LIBRARY OF SOUTHERN LITERATURE

COMPILED UNDER THE DIRECT SUPERVISION OF SOUTHERN MEN OF LETTERS

EDWIN ANDERSON ALDERMAN
JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS
EDITORS IN CHIEF
CHARLES WILLIAM KENT
LITERARY EDITOR

ILLUSTRATED

PUBLISHED UNDER THE APPROVAL AND PATRONAGE OF DISTINGUISHED CITIZENS OF THE SOUTH.

THE MARTIN & HOYT COMPANY
NEW ORLEANS ATLANTA DALLAS

LIBRARY OF SOUTHERN LITERATURE

VOLUME IX

MURPHEY—PRENTICE

TABLE OF CONTENTS

VOLUME IX

BENJAMIN MORGAN PALMER

[1818—1902]

THOMAS CARY JOHNSON

BENJAMIN MORGAN PALMER was born of ancient and honorable stock, in Charleston, South Carolina, January 25, 1818. His father, the Rev. Edward Palmer, long a beloved Presbyterian minister in the Low Country, South Carolina, was the son of Job Palmer and his wife, Sarah Morgan, a lady of energetic and aggressive character. Job Palmer, a highly esteemed citizen of Charleston, had migrated from New England before the Revolution. He was a son of the Rev. Samuel Palmer of Falmouth, Massachusetts, a grandson of the Rev. Thomas Palmer of Middleboro, Massachusetts, and a lineal descendant of William Palmer, who joined the Plymouth Colony in the year 1621, having come over in the ship *Fortune*.

The mother of Benjamin Morgan Palmer, Sarah Bunce, was a daughter of Captain Jared Bunce, a man of unusual worth. Jared Bunce was born in Hartford, Connecticut; he traced his paternal ancestry back to an Alderman Bunce, who lived in London in the days of Cromwell; his mother was a Griswold, and was connected with the Stanleys, whose remote ancestor was Edward Stanley, Earl of Derby. Sarah Bunce Palmer was a woman of uncommon intellectuality, strength of will, capacity to appreciate, sunniness of disposition, and love of the beautiful. She exercised a potent sway over her gifted son. She taught him the rudiments of learning and of morals. She read to, and with him, Shakespeare's plays, Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' and Scott's novels, thus helping him to attain that luxuriance, beauty, and precision of diction for which he was to become so remarkable.

After his parents had removed to Walterboro, young Benjamin Morgan Palmer came under the tuition of the Rev. J. B. Van Dyck, a faithful, capable, and inspiring teacher. Young Palmer further pursued academical studies in Amherst College (1832-1834); served in a tutorial capacity, and later as teacher of a village school (1834-1836). In January, 1837, he entered the University of Georgia, whence he was graduated with the first honors in August, 1838. Having decided to enter the ministry of the Presbyterian Church, he took his theological training in Columbia Seminary, Columbia, South Carolina. In the Walterboro School, in Amherst, in the University of Georgia, and in Columbia Seminary, he at once became,

and continued to be, famous for his powers in debate and oratory, and for his capacities for leadership, as well as for academical acquisition.

His school-days over, he devoted himself at once and persistently to the pursuit of his calling. He preached for some months during the summer of 1841, in Anderson, South Carolina, served as preacher and pastor of the First Church of Savannah, Georgia, from November, 1841, to January, 1843; as preacher and pastor of the First Church, Columbia, South Carolina, from January, 1843, to October, 1855; as professor of ecclesiastical history and polity in Columbia Seminary (1854-1856); and as preacher and pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of New Orleans, from 1856 to 1902, save for a period of exile (1862-1865), during which he preached in the Army and taught in Columbia Seminary.

He was one of the greatest preachers of his century, and of the first nineteen centuries of the Christian era. His ideal of Christian worship was as beautiful and noble as the Cologne Cathedral, and his ideal of the part the chief minister should take in the worship of the congregation corresponded. It was his to lead the people in the worship of God in spirit and in truth; to enable them to see God as He has revealed Himself in His works and in His word; and, as seeing Him thus truly revealed, to go out to Him with all the homage of their souls. Accordingly, every part of the service was conducted with great clearness and beauty, but the sermon was the chief part. In it God was revealed to man. In it the preacher, conscious of the obligation lying on him, so acquitted himself that his preaching lingered in the memories of those who heard it as among their most precious treasures.

Dr. Palmer was a real preacher of the Gospel, regarding the Bible as the Word of God. Capable of the finest expository preaching, he was driven by the bent of his mind very largely to topical preaching, in which method the logical and systematizing tendencies have the freest and noblest application. His plan, upon announcing his text, was to show exactly what the text in its historical connections meant; to set forth in perspicuous terms the doctrinal teachings he had drawn from it; to enforce this doctrine by a series of arguments generally powerful in themselves and so happily put as to carry general conviction to the hearts of his hearers; and to follow all this with an application in which the truth, previously developed by interpretation and argument, would be pressed with mighty powers of appeal and persuasion. A magician in his use of the English tongue, and at his best when inspired by a great audience, Dr. Palmer gave his people rich truths in language of beauty, clearness, power, and

splendor. A pulpit bearing, in which were united grace of physical action, unstudied and honest feelings of deference to his audience, and singular personal humility, in union with a conscious sense of majesty as the messenger of the Most High, gave a power to his spoken words which no printed page can show. Possessed of a voice of vast compass, and indefinite flexibility, obedient to his variant moods, vibrant with a living faith, pulsating with hope or thrilling with joy, warming with love or sobbing with sorrow, swathing itself with woe or ailing in despair, thundering against sin, wrong, crime, and interpreting to his hearers every feeling of his soul—this voice gave his discourse a large increment of effectiveness. Finally, the known character of the man—that of a man to be found whenever wanted and always found in the path of light and duty, of a man "with a soul to feel another man's woe," of a pastor ready to brave every form of danger lying along the path of duty, of a man with an assured and positive faith—enhanced his power with the people who knew his daily life. The sober truth is that he was endowed by nature and grace with all the powers for genuine pulpit oratory. These powers he had trained in a consummate way. He was not merely capable of clear, instructive, powerful, and impressive speech; it was his to do all this in a wonderful way, thrilling the very soul with that which he made it see and feel. Prodigally endowed for preaching, it was as a living preacher that he did his greatest work. Several volumes of sermons taken from his lips by shorthand and, after some small revision by him, published, are well worthy of study; but men have not cared to read these sermons as they did to hear them from his mouth. Such are the two octavo volumes published between 1875 and 1877.

Dowered with powers of commanding eloquence, he early came into demand as anniversary orator, commencement orator, and for a great variety of occasional addresses; and was thus led to produce many noble orations in the course of his life. For the same reason, and because of his complete self-command, his tact, his wide culture, broad intelligence, and his generally philosophic and masterful grasp of all subjects with which he dealt, he was ever a leader in the courts of the church in which he sat. After James Henley Thornwell, he was the ecclesiastic of widest and most persistent influence in the communion to which he belonged. His defence of her principles and of her right to an independent existence, in speeches in and before her General Assemblies, as well as in articles published in the newspapers and periodicals, were amongst the more potent forces which have wrought for her separate existence down to this day.

Like the sons of Southern gentlemen generally in ante-bellum

times, he had made a study of civil government. In his mature manhood, because of the political excitement ending in the war between the sections, in the reconstruction measures, and in the infliction of the lottery evil upon his adopted State, he became a profound student of political and sociological problems. He reached, settled, and decided convictions on some subjects of high debate among his fellow citizens. In 1860 he espoused the cause of secession and did more, perhaps, than any other citizen of his city, or State, to wheel Louisiana into the ranks of seceding states. He expressed his long pent-up views in a sermon on Thanksgiving Day of that year, one of the few political sermons he was ever guilty of preaching—a sermon which was heard in profound stillness and sent his hearers home silent, but which was followed after a few hours by the ringing of bells, beating of drums, and shouts of the people for secession—a sermon which was published over and over again and affected every corner of his State and every section of the great Southwest. In the concluding words of this sermon he voiced truly his patriotic devotion to his country: "It only remains to say that whatever be the fortunes of the South, I accept them for my own. Born upon her soil of a father thus born before me—from an ancestry that occupied it while yet it was a part of England's possessions—she is in every sense my mother. I shall die upon her bosom. She shall know no peril but it is my peril, no conflict but it is my conflict, and no abyss of ruin into which I shall not share her fall. May the Lord God cover her head in this her day of battle." He may have been unwise in the advocacy of secession at the time and in some of the arguments. None may question the moral loftiness of his aims, the ardor of his devotion to the South, or the ability with which he championed her rights and labored in her behalf, for victory in War and for her rehabilitation after she had been overwhelmed and despoiled.

The lottery evil, fastened on Louisiana in 1868, while she was in the clutches of "carpet-bag" rulers, and by a syndicate of New York gamblers which had been formed in 1863, was enabled to maintain itself, by means in moral character like itself, and by the aid of a United States District Judge who played into its hands, till far toward the end of the century. The enemies of the lottery, having secured the insertion into the State Constitution of 1879 of a provision prohibiting all lotteries after 1895, though hating the institution, regarded it as doomed, and showed it for the most part only negative hostility. Meanwhile its corrupting influence was reaching almost every class, from the poorest negro laborer to persons on the topmost steps of social and political ladders. It came to control largely the press of the State; it overawed or dictated to politicians, the Legislature, the

judiciary, and bankers and merchants not a few. In direct contradiction to its promise, about 1890 it began the effort to secure the renewal of its charter for twenty-five years from January 1, 1894. Undebauched patriots and citizens of Louisiana became aroused. They determined to crush the monster. In the summer of 1891 they organized the Louisiana Anti-Lottery League. It opened its campaign through a public meeting held Thursday evening, June twenty-fifth, in the Grand Opera-house, New Orleans. Dr. Palmer made the speech of the evening. He was introduced by Colonel William Preston Johnston, Chancellor of Tulane University, in the following words:

"It is now my privilege to introduce to you a man who, by his talents, his eloquence, and his virtues, well deserves the title of the first citizen of New Orleans." Dr. Palmer spoke without notes, without a line; but of an open sore that had provoked his thought and indignation for years. The newspaper report of his speech does not read like one of his masterpieces; but, judged by the effect it produced, it was a great oration. Demosthenes had uttered a philippic; the Athenians were going to fight. From that hour the foes of the lottery felt sure that they would crush it; and crush it they did.

His most widely known book is his 'Life and Letters of James Henley Thornwell' (1876). For the preparation of a biography of Thornwell, Palmer possessed every qualification—intimate knowledge of the subject, in his domestic, his social, his ecclesiastical, and his civil relations. He had the capacity to appreciate, besides the temperament and the rhetorical and artistic power needed in order to represent Thornwell's life. In this work he tells how genius rose superior to obstacles, how Divine grace prepared and trained it for the sublime mission of subsequent life; how it shone in sunshine and shadow. He sketches the historic arena on which Thornwell ran his course, and shows how his life was interwoven with the life of his age; how he was affected by it, and it by him. Of the literary style, it has been well said: "No reader can fail to be struck by the rhythmical flow and musical cadence of the sentences, the graceful elegance of expression, the copiousness and yet appropriateness and vigor of diction, the graphic vividness of portraiture, and the transparent clearness and masterly ability of didactic statement and exposition which characterized the book."

In 'The Family in its Civil and Churchly Aspects,' (1876), the gist of the teaching is that "The family is really the model of the State"—not simply a device for the maintenance of the species, but a strongly compacted government in which the nature of law is punctually expounded by the actual enforcement of it; that in it "the

great principles are unfolded upon which all human government rests and society is created in germ"; that, in its development through the patriarchal and national stages, the simple law of the household expands through all the ramifications of the commonwealth; and that "a true statesmanship must glean its great essential principles from the subordination first established in the family"; that "the nearer a government is conformed to this ideal, in the distribution of power and in the combination of influences by which society shall be controlled, the more perfect will it be both in its conception and administration"; that "man needs to be moulded as well as controlled"; that "the family is a school of education as well as an empire of law; and that its superlative value is found in the combination of influence with authority, under which men are trained to the obedience which requires to be enforced." The book is remarkable for the succinct brevity of the style, coupled with a lucid exhibition of the principles involved. It has been pronounced, by a masterful critic of the author's work, to be "the ablest thing that Dr. Palmer ever wrote."

His little volume on the 'Formation of Character' (1889), consists of twelve lectures delivered on as many Sunday evenings. The lectures had been delivered in response to a request signed by twenty-five young men of his congregation. A stenographic report of the lectures had been placed, subsequently, in Dr. Palmer's hands for his revision that they might be published. As published, they are thoroughly sane, strong and rich in thought, with the usual ear-marks of his style.

'The Broken Home; or Lessons in Sorrow' (1890) consists of sketches of each of the several deceased members of his own family and a sketch of his mother. They were prepared originally for a purely family purpose and without thought of publication, some earlier, and some later, in his life. "But the Freemasonry of those in sorrow would pour the balm into other hearts which the Spirit of Consolation may have given to each." From the simple desire of comforting those who mourn, this story of repeated bereavements was told. It would be hard to find in all literature a saner, sweeter, loftier Christian spirit than runs through this book. It is worthy of a place in every mourning household. The literary style of the sketches is wonderfully beautiful. Each one is a poem in limpid, nervous prose. They linger on the ear like sweet, sad music.

The 'Theology of Prayer as Viewed in the Religion of Nature and the System of Grace' (1894) stands in a class by itself, having been designed to fill a gap which had hitherto existed in theological literature. It is a real and an able contribution to practical Christian theology.

'The Threefold Fellowship and the Threefold Assurance' (1902), his last volume, is a work on the same theological and artistic level with his 'Theology of Prayer.'

His orations, published in the current periodicals of their days, were almost invariably remarkable for fluency, breadth of view, increasingly given in the progress of the discourse, general solidity of argument, affluent, pertinent and ennobling illustrations, climacteric arrangement, and for entertaining, thrilling, emotional, and volltional effect on the hearers.

He was a man of the highest intellectual, ethical, and religious character, free to a remarkable degree from all petty vanities, of Christlike humility, transparent simplicity, honesty and honor, of broad and intense love for his fellowman of every name and every race, and of devotion to God. His powers wrought with great energy, harmony, ease, balance, and splendor. He was great as a man, as Christian minister, citizen, patriot, leader of the people.

Were his various writings, published and unpublished, collected in a body, they would constitute a rich mine for historical workers in both secular and civil spheres. His epoch was one of great questions; he was an acute and profound observer, and was capable of reflections of the greatest value.

In consequence of serious injuries, received in a street-car accident, Dr. Palmer died May 25, 1902.

Thos. Cary Johnson

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Reunion Overture of the Northern General Assembly to the Southern Presbyterian Church. 1870.

The Life and Letters of James Henley Thornwell. 1876.

The Family Covenant in Churchly and Civil Aspects. 1876.

The Formation of Character. 1889.

The Broken Home, or Lessons in Sorrow. 1890.

Hindrances to Union with the Church. 1891.

The Theology of Prayer, as Viewed in the Religion of Nature and in the System of Grace. 1894.

The Threefold Fellowship and the Threefold Assurance. 1902.

(For full bibliography, see Thomas Cary Johnson's 'Life and Letters of Benjamin Morgan Palmer.')

EULOGY ON ROBERT E. LEE

Extracts from Address delivered at the St. Charles Theater, New Orleans, October 18, 1870.

. . . But these crude suggestions, which fall almost impromptu from my lips, suggest that which I desire to offer before this audience to-night. I accept Robert E. Lee as the true type of the American man, and the Southern gentleman. A brilliant English writer has well remarked with a touch of sound philosophy that when a nation has rushed upon its fate, the whole force of the national life will sometimes shoot up in one grand character, like the aloe which blooms at the end of a hundred years, shooting up in one single spike of glory, and then expiring. And wherever philosophy, refinement and culture have gone upon the globe, it is possible to place the finger upon individual men who are the exemplars of a nation's character, those typical forms under which others less noble, less expanded, have manifested themselves.

That gentle, that perfect moderation, that self-command which enabled him to be so self-possessed amidst the most trying difficulties of his public career, a refinement almost such as that which marks the character of the purest woman, were blended in him with that massive strength, that mighty endurance, that consistency and power which gave him and the people whom he led such momentum under the disadvantages of the struggle through which he passed.

Born from the general level of American society, blood of a noble ancestry flowed in his veins, and he was a type of the race from which he sprang. Such was the grandeur and urbaneness of his manner, the dignity and majesty of his carriage, that his only peer in social life could be found in courts and among those educated amidst the refinements of courts and thrones. In that regard there was something beautiful and appropriate that he should become in the later years of his life the educator of the young. Sir, it is a cause for mourning before high heaven to-night, that he was not spared thirty years to educate a generation for the time that is to come; for as in the days when the red banner streamed over the land, the South sent their sons to fight under his

flag and beneath the wave of his sword, these sons have been sent again to sit at his feet when he was the disciple of the Muses and the teacher of philosophy. Oh, that he might have brought his more than regal character, his majestic frame, all his intellectual and moral endowments, to the task of fitting those that should come to the crisis of the future, to take the mantle that has fallen from his shoulders and bear it to the generations that are unborn.

General Lee I accept as the representative of his people, and of the temper with which this whole Southland entered into that gigantic, that prolonged, and that disastrous struggle which has closed, but closed as to us, in grief. Sir, they wrong us who say that the South was ever impatient to rupture the bonds of the American Union. The War of 1776, which, sir, has no more yet a written history than has the War of 1861 to 1865, tells us that it was this Southland that wrought the Revolution of 1776. We were the heirs of all the glory of that immortal struggle. It was purchased with our blood, with the blood of our fathers, which yet flows in these veins, and which we desire to transmit pure and consecrated, to the sons that are born to our loins. The traditions of the past sixty years were a portion of our heritage, and it never was easy for any great heart and reflective mind even to seem to part with that heritage to enter upon the perilous effort of establishing a new nationality.

Mr. President, it was my privilege once to be thrilled with a short speech, uttered by one of the noblest names clustering upon the roll of South Carolina—for, sir, South Carolina was Virginia's sister, and South Carolina stood by Virginia in the old struggle as Virginia stood by South Carolina in the new, and the little State, small as Greece, barren in resources but great in the grandeur of the men, in their gigantic proportions, whom she, like Virginia, was permitted to produce—I heard, sir, one of South Carolina's noblest sons speak thus: "I walked through the Tower of London, that grand repository where are gathered the memorials of England's martial prowess, and when the guide, in the pride of his English heart pointed to the spoils of war, collected through centuries of the past, said this speaker, lifting himself upon tiptoe that he might reach to his greatest height, I said, 'You cannot

point to one single trophy from my people, or my country though England engaged in two disastrous wars with her'." Sir, this was the sentiment. We loved every inch of American soil, and loved every part of that canvas (pointing to the Stars and Stripes above him) which as a symbol of power and authority, floated from the spires and from the mastheads of our vessels; and it was after the anguish of a woman in birth that this land which now lies in her sorrow and ruin took upon herself that great peril; but it is all emblematized in the regret experienced by him whose praises are upon our lips, and who, like the English Nelson, recognized duty engraved in letters of light as the only ensign he could follow, and who, tearing away from all the associations of his early life, and abandoning the reputation gained in the old service, made up his mind to embark in the new, and with that modesty and that firmness, belonging only to the truly great, expressed his willingness to live and die in any position assigned to him.

And, I accept this noble chieftain equally as the representative of this Southland in the spirit of his retirement from struggle. It could not escape any speaker upon this platform to allude to the dignity of that retirement—how from the moment he surrendered, he withdrew from observation, holding aloof from all political complications, and devoting his entire energies to the great work he had undertaken to discharge. In this he represents the true attitude of the South since the close of the war—an attitude of quiet submission to the conquering power, and of obedience to all exactions—but without resiling from those great principles which were embalmed in the struggle, and which as the convictions of a lifetime, no honest mind could release.

All over this land of ours there are men like Lee—not as great, not as symmetrical in the development of character, not as grand in the proportions which they have reached, but who, like him, are sleeping upon memories that are holy as death—and who, amidst all reproach, appeal to the future, and to the tribunal of history, when she shall render her final verdict in reference to the struggle closed, for the vindication of the people embarked in that struggle. We are silent, resigned, obedient, and thoughtful, sleeping upon solemn memories, Mr. President; but as said by the poet-preacher in the Good Book,

"I sleep, but my heart waketh," looking upon the future that is to come, and powerless in everything except to pray to Almighty God who rules the destinies of nations, that those who have the power may at least have the grace given them to preserve the constitutional principles which we have endeavored to maintain. And, sir, were it my privilege to speak in the hearing of the entire nation, I would utter with the profoundest emphasis this pregnant truth: That no people ever traversed those moral ideas which underlie its character, its constitution, its institutions and its laws, that did not in the end perish in disaster, in shame and in dishonor. Whatever be the glory, the material civilization of which such a nation may boast, it still holds true that the truth is immortal, and that ideas rule the world.

And now, I have but a single word to say, and that is that the grave of this noble hero is bedewed with the most tender and sacred tears ever shed upon a human tomb.

I was thinking in my study this afternoon, striving to strike out something I might utter on this platform, and this parallel between the first Washington and the second occurred to me. I asked my own heart the question, Would you not accept the fame, and the glory, and the career of Robert E. Lee just as soon as accept the glory and career of the immortal man who was his predecessor? Sir, there is a pathos in fallen fortunes which stirs the sensibilities and touches the very fountain of human feeling. I am not sure that at this moment Napoleon, the enforced guest of the Prussian king, is not grander than when he ascended the throne of France. There is a grandeur in misfortune, when misfortune is borne by a noble heart with the strength of will to endure, and endure, without complaining or breaking. Perhaps I slip easily into this train of remarks, for it is my peculiar office to speak of that chastening with which a gracious Providence visits men on this earth, and by which he prepares them for heaven hereafter; and what is true of individuals in a state of adversity is true of nations when clothed in sorrow. Sir, the men in these galleries that once wore the gray are here to-night that they may bend the knee in reverence at the grave of him whose voice and hand they obeyed amidst the storms of battle; the young widow, who but as yesterday leant upon the arm of her

soldier husband, but now clasps wildly to her breast the young child that never beheld its father's face, comes here to shed her tears over this grave to-night; and the aged matron, with the tears streaming from her eyes as she recalls the unforgotten dead, lying on the plains of Gettysburg, or the heights of Fredericksburg, now to-night, joins in our dirge over him, who was that son's chieftain and counselor and friend. A whole nation has risen up in the spontaneity of its grief to render the tribute of its love. Sir, there is a unity in the grapes when they grow together in the clusters upon the vine, and holding the bunch in your hand you speak of it as one; but there is another unity when you throw these grapes into the wine press, and the feet of those that bruise these grapes trample them almost profanely beneath their feet together in the communion of pure wine; and such is the union and communion of hearts that have been fused by tribulation and sorrow, and that meet together in the true feeling of an honest grief to express the homage of their affection, as well as to render a tribute of praise to him upon whose face we shall never look until on that immortal day we shall behold it transfigured before the Throne of God.

THE PRESENT CRISIS AND ITS ISSUE

Extract from an Address delivered at Washington and Lee University, June 27, 1872.

. . . It would be an immense protection against these debasing tendencies if, amid the exactions of our new position, we could carry over those gentlemanly instincts which have hitherto characterized our people. In employing this unusual term, I do not mean that dainty mannerism which puts on the air, without the quality, of the gentleman. But I refer to that exquisite education of the conscience which makes duty and benevolence the habit of the soul; that fastidious honor which cannot, even in thought, condescend to meanness; that lofty self-respect which will observe the proprieties and practice the virtues of life, with the readiness of impulse; that nobleness of principle which makes it as easy to be brave and true as it is to breathe; that instinct of rectitude which shrinks from the false and the base as from the contamination of the plague. It

would be a rare combination this, of courtly honor with the hardness of toil. But if labor is ennobled when wrought by the hands of a freeman, how much more when associated with the dignity of the gentleman?

Let us guard, then, with the jealousy of genuine alarm, against that despicable spirit of utilitarianism which, like a hucksterer in the shambles, is always haggling with truth about her price. She is immeasurably more precious in herself than in all the uses to which men may put her. Truth, integrity and honor are the highest attributes of any people, and the enjoyment of regulated freedom, under a wise and constitutional government, is its noblest privilege and reward.

Coupled with this, *we must retain from the past that individuality of character which makes a man a solid unit in society.* This attribute has with us been largely the product of circumstances. An agricultural people, living apart from one another, every man in the center of a given circle of dependence for whom he was called to think and plan, there was nourished a personal independence which we cannot afford to lose. On the contrary, in a crowded population, men are cheapened in value, like the leaves in a forest. The individual comes to be little more than a single brick in a blank wall, answering only to so many square inches of a common surface. Through a perpetual commingling, thought ceases to be a fresh production of the mind, and there is substituted for it a public opinion which is caught and given back, just as one breathes in and breathes out a common atmosphere. This explains the amazing rapidity with which the wildest heresies are propagated amongst the masses, whose multiplied voices are but the reverberations of a single sound which echo prolongs. It explains the caprice, with which hosannas are turned into execrations at the bidding of demagogues, who are "the pest of republics as courtiers are of monarchies." It explains the sadder fact, how the few who do think are browbeaten and crushed, and yield up their convictions and conscience to be trampled in the dust by the buffaloes of the herd, as they snuff the air and scour the plain.

This is one of the chief perils of the Republic. For as the people are the fountain of power, they must in the elective franchise coalesce in a joint expression of will; and as with

the increase of population, the drill of party becomes more and more rigid, the sense of personal responsibility becomes more obscure, and the exercise of it more difficult. You will not understand me as advocating that impracticable individualism which splits upon hairs into a thousand schisms, but that honesty of mind which will lead every man to contribute his quota to a true public sentiment, of which his conscience will not be ashamed. For, depend upon it, with the extinction of this individual responsibility, there is no longer the possibility of virtue. In the massive language of Mr. Webster, "a sense of duty pursues us ever; it is omnipresent, like the Deity." If the sense of it be within the soul, there is the rejection of the Divine control; and the nation slides down the steep declension into moral decay and death.

Finally, we must carry over to the future a patriotism that is born of adversity and trial, more intense and purer than in the prosperous and joyful past. Love of country is inextinguishable, because it is filial. It ranks with that we owe to the parents who begot us, and have given to us their image and their name. But I plead for it not upon the cold footing of duty, but as a precious sentiment of the heart. As a principle, it strikes its root far down into the conscience; but its bloom must expand into a holy passion, and its fruit ripen into acts of enduring service for the public weal. The best affections of the soul are those which strengthen under trial. The alloy of selfishness burns away in the crucible, and the pure love comes forth with a power of endurance which nothing can exhaust. It is thus we bear up each other under the discipline of life; not through the compulsion of necessity, nor the cold obligation of duty, but with a warm devotion which finds its joy in those ministries of love. A genuine patriotism is not that which shouts itself hoarse amid holiday celebrations; but when the country groans in the anguish of a great crisis, waits upon its destiny, though it be that of the tomb. And this land of ours, furrowed by so many graves and overshadowed with such solemn memories, calls for a consecration of the heart which shall be equal to its grief. The patriotism which these days demand must refine itself into martyrdom. It must suffer as well as act. Strong in the consciousness of rectitude, it must nerve itself to endure contradiction and scorn. If need

be, it must weep at the burial of civil liberty; and wait with the heroism of hope for its certain resurrection. Such a spirit will wear out the longest tyranny, and assist at the coronation of a brighter destiny.

Young gentlemen of the University, I have delivered the message with which I felt myself charged. I have not been able to address you with the fopperies of rhetoric. I have done you the higher honor of supposing you capable of sympathizing with the deep emotions of my own heart. When your note of invitation reached me some months ago, it touched me with the solemnity of a call from the grave. I felt, as I turned my steps hither, that I was making a pilgrimage to my country's shrine. I should be permitted to stand uncovered at the tomb of the immortal chief who sleeps in such grand repose beneath the academic shades where he found rest after heroic toils. Should I look upon it as the emblem of my country's death? Or should I prophesy beside it the birth of a new career? Memories holy as death have been throwing their shadow upon my spirit; and I have spoken in the interest of country, of duty, and of truth. The dim forms of Washington and of Lee—twin names upon American History, as well as upon your own walls—appear before me the Rhadamanthus and the Minos, who shall pronounce judgment upon every sentiment uttered here. If aught said by me should draw the frown of their disapproval, may the Angel of Pity drop a tear and blot it out forever!

Standing upon the soil which gave birth to a Washington, a Madison, a Jefferson, a Henry, a Randolph, a Marshall, a Jackson and a Lee; and lifting the scroll which hangs around the ensigns of my native State, the names of Pinckney, Laurens, Rutledge, Lowndes, McDuffie, Hayne, Calhoun—I summon their immortal shades around his tomb whom a nation has so lately mourned. In their dread presence I solemnly declare that the principles of our Fathers are our principles to-day; and that the stones upon which the temple of American liberty was first built are the only stones upon which it shall ever be able to stand. And you, gentlemen, representing the young thought and hope which must shortly deal with these mighty issues, I swear each one of you by an oath more solemn than that of Hannibal, not that you will destroy Rome,

but that you will save Carthage. I charge you, if this great Republic like a gallant ship must drive upon the breakers, that you be upon the deck, and with suspended breath await the shock—perchance she will survive it—but if she sink beneath the destiny which has devoured other great kingdoms of the past, that you save from the melancholy wreck our ancestral faith, and work out yet upon this continent the problem of a free, constitutional and popular government. And may the God of destinies give you a good issue!

INDICTMENT OF THE LOTTERY COMPANY OF LOUISIANA

Extract from an Address delivered at the Grand Opera House, New Orleans, June 25, 1891.

WHAT does the lottery do in all of its manipulations but simply shift the products of a preceding industry from one hand to another hand without the imparting in the process of a particle of value to that which is thus transferred? It may be said that there are customers who not being producers are under the same charge of using up what they do not create. It only emphasizes the position already taken, for even the non-producing class, as for example professional men, live upon that which they in a sense create. The lawyer may not create a new material product, but man being as he is there could be no basis of personal property without the machinery of justice, and he is the representative and organ of that justice, and just in so far as he conserves that which others create, and protects them in the enjoyment of the same, he is worth his living though he may not be a creator of a new material product. The physician who restores health to one who is incapacitated by disease from labor, or who ameliorates the suffering which disease inflicts, becomes by virtue of his calling a necessity to society and is worth in the exercise of his profession all that it costs to maintain him.

And the preacher, of whom I stand before you a representative, taking even the lowest economic view of his profession as a consumer and not a producer, is an important part of that necessary police force without which the order and position

and propriety of society cannot be preserved. All not being then producers, but consumers, yet in the exercise of their several callings add to the value of what is created and render secure the enjoyment of the same. But what value does the Lottery Company protect, not to say what value does the Lottery Company create?

Let me illustrate this so that it shall be understood by all present to-night. That company issues, if you please, a thousand tickets of $500 value apiece, creating thus within its vaults a fund of $500,000. It has first got to take $250,000 of that and deposit it safely in its own locker as its portion of the plunder. It then takes the other half, the $250,000, and divides it into twenty-five shares of $10,000 each and puts these into the wheel and the five hundred men may take their chances as to which of them shall get these twenty-five prizes. When at last the prizes are realized, what has been accomplished? Simply the transfer of $500,000 out of the pockets of one thousand individuals, one-half of it to enrich those who run the machine and the other half divided among twenty-five men, leaving four hundred and seventy-five to hold the empty bag and gain the loss.

Mr. Chairman, I do not wish to appear harsh, but will you draw for me the line between this and absolute stealing? If twenty-five men can put their hands into the pockets of four hundred and seventy-five men and take the $250,000 by which they are enriched without giving to those four hundred and seventy-five any equivalent, where is the distinction any other than barely a metaphysical distinction without even a hair-breadth's width to mark it between that and what we call in common style a theft? Now, sir, I know the reply to this. There are but two methods by which we acquire property, either by gift or purchase. Now I ask whether these four hundred and seventy-five men have made a gift to the successful winners of the prizes. Each one of those four hundred and seventy-five men, so far from being willing to donate their loss so that it shall become the other's gain, each one of them has been hoping and wishing that he might put into his own pocket the coveted treasure. Was there any good will in the transfer from the loser to the gainer? Is it a purchase? What equivalent has been rendered? It is simply grotesque to speak

of that being purchase money which does not amount to one-twentieth of the value of the thing purchased. But, it is urged in answer to this that the parties contract and make the bargain between themselves as to this gain and loss, and that as the losers agreed to take their chances with the rest, it is constructively although not actually a gift on their part.

Now it appears to me, Mr. Chairman and fellow citizens, one of the plainest principles of ethics that what a man has no right to do, he has no right to bargain to do, and no contract between man and man to do a thing that is unlawful can ever be made right in the sight of man or God simply by the fact that it is a contract between them. I go beyond this and say that the deliberateness of the act when two or more men sit down together and combine to do a thing which in itself was not right to do, the deliberateness of the act makes it more criminal than if it sprung from the spontaneous and sudden act of an individual, and more than all you have in the contract to do the wrong thing not only this deliberateness, but you have the concurrence of two wills, doubling the crime on the part of both. The man who staked his property had no right to stake that property on a chance and the man who won the property upon that stake had no original right to take it. It was neither a gift nor a purchase and consequently the agreement between the parties to stand simply by the chance was an immoral agreement and no Legislature can possibly make it legitimate. Here then is my first position against the lottery, when I say that it disorganizes society and is incompatible with the safety of the State. It strikes at that fundamental law of labor. It has said to these one thousand men, "There is no need for you to work. There is a shorter way by which you can enrich yourselves and your families." Those one thousand men are called away from their proper duties and they fail in meeting that fundamental obligation to live either by the toil of their hands or by the work of their understanding.

But, more than this, sir. When I have said there is no equivalent given and no new value imparted when there is transfer of money from one hand to the other through the lottery and its agents, it is a lesson industriously taught the people not only to live by luck, but to live upon the misfortune of their neighbors. I beg the attention of the audience to the an-

nouncement of this principle. Sir, it is a solemn thing for any body of men to inculcate it as at all right and proper that we should live simply and alone upon the losses of those that are unlucky. If I win the $10,000 prize, those that entered into the chance with me have lost just that much and I am enriched through their poverty. Now, sir, let the lottery exist five and twenty years. If only twenty-five men out of five hundred succeed in gaining what the lottery promises, how long will it take to transfer the entire wealth of the State of Louisiana into the hands of one out of twenty of its citizens? What will be the condition of things when one-twentieth of the population own everything upon the soil? And let me ask, sir, how long is any community going to stand that sort of thing? When the country has been led straight up or driven up to the very verge of a precipice, do you suppose that, like a herd of buffaloes, all the people of this State are going to leap that precipice into the boiling and hissing depths below? No, sir; they must and they will recoil, and if this lottery cannot be destroyed by forms of law, it must unquestionably be destroyed by actual revolution.

I fear that I may be trespassing upon the time of the other speakers. (Cries of "No, no, go on, go on!") I sometimes hear the apology for the lottery after this sort: "Oh, it is all wrong. It is immoral, we grant that, but then it is one of the evils which to society is incident and we cannot help ourselves. It is just like drinking. The State knows that the saloon is a deep injury to the State, and if in her power would gladly suppress it, but as men must and will drink, it is wise for the State to throw around existing saloons such restrictions as shall diminish the harm and make the evil less as it bears upon society at large." Now, the analogy is drawn. "Gambling is in human nature. Men will gamble, and why should not the State deal with the lottery exactly as it deals with the saloons? Give it license to do its work." But, sir, without dwelling too long upon the statement, let me dissipate the illusion by showing where the analogy fails.

Saloons exist, but they exist under protest. They exist under not only the protest of the government, but under restraints such as the State will be able to throw around them. It stands by itself and simply answers the wishes and demands

which are made upon it by those who desire the liquor which is sold them, but if you want the parallel to be exact you must convert all the saloons in the country into one grand saloon syndicate and that syndicate must go to the Legislature and demand a charter, and in order that their rights may be beyond invasion ever afterwards it must be imbedded in the Constitution that they and they alone shall have the right to satisfy the thirst of the people. What next? They open their tap-rooms upon every corner in every city where they gain access, and they hang out their prices, from the pint, earthen mug, quite up to the gallon and hogshead. And according to the money the parties are willing to pay this saloon syndicate will drown the country with what they desire and what proves their ruin. Not only that, but they have their agents walking the streets thrusting invitations into your face as you walk quietly in your citizenship along the streets of this city to tell you how cheap you may get this drink that you wish, and so they become the propagandists of the saloon.

That is the crime which I now charge against the lottery. It is not only a gambling place such as other gambling places that are in this city, meeting under the cover of night to satisfy the wishes and anticipations of those who love the gambling, but it becomes the apostle of gambling. It becomes the propagandist of gambling, it goes forth under the charter of the State to persuade man, woman and child wherever they meet them to gamble. It carries the solicitation into our very homes. It meets our cooks when they are going with the basket to get the master's breakfast and induces them to gamble. How long, sir, would the country stand a syndicate of saloons, and I ask how long will Louisiana or the country stand this syndicate of gamblers? What I charge, therefore, upon the lottery is not simply that it is a gambling concern but that it is a university for the instruction in gambling and a high endowment in order to stimulate the process of gambling by and through the country at large. I have only one thing more to say and I am done.

I have said the lottery must go, because the State cannot be allowed to perish. Why, sir, before the half of twenty-five years have elapsed if this lottery should gain its charter, every man that is able to leave the State of Louisiana will

abandon it. Whilst you are holding out our invitations to invite capital and invite population, who shall drain your morasses and stimulate industry and create the wealth of the State, you are holding up this forbidding thing to drive every desirable citizen away from Louisiana. Worse than that, sir—when you have an institution that goes openly before the Legislature and seeks to bribe it, that in less than ten years after its recharter will carry in its pocket every governor in the State, remove every honest judge from the bench, and put their men in the places to do their bidding, what then will Louisiana be worth? I, sir, was not born upon the soil of Louisiana, but I am her son by adoption. I have spent thirty-five years, almost the half of a long life, in what I believe is honest and virtuous labor for the good of this people. It will not be in my power to abandon this State, even though I might desire to escape the odium attaching it. My dead are here and the narrow house is already built in which after a year or two of active service I expect to be laid aside to enjoy the quiet repose which heaven has afforded to them, but before that event takes place, I desire to see this land of my adoption redeemed. I want her redemption to be accomplished by her own act. These beautiful plains, this delicious climate, taking the year round superior to any other upon this continent, these beautiful streams which like silver threads almost convert a portion of our State into a modern Venice—are we, sir, to abandon such a land as this, created by beneficent heaven and secured by the patriotism of the fathers that went before us? Are we, to deliver her, bound hand and foot, to such an enemy as this? Unless she be redeemed by her own act then the appeal must be made to the virtue and the intelligence of the entire country. Mr. Chairman, I need not say to one like you, so versed in moral truths, that the world is ruled by ideas, and it is not competent to any isolated community to live against the moral convictions of the world.

Scarce recovered as a people from the blow inflicted upon us coming in that precise way, the moral sentiment of the world, right or wrong, was arrayed against the institution of slavery and it went down. The moral sentiment of mankind is against the lottery, and all the countries that have given it a temporary existence have found that it exhausted the resources

of the land and have more or less divested themselves of the curse; but if, notwithstanding all these things the curse should still be inflicted upon us, Louisiana must become a lost Pleiad in the sisterhood of States, and she will go forth an outcast pariah with the scarlet letter of shame branded forever upon her forehead.

THE TRIBUNAL OF HISTORY

Address before the Confederate Reunion in Louisville, Kentucky, May 30, 1900.

CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND FELLOW CITIZENS:—Accustomed through sixty years to address public assemblies, I am nevertheless subdued with awe in your presence to-day; for we stand together under the shadow of the past. It is the solemn reverence one might feel in the gloom of Westminster Abbey, surrounded by England's illustrious dead. Indeed, we are here the living representatives of countless comrades who sleep in lonely cemeteries throughout the land, where perchance a single monumental shaft is the ghostly sentinel keeping watch over the bivouac of the dead.

It is five and thirty years since the Confederate War was closed, and about thirty-nine years since it was begun, and it is sometimes asked why we should stir the ashes of that ancient feud? Why should we not bury the past in its own grave, and turn to the living issues of the present and the future? To this question, comrades, we return the answer with a voice loud as seven thunders, because it is history, because it is our history and the history of our dead heroes, who shall not go without their fame. As long as there are men who wear the gray, they will gather the charred embers of their old campfires and in the blaze of these reunions tell the story of the martyrs who fell in the defense of country and of truth.

Nay, more than this; it is the story of a strife that marks an epoch in the annals of the American people. It is known to every schoolboy in the land that two parties existed at the formation of our government, who could not agree in locating the paramount sovereignty which should decide upon all issues arising between the States themselves. The Federalists, as they were termed, demanded a strong government, concen-

trating power in the national administration; the Republicans, on the other hand, contended for the distribution of power among the States claiming their original sovereignty among their reserved rights. Both parties were too strong to allow the question to be determined by arbitration or through forensic discussion. It was, therefore, permitted to slumber beneath certain ambiguities of expression in the Constitution itself, to be settled by the exigencies of the future, not as an abstract principle, but as as accomplished fact. I need not remind you how this issue was raised in 1832, and was postponed through the conciliatory legislation of that period. Such an issue could not, however, sleep forever. The admission of new States into the Union, with their conflicting interests, must reopen the question and compel its decision. Thus it arose in our day, leading to the establishment of our Southern Confederacy, and to the Civil War that followed.

Fellow citizens, it is simply folly to suppose that such a spontaneous uprising as that of our people in 1860 and 1861 could be effected through the machinations of politicians alone. A movement so sudden and so vast, instantly swallowing up all minor contentions, would only spring from great faith deeply planted in the human heart and for which men are willing to die. Whatever may have been the occasion of the war, its *cardo causæ,* the hinge on which it turned, was this old question of State sovereignty as against national supremacy. As there could be no compromise between the two, the only resort was an appeal to force, the *ultima ratio regum.* The surrender at Appomattox, when the tattered remnant of Lee's great army stood guard for the last time over Southern liberties and rights, drew the equatorial line dividing between the past and the future of American History. When the will of the strongest, instead of "the consent of the governed," became the base of our national structure, a radical transformation took place. The principle of confederation gave way to that of consolidation, and the American nation emerged out of the American republic.

It is not my design, however, to discuss these issues. On the contrary, I have traced the remote origin of the Confederate War for a purpose which is entirely conciliatory, and to explain some things which may appear contradictory. It

enables both parties in this struggle to give full credit to each other for patriotic motives, though under a mistaken view of what that patriotism may have required. It shows why no attempt was ventured to bring attainder of treason against the Southern chiefs, which could not afford to be ventilated before any civil court under the terms of the American Constitution. It explains how through a noble forbearance on both sides (always excepting the infamies of the reconstruction period) the wound has been healed in the complete reconciliation of a divided people. It explains how we of the South, convinced of the rightfulness of our cause, can accept defeat without the blush of shame mantling the cheek of a single Confederate of us all: and while accepting the issue of the war as the decree of destiny, openly appeal to the verdict of posterity for the final vindication of our career. In making this appeal, veterans, in your name, I am brought to the subject of this day's discourse, which is to set before you the tribunal of history before which all the issues of the past continue to be tried and which in the view of many sound thinkers is rendering a proximate judgment in what is occurring before us in the immediate present.

[Having thus reached his subject, the orator proceeded to show, by luminous and noble historical parallels drawn from ancient, mediæval, and modern history, that peoples have often "mourned their dead and the principles for which they in vain had fought," and yet been vindicated by the true historians of the after-time.]

. . . What I affirm then is this: That the value of these final generalizations is scarcely impaired by the doubts as to this or that minute fact. Contemporaneous history, written in the interests of prejudice and passion, may be largely a libel, and future criticism may be sorely puzzled to distinguish between the truth and its travesty; yet in the aggregate result these, by a strange smelting process, are sifted out as not material to the issue. As we may poison a fountain, but cannot poison the ocean, so we may corrupt single facts, but cannot transmute the whole history of a people into a lie. A thousand hints of the truth will lie imbedded in the record, which antiquarian research will disentomb. The long silent voices will deliver their testimony in the court of final adju-

dication, and in these solemn historic retractions the good and the brave will find an honest vindication.

Fellow citizens, the application of this discourse is left to silence and to you. That which hath been is now, and that which is to be hath already been. Invective and reproach will continue in the sacred name of history to be poured upon those who deserve only her applause. The faithful witnesses of the truth will go in cloud and sorrow to the tomb, burying their principles only in a protest. But they will do it in the certain faith of a resurrection. As for their own fame, they can afford to wait. Eternity is long, and it is their lifetime. Upon the lip of that boundless sea their prophetic gaze is fixed upon the burnished throne which human justice makes its last tribunal, and before which the nations and the centuries are burnished for trial. Defamation and slander rest as lightly on their calm spirits as the salt spray that crystallizes upon the silent rock. If too, the warnings of the past, like the prophecies of Cassandra, are heard only to be disbelieved, still let the despots of earth know they are but sowing the dragon's teeth of an armed and fierce retribution. Constitutional freedom has not come forth from the conflict of ages to be stifled now, when her broad shield is thrown over two continents. She will reappear again and again amid the birth-throes of regenerated States, for regulated liberty is to the commonwealth what piety is to the Church—the very law of its life. Both have struggled through corruption and decay to a more complete realization. But if the day should come when despotism shall so far consolidate its power as to crush all human freedom beneath its iron heel then will be consummated the second apostasy of man after the flood in the usurpation of Nimrod. History will have completed its cycle, and nothing will remain but the call to universal judgment.

LETTER TO HIS FATHER

NEW ORLEANS, LA., December 25, 1878.

MY VENERABLE AND PRECIOUS FATHER:—I write you simply a note of congratulation and love on this your birthday, which puts you, I believe, in your ninety-first year. According to human arithmetic, how near you are to immortal youth! And what a clear, bright day has your life been on the earth! A few private sorrows have thrown a momentary mist over the face of the sun—but with what a blessed light it has shined upon others, at least, if not upon yourself. It has been a long life, undimmed by a single reproach—as it seems to us, not obscured by a single mistake—a life never embittered by human enmities—as judged by any earthly standard, a life of rare gentleness and humility, of singular consecration to duty, of transparent sincerity and religious devotion, a whole burnt offering of service and of sacrifice to God, and to man.

Pardon me, my Father; I have too much reverence for God's sacred truth to shock you with any extravagances of speech—or to imply that you do not require, like the rest of us, the dear atoning blood to cleanse you from unrighteousness before God. Rather, it is because you have been able through Divine grace to "adorn the Gospel"—and through a long life of most conspicuous consistency, to reveal the virtues of a sanctified nature: it is this which compels this outburst of admiring joy from your poor son, who has only the grace to venerate that which he cannot equally exemplify. When was there a time in all your long career, that men did not put the crown of their reverence upon your head? and a reverence, too, not stately and stiff, as being only rendered by the judgment and conscience—but reverence shading off into love, warm, deep and personal, making it as well the homage of the heart. Do you wonder then that your children rise up around you in your old age, and "call you blessed"? Feeling its influence in the shaping of their own character and destiny, they rejoice in the beauty of your life's sunset, even more than in the glory of its noonday brightness. The sun will set with you in its drapery of crimson and gold, hiding

itself for a little behind the stars, and rising again in the Eternal Day. Death will touch you with its gentle sleep and its terrors be lost in the translation to the home of the Redeemed: and we, who survive, will gaze upon you in the immortal ascension: and cry as the prophet to Elijah, "my Father, my Father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof." Let the tears and benedictions of your children rest upon you, beloved and honored Father; and let your blessing be their legacy!

I am still alone—though Augusta will be with me a week hence. With Christmas wishes to all of Sarah's household, I am as ever, Your dutiful son,

B. M. PALMER.