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Confederates Capture Chicago.

PEACE HATH HER VICTORIES.

Dedication of the Monument to Southern Heroes—Eloquent Address of Wade Hampton.

The monument erected in Chicago to the memory of Confederate dead was dedicated with imposing ceremonies on the 31st of May. There was an immense concourse of people, and many prominent Confederates took part in the proceedings.

Gen. John C. Underwood, who originated the idea of the monument, briefly sketched the inception and progress of the monument which culminated in the great gathering, and closed by introducing as presiding officer of the exercises the Rev. H. W. Bolton, pastor of the Centennary Methodist Church and past commander of U. S. Grant Post, N. 28, G. A. R., whom he eulogized as the "embodiment of honor, justice and morality, a broad representative of the Union veteran, a humanitarian and a Christian gentleman." Dr. Bolton, on taking the chair, returned thanks for the honor conferred upon him, and in a speech of some length delivered an eloquent eulogy upon the soldiers of the late war, both North and South. After an anthem by a double quartette, the orator of the day, Gen. Wade Hampton, was introduced, and spoke as follows:

The scene presented here today is one that could not be witnessed in any country but our own, and for this reason, if no other, it possesses a significance worthy of the gravest consideration. A few years ago, brave men from the North and from the South stood facing each other in hostile array, and the best blood of the country was poured out like water on many a battlefield. Thousands, hundreds of thousands, of our bravest sleep in bloody graves; men who gave their lives to prove the faith of their convictions; and how North and South, standing by these graves wherever they may be, grasp hands across the bloody chasm, and proudly claim Federal and Confederate soldiers as Americans, men who have given to the world as noble examples of courage and devotion to duty as can be enrolled on the pages of history. Nor is this all that marks this occasion as exceptional and remarkable, and which would render it memorable in our annals for all time to come. No monument in the world has such an honorable history as attaches to yonder one. That marks the graves of no victorious soldiers, but of the followers of a lost cause; it stands not on Southern soil, but on Northern; the men who rest under its shadow come from our far off Southland; and it owes its erection not to the comrades of these dead soldiers, but mainly to the generosity and magnamity of their former foes, the citizens of this great city. All honor then to the brave and liberal men of Chicago who have showed by their action that they regard the war as over, and that they can welcome as friends on this solemn and auspicious occasion their former enemies. As long as this lofty column points to heaven; as long as one stone of its foundation remains, future generations of Americans should look upon it with pride, not only as an honor to those who conceived its construction, but as a silent though noble emblem of a restored Union and a reunited people. In the name of my comrades, dead and living, and in my own name, I give grateful thanks to the brave men of Chicago, who have done honor to our dead heroes, not as Confederate soldiers, but as brave men who preferred imprisonment and death rather than freedom obtained by a dishonorable sacrifice of the principles for which they were willing to die.

Of the 6,000 Confederates buried here not one was an officer; all were privates, in no way responsible for the the unhappy war which brought an Iliad of woes upon our country. And yet these humble private soldiers, any one of whom could have gained freedom by taking the oath of allegiance to the Federal government, preferred death to the sacrifice of their principles. Can any possible dishonor possibly attach to the brave men of Chicago because they are willing to recognize the courage and the devotion to duty of these dead Confederates. Imagine, if you can, my friends, the despair, the horror of these poor privates, lingering in prison and dying for their faith. They died here, in what they looked upon as a foreign and hostile land, far from the land of their birth, with no tender hand of mother or wife to soothe their entrance into the dark valley of the shadow of death, and with all the memories of their far off homes and loving kindred to add the sharpest pangs to death itself. They were true men, and say if you please that they were mistaken, that they were wrong, no brave man on earth can fail to do honor to their courage and their steadfast adherence to what they conceived to be their duty. You, the brave citizens of Chicago, in doing honor to their memory, honor yourselves and humanity. Nor will you blame us of the South, while appreciating gratefully your generous action in behalf of our dead comrades, for cherishing with pride and reverence their memory. You could not respect us were we to feel otherwise. Death places its seal on the actions of men and it is after death that we "measure men."

"A King once said of a Prince struck down;

"'Taller he seems in death.'
And this speech holds true for now as then,
It is after death we measure men,
And as the mists of the past have rolled away,
Our heroes who died in their tattered grey
Grow taller and greater in all their parts
Till they fill our mind as they fill our hearts,
And for those who lament there is this relief,
That glory stands by the side of grief.
Yes, they grow taller as the years go by,
And the world learns how they could do and die.
The nation respects them; the East and West,
The far off slope of the golden coast,
The stricken South and the North agee
That the heroes who died for you and for me—
Each valiant in his own degree,
Whether he fell on the shore or sea—
Did deeds of which
This land, though rich
In histories, may boast;
And the sage's book and the poet's lay,
Are full of the deeds of the men in grey
No tion cleft from the rock is ours, such as Lucerne displays.
Our only wealth is in tears and flowers, and words of reverend praise.
And the roses brought to this silent yard,
Are red and white. Behold!
They tell how wars for kingly crown, in the blood of England's best writ down,
Left Britain a story whose moral old
Is fit to be given in text of gold;
The moral is, that when battles cease
The ramparts smile in the bloom of peace.
And flowers to-day were hither brought
From the gallant men who against us fought
York and Lancaster—Gray and Blue,
Each to itself and the other true
And, so I say
Our men in gr y
Have left to the South and North a tale
Which none of the glories of earth can tale."

We, of the South, measure our dead comrades buried here by the standard applied to men after death, and you, of Chicago, have measured them by the same standard, the only standard by which we can measure men, and by applying this you have shown that you have come to the highest standard vouchsafed to men, and on this North and South can stand, with honor alike to both sections. Are any Federal soldiers disloyal to the flag under which they fought because they join in decorating the graves of brave men whom they met in battle? Thousands of Federal soldiers rest under Southern skies, in Southern graves, many in unknown graves.

"Where some beneath Virginia hills
And some by green Atlantic rills,
Some by the waters of the West,
A myriad unknown heroes rest.

"Of them, their patriot, zeal and pride,
The lofty faith that with them died,
No grateful page shall further tell,
Than that so many bravely fell."

And when on Memorial day in the South the graves of our dead are decorated, gray-headed Confederate veterans and noble, devoted women, strew flowers over the graves of Federal soldiers.

If the humane, generous action of the people of this city in doing honor to the memory of their old antagonists, is denounced as desecration, it would seem to follow that the decoration of Federal graves by "rebel" hands, should be open to the same criticism, but no denunciation by Southern people for daring to honor the memory of men who were once their enemies has met my eyes. Such narrow and bigoted feeling as would prompt a discordant note on occasions of this sort are rarely found among true men and brave soldiers, and I have often thought that if the two great captains who were engaged in that death grapple in Virginia had been left to settle the terms of peace, each supported by his faithful followers, the country would have had a peace indeed, one honorable alike to victors and vanquished and which would have prevented the evils brought about by the politicians. As it is, the South recognizes and honors the magnamity of General Grant towards our great chief, General Lee, and deplores as an unmitigated misfortune the assassination of Lincoln. I repeat emphatically, that the untimely death of President Lincoln was regarded by all thoughtful men of the South as one of the most serious evils which had befallen our section, and I venture to say that my Southern associates here present will sustain my assertion. We knew that during the war he devoted every energy of mind and body to a restoration of the Union, and that result accomplished, we felt that his big brain and his kind heart would prompt him to deal kindly and leniently with his fellow citizens of the South; for his highest, if not his sole aim, was to see the Union restored, and it was a cruel fate that deprived him of what he hoped would be the reward of his labors, and the South of one who would have been her strongest protector in her sorest hour of need.

Some of our Northern fellow citizens seem to paraphrase the question. "Can anything good come out of Nazareth?" by applying it to the South, but, my friends, we really are not evil. Put yourselves in our places and judge us from that standpoint. In the convention which formed the Constitution, there were two parties which held opposite positions, one urging the formation of a strong central government, and the other advocating the doctrine of State rights. It was attempted to reconcile these antagonistic views by a compromise by which it was declared that all powers not delegated to the general government were reserved to the States, but like all compromises, it left the vital question unsettled, and from 1787 until 1861 the proper construction to be placed on the clause of the Constitution just referred to had led to constant and often to angry discussion. This unfortunate condition of affairs was further complicated by the injection of the question of slavery into it and we all know what has been the result of these unhappy differences.

These are now all dead issues and I do not propose to discuss them. It was a wise philosopher who said to a general commanding an army, "I do not choose to argue with the commander of ten legions," and when questions are submitted to the arbitrament of the sword the decision is generally in favor of the ten legions. The vexed questions which have disturbed the country since the foundation of the government are settled, and reference to them is made only to show how natural the course of the South was, educated as the people there were in the school of strict State rights. Every Southern man felt that a call made upon him by his State was an imperative command and that his duty was to obey without hesitation and at all hazards. When the North called on its citizens to rally to the old flag, they responded to the summons from a sense of duty, as did the people of the South to the call made on them. State allegiance and State pride in each case was the moving cause which arrayed millions of men in arms in this country; and while the war that brought them out caused untold misery to the country, it has taught a lesson to the nations of the earth, that America in arms can defy the world. It seems to me, too, that it should inculcate another lesson to us and that is, that the time has come when the actors in that fearful fractricidal strife and those whom they represent should judge their former opponents as they should themselves be judged. This can be done without the sacrifice of principle on either side, as the example of our mother country has shown us. York and Lancaster, Cavalier and Roundhead, no longer wage war on each other; all are Englishmen, proud of their country, and the red rose and the white are emblems of peace and of the glory of Old England. Can we not all be proud of the prowess of the American soldier?

THE WEATHER AND CROPS.

COLUMBIA, S. C., June 4, 1895.

There was a quick transaction from the cold conditions that ended with the beginning of this crop week, to an extreme of heat, with the highest recorded temperature for the last decade of May or the first decade in June in forty years in Charleston, where the maximum reached 97 on June 1st and 2d. In various other localities where less extended records are kept available for comparsion, they show that it was the hottest week ever known at this season, and rarely ever surpassed by the warmest periods in July or August. Many reports indicate temperatures of 100 or over on the 1st, 2d and 3d.

There was practically no cloudiness during the entire week, with the exception of a few foggy mornings over the Southern portion of the State. The continuous sunshine and excessive heat dried the ground rapidly, and in a few places rain is needed, and it would be highly beneficial over the entire State, more especially on light soils that become dry quickly, although crops are not suffering for the want of it.

It was an ideal week for farm work, and plows and hoes were kept busy with the result that crops are now fairly well cultivated and generally free from grass and weeds.

This hot, dry weather has tended to equalize the previous abnormal conditions by supplying some of the heat lost during April and May, and to reduce the previous excessive rainfall to nearly seasonable amount. Its effect on all crops has been very favorable. It was the indicated need of corn and cotton, and perhaps more particularly for peaches, plums and berries, which are beginning to ripen.

The mean daily temperature ranged above the normal on each day of the week, except on May 28th (Tuesday), with departures of from 3 to 12 degrees per day, the latter generally on the 2d and 3d (Sunday and Monday). On May 22d the departure was 16 degrees below the normal, making a rise of 28 degrees in ten days. The average daily temperature was about 14 degrees higher this week than last.

The highest temperature reported was 105 on the 2d (Sunday), from Ella, Lexington County. The lowest reported was 50 on the 28th of May, from Greenville, Liberty, Looper's and Spartanburg, making the weekly range in the State 55 degrees. The mean temperature of the week for the State was 82.5, and the normal for the same period is approximately 75.5.

There was no rain in any portion of the State during the entire week. The normal rainfall for the same period is approximately 1.06 inches.

The winds were very light during the entire week, from the west and north during the early portion and latterly southerly.

Cotton made rapid improvement in growth, color, and possibly stand, although some correspondents say that "patching" or replanting is still necessary and that some of the late planting is slow in germinating. "Black-leg," or "sore-shank" was bad in places and makes recovery slow. A few state that it is still dying on sandy land but it is not common now. Also that some fields planted to cotton have been plowed up and planted to some other crop. Cotton is small for the season. Fields are being cleaned from grass very fast, and chopping to a stand is nearly finished.

Corn has been much improved by the hot weather and has regained a healthy color. It is generally small for the season with an uneven stand. Bottom lands nearly all planted. Bud worms and cut worms less active than heretofore, but they have already damaged the stand very much on bottom lands. Fields generally well worked and free from grass.

Peas are being sown in with corn at this time as well as alone. In some sections idle lands are being sown to peas.

October oats are ripening and generally promise a full crop. The general condition of spring oats has improved very much, but its condition continues to vary with locality, from very good to poor. Rain will soon be needed for it, as it is just in the milk

A number of reports state that rust has appeared in wheat, and is serious in a few places. Wheat has headed well, generally, and will soon be ready for harvesting.

The rice crop continues to grow well and looks very promising at this time. The hot weather has dried the boggy lands so that plows could be put on and preparations for planting June rice are well under way.

Melons have improved greatly, but insects continue to eat the plant at places, and others say that the hot sun wilts the vines.

Potatoes along the coast are yielding a large crop, but they are not doing as well in the interior. Sweet potatoes are not growing well, having apparently not fully recovered from the setback by the cold weather of the previous week.

Peaches have ceased to drop and a full crop is now beyond peradventure of a doubt. Plums are said to be ripening permaturely, and are not good. Varieties of wild berries are very plentiful. Sunshine has been very beneficial to fruit and berries.

Tobacco has shared in the general improvement, noted for crops, due to the hot weather.

Gardens wilted during the daytime, under the influence of the heat, and must soon have rain or else will deteriorate. Vegetables abundant. Truck spipment to Northern markets continue heavy from the coast counties, where the industry is centered.

All correspondents agree that the crop prospects improved wonderfully during the past week, but that rain is the present indicated need.

A STRONG PLEA FOR PEACE.

POURING OIL ON THE TROUBLED WATERS

Clark Howell Urges Both Factions in South Carolina to Quit Fighting—He Advises the Newspapers to Lead the Way

The following address of Mr. Clark Howell, editor of the Atlanta Constitution, was delivered at the recent meeting of the State Press Association in Sumter:

"I am not unmindful, Mr. Chairman, that I speak tonight to the representatives of a State which is divided against itself probably to a greater degree than any other State of the Union, and from the bitterness of which division has developed a contention which has permeated every condition of life, and created a false god of discontent whose merciless decrees have levied tribute and command obeisance from every phase of human endeavor.

"The public official who has not become involved is an exception; the merchant who has not been fired to say or do that which does not comport with the placid and charitable rule of peace is lonesome in his solitude; the farmer who, in planting his cotton or his corn, has sown at the same time the seeds of angery may congratulate himself on the evenness of his temper, which makes him a rarity of mankind; and, if reports which have reached Georgia are correct, the demon of Hate has even laid his unholy hands on the pulpit, buried itself in the ermine of the bench, and, not contented with its malevolent inroads upon the sanctified field of brotherly love, has aimed its blows at the ark of the covenant which enshrines the heart of woman. It would be most unnatural, in this carousal of ill-temper and bad blood, growing out of political issues, the press of the State was not affected by the ruling passion to blame somebody for a condition which nobody approves. The 'outs' are condemning the 'ins,' and the 'ins' are retaliating in kind; households are divided, communities are asunder, and over and above it all is the black cloud of strife and disorder, which, catching the conflicting emotions of factions and feuds, echoes them back in a din of turmoil and a peal of lamentation.

"I claim the right to speak plainly tonight because I speak as a native. Midway between Allendale and the Savannah river, in old Barnwell, did my eyes first greet the light of life's day, and though my lot has been cast in the sister State, which stretches hands across the Savannah, I have ever been proud of the State of my birth—the State which for generations, has kept my maternal ancestors, under whose sod their bones have bleached, in whose name their blood was spilled, and on whose sacred altars the life of more than one was laid at a time when the unity of her people bespoke their loyalty to her flag. Not on the ears of a stranger have the grating sounds of discord emanating from here fallen, but rather on those of one who, being more than a sympathizer, hears with aching heart the breaking of the cords of peace and the dissonant murmurs of personal contention.

"Fellow South Carolinians, look to the glorious past of your great State and ask if it justifies the conditions existing today!. I shall be strictly impersonal and impartial in what I say, for in a representative gathering of distinguished journals of the several sides—for I believe there are about six elements in the field now—I would not do violence to the propriety of the occasion by making offensive alignment; but appealing to all, let me carry you back to Cowpens, and to Camden, and to Hanging Rock, where, under the inspiration of the intrepid boldness of South Carolina chivalry, Andrew Jackson first began his career as an American soldier and patriot. Did Pickens and Sumter and Marion—all noble sons of your noble State—and Lee and Greene, whose most brilliant service in the Revolutionary army was done in the defense of the homes of your ancestors, against the combined forces of foreign aggressors and native Tories—did these heroes write their names in letters of eternal life on the pages of the history of your State, that in the turn of a century their deeds might be forgotten and their examples be lost to posterity? Just across the way—over in Georgia—six counties bear the names of these six patriots and there they will ever stand as memorials to men whose heroism is resplendent in the shining pages of Carolina's glory, and whose virtues should be ideal types of the chivalry, the bravery and the patriotism of Carolina manhood. Go back with me beyond the period which molded these men of iron and see, if from its earliest days the history of South Carolina was written to countenance civil contention and breed the evil results of fratricidal strife. It was Joseph Blake, the brother of the great English admiral, who brought the dissenters to live among these people, that they might worship as they please; it was Cardross who brought the Scotch Presbyterians to breathe the free air of this clime and it was to South Carolina that the French Huguenots turned, when, wearied and disheartened from the religious intolerance of a bigoted monarch, they answered the revocation of the edict of Nates by planting their feet on this soil to live in an atmosphere of peace, and worship in the unmolested comfort of contentment and serenity. It was on this shore, at Georgetown, that the immortal LaFayette first put his feet on American soil, when he came to draw his sword for American freedom, and, after the lapse of a century, as if to signify to the world that South Carolina was first in the new roll call of patriots, it was her sons who received the first shot at Sumter and her sons who first turned from their fields and their homes to bare their bosoms to the conflict of the war of the Conferacy.

"If the past has its lessons for the future, let us profit by it! As brave as were our ancestors, let us be! For every shining star in the firmament of the past glory of your State there are conditions today which will make a counterpart above the horizon of peace. People whose ancestors were once led by the peaceful Archdale and who went to war under the fearless Craven, and again who plucked their decorations for valor in the brightest fields of our soldier glory, covering the period from Independence hall to Appomattox—sons of scions whose courtly politeness and high sense of honor have been traditional for a century—these people will not surrender to the despot of internecine strife and humble themselves and their past greatness by the continuance of an ugly and seemingless local agitation which, whether justly so or not, is making South Carolina the subject of the jeers and ridicule of the continent.

"To what agency, above all others, should we turn in invoking the restoration of harmony and in appealing for such dispassionate consideration of issues as will enable men to meet as brothers and bury their differences in the arbitrament of the majority, which is the true essence of Democracy and the corner stone of Republican form of government? Naturally to the press, and it is to you, fellow journalists—to you, fellow South Carolinians, that I come in this spirit.

"To the man who holds faction above State my words will fall upon unwilling ears, but to the patriotic press—that to which I am invited to address my remarks, in response to the sentiment given me by your chairman—I approach the subject with confidence that my words will not be misunderstood, nor my motive misconstrued.

"To the factionist I say—'A plague upon both your houses!' You have more to live for than the mere triumph of personal ends. You have a charge to keep, and you must keep it in a manner that will honor the past and glorify the present. Let the press start the strain and sing the anthem of peace until the populace will take up the chorus and echo the melody to the farthest corners of the earth. If you are as successful at peace as you have been in strife, the world will resound with your good deeds, and instead of outsiders commenting upon the stereotyped and misfit phrase that 'hell's broke loose in South Carolina,' universal praise will be sung that, here in this State, first in so many things, the advance guard of the millennium has come to keep company with the historic tradition of the first shot on Sumter.

"Glorify the State and make peace with the union! The war has been over thirty years, and the flag of the union belongs as much to South Carolina as it does to Massachusetts. Instead of fighting among ourselves let us devote the same energy and make practical illustrations of the parable of the bundle of fagots, by getting together and fighting the other fellow.

"There is a world of meaning in the term, 'the other fellow,' as here used. He is a gaunt, determined, iconoclastic enemy who cares not for the sacred traditions of the republic, and whose chief occupation is the destruction of the ideals which prompted our forefathers to establish a government of the people and for the people of this country, and not for any other country. This enemy walks like a stalking horse over the hallowed traditions of the past and makes merry music as he shatters the inspired sentiments around which our national glory was built. I refer to that weather-beaten relic of the past who choked the struggling republic in its infancy, but who himself was choked out of existence as soon as the young nation was big enough to stand alone—the Tory. He departed with the last century, and by some strange mishap he has come to taunt the dying years of this one; but by the grace of God and the patriotic resistance of the American people, we will do with him as our revolutionary ancestors did at the close of the last century, and we will, like they did, enter the new century with a clean bill of health, as far as Toryism is concerned.

"The modern Tory is more insidious than his prototype of old. He is more cautious, but no less dangerous. If he moves along different lines it is because conditions are different, but opportunity would clothe him with the same habiliments of his ancestors. He sneers at the doctrines which, through the usage of time and good service, have become part of our fixed public policy, and tells us that Jefferson was a demagogue and that Monroe's bold contention that America belongs to Americans is out of date, and that it must yield to the theory of 'international commerce'—an insidious pretext which is being used in many directions as a Trojan horse to turn the Greeks into the walls of our independence and to surrender the control of our affairs to foreign shylocks. He views with approving equanimity the construction of massive fortifications on the cordon of English possessions commanding the gateways of the oceans around us; receives with stolid indifference or positive approval the news of the lowering of the stars and stripes from the flagstaff of the public building of Hawaii, and when all America has centered its hope and its desire for the construction of a waterway across Nicaragua, to be under our control, he salutes the raising of the union jack at Corinta, and sulks at the protest that it must come down or the United States will know the reason why!

"If any people of this country ought to know the Tory, it is those of South Carolina, for here he flourished and festered in the days of his early glory. Do you recall Tarleton? It was he who, reinforced by the Tories, marched his cavalry over the Americans on the Waxhaw, and while negotiations for surrender were pending massacred the whole company; and in the words of history, 'for this atrocious deed Cornwallis commended him to the special favor of the British parliament.' There are Tarletons negotiating for terms of surrender today, and there are Tories helping him, and woe be to the hopless and helpless participants when the modern Tarleton and his tory brigade, in possession of the weapons of defense, charge our national prosperity and lock again the bonds which were stricken from our limbs by the insane idea of our revolutionary ancestors that this country could take care of itself without the consent of England or any other nation on the face of the earth.

"It was Patrick Henry who said in his inspired and impassioned plea for independence: 'We are three millions, one-fifth fighting men, who are bold and vigorous, and we call no man master.' It is the modern Tory who says: 'We are seventy millions, with inexhaustible resources, with the greatest country on which God's sun every shown, with mothers who have taught us what it is to be loyal and fathers what it is to be brave, and yet British gold has made cowards of us all.'

"We are of right, and we ought to be, independent. When the merciless hand of war had turned the plowshares of the south into swords, laid waste its fields and checked the annual response of the soil to the touch of the husbandman, the great wheels of Manchester's cotton mills ceased to turn, the spindle and the loom lay idle in their frames and hunger and destitution seized a hundred thousand souls. The horn of plenty which the South emptied annually into these eager arms was exhausted, and with aching hearts and fervid prayers these poor, care-worn working people looked anxiously for the season that would bring them American cotton to put bread into their hungry mouths and clothe their half-exposed bodies. At last the war ended and the first cargo of cotton from the South reached Liverpool. At Manchester a vast throng of idle operatives met it, and what followed is told by Scribner's in a most interesting article on the subject.

"'One man,' it says, 'perhaps a father who had sat by a fireless hearth, broken of spirit and helpless, whilst his young swarm cried for bread—a poor, gaunt fellow, who, lifting his hat with tears running down his cheeks, raised his voice in the "Doxology," one after another joining in until the whole mass sang in one great, swelling chorus:

"'Praise God, from whom all blessings flows;
Praise Him all creatures here below.'"

"And yet they say we are dependent. God forbid!

"If dependent, to what country greater than ours are we thus rated? To England? No. We were once, but we whipped her twice, and unless our chivalry and our courage have decreased in proportion to the increase in our numbers we can do it again if it becomes necessary—a trial, however, from which I hope we will ever be spared, for I am not one of those who desire conflict between this and any other country—so long as they let us alone. Great Britain and its entire possessions, reaching around the world, might erect walls from now until the end of mankind to shut itself out of this country or to shut us out from it, and it is problematical if we would not be infinitely bettered by such action than without it. Are we dependent upon France? No; for there is not a material nor a necessary staple that is sent us by that country that cannot be duplicated by our own. Upon Italy? No; for with Florida and California combined we can give Italy odds and discount it in either raw material or finished product. Upon Germany? No; because we could a thousand times more readily do without Germany than Germany without the United States. Then upon whom are we dependent? Upon no nation on the face of the earth and upon no being but the Lord God Almighty, and we do not merit His divine protection nor His sacred blessing if we haven't the manhood and the courage to at least make the effort to take care of ourselves. Away with this talk about our being dependent on anybody and about the necessity of foreign countries setting the commercial or the financial pattern that we must follow! It is an ignominious admission that our forefathers made a mistake in declaring our independence, and as for me I am not as yet prepared to admit that, and I do not believe that you are. But developments abroad are of sufficient interest to demand your united attention and to call you from the field of civil strife. Conditions are such as require harmonious action among those who believe in the triumph of American principles and who are ready to defend the sentiment which is the corner stone of the republic—that of the equality of every man before the law, the rights of the masses and the principle that in this country there shall be no class discrimination. Upon this contention the eyes of the whole country are now centered, and on it you, as journalists and as patriots who love your State and your country, should unite in the common cause that calls you to a patriot's duty.

"And now in conclusion, fellow journalists, let me take leave of you with the assurance that what I have said comes from the heart. If I have offended by frankness, I throw myself on your mercy. Measure your judgement by the golden rule, and 'do unto me as I would do unto you' if you came to Georgia under the same circumstances. But perhaps in your domestic contention you are like the housewife who always complained about her own coffee but who never permitted a guest to agree to her invarible statement that it was very bad, and who said to one who had responded, 'Yes, madam, it is vile.' 'It's as good as you are accustomed to getting, sir!'

"We have our ups and downs in Georgia—and what State has not?—but whatever may be our differences, let us abide the action the majority, and like good citizens accept it in good faith. If the majority should be thought intolerant, so much the worse for it, for time is the certain arbiter, and it evens all things.

"It does not pay to be intolerant—it will not pay to treat a minority as aliens instead of citizens. The reaction will come and the penalty will be meted. I do not say that this is being done now or that it has been done in the past, but I do say that this charge is being made now and that it was made by those who, now in control, were once in the minority and were bitterly complaining of the intolerance of the principle of vested supremacy, which they were attacking, in antagonizing the idea, whether for cause or not, that the control of the State belonged to those who had been in possession for a century. If political affairs in those days were conducted on that principle, it was intolerance, and the people ought to have rebuked it. If, on the other hand, the political administration of the affairs of your State is now to ostracise a large and most respectable element of citizenship and deny to it the privilege of practical participation, that is intolerance, and it ought to be rebuked.

"You will observe that I do not speak as a partisan, but as one who condemns factionalism, which has characterized political developments in South Carolina for the past few years. In Georgia it is said that there are two classes in South Carolina—the South Carolinians and the South Carolecnians—the former representing the new regime and the latter the old. Personally, I do not believe that anybody in this State ever held, even in purpose, to the ridiculous theory that control should pass by inheritance, and if so would think that the revolutionary war had been fought in vain; but I speak to you neither as a South Carolinian nor as a South Carolecnian, but as an earner well wisher of your State, without regard to political or personal differences and with a devotion to its future greatness scarcely less hopeful than is felt by even the most sanguine and loyal believer in its final triumph, over all the perplexities involved in a divided citizenship.

"Let your active and your patriotic press take up the cause of peace—instill into the hearts of the people State pride and loyalty, and love for the union and the flag of our common country.

"The destiny of your State is written in its fertile vaileys, in the priceless deposits of its soil, in its busy mills, its great ocean front and its kingly citizenship. The division of a day will pass like the clouds at night and the dawn of the new day will unveil a vision of happiness and prosperity which will crown Carolina's brow with a diadem of matchless wealth and wreath her with laurels of perpetual contentment. God speed the day!"

Mr. Howell has been elected an honorary member of the South Carolina Press Association by a unanimous vote. This is the first time this honor has been conferred upon any one.

THE REGISTRATION CASE.

The Grounds of Exception Made by the State—The Case Will Go to the Supreme Court.

The Richmond Dispatch of the 5th inst. gives the following information in regard to the registration case from South Carolina now before the Circuit Court of Appeals:

The case of the South Carolina supervisor of registration whom Judge Goff enjoined a few weeks ago from the performance of his duties, has been appealed to the Circuit Court of Appeals now in session here, and will be heard on an appeal in that court before Chief Justice Fuller and Judges Hughes and Seymour.

The assignment of errors by the Attorney General of South Carolina to the decree of injunction issued by Judge Goff in the case is as follows:

1. That the suit is, in effect, a suit against the State of South Carolina and in violation of the eleventh amendment of the National Constitution.

2. That the supervisor of registration who was enjoined is not amenable to the United States Circuit Court in his political capacity, and all the matters and things complained of relate to the political duties of the office.

3. That the bill presents no question arising under the Constitution and laws of the United States.

4. That the bill presents no case upon which a bill in equity lies, plain and adequate remedies at law being available to redress the matters complained.

5. That the jurisdictional amount of $2,000 necessary for the circuit court is not affirmed in the bill.

6. That there is no sufficient averment of irreparable injury and statement of facts supporting it in the bill and positively sworn to.

7. That the Circuit Court Judge erred in holding that the registration laws of South Carolina are in violation of the Constitution of the United States and deprive the plaintiff of his rights as a citizen of the United States.

All of these questions are cognizable on appeal by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals sitting here, except the third and seventh, which present Federal questions and are cognizable in the Supreme Court of the United States.

The court may therefore docket the case and consider the grounds of appeal; and if in the course of trial it finds accessary to do so, it may certify the Federal questions up to the Supreme Court for its decision and may afterwards proceed to deal with the case on all questions raised on appeal. This is what the appellate court meant on Friday when it announced that it was unanimously of the opinion that it had jurisdiction to hear the appeal. The case will therefore be heard on the appeal as a whole. It may be that the appellate court will be of opinion that the suit below could not be maintained on the ground assigned them, respectively, of the Federal questions raised in the third and seven assignments of errors. If so, they will get to the Supreme Court, but if the appellate court should be of opinion that there was no error in respect to five of the assignments then the case will go to the Supreme Court on the third and seventh assignment.

—A country minister remarked to his wife Sunday noon, "There was a stranger in church this morning." "What did he look like?" asked the wife. "I didn't see him." "Then how did you know there was a stranger there?" "I found a dollar bill in the contribution box."

—Prof. W. H. Wallace, until recently a member of the faculty of the Columbia Female College, has been chosen superintendent of the graded schools in Newberry, which is his home. He will accept the position.

—The oldest capital in the United States is Santa Fe, which was the seat of government in New Mexico as far back as 1650, and yet its population is only 6,185, according to the last census.

—Our readers will find an interesting story in this issue from the woman's edition of the Newberry Herald and News. It is a most creditable production, and the fair author ought to favor the public quite often.

—The buttons on a man's clothing are usually on the right side. On a woman's clothing they are on the left.