriotic fire, and she turned to me and said: "General Gordon, I cannot afford, sir, to have you misunderstand me, nor to misinterpret this courtesy. You and your soldiers last night saved my home from burning, and I desire to give you this evidence of my appreciation; but my honor and loyalty to my soldier husband demand that I tell you plainly that I am a Union woman, that my husband and son are both in the Union army, with my approval, and that my daily prayer to Heaven is that the Union cause may triumph and our country be saved."

My fellow-countrymen, I think that every gallant man, North, South, East and West, will echo the sentiment I am about to utter. It is this—to my thought, a woman with such courage of conviction and with such

a sense of duty to her country, expressed in the presence of a hostile enemy, deserves a lofty niche in patriotism's temple. And now I am sure this generous audience will pardon me if I ask what words of mine could measure the gratitude due from me and my comrades who wore the gray to glorious southern women for their part in that great struggle? Of course, I was perfectly familiar with the Spartan courage and self-sacrifice of southern women in every stage and trial of that war. I had seen those patriotic women of our Southland sending their husbands and their fathers, their brothers and their sons, to the front, cheering them in the hour of disaster and tempering their joys in the hour of triumph. I had witnessed the southern mother's anguish, as with breaking heart and streaming eyes she gave to a beloved boy her parting blessing: "Go, my son," she said, "to the front. I perhaps will never see you again; but I freely commit you to God and to the defense of your people." I had seen those southern women with the sick, the wounded, and the dying, and in the late stages of that war I had been made to marvel at their saintly spirit of martyrdom, standing, as it were, almost neck deep in the desolation around them, yet bravely facing their fate while the light of Heaven itself played around their divinely beautiful faces. And now I had found their counterpart in this heroine of the Susquehanna—this representative of noble northern womanhood—this representative of tens of thousands of American women, of whose costly sacrifices for country the world will never know. To my comrades, therefore, I submit this proposition, which I know their brave hearts to a man will echo. That proposition is, that these sufferings and sacrifices—this devotion of the American women during that titanic conflict—must remain through all the ages as cherished a memorial as the rich libations of blood poured out by their brave brothers in battle.

But now to Gettysburg. That great battle could not be described in the space of a lecture. I shall select from its myriad of thrilling incidents which rush over my memory, but two. The first I relate because it seems due to one of the bravest and knightliest soldiers of the Union army. As my command came back from the Susquehanna River to Gettysburg, it was thrown squarely on the right flank of the Union army; and the fact that that portion of the Union army melted was no disparagement either to its courage or to its lofty American manhood, for any troops ever marshaled, the Old Guard itself, would have been as surely and swiftly shattered. It was that movement that gave to the Confederate army the first day's victory at Gettysburg; and as I rode forward over that field of green clover, made red with the blood of both armies, I found a major-general among the dead and dying. But a few moments before I had seen the proud form of that magnificent Union officer reel in the saddle and then fall in the white smoke of the battle, and as I rode by, intently looking into his pale face, which was turned to the broiling rays of that scorching July sun, I discovered that he was not dead.

Dismounting from my horse, I lifted his head with one hand, gave him water from my canteen, inquired his name and if he was badly hurt. He was Gen. Francis C. Barlow, of New York. He had been shot from his horse while grandly leading a charge. The ball had struck him in front, passed through the body and out near the spinal cord, completely

paralyzing him in every limb; neither he nor I supposed that he could live for an hour. I desired to remove him before death from that terrific sun. I had him lifted on a litter and borne to the shade in the rear. As he bade me good-bye—in response to my inquiry what I could do for him—he asked me to take from his side pocket a bunch of letters. Those letters were from his wife, and as I opened one at his request, and as his eye caught, supposably for the last time, that wife's signature, the great tears came like a fountain and rolled down his pale face; and he said to me, "General Gordon, you are a Confederate; I am a Union soldier; but we are both Americans; if you should live through this dreadful war and ever see my wife, will you do me the kindness to tell my wife that you saw me on this field? Tell her for me that my last thought on earth was of her; tell her for me that you saw her husband fall in this battle, and that he fell, not in the rear, but at the head of his column; tell her for me, General, that I freely gave my life to my country, but that my unutterable grief is that I must now go without the privilege of seeing her once more, and bidding her a long and loving farewell."

I at once said, "Where is Mrs. Barlow, General? Where could I find her?"—for I was determined that wife should receive that gallant husband's message. He replied: "She is very close to me; she is just back of the Union line of battle, with the commander-in-chief, at his headquarters." That announcement of Mrs. Barlow's presence with the Union army struck in this heart of mine another chord of deepest and tenderest sympathy; for my wife had followed me, sharing with her husband the privations of the camp, the fatigues of the march; again and again was she under fire, and always on the very verge of the battle was that devoted wife of mine, like an angel of protection and an inspiration to duty. I replied: "Of course, General Barlow, if I am alive, sir, when this day's battle, now in progress, is ended—if I am not shot dead before the night comes—you may die satisfied that I will see to it that Mrs. Barlow has your message before tomorrow's dawn."

And I did. The moment the guns had ceased their roar on the hills I sent a flag of truce with a note to Mrs. Barlow. I did not tell her—I did not have the heart to tell her—that her husband was dead, as I believed him to be; but I did tell her that he was desperately wounded, a prisoner in my hands, and that she should have safe escort through my lines to her husband's side. Late that night, as I lay in the open field upon my saddle, a picket from my front announced a lady on the line. She was Mrs. Barlow. She had received my note and was struggling, under the guidance of officers of the Union army, to penetrate my lines and reach her husband's side. She was guided to the place by my staff during the night. Early next morning the battle was renewed, and the following day, and then came the retreat of Lee's immortal army. I thought no more of that gallant son of the North, General Barlow, except to count him among the thousands of Americans who had gone down on both sides in the dreadful battle. Strangely enough, as the war progressed, Barlow concluded not to die; Providence decreed that he should live. He recovered and rejoined his command; and, just one year after that, Barlow saw that I was killed in another battle. The explanation is perfectly simple. A cousin of mine, with the same initials, Gen. J. B. Gordon, of North Carolina, was killed in a battle near Richmond. Bar-

low, who, as I say, had recovered and joined his command—although I knew he was dead, or thought I did—picked up a newspaper and read this item in it: "Gen. J. B. Gordon, of the Confederate army, was killed today in battle." Calling his staff around him, Barlow read that item and said to them: "I am very sorry to see this; you will remember that Gen. J. B. Gordon was the officer who picked me up on the battlefield of Gettysburg and sent my wife through his lines to me at night. I am very sorry."

Fifteen years passed. Now, I wish this audience to remember that, during all these fifteen years which intervened, Barlow was dead to me, and for fourteen of them I was dead to Barlow. In the meantime, the partiality of the people of Georgia had placed me in the United States Senate. Clarkson Potter was a member of Congress from New York. He invited me to dine with him, to meet his friend, General Barlow. Now came my time to think. "Barlow?" I said; "Barlow? That is the same name, but it can't be my Barlow, for I left him dead at Gettysburg." And I endeavored to understand what it meant, and thought I had made the discovery. I was told, as I made the inquiry, that there were two Barlows in the United States army. That satisfied me at once. I concluded, as a matter of course, that it was the other fellow I was going to meet; that Clarkson Potter had invited me to dine with the living Barlow and not with the dead one. Barlow had a similar reflection about the Gordon he was to dine with. He supposed that I was the other Gordon. We met at Clarkson Potter's table. I sat just opposite to Barlow, and, in the lull of the conversation, I asked him: "General, are you related to the Barlow who was killed at Gettysburg?" He replied: "I am the man, sir." "Are you related," he asked, "to the Gordon who killed me?" "Well," I said, "I am the man, sir." The scene which followed beggars all description. No language could describe that scene at Clarkson Potter's table in Washington, fifteen years after the war was over. Truth is, indeed, stranger than fiction. Think of it! What could be stranger? There we met, both dead, each of us presenting to the other the most absolute proof of the resurrection of the dead.

But stranger still, perhaps, is the friendship, true and lasting, begun under such auspices. What could be further removed from the realm of probabilities than a confiding friendship between combatants, a friendship born on the field of blood, amidst the thunders of battle, and while the hostile legions rush upon each other with deadly fury and pour into each other's breasts their volleys of fire and of leaden hail. Such were the circumstances under which was born the friendship between Barlow and myself, and which, I believe, is more sincere because of its remarkable birth, and which has strengthened and deepened with the passing years. For the sake of our reunited and glorious Republic, may we not hope that similar ties will bind together all the soldiers of the two armies—indeed, all Americans in perpetual unity until the last bugle call shall have summoned us to the eternal camping ground beyond the stars.

Another incident of an entirely different character may be worth relating, as it illustrates the peculiarities and eccentricities of a prominent Confederate officer. Lieutenant-General Ewell had lost a leg in a

previous engagement, and supplied its place with a wooden one. During the progress of the battle of Gettysburg, we chanced to be riding together. The thud of a mine ball caught my ear, shattering, as I supposed, General Ewell's other leg. I quickly inquired: "Are you hurt?" He as quickly replied: "No, sir; but suppose that had been your leg; we would have had the trouble of carrying you off the field, sir. You see how much better prepared for a fight I am than you are? It doesn't hurt to be shot in a wooden leg, sir."

This same eccentric officer, General Ewell, at another time, was riding out in front of my line, on what he called an independent scout of his own, and he rode most too far. A squadron of Union cavalry got after him and chased him back. He was riding one of the most magnificent animals that ever stood on four feet; and as he came flying in, closely pursued by the Union cavalry, my line opened fire on him and his pursuers, but he came in safely and, reining up to my lines, he opened fire on them of a different kind. He asked, in his peculiarly emphatic style: "What in the world are you shooting at me for? Why don't you shoot at the other fellows?" They answered: "General, we are shooting at the other fellows, and you, too; but we did not know who you were." He replied: "Boys, that is a good excuse at this time, but you must be more careful; you might have killed the very finest mare in Lee's army." This crusty old bachelor married late in life; married a widow, a Mrs. Brown. Of course, after Mrs. Brown's marriage to General Ewell she became Mrs. Ewell to all the world except to him; but he always persisted in introducing her as "my wife, Mrs. Brown."

The failure of the Confederate army at Gettysburg did not lower by one hair's breadth the confidence of Lee's men in the infallibility of that great commander. But I am bound to admit that the simultaneous fall of Vicksburg and the disaster of Gettysburg did set the southern boys to thinking, and right seriously, about the future; but they soon recovered and were ready to meet General Grant as he came from the southwestern campaigns with the green laurel of victory on his brow, and called us one fine morning in May, 1864, from our long winter's sleep on the banks of the Rapidan. We did not know as much about General Grant then as we found out after a while, but we had heard of him. Among other things we had heard of that U. S. in his name, which some Union prophet, without asking our advice about it, had changed from a simple "U. S." into those ominous words, "Unconditional Surrender." We could not see Grant for the underbrush in the wilderness, but we knew he was there. His morning salute to us at times was warm and prompt and unmistakable. Lee's response was equally royal in tone and hearty in character; but before saying anything more about these two old comrades, Lee and Grant, who—you will remember—had been separated from each other a number of years, had not seen each other in a great while, and they were just now coming up to meet each other in the wilderness, and, of course, were cheering and saluting each other with their big guns as they came along. Before saying anything more about them, I want to pause in this story to give one or two incidents illustrative of the life of a private in that war. My countrymen, I must be pardoned for saying that when I recall the uncomplaining suffering, the unbought and poorly paid patriotism of those grand men,

the American volunteers, who had no hope of personal honors, no stripes on their coats, no stars on their collars, who wore the knapsacks, trudged in the mud, leaving the imprint of their feet in their own blood on Virginia's snows—when I recall these men who stood in the forefront of the battle, fired the muskets, won the victories, and made the generals, I would gladly write their names in characters of blazing stars that could never grow dim.

I want to illustrate the life of a private. It will be remembered that the little stream of which I have spoken, the Rapidan, which, by the way, comrades, was called a river through courtesy—it was a sort of brevet title, a promotion from a creek to a river on account of its long service probably in both armies—it will be remembered that this little stream was for a long time the dividing line between the two great armies. It was so near that the pickets, on the two opposing sides, refused to fire at each other by common consent. When they did shoot, they shot jokes instead of rifles across the river at each other, and where the water was shallow they waded in and met each other in the middle and swapped southern tobacco for Yankee coffee; and where the water was too deep to wade in they sent those articles across in little boats, loaded on this side with southern tobacco, and sailed across. Then those little ships were loaded on the opposite bank and reloaded and sailed back with Yankee coffee for the Johnnies. Thus those two fighting armies kept up for a long time their friendly and international commerce; and so great, in fact, was that commerce that the commanders of both armies ordered it to stop.

As a matter of course, the privates ignored the orders, and went on trading. General Lee sent for me and said: "I want you to take charge of my picket line, sir, and break up that trading." I rode along the picket lines and as I came suddenly around the point of a hill, on one of my picket posts, before they dreamed I was in the neighborhood, I found an amount of confusion such as I had never witnessed. I asked: "What is the matter here, boys? What does all this mean?" "Nothing at all, sir," was the reply; "it is all right here; we assure you it is all right." I thought there was a good deal of assuring about it, and said so, when a bright fellow who saw there was some doubt on my brain, stepped to the front to get his comrades out of the scrape, and he began—he was a stammering fellow—he began: "Oh, yes, G-g-g-general; it's all r-r-right; we were just getting r-r-ready, so we could present arms to you, if you should come along after a while." Of course, I knew there was not a word of truth in it, but I began to ride away. Looking back suddenly, I saw the high weeds on the bank of this little river shaking. I asked this fellow: "What is the matter with the weeds, sir? They seem to be in confusion, too." Badly frightened now, he exclaimed: "Oh, G-g-general, there's nothing the matter with the weeds; the weeds are all right." I ordered: "Break down those weeds"; and there, flat on the ground, among those weeds, was at least six feet of soldier, with scarcely any clothing on his person. I asked: "Where do you belong?" "Over yonder," he said, pointing to the Union army, "on the other side." "What are you doing here, sir?" "Well," he said, "General, I didn't think there was any harm in my coming over here and talking to the boys a little while." "What boys?" I asked. "These Johnnies," he said. "Don't you know we are in the midst of a great war, sir?" "Yes, General, I know we are having a war, but we are not fighting now." The idea of this Union boy, because we were not at this minute shooting each other to death, it was a proper occasion to lay aside arms and make social visits, one army to the other, struck me as the most laughable kind of war I ever heard of, and I could scarcely keep my face straight enough to give an order. But I summoned all the sternness of my nature and said: "I will show you, sir, that this is war; I am going to march you through the country and put you in prison." At this announcement my boys rushed to the fellow's defense. They gathered around me and said: "General, wait a minute; let us talk about it. You say you are going to send this Union boy to prison. Hold on, General, that won't do; that won't do at all; we invited this fellow over here, and we promised to protect him. Now, General, don't you see, if you send him off to prison you will ruin our southern honor?" What could a commnder do with such boys? I made the Union man stand up and said to him: "Now, sir, if I permit you to go back at the solicitation of these Confederates, will you solemnly promise me on the honor of a soldier—" He did not wait for me to finish my sentence. With a loud "Yes, sir," he leaped into the river and swam back.

Now, my countrymen, I allude to that little incident for a far higher purpose than to excite your mirth. I want to submit a question in connection with it. Tell me, my countrymen, where else on all this earth could you find a scene like that in the midst of a long and bloody war between two hostile armies? Where else could you find it? Among what people would it be possible except among this glorious American people, uplifted by our free institutions, and by that Christian civilization which was born in Heaven?

The Rapidan suggests another scene to which allusion has often been made since the war, but which, as illustrative of the spirit of both armies, I may be permitted to recall in this connection. It was in the mellow twilight of an April day that the two armies were holding their dress parades on the opposite hills bordering the river. At the close of the parade a magnificent brass band of the Union army played with great spirit the patriotic airs, "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle." Whereupon the Federal troops responded with a patriotic shout. The same band then played the soul-stirring strains of Dixie, to which a mighty response came from ten thousand southern troops. A few moments later, when the stars had come out as witnesses and when all nature was in harmony, there came from the same band the old melody, "Home, Sweet Home." As its familiar and pathetic notes rolled over the water and thrilled through the spirits of the soldiers, the hills reverberated with a thundering response from the united voices of both armies. What was there in this old, old music, so to touch the chords of sympathy, so to thrill the spirits and cause the frames of brave men to tremble with emotion? It was the thought of home. To thousands, doubtless, it was the thought of that eternal home to which the next battle might be the gateway. To thousands of others it was the thought of their dear earthly homes, where loved ones at that twilight hour, were bowing around the family altar, and asking God's care over the absent soldier boy.

I ask the audience to return with me now to that wild and weird

wilderness of scrub oaks, chinkapins, and pines, where we left Grant and Lee, and in another part of which Hooker and Burnside fought, and Stonewall Jackson fell; and in which Grant was now greeting Lee for the first time in battle on that famous 5th of May, 1864. Lee and Grant in that wilderness "volleyed and thundered" their greetings and counter-greetings in the most lordly manner for two or three days. On the second day, while riding over the field covered with the dead, General Lee indicated by the peculiar orders he gave me, his high estimate of General Grant's genius for war. He ordered me to move that night to Spottsylvania Court-House. I asked if scouts had not reported that General Grant had suffered heavy losses and was preparing to retreat. Lee's laconic answer revealed his appreciation, I repeat, of the character and ability of his great antagonist. "Yes," he replied, "my scouts have brought me such reports; but General Grant will not retreat, sir; he will move to Spottsylvania Court-House." I asked if he had information to that effect. "No," he replied, "but General Grant ought to move to Spottsylvania. That is his best maneuver and he will do what is best." General Lee then added, "I am so sure of it that I have had a short road cut to that point, and you will move by that route." This was Lee's prophecy. Its notable fulfillment was the arrival of Grant's troops at Spottsylvania almost simultaneously with the head of the Confederate column and the beginning of the great battle of Spottsylvania.

On this field occurred some of the most desperate fighting of the war. Winfield Scott Hancock, the superb, made his famous charge and brilliant capture of the bloody salient in the mist and darkness of that fatal morning—the 12th of May. Here he sent to General Grant his characteristic field dispatch: "I have used up Johnson and am going into Early." Here Lee, with his army cut in twain rode into the breech and, like Napoleon at Lodi, placed himself at the head of his reserves, resolved to recapture the salient or fall in the effort. Here, as he sat upon his horse in front of my lines, his head uncovered, his hat in hand, his face rigid and fixed upon the advancing foe, the Confederate soldiers exhibited that deathless devotion to his person which knew no diminution even to the end. As I seized his bridle and called in the hearing of the men, "General Lee, this is no place for you—you must go to the rear," my soldiers caught the words, and with electric spontaneity there came from my lines, in thunder-tones, "General Lee to the rear, General Lee to the rear," and they surrounded him and literally bore horse and rider to a place of safety. Here, under the inspiration of his majestic and magnetic presence, occurred that furious counter-charge, which swept forward with the resistless power of a cyclone, bearing all things down before it, driving Hancock back, and retaking a large portion of the salient. Here occurred that incessant roll of musketry for more than twenty hours, unparalleled in the annals of war, the storm of minie balls cutting away standing timber, piling hecatombs of dead Federals in front of the parapets and filling the inner ditches with dead and dying Confederates, upon whose prostrate bodies their living comrades stood to beat back with clubbed muskets the charging columns of Grant as they rushed with frantic fury up the slippery sides of the blood-drenched breastworks.

My brother Americans, all the ages have claimed chivalry and courage; but I stand here tonight, with the fear of God upon me, measuring my every word, and throw down the challenge to all history. I challenge the proud phalanxes of Cyrus and Alexander, the Tenth Legion of Caesar, the Old Guard of Napoleon, or the heroic Highlanders of Scotland to furnish a parallel to that heroism, devotion, and self-sacrifice which was exhibited by those American boys, blue and gray, from sixty-one to sixty-five.

All things began now to point to the Confederacy's certain and speedy death. Whether as these boys in blue claimed, they were beginning then to whip us into submission or, as our boys claimed, we were simply wearing ourselves out whipping them, it is a matter of no consequence now. I want to pause a moment, in connection with that piece of innocent peasantry, to drop one thought; and, would to God for the sake of my country, I could send this thought ringing down the ages until it had found a lodgment in every American youth's brain for a hundred generations. That thought is this: That for the future glory of this republic, it is absolutely immaterial whether on this battlefield or that, the blue or the gray won a great victory, for, thanks be to God, every victory won in that war, on either side, was a monument to American valor.

It was no longer possible to fill our depleted ranks, except by converting slaves into soldiers, and the proposition to free all the Southern negroes at once and arm them for Southern defense became the great problem of the hour. It was no longer possible to feed Lee's army, and starvation—literal starvation—was doing its deadly work. So depleted and poisoned was the blood of our men from insufficient and unsound food, that the slightest wound in the finger, a mere scratch, would oftimes end in gangrene, blood-poisoning, and death. Young gentlemen, it was no uncommon sight to see your Southern brothers in Lee's army with sticks in their hands, picking grains of corn from under the feet of the half-starved horses, and washing that corn for soldier's food. We had to ration on corn quite often; and one night, after an unusually big ration of corn, I heard a great groaning down in my camp. I walked down and asked: "What is the matter with you, Jake? What in the world are you making all this noise about, sir?" "Sick, General," said he, "I am sick; I ate too much corn." But Jake was out next morning, and as I came out he hailed me: "Hallo, General, I'm all right this morning, I feel first rate; I ate a lot of corn last night, and now, if you will give me a good-sized bale of hay, I will be ready for the next fight." The crowning fact which gilds this gloom with a lasting radiance is that, amidst all this suffering, the spirit of the army was never broken. The grim humor of the camp waged incessant war against the spirit of despondency. One soldier would meet another and accost him thus: "Hallo, Bill, I advise you to invest your month's pay in a bottle of the most powerful astringent, and contract your stomach to the size of your ration."

It was impossible to secure hats enough to shelter the heads of those brave boys from the winter's blast; but those rascally Confederates had a way of getting hats for themselves. I was on a train of cars going into Petersburg. A large number of old men were in the cars, coming up to

see the boys. Every one of those old men on the inside of the cars had a hat. Those boys on the outside in the army, who had no hats, wanted hats, were obliged to have hats, had stationed themselves along the railroad track in a long line, and in the hands of the man at the head they had put a tree-top. There he stood with his tree-top close to the railroad side; and as the train came sweeping by, they called: "Look out!" and the old men stuck out their heads, and hats, and the brush swept the hats.

It was the fortune of my command to cover Lee's retreat, after the final break of our lines around Petersburg and Richmond, and as we crossed the river at midnight and burned the bridges behind us, I carried on my spirit a load of woe which no language can describe. In addition to the melancholy fate which had befallen Lee's army, I had left behind me in that desolated city that sweet and devoted wife who had followed me during the entire war; I had left that wife extremely ill in bed. But as I came back from the surrender, I found her still alive, and I found a fact for which I would gladly build with these hands a monument to the author of that fact—I do not know whether that author was General Grant or some man like Grant; but this I do know that some knightly soldier with a blue uniform on his back had learned of her illness, and with a spirit worthy of an American freeman, had placed around the home a guard of boys in blue, who protected her from a single intruder.

I repeat, it was the fortune of my command to cover Lee's retreat, fighting all day, marching all night, with little food and no rest, with starvation claiming its victims at every mile of that march—I would be an unfaithful chronicler, however, if I did not tell you that, even under those extreme conditions, that same spirit of fun-making was forever present. Even the religious side of a soldier's life had its ridiculous phase now and then. There is not a man or woman in this audience, who ever laughed at anything, who could have resisted it. There was a deep religious feeling in Lee's army. Prayer meetings were held wherever possible. One was held at my headquarters. A long, lank fellow, about so high, without education, but a brave soldier, knelt at my side and prayed. "Oh, Lord," he said, "we are having a mighty big fight down here and a sight of trouble, and we do hope, Lord, that you will take a proper view of this subject, and give us the victory." Another prayer meeting was held, at which there was present an old fellow—a one legged soldier; his leg had been taken off close to the hip joint; he had been sent home, of course, but had come back on a visit, and was in the prayer meeting. His leg was taken off so short that he could not kneel down in prayer, as the boys were in the habit of doing, he had to sit up; so he sat up while Brother Jones prayed. Brother Jones was praying for more manhood, more strength, more courage. This old one-legged Confederate could not stand that sort of a prayer for more courage at that stage of the game, any longer; so right in the middle of the prayer he called out: "Hold on there, Brother Jones, hold on there, sir; don't you know you are just praying all wrong? Why don't you pray for more provisions? We have got more courage now than we have any use for." This broke up the prayer meeting. Another one was held, this time in a little log cabin on the roadside, by officers in high command; and one general officer stepped to the door of the little log cabin,

in which we were assembled, and beckoned to another general officer passing by, to come in and participate in the prayer meeting. The other general officer did not understand exactly what was wanted with him; so he replied, "No, I thank you, General, no more at present; I have just had some."

My command was now thrown to the front; and, on the evening of the 8th of April, the day before the final surrender, we struck that cordon of bayonets which General Grant had thrown across the line of our retreat at Appomattox. Then came the last sad Confederate council of war. It was called by Lee to meet at night. It met in the woods by his lonely bivouac fire. There was no tent, no table, no chairs, no camp-stools; on blankets spread upon the ground, we sat around the great commander. A painter's brush might transfer to canvas the physical features of that scene, but no tongue or pen could describe the unutterable anguish of those broken-hearted commanders as they sat around their beloved leader and looked into his now beclouded face and sought to draw from it some ray of hope. I shall not attempt to describe that scene; but I would be untrue to myself and to Lee's memory if I did not say of him that, in no hour of that great war, did his masterful characteristics appear to me so conspicuous as they did then and there, as he stood in that lonely woodland, by that low-burning fire, surrounded by his broken followers; and yet stood so grandly, so calmly, facing and discussing the long-dreaded inevitable.

It was resolved at that last council that my wing of the army, now in front, should attempt at daylight the next morning to cut its way through Grant's line. We moved at daylight; and this audience will pardon the pride which impels me to say that, in battle of that great war, was there a prouder record of American valor ever written than was then and there made by that little band of poorly clad and starving American heroes who followed my standard in that last charge of the war?

As I fought to the front, Longstreet was compelled to fight to the rear, so that every foot of advance by either of us simply widened the breech between the two wings of Lee's army—such was Grant's magnificent strategy; and it was at this hour, while I was desperately fighting in every direction around me, that I received the last note from General Lee. It was to inform me that there was a flag of truce between General Grant and himself, stopping hostilities, and that I should notify the Union commanders in my front of that fact. The audience will understand that no unnecessary delay occurred in sending out that information. I called for my chief of staff and said: "Take a flag of truce and bear this message to the Union commanders quick." He soon informed me that we had no flag of truce. "Oh, well," I said, "take your handkerchief and tie it on a stick, and go." He said, "General, I have no handkerchief." I ordered, "Tear your shirt and put that on a stick, and go." He looked at his shirt and then at mine, and said, "I have on a flannel shirt; I see you have; there is not a white shirt in the whole army." I said, "Get something, sir—get something, and go; and he got a rag and rode to the front, and soon he returned, and with him one of the most superb horsemen that ever sat upon a saddle; and as I looked into his flashing eyes, with his long curls falling to his shoulders, I found myself in the presence of that afterwards great Indian fighter, that man

who ought forever to hold a place in every American heart, the gallant Custer. With a wave of his sword, which embodied all the graces of the school, he said to me: "General Gordon, I bring you the compliments of General Sheridan." Very fine, wasn't it? He added, however, "I also bring, sir, General Sheridan's demand for your immediate and unconditional surrender"—which was not quite so fine. I replied, "You will please return, General, my compliments to General Sheridan, and say to him that I shall not surrender." The audience will understand that it required no vast amount of courage to send that sort of a message in view of the flag of truce which forbade any more fighting. Soon a white flag was seen in my front, and beneath its silken folds rode Philip Sheridan and his escort. I rode out to meet him, and between Sheridan and myself occurred a similar controversy; he had received no message from General Grant about a flag of truce; the message had miscarried, and I am quite satisfied that Sheridan happened to be about that time, as he always was, in a place too hot for the messenger to want to find him; but upon my presenting to him the autograph letter from General Lee, it was agreed that we order the firing to cease, and withdraw our lines to certain points. This was done, and Sheridan and I dismounted and sat together on the ground.

It would require the pen of a master to describe the succeeding events. In the little brick house where they meet, Lee and Grant presented a contrast as strangely inconsistent with the real situation as it was unprecedented and inconceivable. Had any one of this audience, unacquainted with the facts, suddenly appeared in that room, you would have selected Lee for the victor, and Grant as the vanquished hero; and, when you had analyzed the reasons for this marvelous contrast, your conception of the great characteristics of the two men, and your admiration for each, would have risen to a still higher plane. There stood Lee, dressed as a mark of respect to Grant, in his best uniform, unbent by misfortune, sustaining by his example the spirits of his defeated comrades, and illustrating in his calm and lofty bearing the noble adage which he afterwards announced that the "virtue of humanity ought always to be equal to its trials."

I had seen him before in defeat, as well as in the hour of triumph, with the exultant shouts of his victorious legions ringing in his ears. I was familiar with the spirit of self-abnegation with which he had severed his allegiance to the general Government, and, like old John Adams, had resolved that "sink or swim, survive or perish," he would cast his fortunes with those of his people. I had learned from long and intimate association with him that, unlike Cæsar and Alexander and Bonaparte, and the great soldiers of history, the goal of his ambition was not glory but duty, that it was true of him as of few men who have ever lived that distance, in his case, did not lend enchantment, but that the nearer you approached him the greater and grander he grew. And now, self-poised and modest, bearing on his great heart a mountain-load of woe, with the light of an unclouded conscience upon his majestic brow, with an innate dignity and nobility of spirit rarely equalled and never excelled, this central figure of the Confederate cause rose, in this hour of supremest trial, at least in the estimation of his followers, to the loftiest heights of the morally sublime.

There, too, was Grant—peace to his ashes and forever cherished be his memory—his slouch hat in hand, his plain blue overcoat upon his shoulders, making with Lee a contrast picturesque and unique. Grave, unassuming and considerate, there was upon his person no mark of rank; there was about him no air of triumph nor trace of exultation. Serious and silent, except in kindly answers to questions, he seemed absorbed in thought, and evidently sought to withdraw, if in his power, the bitter sting of defeat from the quivering sensibilities of his great antagonist. Some of his responses to questions have already gone into history. His replies were marked by a directness, simplicity, force, and generosity, in keeping with the character of the magnanimous conqueror who uttered them. They were pregnant with a pathos and a meaning to the defeated Confederates, which can only be understood by a full comprehension of the circumstances and of the nobility of spirit and of the lofty sentiment which inspired them. But General Grant rose, if possible, to a still higher plane, by his subsequent threat of self-immolation on the altar of a soldier's honor, and by his heroic declaration of the inviolability and protecting power of Lee's parole; and by invoking almost with his dying lips, the spirit of peace, equality, fraternity, and unity among all of his countrymen.

These evidences of Grant's and Lee's great characteristics ought to live in history as an inspiration to future generations. They ought to live on pages at least as bright as those which record their military and civic achievements. They ought to be inscribed on their tombs in characters as fadeless as their fame and as enduring as the life of the Republic.

Outside of that room the scenes were no less thrilling or memorable. When the Confederate battle-flags had been furled forever, and as a Confederate corps marched to the point where its arms were to be stacked, it moved in front of the division commanded by that knightly soldier, Gen. Joshua L. Chamberlain, of Maine. That brilliant officer called his command into line and saluted the Confederates at present arms, as they filed by, a final and fitting tribute of northern chivalry to southern courage. The briny tears that ran down the haggard and tanned faces of the starving Confederates; the veneration and devotion which they displayed for the tattered flags which had so long waved above them in the white smoke of the battle; the efforts secretly to tear those bullet-rent banners from their supports and conceal them in their bosoms; the mutually courteous and kindly greetings and comradeship between the soldiers of the hitherto hostile armies; their anxiety to mingle with each other in friendly intercourse; the touching and beautiful generosity displayed by the Union soldiers in opening their well-filled haversacks and dividing their rations with the starving Confederates—these and a thousand other incidents can neither be described in words nor pictured on the most sensitive scrolls of the imagination. No scene like it in any age was ever witnessed at the close of a long and bloody war. No such termination of intestine and internecine strife would be possible, save among these glorious American people. It was the inspiration of that enlightened and Christian civilization developed by the free institutions of this unrivalled and heaven-protected republic.

While political passion has now and then, and for brief periods, disturbed this auspicious harmony, yet what a marvel of concord, of power,

and of progress, is presented for the contemplation of mankind by this reunited country. The bloodiest war of the ages, with its embittered alienations, all in the past; its lessons and immortal memories a guide and an inspiration for all the future. Emerging from this era of passion, of strife, and of carnage, with a national life more robust, a national peace more secure, and a national union more complete and enduring, we call the fettered millions of earth to follow our lead and strike for republican liberty. As the vanguard, the color-bearers in the march of nations, we lift aloft this proud banner of freedom and bid universal humanity to catch its inspiration.

By the memory of the fathers who bequeathed us this priceless heritage; by the names and deeds of northern heroes, living and dead; by the sacrifices and measureless woes endured by southern womanhood; by the heroic devotion and dauntless courage of the South's sons—which devotion and courage, exhibited in defense of the dead Confederacy, have been transmuted by the hallowing touch of time into consecrated services to the living and glorious Republic—by all these we unite in solemn compact that this American people shall know intestine war no more; but shall forever remain an unbroken brotherhood from sea to sea—by all these, and by the resistless fiat of an inexorable American sentiment, we proclaim that the American flag shall protect every American citizen on all oceans and in all lands. And in God's own time, it may be his will that this flag shall become omnipotent over every acre of soil on the North American continent. But whatever be the geographical limits over which destiny decrees it to float as the symbol of our national sovereignty, there shall at least be no boundaries to its moral sway; but as long as political truth triumphs or liberty survives this flag of our fathers shall remain the proudest and most potential emblem of human liberty in all the world.

Peter Francisco Smith: The Old-Time Slave

[Mr. Smith was one of the ablest advocates of his day at the Georgia bar and one of the ripest scholars—a man of rare culture and of wide information. He published a number of legal text-books, in addition to a work on the correct use of words. His eulogy of Senator Hill, delivered while a member of the Georgia House of Representatives, in 1882, was unsurpassed by any effort of eloquence which the senator's death evoked; and his tribute to the old-time slave is a literary classic which well deserves a place in this work in order that its charm of tender sentiment may be transmitted to future generations. Mr. Smith died in 1912.]

By the precious and holy memories of the past, we pay this willing and loving tribute to the character of the old-time slave. From the wilderness of bloom that decks the fields where he lived and moved, we bring one simple flower to lay on his inanimate dust. Many of them have passed the river, and roam the green fields beyond the swelling flood. A few of that best and noblest type of the race still lingeringly await their summons to join the majority on the other side. Strangers and pilgrims in the earth, buffeted by the fickle caprice of fortune, their weary feet are brushing the dews on Jordan's bank and their ears catch

the faint murmurs of the breakers on the shores. May they find a shallow ford.

The little log cabin is crumbling. Its battered doors swing on rusty hinges, and the rude key and ruder lock have parted forever. The vine that sheltered the humble portal is withered, and the watchdog's honest bark is heard no more. Half hidden by thorn and thistle it stands a sad reminder of "departed joys, departed never to return." Dearer to memory than lofty dome or gilded palace, the very ground on which it stands is holy. The shadows of the fitful flame no longer play on its desolate hearth, and tenantless and dreary the rude winds murmur through the chinks. The cricket has hushed its plaintive song. The owl and the bat seek shelter amid its ruins. Rank weeds have hidden the old familiar path, winding its way around the hill, and there is nothing to remind us of auld lang syne.

And how lonely, how sadly the gray-haired old sires wander up and down in the earth and hum the song of the weary pilgrim:

"No foot of land do I possess
No cottage in the wilderness."

What sweet and glorious memories linger about the old homestead and the "little log cabin by the lane!" Even to one not given to the melting mood, each hallowed spot demands the tribute of a tear. The playground beneath the venerable and umbrageous oak, the verdant fields and the new-mown hay; the bubbing fountain and the rustic seats; the velvet lawn and the winding brook; the honeysuckle and the rose, and ten thousand other charms crowd on the memory; and how gladly we would feel again their inspiration and once more quench our thirst in

"The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well."

But what would all these glorious memories be to us without the old uncles and aunties of our childhood? The dear old souls who have long since put off this mortal and been clothed in robes immortal. With what romantic interest their lives were invested and how it deepens with the lapse of years!

The shovel and the hoe lie rusting in the hedge, and the old scythe has lost its cunning fingers. No more the yellow grain bends to its glittering edge, for the songs of the harvest are hushed and the hands of the reaper are still. The fiddle and the bow are gone, and gone the young hearts their wild strains did ravish. Once their irresistible witchery charmed the wee sma' hours and inspired the song and dance the livelong night. But the hands which wooed its wild notes will touch its vibrant chords no more. Stringless and tuneless and mute, the sweetest relic of the long ago, it sleeps with the echoes its music waked.

And the springs have run dry, and the well-known stream has vanished with its source. We seek in vain the spots where the patient fisherman watched the tremulous line, by the light of the torch, and won the fickle finny tribe with the conjured bait. But Old Black Joe and his mysterious tackle are gone, and faded his tracks on the mossy banks. Age and toil had whitened his head and bent his form, and he passed from the shadow of his cabin to the light beyond the stars. The shadows

lengthened and lengthened to the east until his last sun sank to rest in the sea. The patriarch watched its fading splendors. His humble life-work was finished. His ear caught the echoes of angelic choirs and he went to meet them with a song in his heart:

"I'm coming, I'm coming,
For my head is bending low;
I hear their gentle voices calling
Old Black Joe."

The old-time darky was a philosopher. His thoughts never ranged beyond the smoke of his cabin. Content with food and raiment, his little patch of ground, and at peace with all the world, he cheerfully and proudly drove his team afield. He was a Christian. He "saw God in the clouds and heard him in the wind." If he sinned much, he prayed often, and his repentance was instantaneous and evangelical. He praised God in song all the days of his pilgrimage, and the sweet melody of his unpremeditated hymns echoed around the earth. To his unquestioning faith the groves, the hills, the fields and his cabin were the temples of the living God. He was a poet; the eldest child of nature, rocked in her cradle and nurtured at her breast. He knew the language of birds and flowers. He conversed with all the dwellers of the forest and knew their speech by heart. He listened in wild rapture to the rustle of waving harvest, sniffed their fragrance and breathed the very breath of song. He was a true and faithful friend; true to his old master; true to his children and his children's children unto the third and fourth generation. If there was an occasional predatory excursion his wayward feet never invaded a neighbor's field. He consumed what his toil had made and the good Lord forgave him. God bless the forlorn and ragged remnants of a race now passing away. God bless the old black hand that rocked our infant cradles, smoothed the pillow of our infant sleep and fanned the fever from our cheeks. God bless the old tongue that immortalized the nursery rhyme; the old eyes that guided our truant feet; and the old heart that laughed at our childish freaks. God bless the dusky old brow, whose wrinkles told of toil and sweat and sorrow. May the green turf rest lightly on their ashes and the wild flowers deck every lonely grave where "He giveth His beloved sleep." May their golden dreams of golden slippers, of golden streets, of golden harps and of golden crowns have become golden realities.

Thomas E. Watson: The Old Southern Home

[Extract from an address delivered at a great rally of the Farmers' National Union, held in Atlanta, Georgia, January 22, 1907. Mr. Watson was a representative from Georgia in the Fifty-second Congress. He was the candidate of the people's party for vice president in 1896, and for president in 1904. As a writer, Mr. Watson has achieved high distinction. His "Story of France" is a recognized classic; while his "Napoleon" and his "Thomas Jefferson" have likewise secured for him a well-deserved eminence in the world of letters. Only a portion of his speech before the Farmer's National Union is here reproduced. Said he, in part:]

Time was when the South was the home of a happy, prosperous, contented people. True, we had slaves, but they were the best slaves that the world ever knew. When they were too weak to work, they were not made to work—they were left to play about the grove and the yard. When the slaves were sick they were not driven to their tasks nor forgotten and neglected; they were not left to die—the doctor was sent, medicine was sent, food suited to the condition of the sick was sent; and when too old to work, the old slave, male or female, was secure in his or her cabin home for the remainder of life. New England made war upon that system, and drenched the continent with blood to stamp it out. In the place of that, she has established another slavery—not of the black people, but of the white people, and in that slavery, the child is made to work, the sick are neglected and left to die, and, when dead, are carted off to the potter's field, and the old are turned out as they used to turn the horses out to graze about until they starved. DeTocqueville said, in his work on America, that aristocracy would come upon us through this protective system, and it would be the harshest aristocracy that history ever knew. It is harsh; it has no heart and soul in it; it is built upon a theory that takes from agriculture and gives to manufacture, and we are going to fight it until we compel the manufacturer to be content with a share that will not hog the whole business.

Ah, that old southern home! You can call it up in your minds tonight—so can I. Just as when the soldiers in camp sang the song which reminded them of home, "each one recalled a different name, but all sang Annie Laurie." So tonight, when I speak of home, of the old home of the South, each one will recall a different scene, but all of it will be the old home of the South, before the war. The noble trees stood before the house. It may not have been a mansion—it was more frequently a cottage, but not the less commodious and comfortable for that. The noble trees, the oak, the hickory, the maple, the ruby-crested holly that had stood there for generation after generation. How delightful it was in the spring to notice when the sap would begin to rise and swell the buds—stirred them with life until some morning when we stepped out, the tender flags of green floated all over the grove. You remember how the trees moaned when the wind moaned; how they roared when the storm raged; how they sighed when the hushed night fell down. Do you remember how the mocking bird chased his mate in and out among the boughs, she pretending not to want to be caught, with that pretty coquetry which belongs to all the more refined specimens of feminine gender throughout the world? Not discouraging him by getting too far from him, not making him lose heart in the chase, just staying far enough apart to keep up the lover's ardor—but at length they came to terms in the old, old way, and the nest was built for the little family that was to come. As the summer went on, and as the trees took on the full leaf, how beautiful it was to see the mottled shadows which softened the blazing sunlight of our southern sun; and at night every leaf upon the oak seemed to be a looking glass, and the moonbeams, like pretty girls, were looking at themselves in it. And then, you remember the evenings after supper, when the old people gathered on the front veranda to talk of old times, how we children used to stretch out on the floor, listen to the katydids in the trees, and with that lullaby in our ears, got to sleep in that innocent sleep of

childhood. On one side of the houseyard stood the orchard; you remember it? The trees were not those grafted one from the nurseries. They were seedlings; their lineage ran back, perhaps, to the Indian days. How brilliantly beautiful was her royal highness, the peach tree, standing there arrayed in her robe of pink, daintily dressed in her vestments of pink, breathing subtile incense upon the amorous air, trembling when the lover-wind threw his arms around her, blissful at the touch and the kiss of the sunbeams—the fairest, daintiest daughter that nature ever let forth to greet an April day! And you remember the apple orchard—the May apple, that was mellow, sweet and tender; the June apple which reminded you of "Araby the Blest," and the common, but most satisfactory, old horse apple. The nurserymen have done wonders since then, but they have not beat these three old favorites. There was the old apple tree in which the bluebirds made their nests, and you loved to go there and see the nest, and later, the fledged birds. As you gazed in rapt admiration at the wonderful wreath of blossoms that crowned the apple tree, you wondered to yourself whether the queen of Sheba when she went to visit the Jewish king, ever wore a tiara so magnificent as that; and whether Solomon in all his glory ever had a mantle so beautiful as the drifted apple blossoms beneath the tree—the drifted blossoms that suggested a snowstorm in some far-off paradise, where even the snowflakes had learned to blush, and to breathe the fragrance of sweet old recollections? And you must not forget the flower garden. Ah, that beauty spot in the home of the old South! Many a time now you walk down its path, side by side with your mother, gathering flowers. You remember where the lilac bush stood; you remember where the hyacinth and the snowdrop first came up; you remember where the rosebush grew; you remember the pansy and violet beds; and, although today the roses are as red as ever and pinks as sweet, there are no flowers that are quite the same to you as the roses, the pinks and the violets, the old-fashioned flowers that used to grow in the old home garden in that home of the old South. Where is it? Oh, the home of the old South, where is it? It is gone. It is a piece of property yet, but it is not the home any more. The family moved out and went to town—forced to do it by circumstances and conditions. Who is living in the house? Negro tenants. Where are the windows? All smashed out. Where is the chimney? Leaning on a rail fence. Where is the flower garden, the orchard? All in the cotton patch. Three or four mangy, flea-bitten dogs are lying at the front door. On the outside you may find a great big negro fellow dying with pneumonia, because he wore shoes that were out at the bottom, and he is probably lying on a twenty-two dollar bed—I have seen that myself. Perhaps a twenty-dollar calendar clock sits on the mantel and tells that negro when it is time to get up and go to work—and then he does not do it. Sooky Jane has got a $75 organ in the parlor. Her father mortgaged everything he had to get it. And the $150 mule has $75 of his value knocked out of him because the negro would not buy a $2 collar for the $150 mule to keep the hames from off his shoulder bone.

Can we not redeem the homes of the old South? [A voice: "Yes."] Shall we not do it? When the country boy comes to town and gets rich, what is his dream? That he will make for himself an ideal country home. Why can we not have an ideal country home like that our fathers had?

We must have it. Let the cry of the farmer be: "Back to the country home!" Let's quit this breaking up and going to town. Let's go back and plant our banners on the old red hills and swear by the God that made us that we will redeem the old home of the South. • • •

Some years ago, thirty years ago, the great Ben Hill stood here in Atlanta receiving a flag from Ohio, and with that eloquence of his which no one could imitate, said in conclusion: "Flag of our Union! Wave on! wave ever! but wave over free men and not over subjects. Wave over States and not over provinces! Wave on, flag of our fathers! wave forever! but wave over a nation of equals, and not over depotism of lords and vassals; over a land of law, liberty and peace, not of anarchy, oppression and strife."

Thirty years have gone by and the prayer remains unanswered. The South is still a province, exploited by the North. We have yet to pray for a union of equals, for there is no equality in our relations. There is still the oppression of unjust laws. Oh, my friends! Here tonight in the presence of the gathered men of the entire South, I pledge my word and honor that to the extent of my power, everything that I can do with pen or tongue to help these brave men build up the cause of the southern people shall be done, without money and without price, without reward or the hope thereof. From the North Carolina shore, where the Atlantic washes the crags of the Old North State, on out to the Pacific and where the South Sea washes the sands, I intend to go with him this year and unfold your flag wherever the opportunities and the people are ready for it. I want no office, no. I want to help you make good men out of your boys. I want to do all I can to help you build back into prosperity your desolated homes, so that the chain of special privilege being broken, the laws which oppress you being removed, a square deal being given you—some other speaker, ten years from now, can stand right here and can then say: "Wave on, flag of our Union! Wave ever! For thou dost wave over free men and not over subjects! Thou dost wave over States and not over provinces. Wave on, flag of our fathers. Wave forever! For thou dost wave over a union of equals and not over a despotism of lords and vassals! Thou dost wave over a land of law, liberty and peace, not of anarchy, oppression and strife."

Henry T. Lewis: Nominating William J. Bryan for President

[Mr. Bryan's famous Cross of Gold speech made him the central figure of the great Chicago Convention of 1896. It was a masterpiece of eloquence. On the morning after its delivery, the peerless Nebraskan received the democratic nomination for President. The speech presenting Mr. Bryan's name to the convention on this occasion was made by a Georgian, Judge Henry T. Lewis, afterwards an occupant of the Supreme Bench of this state. Though brief, this speech was itself an oratorical gem, but its special significance lies in the fact that it formally placed in nomination for the high office of President a man whose superb leadership was destined to mold the fortunes of the national democracy for more than a generation and to dominate one of the most dramatic eras in the history of American politics. The speech was as follows:]

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Convention: I do not intend to make a speech, but simply on behalf of the delegation on this floor from the State of Georgia, to place in nomination, as the democratic candidate for the presidency of the United States, a distinguished citizen, whose very name is an earnest of success, whose political record will insure democratic victory, and whose life and character are loved and honored by the American people.

Should public office be bestowed as a reward for public service? Then no man more than he merits this reward. Is public office a public trust? Then in no other hands can be more safely lodged this greatest trust in the gift of a great people. Was public office created for the welfare of the public and for the prosperity of the country? Then, under his leadership in the approaching campaign, may we confidently hope to achieve these great ends in human government. In the political storms which have hitherto swept over this country he has stood on the field of battle, among the leaders of the democratic hosts, like Saul among the Israelites, head and shoulders above the rest. As Mr. Prentiss said of the immortal Clay so we can truthfully say of him that "his civic laurels will not yield in splendor to the brightest chaplet that ever bloomed upon a warrior's brow."

Sir, he needs no speech to introduce him to this convention. He needs no encomium to commend him to the people of the United States. Honor him, fellow democrats, and you will honor yourselves. Nominate him and you will reflect credit upon the party you represent. Place in his hands the democratic standard and you will have a leader worthy of your cause and will win for yourselves the plaudits of your constituents and the blessings of posterity. I refer, fellow citizens, to the Hon. William J. Bryan, of the State of Nebraska.

Emory Speer: The New America

[Alumni oration delivered by Judge Emory Speer, of the United States Court for the Southern District of Georgia, at the Centennial Celebration of the University of Georgia, June 18, 1901.]

Mr. President, Members of the Alumni Society, Ladies and Gentlemen: On one of the supreme days of my college life, some thirty-two years ago, was celebrated the sixty-eighth anniversary of the Demosthenean Society. The students, encouraged by a noble corps of professors, assembled in this time-honored chapel, hallowed by myriad associations. Nor were we without that inspiration which flows from the sweet presence of gentle beings, some of whom today enliven this occasion with charms possibly more mature but not less engaging than their springtime loveliness reproduced now in their daughters and granddaughters in all the enchantment of youthful beauty and bloom. Our dear Chancellor, Dr. Lipscomb, in graceful phrase and benignant manner introduced the orator of the day. His theme was, "A New America," the new America in wealth, in thought, in might, in majesty, in world influence and power, which the college orator deemed would follow the storm-wave of revolution from which the country had scarcely emerged. The oration has perished. The anniversarian you honor with your attention now. The

theme, momentous, vital, and ever augmenting, survives to bewilder the student of historical precedent, to stagger the powers of prophecy, at times to awaken the alarm, but ever in the end to intensify, to elevate and to expand the exultation of the patriot.

The America of 1869, with its metamorphosis from an established past, would not have been more amazing to Patrick Henry's three millions armed for liberty, than would the America of today to that gathering in this chapel, not yet a generation gone. The astonishing growth of our country since that time is appreciated by even the average understanding, but its astounding and resplendent power is scarcely conceivable by an imagination even Miltonic. That ours is one, if not the greatest, of the world powers is now acknowledged of all men. Said Mulhall, the famous English statistician: "If we take a survey of mankind in ancient or modern times, as regards the physical, mechanical and intellectual force of nations, we find nothing to compare with the United States." Sir Henry M. Stanley, whose almost superhuman conquest of the ferocious savages and undetermined expanses of the African wilderness imparts peculiar weight to his words, declared, when speaking of our countrymen, that "Treble their number of ordinary Europeans could not have surpassed them in what they have done. The story of their achievements reads like an epic of the heroic age." Such are the conclusions of competent and disinterested contemporary observers, and such testimony may be unceasingly cumulated. The facts are astounding. In ten years the census records that we have increased over thirteen millions, an increase equal to the population of six states as large as our own imperial Georgia. For a thousand years the meteor flag of England has braved the battle and the breeze; for little more than a hundred the Stars and Stripes have floated the flag of the freeman's home and hope, and yet while the Seventh Edward may summon to his standards the soldiers of the king from 39,000,000 of his subjects in the British Isles, when the representatives of the people declare that America shall cast away the olive and seize the sword, from 76,000,000, our executive may summon to the flag the fighting men of that indomitable strain which at New Orleans crushed the onset of the veterans of Wellington, at Buena Vista rolled back the serried columns of Santa Anna, which planted the colors on the battlements of Vera Cruz, climbed the Cordilleras and stacked their arms in the halls of the Montezumas; and in later days, in deadlier, fratricidal strife, on many a stricken field by many a historic flood, grappled in the agony of battle with all the swerveless courage of the race which has taken no step backward from the time when our Teutonic sires expelled the legions of Varus from the German woods, to that good day when the bayonets of our brethren turned out the Spaniard from the trenches of San Juan.

Though ever indispensable to national character, it is not alone in the military power of its people that our country excels. In the foottons of the scientist the industrial forces of a nation are now measured, and the same English authority I have cited has recently calculated that 129,306,000,000 in foot tons is the measure of industrial energy exerted every working day by the people of the United States. Nor does this estimate include the magnificence of our hydraulic power, or that myste-

rious agency, electricity, which has been harnessed and reduced to servitude by the genius of our inventors.

Would you consider the result in national wealth of this gigantic national potency? Contemplate thirty years of the nation's life, from 1860 to 1890. For more than four years of that period all the foot tons of American power were directed by all the Furies. A million producers perished, the value of 3,000,000 slaves vanished, the maritime commerce of the nation was swept from the seas. Reconstruction, a saturnalia of venality, repudiation and despair followed. Yet in the period named, debiting ourselves with all the fearful cost of war, the cost of living and of government, our countrymen made and saved $43,000,000,000, $1,000,000,000 more than all the treasures of the British people put together.

When we examine the items of this accumulation of national wealth, we ascertain facts of vast significance to our future. The value of our food products not only surpasses those of any other nation, but astonishing as it may seem, they form nearly one-third of those varied fruits of the earth which the benignity of the Creator has provided for the sustenance of man. To speak with substantial precision: although the United States has but one-fifth of the world's population, we produce 32 per cent of all the food consumed by man. It is probable indeed that these are short of the tr[illegible] facts, for in a late number of that charming periodical The Youth's Companion, it is stated by Hon. William R. Merriam, director of the census, that while it is yet too early for positive figures the bureau has already received returns from almost 6,000,000 farms, probably one-third more than were returned by the last census. And with what pride can we point to our contributions towards clothing our fellow men! The cultivation of the cotton plant, and its adaptation to the uses of man, date from the earliest times. It is said that the millions of Xerxes which confronted the heroic Athenians on the plains of Marathon were clad in cotton cloth, products of Persia and of the Indies. Known for centuries in both hemispheres and widely diffused, it is a singular fact that for more than two centuries after the discovery of America, cotton was unknown in what is now the cotton belt of the United States. In the Georgia Historical Collections, we find that Francis Moore, who visited Savannah in 1735 recounts, "At the bottom of the hill, well sheltered from the north wind * * * there was a collection of West India plants and trees and some coffee, some cocoanuts, cotton, etc." At a later period we learn that, while stationed on St. Simons Island, the soldiers of General Oglethorpe's regiment, many of whom were married, were granted small lots of land, and Samuel Seabrook writes, "The soldiers raise cotton and their wives spin it and knit it into stockings." It is perhaps not to be questioned that descendants of those martial sires and thrifty dames honor me with their attention on this occasion. Richard Leak of Savannah probably first attempted cotton culture as a planter. In 1788, writing to Col. Thomas Proctor, of Philadelphia, he says, "I have been this year an adventurer, and the first that has attempted it on a large scale, in introducing * * * the article of cotton, samples of which I beg leave now to send you. I shall raise about five thousand pounds in the seed, from eight acres of land. The principal difficulty * * * is cleansing it from the seed, which I am told they do with great dexterity and ease in Philadelphia with gins or machines made for the purpose. I am told that they make those that will clean thirty or forty pounds of clean cotton in a day." The gin to which this adventurous Georgian referred with such admiration, according to Doctor Dabney of the University of Tennessee, was very much the same in form as that found on the shores of the Tigris by the soldiers of Alexander the Great.

In the year 1790 the entire cotton crop of the United States amounted to 5,000 bales, of 400 pounds net. In 1900 the neighboring county of Jackson alone produced 12,000 bales. The cotton crop for the year 1900, as furnished by the World Almanac, was 9,439,559 bales, of 487 pounds net. This was 2,000,000 of bales less than the cotton crop of 1898-99, which was the largest ever made, but the excess of value of the crop of 1900 over that of 1899 was $29,000,000. Nor do these figures showing the development of our royal southern staple include the cotton seed, which in 1899 amounted to 4,450,000 tons. The evolution of the cotton seed industry is a marvel of the century. In the early days of cotton ginning the seed was indeed regarded as a nuisance. It was carelessly thrown out on the ground, and the hogs ate it and died. The seed was then enclosed in rail pens, but the little pigs made their way in between the rails and fed on the seed, and the pigs died. As a last resort, it was dumped into a salt water creek, and when the tide was low it generated a disagreeable odor so offensive to the olfactories of our ancestors as to create a strong and general prejudice against the culture of cotton. Now, the production of oil from the olive and similar fruits, from the earliest times, has been prized and promoted by man, and its abundance was regarded as a synonym of plenty. Often does this appear in the exquisite metaphors of the sacred scriptures. Little did we dream that our modest cotton seed was pregnant with an oil unsurpassed by the product of that sacred olive which, at the bidding of the goddess Athene, sprouted from the rock of the Acropolis and became the parent of the classic grove in the gardens of the Academy where Plato dreamed, and where

"The Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the Summer long."

This valuable by-product of our great southern staple, while used for illumination, for the manufacture of various medicinal compounds, for tempering steel, for the manufacture of lard, candles, butterine, oleomargarine and soap, also furnished 90 per cent of the olive oil sold in the United States; and so excellent is our olive oil for the preparation of salads, and in the culinary art generally, that the Italian government, to protect the product of the renowned olive groves of Italy, has enacted prohibitory laws against its importation. In a valuable report issued by the National Department of Agriculture it is conceded that cotton seed oil has to contend with gastronomic prejudices, but it is pointed out that closer acquaintance will dispel these, and in proof it is recounted that the laborers employed in the mills no longer bring meat for their dinners, but put their bread under the presses where the sweet, warm, fresh oil is trickling out, and eat it with relish, finding it healthful and nutritious. Nor is this all. The cotton seed meal is one of the cheapest

sources of nitrogen, the most costly and valuable ingredient of fertilizers. It is even more nutritious to animal life than to plant life. Experiments made by Connecticut, New York and Indiana find that the value of cotton seed meal exceeds that of corn meal by 62 per cent, and that of wheat by 67 per cent. The fattening of beef cattle on cotton seed meal and cotton seed hulls is now a business of great importance. As early as the season of 1893-94, in the same valuable report to which I refer, it is said that 13,000 carloads of beeves fattened exclusively on this food passed through Texarkana alone on the way to market. Of this new and surprising industry, the South has the monopoly, and it is stated in a recent supplement to the Manufacturer's Record that it now employs over $40,000,000 of capital, and yields an annual product of upwards of $50,000,000. But the great National Department of Agriculture declares that the potential value of 4,000,000 tons of seed (an amount exceeded by the last two crops), in oil, in the inferior lint saved in handling the seed, in the hulls, in the meal, in the production of flesh and fat of cattle, will actually amount to $113,000,000 per annum, or nearly one-half of the value of lint cotton itself.

Nor in other great industries are the positive achievements of the Southern States less stupendous or their promise for an incomparable future less resplendent. In 1880 the Southern States produced 397,000 tons of pig iron. In 1899 the product was 2,500,000 tons. In 1880 we mined 6,000,000 tons of coal. In 1899, from vast and practically undisturbed mines, the energy of our miners brought forth 40,000,000 tons of that marvelous fuel stored by the hand of Omnipotence eons ago for the uses of those sentient beings with which he was to people the globe on which we live.

I may not enlarge upon the vast increase in the mining and shipment of bone phosphate, so essential to the manufacture of fertilizers. It will suffice to say that while in 1894-95 little more than 400,000 tons were shipped from South Carolina and little more than 500,000 tons from Florida, in 1900 there were shipped from the former state 2,201,197 tons, and from the latter 3,118,664 tons.

And what shall we say of the recent phenomenal discoveries of petroleum oil in the State of Texas? Five months ago the telegraph flashed to the world that the first "gusher" from the exhaustless supplies of nature was projecting 150 feet towards the heavens a geyser of coal oil estimated at 25,000 barrels a day. Not the gold discoveries of '49 in California, nor the fabled deposits amid the ice and snow of the Klondike, nor the startling possibilities when oil was struck in Pennsylvania, so excited the imagination or inflamed the acquisitive passion in man. While Pliny tells us that this mineral oil lighted the lamps of the ancients, and while we may believe that it supplied the mysterious fires at pagan altars, when oil was first discovered in Pennsylvania its value was unknown. It was bottled under the name of Seneca Oil, and sold at 25 cents a gill as a panacea for rheumatism or other "misery" which seemed to demand a counter-irritant or soothing oleaginous application. But now the value of this mysterious product is known throughout the world. Unlike the gold of California or of the Klondike, the utilization of this last great boon to man does not necessitate a tedious and hazardous voyage half way around the world, or exposure to incredible hardships amid the ice and snow of a hyperborean climate. It is on the open prairies, on a great railway line near the principal cities of the Lone Star State. So far, nine "gushers" have been struck. The flow of the smallest is estimated at 25,000 and the largest 50,000 barrels a day, and if only the minimum estimate is correct the product is 225,000 barrels a day, or more than the total output of the 70,000 or 80,000 wells already in daily operation in the United States—an industry which has filled tremendous areas in many states with the thunder of machinery, with capacious oil tanks, vast refineries, subterranean pipe lines traversing great distances, and has covered the ocean with fleets of tank steamers, distributing the now indispensable product throughout the world. Nothing in the incalculable increment of wealth accumulated by the Standard Oil Company, nothing in the vast Russian reservoirs on the distant shores of the Caspian, may equal the value or importance of this new bounty from the hand of the Divine. It may afford the fuel for the future. Already it has been substituted for coal in 200 locomotives on the Texas Pacific, and in many steamers. Lands in the neighborhood which were worth $5 to $10 an acre are now eagerly purchased at $75,000 an acre, and plain farmers can count their millions when a month ago there were none so poor to do them reverence.

Thus we may see that the supremacy of our country's native resources is established, but of late the world has been awakened to the consciousness that in manufactures, as in agriculture and mineral resources, we are also supreme. "Europeans," writes Dr. Josiah Strong "have been accustomed to think of the United States as the world's great farm. They have been suddenly aroused to the fact that it has become also the world's great workshop." It was for the first time discovered in 1898 that in manufactures our exports exceeded our imports. In that year a German trade paper says: "One of the most characteristic and at the same time most alarming features of the past year has been the invasion by American competition not only of Canada, Mexico, South and Central America, India, Australia and Japan, but also all of the countries of Europe, invading even our oldest manufacturing centers." The apprehensions of this lugubrious German are, happily for us, well founded. Of American locomotives more than 100 are daily at work in Japan, the land of the rising sun. Nearly 1,000 of these powerful creations of the genius and skill of our artificers fly daily across the steppes of Russia, following paths marked deep in the past by the hoof-prints of the horsemen of Attila, of Tamerlane and Genghis Khan. American locomotives, on American steel rails, climb the mountains of Mexico and Columbia. They thread the defiles of the Andes in Peru, Chile and Ecuador. They penetrate the mighty forests of the Amazon, traverse the vast expanses of Brazil and the pampas of the Argentine Republic. They glide over sands once disturbed by the tramp of the Macedonian phalanx, the marching step of Cæsar's legions, and the Arab steeds of Mahomet. The sound of their whistles reverberates from the Pyramids which have re-echoed the battle cry of the Crusaders and the thunder of Napoleon's artillery, is borne across the waters of the sea which engulfed the horsemen and chariots of Pharaoh, and penetrates the solitude of those desert shores which once resounded with the songs of Miriam and the daughters of Israel.

What is true of our locomotives is also true of all structures which come from the skillful hand of the American artisan. Australia, with all of its devotion to the mother country, against English bidding gives Pittsburgh orders for 35,000 tons of steel rail. The government of the czar has contracted with the Carnegies to deliver in two years and two months 180,000 tons of the same product. Of the great Atbara bridge across the Nile on the Cape to Cairo railroad, General Lord Kitchener reports: "It should fairly claim a record. Every effort was made to place the order for it in England, but it was found impossible to have it completed in the necessary time. But where the English failed, I am delighted to find that our cousins across the Atlantic stepped in. The opening of this bridge today is due to their energy, ability and the power they possess in so marked a degree for turning out work of this magnitude in less time than can be done anywhere else."

And while we pay $500,000 daily for the carriage of our products in foreign vessels, who shall say that the hand of the American shipwright has lost its cunning! Contemplate the long succession of our victories in contests for the America cup, a contest which our British cousins regard so important that his majesty King Edward but a few days ago endangered his royal person that he might observe the performance of Shamrock II. And what American is there whose heart does not leap with pride when he recalls the achievements of the Oregon? The great battleship is lying far to the northward in a harbor on our Pacific Coast. A telegram from the secretary of the navy flashes to her commander the story of the destruction of the Maine, and the duty of the Oregon. In an instant her gigantic propellers begin to revolve. Her guide the Southern Cross, her engines are driving the ship on her pathway to glory. Spurning alike the tornadoes that hurl across tropic seas, the blistering heat that stifles along the line, the gales that howl around Cape Horn, and the tides that rage with pent-up fury in Magellan Straits, the glorious ship storms on her way—

"Past lands of quiet splendor where pleasant waters lave,
Past lands whose mountain ramparts fling back the crashing wave,"

and turning her dauntless prow to the northward, she scarcely checks her arrowy way until with not a broken bolt and not a rivet started she sweeps grandly into line, ready, aye, ready, with the thunder of her guns, to smite the Spaniard to his doom in Santiago Bay.

Well might that gallant English admiral, Lord Charles Beresford, exclaim, "No navy on earth has a better ship, and no ship in existence has such a record." And let it not be forgotten that the officers and men of our navy are worthy of the ships they man. Says an English writer on the naval history of the Spanish-American war: "The American naval officer has a world-wide reputation for professional knowledge and capacity. The American seaman is intelligent, brave and resourceful. The engineering staff on board the warships is of remarkable efficiency." I may add that the ages do not afford anything comparable to the spectacle of two American fleets within little more than a month fighting two great battles on opposite sides of the earth, in each destroying every ship of the enemy, changing the map of the world with but the loss of one American sailor.

The vast consequences of our mechanical supremacy were brought out most clearly by the recent official utterance of another noble Englishman. Sir Alfred Hickman, a prominent iron manufacturer and a member of Parliament, made a motion in that body to investigate the action of British East India officials in giving contracts to Americans rather than to British manufacturers. This evoked a reply from Lord George Hamilton, secretary of state for India. Referring to the great viaduct in the Shan Hills, the highest railway bridge in the world, the secretary of state for India declared that the Burmah Railway Company had no option but to place the order for its construction with the Pennsylvania Steel Company. The tender of the American company was for a much less price, and it guaranteed the completion of the work in much quicker time than any British company could tender. "The Americans," he said, "yearly improve their products in quality and price. Chemical research, concentration of capital, through technical education and improved industrial organization," explains the success of the American manufacturer in dominating the markets of the world. Similar admissions might be quoted from authoritative official sources from every capital in Europe.

In view of the conclusive demonstration of American industrial supremacy, in view of the enormous balance of trade in our favor with foreign lands, is it not wise for the American people, after all that has been said in the platforms of political parties, to consider calmly and well weigh whether the general welfare is the more retarded or promoted by the concentration of capital and the consolidated organization of great industries which are coincident with these enormous national accomplishments? The comprehensive perspicacious minds which have planned multitudes of industrial combinations of the greatest magnitude have apparently little leisure to speak or write on these topics, but some of them undoubtedly possess astonishing capacity for clear and convincing statement. One of these is James J. Hill, who began life as a poor Canadian lad, is now president of the Northern Pacific, and in railway and steamship transportation one of the most influential and controlling minds on earth. In an article in the May number of the North American Review he has made a brief and apparently fair resumé, which will doubtless have profound effect on the impartial thought of the country. He points out the distinction between a trust, where the stocks of various competing organizations were trusteed in a few men merely to control the property as they saw fit, and a consolidation, which is a genuine investment of all like ventures in one concern. The trust he pronounces cumbersome and illegal. Under the consolidation, to quote his language, "a different usage prevails, operating expenses are reduced by combining a number of institutions under one management. The systems of purchasing and distributing are simplified. Economies are effected by the direct purchase of material in large quantities, or, better still, by adding to the combination a department for the acquisition and control of the source from which raw material is drawn." This, he points out, was the method of the Carnegies, who furnished the highest type of this system. They took iron from their own mines, made their coke in their own ovens, worked up the material in their own furnaces, and shipped the finished product over their own railroad or in their

own vessels. It is conceded that there are those who are injured by these consolidations, but the aim in business, as in politics, is to do the greatest good to the greatest number. The building of a railroad will put the owner of a stage coach out of business. The trolley lines have done great injury to the livery stable keeper, and have reduced local hackmen to despair; but the community which is brought close to the great markets by the new railroad, and the public who gain the advantage of cheap and quick transportation by means of the trolley car are benefited much more than the livery men and the hackmen are injured, and so the balance is in favor of the general welfare. "We are as yet," Mr. Hill concludes, "only on the threshold of the new era in the business world, and no one can say positively that the present order of things is and will be for the best. That is still to be proven, and it can be proven only by time. All we can say is that so far as we have gone the results are certainly favorable. Against the alleged injury that is intangible can easily be put the benefit than can be shown by figures. * * * Wages are higher, prices are lower, investments are safer, more productive, and more certain of return."

Perhaps the Standard Oil Company is the most successful of all the great consolidations and that which has received the most general popular denunciation. In the same number of the North American a severe assault is made upon its methods by that successful capitalist and speculator, Mr. Russell Sage. He concedes, however, that it has had enormous success, and that it has benefited the community. He concedes that it has lowered the price of oil, bringing it down gradually from 45 cents to 7 or 8 cents a gallon. He concedes that through its excellent management it has evolved methods for the use of the by-products of crude oil, and, first and last, has added many hundred millions to the wealth of the country. It has made its owners very rich, it is true, but it has acted well by its employes and consumers. In view of such concessions of public benefit—and I cite this company merely as a type—is it not well, I repeat, for the American people to inquire more carefully and reflect more profoundly with regard to the effect of these mighty consolidations? Are we not too easily driven to conclusions by partisan articles at times hastily written, or by the speeches of politicians made for a purpose? Indeed, are we not prejudiced, often irrevocably, by a humorous squib which a bright paragraphist has placed before a million minds at the same moment of time. Even now how merciless is the war of squib paragraph and cartoon directed against that financier of world reputation, Mr. Pierpont Morgan. We, at least, should not forget the incalculable benefits accomplished for the South by the far-sighted, just, yet daring, conceptions of that remarkable man. The prosperity of an agricultural community may be generally determined by the excellence of its roads, and the prosperity of a modern state by the excellence of its railroads. Who that recalls the chaos and ruin brought to thousands by the voting trust of the Richmond Terminal, who that will now contemplate the marvelous advance of every southern state to the eastward of the Mississippi, impossible but for the magnificent rehabilitation of the Southern Railway and the Central of Georgia, will fail to accord the meed of public benefactor to this great American financier, and to those sagacious men who have acted with him? In

economies of operation, in constant if gradual reduction of rates, in increased facilities and more expensive accommodations, in firm but respectful defensive measures against harmful legislation, in obedience to state law, in more uniform service for longer distances without change of cars, in abolition of short, disjointed lines under different managements, in augmented shipping facilities, in physical perfection of the properties and consequent safety to the public and in the steady increase in value of all the securities of these great highways of southern commerce, the wisdom and prescience of such men have been indisputably shown. And with what result? Where formerly asthmatic engines attached to unsafe and noisome trains through the solitudes of an impoverished country, like a wounded snake dragged their slow length along, now we behold on massive rails of gleaming steel on roadbeds of granitic ballast, successive sections of long freight trains sturdily steaming through a prosperous land smiling with luxuriant crops, beautiful with neat and happy homes, the chimneys of great factories, giving employments to thousands, almost marking the miles; or the admiration kindles and the pulse leaps as the limited express, laden with its human freight, glances by on its missions of progress and civilization. May I be pardoned for adding that in the determination to resuscitate the railway interests of the South, in nothing did the men behind the movement exhibit sounder judgment than in the selection of the man to consummate their purpose and to make rich its fruition to the people of the whole country, a southerner "native and to the manner born," a Georgian true and tried, whom today alma mater bids welcome and Godspeed in his great mission for the sunny land he loves.*

From this limited survey of our native resources and industrial development, it follows, to use the terse language of a strong thinker of our state,† "the question of production is settled and the next question is one of markets." It is not only the next question with us, but it is the next question with all the great powers. It cannot be postponed. It is a question exceedingly grave. Contests for markets have precipitated nearly all of the great wars which for the last century and a half have seared the face of the globe. The navigation laws of Great Britain by which she sought to exclude the American colonies from the West India trade provoked that spirit of resistance which, seizing upon matters more trivial, brought on the revolution and the loss of a continent. The Milan and Berlin decrees of Napoleon, by which he sought to exclude British trade from the continent, resulted in the horrors of the Russian campaign, the carnage of Waterloo and the lonely grave under the willows at St. Helena. A contest for the commerce of the people of Asia is now absorbing the best statesmanship, the most anxious thought, the most unremitting energy of all the great nations.

It was declared by General Grant, when he made his journey round the world, that in less than half a century Europe would be complaining of the too rapid advance of China. The prediction would doubtless have startled the multitudinous disciples of Confucius. That renowned philosopher, some 700 years before the birth of our Savior, took

* Mr. Samuel Spencer.
† Mr. J. F. Hanson.

pride in the fact that nothing had been invented by him, complained that the times were decadent, and advocated reform by returning to the customs of the ancients. His disciples are not exclusively Chinamen. The remarkable people of China constitute fully one-fourth of the human race. Whatever may be said of the Chinese government, the Chinese people are immensely vital. They flourish amid conditions the most unsanitary, in a temperature below zero or in more than 100 in the shade. The teachings of Malthus are as unpopular with the Chinese as they are with our vice president. In his delightful essay upon Civilization and Decay,* Mr. Roosevelt declares, "No quality in a race atones for the failure to produce an abundance of healthy children." In this respect the Chinese contribute to national greatness with a prodigality which should fire the enthusiasm of that renowned American. Who can calculate the effect upon the human family of the awakening of this giant nation? What tremendous impetus must it give to the commerce of mankind, and particularly of our country! At the annual dinner of the American Asiatic Association the Chinese ambassador, His Excellency Wu Ting-fang, said: "We all know that China is one of the greatest markets of the world; with a population of four hundred million that must be fed and clothed and must receive the necessaries of life. She wants your wheat, your cotton, your iron and steel and your manufactured articles of the New England States. She wants steel rails, electrical machines, and one hundred other things that she cannot get at home and must get abroad. It is a fine field for American industry to fill these wants. It is particularly easy for you to reach China on account of the fine highway you have on the Pacific, and especially desirable that you do so since you have become our next door neighbor in the Philippines. If you do not come up to your own expectations and meet this opportunity it is your own fault." The same accomplished diplomat, in a recent speech at Charlotte, pointed out that the importation of cotton goods from the United States into China had increased from a little more than a million in 1890 to nearly ten million in 1899. This trade, however, had only penetrated Manchuria and Chili, which are the most northern and by no means the most thickly populated parts of the empire. It is as if a nation had traded with Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont and ignored the rest of the United States. From recent consular reports, obligingly furnished me by the state department, it appears that our cotton goods constitute not only more than one-half of the entire exports of the United States to China, but that China bought more than half of our entire export sales of cotton cloths. The magnitude of this interest to the South may be gathered from the phenomenal growth of our cotton manufacturing industry. From the same report it is demonstrated that between 1889 and 1899, inclusive, while cotton spindles increased 41⅓ per cent in Great Britain, 11.4 in the northern states, in the South they increased 190½ per cent. In an article in the Textile Manufacturers Journal of December 20, 1900, Prof. Henry M. Wilson declares: "Nowhere in the world is the interest being taken in cotton manufacturing as here in the South, where most of the staple is produced. From the returns made to the New Orleans

*"American Ideals and Other Essays."

Cotton Exchange the number of spindles added this year in old mills, new mills and mills under construction is 1,456,897, and new looms added 27,613. Bright as are the hopes of our people in that enormous industry, with what dismay and apprehension were they affected when the disturbances in the northern provinces and the manifest greed of certain European powers threatened ruin to hundreds of southern mills! Many of these were at once shut down, their operatives were thrown out of employment, the price of cotton, at first buoyant as the hopes of our farmers, rapidly fell. A powerful body of southern manufacturers memorialized the secretary of state, calling attention to the fact that a large part of the production of cotton drills and sheetings manufactured in southern mills is exported to North China, and declaring that a prohibition or interference there by any European government would tend to seriously injure not only the cotton manufacturing industry, but other important products of the United States which are being shipped to China. Nor was our Government indifferent to the appeal. The administration did all that firmness, statesmanship, diplomacy, benignity and humanity could accomplish to relieve the distresses of China. Every movement of those responsible to the people has been dictated by the most courageous and independent sense of justice. Humanity and public interest are indeed generally coincident. Of Edmund Burke, Lord Macaulay declared that, "oppression in Bengal was to him the same thing as oppression in the streets of London," and of William McKinley we may say that cruelty on the banks of the Peiho is to him the same thing as cruelty on the banks of the Potomac. Though shocked with the atrocities of the Boxers, no spirit of vengeance has animated our Executive, our Government, or our people. No punitive expeditions, carrying fire and sword to ignorant villagers, have borne the Stars and Stripes, and in their bearing to the helpless Chinese our gallant regulars have proven anew that the bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring. Nor are the Chinese an ungrateful people. This attribute cannot exist in a nation whose religion is the worship of their ancestors, whose morality is largely exhibited in tender devotion to their aged parents. Our Government, indeed, has been as resolute in its resistance to those powers that would partition the Chinese Empire and exclude our commerce therefrom as it has been moderate and kind to that distracted people. For this it should have our unstinted appreciation. Moreover, I do not hesitate to declare that unless we mean to jeopardize every dollar invested in cotton mills in the South, unless we mean to have cotton again a drug on the market at from 3 to 5 cents a pound, we should see to it that our representatives shall support to the uttermost the efforts of our Government to keep open the door of China for American commerce.

Events have not altogether verified the famous remark of Napoleon, that in fifty years Europe would be republican or Cossack, but republican and Cossack have at length met for a trial of strength. The guerdon of the struggle is twofold: Shall the commerce of Asia be open to the world, or shall it be dominated by the Slav? Shall the Pacific Ocean be a Russian or an Anglo-Saxon sea? As the control of this great ocean, which has been justly termed the theater of events in the world's great hereafter, shall be settled, so likewise will be the power and prestige of our country. We have seen that the trade of the Orient is essential

to the distribution of our surplus products. This distribution failing, reactionary movements on all lines and national decadence will inevitably result. Profound was the observation of Sir Walter Raleigh: "Whosoever commands the sea commands trade, and whosoever commands the trade of the world commands the riches of the world, and consequently the world itself." There has been a remarkable parallel in the development of power between the English speaking and the Slavonic races. In Russia eastward, and in America and the British possessions westward, the Star of Empire takes its way. Utterly conflicting in theories of government, the Anglo-Saxon is the chief bulwark of civil and religious liberty on earth, the Slav the representative of despotism in state and church. The Anglo-Saxon bases his civilization on the development of the individual, and Russia in all of its history has relied upon his suppression. A French writer has predicted that a hundred years hence, leaving China out of the question, there will be two colossal powers in the world, beside which Germany, England, France and Italy will be as pygmies, the United States and Russia. If this prediction be true, and China cannot be left out of the question; if Great Britain, in her isolation, is to meet her downfall; if our republic, great as it is, is to remain the sole obstacle to the ever-progressing, steady-grinding, glacier-like movement of Slavonic power, it will result from trivial jealousies, from baseless prejudices, and an ignoble rancor for past differences between the two great members of the Anglo-Saxon race, with a common blood, a common history, a common freedom of religion, a common liberty of conscience, a common literature, a common language; and the spectacle will present the inexpiable crime of the ages. Nor are these contingencies of the future merely conjectural. The empire of the Great White Czar now includes all that territory of the world's surface where were hatched those devouring Swarms from the Northern Hive which in ages past have often changed the fate of nations and the maps of Asia and of Europe. The cabinet of Russia, from the time when that gigantic power stood forth as a portent to the surrounding nations, has been governed by a consistent, unvarying principle. "It rests," said the historian Allison, "on a combination of physical strength with diplomatic address, of perseverance in object with versatility of means, which was never before exhibited on the theater of the world." Said the Russian historian, Karamsin, with a frankness almost brutal: "The object and the character of our military policy has invariably been to seek to be at peace with everybody and to make conquests without war; always keeping on the defensive, placing no faith in the friendship of those whose interests do not accord with our own, and losing no opportunity of injuring them without ostensibly breaking our treaties with them." While the cool, imperturbable policy of the Government never makes it anticipate the period of action, and never relaxes the sinews of preparation, the inextinguishable passion for conquest among the masses of the Russian people respond with enthusiasm to every aggressive disposition of the Czar. "The meanest peasant in Russia," says Allison, "is impressed with the belief that his country is destined to subdue the world. The rudest nomad of steppes pants for the period when a second Timur is to open the gates of Derbend and let loose upon Southern Asia the long pent up forces of the northern wilds."

The physical power of Russia is commensurate with the vast schemes of aggrandizement of its government, and if equaled at all is equaled alone by the combined development of all the English speaking peoples. Writing in 1842, Allison predicted that in 1900 Russia would have a population of 120,000,000. In 1900 its population was 136,000,000. It has been little more than two hundred years since Peter the Great mounted the throne of Russia. This is but a brief span in history. There are many present whose grandfathers and some whose fathers might have talked with General Oglethorpe, the noble founder of Georgia, and General Oglethorpe might have talked with Peter the Great. When that ferocious Muscovite resolved to arouse the latent forces of his empire, Russia had no seaport save the frozen Archangel on the Arctic Sea, and the Russian power was given as little consideration by the cabinets of Europe as we now give to the Imaun of Muscat or the Ahkound of Swat. With his own hands Peter aided in the construction of the small and rude vessel, yet religiously preserved by the Russians, which was the foundation of their magnificent navy, now on all the oceans the third in power. Now, three mighty seas, the Caspian, the Euxine and the Baltic, are practically Russian lakes. Rapidly is she extending her influence over Persia and forging her way to harbors on the flank of England's communications with her Indian possessions. When she is ready Turkey and all the powers of Europe combined cannot prevent her from seizing Constantinople and the Dardanelles. Her trans-Siberian railway, the longest in the world, is practically completed to that impregnable fortress on the Pacific, Vladivostok, whose very name imports "the dominator of the East," and its Manchurian branch is rapidly approaching unsurpassed Port Arthur, which bears a relation to North China scarcely less important than that of New York to the Middle and Eastern States of our Union. "Russia," said a modern writer who lived much among its people, "does not covet India, but she does intend to appropriate, and imagines that Providence has appointed her to possess, Persia, Turkey, Afghanistan, Thibet and China." In the light of recent events who can gainsay the truth of this observation? Well may we accept the eloquent statement of Allison: "Never since the god Terminus first receded with the Roman eagles in the provinces beyond the Euphrates, has so steady and uninterrupted advance been made by any empire towards universal dominion; and it is hard to say whether it has prevailed most by the ability of diplomatic address or the vigor of warlike achievement." Than Napoleon Bonaparte no member of the human race has ever been better fitted both by genius and experience to estimate the power of Russia. In the seclusion of his imprisonment at St. Helena, with all the experience of his marvelous history, his profound genius no longer disturbed by the phantoms of ambition, he exclaimed to his devoted Las Casas, "Russia is like the Antæus of the fable which cannot be overcome but by seizing it by the middle and stifling it in the arms." "But where," said he, "is the Hercules to be found who will attempt such an enterprise?" But the imagination even of Napoleon could not conceive the evolution of national power in Russia since these words were uttered, and yet he did not overestimate the heroic, imperturbable courage of the Russian character. He recalled the blood and carnage of Eylau, the incarnadined

redoubts of Smolensko and Borodino, the flames of Moscow, the piteous destruction of his grand army, and the terrible passage of the bridge of the Beresina. In spite of his military genius, in spite of the heroism of his grenadiers who had borne the French eagles from the steeples of Notre Dame to the towers of every capital in Europe, he knew that the Cossacks of the Don had lighted their bivouac fires on the Champs Elysées and tethered their ponies amid the palms and roses in the gardens of the Tuileries. Nor are their soldiers more heroic than their sailors. Said Lord Nelson, the greatest sea captain of the English race: "Lay yourselves alongside a Frenchman, but outmaneuver a Russian."

With all the wealth and might of the great American republic, our statesmen cannot afford indifference to the determined aggressions of this gigantic Asiatic power. Yes, Asiatic! "Africa," said Victor Hugo, "begins at the Pyrenees," and we may add that Asia extends to the banks of the Niemen and to the mouths of the Danube. Said Napoleon, Grattez le Russe, et trouverez le Tartare, "Scratch a Russian and you find a Tartar." Men speak of the traditional friendship of Russia with the United States. It is, and has ever been, meretricious. The cords that bind us have been ropes of sand. Friendship is impossible between individual liberty and absolutism, between autocracy and representative government. Even now the most serious blows to our commerce have of late been aimed by the Russian ministry,* and had the territories of the United States been accessible to them, our fair land of freedom would have been harried and ravaged by the soldiers of the czar, in whose hands the machine gun and the breechloader have been but substituted for the lance of the Cossack and the sword and bow of the Scythian, unless, indeed, the dauntless soul and strong arm of the sons of America had hurled them back, shattered and bleeding, to their regions of ices and of snows. Nor should the statesmen of America fail to perceive that if Russia shall succeed in the domination of China, and in the organization and control of its four hundred millions of people, not only must American commerce decay, but American liberty may be no longer secure. With the great steam troopships and gigantic transports of modern marine architecture, and transferring thousands of troops in each vessel, crossing the ocean with the incredible speed of steam and electricity, the Pacific can be as readily crossed by Chinese and Russian armadas as were the waters of the North Sea by the warships of the Vikings or the rude vessels bearing the white horse standards of Henghist and Horsa.

If these be the possibilities of a remote future, the danger to our commerce is here. Who can doubt that in the interest of her own manufacturers and merchants that Russia will exclude from the seventeen millions of Manchuria the manufactured products of America, especially those products of southern cotton mills which, from that territory alone in 1899, brought $10,000,000 for distribution among the southern people. The danger to our liberty will not come in our own times, it may not come for generations, but that patriotism is short-sighted which does not outlive the brief limits of our own lives, and which does not repose

* The day these words were spoken Russia imposed new and prohibitive duties on American naval stores and bicycles.

with deep sensibility upon the future of our descendants. Such was not the patriotism of the framers of our immortal constitution. Theirs was the purpose "to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and to our posterity." But may we not devoutly believe that there is a divine intelligence loftier than all human conceptions which, despite the wranglings and janglings of parties, is guiding in higher and safer altitudes the destinies of our beloved land. May we not believe that it was the interposition of this Almighty power which directed the councils of our Government in its humane and victorious effort to set free the prostrate Cubans, and which all unconsciously delivered into our hands those islands of the Pacific which, with the Australasian possessions of our English brethren, will enable our combined navies to dominate the Pacific as the silver streak of the channel is swept by the steel-clad squadrons of the British fleet.

In the inevitable conflicts of the future the importance of these insular possessions in the Pacific cannot be overstated. Said Captain Mahan, perhaps the highest authority in the world on naval warfare and strategy: "Shut out from the Sandwich Islands as a coaling base, an enemy is thrown back for supplies and fuel a distance of thirty-five hundred or four thousand miles, or between seven thousand and eight thousand going and coming, an impediment to sustained maritime operations well nigh prohibitive. It is rarely that so important a factor in the attack or defense of a coast line of a sea frontier is concentrated in a single position." Said Senator Thurston: "In the whole Pacific ocean, from the equator on the south to Alaska on the north, from the coast of China and Japan on the west to the American continent on the east, there is but one spot where a ton of coal, a pound of bread or a gallon of water can be obtained by a passing vessel, and that spot is Hawaii." And what of the Philippines? I remember reading when a boy, in the Voyages of Captain Cook, where he declared, in substance, that the power which controlled Manila, Guam, the Sandwich Islands and San Francisco would dominate the Pacific. Over all of these now float the Stars and Stripes. The marvelous Philippine archipelago, extending as far as from the north of Scotland to the south of Italy, is the property of the United States of America by a title as clear as that which we have to Florida, to New Orleans, and to every foot of land to the westward of the Mississippi. Its principal city, Manila, is only 628 miles from Hongkong, about the distance from Savannah to New York. It is 812 miles nearer China than Singapore, the nearest British port. It is 400 miles nearer to China than Yokohama. It is directly on the ocean pathway between Hongkong and Australasia. "The chief distributing centers of China, Japan, Corea, Siam, Annam and the East Indies are as near to Manila as Havana is to New York, and the distributing centers of Persia, India and Australasia are nearer to Manila than to any other great emporium." It is said that Manila lies in the center of a crescent peopled by 700,000,000 of human souls. Thus it is plain that American statesmen and American arms in the past three years have gained for the United States of America opportunities for the development of world power and commercial prestige without precedent in the annals of time.

"How happens it," exclaims Doctor Strong, "that all these lands are

found under Anglo-Saxon flags in the very generation when the Pacific becomes decisive of the world's destinies? Such facts are God's great alphabet with which he spells for man his providential purposes. For a hundred years now, blind men have been quarreling with our national destiny or with Divine Providence. They declared that Jefferson violated the Constitution in the purchase of Louisiana. They opposed the purchase of Florida. They were vehement in their opposition to the acquisition of Texas and California. They called Alaska 'Seward's folly.' They rejected Hawaii when offered as a gift, and would have had Dewey sail away from the Philippines and leave them an apple of discord to the European powers or doom them to anarchy." And more, even now belated Americans are bawling anathemas at the Supreme Court of the United States, some of them denouncing it as the plague spot in our system, because that august tribunal, without incorporating into our body politic millions of savages to whom our institutions are incomprehensible, have seen in the Constitution the power to govern by Congress these enormous and most valuable acquisitions of territory achieved by the wisdom of our statesmanship and the valor of our arms. And this is true notwithstanding the fact that the Continental Congress with its last waning breath framed an ordinance for the government of the Northwest Territory, and since that time, under the Constitution, Congress has always governed the territory and provided for the government of the territories of the United States, and has never accorded all the rights of citizens of the United States to the citizens of the territories. Even now citizens of the organized territories, unlike the citizens of the states, may not sue in the courts of the United States, nor may citizens of the District of Columbia. And the people at the seat of government by Act of Congress are denied the right to vote and are themselves governed by a commission appointed by the President.

It would seem that if Congress is good enough to make laws for the people of the United States and for our territories not yet organized, it is good enough to make laws for the savage Igorotes, Moros and Sulus, or even for those leisurely lovers of the dolce far niente who dream away their easy lives amid the soft breezes and sensuous shades of Porto Rico. Truly some of these gentlemen have discovered a solicitude, what Dickens terms a "telescopic philanthropy," for the savage Tagals and head hunters of the Philippine Islands, which is equaled only by the Brick Lane Branch of the Ebenezer Association, who, according to the elder Weller, were engaged in making "flannel weskits for the ignorant niggers," or which prompted Mrs. Jellyby to neglect her own family in order to consecrate all of her energies to establish a factory for turning piano legs at Borriceboola-Gha on the left bank of the Niger. And, wonderful to relate, some of these telescopic statesmen are from practical, hard-headed Georgia, a state which, in spite of all the treaties made with the Indians, and all the efforts of the Supreme Court and the President of the United States, within the memory of very old men now living, drove out the Creek Indians, expelled the Cherokees and took over their possessions. So recent was this remarkable "expansion" in the boundaries of our own state that today a large portion of its territory, a land like ancient Canaan, "flowing with milk and honey," is commonly known as "Cherokee Georgia," in memory of those American Filipinos, whom,

denuded of their assets, the fathers of our telescopic friends sent whirling toward the setting sun. These gentlemen should commend to their souls the doctrine of Daniel Webster, who declared that our politics should stop at low water mark. It is idle for them to protest against expansion. It is an accomplished fact. From the purest motives of mercy and humanitarianism, all unconscious of its consequences, the United States took part in a great movement which within a few years past has swept over the world. I mean the advance of Russia in Asia, the division of Africa into spheres of influence, the acquisitions of France in Madagascar and Tonquin, of Germany in Africa, Samoa, and elsewhere, and of Great Britain in Burmah. We meant to take no part in it, but "there is a destiny which shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may."

The first gun from the Olympia that belched its thunders across Manila Bay proclaimed to the ages that the great republic, panoplied in the armor of liberty and law, had stepped forward into the arena to take her full part in the conflict of world policies which will inexorably determine the destinies of generations yet unborn, and which will even now determine by high arbitrament, if need be by the sword, whether our country will hold its commanding position in the commerce of the world, or whether, excluded from world markets, her forges shall be extinguished, the whir of machinery shall be hushed, great lines of railway shall be worthless, and hundreds of millions of acres of land, whose products now feed the world, shall know no more the hand of the plowman or the blade of the reaper, and whether there shall lapse into barren and profitless disuse the broad and fertile expanses of our own Southland, which each recurring autumn whiten with the snowy luxuriance of our royal staple, giving promise of clothing for three-quarters of the human race.

Nor was this movement too soon. Jealousy and fear of American greatness and prosperity prevail throughout the continent. Alarmed at our achievements they seek to erect a continental system like that applied by the remorseless energy of Napoleon to crush the trade of Great Britain. "But," says the London Times on May 30th, "if by any conceivable infatuation any or all of the continental powers were to combine for such an end, the British Empire would leave them to their fate and continue to trade with their American kinsfolk. Our interests, traditions and inclinations all dictate that course to us." Nor is the American heart irresponsive to such cordial sentiments. This feeling has been long growing, and in the hour of our recent need, when the proposition was made to Great Britain to enter into a combination to constrain us in our effort for the redemption of Cuba, the reply of the mother country was not only a positive refusal to enter into such combination, but the assurance of her active resistance to it if it should be attempted. But one danger threatens our international amity, and that is what seems the unwise resistance of the British ministry to American completion and control of the Isthmian Canal, and this we have every reason to trust will be avoided. Not the navigation laws of pre-revolutionary times, not the stamp act, not the Boston port bill, did so much embitter the masses of the American people as would any measure of Great Britain which would defeat the completion of the canal.

Besides, it is certainly true that in the great conflicts for the control of the Pacific which seem inevitable, the canal under our control would be as serviceable to Great Britain as to America. That it will for a time give an advantage to American over English and all commerce is indisputable. It is, however, a national necessity. The completion of the canal will save ten thousand miles in distance, and fifty days' time by steamer between New York and San Francisco. It will subtract the entire width of the Pacific from a voyage over the distance now to be traversed by ship from one of our Atlantic ports. It will, as well said, "project the Pacific into the heart of the continent." It will bring the western seacoast of South America in a straight line with our Atlantic ports. Of course, the advantage to the Southern States will be particularly great. New Orleans in its exports having recently surpassed Boston and Philadelphia, is now second only to New York, and will be 713 miles nearer to the canal than is the great metropolis. The coal and iron of Alabama and Tennessee, the cotton product and manufactures of all the Southland will thus find cheap and swift access to the commerce of the Pacific.

It is far better for Great Britain to lose part of the commerce of that ocean than to lose it all, and with this she is threatened, unless the Anglo-Saxon peoples make common cause. I am one of those who believe that the constitutions of England, of the United States, and of every American state in the vital principles of government which they perpetuate, make it inevitable that Great Britain and America must finally stand and prevail together, or perish together in the effort to preserve civil and religious liberty on earth. These constitutions are vitalized by the ancient laws of "that land of old and great renown, where freedom broadens slowly down from precedent to precedent." The immortal principles of the Bill of Rights, of the Petition of Rights and of Magna Charta, all glow with undying warmth and unfading lustre in the American constitutions. They are but the expression of principles which make political and individual freedom consist with orderly progress. They took their origin as early as the fifth century after Christ, in the homes of the Angles, the sires of our common race, amid the sands and heather of those hyperborean shores chafed by the icy waters which encompassed the ultima thule of the Romans. What do not Americans owe to the laws, to the literature, to the love of liberty of the mother country! I know not what others may think, but when, time and again, I have beheld threatened combinations of the continental powers against her, when I have seen her people, seemingly all isolated and unfriended, with all the courage of their heroic past quietly buckling on their armor, if need be, to fight the world, it has thrilled me with a fervor and a passion that made me know they were indeed my brethren. Once, when British mariners, borne down by shot and shell from Chinese batteries, were sinking in the turbid flood, it was a Georgian, the son of a trustee of this university, the noble Josiah Tattnall, who, though commanding a neutral fleet, sped swiftly to the rescue. "Blood is thicker than water," the old hero exclaimed, and though for long years the giant trees of Banaventure have waved their funereal mosses above his grave, this sentiment survives to animate millions of our common race.

And what part shall the trained mentality and genuine patriotism

of these Southern States play in the great drama of New America? The inquiry is more important to ourselves than to the country at large. To my mind, of all others the most disastrous result of our Civil war upon the southern people is the indifference to national matters of the most vital concern, to which the masses of our white men have become habituated. We hear but one side of every public question, and I fear not always the right side. The Folkmote of the Anglo-Saxon, the great gathering of the masses to hear joint debates between leaders of political thought, once so common in the South, have practically disappeared from our system. When great men in Virginia, like Patrick Henry and John Randolph; in South Carolina, like McDuffie, Calhoun and Petigru; in Georgia, like McPherson Berrien, John Forsyth, Walter T. Colquitt, Alexander H. Stephens, Herschel V. Johnson, Robert Toombs and Benjamin H. Hill met thousands of the people who assembled to hear the discussion of public topics, the whole plane of popular mentality was elevated, the whole current of popular thought quickened and clarified. Conscious of the interest of their constituents in the topics under discussion these renowned Americans, by profound thought upon the science of government, the history of nations and our own political history, came to the hustings carefully prepared and accurately instructed. In the presence of vast multitudes of the people they made their supremest efforts. Their information, thought and arguments became the property of the people. Thus informed and guided, the franchise of the elector was exercised with intelligent patriotism. With each recurring debate the powers of the orators themselves were enhanced. The receptive and plastic soul of youth, thrilled with the inspiration that fell from eloquent tongues, found ambition kindled to like endeavor. Mothers, wives and maidens caught the inspiration of "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" and added the persuasive and irresistible charm of feminine influence, to quicken the ambition of sons, husbands and lovers. Thus nurtured, strengthened and inspired, great was the renown of southern statesmen. Taught to feel every pulsation of the popular heart, close to the masses, the heart-strings of the leaders entertwined with the heart-strings of the people, and they were responsive to that consensus of public opinion which after all will form the just and righteous view of patriotic duty. Was it strange, then, that in the halls of national legislation the constructive influence of southern statesmen was as effective in results as they themselves were conspicuous for the possession of every quality which "doth master, sway and move the eminence of man's affections?" Is this true now? In our abnormal and unhealthy political methods have not the chicane and cunning of the slatemaker and wire-puller intended to control the small politicians who dawdle about courthouse towns supplanted appeals to the masses which made every heart glow with pride in the consciousness of that high responsibility devolved by political freedom? Have not the arts of machine politicians been substituted for eloquence like that which "shook the arsenal and fulmined over Greece from Macedone to Artaxerxes' throne?" Do we, Americans of these Southern States, devoted as we actually are to the principles of sound and rational government, exert in the policies of our country that effective force which should properly belong to our numbers, wealth and thought. The theory of

our constitution is that every American citizen is sovereign. How long shall these sovereigns quiver under the party lash? Shall we forever support a measure because it is said to be to the party's interest, or shall we inquire, in the words of Henry Clay, "Is the measure right, will it conduce to the general happiness, to the elevation of national character?" Shall we forever vote without regard to the character or capacity of a candidate because he has secured a party nomination, or shall we again recur to the test of Thomas Jefferson, "Is he honest, is he capable, is he faithful to the Constitution?" We are sovereigns, it is true, but are we not sovereigns in exile? Oh, when shall the king enjoy his own again! Here the old English strain saturated with the principles of individual freedom and popular sovereignty is preserved in all of its pristine purity. If this be, and it must be, an average southern audience, more than 99 per cent of my hearers are lineally descended from sages or patriots of the Revolution, whose heroism and constancy made the nation possible. If the roll of this mighty gathering should be called, almost every name might be found in the register of births and deaths in the parish churches of the British Isles. Southern men of the homogeneous American stock were the chief architects who builded the nation. The eloquence of a southern man in the House of Burgesses in Virginia stirred the spirit of resistance to the tyranny of the British ministry. A southern man drafted the Declaration of Independence. A southern man led the armies of the Revolution, presided over the convention that framed the Constitution, and was the first President of the United States, and after the organization of the Government, save for one term, for more than thirty-six years southern men occupied the chair of the Executive. A southern man was the chief justice who found the Constitution a skeleton, and whose majestic decisions clothed and vitalized it with life and beauty. A southern man was that far-sighted political philosopher who added the territory to the westward of the Mississippi, comprising the states of Arkansas, Colorado, Iowa, Kansas, Louisiana, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, Oregon, North and South Dakota, Montana, Washington, Wyoming, Idaho, the Indian Territory and Oklahoma, to the beauteous sisterhood which now forms the fairest and most hopeful government on which the sun ever shone. A southern man, contributed by our own beloved Georgia, that incomparable diplomat, John Forsyth, added to the Union the peninsula of Florida, an empire in itself. A southern man announced to the Holy Alliance, then in all the insolent flush of its power, that we should consider any attempt on its part to extend its system to any part of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. This was the Monroe Doctrine. It was thus a southern President who, in the language of a modern historian, "put fire into those few momentous though moderate sentences and made them glow like the writing at Belshazzar's Feast." It was a southern President who annexed to our Union the great empire of Texas, and who crowned the standards of our victorious armies by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, completing and expanding the symmetry of our system by the territories of Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, and that magnificent domain now comprehended in the great State of California. Thus it is seen that, save in the purchase of Alaska and the recent acquisitions, every step of American expansion has been accomplished under the administration

of southern presidents. Such were the principles of southern men, such their effective, constructive statesmanship, such their conceptions of national power when southern men thought for themselves, and by their forceful and fearless character and commanding statesmanship impressed their opinions upon the national councils for the welfare of the people and the safety of the republic.

There is a New South, it is true, but the Old South is here. It is here in its homogeneous American population. It is here in the veritable blood and brain of those men who made it the synonym of all that was courageous and lofty in statesmanship. It is here in the stern fighting qualities of those armies of the gray who, for so long and against such fearful odds, upheld with their bayonets the failing fortunes of the Confederacy, men whom the greatest military critics of modern times have declared the most incomparable soldiers the world has ever seen, men of whom our vice president has declared: "The world has never seen better soldiers than those who followed Lee, and their leader will undoubtedly rank as without exception the very greatest of all the great captains that the English-speaking people have brought forth, and this although the last and chief of his antagonists may himself claim to stand as the full equal of Marlborough and Wellington."* They were men of whom the greatest of all their foes, General Grant, declared, in that volume which he penned in his dying hours, that they were as sincere as were his own gallant troops in their convictions of the right of the cause for which they fought. Their martial spirit is here. It lives in the sons of the blood, aye, in the survivors themselves. It is estimated by the scientific military men of all nations as one of the chiefest sources of national strength. It went to the front with Wheeler, that noble Georgian, when with all the experience of more than a hundred battles, all careless of the sheeted hail of death which poured from the machine guns and mausers of the Spaniard, he led the regulars over the trenches at San Juan. It was heard in the fierce charging yell of Texan Rough Riders of Roosevelt at Guasimas. It flamed with desperate, unshrinking valor in the heart of Richmond Pearson Hobson when he steered the Merimac into the jaws of death in Santiago Bay. It steadied the constant soul of Brumby as he stood by Dewey on the bridge of the Olympia at Manila. It nerved the heart of Emory Winship when, with five Filipino balls in his body, all unaided, he fought his gun at Malabon until his comrades were saved. It winged its way heavenward with the fleeting soul of Worth Bagley as on the deck of the Winslow he died the patriot's death. It thrilled many a nameless hero who, in the chapparal of Cuba or the jungles of Luzon, wearing the blue as his father wore the gray, betrayed the same heroic spirit which in the days long past glorified American manhood on the green slopes of Manassas, in the holocaust of Malvern Hill, in the rush of Jackson's Corps at Chancellorsville, in the Bloody Angle, at the explosion of the Crater, in the long, wasting agony at Petersburg, in the blood and carnage at Chickamauga, Atlanta, and on a thousand fields to live in song and story to the latest times. Oh, my countrymen, shall the sons of this same heroic strain who knew not fear, deceived by phantoms, baseless as the fabric of dreams,

* "Life of Thos. H. Benton"—Roosevelt Statesmen Series.

forever yield the sovereignty of the citizen? Shall they give up to party what was meant for mankind? Shall they surrender the influence which their opinions, their convictions and their votes should legitimately exert upon the councils of the nation? "Shall we forever having eyes see not and having ears hear not the things that so nearly concern our temporal salvation?" If so, then we deserve the stigma of the Roman, "we are slaves. The bright sun rises to its course and lights a race of slaves. It sets and its last beam falls on a slave." But when by party the surrender of the birthright of freemen is demanded, if we shall exclaim with old John Adams, "it has been my living sentiment and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment, Independence now and Independence forever, then truly that star in our flag which glistens to the name of Georgia will be scintillant with added and resplendent glories, and will receive into its augmented lustre the radiance of all the other stars which typify the beauteous and unbroken sisterhood of the Union. Thus rejoicing in the political freedom of the individual, in constitutional liberty for the masses, and bestowing these blessings upon distant islands of the sea, our people, under the providence of God, shall, to our appointed time, pursue the paths of righteousness and peace—

"One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
One nation, evermore!"

Emory Speer: On the Life and Character of Joseph E. Brown

[Extract from an address delivered by Judge Speer before the students of Mercer University, Macon, Georgia, June 7, 1905, during the annual commencement, and subsequently repeated before the students of the Yale Law School, New Haven, Connecticut, in May, 1906.]

It was the year 1840. The wooded summits of the Blue Ridge had put on their autumnal colors. These romantic mountains, coming down from the lofty altitudes of the Appalachian range, and penetrating the southeastern section of Georgia, have an occasional depression. These a poet might term the mountain passes, but the mountaineers call them the "gaps." One, threaded by a ragged trail, connecting the County of Union on the north with Lumpkin on the south, is known as the Woody Gap. At an early hour of the day of which I speak, a slender and sinewy lad came steadily through the gap and down the Indian trail. In front of him, yoked together, he drove a pair of steers. Presently there followed another and a younger boy. He was mounted on a small horse, whose well defined muscles and obvious ribs did not suggest a life of inglorious ease.

In the mountain solitudes there is little change. Now, as then, looking southward from the Woody Gap, the traveler may behold successive and lower ranges of billowy mountains, which together approach the sublime; and, far beyond, in shimmering loveliness, stretching apparently to the infinite, the "ocean view," as it is termed, that Piedmont country of Georgia, some day to afford sustenance to many millions of happy freemen. To the northward, a more precipitous slope seems to terminate

in a lovely mountain vale. Glancing through its luxuriant crops and by its simple homes, the silvery waters of the Toccoa make their way toward the far distant Mississippi. The valley, like the mountain, is also little changed. Its homes have the same unpretentious character, its people the primitive virtues of the old American stock. The shriek of the locomotive and the roar of the railway train, to this day, have not penetrated the sylvan settlement.

No village is there. The valley, like many another locality in our mountains, after the fashion of the Cherokees, is called a town. There is Brasstown and Fighting Town and, across the Tennessee line, Ducktown. This is Caddistown; and thence from a rude log cabin had departed that day the boy who was driving the steers, to become the only man who, in all the history of our state, was for four successive terms its governor, a state senator, a judge of the Superior Court, a chief justice of its Supreme Court, and twice its representative in the Senate of the United States. That boy was Joseph Emerson Brown.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

To contemplate the successive pictures which present his marvelous career has been a grateful task, but those scenes upon which I love to brood with miser care, do not relate so much to the days of its greatness as of its beginning. On the day of his funeral, among the thousands who loved him massed in Georgia's Representative Hall, I stood beside the venerable form, majestic in the peacefulness of death, and beheld for the last time the noble face now made ethereal as if by the last caresses of angel hands which had borne the loosened spirit to the home eternal in the heavens to hear the words of the Master: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord."

Even then irresistible thoughts and words were of his boyhood in the remote sequestered vale; of his humble home, such homes as sent forth Andrew Jackson and Abraham Lincoln. And now, beyond the azure mountains, and through the vista of all the years, I see the boy as with untiring hand he turns the spinning-wheel, as he swings the axe, as he guides the plow, as in sportive moments he breasts the bright billows of the mountain stream, or, when worn with toil, he bathes his weary feet in its shining shallows. And my heart goes out to him, as followed by the longing and loving eyes of mother and father, he waves them a brave farewell and, with his little oxen, up and over the mountain, disappears from their sight, to enter on that great life I have attempted to describe, in that mission of humanity for which the God of nature had designed him. Oh, my young countrymen, contemplate his character and dwell upon his career, for—

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime."

Nathaniel E. Harris: Pickett's Charge at Gettysburg

[This brief extract is taken from the masterful address delivered by Governor Harris before the United Confederate Veterans, at the great annual reunion held in Louisville, Kentucky, June 15, 1905.]

The fortunes of the Confederacy had mounted higher and higher. First Manassas, the seven fateful fields around Richmond, Second Manassas, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville had all been fought and gained, and southern valor seemed to be invincible. Now, at length, Lee's grand army stood on the soil of the old Keystone State, at bay, before the frowning heights of Cemetery Ridge, Culp's Hill, and Round Top, or Devil's Den. For two days the Union forces had been driven and overwhelmed by the fierce attacks of the southern soldiery; but now, re-enforced and sternly defiant, the enemy held an almost impregnable position on the barbed ridges around Gettysburg. The battle had ebbed and flowed with alternate success, till, like Napoleon at Waterloo, Lee at last determined to stake his all on a single charge.

Pickett's division of Virginians was fresh and resolute; it numbered 5,000 men, in three splendid brigades, under Armistead, Garnett and Kemper; and Lee ordered it with a supporting column of nearly 10,000 men, to take the salient on the left center of the Federal line, bending toward Cemetery Ridge.

It was an awful undertaking. For nearly one solid mile these brave soldiers must charge in the face of the entire Union army of 75,000 men, entrenched on the cannon-crowned heights and equipped with the finest enginery of destruction in the world. We wonder now why such a charge was even attempted, but then all the South imagined that Lee's army was invincible. There was no failing of heart in the rank and file when the order was given to prepare for the charge, though Longstreet tells us that so vivid was the impending vision of death to him that he could not syllable the command, but could only point upward in silence to the heights.

Yet the leader and his men went forth without the quiver of a muscle. In the very midst of the awful cannonading that preceded the advance the soldiers of the division, sheltering themselves in the thick woods at the bottom of the slope, spent the time indulging in harmless jokes and pleasant converse, as if they had been ordered only to a dress parade or a picnic on the grounds near by.

But now the order comes, "Up men and away!" and up they go, the rebel yell breaking the echoes of the hills and shaking the leaves of the trees round about.

At first the enemy withheld his fire, as if the whole Union army were overwhelmed with admiration at the daring of such an undertaking. Then suddenly the crest grew red with flame, the guns spake, and from every side the shrapnel dropped, the grapeshot hurtled and the musketry hissed. One hundred and fifty pieces of artillery poured their iron missiles of death into the oncoming ranks.

The head of the charging column sank into the ground, as if the earth had opened before it—the supports melted away in confusion and defeat, but still that devoted line rushed forward—up the slant in the very face of the hurtling hailstorm—over the outworks, into the citadel itself those brave boys dashed, their banners torn, their guns shattered, their leaders prostrate, until at last in the blood-red salient the gallant Armistead raises his hat on his sword in place of a flag for his Virginia boys to rally upon, and then falls pierced with many wounds on the dark and gory ground, as the shouts of victory reach his dying ear.

Look! Comrades, it is high tide at Gettysburg! All the powers of heaven, earth and hell gaze down with wonder on that charge. The fortunes of eight millions of people hang on it. Will it succeed? Has Lee "grown so great that he embarrassed God?" Was there no place left in the domain of providence for the Southern Confederacy? No, it did not succeed. It pierced the Federal center, and if the supports had only followed, as the great commander ordered, perhaps two independent nations might have lived today, hard by each other, on this American soil. But God willed it otherwise.

Yet never was charge like this. McDonald pierced the Austrian center at Wagram, and his master put a ducal coronet on his brow, and a marshal's star on his breast. Napoleon's old guard broke its fronting flood of valor on the English rocks at Waterloo; the Six Hundred rode down an army at Balaklava, but Pickett's 5,000 men pierced the Union center at Gettysburg, on the most impregnable ridge on earth, and in the face of the fiercest fire that ever destroyed an army in the annals of time. Five thousand men went up, but only one-third came back. Oh, what pathos in that scene; when its battletorn leader, with tears in his manly eyes, stood in the presence of the great commander, and said, "General, my noble division has been swept away."

The bravery of those gallant Virginia soldiers, in whose veins the blood of the Puritan and Cavalier had mingled together, sanctified their defeat, and made a name for Anglo-Saxon courage that has filled the world with admiration for nearly half of a century.

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William H. Fleming: Slavery and the Race Problem in the South

[This powerful address, delivered before the Alumni Society of the State University, June 19, 1906, created a profound impression upon the public mind, not only in Georgia but throughout the nation. It was a fearless presentation of the facts of history and a masterful plea for justice to an inferior race; and was subsequently published in book form by Dana Estes and Company, Boston, Massachusetts. Ex-Congressman Fleming has been for years a deep student of the negro problem, and this address constitutes a luminous contribution to existing literature upon this vital topic.]

Brothers of the Alumni Society, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is my purpose to discuss slavery and the race problem in the South, with special reference to our own State of Georgia. No public issue is more deserving of thoughtful consideration by our people, and no occasion could be more fit for its discussion. This audience is qualified in head and heart to appreciate at its true value every argument that may be advanced, and this platform at our chief seat of learning is so lifted up, that words spoken here may be heard in all parts of the state, echoing among the "Hills of Habersham" and over the "Sea Marshes of Glynn."

The fortunes of the Confederacy had mounted higher and higher. First Manassas, the seven fateful fields around Richmond, Second Manassas, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville had all been fought and gained, and southern valor seemed to be invincible. Now, at length, Lee's grand army stood on the soil of the old Keystone State, at bay, before the frowning heights of Cemetery Ridge, Culp's Hill, and Round Top, or Devil's Den. For two days the Union forces had been driven and overwhelmed by the fierce attacks of the southern soldiery; but now, re-enforced and sternly defiant, the enemy held an almost impregnable position on the barbed ridges around Gettysburg. The battle had ebbed and flowed with alternate success, till, like Napoleon at Waterloo, Lee at last determined to stake his all on a single charge.

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If there be any one present perturbed by a secret doubt as to the propriety of my bringing this subject and this occasion together in the midst of the pending political campaign in Georgia, let me hasten to allay his fears with the assurance that I shall carefully refrain from all offensive personal allusions. Speaking to this very point some weeks before his fatal illness, Chancellor Hill cordially approved of my selection of the race problem for discussion at this time before the alumni of the university, and he added with characteristic broadmindedness: "I wish my platform at Athens to be a place for the freest expression of honest thought."

At the outset, we should realize that if we are to make any genuine progress toward a right solution of our problem, we must approach it in a spirit of the utmost candor, and with an eye single to the ascertainment of the truth. The pessimist "sailing the Vesuvian Bay" listens for the dreaded rumblings of the distant mountain—blind to the wondrous beauties of earth and sky about him. The optimist floating down the placid upper stream pictures to himself an endless panorama of peaceful landscapes—deaf to the thundering cataract of Niagara just below him. But better than pessimism and better than optimism is that philosophy which faces facts as they are, and courageously interprets their meaning.

In the earlier civilizations slavery was the rule, not the exception. But with the advent of the Christ and his teachings, a silent, gentle, yet all-compelling force began its work on the universal heart of humanity. Christianity adjusted itself to existing governmental institutions, including slavery. But it inculcated such lofty doctrines of love and duty, and created such vivid conceptions of a personal God and Father of us all, that it was only a question of time when Christian peoples could not hold in slavery those of their own faith and blood.

In England in 1696 the doctrine had obtained wide acceptance that Christian baptism of itself worked a legal manumission of the slave. Argument to that effect was urged by able lawyers in the court of King's Bench in the suit of Chamberlain v. Herney, but the case went off on another ground, and that point was not decided. About the same time, however, the colonies of Maryland, Virginia and South Carolina passed laws that Christian baptism should not free the negro slave, "any opinion or matter to the contrary notwithstanding." Thus we see a recognition of the necessity at that period of our history of controlling by statutory enactments this expanding sentiment of Christian brotherhood among the masses of the people, so as to prevent it from embracing the alien negro race. The march of Christian civilization had put an end to white slavery, but negro slavery still flourished, chiefly because the negro was of a different race-blood from his masters. Oneness in faith and blood had grown to mean freedom for the white man. But oneness in faith, without oneness in blood, still meant slavery for the negro.

Indeed, negro slavery as a historical institution in western civilization occupies a unique position of its own. It began in the fifteenth century when white slavery had practically ceased. Most other slaveries were incidental results of wars. Negro slavery originated in commerce, in trade and barter, and so continued until it was suppressed.

When in later years the institution was summoned before the bar of the world's public opinion, its most logical and profound defenders admitted the wrongfulness of white slavery, but justified negro slavery on the plea in the natural inferiority of the negro race.

Alexander Stephens, then vice president of the Southern Confederacy, in his famous corner-stone speech at Savannah in March, 1861, said: "Many governments have been founded upon the principle of subordination and serfdom of certain classes of the same race. Such were, and are, in violation of the laws of nature. Our system contains no such violation of nature's laws. With us, all the white race, however high or low, rich or poor, are equal in the eye of the law. Not so with the negro; subordination is his place." * * * Referring to the Confederacy, he declared: "Its foundations are laid, its corner stone rests, upon the great truth that negro is not equal to the white man, that slavery—subordination to the superior race—is his natural and normal condition."

The fact of race inequality here stated cannot well be denied. But there is still a fatal flaw in the logic. That flaw lies in the assumption that a superior race has the right to hold an inferior race in slavery. A race cannot be justly deprived of liberty merely because it is relatively inferior to another. If so, all other branches of the human family could justly be reduced to slavery by the highest, most masterful branch—and that mastery could only be determined by force of arms. The obligation of the superior to lead and direct does not carry with it the right to enslave.

Mr. Stephens further declared in his speech: "It is upon this, as I have stated, our social fabric is firmly planted, and I can not permit myself to doubt the ultimate success of the full recognition of this principle throughout the civilized and enlightened world."

Here we have one of the ablest intellects of his day not only asserting that negro slavery was legally and morally right, but predicting that its recognition would become universal throughout the civilized world—a prediction made within five years of its abolition in the United States, and within twenty-seven years of its abolition in Brazil, which marked the final disappearance of human slavery as a legalized institution among civilized peoples.

Let me say in passing, that this corner-stone speech is not to be found in the authorized volume containing the biography and speeches of Mr. Stephens. One can scarcely suppress the question: Did the great commoner prefer for posterity to judge him by other speeches? Certain it is, that the views he expressed on negro slavery did not spring from hardness of heart, or want of sympathy with any suffering creature on earth. At his death, his negro body servant in tearful accents pronounced upon him this noble eulogy: "Mars Alec was kinder to dogs than most men is to folks."

But Mr. Stephens was defending the then existing institution of slavery handed down to his people by their fathers, recognized by historical analogies from the Bible, and sanctioned by the Federal Constitution. His moral nature was uncompromising. There was no way to adjust that moral nature to existing conditions except by making the assumption, which he did make, of the right of a superior race to enslave an inferior race.

If race environment could so warp the judgment of a great intellect

like that of Alexander Stephens, other men may well be cautious lest they miss the truth.

We need not stop to discuss whether the North or South was the more responsible for negro slavery in America. It takes two to make a bargain. Northern traders sold and southern planters bought. If Charleston, South Carolina, was one of the chief ports of destination for slave trading vessels, Salem, Massachusetts, was one of the chief ports from whence those vessels sailed.

In the earlier days of the southern colonies there were many strong protests against negro slavery. But once established it continued to grow and flourish until we reached those unhappy days foreshadowed by Mr. Madison, when he said in the constitutional convention of 1787 that the real antagonism would not arise between the large states on the one hand and the small states on the other, as many seemed to fear, but that "The institution of slavery and its consequences formed the line of discrimination."

No historian can ever truthfully assert that the men who bore the banner of the Confederacy in victory and in defeat with such matchless courage and heroic sacrifice were moved only by the selfish purpose of holding their black fellowmen in bondage. They were inspired by the noblest sentiments of patriotism. So far from being traitors to the Constitution of their fathers, which Mr. Gladstone declared was the "most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man," they reverenced that great instrument next to the Bible. So far from trampling it under foot, they held it up as their shield. They appealed to the North and West to recognize the binding obligation of that Constitution, as interpreted by the highest court, only to hear it denounced at last as "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell."

And yet, we must in candor admit that the truthful historian will write it down that slavery was the particular irritating cause that forced on the conflict of arms between the sections, though deeper causes lay at the foundation of our sectional differences on centralization and state rights.

When Robert Toombs made his memorable farewell speech in the United States Senate on January 7, 1861, he laid down five propositions, setting forth the contentions of the South, which, if granted, would have averted disunion. Every one of those five propositions was a clear cut, logical deduction from the original meaning and intent of the Constitution, and all five of them centered around the institution of slavery.

Again, when the conflict was over and the Constitution was amended at three separate times, two of these amendments, the thirteenth and fifteenth, referred exclusively to slavery, and the other, the fourteenth, referred chiefly to slavery. No other historical facts, though there are many, need to be cited to prove that slavery was the immediate precipitating cause of the Civil war.

The thirteenth amendment, ratified in 1865, abolishing slavery, was a legitimate and necessary result of the arbitrament of the sword. Mr. Lincoln at first declared that the purpose of the war, on the part of the Government, was to preserve the Union and not to free the slaves. But the progress of events had rendered him powerless to confine the struggling forces of social upheaval within that limitation—even if his personal views had undergone no change.

Great was the relief to many thoughtful minds in the South when this fruitful cause of sectional contention had been removed. In an address delivered from this platform in 1871, Benjamin H. Hill gave thanks in fervid metaphor that the "dusky Helen" had left the crumbling walls of Troy, and that southern genius, once "bound like Prometheus" to the rock of slavery, had been loosed from its bonds.

The fourteenth amendment, ratified in 1868, was a combination of judicial wisdom in the first section, of fruitless compromise in the second section, and of political proscription in the third section.

The first section of this amendment must now be regarded as one of the very best parts of the entire instrument. It gave for the first time an authoritative definition of United States citizenship, and forbade any state to abridge the privileges of such citizens or to deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law, or to deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws. We had lived nearly three-quarters of a century under a government that had no constitutional or statutory definition of its own citizenship, and with no sufficient jurisdiction in its courts to give adequate protection to the equal rights now attaching to the citizenship.

What constituted one a citizen of the United States had long been a subject of discussion in the public journals, in the executive departments and in the courts. The Supreme Court, in the Dred Scott case in 1857, decided that a person of African descent, whether slave or free, was not, and could not be a citizen of a state or of the United States. That decision was, of course, superseded by the fourteenth amendment.

This first section was profound in its wisdom and far-reaching in its effect upon the rights of life, liberty and property, not only of blacks, but of whites. That eminent southern jurist, the Hon. Hannis Taylor, referring specially to this section, has well said: "From a purely scientific point of view the Constitution of the United States never reached its logical completion until after the adoption of the fourteenth amendment."

The omission from the original Constitution of a definition of United States citizenship and of a district provision against state encroachment on equal rights attaching thereto, carried with it a deep significance.

Few facts in our history point more unerringly to the conclusion that in the minds of the framers of that instrument, the paramount allegiance of the citizen was to his state, and not to the United States. It was this sense of duty which properly constrained Lee and other lovers of the Union to surrender their high commissions in the Federal army and cast their fortunes with their own seceding states. Happily, the future holds for us no possibility of the recurrence of that divided allegiance.

Historically, under the Constitution, the South was right, both as to slavery and secession, but the simple truth is that public opinion on those two subjects had outgrown the Constitution.

No man contributed more to the development of public opinion against disunion than did Mr. Webster. When he made his great speech in 1830 in reply to Mr. Hayne, closing with that matchless tribute to the Union flag: "The broad ensign of the Republic, now known and honored

throughout the world, still full high advanced"—he created and vitalized and electrified Union sentiment throughout the length and breadth of the land. That speech, more than the work or deed of any other one man, prepared the way for the coming of Lincoln, and made possible the vast armies of Grant. After all, should not Webster be given first place in the Hall of Fame dedicated to saviors of the Union?

The fifteenth amendment, ratified in 1872, prohibited the United States or any state, in prescribing suffrage qualifications, from discriminating against citizens of the United States on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude. It did not confer the ballot upon anyone—it only prohibited discrimination on account of a specified difference. The right to vote is not a privilege or attribute of national citizenship under either the fourteenth or fifteenth amendment; but the right to be exempt from discrimination in voting on account of race is an attribute of national citizenship under the fifteenth amendment.

This amendment was at the time of its adoption a doubtful and dangerous experiment—but once made, it is beyond recall.

It embodied a distinct addition to the principle set out in the second section to the fourteenth amendment, which latter impliedly permitted a state to deny the ballot to the negro if it were willing to suffer the penalty of a proportionate reduction of representaion in the lower house of Congress.

So far as the negro is concerned, the second section of the fourteenth amendment was a political compromise against him, while the fifteenth amendment was a complete declaration of his equal suffrage rights.

A resolution for a fourteenth amendment, in almost the identical words finally used in this second section in 1868, had been up for discussion in the Senate as early as 1866. Charles Sumner then denounced it as "a compromise of human rights, the most immoral, indecent and utterly shameful of any in our history."

Mr. Blaine, in his book, "Twenty Years in Congress," took the position that the enactment of the fifteenth amendment operated as a practical repeal of the second section of the fourteenth amendment. He says: "Before the adoption of the fifteenth amendment, if a State should exclude the negro from suffrage the next step would be for Congress to exclude the negro from the basis of apportionment. After the adoption of the fifteenth amendment, if a State should exclude the negro from suffrage, the next step would be for the Supreme Court to declare the act was unconsitutional and therefore null and void."

Some latter-day statesmen, who have introduced bills in Congress to reduce southern representation, do not seem to agree with Mr. Blaine.

Verily, if the party of Sumner should ever abandon the vindication of the fifteenth amendment by substituting for it the compromise of the fourteenth amendment, the shade of that eminent statesman would surely be moved to indignation and contempt—if it still concerns itself with mundane political affairs. Such a substitute-compromise now could bring no good to either whites or blacks of the South. It would work evil and evil only.

The fifteenth amendment was naturally received with much bitterness by the white people of the South, because many of them interpreted it to mean that our political enemies of the North, who held control of the

Government, intended thereby to doom the South to perpetual negro dominion.

No doubt many of such advocates were moved by prejudice and hate, but we of the South, in this day, must not blind ourselves to the fact that this amendment was advocated by some men then in public life who were not controlled by such base motives, but were patriotically striving to settle a great fundamental question of government on an enduring basis.

Let us not forget that when Congress passed the joint resolution submitting the fifteenth amendment to the states for adoption, the negroes had already been made citizens of the United States by the fourteenth amendment, and it was impossible to conjoin that status of citizenship with a total exclusion of the negro race from the ballot without undermining some of the foundation principles of our representative republic.

Bear in mind, also, that at the time when Congress acted on that resolution in 1869, the negro had already exercised the right of suffrage under the reconstruction acts of Congress, beginning in 1867. It was not under the fifteenth amendment, but under the prior reconstruction acts, that the negroes cast their first ballots.

So that the issue then was, not whether to give the negroes something they had never possessed, but whether to deny them in the future a privilege they had already actually enjoyed.

The Southern States were expecting soon to be restored to political autonomy. What stand would the white people of these states take as to the rights of their former slaves? To what extremes of pillage and slaughter might not the millions of negroes go under fear of partial or total re-enslavement? These and other questions were hard to answer. To whatever point of the political horizon the thoughtful patriot turned his gaze, the clouds were dark and portentous. A crisis was at hand. It had to be met.

Giving the ballot to 5,000,000 of newly-freed slaves, of an inferior or backward race, ignorant, unaccustomed to do or think for themselves, could not have been the deliberate act of wise statesmanship, but only the choice of what seemed to be the lesser of two evils. In truth, the whole plan seems to have been an effort not only to obliterate at once, as with a stroke of the pen, all distinctions imposed by law, but to ignore all distinctions imposed by nature.

Many thoughtful men at the North are now of the opinion that it would have been far better had the military control in the South been continued and the ballot withheld for a time, at least, from the freedman, and finally bestowed upon them by degrees. But that is a dead issue now.

As a special measure of procedure, the fifteenth amendment was in many respects harsh and cruel toward the white people of the South, but theoretically it was necessary to round out the Constitution of a representative republic, based on that equality of citizenship before the law which had already been foreshadowed by the thirteenth and fourteenth amendments.

We may well thank God that the South has recovered from the immediate shock of these rough post-bellum operations in political surgery. In comparison to the past—with its Civil war and its reconstruction—the

future can hold no terrors for us. Only let us act with wisdom and not lose what we have gained through our suffering.

The fifteenth amendment may, by negative acquiescence of the American people, become for a time a dead letter, but that three-fourths of the forty-five or more states will ever affirmatively repeal it for the purpose of allowing five or six southern states to withhold from our negro citizens, as a race, the right to ballot, is, to my mind, an hallucination too extreme for serious consideration.

If these post-bellum amendments of the Constitution bearing upon slavery shall ever be altered by future amendments, the alteration will be in the direction of placing under Federal control the entire subject of suffrage qualifications in all national and state elections. The unmistakable trend of our political and social development from the beginning of the Government has been toward the center, not away from it. The centripetal force has been stronger than the centrifugal force. Under a law of social gravitation all the parts have been drawn more intimately into one national unity.

To suppose that this national authority would of its own accord emasculate itself and surrender its own present consolidated power back to the former diverse elements from which it was wrested, would be to reverse every record of political history, and to ignore every lesson of political philosophy.

Indeed, when the resolution for the fifteenth amendment was under discussion in the Senate in 1869, an amendment to that resolution was offered to confer upon Congress the full power to prescribe the qualifications for voters and office-holders, both in the states and in the United States.

It was not adopted then because the time was not ripe. But we may accept it to be as certain as any future movement of this kind can be, that if the Constitution shall be amended on the subject of the suffrage that amendment will not restore lost power to the states, but will confer more power on the National Government. The less we agitate it the better.

We have now reached the stage in our discussion where we may best consider what is, to my mind, the most important factor in our problem, namely, the numerical relation of the whites and the blacks of the Southern States. Having the advantage in land-holdings and all other forms of wealth, in intellect, in racial pride and strength, our white supremacy can never be overthrown except by force of numbers. For many years after the war we could not rid ourselves of the apprehension that at some day in the future we might be borne down by numerical majorities. These fears were not wholly unfounded at that time.

In slavery, under the fostering care, as well as the commercial interest of the master, the negroes multiplied in a greater ratio than the whites. What effect would the new social order of freedom have on that ratio of increase? Was the Caucasian race of the South face to face with a pitiless force that might gradually but inevitably overwhelm it by sheer weight of numbers? If so, would that race yield, or would it adopt extreme measures for self-preservation? These were momentous and perturbing questions.

The census of 1870, coming first after the war, could give very little

basis for deduction of any sort. But when the census figures of 1880 were made known and were compared with those of 1870, that comparison revealed a most ominous situation. Three states, South Carolina, Mississippi and Louisiana, each had at that time an actual black majority, and the per cent of gain for the negroes in the southern group of states, as shown by the statistical experts, was far in excess of that of the whites, being 34.3, as against 27.5 per cent from all sources.

Judge Albion W. Tourgee, in his book, "An Appeal to Caesar," published in 1884, declared that in the year 1900 every state between Maryland and Texas would have a black majority.

Time has exposed the falsity of that prediction. Not one of those states between Maryland and Texas that had a white majority in 1880 had lost it in 1900. On the contrary, every such state increased its white majority, while South Carolina, from 1890 to 1900, reduced her negro majority by 2,412 and Louisiana in the same period changed a negro majority of 798 into a white majority of 78,818.

The white majority in the ten distinctively southern states was increased by 1,002,662 from 1890 to 1900. In the same period our white majority in Georgia rose from 119,542 to 146,481. In every southern state, except Mississippi, where peculiar conditions prevailed, the margin of safety for white supremacy, even on the basis of numbers, has increased.

These predictions of negro majorities were not confined to writers of fiction, like Judge Tourgee. Professor Gilliam, a statistician of high repute, announced that among the whites of the old slave states the rate of natural increase from 1870 to 1880 was 20 per cent, while that of the blacks in the same states was 35 per cent.

With these figures as a basis he reached the conclusion that the 6,000,000 of southern blacks in 1880 would increase to 12,000,000 in 1900. But when the census takers of 1900 had counted every colored man, woman and child in the whole United States, the total footed up only 8,383,994, which is 3,616,006 less than the professor had predicted would be found in the Southern States alone.

Judge Tourgee, using these percentages, given by Professor Gilliam, argued that all the conditions pointed to a greater discrepancy in the future.

But the census of 1900 shows that the rate of increase of the blacks in the South Atlantic states, where the conditions were most favorable, was only 14.3 per cent from 1890 to 1900, instead of 35 per cent as reported for a previous decade, while that of the whites stood substantially at its previous record of 20 per cent.

It is now an accepted fact that the census of 1870 did not give a complete enumeration of the negroes in the South, and this deficiency, by comparison with the more accurate census of 1880, necessarily showed a greater proportionate increase among the negroes than among the whites. It was this error in figures that lead to all these unfounded predictions, which for a time hung like a pall over the South.

But the census figures of 1890 and 1900 supplied the necessary data for a correct comparison. The resulting demonstration was that instead of the whites of the South being overwhelmed with a deluge of negroes,

the certainty of continued white supremacy has steadily increased with every decade.

One cause of this comparative decline of the negroes in numbers is to be found in the fact that they have no source of supply from immigration, while the whites are receiving constant accessions from other states and from foreign countries. This influx of whites comparatively small at present, will undoubtedly continue and become larger with our growing industrial prosperity, which was never on so firm a foundation as now. The completion of the Panama Canal will accelerate the development of our resources and give new impetus to white immigration, and thus help vastly in the solution of our problem.

A second cause of this comparative decline is that the death rate among the negroes is abnormally high. In typical southern cities, where the death rate among the whites stands at the moderate figures of 10 to 12 per 1,000, it reaches among the negroes from 20 to 25 per 1,000.

It has recently been asserted by some supposedly competent authorities that the death rate of the negroes is now probably in excess of their birth rate, so that an actual numerical decrease has set in, owing largely to the ravages of consumption and certain other diseases. Nature exacts obedience to her laws—she knows neither pity nor revenge.

Professor Wilcox, of Cornell University, and Professor Smith, of Tulane University, and others have undertaken a more far-reaching investigation into the census figures and facts of ethnological history, and have deduced therefrom the conclusion that "the negroes will continue to be a steadily smaller proportion of our population," and that in the course of time they will die out in America from inherent and natural causes.

Whether these extreme speculations—for they are speculations—are well founded or not, yet the established facts as to the relative increase of the races have a most important bearing on the solution of our problem. They show that this problem is not near so difficult as it was supposed to be twenty years ago, when false prophets were predicting white submergence.

And more important still, these facts show that the white people of the South, and especially of the State of Georgia, can now proceed to work out their racial problem on lines of justice to the negro, without imperilling white supremacy. Those fears which once appalled us, we may now dismiss, and let reason resume its sway.

If future years should develop enough race pride in the negroes to make them concentrate in one locality, they might gain ascendency there and give the world a practical demonstration of their capacity or incapacity as a race-force in civilization. But we see no clear signs of such a movement now, and Georgia, at least, is in no danger of being chosen as the Canaan for that sort of an experiment.

In seeking a solution of any difficult problem, the first step should be to eliminate the impossible schemes proposed, and then concentrate on some line of operation that is at least possible. We often hear the epigrammatic dictum that there are but three possible solutions of our race problem: Deportation, assimilation or annihilation. When we bring our sober senses to bear, all three of these so-called possibilities appear to be practical impossibilities. Not one of the three presents a working hypothesis. Physical facts, alone, prevent deportation. Physical facts, stressed by an ineradicable race pride, bar the way against assimilation. Physical facts, backed by our religion, our civilization, our very selves, forbid annihilation. We can not imitate Herod.

This much seems clear, beyond doubt, that the whites are going to stay in this Southland for all time, and so are the negroes going to stay here in greater or less proportions for generations to come. If, then, both races are to remain together, the plainly sensible thing for statesmen of this day to do is to devise the best modus vivendi, or working plan, by which the greatest good can be accomplished for ourselves and our posterity. We of this day are not expected to overload ourselves with the burden of settling all the problems of all future ages. If we take good care of the next few centuries, we may well be content to leave some matters to be attended to by our remote posterity—aided, of course, by Providence.

Over against that trinity of impossibilities—deportation, assimilation or annihilation—let us offer the simple plan of justice.

The first and absolutely essential factor in any working hypothesis at the South, so far as human ken can now foresee, is white supremacy—supremacy arising from present natural superiority, but based always on justice to the negro.

Those whose stock in trade is "hating the nigger" may easily gain some temporary advantage for themselves in our white primaries, where it requires no courage, either physical or moral, to strike those who have no power to strike back—not even with a paper ballot. But these men will achieve nothing permanent for the good of the state or of the nation by stirring up race passion and prejudice. Injustice and persecution will not solve any of the problems of the ages. God did not so ordain his universe.

Justly proud of our race, we refuse to amalgamate with the negro. Nevertheless, the negro is a human being, under the fatherhood of God, and consequently within the brotherhood of man—for these two relations are inseparably joined together. All soul-possessing creatures must be sons of God, and joint heirs of immortality.

Moreover, the negro is an American citizen, and is protected as such, by guarantees of the Constitution that are as irrepealable almost as the Bill of Rights itself. Nor, if such a thing as repealing these guarantees were possible, would it be wise for the South. Suppose we admit the oft reiterated proposition that no two races so distinct as the Caucasian and the negro can live together on terms of perfect equality; yet it is equally true that without some access to the ballot, present or prospective, some participation in the Government, no inferior race in an elective republic could long protect itself against reduction to slavery in many of its substantial forms—and God knows the South wants no more of that curse.

We have long passed the crisis of the disease brought on by the existence of slavery in the blood of the republic. Let us now build up the body politic in health and strength, and guard it against ever again being inoculated with a poison even remotely resembling that deadly virus. Sporadic cases of peonage have already developed in several states and

have been suppressed. Let us provide against every appearance of contagion.

One of the most serious difficulties about the solution of our problem is to be found in getting the dominant whites of the South to draw a proper discrimination between a laudable pride in our race, and an unworthy prejudice against the negro race. Prejudice of any sort is hostile to that sound judgment which the Creator gave us for our guide. Race prejudice presents this disturbing element in one of its most unreasoning forms. In violence it ranks next to religious fanaticism. The one is based on a supposed duty to God; the other on a supposed duty to one's race-blood. The deeper this sense of duty, the more hardened the mind against every appeal to reason. In persecuting the early Christians, Paul thought he was doing his duty to God. The men who hanged the witches in New England thought they were doing their duty.

So, perhaps, may think that ex-preacher, who in our own day has turned playwright, and calling to his aid all the accessories of the stage and all the realisms of the living drama, seeks to fan into flame the fiercest passions of the whites and blacks. His chief purpose, so far as one can logically deduce it, seems to be to force into immediate conflagration combustible materials, which his heated imagination tells him must burn sometime in the future. Apparently he chafes under the delay of Providence in bringing on the ghastly spectacle, and yearns to witness with his own eyes in the flesh that reign of hell on earth before his own redeemed soul is ushered into the calm, serene and gentle presence of him whose gospel of love and light he once preached to erring men.

If the true purpose of this reverend gentleman be to preserve the blood of our race in its purity by creating a sentiment against intermarriage of the whites and blacks, let him confine his play to Chicago and Boston and New York and Philadelphia and other like places, where some few of such marriages are said to occur. As for us in the South, we need no artificial stimulant to arouse our people against that sort of racial intermarriage. Our law forbids it, and that is one law no man or woman ever violates.

In this connection let us of the South realize the hard fact that the greatest obstacle to the preservation of the purity of the blood of our race, about which we hear so much in this day, was removed when slavery was abolished. That institution, as indisputable facts too plainly show, wrought much contamination of Caucasian blood.

In Virginia in 1630 a white man-servant was publicly flogged for consorting with a negro slave, and was required to make public confession of his guilt on the following Sabbath—but clearly the custom of flogging for that offense must soon have fallen into "innocuous desuetude."

In calmly considering now the situation that confronted our statesmen of the ante-bellum period, that which most astounds us is their apparent failure to foresee what would have been the inevitable consequence of an indefinite continuance of slavery in its effect on race purity and on relative race numbers. The ratio of increase of the negroes was far in excess of the whites. The great laboring middle class, which form the backbone of every nation's pluck and power, was fast migrating westward, and the remaining population was rapidly crystallizing into an

upper class of white slave holders and a lower class of negro slaves—the latter out-multiplying their masters in numbers. Another one hundred years of slavery would in all probability have doomed the South to absolute negro domination by mere weight of numbers whenever emancipation should come—and come it was sure to do at some time in the evolution of the elemental forces that were at work.

If there be a Providence who watches over the affairs of nations and "Slumbers not nor sleeps," we may say in all reverence that he would have made an almost inexcusable blunder if he had delayed much longer the abolition of slavery.

Social recognition of the true dignity of labor, which is so necessary to the growth of a vigorous and self-respecting middle class, could not be maintained in the presence of slavery where manual toil is so generally regarded as a badge of servitude.

When a subject people in the hard school of experience gradually assert themselves and evolve from within the physical, mental and spiritual forces that achieve their freedom, as did the Anglo-Saxons from under the yoke of their Norman conquerors, they come forth by natural growth prepared for the duties and responsibilities of self-government.

But the negro as a race had undergone no such process of evolution. His transportation from Africa to America and his transition from slavery to freedom were both the results of external impositions and not of internal development. The power came from without, not from within. He did not win his freedom. It was bestowed upon him.

Granting that he is only a backward member of the great human family, which as most evolutionists and Christians believe, is moving steadily on toward the distant goal of millennial perfection, yet we cannot fail to see that the negro race was suddenly projected forward into a stage of civilization many generations in advance of its own natural development.

Is it any wonder, then, that the negro as a race should not be altogether fitted to the laws and customs and political institutions of those among whom his lot was cast?

Again, is it any wonder that this advanced civilization should find it necessary at times to apply sterner penalties for the curbing of his savage instincts when he was freed from the accustomed control of his master?

Unfortunately, soon after emancipation, some of the worst specimens of the blacks began to commit an unpardonable crime. Instantly the white man placed over the door of his home, whether it were proud mansion or humble cabin, a warning more terrible in its meaning than that which Dante dreamed he saw over the gateway to hell: "Let the brute who enters here leave all hope behind." In the presence of that crime, men do not think, they only feel.

But how shall we fix bounds for those who rush madly outside the limits of the law? Lynching began with this and similar savage crimes. But, alas, where will they all end? Let us hope that these excesses of both races are merely incidental factors in our problem, and that they will soon diminish and eventually disappear.

Abhorrent as are the crimes of some degenerate members of the negro race, we southern people can never forget the simple faith and tragic

loyalty of those thousands of slaves who guarded and protected the women and children at home, while the men were at the front fighting to drive back an invading foe whose victory meant freedom to those slaves themselves.

Nor is there a total dearth of touching incidents in these latter days. Only about a year or so ago a negro military company from Savannah came marching in full array up Broadway in Augusta. In front of them, rising toward the sky in beautiful, artistic proportions, stood a marble monument erected by loving women to the dead Confederacy. At its base were statues of Lee and Jackson and Cobb and Walker, and lifted high up above them all on the top of the towering shaft stood the statue of a private Confederate soldier. No white military company, no camp of maimed Confederate veterans ever pass that monument without giving it the honor of a formal salute.

As the negro military comes nearer, one of the two gentlemen standing in the doorway of a building nearby says: "Let us watch now and see if those fellows will salute the Confederate monument." The other gentleman explains that no salute will be given because it will not occur to the commanding officer, but that the omission will not be intended as an affront. Scarcely are the words spoken when the negro captain, in clear, ringing tones that prove the sincerity of his tribute, gives the command to salute, and every black arm instantly obeys that command.

There was cheering among the white bystanders.

When the great Wade Hampton lay upon his death-bed he made his prayer: "God bless all my people—white and black—God bless them all."

While the issue of political control under the fifteenth amendment still confronted the Southern States, Mississippi, having the greatest negro majority, led off with her constitution of 1891 providing an educational qualification for voting. There being more illiterate blacks than illiterate whites in Mississippi, the necessary effect of this law was to promote white supremacy. But the law on its face did not discriminate against the negro on account of his race. It covered whites and blacks alike.

The Supreme Court of the United States promptly decided that this Mississippi law did not violate the Federal Constitution. What the effect of its practical administration has been need not now be discussed.

Other states followed with similar laws, based primarily on educational qualifications, but soon a proviso was evolved to preserve the ballot to illiterate whites. An honest administration of a suffrage law based on educational qualification would necessarily disfranchise a great many whites. Hence a proviso was devised to the effect that the educational qualification should not apply to any person, nor to the descendant of any person, who could have voted at some past date, say, for example, January 1, 1867, when negroes as a class were not allowed to vote. This proviso was popularly known as the "Grandfather clause," because under it a man otherwise disqualified might, so to speak, inherit the right of suffrage from his grandfather.

The manifest purpose of this clause was to nullify the educational requirement of the state law as to the whites, while leaving it in full force as to the negroes, and in this way to get around the fifteenth amendment of the Federal Constitution, which forbids discrimination on account of race.

The Supreme Court of the United States has gone as far as any one could have expected it to go in upholding the reserved rights of the states on the subject of suffrage. But that court has never directly nor indirectly sanctioned the validity of any suffrage law containing the Grandfather clause, or any other clause based on the same principle.

Whenever the Supreme Court shall take judicial notice, as it will do, of the historical fact that on the date selected for the Grandfather clause to begin to operate, say January 1, 1867, the negroes as a class had no right to vote, or when that undeniable or easily proven fact is made to appear by evidence, this device of the Grandfather clause must fall of its own crookedness. A preference to one race is necessarily the legal equivalent of a discrimination against the other race.

It will mark a new departure in American constitutional law when the right to vote is made inheritable from the non-transmissible attributes of an ancestor instead of being based on the personal attributes of the voter.

It will mark a still further departure in judicial construction when the Supreme Court finds in this new doctrine a legal justification for sanctioning the race discrimination forbidden by the fifteenth amendment.

The Mississippi law, the only one ever squarely considered and directly construed by the Supreme Court, 170 U. S. 213, does not contain the Grandfather clause. That was a device of later invention.

The case of Giles v. Harris, 189 U. S. 475, involving the Alabama law, was dismissed in the Supreme Court for want of jurisdiction in the lower court—but Justices Brewer, Brown and Harlan dissented in vigorous terms.

The latest case, of Jones v. Montague, 194 U. S. 147, involving the Virginia law, was dismissed because the act sought to be enjoined—the issuing of certificates of elections, etc., to members of Congress—had already been done, and the congressmen had taken their seats before the case was reached in the Supreme Court.

Indeed, it is no secret that those lawyers who undertake to defend these disfranchisement enactments place their chief reliance in the technical difficulties of getting the merits of the question before the Supreme Court. It goes without saying, however, that lawyers can be found to surmount those technical difficulties, and at the bar of the Supreme Court confront the "Grandfather" clause of the state constitutions with the "anti-race discrimination" clause of the Federal Constitution.

The result scarcely admits of a doubt.

What, then, shall we, as Georgians and Americans, true to our own great state, and true to the greater nation of which it is a part, say of the movement which is now being so freely discussed, and which has seemingly gained some headway, to so amend our state constitution as to disfranchise the negroes as a race?

We have read in the public press repeated statements that prominent leaders are openly announcing their intention to "disfranchise the negro," and promising to "eliminate him from politics." Not only so,

but they further promise to accomplish that end through a so-called educational qualification or understanding clause, and at the same time not to deprive a single white man of his ballot, no matter how illiterate or ignorant he may be.

I might hesitate here and now, even at the last moment, to proceed further with the discussion of this branch of my subject if the facts as to intentions and methods, as I have just stated them, were at all in dispute. But as I understand it, there is no disposition to deny them—rather, an increasing boldness in asserting them. Therefore, we may quite properly, it seems to me, proceed to draw some necessary deductions from those admitted facts as they bear on the law and morals of the situation.

How, then, are these two purposes, to put out all the negroes and put in all the whites, to be accomplished in the face of the prohibition of the fifteenth amendment? Clearly, it cannot be done by open avowal in the body of the law, because in that event the law would convict itself in any court in the land. How, then, is this avowed purpose to be accomplished? Pardon me, my friends, but let us face the truth; the scheme must be to disfranchise the negro by a fraudulent administration of the law. In no other way is it possible to produce the promised results. Legislative ingenuity must be backed up by administrative fraud—else the avowed purpose cannot be accomplished.

It must be admitted that the machinery of the proposed law could be easily perverted to fraudulent purposes. Before a citizen can register to vote he is to be required to read and explain, or to be able to understand, any paragraph of the state constitution. Now we lawyers all know that there are some parts of our constitution that the Supreme Court judges themselves have never been able fully to explain—even granting that they understand them all. But who are to judge of this explanation or understanding? The registrars, of course. Suppose the most learned explanation could be given, who will vouch that the registrars themselves will understand it, or will accept it as satisfactory?

Of course, the officers of registration are to be white. An easy paragraph for a white applicant; a difficult paragraph for a negro applicant; the acceptance of any sort of an explanation from a white applicant; the rejection of any sort of an explanation from a negro applicant—there you have the hidden cards with which the game of cheat is to be played. And it is on this miserable, barefaced scheme of fraud that our proud and noble people are asked to rest their safety and their civilization.

How long do the advocates of this method of disfranchisement think they can expose their purpose to the political eye and keep it concealed from the judicial eye? How long can they proclaim it on the hustings and hush it in the courthouse?

Referring to one of these laws, a learned commentator on our Supreme Court decisions has said: "If in the light of their history and conditions and the avowed purpose of the authors of the laws, their objects are clothed in statutes so worded that the real designs are not expressed in terms, the situation would seem to be one to require the court to reason from cause to effect."

The court, in construing the fourteenth amendment (118 U. S. 356) has said: "Though the law itself be fair on its face and impartial in appearance, yet if it be applied and administered by public authority with an *evil eye and an unequal hand* so as practically to make unjust and unequal discriminations between persons in similar circumstances, material to their rights, the denial of equal justice is still within the prohibition of the Constitution."

Nor can escape be found in that line of decisions by the Supreme Court to the effect that the prohibition of the fifteenth amendment applies to state action and not to acts of private citizens. The registrars who are to enforce this disfranchisement law are officers and agents of the state. The Supreme Court (100 U. S. 339) have further said: "Whoever by virtue of his public position under a State government, deprives another of life, liberty or property without due process of law, or denies or takes away the equal protection of the law, violates the inhibition of the fourteenth amendment, and as he acts in the name of, and for, the State and is clothed with her power, *his act is her act.*"

The same principle of responsibility will be applied to the registrars under this disfranchisement law. Their acts will be the acts of the state, and will consequently come within the prohibition of the fifteenth amendment, and will also be within the jurisdiction of the Federal courts, where alleged violations of the law will be tried.

But aside from these legal aspects of the matter, let us ask ourselves if there is not a more serious practical difficulty to be overcome. These registrars, as officers, must take the usual oath to perform their duties impartially under the law. Let us put the plain, blunt question: How many counties in Georgia can be relied on to furnish three citizens for registrars who will agree in advance to violate their solemn oaths? Will not honest men point at them the finger of scorn?

The great John C. Calhoun sought to nullify a Federal statute law on the tariff by state action because he believed it to be in violation of the Federal Constitution, which he loved and honored.

But these latter day nullifiers are seeking to nullify the Federal Constitution by a state law—no, not by a state law itself, but by the fraudulent administration of a state law. No power on earth could have made Mr. Calhoun stoop to such chicanery—he was fashioned in a nobler mold. What a contrast between the great nullifier and these little nullifiers!

The abuses to which the broad discretionary powers of the registrars under these disfranchisement laws might be carried in times of fierce partisan politics are absolutely unlimited. We need not flatter ourselves that white men will never be the victims of such abuses. When moral character is once defiled and fraud seeks its own selfish ends, it will not stop at the color line.

There can be no legal objection, whenever the public necessity requires it, to establishing a reasonable educational qualification for voters, provided that qualification is fairly and honestly applied. But if this educational qualification for voters, provided that qualification is to be used as a fraudulent subterfuge to disfranchise the negro, then there is another very serious consequence which will necessarily follow.

If by appeals to race prejudice and fear these negro disfranchisers establish the educational test in fulfillment of their promise to "elimi-

nate the negro from politics," then of necessity these same leaders and their followers must recognize that from their point of view it is not the ignorant but the educated negroes who will be the most dangerous political enemies of the whites.

The question will at once arise, why should the white people create dangerous political enemies by allowing the negroes to be educated? Why not "eliminate them from politics" by keeping them in ignorance? There is no escape from the logic of this argument if the premise be correct. Thus we would find ourselves committed to the degrading policy of enforcing ignorance on a weaker race, with its attendant results of peonage and semi-slavery, from which all good men would pray for deliverance.

Even now there are signs of a movement in Georgia to give the negro schools only that pittance of money arising from the negro's taxes. A law to that effect has already been declared invalid by the State Court in North Carolina (94 N. C. 709); also by the State Court in Kentucky (83 Ky. 49); and also by the Federal Court in three decisions from Kentucky (16 Fed. R. 297, 23 Fed. R. 634, and 72 Fed. R. 689).

In our own state a bill to the same effect was passed in 1888 for a local school system, and Gov. John B. Gordon, while Hon. Clifford Anderson was attorney general, vetoed it on the ground that it was against sound policy and a violation of the constitution of the state and the United States.

There is nothing in the decision of our State Supreme Court in the Eatonton case (80 Ga. 755) nor in the Richmond County High School case (103 Ga. 641) to sustain the proposition that the common school funds of the state, or of any subdivision of the state, can be divided between the races in proportion to the property or taxes of each. On the contrary, in the latter case, our State Court said: "So far as the record discloses, both races have the same facilities of attending them" (the free common schools). And the United States Supreme Court, in reviewing this Georgia case (175 U. S. 528), say it is an admitted principle of law that the "benefits and burdens of public taxation must be shared by citizens without discrimination against any class on account of their race."

Along this same line spoke Gov. Charles J. Jenkins, known to Georgians as the "Noblest Roman of Them All," when he took the chair as president of the Constitutional Convention of 1877. He said:

"I utter no caution against class legislation or discrimination against our citizens of African descent. I feel a perfect assurance that there is no member of this body who would propose such action, and if there were, he would soon find himself without a following."

These are the words of a high-minded statesman—not of a time-serving politician. There are many differences between these two types of public men. One difference is that a politician seeks to find out what public opinion is and hastens to follow it, while a statesman seeks to find out what public opinion ought to be and helps to mold it.

Our late Chancellor Hill, whose untimely death is so deeply deplored by us all, belonged to that higher class of molders of public opinion. By example, as well as by precept, he led the way to the nobler ends of life.

Surely nothing but the direst necessity of self-preservation could

induce any people to resort to such suffrage expedients as are now being proposed to the people of Georgia. Nothing less than an impending overthrow of white civilization by negro domination could excuse such extreme measures. But if our discussion has shown anything, it has shown that Georgia is not now in danger of negro domination.

One argument that is being pressed upon our people is that Georgia should follow the example of other southern states that have passed similar disfranchisement laws. But let us ask, why should Georgia follow them? Is there anything in their examples on this subject worthy of our imitation? If their necessities compelled such questionable action, let us sympathize with them in their extremity. But let us not imitate them when no such necessity besets us. Did not Georgia first redeem herself after reconstruction? Has she not kept abreast of her sister states in material, intellectual and moral progress? Is she not still the Empire State of the South? What state can show a cleaner official record for thirty years? Rather let Georgia continue to lead in wise and conservative statesmanship. On all fundamental questions our white people are sufficiently united in thought and purpose to come together in a solid phalanx if the negroes should ever return to the ballot box in sufficient numbers on one side of an issue to jeopardize the public safety.

As a legal means of maintaining white supremacy, no plan yet devised approaches in effectiveness our party primary system, in combination with the cumulative poll tax provision of the constitution.

Whatever may be the final political status of the negro, we are now undeniably in a transition stage of evolution. It is scarcely conceivable that the conditions created by the disfranchisement laws of some Southern States can be permanent. If the battle for supremacy between those laws and the Federal Constitution proves victorious, as it is very apt to do, then the entire electoral system of these states may have to be changed.

On the other hand, Georgia, through her superior statesmanship, has put herself in a position of safety, ready to take advantage of whatever hopeful developments the future may unfold. She has violated no Federal law. She has maintained white supremacy with the least possible friction, and can continue to so maintain it.

Not only is this campaign against the negro unnecessary and unjust, but it is most inopportune at this juncture. When every county in the state is calling loudly for more labor to serve the household and till the fields and develop our resources, why should we seek to enact more oppressive laws against the labor we now have?

We do not know what shifting phases this vexing race problem may assume, but we may rest in the conviction that its ultimate solution must be reached by proceeding along the lines of honesty and justice. Let us not in cowardice or in want of faith needlessly sacrifice our higher ideals of private and public life. Race differences cannot repeal the moral law.

What is this thing we call the moral law? Is it a mere weak sentiment, suitable only for children and preachers and Sunday school teachers? Or is it the fiat of Nature and Nature's God, commanding obedience from all men under the sanction of inevitable penalties? We will

waive all questions as to weight of authority, and reason out the matter for ourselves.

Whence come our morals or ethical conceptions? Briefly let us summarize:

First: The theological school rests the foundation of morals on divine commandment or revelation, which quickens the conscience.

God spake through Moses, the prophets and the Christ.

Second: The psychological school traces the source of morals to an instinct or sense that is innate in the mind itself—the conscience.

The philosopher and metaphysician, Immanuel Kant, reasoned back to his celebrated postulate of a "categorical imperative" call to duty.

Third: The utilitarian school evolves morals from human experience, sanctioning as "good" or "right" that conduct which has proven beneficial, and condemning as "bad" or "wrong" that conduct which has proven injurious, thus creating and developing the conscience by successive stages of experimental knowledge.

Herbert Spencer thus evolved his system of utilitarian ethics till it almost flowered out in the beauty of the "Golden Rule."

Professor Huxley, discussing the scientific doctrine of causation, says: "The safety of morality lies in a real and living belief in that fixed order of nature which sends social disorganization upon the track of immorality as surely as it sends physical disease after physical trespassers."

It is not necessary for us to determine how much of truth there is in each of these schools of thought. Enough for us to know that all three reach substantially the same conclusion as to right rules of conduct for men. By different routes they arrive at the same goal. In reasoning they are three; in acting they are one. Here is a subject on which religion and science are in full accord, namely, that the moral law is the wisest rule of human conduct.

So much for the individual man.

Now, does the same moral law apply to states and nations as well as to individuals and another for aggregations of individuals? Can we practice fraud as a collective body of citizens and still preserve our personal integrity as individual citizens?

We might quote Mr. Jefferson as an authority for the doctrine that "Moral duties are as obligatory on nations as on individuals." But again let us waive authority and reason out our own conclusions. We will test the question by the standards of the three schools of thought first named.

If we assume that the theological school is correct, it is manifest that there cannot be a code of public morals different in principle from the code of private morals. God must deal with individuals and nations alike, because the former are the responsible units of the latter.

If we assume that the psychological school is correct it is equally manifest that the conscience, being an innate mental quality, cannot reverse its action by changing from private to public capacity, from individual to collective functions.

If we assume that the utilitarian school is correct, it ought to be equally as clear that the rule of conduct which experience has proven to be beneficial as between individuals is also beneficial as between states under like conditions.

It is true that aggregation of individuals, by reason of divided responsibility, do not usually act up to the code of morals recognized by single individuals. That historical fact shows the imperfection of our past civilization, and calls upon us for better work in the future. No one accepts the condition as permanent or satisfactory. The great task of civilization, the dearest hope of philosophers and noble-minded statesmen, is to constantly improve that condition and bring nations more under the sway of the moral law. Though perfection be unattainable, every step is progress.

In proportion as international intercourse becomes more free will a code of international ethics, based on a code of personal ethics, be developed to the immeasurable advantage of all concerned. Such is the doctrine underlying The Hague Tribunal, which has already done so much for the peace of the world.

One of the noblest tributes ever paid to Gladstone was that he had applied the moral law to British politics.

It was Aristides, surnamed the Just—a brave soldier, a successful general, a man of sound practical judgment, not a mere dreamer—who, when named by the Athenians to consider a secret plan, suggested by Themistocles, to gain naval supremacy for Athens by burning the ships of her allies, reported against the unscrupulous scheme and said: "What Themistocles proposes might be to your present advantage, but O Athenians, it is not just."

Speaking of the ideal, universal, moral code, one of the least sentimental of modern scientific writers says: "Although its realization may lie in the unseen future, civilization must hold fast to it, if it would be any more than a blind natural process; and it is certainly the noblest function of social science to point out the wearisome way along which mankind, dripping with blood, yet pants for the distant goal."

Another deep thinker, summing up the facts of history and the reasonings of philosophers, says: "That the moral law is the unchanging law of social progress in human society is the lesson which appears to be written over all things."

The foundation of the moral law is justice. Let us solve the negro problem by giving the negro justice and applying to him the recognized principles of the moral law.

This does not require social equality. It does not require that we should surrender into his inexperienced and incompetent hands the reins of political government. But it does require that we recognize his fundamental rights as a man, and that we judge each individual according to his own qualifications, and not according to the lower average characteristics of his race. Political rights cannot justly be withheld from those American citizens of an inferior or backward race who raise themselves up to the standard of citizenship which the superior race applies to its own members.

It is true that the right of suffrage is not one of those inalienable rights of man, like life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, as enumerated in the Declaration of Independence, but the right of exemption from

discrimination in the exercise of suffrage on account of race, is one of the guaranteed constitutional rights of all American citizens.

We of the South are an integral part of this great country. We should stand ready to make every sacrifice demanded by honor and permitted by wisdom to remove the last vestige of an excuse for the perpetuation of that spirit of sectionalism which excludes us from the full participation in governmental honors to which our brain and character entitles us.

Let us respect the national laws to the limit of endurance, and if that limit should be passed, let us resort to some means of redress more typical of southern manhood than fraudulent subterfuge. The future material prosperity of the South is already assured. Let us resolve that there shall remain ingrained in the moral fiber of our New South the high character of our Old South—which can best be described in the memorable words of Edmund Burke as "that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor which felt a stain like a wound."

We cannot afford to sacrifice our ideas of justice, of law and of religion for the purpose of preventing the negro from elevating himself. If we wish to preserve the wide gap between our race and his in the onward progress of civilization, let us do it by lifting ourselves up, not by holding him down.

If, as some predict, the negro in the distant future must fail and fall by the wayside in the strenuous march of the nations, let him fall by his own inferiority, and not by our tyranny. Give him a fair chance to work out what is in him.

Carl McKinley, that brilliant and noble-hearted author of "An Appeal to Pharaoh," who advocated so earnstly and so eloquently the impracticable policy of deportation, declared himself on this subject as follows:

"We should have learned by this time, moreover, that we cannot treat the negro with injustice, however disguised, without sharing the consequences with him. * * * It would be a foul wrong to beat him back in his upward struggle, and consign him to a lower plane and establish him on it."

If the negro as a race is to be disfranchised regardless of the personal qualifications of meritorious individual members of that race, consider for a moment some of the changes we must make in many of the fundamental doctrines lying at the base of our Government. The revised version of our political bible would have to read somthing like this: "No taxation without representation—except as to negroes"; "all men are created equal—except as to negroes."

Some modern critics seriously suggest that we should amend that paragraph of the Declaration of Independence which asserts the equal rights of men, so as to adjust it more accurately to historical and scientific facts. But that epoch-making document needs no alteration upon the subject of human rights when interpreted as it was intended to be interpreted by the man who drafted it. Mark you, Mr. Jefferson did not write "All men are born free," as the quotation is sometimes given. That looser language is found in the constitution of Massachusetts, not in the Declaration of Independence. Such an assertion would have been disproved by the historical fact of slavery then existing. What Mr. Jefferson wrote was: "All men are created equal." That is to say, not equal in exterior circumstances, nor in physical or mental attributes, but equal in the sight of God and just human law, in their inalienable rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Americans want no recantation of that declaration. It is the political corollary of the Christian doctrine of the justice and the Fatherhood of God. Let it stand as it was penned by Jefferson, and the ennobling, even though unattainable, ideal demanded by the spiritual nature of man—one of these ideals that have done more to lift up humanity and to build up civilization than all the gold from all the mines of all the world.

Lucian Lamar Knight: "Lee's Old War Horse"

[This address was delivered before the Alumni Society of the State University at Athens, on June 16, 1908, and was a defense of Lieut.-Gen. James Longstreet before the bar of public opinion. After a residence of two years in Southern California, Mr. Knight returned to Georgia for the purpose of making this address and to attend a reunion of his class on the twentieth anniversary of his graduation. Notwithstanding the popular odium which still attached to General Longstreet, the address was received by the large audience with enthusiastic applause. It is herewith reproduced by request of its editors. Said Mr. Knight:]

Mr. President, Members of the Alumni Society, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The rumbling of the cataract was music to MacGregor's ear. But he knew from the perfume of the heather-bells that he was on his highland hills. I thank you for this welcome home. It is said of Goldsmith's Traveler that he "dragged with each remove a lengthening chain;" and if I have wandered somewhat widely over land and sea since last I stood within these walls, it has only been to resist the charm of distant illusions and to realize that, in all the world, there is no state like Georgia, no people like Georgians, and, especially when waked by the Athenian harp, no music like "Home, Sweet Home." What changes have occurred since, twenty years ago, I donned the toga virilis and started out "to catch Dame Fortune's golden smile"! What miracles of brick and mortar have been wrought amid these classic shades! The wand of enchantment is at once suggested; and did I not realize too well that I had been laboring beyond the Rockies, I might almost fancy I had been dreaming in the Catskills.

But one face remains unaltered. Like the queen who loved a Roman, "age cannot wither" the Maid of Athens! It was the feat of Joshua, in the Valley of Ajalon, to make the sun stand still for four and twenty hours. But she has made the sun stand still for four and twenty years. The gold still ripples through her hair with the perennial flow of Tennyson's "Brook"; and, if she even hints of time, it is only in the vernal suggestions of the May. So potent is the spell of beauty's wand that the moonlight falls again upon the water, while across the barren waste of all the years I can hear an ardent sophomore exclaim: "O, Byron, lend me your lover's harp that I may pour into her listening ear your liquid Greek—

"Zoa mou sas agapo!"

Brethren of the alumni, when I received your invitation I was on the distant slopes of the Pacific. Three thousand mile-posts, stretching between Avalon and Athens, admonished me to stay. The Golden West held me in a magic charm. The ocean breezes whispered "Stay!" The fleet of Admiral Evans thundered "Stay!" But, above them all and sweeter than all, I could hear my alma mater's voice calling in the memories of "auld lang syne." With the speed of Lochinvar I have come out of the West to show how paltry are three thousand miles of continent to one whose journey is bounded by the hills to the Oconee. If only to meet the boys of '88, it is like exchanging the sirocco breath of the desert for the Beulah-air of the delectable mountains! Besides, not only at commencement, but on any day in the year, it is worth a trip from the farthest outpost of Uncle Sam to be, if only for an hour, the unworthy but not the unwelcome guest of Uncle Dave. (Chancellor Barrow.)

It was the eve of Appomattox. In the flickering light of Lee's campfire beside the Rappahannock reclined the familiar figures of two matchless Georgians. The younger, upon his cheek-bone, displayed the leaden autograph of Sharpsburg. The elder, upon his neck and shoulder, bore the scars of the Wilderness, and on his thigh the wounds of Chapultapec. Both trusted lieutenants of the great Lee, they had fought upon a hundred fields of battle and, like Henry of Navarre, had mingled in the thickest of the fight. Together they had ridden upon the field of Manassas. Together they had stormed the heights of Fredericksburg. Together they had faced the fires of Chickamauga; and now, upon the morrow, they were both to clutch the drooping colors and to lead the war-worn legions to the last charge.

But, in more than one sense, they had come to a parting of the ways. Equally courageous, equally honest, equally beloved of Lee, it was, nevertheless, the strange decree of Fate that henceforth these two figures were to move in lines widely divergent; but to each of them, with prophetic symbolism, the crackling fagots supplied a torch. For the one, it was to light a flame upon the beacon hills. For the other, it was to kindle the Chaldean furnace in which a prophet of the exile was to suffer. But if the white light of distinction revealed no blot upon the bright escutcheon of the one, so likewise of the other may it be affirmed that the burning ordeal left no smell of fire upon his garments. Forty years elapse; then both are called. Together they quit the world, in hours so closely linked that the same January moon which bent its bow of promise for the one filled its golden horns of plenty for the other. But emblematic of the varied fortunes which had followed them, even to the graveside, one closed his eyes beneath the fronded palms of Florida, while the other breathed his last, amid snow and ice, beneath the mountain cedars of his own state. In the years which have since come and gone, Georgia, upon her capitol grounds, has lifted an equestrian statue to the younger of the twain; and she honors herself in honoring the Chevalier Bayard of the Confederacy, for he bore the talismanic name of John B. Gordon. The hero of Appomattox deserves the bronze memorial. Let it catch the sunbeams till the day-spring is extinguished. But lame-footed justice will limp in Georgia until another figure on horseback is seen upon her capitol grounds to commemorate the prowess of Lee's old war-horse, the gallant commander of the First Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, James Longstreet.

Brethren of the alumni, it is the duty of scholars to weigh the facts of history. Unless we have been suckled in vain at the Juno-breast of our alma mater, we will give ourselves with impartial minds to the quest of truth; and, let the result be what it may, we will face it in the spirit of the old adage: *Ruat coelum justicia fiat!* Before the bar of public opinion, I am here today to plead the cause of an old soldier who sleeps mantled in the Confederate gray; who, with honest convictions, took an unpopular course during the days of reconstruction; who, refusing to recant, died unwept and unforgiven; but who, in the long reach of the reconciling years, will yet find the reversal of judgment which will convert obloquy into honor. It is in no spirit of impertinent intermeddling that I have stepped into this forum of appeal. I am not an alien. I do not come to you today speaking the unfamiliar patois of some foreign tongue. Like the disciple's Galilean accent, my speech betrayeth me. I was born upon the soil of Georgia. For more than a hundred years my people have known no other home. They sleep upon every hill and by every stream. I am, therefore, a Georgian, to the manner born; and, touching the law, a democrat. On the far side of the continent, I have spent the weary years of an exile. There I have looked upon scenes which made me dream of Paradise; but, lulled only by the memories of home and deaf to the siren voices of the sunset sea, I have given heart and pen and brain to Georgia. May I not, then, without offense, speak at Georgia's university to Georgia's conscience, of one who, on the Blue Ridge slopes, now fills a Georgian's grave and who, amid the belching fires, bore a Georgian's sword to battle?

Success in life is not invariably foreshadowed by commencement honors. Longstreet won no laurels at West Point. Out of a class of sixty-two, he graduated sixtieth. But the record made by General Grant was little better, for we find his name more than half way down the list. Henry Grady used to say that he and Judge Hammond led the class of '68; that Judge Hammond led it on the advance and that he led it on the retreat. Such cases are by no means rare. Men of action, even though college graduates, are often deficient in the technicalities of scholarship. Dull text-books made no appeal to Longstreet. His real alma mater was the field of battle. He delighted in horsemanship, in sword-tilts, in military maneuvers, in feats of physical prowess, in whatever suggested the actualities of combat. For the reason that he was a backward scholar, it was only with the rank of a second lieutenant that he entered the Mexican war. But watch him amid the battle's smoke. Ere many rounds of shot have been fired, he is well at the front and, high above the horizon, in full view of the whole American army, blazes the serene light of Longstreet's rising star.

But the greatest trophy of this campaign has escaped the historian. It often happens that within the uniform of the soldier beats the heart of the lover; and one of the romantic incidents of the Mexican war tells how the young West Pointer captured the first Mrs. Longstreet. Perhaps there was more than one youthful officer in the trenches who boasted a sweetheart among the Virginia mountains. Indeed, it is safe to say

that there were hundreds who knuckled to Highland Mary while still bidding defiance to Santa Ana. One of these was Longstreet. Throughout the Mexican campaign Longstreet served immediately under General Garland, an intrepid old fighter, from the State of Virginia; and among the belongings of General Garland was an attractive daughter, to whom this Georgia youth had for some time been paying his respects. If he indited no sonnets to Laura he at least wooed her with all the ardor of Petrarch; and finally everything was settled—everything except the paternal consent. Between the Longstreets and the Garlands there existed no feudal enmity of the Verona type; but our belted Romeo was too shrewd a tactician to broach the subject of matrimony too soon to his prospective father-in-law. He did not wish to jeopardize a treasure far dearer to him than was the dowered daughter of the Capulets. He preferred to wait for an opportune moment. This came at the storming of Chapultapec. Longstreet was among the wounded; but it mitigated his sufferings to foreshadow the results. He now resolved to ask the old general for his daughter's hand. However, when the invalid was ready to leave the hospital, General Garland was in Virginia. This meant a delay, but, somewhat relieved to escape an interview which he secretly dreaded, he resolved to approach General Garland at once by letter. It was like Napoleon asking for the Royal Princess of the House of Hapsburg.

"Can I have Marie Louise?" he asked. "Yes," came the answer in due time, like an echo of his own voice, "you can."

Six months later, under the Virginia honeysuckles, the nuptial knot was tied. It was an ideal love-match. For more than forty years the first Mrs. Longstreet continued to be a faithful helpmeet to the brave officer, to whom she had plighted her maiden troth. Though other hearts were fated to change in the years to come, hers ever wore the unaltered faith of happier days, and he was strong to suffer and patient to endure because, on her withered lips, to the very last, still lingered the bridal accents of the old "I love you!" Nor was she who today survives him less devoted; and of the second Mrs. Longstreet it may be said that if this gentle Georgia woman was denied the privilege of sharing his victorious noontide, it was still the office of her devoted wifehood to kindle the tranquil starlight of his evening skies and to close in death the eyelids of the old war horse that, on Georgia's hills, he might sleep in peace till the morning comes again.

At the sound of the tocsin in 1861, Longstreet left the United States army and gave his sword to the Confederate cause. He was made at once a brigadier-general and, riding upon the field at Blackburn's Ford, he organized the troops for the first battle of Manassas. Following the fight at Fredericksburg, which was won by his quick strategy in seizing the hills, he was again promoted; and upon the organization of the Army of Northern Virginia he was put in command of the invincible First Corps of Lee's immortal legions. The cadet whose record at West Point barely earned him a diploma was at last the undisputed leader of the class of 1842 upon the field of battle, and in the opinion of all the military critics one of the greatest soldiers in the greatest war of modern times. At the head of his famous corps, he was in all the historic battles, from Manassas to Appomattox. If there was hard fighting to be done, it fell to the lot of Longstreet's corps. If there was some perilous expedition to be undertaken, some stronghold to be guarded or some height to be stormed, it fell to the lot of Longstreet's corps. Without the least exaggeration, Longstreet's corps became the synonym of death and terror to the enemy; and, whether upon the banks of the Rappahannock or in the tangles of the Wilderness or on the red ramparts of Gettysburg, the fame of the old war horse was the nightmare of the northern bivouac and the Federal soldier trembled when Longstreet's name was told.

But there is still another trait to which the old soldier could rightfully lay claim. He is said to have been slow; but he possessed the peculiar knack of arriving on time. Take, for example, the second battle of Manassas. It will be remembered that before this famous engagement took place, Pope and Lee were facing each other on the banks of the Rappahannock. Detached from the main army, Stonewall Jackson sought to gain the Union rear by cutting across the mountains. It was one of his favorite maneuvers, and he proceeded to accomplish it in Stonewall Jackson's way. He forced Pope to turn squarely around, and Pope, thinking he had only Jackson to face at Manassas, expected to make quick work of the Confederate columns by changing front. But he failed to reckon upon the approach of Longstreet.

In order to join Stonewall Jackson at the critical moment, it was necessary to thread the dangerous defile of Thoroughfare Gap. The utmost vigilance was required, but Longstreet was the man to accomplish the perilous enterprise. To show the alertness which was needed to detect the wiles of the Federals, it may be well to cite an incident: While the long columns were moving on through the mountains, the brigades in front were suddenly observed to halt. Perplexed at the unexpected interruption, Longstreet rode hurriedly to the front to be told that a courier from General Lee had brought orders to proceed no further. The shrewd intuitions of the commanding officer detected at once some ruse of the enemy, and he asked for the bearer of the message. The individual sought could still be seen dimly through the intervening thickets. Horsemen were sent in hot pursuit and he was soon arrested and brought before Longstreet. Found on examination to be a spy, he was given ten minutes in which to prepare for an exchange of worlds. Whereupon it was learned that he had been intent for months upon the discovery of important secrets in the Confederate camps. But he had played his last game, and when the long columns resumed the tiresome march toward Manassas, the figure of a man, swinging from the limb of a tree, told of the swift justice which had been meted to the late informant. It was time to sight the polar bear on the equatorial belt when Longstreet was caught napping in the saddle.

But Jackson's corps in the meantime was waiting in painful suspense for Longstreet's arrival. Initial success had been achieved, but at nightfall Pope had commenced to wheel his gigantic columns. Eighteen thousand Confederates against 70,000 Federals meant drooping folds for the flag of Dixie unless re-enforcements in good time should come upon the scene. But Jackson felt that he could implicitly rely upon Longstreet. All night long the exhausted fighters lay sleepless in the

Virginia starlight catching at every faint breath of air that rippled the forest solitudes. None of the subalterns expected anything but death. They knew that Lee was far away across the mountains. They believed that Jackson was invincible against ordinary odds, but unless some miracle was wrought, they hardly dared to hope that he could stem the tide of blood. Col. Nat Harris, who participated in the fight, has described the fearful anxiety which filled the hearts of the Confederate troops when the morning dawned upon the eventful day of the battle. He says that the brave boys in gray, realizing that an awful death grapple was at hand, stood almost speechless in the cold chill of the early dawn, but suddenly the boom of a cannon was heard in the hazy distance, coming from the direction of Thoroughfare Gap, some fifteen miles off. Then a mighty shout arose along the whole line, rising higher and higher like a southern tornado, and these words shaped themselves out from the echoes in the hills: "Hurrah, boys, hurrah! That's Longstreet's bull dogs barking. We're all right now."

James Longstreet, at the close of the Civil war, was the most widely known, if not indeed the most truly beloved, of all the surviving palladins of Lee. Both in the numerical order of his corps and in the date of his commission as lieutenant-general, he outranked the great high priest of battle, Stonewall Jackson. Not even Lee's right arm, made nerveless in the forest glooms of Chancellorsville, could surpass Lee's old war horse. It was universally conceded that of all the Confederate marshals who rode at the head of the gray battalions and plunged into the sulphurous smoke of the bloody arbitrament, not one of them eclipsed Longstreet in the heroic illustration which he gave to the chivalrous traditions of the Southland. He possessed the bugle-horn of Roderick Dhu and the battle-fire of Marmion. More than once the tide of battle was victoriously turned by Longstreet's timely arrival upon the scene of action, when it seemed as if Achilles at the head of the Myrmidons had come to the rescue of the Greeks. See him at Second Manassas, hastening to the relief of Stonewall Jackson in the gray twilight of the early dawn and converting the anticipated victory of General Pope into a nightmare of disastrous defeat. See him again at Chickamauga, wheeling around the bend in the bloody lane to the re-enforcement of Bragg, pouring the red hail of the inferno into the receding ranks of the dismayed adversary and driving the Federal columns under Cook and Crittenden to the very base of Lookout Mountain beyond the plain of Chattanooga. In whatever corps of the army it was the lot of the Confederate soldier to serve, he reveled in the story of Longstreet's prowess; he thrilled at the mention of Longstreet's name. The trusted lieutenant of his great commander-in-chief, it was Longstreet who shared the most intimate councils and executed the most difficult orders of Lee, never once to be censured by the stainless chieftain whom he served. If there was an officer of troop in all the army who was idolized by the southern soldier and dreaded by the northern foeman, from the palms of Mexico to the snows of Canada, it was the intrepid commander of the gallant First Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Such was the man who, at the last pathetic council of war on the banks of the Rappahannock, could look back upon his long career of

service on the field of battle without finding upon his laurels one solitary stain or stigma; and in all the broken-hearted group of grizzly grays not one face told of deeper anguish for the failure of the southern cause than the bronzed face of James Longstreet.

But swifter than the magic presto are the sudden changes which sometimes mark the revolutions of the wheel of fortune. Two years after the surrender at Appomattox, the advent of the summer months found James Longstreet in the City of New Orleans. He was commencing anew the struggle of life. It was not an easy task for an old soldier who had been trained in the school of arms to grapple with younger and fresher spirits in the marts of trade, but he was beginning to succeed. From the cotton brokerage business he earned an income of several thousand dollars, and besides he served an insurance company in the capacity of president. He enjoyed the esteem of every one, from the highest to the lowest. Neither was his personal integrity aspersed nor his war record assailed. He towered above criticism. But General Longstreet was called upon at this juncture to give his opinion in regard to the political crisis. It was just at the commencement of the bitter days of reconstruction. Passion was paramount. Feeling was intense. The air was filled with denunciations of the Federal Government. And it was largely the inevitable outcome of the most flagrant of iniquities; for the Saturnalia of reconstruction in the South has never been equaled since the reign of Nero, the worst of the Cæsars. To have drifted with the current would have been most easy. But Longstreet's ancestors were at the siege of Leyden, and he felt constrained by the stubborn spirit of the Netherlands to stem the popular tide. The answer which he returned was not delayed either through uncertainty of mind or from fear of consequences. It was clear-cut and unequivocal. He was neither a time-server nor a diplomat accustomed to the cunning jugglery of words. He knew nothing of finesse, and he spoke with blunt frankness. He was fully alive to the outrages which were put upon the South. But if the South, armed with muskets, was powerless to prevail against the North, how could the South, enfeebled by defeat, expect to bring the North to terms? In view of the utter helplessness of his section, he felt that the only way to accomplish the removal of the incubus lay in patient acceptance of the situation. Moreover, he felt obligated by the terms of his Appomattox parole to support the laws of Congress. He reasoned like an old soldier. He had not been trained in the dialectics of the forum. He knew nothing of make-shifts or evasions. Consequently, he advised the South to submit. He lined himself squarely with the reconstructionists and, facing the hostile elements, he seemed to say in the words of Seneca's pilot: "O, Neptune, you can sink me or you can save me, but whatever may be my fate, I shall hold the rudder true!"

What followed it is vain to describe without the pen of Dante. The vials of wrath were instantly unloosed upon the devoted head of James Longstreet. In the newspapers, about the home firesides, upon the sidewalk pavements, he was denounced with the most violent invectives and characterized by the most opprobrious epithets. No choice bit of language applied either to Benedict Arnold or to Aaron Burr was considered too savory with the associations of treason to be applied to James

Longstreet. It is needless to say that the temperate zone was wholly unrepresented in the treatment accorded to the fallen idol. If it failed to bespeak the equator, it suggested the aurora borealis. Friends of the day before became utter strangers who craved no introduction; old war comrades passed him upon the streets unrecognized; fellow church members forgot the sweet charities of the Christian religion and assumed an air of frigidity which suggested the climatic rigors of the Arctic region. Nansen, in trying to find the North Pole, could not have been greeted less cordially or more stiffly by the floating icebergs which he encountered among the frozen wigwams of the Esquimaux. But yesterday the name of Longstreet might have stood against the world. Today he was like the prostrate Cæsar, bleeding at the base of Pompey's statue. Come I then, like the plain, blunt Roman, not to stir your gentle hearts to mutiny, but to tell you that you will yet come to crave a keepsake of his tattered mantle and to dip your napkins in his imperial blood.

It was an unpopular course which the old war horse had taken. I know where I would have stood and what I would have done, for my sympathies have ever been with those who hurled the indignant protests of the Anglo-Saxon. But the course was one which honest convictions compelled him to take; one which subsequent developments in large measure served to justify; one which Governor Brown took with like results; one which Mr. Stephens advocated without leaving the democratic party; and one which General Lee himself is said to have counseled and approved. Never can I forget the speech of vindication which Governor Brown delivered in Atlanta on the eve of his election to the United States Senate. I was only a lad, and Governor Brown was not an orator to stir the youthful imagination. But the echoes of the old governor's speech could not have been more lingering if they had come from the bugle horns of Elfland. He argued that the logic of events had established the wisdom of his course during the days of reconstruction; and then, to cap the climax, he drew from his pocket an old letter to show what another Confederate soldier thought of his Appomattox parole. It was written from Lexington, Virginia. In no uncertain words it commended the policy of acquiescence as the one which was most in keeping with the terms of the surrender and the one most likely to mitigate the evils of reconstruction. "That letter," said the old governor, as he held it up before the breathless audience, "was penned by the hand and dictated by the heart of that immortal hero, Robert E. Lee."

Georgia's war governor was sent to the United States Senate. But there was no melting of the ice for Longstreet. It seemed like the cruelest irony of fate that the old war horse should have been denied an immortal death-bed upon the heights of fame only to be fed upon the bitter husks of humiliation. But it put his heroism to the test. Others quailed under the terrific bombardment, but not Longstreet. He belonged to the old heroic order of the Stoics. He accepted the obloquy which his course involved. Only the God of the human heart knows how tenderly he loved the South, for whose sake he had bared his bosom to the storm of battle, and how keenly he felt the averted gaze of his own people. But, like the Nazarene in the judgment hall of Pilate, he returned no answer, and, planting himself rigidly upon the ground which he believed to be right, he stood unshaken, like the old pyramid of Ghizeh, which, spurning the effluvia and the driftwood of the Nile, rises serenely height upon height toward the fixed stars of the Egyptian firmament.

Perhaps if General Longstreet, like Governor Brown, had ceased to affiliate with the party in power after the days of reconstruction, he might have incurred no lasting measure of ill-will, but he put himself beyond the pale of forgiveness by remaining within the republican fold. I share the traditional prejudice in which this feeling is rooted; but, brethren, in a free republic, which is grounded upon the right of individual opinion, is it a crime for honest men to differ conscientiously upon controverted principles of government? Such is not the philosophy which democrats have imbibed from the Sage of Monticello. When James Longstreet voted the republican ticket, the war had been fought, the flag had been furled; and let us beware how in time of peace we hasten to pin the badge of infamy upon one who in time of war has put his allegiance to the test of steel. Let us at least stand upon the rock of Runnymede and give him a trial before a jury of his peers. Upon the altar of his convictions, he sacrificed income, position, applause; things which most men are loath to relinquish; and in view of what it cost him, there is no reason to believe that he was actuated by mercenary motives, even though some two years later, when reduced in fortune, he accepted a humble republican appointment which came to him all unsought from General Grant, his old comrade of West Point. But, if anything was needed to embitter the popular odium, it was found at last. Forgetful of the fact that he had never voted in any election prior to the war, he was charged with desertion from the democratic fold. Ignoring the heroic service which he had rendered upon the battle fields of the war, he was even charged with treason to the South; and this proscription against the old hero was written upon the lintels of nearly every home in Dixie.

One of the finest masterpieces of Italian sculpture pictures the sleeping Ariadne deserted by the forgetful Theseus. It was even so that the critics of the old soldier pictured the recumbent Southland deserted by the forgetful Longstreet. But the analogy cannot be too closely pressed, for the ancient legend adds that the reason why Theseus abandoned Ariadne was that this course was urged upon him by Minerva, the goddess of wisdom. It will be hard to prove that the South befriended Longstreet more than Longstreet befriended the South. It will be equally complish what he believed was for the best interest of his people, he aphard to prove that he ever deserted the South. But if, in order to acpeared to do so, shall he be denied the common law privilege of pleading that the necessity for this course was urged upon him by that sagest of all counsellors and that most imperious of all potentates: the oracle within the breast? No, brethren, the true picture of Longstreet is not the picture of the forgetful Theseus. If you wish the true picture of Longstreet, you must turn the pages of the Bard of Avon until you come to the story of the old Lear who, after bequeathing an empire to his children, was sent adrift into the tempest by his own flesh and blood to find no shelter on the barren moor. Successively Georgia has played Goneril and Ragan, in turning the old outcast from the door; but, when

her true role is found, it will be to throw around him at last the coral necklace of Cordelia's arms.

Pile together in one heap all the official honors and emoluments which James Longstreet received from the republican party and they are not a bagatelle compared with what he might have received from the democracy of Georgia. He was never at any time in close touch or fellowship with the republican party in the state. He was only a humble partaker of the victorious spoils. He had only to recant and Georgia's best would have been laid at his feet. The refusal to accord him the full measure of his convictions is both ungenerous and unjust; and, however pronounced may be the verdict of condemnation, due to the surviving passions of the hour, there is at least one humble private citizen among the democrats of Dixie who has the faith to believe that the gold was never coined in the mint and the office never created by the Government that could bribe the old war horse of Lee, who, under the smoke of the shrieking shell, illustrated the dauntless spirit of the South and belted the fame of Confederate valor around the world.

But the criticism which has rested with the heaviest weight upon General Longstreet is the one which charges him with the loss of the battle of Gettysburg, in consequence of his disobedience of Lee's orders. It is well known that General Longstreet opposed the plan upon which the battle of Gettysburg was fought. He does not appear to have gone quite so far as Mr. Davis in opposing the invasion of Pennsylvania; but, while he recognized it to be offensive in strategy, he expected it to be defensive in tactics. He advocated the interposing of the Confederate army between Gettysburg and Washington, in order to compel the enemy through anxiety for the endangered capitol to choose another base of operations. The suggestion was undoubtedly sound from the standpoint of defensive maneuvers. But there were difficulties in the way of withdrawing from Gettysburg. Moreover, General Lee, encouraged by the splendid morale of his army, which had never known defeat, was bent upon aggressive tactics by which, with one effective blow, he hoped to end the struggle.

To state briefly the contentions of General Longstreet's critics it is claimed that, being opposed to fighting an offensive battle at Gettysburg, he was balky and stubborn; that he actually disobeyed the commanding officer's orders to attack at sunrise on the morning of July 2d; and that again ordered to attack with half the army on the morning of July 3d he complied at leisure by sending only Pickett's division, supported by some of Hill's troops, and that in consequence of the behavior of General Longstreet, the battle was lost.

Two significant facts in regard to the charges cannot fail to elicit surprise; they were not made until General Lee had been laid to rest in the chapel vault at Lexington; and they were not made until General Longstreet had commenced to suffer political proscription. Ten full years had elapsed since the battle of Gettysburg. The fame of General Lee was in no sense dependent upon the conviction of General Longstreet. He ranked already among the world's great captains, whether judged by friend or by foe. He possessed the encomiums of the world's great military critics. Splendid in his isolation, serene in his equipoise, sublime in

his moral grandeur, he brooked no rival in all the mountain range but towered above the cloudbelt like the Chimborazo of the Andes. He was secure from all belittlement at the hands of mortal man, for God

"Crowned him years ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow."

General Lee himself assumed full responsibility for the loss of Gettysburg. This may have been due in part to his generous nature and in part to his sense of obligation as commander-in-chief. It is well known that General Lee often took upon himself the mistakes of subalterns; but he was too good a soldier and too wise a disciplinarian to withhold just censure when orders were disregarded. He was not slow at the proper time to relieve General Ewell or to criticize General Hill; but, among all the official papers of General Lee, from first to last, it will be impossible to find an expression which intimates in the slightest degree that he considered General Longstreet guilty of violating commands; and in view of the fact that Gettysburg was the decisive battle of the war, does it not stand to reason that such an entry would most likely have been penned had such an infraction of discipline really occurred?

Taking up first the alleged order for an attack at sunrise on the morning of July 2d, it will be useless to search through the official documents for such an order. Equally remarkable is it that none of the members of General Lee's personal staff were aware of the issuance of such an order. Taylor, Marshall, Venable, Long, all of whom were aides to General Lee at Gettysburg, are frank to admit that they knew of no order for an attack at sunrise. The positive declaration of General Longstreet upon the subject is that never at any time was he given orders by General Lee to open an attack at any specified moment; for General Lee knew that when he had his troops in position no time was ever lost. He says that the only order which he received from General Lee reached him some time in the forenoon, being an order to attack up the Emmettsburg Road; that he obeyed the order with the utmost dispatch; and that, after an almost unparalleled fight, the enemy was dislodged. General Lee himself corroborates this statement. Another important fact to be considered is that, after the infraction of discipline is alleged to have taken place, on the morning of July 2d, General Lee again, on the morning of July 3d, even takes men from another corps and puts Longstreet in command of half the Army of Northern Virginia. Does this look like the disobedient soldier of West Point? If the critics are right, observe the ridiculous attitude in which it puts General Lee. Longstreet is charged with having committed the most unsoldierly act of disobedience, on the morning of July 2d. In the iron theology of West Point, it was the unpardonable sin; but General Lee, instead of pronouncing censure upon the old war horse, singles him out on the morning of July 3d to direct the last momentous operations in what was fully realized to be the most decisive battle of the Civil war.

It is claimed that if the attack had been made at sunrise the enemy would have been less prepared to resist and the seizure of Round Top would have followed. This General Sickles denies. He confronted General Longstreet in the second day's fight and left one of his limbs

upon the field of battle. But, whatever the outcome might have been, the question is purely speculative. It fully appears from the evidence that General Lee himself was undecided at what point to strike until 11 o'clock in the forenoon. For General Longstreet to have made the attack at sunrise would have been impossible; for twenty miles of forest intervened at daybreak between certain portions of his corps. It was near the middle of the day before the orders from General Lee came. Theye were not to seize Round Top but to occupy some elevated ground up the Emmettsburg Road, from which Cemetery Hill could be subsequently assailed; and no sooner had the shadows commenced to slant eastward than Longstreet's columns were seen to move. In the grapple which ensued some of the bloodiest fighting of the whole war was done; but when the sun dropped behind the forest oaks the disputed ground was held by the gray battalions.

With respect to the charge that, in the third day's battle, Longstreet sent Pickett's division unsupported on the bloody incline toward Cemetery Heights, at an hour too late to insure success, it may be said that the contention is equally absurd. The other portions of Longstreet's command were engaged, under Lee's orders, in protecting the Confederate flank which at the time was exposed to the fire of 20,000 Federals massed behind Round Top. This was done, it is true, at the instance of Longstreet, but Lee saw the danger and acquiesced. It was Longstreet's hope that the assault upon the ridge might be abandoned. He dreaded the consequences and even demurred. But General Lee was firm. It was the only alternative; and perhaps it might bring success. The deadly climb was to have been made earlier in the day but it was 9 o'clock before Pickett himself arrived upon the scene and since Pickett had been designated by General Lee to make the charge no one else could be substituted. Little time was lost in arranging the troops; and, under cover of the batteries of General Alexander, the bloody march commenced. When the moment came to give the signal, Longstreet says that he could only point his finger in silence to the heights. But lightly the brave Virginian leaped into the saddle and spurred his house. On pressed the gallant band into the fires of death; and the sad sequel has been tersely told in Pickett's own words: "Sir, my noble division has been swept away!" It was one of the grandest charges in the annals of time. On the luminous pages of history, it has made Pickett's name forever glorious; but the battle of Gettysburg was lost.

Behold I show you a mystery! As time elapsed, article after article was penned—book after book was written—on the historic battle. But it was not until 1873 that any serious effort was made to fasten the loss of Gettysburg upon Longstreet. Strangest of strange things, if Lee's old war horse was the horse of evil omen that overthrew our Confederate Troy! Down to the close of the war, he had been the faithful executor of Lee's orders. Never once had Lee distrusted him, either by word or by sign; and, in the years which followed Appomattox, it was ever the warmest letters which Longstreet received from Lexington. In one of these occurred a sentence, which constitutes a vindication in itself: "If you make as good a merchant as you did a soldier there can be none better." But if Longstreet had violated orders and wrecked the southern cause, the truthful pen of General Lee could never have penned such a sentence; and these gray-haired veterans before me know that what General Lee said he meant.

But, in 1873, General Pendleton took the lecture platform in Virginia. For the first time, we now hear of a sunrise attack, which General Longstreet was ordered to make. It was late in the day to be making such a charge, and there was certainly no hint of sunrise in the belated attack upon Longstreet. General Pendleton, after the war, became a clergyman of some note. I do not mean to impugn his integrity as a brave officer or as a man of truth. But upon what was the charge based? Upon an incidental remark made by General Lee at Gettysburg. Now for General Pendleton, the people of the South have always entertained an unbounded respect. But oral statements are always open to misconstruction. He may easily have misunderstood General Lee in the heated air of Gettysburg. General Lee may have contemplated an attack at sunrise; he may have wished such an attack; but there is no evidence to show that such an attack was ordered. Perhaps no one knew General Lee better than did General Pendleton. I do not question this statement. He was certainly an intimate friend, a fellow-townsman, and, I believe, a pastor. He was often in General Lee's home; and, beneath the trees at Lexington, they must often have discussed Gettysburg, if they discussed war at all. Yet, is it not strange that, during the seven golden years in which General Lee continued to walk the earth, nothing was ever said upon which General Pendleton could base his charge, to which he could positively point? Of course, in the heated condition of the public mind, no proof was demanded. General Lee was dead. General Longstreet was unpopular. Other critics arose. Perhaps the most surprised man between the two oceans, when this charge was sprung, was General Longstreet himself. At first, he refused to reply; but in sheer justice to his gallant war record he was finally forced to repel this unjust assault. If it brought him into unfortunate collision with the friends of Lee, it must be remembered that he was an old soldier, jealous of his good name, proud of his untarnished sword. But he was wholly without malice. He loved the great Lee; and, in proof of his devotion, one of his own sons was given the name of his peerless chief

Nor was it essential to Lee's place in history that the loss of Gettysburg should be fixed upon Longstreet. He stood already upon the summit of achievement. Without a peer, he ranked among the greatest of modern captains. Ask any fair-minded critic what he thinks of Lee? Ask Horace Greeley, the old editor of the Tribune. Ask Charles Francis Adams, who speaks for the old Puritan family of Massachusetts. Ask Alexander K. McClure. Ask George R. Wendling. Ask Theodore Roosevelt. Ask any of these; and not one of them will hesitate to tell you that he outranks Grant and Sherman. For myself, I have always thought him greater in defensive than in offensive tactics; but, under all the circumstances, there is little if any fault to be found with the plan on which he fought the battle of Gettysburg. True the Federals occupied the heights. True the numbers were unequal. True, it was no longer home soil on which our men were fighting. But he had come into Pennsylvania flushed with victory. In quick succession, one after another, he had vanquished McClellan and Pope and Burnside and Hooker; and he had

almost come to believe in the invincibility of his gray battalions. Besides, it was his wish to end the struggle with one supreme blow at the North; and he seemed to be justified in the confidence which he placed in his magnificent army, whose flag had never once trailed in the dust.

But the hour had come; and, without sacrificing Longstreet, the loss of Gettysburg can be explained upon grounds consistent with the fullest recognition of the genius of Lee. Above the contending armies was the God of battles. Slavery in America was doomed. Secession was a precedent too dangerous to be established. I can find no other explanation of the South's defeat. According to the Federal pension rolls in Washington, so true was the rifle shot of the Confederate soldier—outnumbered though he was by three to one—half-starved and half-clad, yet exhausted only by his victories—so deadly was his aim, I say, that no power in this universe could have halted the march of this war-shod child of Mars but the sovereign edicts of Jehovah's throne. Listen! Lee was planning an assault upon Harrisburg. Meade was expecting to concentrate at Pipe Creek. It was simply the unseen hands of destiny which were bringing the embattled hosts together at Gettysburg. If Jeb Stuart, who was the very incarnation of vigilance, had not been strangely kept with his cavalry on the opposite side of the Susquehanna—if Stonewall Jackson could have been recalled from the sweet shade of the trees—if Longstreet could have been endowed with superhuman power—then the Federals might have been dislodged. But, eliminating the hypothetical factors, it must be admitted in the light of subsequent events that Lee failed to win the decisive battle of the war, not because some one had blundered, but because, in the interest of human liberty, it was decreed by Providence, that the sovereign powers which were battling under hostile banners should be welded through the fires of conflict, into one indissoluble Union of indestructible states.

Forty years upon the rack! This was what Longstreet paid. For what? For making an honest avowal—or, if you prefer to have it so—for making an honest blunder. Yet we taunt Spain with the Inquisition! He was not a renegade. He loved the South. He cherished his comrades-in-arms. If he took an unpopular course, it was a course which he believed to be right; and the manner in which he bore the crown of obloquy was transcendently heroic. His fortitude in peace—no less than his courage in battle—entitles him to the respect of all true men; and with Crawford and Clark and Troup and Forsyth, with Gordon and Hill and Toombs and Stephens, he deserves to rank among the great Georgians, even as Arcturus ranks with Aldebaran and Sirius and Procyron, on the belt of the celestial heavens! Every beat of his rugged old heart was for his people; nor did they cease to love him in return. One of the most beautiful pictures upon which I ever gazed was one in which Longstreet and Davis were the central figures. It was in the spring of 1886, at the unveiling of the Ben Hill monument. On that never to be forgotten day a vast concourse of people was assembled in Georgia's capital. General Longstreet was not expected. For some reason the old soldier had declined an invitation. But, suddenly, bedecked in a handsome uniform of Confederate gray—his sword dangling at his side and his stars blazing around his neck—he appeared upon the platform,

all aglow with the splendid look of the old days, to be locked in the outstretched arms of Jefferson Davis. Shouts rose to the lips and tears to the eyes of the coldest spectator of that magnificent scene. It unrolled the panorama of the years. It lifted the sentence of outlawry, for a time at least. The bitter memories of Reconstruction faded; and once more the name of Longstreet, firing the sluggish blood of the old veterans, became the battle-music of the victorious field. If I have read the signs of the time aright, it was then that the tide began to turn. But the sweet accents of forgiveness remained unspoken. He died without further proof of his people's affection. Nor could anything have been sadder than the wan spectacle which the old hero presented when, bowed with age and wasted by disease, he lay propped upon his pillow, in his hillside home, and looked for the last time upon the drapery of the mountains. Underneath the Blue Ridge pines, he was still waiting—waiting for a message which he longed to hear. But he waited like the old Spaniard, who sat beneath the roses of his seaside villa and watched in vain for the returning sails of the lost Armada.

Sad would it be if the story of Longstreet's life ended here; but I cannot bring myself to believe that, when the old soldier knelt in the olive glooms, his prayer was unheeded by the gentle Master who was once himself an outcast among his kindred—"despised and rejected of men." In the kindling dawn of the New Year, as it crept over Gainesville, the pale courier summoned him again to the bivouac of Lee; and it requires no Miltonic sweep of the imagination to picture the old war horse vindicated at the hands of his glorious chieftain. Once more, along the expectant lines, is heard the shout: "Longstreet is coming!" In the phantom host around the great captain, I can see Jackson and Stuart and Hampton and Gordon; and at last the old charge is riven into shreds by the peerless Lee.

But the sentence of outlawry, pronounced upon the old war horse, still remains unlifted, and I ask you, is it right? You lawyers, who weigh the sands of evidence—you ministers who preach the Golden Rule—you teachers who follow the lode star of truth—you Georgians of every pursuit and calling, to whom blood has ever been thicker than water—I ask you, is it right? When we read of the suffering exiles in the benighted country of the Czar, we shudder and grow sick at heart. But hear me! It matters not in what favored zone of the earth a man may live, if he unjustly encounters the cold gaze of his fellow-men, he does not need to be banished to the Arctic snows to experience the frozen hell of Siberian Russia. Well do I know the southern people—these descendants of men who followed kings and who wore the crests of the court. Sprung from an imperial ancestry, they inherit all the noble failings of empurpled sires beyond the seas. They were sorely tried by the enormities of Reconstruction. But they are too magnanimous in spirit, too royal in blood, too full of the knightly soul of Sir Philip Sidney, to harbor an ungenerous prejudice or to resent, except in momentary pique, an honest difference of opinion. The days of Reconstruction are now half a century behind us. Renegades and traitors there were in our camp, compared with whom Calaban was an angel of light. But among those who, in the darkness, told us to be patient, can we not discover that some hearts were true? We were not all fiery

Hotspurs. In some of us the warm blood of the South was curbed by the stubborn fibers of the highland sycamores and cooled by the rude chafings of the old North Sea which beats upon the dykes of Holland. Even among children, who bend at the same parent knee, there are differences of temperament; and among men of equal virtue, some are destined to tread the Via Appia and some the Via Dolorosa. Only the Storm King can tell why it is that, in the same range of mountains, there are certain peaks around which the forked lightnings gather, while the sunbeams play upon the rest; but in the heart of the old Alps, through which I have traveled, it is the oft-observed phenomenon of summer that, after the storm is over, the air becomes like flawless crystal, and the peak around whose brow the troubled clouds have thundered, begins at last to catch the refulgent beams of sunset and to wear the regalia of the evening stars. May it not be even so with this rugged old rock of the Confederate range?

Perhaps I am wrong. But somehow I feel that out of all this opprobrium there will yet come an enlarged fruition of honor and that like unto the experience of Stephen, the very stones which have sent him bleeding to his martyrdom will yet combine to lift the marble friezes of his monument. Bolingbroke was banished from England to be recalled as Henry the Fourth. Aristides was exiled from Athens, but when the Persians were at the gate he was summoned back to share the glories of Salamis. Time heals the bitterest wounds. Twenty-eight years ago Georgia took Joseph E. Brown once more to her heart and with Benjamin H. Hill as his colleague, she made him an American senator. But not yet has she recalled her Longstreet to ride side by side with her Gordon upon the grounds of her capitol. In a sense, it is now too late to undo the past, for it lies not in the voice of honor to provoke the silent dust nor in the tongue of flattery to soothe the dull, cold ear of death. Georgia cannot stand at the barred entrance to the tomb and say to its tenant: "Longstreet, come forth!" She must wait for the sunrise upon the eternal mountains, before she can look again into the face of the old commander; and, though she be not ready to acquit him, she can at least lift the sentence of ostracism from his memory and she can write above his dust at Gainesville: "Forgiven." Aye, and I believe she will. For, the more I scan the ways of Providence, the more I believe with Alfred Tennyson, that "good will be the final goal of ill." In the tempestuous storm that beat upon the Trojan ships, it was wondered why Aeneas should be tossed upon the waves when other sons of Troy felt the softer breath of the Mediterranean. Why did he not die with Hector on the Dardan plains? The future revealed a reason in the walls of Rome. Longstreet's voyage of life has ended. But the bark which bears his immortal record still rocks upon the troubled deep. What shall be its fate? May it not find some happy port; and, though hymned by no Virgil among the minstrels of earth and helped by no Venus among the powers of Heaven, may not the waves which have tossed and battered Longstreet's bark yet bear it to some imperial shelter, hard by the eternal hills, in some sun-bathed, star-crowned, sweet Italia?

Brethren, I am weary. I have overtaxed my strength. But I cannot resign the arches of this hall to silence until I have spoken one word more. Saul is not among the prophets. But, ere many suns have risen and set upon Georgia, another silent figure on horseback will be seen upon her capitol grounds. Gordon's statue faces the north; and it tells how Gordon faced it, whether in wrestling for victory or in pleading for peace. Longstreet's statue must face the south, not only in confident appeal but with expectant look, seeking a judgment which time at last must render. Until it comes, the legend upon Georgia's coat-of-arms will be meaningless mockery. Until it comes, her proud flag of statehood will droop in shame from its uplifted staff. Until it comes, her scales of justice will flash into her face the mystic symbols upon the walls of Babylon; and, though prosperity may belt her like the bands of Saturn, it will only wrap her in the guilty splendors of Belshazzar's feast. But come it will! Then start the procession to the quarry—bring forth the granite—summon the sculptor and prepare the chisel—for the old Commonwealth, from Chickamauga's dust to Tybee's light, is waking from her sleep. She intends to revoke an unjust sentence which has rested all too long on Lee's old war horse; and, in the zeal of her anxiety to set him right before the world, it will be her joy to proclaim the amended verdict in colors so bright and in letters so large that, standing upon the battlements of Yonah Mountain, she will snatch the pencil of the dawn and write it on the bosom of the stars!

James M. Griggs: Dixie Needs no Welcome Home

[On February 4, 1899, Judge Griggs, of Georgia, took the floor in Congress for the purpose of thanking his friends of the North for the many eulogies pronounced by them upon the South, for her gallant part in the Spanish-American war, but at the same time he was careful to assure these friends that such tributes were needless. "Ever since Appomattox," said he, "the South has been ready to defend the flag. We settled our differences in 1865 and we are weary of eternal welcomes back into the home of our fathers." This speech delivered by Judge Griggs caught the ear of both sections. Its kindly humor, its patriotic sentiment, its captivating eloquence, and its wholesome advice made it a speech of rare power, one which well deserves to be treasured among Georgia's literary gems. Said Judge Griggs in part:]

Thirty-five years have rolled by since Sherman's "march to the sea." Another generation has come and gone since the great soldier-president wrote, "Let us have peace." From that day to this good hour, reconciliation has followed reconciliation until it would seem that "one doth tread upon another's heels, so fast they follow." Knowing all this, Mr. Speaker, I thought I was justified in believing that the sections had been harmonized long before I came upon the stage of action here, but almost daily I am told that I was grievously mistaken; that another war has been necessary to harmonize the North and the South; that another march through Georgia from Atlanta to the sea has been necessary to completely blot out sectional bitterness and hate.

Sir, the great heart of the South did not pulsate in unison with the recent demand for war. Indeed, our people opposed the war with Spain. They could see but disaster to themselves and little good to other sections

of the Union. But the war came, and now it is declared all over the country that there were no truer, braver, better or more patriotic soldiers in all our army than the boys who volunteered from the states of the old Confederacy.

Some affect great surprise at the loyal devotion to the flag displayed by our people of the Southern States. Many would overwhelm us with thanks for our part in that struggle. There is no need for surprise or thanks, sir.

Every member of this House who could get the opportunity to do so declared on this floor a year ago that in the event of war the sons of the men who had built up the civilization of the old South, the sons of the men who had fought under the Stars and Bars from '61 to '65, would be found standing shoulder to shoulder with the sons of the men who during that soul-trying time had defended the Stars and Stripes, all fighting for the honor and glory of that sunburst flag of liberty and light. Every act of the people of the South from Appomattox to Santiago has been a declaration of devotion and a loyal sacrifice to the Union, and nothing but the blindness of unbelief has prevented its acknowledgment long ago. Surprise and thanks have gone hand in hand here, Mr. Speaker, and the people of the South neither deserve the one nor expect the other. Georgia but did her duty, as did Massachusetts, as both will always perform it regardless of consequences, once they have determined where duty leads.

I have never been at war with my fellow citizens, and it causes a feeling akin to pain to hear iterated and reiterated that my fellow countrymen are now reconciled to me. I have always been an American, and the bonds which certain well-intentioned gentlemen are continually weaving with which to rebind me to the Union are galling to the flesh. More than half of us have never been unreconciled, and we are weary of eternal welcomes to the place we have always known as home. We have never left our father's house, and while the principles for which they fought and the memory of what they suffered is dear to us still, it is impossible for us to enjoy the hilarious feast and the fatted calf of the prodigal's return. I have no authority to speak for others, Mr. Speaker, but it would seem to me equally, if not more, difficult for the man who laid down his arms in '65 and, with the oath of allegiance fresh from his lips and heart, turned his energies to the rehabilitation of his home and the re-establishment of the Union, to enjoy a prodigal's feast every day in the week and every week in the year, at so many of which he is made to play the part of host and to supply the fatted calf as well as the prodigal.

The ambition of the President is a noble one. To live in history as the restorer of peace to long contending sections is a proud eminence, nt to stir "fierce ambition in a Caesar's mind." Far be it from me to question his words or his motives. That he earnestly desires the peace for which he so eloquently spoke in Georgia's capitol I shall not question here. I but declare the simple truth. There was already peace between the North and the South. If my neighbor is my friend we do not daily rush into each other's arms with protestations of eternal friendship and undying love. Honest friendship needs not such. If we have been enemies in the past and now are friends, we do not discuss our differences

or our dead. The first we buried with the honest handshake that closed the chasm. The last are sacred.

The President's march through Georgia was a splendid pageant. Georgians, always loyal and true, vied with each other in showing hospitality to the nation's chief executive. "They threw their caps as they would hang them on the horns of the moon, shouting their approbation"; but, Mr. Speaker, the sons who threw their caps in '98 are not more loyal than the fathers were from the day they grounded their arms in '65 and renewed their broken allegiance to the Union. "The holy faith that warmed the sires" inspired the sons in '98. Then let us have done with these constantly recurring reconciliations of the sections.

Speaking for myself, the son of a Confederate soldier, while I thank the President for the honor he would now do our martyred dead, and while I shall not be found blindly opposing the consummation of his purpose, I dare declare the truth: the people of the South do not ask it. The unknown dead who sleep amid the high mountains of Virginia and in the green valleys of Tennessee and Kentucky, whose graves are washed by the turbulent waters of the Mississippi, and whose last requiem is whispered by the meandering Chickamauga, the rippling Rappahannock and the historic James, are a heritage of eternal glory to the people of the South.

"On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread."

They are ours; they sleep well as they are, and God forbid that their bones should ever be made the football of party politics. We accept the words of the President in good faith, Mr. Speaker; but we insist that this shall be the last reconciliation of the sections. Let this be the final ratification of the treaty of peace. Too many reconciliations bespeak too many differences. Let this last march through Georgia end forever the differences of half a century. Let it obliterate all traces of that other march whose blackened trail marked the close of actual war. Let the hegira of 1861 be forever swallowed up in the pilgrimage of 1898. Let us turn our faces to the morning; you of the North cherishing your memories as we of the South shall ever cherish ours, all pressing forward in union to a realization of the patriot's hope and the poet's dream—

"Columbia, gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee."

Clark Howell: Our Reunited Country

[This speech was delivered at the Peace Jubilee Banquet, held in Chicago, October 19, 1898, to celebrate the successful conclusion of the Spanish-American war, and was made in response to the toast: "Our Reunited Country, North and South." As a member of the National Democratic Executive Committee and as editor of the Atlanta Constitution, Mr.

Howell already enjoyed a wide reputation, which his eloquent speech on this occasion greatly enhanced. President McKinley was the special guest of honor at this banquet.]

Mr. Toast-master, and my Fellow-countrymen: In the mountains of my state, remote from the quickening touch of commerce, and railroads and telegraphs—so far removed that the sincerity of its rugged people flows unpolluted from the springs of nature—two vine-covered mounds, nestling in the solemn silence of a country church-yard, suggest the text of my response to the sentiment to which I am to speak tonight. A serious text, Mr. Toast-master, for an occasion like this, and yet out of it there is life and peace and hope and prosperity, for in the solemn sacrifice of the voiceless grave can the chiefest lessons of the republic be learned, and the destiny of its real mission be unfolded. So bear with me while I lead you to the rust-stained slab which, for a third of a century—since Chickamauga—has been kissed by the sun as it peeped over the Blue Ridge, melting the tears with which the mourning night had bedewed the inscription:

"Here lies a Confederate soldier.
He died for his country."

The September day which brought the body of this mountain hero to that home among the hills which had smiled upon his infancy, been gladdened by his youth, and strengthened by his manhood, was an ever-memorable one with the sorrowing concourse of friends and neighbors who followed his shot-riddled body to the grave; and of that number no man gainsaid the honor of his death, questioned his full loyalty to the flag for which he fought, or doubted the justice of the cause for which he gave his life.

Thirty-five years have passed—another war has called its roll of martyrs—again the old bell tolls from the crude latticed tower of the settlement church—another great outpouring of sympathetic humanity, and this time the body of a son, wrapped in the Stars and Stripes, is lowered to its everlasting rest beside that of the father who sleeps in the Stars and Bars.

There were those there who stood by the grave of the Confederate hero years before, and the children of those were there, and of those present no one gainsaid the honor of the death of this hero of El Caney, and none were there but such as loved, as only patriots can love, the glorious flag that enshrines the people of a common country, as it enshrouds the the form that will sleep forever in its blessed folds. And on this tomb will be written:

"Here lies the son of a Confederate soldier.
He died for his country."

And so it is that between the making of these two graves human hands and human hearts have reached a solution of the vexed problem that has baffled human will and human thought for three decades. Sturdy sons of the South have said to their brothers of the North that the people of the South have long since accepted the arbitrament of the sword to which

they had appealed. And likewise the oft-repeated message has come back from the North that peace and good-will reigned and that the wounds of civil dissensions were but as sacred memories. Good fellowship was wafted on the wings of commerce and development from those who had worn the blue to those who had worn the gray. Nor were these messages delivered in vain, for they served to pave the way for the complete and absolute elimination of the line of sectional differences by the only process through which such a result was possible. The sentiment of a great majority of the people of the South was rightly spoken in the message of the immortal Hill and in the burning eloquence of Henry Grady—both Georgians—the record of whose blessed work for the restoration of peace between the sections becomes a national heritage, and whose names are stamped in enduring impress upon the affections of the people of the republic.

And yet there were those among us who believed that your course was polite but insincere, and those among you who assumed that our professed attitude was sentimental and unreal. Bitterness had departed and sectional hate was no more, but there were those who feared, even if they did not believe, that between the great sections of our greater Government there was not the perfect faith and trust and love that both professed; that there was a want of the faith that made the American Revolution a successful possibility; that there was want of the trust that crystallized our states into the original Union; that there was lack of the love that bound in unassailable strength the united sisterhood of states that withstood the shock of civil war. It is true this doubt existed to a greater degree abroad than at home. But today the mist of uncertainty has been swept away by the sunlight of events, and there, where doubt obscured before, stands in bold relief, commanding the admiration of the whole world, the most glorious type of united strength and sentiment and loyalty known to the history of nations.

Out of the chaos of that Civil war had arisen a new nation, mighty in the vast extent of its limitless resources, the realities within its reach supassing the dreams of fiction and eclipsing the fancy of fable—a new nation, yet rosy in the flesh, with the bloom of youth upon its cheeks and the gleam of morning in its eyes. No one questioned that commercial and geographical union had been effected. So had Rome reunited its faltering provinces, maintaining the limit of its imperial jurisdiction by the power of commercial bonds and the majesty of the sword, until in its very vastness it collapsed. The heart of its people did not beat in unison. Nations may be made by the joining of hands, but the measure of their real strength and vitality, like that of the human body, is in the heart. Show me the country whose people are not at heart in sympathy with its institutions, and the fervor of whose patriotism is not bespoken in its flag, and I will show you a ship of state which is sailing in the shallow waters, toward eddies of uncertainty, if not to the open rocks of dismemberment.

Whence was the proof to come to ourselves, as well as to the world, that we were being moved once again by a common impulse, and by the same heart that inspired and gave strength to the hand that smote the British in the days of the Revolution, and again at New Orleans; that made our ships the masters of the seas; that placed our flag on Chapultepec, and widened our domain from ocean to ocean? How was the world

to know that the burning fires of patriotism, so essential to national glory and achievement, had not been quenched by the blood spilled by the heroes of both sides in the most desperate struggle known in the history of civil wars? How was the doubt that stood, all unwilling, between outstretched hands and sympathetic hearts, to be, in fact, dispelled?

If, from the cauldron of conflict there arose this doubt, then only from the crucible of war could come the answer. Thank God, that answer has been made in the record of that war, the peaceful termination of which we celebrate tonight. Read it in every page of its history; read it in the obliteration of party and sectional lines in the congressional action which called the nation to arms in the defense of prostrate liberty, and for the extension of the sphere of human freedom; read it in the conduct of the distinguished Federal soldier, who, as the chief executive of this great republic (President McKinley), honors this occasion by his presence tonight, and whose first commissions have made manifest the sincerity of his often repeated utterances of complete sectional reconciliation and the elimination of sectional lines in the affairs of government. Differing with him as I do on party issues, utterly at variance with the views of his party on economic problems, I sanction with all my heart the obligation that rests upon every patriotic citizen to make party second to country, and in the measure that he has been actuated by this broad and patriotic policy he will receive the plaudits of the whole people: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Portentous, indeed, have been the developments of the past six months. The national domain has been extended far into the Caribbean Sea on the south, and to the west it is so near the mainland of Asia that we can hear the process which is grinding the ancient celestial empire into pulp for the machinery of civilization and of progress. In a very short while the last page of this war will have been written, except for the effect it will have on the future. Our flag now floats over Porto Rico, a part of Cuba, and Manila. It must soon bespeak our sovereignty over the Island of Luzon, or possibly over the whole Philippine group. It will, ere long, from the staff of Havana's Morro, fling its shadow upon the sunken and twisted frame of the Maine—a grim reminder of the vengeance that awaits any nation that lays unholy hands upon an American citizen or violates any sacred American right. It has drawn from an admiring world unstinted applause for the invincible army that, under tropic suns, despite privations and disease, untrained and undismayed, has swept out of their own trenches and routed from their own battlements, like chaff before the wind, the trained forces of a formidable power. It has bodily stripped the past of luster and defiantly challenged the possibilities of the future, in the accomplishment of a matchless navy, whose deeds have struck the universe with consternation and with wonder.

But, speaking as a southerner and an American, I say that all this has been as naught compared to the greatest good this war has accomplished. Drawing alike from all sections of the Union for her heroes and her martyrs, depending alike upon North, South, East and West, for her glorious victories, and weeping in sympathy with the widows and the stricken mothers, wherever they may be, America, incarnated spirit of liberty, stands today the holy emblem of a household in which

the children abide in unity, equality, love and peace. The iron sledge of war that rent asunder the links of loyalty and love has welded them together again. Ears that were deaf to loving appeals for the burial of sectional strife have listened and believed when the muster guns have spoken. Hearts that were cold to calls for trust and sympathy have awakened to loving confidence in the baptism of their blood.

Drawing inspiration from the flag of our country, the South has shared not only the dangers but the glories of the war. In the death of brave young Bagley at Cardema, North Carolina furnished the first blood of the tragedy. It was Victor Blue, of South Carolina, who, like the Swamp Fox of the Revolution, crossed the fiery path of the enemy at his pleasure and brought the first official tidings of the situation as it existed in Cuba. It was Brumby, a Georgia boy, who first raised the Stars and Stripes over Manila. It was Alabama that furnished Hobson—glorious Hobson—who accomplished two things which the Spanish navy never yet has done—sunk an American ship and made a Spanish man-o'-war securely float.

The South answered the call to arms with its heart, and its heart goes out with that of the North in rejoicing over the result. The demonstration needed to give the touch of life to the picture has been made. The open sesame that was needed to give insight into the true and loyal hearts, North and South, has been spoken. Divided by war, we are united as never before by the same agency, and the Union is of hearts as well as hands. The doubter may scoff and the pessimist may croak, but even they must take hope at the picture presented in the simple and touching incident of eight Grand Army veterans, with their silvery heads bowed in sympathy, escorting the lifeless body of the Daughter of the Confederacy from Narragansett to its last, long rest at Richmond.

When that great and generous commander, U. S. Grant, gave back to Lee, crushed but ever glorious, the sword he had surrendered at Appomattox, that magnanimous deed said to the people of the South: "You are our brothers." But when the present ruler of our grand republic, on awakening to the condition of war which confronted him, with his first commission placed the leader's sword in the hands of those gallant Confederate commanders, Joe Wheeler and Fitzhugh Lee, he wrote between the lines in living letters of everlasting light the words: "There is but one people of this Union, one flag alone for all." The South, Mr. Toastmaster, will feel that her sons have been well given, that her blood has been well spilled, if that sentiment is to be indeed the true inspiration of our country's future. God grant it may be, and I believe it will.

J. H. Lumpkin: "Watchman, What of the Night?"

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Mr. President and Members of the Board of Trustees; Chancellor and Members of the Faculty; Members of the Graduating Class; Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is with peculiar pleasure that I address you from this stage. Born in Athens, my earliest recollections cluster here. Passing my student life

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at this grand old university, its campus is redolent of memories of the past. The shimmering light that filters down through the leaves of its great oaks brings back the light of other years and the clangor of the chapel bell seems once more to summon me to the halls of my alma mater. It is thus with emotions that touch at once the past and present that I—who thirty-seven years ago stood here to receive my diploma—come to talk to these younger brothers—sons of our common much-loved mother.

In earlier times watchmen kept their nightly vigils in the streets of towns and villages, while the inhabitants slept; and as each hour passed, they called out the time, and whether the people could rest in safety or not. In the day the watchmen looked forth from towers, when aught was expected. And, though clouds might lower at midnight, and thunder mutter in the distance, and sometimes marauding bands threaten, a sense of security and of safety came when the watchman, faithful and true, called aloud: "Twelve o'clock, and all's well!" It behooves us sometimes, when perplexities or troubles gather, or when danger seems to stalk abroad, to call out to him who watches: "Watchman, what of the night?" And you, gentlemen who will watch and guard the future of our state and country, will have to answer the question, whether all is well.

From the genesis of things to the present, there has been gradual growth,—not always steady, sometimes by leaps and bounds, sometimes with lapses and dark ages, but slowly onward in the cycle of the centuries. Out of nebulous chaos came a world. Out of primordial life emerged man. From the cave-dweller and the wild savage he rose to his present state of intellect and civilization. Through it all ran a principle of growth.

"A fire-mist and a planet;
A crystal and a cell;
A jelly-fish and a saurian;
And caves, where the cave-men dwell.
A sense of law and beauty;
A face turned from the clod;
Some call it evolution,
And others call it God."

Although it may offend our human vanity so to state, there is still room for improvement, in the years to come. As time goes by, changes grow more rapid. It may be confidently stated that material civilization has advanced more in the last two hundred years than in the two thousand years preceding them, and more in the last fifty years than during the balance of the two hundred. Today man talks by lightning, embalms his voice in lasting cylinders of sound, rides in a horseless carriage, burrows beneath the earth, flies through the air, dashes with the speed of the wind across the land, and plows at will the waters of the deep. No country has escaped his exploration. The north and south poles, so long considered inaccessible, have yielded to his indefatigable search. Steam engines dash through the wilds of Africa, and passengers look from the windows upon zebras, and gnus, and rhinoceroses, roaming unconfined. But last year the fiercest lions and the most vicious elephants were frightened from their jungles by the apparition of a pair of flashing American ex-presidential eyeglasses and the gleam of a visible set of teeth. The wildest stories of the Arabian Nights are scarcely more incredible than the commonplace occurrences of the present. The impossible of yesterday is the ordinary event of today. The fabled wealth of Midas and of Solomon is cast into the shadow by the gigantic fortunes now existing. Oh wondrous age! ages of gold and silver and bronze and brass and iron all rolled and combined into one!

And yet, let us pause for a moment and consider, whither are we going? What is the aim and end of it all? Is man created simply to make money and spend it? Is he but the slave of material civilization? I do not decry physical achievement. I do not minimize the legitimate uses of money. But I say to you most earnestly that the important question is not so much what is the nature and value of the automobile, as what is the nature and value of the man in the automobile. Not so much the gun, as the man behind the gun. Not how much money have you, but how much brains and character have you? The real wealth of Georgia is not in cash drawers and bank vaults, or in its mines or manufactories, or even in its king-crowned staple. These hold but the products of the real wealth of our state. The wealth of Georgia is the brains of Georgia. It is vastly important to cultivate our fertile fields, waving with grain and white-robed in the royal fleece of cotton. But it is vastly more important to cultivate the brains and characters of the young men and young women within our borders. Fertilize your fields; but do not forget to also fertilize the brain.

Develop the brain and brawn and they will develop the physical resources around them. Train the young men, and they will train your fields and forests and machinery. Let man be the master of the physical world, not its slave. Money is a good servant; it is a tyranical and degrading master. Let us melt the golden calf, and coin it into good American dollars for use in trade, to serve the arts and sciences, and to help humanity. But never let us bow down and worship it, or we may be smitten with punishment, as were the children of Israel, and the tables of our proud destiny may be shattered before our faces.

The great Italian historian, Ferrero, declares that "the fundamental force in history is psychological and not economic." At last the future of a state or a nation will depend upon what is in the minds and hearts of its people, rather than upon what is in its treasuries and storehouses. If the hearts of a people become evil or corrupt, then luxury and glory and splendor will not save them; but in the very midst of the feast will come the handwriting on the wall.

Let us hope that the danger foreshadowed by the pungent words of the historian mentioned may not come to pass in our day and land. He said: "In the pessimism with which the ancients regarded progress as corruption, there was a basis of truth, just as there is a principle of error in the too serene optimism with which we consider corruption as progress. This force that pushes the new generations on to the future, at once creates and destroys; its destructive energy is specially felt in ages like Caesar's in ancient Rome and ours in the modern world, in which facility in the accumulation of wealth over-excites desires and ambitions in all classes."

In former times the special need of our country was force, to repel invasion from without. At the present day, its special needs are intellect and character, to cope with evils arising from within. The greatest force in American life today is public opinion. How important is the duty of helping to mold and guide aright that enormous power for good or evil!

Young gentlemen, outside the campus gates lies the world. They are open, and you are about to step forth. Permit one, who has passed through those portals a little while before you to briefly counsel with you.

Go forth determined to do something worth while. Have an object. Have faith in some ideal. For great success you must not only work, but must also have that uplifting of the soul, that profound, steadfast determination, which comes from looking to an ideal. Have faith in yourselves, faith in the ultimate uplifting of humanity, in which you must take a part, faith in the eternal truth. Do not sneer at faith, and treat it as essentially and always opposed to knowledge. We know nothing, in the absolute sense, in this life. All knowledge is relative. Even what we call science is to a considerable extent made up of working hypotheses and more or less well-grounded beliefs. Faith is the working hypothesis of the soul. It is "as much the key to happiness here as it is the key to happiness hereafter."

In this practical day, it is sometimes popular to speak lightly of the man of ideals. But no man rises higher than his ideal. Napoleon's ideal was self. He rose to its full achievement; and when he fell, he sorrowed alone in Saint Helena. George Peabody believed in mankind; and when he fell into his last sleep, humanity bowed its head; and today his benefactions on both sides of the Atlantic keep his memory green. Ah! truly, "to live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

The great church of St. Peter's, of which yonder picture adorns this chapel, is massive and splendid as a structure, with its more than 600 feet of length, its $50,000,000 of cost, and its 176 years of building. But the real grandeur of that vast pile is in the profound faith which caused its erection, and which keeps it as a perpetual memorial of a sacred ideal.

Go to that other great church, in London, St. Paul's. Ask who built it. You will not be told of the contractors, or the men who furnished the materials, or who superintended the actual work of construction. But at once will be mentioned the name of Sir Christopher Wren, the architect in whose brain the splendid structure was dreamed, before a stroke of work was done to make it a fact. And this is true of many other noble works.

Nor is the man of ideals necessarily impractical, as some have claimed. A distinguished American orator has well illustrated this fact by the following story: Joseph was an idealist. His practical brethren said he was a dreamer, and of no account. And they seized him, and threw him into a pit, and sold him to the Ishmaelites on their way to Egypt. And the years passed; and the famine came; and the brethren of Joseph, in dire distress, went down into Egypt to buy corn. And in Egypt they found Joseph, the dreamer. And Joseph had the corn.

We may not always understand with perfect knowledge the why and wherefore of things, but do not therefore discard all faith in things.

"We may not know the meaning vast,
Nor clearly see with human sight,
But only catch some glimpse at last,
As we gaze starward through the night.

"What has done all and can do all,
And leads us through the dark or light,
We may not know, or grasp, or call;
But we may trust the Infinite."

From the time when the active work of teaching began and Mr. Meigs became president in 1801, from the first commencement, which was held under a brush arbor in 1804, this institution has sought to plant in the breasts of the students high ideals and noble resolves. The speaker well remembers the time when it was considered that the day must be begun with early prayer, and when, in order that no time might be lost from the usual hours of study and recitation, prayers were had before breakfast. Oftentimes aroused from slumber by the chapel bell, and dressing with lightning speed—sometimes in dressing gowns and slippers—the gathering was a motley looking, sleepy-eyed crew. But when that grand old man, Chancellor Lipscomb, lifted up his eloquent voice in earnest petition to the source of all learning and all power, he would send a thrill even to the consciences of the drowsy audience, and plant in their breasts seeds which have taken root and grown and spread, like a benediction, through the arid years of later life. And likewise in the future you will remember that golden-hearted gentleman and splendid Chancellor, David Crenshaw Barrow. Great of heart and great of brain, he is not only the chancellor, but the friend and counsellor of the young men. He may rightfully be called the loving and loved chancellor. Long may he continue to hold the office which he fills and adorns with such signal ability, and live in the hearts of "the boys," young and old!

Among the most enduring of recollections are the memories of college life. You may forget the Greek roots for which you dug in the sweat of your brows, or the binominal theorem, or the pons asinorum, that "bridge of sighs" by which the student passes into the mysterious realms of geometry. But you will not forget the gentle kindness, the patient consideration and the priceless assistance of the chancellor and professors in helping you over the rough places in the pathway that led to knowledge, or in cheering and encouraging you when the way seemed long or beset with temptations. Such memories will grow stronger and more tender as the years go by. Nor is this all. In many a quiet hour you will hear, with the ear of memory, the insistent clangor of the bell that from its brazen throat rang out its clamorous announcement of some victory of the Georgia baseball or football team. Through the growing dimness of the years you will still see the blazing bonfires and the exultant procession of the victors. And amid the shadows of life's evening you will see twinkling the star-bright eyes of the college sweethearts. Dear memories of our college days, that shall stir our hearts in years to come, or fill our eyes with mists of loving tears!

But, in addition to faith in an ideal, you must work. Sir Christopher Wren's dream of a great church would have remained merely a dream,

if it had not been crystallized into a splendid reality by labor. For true success you must not only form a high ideal, but also turn it into a lasting fact. To do this demands work, courage, determination. Nothing worth while comes by chance. Genius is a high-sounding word. But it requires determined work to succeed. On one occasion when Rufus Choate was told that a certain fine achievement was the result of accident, he answered: "Nonsense! You might as well drop the Greek alphabet and expect to pick up the Iliad."

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

Do not rely too much on adventitious aids of birth or family influence. Make your own way. Some years ago a college speaker, in entering the auditorium, noticed on the swinging door a sign which read, "Push." This struck his attention, and in his address he said to the young men: "The true secret of success is written yonder on your door." All eyes were turned in that direction, when to his horror he saw that on that side of the door the sign was, "Pull." But on the portals which enter the temple of success there is but one sign—"Push."

The determined spirit which accomplishes great results is well set forth in the poem of Joaquin Miller, describing Columbus sailing in search of the new world.

"Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores;
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: 'Now must we pray
For lo! the very stars are gone,
Brave Adm'r'l speak; what shall I say?'
'Why, say: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"'

"'My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly, wan and weak.'
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
'What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?'
'Why, you shall say at break of day:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"'

• • • • • • • • • • • •

"They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
'This mad sea shows his teeth tonight.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
He lifts his teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?'
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'

"Then pale and worn, he paced his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! At last a light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: 'on, sail on!'"

It is a common saying that the world owes every man a living. That is not true. The world owes no man of sound body and mind a living. What it owes to every man is the opportunity to make a living. And the man owes it to the world to accept the opportunity and make the living. No man should live for himself alone. He is one of the human family, and he owes a duty to humanity. Each of you is a son of the university. In a broader sense, you are the sons of your native state and country. Go forth to do your duty, not for self alone, but for mankind.

Love your state and your country. In this tense age, the future bristles with profound questions touching their welfare, their glory, and their honor. The most casual observer can see that there is a great unrest throughout the world. In England a million men have but recently been out of work and a nation was almost at a standstill. On the continent of Europe great industrial and political struggles are in progress. Even China, the giant, which slept for ages, has awakened. The oldest of monarchies has become the youngest of republics. In this country tremendous questions—economic, political, sociological and moral—inhere in the strenuous and complex life of today, and are pressing for solution. It will require brave hearts, clear heads and strong hands to solve these problems aright. I trust that you may so direct your own lives and so guard the state and national welfare and honor, and guide them toward a bright future, that when the old men, tottering adown life's pathway to the valley of the shadow, call out to one of you young watchmen on the heights above, "Watchman tell us of the night, what the signs of promise are?" you can point upward to the future and answer back in tones as ringing as a bugle note, "Traveler o'er yon mountain height see that glorious, beaming star."

I feel a peculiar interest in the young men of Georgia. The old men are passing away. The snows that whiten their locks will soon become winding sheets. Their faces are to the west. Their glories are the rays of the sunset. But the young men are coming on to take their places, to guard and protect and advance the interests of our much loved state, to place new laurels on her brow, and confer on her a grander scepter of power. It is my earnest wish for you that you may prove worthy sons of the great mother, and that in the coming years, like the Roman mother of old, she may point to you with pride and say: "These, these are my jewels."

Walter B. Hill: Eulogy on Sidney Lanier

[On October 17, 1890, a handsome bronze bust of Mr. Lanier was unveiled in Macon, Ga., the poet's former home, on which occasion a

superb address, characterized by an intimate appreciation of Mr. Lanier's genius, was delivered by his brilliant fellow-townsman, Mr. Hill, afterwards chancellor of the University of Georgia.]

Sidney Lanier sings the psalm of his own life in the "Song of the Chattahoochee." Pure was that life as the mountain stream that, in his native Georgia, flows—

> "Out of the hills of Habersham
> Down through the valleys of Hall."

Manifold hindrances uprose at every step to deflect or bar his course—set toward poetry as the mountain brook was set toward the sea. He was held in thrall to the narrow channel of his earlier life by languor of wasting disease; and by the pressure on his "home fond heart" of family care. Bread for wife and children could be earned in the uncongenial toil of a lawyer's office, at the sacrifice of the destiny which throbbed within him; only a strong faith could prophesy that the manna would fall from those larger heavens whose atmosphere his spirit craved as its vital air.

Listen how in the allegory of the song these alluring appeals are heard, and the barriers make themselves felt—

> "All down the hills of Habersham,
> All through the valleys of Hall,
> The rushes cried, *Abide, Abide,*
> The wilful water-weeds held me thrall,
> The laving laurel turned my tide,
> And the ferns and the fondling grass said, *Stay,*
> The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
> And the little reeds sighed, *Abide, Abide,*
> Here in the hills of Habersham,
> Here in the valleys of Hall."

But no! The arid wastes of time parched with the eagerness of its own greed—the drooping flowers of beauty and love and holiness—the sea of song stretching its sympathies around the hard, prosaic crust of human life—all need and sorely need the pure and quickening message which strives within him to find vent. Duty whispers low, "thou must." Hear, then, in the allegory of the poem, how the stream asserts its outgoing mission:

> "But, oh, not the hills of Habersham,
> And oh, not the valleys of Hall
> Avail; I am fain for to water the plain.
> Downward the voices of Duty call—
> Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
> The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
> And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
> And the lordly main from beyond the plain
> Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
> Calls through the valleys of Hall."

Lanier is the type "in a nineteenth century way" of the union of musical and poetic functions in the old-time bard or minstrel. The real significance of the connection of his musical genius with his poetic art lies not so much in the skill of his metrical forms as in the enrichment of his poetic inspirations.

Most strikingly this rare conjunction of poetic gifts enabled him to surpass other poets in the description of sounds; not perhaps in the description of the sounds of voluble bells, and lowing herds, and surging seas, but, the sounds which, as George Eliot says, "lie on the other side of silence." "He could hear the squirrel's heart beat." If to other poets it has been given to behold "the light that never was on land or sea," to him it was given to hear voices in the depths of woods and the brooding of the marshes which no ear but his had ever caught. To his quickened hearing the indistinguishable vibrations of the wings of bees made "loud fanfare." The rustling and whispering of little green leaves awoke his "Sunrise" from sleep. How exquisite his description from "Corn":

> "The copse-depths into, little noises start
> That sound anon like beatings of a heart,
> Anon like talk 'twixt lips not far apart."

Lanier is the poet of passionate purity. He is the laureate of the White Cross movement of a later time—the knightly order of Sir Galahads whose "strength is as the strength of ten," because their hearts are pure. Woman's protest against the burning injustice of public opinion which man has established was never more finely uttered than in the lines—

> "Must woman scorch for a single sin
> Which her betrayers may revel in?"

In an age of materialism, he has sung of the finer things of the spirit. To a generation rushing madly after wealth, hardly pausing for a moment around an open grave, making "business a battle," wedging the poor—

> "Against an inward opening door
> That pressure tightens evermore,"

and sound the cry,

> "Alas, for the poor to have some part,
> In yon sweet living land of art."

His song and his life are a splendid lesson for this needy time. The lesson that to be and to know are greater than to get and to have.

He has enriched poetry with the revelation of aspects of nature hitherto unsung. He was the first that ever burst into that silent sea, "the length and the breadth and the sweep of the marshes of Glynn." He is the first who has sung in lasting melody the waving of the corn. His heart was open to all of Nature's revelation as the morning glory to the sun. A mere glance at the titles of the poems will show how many objects touched the springs of affection within him. Wherever he went—Tampa, Brunswick, Chester—he "carried starry stuff about his wings,"

and has enriched his temporary homes with the pollen of his songs. The "peddler bee," the "gospelling glooms of live oaks," the "marsh plants, thirsty-cupped for rain," the "prayer of leaves, with myriad palms upturned in air;" the mockingbird, "trim Shakespeare of the tree" who "summed the woods in song"—these are but a few of the rare felicities of phrase which glow through the little green-gilt volume of poems like the "globe of gold" that on a Florida Sunday studded bright the green heavens of the orange-groves.

The story of his life is a heritage for all time. The undaunted faith that in the face of every practical discouragement bade him take flute and pen for sword and staff, and give his allegiance to the twin arts he had so long worshiped—the manly and uncomplaining struggle against poverty and unrecognition—the almost airy heroism with which he looked Death in the eye, calling it the "rich stirrup cup of time" that should send him glad on his journey to the undiscovered country—all this is a record that the world will not willingly let die. "The idea of his life shall sweetly creep into men's study of imagination."

Summing up all these qualities, and thinking of others that can not now be named, it is not too much to say in the words of Chief Justice Bleckley, himself a poet, that "his fair fame which is now a mere germ may one day grow to be a tall cedar in the poetic Lebanon."

ELOQUENT PARAGRAPHS

Adieu to Wesleyan

Time will soon be done. The day scarcely says at morning's rosy dawn, "I come," ere the sound, "I am gone," sinks and dies in evening's quiet hush. The present will soon be the past. The bounding blood, struck by the chill of death, will creep in funeral motion to the heart, whose feeble pulsations can send it forth no more. Life's gay attire must be surrendered for the grave's pale shroud, and the freedom of earth for confinement in the coffin and the tomb. Take heed to your ways, your hearts, and your hopes. So live that when this earthly tabernacle lies in darkened ruin and the soul shall send its power forth, it shall receive a welcome from its God and a mansion in its Father's House. My task is well nigh over. It remains but to pronounce the parting words: and each one to our separate ways; strangers and pilgrims on the earth, girt for its toil and its grief; doomed perhaps to meet no more until we meet as kindred dwellers in the house appointed for all the living. I have no complaint to make, no wrong to forgive. If in the exercise of authority a word to wound has been spoken by me, let the motive bereave it of its harshness and the feeling it awakens be numbered with the things forgotten or at rest. Kindness has marked our intercourse, let friendship hallow our farewell.

"A word that must be and hath been,
A word that makes us linger,
Yet farewell."

—Bishop George F. Pierce.

[Extract from an address to the graduating class, delivered on retiring from the presidency of Wesleyan Female College in 1838.]

Georgia

I would I had the power of presenting with the brevity which becomes an occasion like this a worthy ideal of Georgia, the land of my love. But not as she lies upon the map, stretching from the mountains to the ocean, dear as she must be to her sons, in all her variegated features; in her mountains and her valleys, in her rivers and her cataracts, in her bare red hills and her broad fields of rustling corn and of cotton snowy white; in her vast primeval forests that roll back in softer cadence the majestic music of the melancholy sea; and, last but not least, in our own beautiful but modest Savannah, smiling sweetly through her veil of perennial and yet of diversified green. It is not the Georgia of the map I would invoke before you tonight. I would conjure up if I could the Georgia of the soul—majestic ideal of a sovereign state, at once the mother and the queen of a gallant people—Georgia, as she first pressed her feet upon the western shores and beckoned hitherward from the older world the poor but the virtuous, the oppressed but the upright, the unfortunate but the honorable; adopting for herself a sentiment far nobler than all the armorial bearings of starred and spangled courts, where low-born baseness wafts perfume to pride; having for her escutcheon the sentiment: "Poverty and Virtue! Toil and be honest!" • • •

When the winter of our discontent was resting heavily, gloomily upon us; at the holiest hour of the mysterious midnight, a vision of surpassing loveliness rose before me. Georgia, my native state, with manacled limbs and disheveled locks and tears streaming from weary eyes, bent over a mangled form which she clasped, though with convulsed and fettered arms, to her bosom. And, as I gazed, the features of the blood-stained warrior rapidly changed. First, I saw Bartow and then I saw Gallie and then I saw Cobb, and there was Walker and Willis and Lamar! More rapid than light itself successively flashed out the wan but intrepid features of her countless scores of dying heroes, and she pressed them close to her bosom, and closer still, and yet more close, until, behold, she had pressed them all right into her heart! And quickly, as it were, in the twinkling of an eye, the fetters had fallen from her beautiful limbs and the tears were dried upon her lovely cheeks and the wonted fires had returned to her flashing eyes and she was all of Georgia again: an equal among equals in a Union of Confederate sovereignties. Yes, the Georgia of Oglethorpe, the Georgia of 1776, the Georgia of 1860, is the Georgia of today; is Georgia now, with her own peculiar memories and her own peculiar hopes, her own historic and heroic names and her own loyal sons and devoted daughters; rich in resources, intrepid in soul, defiant of wrong as ever she was. God save her. God save our liege sovereign! God save our beloved queen, God save our only queen!—General Henry R. Jackson.

[Extract from a banquet speech delivered in Savannah, during the days of reconstruction, in response to the toast: "Georgia."]

Lee and Davis

No people, ancient or modern, can look with greater pride to the judgments of history than can we of the South to the verdict which history will be compelled to render upon the merits and characters of our two chief leaders: the one in the military and the other in the civil service.

Most other leaders are great because of fortunate results and most other heroes because of success; but Davis and Lee, because of qualities in themselves, are great in the face of fortune and heroes in spite of defeat.

When the future historian shall come to survey the character of Lee he will find it rising like some mountain-peak above the undulating plain of humanity and he must lift his eyes toward heaven to catch its summit. He possessed every virtue of other great commanders without their vices. He was a foe without hate, a friend without treachery, a soldier without cruelty, a victor without oppression, and a victim without murmuring. He was a public officer without vices; a private citizen without wrong; a neighbor without reproach; a Christian without hypocrisy and a man without guile. He was Cæsar without his ambition; Frederick without his tyranny; Napoleon without his selfishness, and Washington without his reward. He was gentle as a woman in life; modest and pure as a virgin in thought; watchful as a Roman vestal in duty; submissive to law as Socrates, and grand in battle as Achilles.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Jefferson Davis was as great in the cabinet as was Lee in the field. He was more resentful in temper and more aggressive by nature than Lee. His position, too, exposed him more frequently to assaults from our own people. He had to make all appointments and though often upon the recommendation of others all the blame of mistakes was charged to him. He also made recommendations for enactments, and though these measures, especially the military portion, invariably had the concurrence of Lee and often originated with that chieftain, the opposition of malcontents was directed at Davis. * * * I could detain you all night correcting false impressions which have been industriously made against this great and good man. I knew Jefferson Davis as I knew few men. I have been near him in his public duties; I have seen him by his private fireside; I have witnessed his humble Christian devotions; and I challenge the judgment of history when I say, no people were ever led through the fiery struggle of liberty by a nobler, truer patriot; while the carnage of war and the trials of public life never revealed a purer or a more beautiful Christian character.

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I would be ashamed of my own unworthiness if I did not venerate Lee. I would scorn my own nature if I did not love Davis. I would question my own integrity and patriotism if I did not honor and admire both. There are some who affect to praise Lee and condemn Davis. But of all such Lee himself would be ashamed. No two leaders ever leaned each on the other in such beautiful trust and absolute confidence. Hand in hand and heart to heart, they moved in front of the dire struggle of their people for independence: a noble pair of brothers. And if fidelity to right, endurance of trials and self-sacrifice for others can win title to a place with the good in the great hereafter, then Davis and Lee will meet where wars are not waged and slanderers are not heard; and as, heart to heart and wing to wing, they fly through the courts of heaven, admiring angels will say: "What a noble pair of brothers!"—Benjamin H. Hill.

[Extract from an address before the Southern Historical Society in Atlanta, February 18, 1874.]

Johnston's Army of the West

Many have been the eulogies upon the Army of Northern Virginia. Poets have sung and historians have written and orators have spoken of its deeds of heroism and of valor. But the story of the other army can also furnish a theme for the poet, and the historian, and the orator. No grander epic in martial story can ever be anthemed than the march of the Army of Tennessee from Missionary Ridge to Atlanta. It is the story of many hard fought battles—Ringgold, Dalton, Resaca, Rome, New Hope Church, Marietta, Kenesaw—at which last there were three weeks of battling, Johnston in the lead, Hood and Hardee, and Polk, as his able lieutenants, and with them gallant Pat Cleburne, the Stonewall of the western army, and at his side a score of others equally as brave. Some of you whom I see before me were with that gallant band. You well know how, in May, 1864, this deadlock of armies began, with over 100,000 men on the Union side against 60,000 on your side. How foot by foot Johnston fell back along the hotly-contested fields to which I have referred; and how, when Peachtree Creek was reached, his opponent's army had been reduced by half, and he had himself lost less than 10,000 men. He had drawn the "Hero of Columbia" into our own country, with mountains and rivers behind him, his army half gone, his line of supply in constant danger, and he fronting a splendidly equipped, well preserved and confident army of over 50,000 men. Surely the step was an error that led to the change of this condition. When this step was taken the Federal commander uttered these ominous words: "Heretofore the fighting has been as Johnston pleased; now it will be as I please." Then came Atlanta and Jonesboro and the beginning of the end. Johnston's policy was to preserve his army at any price. He planned to draw his enemy from his base of supply and to give him battle only when most disastrous.

History tells of the Roman Fabius, who opposed Hannibal and his Carthaginian army in its invasion of Italy. He was entrusted by the unanimous will of the people with the preservation of the republic. The system which he adopted to check the advance of Hannibal is well known. By a succession of movements, marches and countermarches, always choosing good defensive positions, he harassed his antagonist who could never draw him into ground favorable for his attack, while Fabius watched every opportunity for availing himself of any error or neglect on the part of the Carthaginian. This mode of warfare which was new to the Roman, acquired for Fabius the name of "the Delayer," and he was censured by the young, the rash and the ignorant. Fabius returned to Rome and the command of the army was entrusted to Varro, who rushed imprudently to battle and the defeat of the Roman army at Cannæ changed the history of Rome. Who knows but that the history of the Confederate States of America might have been written differently had not the criticism of the rash and the thoughtless and the ignorant been allowed to lead to a substitution of the Confederate Fabius with a brave but impetuous Varro!

I will not enlarge upon what have been the results of the great Civil war; but one, and perhaps the greatest of all, the results accomplished was to settle for all time that we were a free and united people, and that

the efforts of a tyrannical majority to overrule a weak but determined minority will, whenever attempted, plunge the country into civil war. This lesson alone is to posterity worth the sacrifice. Again, the principle for which the fight was made by the South has been determined as correct by the results of the war. The Supreme Court of our reunited country, within a decade after the close of the Civil war, has held to be sound the doctrine upon which all the Southern States withdrew from the Union. So it may be said that the independent sovereignty of the individual states of our Union have forever been guaranteed by this great but crimson seal of civil war, and thus has been preserved what Mr. Calhoun has been pleased to term the "very breath of the nostrils of the government."

But if the great struggle had done naught else, is it not enough that it has given to posterity, to the young men and women of our country as an exemplar, and to older ones as a memory, such a character as Robert Edward Lee? He was great in victory. As his brave soldiers marched before him into victorious battles, their countenances seemed to speak the glorious words: "Ah, beloved general, we who are about to die, salute you." He was still greater in defeat. Then it was there came that which inspired the immortal words: "Duty is the sublimest word in our language," and "Human virtue should be equal to human calamity." The lesson of his life is before us. "A leader of armies he closes his career in complete disaster, but military scientists study his campaigns and find in them designs as bold and brilliant, and actions as intense and energetic as ever illustrated the art of war; the gallant captain beholds in his bearing courage as rare as ever faced a desperate field, or restored a lost one; the private soldier looks up at an image as benignant and commanding as ever thrilled the heart with highest impulse of devotion. He lived and died the type of the Confederate nation, and the brave and the true of every land pay him tribute." The first soldiers of foreign climes salute him with eulogy; the scholar decorates his page with dedication to his name; the artist enshrines his form and features in noblest work of brush and chisel, and the poet voices the heroic pathos of his life in tender and lofty strains, and thus—

"When a great man dies
For years beyond our ken
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men."

—Henry R. Goetchius.

[Extract from an address delivered in Columbus, Georgia, on the anniversary of the birth of Robert E. Lee, January 19, 1900.]

The Land of Memories

If the worst is to befall us; if our most serious apprehensions and gloomiest forebodings are to be realized; if centralism is ultimately to prevail; if our entire system of free institutions, as established by our common ancestors, is to be subverted and an empire established in place of them; if such is to be the last scene now being enacted; then be assured that we of the South will be acquitted, not only in our own consciences, but in the judgment of mankind, of all responsibility for so terrible a

catastrophe and from all the guilt of so great a crime against humanity. Amidst our own ruins, bereft of fortunes and estates, as well as liberty, with nothing remaining to us but a good name and a public character unsullied and untarnished, we will in our common misfortunes still cling in our affections to "the land of memories" and find expression for our sentiments when surveying the past as well as of our distant hopes when looking to the future, in the grand words of Father Ryan, one of our most eminent divines and one of America's best poets: "A land without ruins is a land without memories; a land without memories is a land without liberty! A land that wears a laurel crown may be fair to see, but twine a few sad cypress leaves around the brow of any land and, be that land beautiless and bleak, it becomes lovely in its consecrated coronet of sorrow, and it wins the sympathy of the heart and history. Crowns of roses fade; crowns of thorns endure! Calvaries and crucifixes take deepest hold upon humanity! The triumphs of might are transient; they pass away and are forgotten; the sufferings of right are graven deepest on the chronicles of nations!"

"Yes, give me a land where the ruins are spread
And the living tread light on the hearts of the dead;
Yes, give me a land that is blest by the dust,
And bright with the deeds of the down-trodden just.
Yes, give me a land that hath legend and lays
Enshrining the memories of long-vanished days;
Yes, give me a land that hath story and song
To tell of the strife of the right with the wrong;
Yes, give me the land with a grave in each spot
And names in the graves that shall not be forgot.
Yes, give me the land of the wreck and the tomb.
There's a grandeur in graves, there's a glory in gloom!
For out of the gloom future brightness is born,
As after the night looms the sunrise of morn;
And the graves of the dead with the grass overgrown
May yet form the footstool of Liberty's throne,
And each single wreck in the war-path of might
Shall yet be a rock in the temple of right!"

—Alexander H. Stephens.

[Extract from a speech delivered in the national House of Representatives shortly after the close of the Civil war.]

The Stars and Stripes

It is with no ordinary pride that I, who have opposed all these sectional parties, can stand here in the City of Atlanta, in the very center of all our sorrows, and raise my voice, fearing no successful contradiction when I affirm that the Union never made war upon the South. It was not the Union, my countrymen, that slew your children; it was not the Union that burned your cities; it was not the Union that laid waste your country, invaded your homes and mocked at your calamities; it was not the Union that reconstructed your states; it was not the Union that disfranchised intelligent citizens and denied them participation in their own

governments. No! No! Charge not these things upon the Union of your fathers. Every one of these wrongs was inflicted by a diabolical sectionalism in the very teeth of every principle of the American Union. So equally I say the South never made war upon the Union. There has never been an hour when nine out of ten of us would not have given our lives for this Union. We did not leave that Union because we were dissatisfied with it; we did not leave the Union to make war upon it. We left the Union because a sectional party had seized it and we hoped thereby to avoid a conflict. But, if war must come, we intended to fight a sectional party and not the Union. Therefore the late war, with all its disastrous consequences, was the result of sectionalism in the North and of sectionalism in the South, and none, I repeat, of these disasters are chargeable upon the Union.

When unimpassioned reason shall review our past, there is no subject in all our history on which our American statesmanship, North and South, will be adjudged to have been so unwise, so imbecile, and so utterly deficient as upon that one subject, which stimulated these sectional parties into existence. Above all the din of these sectional quarrelings I would raise my voice and proclaim to all our people that there is no right or liberty for any race of any color in America save in the preservation of that great American Union according to the principles symbolized by that flag. Destroy the general Government and the states will rush into anarchy. Destroy the states and we will all rush into despotism and slavery. Preserve the general Government; preserve the states; and preserve both by keeping each untrammeled in their appropriate spheres; and we shall preserve the rights and liberties of all sections and of all races for all time.

My countrymen, have you studied the wonderful system of free constitutional government? Have you compared it with former systems and noted how our fathers sought to improve their defects? Let me commend this study to every American citizen today. To him who loves liberty it is more enchanting than romance, more bewitching than love and more elevating than any other science. Our fathers accepted this plan with improvements in the details which can not be found in any other system. With what a noble impulse of patriotism they came together from distant states and joined their counsel to perfect their system, thenceforward to be known as the American system of free constitutional government. The snows that nightly fall on Mount Washington are not purer than the motives which begot it. The fresh dew-laden zephyrs from the orange-groves of the South are not sweeter than the hopes which its advent inspired. The flight of our symbolic eagle, though he blow his breath on the sun, can not be higher than its expected destiny. Have the motives which inspired our fathers become all corrupt in their children? Are the hopes that sustained them all poisoned to us? Is that high expected destiny all eclipsed and before its noon? No, no, forever no! Patriots North, patriots South, patriots everywhere! Let us hallow this year of jubilee by burying all our sectional animosities. Let us close our ears to the men and the parties that teach us to hate each other.

Raise high that flag of our fathers. Let southern breezes kiss it. Let southern skies reflect it. Southern patriots will love it; southern sons will defend it, and southern heroes will die for it! And as its folds unfurl beneath the heavens let our voices unite and swell the loud invocation: Flag of the Union! Wave on! Wave ever! But wave over freemen, not over subjects. Wave over states, not over provinces! And now let the voices of patriots from the North and from the East and from the West join our voices from the South and send to heaven one universal according chorus: Wave on, flag of our fathers! Wave forever! But wave over a Union of equals, not over a despotism of lords and vassals; over a land of law, of liberty, of peace, and not of anarchy, oppression and strife.—Benjamin H. Hill.

[Extract from an address delivered in Atlanta, in 1876, on the reception of a flag presented to the city by visitors from the State of Ohio.]

Mr. Grady's Introduction of Jefferson Davis

Had the great man whose memory is perpetuated in this marble chosen of all men one witness to his constancy and his courage, he would have chosen the illustrious statesman whose presence honors this platform today. Had the people of Georgia chosen of all men one man today to aid in this sacred duty, and, by the memories that invest him about, to give deeper sanctity to their work, they would have chosen Jefferson Davis—first and last president of the Confederate States. It is good, sir, for you to be here. Other leaders have had their triumphs. Conquerors have won crowns; and honors have been piled on the victors of earth's great battles, but never yet, sir, came man to more loving people. Never conqueror wore prouder diadem than the deathless love that crowns your gray hairs today. Never king inhabited more splendid palace than the millions of brave hearts in which your dear name and fame are forever enshrined. Speaking to you, sir, as a son of a Confederate soldier, who sealed his devotion with his life—holding kinship through the priceless heritage of his blood to you and yours—standing midway between the thinning ranks of his old comrades, whose faltering footsteps are turned toward the grave, and the new generation, thronging eagerly to take the work that falls unfinished from their hands—here, in the auspicious Present, across which the historic Past salutes a glorious Future, let me pledge you that the love we bear you shall be transmitted to our children, and that generations yet unborn shall in this fair land hold your memory sacred and point with pride to your lofty and stainless life. My countrymen, let us teach the lesson in this old man's life that defeat, no less than victory, hath its glories. Let us declare that this outcast from the privileges of this great government is the uncrowned king of our people, and that no southern man, high or humble, asks greater glory than to bear with him, heart to heart, the blame and the burden of the cause for which he stands unpardoned. In dignity and honor he met the responsibilities of our common cause. With dauntless courage he faced its charges. In obscurity and poverty he has for twenty years borne the reproach of our enemies and the obloquy of defeat. This moment—in this blessed Easter week—that, witnessing the resurrection of these memories which, for twenty years have been buried in our hearts, has given us the best Easter we have seen since Christ was risen from the dead. This moment finds its richest reward in the fact that we can light with sunshine the shorten-

ing end of a path that has long been dark and dreary. Georgians, countrymen, soldiers, and sons of soldiers, and brave women, the light and soul and crown of our civilization, rise, and give your hearts voice, as we tell Jefferson Davis that he is at home among his people.

[Speech delivered at the unveiling of the Ben Hill Monument, in Atlanta, Ga., May 1, 1886.]

The South and the Race Problem

The love we feel for that race, you can neither measure nor comprehend. As I attest it here, the spirit of my old black mammy from her home up there looks down to bless me and, through the tumult of this night, steals the sweet music of her croonings, as thirty years ago she held me in her black arms and lead me smiling into sleep. This scene vanished as I speak, and I catch the vision of an old southern home, with its lofty pillars and its white pigeons fluttering down through the golden air. I see women with strained and anxious faces and children alert yet helpless. I see night come down with its dangers and its apprehensions and in a big homely room I feel on my tired brow the touch of loving hands, now worn and wrinkled, but fairer to me yet than the hands of mortal woman and stronger yet to lead me than the hands of mortal man; and as they lay a mother's blessing there, while at her knees—the truest altar I have ever known—I thank God that she is safe in her sanctuary because her slaves, sentinel in the silent cabin or guard at the chamber door, put a black man's loyalty between her and danger.

But I catch another vision. The crisis of battle; a soldier struck, staggering, falls. I see a slave scuffling through the smoke, winding his black arms about the fallen form, reckless of the hurtling death, bending his trusty face to catch the words that tremble on the stricken lips, so wrestling meantime with agony that he would lay down his life in his master's stead. I see him by the weary bedside, ministering with uncomplaining patience, praying with all his humble heart that God would lift his master up until death comes in mercy and in honor to still the soldier's agony and seal the soldier's life. I see him by the open grave, mute, motionless, uncovered, suffering for the death of him who in life fought against his freedom. I see him when the mound is heaped and the great drama of his life is closed, turn away and with downcast eyes and uncertain step start out into new and strange fields, faltering, struggling, but moving on, until his shambling figure is lost in the light of this better and brighter day. And from the grave comes a voice saying: "Follow him! Put your arms about him in his need, even as he put his about me. Be his friend as he was mine." And out into this new world—strange to me as to him, dazzling, bewildering both—I follow! And may God forget my people—when they forget these!

Whatever the future may hold for them—whether they plod along in the servitude from which they have never been lifted since the Cyrenian was laid hold upon by the Roman soldiers and made to bear the cross of the fainting Christ—whether they find homes again in Africa, and thus hasten the prophecy of the psalmist who said: "And suddenly Ethiopia shall hold out her hands unto God"—whether, forever dislocated and separated, they remain a weak people beset by stronger, and exist as the

Turk, who lives in the jealousy rather than in the conscience of Europe—or whether in this miraculous republic they break through the caste of twenty centuries and, belying universal history, reach the full stature of citizenship, and in peace maintain it—we shall give them uttermost justice and abiding friendship. And whatever we do, into whatever seeming estrangement we may be driven, nothing shall disturb the love we bear this republic.

I stand here, Mr. President, to profess no new loyalty. When General Lee, whose heart was the temple of our hopes and whose arm was clothed with our strength, renewed his allegiance to the Government at Appomattox, he spoke from a heart too great to be false, and he spoke for every honest man from Maryland to Texas. From that day to this Hamilcar has nowhere in the South sworn young Hannibal to hatred or to vengeance, but everywhere to loyalty and to love.—Henry W. Grady.

[Extract from the speech on the race problem delivered at the banquet of the Merchants' Association in Boston in December, 1889.]

What the South Asks

Such, Mr. President, is the problem as we see it; such is the temper in which we approach it; such the progress made. What do we ask of you? First, patience. Out of this alone can come perfect work. Second, confidence, in this alone can you judge fairly. Third, in this you can help us best. Fourth, give us your sons as hostages. When you plant your capital in millions, send your sons that they may help know how true are our hearts and may help to swell the Anglo-Saxon current until it can carry without danger this black infusion. Fifth, loyalty to the republic—for there is sectionalism in loyalty as in estrangement. This hour little needs the loyalty that is loyal to one section and yet holds the other in enduring suspicion and estrangement. Give us the broad and perfect loyalty that loves and trusts Georgia alike with Massachusetts—that knows no South, no North, no East, no West; but endears with equal and patriotic love every foot of our soil, every state in our Union.

A mighty duty, sir, and a mighty inspiration impels every one of us tonight to lose in patriotic consecration whatever estranges, whatever divides. We, sir, are Americans—and we fight for human liberty. The uplifting force of the American idea is under every throne on earth. France, Brazil—these are our victories. To redeem the earth from kingcraft and oppression—this is our mission. And we shall not fail. God has sown in our soil the seed of his millennial harvest, and he will not lay the sickle to the ripening crop until his full and perfect day has come. Our history, sir, has been a constant and expanding miracle from Plymouth Rock and Jamestown all the way—aye, even from the hour when, from the voiceless and trackless ocean, a new world rose to the sight of the inspired sailor. As we approach the fourth centennial of that stupendous day—when the old world will come to marvel and to learn, amid our gathered treasures—let us resolve to crown the miracles of our past with the spectacle of a republic compact, united, indissoluble in the bonds of love—loving from the Lakes to the Gulf—the wounds of war healed in every heart as on every hill—serene and resplendent at the summit of human achievement and earthly glory—blazing out the

path, and making clear the way up which all the nations of the earth must come in God's appointed time!—Henry W. Grady.

[Extract from the speech on the Race Problem, delivered at the banquet of the Merchants Association in Boston in 1889.]

Eulogy of Bishop Elliott

But, at last, the man, the scholar, the orator, the philosopher, the patriot, the philanthropist, and the Christian, combining together, culminated in the bishop at his holy ministrations. If a thing of beauty be a joy forever, here is a memory which can never die. The majestic figure that so well became the flowing robe; the benignant features kindling up with intellectual fire and pure emotion; the ringing voice, with its own peculiar tone of soulful melody; the lucid thought, the graceful diction—"touching nothing which they did not beautify"; a strong, vigorous mind, enriched by the lore of the theological schools, but yet more characterized by its quick, clear perception of the practical and the human, resulting from his knowledge of men and the ways of the world, giving at times a striking originality to his scriptural interpretations—for to the Bible at last must we look for the profoundly human and the profoundly practical—and trusting, in this age and among this people, rather to the love of the Son and the glories of Paradise to attract, than to the frowns of the Father and the terrors of Hell to appal; and, crowning all, a soul exhaustless of its sympathies as the sky of its stars, or the ocean of its pearls, and a charity broad as the shadow of an archangel's wing.

And here was the true benediction of this man; large in stature, large in intellect, in soul he was grand! And it is the soul only which grows forever; and grows more rapidly when it is fed by sorrow. Suffering and sorrow were the daily food of a God! And as they came to him, in those later and darker years, cup after cup of gall and wormwood, how grandly did he grow as he drank!

> Like some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
> Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
> Though rolling clouds around its breast are spread,
> Eternal sunshine settles on its head.
>
> —Gen. Henry R. Jackson.

[From Eulogy on Bishop Elliott, delivered February 12, 1867.]

Grady, the South's Peerless Orator

My fellow-Georgians, how shall I speak to you of him? It is meet that sympathy should veil her weeping eyes, when she mourns the darling child who bore her gentle image ever mirrored in his life. As well may the tongue speak when the soul has departed, as southern oratory declaim when southern eloquence lies buried in the grave of Grady. Even American patriotism is voiceless, as she stands beside the coffined chieftain of her fast assembling host. Was he good? Let his neighbors answer. Tonight Atlanta is shrouded in as deep a pall as that which wrapped Egypt in gloom when the angel of the Lord smote the first-born

in every house. In the busiest city of the state the rattle of commerce today was suspended, the hum of industry was hushed, and in that gay capital bright pleasure hath stayed her shining feet to drop a tear upon the grave of him the people loved so well. Was he great? From the pinnacle of no official station has he fallen; the pomp and circumstance of war did not place him upon a pedestal of prominence; no book has he given to the literature of the nation; no wealth has he amassed with which to crystallize his generosity into fame; and yet tonight a continent stands weeping by his new-made grave, and as the waves come laden with the message of the Infinite to the base of the now twice historic Plymouth Rock, the sympathetic sobbing of the sea can only whisper to the stricken land, "Peace, be still; my everlasting arms are round you."

Grady's greatness can not be measured by his speeches, though they were so masterful that they form a portion of his country's history. It will rather be gauged by that patient, brilliant daily work, which made it possible for him to command the nation's ear; that power of which these public utterances were but the exponents: his daily toil in his private sanctum in the stately building of that magnificent manufactory of public thought, which he wielded as a weaver does his shuttle. A small and scantily furnished room, with nothing in it save Grady, his genius and his God—and yet thus illumined, it warmed with the light of fraternal love both sections of a republic, compared to which that of historic Greece was but as a perfumed lamp to the noontide splendor of the sun. As a journalist Mr. Grady had no superior in America. As a writer he exercised the princely prerogative of genius which is to create and not obey the laws of rhetoric. As well attempt to teach the nightingale to sing by note, or track the summer lightning as we do the sun, as measure Grady's style by any rhetorician's rule. I have thought that Mr. Grady was more of an orator than a writer, and brilliant as his success in journalism was, it was but the moonlight which reflected the sun that dawned only to be obscured by death. Certainly no man in any country or in any age, ever won fame as an orator faster than he. With a wide reputation as a writer, but scarcely any as a speaker, even in his own state, he appeared one night at a banquet in New York, made a speech of twenty minutes, and the next day was known throughout the United States as the foremost of southern orators. No swifter stride has been made to fame since the days of David, for like that heroic stripling, with the sling of courage and the stone of truth, he slew Sectionalism, the Goliath which had so long threatened and oppressed his people.

* * * *

My countrymen, if it shall be written in the history of America that by virtue of her Toombs and Cobb and Brown, on the breast of our native state was cradled a revolution which rocked a continent, upon another page of that history it shall be recorded that Georgia's Grady was the Moses who led the southern people through a wilderness of weakness and of want, at least to the Pisgah whence, with prophetic eye, he could discern a new South: true to the traditions of the past as was the steel which glittered on the victorious arm at Manassas, but whose hopeful hearts and helpful hands were soon to transform desolation into wealth and convert the defeat of one section of our com-

mon country into the haughty herald of that country's future rank in the civilization of the world.

* * * *

Sleep on, my friend, my brother, brilliant and beloved; let no distempered dream of unaccomplished greatness haunt thy long last sleep. The country that you loved, that you redeemed and disenthralled, will be your splendid and ever growing monument, and the blessings of a grateful people will be the grand inscription, which will grow longer as that monument rises higher among the nations of the earth. Wherever the peach shall blush beneath the kisses of the southern sun, wherever the affluent grape shall don the royal purple of southern sovereignty, a votive offering from the one and a rich libation from the other, the grateful husbandman will tender unto you. The music of no machinery shall be heard within this Southland which does not chant a paean in your praise. Wherever Eloquence, the deity whom this people hath ever worshiped, shall retain a temple, no pilgrim shall enter there, save he bear thy dear name as a sacred shibboleth on his lips. So long as patriotism shall remain the shining angel who guards the destines of our republic, her starry finger will point to Grady on Plymouth Rock, for fame will choose to chisel his statue there, standing as the sentinel whom God had placed to keep eternal watch over the liberties of a reunited people!—R. W. Patterson.

[Extract from an address delivered at the Grady memorial exercises in Macon on December 28, 1889.]

Georgia's Monument at Chickamauga

We this day celebrate a greater victory than was ever achieved over a foreign foe—the victory of a great people over the passions and resentments engendered by domestic war. Other nations have conquered the world and fallen the pitiable victims of their own ungoverned passions. We have conquered ourselves. Whatever the future may have in store for us, we shall henceforth and forever dwell in peace among ourselves. Heaven grant us peace with all the world, and all the world peace. It ought to be so. The earth has drunk enough of the blood of her sons. Wars should cease. The wisdom of the world should devise some other method of settling international disputes, and the humanity of the world demands its adoption. But if this can not be, we may rest in the assurance that the union of these states will never again be disrupted by sectional war. We rejoice today in a country reunited, and forever.

The patriot voice which first cried from the balcony of the old statehouse in Boston, when the declaration was originally proclaimed: "Stability and perpetuity to American independence," did not fail to add, "God save our American states." I would prolong that ancestral prayer. Now and always, here and everywhere, from our hearts and all hearts, from every altar in family and church, from every patriotic and pious soul, let this prayer go up: "God save our American states."

What more shall I say? Why should I have spoken at all? Standing in this presence and amid these environments, I feel that my voice should have been hushed by the voices of all around us. This and all

the memorials here erected, these trees, this river, prophetically named Chickamauga—River of Death—this overshadowing mountain, the sky above and the earth beneath—all these are vocal with an eloquence to which my poor speech can add nothing of worth or beauty. The feeble words I utter here shall perish with the passing hour. These voices shall be like the voice of day and night in the inspired and poetic conception of the Psalmist; they utter no audible speech, no articulate language, but their sacred silence itself is speech. "Their lines shall go through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world." They shall tell of courage sustained by conviction, of duty faithfully done, of suffering heroically endured, of death bravely met in a great battle and the survivors on both sides dwelling together as citizens of a common country, with mutual respect and in peace as lasting as the sleep of their fallen comrades, of state pride and national glory. Here Ohio and Illinois, and Michigan and Wisconsin, and Minnesota and Indiana, and Kansas and Missouri, and Massachusetts have brought their tributes to the sons who fought in the Federal army. Here, too, Tennessee has reared her memorial to Forrest and the men who followed him and commemorated the heroism of her sons. And Kentucky has come with her memorial, dedicated to her sons in both Federal and Confederate armies—Kentucky, the home of Clay and Crittenden, of Morgan and Hanson, the birthplace of Davis and Lincoln.

And now to this historic and consecrated place, enriched by so much to perpetuate the hallowed memories of the past, to impart inspiration for the present and hope for the future, Georgia brings her offering. Bowed by a mother's grief for the dead, yet sustained by a mother's joy in the living, and exulting with a mother's pride in the dead and living, who were marshaled here, confidently committing their claims to the highest distinction to the judgment of a just and an enlightened public opinion, invoking upon them and their posterity the richest blessings of heaven, to their lasting memory and undying glory, she dedicates this monument.

May it stand immovable as the foundations of yonder mountain, a worthy expression of the love and gratitude which inspired it, and ceaselessly as the flow of the river at its base proclaim the duty here performed—the valor here displayed, the fame here achieved. And in the years to come, every son of the great state whose glory is augmented by the lives and death of those whose services and sacrifices it commemorates, looking upon it and recalling their names and deeds, his eye lustrous with patriotic pride, his heart aglow with patriotic fervor, may with rapture exclaim: "Thank God, I, too, am a Georgian!"—J. C. C. Black.

[Extract from an address delivered at the unveiling of the Georgia Monument, at Chickamauga National Park, May 4, 1899.]

The Daughter of Dixie the Preserver of the Faith

The daughter of Dixie is the preserver of the faith. She has builded a well in the wilderness of commerce. She has made an oasis in the desert of trade; and here, in this sacred ceremony, she has preserved one last and lingering altar of sentiment, in the cold but splendid temple

dedicated to mammon and material gain. Men may die and systems change, but the woman of the South holds an unshaken faith through passing years. She gave her heart and her hope in 1861 to the cause that "rose without shame and fell without dishonor." And for forty-two years she has fed the fires of this altar, pure as a vestal virgin and loyal as the priestess who, in the failure of a sacrifice offered herself upon the altar of her love. Serving without seeking, loving without leaving, remembering without hating, baptized in tradition, consecrated through suffering, perfect in faith and glorious in good works, she is today as she was in the beginning, unchanged and unchanging, loving and loyal, unfeigned and unfearing, unawed and unrepentant—and please God—"unreconstructed" forever!

With a reverence that can find no voice in words, we salute the constancy with which southern women keep watch above the graves of these Confederate dead. And with all our hearts, with all our traditions, with all our tender memories, with all our overflowing love, we join them in this bivouac which their deathless devotion makes on this consecrated ground. The faith is worthy of the royal dead and the priestess is not less noble than her shrine.

The South today fr m Richmond to the Rio Grande is studded with these graves of soldiers. They fell on fields of battle fighting for the principles and convictions of the soil from which they came. We love them. We honor them. We call them heroes, because they are dead—because they died for us. And we love, honor and praise them justly. They did gallant deeds. They reflected the luster of southern heroism through all ages and into every land. They illustrated the courage and chivalry of the South in blood drops that have empurpled every field from Austin to Appomattox. They fought like lions, they endured like martyrs, and they bore the tattered flag of the sovereign states through gloom and joy, through sunshine and through storm with an heroic faith, a matchless patience and a splendid patriotism that will live as long as the fame of Jackson and the name of Lee.

I have not one heart-throb that does not do them honor. There is no act of homage that I would not esteem it a privilege to offer to the soldiers and the leaders of this illustrious company.

If I held the keys of the new world's Westminster I would build a stately mausoleum where, free from criticism and secure from blame, might repose the ashes of that stainless gentleman who lived and died, the first and last president of the Confederate States.

If I could rob Nature of the richest floral crown she wears I would lay the fragrant emblem upon the glorious dead who fell on old Manassas' plain.

If I could weave a diadem of stars, I would crown the martyred warriors of Gettysburg.

If, reaching to those shadowy clouds, I could catch a whispering wind and soothe its murmur to music sweet, I would mingle with the sad echoes of Chancellorsville a miserere that would wing its way to Jackson's soul in heaven.

If I could sweep the harp-strings of my jarring spirit with master hand, and tune its discord to divinest melody, I would chant seraphic requiem above the innumerable undistinguishable host of southern dead; and—

"Ah, if in song or speech,
In major or minor key,
I could to the end of ages reach,
I would whisper the name of Lee."

—John Temple Graves.

[Extract from an address delivered at Greensboro, Georgia, on Confederate Memorial Day, April 26, 1907.]

The Ark of the Covenant Lodged with the American Nation

I am no pessimist as to this republic. I always bet on sunshine in America. I know that my country has reached the point of perilous greatness, and that strange forces not to be measured or comprehended are hurrying her to heights that dazzle and blind all mortal eyes—but I know that beyond the uttermost glory is enthroned the Lord God Almighty, and that when the hour of her trial has come He will lift up His everlasting gates and bend down above her in mercy and in love. For with her He has surely lodged the ark of His covenant with the sons of men. Emerson wisely said, "Our whole history looks like the last effort of Divine Providence in behalf of the human race." And the republic will endure. Centralization will be checked, and liberty saved—plutocracy overthrown and equality restored. The struggle for human rights never goes backward among the English-speaking peoples. Our brothers across the sea have fought from despotism to liberty, and in the wisdom of local self-government have planted colonies around the world. This very day Mr. Gladstone, the wisest man that has lived since your Jefferson died—with the light of another world beating in his face until he seems to have caught the wisdom of the Infinite and towers half human and half divine from his eminence—this man, turning away from the traditions of his life, begs his countrymen to strip the crown of its last usurped authority, and lodge it with the people, where it belongs. The trend of the times is with us. The world moves steadily from gloom to brightness. And bending down humbly as Elisha did, and praying that my eyes shall be made to see, I catch the vision of this republic—its mighty forces in balance, and its unspeakable glory falling on all its children—chief among the federation of English-speaking people—plenty streaming from its borders, and light from its mountain tops—working out its mission under God's approving eye, until the dark continents are opened—and the highways of earth established, and the shadows lifted—and the jargon of the nations stilled and the perplexities of Babel straightened—and under one language, one liberty, and one God, all the nations of the world hearkening to the American drum-beat and girding up their loins, shall march amid the breaking of the millennial dawn into the paths of righteousness and of peace!—Henry W. Grady.

[Extract from an address on Centralization, delivered before the literary societies of the University of Virginia on June 25, 1887.]

Paul or Nero?

The contest between the forces of good and evil is as old as the history of man. Twenty centuries ago, Nero reigned in the palace of the Caesars. He was master of the destinies of men and nations. He stood upon a pinnacle "sun-flashed." His power to bless or save was world-wide. But the brief span of his public life is the crown of infamy in human history. Fidelity to truth was to him an unmeaning term, conviction of duty the dream of fools. He was a coward, and, like all cowards, a brute. The tears of women and children shone as jewels to his distorted vision. The groans of men in agony, the sound of breaking hearts was music to his ears. "The torches which lit his garden," says the historian, "were human candelabra, and as they, writhing in torture, burned to their sockets, he feasted and sang until the charred feet of his expiring torches dropped into darkness. He died as he had lived, a mountebank, a coward and a fool."

In the shadow of Nero's palace lived an humble tent-maker, yet a man with royal brain and the kingliest heart that ever beat in human breast. His mind was the storehouse of great thoughts, his heart the sanctuary of holy feelings. His courage rose supreme over all human torture. He lived for others. He looked out upon the tortured, troubled ocean of humanity and moved by divinest pity, stepped into the waters. He perished, but when the light of "immortal beauty had covered his face" he passed from the pain of sacrifice to the glory of martyrdom.

Nero was the embodiment of human selfishness; Paul the incarnation of sacrifice. They were the captains of their time in the rival armies which since the dawn of history have contended for the mastery of men and nations. We are in the midst of the conflict today, there can be no neutrals. We are enlisted under the black flag of Nero or the white banner of Paul. On which side will the men of this republic stand?—Seaborn Wright.

[Extract from an address delivered in Atlanta during the famous Prohibition Campaign of 1907.]

Immortality

I stood upon the deck of a great steamer. There was no land in sight. We were in the center of a great circle. Everywhere the vast concave dome of blue met a horizon of water. No matter where we were, day after day, that great circle met the eye. It seemed a type of the endless circle of eternity. I saw the sun sweep with his chariot of fire across the vast blue dome and touch the sea. From his golden shield, crimson lightning pierced the clouds, and he cradled himself upon a thousand fiery wave-wings, and he quivered and hung, burning and glowing, upon the sea; and the sea, burning, drank all his glow; then threw the veil of an infinite splendor over the pale, glowing god. Above the vermilion horizon the cloud-islands of sun-down stood empurpled and transfigured; gradually the purple and red grew paler and suddenly, aye, in the twinkling of an eye, the orb of light and life sank into the sea, and chilly darkness wrapped the world in night. This seemed the awful type of death. But I saw him rise again! The glorious

god of life and light again flung his red flame upon the swelling sea; and, as if to strengthen the faith of the witness and lookers-on of this grand resurrection, he again performed the old, old miracle of turning water into wine. Rising still higher, he bathed the sea and sky in his own radiant and immortal light.

The sun sets and rises. The stars set beneath the horizon, but they rise again. A thousand, thousand suns and spheres, in the majestic harmony of the universe, rolling on burning wheels, continue in their celestial dance. Wheeling into infinite space the majestic procession of God's created life disappear in their endless cycles; but they reappear again. New love and life thrill from the spheres, as the dewdrops trickle from the clouds, and embrace nature as the cool night does the earth.

Three years ago I was in Switzerland, and, standing in the vale of Chamouni before sunrise, I gazed for the first time upon that majestic monarch of the Alpine range—Mount Blanc. So lofty did it lift its awful dome of ice and snow, that the morning star seemed to hang like a jewel upon its snowy plume. I saw the rising sun bathe his brow in purple and in gold, and his rays, falling upon the million facets of his giant, jagged glacier, seemed a veritable explosion of jewels. I gazed until my dilating soul, enrapt, transfused into the mighty vision, seemed lifted to heaven; and the unbidden question trembled upon my quivering lips, "Oh! thy kingly spirit," throned among the hills, "who sunk thy sunless pillars deep in earth?" "Who filled thy face with rosy light?" Then came the answer, like an Alpine echo—"God." "Who made yon ice-fields, that tremble on thy shaggy sides and form the frightful avalanche that shoots down in its fearful, maddening plunge to the valley at thy feet?" The answer thunders—"God."

God is everywhere. His face is written all over nature; unerring design is stamped over all his wondrous works. Let us hope and believe that our departed brothers have taken their place in that vast heavenly circle of light and life; a circle which will burn and blaze with unextinguishable flame; and when their names are called in the grand lodge above, they will answer, "here," at rest. At rest, where their lights will ever burn in a glorious immortality—and where they will ever sing praises and hosannahs around the eternal throne of the "Grand Exalted Ruler of the Universe."—Judge H. D. D. Twiggs.

[Extract from an address delivered before the Savannah Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks on December 3, 1905.]

Strong Drink

It is a warrior whom no victory can satisfy, no ruin satiate. It pauses at no Rubicon to consider, pitches no tents at night, goes into no quarters for winter. It conquers amid the burning plains of the South where the phalanx of Alexander halted in mutiny. It conquers amid the snowdrifts of the North where the Grand Army of Napoleon found its winding sheet. Its monuments are in every burial ground. Its badges of triumph are the weeds which mourners wear. Its song of victory is the wail that was heard in Ramah—"Rachel crying for her children and weeping because they are not."

The sword is mighty, and its bloody traces reach across time, from Nineveh to Gravelotte, from Marathon to Gettysburg. Yet mightier is its brother, the wine-cup. I say "brother," and history says "brother." Castor and Pollux never fought together in more fraternal harmony. David and Jonathan never joined in more generous rivalry. Hand in hand, they have come down the centuries, and upon every scene of carnage, like vulture and shadow, they have met and feasted.

Yea; a pair of giants, but the greater is the wine-cup. The sword has a scabbard, and is sheathed; has a conscience, and becomes glutted with havoc; has pity, and gives quarter to the vanquished. The wine-cup has no scabbard and no conscience; its appetite is a cancer which grows as you feed it; to pity, it is deaf; to suffering, it is blind.

The sword is the lieutenant of Death, but the wine-cup his captain; and if ever they come home to him from the wars bringing their trophies, boasting of their achievements, I can imagine that Death, their master, will meet them with garlands and song, as the maidens of Judea met Saul and David. But as he numbers the victories of each, his paean will be "The sword is my Saul, who has slain his thousands; but the wine-cup is my David, who has slain his tens of thousands."—Thos. E. Watson.

The Immortality of Love

Sergeant Telford of the English bar has endeavored to depict the yearning of the Greek heart for immortality in his great tragedy entitled, "Ion." Ion has devoted himself to death in performance of a vow. Clementhe, who loved him much, has exhausted her feminine arts in an effort to dissuade him from destruction, and failed. Resigning herself to the inevitable, she asks him out of her aching throat: "And shall we never meet each other?" He replies:

> "I have asked
> That awful question of the hills that seem
> Eternal; of the flowing streams
> That lucid flow forever; of the stars
> Amid whose fields of azure my raised spirit
> Hath trod in glory. All were dumb!
> But now while thus I gaze into thy living face
> I feel the love that kindles through its beauty
> Can never wholly perish. We shall meet again."

Creeds are clashing in these restless and inquisitorial times. Columns are falling heavily to the ground, once deemed to be imperishable. Many feet are slipping in the shifting sands of the strenuous surge. But an instinctive feeling arises with all the semblance of divine implanting that whatever part of us is doomed to destruction, love is immortal. May we not, in spite of the darkness in which we grope, indulge the hope which so gladdened the heart of the ancient Greek: "We shall meet again."

[Judge Howard Van Epps on the death of Chief Justice T. J. Simmons.]

Grady's Commencement Address at Athens

It was an exquisite fiction of ideal life. He painted in words an island of beauty; in the sweetness of his sentences a fragrance of flowers sweeter than nature's own seemed to be wafted to rapt listeners; the loveliness of his creation stood out so vividly to the eye of intellect that no one view of any grace in statuary or beauty in picture of any artist would be remembered better. It was an island worthy to lay in the same sea with Tennyson's Island of Avalon, where Knight and King Arthur was to rest his soul, and I would wish the soul of my classmate the sweet and eternal rest of his own happy island, embowered in the beauties of his own sweet fancies forever, did I not believe that he has touched the pearl-strewn shore of a better and lovelier land than even this, or even that of which he dreamed; that he "rests in the balm-breathing gardens of God!"

I shall always recall him as dying like that lad from Lombardy, pictured by Browning. I shall think that the South, decked like a queen in all her jewels of glory and of love, came to his dying couch and said:

> "'Thou art a Lombard, my brother! Happy art thou,'" she cried,
> And smiled like Italy on him. He dreamed in her face and died!"
>
> —Albert H. Cox.

Trials and Sorrows Necessary to Human Life

Trials, failures, and suffering are a part of every human life and are necessary to its complete fulfilment. The divinest life this world has ever known came to its perfect work through trials and sorrow and death. Never till after the bloody sweat of Gethsemane, the agony of the cross and the burial in a borrowed grave, did the angels come to roll the stone back from the tomb and worship as their Master rose again. And so mayhaps sometimes 'tis not till we have borne the cross and all of life seems buried, the messengers of light shall come to roll away the stone from off our heart-graves, and waken to a nobler life the diviner part, which is not dead, but sleepeth—which does not, can not die.—J. H. Lumpkin.

The Responsibilities of the American Scholar

We are standing in the day-break of the second century of this republic. The fixed stars are fading from the sky, and we grope in uncertain night. Strange shapes have come with the night. Established ways are lost, new roads perplex, and widening fields stretch beyond the sight. The unrest of dawn impels us to and fro—but Doubt stalks amid the confusion, and even on the beaten paths the shifting crowds are halted, and from the shadows the sentries cry: "Who comes there?" In the obscurity of the morning tremendous forces are at work. Nothing is steadfast or approved. The miracles of the present belie the simple truths of the past. The church is besieged from without and betrayed from within. Behind the courts smoulders the rioter's torch and looms the gibbet of the anarchists. Government is the contention of partisans and the prey of spoilsmen. Trade is restless in the grasp

of monopoly, and commerce shackled with limitation. The cities are swollen and the fields are stripped. Splendor streams from the castle, and squalor crouches in the home. The universal brotherhood is dissolving, and the people are huddling into classes. The hiss of the Nihilist disturbs the covert, and the roar of the mob murmurs along the highway. Amid it all beats the great American heart undismayed, and standing fast by the challenge of his conscience, the citizen of the republic, tranquil and resolute, notes the drifting of the spectral currents, and calmly awaits the full disclosures of the day.

Who shall be the heralds of this coming day? Who shall thread the way of honor and safety through these besetting problems? Who shall rally the people to the defense of their liberties and stir them until they shall cry aloud to be led against the enemies of the republic? You, my countrymen, you. The university is the training-camp of the future. The scholar the champion of the coming years. Napoleon overran Europe with drum-tap and bivouac—the next Napoleon shall form his battalions at the tap of the schoolhouse bell and his captains shall come with cap and gown. Waterloo was won at Oxford—Sedan at Berlin. So Germany plants her colleges in the shadow of the French forts, and the professor smiles amid his students as he notes the sentinel stalking against the sky. The farmer has learned that brains mix better with his soil than the waste of seabirds, and the professor walks by his side as he spreads the showers in the verdure of his field, and locks the sunshine in the glory of his harvest. A button is pressed by a child's finger and the work of a million men is done. The hand is nothing—the brain everything. Physical prowess has had its day and the age of reason has come. The lion-hearted Richard challenging Saladin to single combat is absurd, for even Gog and Magog shall wage the Armageddon from their closets and look not upon the blood that runs to the bridle-bit. Science is everything! She butchers a hog in Chicago, draws Boston within three hours of New York, renews the famished soil, routs her viewless bondsmen from the electric center of the earth, and then turns to watch the new Icarus as mounting in his flight to the sun he darkens the burnished ceiling of the sky with the shadow of his wing.

Learning is supreme and you are its prophets. Here the Olympic games of the Republic—and you its chosen athletes. It is yours, then, to grapple with these problems, to confront and master these dangers. Yours to decide whether the tremendous forces of this Republic shall be kept in balance, or whether unbalanced they shall bring chaos; whether 60,000,000 men are capable of self-government, or whether liberty shall be lost to them who would give their lives to maintain it. Your responsibility is appalling. You stand in the pass behind which the world's liberties are guarded. This Government carries the hopes of the human race. Blot out the beacon that lights the portals of this Republic and the world is adrift again. But save the Republic; establish the light of its beacon over the troubled waters, and one by one the nations of the earth shall drop anchor and be at rest in the harbor of universal liberty.—Henry W. Grady.

[Extract from an address on Centralization, delivered before the literary societies of the University of Virginia, June 25, 1889.]

The Hidden Face

The Grecian painter, Timanthes, depicting the sacrifice of Iphigenia, could express on the face of every one else present the grief which was felt at the approach of the awful doom of the devoted maiden; but, unable to throw into her father's face the agony inseparable from the hour, the artist drew a mantle over the features of Agamemnon, and thus made the hidden face the most touching of all. So, at the funeral of Alexander H. Stephens, where orators of celebrity were delivering memorial eulogies, Robert Toombs, the greatest orator of them all, was more eloquent than all, though he said nothing.—Thomas E. Watson.

Thou Art a Scholar, Speak to It, Horatio

Superstitious follies are not all gone. Many, even educated people, yet believe in lucky and unlucky stars and days and numbers; tremble if an owl hoots by night; cross themselves if they turn back on a journey; apply mad-stones for hydrophobia; consult fortune tellers; believe yet in so-called "divine healing"; and even contend that pain and suffering are unreal creations of wicked imaginations.

When Shakespeare's ghost of the murdered King of Denmark at midnight stalked before the guard, trembling Marcellus said to his fellow-soldier: "Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio." You are scholars and therefore it is your right and duty to speak to and of all such follies and deceptions and drive them from the stage of action. You need not fear the denunciations of men or dread that Jove will split your skulls with lightning. The God of our salvation had as one of his specially chosen disciples Luke, the beloved physician.

Your opportunity is grand and glorious. They who risked their lives fighting in our late war have a nation's thanks and admiration. Havana has been taken from the Spaniards, but who will earn thanks and admiration by rescuing it from yellow fever? In our Pacific acquisitions of territory, we approach the confines of Asia, whence came and still comes that fell destroyer cholera. What Hercules will slay that monster? Such cases need the purse of the nation as well as medical knowledge. But every-day opportunities will be to you personally abundant. Disease comes from the open houses of the poor as well as from the close rooms of the wealthy; from biting hunger and from overcrowded stomachs; "Death lurks in every passing breeze, and rides upon the storm." What will you do to stay its march? Shall consumption continue to fill one-twelfth of all the graves in our country, and your profession still admit it to be incurable? You have discovered the microbes of typhus and typhoid fevers; can you not kill the lurking devils? Shall diseases of the brain disorder the powers which make man "but little lower than the angels," and will you stand by and forever answer, like the cowardly Scotch doctor of medicine in Macbeth: "This disease is beyond my practice: . . . I think, but dare not speak"? Consider the thousands who die in childhood; can you do nothing to stop this "slaughter of the innocents"? Let these questions be summed up in the wail of old Jeremiah: "Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there? Why, then, is not the health of the daughter

of my people recovered?" Let the answer of yourselves and all your profession be, with loud acclaim, there is balm everywhere and physicians are everywhere searching and applying remedies to all diseases, and the health of the people shall be recovered for the good of humanity and the glory of God.

But a word further. It is no part of my work to preach to you a sermon. But I have been talking of the human body solely from a material and scientific medical standpoint, and some may think that it has been treated too lightly. No such thing was intended. I respect the king's palace not only for its beauty and splendor, but because it holds the king, the people's sovereign. The palace may be destroyed, but "the king never dies."—Nathaniel J. Hammond.

[Extract from an address delivered at the annual commencement of the Atlanta College of Physicians and Surgeons, April 3, 1899. This noble address, which was marked by wonderful historical research, was Colonel Hammond's last public speech.]

Against the Tariff of 1833

The senator from Kentucky (Mr. Clay) says that the tariff is in danger. Aye, sir, it is in its last gasp. It has received the immedicable wound; no hellebore can cure it. The confession of the gentleman is of immense importance. Yes, sir, the feeling of the whole country is opposed to the high protective system. The wily serpent that crept into our Eden has been touched by the spear of Ithuriel. The senator is anxious to prevent the ruin which a sudden abolition of the system will produce. No one desires to inflict ruin upon the manufacturers; but suppose the southern people, having the power to control the subject, should totally and suddenly abolish the system; what right would those have to complain who had combined to oppress the South? What has the tariff led us to already? From one end of the country to the other, it has produced evils which are worse than a thousand tariffs. The necessity of appealing now to fraternal feeling shows that such a feeling is not merely sleeping but is nearly extinguished.—John Forsyth.

[Extract from a speech delivered in the United States Senate, February 12, 1833, and reported by Thomas H. Benton.]

Georgia Welcomes Lafayette

Welcome, Lafayette! 'Tis little more than ninety years since the founder of this state first set foot upon the bank on which you stand. Today 400,000 people open their arms and their hearts to receive you. Thanks to the kind Providence which presides over human affairs, you were called to the standard of independence in the helplessness of the American Revolution and you have graciously been spared that in your last days the glory of an empire might be reflected upon your countenance, amid the acclamations of millions. For you the scenes which are to come will be comparatively tranquil; the waters no longer turbulent but placid. No more dread of dungeons; no more fear of tyrants for you. Oh, sir, what consolation it must be to one who has passed through seas of trouble to know that between you and them are the countless bayonets which guard the blessings of freedom! Welcome, General! Friend of Liberty, welcome! Thrice welcome to Georgia!—George McIntosh Troup.

[Extract from an address delivered on the bluffs of the Savannah River on the occasion of the visit of General Lafayette to Georgia in 1825.]

Ready to Illustrate Georgia on the Battlefield

My countrymen, I must be candid. You may be more patient than I. You may see more hope on the horizon. But I can discern no prospect of deliverance short of the most radical of measures. It may end in an appeal to the bloody arbitrament of arms. But let it so end. I am tired of this endless controversy between the sections of our country; I am wearied with seeing this threatening cloud forever above our heads. If the storm is to come—and it seems to me as though it must—be its fury ever so great and its havoc ever so dire—I court it now in the day of my vigor and strength. If any man is to peril life and fortune and honor in defense of our rights I sue to be that man. And let it come now. I am ready to march under Georgia's flag. Put it not off until tomorrow or next day; we shall not be stronger for waiting. I do not wish to destroy the Government. I am a Union man in every fiber of my heart. I honor the Union. I love the Union. I have gloried in its mission of humanity, in its heroic birth, in its youthful struggles, in the grandeur of its maturity. God never launched a nation on a more magnificent career. It has been the home of the oppressed and the asylum of the desolate from every land. In it today are wrapped the hopes of universal man. But I will peril all, all, before I will abandon our rights under the Constitution or submit to be governed, within the Union, by an unprincipled majority!—Francis S. Bartow.

[General Bartow was one of the earliest victims of the war, and was killed at the First Battle of Manassas.]

Tribute to Julian Hartridge

We are prepared for the demise of the aged and the infirm. We watch the flickering of life's feeble lamp with emotions similar to those with which we look upon the mellow glow of the summer sunset. The grave loses something of its terror when we contemplate it as the last resting-place of a weary pilgrimage. Ignoring the sad truth that humanity is subject to the universal law of suffering and death, we assign to life's duration the limit which age alone prescribes. We seem to forget that—

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North wind's breath
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death."

Death palsies the arm of the warrior, and he drops from his nerveless grasp the shattered spear. It stills the tongue of the orator and the senate and the forum are silent. It severs the chord in the tide of song and the harp of the minstrel hangs upon the willow. It drinks from the blushes of beauty the mingled hues of the rose and the lily and the rep-

tiles of the grave banquet upon the lips our own have touched. Every age and every clime is monumental with its symbols and still we are startled when its victim is selected from the strong, suddenly stricken down in the full-orbed splendor of manhood's high meridian. The estimation in which the lamented Hartridge was held by the people of his native state is shown by the honors conferred upon him living and the grief with which they mourn him dead. Born in the City of Savannah, he spent the gambols of his boyhood and won the triumphs of his manhood in that beautiful metropolis which keeps vigil like a weeping vestal over the last repose of his silent ashes.

His countrymen have twined for his memory the wreath of laurel and cypress, the insignia of their pride and the symbol of their sorrow; and his friends have dropped upon his new-made grave friendship's last offering: the tribute of tears.

"But strew his ashes to the wind
Whose sword or voice has served mankind—
And is he dead whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?—
To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die."

All that is left to us of Julian Hartridge is the heritage of his wisdom, the light of his example and the memory of his virtues. Time will mitigate our grief; and, in the rush and whirl of busy life, other thoughts will engage our attention; but there is a sad home in the sunny South within whose broken circle there are bleeding hearts for the healing of which earth has no balm.

"For time makes all but true love old;
The burning thoughts that then were told
Run molten still in memory's mold
And will not cool
Until the heart itself be cold
In Lethe's pool."

The influence of wealth, the resources of learning, and the authority of power, all stand dumb and helpless in the presence of death. It is the solution of all the rivalries, struggles and achievements of time. Surrounded with blighted hopes and funeral trains, the broken heart of humanity still presses the question of the suffering patriarch of Uz: "If a man die shall he live again?" The quivering spirit whose insatiable thirst for immortality attests the divinity of its origin and the duration of its destiny, kindles with joy as it catches the response from the rejected Nazarene at Bethany: "I am the resurrection and the life."

"Poor wanderers of a stormy day
From place to place were driven
And fancy's flash and reason's ray
Serve but to light the troubled way—
There's nothing true but heaven.

"And false the light on glory's plume
As fading hues of even
And love and joy and beauty's bloom
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb—
There's nothing lives but heaven."

—Hiram P. Bell.

[Extract from an address delivered in national House of Representatives on February 13, 1879.]

Great Thoughts Immortal

Looking back at the ages that have rolled by in the revolutions of time, what have we remaining of the past but the thoughts of men? Where is magnificent Babylon with her palaces, her artificial lakes and hanging gardens that were the pride and luxury of her vicious inhabitants; where is majestic Nineveh, that proud mistress of the East with her monuments of commercial enterprises and prosperity? Alas! they are no more. Tyre, that great city, into whose lap the treasures of the world were poured, she, too, is no more. The waves of the sea now roll where once stood the immense and sumptuous palaces of Tyrian wealth. Temples, arches and columns may crumble to pieces and be swept into the sea of oblivion; nature may decay and races of men come and go like the mists of the morning before the rising sun, but the proud monuments of Henry Grady's mind will survive the wrecks of matter and the shocks of time.

On the Piedmont heights peacefully sleeps the young evangel of the New South, cut down in the grandeur of his fame and in the meridian of his powers, in the glory of his life and in the richest prime of his royal manhood. His brow is wreathed with laurel. Costly marble will mark the place of his head, and beautiful flowers bloom at his feet. There the birds will carol their vespers, and gentle breezes breathe fragrance o'er his grave. The sun in his dying splendor, ere sinking to rest amid the clouds that veil the "golden gate," will linger to kiss the majestic monument reared by loving hearts, and with a flood of beauty bathe it in heavenly glory. And then the blush fades, even as it fades from the face of a beautiful woman. Shadows begin to climb the hillside, and nature sleeps, lulled by the soft music of the singing wind. The stars, the bright forget-me-nots of the angels, come out to keep their vigils o'er the sleeping dust of him whose soul hath gone

"To that fair land upon whose strand
No wind of winter moans."

—John T. Boifeuillet.

[Extract from an address delivered at the Grady memorial exercises in Macon on December 27, 1889.]

Georgia's New Capitol Building Accepted

In the presence of the General Assembly and in behalf of the state, I accept from your hands Georgia's new and superb capitol. In the fashion of its architecture, in the symmetry of its proportions, in the

solidity of its structure, in the beauty of its elaboration and completeness of arrangement, it is worthy of the dignity and character of this great commonwealth. In all respects this new house of the state is my warrant for congratulations to the Legislature that authorized it; to the architects who designed it; to the contractors who built it; to the commissioners who supervised it; and to the people who own it. I congratulate you also, senators and representatives of the present General Assembly, because it is your high privilege to celebrate its opening and dedicate it to wise and patriotic legislation. I congratulate the state because in her assembled sons she has representatives worthy of this distinguished honor and capable of drawing from these auspicious surroundings renewed inspirations for the momentous duties before them. I congratulate the commissioners, because through patient investigation, untiring energy, wise prevision and conservative expenditure, they have achieved the almost unprecedented success of completing a great public work within the original appropriation. Above all else, I congratulate the people because the whole enterprise is clean, creditable and above suspicion. From the first bill passed by the Legislature to the expenditure of the last dollar by the commissioners, there has been neither jobbery nor thought of corruption. From granite base to iron dome, every chiseled block and molded brick, every metallic plate and marble slab is as free from official pollution as when they lay untouched by mortal hand, in original purity in the bosom of Mother Earth. Every stroke of hammer, of trowel or brush is a record of labor honestly expended and justly rewarded. Built upon the crowning hill of her capital city, whose transformation from desolation and ashes to life, thrift and beauty, so aptly symbolizes the state's resurrection, this proud structure will stand through the coming centuries a fit memorial of the indomitable will and recuperative energies of this people, and of the unswerving fidelity and incorruptible integrity of their chosen representatives.

While we dedicate to the state's service this new political temple, we erect within it no new altars to strange political gods; we preach from its pulpits no strange political gospel; we prescribe for its service no new liturgy or strange political faith. We consecrate it to the old-time doctrines promulgated by the fathers and early prophets of the republic; recorded in the written word of the declaration and the constitution, and sanctioned by the political experience of a century. We engrave upon this temple's cornerstone our ancestral canons—a perpetual union of coequal states; the Federal Constitution the supreme law of the land; "the preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigor"; "the support of the state governments in all their rights as the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies"; the equality of all men before the law; burdens and benefits impartially imposed and fairly distributed; equal encouragement and exact justice under the laws, state and Federal, for every class of citizens and every branch of industry.

We hang upon the outer walls of this new fortress the old banners inscribed with the additional and ever-living tenets of a political faith which, strengthening with its experience, has ripened into assurance—hostility to all sectional and class legislation; hostility to all laws and systems of law which impose unnecessary burdens upon the whole people

in order to bring to the few undue advantages and unjust enrichment—opposition not only to trusts and monopolies and their constant evils, but undying hostility to the discriminating, high protective system and the unjust and unequal taxation which encourage, increase and perpetuate these evils. We war not only against the evils themselves, but against the governmental partiality which makes these evils so less hurtful and galling in this free government than under the aristocratic favoritism of monarchical Europe.

Let no governmental policies repugnant to the great principles of natural equity upon which the republic was founded ever find abettors within these consecrated walls. Let no unworthy or unjust action, legislative, judicial or executive, ever mar the bright record made in the construction of this capitol. Let the pure winds of heaven play around its dome and along its corridors, and the untarnished sunlight linger in its chambers without the possibility of defilement. And may its shining spires, pointing heavenward, be a perpetual invocation, calling from the skies no fiery avenging bolt, but the divine guidance for the counsellors of the state and heaven's boundless benedictions upon its people. —Gov. John B. Gordon.

[Extract from an address delivered before the General Assembly on the formal acceptance of the capitol building from the hands of the commission, July 4, 1889.]

The Georgian of Today

Heredity and environment have each contributed, in a marked degree, to the making of the Georgian of today. He is almost purely of Anglo-Saxon ancestry. In his veins flows the blood of the Vikings. His forefathers fought under Canute the Great. They were with Harold the Saxon, and William the Norman, at the battle of Hastings, in 1066, when Halley's comet flamed like a baleful omen athwart the English sky. They were with Richard of the Lion Heart at Acre and at Jaffa, where the paynim spear went down in defeat before the Anglo-Saxon battle-ax. They were with Godfrey at the capture of Jerusalem. They were with the Barons at Runnymede, where was wrung from an unwilling king the Great Charter of English freedom. They were with the Black Prince at Cressy; and with Henry the Fifth, on a score of battlefields, they added new glories to English arms. They fought

"On Flodden's fatal field
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear
And broken was her shield."

They were with Drake at the destruction of the Spanish armada. They suffered with Washington at Valley Forge, and at the crossing of the frozen Delaware. They were with Fannin at Goliad, and with Travis at the siege of the Alamo. They come of the same race with those who followed Jefferson Davis in the gallant charge at Buena Vista. They were at Manassas and at Gettysburg. They fought with Lee in the Wilderness and with Dewey at Manila Bay.

His environment has likewise left its strong impress upon him. I like to think of man as a product of the soil. We naturally expect to

find our symbolic eagle among the mountain crags; the gloomy owl amid the dark recesses of the swamps. The mighty redwood trees seem natural amid the gold-encrusted hills of California. The Bo-tree and the Upas seem natural in the land of the Magi. In the same way the vindictive Arab is natural to the oriental plains. In his dark eye we seem to see the mirage of a spirit land; his nostrils forever feel the breath of the simoon; in his blood is fused the passion of the tropical sun, the poetry and romance of the eastern sky. The Swiss have learned their lesson of freedom from the Alpine heights. Mount Blanc is nature's monument to liberty. The character of the Georgian has felt the impress of similar influences. His state is an empire state both in geographical extent and in natural wealth. Within her boundaries may be found nearly every variety of soil and scenery and climate that the heart could wish. From the red clay hills of his state, a Georgian derives fortitude, endurance, and perseverance. In the restless and unceasing moan of the sea that beats upon her shores, he hears a voice that bids eternal defiance to oppression and restraint. Grim and rugged Mount Yonah, lifting her hoary head 5,000 feet among the clouds, beckons him on to lofty patriotism and high endeavor. Her murmuring streams sing to him of liberty. Her evergreen forests symbolize the unfading glory of great achievements.—Robert M. Hitch.

[Extract from a speech delivered at a banquet tendered by the Macon bar to Judge Emory Speer, of the U. S. District Court, February 25, 1910.]

In Florida by the Sea

I am standing alone by the sea—the sea that stretches away and away, till the eye can see no farther, and the canopy of heaven with its curtains of blue joins the waters and makes to our vision the end of the world. The ocean is so old and yet so new—like the old, sweet story that was whispered in the garden by our first parents, and has been told in hovel, in cottage and in palace for centuries upon centuries since, and yet is ever, ever new.

The starlight is falling upon the waters, and mirrored down in the far depths it looks as if the vasty deep were giving up its jewels, glittering and brilliant. The waves, rippling onward to the shore, catch the glint of the starlight, and seem to be bearing the precious gems to us, till we almost reach out our hands to grasp them—but they are gone.

Ah me! so it is that our day-dreams often crumble and vanish, when we would seek to touch them.

Yonder in the distance looms against the sky a passing ship, its white sails spreading in the gentle breeze like great white wings, as if some giant sea-bird were poising for its flight.

I know that hope and ambition and expectation are as much a part of its burden as its listed cargo, and I know that in the little cottage under the hill the prayers of loving ones are going up for those who sail upon the trackless deep, and for their safe return—even as we send forth our fondest hopes and best endeavors, with prayers that he who rules the ocean and the storm may bring them back at last, freighted with success and happiness and peace. Oh, sea, if thou wouldst only

whisper from thy great, sad, throbbing heart, what shall be the fate of our ship!

I turn and walk across the sandy beach, and through the soughing pines, to where the river drags slowly onward, and underneath the overshadowing boughs, to where a great oak stretches out its gnarled and twisted branches, and droops its pendant moss, like tears of sympathy for human woes. And now the wind is whispering in the trees, as though it, too, had secrets, if it would only tell, or if the human ear were only finely tuned enough to catch what Nature says. Did I only imagine it, or standing there alone beneath the swaying limbs and beside the calmly flowing waters, did the dear old dame unbend a moment and deign to bear a message to her humble child? Was it only a thought, or did the wind stoop as it passed through the rustling leaves—stoop till it pressed, like Nature's lips, against my ear, and murmur a name? They said the tree was sometimes called "the haunted oak." It may be so, or it may be haunted only by memories and imaginings, but it seemed for a moment that I could catch a glimpse of a face I knew—whose? Ah! if you love Nature as a mother, and you will walk upon the shore, or stand beside the river and listen to the music of the wind, perhaps some name will sound in your ear, too, and some face come before your eyes. And whether the name and face were borne to you upon the winds and waves, or simply welled up from the pulsing of your heart, let Nature tell when in the great hereafter she shall tell the other secrets of the winds and waves.—Judge J. H. Lumpkin.

Against Imperialism

The thirst for empire is like the desire for human blood, which is stirred to an unquenchable appetite in the veins of every man who tastes it. The cry will be "More! More!" It was a long step to the middle of the sea to take Hawaii. It was a much longer step across the widest of all the oceans to take the Philippines. It is now a much shorter step from the Philippines to the continent of Asia. Everywhere the bounties which Providence has bestowed upon foreign nations invite the greed for spoil and the lust for dominion. Thus from step to step the march of empire will go on, and as a necessary consequence a standing army of half a million men and an annual expenditure drawn from the pockets of the people, the magnitude of which one can hardly venture to estimate.

Mr. President, it is not a pleasant thing to suggest that there may be a limit beyond which the United States may not safely go. It is a much easier task to tickle the ear of the American people with high-flown panegyrics and to excite the popular enthusiasm with the glittering recital of the dazzling dreams of empire. But those officially charged with the responsibility, the peace, the safety and the future of a great nation, and with the duty of preserving its principles and its institutions will find the discharge of the highest duty not always in the field most inviting to personal gratification or pleasing to the love of personal applause.

But, sir, it is not simply in the contemplation of the possibility of a war entailing great sacrifices and possible reverses that I am opposed to a policy which will bring wars. War at best, even victorious war,

in a righteous cause, is a great curse. It always works a change in the civil institutions of a free country, and endangers the liberties of the people. It accustoms the people to the excesses of arbitrary power, and weakens loyalty to the authority of law. It familiarizes them with the contemplation of blood and carnage; brutalizes the instincts, and destroys the gentler and nobler humanities. It even invades the pulpit; and, strange to say, some of those called to minister in holy things endeavor to paint the good God as a God delighting in war and bloodshed, forgetting that the new dispensation was ushered in with the divine message "Peace on earth, good will to men," and scarcely remembering that even under the old dispensation David was not allowed to build the temple because he was a man of blood.

The people of the United States today know less of war than those of thirty-five years ago, and the people of the North, as closely as the great war of that time came to their homes and their firesides, know less of it than the people of the South. Because they know what it is they are opposed to unnecessary war. And yet, sir, the people of my section, as much as they deprecate war, recognize that wars are sometimes necessary and that there are some things worse than war. They recognize that the loss of national liberty is worse than war; they recognize that no war is too great a sacrifice to secure and protect liberty; and, what is more, whenever the country is engaged in war they give it their active support, regardless of whether it is or is not a war which they approve. If the published reports are correct, the state which in proportion to population furnished the greatest number of soldiers to the late war was the State of Georgia. And although her people in general deprecate and deplore the present war in the Philippines and believe it could have been and should have been avoided, it is nevertheless true that two-thirds of the men of one of the volunteer regiments raised during the past year for that service and now serving in the Philippines were enlisted in Georgia.

Again, sir, among the imperialists, those who soar on a loftier wing are fond of appealing to the patriotic emotions and pride of the American people by the oft-repeated statement that the results of the Spanish war have made the United States a world power. What a wonderful discovery, Mr. President, that we have become a world power. Why, sir, when in the result of the Revolutionary war we made good the great Declaration of the Fourth of July, 1776, we became the greatest of world powers; the greatest of world powers, sir, because in spite of the fewness of our numbers and the smallness of our resources, we had not only announced, but maintained and secured, a great principle, thereafter to stand as the menace of every tyrant, the hope and inspiration of every people, however humble, who longed for liberty. Just become, sir, a world power! A nation whose flag has never gone down in defeat just become a world power, when for seventy-five years it has stood as the guardian of the whole western hemisphere and said to the whole world, "Not one step further on this hemisphere," and for seventy-five years the whole world has obeyed the command!

And this discovery that we have just become a world power is due to a mere skirmish in which we overcame the weak and decayed power of Spain, when in truth we had so recently with our own blood written

the history of the greatest and fiercest and bloodiest battles of modern times. Why, sir, within your memory there occurred within eighty miles of this capitol a battle in which more men were killed and wounded in half an hour than were killed and wounded in both American and Spanish armies during the entire Spanish war. And the highest demonstration that we were a world power was when the division ended and when there stood again united for all time the people who, when divided, had between themselves fought battles under the shock of which the earth quaked and the very mountains rocked.—A. O. Bacon.

[Extract from an address delivered in the United States Senate on January 30, 1900, against the retention of the Philippines.]

The Claims of the University

The making of the citizen is the highest duty of the state. Every child within the boundaries of the commonwealth should be afforded the advantages of higher education. Education comes down from the heights; it never rises from the depths. Our sons should not be required to become exiles to fit themselves for active life. The period of youth is the time of first impressions. Then it is that habits are formed; convictions upon moral, religious and political questions fixed; taste becomes correct or vitiated; and ideas of life elevated or depraved.

If the result of foreign education were only the lack of adaptation by the individual to the demands of active life at home, then no one, perhaps, would have a right to complain, but when the Georgian educated abroad brings back to his home false dogmas in religion, morals and government, or, if not false, at least not in harmony with the principles held dearest by us, then the pernicious effects become general, and the evil widespread.

There has never been a period in the world's history when greater emphasis has been put upon trained intelligence in agriculture, commerce, manufacture, finance, science and government. Crude labor pays neither the employer nor the employed. This day is a day of brain, not brawn; of fact, not fancy; of force of thought, not of mere elegance of expression. We move in straight lines, not in curved ones. In morals, as in geometry, the straight line measures the shortest distance. We can best reach an object by going directly to it. There must be no lost motion in the machinery of life. We travel now from Joppa to Jerusalem by steam. Fulton's Clermont has become the Oceanic; the rude bridge of wood or stone is replaced by one like that over the Frith of Forth; the spinning-wheel has developed into the modern factory, with its thousands of spindles, its army of operatives, its stupendous powers of corporate wealth; the agricultural chemist has restored the worn-out soil; the hydraulic engineer has made fertile the arid lands; the mechanical engineer, by a thousand forms of labor-saving machinery, has enabled the "man" to throw away the "hoe" and to stand erect, the image of his Maker; the village water wheel has become Niagara chained, and the tallow dip is lost in electric glory; the stylus has been succeeded by the typewriter; the printer by the Mergenthaler; the hand press by Hoe's octuple; the mad rushing train is stopped in an instant by com-

pressed air, and we no longer fret the marble with the sculptor's chisel, but summon the same wizard to do our bidding.

The possibilities of this power, compressed or liquid, reach far beyond reason's ken, or imagination's vagrant fancy. Anesthesia, the Roentgen ray, antiseptic surgery, together with the knowledge of the laws of hygiene and sanitation, have minimized pain and suffering and have increased the duration of human life. To such a degree of perfection has science attained that we can get from the laboratory an egg or a beefsteak, a ruby or a diamond. From the waste product of the gas retort the most delicate colors, the perfume of flowers, the flavor of fruits.

Wonderful indeed are the changes that have been wrought by the alumni in active life in every land. It is a far cry from the bows and arrows of our ancestors to the high explosives, the smokeless powder, the Krags and Mausers of today; from the war galleys of Diodorus Siculus to the modern battleships of Schley and Dewey. It is a far cry, indeed, from Morse to Marconi!

Our own alumni have been active in life. Many of the stars that are set in glory in our southern sky take their names from your honored roll. Strike these stars from the firmament and you make darkness visible. The rays of the setting sun of the last century fell upon Georgia's college. The light of a new era is now waking into life a great distinctive southern university, whose teachings, while they shall remain true to the legends and laws, the principles and politics, the courage and courtesy of the past, will yet breathe a broader philosophy and inspire higher ideals of scholarship.

In these days of moral cowardice, of sharp practice, of mountebank religion and politics, when "brazen impudence challenges public confidence," the alumni of the university should stand for all that is best and highest and truest in the life of the state. Let us stand by the university, and for the university, whether it be on athletic field or senate floor!

Sir, our fond mother has grown older since you and I abided with her, but she is very fair to us. Her servants may serve her well, riches may come to her, and the state generously provide for her, but at last her real strength, her greatness and her glory must be found in the active life and in the love and devotion of her own sons.—Peter W. Meldrim.

[Extract from an address delivered at the university banquet, held in Atlanta in 1902.]

The Confederate Woman

This favored city, Mr. Mayor, will never know an hour in all her history to be compared with this hour when she unveils to the world the first monument to the mothers of men. May it stand forever, the highest expression of the love of the Sons of Veterans and of the old heroes of the gray. May it stand forever. It could never stand firmer in storm-driven hours than the Daughters of the Confederacy stood during the war's wild years of the '60s. May it stand forever. But no night will ever bend above it where clustered stars will glorify the

gloom more beautifully, more divinely, than have the virtues of the daughters of the South glorified all the nights of our grief and softened all the years of our sorrow.—Judge Moses Wright.

[Extract from an address delivered at the unveiling, in Rome, Ga., of a monument to the Women of the Confederacy.]

Good Night, Great Chief

Twelve moons ago, when the golden-rods were blooming and the mocking-birds were singing, and our hearts were light and gay, we met around our great council fire. How rosy was the future! Not a cloud floated in the sky. Not a wave rippled on the waters. From among all the braves and warriors assembled there we selected the wisest, the bravest and the best, and in his strong pure hand we placed the golden tomahawk of authority, knowing full well that he would wield it grandly and nobly. How his great heart leaped with exultation and pride at the distinction conferred upon him! How hopefully and confidently he viewed the future! How great and wise were the plans he made. He was the honored, the revered leader and the great chief of over 350,000 loyal, faithful red men! How grandly, how nobly did he measure up to the expectation of the brotherhood! At the magic touch of his matchless hand the machinery of our fraternal government pulsated with new life, with renewed zeal, with transcendent force and irresistible power.

From council fire to council fire the glad acclaim went forth, "Hail to the chief!" and joy unconfined held full sway around every council fire in the land. The warriors and the braves, with light hearts and swift feet, went merrily on the chase. The sachems and sagamores held their council sleeps and wisely planned for the future. Never in the history of our beloved order was its organization more perfect or superb. When, lo, from yonder highest peak a flaming arrow shot across the sky. An omen of evil! The stoutest heart quails; and the stern faces of the warriors and braves pale before that dread signal. Soon from hilltop to hilltop, from council fire to council fire, the message is flashed: "The great incohonee is dead," and the brotherhood all over the land stand with bowed heads and sad hearts in the shadow of a great sorrow.

On the 29th day of March, 1905, in his beautiful home in Montgomery, Alabama, Thomas Henry Watts fell asleep. I reverently and sorrowfully stood by his bier and looked for the last time upon that strong, manly, but kind and sympathetic face we all knew so well and loved so much. I looked affectionately at that dumb mouth that had so often charmed us with its eloquence and guided us with its wisdom.

I saw his mortal remains borne through the streets where the broad magnolia leaves unfold beside the asters, flowers of gold, to the beautiful city of the dead, and there in the silence of the departing day, surrounded by the speechless monuments of the dead, and a vast multitude of friends, I heard the solemn words, "earth to earth, dust to dust," and all that was mortal of Thomas Henry Watts, great incohonee of the Improved Order of Red Men, was placed "under the sod and the dew to await the judgment day."

Proud old England grows her myrtle, but it is not too kingly to deck the brow of Thomas Henry Watts. Sunny Italy has her quarries

of fairest marble, but none too white to mark his last resting-place. America has her Mount Washington, sky-kissed and snow-capped, but it is not too high to pedestal the statue of our departed brother. And on this glorious autumnal day, the kissing sunbeams that play and dance on these mountain summits, lighting them with a gorgeous splendor, are not purer than the noble purposes that actuated his pure and noble life.

I have stood on the deck of a magnificent ship as it majestically sailed the sea, and witnessed the moon in all its splendor rise out of the mystery of the deep and shed its shimmering rays over the waters like millions of diamonds sparkling and dancing on the waves, and I thought the scene was surpassingly beautiful.

I have stood on a great mountain peak at dawn and witnessed the sun come forth in all its majesty and power and fill the world with light and glory, and I thought it was beautiful and grand.

I have seen in the darkness of midnight the forked lightning leap from hill to hill, from crest to crest, and cut and shiver the inky clouds into rivers of fire, while the thunder rolled and reverberated in the distance, and the universe trembled in the titanic power of the storm king, and I exclaimed—how beautiful, how grand, how sublime, is the omnipotent power of God. But, brother, the most beautiful, the grandest, the sublimest creation or manifestation of God's omnipotence is a man, created in his own image, who loves his fellow man. One who ministers to the wants and necessities of his fellow man as softly and gently as the moonbeams fall upon the midnight sea, one who visits the sick and fills the room with a radiance as bright and glorious as the light of the new day; one who dispels the clouds of adversity as the lightning cleaves the clouds in a somber sky; such a man was Thomas Henry Watts.

In the great Valhalla beyond the grave, where the spirits of immortals dwell, our friend now rests with the noblest and the best. Good night, great chief, good night, until some golden day by the still waters we shall meet again, when the joyous greeting shall be an everlasting good morning.—Judge R. T. Daniel.

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