THE

Story of a Monument.

By S. C. M.

MEMORIAL OF THE UNVEILING OF THE
MONUMENT TO THE UNKNOWN CONFEDERATE DEAD.
MAY 19, 1887, AT HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

AND ADDRESSES OF
Hon. JAMES BREATHITT,
Rev. CHARLES F. DEEMS, and
Hon. W. C. P. BRECKINRIDGE.

1888.
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NEW YORK.

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ERECTED TO THE UNKNOWN CONFEDERATE DEAD
BY A
SURVIVING
COMRADE
AT
HOPKINSVILLE
KY.
MAY 10. 1.6.7


HISTORY
WILL PRESERVE
THE HEROIC RECORD
OF THE
DAUNTLESS SPIRITS
TO WHOM THIS
MONUMENT
WAS ERECTED

The Story of a Monument.

The Latham Confederate Monument, at Hopkinsville, Ky., is a flower which sprang from the soil of filial love.

It was in May, 1886, that Mr. John C. Latham, Jr., of New York, standing by the monument which he had recently erected in the City Cemetery of Hopkinsville, Kentucky, over the grave of his venerated father, who was for many years president of the Bank of Hopkinsville, determined to erect the monument to the Confederate dead which now adorns that cemetery. The younger Latham had left Hopkinsville, his birthplace, twenty-four years before, to enter the Confederate army as a private, in his seventeenth year; had continued in service until the final surrender at Greensburg, N. C., in May, 1865, and, with the exception of three years, had been absent in Memphis in commercial pursuits, and afterwards, for over seventeen years, in New York, as the head of the banking-house of Latham, Alexander & Co., of Wall street.

The eminence on which he stood overlooked a green and densely shaded lawn, studded with many elegant and costly monuments; but there were evidences in some places of a lack of attention, which contrasted unpleasantly with the carefully tended spot where rested the ashes of his own dead. There are hours in every one's life when the spirit of the past rises from its tomb, and will not depart until it is appeased with sacrifice. The shade of the great civil strife, whose voice had been hushed for twenty-one years, passed before him as he gazed over the field where slept in eternal rest the dead warriors of both armies, many of

them his old towsnmen and schoolmates: Colonel Tom Woodward, the daring Confederate cavalry leader, killed in a raid in the streets of Hopkinsville; General J. S. Jackson, the fiery Hotspur, who used to express the wish to die in a cavalry charge, and whose wish had untimely fulfilment in a charge at Perryville. Side by side with the victims of war were the sacred ashes of valued friends who had gone to rest in peace, full of years. So mused the German poet on his departed friends as he crossed "The Ferry:"

> "One through life in silence wrought,
> And his grave in silence sought,
> But the younger, brighter form,
> Passed in battle and in storm."

Among the saddest sights of all were the unmarked graves of more than one hundred Confederates who died in the Hopkinsville hospitals in the Autumn and Winter of 1861–62, and were then lying in the "Potter's Field" of the lawn, where tangled weeds and vines sheltered reptiles and repelled approach. Some of the more fortunate had, years before, been taken home by their relatives, but the poor and friendless were left as drift and seaweed cast aside by the receding tide of war. The pathos of the situation and tender thoughts of sweet home appealed irresistibly to Mr. Latham. He determined to perform friendship's last office for the unknown Confederate dead, who for quarter of a century had lain unhonored in the cemetery around him.

And yet his original purpose, as the reader will soon perceive, had a wider scope than a monument to the martyred soldiers of one side only. The first step was to remove their remains to an eligible lot, and to effect this Mr. Latham, on his return to New York, addressed the following letter to Hon. R. T. Petree, a leading member of the Hopkinsville bar and Chairman of the Board of Council of that city:

"NEW YORK, June 2, 1886.

"*Hon. R. T. Petree,*

"Hopkinsville, Ky.

"MY DEAR SIR:—Herewith I have the pleasure to hand you my check on the National Bank of Commerce, New York, for $1,500, which I send as a gift to the City of Hopkinsville, Ky., for the benefit of the City Cemetery.

"I would suggest that $1,000 of the amount be used in beautifying the walks, drives and grounds, and to put in order and improve the lots, particularly those containing the remains of old and sterling citizens who have no relatives left to care for them.

"The remaining $500 I beg that you will appropriate specially to put in order the plot of ground containing the remains of the Confederate and Federal soldiers. The graves of those brave men deserve every care and mark of respect, and I believe that the funds sent you will be used in the best possible way to further this end.

"Yours truly,

"JNO. C. LATHAM, JR."

RESPONSE OF THE BOARD OF COUNCIL.

The Council promptly supplemented this donation by appropriating $500 to the same object, in the passage of the following ordinance:

"HOPKINSVILLE, KY., Tuesday, June 22, 1886.

"The Chairman of this Board reported to the Council that he has recently received a check from John C. Latham, Jr., of New York, for fifteen hundred dollars, as a donation to the city for the general purpose of improving its cemetery grounds, and with a request from the donor that five hundred dollars of said amount should be expended on the graves of the Confederate and Federal soldiers. It is therefore ordained that said amount, together with five hundred dollars which is now appropriated out of the general funds of the city and added to said donation, shall be used and expended in cleaning up the cemetery lots, improving the walks and carriage-ways, repairing neglected graves of old valued citizens who have no relatives left to care for the same, and for ornamenting and improving the graves of the soldiers of the late war.

"And H. C. Gant, James M. Howe and Charles M. Latham are appointed a committee to supervise said work and to pay for the same, said Gant to act as chairman of said committee. And the Chairman of this Board is requested to place said donation of $1,500 in the City Bank of Hopkinsville to the credit of H. C. Gant, chairman; and the Auditor and Treasurer of this Council is ordered to deposit to the same credit the sum of $500 out of the general fund of the city.

"It is unanimously resolved by the Board of Councilmen, on behalf of the citizens of the City of Hopkinsville, that the gratitude of the city is hereby tendered to Mr. John C. Latham Jr., for his generous gift."

Unquestionably Mr. Latham's purpose and intent, from the inception of his work, was unsectional, non-partisan and national.

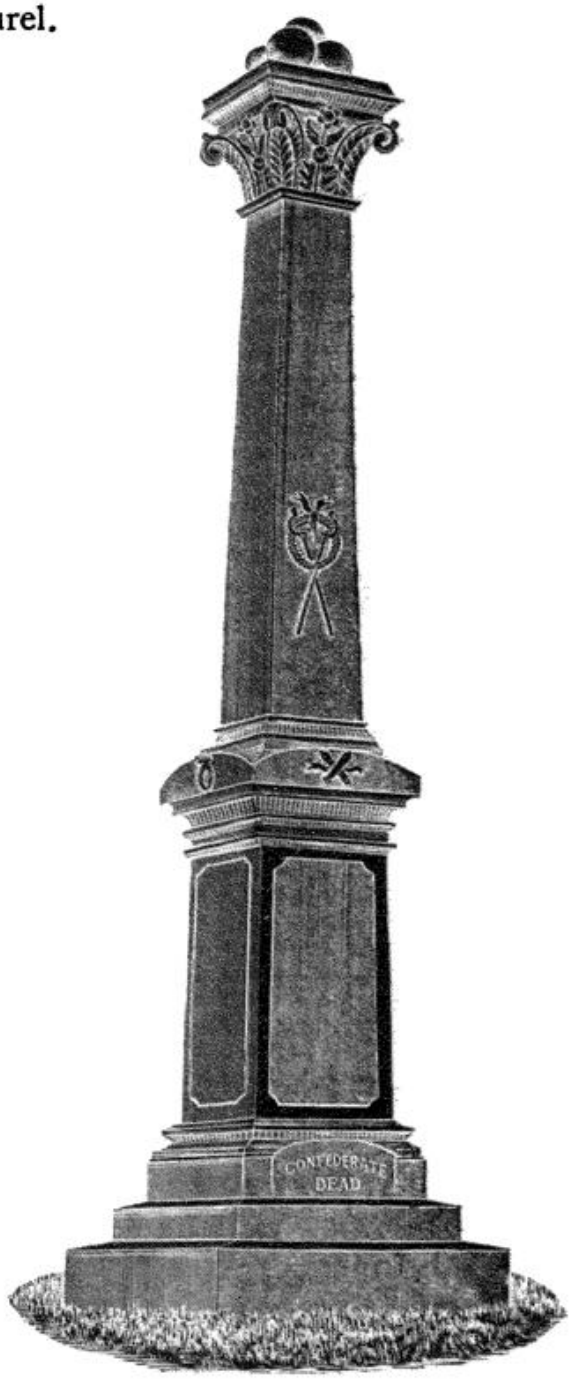
It was found on investigation that, with the exception of some who were interred in private lots, the remains of the Federal soldiers had been removed years before to the National Cemetery at Fort Donelson. This fact necessarily modified Mr. Latham's original purpose, and restricted it to the re-interment of the Confederate dead.

THE MONUMENT.

A triangular plot, enclosed by drives on all sides, near the summit of the slope in the northern end of the cemetery, was deeded by the Council to Mr. Latham, after some correspondence, as the place of re-interment, and upon this he determined to erect the monument which now forms the conspicuous feature of the cemetery. The monument was made at the Hallowell Granite Works, in Maine, after the following design:

The base of the structure is eight feet three inches square, supporting a pedestal of two polished stones, with intaglio border, the upper stone projecting. Above this is the die, seven feet in height by four and a half feet square, with four polished panels. The cornice of the die is ornamented with cannons and laurel

wreaths done in bronze. The die is surmounted by a square obelisk, with Corinthian capital crowned with a pyramid of five polished granite cannon balls, eighteen inches in diameter. On the front of the shaft are two crossed swords in bronze, encircled by a laurel wreath. The whole structure is thirty-seven feet high, elegantly wrought, of the finest quality of granite, and is remarkable for its classic taste and simplicity. At the approach to the monument from the south side is an ornamental entrance of granite eight feet wide. On the posts of the entrance are engraved branches of laurel and oak, and underneath, an antique dagger, encircled by a wreath of laurel.



On the eastern panel of the die is inscribed:

AROUND
THIS COLUMN
IS BURIED
ALL OF HEROISM
THAT COULD DIE.

CONFEDERATE DEAD.

On the western panel is the inscription:

BENEATH THIS SOD IS MINGLED
THE SACRED DUST OF ONE HUNDRED AND ONE
UNKNOWN SOLDIERS, WHO WERE ATTACHED
TO THE FOLLOWING COMMANDS:
FIRST MISSISSIPPI REGIMENT,
THIRD MISSISSIPPI REGIMENT,
SEVENTH TEXAS REGIMENT,
EIGHTH KENTUCKY REGIMENT,
FORREST'S CAVALRY,
WOODWARD'S KENTUCKY CAVALRY,
GREEN'S KENTUCKY ARTILLERY.

WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.
1861–1865.

On the northern panel:

WHILE MARTYRS
FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE
ARE RESPECTED,
THE VALOR AND DEVOTION
OF THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER
WILL BE ADMIRED
BY THE GOOD
AND THE BRAVE.

On the southern panel:

THIS MONUMENT IS ERECTED
AT THE PLACE OF HIS BIRTH,
BY A SURVIVING COMRADE,
TO COMMEMORATE THE VIRTUES
OF THE CONFEDERATE DEAD.
A. D. 1887.

THE UNVEILING.

The 19th of May, 1887, was appointed for the unveiling and formal presentation of the monument to the City of Hopkinsville. Hon. James Breathitt, a brilliant young lawyer of Hopkinsville and republican member of the Legislature from Christian County, was selected to make the introductory address, and Hon. W. C. P. Breckinridge, Representative in Congress from the Lexington (Ashland) District, and Rev. Charles F. Deems, pastor of the Church of the Strangers, New York, were appointed orators of the day.

The general management of the celebration was placed in the hands of the following Executive Committee, composed of the Chairman of the various sub-committees:

JAMES M. HOWE, Chairman of Committee of Arrangements.
C. F. JARRETT, Chairman of Committee of Invitation.
H. C. GANT, Chairman of Committee of Finance.
A. D. RODGERS, Chairman of Committee on Music.
JOHN W. BREATHITT, Chairman of Committee of Reception.
WM. COWAN, Chairman of Committee on Transportation.

The Marshal of the Day was M. H. Nelson, with the following deputies: Captain Ned. Campbell, H. H. Abernathy, John G. Ellis, C. A. Brashear, Polk Cansler, John Boyd, Wm. Jesup, R. A. Baker, H. C. Herndon, F. M. Quarles, H. H. Bryant, Wm. Cowan.

Mr. Charles F. Jarrett, Chairman of the Committee on Invitations, sent out several thousand elegantly engraved cards of invitation to leading public men and citizens who had acted a conspicuous part in both armies, in all parts of the Union. To these invitations the most cordial replies were returned. Political associations were ignored in the constitution of the various committees for the day, and Union veterans and Confederate veterans worked together.

The citizens of Hopkinsville were incited to honor the day in

grateful recognition of the generous gift which had so largely improved and embellished their cemetery. The committee who managed the donation, Messrs. Gant, Howe and Latham, had worked with laborious fidelity and admirable taste, and had inaugurated a new era in the embellishment of cemetery landscapes in Western Kentucky. The gloom and dampness of the grounds had been banished by the removal of trees which injured the monuments and obstructed the view, unsightly enclosures had been removed and the smooth turf intersected by graveled walks and drives. The cemetery had become a sunny lawn, swept by breezes playing pure and fresh among groups of trees, which gave pleasant relief to the lawn without encroaching upon the lots, around which was no other enclosure than a simple curbing. The request of the Committee on Decoration that private lots should be decorated on the occasion by their owners was generally observed, and floral tributes were distributed everywhere.

The day of the unveiling was bright and auspicious. At an early hour crowds began to pour in constant streams into the streets from every direction. Trains from North and South brought invited guests, and visitors in large numbers from Louisville, Frankfort, Nashville, Evansville, Paducah, Memphis, St. Louis, Bowling Green, including societies, municipal officials and eminent civilians and soldiers. The street panorama was magnificent. Thousands of guests, who had not walked the streets since the war, when Hopkinsville was a town of 2,500 inhabitants, wondered at the changes which had taken place since that eventful period. Main street had been entirely rebuilt with elegant business houses, and public schools, factories, five large tobacco warehouses, mills and busy workshops, bore witness to the progress of the city, which had now three-fold its war population. So rapidly had the wounds of the great strife been healed over. The vast human tide flowed back and forth through the streets, which for sixteen squares were lined by a forest of brilliant-hued flags, banners, pennants, streamers, cartoons and mottoes of every conceivable description, attesting the prevalent good-will and hospitality. Business houses were all closed, the schools adjourned, and all classes wore holiday dress. The interior and exterior decorations of the mercantile houses were brilliant, elaborate and tasteful in their combinations of flags, evergreens and bunting. National shields, with the legend "WELCOME,"

hung above door-ways; the Kentucky coat-of-arms, representing a Union and ex-Confederate soldier clasping hands, bore the motto "PEACE!;" crossed muskets from Fort Donelson were inscribed "WAR IS OVER;" the name "LATHAM," wrought of evergreens, was worked in arches at street corners; elegant chandeliers, suspended from the ceilings, fluttered with a kaleidoscopic mass of patriotic decoration, and hundreds of men and women wore on their breasts an elegant medal, struck by an eminent New York artist, to commemorate the event. At least 20,000 people were on the streets.

The various orders, committees and individual citizens had made ample and excellent provision for the refreshment of strangers, and none went away hungry. The Knights of Pythias, Odd Fellows, Knights Templar, Masons, Board of Council and Grand Army Post set elegant tables in various halls, not only for their guests, but every stranger who appeared to be unprovided for was greeted without ceremony and invited into some lunch-room. Many citizens kept open houses all morning and proffered hospitality to strangers at abundant tables. The Latham Light Guards set lunch at the rink for their military and civic guests.

The scene in the cemetery was one of unique and pathetic beauty. Even as the sun tenderly kissed both Federal and Confederate graves alike, so did the hands of love and patriotism plant flags and strew flowers with impartial reverence over all.

At noon Eichorn's Military Band, from Louisville, struck up the "Grenadier's March of Triumph," as the signal for the procession to move in the following order from Main and Sixteenth street, over one mile in length, a grand American army of peace, industry and patriotism: Mounted police, ex-Confederate and Federal soldiers, visiting municipal officials, orators of the day, governors and distinguished guests, secret societies, Warren's Evansville Band, Latham Light Guards and South Kentucky College cadets, fire department, schools and colored orders, horsemen and carriages, citizens on foot.

The procession marched through a forest of over two thousand national flags, until it passed under a richly draped arch at the northern entrance of the cemetery and reached the covered amphitheatre and grand pavilion which had been erected a short distance east of the monument. The amphitheatre was crowded and thousands stood around the stand. Elegantly dressed women and

children occupied most of the seats. Never were the "Unknown Dead" honored with so splendid obsequies before. The shades of the pilgrims from the Gulf States, who, twenty-six years before, had hasty burial at the hands of comrades who "bitterly thought of the morrow," and on that morrow met the same fate, were appeased. The amphitheatre could not shelter a third of the vast throng under its double-peaked white canopy, and the remainder of the crowd strolled off to look at the decorations of the grounds.

The grave of the Federal General James S. Jackson, who fell at the battle of Perryville, was decorated with a large flag and a wreath of laurel, sent by Mr. Latham from New York, decorated with white roses tied with purple ribbons, bearing the motto: "HONOR THE BRAVE." Klunder, the celebrated New York florist, sent a superb floral piece three feet long, exquisitely designed with the choicest roses, pansies, ferns and laurels, arranged in the form of crossed swords. The business men of Evansville sent a model of the monument in white flowers, forming a pillar two feet in diameter and eight feet high, with the inscriptions: "CONFEDERATE DEAD;" PEACE AND GOOD WILL TO MEN;" "EVANSVILLE TO HOPKINSVILLE—GREETING."

Another floral piece from Klunder's establishment, which attracted attention for its rich material and elegant design, formed a complete covering for the grave of the elder Latham. Mr. J. J. Crusman, of Clarksville, Tenn., contributed some elegant floral pieces.

Flags and flowers were placed at the grave of a poor and friendless Federal soldier, at the special request of Mr. Latham. No grave was overlooked. From the pavilion and crowded amphitheatre, where the colors of the Union waved like rainbows in the sky, or fluttered like forest leaves, to the farthest corners of the lawn the eye met at every point the brightest and richest emblems which affection and patriotism could weave in flags, evergreens and flowers.

Friends stood in groups and recounted the events of the past and the virtues of the dead; children, in the exuberance of health and youth, ran from place to place, too full of wonder to feel a thought of sadness; and scarred and armless veterans sighed as they mused on vanished scenes of camp life—the jests and tales of the tent, the picket-ground, the midnight alarm, the sudden call to arms, the sorrowful scenes of the hospital.

MEMORIES.

"The scene," remarked an alderman, "is very different from those which I saw here from November till February in the winter of 1861–62, twenty-six years ago."

"What scenes do you refer to?" asked a visitor.

The old man replied:

"The scenes which caused the erection of yonder monument and called the crowd here to-day. It was the death of some two hundred Confederates in hospitals, within two months, during their occupation of Hopkinsville at the beginning of the war, which suggested the monument, and, although hardly a sword was drawn or a musket fired in all that mortality, it is, to my mind, one of the most pathetic stories of the civil war. The deaths were so many that funeral marches soon ceased to be played, and salutes to be fired over the graves. The mortality was more than that of all the epidemics which have visited the town since its foundation.

"General J. L. Alcorn, of Mississippi, with 3,000 troops of General S. B. Buckner's command, from Bowling Green, Ky., entered Hopkinsville September 30, 1861, and made his head-quarters at the Bank of Kentucky building, whose assets had been taken to Louisville some time before. He was succeeded by General Tilghman and General Clark, the latter of whom remained until the soldiers were withdrawn to take part in the defence of Fort Donelson, where hundreds of them lost their lives. The Seventh Texas suffered frightfully, and was one of the finest bodies of soldiers that I saw during the war."

"What caused the mortality here, if there was no fighting?" asked the visitor.

"The plague of the camps, 'Black Measles,' as the boys called it," was the reply.

"Hopkinsville was first selected as a recruiting station, and after a few weeks the soldiers were taken to more active fields of service, until there remained here only some 1,200 troops. The

soldiers from the Gulf States wore light clothes when they came here, and the supplies of the quartermaster's department were indifferent in respect to winter outfits.

"Winter arrived, and the soldiers, hundreds of them mere boys —look at that headstone, 'Aged 16 years,' and that one, 'Aged 18 years'—began to suffer from lack of warm clothing and blankets. Then proper medicines and food were wanting. Most of the doctors were young and unfamiliar with the climate and its diseases. While half the camp were down with measles, cold, drenching rain set in, and death began its work in good earnest. There were so few well soldiers left in a short time that men were sent, still weak and staggering from disease, to do picket duty. Pneumonia and erysipelas followed. It was a reign of terror."

"Were no regular hospitals established?" was asked.

"Yes; ten of the largest buildings in the place were taken for that purpose. You can imagine what the amount of sickness was when you learn that the Ninth Street Presbyterian, Cumberland Presbyterian, Christian, Methodist and Colored Baptist Churches, the old County Seminary, the Ritter Hotel, South Kentucky College and Baptist Bethel College, and Mr. B. E. Randolph's residence, then General Forrest's headquarters, were all filled with sick soldiers.

"Numbers of officers were taken to private houses. An officer of the Ninth Street Presbyterian Church told me that every pew in that church was occupied by a sick soldier. Of course the women did all they could to relieve the sufferers. They organized a society, including nearly every woman in the place, and two of this number were detailed to visit each hospital daily. A lady visiting the Ritter House one day saw twenty corpses laid out for burial. Dr. R. W. Gaines, President of the Kentucky State Medical Association, who was employed in Forrest's command for some time as assistant, states that there were thirteen deaths in three days at Bethel College.

"'They died like sheep,' said one of the visiting committee. Two soldiers were sent one morning to purchase shrouds for two of their dead comrades who were lying at South Kentucky College. On their way back one of them dropped dead on the street, and the other died a few minutes after reaching the college. It was no wonder, when soldiers, too feeble to leave the hospital, were sent to stand guard in the chilly rains and snows of winter nights, coughing pitifully as they shivered in ragged clothes and almost unshod feet. Several pickets died on guard."

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REV. DR. C. H. STRICKLAND,
Pastor First Baptist Church, Nashville, Tenn.

"Were they all buried here?" inquired the stranger.

"About one-half," was the reply. "One hundred and one lie buried at the foot of the monument, and a comparison of the statements made by the undertakers, physicians and nurses of the place leads to the conclusion that more than twice that number perished in the mortality of that autumn and winter."

As the narrative of Old Mortality ended, the exercises of the solemn pageant began at the monument. On front of the speakers' pavilion was the verse:

"Not for the meed of praise
Did he this deed of love,
But on a bright, unfading page,
Tis registered above."

On the grand stand were the Hon. W. C. P. Breckinridge, Rev. Dr. C. F. Deems, Rev. Dr. Strickland, Rev. Dr. A. D. Sears, Hon. James Breathitt, Hon. E. D. Standiford, Governor Knott and staff, General S. B. Buckner, the Board of Council of Hopkinsville and their invited guests, including a number of ladies, the little girls who were to perform the ceremony of unveiling the monument, and the correspondents of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, Nashville *American*, New York *Times*, Atlanta *Constitution*, Evansville *Journal* and *Tribune*, St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* and a large corps of the local press of Kentucky.

On the right of the stand was the legend: "ALL HONOR TO OUR DEAD HEROES;" on the left: "ONE COUNTRY, ONE FLAG, ONE DESTINY." A portrait of Mr. John C. Latham, Jr., was displayed on the speakers' stand.

INVOCATION.

Rev. Dr. C. H. Strickland, of the First Baptist Church of Nashville, offered the invocation, praying for the prosperity and peace of the Union. "We have met to honor those who died in

their country's service, obscure and unknown. Unknown, and yet

" On fame's eternal camping ground,
Their silent tents are spread,
While honor guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

" Oh, God, we do not weep this day for our unknown brothers, for indeed

" They need no tears who lived a noble life.
We will not weep for these who die so well,
But we will gather round the hearth and tell
The story of their life.
Such homage suits them well,
Better than funeral pomp or passing bell.

" We pray for the generous citizen, true comrade, sincere and liberal-minded patriot, who this day gives to his native place a token of esteem worthy of himself and those who receive it.

" May none know him but to love him;
May none name him but to praise.

" Protect, we pray thee, this stone from the lightning, the storm cloud and the earthquake. May the fingers of time touch it lightly as it stands through the years, whispering of the loftiest virtues.

" As it towers aloft, may it speak to all beholders, of devotion to country and heroism under trial.

" May the stainless purity of this shaft be an inspiration to purity of thought and life.

" May its solidity and strength suggest to youth the desirableness of a strong and solid character, and, as with index finger, it points to that sky where the 'blue and grey' are forever and happily blended, may it ever tell of peace on earth and good-will to men.

" We beseech thee, Almighty Father, Lord of heaven and earth, as we this day worship thee underneath the flag of our common country and are secure, so may this, our beloved, our fatherland, be ever shadowed by thy wing, all of which we ask in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost—Amen."

At the close of the invocation Hon. James Breathitt made the following address:

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HON. JAMES W. BREATHITT.

Address of Hon. James Breathitt.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Over a quarter of a century ago the foundations of American free government were shaken by the convulsions of civil war, and for a time it seemed that that grand structure would crumble into ruin. The war between the States was the natural result of the political conditions which had existed in the United States for a long period prior to the final outbreak. And, looking back at the events which were transpiring during the last quarter of a century just preceding the breaking out of hostilities, it is difficult to see how the important and exciting questions then dividing the sections could have been settled except by an appeal to arms. And if the brave men, living and dead, of this generation, had not fought that war, it would have descended as a bloody inheritance to their children.

But instead of this it may be said that, as our reward for all that we suffered on either side in the settlement of these great questions, the "American nation had

A NEW BIRTH OF FREEDOM

and that the only true government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

It matters but little to-day what part we may have played in that memorable struggle, nor how conscientiously we may have entertained the principles for which we fought, nor does it matter that even to-day, as we look upon this scene, we feel as if we were surrounded by the same circumstances, National and State, that we would be willing to play the same part over again. There are but few men in this land who do not rejoice in the re-union and prosperity of the North and South. Who is it in this broad

land who does not feel in his heart, whether he stands on the shores of the lakes of the north or beneath the groves where the "gold orange grows," that "this is my own, my native land?"

The war had its bad results, but it cannot be doubted that much good has resulted from it. The only question which has ever seriously threatened the Union has been settled forever. And in its settlement deeds of patriotism, valor and skill in arms were performed by the American soldiers of either army which add to the nation's glory and renown in war, and command the respect and admiration of the civilized powers of the earth.

WHEN AN IMPARTIAL HISTORY

of that period shall have been written, and the student would search its pages for a true type and illustration of the American soldier, he will admire and praise, in equal degree, the skill and valor of Stonewall Jackson, in the valley of the Shenandoah, and Albert Sidney Johnston, yielding up his life for principle at the battle of Shiloh, with Grant, Sherman and others leading to victory the armies of the Union. Where, in the history of the world, can be found such an interesting picture as that presented to our view in the meeting of those two great Generals as they salute each other with chivalric courtesy at Appomattox? Here is a distinctive illustration of the character of the American soldier—brave in battle, generous and forgiving in victory, and dignified and imposing in the hour of defeat. Such were Grant and Lee—the noblest Romans of them all—in this moment of victory and defeat.

And whatever else there was noble, grand and heroic in that war and admirable in the peace that followed is ours now to enjoy, but soon to enrich the nation's history and become the proud inheritance of a common posterity, and, like the deeds of our Revolutionary fathers, the glory of every American patriot. It is therefore

THE DUTY OF EVERY MAN

who loves his country to do all in his power to wipe away every tear, to soothe every heart-ache and to allay every embittered feeling yet remaining in the breasts of the people, in order that we may have a perfect union of hearts, as well as a perfect union of law.

There is a touching incident related of the war, that, during one of its many battles, a Northern soldier from New Hampshire and a Southern soldier from Georgia met in a hand-to-hand conflict, and each became the slayer of the other. They fell side by side, and, as they lay on the green banks of the river, with the life blood flowing rapidly away, they spoke of loved ones at home, and each ascertaining that the other had a little girl at home who would never see her father again, the two soldiers grew nearer together. And the Union soldier said: "We have fought here like men together. We are going before God in a little while. Let us forgive each other."

THE SOUTHERN SOLDIER

tried to speak, but the sound died away in a murmur from his white lips, but he took the hand of the fallen foe, and his stiffening fingers closed over it, and his last look was a smile of forgiveness and peace. When the next morning sun walked up the golden stairs of the dawn it looked down and saw the two foes lying dead, with their hands clasped in each other's.

Thus these two soldiers, foes in battle, were drawn together by a common sorrow, and hand in hand, united in peace, they crossed over the river into that higher and better life.

So, too, the North and South, foes in honorable war, drawn together by a common loss, have joined hands in peace over the graves of their noble dead, and have entered upon the enjoyment of a higher and better national life. Therefore, how appropriate it is that, when we visit the cemeteries of the country for the purpose of honoring the dead soldiers, we should recognize them as

THE NATION'S DEAD

and cover them all alike with the emblems of our love, asking not whether the sleeping hero followed the banner of victory or closed his eyes in eternal sleep as the banner which he followed was lowered in defeat.

For it matters not now whether he wore the blue or the grey, or whether he died of lingering disease in the hospital or fell in the ranks on the pine-clad mountain side, or down in the green valley, where the sparkling waters cool the blooming lily, he was our brother, the offspring of a kindred parentage, an American soldier.

It is said that there is a principle implanted in the human

breast for the highest and noblest purposes; that, by attractions which we cannot always explain, but which we never can resist, draws us together into bands and companies of kindred feelings. Such is the principle which has drawn together this large concourse of people. With one impulse we are collected here to-day to properly recognize

THE NOBLE PURPOSE

of our former townsman in the erection of this monument.

The original intention of Mr. Latham was to erect this monument to the unknown Federal and Confederate dead. The idea was national in scope. It was sublime in conception, and was only prevented from a full and perfect execution by the fact that the unknown Federal soldiers formerly buried here had been removed to the National cemeteries. And, while the inscription upon this granite shaft would indicate that it was erected to the memory of those whose dust is mingled beneath this sod, the *idea* which led to its building is a grander monument still, and is sacred to the memory of every soldier who gave up his life in the valorous discharge of duty as he then understood it to be, whether he wore the blue or the grey. And who can look upon this scene and not feel a generous and noble impulse stirring his soul?

"For when in sympathy we dwell
In nearness to a noble aim,
No power within our hearts can quell
The longing wish to share its fame."

And whatever may have been your attitude in reference to the late war, this is an occasion in which you can fully participate. For while

THE GENEROUS BUILDER OF THIS MONUMENT

would honor his dead comrades, he has not been unmindful of the few Federal soldiers who are at rest in this cemetery. They have been fully remembered by him.

In front of me is the grave of a brave Federal General who fell in the early days of the war at the battle of Perryville, and upon his grave are beautiful and costly flowers, placed there by the same generous hand that erected this monument. And over to my left sleeps another soldier who wore the "blue" with credit to himself, and who, after the war, died in Hopkinsville without money

or friends. He was buried by charity, and now sleeps in the Potter's Field, awaiting the judgment day, without head or foot-stone to mark the spot. "Unwept, unhonored and unsung" he was laid away, and was soon forgotten by those who knew him in life. But he was not forgotten by all. There was one man beneath heaven who sought among those lowly graves for the last resting-place of all that was mortal of a man whose form was associated with his early recollections of his native home, and whose best days were spent upon the battlefield fighting for the right, as he understood it. And, having found that grave, this man has caused the flag for which poor Ed. Kelly fought, to be erected at the head and a floral tribute to be laid upon his grave, as an evidence of his appreciation of the valor and heroism of an American soldier.

In the name of these noble deeds, in the name of John C. Latham, and in the name of all the people of Hopkinsville, I welcome you to a full and free participation in the ceremonies of this day.

At the conclusion of Mr. Breathitt's address, Mr. C. M. Latham's little daughter, Mina, attended by her Maids of Honor, Bessie Campbell, Lizzie Gaither, Grace Wood and Lalla Dennis, drew aside the gracefully draped national colors which veiled the die of the monument, and the noble shaft stood revealed to the admiring spectators in all its symmetry.

Mr. Latham's Letter to the Hopkinsville Board of Council.

Mr. Breathitt then read the following letter from Mr. John C. Latham:

"NEW YORK, May 14.

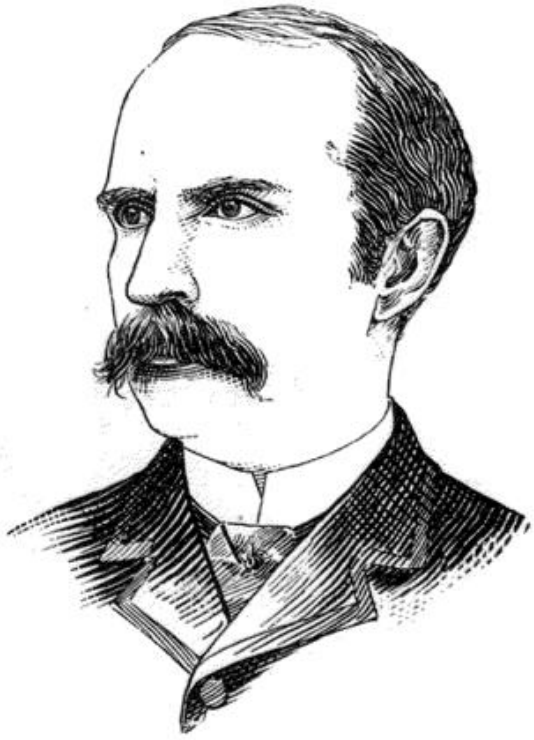
"*To the President and Members of the Board of Council of the City of Hopkinsville, Ky.*

"Gentlemen:

"I sincerely regret that, owing to demands upon my time, by business engagements requiring personal attention, it is impossible for me to be present at the unveiling of the Confederate Monument in your cemetery. The work, which I undertook in tribute to the unknown dead, is finished. What was but an ideal purpose in my beginning, has, by your help, developed into an accomplished fact.

"The obelisks of old are marked with strange hieroglyphics that hide the motive of their construction in mystery. On the monument which you to-day unveil is chiseled in plain type an explanation of its object and the sentiment of its erection. In its construction I have been sustained by several thoughts.

"First of all, I have felt safe from the suspicion of selfishness, because it was a memorial to the unknown dead. Secondly, I have felt perfect confidence in the sympathy of all true women and brave men, believing that they would recognize in the tomb a deserved tribute to 'all of heroism that could die.' Thirdly, I have rejoiced in the opportunity it gave me to do honor to the memory of my comrades in arms, who left their homes and lost their lives 'for conscience sake.' And finally, I have felt that this memorial shaft would beautify the city of the dead in which my father sleeps, and that the martial spirits of the dead soldiers beneath it would stand guard about his grave.



JNO. C. LATHAM, JR.

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"My work has been finished in the fulness of success, only because of your magnanimous co-operation.

"You have encouraged me from beginning to end, and, suiting most liberal action to your generous words of cheer, you gave me the spacious site on which the monument stands.

"Therefore, in the name of every dead hero who sleeps in the grave you gave him, I thank you, and, on my own behalf, beg to acknowledge most gratefully your constant assistance and unvarying courtesy to me during the prosecution of this work. In its completion I trust it meets your entire approval, and is, in some measure, worthy of the spirit which prompted its building and the magnanimous consideration you have shown toward it.

"In now formally turning the monument over to you as the official guardians of the City of Hopkinsville, I beg to say that every expense incident to its construction has been met, and to assure you that of the total cost there remains not one dollar unpaid. I have also made such an endowment provision as will yield sufficient income to keep the monument and grounds in perfect order for all time to come, thereby protecting the city against any possible future expense in connection with the matter.

"In conclusion, I cannot refrain from saying there is but one way in which this memorial might be in more exact conformity with my original purpose. I hoped in the beginning to make a joint monument to unknown Federals and Confederates, for in the death they suffered there was hardship, heroism and valor, costing the precious lives of true-hearted American citizens. The United States Government having removed the dead Federals to the National Cemetery at Fort Donelson, there were only left my comrades—the Confederate dead—and to their hallowed memory I dedicate this shaft. Yours respectfully,

"JOHN C. LATHAM, JR."

Reply of the City Council.

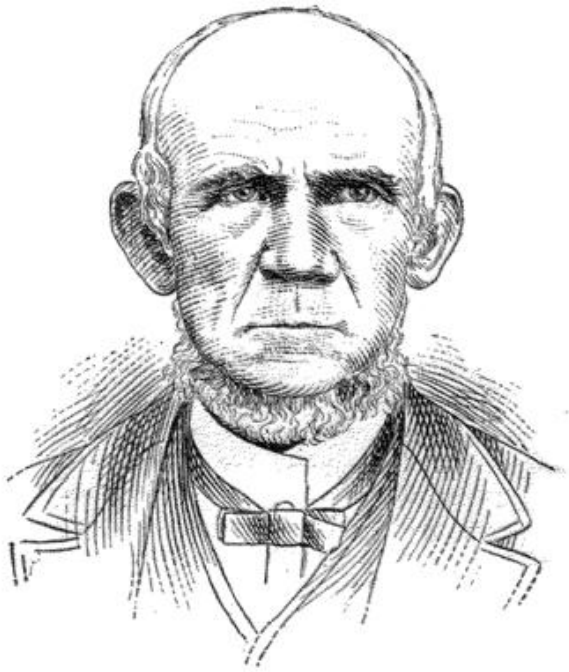
On behalf of Mr. Geo. O. Thompson, President of the Board of Council, Mr. E. P. Campbell read his address in reply to the letter of Mr. Jno. C. Latham, Jr.

MR. BREATHITT:—As Chairman of the Board of Council of the City of Hopkinsville, I desire to return through you, to Mr. Latham, our sincere thanks and heartfelt gratitude for his magnificent bequest to our city. We accept it as a priceless boon, and will treasure in our hearts and in our memories the generosity of the noble donor, and will transmit to our latest posterity the honored name of John C. Latham, doubly beloved by sire and son. I knew the father long and well. He was true and faithful in everything that constitutes the philanthropist, the patriot and the Christian.

No wonder that from such a parent should spring such a son. Even as the earliest beams of the morning sun shall light up the apex of this obelisk, and his last departing rays linger and play about its summit, so shall all our people, "from lisping infancy to garrulous old age," be taught to honor and revere the noble name inseparably linked with this monument.

But we stand to-day, with uncovered heads and moist eyes, in the presence of the "nameless dead," who sleep their last sleep beneath the shadow of this towering shaft. "Life's fitful fever o'er" they rest well from the toils and hardships of a soldier's lot. The fiery steed of Mazeppa rushed forward not more impetuously than did these, in all the pride and flush of young manhood, when the tocsin of war sounded throughout the land, and the high blast of battle summoned them to arms.

They came from the Sunny South, and, with high hopes, strong arms and brave and loyal hearts, to sicken and die among strangers. No good father, no loving mother, no faithful wife, no gentle sister, no tender and plighted maiden, was by the weary



GEO. O. THOMPSON,
President of the City Council.

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couch of pain, to cool the parched lips or wipe the death-damp from the burning brow.

" There is something of pride in the perilous hour,
Whate'er be the shape in which death may lower,
For fame is there to say who bleeds,
And honor's eye on daring deeds."

But, oh! how bitter to linger day after day, through long and solitary nights, with bodies racked with pain and fever, with no kindred eye to watch the wasting form, no kindred hand to cool the throbbing temples, and no kindred heart to beat in love and sympathy.

Such was the fate of those that lie here.

While we pay our last tribute to the "nameless dead," we would not be unmindful of the brave Jackson and gallant Woodward, who are buried in this cemetery. No two knightlier men ever rode forth to battle than Gen. Jas. S. Jackson and Col. Thos. G. Woodward.

The Federal and the Confederate sleeping together—the Blue and the Grey united.

Thank God that to-day the Star-spangled Banner floats over a free and united land.

We trust and believe that out of the darkness and gloom of the long night of civil war the sun of freedom and universal liberty has risen to set no more forever.

Green be the memory of the "nameless dead" as the grass that waves above them; sweet as the perfume of the flowers strewn about them the recollections of their gallant and heroic deeds; while far more enduring than this granite column that points to the sky shall be the love and gratitude of every true and manly heart for the name and fame of John C. Latham, who has not only erected this beautiful monument, but has also endowed it with a fund permanently invested, the interest on which for ages after all living shall have passed away, will be ample to keep in order and ornament this plot of ground in our cemetery.

" For aye shall the name be enrolled
Of the patriot banker of Wall street,
Whose soul, like his purse, was pure gold."

Again we thank him for this splendid testimonial of his regard, thrice holy for the mournful memories that cluster about it, and doubly sacred on account of the noble dust beneath.

REV. CHARLES F. DEEMS, D.D., L.L.D.
Pastor Church of the Strangers, New York.

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Address of Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D.

Pastor of the Church of the Strangers, New York.

At the conclusion of the reading of the correspondence, Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., was introduced, and spoke as follows:

FELLOW CITIZENS:

An occasion like this may become a mere spectacular exhibition, or be made an event of fruitful importance. If we merely look at this great throng of human beings, in which are so many fair women and brave men, and at the noble shaft erected by one of Kentucky's gallant sons to the memory of his unknown departed comrades, and at the ceremonials which have been arranged to celebrate a deed which unites munificence to patriotism, the whole affair will soon melt away like the vanishing magnificence and beauties of a mirage. I venture to say that I know our friend who causes this monument to be erected, and I know him too well to believe that his is a nature to be moved to such an act by the childish fancy of making a mere pageant in his native town. He could not have desired me to come away from the important and sacred duties of my post in a city fifteen hundred miles distant, simply to be another voice added to the uproar. No, fellow citizens, if our acts and words this day do not connect the things of this present with those of the future, which will be another present when we have all passed away, we may have a day of talk and parade, but it will be a barren day, a thing human life is too precious to afford.

Fellow citizens, there are many of us who remember when a war was raging in this land. It was a terrible conflict. It tore families asunder, and arrayed brothers in hostility. It snapped the cord which had held States together for more than half a century. It ploughed the land as if it would tear up every root which could ever produce flowers or fruits. But all things that begin must end. That storm of war was at least exhausted, but after the winds ceased blowing, the waves for a season kept rolling, and even now there is a slight movement on the surface. So great is the force

of habit that we occasionally hear the phrase "the late war." Now, fellow citizens, let us think a little. There has been no "late war" in this country. Have you heard of any battle in the last twenty years? I have not. The latest firing I heard was in the noble old State of North Carolina, which did not come into the Union until months after George Washington's inauguration as President, and being last to come in at first, was last to go out when the break came, and the first to come back at the last. Yes, I heard those final firings of the war, and all the male children who were born that day in Carolina and Kentucky had the right to vote at the late Presidential and Gubernatorial elections. Now, I ask whether, in view of that single fact, we old men at least should not drop the misleading phrase "the late war." *There has been no late war.* Since hostilities ceased nearly a quarter of a century has elapsed. Two-thirds of the time allotted to a human generation surely should be sufficient to build men's fortunes from the foundation, and to rebuild fortunes that had been cut down. Have not the best things men have done been accomplished in twenty years? The men, North and South, who have not been able to reconstruct their affairs into a reasonable form of prosperity—would they be able to do so if they had centuries? Let us, then, cease from all unavailing regrets for the irrevocable past, and address ourselves manfully to the practical present and the possible future.

One of the most fruitful sources of human unhappiness is found in our failure to adjust ourselves to the inevitable and irreversible laws of the universe. Sometimes this is done from want of will, and sometimes from want of thought. Has not time enough elapsed to allow us to think without passion on what the dominant causes of the war were, and what will finally be the outcome? I think we may, especially here on this border ground; and more especially here beside the quiet dead, whose memory we can never let die. Our admiration for their heroism, our reverence for their martyrdom, and our tenderness for their memory, will all be increased by such a study.

And all the more may we do this because the monument we unveil to-day has been erected to the UNKNOWN CONFEDERATE DEAD. If it were to a single Confederate dead hero—to St. Stonewall Jackson, to Sir Albert Sydney Johnston, or to that other, that greatest American since Washington, that man who, amid

reverses, outgrew all titles of honor invented in Church and State, that man of whom the muse of history now thinks, and will hereafter speak, as simple *Robert E. Lee*—if it were to any one of these this monument were unveiled to-day, the greatness of the individual might draw our attention from the cause he represented to himself, as some bright particular star draws our eyes to its own brilliancy and away from the great expanse in which it moves and shines.

We are submitted to the power of no such abstraction to-day. The men to whose glory this column is to stand are men whose names are so lost in the cause they represent that not only have they no such tombstone distinction as is enjoyed by those who lie where the forefathers of their hamlet sleep, but are men of whom all trace is lost, even the initials of their names.

It has been suggested that it is appropriate to have an address on this occasion from the Pastor of the Church of the Strangers. Here are the bodies of more then one hundred men. These men were strangers in this place; not one of them when alive was known to a single inhabitant of Hopkinsville, and not one of them when dead could be designated by any mark that should distinguish him from any of his comrades. Strangers to one another, coming from different States, and many of them from different denominations of Christians, united only by their ardent love for a common cause and by their rest at last in a common grave, it is meet and right that the Pastor of the Church of the Strangers should speak a word for his poor, mute parishioners whom even the baptism of blood has left unnamed.

It is an unnatural thing for a man to die of violence away from home, and where strangers give a grave to eyes that had no friendly hand to draw down those curtains that shall rise no more upon the sights of land or sea or sky. It is a most unnatural thing when multitudes of men so perish.

What led to the war that swept the men of the two opposing armies away like autumn leaves?

Will the final outcome of the conflict repay the immense outlay?

Let us calmly consider these two questions. Lifting ourselves for a little season away from our own land and our own times, we may see that through the history of our race there runs a purpose which is worked upon a plan. Only dimly in the ages have

the poets, the seers, the prophets detected either plan or purpose; but

Now "we doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

It was the failure to detect that divine purpose, that sublime plan, which for centuries allowed the vast energies of our humanity to be expended alone narrow lines and in small fields. It was this ignorance which allowed even great souls—souls grown too great for personal selfishness—to find relief in what they believed to be unselfishness, namely, in national and ecclesiastical selfishness.

Thus it has come to pass that many a man whose heart was a fountain sending forth a stream too ample to be contained in the little pond of his own personal selfishness, has found larger outlet and a larger lake in the sickly sectarianism of conflicting churches and the pinched patriotism of national animosities. It was on accouut of this that, from the times of our old Hebrew and Homeric predecessors down to our own times, the face of our planet has been striped,

"With the standards of the people plunging through the thunder-storm."

It was in the midst of this debasing process and at a time when so far from advancing from a brute to a savage and from a savage to a saint, man had sunk to his lowest point and had concluded the demonstration of the survival of the most unfittest possible, that the world saw in human shape one who claimed to be the Prince of Peace, one who taught that Jew should love Samaritan, and Carthagenian should love Roman, and every patriot should love his national enemy. The world of His time could not know Him. He was not a world product. He came by no evolution. But never since he came has the world ceased to feel Him. Science and philosophy, examining Him by eighteen century tests, now unite in declaring Him the result of extra-human processes. And yet, even after His advent, the din of war had gone on until, in this nineteenth century, the spirit of that young Galillean poet-preacher-martyr, brooding over the peoples, began to make them have a dim perception of what at last looked like a heavenly

picture to the eyes of a poet of our own day who gazed and listened

"Till the war-drums throbbed no longer
And the battle-flags were furled
In the Parliament of man,
The Confederation of the world."

This is not the dream of a sickly sentimentalist; it is the vision seen only when a man is beating his most healthy soul-pulses. It is the goal to which every army corps of humanity is tending, march how it will, with lightest steps or heaviest tread, at double quick or loitering between many a shorter or longer halt.

"The Confederation of the World." Why, fellow citizens, those five words sketch the everlasting plan of the Infinite Architect for building the vast and splendid structure of humanity which He means to stand on infinity and oversplendor the cycles of eternity, and which He means to inhabit, because He is too great a God to dwell in temples made with hands and even a God must have some home.

Now, fellow citizens, we begin to see that for the great world-consummation there must be preparatory studies. There were none before American history opened, if you do not count a single premature abortive suggestion of an attempt among the Greeks. The god-great idea to be realized is the complex thought of *things worthy of union worthily united.* This divine thought is shown elsewhere in nature. It shines in marriage. Ravening beasts may herd together, but their nature is too base for marriage Innocent birds are permitted to build and coo and to mate and feed their birdlings, but their nature is too weak for wedlock. Even bad men and bad women can find no initiation into the most sacred mysteries of connubial love. So all these live apart, even though they stay in the same lair, or nest or house, while those, and only those, whom God has joined together, can no man put asunder.

The same principle prevails in the growth of civic life. *There must be States before there can be United States.* A State is not a herd, a multitude, a mob—it is a community in which true individual liberty is secured by common law maintained and administrated against that licentiousness which is liberty's most virulent enemy. On this continent providentially the complex problem is getting itself worked out for the benefit of the whole world. There were,

first of all, communities brought from diffent localities, having had different antecedents. These had time to consolidate into States. Nearness suggests union. So also does a common interest. We are soon brought to the question how far this can extend. The student of the philosophy of history has seen nothing more clearly demonstrated than the impracticability of a universal empire. From the earliest times, from the days of the builders on the plains of Shinar and the age of the Macedonian conqueror to the uprising of Napoleon, men have had dreams of an empire which should be co-extensive with the planet. Every effort to compass so grand a design has been abortive. It has not been, it is not now, it is probably never to be, that one government shall embrace and control all the dwellers on the face of the earth.

But from the beginnings of history in America there has been the prediction of a union of self-governing States covering the continent. All men see that so great is the extent of territory and so diversified the climatic influences even in North America alone that if it were suddenly populated by a homogeneous people, two centuries would work such changes than the dwellers beside the St. Lawrence would be greatly differentiated from the cultivators of the delta of the Mississippi. The same is true of South America, of Europe, of Africa and Asia, considering each by itself alone. The problem to be solved is *the formation of a government elastic enough to suit all sections and strong enough to hold all together for the needed co-operation and progress.*

Let any man now calmly study our antecedents and he must see, we think, that not an empire, not an autocracy, not a limited monarchy, would realize this great ideal, but States United, not welded but fluent, each as perfectly free for discharging the functions of Statedom, by securing the liberties and promoting the progress of its people as if it were the only State upon the globe, while it was so bound to all the other States upon the continent that they could not exist without her nor she without them.

Plainly this great ideal is not to be realized by one generation but by many. All the experiments of peace and war must be tried before this great result can be reached. It is quite easy to perceive how there might be many who would see more clearly the value of the union than that of constitutional liberty and how there might be others in whose eyes the union of States would be to the liberty of States, as the casket is to the crown jewel it contains, or the human body to its spiritual inhabitant.

It seems to me, fellow citizens, that here was the source of our difficulties and the real cause of the Civil War which raged a quarter of a century ago. Nor do I see how that war could have been avoided. Therefore I cannot conclude that it was useless, although it slew my boy, my first-born. Wherefore I come to-day, in the presence of these dead men, men who died and got no human glory by the dying, to ask you and myself whether the outcome is to repay the country and the world for the immense and precious outlay?

Watching the progress of events since the war closed, and more and more dispassionately studying the problem, I am prepared to answer, "Verily, I believe it will."

The men who fought the battles, the privates, the rank and file, of whom one hundred and one are sleeping near this stately monument, and those who fought against them who have been carried for their last repose to the cemetery at Fort Donelson, were martyrs, every born American of them, and we have no right to say they were not sincere and honest, as we know they were self-sacrificing martyrs. That certainly must be the opinion of our friend whose design was to erect this monument to the Unknown Dead of both sides. They bore witness to a truth, each side to a truth.

Fellow citizens, when shall we rise above the low thought that always when two men fight each other, they are probably both wrong or that one certainly is wrong? That is not true. We do not need the fable of the two knights drawing swords in deadly conflict on the question of the color of a shield, and finding, after their fight, that both were right, since the shield was blue as one affirmed, and white as the other contended. A shield that has two sides may have two colors, and be at once both white and blue. If men shonld go to war because one part maintained that our planet is held to its orbit by centripetal, while the other contended that it is held by centrifugal force, would they not each be wrong, while both were right?

So it seems to me it was in our Civil War. It would be an error to suppose that the people of the South hated the Union. So far is that from being true that one of the causes of the temporary animosity of multitudes of Southerners to the North was because they believed that the North was pursuing a course which would destroy the Union, knowing themselves to be so devoted to constitutional liberty that they would not remain, unless compelled, in

any Union in which that was not paramount. It would be equally erroneous to suppose that the people of the North were indifferent to constitutional liberty. One of the causes of their hatred of the South was the belief that the South was about to destroy what seemed to them the only hope for constitutional liberty in this land. And so both sides appealed to arms, and through four years of bitterness and blackness a war was waged on a prodigous scale. It ended. With what contribution to civilization? This: The world's treasury of heroism and martyrdom was enriched by the warriors on both sides. Each section regards the other, this day, as a grander people than any other on the face of the globe, and each strives to surpass to the other in devout loyality to the Union.

We have learned, and we have taught the world, that the Union is absolutely worthless except as a preserver of liberty, and that the liberty of the States cannot be preserved without the Union of the States. These two propositions embrace the most important and the most lofty political generalization reached by the human science.

What powerful things are words? There is something, there is much in names. To me it seems most fortunate that our forefathers baptized our country "The United States." They gave it a name in which is packed all that is most precious in political philosophy. If we have been called Columbia or Washingtonia, or any such name, the progress of the world would have been retarded for centuries.

"Liberty *and* Union," said Daniel Webster; but that was shown to be impracticable and then a war was waged which changed Webster's phrase slightly in verbiage but immensely in sense, so that our national motto henceforth must be, "Liberty *in* Union," now and forever.

The thunder and lightning of our war, fellow citizens, attracted the attention of the civilized world Men everywhere have been studying it. We have proved ourselves capable of being the beginning of the Confederation of the world. We have made it possible for Englishmen everywhere to agitate and discuss the question of a Federation of those States which have been gradually forming under the ægis of Great Britain. We can begin to hope that, following such imperial British Federation, some day, it may be a far day, but some day, the world will look upon United States of Europe. And while that is coming there will be States growing in Asia and in Africa. When they shall reach political

marriageable age there will be United States on each continent, and after that the day of days will dawn, the day on which, in some earth metropolis, shall be opened the first session of the "Parliament of Man."

To that august consummation the greatest contribution ever made since the world began came from the two opposing armies of our Civil War. And as houses, cities, States, institution of all kinds among men, have always owed very much more to men whose names have been lost than to those whose names have been preserved, so to the unknown Federal and Confederate dead the world will always be a greater debtor than to Grant, to Sherman and to Meade, or to those other three great generals, Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson, and Albert Sydney Johnston.

And you, or my silent brothers, sleeping unnamed in this quiet tomb, under this noble monument, you fought a good fight for something much more precious than any treasured thought of yours, and quite as sacred as your altars and your fires ; you fought for all the altars worth erecting anywhere, and for all the fires worth kindling in any age, you fought for that which makes the mortal life of man a worthy vestibule to human immortality. And our friend who hath caused this beautiful monument to rise on this fair spot, it seems to me has "builded better than he knew." He has expressed his own manly sense of manliness and gallant sense of gallantry, and said that the names of heroes may become unknown but heroism shall not go unacknowledged among men. He has done more. In days to come, when he and you and I shall be in the camps where these departed soldiers have pitched their tents, groups of boys shall stand before this monument and study its proportions and read its eloquent inscription, and ponder its meaning, and gather from their older friends its deeper lessons. As they learn that men were ready to leave venerable fathers and mothers, beautiful sisters and sweethearts, dearest children and wives, to abandon trades and fields, to forsake the paths of social dalliance and delights, and endure the hardships of camps, hospitals, and of battlefields, and to die at last, not only unsung but unnamed, and to do all this because fair Liberty is so beautiful and so sweet ; as they learn this, those boys will grow into men not all unworthy to be successors of the blessed dead.

Fellow citizens, we are favored to-day. We have lived to see the animosities of the war die out, to witness famous generals of both armies marching side by side in the processions of peace, to

Behold Confederate leaders mourning at the death of generals of the Federal armies, and great captains, who led the Union forces, sorrowfully placing chaplets on the graves of their great opponents. The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church, and the blood of the patriots is the seed of the State. Cold though those blood seed lie, through winter long and drear, they do not wholly die ; they surely reappear. They spring again to make the land rich and beautiful with those flowers and fruits which they contained.

And now, fellow citizens, this day we do two things. We erect a monument to the memory of one past generation, and open a school of patriotism for the culture of heroism in many a generation to come. A beauty and a benediction, child of patriotic gratitude, parent of heroism, long stand John Campbell Latham's Monument to the unknown Confederate Dead.

Sleep, brothers, sleep, beneath the monument unveiled by the hands of purest little maidens whose souls were still with God, when your souls went back to Him !

Stand, shaft of beauty, stand ! Come from the heart of New England to rest on the bosom of the South, thou hast shot up into the midday beneath a heavens deeper and more beautiful than Italian skies and from beneath the stars and stripes of the one flag of our one Country !

Wave, banner, wave !

"When Freedom from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light ;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle-bearer down
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Forever float that standard sheet
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet
And the flag of our Union streaming oer us ?"

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HON. W. C. P. BRECKINRIDGE, M.C.,
Ashland District, Kentucky.

Address of the Hon. W. C. P. Breckinridge.

Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge, Representative from the Ashland Congressional District, was then introduced, and made the following address :

MY COUNTRYMEN :

Who were these men over whom this stately memorial, with its admiring inscriptions and loving praise, has been erected ? Here lie 101 dead, of whom this silent but imposing witness testifies that in their graves "is buried all of heroism that can die ;" concerning whom it is engraved on granite "that while martyrs for conscience' sake are respected, their valor and devotion will be admired by the good and the brave;" whose very dust it is averred in enduring stone is "sacred dust," and yet they are "unknown" men. As we study these inscriptions in our endeavor to understand why this monument was erected, and this vast crowd has assembled to do honor to these "unknown" dead, we read, "CONFEDERATE DEAD ;" "belonging to the 1st Mississippi Regiment, 3d Mississippi Regiment, 7th Texas, 8th Kentucky, Forrest's Cavalry, Woodward's Ky. Cavalry, Green's Ky. Battery;" and that this "monument is erected at the place of his birth by a surviving comrade, to commemorate the virtue of the Confederate dead."

This, then, is the cause, and this the defense, of this monument and of this ceremonial ; a Confederate, whom God has prospered, thinks it an honor to his native town to make it the perpetual witness to the honor of the Confederate dead, and this great crowd of freemen, gathered from so many sections, these reverend and distinguished guests, these venerable fathers, and this throng of fair women, by their presence, approve the generous act. And is it so, that on the bosom of this beloved commonwealth, in one of the fairest sections of this imperial Republic, fathers and mothers approvingly testify to that new and splendid generation, which is pushing us off our seats of power, that it is a praiseworthy deed to do

honor to the memory of the Confederate dead? Let us not to-day disguise this question to our hearts or consciences; we must answer it at the bar of "Posterity," and submit to the verdict that the august tribunal of its enlightened public opinion will then render. When this generation has finally passed away, and its deeds are weighed by those who will be our judges, be assured that we will receive some judgment for this scene and its evident meaning.

Those judges will repeat my question—*Who were the Confederate dead, that to them such honor should be paid?*

How joyously can these queries be partly answered—they were soldiers and heroes!

A peaceful and pastoral people, suddenly called to war, found themselves without arms, without ships, without factories, where any part of a warlike arm, or its ammunition could be made, without an army, without a treasury, and without a government. They were five millions of free whites, with a black slave population of four millions in their midst. Confronted by twenty millions of the most warlike people in the world, bone of their bone, rich in every material, with the trained nucleus of a superb army, with unlimited credit and unparalleled resources, an equipped navy and an old government; this pastoral people organized an army larger, in the aggregate, than the whole number of its adult free males; captured, in the main, its arms and military supplies, improvised a government, and, for four years, faced armies which, in number, equipment, resources and facilities, the world had never seen equaled.

During these four years, in this terrific and unequal strife, these dead had fallen. They had come from the plow and the desk, the plane and the office, the beautiful valley farm and the outstretching plantation, of every age and rank and vocation, and given their lives, all they had, to this unparalleled struggle. Heroes, indeed, were they who fell where Sidney Johnston died, who crowned Jackson with immortality, followed Lee with intelligent faith, made Chickamauga run red with fraternal blood, rode with Morgan, shared in the victories of Forrest, died on picket post, or went to God from prison bunk or scaffold.

With scant rations, and scanter clothing, with inferior numbers; always relatively decreasing, with the circle of their ever-increasing foes narrowing upon them, homes lost to many, their lands devastated by the severest rigors of internecine war, with wondrous

victories bearing no fruit, with loved ones homeless and dependent on the straitened for daily bread, with a future all dark and uncertain, these men never faltered—*they died.* And to those distant queries we can proudly answer : These men were heroes.

But is this all the answer we can make at that illustrious bar? Who were these Confederates? They were American citizens of the Southern States of the American Republic.

That great Teutonic race, which set limits to the growth of the Roman Empire, had worked out a noble development in the British Isles. There is a fixed though obscure relation between a people and its institutions, and a certain though often imperceptible progress in the development of each, and they mutually affect each other. Noble races unconsciously develop noble institutions, noble institutions produce noble races, and this upward growth must be difficult, slow, and, alas! has always been bloody; and out of these conflicts emerge a better people and wider institutions.

In the narrow horizon of the present, the actors may fail to comprehend the true significance of their own part in the ever-moving drama of human growth. There is an eternal "needs be" in this progression. And, as in the material universe around us, harvests must be preceded by clouds and storms and rains; there must be cyclones and tornadoes, with winter and ice and sleet; so, too, in this world of moral forces, where subtler forces dominate, and invisible influences control there must be storms. It has always been so. The rich lands, where liberty grows strongest and man is freest, have been sanctified with human blood and made fertile with broken hearts.

And for seven centuries this race, from which we sprang, had grown from soil the richest under the stars with the blood of martyrs and heroes. The luminous track of British history shines resplendent with the reddest blood, and the most precious milestones which indicate the progress of our ancestors are the scaffolds where the martyrs died, or the poles on which the severed heads of the traitors were lifted up.

Amid such traditions, with such schoolmasters, each generation necessarily held more tenaciously to what had been gained, and yearned more intensely to wrest from power what was still denied.

And so, from age to age, every age having its own "Lost Cause," and meeting apparently its fatal repulse, the ceaseless struggle went on with constant success. The conquering Norman

gradually became Englishman, the parliament became free, even though the dead Cromwell hang in chains and "Charles came to his own."

The colonist brought here with him certain rights, but much more he was a Briton freeman. He was as much the product of these ages and these struggles as the institutions of which he was inheritor. And so here the development continued.

He who subdued this new and dangerous continent, felled its forests, drove inward its savage denizens, builded homes in its almost illimitable spaces, laid in its virgin soil the foundation of a new empire — unconsciously grew into a nobler manhood and stronger nature. He did not become a new man. The present springs out of the bosom of the past, and the prepotency of blood ever dominates the race. We are born in our own family without option on our own part, and our growth is in an ordained path within certain prescribed limitations. But it is real growth, true development. These colonists were British, not French nor Spanish, and this one fact, this controlling fact, determined the line of development. These colonists brought with them inherent, inalienable rights as men; immemorial and constitutional rights as Britons; chartered rights as colonists under royal grants or charters, and they grew with their new life into larger desires; the colonies became States, the colonists American citizens. Thus came into being American institutions.

Man is in one sense the same everywhere and in all ages. This is indeed a most precious as well as pregnant truth; we are of one race—a race of brothers, with one father!

The brotherhood of man, with its correlative truth, the fatherhood of God, are at the foundation of all true thinking; is the primal truth in all valuable philosophy, and is the corner-stone of every stable human edifice. We cannot have at heart this truth too earnestly, nor hold it too tenaciously, for error here is irretrievable disaster. On this rock is founded our institutions.

It is this MAN, who, created by God in his own likeness, is by nature free, and is by development capable of self-government; and, as he is free and capable of self-government, it follows irresistably that all governments, to be free, must rest on the consent of the governed. And, as the government is formed by freemen, they have the unalterable right, each generation for itself, to modify, amend or change their government. These were the uni-

versal truths which these colonists held as applicable not to themselves only, but to all mankind. Not that at any given day, under every possible circumstance, every race was thus capable, but that they actually were, and all potentially were.

But they held with equal intensity that liberty was possible only with order; that order, which springs from, and is preserved by, constituted authority. They were reverent to law because, with simplicity of faith, to them the Father was the Law-giver, and generation after generation, living with habitual belief in His power and customary obedience to the religion founded in His name, this race was daily transformed into the most orderly, and therefore the most constructive, race the world has ever seen. By its very law of development, this English-speaking race is a law-giving and law-abiding race; an unconscious power of social organization belongs to it, and is always exercised by it.

There is no camp in which this tongue is spoken where order does not reign and a form of constituted authority is not established; no body of this people ever knew chaos, nor fell victim to anarchy. The benign and dominant influence of ever-present law has shed upon this people fructifying power. As under summer sun lofty trees grow, sending roots down into the bowels of the earth, and pushing branches skyward, so under this steady heat, has this favored race grown stronger and nobler.

Thus, free and law-loving, these colonists were separated into thirteen independent States when the problem of forming their government was by destiny presented to them.

By the "needs be" of their position there was narrow choice given. They could construct only with the material they had on hand; thirteen States of English-speaking people, and these States with definite form and ascertained powers.

Governmental forms and governmental powers are not numerous, nor in thought very complex; nor are either arbitrary; to them not much can be added, nor much subtracted. The form of our State governments had through the years been slowly evolved to fit the nature of governmental functions, which are divisible into only three classes, the law-making, the law-declaring and the law-executing functions.

Society, organized into government, can make law—that is, legislate, declare what the law is, adjudicate, enforce the law, execute. Once all these functions were exercised by one body of

magistracy, often by a single person ; gradually the magistracies became separate ; the law-making department becoming a parliament ; the law-declaring an independent judiciary ; the law-executing the executive. This was the form in the main in which our colonial governments were when we won our independence. And as all powers exercised by either of these departments are delegated powers, delegated in thought by the people constituting that organism we call a "State," and as the officers required to discharge the duties thus imposed by the State are representatives of the sovereign power residing in the body of the people, some mode of defining, prescribing and limiting these powers, and of selecting these public servants had to be agreed upon. Legislative bodies chosen by suffrage ; executives directly or indirectly so chosen ; judges selected by the executives and confirmed by some selected representative body. So the task of adapting a government of the State to the new and freer order was not very difficult, and the mistakes were easily remedied, and were not fatal. And in every constitution was inserted the fundamental conception that those powers were granted powers ; that this government found its only warrant in the consent of the governed, and the power of alteration was expressly reserved.

These written constitutions were a new contribution by America to political science, and to the muniments of freedom.

They have been confounded with such acts as the Magna Charta, as royal charters by king or emperor, as the Bill of Rights by Parliament. They are generically and radically different.

The Magna Charta is a solemn claim by English barons of what were English liberties, and a solemn acknowledgment by king that the claim was well founded and should be respected. Royal charters and grants were gracious privileges or franchises, or gifts from a sovereign of his own will to subjects.

Bills of Rights by Parliament were legislative declarations of the existing political rights. But these American Constitutions are the solemn act of the sovereign people establishing a form of government, delegating to its officers the prescribed powers, limiting the modes of their exercise, ordering the mode of selection and tenure of office, and placing on itself the agreed limitations. They were without precedent in history and without parallel.

Grave questions arose when these independent States came to form a permanent union. They were independent States, but in a

certain sense they had always been one people. They had been British subjects, and, while colonists, they owed allegiance to the same crown, and were one people. While as colonies they revolted, it was as colonies in one Continental Congress, by one act and sovereignty; the thirteen colonies in one body, in one act and conjointly declared their independence and formed a new government founded on the consent of the governed. As one people they fought that revolutionary war, and as one people they secured national independence; thirteen sovereign States constituting the United States of America.

The people spoke the same language, had inherited the same traditions, fought a common fight for a common freedom, and formed a Union recognized as an independent nation.

Our fathers saw, perhaps, more clearly than we the line of demarkation between internal and external affairs, and as to internal affairs, between local and national subjects.

It must be remembered that in the aggregate the powers of all nations are precisely the same; the difference is in the powers granted and in the distribution of those powers. It must also be remembered that in this Government there can be no hostile powers; all powers must be held to be always capable of simultaneous and harmonious exercise, and that this Federal Government and the States must be held to have jointly all the powers necessary for self-preservation.

There were certain purposes that our fathers had concerning which their can be no doubt. The first was to preserve the liberty of the citizen; this is the very cause of the formation of all governments by the free. Then to preserve the integrity and independence of the States. To accomplish these purposes it was necessary that there should be strength, power, wealth; and to secure these there must be union, such union as to secure to each the power of all, and freed each from danger of offense by any American State. So that the problem was, how can these thirteen States of one people be so united as to preserve the liberty of the citizen and the integrity of the State, secure the country from foreign foe, and each State from attack from ambitious American States, and guarantee the quickest and most solid growth in power and wealth?

The Federal Constitution is the answer our fathers gave to that problem, and an immortal answer they made. It was a

compromise, and must be construed as a compromise. There were numerous incidental but grave questions. It was an immense territory for which they were legislating. Climatic and other influences were variant, and these differences would become more complicated as the wealth involved grew greater and the interests vastly increased.

Power amplifies itself ; and in government, as in nature, the centrifugal ceaselessly resists the centripetal forces.

On an evil day a cargo of Africans was sold into slavery, then universally recognized as legal and humane. For the individual slavery of the black was held to be a distinct conception from the political freedom of the citizen and the national independence of a country. Other cargoes came. The prolific and docile race increased rapidly in number and more rapidly in value. In a new country labor is most valuable. When new land is to be reduced to tillage and its value is enormously increased by the mere act of preparing it for a home and tillage, disciplined and controlled labor is extremely valuable. For climatic and economical reasons, these slaves were generally concentrated within the Southern States by purchase, and that purchase mainly from citizens of the Northern States. These slaves were black, and there is no people with such race prejudices as this English-speaking race. They hold tenaciously to the belief that man is of one race ; but they have held their own blood pure from all intermixture with the colored races. There has been revealed no stronger nor more intense passion than this passion for race purity by this colonizing and dominating people. Neither in Asia nor Africa nor America has it consented to either marital intermixture or political partnership with any other than a white race. But while this was true, it was also true that slavery became one of the institutions of the Southern States. The slaves did represent so much money ; but it represented very much more. It became interwoven into the social fabric of the State in a way hard now to explain. It undoubtedly influenced the civilization and development of those States. It dignified color so that to be a white man was a tie that every other white man recognized. It made race and color, not condition and wealth, the distinction. It gave habits of domination and caused a form of pastoral life that was peculiar and influential. If the slave had been white the problem had been easy of solution ; had the number been small, there

could have been found an easy remedy ; had the number actually in America been evenly distributed through all the States there would have been no danger ; however, it had to be managed as it was, and one of the compromises of the Constitution was concerning this institution. When that Constitution went into effect, and the first Congress thereunder organized, the experiment of American Liberty was fairly commenced.

These institutions were indeed noble ! Religious liberty was secured by every conceivable guarantee ; the destruction of the law of primogeniture gave promise of preventing permanent classifications based on wealth ; the exact division of governmental functions into three separate departments, protected from arbitrary encroachments, and by checks and balances assured the preservation of each in its proper vigor ; the integrity and autonomy of the States and their exclusive dominion over all domestic institutions insured the personal liberty of the citizen, and guarded the local interests and industries of each section ; the united power of all, acting through the Federal Government, protected from foreign interference, and gave promise of future acquisition. It was a system capable of indefinite expansion ; perfect for the union of two States, fit for a union of a hundred States. These institutions were instinct with the pervasive spirit of freedom ; and were fitted to occupy, develop and enrich any territory that she might acquire. Strict adherence to the spirit and letter of these covenants contained in these constitutions ; just impartiality under their equal provisions ; faithful obedience to the prescribed limitations ; were the only conditions to illimitable growth. For the arena upon which this experiment was to be tried was worthy alike of the race and the institutions.

A virgin continent of indescribable beauty and wealth awaited our conquest. A soil of inexhaustible fertility ; producing under various climates and intelligent culture every form of product ; minerals in extent boundless, and for uses innumerable, buried in every section ; with mighty lakes and noble rivers, and accessible valleys furnishing easy transportation ; salubrious climates for every condition of human health and development ; a coast line which must ultimately give control of the seas ; were to be ours almost for the asking.

Such a continent never wooed such a race to make it mighty, under the way of such institutions. Day by day the wondrous

growth went on. The tide poured over the top of the Appalachian Mountains, down its western slopes, and on the bosom of this beloved Commonwealth built the first American state of the new republic with manhood suffrage, representation based on numbers, and the strict construction of the articles of compact, which we call the Constitution.

These exquisite landscapes and ravishing scenes tempted immigration. The Northwest became States; the Southwest grew into power. We crossed the Mississippi; acquired the Floridas; won Texas to our embrace; and purchased with blood and money to the shores of the placid Pacific.

But land was not all of our conquests. We won the hearts of the poor over the world by our offer of ample homes and freedom for them and their children. Every day those seeking homes landed on our shores, and put their lives and hopes into our destiny.

With unequal strides the North and the South grew. The "South," comprising the fifteen States of Delaware, Virginia, Maryland, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri and Texas, had increased absolutely with immense strides, but relatively they had not kept pace with the North and the Northwest; and it had been found that the institution of slavery could be confined within the limits of those States. That institution was protected by the provisions of the Constitution; and by the sovereignty of each State, if that sovereignty was recognized and could be maintained. Those States were in the main agricultural; in religion believing; in life simple; in manners cordial.

The South was very sparsely populated, with no large cities, with no great centres of trade and factory, and comparatively few lines of transportation, save in rivers. Almost purely agricultural and with a genial climate, her increase in wealth was almost altogether in opening for cultivation new lands, and increasing the area of tillage; and this required more than her accumulated capital. She had neither the means nor the temptation to embark in other enterprises. Her men of wealth were rich only in land and slaves; and were by the necessity of their condition required to give constant, careful and personal superintendence to this continual process of development. It was always a new country;

even in its oldest settlements. Stable in its institutions, conservative in its mode of thought, self-contained in its habits of life; it was a severely simple, plain and frugal people. The men living in the open air; expert in horsemanship and the use of arms, having upon them the responsibilities of mastership, with its consequent habit of control and dignity of manner, were physically among the finest who have ever been called to act in public affairs or take part in war. Proud of their lineage, not because of its wealth, but of its sacrifices for liberty and its achievements for humanity; tenacious of their political rights, because both of familiarity with history and their knowledge that it is THE ADMITTED CLAIM which seems small that becomes PRECEDENT for despotism, and because of this institution of slavery, which could not be touched from the outside without danger; deeply read in political science and intensely provincial, because safety to them required that their own local affairs should be exclusively in their control in a sense far beyond what is usually understood by the common phrase of local self-government; without the habit of co-operation as their life and peculiar occupation developed individuality; they were of the highest integrity, the loftiest purity, and fit for great public duties; but prone to schism, not patient of opposition, and inflexible in the advocacy of their own views.

Like all provincial people they were devoted to their own homes, their own States, their own section, with a passionate love which no language can exaggerate.

The great Appalachian range which runs through the States of Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama, with its lofty peaks, its indescribable valleys and its ravishing landscapes; the many noble rivers which traverse fertile sections and were fringed with hoar cotton and tasseled corn; the long ocean line with its ceaseless melody and ever-changing beauty; the land-locked Chesapeake and the rich Gulf of Mexico; the forests of stately pines, of magnificent oak, or other equally mighty rivals of the forests; the varied products of field or garden; and in these fields the blooded horse or short-horn cattle, made a land physically worthy of such love. And it was sacred in its hollowed spots. Here on the beautiful Potomac is the tomb of Washington; in sight of the Chesapeake is the Yorktown where Cornwallis surrendered; here is the grave of Jefferson; this is the place where Ferguson died as the mountaineers scaled

King's Mountain ; here Marion hid until like the hawk he would dart upon his prey ; this is where Boone and the pioneers began the conquest of the West ; and here stood Jackson when the British failed at New Orleans.

The sweet memories of the land were still dearer. The plain churches which dotted every neighborhood were surrounded by beloved dead ; the simple homes had always been the abode of stainless purity and a patriarchal type of domestic economy as loving as it was pure.

And in that land if the question of the wise king had been asked, "Who can find a virtuous woman?" with trusting pride each of those homes could answer "under this precious roof-tree by this beloved hearth-stone," and the loving hearts made pure by her sweet life would add, "her price is far above rubies ; the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. She seeketh wool and flax and worketh willingly with her hands ; * * * she riseth also while it is yet night and giveth meat to her household and a portion to her maidens ; * * * she layeth her hands to the spindle and her hands hold the distaff. She stretched out her hands to the poor ; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. * * * Her husband is known in the gates when he sitteth among the elders of the land. She maketh fine linen and selleth it ; * * * strength and honor are her clothing and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up and call her blessed : her husband, also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

And in these homes dwelt maidens, who, like Esther, were "fair and beautiful," as "beautiful and well favored" as Rachel ; yea, "very fair to look upon" even as Rebecca ; as devoted as the daughter of Jeptha.

Who in this vast crowd cannot recall with tearful eyes, but unutterable pride, the Southern mother who taught him of God, and the lovely sister who made home full of happiness ; whose remembered lineaments are well described by these inspired words ?

In these States were born ; from these people sprang ; under these institutions were fostered ; amid such scenes grew up these

Confederate dead. They were the descendants of the men who made England a Commonwealth; preserved the freedom of Scotland; ceaselessly protested against the servitude of Ireland; their sires had colonized America, conquered the French at Quebec, driven the Indian inward; their grandfathers sat in the Continental Congress; served with Washington; conquered at King's Mountain; their fathers were with Perry at Erie or with Jackson at New Orleans; their elder brother fell at Buena Vista, or received the surrender of Mexico.

They sprang from the loins of those who in two generations pushed the limits of the Republic to the Pacific.

The Confederate armies were equal to their ancestors; with equal courage, and perhaps greater skill, they faced more tremendous odds, and had a sadder fortune. We can adequately represent in language that host and the four years of its struggles and sacrifices?

In the long and glorious procession of armies which have been used by the subtle forces which raise and move armies in the development of man, none need be ashamed of the companionship of these defeated and surrendered men. We can with proud confidence leave their glory to history and trust their deeds to fame; and as the story of those years is more accurately told; as the cost of their defeat is more fully understood, and their achievements better known, all who love heroic virtues and are inspired with lofty purposes will revere the memories of that immortal array.

These one hundred and one unknown dead constituted a part of that illustrous army, and bore its full share in its labors and dangers. Obscure, perhaps, in the simple vocations of peaceful life, they followed where duty led and died where honor ordered, and reverently but proudly we dedicate this memorial to these heroes who lie here, and to all their comrades wherever they rest, waiting for the resurrection morning; and then we lift up our faces with inexpressible pride and claim these men as our comrades, and challenge that questioning posterity in its day of peril and disaster to match them.

But this is not full answer to that distant challenge, nor has this alone called us here in this sweet springtime.

These dead were not from the same State; this monument reveals that they were from Texas, Mississippi, Tennessee (for

Forrest's cavalry was a Tennessee battalion originally, and Woodward's Kentucky cavalry had Tennessee companies in it), and Kentucky.

It has been the common fashion of the historian to speak of "the South" as if it were one organic section, bound together as a compact whole; and of the late secession as if it was one act, based on the same causes and justified by the same reasons. These are in part erroneous. The fifteen slave States constituting the political "South" were bound together by that institution and its common dangers; and the claims that there resided in the Federal Government any power over that institution, except honestly to obey the Federal Constitution and loyally abide in fidelity of spirit by its guarantees, tended to consolidate and compact those States. Such claim was held to be destructive to the equality of the States as well as to their sovereignity; to lead to despotism and the obliteration of the distinction between Federal and State power. Such a claim involved the whole relation of the citizen to the State, and of the State to the Federal Government. The very claim asserted supreme power in the Federal Government over the property and institution of the States, and that there resided power to be exercised in some mode by the Federal Government, or by a certain majority of the States to force the other States to conform their domestic institutions to the religion or charity or opinions of the majority. The world had never seen the experiment of confederation made permanently successful in nations of great extent or power. Consolidation or disintegration had been the result, with war, misery and loss of power. We were renewing the experiment under the most favorable circumstances, but with some dangerous elements. The very difference in climate, and therefore in products and industry, necessarily gave rise to economic differences which were, perhaps, hardly reconcilable; and the immense pecuniary interests involved rendered it certain that every effort would be made to amplify the powers of the Government so that they could be used in this economic strugge.

Without slavery such differences would have been fierce, were, indeed, bitter. Unfortunately, the slave line ran not precisely parallel with, but nearly so, the line of division on those economic questions. The purely planting interests, that form of agricultural industry which produces in large tracts of land a single product, on whose sale elsewhere all profit depends, necessarily

become restive under any commercial restrictions. It must buy away from its immediate section everything but its one product, and must sell that where best it can to be able to buy and have a surplus. And to a system which required them to pay an enormous tribute to a distant people, to whom they were unfamiliar, even if fellow-citizens, under a union and by the operations of a Constitution formed for the equal and impartial good of all, necessarily forced them to scan that Constitution to ascertain where such powers were granted, and to question the value of such a union. And when there were added claims that put in question their title to so many millions of dollars, and their control over an institution so interwoven with their social fabric, these questionings become more intense. And when to this was added that these claims were founded on pretensions of superior piety in those who made them, and accompanied by harsh charges against those who were to suffer from them, it is not unnatural that they viewed with alarm, mingled with indignation, the gradual and inevitable loss of power, the sure increase of the non-slave-holding States, and growth of the anti-slavery sentiment.

It must also be remembered that the liberation of the slave did not change his race, nor obliterate from the white race that intense race-feeling heretofore mentioned; nor did it contemplate the removal of the freedman. To remove four millions of laborers was an impossibility, and would, if a possibility, be an irretrievable disaster; to have four millions of blacks free in the midst of five millions of whites, but so unequally distributed that in some sections the blacks greatly outnumbered the whites, was indeed to fill the future with uncertainty and clouds.

These blacks, when imported, were savages, without traditions and without hopes. It is inconceivable to us how a race can be without traditions and without hopes. Under the educational power of American slavery they had begun to hope, which is the beginning of freedom; and in the border States and in the cities, and in those who were domestics, there were evidences of the capacity of development. But to contemplate the possibility that South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida, Louisiana and Arkansas might become black commonwealths was a future to be avoided at any hazard. So the cotton States, holding tenaciously to the absolute sovereignty of the State, and to the constitutional right of secession, separately seceded and formed the Confederate

Government at Montgomery. They had witnessed the secession of Texas from Mexico upon the old American doctrine that the consent of the governed was the only true foundation of government, and her admission to the Union, and the necessary approval by the United States that the true construction of that doctrine was that the consent meant was that of a people of a State, and not of the entire number of States.

They knew that the declaration had been formulated by the colonies that formed only part of the British Empire, only a part of those colonies in America, and it seemed to them absurd to urge that before these seven States could found their own government on their consent they must ask the permission of the very States by whose acts the general government was to be perverted.

It was not the election of Mr. Lincoln that caused secession in any other sense than that this election was accepted as the conclusive evidence that—

(1) The Northern States could by themselves elect a President and keep permanent control of the Executive Department,

(2) And permanently control both Houses of Congress, and

(3) By appointment soon control the Judicial Department, and

(4) Control the admission of new States, and

(5) That this North was under the domination of the anti-slavery party.

With the North daily growing in power, and permanently under the control of the anti-slavery party, while relatively the South was daily growing weaker, it became inevitable that that South was under, not of, the Government, and this is political slavery. The forms of the governmental powers need not be changed. Continued elections according to the old modes would be held, and the prescribed forms might be sacredly preserved, but in substance they would have no voice in national affairs, and no potential part in determining the policies to be pursued. And if the threat to prevent secession by force was meant, then every day's delay made the inevitable conflict more unequal. So the planting States seceded, planting themselves on the old plea made in the Declaration of Independence, and the newer plea that the compact of union was a voluntary agreement of sovereign States, from

which each sovereign had a right to withdraw, and submitting that their present prosperity and future safety, the autonomy of their States and the liberty of their citizens depended on their own exclusive management of their own affairs.

Here there was a distinct pause in the movement. In the powerful States of North Carolina, Virginia, Tennessee and Arkansas, which were partly planting and partly farming States, in which the whites so outnumbered the blacks that there was no danger from liberation, in whose borders was a large mountainous population, almost wholly non-slaveholding, there was greater division and consequent hesitation. They were loath to give up the union for the possible dangers of an uncertain future, and doubtful of an experiment of two republics coterminous, and divided only by the slave line. They believed intensely in that form of local Government which the States represented; and that whether secession was constitutional or revolutionary, there resided in the general Government no power to make war on a seceded State; that war meant the destruction of slavery; the virtual destruction of the autonomy of States, and the consolidation of arbitrary power in those in possession of the Government. They believed that negotiation, concession, peace, would restore the Union, or in its place, by close treaties of alliance, from two republics friendly, mutually reliant, and, as to all the world, one for defense.

These States refused to secede until after the surrender of Fort Sumter, and the call of Mr. Lincoln for volunteers.

Led by Virginia, they had made every effort to effect a compromise, and, having failed, these States ranged themselves with the weaker party in defense of two principles, that governments to be free, must be founded on the consent of the governed, and that the Federal Government had no constitutional power to subdue States by arms, and hold the Union together by the bayonet. They believed that such power of war meant, no matter under what pretense exercised, in its ultimate analysis a military despotism, where the discretion of the administration in temporary possession of office, and not the Constitution, was the measure and warrant of power; that the use of force once to subdue a State necessarily destroyed the independence of the States, for it was absurd to speak of an independent State subject to be thrashed into submission; a mere mockery of language to talk of the equality of

States in a Union where the majority of States in possession of the Government had the right as well as power to occupy protesting States by military force, and, under pretense of executing the law, conquer by the sword. Their fathers had revolted from the allegiance due from subjects on a mere question of taxation; because the assertion of such power involved the whole question of their relations to the mother country; and when that mother country undertook "to execute the law" (which is the remedy and universal plea of tyranny), they resisted to the death. And now these citizens, as citizens and as organized States, refused to aid in this forceful "execution of the law," by which seven States were to be conquered; vast armies raised at great expense, to be used by an administration which received no votes in those States, and which represented a pledge that in peace, when the work of conquest was over, the whole power of the common Government should be exercised, in some mode, under some process, in a spirit hostile, not only to those States, but all the States who had the same institution.

Being compelled to participate in the conflict, they stood for what they were convinced was the cause of liberty, the cause of American liberty, liberty preserved by States, with exclusive jurisdiction over internal and local affairs, as against the centralized force of unlimited powers exercised in the name of a common government; grown powerful in large part by the gifts, the labors, the blood, the achievements of the section now on the eve of invasion and conquest; and so these four States entered the Confederate Government, and the war became flagrant. Events followed each other with startling rapidity, and the citizens of the eleven Confederate States, with boundless alacrity, entered into the military service of their States and Confederacy; and, as against all charge of treason, they interposed the warrant of their State, and the plea of their primary allegiance to her, and their consequent obedience to that warrant; faithful to their duty to their States, obedient to their commands, they gave themselves to their defense. To shield their borders from invasion; to protect the homes of their beloved ones from ruin; to preserve the liberty of their people; these Confederates maintained that unequal fight.

But among these "dead" are Kentuckians, whose State did not secede, and for whom no such plea can be made. Are they

without plea? Shall we who fought with them, who loved them living and honor them dead, be dumb when their action is awaiting the verdict of Posterity?

My comrades, we gave the services of our young manhood to that cause in violation of the command of our mother—Kentucky. Our Kentucky, beloved mistress of our hearts, refused to secede, and yet we turned our footsteps southward, and drew our arms to follow where Lee or other leader ordered. Kentucky did not call us by the voice of a sovereign convention, or the order of her Governor, or the act of her Legislature, to enter that service. Nay! for our service her Legislature expatriated us, declaring by solemn act that we were no longer worthy to be her sons; her grand juries indicted us for treason, and warrants of arrest were issued for our apprehension, as if we had been felons. Were Breckinridge and Buckner and Preston, Hanson and Morgan and Helm indeed without excuse in thus entering the Confederate service and tempting the ingenuous youth who had followed them to form battalions, regiments and brigades, on whose tattered banners glory abided, whose charge gave victory, whose presence forbade panic? We loved Kentucky; she was worthy of our love. The physical gifts which make her beautiful among the daughters of the nations were not equal to the heroic actions of her sons and the exquisite graces of her daughters. Fairest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely was she to our young and bounding love. Historic memories clustered about her, and every valley and mountain side held the graves of heroes, while from every brook and crystal stream ascended melodious anthems to the brave and good whose lives had sanctified their banks. We, too, loved that old Union of the States, of which we proudly claimed Kentucky was the heart. At home and abroad our fathers had made it famous. For it Kentuckians had won the mighty Mississippi, and secured the outreaching empire westward to the Rocky Mountains; for it Kentuckians fell at the River Raisin, drove Tecumseh to his death at the Thames, and charged at the plain of Chalmette; for it McKee and Clay died at Buena Vista, and their kinsman from Vera Cruz to Mexico; for it Clay taught America the subtle power of compromise; the potent influence of concession; and for it the love of all who love mankind and the prayers of all who loved God went out in sweet and pious accord.

Our interests united with our love. She was a border State as to her institutions; she was an interior State as to her surroundings. Her products found their market in different sections of the country, and she was dependent alike on the North and the South. She could but suffer, whoever else might profit, by division. Whatever wrongs others complained of, to greater wrongs she had submitted without anger, considering such submission a sacrifice the brave can render in the spirit of lofty forbearance.

No public leader ever dared, even if any ever desired, to urge that secession was to her a remedy for any wrong, a step ever to be taken for any cause. She knew, her people knew, that secession meant war, and war meant the destruction of slavery as an institution, and incalculable loss to her. Why then did we turn our backs on our homes and our loved ones, and, self-exiled, peril all for a cause she had condemned to secure a result she desired to avert?

We did not fight to defend our homes and hearthstones. Mothers and wives and children were not behind us as we stood facing the foe. We were not ramparts of fire between an advancing enemy and the swelling plains and busy towns of our people. No inspiriting crowds, no beating drums and piercing fife, no patriotic sweetheart, no overwhelming pressure of public opinion forced us to recruit. In squads, by twos or fours, or alone, 'twas in the night time, by by-ways and through the woods, leaving all that was dearest behind, we found our way to where we could be mustered into the Confederate service. As a rule each man rode his own horse, or paid his own way, and provided his own arms and outfit. It is one of the most striking and picturesque of the many attractive studies of the late war, the formation of the Kentucky regiments of the Confederate army.

Where the first Kentucky regiment in Virginia met and organized, Camp Boone in Tennessee, Camp Charity, where Morgan rested, the rendezvous where Marshall and Williams gathered their soldiers, here and there a church or cross-roads, where a company organized or the neighbor boys met and rode out together, these will never cease to be "hallowed ground," for here "majestic men, whose deeds have dazzled faith," entered on a heroic struggle for true constitutional liberty, for that liberty which knows no other basis for a government than the consent of the governed, and is

convinced that the conquest of any one State of a Federal Union involves the right to destroy all the States.

We believed with all sincerity that the apparent and final determination of the Legislature of Kentucky was not in accordance with the wishes of the real majority of her people, that it was a result secured by force and fraud, and that although accomplished "through the forms of law," that it was more binding than an edict of a President or a proclamation of a General; that the decision was the result of exterior force, the power of the Federal Government and the Northern States bordering on the Ohio River.

But I would be uncandid if I rested our defense on this ground alone, because, for one—and I doubt not I voice the sentiments of the majority of the Confederate soldiers from Kentucky—my course was not based alone on that belief, and would not have been altered if I had been convinced of the precise reverse.

Many of us did not believe in the right of secession, as it was held by our brethren of the South; still more were convinced that secession by separate State action was unwise, if not insulting to the other States having common interests. Many believed that the grievances complained of could be better remedied by united action in the Union. But we, all those of whom I am speaking, the Kentucky Confederate soldiers, believed that it was purely despotic, without the shadow of an excuse, to claim and exercise the power to hold by force of arms any State, or cluster of States, in unwilling subjection to a Government in name Federal and in theory of limited powers, but which then would be in fact an unlimited despotism, for the essence of despotism is that the Government is above the Law, and the only law of the Federal Union is the Federal Constitution, and the power to set aside that law and violate at will its provisions, creates in fact a despotism—a Government whose will is the measure of its power.

No State could force, no State could justify us, in an attack so fatal to all the principles on which our liberties rested.

We knew that forms of government were but means, that all our constitutions, both State and Federal, were only modes, that the end was the maintenance of liberty; the substance, the perpetuation of free government; and we felt that the claims made by the Administration, if allowed, rendered every check in these constitutions worthless; every limitation on the powers granted

valueless, and for all time gave to those in possession of the Government precedents for any exercise of any power that their interests or their passions rendered desirable. At once and for all time the liberties of the citizen and the rights of the State would find their protection, not in the written compacts, but in the pleasure, the fears, the interests or the weakness of those in power.

If Kentucky could aid twenty Northern States to reduce eleven States to provinces, invade their territory, overturn their government, set aside their constitutions, imprison without warrant their citizens, garrison their towns and destroy their institutions, then hereafter the central government, under the control of the eighteen or twenty-five States, could, at pleasure, treat Kentucky after a similar fashion. We denied with uplifted hands that the true Kentucky had willingly united in this crusade; but with more resolute hearts we protested that neither Kentucky, nor any other number of States, nor any combination of people, could thus destroy American liberty, and as our seal to this solemn protest we forsook our homes. We had no part nor lot in bringing about the dread alternative; no act of ours, no fault of ours, produced that sorrowful dilemma. We were of that generation. We were men and had to play our part as God gave us strength, and our choice lay between aiding or resisting the conquest by force of arms of eleven sovereign States, containing 5,000,000 of our brethren, and our choice was to stand by the banner which to us represented liberty.

We did not fight for slavery, we did not battle for any particular theory of State rights; but we fought for the dear old freedom of our fathers. This was no figment of the imagination. It was that fundamental principle declared when our fathers organized into States possessing political autonomy and declared themselves free to choose their own government as to them seemed best.

For this Henry thundered, and Warren on Bunker Hill died; this is what Thomas Jefferson and John Adams reported, and the Continental Congress proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence; for this Washington fought and our martyrs fell. This was our compact; this the basis of our Federal Union; this the crucial test of our independence. This the corner-stone of free government.

It may be that our comrades from Missouri and Maryland occupied a position similar to our own.

History may render one verdict as to the course pursued by those States which formed the Montgomery Congress, and quite a distinct verdict as to the course of Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee and Arkansas, and still a third verdict as to us.

As we recall those distinct days when divided duties tore our hearts and the necessities of grave and perilous action pressed upon us, we can look all mankind in the face with the calm consciousness that we did what we felt our manhood, our patriotism, our honor required, did it at sacrifices that were sometimes almost crushing, and with wounds which have never yet been wholly healed. Our hearts wear the scars of those sad days. God grant our sons may not have to face such days!

This much, my comrades, seemed to me not inappropriate here and now—alike due to you and our dead comrades. I have not uttered one word of anger or passion or censure, nor do I intend to. Others very dear to us came to precisely the opposite conclusion, and with equal courage and better fortune, played their part in that mighty drama. On the graves of such as have passed beyond, and there met their and our brethren, I have naught to lay but fragrant flowers. For the living I have naught but a hearty God-speed.

We were not fighting a personal fight; we were not moved by the spirit of spite or anger or revenge. It was with unfeigned sadness, with a sorrow too deep for expression, that we entered into the war, and only because we could not keep a good conscience otherwise; and we were, as we believed, fighting the battle of the North as well as of the South, the battle of the free of all nations and ages.

These were the institutions which produced these heroic men; these were the causes for which they gave their lives. And we this day take our place with them at that illustrious and distant bar; and submit ourselves with them to its august judgment.

The war resulted in the overwhelming defeat of the "South"—its complete conquest. It was fought out to the end, and at that end the "South" was prostrate, and the institution of slavery destroyed; and to the thoughtful it was also certain that liberation would be followed by enfranchisement.

The poverty of the Southern States at the close of the war was appalling; the desolation beyond description. Every form of accumulated capital had been swept away; every corporate insti-

tution hopelessly bankrupt; every State deeply in debt, and the amount of private indebtedness beyond all hope of payment.

A beggared people indeed were they. Fences all gone, work-stock nearly so, fields in briers, many houses burnt, no money, no credit, no provisions, no implements of industry, not even seed for harvest. The negro free, the white adult a paroled soldier or an aged man; frequently a disabled and wounded man; and in many families only widows, orphan maidens and fatherless children; without political privileges; and with the prospect of a chaotic and harsh period of unstable and doubtful rule; the States without recognized governments, and the relations to the races, of the citizens and of the States of the Federal Government, in grave dispute and doubt. It was, indeed, a sad and desolate picture!

But all was not lost, far from it; God, the future and manhood remained, and these contain all the possibilities of success.

There was no alternative left to that people but a stern and resolute struggle for bread, and then for the recovery of political liberty. The war had legislated—it had in a new sense made one, the United States; in the destiny of the nation was involved the destiny of every section and all citizens; one country, one flag, one destiny, was the fiat of this tribunal; and the future of the South was indissolubly interwoven with that of the Union. In that Union, under that Government, however modified by the events of those years, must these Southern States work out their restoration. Within the limitations imposed by that Government, and by their actual condition, must they make their recovery. Without repining, with no unmanly cringing, no pretense of repentance or remorse—aye, proud of their dead comrades and conscious of their own rectitude and heroism, they turned their faces to the future, put their trust anew in God, and went to work. It was a pathetic but glorious spectacle, that conquered and beggared people amid the ruins of their States and the destruction of their hopes, surrounded by the graves of their beloved slain, and in the depths of poverty, intensely at work for daily bread, and resolutely set on doing the best possible under the circumstances encompassing them. The privations, the sufferings, the toil of those slow, sad, harsh years when "the bottom rail was on top," and the whole world seemed to have turned from them, need not now be recalled. Let them pass into history.

But the heroism shown by woman and soldier during the four years of war was surpassed by the passive unmurmuring endurance, and the active, unceasing endeavor of those years of reconstruction and restoration. The ultimate result was never for one moment in doubt. The inevitable end was certain. The irresistible force residing in intelligence, education, manhood; the potential, even if invisible, influence of race and its peculiar qualities; the peculiar dominating power of this English-speaking race; the pervasive energy of inherited liberty; and the hereditary habit of command; rendered the victory in peace certain in the progress of time. Faithful to their parole; faithful to the higher obligations of a renewed citizenship; faithful to their duty to their children who were to live under this Government; faithful to the hopes of their future, which were intertwined with that of the common country; they gave implicit obedience to, and hearty labor for the common country, to which, by the fortunes of war and the decrees of Providence, they were indissolubly bound. They had staked and lost, and in good faith abided the result. They had submitted to the arbitrament of arms and the verdict was against them; and they bowed to it completely, without reservation or murmur. I do not mean without sorrow; but I do mean without murmur. It was accepted as final, irretrievable, irreversible. There was not a corporal's guard, there has not been since the war, there is not now, who hoped, who dreamed, who desired to make, another appeal to arms, or to make another effort to establish the Confederacy.

It was ordained that the experiment of American liberty should be tried under one Union, without slavery, and with the enfranchised negro; and with one heart the "South" went to work to perform with absolute fidelity her part in this mighty enterprise. And her people in their desolation never despaired. It was not what they yearned for, but it was worth every labor and all sacrifices. The land was infinitely more precious for the very blood, shed as if in vain. The spots now hallowed were dearer than all the land had been before. The precious landscapes where new graves sanctified fields with new but now immortal names, were more exquisite to their hearts than any had ever been in days of yore.

The church at Shiloh; the tangled underbrush of the Wilderness; the banks of Stone's River; the sad field of Chancellorsville;

glorious names and beloved spots; held with incalculable strength their hearts to the idolized though impoverished land.

There, too, remained free institutions, perhaps with larger powers, even if with more contingent dangers; and in the larger possibilities of the future their children would play their part as became the sons of such sires. So they turned to the future.

The first necessity was bread, to regain the physical comforts of life, to rebuild houses, to reclaim the soil for tillage, to reorganize society, to make efficient labor, and to this they devoted themselves.

They had also to adjust themselves to the new order and condition of society; to bring order, peaceful, civil, established constituted order into domination; to make regnant the ordinary every-day forms of civil law and social procedure. Both these labors were accomplished. The Southern States became prosperous, and, one by one, resumed their legal quality in the Federal Government. The kindly agencies of nature united with the active industries of man to hasten this labor and to efface the visible evidences of war. Day by day the "North" came to see that these people were indeed in good faith, and were, indeed, at work; and to realize that this section, so large in territory, so rich in resources, so blessed in climate, and with such a population, was a factor of vast importance in their future.

The steady acquiescence with which they contributed their portion to the payment of a public debt incurred to subdue them; the quiet promptness with which their representatives united in generous pensions to the soldiers who had conquered them; the conservative tone of thought and simple integrity of their public servants, gradually won confidence and respect. Slowly the animosities of the conflict continue to subside. The constant pressure of business intercourse, the ceaseless influence of social kinship, the effect of marriage and intermarriage, the power of a foreign immigration who were not participants in those transactions, the necessity or absorption in the daily duties of a busy life, the new alignments caused by new questions, will gradually do their work.

It is in all essentials one people with so many common memories, and only common hopes; and at the bottom there is that mutual respect which courage, devotion to duty and manly virtues inspire.

There were never better soldiers, never so good armies as the American armies of that unhappy war; and this all soldiers of either army accord with admiration to the soldiers of the other army. Here, at least, there was cause for universal commendation. As Americans all could be proud of the American soldier; Lee might be a traitor, but he was a great captain and a pure gentleman; Jackson a rebel, but he was also a Christian soldier of superb gifts and stainless life, and his "foot cavalry" was never surpassed in march or charge or retreat, and in their hearts every Northern soldier was proud that his Southern brethren were of such stuff. Indeed, every monument erected to a Federal soldier is also a monument to commemorate the skill, the courage, the heroism of the Confederate, for it is because of triumph over such soldiers that these monuments are erected.

So, too, we have given without scant measure, our meed of praise to those who withstood the charge of serried array, or who broke in irresistible might over our trenches; to those who held the heights of Gettysburg against Lee and Longstreet, and drove Pickett backward from his wondrous charge; who held Franklin in spite of Hood and Cleburne; to Thomas, who stood so firm at Chickamauga; and Sherman, who marched from Dalton to the sea; to the silent and placable Grant, who compelled Donelson, Vicksburg and Richmond to acknowledge his power, and who gave generous terms to Lee, and with proud honesty demanded that the terms be respected.

Honor alike to his prowess as a soldier, and his honor as a conqueror. And year by year this will grow. Long ago, in this same beautiful month of May, standing by the Confederate graves in that dear cemetery which lies adjacent to my own beloved city, in the presence of those who loved those dead, and were there to honor their memory by strewing the first flowers of spring over their graves, I said:

"In the presence of this sad assemblage; in the presence of the "dead; in the sight of God, I feel that it would be sacrilege to "utter one word that is not in every sense true. With this solemn "thought pressing upon me, I believe that I utter the sentiment "of those who hear me, when I say that we trust the day may "come when such a peace will bless our land that all the living "will lovingly do honor to all the dead. We are all Americans—

"we are citizens of a common country, in whose destinies are "involved the destinies of our children. Around us in this ceme- "tery lie buried the dead of all. On that resurrection morn all "will rise side by side to meet Him who died for all. Religion, "patriotism, the love we bear our children, alike appeal with "eloquent earnestness for the return of good feeling and brotherly "love."

On that day I had no doubt; on this day, when nearly a score of years have passed away, I feel assured that this generation will live to see that day. It has not come to all. In some hearts bitterness still reigns. But it has come to the noble, except where the sorrow at personal loss was too overwhelming to be assuaged, and it will come before many years elapse.

The English-speaking race must dominate the world; its peculiar Christian civilization is the transforming power of the conquests of the future; at the head of this race is the proper place of the American Republic; that Republic which is being evolved and strengthened from and by all the sections and all its citizens. Of course it will have its trials and dangers; the problem of African slavery has given place to the problem of the diverse races; the necessity for local self-government is as absolute now as ever before, and precisely what shall be the line of demarcation between the Federal and the State powers is to be settled by each generation as new questions arise, and always will grave problems meet the American statesman. But it has emerged from that war without slavery, with peaceful secession impossible; with its own consciousness of its almost illimitable resources; with the world's knowledge of its marvelous strength; with the demonstration that its present machinery of government is ample for every emergency, and with no present issue on which, after a lapse of a very few years, ought there to be division on sectional lines. We are now a nation of soldiers, with full acquaintance with what civil war actually means, and our statesmen belong to a generation trained amidst the necessities of a tremendous war.

This new generation now coming into power, this post-bellum generation, who will soon be dominant, has been trained North and South under auspices, influences, surroundings wholly unlike those by which we were trained. In the North the youth are not trained to overthrow slavery; in the South their youth are not

trained to defend slavery. In the admission of new States; in the settlement of new territories; there is no "balance of power" to be maintained or overcome. No longer must the surplus of Southern enterprise be invested in new lands to be tilled by owned labor; and this surplus will seek—is seeking new enterprise; and diversified industries are supplanting the old fashioned way of raising a single product. This will cause new rivalries; new combinations; new adjustments, which will in time cause new political alliances.

Out of all these varied causes the Republic of the future will emerge, the joint product of not only the North and South, but the West and those hosts of immigrants who yearly seek homes in our midst. Immigration means not only the addition of so many men, so many persons, so much money, but the introduction into our lives of new thoughts, other traditions, other customs, other hopes. These immigrants bring with them their household Gods, their religion and their thought; and these become part of those occult but controlling forces which develop a people and mould a nation.

I believe in the controlling force of law in the social world as implicitly as I do in the ordained order in the natural world; in the power of ordained progress through the omnipotent activity of moral forces as I do in the agencies of physical forces. I believe in the co-relation of cause and effect in political and social development. It is obscure because the data are very numerous; their relative value as yet comparatively unknown; and we have not carefully sought to explore this domain of science. Thus believing, I protest that the war was not in vain. It was unavoidable; from it there was no escape. I protest that the sacrifices made by the South were not in vain. They form part of those resistless forces which will enter into our national life; which is the sum of all the forces at work to develop our country. And the future of that country depends very largely on that South. We cannot measure the relative value of these forces. When Cæsar fell at the foot of Pompey's statue; when Rome was avenged on Arminius for "Varro's Legion's;" when William Wallace met a traitor's fate; when Charles II. was recalled from exile; when Napoleon died at St. Helena; who could have foretold what history now narrates.

It is, indeed, a surpassing future which tempts us to noble

duties. No people ever was given such theatre upon which to perform their part. A magnificent continent to be peopled; and that with a race of educated and enlightened Christian freemen; whose destiny it is to give constitutional liberty to the world, and whose duty it is to be fit for such high destiny.

"Give constitutional liberty to the world." How much is included in those simple words. "Midway between Europe and the continents where the colored races have had the centuries for their development; with a language that is fit vehicle for immortal aspirations and eternal hopes; with the pervasive spirit of orderly liberty; with the irresistible power of a divine religion; our mission is full of ineffable glory."

There need be no other limit to growth than that set by justice to our neighbor and the duties to humanity. Every field of greatness opens before us, and all good and noble enterprises beckon us to intenser labors. Sorrows and sacrifices, errors and follies, "the brutalities and ferocities of progress," perhaps bloodshed and crime, may be part of the future; this has always been, this is but the lot of mankind. But in spite of these the advancing day grows brighter, the climbing sun shines more radiantly, the horizon widens before our entranced vision, and we press on with unfaltering heart into that future which lies before us.

At the foot of this stately monument of granite, this stone hewn from the mountains of Maine, now planted in the heart of Kentucky in honor of soldiers from States so distant as Texas, we pray God to grant that in that ceaseless contest our children may be as heroic, as enduring, as pure as these unknown dead; ready to live for the right; willing, if need be, to die for the right, as God gives it to them to see the right.

I crave pardon for a single personal allusion. Some of these dead were of "Woodward's Kentucky Cavalry," with which battalion I served in the same brigade from September, 1863, until the end of the war, and which from October, 1864, until May, 1865, served under my command.

Its commanders, Colonel Woodward and Major Lewis, its officers and men, were therefore well known to me. It cannot add to their reputation that I should praise them, but it is to me a sincere gratification to have opportunity to testify to my own appreciation of all soldierly qualities by declaring my love for and admiration of them. It was indeed a superb body of men, with a proud and

glorious record. Trusted by Forrest, that wizard of the saddle, they were worthy of him and his confidence. I bow my uncovered head in reverent honor to the heroic dead of that beloved command, and with gratitude and friendship, undiminished by the lapse of twenty-two years, I hail with proud comradeship its no less heroic living.

On this monument these heroes are called "unknown," and is this so? In the twenty-five years since they were buried here, the evidence of their names have been lost, and to-day we know not by what names they were known. In that sense they are unknown; but their names are not lost. On the muster rolls of their commands their honored names remain; on the hearts of those who loved them and mourned for them their precious names are engraved; on God's roll on high their immortal names are radiant. We cannot repeat their names; we can honor their memories; we can reverence their deeds; we can emulate their virtues; we can commemorate their deaths.

On this gentle ascent stand, thou silent witness, and testify to all who come to this sacred place—here in the awful presence of the buried dead, in the tearful sight of the recurring visitations on the sad errands of burials, in the august presence of an ever-living God—that to lofty virtues, sanctified by death, and noble hopes purified by sorrows and sacrifice, there is an immortality of bliss.

Benediction.

The benediction was pronounced by Rev. A. D. Sears, of Clarksville, Tenn. His words were listened to with great attention, and were in every way appropriate to the occasion. Dr. Sears was pastor of the Baptist Church at Hopkinsville, Kentucky, during the war, had administered to the wants of many of the dead soldiers, and was unremitting in his attentions at their hospitals, sickness and burials. Although far advanced in years, he made the trip to Hopkinsville purely for the purpose of attending the unveiling ceremonies.

As the crowd dispersed, the last military rite was performed in honor of the dead. The Latham Light Guards, of Hopkinsville, fired the

"Farewell shot
O'er the grave where the heroes were buried,"

at the base of the monument, a long-deferred tribute unobserved amid the gloom and grief of the first interment in "Potter's Field." Carriages—the only ones permitted to enter the cemetery during the day—drove off with invited guests, and, in a little while the cemetery was as quiet as though a cry of grief or a soldiers' funeral march had never disturbed its silence.

Reception for Invited Guests at the Latham Homestead.

The pageant of the day had an appropriate ending in the reception and banquet in honor of the invited guests, which took place at the Latham homestead on Seventh street. Mrs. John C. Latham, Jr., of New York, and Miss Rebecca Latham, presided in the parlors, assisted by Mrs. Charles Latham, Miss Connie White, of Hernando, Miss., Mrs. T. H. Allen, of Memphis, Miss Jennie E. Glass, of Owensboro, Mrs. E. C. Glass and Mrs. Hunter Wood. The long avenues, leading to the house from the streets north and west, were lined with Chinese lanterns of quaint, graceful and grotesque forms of globes, fishes, pagodas and towers, which shed their soft light over flower borders, or swung like will-'o-the-wisps among the trees by hundreds over the grounds, just making darkness visible by their fantastic and mellow radiance. Along the balconies, draped with four large national flags, were hung rows of many-hued brilliants, behind which sat Warren's Band, waking the serene loveliness of the night with strains of exquisite music, which harmonized well with the splendors of the illumination and the fragrance of flowers. The wide hall and double parlors were exquisitely decorated with handsome national flags, gathered in graceful festoons over the doorways. On every side were great vases of palms, and potted flowers in endless variety; smilax and ivy drooped from flashing chandeliers. An immense flower piece, from Klunder's, glittered like a mammoth jewel in a setting of roses, ferns and vines. It seemed a vision of Arabian Nights, called up by some magician's wand.

The banquet set for the guests of the night was exquisitely arranged in endless variety and luxury. It was a delightful revelation of old-fashioned Kentucky hospitality.

The reception was enlivened by a continuous stream of visitors, who conversed in the parlors or listened to the music on the lawn until nearly midnight. Not an untoward incident marred the concord and hospitality of the occasion from dawn till midnight.

" Such honors Ilion to her hero paid,
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade."

END.