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RECOLLECTIONS

OF AN

OLD TIME DEMOCRATIC
MASS MEETING

BY

THOMAS Z. MORROW

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*RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD TIME DEMOCRATIC
MASS MEETING IN LEXINGTON, KY.—SOME
ANTECEDENTS AND AFTERMATH.*

By THOMAS Z. MORROW.

An old man, it is said, is nothing if not reminiscent; especially is this true in reference to "The Schoolboy Spot."

"He ne'er forgets, though there he is forgot."

In a recent eventide reverie, mentally and soulfully recalling the olden times (of course the old times are the best, and have been since old Father Methuselah "flung up" to his great great-grandchildren how much better the times were when he was a boy), there came to me in all its youth, glory and freshness an ante-bellum mass meeting held by the "unterrified Democracy" on the college grounds (now Gratz Park) in Lexington, Ky., on the 5th of October, 1855. I had shortly before graduated at old Center College and was a matriculant in Transylvania Law School. The venerable and learned and scholarly Judge George Robertson was Dean of the faculty; Frank Hunt and Black Kinkead (as we boys lovingly, not irreverently, called them) the professors; no institution could lay claim to any more faithful or capable; to them the labors were ones of love and sacrifice, not for profit or gain; honor to their memories, peace to their ashes; if their pupils have not met the full measure of success, it is the fault of the soil, not in the seed or the hands of the sowers. As the humblest of the many who benefitted by their instruction, I gladly place this wreath on their tombs.

The contest in the State which immediately preceded this meeting was indeed a memorable one—the race for State officers. In the latter part of 1854 or early in 1855, the Whig party having vanished with

the election of Franklin Pierce over Gen. Winfield Scott, a new party had sprung up. It had an unprecedented success in most of the Eastern portion of the country, was carrying everything before its fierce assaults and was working its way into the South. It was the American or Know Nothing party, or, as sometimes called, "Sam." The main planks in its platform were hostility to foreigners, dread of the temporal power of the Pope of Rome, and that the office should seek the man and not the man the office. It was a secret oath-bound organization and its proceedings known only to the initiated. Excitement ran high and on many an occasion bloodshed was narrowly averted; reason seemed to have been thrown to the winds. Epithets more vile, denunciations more vitriolic never fell from human lips; missiles were hurled without regard as to who was hit or hurt. The Know Nothings were the "Dark Lanterns," the Democracy the "Sag-nitchs." The Louisville Journal, then edited by that prince of journalists, George D. Prentice, had lurid columns of wit, sarcasm and venomous invective warning against foreign and Catholic supremacy, going so far in an issue a short time before the election as to declare that it had proof positive that the Democrats were going to import an alien people to vote, all of whom carried "Black Carpet Bags"; it appeared as if the State was to be invaded by "All Gaul." The Black Carpet Baggers grew as thick and fast as Falstaff's men in buckram. As may be conceived, this intensified the already belligerent partisans. This brought from Harney, of the Democrat, counter charges of assassination to be done by the midnight conclave that was afraid and ashamed to show faces or do deeds in the sunlight, but hid behind closed doors, bound by oaths as revolting as any taken by Guy Fawkes and other similar conspirators.

In accordance with the platform, the nomination for the office of Governor sought Judge Loving, a mild, inoffensive gentleman, scarcely known beyond his immediate vicinity. Against him the Democrats presented Beverly L. Clarke, a man of considerable reputation as a rought and ready, all around stumper and no tyro in the political amphitheater. Clarke took the field with a blare of trumpets and his crude but strong efforts were winning votes. Loving, on the theory that the office was seeking him, was quiescent and not before the public. In this situation it soon dawned on "Sam" that a mistake had been made; that the office in point of fact had not sought Judge Lov-

ing, at least it was not in hot pursuit of him. Something had to be done and that quickly. That something was done and a man of quite another ilk—Charles S. Morehead—was substituted. On his entrance his party took new heart, the battle under his leadership went bravely on; from a silent army became aggressive, hopeful, and finally reached the goal a winner. Clarke was plainly overmatched, as was made manifest in the joint debate at Harrodsburg, to which I listened, and from which I came away a sadder and a wiser boy. I had gone expecting wool, but had got sheared; Morehead had unmistakably carried off the laurels. Morehead was in many respects a really great man, an accomplished Belles-Lettres scholar, a polished speaker, conversant with politics and generally popular with all who knew him. He did not have a single porcupine quill about his person. In voice, speech and manner he was as unctuous as the oil that dripped from Aaron's beard. Early in life he obtained, and held till its close, the sobriquet of "Ephraim Smooth."

The contest was vicious and brutal, but to my personal knowledge it had one gleam of pure light, one, apparently ludicrous but really beautiful exhibition of the highest of all Christian virtues—brotherly love. Brother Tompkins, a Know Nothing of Know Nothings, and Brother Gore, a Democrat "of purest ray serene," were active members of the Methodist church in Danville. During the fiercest of the war, a distinguished bishop held a revival meeting in which the wonted interest had not appeared. This the good minister not unnaturally laid at the doors of the church membership. In remedy whereof he delivered a sermon of great power and pathos, advising and demanding that the church itself get straight, that God could not and would not bless the efforts being made to save souls unless the congregation was in the dust before him, that the first prerequisite was for the brethren to be at a oneness with each other and that the highest evidence of this was to exhibit the love the brothers had for one another. Brother Tompkins was gifted in experience, in fact wore and was entitled to wear the blue ribbon as an experiencer and testifier. He promptly took the floor to make a deliverance. In moving tones he related what the Lord had done for him, warmed as he went, and finally reached the climax in which he told how he loved all of God's children, even his own personal and political enemies. In the height of his paroxysm he rushed across the aisle, threw both

arms around Brother Gore and with streaming eyes and tearful voice said: "Why, Brother Gore, I love you just as well as if you wasn't a Dimmycrat." Christian love could go no further; the preterea nihil had been reached.

As an enthusiastic Democrat of the "Young America," "Manifest Destiny," Stephen A. Douglass, John C. Breckinridge school, I greedily took in and assimilated as gospel truth the rhetoric, logic, wit and politics that was handed out without stint at the meeting. Much of the captivating oratory and many of the indelibly impressed incidents of that day are vividly present with me as I write. To me they have all the sweetness and beauty of "a rose newly blown in June," the fragrance of a sandaled-wood box. It was an anniversary of the brilliant victory of Gen. Harrison on the banks of the Thames in which Kentucky and Kentuckians won imperishable renown on "the crest of a foreign foe." The whole panorama, past and present, spread out before me in hues as gorgeous as the tints of the rainbow. The combination could but make the blood bound and the heart swell to its utmost tension. I was listening to the orators, statesmen and patriots of the present hour; my imagination was fraught with recollections of the deeds of daring of heroes of a truly heroic age. And who were these heroes? They are a few of the "immortal names that were not born to die." Conspicuous amongst the bravest and the best was Col. Richard M. Johnson, mounted on his game little mare of purest white, as distinguishing a mark for rally of comrade and target for foe as the plume of Navarre. And there was Shelby, King's Mountain Shelby, the daring pioneer Whitley, the brave Todd, the dauntless Desha, Allen, Crittenden, McDowell and a host of others, sufficient in numbers and achievement, if it had naught else, to establish the reputation of the State, nominally the second but in verity the first born of the Union.

"Their swords are rust,
Their souls are with the saints we trust."

The meeting was held ostensibly as the forerunner of an anticipated triumph of the party in the State at the next general election (and it did go to victory in 1856 under Buck and Breck), but its real purpose was to advance the candidacy of Douglass for the presidential nomination. Native Americanism had been hard hit by Henry A. Wise in Virginia, been wounded to the point of death by Andrew

Johnson in Tennessee, and had succeeded by so meager a majority in Kentucky, with so able a leader as Morehead, as to render it certain that "Ilium fuit" would be written over its grave.

The great lights, "the observed of all observers," were Douglas, Pugh, Willard and Breckinridge, a quartette of States and statesmen worthy of all admiration. From the State were Governor Powell, William Preston, T. C. McCreery, John M. Elliott, Albert Gallatin Talbott and a score of other scarcely less known political luminaries.

The grand stand was erected on the east side of the campus, about midway between Second and Third streets. It was filled to the extent of its seating capacity with distinguished visitors, and there was quite a bevy of the beauties of the city and surrounding counties. The grounds were literally packed and jammed with the best citizenship of the city and the highest type of the farmer—it was indeed a notable gathering.

As was to have been expected, the principal address was delivered by Senator Douglas, and it was indeed a speech. Its delivery occupied something like two hours; it was mainly devoted to an explanation and defense of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, of which he was the father, and the passage of which under his able leadership had stirred the political sea to its profoundest depths. By many it has been regarded as the Iliad of the woes that so soon followed in its wake, ending in civil war. The impression made was profound, and if cheers and words of cordial assent be an indicia it was absolutely convincing; these were plentifully sprinkled from the Alpha to the Omega. The style and manner of Douglas was neither declamatory or rhetorical; he seldom used tropes or figurative language; was free from classical allusions in prose or poetry; he relied on clearness and accuracy of statement and clean-cut logic, which in his hands was as terrible and invincible as Caesar's Tenth Legion; distinct enunciation, a well modulated voice, free from descending to the almost inaudible whisper, and then rising to the ear-piercing shriek; was wholly without any of the artifices of the professional elocutionist; he employed plain English as spoken and understood by the commonality and without reference to derivation from the dead languages. In one instance he drew an illustration from Holy Writ. In the course of his strong denunciation of the fanaticism and illiberality of the Know Nothing party and the evils that would follow from an

acceptance of its teachings, he declared them to be as infamous as the giving of the head of John the Baptist to Herodias, and demanded whether the head of civil and religious liberty was to be surrendered on a charger at the request of the dancing harlot of Know Nothingism. I had not then, I have not since, taking it in its entirety, heard the equal of that address.

At night the exercises were continued at the Market Place with an overflow meeting at the court house. At the former Governor Powell presided. His every appearance, even for the most trivial purpose, was the occasion for spontaneous, genuine, hearty applause. Kentucky has had but few public men with greater personal popularity. He was plain in manner, devoid of ostentation, jovial, genial, kindly, and could from nature, not dissimulation, adapt himself to most classes. He had lost to Crittenden in the race for Governor in 1848, was renominated in 1851, and after a vigorous campaign won out over Archibald Dixon by the small majority of 850. At the time there was a current rumor that Powell had been the recipient of valuable encouragement and aid from the membership of the Methodist Church. The story went that a few years before the race the State Conference was held at Henderson, of which Dixon and Powell were both residents. The former took but little, if any, interest in the proceedings. On the contrary, Powell was pretty generally in attendance at the sessions, formed the acquaintance of most of the delegates, and kept open house for them. Both preacher and layman were loud in praise of Brother Powell, and this had not been forgotten on that, for Powell, auspicious first Monday in August, 1851. This may or may not be true. To all doubters or agnostics I can only say I heard it just sixty years ago. The balance of the Whig ticket succeeded by five thousand.

As presiding officer it was his duty to introduce the speakers; this he always did happily. His introduction of Governor Willard, for brevity, beauty of diction and completeness, has no equal in all the annals of introductory speeches. He said: "I have the honor and pleasure of introducing the Hon. Ashbael P. Willard, of the State of Indiana; at home they call him Hotspur, but I assure you there lives not the Harry of Monmouth that can vanquish him." At this pandemonium broke loose in the audience; Douglas, Pugh, Breckinridge, Preston, in fact all on the platform, clustered around Powell and Wil-

lard in hearty congratulations. It was an impressive scene and fully bore out the statement of Seargent S. Prentiss that an apt quotation from Shakespeare, Scott or Byron could always arouse the enthusiasm of any crowd, however unlearned. In this instance the appreciation was unanimous. It deserves to be rescued from oblivion. Willard fully justified the encomium and measured up to the standard.

Pugh followed in a magnificent effort, more oratorical than Douglas, less so than Willard. He was one of the few men who, starting on tiptoe, gradually ascended until he reached the zenith; after the opening sentence he never touched terra firma, but kept upward and onward, closing with a dramatic peroration. In the art of climax he much resembled the godlike Webster, who in that respect was the Supreme Past Grand Master.

Next on the program was Hon. William Preston. As a candidate for Congress in the Louisville district at the previous August election he had gone down before Humhrey Marshall, but it took "Bloody Monday" with all its shame and disgrace to do it. He was by birth and conviction a Henry Clay Whig; when "Sam," as the narrow-minded party denominated itself, attempted as its platform enunciated to rise on the ruins and in spite of the opposition of the Whig and Democratic parties, he without hesitation aligned himself with the Democracy. In so doing he was in thorough accord with the warfare he made on this subject against the Hon. Garret Davis in the Constitutional Convention of 1850. The prejudice and hatred of this intolerant and bigoted party could find no lodgment in his heart or brain. His tall, well-proportioned figure, clear complexion, prominent Roman nose, high, broad forehead, brilliant eyes, intellectual look, cultured elocution and splendid declamation commanded the attention and compelled the applause of the audience.

The most exciting and enthusiastic event of all was at the adjournment by Governor Powell. Preparatory thereto he announced that during his race for Governor he had promised a flag to the county giving him the largest majority; that the coveted prize belonged to the county of Johnson and would be presented at the State Convention to be held at Frankfort on the ensuing 8th of January. (In ye olden time all the Democratic conventions were held on the 8th, St. Jackson's day.) At this pronouncement, to use the expression of a delegate, "H—I broke over the levee;" the crowd went fairly wild

with enthusiasm. Scarcely had quiet been obtained when a representative from another county in stentorian tones yelled, "Don't forget us Governor, we were only ten behind Johnson and but for a wedding in one of the precincts that kept some away we would have won"; then came more cheering as county after county asked a complimentary word for what it had done. It was a good half hour before they would let the old man off.

At its conclusion, I strolled over to the Court House, and to my gratification found the Hon. T. C. McCreery in the full tide of his incomparable oratory. It is useless to say that it was fully up to his best efforts. He was frequently interrupted by some ill-mannered and not overly sober Sammite. This was suffered for awhile. Finally McCreery made a pause, and, pointing his finger at the interrupter, said: "There lives down in my country a man ninety years old, who, since he was fifteen, heard every speech delivered within twenty miles of him; he was never known to interrupt a public speaker and was always regarded as a gentleman. The proceedings interested the boisterous individual no further; he was firmly lifted out of the window onto the ground; he did not return.

The dramatis personae of this wonderful gathering have all passed from the stage of action; their deeds are a part, an honorable part, of history. (Of the multitude present it may be "that I only am escaped alone to tell the tale.") Pugh and Willard had reached the high mark of their greatness and went out with the ebb. Willard was about heart-broken over the connection of his brother-in-law, the gifted young Cook, with the fatal and disastrous invasion of Virginia by John Brown. He did his best to save him, employing Hon. D. W. Voorhies, then Attorney General of Indiana, to defend. The latter on the trial established his fame as an advocate; the speech delivered is by competent critics pronounced as worthy to rank as a classic.

Pugh lingered too long in the political arena, the younger set passed him in the race, and as is but too often the case with men who will not learn to grow old gracefully and learn that they must either get off the political stool or be shoved off, grew cynical. The nomination of the Democratic State Convention that nominated R. M. Bishop for Governor were one and all said to be distasteful to him; he raked them fore and aft, and of Bishop he said the party had nominated a man "with a d—d magnificent beard," as his only comment.

Douglas did not get the nomination in 1856, it going to Buchanan, not that the latter had any popularity or that anybody particularly wanted him; he had been a candidate so often and so long that every aspirant of the old regime had died and it fell to him as a question of survivorship; he simply lived into it and that was all.

To adopt the now current phrase, Douglas insurged against the administration on territorial affairs and became persona non grata at the White House; he got neither aid nor comfort from that source in his contest with Lincoln for the senatorship. Of that superb battle, now of world-wide fame, it is not necessary to say more in this article than that, as predicted by Lincoln, it lost Douglas the presidency though he gained the senatorship; Lincoln missed the Senate and won the higher prize. It is worthy of note that Douglas and our own Henry Watterson should have vied with each other as to which should be Lincoln's hat-holder while delivering his first inaugural, Douglas afterwards to give an earnest, zealous support to the administration, the other to unite his fortunes with the Confederacy, to fight to the end, and return to become the champion eulogist of the martyred President, the defender of his reputation against all deniers. Mr. Watterson came back to the restored Union with his face to the rising, not the setting sun, entered on the work of journalist and is by all odds the Rupert of that profession. He had and has convictions on all public subjects and the undoubted, unquailing courage of them. He smote the Kuklux "hip and thigh," and gave his ready pen, vote and voice for that act of plain justice to black and white alike, the right of the negro to be introduced as a witness in his own behalf, and the right of another, regardless of color, to have the benefit of his testimony. With apologies to Governor Powell, "There lives not the Oliver Cromwell who can vanquish him."

Douglas died too young; higher prospects were spread out before him; he had not reached the limits of his acknowledged powers of leadership. His argument in the House of Representatives in 1842 in favor of refunding with interest the fine of one thousand dollars inflicted on General Jackson by Judge Hall of New Orleans in 1815 for disobedience of a writ of habeas corpus and the imprisonment of the judge himself, by "Old Hickory," was at the time regarded as one of the most masterly and convincing legal arguments that had been heard in that body. The bill passed giving to the hero, chieftain,

statesman and patriot about three thousand dollars at a time when sorely needed. Jackson always expressed a lively sense of gratitude for what he thought to be but an act of simple justice and a proper vindication of his course in that connection. Honor, to the judge, whether he was legally right or wrong in his view of the law, who could so uphold the majesty of the judiciary against him who had just beaten the British in one of the most renowned battles of our country's history and who at the time was surrounded by a wrought-up soldiery; no less honor to the great chieftain who by at once paying the fine exhibited the highest characteristic of the law-abiding citizen. On a visit of Douglas to the Hermitage in 1845 Jackson said, "I always thought I was within my rights as a military commander, but you have placed it upon impregnable grounds, and on your argument I may safely leave the question to posterity." This, with his successful debate with John Quincy Adams as to the location of the true boundary line between Texas and Mexico, entitles him to a front rank in the legal profession; second only to Henry Clay, he is easily the first of American parliamentary leaders.

Powell by the unanimous vote of his party was elected to a seat in the United States Senate; was a member during the war and though not in accord with the majority maintained the good will of all; in response to a request of the General Assembly to resign, he answered that if any resigning was to be done for the members themselves to do it, and from what he knew of them it would be an act highly gratifying to their several constituency. He was a man of considerable ability, true to his own thoughts and tolerant towards those who differed from him. He merited the honors showered upon him.

Hon. T. C. McCreery was also elevated to the National Senate, and discharged its duties with ability and fidelity. His one patent defect was carelessness of his fame. He took no pains, to the detriment of posterity, to preserve or care for his literary, political or forensic offspring, but flung them off like a bird its brood to shift for themselves as best they could.

Preston upheld the honor of the Nation and the flag as Minister to Spain, joined the Confederacy and justly held high rank as a soldier.

Elliott became circuit judge and judge of the Court of Appeals, and during his incumbency of the latter position was shot to death by

Buford in revenge for an adverse decision that had been rendered against him. Buford was acquitted on the ground of insanity and placed in the asylum, from which he escaped to the State of Indiana. He was not captured, there being no law justifying the extradition of a fugitive lunatic.

Talbott was re-elected to Congress, then to the State Senate and was favorably mentioned as Minister to Austria under Cleveland.

The gifted Beck had not up to that time taken any active part in politics, devoting his entire attention to the practice of his profession, the law. He was a hard student, an indefatigable worker, a successful trial attorney and had marvelous powers of endurance; it is said he could, where his labors demanded it, sit up six nights in the week and be fresh in the court room during the day. He was an original Whig and believed in Henry Clay. When that party made its last stand in 1852 for General Winfield Scott, and the ostracizing campaign against persons of foreign birth was being waged, he unhesitatingly cast his fortunes with the party of his partner, Breckinridge. He took no part in the meeting, but did yeoman service in 1856 for the national Democratic ticket. It was my privilege to have heard the debate at Lancaster between him and the then venerable Judge Robertson. It was a battle royal; youthful virility and strong intellect against matured mind and long experience on the hustings and at the bar. The discussion was conducted with that courtesy and decorum of which each were exponents. Appeals were made by them to the head and not the heel; conviction on the part of the hearer was sought by reason of the justice of the cause—this was the end and aim of both. In 1861 Beck entered the race for the State Senate against James F. Robinson, of Scott. The gravest of constitutional questions were at issue, and the canny Scot made Robinson play his best trump cards and watch eagerly for the odd trick; it turned by a slight margin in favor of Robinson. Had Beck won, the political life of Robinson would have gone out in gloom. As it was, by the resignation of that true gentleman, Beriah Magoffin, his picture hangs on the walls of the State Capitol as one of the governors of the Commonwealth.

Magoffin occupied an embarrassing position. The Unionists distrusted him and practically took out of his hands everything that pertained to the war; he was not in sympathy with what he called a war on the States. This was irksome to him, and he desired to leave

an unpleasant office. John F. Fiske was acting Lieutenant Governor, and as he was a native of Vermont, Magoffin was unwilling to resign and thus make a man not of Kentucky, but of Yankee birth, Governor at that juncture. He announced that if a change was made in the presiding officer of the Senate that he would resign. Fiske after considerable hesitancy yielded and resigned. Robinson was elected in his stead, Magoffin promptly resigned and Robinson assumed the gubernatorial chair. Fiske was immediately re-elected to the position he had previously occupied. Fiske was a bright, able man and had the confidence of his party; the only objection Magoffin had to him was his being of northern birth.

The after career of Beck is known of all men. The warm friendship that existed between him and President Arthur is worthy of all praise and illustrates one of the peculiarities of American politics, that however divergent our differences may be, we not unfrequently find our warmest friendships among our antagonists. I have heard, read, dreamed or it came to me like "Topsy grewed up," that when Mr. Hendricks made the continental tour he visited Paris and during his stay sojourned with a Republican friend from Indianapolis high in the embassy. Of course Mr. Hendricks was taken by the friend to pay his respects to the French Premier. On the introduction the French minister said, I don't understand your being so friendly with Mr. Hendricks; while I am not familiar with American politics, I know enough to be informed that you are a prominent Republican and Mr. Hendricks the leading Democrat; it looks strange to a Frenchman to see you socially friendly. Mr. Hendricks answered: "Nothing at all strange about it; in America politics do not divide as to friendship; this gentleman and myself live in the same city, on the same street, our wives attend the same church and children the same Sunday school; I have not for years had a note in bank that he was not my endorser or he one that I was not his endorser, and yet we never voted for each other for office in our lives." This and some similar seemingly idiosyncracies caused an old Dutchman who had been in this country only a few years to exclaim, "Mein Got, vot a peeples." So say I—a brave people, a progressive people, a liberty loving people, good and bad, thanks be to God, whatever any one may say to the contrary, infinitely more good than bad. The house cleaning in Church and State which is going on will still increase the number of the good.

Robert W. Wooley had been the Democratic candidate for Attorney General. He was barely eligible. No more energetic, dashing canvass has been made in the State; he literally carried his audience by storm, so fiery and impetuous were his assaults. The issues were suited to one line of his genius.

The subject whether this should be the asylum for the oppressed of all nations and the home of religious liberty strongly appealed to him. Never was Magna Charta, Runnymede, the liberal sentiments of the catholic Lord Baltimore, the dramatic signing of the Declaration of Independence by Charles Carroll of Carrollton, more eloquently portrayed. Trope, figure, illustration, poetic and historical, "the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air," fairly sparkled. He was not inaptly styled the Phillips of Kentucky. Like the bright son of Erin, later in life his mentalism exhibited a different and antagonistic trend. Both from being noted as jury advocates became strong in chancery. Phillips removed to London and took a front rank in the equity forum, throwing aside entirely his coruscations. Wooley took up his residence in Louisville and devoted himself almost exclusively to municipal and corporation law. In these departments he was an adept, standing confessedly in the very front rank. Wendell Phillips in one of his ferocious and remorseless tirades against the legal profession because it was supposed to stand for the Fugitive Slave Law and especially against Rufus Choate, declared "that no burglar in Boston went out to ply his nefarious trade without making inquiries as to the health of Mr. Choate." So strong was the confidence in the opinion of Wooley on the subject of street and pavement improvements, in Louisville, that no payment was made on the first demand, the answer universally being to wait till he heard what Bob Wooley said about it.

John C. Breckinridge made no speech, courtesy requiring that the posts of honor should be given to the distinguished guests. However, he came in for his full share of the honors, his every appearance being greeted with loud cheers. He was in the early spring time of life; the "Rose and expectancy of the State"; the personification of manly beauty; tall, lithe of person, hair like the raven's plumage, large grey eyes, a clean shaven face, and a complexion of the richest olive tint. An excellent portrait of him was commenced by the great Kentucky artist, Gen. W. S. Price, was not fully completed as to the arms

and some part of the body; the head and face does ample and not more than justice to the subject; it is true to life. A number of years ago it was discovered in the cellar of the Phoenix Hotel when Grisby and Robinson were its genial hosts; it was given to Hon. R. A. Thornton of Lexington and it now adorns the walls of his office. This portrait is said to have been painted while he was Vice President, and this would correspond with my acquaintance with him.

It was not my fortune to have seen him after the "unpleasantness" and therefore I did not know him with the mustache. Retaining my impression of 1855, I never see one of the colored charts of the Confederate generals where he appears bearded that I do not feel an almost irresistible impulse to draw my trusty "Billy Barlow" and illustrate it with cuts. It is not my Breckinridge. My feelings are not dissimilar to those of the Duke of Wellington, who, on revisiting the scenes of Waterloo, exclaimed: "They have spoiled my battle field." I hope offense will not be taken; none is intended. To those who only knew him in his later years this may appear hypercritical, but fire cannot burn it out of me. He was indeed and in truth one of the really great men of his day and generation. He was at ease, thoroughly so, in every advanced position to which he was promoted; his success in each was instantaneous and assured. He was at home alike amidst conflict and carnage, on the rostrum, as Vice President, in the council chamber, in the halls of Congress, in the Cabinet, in the social circle, before the people and at the festal table.

His political foe, but personal friend, the late John W. Forney of Pennsylvania, said of him that he was born with a natural adaptation for public affairs. Few of his speeches remain; his fame as an orator may well be anchored on his eulogium on Mr. Clay and the address on the removal of the Senate from the old chamber to the new. His speech nominating Hon. James Guthrie for Vice President in 1856 was in his most polished style. It failed as to Guthrie, but made him the nominee over his vehement and sincere protest. The speech was made for Guthrie and not for himself, as it was charged a distinguished orator did when placing John Sherman in nomination for President.

During the stormy times after the election of Lincoln, in common with many of the participants, he was at the beginning subjected to much cruel criticism. His noble conduct after hostilities had ceased

sponged all this from the slate. The estimation in which he was held when he entered the eternal morning is fully attested by the life-size statue of him in the public square in Lexington, "Erected by the State of Kentucky."

"With prospects bright upon the world he came
Pure love of virtue, strong desire of fame,
Men watched the way his flight would take,
And all foresaw the progress he would make."

Breckinridge had few personal unpleasant happenings. One is remembered which threatened to end on the "field of honor." It was while a member of Congress and with Mr. Cutting of New York. It arose over the status of a bill. In the course of the discussion, which was heated, the member from New York made some affirmation as to the conduct of Breckinridge, which, if true, was highly discreditable. Breckinridge in his lofty manner and with marked emphasis responded, "The statement made by the gentleman from New York is false and he knows it." The newspaper report at the end of the sentence added "sensation." There was a sensation not only in the House but throughout the country. Nothing within recent years had attracted so widespread attention—none since the famous duel between Cilley of Maine and Graves of Kentucky, in which the former lost his life. The Rev. Robert J. Breckinridge hurried to Washington in behalf of his relative; through his instrumentality and that of friends of each (both, as I remember, were Democrats), the unfortunate affair was settled without a stain on Breckinridge.

Whilst it is true that politics make strange bedfellows, it is no less true that they make equally strange disassociations of former bedfellows. This was lamentably the case with Breckinridge and Douglas. They were, so to speak, in 1855 the chummiest of chums. Differing widely in heredity and opportunities, the one of illustrious birth, the other of the people and originally a cabinet maker by trade, they had many ideals in common; both were ambitious, brainy, honorable to the last limit, of undoubted personal, political and moral courage, born leaders of men. Both were of the same political faith and had supported the Kansas-Nebraska Bill. Extraordinary as it may now seem, when that measure came to have a practical construction they differed *toto celo*, Breckinridge holding that slaves could be taken into the territories and retain that status until a constitution

was framed preparatory to admission into the Union as a State, and if slavery was in the constitution Congress had no alternative but to admit with that clause. Douglas maintained the doctrine of "Squatter Sovereignty," which was that the whole subject belonged to the territorial legislature elected by the residents and that that body could admit or exclude slavery. The Republicans announced a doctrine in antagonism to both of these; it asserted that the people of the territories had only such rights as Congress in the act of establishment saw fit to bestow, and that ab initio that body could prohibit the introduction of a single slave into any territory.

This divergence between the two statesmen and former friends manifested itself and was brought to a head at the celebrated Democratic convention that met in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1860. After a prolonged session of many days' duration it adjourned without agreeing on a platform or making a nomination for the office of President, to meet again at Baltimore. On reconvening it was soon apparent that the hostility between the two factions had been accentuated in the interim, that the differences were hopelessly irreconcilable; the convention split asunder, each holding separate conventions and making separate nominations, with platforms containing opposite ideas on the burning theme—slavery in the territories—one nominating Breckinridge, the other Douglas. Each exhibited its desire to avoid the charge of sectionalism and to go before the country as national parties. Breckinridge had for his running mate Lane of far-off Oregon; Douglas, that pigmy in stature but intellectual giant, Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia. Douglas made many speeches his full itinerary covering several States, North as well as South; Breckinridge made but few. A question of fact arose between them growing out of a congressional matter in which both had participated. In an able speech Breckinridge gave his version and after giving it as he understood it, said: "I thus relieve the integrity of Mr. Douglas at the expense of his information."

The two races made by Breckinridge for Congress were both phenomenal and convulsed in excitement the State from center to circumference. The old Ashland district, as it was named in honor of the Great Commoner, who had his residence in it, had under all circumstances been reliably Whig, that party taking good care of it in all apportionments; and thus it stood in that fateful year 1851. General

Leslie Combs, a gallant soldier of the war of 1812, had been put forward by the Whigs as a tardy and too long delayed honor, and as he and his friends thought negligent overlooking of his valuable and ungrudging services to Mr. Clay and the party. He had often been a member of the General Assembly and once speaker of the house, but his ambition was to have M. C. written opposite his name, and that laudable ambition had not been gratified. It was deemed at that time that the Whigs, to borrow an expression now much in vogue, "had a cinch" on the district, and the place was to be given to Combs. The Democrats put in opposition Breckinridge, who had been elected from Fayette to the lower branch of the Legislature in 1849, his first entrance into political life. He had also been a major in the Mexican War and was called Major Breckinridge. Breckinridge was only thirty, and though run with the avowed purpose of wrenching the district from the enemy, the Whigs could not believe this within the bounds of the possible, and treated the race as perfunctory, a mere idea of Breckinridge to get himself before the public and to hold the party in line for the coming presidential election. In this they reckoned without their host in at least three important factors—the winning personality and thrilling appeals of Breckinridge was telling with the boys and with fathers who had aspiring sons; "Sweet Owen," a Democratic county placed in the district to keep it under and prevent it doing harm elsewhere, had long chafed like a toad under the harrow. Captivated by the charms of the handsome soldier, hope of a deep and ample revenge on their foes sprang exulting in every Democratic breast, and the atmosphere indicated that the Democracy would come to the polls from "the lead mines." To these was added the fact that "Old Bob," as the Rev. Robert J. Breckinridge was known, though a Whig, held to the Scotch doctrine "that Lear is my shirt but nearer is my skin," was espousing in dead hard earnest the cause of his kinsman, and that many a Whig calvinistine Presbyterian, under his persuasion, had reached the conclusion that he had been predestinated, from the dawn of creation, to vote for the eloquent son of Fayette.

The race waxed warm; the Whigs rallied with earnest appeals not to let the glorious old district lose its glory while the Mill Boy of the Slashes was yet alive, but all was vain; the youngsters, "Sweet Owen" and the Presbyterian church were too potent. Breckinridge

won by something over five hundred. On that bright first Monday in August every Democrat exclaimed, "Behold the rise of the sun of Austerlitz," and when it went down without a cloud to obscure its beams the destiny of the district had been changed. The brave old man felt his defeat keenly, as all must feel who lose an hitherto impregnable fortress. But everything has its compensations; time is the avenger as well as consoler. The doughty general had his, and as he thought, ample recompense. He was the candidate of the American party in 1860 for clerk of the Court of Appeals as against Clinton McClarty, the Democratic nominee. In that struggle, which was one of life or death for Breckinridge in his own State, the Bell men, the Douglas voter, and the few Lincolmites rallied to Combs, electing him by an unprecedented majority, thus dealing Breckinridge a death blow; his own State had rejected her favorite son. The General appropriated the compliment to himself, regarded it as his own personal triumph over Breckinridge, felt himself to be the instrument of the latter's downfall; that it was but the proper retaliation on the election of 1851.

"The king grew vain, fought all his battles o'er again,
Thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain."

The rumor was current at the time that the General was both proud and gleeful and was wont to quote with gusto and self-congratulation the revengeful lines of Byron's Mazeppa:

"For time at length sets all things even,
And if we do but watch the hour
There never yet was human power
That could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong."

An amusing account is related of an encounter of wits which took place between them several years after the first struggle. It was around the convivial board. Jest, anecdote, story, went the merry round. In the midst Breckinridge said, "Leslie you have done more for your party and received less from it than any man I know of," and instanter Combs hurled back, "Yes, John, and you have done less and received more from your party than any man I know of." The laugh was on Breckinridge, in which he heartily joined. Combs deserved well at the hands of the party and the State; his election was

out a fit recognition; it gave him that prize most coveted by politicians—the quitting of the game with a winning hand.

In 1853 Breckinridge was again a candidate. The Whigs, still smarting under the previous blow, ordained in their own minds that the young eagle should not soar so high again, that his wings must be clipped. In this dire emergency they sought out the Achilles of the rostrum, the speaking ground and the hand-shaking accompaniments, one who up to that period had proved himself invulnerable. This man was Governor Robert P. Letcher. Letcher had been a very tower of strength; had an unbroken line of success before the people in the Garrard district; had been a member of the General Assembly and its speaker; had served ten years in Congress, once going through the ordeal of a contest; and in the campaign of “Tippecanoe and Tyler too” had been carried into the gubernatorial chair. Since the expiration of his term he had lived in Frankfort, and being out of politics had no extensive acquaintance in the district; he did not know the boys in the trenches. Thus handicapped he entered the race at a decided disadvantage. At the outset Breckinridge seemed to have it all his own way. But as the combat went on, the fighting blood, the gaudia certaminis of Letcher began to come to the front; he became stronger in debate, more active in the frills of the canvass and showed himself an antagonist not unworthy of the steel of the younger man. At the culmination it was the trial of skill between the battle ax of the Lion Heart and the scimeter of the Soldan; the scimeter and “Sweet Owen” won.

In this status the legislature (a whig one) bethought itself of Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts, who performed the first feat in this country of so apportioning districts as to keep a rising minority down. It gerrymandered so as to make the election of a Democrat hopeless. Major Breckinridge did not, of course, stand for re-election.

In 1855 the new district elected Dr. A. K. Marshall, a Know Nothing, over James O. Harrison, Democrat, by 1,503 majority. In 1857 the tables were turned, James B. Clay defeated Roger Hanson by 126. It looks marvelously strange that Clay as a Democrat should represent a district with Fayette in it. I shall not revive the calumnies of that period. Hanson was a rabble rouser from Rouserville, and the boys always made the welkin ring for him. The firmament

had to sit on the building to hold the roof down when he used some strong or especially stinging sentence. Clay was a debater and stuck to his text. A friend who followed the joint debates said Hanson got the courtroom approval and Clay made the votes. This is apparent from the majority he had to and did overcome.

The very topmost feather in Breckinridge's cap of honor is one pronouncement made by him soon after the election in 1860 when the imprisoned winds were loosed; when men knew not which way to turn or what alignments to make. At this juncture Breckinridge with a taste, a foresight, a superb manhood that has not been surpassed, thanked his adherents for their loyalty, disbanded his sect and announced that his followers were no longer bound to him but were at perfect liberty to choose for themselves future associations. Taking him at his word I unhesitatingly joined the Union—Democracy. I parted from him with regret, not on account of my own course, but that he did not see as I did. I had one really sad parting, that was when I differed from my father on the momentous questions of the hour. I was the sole Union member of my family. He was a secessionist per se; he had implicit faith in John C. Calhoun, believed that Hayne had the better of Webster, and that the states having "acceded" to the Union could at pleasure "secede" from it. Not doubting that I would reach his conclusions he had placed in my hands the debates between Webster and Hayne, and between Webster and Calhoun, and this several years previous to 1860. The study of these masterpieces of the human intellect brought me to the opposite view; I agreed with Webster. It may be that the technical metaphysical argument as to constitutional construction did not have its due weight. I may have too easily and readily allowed myself to be controlled by the gloomy aspects of secession and the rupture of a united people. I doubtless was influenced by the prophetic forebodings of Webster, uttered in his speech of 1850. "Secession! Peaceable secession! Sir, your eyes and mine are never destined to see that miracle. There can be no such thing as peaceable secession. Peaceable secession is an utter impossibility. I will not state what might produce a disruption of these states; but, Sir, I see it as plainly as I see the sun in heaven, I see that disruption must produce such a war as I will not describe in its twofold characters." Has the prophecy of any of the Hebrew prophets been more literally fulfilled?

Or it may be that I was carried completely away by the words of Webster, so often selected by ambitious young declaimers, "When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union, on a land rent with civil feuds or drenched it may be with fraternal blood. * * * Let their last feeble lingering glance behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic still full high advanced * * * not a stripe erased or polluted nor a single star obscured * * * bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as 'What is all this worth,' nor those other words of delusion and folly, 'Liberty first and Union afterwards;' but everywhere spread all over its characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment dear to every true American heart, 'Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.' "

As an academic proposition I may have been at fault, but in the light of the past, the glorious present and the high hopes that may be indulged as to the future, I congratulate myself on my conclusions. I do not grieve, rejoice rather, that I did exercise my right of thought and was true to convictions. I have ever thought and now think that

"Tis a base abandonment of reason
To resign our right of thought,
Our last and only place of refuge."

The foil of Wooley in the campaign of 1855, was John Marshall Harlan, then only five years out of old Center College. Harlan represented his distinguished father, Hon. James Harlan, then Attorney General and a candidate for re-election on the Native American ticket. James Harlan was not a great advocate before a jury, was devoid of all qualification for the rough and tumble of the hustings. As a lawyer, especially as a searcher up of authorities and as an arguer of legal propositions before a court, he had few equals among his contemporaries. He had, however, the serious defect of being highly technical, too particular, to work too much by line and rule. I heard the arguments made by him and John B. Thompson on opposing sides in a suit in the Boyle Circuit Court. The controversy grew out of an action brought by a contractor to recover the price for the building of a bridge, in which the defendant plead a counter-

claim for defective construction and failure to follow the specifications. Harlan opened for the defense in a close compact argument, pointing with elaborateness, seriatim the manifold short comings of the builder. Thompson followed. Thompson was in a class by himself; he had no prototype; he will have no antetype. He disdained in speaking to a jury to refer either to the law or the facts and yet was a great winner of verdicts. While a member of the United States Senate, the Cincinnati Enquirer described him as having been born when nature was in its merriest mood. In the Senate he made a speech on the Cuban question, when the English Ambassador was present; in it he described England "as that bloody old bruiser that had boxed the ears of the world for centuries." To Senator Seward, then a candidate for the Republican nomination for the Presidency in 1860, and who was in his seat, he gave the advice, couched in railroad parlance, "Not to stand on the platform while the cars were in motion." In reply, Thompson confined himself exclusively in paying his respects to, as he called him, his friend "Jimmy Harlan." In the course of it he admonished the jury not to pay the slightest attention to Harlan; that he was entirely too particular for this every day working world, that nothing could satisfy him; that if the temple of Solomon, in all its pristine glory, was set down in front of him, he would see none of its beauties, none of its magnificence, nothing of the timbers furnished by Hiram of Tyre, nothing of its architecture, nothing of David, who was forbidden to build because a man of blood, but would at once whip out a two-foot rule and begin to measure the doors and windows to see if he could not find some variance between them and the dimensions laid down in the scriptures.

John Marshall Harlan was tall, but not then having attained development, he appeared slightly angular; his hair was of dark auburn and the long flowing beard he then wore approximated the titian red now so popular. He was an ideal speaker, possessing a voice of marvelous intonation, full but not loud, with great carrying power, and had that admirable but seldom found quality, it did not tire or pall on the ear. The evangelist, George O. Barnes, had this beyond any man I ever heard, and this was one of the secrets of his ability to retain the interest of his auditory throughout the lengthiest discourse. Harlan had graceful gesticulation, was felicitous in the use of lan-

guage, no word or sentence overlapping another; he held his audience as though under a magician's spell. He was not only a prime favorite with his party, but had the added charm, that appeals to each human heart; he was speaking for "Daddy." His politics and arguments were, of course, the antipodes of those of Woolley. Admitting to the fullest the virtues and sacrifices of the distinguished foreigners who had aided the struggling colonies in their direst need and not underestimating the noble conduct of Baltimore and Carroll, he maintained that each was sui generis, stood alone, that the exception only proved the rule to be the converse of that so adroitly drawn by Democratic speakers; that the hired mercenary Hessians and not Lafayette represented the class of immigrants which were being cast so profusely on our shores from the purlieus and sinks of vice of the old world; that the fires of Smithfield, the inquisition, the thumbscrew, the rack, the infallibility of the Pope and his claim to temporal power, and not Baltimore, represented the Catholic church. All these in burning words, hot from the forge, he declared to be a menace to free institutions, and predicted with solemnity that unless there was a strong curb applied, the nation would be under the complete domination of citizens of other countries, and that religious liberty would be crushed by the Italian Roman Hierarchy. His slogan was "America for the Americans," and with telling effects he quoted Washington's celebrated order, "Place none but Americans on guard to-night." In all this he was no more extreme than his party. Caught in this swirl were men of such character as Henry Winter Davis, of Maryland, Lewis Levin, of Pennsylvania, Gentry, Etheridge and Zollicoffer, of Tennessee, James Speed, Humphrey Marshall and others, of Kentucky. Looking back at the heat, the animosities and rage of both sides of that warm period we can hold no one to a strict account, can dismiss it all with the language of Puck, "What fools we mortals be."

In 1859 he was the candidate of the American, or opposition, or Union party, (for by all these names it was known), in the Franklin-Bourbon district against W. E. Simms, the Democratic candidate. Harlan was as I have described him, and he brought to bear all his powers of oratory, debate and personal popularity. I heard Simms on only one occasion and that at Somerset, when he spoke for Breckinridge in 1860. As I then sized him he was without any of the

graces or charm of the orator, nothing attractive in person or delivery; a voice strong and full but not musical; an earnest, sometimes impassioned manner, that appealed with potent force to his hearers; the lucidity of his propositions and his undoubted powers of reasoning convinced the people that they were listening to a man who understood and knew how to state his case. He was beyond cavil a debater, had politics at his fingers' end and subject to his instant demand. He knew the Congressional Globe as a child knows its alphabet or abc's. He coned it page by page and that too with a pleasure and avidity that a man so organized would not have taken in the "Arabian Nights" or the "Bride of Lammermoor." He knew (none better) how to relieve a friend or attack an enemy by showing how a vote had been cast on motions to adjourn, to call from or recommit to a committee a bill. It must be said that Simms was an exceptionally able man. There can be no parallelism drawn between Harlan and Simms—their respective merits is to be determined by contrast. The combat was ferocious, the political pot boiled and bubbled; the strain on candidates and voter was frightful. Each was confident of success but by only a slender majority. It was believed that when the grand stand was reached a blanket would cover the racers. Up to within a few days before the ballots were to be thrown it was anybody's victory, with the trend in favor of Harlan. It was at this crucial moment that one of those unexpected occurrences took place that has made many a man exclaim, "Good Lord, save me from my friends, I can take care of my enemies myself."

The Hon. Garrett Davis wrote an article for the Paris newspaper organ of the party, an article severely arraigning Simms, the exact purport of which is not remembered. It was bitterly denunciatory, and Simms regarded it, in the language of Justice Lamar, as of that character "that no good man deserves and no brave man would wear." The editor was, in the first instance, looked upon as the author, and a retraxit demanded. In this crisis Davis assumed its paternity. Angry messages were passed between them, resulting in a challenge on the part of Simms. It was, however, accommodated, and bloodshed which at one time seemed imminent was avoided. Had Simms been one whit less prompt, one iota less courageous, certain defeat awaited him. As it was the episode greatly strengthened him, brought all his friends to the polls, enabling him

to triumph by a majority of sixty-seven. It was the consensus of opinion that it lost the race for Harlan. Simms went to the Confederacy, became a Senator from this State. I have not followed his subsequent career. Harlan was an intense Unionist, entered the army and rose to the rank of Brigadier General. He was elected Attorney General on the ticket with Bramlette in 1863 and was on the ticket for the same office in 1867, of which Hon. W. B. Kinkead was the head. It was known as the third or "Calico Horse" party. It was short lived. It was the wheat between the upper and nether millstones of two extremes, and of course was crushed. It made but the one public appearance. Some wit wrote of it that it resembled Betty Wiggles' pig, which

“When it lived it lived in clover,
When it died it died all over.”

A wag wrote its epitaph—

“If I was so soon to be done for,
What the devil was I born for.”

Nothing in my experience exhibits in a clearer light the old saw, "Times change and we change with them." The party of the "Calico Horse" was roundly denounced by Southern sympathizers and by radicals; by the former as being too radical; by the latter as a clean giving away of the fruits of the victory. It was composed of men who had affiliated with both of the parties, but did not feel at home in either. What a happy personage the Hon. W. B. Kinkead would be if he should rise from his grave and witness a reunion of the "Blue and the Gray," in which the only contest is which loves the other the best. Over the two gates of life is written "Too Soon" and "Too Late." Kinkead entered by way of the "Too Soon" gate.

Harlan ran for Governor in 1871 against Leslie, and McCreary in 1875, both of them hopeless from the start. They made him the acknowledged leader of the Republican party in the State, his right there was none to dispute. He still maintained his reputation as the most brilliant and captivating orator in the Commonwealth. In 1876 he was a delegate from the State-at-large to the Republican National Convention at Cincinnati as the spokesman for the nomination of Benjamin H. Bristow. It was in this convention that "Pagan" Bob Ingersoll delivered his incomparable speech nominating James G. Blaine. It electrified the convention and the nation and still holds

place as superior to any address of a similar nature in either ancient or modern times. It was my good fortune to have been a delegate and to have sat within twenty feet of the speaker during its delivery; my blood still stirs when I recall it. Harlan, with the active and potential assistance of the gifted Wm. Cassius Goodloe, swung the Kentucky contingent into line at the propitious moment for Rutherford B. Hayes and secured his nomination. The handsome and gifted Goodloe was rewarded with a high class foreign mission, which he filled with credit to himself and the country. General Harlan was sent to Louisiana as one of the "visiting statesmen" to settle the embroglio in the Hayes-Tilden contest. He and his fellows, and the Hayes administration, achieved that political acrobatic feat, which neither side could then comprehend, nor has any one since comprehended, of the electoral vote being given to Hayes and the Democratic candidates for state officers holding their offices under literally and precisely the same state of facts or want of facts. In 1877 General Harlan was promoted to a Justiceship on the bench of the Supreme Court and is now the oldest member in service and age. He has been noted for the vigor of his opinions, and especially those of dissent. He has filled that lofty position with integrity and a regard for the safeguards of the constitution and the rights of the people that has made him one of the most conspicuous figures that has at any time adorned that greatest of tribunals. His late dissenting opinion in the Standard Oil case has given him wide popularity, and by a large number of able lawyers is believed to have utterly demolished the regular opinion handed down by the Chief Justice. Could he call back twenty years of life it would make him President. His career as a jurist makes it manifest that his father made no mistake in naming him John Marshall.

The Democracy in 1856, by promulgating a Janus faced platform, succeeded in keeping in the background the dead fly that was in the ointment of the Kansas-Nebraska bill. By proclaiming Buchanan to be a Northern man with Southern principles, by such orators from the South as Howell Cobb, of Georgia, pleading in Pennsylvania and other Northern states, against the election of Fremont, by such Northern Whigs as Choate, of Massachusetts, voting for Buchanan with the announcement that he should vote with the party "that carried the flag and kept step to music of the Union," Buchanan reached

his lifelong ambition, the Presidential office. His real or supposed betrayal of the people who had confided in him split the Democracy in twain, and rendered the election of a Republican at the next election a certainty. The campaign in Kentucky brought to the front three of the biggest men of that much talked of (or, as the witty Miss Sue Belle Russell, of Danville, was wont to say, that class that talked so much of itself), Center College Class of 1855—W. C. P. Breckinridge for Breckinridge, John Young Brown for Douglas, and Thomas M. Green for John Bell. They were not unequally matched, though dissimilar in style, thought and expression; each bore the unmistakable badge of having been under the inspiration of John C. Young, Professor Scott, Edward W. Humphrey, Stuart Robinson and Robert J. Breckinridge. We shall not soon meet such a trio. Green labored under a serious defect in hearing, and this, with a caustic tongue and pen often tipped in gall, prevented him from achieving that distinction which his high order of mind entitled him. Brown was elected to Congress when ineligible, and did not take his seat until the second session. He was afterwards denied a seat upon a contested election. He was again elected and awoke one morning to find himself a national figure—the occasion was his terrific assault on Ben, or as his enemies styled him, “Beast” Butler. He became Governor of the State and at the close of his term removed to Louisville, entering on the practice of law. In an unfortunate hour for his political reputation he ran for Governor against Goebel and thus secured the election of Taylor. His former friends attributed this to pique, that he had not himself received the nomination, and openly charged that his sole motive was to defeat Goebel. Whether true or false he was severely reflected upon and did not regain the esteem in which he had been held by those who regard regularity as the one supreme test of party fealty.

I regret, more than words can tell, that the limits and scope of this paper will not admit of the extended notice to which my classmate and friend, “Billy” Breckinridge, is entitled. Suffice it to say that he was in Congress the acknowledged leader spokesman on the floor when party principles were to be enunciated or defended; stood in the very forefront as lawyer, editor, orator. His star was still in the ascendant; years of usefulness stretched out in front of him. He died when “his eyes had not waxed dim or his natural force

abated." I would like to speak of Phillips and Crittenden, of Missouri, of Winchester, Fox and Scudder, of Kentucky, all of whom have been tried in the fiery furnace of public opinion and not found wanting, but they have no place here.

At the time as to which I write, Lexington was a conservative little city of about ten thousand. Everything connected with it was conservative, no rush, hurry, or push; it had a fair wholesale dry goods and grocery trade, the most of the shipments being to the mountains by wagon. The legal profession was represented by Madison C. Johnson, Breckinridge and Beck, George Robertson, F. K. Hunt, George B. Kinkead, Hanson and Wooley, Judge Richard A. Buckner, Major Shy and Zach Gibbons. The medical fraternity by the Dudleys, Skillman, Drake, Bell and Letcher. The old court house with its court room on the lower floor was standing, Judge Wm. C. Goodloe, an honor to any bench, presiding. Its walls were redolent of the aromatic charms of the voices of Henry Clay, Robert Wickliffe, A. K. Wooley, Jesse Bledsoe, Thomas F. Marshall and Richard H. Menifee. On the Southeastern corner of the lot, surrounded by an iron railing, was a slender shaft, probably eight feet high, in commemoration of Major Wm. T. Barry. The old building has given place to a modern magnificent structure; the old landmark has been removed. To me the latter seems little less than sacrilege, a species of vandalism. It is true that it was not sightly but its weatherbeaten sides would not have marred, it would have enhanced the beauty of the stately edifice. Its homliness was its charm. A fellow countryman, of Mirebeau, looking at him with love and admiration, exclaimed "You are ugly but you are great." The new edifice tells of taste, ornament, wealth, is neither an incentive or an inspiration. The slight memento spoke to the heart, of a man who had accomplished great things, who had been a force and a power in his day, who had ascended ambition's ladder by no devious or crooked route, but had walked with upright carriage, the narrow path; had crossed swords with Clay in the political and forensic field; had played a leading part in the establishment of the common school system, had been a brave soldier on the Northern frontier under Harrison; had been a member of the House of Representatives from Fayette and its Speaker; had been Lieutenant Governor and lacked less than seven hundred votes of being Governor; had been Postmaster General and

Minister to Spain under Jackson. Shame, a thousand times shame, on its taking off. In inches it was not tall, but in its inscription, in the inspiring sentiments it invoked, in its uplift, it pierced the bended blue and its apex kept company with the constellations. When in being I never passed it without making a halt, and feeling like uncovering my head—it was worthy of this homage. Since it is no more I involuntarily turn as though it still had its habitation; when I fail to see it, I wipe my eyes with the fond hope that a clearer vision may reveal it. The first time I missed it I felt as if some part of my own person had been torn from me. It had all the seeming that would be experienced if the body of the soldier, statesman, lawyer, philanthropist, was being carted “Over the hills to the Poorhouse.” Walking by where it stood, I console myself the best I can, by the inward repetition of the couplet of the sweet singer of Ireland—Thomas Moore—

“You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling round it still.”

To me, if to no one else, the little handful of mother earth upon which it rested is “hallowed ground,” a “pilgrim shrine,” a “Mecca of the mind.” I have sought in vain to find it. Whether it has been erected on some plot where the grass is green, the flowers plentiful, and it is festooned by the honeysuckle or whether it has been commercially utilized “to stop a hole to keep the wind away,” I do not know. In either condition it is not at home. One of the most far reaching and disastrous of catastrophes had its origin in that sad passage, “There arose a King in Egypt who knew not Joseph,” and then the Hebrew had to make brick without straw. By the unanimous vote of the Fayette County Court Court the monument was placed on the public ground; since then a county court has arisen that knew not William Taylor Barry. Alas, alas, the pity of it.

Since the times of which I write fifty years have been enrolled on the scroll of the ages. In the interim much has transpired that still lives to serve as an inspiration or as beacon lights of warning; much that is “alms for oblivion.” The envenomed warfare of those days have all been laid in the “tomb of the Capulets.” The “Border Ruffians,” the “Kansas Jayhawker,” the “Lincoln Hireling,” the “Jeff Davis Traitor” served their day and purpose and are no longer to be applied. While foreign immigration still obtains, the unde-

sirables are being deported and the granting of naturalization papers is more strictly guarded. The native American excesses and triumphs have had a complete reversal in the selection of Edward Douglas White as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. His nomination was made by a Unitarian President, and confirmed by a Senate composed of members of all denominations, including the Mormon. The bold assertion of Lincoln (then deemed by the South as a threat and a menace) that this country could not exist half free and half slave has proved but the utterance on a plain truism. The whole territory is irrevocably dedicated, in so far as African slavery is concerned, to freedom. All admit the justice and wisdom of this decree. Nowhere is this more plainly manifest than in this Commonwealth. Our own people have devoted her by their own voice, as opposed to the institution. In the bill of rights in the constitution of 1850 it was declared "that the right of property is higher than any constitutional sanction, and the right of the owner of a slave to such slave and its increase is the same and as inviolate as the right of the owner to any property whatever." The present constitution in its Bill of Rights affirms "that slavery and involuntary servitude is forbidden except as punishment for crime." This was carried by the largest popular vote ever cast in the State; and was carried because by many it was thought that the thirteenth amendment to the Federal instrument had not been adopted by the requisite number of states. What an advancement since the days of Cassius M. Clay and John G. Fee; how immeasurable the distance? Nothing is necessary to be said as to Clay; to recount his deeds of daring, his courage, his acts, would be but superfluous, as his history is familiar. John G. Fee was a most remarkable man, his intellect was of the finest quality, his scholarship varied and profound. Though on principle and as a devoted follower of "the Son of Man," a non-combattant, he was by nature endowed with unlimited physical, mental, and moral bravery. Away back in the fifties he had an appointment to preach in a country church in Garrard county. Some believers in the "divine" institution resolved that the "d——d abolitionist" should not desecrate the sacred soil. They repaired to the meeting house and found Fee in the pulpit giving out as his hymn "From Greenland's icy mountains," which I think further along has something about delivering from error's chains. This was offense enough. They demand-

ed that he should cease and descend. Fee paid no attention, and then the doctrine of *molliter manus imposuit* was brought into play. Hands were laid on him, and, without the slightest sign of assent on his part, was carried limp out of the building and stood up on his feet. His horse was brought and he was requested to mount; this he declined to do, and he was lifted into the saddle; he refused to take the bridle or put foot in stirrup; this gordian knot was cut by some one of the crowd striking the horse with a board; off he went and as far down the road as he could be discerned the bridle was hanging on the neck of the flying steed, the stirrups dangling loose and the hands of Fee straight up in the air. He had not given either aid, consent or acquiescence to the wrongs committed against him. Such men as Fee are the builders of states, nations and empires; are the true soldiers of the Cross, the followers of the Lamb; and surely, surely "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." The participants lived to regret their action, to admire Fee and hold him in reverence.

We are now confronted by many serious and grave problems, but there is no room for pessimism; we have had them often and overcome. This generation has not, the one we are training will not, prove "degenerate sons of noble sires." The American people settled and settled right the separation from the mother country, the closer union of the States, the second war for independence, nullification, the annexation of Texas and the indestructibility of the Nation. So we, and those who shall take our places along the firing line, will settle right the economic, political, social and moral questions as they may arise; will vindicate the applicability to the United States of the poetic prophecy of Bishop Berkley:

"Westward the course of Empire takes its way,
The first four acts already past,
The fifth shall close the drama with the closing day,
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

What I have written is what it purports to be—recollections, memory, not memoranda or diary. "To err is human," but I will not finish the quotation; the reader may do so, or leave it in its emasculated condition. I have written in the same kindly spirit of all, enlarging the sunlight and drawing the shadows with the least density. It has not been my purpose to impugn motives or charge inconsistencies. All the men whom I have mentioned did their duty nobly,

manfully, as they saw that duty. They were really brave, talented, brainy. I have not recalled them to life with the intent of invidious contrast with the living. No one more appreciates the scholars, orators, statesmen, publicists, of the now. But if some overzealous partisan of the living shall dilate too strongly in their favor, I may under favor say of my dead, "There were giants in those days," and that "there were men before Agememnon." It would be unbecoming, and perhaps a trifle dangerous, to affirm that the old times were best. I hav no desire nor have I the courage to have invoked on my devoted head the wrath that was invoked

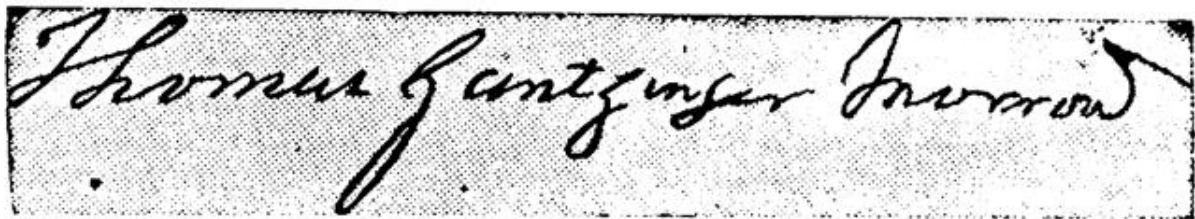
"To fall in sleet and hail
On the town of Doneraile."

But in truth the old times were glorious days. They were times when boys were boys and girls were girls; when parties were parties and the gatherings began when the sun went down and were over before the hour "when graveyards yawn"; when the company uproariously applauded "Blindman's Buff," "Old Sister Phoebe" and "All Around the Dewberry Bush," and the usual forfeit paid coyly and apparently half reluctant; when a maiden fair looked as sweet and winsome as well could be in the indigo blue with the vine and the brightest of blushes beneath the snowiest of sun bonnets; when the lawyer, doctor, merchant, farmer, was content with a modest profit on New Year's day; when the girls sang so charmingly, "Then You'll Remember Me," and "I Dream'pt I Dwelt in Marble Halls;" when all sang "Ben Bolt" and "Old Dog Tray," and our cousins Cuffey made the nights melodious with "Old Dan'l Tucker" and "Dandy Jim of Caroline"; when the old-fashioned wagon circus was in evidence, in which Signor Liberto and Mamselle Hortense gave the daring feats of horsemanship on the untamed steed from the wilds of Barbary; when clowns were clowns in fact, not merely in name, when their jokes were not repetitions of Joe Miller; when glorious old Dan Rice found his wit and humor in the audience and gave it out spick, span new from the glowing forge; when the elections were held in August from 6 a. m. to 7 p. m.; when fun, frolic, dancing and fiddling, pitching horseshoe and playing marbles was the order of the day about the voting place; when on the street corner was "Black Mammy" sitting behind her plain table covered with cloth as white as ever came from the hand of a fuller, and on it the stack of gingerbread baked on the

top and the bottom, made from molasses as sweet as the honeycomb and ginger that was hot in the mouth; and beside them the "Little Brown Jug" filled with cider manufactured on the home-made mill—nectar for the gods and goddesses; when graft was not an everyday occurrence; when buying and selling votes had not yet got a foothold; when every man's vote was counted as cast; in fine, when

"Politics were not the d—dest in Kentucky."

Who so hard-hearted as to grudge me the pleasure of calling back again the days when I was young, though that be long ago? With my soul full to overflowing with these memories, I trust I may be pardoned for the utterance of that vain, oh, so vain wish, "Would I were a boy again!" I ring down the curtain, blow out the lights; and to my readers, few or many, I offer the toast of a character the most pathetic, and if the heart alone be considered, the most lovable in all the wide realms of fiction; the toast of that character conceived in the peerless literary brain of Washington Irving, and made so intensely real on the mimic stage by the transcendent histrionic ability of Joseph Jefferson: "MAY YOU LIVE LONG AND PROSPER."

A rectangular box containing a handwritten signature in cursive script. The signature reads "Thomas Gantlinger Inverrow". The ink is dark and the background of the box has a halftone dot pattern.

Somerset, Ky., October 5, 1911.

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Judge Morrow on "Morgan Day"

My Dear Mr. Breckinridge:—

In your kindly but too flattering notice of my "Recollections" you drop into the role of the unfortunate and unhappy Oliver Twist; you ask for "More." You shall have it. Whether you will prefer hunger to the viands tendered will be for your determination. At least I trust I do not "cram your ear against the stomach of your sense."

The innumerable anecdotes and incidents connected with the truly remarkable history of Gen. John H. Morgan, a fit companion of Marion, Sumpter and Wolford, will on the 18th inst. be recounted "in florid prose and honied line of rhyme" around the hearthstone, in the hotel corridor, in groups on the streets and in public addresses. And this by former friend and former foe. May I be permitted to contribute my mite in the shape of two events that so far as I have read have not seen the light of day.

In July, 1862, General Morgan made one of his famous raids into Kentucky taking Somerset, Pulaski county, in his route. It was the year in which county officers, from judge to coroner, were to be elected, and as the county (albeit it had gone for Breckinridge in 1860) was overwhelmingly Union,

the candidates of that persuasion were as thick as "the leaves in Vallambrosa's shade." Among those who aspired to the office of jailor was Uncle Willis Watkins, a brave soldier of the war of 1812, and a most estimable gentleman. He was not a little proud, justly so, of his military service. Though too far advanced in life to again shoulder arms, he went his full length for the crushing of the rebellion, and scented the smoke of battle after the similtude of Job's war horse. The county, the largest in the State, was too extensive for him to make the house to house canvass and he resorted to hand-bills as a means of getting before the constituency his claims for their support, which of course in common with all aspirants for the people's favor, were varied and undeniable. After setting forth his long residence in the county, his love for the people, his needs and qualifications for the office, he reached the military. After describing in thrilling words how his young heart had been fired with indignation at the invasion of the hated Britisher he had promptly volunteered, of the sieges and hardships he had gone through, summed up with "If I could call back fifty years, I would lead the advance

in driving from the State that notorious Guerilla and horse thief, General John H. Morgan."

On the 3rd Monday in July (county court day) Watkins had his circular ready for distribution. As one of his distributors, he selected a young man by the name of James Langdon, who, though just out of his 'teens, had been elected constable, so high was he held in the estimation of his neighbors. Watkins gave some hundred of them to Langdon, who, without looking at the contents, stuffed them in one side of his saddle-bags. Leaving town early for his home, which was on or near the road leading from Crab Orchard to Somerset, he encountered the advance guard of Morgan coming toward Somerset. He was halted, ordered to dismount, and to give an account of himself. This he did, by the information that he was a constable on his way home from town. Then commenced the search of the saddle-bags. The first pocket verified his statement as to his profession, as out of it came summons, subpoenas, writs, and other paraphernalia of an officer's outfit. The rummage in the other side brought to view the hand bills. The military man, after a hasty glance at it, took his prisoner into the presence of the General, who had by that time arrived on the scene. Either Morgan's adjutant, or an aide, mounted a stump and read aloud the document; all went well till the closing sentence. When this came out there were angry frowns and still angrier demonstrations in the ranks. Langdon says that when he heard it, it sounded louder than a clap of thunder and he felt that with him it was the click if not the crack of doom. The reader asked Morgan what he

should do with him. Morgan having had time to take the measure of the culprit, realizing at once, that the fresh faced almost beardless youngster before him could not be the grizzled veteran of the hand bill, responded, "Oh, he is nothing but a d—d little old constable, swear him, and turn him loose." Langdon says they did turn him loose, but it was afoot. He had come in "critter back," but had been reduced to the infantry. Mr. Langdon is yet living, hearty and hale, and can still relate around his hospitable fireside to his neighbors, who hold him in esteem, this now enjoyable, but then dread occurrence. He says that sweeter music than Morgan's words had not been heard since the morning stars first sang together for joy. In respect to ugly and foul denunciation, both sides were "tarred with the same stick," and in equal proportion as to quantity and quality. The lapse of years has brought about a change. This is well expressed in the lines of the speech of Henry the Fifth on Saint Crispin's day, which I have inverted, putting the best last.

"When the blasts of war blow in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger,
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard favored rage,
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
But in peace nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility."

Now is the time of peace, when kindly, not bitter words become a man, all men. If the great Henry Clay, in an angry mood in a heated discussion on the floor of the United States Senate could say of John C. Calhoun

that "he would not own him for a slave," then men made from yellow (not red) clay, may surely be excused for uttering hot words in heated times. For this there is but the one certain remedy and that is not only to forget them, but if need be swear we never made such utterances.

Daniel Boone Hyden, a happy-go-lucky fellow who believed the world owed him a living, but honest withal, was a private in the 12th Kentucky Federal Infantry, commanded by Col. Wm. A. Hoskins. He loved fun, the frolic, the country dance, the shooting match, the candidate's meetings, the grinding day at the old horse mill and was possessed of an infinite deal of rough humor, good horse sense and unlimited resources in avoiding earning a living by the sweat of his brow. Work had no terrors for him. He could, without a "rock bye baby" sleep the "sleep of the just men made perfect" in a corn field, sadly in need of the plow or where the waving golden wheat was crying aloud for the sickle of the reaper. He had obtained from Colonel Hoskins a furlough for twenty days, but on the pretense of having lost it procured another for a like term. These two, under the inspiration of Davis' arithmetic, he had consolidated into one for the same number of days that the children of Israel wandered years in the wilderness. The time limit of the multiplied leave of absence was about to expire when General Morgan rode into Somerset, the said Daniel being then in town disporting himself to the harsh out of tune jangled music of a blind fiddler. As soon as the square was full of Morgan's men Daniel immediately commenced to yell for Lincoln, "Hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree," et

id omne genus, and that if any doubted that he belonged to the bloody twelfth they might ask Lieutenant Tomlinson, then sick at the hotel. He was of course at once arrested and taken before Morgan. The General, Shakespeare to the contrary, did have the art of finding the mind's construction in the face of Daniel. He took his full measure in the twinkling of an eye and said to him, "I have seen fellows like you before today; you want a parole, but you won't get it. Colonel Hoskins and myself are warm personal friends and I know he needs you in the guard house. Orderly, put him beyond the lines with his face in the direction of his regiment, and when you part from him admonish him to give my regards to Colonel Hoskins with the further message that I don't think he will be the officer fame credits him if he don't give you forty days at hard labor." And so exit the namesake of the old pioneer.

Daniel was on a road with "Indians in front, and snakes in the rear." He went to camp and reported for duty. He was on the rolls marked absent without leave and the Colonel was so informed. To the inquiry of the commanding officer as to this he exhibited his first furlough; this he was reminded was overdue; then came the second which with the former left a few days of grace. The ludicrousness of the bluff and the well known courage of Daniel was too much. With a slight reprimand he was dismissed to raise the glad laugh among his comrades by retailing how he got through the clutches of Morgan and "done for the Kernel."

One more and that in which I figure, and which is related, not by way of self exploitation. I was neither

hero nor victim—simply a saved man. I was in 1861, by the caprice or want of judgment on the part of the constituency, elected to the House of Representatives as an unconditional Union man, although I had voted for Breckinridge in 1860. I was the youngest member, being eligible on the day I took my seat. When introduced to General Leslie Combs, he said, "Didn't they have any men in Pulaski and had to send a boy?" The General Assembly was in session in 1862, when Kirby Smith drove us pell mell, helter skelter, to Louisville. After the adjournment I made my way to Somerset. My wife being on a visit to relatives I took up my abode with Major T. L. W. Sawyer, about a half mile east of the city. Of course in those troublesome times I, like the Athenians in the days of Paul, was desirous of hearing something new. One, to me a memorable day, I heard it. On that day I, with E. L. VanWinkle, Major Sawyers, Colonel Sherrod Williams and Colonel McKee Fox were engaged in a social game of euchre in the former's office, which fronted on the public square in a building being used as a hotel. We were playing for amusement and a five cent fractional currency bill on the corner. At an inopportune time for me, when I had just ordered my partner to take up the trump and that I would play it alone, a cavalry man, dressed in grey rode up in front and, mistaking it for the reception room of the hostelry, demanded accommodation. One view was quantum sufficit, and no hastier or precipitate dispersion was made on the confusion of tongues at the tower of Babel. I cleared the rear door at a single bound and, fleet of foot, I started North and East for my coun-try residence. In my journey I had to pass through a field of corn. While in the field and still in motion I noticed on the Mount Vernon road an advancing column. Before reaching the fence from whose protection I expected in safety to see it, I heard a loud but not harsh voice, shout, "Why didn't you stop when I halted you; I came very near shooting you?" (I am truly and honestly glad he didn't). He then guarded me to the corner of the old Ben Zachary Hotel, situated where now stands the Newtonian. Leaving me with directions to stay until he returned, went to the middle of the square where stood an officer surrounded by comrades dressed in gray—if you call that color which had on it the stains of many a soil. In a few brief moments he returned, directing me to report to, as I caught the name, Captain McIntyre. When I approached he was busy giving out orders. This gave me an opportunity to make an ocular examination of him and draw conclusions as to the manner of man who might hold for me the scales of life and death. The look and conclusions were favorable. I saw before me a soldier, six feet two or three inches tall, broad shoulders, capacious chest, a steady not unkindly eye, a face in which was contained every lineament of the gentleman. When the officer was at leisure I approached and lifting my hat informed him that I was directed to report to him under arrest. "For what?" "I do not know." "Where were you arrested?" I told him of the absence from home of my family and that I was on my way to the residence of a friend just out of town. He knew my politics at once, and with a twinkle in his eyes and a smile on his lips

said, "You thought it healthier in the country than in town did you?" By the consensus of mental philosophers it is agreed that we have two characters of thought; one that we evolve, the other that comes to us unbidden, unsought, from whence is beyond our ken, and still as little do we realize until acted upon whether "they are airs from heaven or blasts from hell." I evolved nothing on this occasion. I put my trust in that face. With promptness, without the tremor of a limb or huskiness of voice, I answered, "To be frank with you Captain, that was my opinion when I saw your men ride in." Pausing a second he replied, "You were wrong. I don't war on non-combatants or interfere with citizens who do not meddle with what don't concern them." He then directed a soldier to pass me out of the lines. The talk along the road was pleasant. I had not up to the time of parting with my escort taken account of the real actual danger I had escaped. Our people had in military prisons in the North a few of the so-called secession members of the same General Assembly as myself. I had up to this been "as cool as the center seed of a cucumber." When I thought of what imprisonment might mean for me if I were held for exchange for such a man of power and influence as Lucius Desha, my heart stood still and at the doubt which I felt whether I would be regarded as his equivelant, my whole person shook as with an ague. I rallied and, fleet of foot, made my way to the stable, saddled, bridled, mounted and started for a more congenial clime. I had a fairly good roadster, but I did wish for the combined speed of Gray Eagle and Wanager. I had not long been on my flight

when in hot pursuit to the residence of Sawyers came a squad. Too late, the nest was warm, but the bird had flown. In the interim some good secesh friend, who could not look with allowance on a Democrat who had turned Yankee, disclosed who I was and what a prize had slipped through the Captain's hands. I managed to reach Louisville where I remained until the advance of Buell. Following in its wake I heard the far off sounds from the battle field of Pearyville. I was on the ground the following day. The sight was horrible, the torn leaves, whole trees shot down, the dead and dying, the mangled bodies, the cry of despair, the moan of pain, the piteous cry for water, all told what angry men can do when war exists. As I looked upon that stricken field I could but say, "Merciful Father, is this the work of thy children, of brother Masons, brother Odd Fellows, and worse is it the work of members of thy visible church, who have around the communion table partaken of the broken body and drank of the shed blood of Him whose whole earthly existence was given to the teaching of the brotherhood of man." There came to me as fitting the words of darling Jeannette, in that sweet song Jeannette and Jeannot:

"If I were King of France, still better,
Pope of Rome,
I'd have no fighting men abroad, nor
weeping maids at home."

I have not since heard of the Captain. I am not sure I have the name correct. He was in Buford's regiment and was said to have come from Woodford county. If in life I trust that "the days and years of his pilgrimage" have been along pleasant lines; if the sharp scythe

"Of the grim reaper, Death,
Who cuts the bearded grain at a
breath,
And the flowers that grow be-
tween,"

has severed his thread of life, to his
gallant spirit, disembodied though it
be, I pour the libation that he was a
generous gentleman,

"A soldier fit to stand by Caesar and
give command."

If he be in the land of the living
I would be so glad to meet him. If
this should happen, though I do not
"look upon the wine when it is red,"
I would be tempted and yield to the
temptation of "crushing a cup" with
him if so be that he be willing.

As there will doubtless be many and
many a friendly greeting between
"Fed" and "Confed" during the day of
the unveiling, permit me to give an
instance at the meeting of the Grand
Army of the Republic in Louisville
about twenty years ago. I was in at-
tendance, taking my wife and two or
three of my many boys. During the
stay Boyd was missing for awhile
but found his mother and myself. He
came in with tearstreaming eyes and
in a manner so excited as to alarm us.
We sprang to our feet and began to
inquire as to the cause. He said, "Oh,
I have just seen such a sight." This
still further added to our anxiety, and
he finally said, "Oh, mother, on the
street I saw two men meeting each
other, one in blue, the other in gray.
When they met they threw their arms
around each other, and exclaimed,
"thirty years ago, I tried my best
to shoot you, and I am so d—d glad I
didn't, for if I had we could not, as
we are now going to do, take to-
gether, 'swei glass.'" And they did.
This was a genuine tribute of a boy

to the meeting of reconciled enemies.
Such instances are not rare. They
will, and do, have their influence
against them.

"Hate's yell, Envy's hiss, Folly's
bray,"

cannot prevail. It is to be devoutly
hoped that the spirit pervades the
country,

"From where our green mountain
tops blend with the sky,

And the giant St. Lawrence is rolled,
Where the waves of the balmy Hesper-
ides lie

Like the dream of some prophet of
old."

As was the only appropriate thing
to do, Henry Watterson had been se-
lected to deliver the welcoming ad-
dress. At the enunciation of his
opening sentence, (and it was only one
word) more than five thousand men in
blue arose to their feet and hats in
air, shouted themselves hoarse in ad-
miration and love for a man who had
worthily worn the gray. That one
word was—"COMRADES."

I am sorry I was a participant in
that little game of chance, but I can
plead in extenuation, that I was in
good company. Colonel Williams
was out of the running, but had been
a man of note, representing this dis-
trict three times in Congress, and was
regarded as of sufficient metal to be
sent to Pennsylvania in 1840 to can-
vass for Harrison against Van Buren.
He related an amusing incident
illustrative of the popularity of "Old
Hickory" among the Pennsylvania
Dutch. He says he inveighed in vig-
orous language against the execution,
or as the Whigs called it, murder by
General Jackson of Ambrister and
Arbuthnot by the judgment of a
court martial composed of five, when

the contention was that there should have been seven on the board. When his criticism was through, an old Dutchman arose in the audience and demanded to know whether the speaker thought "them mens would have died one tam bit easler mit seven as mit five." The Colonel said that was the last effort he made among the Dutch against General Jackson, and reached the conclusion his popularity could stand anything. It did, and his name is still potent and a charm to conjure with.

Ephraim L. Vanwinkle had been in the House of Representatives from Wayne, was then Commonwealth's Attorney, had been Bell and Everett elector for the state at large in 1860, with Timoleon Cravens, of Adair, as his opponent, and afterwards Secretary of State under Bramlette. He was an impassioned orator, with a style all his own, the only precept he followed was that of Demosthenes "Action, Action, Action." One great act is to his credit, he voted in 1855 for the first Normal School bill in the State. For this vote he was roundly denounced, was nicknamed "Normal School Van," and it came within a fraction of defeating him in his race for Commonwealth's Attorney in 1856. The counties the most incensed against the measure are now the recipients of the greatest benefits from the growth of that infant educational Hercules. To change the simile from that small acorn has grown a mighty oak whose shades cover the Commonwealth, and beneath it are all her children. The State University, the normal schools and the common schools owe him a debt of gratitude which should be paid in a monument worthy of him and them. On it should

be inscribed "Erected by the Common School System of Kentucky to Ephraim L. VanWinkle." Beneath should be written in capitals, "Our Friend."

It would be a just tribute to a man big of brain, big of heart, an honor and an ornament to the State that gave him birth.

Colonel Fox was an able lawyer, skillful advocate, in manner a Chesterfield, without his heartlessness, winning ways to cause man and women to love him, an Appollo and is entitled in that respect to be classed with John C. Breckinridge, William Cassius Goodloe and General Eli H. Murray.

I am in receipt of a letter from Hon. G. R. Keller, a Confederate (for which I thank him) in reference to my "Recollections." In it he says, "I was struck with the gentle and considerate spirit in which you write of my comrades." My dear brother (excuse the familiarity) why should not all of us be gentle and considerate? Our shadows are falling far to the East, too far for the indulgence of hate. The brief span yet remaining can be more properly employed in words of kindness and deeds of love. The weeds should be uprooted and the flowers given full play, to bloom more profusely and attain to a more fragrant odor. "Forgive us, our trespasses, even as we have forgiven those who trespass against us." Dare we now be our own accusers, fix our own doom, for doom is fixed irrevocably so for the man who, on appearing before the Great, Just Judge of the last Grand Assize, cannot offer that prayer. The woman whom no man accused, she who gave the Master to drink of water of the well, those who

reviled him on the cross may be pardoned, but for him who goes to the grave hating his brother, there can be no mediator and our Great Advocate must enforced stand mute with such a self denounced culprit for a client.

In conclusion my wish is that all things may be propitious, for the services in commendation of the great dead hero; that no cloud lower, no rain fall, that no unseemly word shall mar nor deed of violence mark it. That the hand of the Death Angel be stayed; that the one great leader, who has not and cannot have a rival, shall not be forgotten; that the success of the event shall equal the most sanguine hopes of those who conceived and have carried to completion this act of to them, love and devotion; and finally, when the benediction shall have been pronounced that but one sentiment prevail in the audience and that sentiment, "It is good for us to have been here."

THOMAS ZANTZINGER MORROW
Somerset, Ky., Oct. 17, 1911.

HARLAN MEMORIAL.

ADDRESS OF THOMAS Z. MORROW DELIVERED BEFORE THE
U. S. CIRCUIT COURT OF APPEALS, SIXTH DISTRICT,
IN CINCINNATI, OHIO, NOVEMBER 18th, 1911.

May it Please the Court:

As the only living lawyer who knew the subject of this memorial before he assumed the toga virilis, I gladly embrace this occasion to contribute my mite of praise.

"DIED YESTERDAY."

A single sentence, two words, four syllables, thirteen letters.

How simple, how brief, how frequent their occurrence, how pregnant with meaning, how varied the emotions they cause to spring up in the heart. How often in reading them the voice breaks forth in praise, in hosannas, triumph? How often in the sad, wailing notes of defeat, disgrace, honor lost, a life wrecked? Sometimes it tells that he who "died yesterday" had won the golden apple with the blushing cheek, again "dead sea fruit turned to ashes on the lip."

If, like Asmodeous, we could lift the roofs of all the habitations to which these words come, what scenes would be revealed? How many broken hearts, how many worse than widow's weeds? How many homes in which the "black made the woe" and to the assemblage "the funeral the attraction?" How many tears for the bereavement, rejoicing for the kind words, the good deeds of the soon-to-be-dust! To how many weeping children would Time, the Consoler, the Beautifier, yet bring smiles, gayety, happiness, prosperity? Upon how many a countenance indelibly written despair, houseless, hopeless, futureless?

"DIED YESTERDAY."

Fateful words, words that have been and must be written of all the

sons of men "until the last syllable of recorded time." "It is appointed unto men once to die."

"DIED YESTERDAY!"

Who died yesterday? Was it a diademed, blood-gorged, not yet satiated tyrant, or a true monarch with that mercy in his heart that became him better than his crown? A Marcus Aurelius or a Nero who "fiddled while Rome was in conflagration?" Was it a generous philanthropist who had made dungeons sanitary, or the brother of Bonnard,

"He the youngest whom his father loved,
Because our mother's brow was given
To him—with eyes as blue as heaven?"

Was it some loved husband with his offspring about his couch, with the wife of his youth wiping with tear-stained cheek the death damp from his forehead? Or a Scythian gladiator

"Butchered to make a Roman holiday?"

Did he die on the battlefield with his wounds in the back and left on it as a feast for the beasts of prey, or were his wounds in front and he taken on his shield triumphantly back to his admiring countrymen. Did he die in the tropics amid the deadly fever-breeding miasma, or on a sunny upland where the grass was green, the flowers in bloom, the air pure, its breath sweet?

"DIED YESTERDAY!"

For what did he die yesterday! For the right or the wrong! For his country or against it? Did he die like Nathan Hale, regretting only that he had but one life to give for his country, or like Arnold, the traitor, a man without a country? Had he so lived that he could die peacefully in the arms of his mother, whispering low but sweet as in the olden time, "Now I lay me down to sleep," or was he a criminal refugee far from those who loved him, while an old, bent, sorrow laden woman at home was singing that sad song, "Oh, where is my wandering boy tonight?" Did he die an oppressor or that others might live the happier, that more of sunshine and less of shadow might fall into the lives of his fellow men?

These reflections came to my mind and heart when I read: "Died yesterday"—John Marshall Harlan. Surely, surely of this man we do know full well who he was, what he was, where he died, what he represented. If written in an encyclopedia or after the style of Talheimer,

or in the Gradgrind fashion, the chronicle would be brief. An encyclopedia devotes ten lines to Marlborough, of whom it is said "that he never argued with a man he did not convince, never met a woman he did not captivate, never fought a battle he did not win, nor stormed a fortress he did not enter." To Marathon, the names of the commanders, the numbers engaged, the dead, the wounded, the missing, the result. In the hands of great poets and eloquent historians how tall Marlborough looms! In the "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World" how thrilling, how imposing, how stirring is Marathon! If written after the manner of the former, this big man's biography would be: "Born of distinguished parentage, educated in the schools of his city, entered Center College, was a fairly good student, graduated, studied law, engaged in politics, was a soldier, Attorney General of his State, served on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States for thirty-four years."

And is this all? Shall this grand man thus go to nothingness, to oblivion—a man every inch an intellectual king, of convictions and the courage of them, the dauntless advocate of the right, the bold denouncer of the wrong, pure alike in public and private life, a Gentleman. No. This skeleton shall be clothed upon, into his nostrils shall be breathed the breath of life, and it shall stand up, a living soul. But who shall portray him as he was, who shall draw his picture full length, life size, in all his grand proportions, that he may be read and known of all men? Loving though I be, such a task is far beyond my powers; my hand is too trembling to draw the fine lines that so distinguished his every moral and mental feature, my eyes too dim to mix the colors, the frame too enfeebled to stand the fatigue, the mind too much weakened to bear the strain incident to so important a task. This much, I trust, will be done by some able, competent master genius—some Bancroft, Prescott, Parton, Motley, Victor Hugo, skilled in word painting as was Appelles in the sister art. Be it my task to play an humbler part. It is said that teachers who could not sing a note had trained prima donnas to win fame and fortune; that professors of elocution who could not open a lip on platform, taught pupils to follow the advice of Hamlet to the players, to control the many headed populace, to set up or pull down parties, to change the face of the world. I should delight to have the ear of the drawer of the portrait of John M. Harlan, and to pour into it an account of a scene that took place just sixty-two years ago on the campus ground of Center College. The

students were engaged in playing a game of old fashioned football. On one side had been selected an undersized, light weight lad just turned into his "teens," but fleet of foot, and a devotee of the game. On the other a tall, overgrown, strong, athletic one. During the play a ball was kicked to a vacant spot, no one on either side being near. The youngster with head down, breathing hard, made for it. The elder also ran for it, head down. As they approached each other the players stood aghast at the possible collision, which was imminent. It did not take place. By chance? No! By that high principle of which both were believers, the Presbyterian doctrine of special Providence, the larger boy raised his head, took in the situation, threw himself to the ground, apparently stumbling, and the smaller kicked the ball. That junior is relating this—the senior, John Marshall Harlan.

I should tell him how, on the last Thursday in June, 1850, the junior lad of that football game was present in the Presbyterian Church in Danville, Kentucky, when the elder, then seventeen, delivered his graduating speech, subject—"The Foreigner." How intently he listened to the glowing sentences, how loudly he applauded at the conclusion, and how his heart warmed at the profusion of lovely flowers that fell on the platform thrown by the hands of still lovelier women; how, only five years later, he made that pyrotechnic canvass as a substitute for his venerable father; how brilliant the ovations given him in after years; how he was a gallant soldier on the battlefield of Mill Springs in the young lad's county of Pulaski, Kentucky, the first silver lining to the dark cloud that hung like a black pall over the Federal armies since ill-fated Manassas; how he won "Golden Opinions," reaching at last the highest honor, a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, where for thirty-four years he held the scales of justice in equal poise, "four square" to all the world.

Since arriving at manhood, in all the avocations of life, I have not "cried for the moon;" I have yearned for the ability, the scholarship, the rhetoric, the skill to be the delineator of this man. It cannot be. That task must be confided to some wizard American Macauley, who can picture him as the British Macauley drew the transcendantly great William of Orange, to whom, under God, you and I owe every right we now enjoy and for whose principles John Marshall Harlan stood every day of his life from early youth until it was said this is the last of earth. How high and broad he would present him, how symmetrically proportioned, how towering, how

“Like some tall oak whose giant form
Rising to heaven midway meets the storm,
Though round its root the forked lightnings spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.”

It was not my good fortune to know anything personal of Justice Harlan on the bench. I was, during much of that period, an ordinary village lawyer, as busily engaged as the proverbial busy bee, in keeping the proverbial wolf from the door. I did not have a clientele that had sufficient in controversy to take a certiorari to that august body. I had, however, the opportunity years ago to visit Washington when it was in session. As was to be expected of a rural attorney, I went to see it in action. On that day several opinions were read. I listened with profound respect and admiration but was not overawed. I had read after, and occasionally appeared before many eminent judges in my home State. I had conned the opinions of Boyd, Owsley and Mills; had received my law diploma (as I think did Justice Harlan) from George Robertson *clarum et venerabile nomen*, whose decisions have been quoted with approval as authority in the English courts; had known Elijah Hise, Thomas A. Marshall and William Lindsay, each of whom measured up to the highest judicial standard. But when Justice Harlan delivered one, there was a change in the legal atmosphere, a rise in the barometer. A paper was before him, but he did not look at it. In a voice as round as a ball and as clear as a bell he gave it so that not one word was lost, the statement of the case plain, the argument conclusive. I then realized that I was in the Supreme Court of the United States. It is related that after Webster's reply to Hayne, every son of Massachusetts grew a foot taller. As I trudged the streets of the city that afternoon, I felt like shouting to the house tops, "I'm from Kentucky."

I am glad that, as for myself, this is not a post-mortem tribute, a placing of roses on a forehead of unresponsive marble. Was it premonition, or the direct dealing of God with men, that prompted me to publish an article in the Lexington, Kentucky, Herald, on the 8th of October, in which honorable mention was made of Justice Harlan. I cannot say certainly, but publish it I did. He received it from a friend but could not read it, the Death Angel then having marked him as its own. His secretary did acknowledge its receipt in the following communication:

Washington, D. C., October 12, 1911.

Dear Sir: Mr. Justice Harlan, who is not feeling very well today, has requested me to acknowledge the receipt of the copy of the Lexington Herald of October 8th, containing some recollections by his friend, Thomas Z. Morrow, which he will read with much pleasure and interest at the earliest moment.

Yours truly,

J. E. HOOVER, Private Secretary.

Mr. Sherman H. Stivers, Lexington, Ky.

Idealist, sentimentalist, mystic as I am, the words, "his friend, Thomas Z. Morrow," are more precious to me than all the gold wrung with force and fraud by Pizarro from Peru, or by Cortes from Mexico. I did not then, while he was living, say what I can now speak. To have done so would have been a "rock of offense" to his modest nature. But now while the turf on his new-made grave is not yet browned, the garlands not all withered, their perfume not exhaled, I can speak what I then thought to write. And that is: Scanning his life from that bright October day 1849, to the moment he fell asleep, as God is my Judge, I would rather be the possessor of the name and fame of John M. Harlan than to have wreathed about my temples all the laurels that have been won by every guilty, blood-stained military chieftain from the "Macedonian Madman" to the Corsican Fatalist.

JUDGE MORROW'S INTERVIEW IN THE LEXINGTON (KY.) HERALD, NOVEMBER 9th, 1911, ON UNVEILING OF STATUE OF LINCOLN.

Judge Thomas Z. Morrow, of Somerset, is in the city visiting his daughter, Mrs. Caleb D. Portwood, 259 Rodes avenue. When asked about the recent election in Kentucky he said that he had always noticed about this season "The melancholy days, the saddest of the year," set in; that into "every life some rain must fall;" that there had been a snowfall in some parts of the State; that the man who got the "mostest" votes was elected and the man who got the fewest remained in the occupation above which he had attempted to climb. He said that he had heard (he could not read the newspapers on account of the roosters) his old Centre College schoolmate, "Jim" McCreary, after having been thrown to the earth had, like the ancient wrestler, Anteus, risen from the contest with a giant's strength.

When pressed further he closed his lips like a clam and opened not his mouth. Your reporter thought he was "an irrepressible force," but Judge Morrow proved "an immovable body."

He said he had attended the unveiling of "the Speed" statue of Abraham Lincoln on the 8th inst., and it had been to him "a feast of reason and a flow of soul;" that he had met very, very many of his old-time friends, who appeared to be glad to greet him, and, what was far better, told him so. The crowd was in every way worthy of Kentucky, the very cream of the State, black and white; well dressed, well-behaved, sober, discreet and of good demeanor from "shoe-shine" to President. He did wish, however, that the statue could have had the inscription on the Breckinridge monument in Lexington: "Erected by the State of Kentucky." He said it seemed to him that the statue was at once the glory and the shame of the Commonwealth—he its glory, that one citizen was allowed to make it his gift and to be known as his contribution—her shame. He also expressed regret that no Kentuckian who had stood for Lincoln in 1864, when an overwhelming vote had well nigh broken his heart, had taken part in the ceremonies. He said when he looked in the

dear face as the veil was lifted, he was one who, though a Breckinridge Democrat, had not aided, abetted, counseled or advised the planting of that sting; that was done under the leadership of his old Henry Clay friends and associates. He said he would not mention names, as that might arouse unpleasant memories. He did say, however, that in that canvas he had crossed swords on the stump with three of the ablest of them and had ridden eighty miles from his home in Somerset to make a speech for him in Melodeon Hall in Lexington, Ky. He said he looked back to his humble part in that campaign with pleasure and gratification. He said that being now more than five and seventy, and ergo in second childhood (God bless second childhood!) he had before leaving home for Frankfort indulged in day dreams, building castles in the air, or, what would be more appropriate, "tending like" as little girls will dress up in mother's or auntie's long skirts and imagine themselves for the time-being Queen Victoria, Mrs. Vanderbilt or the Duchess of Marlborough; little boys of the "You'd scarce expect one of my age," or "Twinkle, twinkle, little star" variety will for the nonce assume the port and mien of Seargent S. Prentiss, Thomas F. Marshall or Richard H. Menifee and deliver an imaginary oration. The Judge said his dream was—it was only a dream—that he might under the circumstances above related be invited, as a during-the-war staunch friend of Mr. Lincoln, to introduce his after-the-war friend, Mr. Watterson. In this "tend like" mood he wrote out and would have delivered, if opportunity had been afforded that dream, as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—

When the fullness of time had arrived, the Grand Army of the Republic in its wisdom, and all-pervading patriotism, resolved to exhibit in a manner and under circumstances that would not admit of misconstruction, that it was not sectional but national; that its purpose was not to keep alive the fires of hate, but to bind in "hoops of steel" hearts that had been estranged by a bloody, a fratricidal war. To accomplish this, it must needs hold a national encampment south of Mason and Dixon's line. To have negligently failed in this would have been a negation of every principle upon which the war for the preservation of the Union could or ought to have been maintained; willfully to have refused would have made every death-dealing wound inflicted by it a murder. It neither neglected nor refused. Where to hold the session was not far to seek, nay it did not have to be sought; it was plain, visible. It must by the high mandate of an imperative necessity come to Kentucky, the birthplace of John J. Crittenden and of John C. Breckinridge, of Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln; the city to which it should come was equally plain. It could meet only in the city of Louisville, the home of those two eminently respectable citizens, leaders of public opinion, James Speed and Walter N. Haldeman; from which, from opposite gates, had departed, each separately to win honor and fame, two stout soldiers—William C. Preston and Lovell H. Rousseau. It did come, effacing in its march the dividing line. Not only the keys of the city but the city itself was turned over to it; streets, alleys, boulevards, public buildings, wharves, factories,

foundries, school houses, churches—every edifice from “turret to foundation stone.” Every face beamed a thrice welcome; the town was gay with flowers, garlands, festoons, patriotic mottoes welcome to heroes; no residence had on its door a knocker to be knocked, a door knob to be pulled, an annunciator button to be pressed; from each door hung out the latch-string, woven of the red, white and blue, telling the veteran guest to pull, walk right in, take possession and make himself at home.

On the first day of the session I saw reclining in a chair on the platform a slight elderly woman (I do love to say woman—it is the word used in the Old Bible and the New Testament as well), with the badge of the Grand Army of the Republic Relief Corps on her bosom. I then saw her rise to her feet and advance a few steps forward. She did not address the presiding officer, made no salutation to the sea of faces in front. She raised her eyes to heaven as if invoking her elder brother up there, the Son of Man, to instantly and most graciously bless to fruition what she had to say. She spread her small, delicate hands palm upward, as if imploring them to be warmly grasped by a brother's once unfriendly hand, her arms outstretched as if to draw close to her heart a sister whose face had once been turned away; in a voice as low and sweet as the music of a magic flute, in ponderous significance as loud as the deepest tone of the mightiest cathedral organ, she said: “My brothers and sisters of the fair sunny Southland, once we were armed invaders to conquer your bodies; now we come as unarmed guests, with peaceable intent to conquer your

hearts.” Conquer, subdue, subjugate them she did. Of all the precious seed in that precious sentence, not one fell by the wayside, not one on a rock, not one among the thorns, but all, all, each one of them, fell upon good ground, sprung up and bore fruit an hundred fold. In that auditorium there was not an unheeding ear, an unagreeing mind, an unvocal throat, an unmoistened cheek, an unmelted heart.

A man garbed in a plain business suit of gray took his place on the platform not far from where the woman had stood. Had she remained, they would have been side by side. His glance took in parquet, dress circle, balcony, gallery. The sweep of his hand touched either extreme of the capacious hall; in a voice clear, ringing, as stirring as a bugle call, he said, “Comrades!” At this the blue (and it did seem to me that all the blue in all the skies, in all the heavens had concentrated there), rose to its feet and with hat swinging and swinging and still swing in air cheered itself hoarse in affectionate, brotherly responsive greeting to a “comrade” who had worthily worn the tattered and torn gray uniform of the southern Confederacy.

The brave, the tender, the loving Union woman was the wife of a gallant Federal officer. She was Mrs. John A. Logan, “God blessed among women forever more.”

The comrade in gray was a knight, “worthy to have been a knight when knighthood was in flower,” the warmest friend, the most felicitous, the without a rival portrayer and eulogist of the life and character of Abraham Lincoln. When her brother in gray took from the hands of his sister in blue her olive branch, raised it to his lips and kissed it, the mission of the Grand Army was an accomplished fact; it had already succeeded.

The man in gray is fittingly the orator of this eventful occasion. I now introduce him to you, the gifted, the eloquent, the patriotic Henry Watter-son.