

SOUTHERN MISCELLANIES

By
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*"Some time let gorgeous Tragedy
In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes's or Pelops's line,
Or the tale of Troy divine."*

A RETROSPECT

IF IT appears on the face of it that undue prominence is given to Col. Henry Watterson in the succeeding pages, the writer must disclaim any such intention. And if it is with no purpose of providing him with any momentary exaltation in the public eye in republishing the reply to his strictures on the civilization of the antebellum South, neither is it with any desire to lower him in the estimation of his worshippers. His spontaneous and useless offense to his native land and people has itself rendered him sufficiently conspicuous. He doubtless thinks

"To heal the inveterate canker of one wound

By making many."

His brief and profitless excursion into the sterile field of slander might have had its fruitlessness accentuated better, perhaps, by silence on our part. For silence is generally accepted as the fittest expression of the attitude of the public towards the unfortunate—a silence which so frequently, instead of contempt bears sympathy or compassion in its bosom. And if the stale, mechanical applause of the *claqueurs* of the Northern press and people is what his morbid appetite craves, then is he thrice welcome to the banquet table. We can only regret that he has become cloyed with the rich and generous viands his own home and people have so long spread out before him in such bounty and profusion.

Conspicuous as the editor of one of the oldest and ablest journals in the country, Col. Watterson in proclaiming his latest confession of faith simply afforded himself the opportunity of being selected as the representative of a species, which, from its original habitat in the North, has unfortunately overrun its natural boundaries and become largely prevalent in the South. While not identical, the limitations of both him and his congeners are of the same general description, the Southern variety being merely a graft on the parent stock of the immense propaganda of the Northern Holy See. Their minds padlocked, they never advance in their knowledge of and consequently in their opinions on the South. And if they do not advance, neither can they retreat. They seem doomed to tramp on forever in the mental treadmill to which their mental limitations and their narrow prejudices have forever harnessed them, while the black blinders over their eyes of the negro and nothing but the negro shut out every beauty of the surrounding landscape and condemn them to the ceaseless

and perpetual monotony of gazing at the wooden barrier immediately before their faces. They are the Latter Day Saints of that departed angelic host, the Abolitionists, of whom Hawthorne said, "There was the Abolitionist, brandishing his one idea like an iron flail." They conceive that on them has fallen the mantle of their Elijah, translated to their heaven in war's chariot of fire—the heaven-swept last remnants of the merciless tornado of flame that devoured our towns and cities, our homes and homesteads, in which our manor-houses and our country villages perished, whose fiery arms reached up even for the steeples of the sanctuaries where we worshiped God, and whose hot breath consumed to ashes the very cradles of the mind where we nurtured and cherished the unfolding intellects of our sons and daughters in the admonitions of learning and its mighty precepts. Evidently for us at least there was no purification but by fire, no regeneration but by devastation. And if we were to be led out of the wilderness of our transgressions, what more faithful guide, what more fitting symbol to forever fasten our guilty eyes and fix our depraved minds on the salvation that was decreed us, than the notorious "pillar of cloud by day and pillar of fire by night" of Mr. Lincoln's faithful and trusty lieutenant in his march to the shores of the sounding sea, whose mighty waves even were powerless to confine his monstrous crime and only glutted it with fresh appetite and new direction?

It is fallacious to assert that these are events pertaining to "ancient history," as the Northern people so nonchalantly dismiss the dreary subject with a curl of the lip and a wave of the hand, when they are confronted with the unpleasant fact that they are a people with a past. They are events that do not even belong to the realm of mediæval chronicles. They are among the latest productions of modern history, quite modern—so modern that they themselves frequently in their idle and unsuspecting moments clothe themselves in the garment and consider that they are "the glass of fashion and the mold of form," costumed quite *à la mode*, in the height of style, until their eye rests "by chance or watchful Providence" on some unsightly ruffle that had escaped the notice of the swarms of maids that preside over the wardrobes of their history and which they thought had been relegated to the rag bag, locked up in the attic to commune forever in silence and seclusion with the skeletons of their past

and had been long ago discarded and forgotten.

If some apologist profligate of his resources were willing to sacrifice the last stiver of his possessions in defense of his people, he might say perhaps that the Northern mind is bed-ridden and can turn neither to the right hand nor to the left to see what is going on around it but, with fixed and staring eyes, stolidly gazes at the blank surface of the ceiling on which it fixed its infant orbs when, as a people, it first saw the light of day. It can not even behold itself as it is reflected in the great mirror of the onward striding, moralizing sobered world. But if its hearing is not impaired, if its ear-drums are still intact, it may hear a knock at its door, which, if opened, will admit a stranger with the strangest of strange faces—Morality! And War Morality at that! It never entered the heads of any of them from Mr. Lincoln down to the lowest ruffian of his swarming hosts, when the brazen fiery sun of strife rose red and lurid o'er the landscape, that morality, the fixed and steady Polar Star of the human soul, did not sink at once beneath the stormy waves of war's sea of blood—that this lodestar of frail humanity forever guides its fragile bark through every tempest human passion can arouse, alike in victory's brilliant daylight and the darkness of defeat. The South knew it—she has always known it. Its pure and kindly rays were reflected from the glint of every bayonet of her marshaled sons and played serenely around each campfire of their bivouac. Gen. Lee knew it well. It lighted his pathway through the foe's domain with effulgent brilliance and never left him in retreat. He spread its sublime gospel among the mothers and daughters of his enemies in the very clash of battle with their sons and fathers. Its radiant beams embraced the vibrant edge of his uplifted gleaming sword and shed their gentle light along the scabbard that sheathed it in disaster. They gloried in the defeat of his earthly weapons and bowed their heads in meek submission to the soul's great victory he had left among them, whose record they themselves have penned.

But this rare exotic had found scant sustenance among them. Its fragile roots met no indulgent soil to feed upon. Its tender leaves and petals faced a cold and blighting air and it perished instantly from their midst, its last few faded flowers, plucked in the years gone long ago of stress of war, lingering only pressed closely here and there between the hidden leaves of some recondite and musty volume of their chronicles. But Providence, which ever guards these precious seed with jealous care, has once more scattered them broadcast

across their land, borne thither even over the sea by none other than the tempestuous breath of the fiery whirlwind that is sweeping Europe with the besom of destruction. And they are lodging in every crack and crevice of their souls, growing apace in wild luxuriance and choking even their mouths that strive to utter the great volume of their detestation of war's immoralities and barbarities.

Perhaps, after all, in attempting to analyze their strange and enigmatical psychosis, we must forsake the moralist for an explanation and betake us to the physiologist who taught us in our childhood that there are two lobes to the brain; that the right lobe controls the left hand and the left lobe the right hand; and that their right hand now does not know and does not care what their left hand did in those eventful days of over fifty years ago. Let us accept this explanation as our just and only deserts. It is perhaps all we shall ever get. And it is simple, which alone should be sufficient for a simple-minded people, who shrink by nature from complexities, particularly moral complexities—the complexities that disregard the moral judgment of the world. For "simplicity is the seal of truth" and, after all, the truth is and always has been the sole object of our endeavors, surrounded as we have been for so many weary years with lies. At any rate, if the lead has not yet touched bottom in our repeated and persistent soundings, we have no more line to pay out and we may as well reluctantly and finally admit that this sea at least is fathomless.

If the Northern press has established a systematic and well articulated hierarchy for the propagation of the true religion, it partakes more of the nature of an Apostolic Succession of limited tenure for the direction of the propaganda. For no successor of their great St. Peter wears the triple crown for any greater length of time than to issue one bull of excommunication against the heretics. Whether from exhaustion or satisfaction, he resigns the office to the next insistent cardinal and thus the papal ban is thundered forth in one unending and perpetual cycle of succession.

The *New York World* has recently essayed to wield the sceptre. On this occasion we are damned for sectionalism—a heresy with a most delightful and familiar sound. It awakens in our souls the echoes of the tender and delicate inscription pinned on the christening robes of the Republican party by Wendell Phillips in 1856 as the infant passed his pew in the Abolition group on its way to the chancel and baptismal font filled with water fresh from the sacred springs of the Soudan,—"*The party of the North pledged against the South!*" And

these echoes are heightened by the reverberations from the Republican Convention of 1860 when Judge Jessup of Pennsylvania "desired to amend a verbal mistake in the name of the party. It was printed in the resolutions, 'the National Republican party'; he wished 'to strike out the word *National* as that was not the name by which the party was known.' The correction was made." (*N. Y. Tribune*, May 18, 1860.) With this excision of its facial birthmark, no blot was left to mar the fortunes or blemish the opportunities of its fond, premeditated career.

Finally in the last few weeks, *Life*—that harlequin of the journalistic market-place, juggling the tossing gilded balls of pasquinade, that jester with the cap and bells, the court fool we maintain from year to year to tease dull care away—even *Life* has seen fit to put off the grin of mirth and folly and don the mask of ribaldry to slander and vituperate the pure and radiant Vestals that keep alive the sacred fire in the monumental temple of our history and traditions—the Daughters of the Confederacy!

Thus, then, in all the dizzy whirl of their busy life, even in the fierce and maddening tempest of war and strife, they never forget us. Neither shall we forget them—sooner shall our tongue cleave to the roof of our mouth and our right hand forget its cunning!

Many times in the past when these saviors of the Union were feasting on the great variety of our moral delinquencies, banqueting on the rich viands of our multitude of vices, and picking the bones of our fair name and reputation, we would feel that for once they had so thoroughly gorged themselves that from mere satiety they would be compelled to fast for a brief space and grant us some short respite and repose. But never did we fail to find ourselves mistaken, for invariably did we discover to our discouragement and dismay that

"What they could not eat that day,
They ate next morning fried."

Definitively depriving a people of their religion or even of their superstitions is too perilous a process to be entered upon lightly and unadvisedly, particularly when the iconoclast, who shatters their idols and leaves the worshipers discouraged and appalled at the scattered fragments, has nothing to offer them in return but the living facts and animated figures of truth and history. The writer has no desire to essay any such ungracious and profitless role as long as the image worshipers are content to observe the sharply defined precincts of their own physiological confines and mental limitations. But when their ghost-dances

and incantations become excessive, when the harsh squeak of their sacred music rises to the discordant din of a hideous uproar, when their priests and medicine-men begin to stream with the sweat of a frenzied fanaticism, the worship becomes a pagan orgy, and the whole tribe in a state of cerebral exaltation bursts its bounds and with one insane and mad impulse gets violently out of hand, pours over its quiet neighbors, and attempts to overwhelm them with its mania and to impose its false gods upon them, it is then quite justifiable and even necessary to resist the onrush and protect the pure flame of history from extinction by applying it itself to the combustible they have gathered together and setting fire to every flimsy structure that houses their pagan gods and paraphernalia.

In 1907 Mr. Taft delivered an address at Lexington, Va., in which he deprecated the fact that we had never taken kindly to the Republican party, urging us to reform and cease staring at "the ghost of the past." Resembling many of his contemporaries and predecessors who had assumed the role of bringing this gospel to us, Mr. Taft, too, was so intent on our conversion that, from true religious fervor, he failed to acquaint himself at the outset with the peculiar psychology of the heathen or to explore the inmost recesses of their dismal and repulsive mental make-up. In addition, he seemed to be entirely ignorant of or, if that was not the case, to ignore their history—probably because it was part and parcel and quite an unsavory one of his people's and his party's history, too.

Now ghosts have never stalked amongst us. Their thin and tenuous substance has never fastened our gaze or aroused our curiosity. There have indeed been for many years before our vision the pallid features of the pale and lifeless corpse of the ruin and the desolation, the misery and despair of our devastated and plundered native land. But if he will look around him now in his own domain he will find it teeming with ghost-stalkers who during the whole of this great war have careered in one wild, mad onrush with their journalistic pitchforks and blunderbusses at the phantom of the ante-bellum autocracy of the South, the hideous spectre of the "Slave Power," and the spirit of the Hohenzollerns that imbued them both. This bustling and noisy mob it was that aroused Col. Watterson in their swift pursuit and left him sitting bolt upright in his crib, staring so wildly that he must have seen his ghost upside down—standing on its head, or even caught a glimpse of some more frightful banshee that paralyzed his mental faculties—some hobgoblin squatting just above his chamber door.

Why does Mr. Taft forbear to repeat his lecture to his Northern friends and neighbors? The time is ripe, the ghosts are there in full abundance, and all the omens favorable and propitious. We can not explain this enigma. We can only wonder and endure the silence as best we may, conscious however, that these are sacred mysteries we must not defile by our inquiries or anxieties. For it is not for us to know Mr. Taft's people, or the times or the seasons of their enlightenment and regeneration.

We have for many years been fully and painfully conscious that the vials of slander and abuse and contumely were being poured out over us as some potent, soothing balm to heal the wounds of war. For the right of unlimited and imprescriptible calumny is customarily delivered to the victor along with the sword of the vanquished. It becomes at once a vital part of the indemnity exacted for defeat and with the North has always been far more highly prized than even the huge pecuniary contributions we have made for many years to pay the pensions of its deathless and death-defying veterans. Nevertheless it came somewhat as a surprise to us when Col. Watterson essayed the somewhat doubtful and delicate role of acting as its fiduciary agent in rating and imposing the indemnity of vituperation as well.

Perhaps in our distress at this latest of his vagaries we may find consolation in the fact that Col. Watterson's judgment on men and events has not always been sound. For we recall that in 1892 his judgment on men and events failed him very seriously, in fact quite went to pot. For in the spring of that year he indited a letter to Mr. Cleveland, who was clearly the logical Democratic candidate for the presidency, taking him on his lap and informing him in a manner that was at least patronizing if not paternal, that he could by no possibility be elected to the presidency, even if he were nominated, and advising him to withdraw from the race for the good of his party—and, as it turned out, probably for the success of the Republicans if he had followed Col. Watterson's benevolent advice and inscrutable judgment.

If he has created the phantom of the "autocracy" of the ante-bellum South out of the fumes of his own heated imagination or if he seeks consolation for the errors of his early manhood by characterizing this unfortunate time in his career as,

"My salad days,
When I was green in judgment,"

it is, to say the least, not the part of wisdom to atone for the highly imaginary

indiscretions of youth by rioting in the deliberate follies of old age. His *auto da fe* of the early '60's annoys him and he conceives it of paramount importance, after a long season of fasting and prayer, to atone for it by a still more illogical *felo de se* in the presence of his people at the close of his career. He grieves over what he considers a great shadow that darkened the life of his younger days. If he committed an error of judgment, then he is not infallible in his opinions on men and events. As he is the same physical and mental entity now that he was then—the same mind in the same body, it is quite within the realms of probability that if he was fallible then, he is also fallible now. Even granting that the old physiological dictum is true that the human body renews itself absolutely, corpuscle by corpuscle in blood, bone, and sinew, once every seven years, no such assertion has ever been made about the human mind. This gives us great encouragement as to our own judgment on men and events also, illuminates our souls with rays of new hope, and encourages us to surmise that it is equally within the limits of possibility that, after all, when the judgment of the world matures, he may be wrong and we may be right. For both of us can by no possibility at the same time be either the one or the other, any more than the North Pole can be the South Pole, the center of the earth its surface, daylight darkness, or black white.

The writer's reply to his Brighton Beach interview in the *New York Herald* was published in the *Courier-Journal* but with the omission of several important historical facts which were purposely left out on account of its already undue length. It is here reproduced as originally written and if several statements appear again in it that were embodied in the reply to the *New York Times* editorial, "The Hohenzollerns and the Slave Power," he considers it equally as appropriate for him to duplicate his defense of the South as for her slanderers interminably to repeat the counts in their indictment. Mr. Lincoln's rabid and radical secession pronouncement in Congress in 1848 is reproduced in both. Surely this violent revolutionary utterance can not be made too prominent, particularly as the same man, in 1861, in absolute defiance of all constitutional authority, raised, equipped, and used an army of 75,000 men for extinguishing the very fire he had so ardently striven to kindle only thirteen years before! And Mr. Lincoln's support of the Ashmun Resolution in the same year 1848 denouncing the Mexican War while it was still going on, has been cited in the last month in defense of Senator LaFollette in the course of his trial for expulsion before the bar

of the Senate by his attorney, Hon. Gilbert E. Roe, as one of the arguments for the defense. There is some distinction between these two disloyal efforts. Mr. Lincoln supported the Ashmun Resolution in the House of Representatives while Senator LaFollette's efforts consisted of a public address at St. Paul, Minn., before the Non-partisan League on September 20, 1917. Mr. Lincoln elected to clothe his sentiments in the form of a vote for a House resolution. Senator LaFollette blazoned forth his opinions before a huge gathering of the people. This might be fairly denominated a distinction without a difference, for both acts of disloyalty were committed in the midst of war, both gave aid and comfort to the enemy, both were published broadcast by the foes in their respective hostile lands, and both were equally destitute of Decatur's doctrine of "My country, right or wrong!"

These incidents are beyond the realm of controversy, outside the arena of debate. They are well attested facts and "facts are stubborn things"—very stubborn. They have the unpleasant element in their nature that they invariably insist on going their own way. No kicking or cuffing can ever make them go yours—even pouring water into their ears or building a fire under them, however hot the flames of controversy.

The issue of the *Courier-Journal* that contained the writer's article was also provided with an editorial of some length in reply. As in law, so in journalism, the last argument vests in the prosecution. This has become from force of circumstances a vested privilege—a journalistic right of eminent domain. But on perusing the editorial, the writer, whether from prejudice or stupidity, could discover nothing to justify its existence or even its creation except two statements that stood out in solitary isolation from the otherwise flat and empty landscape. One was that "Albert Sidney Johnston had not a drop of Southern blood in his veins—New England through and through—his father and mother having come to Kentucky from Connecticut a few months before his birth." As several people in the United States besides Col. Watterson have been aware of this fact for many years, it is, and doubtless always will be, a mystery, perhaps even to his mind, why he thrust this irrelevant piece of information into the discussion at all. For certainly the writer made no effort whatever to stamp the indelible stain of Southern lineage on the pure and blameless life of that great warrior.

The other statement was the astounding piece of information that Col. Watterson "has no idols!" And an element of the ludicrous is added to it when it is recalled

that he made this declaration in the very midst of his confusion while brushing the dust off his trousers where he had just been saying his paternosters on his knees at one of the myriads of wayside shrines the immense propaganda of the American press has been setting up for over fifty years on the great highway of popular ignorance, prejudice, and credulity. For not many moons had passed or even many suns set, since he had been hailing Mr. Lincoln as "the Christ-man," swinging his censer far higher than any other acolyte or even proselyte had ever done and prostrating himself lower than even the most abject and abandoned of all the orthodox devotees. Or if not engaged in this solemn function he might be seen at any time heading the section of proselytes in that immense Corpus Christi procession of the "Christ-man" that promises to be perpetual, that bars our way by its dreary and interminable length when we endeavor to escape to our domiciles, and whose faithful adherents insult and mob us when we fail to bow and prostrate ourselves at each elevation of the political and pseudo-historic host.

The published article was introduced in his columns by such headlines as "A Hopeless Bourbon," "Implacable Sectionalism," etc. In thus uniting us with the Bourbons when we were endeavoring to dissociate ourselves from the Hohenzollerns, he appeared to assume that we should willingly voice the words and sentiments of the old refrain,

"How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away!"

It is quite true that from 1865 up to 1914, associating us with the Bourbons was considered the last word in depicting and summing up our iniquities. This for almost fifty years was quite the fashion, all the rage—the *ne plus ultra* of the modes of contumely. But then the latest styles of the Hohenzollerns had not yet been announced from Europe. When the advance sheets finally came over we were at once refitted from head to foot and thus bedecked and bedizened we are likely forever to parade the Rotten Row of the columns of the daily press.

While it was entirely within Col. Watterson's volition whether a guest was to be admitted to his columns at all, particularly one who was to strain his hospitality to the length to which the writer with great reluctance did, he was also free to consult his own judgment as to whether it was not exceedingly questionable taste, even in American journalism to jeer at him after the portals of his columns had closed upon him and he was helpless in the hands of

his host. In fact the writer was for a while somewhat embarrassed and felt some vague misgivings as to whether after all he had not mistaken the stables for the mansion and stumbled on the hostler instead of the host. This impression was later revived and accentuated when he submitted for re-publication, in order once more to bring it to public attention, a very beautiful poem entitled, "The Flag of Tears," by Mrs. Ina M. Porter Ockenden. This literary "gem of purest ray serene" had long been buried in the "dark, unfathomed caves" of the ocean of old newspaper files. It was re-published in the *Courier-Journal*, as requested, and promptly escorted to its place in its columns by an editorial, not only useless and uncalled for, but whose hoots and jeers reeked so strong of the stables that the writer concluded that the editor-in-chief had temporarily removed his crown, laid aside his sceptre, and vacated his throne, and was on his annual pilgrimage at Brighton Beach, conducting a fresh autopsy on the exhumed corpse of the "autocracy of the Slave Power" or comfortably settled in his tropical nest at Miami, hatching out his editorial brood for the early spring and summer journalistic market or telling his beads to the image of "the Christ-man" in the little chapel in his bed-chamber. Certainly the laws of even journalistic hospitality were on a far higher plane under the "autocracy of the Slave Power." There was no trace of garlic in the blue-grass then, nor was yellow the color of the national flower.

The writer in no sense arrogated to himself any assumed right to impose his literary taste or judgment upon either Col. Watter-son or the remainder of the public, being fully cognizant of the fact that taste in literature varies quite as widely as in women's dress or men's costumes or even in the modes of journalism. He merely requested its publication in order to uncover it once more to the public eye, to be attracted or repelled, as it might see fit. He considered that it perfectly fulfilled all three of the conditions imposed by Milton on poetry—that it should be "simple, sensuous, and passionate." Its simplicity, both of thought and diction is manifest throughout, the latter pregnant of pure Anglo-Saxon words; its appeal to the sense perception of outer objects stands forth in every stanza; while its depth of feeling betrays the last few limpid, crystal tears of resignation and despair, dropped into the fathomless abyss of a vanished past from eyes that have no longer tears with which to weep.

The authoress was in New Orleans in 1905 at a meeting of several Confederate associations presided over by Gen. Gordon

and was much affected by the sight of two old veterans who had served together during the entire war and had not seen each other for forty years. They flung themselves into each other's arms in the lobby of the St. Charles hotel, burst into tears and, sinking down on a lounge immediately under a Confederate battle flag, with hands still clasped, remained thus for some moments before they were able to control their emotions. The lines were composed under the inspiration of this affecting scene when she retired to her room that night.

Although it was originally published in the New Orleans *Picayune*, the writer saw it for the first time in the *Confederate Veteran* over a year ago. It moved him as he would have been affected by the sadness of some twilight landscape whose sun had set forever beneath a sea of blood and over whose fair flowers the darkness of eternity was fast drawing its impenetrable veil; or by the final lingering breath of the perfume of the last roses from that shattered vase that for so many years had greeted each dawn of earth with the fragrant and majestic flowers that blushed in such profusion from the fair and fertile bosom of the South; or by the faint and distant strains of melancholy of some dirge of unutterable human sorrow, wafted from the requiem of an incalculable gigantic calamity that set a world in hopeless tears because it was final and irremediable.

Having learned nothing from his indiscretion in submitting it to the *Courier-Journal* the writer requested its publication in *Current Opinion*, a monthly periodical with a national circulation. The request was complied with and the following remarks by the editor introduced the poem:

"A poem is published in the *Confederate Veteran* that breathes an exquisite pathos in every line. It is a tribute to the Confederate flag. Even ten years ago we might have hesitated to reprint the poem; but with a million men, more or less, in cantonments north and south, marching to the bugles and greeting the Star-spangled Banner every dawn, the memory of the 'Stars and Bars' has been well nigh emptied of all its bitterness and has only pathos left."

Now both the Bourbons and the Hohenzollerns at times in the long history of their respective dynasties sank very low in the human moral scale—very low indeed. The South did too when, from excess of supply, it ceased to purchase slaves from Northern slave-traders. But none of this trinity in crime at any moment of its baseness and decadence ever reached through the mud and silt, the marsh and mire of its descent, this fundamental bed-rock of profound and utter degradation.

The South is fully conscious that her sons that have foresworn her and sold their birthright for the savory pottage of materialism have been caught by the lure and glare of the dazzling cities of the plain. It is needless for her to ask as she gazes down from the sacred heights of her pure principles and traditions,

"Tell us what is done below,
For whom yon glitt'ring board is spread,
Dress'd for whom yon golden bed."

When they pass over her threshold it is never with her importunities ringing in their ears. Her sighs are hers and not for them to hear. It is for them to loose "the tie that binds" when and where they will. If her apron strings have fretted and annoyed or even galled them, the imaginary knot was never tied by her. If they have chafed at the humble confines of her simple life,

"Her homely joys and destiny obscure,"

or if their eager eyes have been captivated by the empty glitter, or their feeble hands yearned for the cold embrace of the thirty pieces of silver, it has never been hers to say them nay. If they have been vexed in their childish illusions of some authority she wielded over them, the first sane moment of their after life will reveal her to them as merely their beauteous and indulgent elder sister and, as now and then some one of them, disillusioned of his conquest of happiness in the glittering Babylon of the world beyond, returns and seeks her threshold, she can only say to him, as she recalls their golden days beneath her bowers,

"We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
Frae mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne."

Even when they have left her, if they see fit to turn on her and rend her to afford a pleasing spectacle, a servile offering, a subservient signatory pledge of the completeness of the betrayal, a thorough authentication of their fealty to their new alliance with her enemies, her tears of wounded pride have not been shed before them. As often as they have bedewed her pillow in the long and silent watches of the many nights of anguish of her troubled life, the earliest rays of dawn have ever found her countenance serene and calm, her steadfast soul armed and equipped for the varying fortunes of life's constant battleground.

Her signature was not yet dry on the fundamental contract of the union which

she entered as a bride, the baked meats of the wedding-feast not yet consumed or even the goblets drained, when she began to feel some vague misgiving that all was not well with her and hers as the lights began to flicker and grow dim. Whole broods of rivalries and distrust, envy, hatreds, and antagonisms soon rose at every stage of her existence, darkening the sky of each summer sun with the strident wings of calumny and abuse. Persecution arose from the pestilential swamps of discord and enveloped her with its noxious fumes. Her cheek blanched when she detected the first blast from the desert of the arid soul of the Abolitionist—the Sirocco that was eventually to overwhelm her.

She heard with some feeling of trepidation the first pronounced note of dissension when Josiah Quincy of Massachusetts speaking in Congress in 1811 on the bill for the admission of Louisiana said: "I am compelled to declare it as my deliberate opinion that if this bill passes, the bonds of the Union are virtually dissolved; and that as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some to prepare definitely for a separation, amicably if they can, violently if they must." She was still further disillusioned when in the War of 1812 she saw the New England States pass laws prohibiting their troops from serving outside the state, the roads in Vermont blocked with wagon trains of provisions they were sending to the British troops in Canada, the Federalists burning blue lights in New London harbor, where the fleet of Decatur lay, to warn the British fleet outside, whenever he attempted to escape, and the Hartford Convention solemnly deciding that New England would secede from the Union in case the war were not ended at a certain date, which the battle of New Orleans alone prevented. She was justly alarmed at the troubles over the admission of Missouri resulting in the Missouri Compromise in 1821. This was the first deep note of the "alarm bell in the middle of the night," so justly thus described by Mr. Jefferson, sounding the rise of the slavery controversy and the death knell of the Union. She felt that, after all, this intricate and complex question, which concerned her and her alone, was to be taken out of her hands, carefully as she had safeguarded in the contract of union her right to regulate her own affairs, to live her own life with all its difficulties, to solve her own complex and complicated problems. She noted with regret the reaction in her border states, Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee, where early in the century the emancipation movement in full development was stifled by the violent attacks of the rising Abolitionists. Swarms of her enemies preaching the gos-

pel of hatred were silently spreading themselves over her land like an Egyptian plague, insidiously sowing tares in her wheat, scattering the seeds of noxious weeds in her fields, and blighting her harvests with the mould and mildew of malice and fanaticism.

She realized the genius of her sons for governing the country and settling its disputes when South Carolina exasperated at the incessant draining of her money into the pockets of the Northern mill and factory owner, threatened to nullify the tariff law, a South Carolinian as chief-magistrate of the nation, took measures to prevent her, and a Kentuckian calmed the troubled waters of the crisis by his statesmanship. Yet she could not comprehend the complete and absolute nullification of the Fugitive Slave Act by the passage of Personal Liberty Bills in fourteen out of the sixteen Northern states to protect the systematic spoilation of her slave property by organized societies of fanatics and marauders. It was a puzzle indeed to her logical mind how nullification in the North could be a virtue and in the South a crime.

The joint letter of an ex-President of the United States, John Quincy Adams, Truman Smith and other Northern Congressmen in 1845 declaring that the annexation of Texas would justify a dissolution of the Union and would lead to that result, as well as the presentation in Congress of numerous petitions from the North asking that the Union be dissolved, sounded to her portentous, indeed, as did Mr. Lincoln's violent secession utterance in Congress in 1848. At any rate, if come it must, it would meet with no opposition from her. This Union of discord and discordant elements was already beginning to lose any charm it might ever have had for her—this unnatural yoke that bound together two peoples whose only possession in common was their speech. The boldness of these movements approached a climax when in 1850 Mr. Seward in a debate on the admission of California, announced the ominous doctrine of a "higher law—a law higher than the Constitution!" This caused her a decided shock, for to her the Constitution was and always had been the highest law the country could ever have and as such she had always scrupulously upheld it and obeyed it. And when in 1848, at Rochester, N. Y., Mr. Seward boldly proclaimed the existence of an "irrepressible conflict," she felt that indeed the veil of the temple was being rent in twain and realized that her hands were fast slipping from the horns of its altar to which she had so long clung for her salvation. And she saw with terror that the very pillars themselves were beginning to totter from their foundations when Mr. Lincoln in a

speech at Springfield, Ill., in 1858, accepting the nomination for the senatorship, expressed the astounding conviction, "I believe this Government can not permanently endure half slave and half free"—an allegation that was contradicted by an experience of eighty years! And yet she saw him, without the faintest blush to tinge his cheeks, accept the nomination for the presidency in 1860 from a party whose platform distinctly stated:

"That to the Union of the states (i.e. half slave and half free) this nation owes its unprecedented increase in population, its surprising development of material resources, its rapid augmentation of wealth, its happiness at home and its honor abroad."

Other revolutionists in countless numbers swarmed like locusts filling every crack and crevice both within and without the legislative halls—Mr. Beecher asserting that "the Constitution has been the cause of all our troubles"; Theodore Parker praying for a "drum-headed constitution"; William Lloyd Garrison railing at the Constitution as "a league with death and a covenant with hell"; Wendell Phillips declaring that he had "labored nineteen years to take sixteen states out of the Union"; Horace Greeley affirming that "all nations have their superstitions—ours is the Constitution"; Ralph Waldo Emerson, poet, priest, philosopher, and transcendentalist, exclaiming with sacrilegious exaltation that "John Brown has made the gallows more glorious than the cross"; and finally Zachary Chandler, a senator of the United States, sworn to uphold the Constitution, announcing in coarse and vulgar language as the postscript to a letter urging that "stiff-backed men" be sent to the Peace Conference "to back up our side," that "without a little blood-letting, this Union, in my estimation will not be worth a rush," while in 1851 Senator Hale insisted upon and, along with Senator Seward and Senator Chase alone, voted to receive, refer, and consider a petition demanding of Congress "an immediate dissolution of the Union!"

When Mr. Lincoln announced in solemn tones in his inaugural address, "I declare I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with slavery in the states where it exists—I believe I have no right to do so and I have no inclination to do so," no single atom of alarm was dispelled by these false and hollow words. His political career inspired in her nothing but distrust. His party attachments sat lightly on him and had changed three times in the course of his brief career with intervals of attentive listening to test the true direction of the winds of political expediency. An atheist and an infidel, a reviler of all religion, he had no god but a selfish opportunism. She

knew among other doubtful episodes in his career that in 1847 in a Whig caucus in his own brother-in-law's house he had advocated abandoning Mr. Clay and taking up Gen. Taylor on the ground that the Whigs had "fought long enough for principle and ought to begin to fight for success!" She recalled his vicious attack on his country, the stab in the back during the triumphs of the Mexican War, when he voiced his treason in the Ashmun resolution and she was also aware that the proposer of this resolution was the chairman of the convention that nominated him, as she also knew that he had vulgarly confessed that the desire for office was the ruling passion in his swaying political heart. "A more ardent seeker after office never existed," ran the precious legacy Lyman Trumbull left his memory in his posthumous papers, and equally valuable as an inheritance is the bequest left to his character by one of his most devoted friends that "in dealing with men he was a trimmer and such a trimmer as the world had never seen"—a talent which he neither wrapped in a napkin nor buried in the ground.

How was it humanly possible to have governmental intercourse with such men as these, voicing as they did the unblushing lack of moral principle of a people scorning the sanctity of the simplest and most sacred covenant and contract. Crowds of them lowered over her like the thick and interwoven branches of some deadly Upas tree poisoning the very air she breathed with their noxious exhalations. How could she be a dweller in a country even partially controlled and ruled by men so supremely lacking in the very fundamental elements of political and human ethics? She could at least reflect with pride that during all these years of the country's life she and her sons alone had quarried, carved, and added to the original structure the massive and imposing columns and entablatures that widened the temple from ocean to ocean, deepened it alike to the Northern snows and the tropic's sun and made the monumental edifice stately, rounded, and complete. All this she had accomplished by her genius and statesmanship, though with each fresh addition to the mighty structure as she reared it to completion, she was met at every effort by the sneers of these envious and malicious tongues and stung by the poison stings of calumny and abuse. And now that they had finally torn the thin mask that had always so ill concealed their visages and thrown it violently aside exposing through these gateways the repulsive nakedness of their souls, what possible point of contact could they have—her mind and theirs? They had openly and defiantly spurned their solemn written cov-

enant with her signed and sealed with the common blood of the Revolution. What was to be the symbol of fresh contract that could humanly render that inviolate and inviolable?" She searched the inmost recesses of her bewildered soul for an answer and she found none—search as search she might.

As a last resort, in desperation she proposed a compromise. The Crittenden Compromise brought forward by one of her ablest statesmen, eminently fair and just, was hurled back in her teeth with scorn. The Peace Conference assembled under the leadership of another illustrious son, an ex-chief magistrate of the nation, was blasted at its very birth by the fires of hatred and hostility. When the John Brown raid burst upon the country, blazing up in her borders with all its premeditated horrors of a slave uprising, she felt the hot breath of the Abolitionist pressing in his ferocious pursuit ever closer on her heels and she knew that her national and political extinction was at hand. The rapidly succeeding subsequent events served only to confirm her in her feelings of alarm and she resolved to leave the stately edifice of her fathers that had been so long a house of discord. No sooner had she arranged her affairs and quietly and unostentatiously passed the threshold than to her amazement she found that secession, this pet and darling, nourished and fondled for so many years on the lap of the North, like its twin brother nullification at once became in her hands the hideous monster of treason and rebellion and she was suddenly confronted with the astounding fact that they had resolved to water the drooping, withering "garden of their bourgeois virtues" with the torrential blood-streams of civil war and force its sickly plants to unfold their lifeless blossoms before a harangued and humbugged world.

These contrarities puzzled her, as well they might. To the calm logic of her mind, they meant the absolute dethronement, the abdication of human reason and ordered government, the succession to the majestic monarchy of constitutional dominance of the arch pretender of sedition, decked out in the garish, tinsel robes of the multifarious absurdities of anarchy and nihilism. Principles were transformed into dust and ashes by the magic wand of power, public morality vanished into thin and empty air at the touch of force, and fidelity was withered in the fierce and fiery flame of a relentless persecution.

She pondered long and silently in her isolation at the deep and ever widening pool of her perplexities and taking her resolution from despair, anxiously grasped at the sword whose fateful gleam emerged from

the bosom of the troubled waters as some *Excalibur* she felt alone could be her refuge and her salvation. Gathering her sons around her, she saw them offer her the last unstinted drop of their devoted blood as the bulwarks of her life and liberties crumbled before the hostile onset at every fresh demolished rampart of their heroic breasts.

Under the leadership of the village lawyer war was initiated and brought to a successful conclusion. Its text under his humane and tender guidance had been consistently, "War is hell and the hotter you make it, the sooner it is over." Nothing had been spared—graves had been dug up for hidden plate and jewelry, homes ransacked, plundered and then burned, churches desecrated with untold license, public archives rifled, piled up as so much rubbish and fired, towns and cities deliberately put to the torch and the woods and fields filled with fleeing women and children. "Frightfulness" was the ever glowing emblem on the battle oriflamme. "War should be made so horrible that the conquered population must have nothing left but their eyes to weep with!"—shouted the generals, and the country lawyer nodded and gave his full assent. The Tiberian formula, *Oderint dum metuant*, had traveled far in space and time to propagate fresh growth yet found a fertile soil. "Let them hate us so long as they fear and dread us," was the paean of each fresh victory sung with all the fierce exhilaration of the battle-field of conquest as the cities sank down in ashes and the country was blistered with fire.

What poison lurks in the fragrant fields, the waving forests, the clear, pellucid rippling streams, that Revolution, that frequent spectre among earth's morbid and restless peoples ever and anon reaches out its gaunt and bloody arms to Nature's soft bosom and ever finds nestled there the "Deputy from Arras"—the country lawyer, made and fashioned to its hands—the professional agent of justice, the upholder of human rights, the servant of order, the settler of the disputes between man and man, suddenly lifted to the dizzy heights of power, only to deliberately spurn all compromise, to sanction cruelty and wrong, war, outrage, and oppression, as if the gap of any intermission of continuity of Europe's cataract of blood must be filled from the fresh well-springs of this far distant land of the western seas.

As the pages of history are clotted with blood, as the generations of man are perpetually smeared with its vile stain, and the earth continually saturated with its foul drippings, why shouldn't the country lawyer have rejected the proffered hand of com-

promise and argued his desperately doubtful case in blood?

Plundered and ravaged, torn and bleeding, she was sullenly and reluctantly re-admitted to the shelter of her defiled and desecrated dwelling. In the thorough re-adjustment of the national household, the exact status of her position in it became the subject of many long and anxious debates on the part of those who now claimed the full right of its re-organization as an inherent part of the spoils of war. There were those who deemed it but just that she should be accorded the privilege of only the lowest of its humblest servitors. But the conventions and traditional customs of society had always recognized certain inalienable privileges as the inherent rights even of menials, prominent among which was a definite and assured security from violent and indiscriminate abuse at the hands of the assembled household, whatever kicks and cuffs any individual might administer in his private moments of displeasure. It is true Congress had passed a resolution almost unanimously early in the war asserting that the "war is not waged in any spirit of oppression or for any purpose of overthrowing or interfering with the rights or established institutions of those states, but to preserve the Union with all the dignity, equality, and rights of the several states unimpaired," and that Mr. Lincoln in his inaugural address concluded by saying that he took "the official oath with no mental reservation and with no purpose to construe the Constitution and laws by any hypocritical rules." These winged words, however, with their strange, peculiar sound had long ago taken their silent flight to ethereal realms unknown. But Thaddeus Stevens, the leader of his party in the House of Representatives, had said in Congress in 1864, "The Union as it was and the Constitution as it is! GOD FORBID IT! We must conquer the Southern states and hold them as conquered provinces." Mr. Stevens's words were born without wings. They were therefore compelled to make the earth their dwelling place and grovel thereon they did. And in consequence of the universal acceptance of this pious maxim, they were duly framed and hung up over the domestic fireside as a sort of touching and tender "God Bless Our Home" of the national domicile, while as the generous result of the prolonged deliberations of the new proprietors, it was deemed advisable that the South should be again admitted to the family circle, but only with the respect, privileges, and dignities usually accorded to the poor relation. For in no other capacity was it conceivable that as she sat in the chimney corner of her ancestral hearth-stone or waited for the

leavings at the table of her fathers, could she enjoy to the full the showers of sharp and bitter shafts of malediction that flew so fast amid the revelries of these demagogues and agitators, who for years incessantly had inscribed their names with flourishes so bold on every insistent program for disunion and now, after conducting the gigantic sacrifice of the nation's bloody hecatombs on the altar of their infamous inconsistencies, were banqueting as the great high-priests of a united country with "Union," blazing forth in deep inscription from every jewel in their pontifical breast-plates.

When she had drained the last dregs in this brimming cup of bitterness and the thunders of the expounders of the inveterate doctrine of hatred, from sheer exhaustion, were reverberating with weakening rumblings over her head, did they lend her the helping hand to rehabilitate her weary and exhausted body, as this country has done for over four long years to the countless war-stricken aliens across the seas, pouring out its millions with lavish hand for their succor and relief? Did their countenances, relaxed from the rigors of war's fresh strife, bestow upon her, as one feeble ray of comfort the kindly smile, the sympathetic tear in her misfortune and affliction? Did their tongues cease for one brief moment from their loud acclaim of triumph to utter one generous or kindly thought to feed her starving soul? Did one single hand release the blood-stained, useless sword of victory to reach out to her in reconciliation and forgetfulness—the great convention of the victor to the vanquished of the Anglo-Saxon race, grown even stale, prosaic from the innumerable unexcepted repetitions in the sacramental litany of its esoteric religion that both public and private strife has ever settled on firmer and more profound foundations? Did they even "beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks" to rest from the toil and sweat of battle and resume the arts of industry and peace? Not for one moment. They instantly hammered their swords on the anvil of rancor into the pointed pens of malevolence and forged their spears into the sharp darts of vituperation inscribing her very name in infamy on every daily chronicle of their narrow world. She was, indeed, to eat the plain, coarse food of toil and sweat at the country's table, to stand and serve and wait, "to make bricks without straw" and to minister forever to the insatiate appetites of those who now as ever, were fiercely bent on "reaping where they had not sown and gathering where they had not strewn."

Thus has it always been—thus will it ever be. In her efforts at compromise before

the war, she had become painfully conscious of the fact that "on this earth, the noblest propositions are seldom heard, since Destiny amuses herself in perverting them and turning them aside." The iniquities of her enemies in the conduct of the war itself were never to see the light of day for they had been promptly laid to their eternal rest in the mortuary chapel of their saints and heroes. Then, too, history always handles with delicate and fastidious hands the means by which the victor has vanquished for, "who would accuse the one who triumphs?" All, all seemed lost indeed.

While fiercely grasping for themselves in full measure, for many years after the war, the unparalleled products of the *lex talionis*—the continuous right of retaliation and reprisal for some fancied wrong they conceived the South had done them, until exhaustion finally became exhausted, they have ever shown the gravest and deepest concern and vexation at their utter inability to record immediately under this noble statute the *lex oblivionis*—the instant and perpetual forgetfulness on her part of the multitude of crimes and outrages their departed saints so viciously inflicted on her to win their crowns, their halos and their mythological investitures. The execution of this highly moral statute was desirable for another reason also. For if the narcotic of oblivion, as far as the means and methods of their warfare were concerned, could be administered successfully, then the totality of the accomplishment became clothed in a virtue that was unsullied from its very triumph and the necessary corollary at once followed, which was the essence of their whole moral nature that right was "merely a derivative of might."

Now the law of oblivion has always been an inherent part of any treaty of peace between belligerents at the close of hostilities. By tacit implication if not by formal stipulation, all suffering, all outrages, all cruelties experienced by the people of one side at the hands of the armies of the other are cast aside—obliterated as part and parcel of the discarded panoply of war. Needless to say the law of retaliation could by no possibility exist for one instant in its presence. Being a noxious weed that flourishes in the miasmatic air of the dark and deadly swamps and jungles of barbarism, it withers and dies in the bright sunshine that gilds the heights of the law of forgetfulness.

But here there was no treaty—there was merely the arrogant, exulting victor and the ruthlessly ravaged and humiliated vanquished. The law of retaliation had been instantly put into effect and had operated for some years with unparalleled success.

But its life was limited by the state of duress of the *corpus vile* of the solitary criminal. And this condition was changing, for the prostrate victim herself was beginning to revive, goaded to desperation under the fierce lashings of the scorpion whips of retaliation. And she felt the blood again coursing through her veins and the mounting blush of outrage and resentment burn deep into her cheeks. In their perturbation at this unforeseen and unexpected apparition, this resurrection from the dead, it was deemed the part of good policy, therefore, to institute as a fresh statute the law of oblivion. It was however, to be administered solely *ex parte*—to be imposed on the vanquished but to be by no means binding on the conqueror. Not that the law of retaliation was to be rescinded. It, too, was still to act but it was to be executed in the spirit since the flesh was no longer weak and had successfully cast it off. The vain and futile effort to carry these two antagonistic and mutually destructive enactments on their statute books has continued well up into the present time. Retaliation has changed its form, indeed, for from the putrid and swollen body of thievery and plunder where the unsightly grub had fattened on corruption, it at last developed into the chrysalis of words and speech and finally unfolded its wings on the leaves of the daily journal where chameleon-like, it changes its color to suit the varying hues of the times' and seasons' foliage—now bright with the regulated periodic rise of the spirit of resurgent triumph, now sere and withered from the chilling, blighting frosts of slander. But the page on which their feeble pens endeavored to engross the elusive act of oblivion, has ever faced the opposing page of retaliation with white and spotless bosom. For the ink, congealed from repulsion's deadening chill, refused to flow. Therefore posterity to remotest time will find it blank. For there was no treaty. Therefore there could be no law of oblivion. Hence Memory sits enthroned in all her sombre, tragic robes forever.

They then, would be the chosen people—for would it not be they who would write the book? The god of battles had decided for them, therefore God, the Lord, maker and ruler of Heaven and earth, was theirs and no one, least of all the South, should have part or parcel in Him. The slavery that thronged their midst, crying aloud to Heaven from the pale and wasted countenances, the worn and overworked bodies of the countless toilers in their mills and factories or the wretched denizens of their tenements and sweat-shops, to them was civilization. The indolent, slothful work of the well fed, well housed negro on the

Southern plantation—even the sound of the banjo or the song and dance of his idle moments, spelled barbarism. In 1845 Horace Greeley asserted that he saw no motive for the crusade of the Abolitionists against the South when their own land was so infested from end to end with this vile slavery. But the mills and factories ground out wealth, the tenements housed coin, and the sweat-shops sweated gold. The most skilful casuist, the most cunning of the sophists of the days of Socrates were feeble compared with them in making the worse appear the better reason. Selfishness and self-righteousness, egotism and conceit, without either bounds or limit poisoned the air of every breath they drew.

The services of the South to the country in its various wars with alien foes, whether in defense of its soil or for its honor, have always been signal and supreme. The pestilence that stealthily stalks in the darkness 'mid the camp-fires of the bivouac might demand its thousands and the destruction that wasteth at the noon-tide of the battle its ten thousands; the blow of the bugle might garner its myriads for the harvest of disease or the trumpet marshal its hosts to feed the insatiable rapacity of the rifle ball; yet has she never been dismayed—quailing not at the cannon's hoarse and thirsty roar nor quivering at war's incessant alarms. She might wring her heart-strings in pity over her mutilated and her maimed, pour out her tears of anguish at the bedside of her dying, and blanch at the sight of her dead—yet ever at the drum-beat has she yielded forth her home-bred knights to breast the storms of strife, furling her imperial banner for one brief moment at the tomb of the fathers, then instantly flinging it far out into the generation of the sons to guide them to that battle-line where duty has ever triumphed and honor reigned supreme.

Thus has she ever bared her glorious bosom to the sunshine and the shadows of the world—blushing under the soft and kindly rays of happiness and peace or burning with the poison stings of calumny and wrong, bronzed by the fierce heat of toil and stress or wet with woman's tears. It might have been thought that the shields and bucklers of the hosts of sons she sent to face the grim, determined foe across the ocean might have turned aside the shaft of venom at home. They availed her nothing! No sooner had they embarked on their voyage to that bourne of battle where nothing but the silent cross will mark their myriad resting place, than the sky was darkened with the arrows of malevolence at home. Breathless and exhausted, with her back to the adamant wall of her sacred prin-

ciples, her brilliant history, her imperishable traditions, she can only cry with one last lingering entreaty and appeal,

"Here my weary voice I close,
Leave me, leave me to repose."

It is with some reluctance that the South parts company with Col. Watterson and his congeners of the South brought up as they were in the nurture of her admonitions. And her disappointment that her precepts have not rung true with them is accompanied by a feeling of regret and mortification that in the long years of their mutual intercourse and association she has not been able to inspire them with the respect both for her and for themselves that would at least have caused them to pause and reflect before throwing her to the wolves. However, she has endured much deeper and far more bitter humiliations than this, both of the flesh and of the spirit. She has few tears left from the long drained exhausted well-spring of her sorrows and her indignities. She has always lived for the happiness of her children, nor does she resent the spontaneous humiliation they have chosen to inflict upon her in abandoning the associations of a life-time and seeking a new if doubtful alliance. She is proudly conscious that the defect is not in her teachings. They have been tried too severely by the hosts of her sons of "hearts of oak and triple bronze," illumined on the pages of history too gloriously in letters of pure and shining gold by the deeds of her brilliant and devoted offspring to leave any atom of distrust in her mind as to their truth, their excellence, their transcendent virtue. They were tested for generations by the ordeal of time and human happiness. They failed to endure only the arbitration of the sword and the wreck of the Constitution. Their path was ever upward towards the pure ethereal elements of the empyrean and they reached the culmination of their long and mounting progress in that brilliant meteor of human virtues that burst upon a travailing world and still illumines and will forever lighten the

darkness of poor earth's humanity—Robert Edward Lee. This is the companion of the soul of man they have abandoned. They can not desert the South and carry with them this most valuable of all her costly gems—her most precious jewel. She will never pledge it for the tawdry habiliments of materialism or the gaudy vanities of specious adornment that spell only decadence and decay. They will seek it in vain among the cheap jewelry of the pawnbroker's shop they have elected to frequent so frequently in these latter years. It is not there—it never will be. The last drop of her blood will go first—the last sigh of her famished spirit. Even then her hosts of sons will assume the custody of this her imperishable Kohinoor, reigning supreme and diminishing with the majesty of its effulgence all the mighty luminaries in the constellation of jewels with which her imperial diadem has ever been so thickly studded. They will guard it with the ceaseless jealousy of their devotion, wherever the earth shall grant them dwelling place, whether clasped in the cold embrace of polar ice and snows, or tempered by the zones of neither heat nor cold, or burned by the tropic's sun's relentless rays. Generation will deliver it to generation, father to son, mother to daughter, until the last son and the last daughter are gathered to their fathers in the garner of the bountiful, unfailing harvest of the tomb, and the race is no longer more than one of earth's most radiant and treasured idyls, to be deciphered only on the faded and yellow pages of time. Then will the world at large assume its custody, setting it high up in the forefront of its stately crown of righteousness to illuminate with its pure rays the pathway of the sons of earth from the ever dying present to the gloom of that Cimmerian darkness which, from hope or in despair, we call the future, until

"If any golden harbor be for men
In seas of Death,"

it seeks the quiet haven of its last repose,
clasped in the silent bosom of eternity.

January, 1919.

PREFATORY REMARKS

The following article, abbreviated by the author and somewhat altered in form by the editor, appeared in the Louisville, Ky., *Courier-Journal* of Sept. 9, 1917.

It would not have been resurrected from its tomb in the vast cemetery of old newspaper files—than which none is more sealed or silent—unless the attacks upon the South

and its people in the Northern periodical and daily press had since then become more frequent, pronounced, and vociferous. For in the manufactured concrete of the world's opinion, the constant drippings from the sanctuary of the North have eaten out quite a deep cavity, into which our character and reputation have been carefully lowered and

from which we wish to prize them out with the frail and uncertain crowbar of history before the hole gets too deep and the sides too steep for it to clamber out even with this last aid to the perishing. The article has been enlarged and expanded, with the idea, that, perhaps it might in a modest way assume the role of some controversial Arnold Winkelried and, gathering together in a broad expanse of bosom the greatest possible number of the sharp spears of malediction, thereby force an opening, however small, for the entrance of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

To the Southern people, these violent and repeated denunciations of themselves and their ancestors have seemed most unaccountable, nor have they in any wise been able to fathom the cause or the occasion thereof. To one however acquainted with the psychology of the Northern people—in general stale, prosaic, and deadly uninteresting, as is usually the case with the *bourgeoisie* of a purely commercial and industrial civilization—neither the cause nor the occasion is the slightest mystery or even far to seek. For the occasion was the outbreak of the European war, and the cause was the notorious breaches of faith, the scraps of torn-up solemn treaties on the part of Germany at its very inception, the ruthless sacking and burning of towns, the merciless plundering of the inhabitants and, in general, the wanton, mad career of authorized early twentieth century barbarism, which differs only in quantity, not quality, from that of the early latter half of the nineteenth century of the Christian era.

Their consciences—for they have consciences, although they ordinarily keep the lights in them turned down low to a dim obscurity for reasons of moral economy—their consciences began to get restive and to glance backward, in a sort of nervous apprehension, over their old pathway on the quiet bottom of the sea of success. And as they have shuffled on back over a space of fifty years or more, these repeated and persistent inky effusions of their press have resembled very much the protective action of some gigantic squid or cuttle-fish, sensing the proximity of danger and rendering the surrounding waters cloudy and turbid, in order to prevent itself from being seen. They did exactly the same thing when their immensely profitable slave-trade business was beginning to show signs of stagnation and general debility from persistently glutting the market, by raising a tremendous and appalling howl and clamor against the iniquities of agricultural and domestic slavery in the South—an uproar that penetrated to the remotest recesses of the entire world, resembling very much

in its persistence and effects the immense explosion of the volcano of Krakatoa on an island in the Straits of Sunda, in the latter part of the last century, whose dust and ashes were carried in the upper atmosphere around the entire globe, darkening the sky and dimming the sunsets for many days and weeks thereafter. The consequence was that they shed so much ink about us before the apprehended moral judgment of the world on their slave-trade, that they made their way back into their den of righteousness in absolute safety and escaped scot free. They are merely trying to do the same thing now in their nervousness on the subject of their Civil War performances and the chances are ten thousand to one that they will make their way back to their pious cavern again. Even with these immense odds, the writer would under no circumstances take the small end of the wager, although this does not discourage him from attempting to dissipate the immense smoke screen they invariably throw around the frail bark carrying the precious cargo of their past history, whenever it enters the danger zone, which one moral high explosive shell would send instantly to the bottom and destroy beyond all hope of future salvage.

It is frequently the part of wisdom and certainly the path to comfort and tranquility of mind, amid the vexations of spirit this turbulent world so frequently affords us, to assume as our guide the soothing doctrine of the predestination of the Presbyterians or even the fatalism of the Mohammedans, and take God's creatures as we find them, without attempting to alter them to suit our own whims and fancies or to improve in any way on the work of His hands, but quietly and uncomplainingly to

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For 'tis their nature to.
Let bears and lions rage and fight,
For God has made them so."

An eminent English writer has recently said that "England has had a great and winning career just because she has never bowed the knee to the business man, nor given her heart to the military tyrant." The Northern people have worshiped both these idols. And their mania got entirely out of bounds when as a sort of prophylactic amulet they took up slavery in the South, bound it fast on the arm of their political creed and Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward, deliberately turning their backs on the stately temple of the Constitution that housed the sacred Ark of the Covenant in its Holy of Holies, made their way with their hosts of followers to the shade of

the tangled branches of the banyan tree of their fetich of the negro and nothing but the negro, whose boughs descend into the earth instead of seeking the light of heaven—chanting on their knees from early morn to dewy eve the incessant refrain of their political incantations,

“O, Abyssinian tree,
We pray, we pray to thee;
When the night no moon allows
And the sunset hour is near,
O, Abyssinian tree,
Thus bend thy head to me.”

That the ultimate designs of this revolutionary minority party were strongly under suspicion throughout the country is shown by the following utterance of Gen. (then Col.) Grant as related by the editor of the *Randolph* (Mo.) *Citizen* who was present and heard him:

“In the summer of 1861 Gen. Grant, then Colonel of the 21st Ill. Infantry, was stationed at Mexico, on the North Missouri Railroad and had command of the post. Ulysses the Silent was then Ulysses the Garrulous and embraced every fair opportunity which came in his way to express his sentiments and opinions in regard to political affairs. One of these declarations we distinctly remember. In a public conversation in Ringo’s banking house, a sterling Union man put this question to him:

“What do you honestly think was the real object of this war on the part of the Federal Government?”

“Sir,” said Grant, “I have no doubt in the world that the sole object is the restoration of the Union. I will say further, though, that I am a Democrat, every man in my regiment is a Democrat, and whenever I shall be convinced that this war has for its object anything else than what I have mentioned, or that the Government designs using the soldiers to execute the purposes of the Abolitionists, I pledge you my honor as a man and as a soldier that I will not only resign my commission, but will carry my sword to the other side and cast my lot with that people!”

On January 1, 1863, Mr. Lincoln issued the Proclamation of Emancipation, which he afterwards declared to Wendell Phillips to be “the greatest folly of his life,” having expressed the opinion before issuing it that it would be “of no more effect than the Pope’s bull against the comet.” Gen. Grant, however, on the appearance of this full-fledged abolition vulture, which the administration had been so quietly hatching, saw fit to resign neither his sword nor his honor, being grimly resolved that folly should not perch on the hilt of his sword

at least, nor should any stray bull break into the back-yard of his honor.

Edmund Burke once said that two things had gone to the making of the English character—“the spirit of religion and the spirit of a gentleman.” Delving into the political history of the North is neither an agreeable nor a mentally profitable occupation. An unpleasant feeling constantly arises as if from a disagreeable odor that pervades it all, very much akin to the dreariness of long deferred hope in reading Dickens, when we wearily look forward to the appearance of at least one gentleman among his hosts of characters and read to the end and find him not—because he is not there. And in the long story of the Republican party, procession after procession passes in front of us of the rail-splitters and the tanners, the tailors, and the cobblers, and the great crowd of the *sans culottes* in general, carting away the Constitution of the United States in their tumbrils to the bloody guillotine of the Higher Law, in their immense procession headed by the bedecked and bedizened political strumpet posing as the Goddess of Liberty.

What could be expected of a people whose language even no longer possesses the words *gentleman* and *lady*, but whose men are never anything but *men* and whose women are eternally condemned to be only *women*? We have seen all their great circus performances and paid a ghastly price for admission. We have even staid to the concert, and, on our way out, yielded ourselves up to the sideshow, where we have helplessly watched the silent process of one civilization quietly swallowing another, like some great boa-constrictor that has strangled its limp and lifeless victim in its coils and is smearing every inch of its helpless body with foul and sickening saliva, preparatory to finally engorging it in its entirety. But as the years roll swiftly on we feel that the performance in the big tent no longer affords us the pleasure it once did. For the same old circus has been around many, many times before. The tent is becoming mildewed and full of holes, the gilded band-wagon weathered and tarnished, the clowns, acrobats, and mountebanks are getting insipid, the flying trapeze act has lost its novelty, the trick mule is showing signs of age, the monkeys are losing their hair from mange, the rose-colored tights are betraying symptoms of dirt and wear, and, as time goes on, the pink lemonade made up so long ago, fades in color and grows stale, the peanuts shell out blanks, and the wooden benches get harder and harder.

February, 1919.

TO COL. HENRY WATTERSON

The Washington Post of August 27 quotes an interview given by you at Brighton Beach in which you are reported to have said:

"Just as Germany has thrown down the gauntlet of the right divine of kings, the South threw down the gauntlet of the right divine of slavery. In each instance an irrepressible conflict was made. The South entrenched herself in cotton as Germany has entrenched herself in kultur. That the trend of modern thought was set against slavery was no more realized by the leaders of the Confederacy than the leaders of Germany now realize that it is set against the divine right of kings. Thus in democracy *vs.* autocracy we see the same irreconcilable issue which we had in the conflict between freedom and slavery—free labor *vs.* slave labor—with the world on the side of freedom."

These are strange words if correctly reported, but what is most astounding is that the editor of one of the leading papers of the South should have taken occasion in the very midst of this war of democracy against despotism, in which the whole country is straining every nerve to aid in crushing this modern monster, to traduce the fair name and sully the fame of the fathers and mothers of 23,000,000 people with this unworthy calumny.

I am aware that the cardinal principle of the autocracy of the press is that in all matters of opinion "it is more blessed to give than to receive." Nevertheless in attempting to invade your stronghold I am actuated by motives that you will, I trust, concede are not unworthy and that should admit me by the postern door at least.

My purpose is two-fold—either to bring you to a sense of the deep injustice of which you have been guilty—you, who actually saw with your own eyes the dreadful tragedy of the Civil War and its awful sequel, of which the end is not yet, or to give you an opportunity to dispel any darkness that may cloud my mind and enable me to see those things you mention with a vision clear and true. I shall accept either eventuality with equal grace. In the former case I shall expect you to confess your sin in sackcloth and ashes and purge yourself of your transgression. In the latter, I shall surrender my sword in good faith, but I shall expect no persecution on your part for twelve years after this war between us.

I am cognizant of the scarcity of space owing to the limited supply of paper, but I am also aware that you daily devote whole pages to the pomps and vanities, the scandals and frivolities of the day and hour,

and to the silly fashions and the foibles of the times. I must warn you, however, that I shall find it necessary, in order to accomplish my purpose, to profane the precincts of your idol, Mr. Lincoln, and to expose the feet of clay, for I do not worship at his shrine nor have I ever accepted his apotheosis. You may therefore place me in the lowest ranks of the infidels and unbelievers.

It is of course not my design to attempt with my small hook to draw out the great leviathan of the Lincoln mythology from the immense sea of public credulity and ignorance which it has monopolized for so many years—"whose scales are his pride, shut up together as with a close seal" and which has grown so huge from being constantly fed to satiety with the highly seasoned, carefully prepared food of the Northern propaganda. In fact, I should never have entered the whited sepulcher of any of the departed Republican saints, if, early in the present great war, I had not had my interest and curiosity aroused at seeing the immense white-wash squads of the Northern press and pulpit hastily spreading fresh coats on the mausoleums of their reputations, which to their alarm and consternation, they found were becoming discolored, blackened, and even blistered, and were scaling off from the fierce heat of the German torch in France and Belgium, as well as from the noxious fumes and poisonous gases of the Hohenzollern Foreign Office. Nor should I even then have taken the trouble to go down into the interior of the tomb unless my curiosity had been further aroused at beholding the busy, incessant wielders of the white-wash brush, in their frantic efforts, stop every now and then to pick up a handful of mud and throw it at the Southern bystanders, who were guilty of no graver misdemeanor than merely looking on. Hence this unwonted display of moral and political "dead men's bones and all uncleanness."

The South for many years has been put under the ban as being the one moral and political leper that has tainted with its presence the otherwise healthy precincts of the nation. But we have somehow always had some vague misgiving that this diagnosis was not accurate. And this suspicion has grown so strong with us that in the light of new discoveries and improvements in moral healing science, we desire a fresh and thorough examination of our case before we are finally and forever transported to the Molokai colony of incurable and hopeless cases. I shall therefore, if you please, take the liberty of discussing the

events of these momentous times from a purely moral standpoint. For I am not cheered nor am I at all inebriated by the sparkling cup of a political creed, the froth and foam of whose salvation bubbled up from such low depths—a creed whose vital principle was so briefly and so eloquently expressed by Thaddeus Stevens, when, under the inspiration of one of its supreme moments he said in Congress,

“To hell with a conscience that is not subservient to party!”

I know that the standard of morality is not popular in estimating Mr. Lincoln's career and achievements, but the world has been recently aroused from its long slumber on the comfortable and luxurious couch of expediency and material success and is beginning to look around in a half sleepy manner to see what is disturbing its repose. It is of course nothing more nor less than the daybreak of the moral dawn, whose sun we thought had set to rise no more in the sea of blood of 1861. And as the twilight swiftly gathered to usher in the blackness of a long and dreary moral night and the South in her dejection and humiliation comforted herself with the proud and precious consciousness that all was lost save honor, Mr. Lincoln, with equal pride was inscribing on the victorious banners of his plunder-laden legions, “*Nothing is lost save honor!*”

You say that “the South threw down the gauntlet of the right divine of slavery.” The South threw down no gauntlet at all. She quietly seceded from a Union that for many years had been productive of nothing but brawls and sectional discontent. The North and the South have always been two separate and distinct nations—just as distinct as France and Germany, or, I should say, Germany and France. They are distinct today in their manners, their customs, their ideas of government, their modes of conduct, their national types, and their convictions on all the essentials of civic and private life. They speak the same language, it is true, but they do not think the same thoughts. The only thing that ever united them and developed “the frail and worthless fabric” of a common constitution and government, as Hamilton called it, was some very stupid imposts laid on them by Great Britain, which, however, were by no means oppressive. After the War of 1812 when all danger of foreign aggression was at an end, these two nations tugged at the yoke that bound them together on every conceivable occasion and quarreled about every issue that arose—the embargo, the tariff, territorial expansion, the negro, and what not. In the very midst of the Mexican War and the victories of Scott and Taylor, Mr. Lincoln, who was in Congress, voted for the Ashmun resolution

declaring that the war was unjust and unconstitutional. This resolution with the affirmative votes and Mr. Corwin's remark that he hoped “the Mexicans would welcome the American soldiers with bloody hands to hospitable graves,” were sent to Mexico and read at the head of the Mexican army to show that there was a Mexican party in Congress which was aiding and abetting them. Mr. LaFollette therefore is at present originating nothing new on the fickle fashion plate of patriotism.

Fort Sumter up to a few days of its reduction had never been a beleaguered garrison. A boat went over each day to the Charleston markets for provisions and it was only when news was received of the sailing of a fleet of three transports, two sloops of war and a steam cutter that the supplies were cut off and the fort ordered to surrender. All the time this fleet had been secretly preparing in New York, Mr. Seward had been detaining the Confederate commissioners in Washington with both oral and written promises that Fort Sumter would be evacuated, his final words being, “Faith as to Sumter fully kept—wait and see.” Mr. Seward evidently had nothing to learn from the Hohenzollerns. South Carolina had always retained full ownership of and jurisdiction over the land on which Fort Sumter was built and had never ceded either to the United States. She had granted the use of the property for the erection of a post to protect the harbor against foreign invasion. She had seceded and the Federal government was undertaking the absurd task of garrisoning and attempting to reinforce a fort in what was really a foreign country. The warlike expedition from New York was the gauntlet thrown down. The fleet anchored five miles off the harbor, calmly watched the bombardment and the next day with Major Anderson and the garrison on board quietly sailed away—its mission being accomplished. Not another shot was fired and none would have been if Mr. Lincoln had not called for 75,000 volunteers and invaded Virginia. If the South had instituted war on the Northern states Major Anderson and his garrison would have been held as prisoners of war and not sent out to the fleet anchored outside the harbor to be carried back.

Here indeed was a dilemma, for the Constitution vested Congress alone with the power “to call forth the Militia to execute the Laws of the Union, suppress insurrections, and repel invasions.” This dilemma was simply provided for, however, in the voluminous and elastic code of the “Higher Law.” So traveling back with lightning agility to the cradle of the republic, Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward found in the

Whiskey Insurrection in western Pennsylvania in 1794 an infant, which, stripped of its close fitting garments from the wardrobe of the Constitution, was paraded as a foundling left on the door-step of the administration for their adoption and was refitted from head to foot from the more modern and more fashionable *layette* of the Higher Law.

The disorders and violence attending the refusal of distillers to pay the revenue tax in the Pittsburgh region became so alarming as early as 1792 that an act of Congress was passed in May of that year authorizing the President to call out the militia to suppress insurrections *within a state*. As the disorders increased President Washington issued a proclamation urging obedience to the law and the cessation of violence. This having had no result, he issued a second proclamation which was equally fruitless. Finally in 1794 he called out the militia from New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia to the number of 15,000 and placed them under the command of Gen. Henry Lee. On the approach of this force the ringleaders fled and the trouble terminated. It may be of interest to note that two members of Congress from Pennsylvania and Albert Gallatin, Secretary of the Treasury under Jefferson and Madison, were leading members of the band. Northern historians have carefully suppressed all mention of the fact that President Washington had an act of Congress as his authority for calling out the militia on this occasion. I find it in no Northern history I am acquainted with. It may be found, however, in Thomas H. Benton's "Abridgement of the Debates of Congress."

Now here was a mob, tarring and feathering and otherwise inflicting personal indignities on revenue officers, very much akin to White Cap or Night Rider outrages of more recent times, and Mr. Lincoln with a legal logic, fresh from the tortuous windings of Sangamon River, considered it an original model from which the actual secession of seven states and the established fact of the dissolution of the Union (from which moment the United States absolutely ceased to exist) was a perfect replica. This disappearance of one nation and the formation of two out of its component elements was instantly recognized by Mr. Lincoln by the proclamation of a blockade which was a recognition of the new country's full belligerent rights as a foreign power, since no country can proclaim a blockade of its own ports. This was further confirmed by the establishment of the cartel for the exchange of prisoners and finally completely acquiesced in by not bringing any one to trial for treason or

rebellion at the conclusion of the war and by submitting to the decision of the United States courts the cases of prizes captured at sea and accepting the judgment of those decisions. Not only that, but the non-existence of the United States of 1860 which continued for four years was recognized as prolonged by the very party in power until 1872, when the last state was admitted into the Union and for the first time in over eleven years the United States of 1860 appeared on the map in its old national guise, however much bruised and battered.

In the crisis that confronted the administration there were obviously only three things to do—first, to call a constitutional convention of the Northern states and obtain the will of the people on the situation; second, to let the Southern states go and recognize the finality of their action as a majority of the Northern press urged him to do and as very probably a majority of the Northern people desired; third, to call Congress in session and leave the solution of the problem to it, although the powers delegated by the Constitution included no authority to deal with a dissolution of the Union in spite of the large numbers of petitions therefor that Northern members had presented to it for years, Mr. Seward having been particularly prominent in this notorious role. The Constitution was absolutely silent on the subject and premeditatedly so. For it had been discussed in the convention of 1787 and as the result of the discussion no provision was made in the Constitution either for or against—it was simply quietly and unostentatiously laid away in the sepulcher of silence to turn to dust. This, however, it refused to do, for the simple reason that it had been buried alive. And it burst the flimsy ceremonies of its useless shroud, stalked forth once more in complete habiliments of flesh and a wild, untrammelled exuberance of blood, and at once proceeded to wreak its vengeance for the blunders of the undertakers on their innocent and unsuspecting descendants.

Mr. Lincoln, as is well known, adopted none of these perfectly sound, safe, and sacred alternatives to solve the momentous fundamental problem that confronted him. His cunning mind blazed up once more with the inspiration of the old days of his country law practice when, on one occasion, he saved a murderer from the gallows, armed and equipped with an argument no more potent than a last year's almanac. For the witness who saw the actual murder, which took place at night, on being asked how he could see it if it was dark, replied that the moon was shining. Mr. Lincoln rebutted this testimony and discredited the

witness by waving in the face of the jury—not too close however—an almanac of the year before, showing that on that particular night there was no moon! This won the case.

Now what was to be done in this great emergency which confronted the Northern household? Why, obviously, send to the nursery and have the "Higher Law" brought in. And in it came, smiling and cooing, in Mr. Seward's arms. Both Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward knew that Congress would not authorize the use of force any more than it had in the last days of Mr. Buchanan's administration. Now the "Higher Law" had already learned to say *Pa-pa* and *Ma-ma*, and nestling snugly in its nurse's arms it now cooed out to them not to summon Congress at all! And like obedient parents they obeyed the "Higher Law," Congress was not called in session until three months later, 75,000 volunteers were called to the colors, the "Irrepressible Conflict" opened on time to the minute, and Mr. Lincoln's name was forever thereby associated with that of Gen. Washington, whose lofty spirit only the cold and silent hand of death over sixty years before, together with the sanction of the eternal tomb's great seal could ever have harnessed up in any such team.

And in order that no doubt might be left that Mr. Lincoln was a devout adherent of Mr. Seward's political creed, the latter distinctly said in a speech in Boston late in 1860:

"What a commentary upon the history of man is the fact that eighteen years after the death of John Quincy Adams, the people have for their standard bearer, Abraham Lincoln, conferring the obligations of the Higher Law, which the sage of Quincy proclaimed, and contending for weal or woe, for life or death, in the irrepressible conflict between freedom and slavery! I desire only to say that we are in the last stage of the conflict, before the great triumphant inauguration of this policy into the government of the United States."

Safe in the nursery of this household, indeed, was the "Higher Law," for Judge Jeremiah Black, Mr. Buchanan's Attorney General, some years after the war in a letter to Gen. Garfield, who was then in Congress, lamenting the fact that the South did not elect to stay in the Union and fight these revolutionists on the floor of Congress, said:

"The South deserted us at the crisis of our fate and left us to the mercy of the most unprincipled tyrants that ever betrayed a public trust."

—an opinion that was the supplement of a similar one expressed to Henry Wilson, Gen. Grant's second Vice-President, in the

controversy with him in regard to Mr. Stanton, when Judge Black said:

"The 'statesmen' and 'patriots' of your school have notions about all political virtues which a sound morality holds in utter detestation."

It must ever be remembered that Mr. Lincoln had not once made secession a *casus belli* any more than Mr. Buchanan had and for over a month after his inauguration had pursued Mr. Buchanan's identical policy of doing nothing whatever. In fact on January 12, 1848, Mr. Lincoln uttered in the House of Representatives secession sentiments of so radical and extreme a nature that even the most advanced of the Southern secession school never approached even near thereunto. This is what he said and you will find it on p. 94 in the Appendix to the Congressional Globe 1st Session 30th Congress.

"Any people anywhere, being inclined and having the power, have the right to rise up and shake off the existing government and form a new one that suits them better. Nor is this right confined to cases in which the people of an existing government may choose to exercise it. Any portion of such people that can, may revolutionize, and may make their own of so much territory as they inhabit. More than this, a majority of any portion of such people may revolutionize, putting down a minority, intermingled with or near about them, who may oppose their movements."

Mr. Lincoln and the Republican camarilla in Washington well knew also that as far back as December, 1860, the Star of the West had been fired on when it arrived to reinforce Fort Sumter and no sentiment had arisen in the North when the flag was then fired on. Moreover when the invasion of Virginia was repelled at Bull Run the South could easily have seized Washington and nothing more clearly demonstrates the fact that peaceable secession and not aggression was its fixed policy.

But in order to finally dispose of this bloody gauntlet I can not do better than to quote the memorable words of Stephen A. Douglas who said on December 25, 1860, in the U. S. Senate:

"The fact can no longer be disguised that many of the Republican Senators desire war and disunion, under pretext of saving the Union. They wish to get rid of the Southern States in order to have a majority in the Senate to confirm the appointments, and many of them think they can hold a permanent Republican majority in the Northern States, but not in the whole Union; for partisan reasons they are anxious to dissolve the Union, if it can be

done without holding them responsible before the people."

Mr. Douglas to my mind performed the inestimable service of letting the political cat out of the Republican bag.

And thereunto may be added Mr. Lincoln's own statement as quoted by Joseph Medill of the *Chicago Tribune*, who greatly aided his nomination: "In 1864, when the call for extra troops came, Chicago revolted. The citizens held a mass-meeting and appointed three men, of whom I was one, to go to Washington and ask Stanton to give Cook county a new enrollment. We went to Stanton with our statement. He refused. Then we went to President Lincoln. 'I can not do it,' said Lincoln, 'but I will go with you to Stanton and hear the arguments of both sides.' So we all went over to the War Department together. Stanton and Gen. Frye were there and both contended that the quota should not be changed. The argument went on for some time and was finally referred to Lincoln, who had been silently listening. When appealed to, Lincoln turned to us with a black and frowning face. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'after Boston, Chicago has been the chief instrument in bringing this war on the country. The Northwest opposed the South, as New England opposed the South. It is you, Medill, who is (are) largely responsible for making blood flow as it has. You called for war until you had it, I have given it to you. What you have asked for, you have had. Now you come here begging to be let off from the call for more men which I have made to carry on the war you demanded. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. Go home and raise your 6,000 men. And you, Medill, you and your *Tribune* have had more influence than any other paper in the Northwest in making this war. Go home and send me these men I want.'"

I have given you above the testimony of both Mr. Douglas and Mr. Lincoln than whom none was higher in the councils of the nation each in his respective party. I will add to their words three statements from the Machiavellian politician whom Mr. Lincoln selected as his Secretary of State after defeating him for the nomination—William H. Seward.

On April 4, 1861, a week and one day before Fort Sumter was fired on, Mr. Seward said to Russell, the *London Times* correspondent:

"It would be contrary to the spirit of the American Government to use armed force to subjugate the South. If the people of the South want to stay out of the Union, if they desire independence let them have it."

On April 10, 1861, two days before the fort was fired on and the armed expedition was nearing Charleston harbor, he officially wrote to Charles Francis Adams, Minister to England:

"Only a despotic and imperial government can subjugate seceding states."

In a discussion on the subject of reinforcing Fort Sumter he said in the Cabinet meeting:

"The attempt to reinforce Sumter will provoke an attack and involve war. The very preparation for such an expedition will precipitate war at that point. I oppose beginning war at that point. I would advise against the expedition to Charleston. I would at once, at every cost, prepare for war at Pensacola and Texas. I would instruct Major Anderson to retire from Sumter."

All this is a melancholy tale, particularly when you recall the fact that the Crittenden Compromise would have months before settled the quarrel and saved the Union had Mr. Seward or Mr. Lincoln spoken only one word.

The Committee of Thirteen in the Senate appointed to consider the state of the Union of which the most extreme of the Southern secessionist leaders, including Mr. Davis and Mr. Toombs were members, said they would accept it. But neither Mr. Lincoln nor Mr. Seward spoke and that fatal moment too passed on to swell the melancholy stream of the many myriads of the world's lost opportunities. The tide was "taken at its flood" and led on to fortune, but its receding waves of blood and tears left on the beach of what had been a smiling and happy land only the dreary wreckage of broken hearts and ruined homes. It was reported in the papers all over the country in November, 1861, that Mr. Lincoln in a statement to a friend regretted that he had not accepted the terms of the Crittenden Compromise. Well may his brow have been furrowed with care if he carried that awful responsibility with him to his untimely grave. The Republicans voted against it almost to a man when it came up in Congress, both in the Senate and in the House. One last appeal was made to the Republicans in the Senate. Senator Cameron answered it by moving a reconsideration. His motion was called up on February 18, when *he voted against his own motion!*

In 1863, Judge Harlow S. Orton, of the ninth Wisconsin Circuit, wrote a letter to the *Wisconsin Patriot* of Madison, Wis., in which the following statements occur:

"The inception of the war (by which I mean the firing on Fort Sumter) was a trick of the Administration. The fleet with provisions and men, was sent to lie off

Charleston harbor, *ostensibly* for the purpose of reinforcing the fort, but in fact with no such *real* design, but to provoke and induce the enemy to make their threatened attack in order to arouse and unite the North for the war. The attempt to so reinforce the fort at that time was in violation of a pledge given to the Southern commissioners that such an attempt would not then be made.

"I pledged myself able to prove this charge if it was denied. It has been denied and I have been made the subject of much personal abuse for having made it. Two years is not a very long time to remember the important facts which make up the history of the present war, and it is remarkable that a fact so well known and discussed at the time, especially in Washington, and never contradicted by anybody, should now be denounced as worse than a falsehood.

"It is a fact of the current history of the time, that the discussion of the evacuation of the fort, under the advice of Gen. Scott, resulted in the unanimous decision of the Cabinet that the fort should be evacuated. The President's order for that purpose was anxiously expected and awaited by the public for several days and the people had generally acquiesced in the wisdom and conciliation of the measure. It was at this juncture that Mr. Seward or some other person having authority, pledged the Southern commissioners that the fort would not be reinforced."

Judge Orton quotes copious extracts from *The New York Times*, *Tribune* and *Post* of April, 1861, which confirm his statements but are too lengthy to be given here. He concludes:

"I regret the necessity of taking so much of your valuable space to present the evidence of a fact that I did not suppose would be questioned by anyone. The fact itself is only important in throwing light upon the designs of the party in power, which at first were disguised, but now openly avowed, viz., the ultimate destruction of the Union, hostility to all compromises, the violation of the constitution, a war of conquest, and the abolition of slavery, regardless of consequences."

Judge Orton was a Union man, an advocate of continuing the war, thoroughly as he disapproved of the genuine Hohenzollern method of bringing it on, and was not in the slightest degree inoculated with the virus of the Copperhead.

By this transaction alone Mr. Lincoln's moral character to my mind stands or falls. You may obliterate every other act or incident of his career and submit this deliberate inception of a fractricidal war to the judgment of any court that is not morally

unconscious from the sickening fumes of adulation's anaesthetic, which has so thoroughly benumbed the conscience of the world, and under no conceivable hair-splitting of the most skillful moral, legal, or international casuist can you convict William Hohenzollern and acquit him. The Jesuit doctrine of expediency—that the end justifies the means, stood out on this occasion in startling relief and furnished a fitting climax to a career more or less obscure that had been saturated with it as a cardinal principle of everything he did and that was to follow him persistently and relentlessly to his very grave.

The Constitution was either absolute or it was nothing. Both Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward, being lawyers, knew that and neither of them experienced the slightest difficulty in choosing between these two bundles of hay. They both with one accord decided that it was *nothing*. In fact Mr. Lincoln complacently said on one occasion, "As chief of the army and navy, in time of war, I suppose I may take any measure which may best subdue the enemy!"—which might be called the statement as a fact of something that is not a fact, for the Constitution has no provision for its own curt and absolute dismissal in time of war. And this mental method seemed to be merely a developed form of the same attitude of mind towards constitutional authority when as captain of the drunken village mob that started to the Black Hawk War in which none of them ever saw an Indian, his sword was taken from him twice—once for insubordination and once for not maintaining discipline in his command. In fact there was no word he was more chary of using in all his public utterances before his election than that very definite and positive word, *Constitution*. James Bryce once said of him that "he practised more autocratic authority during his brief ascendancy than any Englishman since the days of Cromwell." While as for Mr. Seward, the other luminary in this pair of twin stars that so constantly revolved around each other, his *reductio ad absurdum* of the Constitution was coarsely and vulgarly expressed in a few words to Lord Lyons, the British minister at Washington, when he said:

"My Lord, I can touch a bell on my right hand and order the arrest of a citizen of Ohio! I can touch the bell again and order the imprisonment of a citizen in New York, and no power on earth but that of the President can release them! Can the Queen of England in her dominions do as much?"

Now the Higher Law, being higher than the Constitution, the Constitution was necessarily lower than the Higher Law. For a forever fixed and immutable law of the universe has decreed that no two bodies

can occupy the same space at the same time, this being commonly known as the *Law of Impenetrability*. No exception to the operation of this law has ever been recorded in human annals either before, during, or since the reign of Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward. This law applies with equally as imperative universality in the metaphysical world as in the physical universe. For the mind of man can entertain no two thoughts or opinions at the same time. When one is in possession of that frail human tenement, there is no room for the smallest chick or child of the other. If Wrong is the tenant, then Right must forever shiver in the cold outside. For even this tenuous abode has never in the history of man been sufficiently spacious to house these two families. To the owner belongs the fateful choice as to to which lessee he shall let the premises. He can not accommodate both, any more than one servant can serve two masters—"for either he will hate the one and love the other; or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye can not serve God and Mammon."

So the Constitution being the highest law of the land and this place being wanted for the Higher Law, evidently the Constitution must be quietly put out of the way. So the prescription that was to do the fatal work was carefully compounded and administered by Mr. Seward and the patient having died in convulsions,

"The doctor told the sexton
And the sexton tolled the bell,"

and the sexton having dug the grave as was his duty in the village Mr. Lincoln hailed from, the corpse was laid to rest decently and in order beside the new-made grave that already contained the Union, forever beyond the power of any political soothsayer, necromancer, or Witch of Endor to call it from its eternal tomb.

"Democracy vs. Autocracy!" These, then, were the parties to the suit according to your statement. But you seem to consider it as a matter beyond any cavil or controversy that, in serving the notice, the sheriff found the defendant entrenched in some barred and bolted stronghold in the South and the plaintiff teaching Sunday-school in the North, instilling into his pupils with pointed emphasis the precepts of the sixth and the eighth commandment. Where did he locate him in the North? In New England—the result of the mother country's unfortunate miscarriage, for which she was in no wise responsible—

"The home of the bean and cod,
Where the Cabots speak only to Lowells,
And the Lowells talk with God?"

When the Brownists or Separatists or Familists, as they were known in Holland where their free-love tenets were notorious—you may call them *Pilgrims* if you like—landed in this country in the *Mayflower*, they stepped ashore upon a rock as the Lord intended that they should. And the granite of that rock was neither more unyielding nor more pitiless and stern than the theocratic despotism they set up with which to govern their fellow Brownists or Separatists or Familists. Not a crack or a crevice was there in it for over two hundred years where any stray seed of democracy could find the most minute lodgement to germinate and strike the faintest root. Their own records show that for two hundred years New England was a land of bigotry and had neither ecclesiastical nor political freedom. "The freedom of the towns was merely nominal, for the suffrage was very restricted and a mere incident of the little town oligarchies directed and controlled by them" (Lyon G. Tyler). The government was a self-perpetuating bureaucracy with no element of democracy whatever. After the revolution, this theocratic and bureaucratic despotism was translated into the absolutism of the Federalist party which was born, flourished, had its great stronghold and finally with extreme reluctance died in New England, bequeathing its vast and profitable slave-trade business, all rights, privileges, and good-will thereof, together with all ships, stocks of rum, molasses for the distillation thereof, and any emaciated corpses overlooked in the bottom of holds of said vessels while the hilarious process was going on of pitching into the ocean, where dead men tell no tales, one-third to one-half of the cargo that had spoiled in transit—and, in addition, all household goods and chattels, trinkets, jewels, watch-charms and wedding rings, bed linen, clothes (both every-day and Sunday), personal effects and paraphernalia of every description, together with Hamilton's eulogy on the Constitution as "a frail and worthless fabric"—bequeathing all these inestimable heirlooms to its posthumous heir, the Republican party—"the party of the North pledged against the South," which uttered the usual *pro forma* protest against the continuance of the slave-trade in its platform of 1860, a business which was carried on by them even up to the outbreak of the Civil War itself but which in latter years had not been yielding the huge profits of its golden age—hence those tiny tears!

Would the sheriff serve the summons in the great suit of Democracy vs. Autocracy to the plaintiff in New England? I trow not. Then let him betake himself to New York, the home of William H. Seward,

author of several political bibles, "The Paper Kite Theory of the Constitution," "The Irrepressible Conflict," "The Higher Law—a Law Higher Than the Constitution," which latter being interpreted meant simply anarchy, nihilism, no law whatever and translated into the language of today—bolshevism! And yet the name of the exponent of this doctrine was neither Lenine nor Trotsky but plain William H. Seward, Mr. Lincoln's Secretary of State, his constant and intimate guide, counselor, and friend, whose crafty mind influenced his whole official life and whose baleful shadow dogged every willing, yielding footstep of his administration. It must ever be remembered that the Republican convention of 1860 assembled with the fixed intention of nominating Mr. Seward, who had two-thirds of the delegates in his favor in advance. His programme for governing the country was theirs—Higher Law, Irrepressible Conflict, Paper Kite Constitution and all. And the one thing that caused them to select the village lawyer, who had never had any administrative or executive experience whatever, was the opposition of the Indiana and Pennsylvania delegations to Mr. Seward's dalliance with the Romish church. That Mr. Lincoln during his whole administration was thoroughly under the influence of Mr. Seward is a fact that was notorious at the time and has been simply buried in the mass of nonsense that has been propagated about him since.

Would democracy be located then in Pennsylvania perhaps—the home of Thaddeus Stevens, the Republican leader in the House of Representatives, who said when he was urging the disgraceful bill for the dismemberment of the State of Virginia and the cold-blooded carving out of her territory of the State of West Virginia, in order to swell the Republican majority in the Senate and House by the erection of this rotten borough, "I will not stultify myself by supposing that we have any warrant in the Constitution for this proceeding." There seems not to be the faintest odor of democracy here. Mr. Lincoln, however, not only sanctioned this measure but signed the bill.

Did democracy reside in Ohio, honey-combed with the tracks of the Underground Railroad, the home of Joshua Giddings, who introduced a petition in Congress as early as 1842 for a dissolution of the Union,—of Benjamin Wade, who said in the Senate June 25, 1862, "I would reduce the aristocratic slave-holders to utter poverty. I am for doing it. It ought to be done."—of Salmon P. Chase, who with Mr. Seward and John P. Hale alone voted in the Senate to receive, refer and consider a petition for the dissolution of the Union,

or—when the Peace Conference proposed by Virginia, was in session in Washington in February, 1861, with ex-President John Tyler as president—who wrote from Portsmouth, Ohio, opposing any compromise, saying that "the Republicans intended to use the power while they had it and to prevent a settlement?"

Let us take up the trail again on this still-hunt for democracy and go to Illinois, the home of Abraham Lincoln. In his inaugural address Mr. Lincoln distinctly said:

"I have no purpose, directly or indirectly to interfere with the institution of slavery in the states where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so and I have no inclination to do so."

And in 1863 Mr. Lincoln also distinctly said in his Emancipation Proclamation:

"I order and declare that all persons held as slaves in the said designated states and parts of states, are and hereafter shall be free."

As if anticipating the usurpations of these revolutionists drunk with power, Mr. Jefferson also distinctly said many years before:

"Those to whom power is delegated should be held to a strict accountability to their constitutional oath of office. The plea of necessity is no excuse for a violation of them."

Don Piatt relates that at a conference between Lincoln, Chase and Davis Taylor, a distinguished New England financier, for the purpose of raising money, Chase objected to the plan as being unconstitutional. Mr. Lincoln thereupon told a story of an Italian captain's running his ship on a rock—and after ineffectually praying to the Virgin Mary to stop the leak, threw the image overboard when the waves washed it into the hole, which it stopped. Mr. Chase didn't understand the allusion, whereupon Mr. Lincoln said: "Why, Chase, I didn't intend precisely to throw the Virgin Mary overboard—by that I mean the Constitution—but I will stick it into the hole if I can."

Mr. Seward said to Gen. Piatt before the war:

"We are all bound by tradition to the tail end of a paper kite called the Constitution. It is held up by a string."

"Why, Mr. Senator," said Piatt in some heat, "you don't believe that of *our* Constitution?"

"I certainly do," replied Seward, "but I generally keep it to myself. Our Constitution is to us of the North a great danger. The Southerners are using it as a shield."

Now these two profound expositions of the sanctity and obligations of this great covenant have a truly cozy and home-like air here on this Western Continent of ours

and sound particularly grateful, I imagine, to our neighbors, Hayti and Mexico and Venezuela, for instance. For Soulouque, Cipriano Castro, Diaz, and Huerta might all have learned something of constitutional authority by sitting at the feet of these two Gamaliels.

One brief, short-lived ray of light shot up in Illinois, however, in June, 1863, when Lyman Trumbull in a speech at Chicago said—also very plainly and distinctly:

"Necessity is the plea of tyrants and if our Constitution ceases to operate the moment a person charged with its observance thinks there is a necessity to violate it, it is of little value. We are fighting to maintain the Constitution and it especially becomes us in appealing to the people to come to its rescue, not to violate it ourselves. How are we better than the rebels if both sides violate the Constitution?"

And Justice David Davis, who hailed from the same state, said about the same time:

"To disregard the Constitution under the plea of supposed necessity is to adopt the specious plea of tyrants in all ages. To abandon our constitutional government and supplant it with the fleeting suggestion of some supposed temporary necessity, is to deny that this is a government of law and to accept the fallacy that it is a government of men."

Strangest and saddest of all in that politically immoral and personally dishonest age, Mr. Lincoln concluded his inaugural address with an assertion most peculiar when he said:

"I take the official oath today *with no mental reservations*, and with no purpose to construe the Constitution and laws by any *hypocritical rules!*"—

"And saying he would ne'er consent, consented."

For his administration began with the grossest act of hypocrisy when Mr. Seward with Mr. Lincoln's assent promised Judge Campbell of the Supreme Court of the United States, who was the go-between of the Confederate Commissioners and the State Department, both orally and in writing that Fort Sumter would positively be evacuated, his last words to him being, "Wait and see." And as his administration began in gross hypocrisy so did it end in an act of hypocrisy no less vile when at the close of the war he went to Richmond, called the representative Virginians to confer with him, and authorized them to immediately call the old legislature of 1861 in session as a first step in resuming the state's normal government. And bringing his fist down on the table, he exclaimed,

"And where is that old game-cock, Extra Billy Smith? Bring him, too!" He spent only a few hours in Richmond, going from there to City Point, where he sent a telegram to Gen. Weitzel, the military commandant at Richmond, ordering him to afford all necessary assistance and protection to the legislature he had authorized to assemble. From City Point he returned to Washington and two days later sent a telegram to Richmond absolutely forbidding the legislature to assemble!

All which has a delightfully Hohenzolernesque sound and would doubtless prove interesting reading to Von Bethmann-Hollweg *et als*. Little incidents such as these perhaps induced Lyman Trumbull to leave to Mr. Lincoln's memory in his posthumous papers "the passing tribute of a sigh," that "in his dealings with men he was a trimmer and such a trimmer as the world has never seen!"

Let us turn from this bootless quest of democracy in the North and investigate the land of autocracy—the South. And coming first to your own state, Kentucky—was the Crittenden Compromise, which all the Republican leaders howled down, an evidence of autocracy? Was Mr. Clay's compromise of the South Carolina imbroglia autocracy? Where had there ever been any evidence of autocracy in the transcendent part played by Virginia in the country's political life? I shall not undertake to speak for Virginia myself for nothing I could say would equal in point or significance the testimony of the witness I shall now introduce, whom I summons all the way from Illinois in the person of John A. Logan.

Gen. Logan, then merely a civilian and member of Congress, said in a speech in the lower house in December 9, 1859:

"Look upon both sides of this hall and what do you behold? On the right, seats occupied by the Republicans, representing purely a Northern and sectional party. When the list of members is called, you hear not the voice of a Republican answering from the land of Washington who led our armies through the Revolution to victory, giving us free institutions, peace, prosperity, and happiness as a great nation; no voice from the land of Jefferson, who penned the Declaration of Independence; no voice from the land of Madison, who drafted the Constitution, now attempted to be destroyed by their prejudices and fanaticism; no voice from the land of Jackson, who restored the glory of the American arms after they had been disgraced at the North!"

And as a further ray of light on the temper of the times from the same source, I give below a letter from Gen. Logan,

which is here published for the first time. I have copied it from the original, which is in Washington in private hands. It was written from Murphysboro, Ill., to a friend in Quincy, Ill., whose name I withhold:

"Yours of the 4th inst. has just been received by way of Marion. I am here attending court. I find in the enclosed paragraph in your letter from the Quincy Whig just such slanders as I have always been subjected to. I have at no time entered into any league or agreement to put down Judge Douglas or any other man. The Judge is responsible for his own actions and so am I to my constituents. The only crime that I am guilty of in this crisis I suppose is being consistent. I opposed war upon the South and invasion last winter as being certain disunion forever. I am still of the same opinion. I would defend the Capital and our own soil as soon as any one, but when I see a disposition to invade Southern states for their subjugation, without any prospect of securing the prevention of such a calamity as civil war without beneficial results, I am against it. Judge D. took the same ground then that I did. Now he tells me that he is for capturing Richmond and prosecuting a war of subjugation if necessary to compel obedience. I can not nor will not agree to it. As a question of policy, it is wrong.

"I am no secessionist and have made bitter speeches against it here and elsewhere, though it is becoming common for every man to be called a rebel and traitor that does not sustain Lincoln and his policy. The attempt is now being made to transfer the Democracy to the tail end of an infamous abolition disunion party. I for one shall not be transferred. If the Democracy will do the fighting and give all the offices and money to the Republicans, they will be satisfied, otherwise men are branded as disloyal. You can see that all the colonels, quartermasters, etc., are Republicans, all appointments are made from their ranks except when they can buy a leading Democratic journal. No colonel can be a Democrat—all is arranged at Springfield for some Republican. If all the Democracy fall into the snare, they have a right to do so. Many will, but our pens will reveal the sham proceeding that is now going on. When all the Southern states are driven out, they will say, after they get all the spoils, that it is impolitic to coerce so many states and many Democrats will see then where they have been sold. If I am running athwart the opinions of my friends, I am sorry to do so, though the speech I made last winter in Washington is just my position and will so continue until I can see something more than hypocrisy

(sic) in the administration and some of his advisers. Write me again,
Your friend,
JOHN A. LOGAN."

May 9, 1861.

This letter is valuable particularly as coming from such a source, and it loses nothing of its importance in showing that while "hypocrisy" was promptly on the scene in the North at the very inception of the Lincoln-Seward administration, autocracy in the South seemed nowhere to appear.

Not that Democracy did not exist in the North—it was there in abundance, as was indicated by the fact that a majority of the Northern press was hostile to any warlike measures against the South. The revolutionary minority succeeded solely from the divisions among its enemies. Mr. Lincoln was not the choice of the people of this country in either one of his two elections to the presidency. In his first, the majority of the popular vote was 1,000,000 against him, while in the second his popular majority was 400,000, but the South was out of the Union. Had she voted, he would have been hopelessly defeated. Even this election was largely won by manipulating the voting by means of the army. Democracy in New York, for instance, was very pronounced all during the war. Disorders were constantly breaking out and when Mr. Lincoln, alarmed at the opposition to his policy, telegraphed to Gov. Seymour asking him to come to Washington for a conference, Gov. Seymour telegraphed that the distance from Washington to Albany was just as short as that from Albany to Washington! And in 1864 Mr. Lincoln became so alarmed at the prospect of not being re-elected that he wrote Gov. Seymour offering to withdraw from the race entirely and support him for the nomination if he would use his influence in suppressing the opposition to the war in New York and uphold the war policy of the administration. In fact, the popular detestation in which he was held was strikingly expressed in Chicago, in 1864, where a huge convention was held to oppose his nomination while speaker after speaker addressed the mob outside the court house advocating his assassination.

In 1858 Mr. Seward said in a public address:

"We want the lands in the South for our people. They need them and we must have them."

Mr. Seward's politics, it seems, were not altogether humanitarian and philanthropic. He was what is known as "a man of principle in proportion to his interests"—hobnobbing in his unguarded moments with

"That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling
Commodity,
Commodity, the bias of the world,
Since kings break faith upon Commodity,
Gain be my lord, for I will worship thee."

In fact as early as the winter of 1854 at a dinner in Washington he said to Senator Archibald Dixon, the very able Whig senator from Kentucky, in the presence and hearing of the entire company assembled:

"Your lands down there are too fine to be given over to such a degraded race as the negroes. There are too many poor white men in the North who want them and we mean to have them."

"What then will you do with the negroes?" said Senator Dixon.

"We will drive them into the Gulf of Mexico as we are driving the Indians into the Pacific Ocean. Set them free and in fifty years there will not be a negro left."

"Good God, man! You ought to be hung!" was Senator Dixon's disgusted reply.

Were these amiable sentiments of Mr. Seward's the fairy god-mother that presided over the birth of the Proclamation of Emancipation and a few years later of its bastard daughters, the Thirteenth, the Fourteenth, and the Fifteenth Amendment—born without one shred of the torn and tattered Constitution left with which to wrap them in their swaddling clothes, with the crimson stain of despotism's birthmark on their brows, while two of them already bore the seeds of disease within their puny bodies and the sardonic grin of death distorting their infant countenances?

Since Gen. Logan of Illinois has spoken for Virginia in the great case of Democracy vs. Autocracy, I shall introduce a pleader at the bar of public opinion to champion the cause of Mississippi, and her counsel strange to relate is none other than Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts. These two states are surely sufficiently far removed from each other to preclude any possibility of collusion whatever. For the scene of Gen. Butler's lamented yet profitable silver plate enterprises was New Orleans not Mississippi.

It was said of him *a propos* of his military administration of the municipality of New Orleans and his plate-closet operations incident thereto, that "he did not leave what rapine had spared to penury, and to give alimony to his avarice and food to his brutality, he did not hesitate to take the last crumb from a starving and famished family." But then his own people came to his rescue a few years after the war, refuted these criticisms, and completely exonerated him by electing him governor of

Massachusetts. It was this same critic who remarked of the Northern people in general as typified by their armies, that "the aggregate wealth of worlds could not glut their rapacity or satisfy their avarice." So that a governor of Massachusetts of Gen. Butler's description was here eminently the right man in the right place. From one therefore who occupied this exalted position in his people's esteem we are quite willing to take testimony.

In 1879, fourteen years after the war, when his passion for collecting had somewhat abated although the family monograms of the former owners was still in clear evidence on his spoons, he wrote the following letter to *The Minneapolis Tribune* from Boston:

"Dear Sir:

I do not know that I ought to write you to decide a bet, because you ought not to bet. But to set you right in a matter of history in which you seem to be interested, allow me to say that in the Democratic Convention at Charleston, S. C., in the year 1860, I voted fifty-seven times, as I remember it, for Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, afterwards President of the Confederate States, as a candidate of the Democratic party for President. He was not before the convention as a candidate, and my vote and that of one of my colleagues were the only ones he had. I believed him to be a representative man of the South and subsequent events have shown that I was right. And I believed then, and I believe now, that if he could have been nominated for President and elected, the war would have been saved and the attempted disunion prevented, for he would have been chosen President over 32 states rather than 15, and my experience has been that the North has always got more consideration on questions of human liberty from a Southern statesman as President than it did from a Northern dough-face. And that remains true down to the present time.

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER."

This letter was written during the beneficent regime of Rutherford B. Hayes, by whom the last of the federal troops were ordered from the South, thereby removing the sole remaining prop and mainstay of the monster horde of carpet-baggers and indiscriminate thieves and scoundrels, who, with the aid of the government, stripped her bare of any and everything Mr. Lincoln's trusty lieutenants had left. And in order to bring the collective total of this gigantic plundering to a final and successful conclusion, the presidency itself was deliberately stolen from the people by the Republican leaders for Mr. Hayes

himself, whose nice sense of honor by no means precluded him from accepting it.

Although autocracy in the South in view of this striking evidence is becoming quite scarce, reminding one somewhat of what the little boy said about learning the Ten Commandments—"hard to git and ain't no 'count after you git 'em," I shall introduce one more witness to give testimony of a somewhat general nature in the person of Samuel J. Tilden, whom Mr. Hayes' party defrauded of the presidency and who said in the *New York Evening Post*:

"How long could an organized pauper agitation in England against France or in France against England, continue without actual hostilities, especially if embracing a majority of the people, and the Governments' wars have as often been produced by popular passions as by the policy of rulers; but I venture to say, that in the cause of all such wars, during a century past, there has not been so much material for offense as could be found every year in the fulminations of a party swaying the governments of many Northern States against the entire social and industrial systems of fifteen of our sister states; so much to repel the opinions, to alienate the sentiments and to wound the pride."

Meanwhile during the fullness of their content and the saturation of their satiety that the "treason" should all be on our side so long as the "stratagem and spoils" were all theirs, a tiny thread of light suddenly shot up in the dense moral and political midnight darkness that had settled over the whole public life of the country and was unfolding it in its hideous wings, reached the zenith of its feeble strength, burst into a faint star, quivered for an instant as if panting for breath, and was instantly lost again in the engulfing and asphyxiating bosom of the night—resembling some signal rocket fired from the deck of a magnificent palatial ocean liner that, helpless and disabled from the resistless fury of an unexampled hurricane, was drifting rapidly and hopelessly on the rocks and calling frantically for help for both passengers and crew. For in the fall of 1865, Dr. J. L. M. Curry called on Senator Elihu B. Washburne, in Washington, who greeted him very cordially. Says Dr. Curry, "Holding my hand, he said with warmth, 'I wish you fellows were back here again.' 'That is a singular wish,' I responded, 'after the last four years' experience.' 'Yes,' he said, 'you gave us a great deal of trouble; but the fact is you wouldn't steal.'"

He might have added also that we wouldn't lie. But that might have been a reflection on both Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward and besides, money being the great sun of the Northern moral and political

solar system, which had already risen again in all its glory and was far up in the heavens, he doubtless considered lying a plane-toid too distant in space and too insignificant in size to appear at all on their celestial chart.

So we would not steal! How comforting to us in our misery and dejection! What a priceless heirloom to leave to our children and our children's children—this knowledge that in all the immense mass of the accumulated things that we would and did do, here, at last, had come to light by diligent searching and prying, one little thing we wouldn't do! It seemed like the first harbinger of spring—the first faint chirp of the robin after a long winter of unexampled severity, as indeed ours had been. And more encouraging still, this was followed, although not for some time, by a second chirp, when another robin made his appearance before the threshold of our burned and plundered homes in the person of Hon. James G. Blaine.

For Mr. Blaine, who had for many years been editor of the *Kennebec Journal* and later congressman and secretary of state, in his "Twenty Years in Congress," paused for a while in his defense of that much maligned sect, the Carpetbaggers, and said of us:

"Throughout the long period of their domination, the Southern leaders guarded the Treasury with rigid and increasing vigilance against every attempt at extravagance and every form of corruption."

Now Mr. Blaine was

"An honorable man;
So were they all, all honorable men,"

but in these days of air supremacy and aerial terms, may I not swap birds while crossing this foul stratum of our country's political atmosphere and say that even these two swallows did not make a summer—at least not for us? And if any one doubts that Mr. Blaine was an honorable man, let him read with care those models of epistolary style and substance he has left us entitled, "The Mulligan Letters," and all doubts will be instantly dispelled. It must be noted, however, that the garment Mr. Blaine contributed to our slender and depleted moral outfit was of thin material and a little short, leaving us still shivering somewhat. For with the sagacious prudence of the statesman that he was, he did not say definitely that we *would not steal*—he said, or rather implied very strongly, that we would not steal *from the government*—a loose fitting shift that struck us well above the knees and left our movements free and unimpeded in many directions. Still, short and thin and slazy as it was, it

was garment No. 1 and quite welcome, too, in the cold and chilling atmosphere of the world we had so long inhabited—an atmosphere so excellently described for us by Shakespeare:

“*Hamlet.* The air bites shrewdly—it is very cold.

Horatio. It is a nipping and eager air.”

Now although Senator Washburne had said we “would not steal” and Mr. Blaine had intimated as much as far as the Government was concerned, they both caught themselves on the brink of the precipice of saying outright that we were *honest*. In this we have always discerned a deep premeditation and been devoutly thankful to them both. For the word *honest* had for many years been employed in the loosest and vaguest sort of manner and from sheer carelessness had been much knocked around and abused. For instance, Mr. Lincoln had always been known in Illinois as “Honest Abe”—whether pecuniarily honest or politically honest was never stated. We presume the former. Mr. Davis had never been given the *sobriquet* of Honest Jefferson Davis, nor going still farther back had we had Honest Patrick Henry or Honest Thomas Jefferson, or even Honest James Madison. However, some light was shed on the particular variety of Mr. Lincoln’s honesty when he closed his first inaugural by assuring the people that he took the oath of office “*with no mental reservations* and with no purpose to construe the Constitution and laws by any *hypocritical* rules.” No other President had ever had the temerity to seal his inaugural address to the people with this solemn, yet alarming assurance. But then it had never before been considered necessary, for no other President had ever carried the heavy and responsible burden of being called “Honest.” So that in the immense drama they had staged in which Senator Washburne and Mr. Blaine were among the managers and we were merely spectators, the supreme difficulty that continually confronted them was to find some one who could take the insignificant role of the *Honest Man* or even be relied upon to handle the receipts at the box-office.

I shall now introduce another witness—also a character witness in the person of Senator George F. Hoar. Senator Hoar’s portrait has for many years adorned the walls of William and Mary College—not in grateful recognition of the character he bestowed upon us at a time when we were so very scant of character, but on account of the character his people had manifested some years before. For William and Mary College had been the Alma Mater of Thom-

as Jefferson, James Monroe, John Marshall, John Tyler, Winfield Scott and hosts of others that shed the lustre of their brilliant minds upon her stately sanctuary, and although all these mighty eaglets had taken their flight from this great nest of learning many years before, Mr. Lincoln considered it necessary for his lieutenants to burn the nest in order to save the Union. Some years after the war Senator Hoar interested himself in having a bill passed by Congress appropriating a sum of money for restoring the College. It is true our taxes also were part of the treasury fund from which this appropriation came, but, no matter—he got it for us and, for that reason, as a grateful people we hung up his portrait. What his emotions may have been, whether mixed or unmixed, pure or adulterated, if he ever gazed at his likeness on those walls, history does not record.

Now I give below the general letter of recommendation Senator Hoar gives us, which is really quite comprehensive. We always carry it in our pockets, for it should get us employment anywhere in the entire world—even in Africa unless it should leak out that we inhabited the same country as the Northern people. Senator Hoar said of us:

“They have some qualities which I can not claim, in an equal degree for the people among whom I myself dwell. They have an aptness for command, which makes the Southern gentleman, wherever he goes, not a peer only but a prince. They have a love for home; they have, the best of them and the most of them, inherited from the great race, from which they came, the sense of duty and the sense of honor, as no other people on the face of the earth. They have, above all, and giving value to all, that supreme and superb constancy, which, without regard to personal ambition and without yielding to the temptation of wealth, without getting tired and without getting diverted, can pursue a great object, in and out, year after year, and generation after generation.”

Now after this very noble and generous replenishment of our moral wardrobe at the hands of Senator Hoar, it seems quite proper that we too should appear in public. You may have observed that every scrap of evidence I have brought forward in this controversy even in our own defense has been derived from Northern testimony. For evidently the North of ante-bellum days and its political manners, methods and moral code please you; the South with its hosts of human frailties and its simple desire to live its own life in peace and quiet, does not. Therefore it is thus far Northern voices alone that I have evoked

from the ashes of the fires of the past we so fondly imagined had long ago burnt out.

This witness is from the South in the person of Senator Benjamin H. Hill of Georgia. Senator Hoar having proven amply satisfactory to our case in the matter of our general character as a people and, as far as we are concerned, leaving absolutely nothing more to be said, Senator Hill's testimony deals again with the individual. His spirit bursts at one transcendent bound the fragile shackles of his native state and, soaring in its majestic flight over all the fair and fertile bosom of the South, hovers above the supreme triumph of our civilization—the full and complete flower of our knighthood in its superb, its greatest effort, its most glorious efflorescence, revealing in its exquisite exhalations the combined essence of its most fragrant flowers, the collective attar of all its rarest roses—Robert Edward Lee. Many other beautiful blossoms has it borne that have aroused the admiration and evoked the envy of mankind, but none so fair as this—none so stately, so majestic, so replete with the delicate perfume of our ideals wafted now lo, these many years o'er all the nations and tribes and kindreds of men even unto the uttermost isles of the sea.

Thomas De Quincey in one of his essays on style, out of the vast store-house of the beauties of his native tongue selects a brief sentence from Sir Thomas Browne's "Urn Burial" as the finest passage in the English language. But "the dull cold ear of death" for long over half a century of time had sealed the gateway of his soul to this later pealing anthem as of some majestic cathedral organ echoing and re-echoing in the full swell of its rich diapason all down the resounding corridors of time even up to the silent stately portals of eternity:

"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 as obedient to authority as a servant and royal in authority as a king. He was as 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."

I here rest the taking of testimony for the defense and discharge of the hosts of other waiting witnesses.

You say, "The South entrenched itself in cotton as Germany has entrenched itself in kultur."

Does Florida entrench itself in oranges, or Illinois in corn, or Kentucky in tobacco or Massachusetts in cod fish? Was raising cotton a crime? If any section of this country had used the trench-spade it was New England which had entrenched itself so deeply in the cotton-mill and in its great support trench, the tariff.

Was cotton-raising, then, after all the *casus belli*? If so, then Mr. Lincoln in invading, and conquering and plundering the South as he did most mercilessly was performing for the North the kindly service of killing the goose that had laid many millions of golden eggs. Thos. H. Benton, certainly no friend of slavery, in the Senate in 1828 said: "Virginia, the two Carolinas and Georgia, may be said to defray three-fourths of the annual expense of supporting the Federal Government and of this great sum annually furnished by them, nothing or next to nothing is returned to them in the shape of Government expenditures. That expenditure flows in an opposite direction—it flows northwardly in one uniform, uninterrupted, and perennial stream. Federal legislation does all this. No tariff has ever yet included Virginia, the two Carolinas, and Georgia except to increase the burdens imposed upon them."

Mr. Lincoln confirmed this statement in 1860, when he said in reply to a question as to why he did not let the South go:

"What, let the South go? Where then will the revenue come from to run the Government?"

As Dr. Bledsoe justly says: "The North fixed her eagle eye on the rising prosperity of the South and soon planted the talons of her tariffs deep in her very vitals."

No, Col. Watterson, the South was not "entrenched in cotton"—it was entrenched in the Constitution. The band of revolutionists that plotted her ruin knew this full well. They felt that it alone was the one inseparable barrier to the accomplishment of their purpose. I could fill whole volumes with their wild and frenzied yells, their furious curses on its devoted head, even including the annual public burning of it on every succeeding Fourth of July in the towns and villages of New England. And if in life they seared the bosom of the South with their fiery execrations and anathemas,

"In death, they—bold, heroic hearts—
Stabbed at her through the coffin-lid."

When you say:

"The leaders of the Confederacy no more realized that the trend of modern

thought was against slavery than the leaders of Germany now realize that it is against the divine right of kings,"

my astonishment rises still higher. The whole question that immediately brought into conflict these two sections of country of such totally different characteristics and modes of living and thinking was whether a Southern man could take his slaves with him into the common territory of the Union. Lord Stowell in England many years before in the case of the slave *Grace* had decided that any slaveholder in the British colonies could bring his slave with him to England and take him back as a slave. And the real insignificance of the issue was best described by Mr. Blaine many years after the war, when he said that "after all the whole thing was a question of an imaginary negro in an imaginary place."

And why do you speak of "the right divine of slavery?" Slavery has never been a divine right in the whole history of the world. If it is not divine in its origin neither is it statutory—it never arose among any people under the operation of statutory law. It is as much older than statutory law as the pyramids of Egypt surpass in age the electric arc or the aeroplane. When statutory law first opened its eyes on the world, slavery was hoary with the age of untold centuries, and until one hundred and fifty years ago statutory law even had never touched a hair of its gray head. If any property at all has been founded on the common consent of the human race it is the property in slaves. It sprang up spontaneously in the very cradle of human history by the common consent of mankind among every nation on earth—it was the common law of man, antedating by many thousand years the Common Law of England. It was man's universal custom—as purely a custom as his tribal instincts, his predatory habits, or his monogamy and his polygamy. The Common Law of England found it and has left it where it found it. It was expressly recognized by the Constitution and it is the corrosive action of statutory law alone that has eaten it away whenever it has ceased to exist. Divinity, therefore, never shaped either its origin or its ends at any time or at any place in the whole blood-bespattered history of the human race.

In this country it arose in its first determined aspect in the colony of Massachusetts Bay, not in Virginia. For in 1641 the Body of Liberties formulated by that colony contained this distinct provision:

"Art. 91. There shall never be any bond slavery, villinage or captivite amongst us unless it be lawful captives taken in just

warres, and such strangers as willingly sell themselves or are sold to us. This exempts none from servitude who shall be judged thereto by Authority."

And as early as 1637 Roger Williams, writing from Providence to John Winthrop, says:

"I understand it would be very grateful to our neighbors that such Pequots as fall to them be not enslaved, like those which are taken in war."

The Dutch trader who happened in and sold twenty negro slaves to the colonists of Jamestown in 1619 did not establish slavery in the English colonies. That triumphant priority fell like a ripe fruit into the willing lap of Massachusetts Bay from the spreading branches of her theocratic despotism. The twenty slaves at Jamestown were soon disposed of and for many years there were no slaves in Virginia at all—in fact it was only towards the close of the century that slave labor took the place of free labor, consequent upon which the middle class of white citizens received fresh impetus and finally grew to the stately strength which King's Mountain and Daniel Morgan's Culpeper Riflemen and all the heroic victorious march of the Revolution sealed with their imperishable imprint.

The last exercise of the veto power of the King of England was that transmitting to Lord Botetourt, Governor of Virginia, the royal negative of an act of the House of Burgesses prohibiting the further importation of negro slaves. As early as 1784 while the Confederation was still in existence and before the Union was born, Mr. Jefferson introduced an ordinance in the Congress prohibiting the extension of slavery, which had the votes of six of the thirteen states and failed to get the seventh which would have carried it, because only one New Jersey member was present and two were necessary to cast the vote of a state. Had that one man been present, slavery would have been prohibited in all the unoccupied territory of the United States and the Civil War would never have been fought. Mr. Jefferson wrote in his deep disappointment and despair:

"Thus we see the fate of millions unborn hanging on the tongue of one man and Heaven was silent at that awful moment!"

From 1820 to 1830 the emancipation agitation was active only in the South, where the Colonization Society had been formed with Bushrod Washington as its president and James Madison, Henry Clay, and John Randolph as its active members. "As early as 1820-21, Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee were earnestly engaged in practical movements for the gradual emancipation of their slaves," says George Lunt, clerk

of the General Court of Massachusetts, in his "Origin of the Late War." "This movement continued until it was arrested by the aggression of the Abolitionists." In 1829 the ablest legislature that ever sat in Virginia of which Mr. Madison himself was a member, came within one vote of passing an emancipation act. It was understood that the question would be taken up again at the next session, when in the meantime Garrison started "The Liberator," that vicious and fatal witches' cauldron with its

"Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog.

* * * *

Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may!"

And the vitriol therein concocted was steadily poured on the body politic, its corrosive acid ever eating slowly but surely into the bonds of the Union until they finally gave way and the loosened fragments fell violently asunder.

In 1849 your own state Kentucky held a convention for framing a new constitution. The subject of emancipation occupied a large part of its attention. You will find in your own paper, *The Louisville Journal*, of March 5, 1849, copied from *The Lexington Observer*, a long and interesting letter from Henry Clay to Richard Pindell dealing with this subject at length and written from New Orleans in which he ardently favors emancipation, but advises against its consideration at the time if it is found that a majority of the delegates is against it, yet indulging "the hope that at some future time the cause which we have so much at heart may be attended with better success."

At the outbreak of the war there were 50,000 free negroes in Virginia while, in the very midst of the war, Gen. Lee left his post at the head of the Army of Northern Virginia and went home to carry out the provisions of the will of Mr. Custis, his father-in-law, which provided for the manumission of his slaves. And in 1861 Mr. Davis in discussing the war wrote to Mrs. Davis, "And in any case, our slave property will eventually be lost." Gen. Grant owned two slaves at the beginning of the war and never liberated them. The Thirteenth Amendment set them free. The Northern states never emancipated a single slave by legislation—they simply sold them when they found they were not profitable. Slavery existed in many of them as late as 1840—in fact, there was one slave in New Hampshire in 1847. None of them has ever abolished slavery by statute to this day.

In comparing us with the autocracy of Germany, which you virtually do, I should like to ask you to what single autocratic act can you point among the many brilliant achievements of the illustrious statesmen of the South who guided the destinies of this country almost continuously up to 1850 and even thereafter almost up to the war—that mighty race of empire-builders, on whose tombs should be chiseled deep in their enduring granite each and every one:

"No pent up Utica contracts your powers,
But the whole boundless continent is yours,"

whose gifted and brilliant intellects saw the destiny of the nation with clear prophetic vision and one principality after another was added to the broad domain under their able rule, until the province became an empire, a mighty ocean lapped its shores on the east and on the west, the fir tree gladdened its northern snows, and the palm tree decked its Southern lands?

Autocracy not once had reared its hideous head in this country until Mr. Lincoln raised it from the tomb where we had buried it securely as we thought, when we seized this country for our own. Strictly to the line of the Constitution has the South always hewn in all her dealings, never swerving so much as by a hair's breadth. The 19th of April, 1861, when Mr. Lincoln called for 75,000 volunteers and proclaimed his Holy War in absolute defiance of the Constitution, sounded the death knell of the Republic, even in the North, whose people calmly surrendered their constitutional rights and privileges to gain their political desires. And they were perfectly willing to exterminate the white man in order to emancipate the black man. To Mr. Lincoln and his party, "the party of the North pledged against the South," belongs the proud distinction of submerging the civilization of Washington and Jefferson and Madison and Marshall under the foul and turbid waters of the Congo and the Niger.

What would you think if today Woodrow Wilson suspended the Habeas Corpus, the power to do which resides in Congress alone, and arrested 38,000 people, men and women, at the tinkle of a little bell on his premier's desk, many of them at dead of night, hurried them off to jails and dungeons, with no charges preferred against them, no counsel allowed them, no hearing, no communication with their wives and children, and kept them thus immured in true Spanish incomunicado style for months and even years? Or if he should reply to such a protest as was brought to Washington from a monster meeting held in Albany

and presided over by Erastus Corning, in the words of Mr. Lincoln that "the suspension of the Habeas Corpus was for the purpose that men may be arrested and held in prison who cannot be proved guilty of any defined crime!"

What would you think if Woodrow Wilson in the midst of this war were to arrest and imprison the entire legislature of Maryland almost to a man? Or if he ordered "the arrest and imprisonment in any fort or military prison in your command" (Gen. Dix, May 18, 1864) of the editors, proprietors, and publishers of the *New York World* and *The New York Journal of Commerce*?

Or if he declared quinine and other medicines, the last prop of the sick, the suffering and the dying, contraband of war—a thing which had never been done in civilized warfare? Or if our army of today when victorious should burn and pillage and plunder and desolate the land of the enemy and Woodrow Wilson as commander-in-chief of the army and navy instead of sternly repressing such cruelty by a word, should write and commend his lieutenants for their glorious work as did Mr. Lincoln? Or if he signed a confiscation bill, applicable to only one section of the country, confiscating real as well as personal property, much of which its owners never recovered, although the Constitution distinctly provides that "no corruption of blood or forfeiture shall extend beyond the life of the person attainted?" Or if a Mrs. Surratt were tried by a military court in time of peace and a plea for mercy were sedulously kept from the President so that he knew nothing of it whatever until two years after her execution, her hands being manacled and a ball being chained to her ankles when she was brought into court, which were subsequently removed only at the indignant remonstrance of the press? Does not that somehow strangely remind you of the case of Edith Cavell?

What would you say if President Wilson sanctioned such a barbarity as Mr. Lincoln did when 600 Confederate prisoners were deliberately sent down from Fort Delaware and placed on Morris Island under the fire of their own guns, because a runaway negro had reported that Federal prisoners to that number were in Charleston under Federal fire—which turned out to be false? Or when a large gun, the "Swamp Angel," was placed in the marshes near Charleston and constantly bombarded the open town full of women and children for weeks? Or when the Confederate prisoners at Point Lookout and Rock Island Arsenal were deliberately starved by order of Mr. Lincoln's War Department? Or when some ladies in England, having raised \$85,000 for the

relief of the sufferings of Confederate prisoners in Northern prisons, forwarded the request for its transmission through Charles Francis Adams, American Minister to Great Britain, and Mr. Seward refused to permit its acceptance in tones that Mr. Adams resented as insulting even to himself? After all, have you not picked the wrong horse here to hitch with this modern wheel-horse of autocracy and despotism?

Mr. Crittenden of your state in a fit of disgust, said in Congress January 27, 1863: "Have you not, in a manner considered perfidious, violated pledges which you gave the country eighteen months ago? You have passed laws which violate the Constitution. One says, 'the war is not to overthrow slavery—it is to save the Union.' Another says, 'If you do not destroy slavery, the Union is worth nothing.' The argument here is exactly the argument of the Jesuits—fix your mind and attention upon one object which you think a lawful one, and then all the means are lawful. This is the doctrine which makes the end justify the means,"—a sentence of condemnation so just and so true that history may be searched in vain for two men at the head of a nation's affairs that were more inherently Jesuits by faith and by adoption in their public careers than Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward, of whom Ignatius Loyola might have been justly proud as the crowning triumphs of his teachings. I might cite many more cases of the distinct and flagrant violations of the Constitution on the part of a man who had sworn "to preserve, protect and defend" it. But these are sufficient to put you on the horns of a dilemma. For if you urge in Mr. Lincoln's support, the time-worn excuse of "war measures," you take your place high up in the congregation of the Hohenzollerns, avow the precepts of their sacred books and subscribe without reserve to the vicious and fatal doctrine that "necessity knows no law" and that too when no necessity existed except the political desires of a revolutionary party—"the party of the North pledged against the South," holding its sway over this country as a minority by a million votes. You either ally yourself with Von Bethmann-Hollweg's Scrap of Paper party, Beecher's propaganda of "a piece of yellow parchment," Seward's denomination of the "paper kite," Greeley's dogma of the Constitution as a superstition, Lincoln's doctrine of the plug to stop the leak in the stately ship of state, which they themselves had wrecked, or you confess judgment. No other way is open to you. Whichever you may elect to do, you can not point to one single autocratic act on the part of Mr. Davis during the four years

that he was President of the Southern Confederacy, one single deed that was not in strict accordance with its constitution and its laws.

Why have you done this thing? What evil genius inspired you even "mid the drum's sad beat" to tarnish the fair name of the land of your birth—the fair, the smiling, radiant, gentle, lovely South, who has always gathered you as one of her children under her wing, has nourished you and cherished you, petted and pampered you, fondled and caressed you, indulged you in all your whims and fancies, and watched you with proud and tender eyes as you have climbed the rungs of the ladder of fame in your chosen career? For you too are one of the children of the "Slave Power." You are tarred with the same stick that we are, and "the spot will not out." So was Lincoln—so were Patrick Henry and George Mason and Richard Henry Lee and Light Horse Harry and George Washington and Thomas Jefferson and John Marshall and James Madison and William Clarke and Meriwether Lewis and George Rogers Clarke and John Sevier and William Campbell and Francis Marion and William Sumter and James Monroe and Andrew Jackson and John C. Calhoun and John Randolph and Henry Clay and Sam Houston and Andrew Jackson and John Tyler and William Henry Harrison and Zachary Tyler and James K. Polk and John Tyler and Jefferson Davis and Andrew

Johnson and Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee and George H. Thomas and David Farragut and Raphael Semmes and hosts of others of the mighty tribe of the lion and the brood of the eagle—all, all children of the Slave Power. Yet you, another of its children, with your face now turned toward the setting sun of life whose lingering rays I trust may gild long years to come your frosty brow, have searched the annals of human infamy and have selected with which to link us, arm in arm and to present us in this unhallowed union before a travailing world, this monstrosity, this outlaw among nations, this modern "Scourge of God!" Once more I ask you—why have you done this thing? I speak for 23,000,000 of the Anglo-Saxon race and we wish to know.

For in thus briefly depicting a few of the most important salient events in the history of the South, I have endeavored to limn the outlines of the scenes of each successive act of the great tragedy in clear, bold lines and to employ the colors ground and mixed by the true and faithful hand of History alone, with no rampant Tradition or romping Legend or pale and sickly Myth to disturb her at her serious and momentous task.

"I hang my painted pictures high,
I paint them ill or paint them well;
If they say nothing to the eye
Then I have nothing more to tell."

ARMAMENT OR DISARMAMENT?

The Peace Conference will grope in the midnight of outer darkness to find the true solution of the hosts of racial, political, and economic problems that confront it in adjusting the equipoise of the delicate balance the shock of war has so rudely and thoroughly upset, and in thereby stabilizing a world swaying in this gigantic international earthquake from one violent extreme to the other. And in solving these problems it will be confronted with many delicate factors in the herculean task of repairing, refitting, making seaworthy again and safely ballasting the various big and little ships of state that have been tossed by the winds and waves of this mighty tempest, of raising, salvaging, and renewing throughout those that have foundered in the gale, and of replacing with absolutely new units those that have been driven on the rocks and absolutely wrecked by the tidal wave, so that all may be put in thoroughly seaworthy condition and be able henceforth to navigate the waters of peace

with ease and safety, and tread their way among the crowded channels of national intercourse of the world's great harbor of peace without danger of collision. The pilots must be carefully chosen, the buoys firmly anchored at the channel confines and the port and starboard lights on board kept brightly burning.

This political, racial, and economic reconstruction of Europe will be a task of inconceivable intricacy, pregnant with perplexity, and redolent of risk and future disaster at every turn. Let us hope, however, that the political and national elements that have been fused into such a conglomerate mass by the white heat of this fiery furnace may be finally crystallized into new and more normal shapes by the cool breath of wisdom, counsel, and deliberation.

One task before the conference will be simple, however, and that, perhaps, the most momentous of all—the question of armaments, the cause *par excellence* of this Iliad

of woes, the mighty Pandora's Box from which the myriads of evils suddenly sprang that had been raging within so long when the ruler of one great nation was seized with the insane folly of lifting the lid to see what lay therein. Two-headed though it be, one resting on the firm, unyielding lap of earth, the other borne on the bosom of the deep, both may with ease be severed with the shining sword of the clear vision with which the burst of blaze of a violent and destructive war has endowed us.

On land, who instigated and led on the nations of the earth in their long and unparalleled debauchery, maintained the infamous revelry at the highest pitch, kept the nerves of all on constant edge, continually drained their pockets, and threatened their economic ruin at every moment of their dissipated career? There is but one answer and that reply will be shrieked in one great and mighty chorus by all the world—GERMANY!

The question of armaments with the various nations has always been one of relativity and the vibrations of the entire world have for many years responded to the key-note struck by Germany. On land she had long ago attained supremacy over all. Even if her army was not equal in numbers to the vast hordes of the loosely organized Russian army with the canker of corruption constantly gnawing at its vitals and eating away its sinews, it was far more powerful, as a striking force. Its *vis viva* was superior in every respect, both on account of its thorough organization, its incomparable system, its honesty of military administration, its efficiency of drill and routine, and the ceaseless perfection of its weapons both of offense and of defense, which were constantly kept abreast with the very latest military ideas and inventions. War was the great business of the state before which every other element of the national life faded into insignificance. The German burger might wear last year's suit of clothes if he chose, but the German soldier never shouldered last year's or even last month's rifle if the ever restless brain of their experts could devise some slight improvement or steal a new idea from a neighboring nation through the corrupt machinations of their military attaches or the services of their swarm of spies and informers.

Not satisfied, however, with this superiority on land which was acknowledged by all the world, she was constantly straining every nerve to increase her lead and lengthen the distance between her and her nearest competitor. The latter naturally put forth fresh efforts and kept up the hopeless chase, knowing full well that destruction awaited her if she lagged too far behind. And so

the ceaseless pace kept up all down the line to the lowest military unit of the continent, until the race became finally too dizzy for the foremost rider, she lost control of the reins and tumbled headlong into the ditch of disaster.

The Peace Conference has the settling of this question absolutely in its own hands. It can relieve the whole civilized world of a burden that had become intolerable, and destroy a monster that was grinding many hundred millions of people to the earth in slavery to a madness of the first rank. With the defeat of Germany, her dream of conquest ends. Her army was never for defense, much as this was heralded as an excuse for its maintenance and increase. No nation has dreamed of attacking or even threatening her for nearly 50 years. It was always a weapon ready at hand to attack some neighbor when an opportunity offered, and, as such, was finally used to its eventual undoing. Now that she is at the mercy of the Allies let the Peace Conference fix the size of the standing army she shall keep. Let it establish her military establishment at 100,000 men of all arms—this to be permanent. That is ample—more than enough for her actual and potential needs. The United States for many years had never more than 50,000 men with a population far greater and constant Indian wars to fight as well as the duty of policing vast areas in the west to soothe their savage breasts and prevent uprisings. This force of 100,000 men would not only be sufficient for any possible military need, but would furnish her with all she wanted to satisfy her inherent love for sportive war display—playing at ease the game of war her people love so well—sprawled out on their stomachs on the comfortable, peaceful floor of the national bed-chamber with the tin soldiers and lead horsemen and brass cannon and chocolate cream generals so well suited to their childish minds. Let them keep up the notorious *Parademarsch*, the hereditary goose-step of their reviews. Never more would it land them in the puddle of blood, the pool of tears, the pond of misery, the lake of disaster, the sea of desolation and despair. Let the Conference also fix the army of France at 100,000. No living Frenchman would object but would acclaim it as the crucifixion of the gigantic thief who for ages had plundered the world of peace and happiness, the great vampire that had for generations relentlessly sucked its life's best blood, the remorseless usurer that had drained it for countless decades of the golden treasure its toil and sweat had earned. Never more would the peace and happiness and prosperity of the world be year in and year out ever delicately balanced on the topmost pinnacle of this frail

house of cards, so carefully constructed, so tremblingly fashioned with its fragile three-cornered units by the careful hands of some vain and childish monarch, whose silly breath of war's rumored threat toppled it over four years ago to a demolished heap, at whose bottom already lie the kings and queens and clubs of war and the spades that had scarred the earth's fair bosom and defiled her smiling fields with the hideous ditches of frantic strife and frenzied struggle, while all that is visible on the surface of the chaotic pile is the hearts that shall hereafter ever be trumps and diamonds that will forever let us hope, refract the soft rays of the rising sun of peace, formerly reflected from the ever polished steel of the cold and pitiless bayonet, into the variegated and brilliant prismatic colors of human happiness.

The Peace Conference can then settle the question of land armaments with a dash of the pen but the ink of those few, terse words will hardly be dry or the quiet smile of satisfaction be securely planted on the countenances of the conferees when the question of naval armaments will loom up in the fog of nervousness and apprehension that has already been raised for them by the sea of journalistic irresponsible busybodies, who have endeavored so sedulously and so persistently to deform their counsels before their very birth and produce a miscarriage that will bring forth a monster shapeless and devoid of every semblance of comeliness, whose solitary eye has been bored out with the pointed stake of jealousy, charred and sharpened in the fires of international rivalry and economic antagonisms. And this phantom ship is already beginning to bring them terrified to their knees on deck as it drifts slowly by in the mists of an insidious and cleverly concealed German propaganda.

But here to the road of simplicity is the straight and narrow path that leads to wisdom. Cunning can not twist it nor can duplicity complicate it. As has been said before, relativity is the key that either locks or unlocks this immense chest of arms, this armory of the embattled world. Who started the race, set the pace and kept up the furious and dizzy strides of the whole world in its mad naval steeplechase? There is but one answer—GERMANY! Until Germany conceived the idea of embarking on the naval program of vying with England as a naval power, no nation felt the stimulus of increasing its navy, because England was the mistress of the seas and far and away ahead of any one and equal almost to any two of them in her naval armament. This was universally conceded to her as her inalienable privilege, the heritage of her history, the heirloom of her

traditions, the very birthright of her origin and infancy, of which she would never dispose for any international mess of pottage and which she prized and treasured as the priceless talisman that guarded her very soul's salvation.

At sea, Germany was next to England, but, although far behind her, conceived the insane idea of equaling her on an element where England was born and bred, while she herself had waded in as merely a late intruder. The British fleet was the very breath of England's nostrils. The world has always been fully conscious that this was the rampart of her existence, the great bulwark of her destiny, nor had any one either presumed or dared to contest with her the right of that natural unwritten law, until this pestilent maggot began to eat into the German brain. The British government in 1911 proposed a naval holiday in which no ships should be added to either navy for a stated period. It was rejected with scorn. So the program went merrily on, the only effect being to stimulate England to increased activity for every fresh effort of her would-be rival, leaving her, as her inferior relatively, as far behind at every stage of her insane and senseless folly.

The efforts of Germany to encroach on her supremacy acted at once like an electric shock on her as well as on all the other powers. Even the United States immediately felt the impulse and nervously began to emulate the demoralizing and useless dissipation of her economic resources. And so the mad race went on only to end as every thinking man knew it would end—in utter absurdity and disaster.

But the German sting has been removed and the inflammation set up and so long maintained by it can now definitely and finally be allayed and the medicament that will reduce it is the same lotion of relativity, the first ingredient of which is the acknowledged supremacy of the English fleet. Let the Peace Conference establish as a fixed and unalterable formula for the earth's repose, that not another keel shall be laid down in all the world for ten years after the final signature is affixed to the peace terms. Let it permit the completion only of work actually under way and contracted for—nothing more. Instantly a universal relativity of naval armaments would be established, fixed and unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, for ten years at least. And remember that the present ratio is the ratio that has saved the world, with the sole exception that the German term thereof has been eliminated—the term that constantly disturbed the proportion. And in this double rule of three England was always far and away supreme.

What then would be the result? What anxiety would then contract the brows and cloud the minds of the nations? Why all the ships would rust at an equal rate or all would be painted at equal intervals. The country that had the largest navy would accumulate the greatest amount of rust or pay the biggest paint bill. Each people could chose between these two alternatives—rust or paint, paint or rust. No new single dreadnought could antique the whole costly dreadnought fleets of all the other countries in the world, no skillfully contrived and armored battle-cruiser could pile upon the scrap-heap the battle-cruiser squadrons of rival nations, no cunningly designed submarine anchor its competitors forever at the docks of out-of-date. All would grow old together but the soul that has for so long animated them, the spirit of relativity would still endure, still live on for ten long years, for not a single new armor plate or red hot rivet would disturb its well deserved repose for ten long years of rest.

Now what is disturbing the harmony of this new choir that is now forming of all nations and kindreds and tribes to unite in one grand chorus of peace—"peace on earth, good will towards men," the very fundamental note of whose deep refrain is to "beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks," to stop the ceaseless forging of the implements of murder, the engines of destruction, the weapons of human slaughter? Why the shy and retiring latest acquisition, the new member, hitherto always so reluctant to come in and unite in the world's concern, preferring rather to keep to itself, out of sight and out of sound of the discordant strains of Europe and its affairs—the United States of America! It has at last come in and enrolled as a member, but the very first note it utters from its deep broad chest is a strident one that spells discord. For, startling to relate, from having been content for many years to be practically a third rate naval power, when an ever-present threat aimed at all the rest of the world was pointed straight at her as well, she suddenly and to the stupefaction of the assembled nations announces a naval program that will leave her not even second to any and that too when the German menace that set the pace for all has been finally and completely done away with. What is the logic of this momentous decision? If her navy is to be second to none then it is at least to equal or even exceed the English fleet. Is England then the menace, now that the German spectre is laid—England, the lonely vigil of whose fleet has stood guard over us as well as over the liberties of the world for over

four long years? If England was no menace before the war why in Heaven's name has she suddenly become a menace now? For England's naval establishment is too plainly indicated as this new *irritamenta malorum* of intensified armaments. *Militarisme, c'est l'ennemi*, was the weary refrain of nations slowly exhausting themselves in the costly process of maintaining the ever rising pace that had at last become so furious. Militarism was the huge dragon that threatened the very vitals of civilization with its ever tightening coils. Today, as in the mythic times of yore, St. George has been the mighty champion of Christendom in its undoing, personified in England's fleet. But the beast has not even breathed the last breath of flame from its expiring lungs ere its dragon teeth are being sown and the fields of earth, sodden with its fresh-shed blood, are already teeming with the tips of the crop of bristling spears sprouting into the baleful harvest that has never ceased to desecrate the fair and fertile bosom of the bountiful and nourishing earth. Are we the Cadmus, who having helped to slay the dragon, are now busily engaged in sowing its venomous teeth?

This country has not yet fully realized the service to the cause of England's navy. The United States would long ago have felt the hot breath of the monster and no seas that rolled between would have availed to spare her had not the English sea-power stood its silent, solitary guard at the cavern's yawning mouth.

And now we must have a fleet equal to or greater than England's! Thus it follows logically as an inference that England is no longer to be trusted. And if England is not to be trusted, the obliteration of the German fleet is the only incident that has brought about this change of feeling. And yet the German fleet was what we, as well as the rest of the world, stood in constant dread of before the war. The mental processes involved in coming to this absurd conclusion are, to say the least, tortuous and labyrinthine in their mazes. It seems to involve itself, as we follow the thread that leads us out of its confusion, into a fresh statement of the doctrine we are subscribing to—a new confession of faith. For the Secretary of the Navy announces as the reason for promulgating afresh this outworn heresy that we must have a huge navy second to none for police duty! To police what, forsooth? We have nothing more to police than we had in July, 1914, and we expect to acquire nothing more at the Peace Conference. England's very existence from her insularity and her colonies depends upon her navy. Our situation as a people on the contrary is of all

nations the most secure. We simply become entangled in absurdities in endeavoring to offer any explanation of such a policy, nor can anything save us from the sinister taunt of a deeply chagrined and disappointed world that we ably and vigorously arrested in stamping out the militarism of Germany that was slowly sapping the strength of a vying world and the instant its extinction is proclaimed we announce from the house-tops that we intend to step into her shoes and strike a far greater pace than she could ever have hoped to acquire. The result will have the disheartening effect of more and more fully convincing the world that

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers,"

that the weary cycle must be taken up again, that the world is too small for us all to live in without violently and constantly threatening our neighbors by rattling our swords in their ears and brandishing our spears before their eyes, that our intercourse with each other is merely an empty lip-service and there is no health in us, and in thus surrendering ourselves into the arms of the outworn and outcast creed of a brutal people whom we have suppressed, the most and the least that can be said of us is that the dog has returned to his vomit.

What has become of the stern resolve, the iron-clad oath that cemented the great alliance that the great enemy we were making war on was militarism and that we should never abandon the strife or relax our sinews one instant until this arch-fiend was mercilessly crushed to earth never to rise again? And yet no sooner have we cast him prostrate and lifeless on the battlefield than we hasten hot foot to step into his shoes and don his pernicious, brazen armor. This would be discouraging enough if England or France or Italy were the culprit, for some excuse might be offered for one of the elements in the seething cauldron of Europe that has so frequently boiled over and never seems to get below a simmer. But for the United States to assume this useless and fantastic garb, sufficiently clothed as she is in the healthy raiment of her geographical position, is depressing. It deprives the world of hope and, with nations as with individuals, if hope is strangled, and its eternal well-spring dried up at its very source, then truly does the great caravan of the nations pursue its forlorn and toilsome march through the arid desert of despair in which for one brief instant we ourselves were the evanescent mirage of some far distant oasis whose sweet waters were destined

never to cool the weary travelers' parched and thirsty lips.

By all means let the battleships decay and die. Let them be buried in the mud and silt washed up around them by the ever restless currents of the world's great marts of peace and commerce. Let all the nations join in these gigantic obsequies and each be sure that the corpse of this monstrosity is forever returned to the custody of the earth from whose reluctant bosom it was wrested. And as the star of hope for humanity mounts ever higher in the clear skies of the halcyon future of mankind, let not its bright rays be reflected back from the glittering steel of their cold and pitiless sides. Let them rather sink into the deep brown rust of their merciful and righteous decay. Let us have no more tears, no more blood, no more tribulation. Let even Christianity take off its impenetrable shining armor of creed and dogma, controversy and intrigue, jealousy and back-biting. Let it sheath its sharp sword of intolerance, extinguish its fires of persecution, pull up the stake and scatter the fagots of its senseless and brutal persecutions, seal up forever the dungeons of its inquisitions, shatter the racks and thumbscrews of its sectarian bigotry, and make broad the way strewn with love's most fragrant blossoms for the religion of the meek and lowly Jesus which it has so misrepresented and contorted. Then shall the peoples of the earth "beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks" and all the earth rejoice in its transcendent thanksgiving. Let them caress and sooth the warm and fruitful bosom of their mother earth and cease forever to lacerate and scar it in their childish frenzy with their ferocious implements of destruction and desolation—to debase, degrade and humiliate it with their brutality. Then will she smile on them with her radiant countenance, nourish them from her warm and copious breasts, and fondle them forever on the lap of her prosperity and exuberance. Never again in all earth's teeming millions, let there be found the pathetic figure of one single, solitary little maid, clinging to the stalwart figure of the youthful warrior departing on his mission of blood, to voice once more with tear-dimmed eyes the tragic little perturbations of her soul:

"You are going far away
Far away from poor Jeannette.
There's no one left to love me
And you too will forget.
With your gun upon your shoulder
And your bayonet by your side,
You'll be courting some proud lady
And be making her your bride.

"When you wear the jacket red
 And the beautiful cockade,
 O, I know you will forget
 All the promises you've made.
 But my heart it will be with you
 Wherever you may go—
 Can you look me in the face
 And say the same, Jeannot?"

"O if I were king of France,
 Or still better, Pope of Rome,
 There'd be no fighting men abroad,
 No weeping maids at home.
 All the world would be at peace—
 Or, if kings must show their might,
 Then let those that make the quarrels,
 Be the only ones to fight!"

February, 1919.

LETTER TO MR. BALFOUR

Head of the British War Mission to the United States

LEESBURG, VA.,
 May 7, 1917.

Dear Sir:

I am sure that in enclosing to you a brief tribute to our common ally, France, I am not transcending the bounds of propriety. If not only voices, I think, the sentiments of the whole country but it may serve to give you a just idea of a late stage in the evolution of our feelings as a people toward this war. It was written with a view to getting troops to the front at once—to make a concrete beginning. The psychology of the Anglo-Saxon race is eminently simple. With it, to begin a conflict spells a struggle without an end, till the death of one or the other combatant decides the strife. And if any stagnant pool of apathy were left by the receding waves of our first outburst of passion, it would soon be overwhelmed and obliterated by the tide of our deep emotions once our sons are on the battle-line and our standard firmly planted on the ramparts.

The world is in the labor-pains of a new birth and you and France and we shall be the god-mothers of its offspring. The civilizations it has brought forth in times past, it has from age to age disowned, disinherited and cast into outer darkness as they have sold their birth-right for a mess of pottage. This one too will be chastised with the scorpions of its displeasure if we teach it to waste its substance in riotous living and do not imbue it with the spirit rather than feed it with the flesh. And the melancholy cycle will recur again in the revolving years when,

"With a clang and roll the new creation,
 Bursts forth with tears and blood and tribulation."

It will be ours to shape its destiny. Then let it be ours to preserve inviolate the sacred trust we have assumed—to "render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to

God the things that are God's." We may make it pure of heart and fair of face, bringing it up "in the nurture and the admonition of the Lord." Or we may endow it with deformity at its very birth, and distort it into a shapeless monster; we may see that its cheeks are comely with the soul's most precious jewels and its neck adorned with love's bright chain of gold, or we may blight the rising ruddy bloom of peace with the sickening smear of lust and avarice and strangle its teeming hopes with greed. Let us scatter the seed of humanity, that we may reap the harvest of glory, knowing full well that "He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap."

We three shall meet again, after battling with the tempest all this long and dreadful night—you and France and we. The early morning rays of the rosy-fingered dawn of peace will shed its kindly light upon us as we stand like some mighty triune Hercules at the parting of the ways of the centuries to come. Two widely diverging pathways of national life will lie before us, stretching with endless vistas far into the clouded future. Virtue will be there modestly to lay before us her rewards and Vice will entice us with her allurements and caress us with her sordid blandishments. Which shall we follow? Heaven guide us and befriend us in our hour of trial and perplexity! You and England's other mighty sons, the brilliant intellects of France, the sound deep thought of America will, among you, share the momentous task, the stupendous burden of training our steps aright. You will not "tread the wine-press alone," for others, strong and able, will arise from amid our throgs to aid you in your mighty work. See that you firmly grasp our confiding hand, that our trusting eyes, as they look up to you, behold in yours a vision clear and true, undisturbed by the sight of all the kingdoms of earth as they lie spread out before you, undimmed by their mag-

nificence, undazzled by the effulgence of their gorgeous splendor and their sumptuousness. See to it that you do not hesitate or falter, that you plant our feeble, tottering footsteps truly and rightly on their way, that you see us well and safely on our straight and narrow path, that you never leave us or forsake us till we gain our strength and hold aloft with sinewy arm the flaming torch of liberty to guide the world along the untrodden pathway of a sublime and glorious destiny. Once our journey is begun, we must go ever on, for on the great highway of civilization all nations press sternly forward till they reach the Elysian fields, the asphodel meadows, of righteousness and truth, or, misguided and astray, plunge over the precipice of sensuality and corruption into the abysmal mire of degradation and decay.

Let us be the Vestals of the great temple of the world's civilization and let us keep the fire on the altar of our spirituality brightly burning through the ages. Let it never pale or flicker even 'mid the drum's sad beat, or "braying horn or screaming fife" or the cannon's hoarse and thirsty roar—

"The din, the shout, the charge,
The bloody shield or glory's peal!"

Let it never yield its flame to the brilliant noontide of the nation's peaceful sun nor ever dim to "Time's remorseless doom!"

The great mysterious power that rules the universe has endowed us with talents that we have increased, while our foe has hidden his solitary trust in the earth. And when we render up the account of our stewardship let it be said of us before all the nations and peoples and tribes of earth, "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

As a Virginian I gladly invent an excuse, grasp an opportunity to acquaint you with our feelings for England—England, the great mother of us all, from whose womb issued this mighty offspring, whose spirit has made us great and whose precepts, imbibed in our swaddling clothes with our mother's milk, have made us strong. Virginia has always been her devoted eldest

daughter, whose affection in all the vicissitudes of time and history has never faltered, whose respect has ever increased as the years rolled swiftly on and whose admiration has augmented with every coming cycle of her magnificent achievements. For over 300 years she has received in un-failing streams the unstinted transfusion of her mother's richest blood. We are proud of our lineage, we boast of our heritage and we lay the tribute of our reverence and homage always and ever on the altars of our ancestral fireside. Often and anxiously have we called to you, our brothers, across the sullen waters, "Watchman, what of the night?" And loud and clear, through the midnight blackness and the storm's hoarse roar, have always come the clarion tones, "All's well! Our sons are vanquishing the powers of darkness, the fleet is ever watchful and ready, the lights of victory are burning bright and all's well—all's—well!"

When a few days ago in our representative assembly you delivered England's message to our country and the head of this great nation took his place amid the ranks of its humblest citizens and gave you his rapturous, unbounded applause, what more glorious laurel wreath, what more imperishable chaplet of honor could crown the brilliant achievements of your long and useful life? No Alexander at the Granicus, no Caesar at Pharsalia, no Wellington at Waterloo could have felt the thrill of triumph more keenly than did you at that supreme transcendent moment in the history of this sad and sorrowing world.

Please accept, my dear Sir, my very sincere and heartfelt wishes for your welfare and happiness. Success has been meted out to you in overflowing measure among us. You will carry away with you our affectionate regard and high esteem. From the summit you have reached, may you soon behold the promised land of peace and see the rising sun of victory gild the banners of our common triumph with its resplendent and triumphant rays!

I beg to remain, my dear Sir,
Very respectfully,
ROBERT L. PRESTON.

To
The Rt. Hon. Arthur J. Balfour,
Washington, D. C.

"THE FLAG OF TEARS"

(LOUISVILLE, KY., *Courier-Journal*)

Oct. 17, 1917.

"THE FLAG OF TEARS"

Editor, *Courier-Journal*:

I ask that you kindly republish the following poem which appeared lately in the *Confederate Veteran*. Its lyric beauty will I am sure, be deeply appreciated by your readers, many of whom have doubtless never seen it and do not know of its existence.

A threnody of the deepest pathos, the most sublime feeling, the tenderest touch, it carries us on the wings of its melody back to the waters of Babylon where we sat down and wept—when all was lost save honor. It brings fresh before you the moonlight phantasy of the mocking-bird, the fragrant perfume of the magnolia, the delicate scent of the orange blossom, the melancholy festoon of the gray moss gently stirring in the silent air of the summer eve, the giant live oak in all its stately strength and dignity, the sighing of the pines, the graceful waving of the palm tree, the myriads of snow-white stars that fleck the bosom of the cotton fields, the flicker of the candle through the humble cabin's open door, the swaying forms, the shifting shadows, the cadence of the tuneful song, the dance, the patter of many feet to the thrum of the vibrant banjo—aye, even the lordly manor with its blaze of lights, the strains of music softly wafted far out on the limpid air of the starry night, the gorgeous sheen of silk and satin, the graceful numbers of the stately minuet, when we

"Had gathered there
Our beauty and our chivalry; and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave
men."

Attempt to read it aloud to your family gathered around the lamp as the shades of evening close and the twilight settles o'er the lea or the busy hum of the city's restless life dies down reluctantly to its brief repose, and, if you do not feel within you the muffled sob, the rising tear, the thrill of its sad beauty in your soul, then has the moth of decadence eaten away the heart-strings of your deep emotions, the rust of a sordid age has tarnished your sensibilities, and the thieves of a corrupt and selfish civilization have broken through and stolen the pure and shining gold of the glorious life and traditions your Southern ancestors so tenderly and confidently bequeathed to you as a sacred and inviolable heritage and trust.

ROBERT L. PEBSTON.

October, 1917.

I

Beautiful flags are flying
Over the world;
But the flag of a vanished nation,
Softly furled,
Deep in my heart for, lo, so many years,
Is folded away—the flag of tears.

II

Under the faded colors
Softly tread,
For, following in silence,
Pass the dead.
Ah! the heart will ache so many years
For perished hopes, dear flag of tears.

III

Beautiful still in tatters,
Once so gay;
The darkened stain is kindred blood,—
Alas, the day!
My father's groan still haunts the years,
And on its folds my mother's tears.

IV

The silver stars are faded,
White turned red;
The bonnie blue is battle-smoked,
The nation dead;
But out of the dust of the dying years
Rises the phantom flag of tears.

V

For all it meant wept woman;
Men of might
Have brushed aside the sacred tear
To see to fight.
No fairer flag has floated down the years
Than in my heart low lies, the flag of tears.

VI

When dim the lights are burning
For the soul,
And from the veteran's vision
The shadows roll,
He sees the cross he followed all these
years;
Lay over him the flag—the flag of tears.

—(Ina M. Porter Ockenden.)

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