

chief ties of comradeship was the fact that they had served together in the penitentiary. But your imprisonment has been the means of demonstrating a much discussed proposition—does imprisonment reform the imprisoned?

Now, your best friends would not claim that your distinctions between mine and thine were clearly defined, and your reputations in regard to horses, to say the least of it was a little shady. But since you were released and have been reinvested with the privilege of citizenship, the records fail to show a single instance wherein an indictment stands opposite your names.

But to be serious, gentlemen, we know the value of your services, and recognize the sacrifices you made, the hardships you endured uncomplainingly and the valor you exhibited on every field. We remember you at the beginning of the war, a company of brave, determined young men, who without the sanction of their own State, risked life, liberty and property, burned their ships behind them and cast their fortunes with the Southern Confederacy.

Nor shall we judge your merit by your want of success. Victory was never the standard of a soldier's excellence. The soldiery of the world have been greatest in defeat. The Greeks were greater at Thermopylae than at Marathon; the Old Guard was grander at Waterloo than at Austerlitz, and when the reverses of war required that Robert E. Lee at Appomattox should tender his sword to the commander of a victorious and overwhelming army, not a laurel leaf was taken from his brow; and to-day we witness the reunion of the survivors of this noble brigade, which, though defeated, made Kentucky's cavalry famous throughout the world.

Among this audience I see those without whose names the history of the rebellion cannot be written, and while it would burden the annals of war to record the chivalric heroism of the individual members of Morgan's command, yet tradition, that sweetest of all narration, will preserve and relate through many centuries to listening posterity the courage you displayed on every battle-field on which you fought during that fierce conflict between the States.

The cause for which you fought was lost; the questions involved were settled by the arbitrament of the sword.

Your gallant leader lies buried in the beautiful cemetery at Lexington among those who knew him best and loved him most. Many of his followers, and your comrades, sleep on more than a hundred battle-fields; some denied a soldier's death lie without the walls of a military prison, and now to you, the remnant of that intrepid brigade, we again surrender our city, and on the part of every citizen of Winchester, the blue and the gray, and their children, we tender to you our hospitality and extend to you our heartiest welcome.

Then followed a welcome on behalf of Clark county by Hon. Jas. F. Winn. To say that it was a combination of exquisite rhetoric, sound philosophy and charming sentiment in its composition and that it was eloquently and impressively delivered, is only to fairly describe his effort.

HON. JAS. F. WINN'S SPEECH.

Soldiers of the Lost Cause:

To me, has been assigned, the honor and the pleasant duty, of extending to you, upon behalf of Clark county, that hearty welcome to her homes and hospitality which your deeds in bygone years so justly merit. I approach the task with a full sense of my inability to express, in speech, the fulness of the hearts from which this welcome is extended. I feel that there are others here who could perform this task far better and wear the honor far more worthily than I can hope to do. Still, it may be best, in spite of all, that those whom fate and time denied a share in the glory and the dangers of your deeds, should now take a part in bestowing on them their just meed of praise. It is to posterity that you must look for a just and impartial record of the war, for not until all the actors in the great drama of the age have made their final exit, can we form a just opinion of their merits.

Until then, history will be written in the glare of passion and under the shadow of prejudice; but this shall pass away, and posterity will read and re-write the record in the clear sunlight of impartial truth. It is right and proper, therefore, that you should thus assemble and keep alive your recollections of the past, and hand down from generation to generation, both by record and tradition, your testimony as to occurrences of which you were eye-witnesses. It is right that your children should know the purity and the patriotism of the motives which influenced you when you donned the gray, and should learn the reason of your heroic devotion to the cause which failed, in the great conflict in which you staked your all, and all was lost save honor. It is right that you should teach them that the marks of sword and bayonet and shot and shell, which you will carry to your graves, are not brands of punishment but are most honorable scars.

Leave the rest to time, and when posterity makes up the record from partisan accounts and distorted facts, rest assured that for "Morgan, the raider," you shall read "Morgan, the hero," and that the word, traitor, shall be erased from the pages of accredited history and the word, patriot, written in its stead in letters of living light.

Assemble, therefore, as today as often as you will to grasp the hands of comrades whom common security and danger, success and disaster, imprisonment and liberation, have bound together as brothers. Look lovingly and regretfully, if you will, upon the furling banner which once floated so proudly over you, and beneath whose folds you fought so fearlessly. Renew to your living comrades the silent and unspoken vows of your devotion, and stand with reverent and uncovered heads beside the grass grown graves of your heroic dead. No voice will mock the silent manliness of grief. No prying eye shall watch your tears to make your tenderness a crime.

Above all, turn not your backs upon the glories of the past. A father's just renown is, to his son, the richest heritage of honor. Forbear to join in the calumnies which envy and hate have sought to heap upon the head of him who was your leader. The time is speedily coming when the South will recognize the honesty and nobleness of Abraham Lincoln, and the North will do full justice to the integrity and patriotism of the Sage of Beauvoir. The death of a martyr has placed the one beyond the reach of censure or of praise. If to any man the fulness of forgiveness has not come, if any heart still treasures up its bitterness and hate, let such be silent. Let nothing but good be spoken of the dead. God forbid that when He has set the seal of eternal silence upon the quivering mouth of sinner or of saint ours should not likewise respect His awful mandate and be dumb.

For your living chieftain, whom it has been so fashionable to malign, I have this word to say: A purer patriot was never burdened with a people's cause. He lives a martyr to the cause he deemed so just and loved so much. Bearing alone and uncomplainingly their burden still, he makes an hourly expiation for the sins of all. He stood above the fog of selfish aspirations, and strove to tread the pathway of eternal right. "Whatever his ambitions may have been, no matter what I think or others say, or how much all regret the one mistake in all his self-denying, loving life, I feel and know that in the court where his own conscience sat as judge, he stood acquitted, pure as light and stainless as a star.

Let the dead past sleep, and turn your eyes toward a future filled with hope and joy. Accept, as settled, all the questions which were put to trial of the sword, and which the sword could settle. The blot of human slavery is forever expunged from the pages of our country's history. The union between the sovereign States is indissoluble. These questions were submitted to the arbitrament of the sword and we accept the award. The rights of local self government of personal liberty and of freedom of speech and conscience were beyond its power. These the Constitution has saved to us and will preserve for future generations. Verily, the pen is mightier than the sword! Cling to these forever as the chief corner-stone

and pillars of your country's hope, and in the noiseless battle of the ballots brave men who wore the blue will stand with you, shoulder to shoulder, as steadfastly as when in the rain of bullets they stood face to face.

From the ashes of the dead Confederacy a New South has risen which will grow in wealth and power far beyond the wildest dreams of the past, and there are some among you who will live to see her rise higher still, in queenly majesty, to the place in the sisterhood of States which nature and nature's God intended her to fill.

Here, on this neutral ground, where blue and gray meet and mingle in social intercourse, each striving for the enjoyment of the other, let us dedicate ourselves anew to the work of cementing the sections into closer union than was possible under the old regime. On the soil of a State which furnished both the North and South their leaders, and gave to the world the strongest proofs of the patriotism which inspired their armies; where for conscience sake neighbor took up arms against neighbor, friend against friend, brother against brother and father against son; here, let all differences be laid aside and feuds forgotten, and all join in generous emulation of loyalty and devotion to a common cause, a common country and a common flag.

It is needless now to inquire who was right or who was wrong. The nation's broken body and shed blood have made complete atonement.

The dead have not died in vain. The war was not a failure. As has been said of the French Revolution it was not wholly evil for, on the black cloud of war, spanning the heavens, rose this bow of hope. Beneath your country's flag all men are free. In spite of ruined fortunes, homes turned to ashes, hearts made desolate; in spite of all the needless cruelties of war; in spite of senseless persecution, inhumanity and wrong "a people placed upon a nation's brow these stars: Liberty, Equality, Fraternity"—grandest words that ever rose from earth to heaven. In this spirit of loyalty and love and peace and in the name of all her soldier sons, whether they wore the blue or wore the gray, all still her sons and equally beloved and in tender memory of the dead, no loss than in the honor of the living, Clark county bids you welcome.

On behalf of the Confederate soldiers of Clark county, Capt. Leeland Hathaway spoke warm words of greeting to their Comrades from other counties and States. He congratulated the "boys" on what they were and what they are. Turning from four years of war they had gone to desolated homes and had taken up the duties of life adorning the walks of peace as they had the ranks of war. Years had brought age and age its duties and responsibilities. All of which had been born and carried with heroism. The yell which answered him told of the appreciation following his earnest words and more than one tear paid tribute to his address.

After came Gen. B. W. Duke, the ideal soldier, the chivalric gentleman, the earnest lawyer, the wise and patriotic statesman and after Gen. Morgan the popular hero, of the "Old Command." He responded on behalf of the visiting soldiers as only he can do. He renewed the history and personnel of the division, their individuality, their peculiar excellences, their place in war and peace in his usual impressive and thrilling way. His allusions to the martyred dead were peculiarly beautiful and touching. His great heart was full and his eloquent tongue gave voice to his emotions and he literally took the "boys" off their feet. His words of thanks and compliment to our county were graceful as they were hearty and his address was beyond question one of the best among the many able and eloquent speeches for which he is so justly famous.