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# THE NEW SOUTH.

## A DISCOURSE

DELIVERED AT THE ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT OF HAMP-  
DEN SIDNEY COLLEGE, JUNE 15TH, 1882,  
BEFORE THE PHILANTHROPIC AND  
UNION LITERARY SOCIETIES.

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# ADDRESS.

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*Young Gentlemen of the Philanthropic and Union Societies.*

*And Ladies and Gentlemen of the Audience:*

You will credit my expression of sincere embarrassment at this time when you consider that I am attempting a species of discourse somewhat unwonted to a preacher of the Gospel, and yet more, that I am placed here only as a species of *Dernier Ressort*. We all had hopes that another gentleman would represent the two Literary Societies, better fitted to entertain and instruct this assemblage. But disappointment left the place, at a very late period, unfilled, and we were threatened with having this important part of our literary anniversary left a mere blank. I stand here, therefore, in the *formula* of your exercises very much in the place of that "infinitesimal quantity," which the algebraist places equal to zero in his equation, without appreciable error.

This fact might have led me to decline the untimely effort, but we who are passing off the stage of public action owe a sympathy to the young who are entering on it, which should forbid our withholding any service or evidence of affection they may ask of us. It is this which has forbidden my saying No to your request.

In your case there is another weighty consideration which ought to reinforce your claim on us for a deep sympathy. This is found in the momentous difficulties of the ARENA on which the young men of the coming generation are called to act their part. And yet another thought crosses the mind. Ought the knowledge of the difficulties which are before you to stimulate the expression of our interest, or ought it to dictate a modesty, which should silence us as advisers of our young countrymen? For it is by our hands that these cruel conditions of your life-problem have been transmitted to you. The heritage of freedom which our fathers left us, we have not been able to bequeath to you. As memory reverts to my youth, when I stood where you now stand, it presents a contrast which might well seal my lips with grief and shame. Then my honored father and grandfather were just going off the stage, the one a soldier of the first war which won our independence, and the other of the second war which confirmed it, both examples of that citizen-soldiery which had been the glory of America, plain, simple, unpretending, but incorruptible. And Virginia then stood, with untarnished escutcheon, peer indeed from the burdens of two wars, and the legislative exactions of her partners in the Union, clad mostly in homespun, but still the "great and unterrified commonwealth" which extorted this tribute from Cornwallis in his hour of victory: "mother of Statesmen and States," whose humblest citizen knew no master except God and the law of his own State's election, whose banner had never trailed before a conqueror by whom no federal obligation had ever been dishonored, and no cred-

for ever d'rauded of our penny; with a credit as solid as gold in the *ambiguities* of trade; the firm and prudent mediator between federal power and the two impatient spirit of her sisters. They did our fathers transmit Virginia to our merchantship, the warrior-virgin, like the Pallas-Athene of Phidias, as she stood before the Parthenon, flashing the ruffiance of her golden helm and full-orbed Palladium, the serene goddess Egeria and Salamis, to far off Niagara and Ayres.

But we, *maim'd members!* deliver her over to you, not. How! a pallid, woful fellow, deflowered by subjugation, di-member'd of her fair proportions, her limbs lacerated even by her own soars, virtually governed by the votes of an alien and Yankee soldiery, forced into her loom by her late partners, now her antagonists, against her constant protest!

As I remember this I ask myself, should not men who have so failed in their charge, who have suffered the glorious heritage of their fathers to be so marred in their hands, cover their face and be silent?

But our sons, who in our weakness, or else our hard fate, has left disinherited, do not to be ashamed of us! They ask, they encourage us to speak. This compels apology on presuming to speak to-day to the "New World" of the New South. Our other apology is, that in the endeavor to save the liberties transmitted by our fathers, we did what we could. And in proof of this justifying plea, we can point to the form prematurely bent, and the head swollen by feigns and camp discords, to the empty sleeves, and wooden legs, and to the Confederate graves so thickly strewn over the land. Our apology is, again, that while we were contending for the rights and interests of the civil world, nearly the whole world had boldly and proudly arrayed itself against us. Such was the nature of our fight, that we, while defending the cause of all, should be slandered and misunderstood by all. But why should I say this painful dispensation was strange? When we see that from the days of the chivalrous chrysalis and the rankle, we usually resisted and sought to destroy its mother factors. Still we have the world against us. Then we, after all, had, except for the "Reds" of the South, which the Confederates sold for a "Bony Ridge" with the luxurious exaggeration of his class, gave of his own eyes. Said the "New York Herald" of our military hero, "every bird ever disturbed him until at the early dawn of that disastrous battle, when he was standing post on the advanced plateau of Lookout Mountain, just when the stars were beginning to pale before the approaching day, and all nature stood hushed in expectancy of the coming king of day, the solemn silence was broken by the words of command, rolling from the Yankee headquarters over the forests in these terms: "Attention World! Nations, by the right of God, forward! Wheel into line of battle." Yes, we had the world against us.

And this is one item of proof for that fact which completes our apology for doing that subsequent events have shown we were attempting to defend and preserve a system of free government which had become hopelessly rotten by reason of the change and degeneration of the age. We did not believe this at the time, for we had not omniscience. Nay, it was, at that time, our duty not to know it, or to believe it, even as it is the duty of the loyal son not to believe the dis-

case of his venerable mother mortal, so long as hope is possible; not to cease the efforts of his love, and not to surrender her to death while love and tenderness can contest the pile. We had received this free government from our fathers, baptised in their blood; we had received from them the sacred injunction to preserve it. We had witnessed its beneficent results. Of all men it was our duty to feel ourselves most bound by the maxim of the Roman republicans, *Nun Jus est de Republica deponere*. The change had silently taken place, which rendered our father's system too good for those who were to execute it; and yet it would have been treason to truth and right for us to despair of the better possibility, until the impossibility stood sternly revealed. This the task which duty and Providence assigned us was, to demonstrate by our own defeat, after interminable struggle, the vanities of the age for that blessing we would fain have preserved for them. Hard task, and hard destiny to attempt the impossible! but one which has often been exacted by a more terrific Providence from the vicaries of duty. Yet it gives us this harsh consolation, that inasmuch as the survival of our old system had become impracticable, failure in the effort to preserve it might be incurred without dishonour.

And there is this concurrence in the justification of the Confederates, and the justification to which you, the "New South," will conclude to appeal for your action, that both parties are equally drawn from the same principle. Because the old free system has become impossible for your times; therefore you will be justified in living and acting under an opposite one. There will be an apparent paradox in this; that you shall applaud and revere your fathers for their detestation of opposition to forms and principles, which you shall nevertheless even maintain. But the paradox will be only in seeming. Your justification will be found here we had most in the fact, that the revolutionary war it was our duty to defend, because they still called it will be equally your duty to defend, because you have, and by our innocent culpability that they cannot be held to exist. "A new South" is inevitable, and therefore it will be right for you to accept it, though it was our duty to fight to prevent it. It may be the sons' duty to mourn to "bury the dead mother out of his sight," when it was the father's most sacred duty yesterday to end her tortures alive.

The government our fathers left to us was a federation of sovereign States. As such they emerged from the vortex of the revolution, and were recognised by Great Britain. As such they met in convention to devise a "Federal Union." As such they debated and accepted, and effected the terms proposed, the only terms our States at first did accept, the suppression of slavery in relation to the new Government. By their several and sovereign acts they created a central federalised government, with limited powers, strictly defined, and assigned to this common agent certain powers over their own citizens, to be impartially exercised for the equal benefit of all the parties. All other powers, including the right of judging and redressing vital infractions of this social compact, they jealously and expressly reserved to themselves, for to the outward world they were to be one, to each other they were to be still equals and independent partners. Each State must be a republic, as distinguished from a monarchy or oligarchy, but in all else it was to be mistress of its own material

forms and regulations. The functions of the general government were to be few and defined, its expenditures modest, and its burdens in time of peace light. Such was the form of government instituted for themselves by our free forefathers; and well fitted to their genius and circumstances, as communities of farmers, inhabiting their own homes, approaching an equality of condition, and having upon the whole continent no one city of controlling magnitude or wealth.

But this century has seen all this reversed; and conditions of human society have grown up, which make the system of our free forefathers obviously impracticable in the future. And this is so, not because the old forms were not good enough for this day, but because they were too good for it.

I. I would place as the first of these adverse conditions the silent substitution, under the same nomenclature, of another theory of human rights, in contrast with, and hostile to, that of our fathers. Those wise men did indeed believe in a certain *equality* of all men; but it was that which the British constitution (whose principles they inherited) was wont to express by the maxim: that every British citizen "was equal before the law." The particular franchises of the peer and the peasant were very unequal, but in this important respect the two men were "equal before the law," that the peasant's smaller franchises were protected by the same law which shielded the peer's larger one. This is the equality of the golden rule, the equality of that Bible which ordained the constitution of human society out of superiors, inferiors and equals; the equality of the inspired Job (ch. 31: 13-15) who in the very act of asserting his right to his slave, added: "Did not he that made me make him? If I did despise the cause of my man-servant or my maid-servant when they contended with me, what then shall I do when God riseth up?" This is the equality which is thoroughly consistent with that wide diversity of natural capacities, virtues, station, sex, inherited possessions, which inexorable fact discloses everywhere and by means of which social organization is possible. But in place of this, the equality taught by Hampden, Vane, Pym, Melville, and the Whigs of 1776, our modern politician now teaches, under the same name, the equality of the Jacobin, of the "Sans culotte," which absurdly claims for every human the same specific powers and rights. Yes, your Greeley teaches, as the equality of Republicanism, the very doctrine of the frantic Leveller Lilburn, whose book these great English Republicans caused (not your tyrannical Stuart but the commonwealth's-men) to be burned in London by the common hangman!

Our fathers valued liberty, but the liberty for which they contended was each person's privilege to do those things and those only to which God's law and Providence gave him a moral right. The liberty of nature which your modern asserts is absolute license; the privilege of doing whatever a corrupt will craves, except as this license is curbed by a voluntary "social contract." The fathers of our country could have a loathed the sublime words of Melville: *Lex: Rex. The Law is king.* Or have said with Sir Wm. Jones:

*Men* constitute a State:  
And sovereign LAW, that State's collected will,  
O'er thrones and globes elate,  
Sits Empress, crowning good, repressing ill.



Smit by her sacred frown,  
 The fiend (Construction) *Discretion* like a vapour sinks,  
 And even the all-dazzling crown,  
 Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.

But now, by this new Republicanism, the supreme law is the will or caprice of what happens to be *the major mob*, the suggestion of the demagogue who is most artful to seduce.

These are a few items of the new creed, which has stolen the nomenclature of the old. Since it is a theory at all essential points, antagonistic to the old, its prevalence cannot but supplant those sound institutions which were the natural outgrowth of the orthodox doctrine.

2. When our former constitution was adopted, America contained no metropolis, not even any city of note: there were a few trading towns, of which each State had one or more, and of which neither had any effectual ascendancy over the others. Hence State equality was practicable, and could be effectively something more than a name. But now, the great *emporium* of this continent has made herself, by virtue of natural advantages co-operating with partial legislation, commercial mistress of all, and asserts a financial ascendancy which brings the business and the welfare of the whole country to her feet. It used to be said that in England "all roads lead to London." So, in this vast continent, all railroads tend to New York, or those which vainly attempt to reject her dominion soon feel it in the form of empty trains and vanished revenues. Now, in view of that truth announced by Solomon, that "money answereth all things," can a sensible man persuade himself that political independence and equality can permanently remain in a land where financial despotism has become established? "The borrower is servant to the lender." The political subjection must, sooner or later, follow the financial.

3. Our century has witnessed a general change of social conditions by means of the marvelous applications of science and mechanic art to cheapen transportation and production. Once the commonwealth owned all the highways, by water and by land, and each private citizen might become a carrier if he chose. Now the highways are the property of great carrying corporations, who command more men as their disciplined *employees* than the government's own standing army, before whose revenues the whole incomes of commonwealths are paltry trifles: to whose will legislatures hasten to bow. Each of these roads point virtually to New York. To that city, yes, to one corner of Wall street in that city, centre all their debts, their loans, their revenues, their chief management.

This centralization is as remarkable also in the producing arts. The time was when manufactures were literally domestic—the occupations of the people *in their homes*. The industrious producing citizen was a "free-holder," a name whose vital significance to British liberty our times have almost forgotten. He dwelt under his own roof-tree. He was his own man; he was the fee-simple owner of the homestead where his productions were created by the skill and labor of himself and his children, apprentices and servants. Now all this is

changed; the loom is no longer heard in the home; vast factories, owned by the speculators for whom the empires of the age has already found their appropriate name as "kings of industry," now undersell the home products everywhere. The great horse which the husbandman wields, once made at the country forge, the hoe plied on his wife's feet, the plow with which he turns the soil, the very hoes in his tool, all come from the factory. The home industry of the housewife in brewing her own yeast can hardly survive, but is supplanted by your factory "baking powders," in which chemical adulterations may have full play. Thus production is centralized. Capital is collected in commanding masses, at whose bidding the freeholding citizen is sunk into the rank and file of a hireling proletariat. Conditions of social organization are again produced, fully parallel to the worst results of feudalism, in their incompatibility with republican institutions.

4. From these changes have resulted the extreme inequality of fortune, expenditures and luxury which now so form American society. When our late constitution was enacted, American citizens enjoyed a general equality of fortune and comfort, which made a real republic in equality of rights practicable. The only aristocracy recognized was that of intelligence and merit. The richest citizen was only a farmer, somewhat more abounding than his neighbor, in the breadth of his fields. A British writer, endeavoring to trace in the republican society the existence of a gentry, could find no greater incomes than those of Washington, of Mr. Vernon, and Carroll, of Carolina, each reaching probably \$20,000 per annum. And the late Vernon mansion appeared in every respect modest; he spoke of it as "the cottage," inhabitable by the poor people. But now "some of our 'kings of industry' count their incomes by almost as many millions per day." Set the mere royal luxury of a Vanderbilt, in his grandly-styled, beside the fireless laborer in his sordid tenement-holding, who is his theoretical equal. Yet the starving hireling's vote who does not know whence tomorrow's potatoes are to come for the pauper blunder of his ragged children, shall count for precisely as much as the vote of a Vanderbilt. "This is the factory, and this vote which is exalted by his school-suitage, is bound as to be thoroughly content with the monstrous inequality of enjoyments and to be heard no more, craving no redress of envy or rancour, when he sees this rampant luxury flung at his misery. And this totally millionaire, prospered by his immeasurably abundance, will feel no thirst for power, no ambition to add civic domination to the plutocratic which he already possesses, and he will be satisfied to have the ignorant vote of his hireling weigh precisely as much as his own in every legislative act touching the tenure of his millions? He who in our human nature sees that to expect this is more craziness. This enormous inequality in wealth will seek to protect, to assert itself in politics. But our now-forged Republicanism asserts that, politically, the Vanderbilt shall be the precise equal of the pauper. It leaves the free man no legitimate form for the assertion of his superior weight or the protection of his superior interests in the State. Wealth, then, must seek for possible legitimate forms. And in obeying the inevitable impulse through these legitimate ways, it must corrupt itself, and the institutions of the land.

5. The press has been looked to as the safe guardian of popular institutions,

It has been called by an English Whig "the fourth estate of the Realm." But the influences under which the political press in America operates, constitute this also one of the fatal hindrances to the subsistence of wise, free institutions. The powerful journals must be also the creatures of money. The conditions of journalism are such that only a vast capital can float a journal into a safe and permanent haven of success. Literature is a commodity, money buys and sells it. Let the genius of an Addison, a Bolingbroke, a Junius, a Macaulay, all be combined on the one side, with all the richest resources of historical learning to publish the political truths which happen to be unpopular without a great capital; and let commercial capital give its support to the pen of the most rampant demagogue to propagate the crudest absurdities in which capital supposes it has a selfish and corrupt interest, you shall see the wisdom of true statesmanship, unembellished by all the graces of scholarship, consigned to an unglorious obscurity in this country, while the vulgar stupidities of error shall visit every table and claim every eye. Mammon wills it so, and Mammon rules.

The reason is because the leading presses of the commercial centres are either the tools of parties and used for exclusive partisan purposes, or else they are, like the calico mills, mere joint-stock concerns for money making. Either way, the result is the same. The contents of the journal are not dictated at all by truth or right, but solely by self-interest. What doctrine shall it assert? Only that which advances the strength of the faction, or which attracts the more numerous subscribers. Thus the press instead of being the guide, becomes the mere echo and pant of misguided public opinion. Let only any political heresy begin to be current enough to become an element of danger to sound institutions, and thenceforward it is the interest, and business of the great journals to give it their support. To resist and explode it "would not pay."

6. One more change only, my time permits me to state, which tends to render the system of our fathers a thing of the past. This is the invincible extension of the suffrage, which has attended every political change in America. This trait has characterized not only the violent revolution through which we have passed, but every modification of constitution made by the States. We even see it working with equal certainty in the reform measures of our conservative England. In every case where a State Constitution has been opened to change, that change has been towards universal suffrage, unless this extreme had been already reached; and in no single case has a restriction of suffrage been even attempted. There is a reason for this fatal law of progress downwards in the nature of the demagogue, and it may be said in passing, that this presents us the fatal weak point in the theory of popular government. The selfish calculations and instincts of the demagogues of King Mob, always prompt them to advocate every extension, no matter how unwise or destructive, and seal their lips from opposing it. Their calculation runs thus: Here is a new class whom some one has proposed to enfranchise. I know, as does every sensible man, that it is a folly. But perhaps the proposal may prevail. Hence, I cannot afford to oppose it, for should it prevail, the newly enfranchised, when they come to the polls, will remember my action against me. But if I am a forward advocate of it, their gratitude will make them vote for me. Thus the

craziest and most ruinous proposition to create a new class of voters, always has zealous assertors, and for the same reason it meets with no opposers who are effective.

Such were the avowed motives [with sectional hatred and revenge] which prompted our conquerors to fix on the Southern half of the country that last extreme of political madness, the universal and unqualified suffrage of the slaves. And how deadly in their potency these motives of self-seeking are, we may see in this fact, that they even silence the protest of our own politicians! There is not one of them who does not know that this measure is inevitably pregnant with the corruption and overthrow of honest, popular government; yet there is not one of them, who is a candidate for votes, who has the nerve to say what he thinks, or to demand a reversal of the criminal blunder. But when the leaders of the very people who are the first victims of this wrong, are too much intimidated to lift a finger for its correction, whence shall deliverance from the fatal incubus come? There will be no deliverance until suffrage shall have been so foully corrupted by this and its other perversions, that a despairing and ruined people take refuge from its intolerable tyrannies in the will of an autocrat, and the ignorant and venal cease to vote only when and because all will be forbidden to vote.

Whether just and free institutions can co-exist in such a country as this, with its vast population and inequalities of condition, along with this extravagance of universal suffrage, needs no debate. Do you remember the prophetic letter of Lord Macaulay to Mr. Randall, of New York? Do you remember the homely instance by which a greater than Macaulay, and a more prophetic statesman, was wont to close his arguments in favor of that sheet anchor of liberty, free-hold suffrage? Mr. Randolph used to exclaim: "Sirs, the empty sack does not stand upright." In an advanced material civilization like ours, every political action touches property somewhere. If the vote which represents no property is made of equal weight with the vote which represents large property, then, with such inequalities of wealth, with such ostentatious displays of the luxury of the few piquing the envy of the impoverished many, just so surely as men are men, greedy in desire, selfish and unrighteous, and the more unrighteous where their crime is wrapped up from the eye of conscience in the folds of associated action, two results must follow, are already following. The attempt of the proletariat and their demagogues to use their irresponsible suffrage for plunder; the resistance of the capital-holding minority to this plunder. But for this resistance, though it be as inevitable as the instincts of self-preservation, your radical theory offers no recognized, legitimate mode. Radicalism ordains that the small shall be equal to the large; the dependent shall counterweigh the independent; the vote which has nothing to lose, shall dispose of the vote of him who has all to lose. The result is, that self-defence invents illegitimate modes, and the unrighteous assault on property is met by the illegal use of property to protect itself and to inflate itself until the moral corruptions wrought in our politics fester to putrescence and dissolve the body.

As we thus look back upon the social revolution which had established itself in our century, we see that political revolution had become unavoidable. The

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assault on our rights and institutions was but the first wave of the cataclysm. It swept over our best resistance, because there were other waves behind it which are destined in turn to conquer our conquerors. He is a shallow man, indeed, who supposes that the revolution will pause at its present stage, leaving the conquering section ascendant, and rendering this unstable equilibrium of the moment permanent. No, we have now seen but the first act of the drama, and it has been a tragedy. The curtain has fallen for the time to the music of a *misereve*, whose jarring chords have fretted the heartstrings of such as Lee and his comrades into death. It may well happen that after the fashion of the mimic stage, the next rise of the curtain may be accompanied by the garish lights of a deceitful joy, the blood stains of the recent tragedy covered with fresh saw dust, and the new actors ushered in with a burst of gay melody. But the other acts are to follow. May they not be tragic also?

That popular suffrage does not now really govern this country, that it is notoriously a marketable commodity, that the United States have really ceased already to be what they pretend, a federation of republican States, no clear sighted man doubts. Under a thin veil of radical democracy, the government has already become an oligarchy. Are not State conventions traded off by the magnates as openly as blocks of railroad bonds? Are not legislatures bought as really and almost as openly as cargoes of corn? Are not "corners" made in politics by which the weaker capitalists are sold out, as really as in the pork market? It is Washington or Wall Street which really dictates what platforms shall be set forth, and what candidates elected and what appointments made, not the people of the States. Some of you may have heard of the incident which happened in our neighboring town, in that year when our Southern conservatives, in their wisdom, made Horace Greeley their standard-bearer, hoping, it seems, like the superstitious Jews, to "cast out devils through Beelzebub, the chief of the devils;" to retrieve the cause of order and right through the arch incendiary and agitator of the country. Several hopeful souls were arguing his success from the many signs of his acceptance with the people. It was said, whole radical towns, whole Union Leagues in the northwest were coming over to Greeley. A sagacious banker standing by quietly shook his head. Our friends, almost vexed at his skepticism, asked: "Why? do not all these accessions, with the Southern support, promise him success?" His answer was: "Gentlemen, I do business in Wall Street, and Wall Street does not want Greeley." And so the country did not have Greeley, and Greeley did not have the presidency he coveted, but went aside to die of chagrin.

So Wall street saw in the third term imperialism thinly masked, and as its oligarchs preferred to be masters themselves, rather than have Grant their master and ours, Wall street sent to Chicago and nominated Garfield as its convenient lay-figure. But having carried its main point it really cared very little about the choice between him and Hancock, and for a time did not trouble itself. So the people were about to elect Hancock. But one fine morning this simple minded "bee-feater" perpetrated the *faux pas* of endorsing the greenback victory in Maine. And now that Wall street saw that the Hancock

regime was committed to "soft money," it did trouble itself, and woke up and put it to hand to the canvass. It would none of Hancock and his soft money, and so the people could not have Hancock nor he have the presidency.

Obviously the government now aendant in the country while "Republican" in name, and ultra-liberal in theory, is an oligarchy in fact. Extremes often thus meet. Nothing can be more fallacious than that view, advanced by some of our conciliatory statesmen, which represents the recent revolutions as only a temporary excitement and partial fit of excess from which the institutions of the country will re-act under prudent management and regain their old constitutional status. There will be no reaction in that sense. The morbid causes which were sufficient to overthrow will yet more certainly be powerful enough to resist and suppress the weak efforts of a crippled, prostrate constitution. The obstacles between us and a return to past precedents are too mountainous. Consider for instance, that "spoils system," now strong with a generation's growth. If it is to be perpetuated, this of itself makes popular constitutional government unworkable. For every intelligent man sees that it converts office-holders from servants of the people to paid agents for circumventing the people's will at the polls, paid with the money of the people they help to enslave. This is the very signa-ment of despotism, that the citizen's money is taken to bribe agents for suppressing the citizen's will. Under this system the office-holders are the pretorian cohorts of the usurper.

But let us think out now the conditions essential to the realizing of that "civil service reform," which each party pretends to promise, but which neither party purposes, as the appropriate remedy for the spoils system. One of the requisite conditions is that one of the two parties upon ousting the other from power shall exercise the self-denial and magnanimity to leave all their rival's appointees, except those expressly punishable for official malfeasance, undisturbed in their offices and salaries. For if the victorious party is to signalize its accession, won, we may suppose, on the promise of civil service reform, by expelling all the office-holders of the opposite and defeated party, this will not be to inaugurate the wholesome remedy, but only to repeat the abuse. And thus they could more than ever ensure at the next turn of the wheel of fortune that their reinstated rivals would imitate their vindictive example, turn out all their new appointees and again postpone the happy change. Let us suppose, for example, that the people should again elect a conservative President and that he should not, like poor Mr. Tilden, submit at the bidding of Wall Street to the robbery of himself and the people of America, but should be inaugurated; shall he magnanimously leave every appointee, though an agent or a tool of the present spoils system, undisturbed? Then there is no official reward for his supporters who have toiled for his election. They must have worked for naught but an idea, a prompting of pure patriotism. Whence is the money to come to wage the campaign when all will have been notified in advance that there will be no way for them to repay themselves out of the public crib? It is well known that a national political campaign now costs as much as a military one, and that money is to it as essential as "the sinews of war." Does any party in America possess this lofty patriotism? Will either party thus

work for nothing! But let us suppose that the incoming conservative shall make a pretext that the office-holders he finds in place have been those "spoils-men," and turn them out to make room for his supporters; then the inevitable result is that the opposing party will denounce him as a traitor to his own civil service reform, and devote themselves to retaliation. Such are the obstacles which beset the attainment of this peril in America. "Canst thou draw out Leviathan with a hook, or his tongue with a cord, which thou lettest down? Canst thou put a hook into his nose?"

Such are the fatal influences which obstruct all return and ensure the progress of the revolution. There is a new era and hence there must be a "New South."

WHAT MANNER OF THING SHALL I BE? To prognosticate or prophesy is not the proper part for us to play who fell with the old South. For a statesman, modest part is appropriate. We shall claim our prerogative fairly and according our own principles, which a decadent country has pronounced to elevated for it to tolerate, and of consulting our own self-respect. Justice to you requires that we shall leave you to public your own destiny in that new and untried sea into which you are launching.

But there are some principles which we may safely inculcate on you, because whatever else may change these cannot change. The glory of our old independence and its history; the beneficence of the confederate principles of our old constitution, conformed to teach us in exalted, perhaps an overweening appreciation of the value of such political institutions. But we do not forget that other people have had other forms of government, aristocratic or regal, and under them have had their share of the domestic virtues of patriotism, of civilization, of Christianity. (But under the illicit and dirty oligarchy of which our present regime is a virtual production, no people has ever had or can ever have anything but corruption, ignominy and vice.) Our best prayers are that out of the present foul transition, a good Providence may cause a new order to arise tolerable for honest men. The changes implied in the introduction of this new order may be accepted by the old confederates as old age, infirmity, or as a not distant death. They must be accepted by me as the inevitable. But the principles of truth and righteousness are as eternal as the divine legislation. These must be upheld under all dynasties and forms. Here, in one word, is the safe pole-star for the "New South;" let them adopt the scriptural politics, assured that they will ever be as true and just under any new regime as under the one that has passed away: "But righteousness shall exalt a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people. That wisdom and knowledge shall be the stability of thy times, and strength of salvation; the fear of the Lord is His treasure." That "he that walketh justly, honestly and speaketh uprightly; he that despiseth the gain of oppressions, that shaketh his hands from holding of bribes, that stoppeth his ears from hearing of blood, and shutteth his eyes from beholding evil; he shall dwell on high; his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks."

Some of the applications of these unchanging principles are obvious to experience guided by truth. Permit me briefly to unfold three of these to you,

which are shown to be timely and momentous by the special temptations to which a subjugated people are exposed while passing of necessity under a new and conquering system. One of these plausible temptations is to conclude that the surest way to retrieve your prosperity will be to *BECOME LIKE THE CONQUERERS*. This is an inference as false as it is specious; the fact that your fathers are conquered may ground a good inference perhaps, that you should seek to be in some respects *UNLIKE US*. May you be unlike us in being more fortunate! But a very brief observation of history will teach you that violent aggressors, in overthrowing their rivals, also usually prepare their own overthrow. Their calamities are only postponed to the second place. The Jacobins overthrew Louis XVI, but Bonaparte crushed the Jacobins, and Europe crushed Napoleon. Shall this be the best reparation for the miseries of the fall of the Confederacy; that you shall share, for a few deceitful days, the victors' gains of oppression, to be overwhelmed along with him in his approaching retribution? Be sure of one thing, "his curses will come home to roost." In order to escape the fearful reckoning, you must not only make yourselves unlike us but unlike them.

"The North triumphed by its wealth." Here is the temptation to the New South, to which I already see ominous symptoms of yielding, to make wealth the idol, the all in all of sectional greatness. I hear our young men quote to each other the advice of the wily diplomat Gorstchacoff, to the beaten French: "Be strong." They exclaim: Let us develop! develop! develop! Let us have, like, our conquerors, great cities, great capitalists, great factories and commerce and great populations; then we shall cope with them.

Now here is a path which will require of you the nicest discrimination, and the most perspicacious virtue and self-denial. On the one hand it is indisputable that under our modern, material civilization, wealth is an essential element of national greatness. The commonwealth which presents a sparse and impoverished population, in competition with a rich and populous rival, will come by the worse in spite of her martial virtues; and may make her account to be dependent and subordinate. Hence to develop the South is one of the plainest duties of patriotism. To increase its riches is one way to increase its power of self-protection. And a knowledge, and hardy, diligent practice of the industries of production are among the civic virtues which it behooves the New South to cultivate. So much is to be asserted on that side.

But on the other side the deduction that all our section has to do is to imitate the conquering section in that one of its qualities by which it got wealth; to make the appliances of production the all in all; to exclaim as so many do of factories, and mines, and banks, and stock boards, and horse-powers of steam, and patent machines, "These be thy gods, O Israel!" This would be a deadly mistake. Does not history teach that "wealth is the sinews of war?" yes, not seldom; but it teaches at least as often that wealth and material civilization have been the emasculators of nations and the incitements of their enemies at once, only ensuring the deeper destruction for the rich and cultivated people. Our own overthrow is near at hand to teach us this lesson, for we were the richer section subjugated by the poorer, which was shrewd enough to



lie on the pauper proletaries of a hungry world upon our wealth as their prey. Do some of you exclaim: "What, the South the richer section?" Very likely many of you are already so indoctrinated in that tuition of lies, against which I shall have to caution you anon, that this will be news to you. Nevertheless is it true: the South was by one-quarter if not one-third, the richer section, as was proved by the stubborn evidence of the census returns of the government itself, as managed by our enemies.

The wisdom of the New South, then, must be in pursuing the sharp line which divides the neglect from the idolatry of riches. If they be pursued as an end instead of a means, they become your ruin instead of your deliverance. If riches when acquired are employed to enervate your manhood with costly pomps and luxuries instead of being consecrated to the noble uses of charity and public spirit, the richer the New South becomes the weaker she will be. The problem you have to learn is how to combine the possession of great wealth with the personal practice of simplicity, hardihood and self-sacrifice. That people which makes selfish, material good its God, is doomed. In this world of sin the spirit of heroic self-sacrifice is the essential condition of national greatness and happiness. The only sure wealth of the State is in cultured, heroic men, who intelligently know *their duty* and are calmly prepared to sacrifice all else, including life, to maintain the right. Well then did the President of the Confederacy utter these golden words, that "the spirit of self-sacrifice is the crown of the civic virtues." I know that there is a generation, "O, how lofty are their eyes and their eyelids lifted up," who boast that their cuteness is in pursuing the "main chance," and who flout this virtue of disinterestedness as a weak folly; and yet for lack of this virtue their prosperity is ever perishing and their material civilization is ever, like the tawdry pyrotechnics of some popular feast, burning out its own splendors into ashes, darkness and a villainous stench of brimstone. The New South then needs wealth, but it also needs men, high-minded men, undebauched by wealth, who, like the "high privates" of the Confederate ranks, shall know how to postpone ease and the delights of culture for the invincible endurance of hardship and danger.

2. Subjugation presents to the honorable conquered man another alternative of temptations. The one is that of moral disgust, prompting him to turn with proud disdain from all concern with public affairs, and wrap himself like a hermit in the folds of his own self-respect. It is to the best natures that this is most alluring; how attractive is the thought of thus easing one's infinite disgusts? How plausible the argument which says: Let those who have by fraud or force usurped the helm bear the responsibility of wrecking the ship. But the error of this resort is that it neglects the claims of patriotism and robs the State, in the moment of her need, of the virtues and faculties most essential to her deliverance. These unbending spirits who cannot be reconciled to disgrace are the very ones that can now be least spared. To conquer the burning repugnance to all the loathsome incidents of misconception, sly slander, corruption and ingratitude with which one must meet in serving a State under the eclipse of subjugation, this may be a cross as bitter as death. But

how many of our noblest and best have already borne the cross of *death* in the same cause?

The alternative temptation is yet more seductive to the more supple temperament. This is to exaggerate and pervert the plea of acquiescence in the inevitable; to cry, "Oh there is no use nor sense in contending against fate," and on this argument to act the trimmer and turncoat. How much easier is this to the pliable temper? And it may be, how profitable to the poetlet. It is so sweet a relief to the lassitude which such a mind experiences at being ever in the self-respecting, the righteous and the unsuccessful minority. Ah, how tiresome 'tis to such a man to hold up the standard of principle when it is unsustained by the breeze of popularity! Poor soul, how his arms ache, and how do they crave rest in the arms of the corrupt majority.

But even by the light of that policy, which such men make their pole-star, it would be better, while recognizing the inevitable, still to cleave to moral consistency and principle. For I imagine that when you seek a market for your capacities in the *deceit* of the new regime, its managers will tell you that turncoats are decidedly a drag in that market. The demand is utterly overstocked, the market glutted. It is the men who have convictions and who cleave to them, who are the article in demand; in demand even with political adversaries, who, themselves, have no principles. For such men, however venal, soon learn the truth that the turncoat who could not be trusted to cleave to his principles, can as little be trusted to stick to the master who has bought him.

3. It behoves the New South, in dismissing the animosities of the past, to see to it that they retain all that was true in its principles or exemplify in its example. There are those pretending to belong to this category who still, in their "letting bygones be bygones," discuss the dead past. Its issues are all anti-political, devoid of any practical significance. Let us forget the passions of the past. We are in a new world. Its new questions alone concern us," I rejoice. Be sure that the new issues are really dead to you, any them! There are issues which cannot die with the death of the people, of their honor, their civilization and their genius. Take care that you do not *forget* the dead, while honoring the dead past, that you do not bring the inspiring memories of great patriots, whose nobility, whether assessed or not, is the eternal glory of your race, and seal the fair balance of their virtues with the shining precedents of their histories. Will you bury the names and memories of a Jackson and Lee, and their noble ring of aristocrats? Will you bury the memory of your noble dead of the Civil War?

There is one point on which they consist to little, which is vital to the young nation on the South. This is, they shall not allow the dominant party to teach her a perverted history of the past contests. This is a mistake of which you are in danger to perish. With all the astute activity of their race, our conquerors strain every nerve to pervert, to occupy the ears of all America with the false version of events which suits the purposes of their usurpation. With a gigantic sweep of mendacity, the literature aims to falsify or misrepresent everything; the very facts of history, the principles of the former Constitution as admitted

in the days of freedom by all statesmen of all parties; the characters and motives of our patriots; the purposes of parties; the very essential names of rights and virtues and vices. The whole sway of their commercial and political ascendancy is exerted to fill the country with this false literature. Its sheets come up, like the frogs of Egypt, into our houses, our bed chambers, our very knecching troughs. Now, against this deluge of pro-visions I solemnly warn young men of the South, not for our sake, but for their own. Even if the memory of the defeated had no rights; if his or her title had no prerogatives; if it were the same to you that the slaves who could not fill your veins, and whose names you bear, be written down as traitors by the pen of slanderous history, still it is essential to your own future that you should learn the history of the patriotry. For the institutions which are to be, be ever unlike those which have been, must have a causal relation to them; must be in some sense the progeny of them. The chrysalis is very unlike its progeny, but none the less its traits determine those of the gorgeous butterfly. The acorn is not like a tree, yet its species determines the shape and quality of the enormous of the forest. Tomorrow's configuration of the planets may be very dissimilar from that of today, but I will be rigidly consistent to-day. If one the astronomer who misobserves and mis-states the present case, he will be to-day, and to-morrow in his prediction of their course, not only wrong, but also of pollution will paralyze their sphere, or re-engage, or lose of so their power by misrepresenting the late events, they thereby condemn themselves to fatal wanderings and mistakes in prognosticating that future which may be the reward or the curse. If you would not be more blinded and deluged by these emanations, then you must understand right the structure of the universe, rather than which they must found their bases. You will see how I have done, not from a God like or a Henry Wilson, but from a stern philosophy. While you do not allow your judgment to be led, swayed by even the possible exaggerations of our own patriots, still less will you yield your reason to the blind and fallacious of those patriots who think they can contrive to be as good as popularly as a political ring. Our respect to the strange men and women of this party who think they can emanate their wisdom from a God, and who are deluged with a deluge of light, and fallacies, who are deluged with a deluge of light, and fallacies, who are deluged with a deluge of light for darkness and darkness a deluge of good for evil and evil a deluge of evil, and that they are deluged with a deluge of light, and fallacies, and that a great one which was if it was of darkness. If you wish to be blind to your three hundred thousand, and to your millions of blind and fallacious, go with these and let them be deluged. They are deluged with themselves against that unchangeable God who says, "Thou shalt not lie; thou shalt not be a man, but the lips of the just shall be established for ever."

I have admitted, young gentlemen, that institutions and laws may change, but honor, justice and right are changeless. Be loyal to these in all novel emergencies, and you will act wisely. In this sense, the foundation of all the laws exists in you, it will, it must manifest itself most plainly in reverence and enthusiasm for the heroic and the self-sacrificing of your own people and State.

Their actions have placed the right before you incorporate, with all the definiteness of outline and vividness of coloring which belong to concrete realities. Their actions concern your hearts by virtue of all the ties of neighborhood and patriotism. As long as the hearts of the New South thrill with the generous though defeated endurance of the men of 1861; as long as they cherish these martyrs of constitutional liberty as the glory of their State and its history, you will be safe from any base decadence. If the generation that is to come ever learns to be ashamed of these men because they were overpowered by fate, that will be the moral death of Virginia, a death on which there will wait no resurrection. But I do not fear this.

I recall what my own eyes witnessed at the last great civic pomp in which I was present. This was the installment of that statue of Jackson near our State capitol, which Virginia received as the tribute of British statesmanship and culture to her illustrious dead. At this ceremonial there were gathered almost the whole intelligence and beauty of what was left of the old commonwealth. As the long procession wound through the streets marshaled and headed by General Joseph E. Johnston, under the mild glory of our October sun, while the atmosphere was palpitating with military music and the whole city was gone upon its house-tops, it was easy to perceive that all eyes and all hearts were centering upon one sole part of the pageant, and this was not the illustrious figure that headed it—the commander in so many historical battles, bestriding his charger with his inimitable martial grace; nor was it the cluster containing the remnant of Jackson's staff. We might have supposed that we would receive some reflected distinction from the luminary to which we had been satellites so near, and that some romantic curiosity might direct itself to those who had habitually seen him under fire, heard, and borne those orders which had decided memorable victories, and bivouacked under the same blanket with him; but no eye sought us. Then came hobbling a company of two hundred and thirty grizzled men with empty sleeves, and woollen legs, and scarred faces, and hands twisted into every distortion which the fiery fancy of the rifle-ball could invent, clad in the rough garb of a laboring yeomanry, their faces bronzed with homely toil; this was the company for which every eye waited, and as it passed the mighty throng was moved as the trees of the forest are moved by the wind, the multitudinous white arms waved their superb welcome, and the thundering cheer rolled with the column from end to end of the great city. It was the remnant of the Stonewall Brigade? That was the explanation. This was the tribute which the sons, the daughters, the mothers of Virginia paid to *sturdy heroism in defeat*. And as I saw this my heart said with an exultant bound, "There is life in the old land yet!"



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