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THE PRIVATE SOLDIER
OF THE CONFEDERACY

JOSEPH R. LAMAR

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

ALBERT SHAW

"Patriotism is but one of the many names of duty."

ADDRESS

BY

HON. JOSEPH R. LAMAR

OF

AUGUSTA, GEORGIA

DELIVERED ON

MEMORIAL DAY, APRIL, 1902

AT

ATHENS, GEORGIA

NOW REPRINTED BY REQUEST OF NEW YORK CITY FRIENDS
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

ALBERT SHAW

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INTRODUCTION.

The address herewith published was delivered at Athens, Georgia, in April of the present year, 1902. The day was one set apart in memory of the soldiers of the Confederacy. The occasion was a memorial service held under the auspices of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and the speaker was a man who bears a name distinguished in the annals of the South and of the Nation, who is also himself eminent at the bar of his State,—Hon. Joseph R. Lamar, of Augusta, Georgia. It so happened that there were present at Athens a considerable number of people from other States who were spending several days attending the Conference on Southern Education, and among these were several scores of people from the Northern States. The Educational Conference adjourned in recognition of Memorial Day, and many of its members attended the services and heard Mr. Lamar's address. The Northern visitors were especially impressed,—not more by

the rare felicity of its diction, the philosophical quality of mind it displayed, and its thoughtful interpretations of history, than by its timely character and practical usefulness. They felt that it ought to be printed for the enlightenment of the North and the incitement of the South. As a consequence, the address appears in the present form.

The surviving soldiers on both sides of the great civil conflict of forty years ago have long since learned respect and admiration for their brave opponents; and the whole country will in future times ever more deeply cherish the records and traditions of American heroism as evinced in that great period, irrespective of the color of the uniform. Mr. Lamar shows us in this address wherein and why the common soldier of the Confederacy was so remarkable a type of manhood. Having done this in well-weighed words wholly free from rhetorical exaggeration, Mr. Lamar proceeds to show that his purpose is not that of a mere eulogy. He has analyzed the quality of American heroism as typified in the common soldier of the Confederacy in order to ask and answer the question,

What now belongs to the part that should be played by the successors of those men of the sixties, who would wish to be equally true to the demands of patriotism?

His spirit in dealing with this question is well expressed in his motto, "Patriotism is but one of the many names of duty." Whereupon, he takes up courageously the race question of the South, and every word he utters is a golden word of wisdom. It is not that within the compass of this brief address Mr. Lamar could develop his ideas in detail. But he views the race question seriously yet without pessimism, and in its true perspective. He is philosopher enough to see that there has been remarkable progress in the adjustment of relations between the races since emancipation, in view of the shortness of the period that has elapsed; and he touches the very root of remedial policy when he points out the duty of the South to improve the status of the negro race on the agricultural and industrial side as preliminary to the ultimate success of universal education and effective school training. He would have the Southern landowner take pride

in being a good landlord, and would have him render his negro tenantry the best and kindest service by enforcing upon it the proper cultivation of the soil. To approach our great problems of American life and society,—whether Northern or Southern, Eastern or Western, urban or rural,—in the light of patriotic duty, and in the broad-minded spirit of this address of Mr. Lamar's, is to do our share toward the fulfillment of a true national destiny.

ALBERT SHAW.

The Private Soldier of the Confederacy.

*Members of the Memorial Association, Confederate
Survivors, Ladies and Gentlemen :*

“ It is an irrepressible conflict ” * * *
“ It is an indestructible union of indestruc-
tible States.” The saying of Seward was
prophecy; that of Chase, history. In these
two phrases are compressed the cause and
the result of the War.

There is nothing more exact than the
movement of time; yet nothing is more
misleading than to measure the progress of a
people by the flight of years. In the twenty
centuries between Abraham and Christ,
the human race stood still; in the forty
years between the War and this hour, rev-
olutions, social and industrial, have so

crowded one upon another that the mind is staggered in its effort to comprehend the marvelous changes which have been made. It is an anomaly that the nation is further advanced than the individuals who compose it. The body politic lives in the wholly modern atmosphere created by these revolutions, but the individual retains the impress received in his youth. While, relatively speaking, we are further from the War than our ancestors had come since Columbus, yet the struggle of 1860 survives in our memories to-day as the great and distinct event of our life.

Before me are those who fought and suffered in that Titanic contest; with them sit their children, and nearby their grandchildren. In these three generations there must, of necessity, be differences in the points of view. While it is asking too much to think that those who took part in

the conflict can view it from the placid seat of impersonal criticism, yet never before have the actors in a great and bloody drama so speedily approached the plane from which calm and dispassionate judgment may be pronounced upon the tremendous events in which they participated. War at the best is a horror. Civil War is a hell. But even Civil War comes finally to be judged at the bar of History, and the passions and resentments of even such a strife yield finally to the touch of time. Every true American must long for the day when the man of the North and the man of the South can sit down together, and in frankness and candor, discuss this stupendous event in our history.

We come of a blood that is not ignorant of civil strife. The Wars of the Roses rent and tore the vitals of English society for fifty years, but rare indeed is the man

in that cultured country who can even tell the names of those who wore the blossom of York, or those who fought for the flower of Lancaster. All its bitterness, its hate, its cruelty, have vanished with the vanishing years. It is now poetry, and the story is known almost exclusively from the pages of the great Dramatist.

The Civil War in which Cromwell and Charles waged a sanguinary struggle is history, and judged as any other historical event. The veriest English Tory, the most radical non-conformist, is able dispassionately to consider the claims of Cromwell as leader,—the folly of Charles as King. Every act of valor, every heroic charge, every sacrifice in that struggle has been gathered into the casket of England's jewels. Liberal and Conservative alike honor the historic names, whether Whig or Tory, Cavalier or Roundhead.

Long before a half century had passed it was possible for an American and a Briton to discuss in kindness and frankness the Declaration of Independence, the Stamp Act, Valley Forge and Yorktown,—the Mother Country glorying in our Washington and claiming her full share of the honor reflected by our Continental troops.

And I think the day has come in which we, too, whether from the North or from the South, may begin to view our War as the treasury of American manhood, as a mine in which can be found priceless and inexhaustible stores, illustrating the heroism of the American people, and shedding resplendent honor upon the Nation. Can we not in that spirit observe this day, and from the vista of forty years study "The Private Soldier of the Confederacy" and appropriate to ourselves the lesson he teaches?

It is one of the tricks of language to reverse the standard of age. We call the early years of a people old, while the early years of a man are his youth. We speak of that as the old South, and of this as the new South; and yet, in reality, it was the young South that entered the War. It was the young North with which she grappled. Not half the land had been cleared; the forests were untouched; the railroads had only begun their transforming work; we had not ceased to indulge in hilarious rejoicing as each Fourth of July reminded us of our recent birth as a Nation; we still writhed under the criticism and irony of foreign travelers recounting our crudities; the exuberance of youth manifested itself in all we did and said, and in nothing more than in the fact that "this conflict was irrepressible." Had we been older in wisdom and experience; had we known what War was

and its cost; had we known the price of even victory; had we ever imagined the bitterness of defeat,—the War would not have been. Both sides would have endeavored to find some honorable escape from a struggle so colossal.

But America came of age when Sumter's gun was fired. That brought us to our majority—to a sudden realization of the burdens and responsibilities of organized society. Till then, we had known only the blessings of a prosperous and peaceful democracy, removed from the strife and dangers encompassing all other civilized States. War has been the greatest factor in History. Every people has felt the hand of the invader. Upon every land conquering hosts have marched. And the suffering, the passion, the victory, the defeat, have entered into the very bone and sinew of the human family. Until 1860,

we knew nothing of it. Peace or victory had been our only portion—the Indian Wars, the Revolutionary War, that of 1812, and that with Mexico, were mere skirmishes in which individual prowess had manifested itself, and where the victories which crowned our arms had but served to intensify our self-confidence. They left neither scar nor burden; they had not taxed our power, but only fed our pride.

Every other people had paid the cost and felt the agony of War. To most of the tribes of men it had been almost a thing of course to live in sound and sight of battle; from cradle to grave to witness smoking ruins, and see the desolation which lies in the wake of armies. Even yet, the North knows nothing of the real horrors of War. It has countless millions living in a boundless prosperity who have never thrilled at the deep roar of cannon threatening their

homes; its highways have never trembled with the tread of martial hosts, except as they marched to the tune of airs befitting the pomp and circumstances of victors. On this Continent it is only in the South that the sober and sombre effects of War have been felt, and worked their way into the warp and woof of our life. But in 1860 we knew none of these things, and men of the same blood, speech and religion girt themselves for the greatest struggle of the greatest age the world has seen.

It was the tremendous, overshadowing event in our history. It rises as a mountain out of the plain of national life. It must ever be the great historic fact among us. It will always be "The" War, without adjective,—without word of explanation.

It will not do simply to indulge in extravagances. Let us see wherein it was

so great. The South was purely agricultural. She had no manufactories; she had no foundries; she had no mines; no shipyards, no navy; no taste or experience for the sea, for no stories are told of a Southern boy leaving home for a life on the wave. She had no army; her militia served only as a butt of ridicule for the pen of Longstreet and other humorists,—and yet, within weeks, she had organized a central government, swept the seas, created an army; with raw and untrained troops fought battles and won victories. The nations of the earth had been training men for centuries. Europe was one immense camp; it had standing armies; it had levies and reserves; and yet she had never been able to organize and mobilize so fast as these untrained farmers, who, within ninety days, had fought a series of battles that amazed the soldiers of the earth. It was no mere wild abandon

of enthusiasm. The spirit of these men was such as not only to carry them through the thrill and excitement of the charge, but when reverses came, and defeat hung round their banner, even greater heroism was shown. The spirit lasted not for weeks, but for years, and expired at last in the throes that come from hunger and absolute exhaustion.

War is the supremest test to which a people can be subjected. Cruel it may be,—full of suffering it must be. But it tries as by fire the endurance, the courage, the fortitude, the self-denial of a nation. In no spirit of boastfulness, but with tears for the brave men who stood the test, let us make a brief comparison between the great struggle upon this Continent and those elsewhere.

Of the twenty decisive battles of the world, four were fought in the 19th

Century. Waterloo in 1815; Gettysburg in 1863; Sadowa in 1866; Sedan in 1871. Of all battles, Waterloo is perhaps the most famous. Whole libraries have been written about it, and yet the combined losses of the English, Prussian and French armies in that tremendous conflict did not exceed the losses at Gettysburg, where also 70,000 men were engaged on both sides. Three years after Gettysburg, Sadowa was fought between the Austrians and Prussians—a quarter of a million men on each side—each army greater than the combined forces of Federals and Confederates at Gettysburg, but the comparative casualties were far, far less. Five years later, Sedan was fought. The size of the armies was vastly greater than at Gettysburg, but again the casualties were incomparably less.

The great wars of the past were between compact States, having narrow frontiers,

easily patrolled ; but the Confederacy faced for a thousand miles on the North, the most prosperous people on earth ; in the rear was an exposed coast of two thousand miles without a ship for its defense ; between these threatening dangers, ran, from Richmond to New Orleans, the longest battle-line of the ages. The South had a population of five million whites, and summoning them all to a view of what confronted her, one in every five,—not one in every five men, but one in every five of men, women and helpless infants, devoted himself, his all and his sacred honor to the God of Battle. Those who remained at home were not less consecrated. They stripped themselves and the lean land to the bone—even to the marrow of poverty, so that the four years challenge the saying that money is the sinew of war, for, without money, without credit, and solely by

the magic of devoted sacrifice, armies were maintained and the struggle continued. And, when it ended, they had not even the widow's mite with which to buy in the markets of the world, but only trunks and baskets full of sleazy paper as vouchers for a small part of the money losses.

In whatever aspect we consider it, the bigness, the incomparable bigness of this War, overtops every other in History. Never before had three and a half million soldiers been in battle array,—and if we turn to the battle fields and realize that the killed in both armies amounted to a half million; that besides, a million men were wounded or disabled; that only one of every three that went from the South returned home sound in limb and body, we are tempted to weep that they poured forth so lavish a libation of courageous endurance,—not once, but in innumerable

instances surpassing that most famous and reckless charge of the Light Brigade, where forty-nine out of every hundred were left on the field. For in our War, 75 Regiments of the Confederacy, and an equal number in the Federal army, showed heavier losses than that of the Six Hundred at Balaklava. And thirty regiments left sixty per cent.—no, let us not say per cent., but rather that out of each hundred, sixty dead and wounded heroes were left upon a soil sanctified by their blood. And, as in the retort of battle, we continue to test manhood by the power to do and to dare, to execute and to die, the ascending mountain of our War's superiority over all others lifts its cliff-like head at Cold Harbor, where occurred the most stupendous and appalling loss of any battle on earth; and where, in the space of eight minutes, ten thousand Federal soldiers lay dead or

wounded before the Confederate fire; 20 to the second, 1,200 to the minute.

A striking comparison between Gettysburg and the other three battles is that Waterloo, Sadowa and Sedan were, in fact, decisive; Waterloo ended the Hundred Days and the Campaigns of Bonaparte; Sadowa ended the Seven Weeks War between Austria and Prussia; Sedan practically terminated the Franco-Prussian War of five months, and allowed the Germans to march from the Rhine to Paris. But Gettysburg, while in a sense decisive, was more than two years from Appomatox. Within the same week, Gettysburg was lost on the North and Vicksburg on the South. According to all the rules of War, this foretold the end, and by any other people would have been treated as final, and yet, with an unparalleled tenacity of purpose and a spirit wholly unconquered,

the fight was kept up with undiminished vigor. Against odds daily increasing, and with the certainty of ultimate defeat staring them in the face, the struggle was maintained. Hopeless but determined, hungry but cheerful; ragged but undismayed, the Confederates fought on.

It was here that their greatest triumph was won. Many men fight gallantly when the reward seems certain; most men are heroes when flushed and giddy with the wine of success, but to follow a forlorn hope, to face certain defeat, this, after all is said, is the final test of heroism. When we remember the brave deeds of old, it is not of victories we think. It is the retreat of the Ten Thousand; the Spartans at Thermopylae; the Charge of the Light Brigade; the Battle of Bunker Hill; Pickett's Charge at Gettysburg,—that stir the blood and make us proud that our humanity is capable of such heroic sacrifice.

Cold indeed must be the nature that can study the story of these four years and read the list of terrific and awful battles following the defeat of Gettysburg, which does not thrill with pride at the indomitable courage displayed by these tattered and hungry Americans. It is only the element of patriotic courage and noble sacrifice that relieve war from being mere butchery and degradation. If anything can light up a field strewn with dead and dying; if anything can still the horror of the moans of the wounded and gasps of the expiring it is the contemplation of the lofty spirit that filled those who fell. The cold and dispassionate historian of the future will find his nerves tingle and his pen kindle with unwonted fire, as he describes the heroism and devotion of these four years. Those who fought against these men must feel that it is their supremest triumph that they

overcame such foes,—for no louder paean can be heralded for the victor than that he was able to defeat those of his own race, exhibiting such qualities of heroic manhood as the Southern soldier of 1860-65. Great as was the skill in battle of those who commanded, it was not that which protracted the struggle, but the stern and unswerving courage of those who carried the musket, stormed the breastworks, repelled the charge, and endured the privations of those awful days. But they who died were not the only heroes. Those who survived and took up the burden of defeat exhibited the same characteristics. When they returned to the upheaval and disorder left as an aftermath of the War, and faced the new and untried conditions, there was room to manifest the same spirit of courageous endurance as on the tented field. Once before, when an army of our blood had disbanded, it had been

said that wherever you found a man noted above his fellows and inquired who he was, the answer always came back that he was one of Cromwell's Ironsides,—and paraphrasing what Macauley has written, we too may say that, as we look back over the intervening years of peace, the prominent figures on both sides are Survivors. The most successful farmers, the best mechanics, the leaders in commerce and trade, at the Bar and on the Bench, the leaders in every vocation, had been trained in that marvelous school of War,—and if, at one time, it happened that the Confederate Colonel was noted for numbers in the Halls of Congress, it was not an accident, nor the mere favoritism of politics. Leaders in public and in private life come from those best trained.

All of our theories of education would fail if we concluded that the type of men

who first won the victories, and were then even more victorious in defeat, were an accident. Exceptional in their achievements, they must have been the product of exceptional causes. Trained in an unusual school, they were the product of special conditions, obtaining partly at the North, but to a greater degree at the South. For a generation before the War, great issues had been discussed. Upon the hustings and around every man's fireside, men probed to the bottom the rights of the central Government, the rights of the States, the rights of property, and the rights of man. High thinking had unconsciously been fitting them for high living. The greatness of the questions discussed enlarged the mind and stimulated the spirit; it elevated that generation above the condition of those who only think on small things; it gave them a moral fibre stronger than can

come to those who live only in prosperous and piping times of peace.

Another peculiarity of the Confederate soldier, as also of the Revolutionary soldier, is that, in the main, he was the product of life in the Country. The South had no great cities. The army of the Confederacy was recruited from the ranks of men who had lived the independent, self-centered, resourceful life of the Southern planter. He was an autocrat and knew how to command, but in learning that lesson, he had learned also how to obey. He demonstrated the value of the individual, and showed that a man trained in such a school can almost at a moment's notice be converted into a soldier, without the necessity for long enlistment, and the tedious training in a standing army. It was the trained manhood which made the soldier, and not the manual of arms.

It is in unconscious recognition of this fact that the private soldier lives as the Hero of the Confederacy. Many of them rose from the ranks to become Generals; many of them, without previous training, went from peaceful homes to gloriously command large bodies; and while no army ever had greater officers, no officers ever led better men. While there are monuments rich and precious to the leaders, and here and there one to mark a battle-field, everywhere is the shaft to commemorate the private soldier. Sometimes those from a particular village; sometimes those from a county; sometimes those from a special city; sometimes one with your own pathetic inscription, "To the Unknown Dead"—still everywhere they rise to the memory and the fame of the Private Soldier.

We desire to preserve the memory of their devotion, sacrifice and bravery.

Erecting monuments and hallowing these Memorial Days, is meet and proper. It is honorable to the living, and honoring to the dead. But we must not stop with marble shafts, nor with wreaths of flowers. Our truest tribute to the Confederate Soldier is to follow his example in performing the duty that lies next to us in the public service. We hear to-day no blast trumpeting us to arms; but we are confronted with social dangers and deep problems calling for our best endeavors; problems with which Legislatures are powerless to deal, and which can only be solved by the long drawn out patience of years and the harmonious action of our people.

The Cause for which the Confederate fought is lost. No War ever settled weightier or more tremendous issues than those decided at Appomatox. With a pen dipped in blood, it was written that never

again in this land shall human beings be bought and sold; and, as irrevocably, it was decreed that this is an indestructible union of indestructible States. To a recognition of these decrees the Confederate soldier gave his parol, and pledged himself by every rule of law and honor to abide by the results of the appeal to arms. Faithfully has he kept it. Faithfully have the Southern people lived up to that plighted word,—so faithfully indeed that it borders on impropriety to discuss it. In England the rancors of the Wars of the Roses, the feeling between Cavalier and Roundhead, had not died out in a hundred years; the animosity engendered by the Revolution of 1688 was followed by more than fifty years of plottings, insurrections and warlike efforts to restore the Pretenders,—while here the greatest triumph which the Southern people have made is the manner in which

they have kept the pledge. Completely have they put behind them the issues settled by the War, and with a "cordial and self-respecting loyalty" taken again their place in the family of States. Perhaps never before, in the history of any people, has the bitterness of a great struggle been so nearly obliterated and so speedy an adjustment to new conditions made.

The War settled the extreme and outlying boundaries of great doctrines, but it left undetermined many problems within those limits. It adjudged against the right of Secession, but it left undefined the boundary line between centralization and States Rights. The centripetal and centrifugal forces are still operative, and the pendulum still oscillates back and forth.

It settled the matter of Slavery, but it did not adjust the question of Race. It modified that problem, but did not solve it.

What that question lost in intensity, it gained in complexity.

Neither the North nor the South were responsible for this problem. The Slave trade began under the auspices of the British Government at a time when it was a matter of course. Men at the North bought and sold; men at the South bought and used. So feebly had Slavery taken root at the North, where conditions were unfavorable for its spread, that the issue could be easily dealt with when the Race Problem began to loom dark and threatening. In the language of Mr. Beecher they could "pull up their poisonous weeds," but so numerous were the slaves in the South that we could not separate the tares from the wheat, and the problem remained to grow,—and to vex as it grew.

In nothing is the fastness of this age better illustrated than in the rapidity with

which we have travelled away from ancient orders of things. We think of Slavery in modern times as peculiar to the South, but the first speech Gladstone ever made in Parliament was in the interest of his father and other Englishmen who owned slaves in the West Indies. There are, no doubt, old men living to-day in Austria who were born in slavery,—white slavery; and millions in Russia, with blue eyes and yellow hair, started for the goal of freedom in 1861, abreast of the dark-skinned slave in America. These things were but as yesterday. In the order of time, a few men will be living on this Continent in the year 1950 who were slave-owners, and nearby will dwell those who were born in slavery. How short, then, in the life of a nation, is it back to the Proclamation of Emancipation,—less than forty years, less than the span of a life, barely half of four score years

and ten. In a period so short, how impossible to expect the hereditary tendencies and influences of centuries to be reversed.

The serfs of Austria and Russia were of one blood with their masters. By a tyrant's hand they had been held down, and in the years following their emancipation they had to outgrow the degradation which slavery entailed, notwithstanding which the hopes of those who secured the freedom of the Russian serf have failed of fruition, and his uplift is still a prophecy and not a fulfillment.

But how essentially different is the American question. When the ancestor of the Russian serf had reached a point where he was entitled to the rights of a civilized freeman, the African was a wild and untutored savage. As savages, under the express provision of the Constitution of the United

States, they could be brought from the Dark Continent to these free shores as late as 1808. He reached our land a savage, and the slavery that was for the serf a degradation, was for him an education. How well those who trained him in this school discharged their task, I can best describe in the language of a gifted woman of South Carolina:

“They had to train and teach a race of
“savages who had never known even the
“rudiments of decency, civilization or re-
“ligion ; a race which, despite the labors of
“colonists and missionaries, remains in
“Africa to-day as it was a thousand years
“ago; but a race, which, influenced by
“these lives, taught by these Southern
“people for six generations, proved in the
“day of trial the most faithful, the most
“devoted of servants;” and in 1863,
over our remonstrances and protests, was

declared by others to be even worthy of full civil and political rights.

The effect of emancipation upon the slave seems to have been rarely considered before the War. In reading the utterances of the leaders on both sides, one is impressed with their lack of forecast as to this question. The Southerner regarded emancipation as a dream, and hardly ever alluded to its effect upon the negro or upon society. On the other hand, those who stood for abolition, seemed to think that Freedom was a cure-all and that as soon as slavery was abolished, the African would not only be the white man's peer before the law, but his equal in attainments and possibilities.

And so he was freed from his master, without being freed from the burdens of heredity, ignorance and racial disabilities. What an appalling problem to have such a

stream injected into the current of our national life! Among us, not of us. Foreign in race and origin. Here against his choice and without our responsibility. Would that the War, in settling other momentous issues, had likewise settled this.

It is the fate of the South to face the same social and political questions that confront every other section of the country. It is her supreme misfortune to have, in addition, this race problem, which confronts no other section. But the issue is here,—the task has been imposed, and it is for this generation to contribute, as far as it may, to its wise and humane settlement.

Enough of the feeling engendered by the War remains to make it impossible for us to be perfectly understood in this matter. But the time must come,—I think it is rapidly coming,—when we shall receive the sympathy of the entire nation in our effort

to deal with this issue. How remote the apparent connection between our problem and Porto Rico, the Philippines and Hawaii. And yet, just there lie the facts which make the Race question National instead of Sectional. History is quickly repeating itself. Without realizing it, Northern men charged with the duty of dealing with these newly acquired and alien races, find themselves confronted with the identical difficulty existing here in the South. Their speeches justifying their policy read as though uttered by Southern lips, and foretell the day when our fellow citizens of the North will be able to take a more sympathetic view of the Race question at the South.

In nothing have the principles of self-government inculcated in the American people manifested themselves better than this adjustment of the relations between the

Whites and Blacks. Similar cases elsewhere have resulted not in sporadic cases of cruelty and riot and disorder, such as occasionally manifest themselves here, to the mortification of every good citizen,—but where conditions like these have existed between other people, it has meant war to the knife, revolution and extermination. Look at the Haytian Revolution, the Exclusion of the Chinese, the almost complete extermination of the Indians, the absolute extermination of the Moors by the Spaniards. The percentage of violence against the negro on account of race is less in the South than it is in the North, and the Confederate soldier fought as much in vindication of his treatment of the negro, as for any other of the many nameless factors which brought on the War. The South was accused of being a cruel and relentless slave-owner. He answered Uncle Tom's

Cabin with the frank admission that there were, here and there, cruel masters, as there were in every nation cruel employers, but that, while it might be an anachronism, as a whole, the South rendered the institution of slavery patriarchal. And now, such is the general kindness that the problem is is not so much the relation between the Whites and the Blacks,—although that is not without its difficulties and dangers,—but, rather, what is to be the effect of the negro upon our civilization? How is he to be uplifted to a point where he can properly discharge the duties of citizenship? How are his racial disabilities to be overcome, so that he may not always be a weight upon the body politic?

We think that education is a cause. We forget that cause and effect in this regard are not at the opposite ends of a straight line, but that they lie in a circle, so that it

is often impossible to tell where cause ends and effect begins. The most cultured people have the best schools, but the best schools do not always produce the most cultured people. Illiteracy is both an effect and a cause; it feeds upon its own products. Illiterates do not establish schools, nor are they willing to attend them; the illiterate must first be trained up to the point where he is prepared for schools; he must be trained in industry, in agriculture, and in intelligent cultivation of the soil. If there is any one particular in which the South must plead guilty, it is not that she has resisted its enforcement, but the Proclamation of Emancipation has been taken too literally. The negro has been given not only freedom but license. He can only be elevated by education,—not the mere education of books, but the education that comes from contact with the superior mind, that

comes from direction in the affairs of life. Being free to go he has gone to himself and we have not hindered him.

And just here is the point at which we are wanting, both to our ancestors and to our posterity. In many parts of the country, the land, to a large extent, has been turned over to the freedman. He is allowed to farm as he sees fit; to waste the resources of the soil; to skim over large areas, instead of being required by the owner to plant the proper crop, to improve the land, and to till in a husband-like manner, as is demanded of every tenant in England, Scotland, and Germany, and in the Northern and Western States. No landowner on the face of the earth would permit an ignorant tenant the destructive and awful license the Southern landowner gives to the negro.

There is a much abused word which the story-teller has made odious. The "land-

lord" has become the synonym of heartlessness. But what a splendid word it is in its real meaning. "Lord of the Land," and, as lord, *noblesse oblige*, charged with the duty of direction as well as of collection; bound to assist his tenant with instructions and kindly advice; bound to see that the land which he received as an inheritance from his father, shall be transmitted as a heritage of equal value to his children. The relation between tenant and such a lord of the land is mutually advantageous,—the tenant improving his own condition and that of the land, increasing his crops, helped by the advice and strengthened by the kindness of the owner, and the landlord receiving the rents, improving the land, to the benefit of himself and his children after him.

Here lies a homely solution of the Race problem. In its successful application will

be found the solution of many social troubles. It will elevate the negro and multiply the resources of the land. It will tend to wipe out the stain of illiteracy. It will enable us to appear better in the great mathematical and statistical standards by which everything is measured, to our present disadvantage. It will make our percentage appear better. As it is, the injection of the negro as a divisor in long division constantly reduces our average, for he is a divisor, but not an equal multiplicand. He makes us appear in all the tables, worse than we are. In the eyes of the world, we share his poverty. In the eyes of the world, he makes us appear illiterate. If we would direct his labor, it will be the betterment of all concerned.

It was the tremendous and weighty saying of Michelet that "History is the resurrection of the dead." And if, in the spirit

we have invoked, we can reverently imagine our dead, as clothing themselves with the gray, shouldering again the musket, gathering under their immortal leaders, and marching through the land for which they died, and if, with uncovered heads, we should stand before them to render an account of our stewardship, I can imagine they would hold us responsible before the Bar of Patriotism for what we have done to the land which they had enriched with their blood and consecrated with their lives. They would ask: Where are the stately mansions and the smiling fields; where are the forests and the clear running streams? And if, with pride, we pointed to cities more magnificent than any they had left, to palaces crowding the streets, and to buildings challenging the sky, to busy factories and to glowing furnaces, they would make answer that these we ought to

have done, and not to have left the other undone; they would not accept our excuse that their defeat had made forever permanent the bleakness throughout the country; they would tell us that a generation is a time within which, even as to the industrial effects of War, the bar of the Statute of Limitations must be interposed; that no people could be prosperous or happy if the soil be neglected; and as a normal country life made them, the lack of it might unmake us.

With beat of drum and blare of trumpet, they do not call us to march from our homes to battle against distant forces, but, with silent and impressive finger, they point to the more intangible, more difficult, the more continuous and persistent dangers that lie at our very door. With imperious voice, they summon us to fight against ignorance, and to beat back the rising tide of illiteracy.

They charge us to diversify our products and to keep step to the great industrial march of the age.

Can we not heed their lesson? Can we not see that not only in the midst of shot and shell, but in shop and store, in school or at home, in the field white with cotton, or rank with rustling corn, we can serve our day and Country? For always and everywhere, Patriotism is but one of the many names of Duty.

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