

# Confederate Veteran.



VALUABLE GIFT TO THE DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY AT GALLATIN, TENN.

(THE ABOVE VIEW WAS TAKEN ON THE OCCASION OF ITS FORMAL RECEPTION.)

The breaking up of the Julius A. Trousdale home at Gallatin, Tenn. (twenty-six miles north of Nashville), a few months ago by the death of the only child— a lovely maiden—which event was soon afterward followed by the fatal illness of the husband and father, is well known to VETERAN readers. Mrs. Trousdale returned to her relatives at Nashville, her girlhood home. What should be done with the splendid home was

a practical question that required attention. It had been in the Trousdale family for one hundred and fifteen years; it had been her happy home, and she would not consider its sale. Happily she entertained the sentiment to bequeath it to the most sacred of causes, and she has given it into the custody of the Daughters of the Confederacy. An account of their plans may be expected through the VETERAN.

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

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The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,  
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,  
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,  
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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No. 6. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
PROPRIETOR.

## THE LOUISVILLE REUNION.

Much interest is felt in the late reunion of Confederate Veterans from all the Southern States. Kentucky hospitality was extended as might have been expected of those who coöperated and those who, though "neutral," sympathized with the Confederacy in the great war between the States.

Benefited by the experiences of other reunion cities, the Executive Committee, comprised of prominent citizens, coöperated so cordially, and were sustained so liberally by citizens, regardless of their part in the war, and by the city government, that it was an easy thing to provide all the necessary features to give comfort and to please their honored guests. Conditions conspired to the success as they did not at any previous reunion. Guests were notably of a richer class. There were more men of wealth and there was more of tinsel and fewer in proportion who were dependent than have ever attended a general reunion.

Then the people generally of Louisville opened their homes so as to make most welcome guests of strangers. In this way there was less need than formerly of hotels for free entertainment. Then Louisville is a city large enough to distribute such a crowd, better than any in which reunions have ever been held, save only New Orleans. The Veterans in attendance were evidently not so numerous as at some other reunions. That is accounted for readily in the fact that many had "crossed over the river," and the location being on the border it was too far from the homes of many too feeble and too poor to make long journeys. The disparity through increase of "last roll" (the death list) is becoming sadly apparent.

The Confederate hall was of course well filled at the opening, and the eminent Commander, Gen. J. B. Gordon, was in finer tone than he has been for years, so the proceedings were managed expeditiously from the beginning.

A word here in explanation may be opportune to those who do not attend reunions, and wonder that the same Commander is perpetuated. There is doubtless no other man in the world more magnetic before a large assembly of his war comrades than Gen. Gordon. He can make himself heard, he can command "absolute silence" at will, and his liberal patriotism electrifies his comrades, who are and ever have been patriotic in the broadest sense. Although many believe that "he goes too far," in that he seeks to make favor at the North, beyond the strictest propriety, if it is an error, in so far as it may be such, it tends to good results. He can better afford to use these liberal expressions than if he was in politics or was dependent upon the favor of those not in accord with Southern ideas. Granting all this to the battle-scarred veteran "who led his men wherever duty called," and who was often wounded, and so terribly at Sharpsburg-Antietam that he believed he was actually dead, it does not argue that there ought to be other changes. Committees, however capable, ought to be so changed that new ideas be introduced and new methods adopted to the important ends for which the great organization was formed. There ought to be a more general distribution of duties and honors. In this commendatory spirit there ought to be, before another reunion has adjourned, some way to avoid the confusion that is almost hopeless already by indicating who were officers in the field and who are camp officers. We discuss this important matter from time to time, and all agree that it should be done and yet at each reunion there are more major generals and brigadier generals than ever before. The VETERAN is grievously at fault in perpetuating this error. It will confuse our children and our children's children. A valiant comrade in a border State, loyal to every Confederate sentiment, was urged to the appointment as a brigadier general; and, while he was willing to do all the work and incur the necessary expense, he declined

history of this republic. During the stupendous conflict between the American States, Kentucky's most famous families and all classes of her people were represented in both the Union and Confederate armies. In her marvelous fecundity, she had previously given birth to both Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln. These two great sons, born within a few months and miles of each other, nurtured on the bosom of this common mother, were destined in God's mysterious providence to find homes in different sections, to grow up under different institutions, to become the representatives of conflicting civilizations and the respective Presidents of contending republics. The one was to die at last disfranchised by the government which he had long and faithfully served and for whose flag he had shed his blood on Mexican soil; the other was to meet his death by an assassin's bullet.

Neutrality has no place in masterful minds nor in heroic hearts. Neutrality has never yet developed a great character nor characterized a great people nor written one sparkling page in human history. Kentucky, therefore, would have none of it. Governors might proclaim neutrality, Legislatures might enact it, but no edicts nor statutes could chain down the unconquerable spirit of Kentucky's sons.

There were many interesting and beautiful addresses by the officials of the city and state. Then there were letters from various prominent Confederates which were published in facsimile. One of those which will profoundly impress the public is that of Lieut. Gen. A. P. Stewart. It is as follows:

*Comrades:* Thirty-five years have elapsed since we surrendered to vastly superior forces and laid down our arms. Many of us were at that time middle-aged men, and consequently are now nearing the bound of life. As we cast a glance at the past, we naturally ask ourselves: "Were we right? Was the South right and justified in the course pursued in 1861-65?"

For myself I wish to say that not an iota of the convictions entertained at that time has been yielded, but those convictions have grown stronger with the lapse of time. Our States seceded from the Union because they were denied plain constitutional rights in the Union. We took up arms to resist invasion and conquest. A more righteous cause never appealed to the spirit of heroism, chivalry, and patriotism in man. The South had always been true to the Union and its laws under the constitution. It has been true to the obligations assumed after the war. My belief is that it was the will of Providence that the Union should continue undivided, at least for a time, until the providential purposes of its creation have been accomplished. What will happen then no man has prescience enough to forecast. So far as the war is concerned we may pass down the declivity of life with conscience at rest.

While we are permitted to remain let us do what we can for the relief of our needy and infirm comrades, and for the proper education and training of the children of veterans who may be in want of our help, that they may be fitted for useful, respectable, and independent lives, and become good citizens of their respective States and of the United States.

Proud of the distinction of having been of your number—a Confederate soldier—as noble and heroic a body of men as any age or country has produced; wish-

ing for each one of you abundant peace and prosperity to the close of life, I am your comrade.

#### CONGRESS OF CONFEDERATE SURGEONS.

There were about one hundred and fifty present at the Congress of Confederate Surgeons. After the preliminary work was completed and the election of officers became the order, Dr. J. B. Cowan, of Tennessee, who was medical director of Forrest's Cavalry, seconded the nomination of Dr. Preston B. Scott, of Louisiana, mentioning his efficient service "from first to last," and who rose almost from the ranks to be medical director of one of the best divisions in the army. Dr. J. M. Holloway, of Louisville, paid Dr. Scott high tribute, and the Doctor was then unanimously elected President by a rising vote, with no opposing candidate. Dr. J. M. Keller, of Hot Springs, Ark., was elected Vice President; Dr. D. J. Roberts, of Nashville, Secretary; and Dr. V. G. Haight, of Atlanta, Treasurer. For Chaplain selection was made of Rev. Dr. Overton, of Louisville, who was a private in the "Orphans' Brigade." Dr. Scott accepted in a graceful and grateful acknowledgment of the honor. The special order of the day was then called for, and Dr. J. J. Knott, of Atlanta, made public his new theory of the causation of yellow fever—viz., that it is not a germ disease by any means, but is dependent upon a noncombustible form of phosphoreted hydrogen. He reported various methods of treatment. A camp fire was given by the local profession of Louisville, which was very much enjoyed. Miss Emily Davidson sang "Dixie" in a strain that brought the dignified doctors to their feet, who joined in giving the occasion the odor of a Methodist revival. Miss Davidson concluded with "My Old Kentucky Home."

#### ORATOR OF THE OCCASION.

The most important of all addresses was the following oration by Rev. B. M. Palmer, of New Orleans:

*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 we should 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 there are men who wear the gray they will gather the charred embers of their old camp fires, 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, demanding a strong government, concentrating power in the national administration; the Republicans, on the other hand, contending 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 an 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 the Southern Confederacy and to the civil war that followed.

Fellow-citizens, it is simple 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 spring only from some great faith deeply planted in the human heart, and for which men were willing to die. Whatever may have been the occasion of the war, 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 the law of force. 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 di-

vided 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 issues of the war as a 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.

The most elaborate oration of the great Pericles, as recorded by the historian Thucydides, was that pronounced over the soldiers who had fallen in the Peloponnesian war. The nice sense of Athenian honor



REV. B. M. PALMER.

did not allow the slain to be disgraced upon the field of battle. To this sentiment of national pride was added the deeper instinct of religion, which among the Greeks enforced the strict performance of funeral rites, without which the restless shades were doomed to wander upon the banks of the gloomy Styx, forbidden to pass to the Elysium beyond. Even amidst the carnage of battle the bodies of the slain must be rescued from the foe and be borne in solemn pomp for interment in their native soil; whilst the memorial shaft blazoned their heroic deeds in double testimony of a soldier's prowess and of a nation's gratitude. It was fitting, too, that the pageant of a public funeral should be illustrated by the highest eloquence; and the first orators of Greece, such as Demosthenes and Lysias, did not disdain the opportunity for the display of their loftiest genius.

It was after the disastrous campaign of the summer of 431 B.C., when all Attica had been ravaged by the Spartan legions and her whole population was com-

pressed within the walls of Athens, that Pericles, whose name is imperishably linked with Athenian empire, ascended the bema to speak the honors of the Athenian dead. It was, however, no empty paenegyric, the filigree and frost work of mere rhetoric, but statesmanlike and grand in the utterance of practical conviction. As described by Grote, "it was comprehensive, rational, and full not only of sense and substance, but of earnest patriotism, impersonal and businesslike, since it is Athens herself who undertakes to commend and decorate her departed sons, as well as to hearten and admonish the living."

I have detained you, ladies and gentlemen, with this lengthened preamble for the purpose of justifying an inference which will be found to underlie all that I shall pronounce in your hearing—to-wit, that war is not always the mere outburst of human passion, but that when projected on a large scale and protracted through a long period, and especially when occurring between members of the same race, it is the result of an antecedent conflict of opinions; which, having sought arbitration in vain, appeals finally to the sword from the simple necessity of settling the question of supremacy. With the whole of Grecian history before us, for example, it is evident that the Thirty Years' War between Athens and Sparta was but the culmination of the struggle between the Doric and Ionic elements of the Grecian stock, which emerged at the earliest dawn of authentic history. From the outset these two became the exponents of two opposing systems of government and social discipline. Lacedæmon espoused a policy which has been defined as continental and oligarchic; while Athens represented the ideas of commerce and democracy. Sparta sought to consolidate the continental States of Greece under the supremacy of the few; Athens, to weld the Maritime States into a Democratic Confederacy, of which she should be the center and soul. The antagonism was fundamental, and the two States struggled together like Jacob and Esau, even in the womb. So ancient was the feud that the armed invasion of Persia only composed it for a time—to break forth at last in the Peloponnesian war, so fatal in its issue to the independence of both. All this is, however, not a whit more clear to our critical philosophy than it was to the statesmanlike discernment of Pericles himself. We, who stand on the top of so many centuries and survey the whole landscape of the past understand perfectly that the wildness of individual freedom, so fatal to the permanence of her power, was yet the only condition through which Athens worked out her mission and became the "schoolmistress of the world." The largest liberty of speculative thought and the utmost freedom of social life, under the stimulus of a popular constitution that woke every individual into action, were perhaps the only conditions under which those exquisite models of poetry, eloquence, and art could in the first instance be created, which succeeding ages have been content simply to reproduce. And beyond the glory of her sculpture and her song, which throw such a halo around the name of Athens, is the glory of presenting the first demonstration upon the page of history of equal citizenship in a free State. All this, however, is traced as with a needle's precision by this sagacious statesman, who, in this splendid specimen

of forensic eloquence, has adroitly linked the sepulture of the heroic warrior with the position and defense of the principles for which he bled. The orator was right. With the instinct of genius he struck the keynote of that solemn dirge which weeping Greece was chanting over the tomb of her slain. It is not the sentiment of natural affection alone, seeking to hallow the remains of brothers, husbands, and sons. It is not the impulse of haughty honor only, rescuing the brave from the iron hoof of an insolent foe. It was the deep, though possibly unpronounced, conviction that the dead were martyrs to a cause for which their own blood might as easily have flowed. This made Greece weep as she drew her mantle over the slain and gave their names to lasting marble; and Pericles was eloquent simply because he interpreted the silent thought in a thousand souls, that death for a just principle was a sacrifice to the gods.

But Athens is not the only State which has mourned its dead and the principles for which they vainly fought. The wail of many such is borne on the winds of night, appealing to the judgment of posterity in the weird language of the Gaelic bard: "Our harp hangs upon a blasted branch. The sound of its strings is mournful. Did the wind touch thee, O harp, or was it some passing ghost? Another song shall rise." It shall chant "the chiefs of other times departed, who have gone without their fame. Our fathers shall hear it in their airy hall. Their dim faces shall hang with joy from their clouds. Fingal shall receive his fame. The voice of Ossian has been heard. The harp has been strung in Selma."

I have drifted insensibly into the theme of my discourse, which is to place before your eyes the solemn tribunal of history, before which all the generations of men shall bring their deeds to be adjudicated, and in whose verdict the good and true shall find vindication. It looms up through the perspective of coming centuries, when passions of the past are dead, when historic criticism shall have purged the record of prejudice and calumny, and when impartial truth shall plead before a panel beyond the reach of seduction or of fear. But is there such a tribunal this side of the great Assize, when the Ruler of the universe shall pronounce the destinies of men? The skepticism of this inquiry I propose to meet by asserting a judicial process continually going forward in the court of time and reversing the judgments which are rendered under the passions of the passing hour.

There is in the human breast a sense of justice, the noblest relic of that image of God in which man was first created. Our nature is majestic, even in its wreck. As the broken column, half hidden in the sand, reveals the ancient glory of Baalbec, so, amid the ruins of the fall, we discover traces of the grandeur of soul with which man was originally endowed. The achievements of science reveal the splendor of his intellect, though darkened by sin. The sweet charities that bloom still in the desert he has made disclose him at once the peer of the angels in love. The very superstition that cowers in fear before its bloody altars proves his early priesthood amongst the worshipers of God. And so this rugged sense of justice remains—shattered and defaced it may be, blinded by passion, warped by prejudice, blundering through error and

ignorance into a thousand mistakes; yet there it is, a permanent attribute in man, answering back through conscience as its organ to the justice that is in God.

Indeed, it is just this principle that underlies the whole framework of government and law. The magistrate would bear the sword in vain, and all the insignias of empire would be a mockery, were not the instinct of obedience planted in the human breast. The whole machinery of justice in our courts would lock, unless driven by this spirit within its wheels. Conscience becomes the organ of law, simply because it interprets before its secret tribunal that unpronounced sense of justice which lies at the foundation of our moral nature. Hence, when this becomes corrupt or fails to be duly educated, men wax impatient of the artificial restraints of law, and those gigantic systems of despotism are created which simply overwhelm resistance by the exhibition of brutal force.

The argument to our conclusion is very short. If there be in man this ineradicable principle of justice, the corner stone by which the entire fabric of society is held together, then should we expect to trace its operation through the whole domain of history. It is no dormant property of our nature, but one lying at the root of all human activity in every sphere and relation of life. It may be overlaid for a time, so as to be apparently suppressed. It may vacillate in its judgments from the conflicting evidence upon which it rests. It may oftener still take a false direction and render verdicts unsafe and untrue. It may be blinded by the mists of passion, distorting the objects presented to its view. But from these very causes will arise an unsatisfactoriness in its earlier decisions, begetting a suspicion as to the truth of the finding. It will then go back upon its path, sifting its own prejudices, breaking through the obstacles with which malevolence and ignorance block up its way, placing itself in all the cross lights shooting upon its search, until a verdict is found that shall lay its unquiet spirit to rest, and the final decision is nailed against the walls of its chancery, which the universal conscience of mankind shall recognize as "true and righteous altogether."

It will, however, be asked, Where are the chambers of this high court of commission before which old issues are to be thus tried? What judges sit, from whose decision there can be no appeal except to the bar of God? Whence the advocate who flings his broad indictment over the defamations of all the centuries? These questions are not difficult to answer. The forum where this high adjudication is held is the broad world itself. The public conscience is the judge, roused to honesty by the very responsibility of his function. The intelligence and virtue, the truth and candor, of the race constitute the panel before which the cause is pleaded. And a sublime providence raises up advocates who speak—men of judicial build, and who have a lofty scorn for all the shams and cheats which have been the idolatries of the past. Look at Motley, drawing from the archives of the Escorial the damning evidence which has slept these three hundred years, upon which the Second Philip is convicted as the blackest felon that ever disgraced the purple. On the same page, too, stands the Silent William, in all the relief of contrast—the man who, out of the loss of every battle, wrung even from defeat and massacre the

redemption of his country, and who in matchless endurance and moral sublimity is the only prototype in European history of the American Washington and of our own immortal Lee. Look again at Carlyle, with his rugged honesty piercing the flams and falsehoods circling around the corridors of history, and in his uncouth, inverted style rescuing Cromwell from the crime of regicide. Planting his burly form against the billows, he rolls back from the Puritan Protector the tide of prejudice which had swelled against his just fame these two hundred years. At the touch of his disenchanting wand the motley fool's garb, in which the wit and satire of England's great novelist has clothed those pragmatistical Roundheads, falls aside; and 'o-day the verdict of history stands recorded that all of constitutional liberty which England enjoys is due to those men of robust principle, who, beneath the mask of a fantastic piety, were yet loyal to truth, and had the stubborn will to place law and freedom upon the throne of the Stuarts. And there is Macaulay, whose gorgeous colors throw upon the canvas the long conflict of 1648 to 1688, as the struggle between prerogative and privilege, upon whose issues hang all the chartered rights possessed this day on either side of the Atlantic. Who, too, could have dreamed that under a pure sense of historic justice Mr. Bancroft would come forth from all the prejudices of his cold philosophy to be the special advocate of the great Calvin? Or that Mr. Froude would stand before the University of St. Andrew's to pronounce the eulogy of the Genevian hero in the memorable proposition that, "whatever may be thought as to the truth of his dogmatic creed, the only men who have wrestled successfully in life's great battle and rescued it from defeat have been the men who, under some form of philosophy or religion have recognized the ordinations of a supreme will ruling over the contingencies of this earthly sphere."

Surely all this does not happen by mysterious chance. These are not solitary and accidental revelations, through a wayward fancy stumbling haphazard



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upon the truth. Consider it well, and you will find illustrations of this historic justice crowding upon you, unraveling the dark deeds of the past and bringing you face to face with prejudices that are hoary with age. Somehow the good who have been stabbed by slander will not sleep in peace. Their restless ghosts wander above their historic tombs, flitting in the dim moonlight until their spell is cast upon some champion of their wrongs. Passions, too, which have shaken the world to its center subside at last. The lists of error roll away after hanging their curtains long around the truth. A holy Providence gives the token of its own judicial process by and by in that lower tribunal it has erected in the human breast; and eternal justice throws its great shadow upon the earth in these solemn historic retractions—the last judicial findings in its court of appeal.

But we are not remanded to purely abstract reasoning in this matter. History is but the record of theories and principles, the scope of which can be fully understood only in the results they produce. And God has so conditioned this probationary life that, whether it be for good or for evil, these results are allowed to accrue with little or no intervention or restraint. By consequence history is throughout the process of a trial. The actions of men are brought under critical review in the light of the fruits they produce. In the long unfolding of these, contradictions continually emerge which are the opprobrium of Providence. Hence men of every faith, and men of no faith, stumble over the seeming scandals of the divine government. Good and evil are jumbled together in a strange mixture. The virtuous and the vile move together on the same plane, apparently under the same protection and in the enjoyment of equal blessings. Nay, the discrimination seems often to be against the good, who, though declared to be in favor with God, go

with their heads bowed like the bulrush, while the wicked prosper in the earth until "their eyes stand out with fatness," and men in their partial induction leap rashly to the epicurean conception of a Deity in stately repose, wholly unmindful of the affairs of earth. The mistake lies in forgetting the disciplinary characters of life. They measure the arc of their little segment of Providence, and think it is the diameter of the entire circle. God's comprehensive plan takes in the breadth of all the ages. The limits even of time are overstepped, and the threads broken by death are woven into a new fabric beyond the stars. Not till the vast tapestry is unrolled before us in the pavilion above, and the constituent figures are seen to be traced with an exquisite unity of design, are we prepared to form a judgment of the whole. But, though we may not be able to sum up all the equations of this problem, there is nothing to hinder the application of the great principle at each stage of the calculation. If the whole dispensation of Providence would be understood if gathered into its final result, we may truly try the separate portions by the proximate fruits which they yield. Indeed, we are shut up to this by simple necessity; and these conclusions become stations along the highway of history by which we measure our progress and at which we pause for momentary repose. They constitute new points of departure for succeeding observations, which we hang up as lanterns in the darkness of the path which we are treading.

Accepting, then, the disciplinary character of life, we have a clew to the interpretation of history. We no longer wonder at the strange tolerance of evil, which has ever been the opprobrium of Providence. God's method, we see, is to afford man his opportunity. His true character will work itself out, and the nature and worth of his principles will be determined by the issue. Nothing is wanted but the element of time. When his career is fully run, the world will pronounce its irreversible judgment. As with individuals, so with nations. These too run their allotted course, with full liberty to develop the principles on which they are based. Every false theory of government, like the flaw in the cast-iron machinery, reveals itself as soon as it has had time to grow warm by friction, and the unusual strain presses against the weak spot. It may lie hidden long, far down among the principles untested as yet; but when the crisis comes its unsuspected power is disclosed, and with it the crash that astounds the world.

Here, then, is the second joint in our argument. Misrepresentation and calumny may becloud many an honorable name, and the world lavish its praise upon the traducers for a time—and for a time so long that the decree may seem fixed forever which assigns the historic position of both. But when the policy of each shall be fully ascertained, and the remote effects as well as the near have been traced through centuries, an indignant world rises up in judicial resentment against the fraud practiced upon its credulity, and takes reprisal for the wrong in the complete reversal of its previous judgment. The decision pronounced is final, because rendered in a court of appeal and because the evidence is perfect upon which it rests.

Indeed, this is the only species of retribution which can be visited upon States as such. Individuals stand in personal relation to the divine law, and retribution



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A Maid of Honor for the Texas Division, U. C. V.

meets them in another world. But corporations are impersonal and limited in duration to this lower sphere. If, then, the Providence of God extends over them at all, it must manifest itself in the misfortunes which befall them here. The deep conviction of this earthly retribution finds expression in the proverbs which so pithily represent the collective conscience and reason of the race. "The mills of the gods grind very slow, but they grind exceeding small." "The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices make instruments to scourge us"—which is but another reading of the inspired aphorism that they shall "eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices." And what was that fine conception of the Greek Nemesis, checking the extravagant favors conferred by fortune and the avenging deity who sooner or later overtakes the reckless in their faults, but an impersonation of this earthly justice, which on its lower plane is the type of the divine and "vindicates the ways of God and man?"

The illustrations of this form the facts of almost the entire record. Let a few examples suffice. Every reader knows how the fierce struggle between the plebeian and patrician orders ran through the stormy period of the Roman Republic; but not until the entire history of that martial people had been subjected to re-examination was it discovered to be the real cause of their overthrow. It had its origin in the aristocratic sentiment which identified the State with the founders of the imperial city. Its population, daily increasing by conquest, was admitted only to a qualified citizenship, forming no healthy middle order, but really the subjects of a governing class. It was inevitable that they who bore the burdens and did the fighting of the State should clamor for the recognition of their power; and their open mutiny brought the infant republic more than once to the verge of ruin. The catastrophe was delayed through the political idolatry of the State, which was the peculiar feature of Roman history. Interminable wars resulted in the gradual absorption of the Italian States; and then Rome, stepping from Sicily upon the shores of Africa, entered through the destruction of Carthage upon those imperial conquests which made her the mistress of the world. In the words of another, "Her empire spread like a vast arch over the Mediterranean basin, with one foot resting upon the Atlas and the other upon the Taurus." But there was not the inherent strength to support the mighty superstructure. With no grand commonalty with clearly defined rights, there was nothing to which the conquered races could be assimilated, and no bulwark could be raised against the corruption flowing upon the bosom of such enormous wealth. "The Roman aristocracy was intoxicated, insatiable, irresistible; the middle class was gone; there was nothing but profligate nobles and a diabolical populace." Such is the language of Draper, who tersely adds: "And now it was plain that the contest for supreme power lay between a few leading men. It found an issue in the first triumvirate. Affairs then passed through their inevitable course. The death of Crassus and the battle of Pharsalia left Cæsar the master of the world. The dagger of Brutus merely removed a man, but it left the fact. The battle of Actium reaffirmed the destiny of Rome, and the death of the republic was illustrated by the annexation of

Egypt." Thus, after the lapse of two thousand years, do we summon ancient Rome before the tribunal of history, to be weighed in the scales of equal justice. Thus do we trace the secret cause of that strange metempsychosis by which she slipped from a republic into an empire, back to a fatal schism in her original constitution, preventing her people from being welded into a homogeneous State. And thus do we see the long reproach lifted from her Gracchi, who pass from beneath the censure of an offensive agrarianism into earnest patriots, who vainly sought to heal the wounds of "the gored State" and to stay the ruin by which it was finally overwhelmed.

Turn your attention next to Spain. Early in the sixteenth century, by the annexation of Portugal and a political combination with Austria and England, as well as by her immense possessions in the New World, Spain overshadowed all Europe with her greatness, beneath which the other powers stood shivering with fear. Yet in the bosom of her fierce despotism lay the seeds of her early dissolution. In the language of the writer whom I have already cited, "it was her evil fortune to ruin two civilizations, Oriental and Occidental, and to be thereby ruined herself." Her intolerant bigotry lost her the Netherlands, just rising into opulence and power, through which she might have controlled the commercial interests of the continent. Her expulsion of the Moors, who had become the children of her soil, enriching her with the learning, industry, and art of the East, robbed her of the opportunity which England seized of becoming through her manufactures the mart of Europe. The daily importation from her mines in America, and the consequent diversion of her people from those pursuits by which alone national wealth can be created, sank her into the condition of a mere broker in the precious metals. Now for generations she has stood, as Draper says, "a hideous skeleton among living nations," a terrible example of that avenging Nemesis following upon the track of guilty nations and scourging them for their crimes.

Shall I point you to the Communists of modern France? The fatal song of the sirens, luring the unwary mariner upon the rock of Scylla, breathed no more seducing accents than those of "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," which roused the passions of the wild enthusiasts dancing around the tricolor of the French revolution. But the true import of those insane ravings was soon read amid the horrors of the Bastille and the guillotine until the world stood aghast at the frightful spectacle of crime and blood. And the burning Paris, spared by the conquering Prussian only to smolder beneath the torch of her own incendiaries, tells the bitter fruit of that radicalism sweeping like a whirlwind over Europe and America; and which, unless checked by the power of God, will yet sack the world and lay the earth in ashes at his feet.

The last consideration to be urged will be presented in fewer words. It is that, whatever doubt may hang around the truth of particular and isolated facts, there is in every portion of history an amount of generalized truth, in reference to which skepticism would be simple affectation. A remarkable effort has been made in our day to reduce history to the category of a positive science by the statement of the necessary laws under which human actions are produced. In an elab-

orate work treasuring the labors of a studious life, but arrested before completion by the hand of death, Mr. Buckle pushes the reign of inexorable law into the sphere of the variable and contingent. Not content with the proposition that the volitions of the human will are determined by a law of their own, inscrutable to the reason, but perfectly consistent with freedom and responsibility, he boldly pronounces that the connections of cause and effect are as traceable here as in every other department of nature—where from given conditions the consequences may be anticipated by the processes of logic. He proceeds therefore to analyze the elements of human character and to enumerate the possible conditions of human conduct; deducing the conclusion that history, in all its forms, is a natural development, like the growth of a tree. This, at least, is the representation of his theory given by his reviewer, Mr. Froude, who, besides being a philosopher, is also a historian, and who, on the other hand, objects that the facts of history never repeat themselves exactly, and that we have not that recurrence and periodicity upon which the inductions of natural science rest. He concludes, therefore, that "it would be just as easy to calculate men's actions by laws like those of positive philosophy as it would be to measure Neptune with a foot rule or to weigh Sirius in a grocer's scale."

All this is immensely typical. Between these extremes all along the dotted line there is every shade of credulity in the facts and deductions of history, and every phase of skepticism as to both. With those who encounter disaster and defeat there is a prevailing tendency to spurn the testimony of all human records. They are in a condition to see how history is manufactured for a purpose; how an impudent partisanship manipulates the facts; how the truth, which one personally knows, is suppressed; how gross fictions are stereotyped by endless repetition; how the brand of injurious epithets is freely used to stamp falsehood

with the seal of truth; how misrepresentation and calumny are stuffed into books and circulated around the world to preoccupy the minds of men. Is it strange that some should morbidly infer all history to be a romance at best, if it be not also a libel and a slander? To which I reply that, with all the uncertainty hanging about this or that particular fact, there is a residuum\* of truth which cannot be destroyed, and which constitutes a basis for a safe appeal to the judgment of posterity. For instance, throw into fable all the achievements of Semiramis and Sesostris, still Assyrian and Egyptian history will survive—which in the aggregate we are able to measure, and whose precise value we can determine. History delves amid the ruins of Nineveh and Persepolis, walks around the hanging gardens of Babylon, surveys temples and tombs and pyramids of Egypt, calculates the physical force that lay in all these ancient despotisms, and then pronounces her decree. It is that this long succession of gigantic empires simply held the world until the light of freedom could break from the West, until out of the bosom of a better civilization philosophy and science could rescue it from a superstitious and fantastic imagination. It points the wholesome moral that of all things on earth nothing is weaker than what men call force; and in its calm, judicial tone utters a withering sarcasm upon the ambition and achievements of the sword.

Regard the siege of Troy as a myth; renounce all belief in the existence of Hector and Achilles; discount the more veritable records of Xerxes binding with foolish chains the angry Hellespont, or of Leonidas holding at bay the hosts of Persia in the pass of Thermopylæ, or the sublime story of Themistocles gathering her population within the wooden walls of his fleet, and, standing on the prow of his own ship, exclaiming: "This is now Athens." Yet when you have winnowed Grecian history of a thousand legends, and even of many of her accredited facts, there it stands before you with its indented coast line, and you pronounce to-day just how much Greece has been to the world. In the vast Pantheon of history she has a niche which no nation on the globe can occupy but herself.

Let Niebuhr, with his dissecting criticism, prune away the legends of ancient Rome; let the stories of Romulus and the she wolf, of Numa and the nymph Egeria, dissolve like the mountain mist—yet Roman history will remain in rugged grandeur, throwing its bleak form against the background of the sky, working out the great problems of government and law, and laying the broad foundation on which rest the systems of jurisprudence and the constitutions of civil government still obtaining amongst men. In like manner we pass through all the galleries of modern history and unlock the chambers in which the dusty archives of European diplomacy are kept, assigning to each country its proper place and the contribution made by each to the common civilization.

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 interest of prejudice or 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



MISS JULIA DESHEA, CYNTHIANA, KY.,  
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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 adjudication, 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. Inveective 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; 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 arraigned 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 that 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, and 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 the universal judgment.

#### THE JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT.

Appeal by the United Daughters of the Confederacy:

At the last annual convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, held in Richmond in November, 1899, the committee of Confederate Veterans in charge of the proposed monument to President Davis asked that the women accept the responsibility of this task which they had begun, but which they felt unable to complete; and after due deliberation they solemnly assumed the charge. The Monument Association has deposited in the State Bank of Richmond the sum of \$20,500 to their credit. With such additions as the Daughters may be able to raise they expect to complete the task begun years ago as early as practicable.

In their appeal the Daughters say: "Mr. Davis was not only the chief executive and chosen leader of the Confederacy; he was our martyr. He suffered in his own person the ignominy and the shame our enemies would have made us suffer. This was thirty-five years ago, and his monument is yet to be built. The women

of the South have solemnly sworn to wipe out this disgrace at once. Will you help us?"

Chaplain General Rev. J. William Jones, Richmond, will receive any contributions that may be sent to him.

#### JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT COMMITTEES.

Mrs. E. G. Wood, President, Jacksonville, Fla.

Mrs. S. Thomas McCullough, President Grand Division of Virginia, Staunton, Va.

Mrs. Charles G. Brown, Fountain Heights, Birmingham, Ala.

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California, yet to be appointed.

Mrs. James Y. Leigh, 78 York Street, President Virginia Division, Norfolk, Va.

Mrs. William W. Arnett, 67 Fourteenth Street, Wheeling, W. Va.

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Central Committee: Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, Chairman, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. Edgar D. Taylor, Treasurer, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. B. A. Blenner, 307 North Twelfth Street, Richmond, Va.

Send all contributions through your State officials, who will forward to the Treasurer of the Central Committee, Mrs. Edgar D. Taylor, No. 3 East Franklin Street, Richmond, Va. Thus your States will have credit for all money collected.

At the afternoon session of the first day of the convention Hon. J. Taylor Ellyson read the address from the Daughters of the Confederacy, which was cordially received. Dr. J. William Jones, Chaplain General, followed Mr. Ellyson, making an earnest appeal for the monument. The Commander, Gen. J. B. Gordon, absented himself for a few minutes, and upon his return stated that he heard that part of Dr. Jones's address referring to the need of the association to raise money. "The Daughters raise it, but we have to pay the money," said some one. Continuing, Gen. Gordon said: "I have been burned out, and I am very poor, but I trust I will never hold my purse strings too tightly to contribute to a cause like this." Then he authorized a