

CONFEDERATE CONGRESS
PROCEEDINGS

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CONGRESS OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES:

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CONGRESS

ON THE

ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE DEATH

OF

COL. FRANCIS S. BARTOW,

OF THE

ARMY OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES,

AND

Late a Delegate in the Congress, from the State of Georgia.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE CONGRESS,

By J. J. HOOPER, Secretary.

RICHMOND:

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RESOLUTION OF THE CONGRESS.

CONGRESS, JULY 25, 1861.

Mr. GARLAND, of Arkansas, offered the following resolution, which was unanimously agreed to:

Resolved, That the Secretary be, and he is hereby directed to have, as soon as possible, the proceedings of Congress on the announcement of the death of the Hon. FRANCIS S. BARROW, together with the several speeches made on the occasion, printed in pamphlet form; and that he cause 3,500 copies of the same to be printed for the use of Congress.

A true copy from the Journal:

J. J. HOOPER,
Secretary of the Congress.

P 33683

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CONGRESS.

CONGRESS, July 24, 1861.

[*Extract from the Journal.*]

Mr. T. R. R. COBB, of Georgia, offered the following resolutions, announcing the death of Hon. FRANCIS S. BARTOW, a delegate from the State of Georgia, and moved their adoption :

Resolved, That Congress has heard with unfeigned sorrow of the death of the Hon. FRANCIS S. BARTOW, one of the delegates from the State of Georgia; that the natural exultation for a glorious victory achieved by our arms, is checked by the heavy loss sustained by the Confederacy, in the death of one of her most efficient counsellors; and that, as his colleagues, we feel a peculiar loss to ourselves, in one who had won our esteem, and gained much of our affection.

Resolved, That with pleasure we record our admiration of his heroic defence, on the field of battle, of the action of Congress, in which he participated so largely, and find some consolation for his death in the conviction that his noble self-sacrifice will serve to establish the work which he so boldly aided to begin.

Resolved, That we appreciate the loss which Georgia, his native State, has sustained in the death of one of her noblest sons; and that we tender to the bereaved family the sympathy of hearts, to some extent, stricken by the same blow which has crushed their own.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be communicated to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That in testimony of our respect for his memory the Congress do now adjourn.

Messrs. HILL, of Georgia; MASON, of Virginia; and CHESNUT, of South Carolina, having seconded the motion of Mr. COBB, the Chair, upon taking the vote, declared the resolutions unanimously adopted, and Congress adjourned until 12 o'clock to-morrow.

A true copy from the Journal.

J. J. HOOPER,
Secretary of the Congress.

REMARKS OF MR. T. R. R. COBB,

OF GEORGIA.

MR. T. R. R. COBB—*Mr. President* : I rise, Sir, to announce a fact too well known to this Congress, which saddens the faces of many convened here, and which is deeply felt by all. It is that the mortal remains of our late colleague, the Hon. FRANCIS S. BARTOW, now lie in the other end of this Capitol, temporarily made a charnel house for the illustrious dead.

Mr. President, I confess it is one of the saddest duties I was ever called upon to perform. I confess, moreover, my incompetency to discharge it. To indulge in the formal generalities usual upon such occasions, would illy comport with your feelings or with mine. To yield to the outgushing of my own heart would perhaps be a scene as inappropriate to the occasion; for, Sir, he was my friend—in every sense of the word my friend. I believe I can say to-day that as Jonathan loved David, so loved he me. You all knew and you respected him; you, Sir, knew him intimately, long, and loved him. I knew him better than you did, and hence I loved him more.

Pardon me the relation of a little incident that transpired but a day or two before we left Montgomery, and

parted for the last time. It will illustrate, perhaps, better than any words I can speak, the intimacy of the relationship that existed between us. Sitting by my side all the while during the session of that Congress, and never differing with him upon any important questions, occupying, as he did, the important position of Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, perhaps the most important position of any connected with our Congress, bringing before us many measures for our adoption, which I always voted for with confidence, and with all the feeble powers I had, aided him in carrying through. It so happened, however, that upon one single point I differed with him and his committee. Afterwards, as we left the Capitol and passed to our rooms, jestingly I made a remark to him. Instantly I perceived that it had wounded him, and as instantly I with the frankness of a friend, begged he would never remember it. I supposed it had passed from his mind, but late in the evening, at a little social circle when we had gathered together, he reminded me of the fact that during that day, for the first time in our lives, I had wounded his feelings. Still again I tried to remove the impression, and assure him of my unwavering friendship. We retired to bed, but sleep would not come to my eyes, for my friend was wounded. Silently and in the small hours of morning, I passed from my own room to his. Quietly opening the door, I called his name, and found that he, too, had been sleepless. Without a word of explanation I went in the darkness to his bedside, and leaned over him. He

locked me in his embrace, and, shall I say it? we wept without a word; and I retired. Such, Sir, was our friendship; such my loss.

My friend, Mr. President, was born on the 6th September, 1816, and consequently would have been forty-five years old on his approaching birth day. A native of Georgia, and educated in his native State, he afterwards graduated at the University of our State with the highest honors that that University can grant. Immediately thereafter he proceeded to the study and practice of the law in his native city, and that profession he prosecuted unremittingly down to the time of his connection with this Congress. He was seldom engaged in political life. Twice, I believe, his party almost forced him into the legislative halls of our own State. Once I know he went cheerfully, because a great public interest upon which is based much of the prosperity of Georgia, not only flagged, but was abandoned by its friends. A great effort was necessary to be made, in order once more to push it on to completion. With a generosity like him, with an earnestness and zeal all his own, he went into the halls of our Legislature, and by, I might say, almost his unaided efforts, he once more brought the energies of our State to the completion of the road upon which so much of her prosperity is now based. With these exceptions he never engaged in political life. His party associations were always with that party whose distinguished leader, I see, is commemorated by a statue in these grounds, and a fit

follower was he of a noble leader, a high representative of a noble party. This I can say, because I never belonged to it.

With the exceptions I mention, he never was connected with political life, until the commotion, which the coming storm produced in the political atmosphere, convinced him that a great revolution was at hand. The cloud, though no larger than a man's hand, and the lightning, though it was but the sheet lightning of the North, convinced him that the storm was coming, and that it had to be resisted, or his State would be subjugated and degraded. With a boldness like himself, with an earnestness which characterized all of his conduct through life, he placed himself instantly in the very vanguard, and he remained there until he died. Becoming a member of the Convention of our State, he was selected as the most appropriate chairman of our most important committee—the Committee on the Military. When that Convention looked around for the purpose of selecting a proper delegate to be sent to this Congress, he was unanimously chosen. Afterwards his history is known to you. Many of you well remember when the representatives of but six States met together in the capital of a distant sister State—many of you well remember how, even in that band of undivided brothers, there necessarily arose some difference of opinion as to what should be done to meet the rapid march of mighty events, and you all must remember how boldly he stood up for instant, immediate action.

I will not trespass upon your time by rehearsing what is familiar to you all. You know what his life was in our midst. You know how undaunted and bold he was when the time came for him to act; how modest and retiring under all other circumstances. You know how important the position to which he was assigned. You know how well he discharged the duties of that position. These are historical facts. It is unnecessary for me to enlarge upon them.

Mr. President, I would not do his memory the injustice of attempting to portray his character and to reveal to you the estimable virtues of his head and heart. I would say, however, sir, that his talents were not only of the highest order, but they were of that high order that could not descend to small things. Details never could be attended to by him. Great thoughts he grasped as Jove grasped the thunderbolt. The consequence was that as a lawyer, in his argument, he took broad views, despising petty quibbles and even the necessary researches of Black Letter Law. As a politician, or rather I should say as a statesman, you know well that these same characteristics were united in him. His heart, Sir, was as great, and cast in a mould as gigantic as his mind; hence a mean motive never entered his heart; hence a sordid interest was ever spurned with disgust. His manners were to strangers rather cold and distant; to acquaintances polite, but yet cordial. In the secrecy of private life he was as tender as a child, and as demonstrative as an affectionate woman. As a

son, a widowed mother weeps to-day over the loss of the pride of her heart. Sisters weep to-day over a brother that was not only kind, but was tender in his affections towards them and towards their children. Need I speak of a wife. Her devoted affections caused her to follow him as the beloved disciple followed the Master, until she could almost witness his crucifixion; this is evidence of the affection which would draw forth such heroism as he has displayed.

Mr. President, in one other relation of life I feel I ought to refer to my friend. It is as a master. He has poured out his life blood defending the institution which he believed to be sanctioned by God. How dwelt he and how acted he in his position? An incident or two will illustrate this better than many words can do. A faithful body servant—"Jimmy" his name—attended him from his boyhood, when he was his playmate, even down to the moment he left his home. He was with him on the field of battle, and now follows his bier. A few years ago when the terrible scourge, the yellow fever, visited the seaboard of my native State, my friend, along with others, was stricken down by the pestilence. Although there were many nurses, yet there were many who could not be attended to professionally. My friend relied upon his faithful servant. Faithful he was to him, and by his bedside he sat until he was convalescent. When he arose from that bed it was merely to exchange places with the faithful watcher. "Jimmy" was stricken down also, and my friend bathed his temple, and held his

hand, and administered to his comfort, even as the faithful servant had administered to himself.

A few weeks ago, Mr. President, passing through the city of Savannah, and making his house my home, I noticed sitting in his garden several old decrepid slaves. I dared not ask him "Why they were there?" but upon inquiry I found that he had made the basement of his house, as it were, an almshouse for the decrepid slaves of his deceased father. They were valueless, and therefore must be taken care of by some one, and thus my friend took them all under his own watchful care and protection. This is commentary, Mr. President, upon the abuse heaped upon us by our enemies.

One reference to his military career—his connection with this war—and I am done. Having devised and inaugurated many of the measures as Chairman of the Military Committee, my friend was deeply impressed with the conviction that it was his duty to take his sword in his hand, and go to execute what he had thus devised. He communicated to myself and to others at Montgomery this intention, and his company—a volunteer company in the city of Savannah—learning that such was his feeling, urged that they might be tendered along with his own service, and that they might thus go to the battle field together. They were thus tendered; they were thus accepted. Before he reached this city his merits had already pointed him where the Executive authority of this Confederacy soon placed him—at the head of a

regiment. Subsequently a brigade was placed under his command.

When he determined thus to take his life in his hand, solemn thoughts passed through his mind, and coming events, casting, as it were, a shadow before the sight of my friend, premonished him that he would never return to his home. This he communicated to several, as you and others around me know to be true. He communicated it also to his wife, as she has told me. This conviction became very strong upon him, but with a bravery heroic in itself, and heroic in the manner in which it executed its purpose, he marched straight forward to the death that he believed certainly awaited him. It was not a death that he feared, rather a death that he coveted. His wife has communicated to me the fact that several times he told her his desire was to die on the battle field, defending the liberties of his country.

Of the manner of his death, Mr. President, I can speak only from rumor, but I have taken pains to inquire from those who were nearest to him, on that memorable occasion, and, therefore, I may speak with accuracy. During the day his own command had suffered much. Towards noon it became necessary, as I understand, for the left wing of our army, to keep from being flanked by the enemy, to fall back further and further towards its original position occupied in the morning. About this time—the exact hour I cannot tell—my friend approached Beauregard—the general commanding—and said: “What shall now be done. Tell

me, and if human effort can avail, I will do it." The reply was: "That battery should be silenced." Seizing the standard of his own regiment, and calling the remnants of his command to rally and follow him, he led the van in the charge of battle. Very early a ball wounded him slightly, and killed his horse under him. Still grasping the standard, and rising again, he mounted another horse, and waving his cap around his head, he cheered his boys to come on. They followed. The next wound was from a ball that entered his heart. He spoke afterwards and his words will ever be memorable. To the few of his brave boys that gathered around him he said: "*They have killed me, but never give up the field!*" That last command was gallantly obeyed, and his boys silenced the battery of which he died in the charge.

Mr. President, in a few days or weeks I expect to follow the footsteps of my friend to the field of battle, and I confess to you, Sir, that my natural heart prompted me to desire that upon the first battle field I might meet and recognize his slayer, for I have felt that with the blood-stained eye of the chourineur and the nerved arm of the avenger of death, I could strike him to the dust and almost gloat over his dying agonies; but a voice within me says to all such feelings avaunt! The words of Holy Writ come to me—"Vengeance is mine"—aye, and I thank God for the promise—"I will repay, saith the Lord." Let us then, Sir, be still and wait on the Lord, "For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." To human

knowledge, my friend and I are apart forever, but I thank God—yea, I would praise Him—that to both of us he has given a faith that pierces through the gloom of the grave, and enters futurity where is pictured the bright hope of a glorious meeting in an unending eternity, and where, clasped again in our friendly embrace, we may bask forever in the sunshine of the love of God. With that hope may I live ; in that faith may I die.

Mr. President I offer the following resolutions :

[The resolutions appear in the extract from the Journal, on the fourth page.—*Secretary.*]

REMARKS OF MR. HILL,

OF GEORGIA.

Mr. HILL—*Mr. President* : In rising to second the adoption of the resolutions offered, I feel unable to express the feelings within me, or to give full utterance to the thoughts that rush upon me. I shall not attempt that task. I confess it is difficult to realize transpiring events. The mind staggers, thoughts break, and, but for the fires of patriotism that stimulate, the heart would sicken.

All the days of my manhood, Sir, I have known the character and fame of the lamented dead. Previous to November, 1851, I had heard of him as one of the most promising young men of our State. At that date I met him for the first time as a member of the General Assembly of the State of Georgia, both of us having been chosen members of that body, by the overwhelming Union sentiment which at that time prevailed in that State and throughout the South. We became most intimately, even affectionately, friendly. From that time until 1860, there existed entire harmony, both in our personal relations and in our political views and feelings. During all this period, neither had a secret from the other,

and it was thus my privilege to know the very thoughts and emotions of my friend.

The controlling element of Col. BARTOW's character was *directness*. He loved straight lines. He abhorred crooked ones. He followed straight lines with an un-deviating firmness. He avoided crooked ones with an uncompromising integrity. As a consequence, he was always frank, candid and positive. He had no concealments from friends or foes. He was affectionate to the one, and magnanimous to the other. He was confident in his own views, and somewhat impatient of opposition.

These same features of his private character, distinguished equally his public life. In politics he was intensely Whig. He defended the principles and loved the disciples of the Whig party. After the disruption of the Whig party, he acted with the Americans. His candor, however, never allowed him to cover up nor to adopt what he deemed the errors of his own party, and, therefore, while adopting and defending the great cardinal principles of the American party, he repudiated its original organization and ritual.

But during the period mentioned, and during all his previous life, Col. BARTOW was devoted to another political sentiment far more intensely, than to Whiggery, or Americanism, or to any other political creed or feeling. The American Union was, beyond all question, the great central figure in the group of his political idols. His Unionism was far more absolute and unconditional than my own. I knew well his opinions in 1856—that great

canvass in which the last struggle for the old Union was fought and lost. He then regarded the Republican party as temporary. He considered it as having been hurried into existence by the passions of the hour, and that an early returning reason and sense of justice at the North, would soon destroy it, and therefore, the existence of that party in that day, did not weaken his devotion to the Union.

But why did our friend thus love and defend the Union? Because, in his opinion, liberty and Union, if not one, were at least inseparable. He believed the dissolution of the Union would prove to be the grave of constitutional free government; and, therefore, on all occasions, before all audiences and against all odds, he defended that Union, and labored for its perpetuation.

Yet, Sir, it is true as stated by my colleague, (Mr. CABB,) that Col. BARTOW, in 1860, became an earnest and active secessionist—perhaps as much so as any one in the State of Georgia. It would not be inappropriate to this solemn occasion, to allude to the reasons for this great change. They furnish the real philosophy of this revolution, and especially of the rapid progress of the revolution during the last six months.

Since 1856, Col. BARTOW had watched with much anxiety the progress of fanaticism in the Northern States. He saw it was a progress. The Republican party had not passed away with the irritating cause which had been made the occasion and the excuse for its organization. That party had not weakened, but strengthened—had not grown less, but more insolent—in four years. Encroach-

ments had not only multiplied in number, but had become more alarming and aggravating in their character. These encroachments included reckless and defiant violation of the constitution and laws, not simply by individual fanatics and local mobs, but by States, in all the forms of legislative enactments, executive sanctions, and judicial administration. The stream of fanaticism thus swelled and maddened as it swelled, and the Union-loving BARTOW lost hope of its arrest. I knew well the emotions which shook his noble frame, as fact after fact gradually convinced his mind of this truth. Finally, he became fully satisfied in his own mind that the "irrepressible conflict" was not simply a theory to be discussed, but a programme to be acted; that the Union had been perverted, and was to be used for the destruction of equal government; that constitutional restraints had given place to unlicensed fanaticism, and if liberty would live, it must flee from such an embrace. The final end of all this he believed would be the subjugation of the South, by diplomacy and through the forms of law if possible, but by force—by arms if necessary.

From all these evils my friend believed there was no escape except by secession, and that no plan of secession would be successful except by immediate separate State action. Having arrived at this conclusion, he, in a twinkling, threw away all the Union armor, in the use of which he had become an honored warrior, and with all the ardor, energy and directness of his nature, labored for the destruction of that Union.

Sir, what my friend thus saw in its undeveloped pro-

portions, we now see, and posterity must more distinctly see, in all its developed hideousness and measureless criminality. Whatever may have been the original intent of the Republican party of the North—by whatever remedies at an earlier day the evils of this day might, by possibility, have been averted, all must see that our enemies now have but one purpose, and that purpose, is our subjugation; and they propose but one plan by which to accomplish that purpose, and that plan is by armed invasion! And whether we look to the motive, the means or the end of this invasion, history cannot furnish its parallel.

The Picts and Scots invaded the Britons; but they could plead in extenuation that the Britons had submitted to masters before. The Saxons, by invitation, drove back the invaders of the Britons, and then themselves subdued their friends to their own rule; but they could offer in excuse that their friends had shown an incapacity to take care of themselves, and it was better to be governed by benefactors than by enemies. The Vandals invaded and crushed the Romans. But Rome herself had always been predatory, and her own countless examples could be pleaded in vindication of her own destruction. And neither Pict, nor Saxon, nor Vandal had ever entered into constitutional obligations in favor of self-government, nor been influenced by the elevating teachings of a christian civilization.

More ruthless than the Pict, more faithless than the Saxon, more furious than the Vandal and more savage

than all, these Northern fanatics invade our soil and would desolate our land. They first invaded and laid waste their own consciences, and thus made reckless and desperate, they seek to destroy those who, for peace and for conscience sake, abandoned them. Over their own violated laws, prostrate constitution, trampled oaths and ruined interests; in the desecrated name of the integrity of free government; and by the blasphemed sanctions of a holy religion; they destroy our property, murder our citizens, and would enslave us as a people.

But, Sir, by the arms of our brave and indignant people, aided by an insulted Heaven, they have been driven back, and will ever be driven back. In the work of defence, and that defence for liberty and honor, we must be invincible. Even now, the shout of our deliverance carries panic through the windows of the Usurper's palace, and the smoke of our victory rides on the atmosphere of his capital. Like their prototypes, the fallen angels, these people of the North have lost forever their union with the South—to them always a temporal heaven—for no other reason than that their bigoted ambition and pestiferous meddlesomeness, destroyed all peace and confidence in that Union. They can never again ascend those “Chrystal Battlements!” This war—this wicked war—waged to dethrone us from that equality which their fathers and our fathers so nobly won, and so long enjoyed together, has dug a pit for our enemies as deep from the blessings of that old Union, as was Pandemonium, the “palace of Satan and his peers,” from the sacred glories

of Heaven. As then, so now, these fallen spirits may exclaim:

“What though the field be lost?

All is not lost! * * *

The study of revenge, immortal hate”

are left! Sir, if this be their resolve, we at least have the blessed reflection that there is for them “an ignominy and shame beneath this downfall.” The plan of revenge which was open to the fallen angels, is denied to our enemies; for before this failure of their arms, they had given us so many proofs of their perfidy and deception, that there are none in all our dominions, so innocent or unsuspecting, as to be again beguiled by them!

Mr. President: war is at all times dreadful. With a people who were under every obligation to be brethren, it is also mortifying. Between States, whose boasted mission was to illustrate forever the blessings of free government, it is humiliating to patriotism. But, Sir, it has not been of our seeking, and notwithstanding there is so much to awaken regrets in the hearts of the patriot, there is also much in our condition to cheer us. Our people are alive to this crisis. They see and understand all its issues. While victory brightens their hopes, disaster but stirs their indignation, and both victory and disaster nerve their courage and increase their strength. As the follies of our enemies have been our wisdom, so this bloodshed upon our soil will be our life. One WARREN fell at Bunker Hill, and his blood hallowed the cause of liberty and fired the hearts of the patriots throughout

that struggle. Sir, five hundred Warrens bled on the field of Manassas, and five hundred fold will their blood hallow our cause and fix the high resolve of our people. The fall of the lamented BARTOW will cast a shadow across every door-way, and wring a sigh from every heart in Georgia; but every drop of his gallant blood will spring to life its thousand avengers, and call even the children to arms. His voice, though still, will reach ears hitherto unheeding, and his arm though lifeless, will unsheath swords hitherto rusting in their scabbards. Sir, why lament we our colleague? To die is easy; all die; it is a work without an effort. The brutes die. But it is not thus our colleague has died. Death to the soldier of freedom, is but birth to the hero. He is but renewed in the strength of multiplied arms, and kept alive in the hearts of the generations of men :

And, if there be on this earthly sphere
 A boon, an offering, Heaven holds dear,
 'Tis the last libation liberty draws
 From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause.

Sir, free and pure as the waters from our mountain springs, will these libations be poured from hearts all over this Confederacy. Fragrant and sweet as the zephyrs from our orange groves, will the incense of these offerings rise up to Heaven; and from every mansion of the city, every hut by the wayside, and every cottage in the forest glen, will these boons continue to be consecrated to liberty, until this land of heroes shall become a holy place and a jewel ground for that land of Angels.

REMARKS OF MR. MASON,

OF VIRGINIA.

Mr. MASON : I shall ever esteem, Mr. President, one of the most fortunate incidents of my later life, the occasion that brought me to the acquaintance, and for too brief a period, to intimate association, with the gallant man, whose memory we are here to honor. Yet, brief as that acquaintance was, perhaps what I have to say, may shield me from any imputation of intrusion on this solemn ceremonial.

Colonel BARTOW had been but a few weeks in our State, but, from his first arrival, had been stationed with his regiment, and afterwards with his brigade, as part of General JOHNSTON'S command, in the Valley of Virginia, and in the immediate vicinity of my residence—and, thus he became at my house, a frequent as he was always, a cherished and an honored guest. To know him, was to love him. His fame as a soldier and a general was then yet to be made—it is written now imperishably, in the hearts of his countrymen, as it will survive to history in after generations. But I am to speak of him first as a gentleman, the highest title known to

social position. His first address, opened to you at once, the whole man, genial, kind, and sympathetic—it assured you, personating himself, in the language of the classic, *Homo sum; nihil humani, alienum a me puto*. Whatever affected another, interested him. It assured you that his character embraced all those essentials in morals, which make the sum of entire probity. Sensibility was its great basis, and springing from, whilst resting on that, were truth, honor, and fidelity.

His primary and great self-imposed duty when he left his home, was to free his country from hostile invasion: to that great duty, he looked with a single eye. To the danger in his path, he gave not a thought. Dear as were the domestic ties which bound him to life, even they were sacrificed in fidelity to the trust his country had committed to him, a trust that was evinced by successive and rapid promotion, from a company to a regiment—and from a regiment to a brigade—Captain, Colonel, and General, in little more than a single month. As a general, he acknowledged all the responsibilities of his command. The care and comfort of his troops in camp were the objects of his sedulous attention. He never left them, and his whole intercourse with his men, simple, considerate and kind, made them to him; a band of brothers. They had a common work to achieve, and he was to lead the way.

Of his devotion to that work (the liberation of his country from the indignity of an invading foe,) he gave the most signal proof.

Whilst in camp, and before the advance of Patterson's column into Virginia, but whilst it yet hovered on the border in Maryland,, watched closely by Johnston's army, I said, casually, to Colonel BARTOW, "The time is approaching when your duties will call you to meet Congress at Richmond, and I look to the pleasure of traveling there with you." He replied, "I don't think I can go, my duties will detain me here." I told him that if a battle was fought between the two armies, it certainly was not then imminent, and I thought his service in Congress, and especially as Chairman of the Military Committee, would be even more valuable to the country in Congress, than in the field. After a pause, and with a beaming eye, he said: "No sir; I shall never leave this army, until the battle is fought and won." And, afterwards, whilst the two armies lay in front of each other, the enemy at Martinsburg, and Johnston with his command at Bunker Hill, only seven miles apart—the enemy we knew numbered some twenty-two thousand men, whilst on our side we could not present against them half that number, and the battle hourly expected. His headquarters under a tree in an orchard, and his shelter and shade from a burning sun, the branches of that tree, and his table a camp chest—I joined him at dinner. Little is, of course, known of the views and purposes of a general in command, but it was generally understood that Johnston was then to give the enemy battle, should he invite it. In conversation on the chances

of the fight, I said to BARTOW, "of the spirit and courage of the troops I have no doubt, but the odds against you are immense." His prompt reply was, "they can never whip us. We shall not count the odds. We may be exterminated, but never conquered. I shall go into that fight with a determination never to leave the field alive, but in victory, and I know that the same spirit animates my whole command. How, then, can they whip us?"

Am I here to tell you how gallantly and truthfully he made that vow good on the bloody plain at Manassa, and how nobly the troops under his command there redeemed the pledge made for them? The "battle was fought and won," as he vowed at Bunker Hill, and he sealed in death, his first promise in the field of war. Will you call this courage—bravery? No, no. BARTOW never thought of the perils of the fight. Bravery, as it is termed, may be nothing more than nervous insensibility. With him the incentives to the battle field were of a far different type. The stern and lofty purpose to free his country from the invader; the calm judgment of reason paramount on its throne, overruling all other sensations; resolution and will combined to the deed, the consequence to take care of itself. There is the column of true majesty in man. Such was BARTOW, and such will impartial history record him. He won immortality in Fame, even at the threshold of her temple.

REMARKS OF MR. CHESNUT,

OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

MR. CHESNUT—*Mr. President*: The darkness which now rests on the heart of Georgia, casts a gloom over all the South. The sigh she utters meets responsive sighs from her Confederates. It is meet that the voice of Carolina should mingle in the lamentation of this occasion; and I join with those whose feelings prompt them to spontaneous expressions of respect for the character of the late associate, whose loss we mourn.

My acquaintance with Colonel BARTOW began at the first assemblage of this Congress, when it met to form a Provisional Government and Permanent Constitution. Within a brief period I perceived in him such traits as are beautiful and attractive in human character. His manner was singularly gentle and courteous, while his bearing was so elevated and firm, as to command respect, confidence and attachment. The many high instincts and impulses of his nature seemed to be harmoniously blended, and educated into principle.

On the adjournment of Congress I parted with him at Montgomery. I saw him next, when on Sunday last at 8 o'clock, he went forth with his gallant brigade to take position in the field of battle. Again I saw him when the battle raged in all its fury. He rode up to the commanding General, Beauregard, and with eye lighted, and form dilated, with the enthusiasm of that loyalty which distinguishes the true patriot, gentleman and soldier, asked "What shall I do—tell me, and if in the power of man, I will do it." "Take that position," said the General, pointing to the left and forward. That position Col. BARTOW took. Soon he was wounded, and soon fell his horse. Finding it necessary to advance again, while on foot, he grasped his colors and moved forward amidst the leaden hail. Then, Sir, to his noble heart came the fatal missive—severed the silver chord of life, and left us all to mourn. Once more I saw him, when his devoted comrades bore him back from the field of slaughter. His bright eye was then closed upon all the scenes of earth, and his ear deaf to the shouts of victory which so soon filled the air that wrapped his insensate form.

Then and there many noble spirits took their flight with his to other spheres. Then and there mingled the rich blood of Southern hearts in grand libation to Liberty poured :

———oh, blood like this,
 For Liberty shed, so holy is,
 It would not stain the purest rill
 That sparkles among the bowers of bliss.

Among that noble host, no purer, braver spirit than his winged its way to heaven. Although our hearts swell with grief, and our tears freely flow, the influences of his life and the inspirations of his glorious death, in some measure, alleviate the sting of his untimely loss.







