THE CAMPAIGN.

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GENERAL POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE.

SPEECHES OF PROMINENT POLITICIANS.

Howell Cobb, of Georgia.

At a Seymour and Blair ratification meeting held at Atlanta, Ga., Howell Cobb spoke as follows:—

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I congratulate you, my friends, that the time has come in Georgia when the people can meet together as you have assembled to-day. When I say "the people" I mean just those I see before me—these women and children, these good men and true, who are the representatives of the men and women throughout our State. I congratulate you, that you meet and again hear the voices of your favorite sons—that you can respond in your hearts to the patriotic sentiments which fall from the lips of those sons. While the past casts its shadows over the land, and my own heart is in full sympathy with the picture which was drawn by my friend, yet I do feel rising up in my soul the promise of a brighter day not far distant in the future. To-day, in common with you, I have heard the familiar voice of one who, in times past, has aroused his countrymen from the mountains to the seaboard. He speaks freely and there is none, to make him afraid. God speed the day when the echoes of that voice shall be heard throughout all the land, speaking from his old standpoint in the national legislature. My friends, the argument on that branch of the subject which has been discussed by my friend has been presented to you so comprehensively that I shall not trespass upon your time, nor weaken its power and influence by a recapitulation of it. It was an exposition of truths that will live when you and I have passed away and are gone. The people of Georgia to-day are passing through a trying ordeal, which, I trust and believe, will be of short duration, and from which they will emerge refined and purified like gold from the furnace. They are living under a government whose days are numbered; but while it exists it is well that we make the best we can of it. I shall offer some suggestions here in your hearing for the benefit of those who are called upon to administer that government in order that, to the extent it is in your power, your rights and interests may receive some protection. I shall offer some advice to Governor Bullock. Although he has not sent for me or summoned me to his councils, I shall waive etiquette and give him some advice which will do him good and be of great benefit to the State if he follows it. If he does not follow it, it has cost him so little he will have no right to complain of me for having offered it. I would just say to him, Mr. Bullock, the people of Georgia have done you no wrong. It is your duty to inflict as little evil upon them as possible. Remember the circumstances under which you have been called upon to execute the duties of your gubernatorial office, and my advice to you is to behave yourself just as well as your nature and education will admit. I would say to him, in all kindness, that in the matter of character and reputation you have everything to make and nothing to lose. A better opportunity never was offered to any man. He is like an adventurous youth who goes into a gambling house without money to play at faro. He has everything to win and nothing to lose. He may break the bank, but the bank cannot hurt him. I would say to him, Mr. Bullock, this constitution which has been imposed upon the people of Georgia against their will and without their approval, invests you with a great deal of power. Exercise it in a way to do good to the State if you can. You have got a judiciary to appoint. I would advise you to send for the official copy of the address of the chairman of the Grant and Colfax Executive State Committee, written by one Joseph E. Brown, in which he assumes to announce for you that the judiciary of Georgia will be corruptly appointed to subserve base and partisan purposes, and when you get it make a bonfire of the paper and blot from your memory the recollection of its contents. Be not deceived with the idea that because your predecessor, the author of this paper, was partially successful in adding to his strength and popularity by a corrupt use of his official patronage, that a like success will attend a like corrupt course on your part. If the argument based on considerations of patriotism and duty cannot reach you, let me warn you, as a matter of policy, not to resort to a course of conduct so unworthy, so base, and which, in the end, will be of no benefit to you, but must produce calamitous results for the State. The appeal I make for the appointment of an honest judiciary is one which should commend itself to the favor of any man holding the high position you occupy, even though he reached that position by a not over creditable accident, the details of which I will not stop to discuss. I beg you to remember that since the organization of the Supreme Court of Georgia no one has been appointed to that bench who did not command the respect and confidence of the people. No one has ever filled that high station on whose integrity and honesty the shadow of a doubt ever rested. It remains with you to determine whether the high character of that bench will be maintained or whether it shall become a refuge for destitute and discarded politicians, whose infamy and treachery have made them outcasts from the companionship of honest men. In the name of the people of Georgia I call upon you this day to drive from your presence these bad men who ask you to forfeit the only claim you can ever have to public respect and confidence by the appointment of such men to offices of trust and honor. Rid yourself of the miserable vermin who are fastening themselves to you, who are calling on you to appoint them to the Supreme Court, the Superior Court and the District Court, and who in the better days of the republic would never have presumed to solicit the appointment of a doorkeeper or a messenger—men whom you know to be unworthy and whose only claim to the positions they seek at your hands is the record of their own infamy. How strange and startling it will sound to the ears of those who live beyond the limits of our State to hear an appeal made by the people of Georgia to him who exercises the highest executive power to grant the State an honest judiciary. And yet, strange as it may appear, startling as it is, the rumors which fill the atmosphere of this capital justify the apprehension upon which the appeal is based. Therefore, I say to you, Mr. Bullock, be warned in time. Commit not these outrages upon a people who, God knows, have suffered enough at the hands of their oppressors. If you heed not this warning voice to-day, the time will come when you will repent in sackcloth and ashes the degradation which you will have brought upon yourself by the infliction of such an outrage upon a brave, a generous and an honest people, in whose conduct toward you you can find no justification for the injury you will have done. All I ask of you is to appoint honest men to these high positions, men who will administer the laws of the State in obedience to the conscientious obligations of their oaths. Fill all the offices with honest men. Protect the Treasury from the robber band who are assembled here to break in and steal. Do those things, and at the end of your service you will have the consolation of knowing that if you have done the State no good, you will have refrained from doing it any serious harm. And for you, this would be a result which your warmest admirers could not have reasonably anticipated. And now, I return from an appeal to those in power to you, my countrymen, and I invoke your aid and co-operation in the great work before us, of lifting our State from its present fallen condition and restoring it to its former prosperity and equality among her sister commonwealths of the Union. It is a noble work, worthy of the best efforts of our people, in which all good men can and ought to unite with an earnest and cordial good will. The day of arms has passed. We look for the dawn of a day of peace—such peace as carries healing on its wings and diffuses blessings over the land—not such peace as is offered to you at the point of the bayonet or is contained in the findings of a military commission, but the peace which is founded on justice, is supported by the law, is accompanied by liberty and brings rejoicing and contentment to every heart. Such is the peace which will follow the election of Seymour and Blair and the restoration of the constitution—a peace which will be for to-day, to-morrow and for all time to come, because it will be a peace that would calm all the troubled waters, quiet all apprehensions, restore confidence and security in all the departments of life, and cause every one, everywhere, to feel that the good old days of the republic had returned. Such a peace is worthy of the best efforts of patriots, the prayers of Christians and will command the blessings of Heaven. I am here to-day to invoke your aid and co-operation in carrying forward this great and good work.

THE WORK FOR THE TRUE GEORGIAN.

My countrymen, I care not who you are, I care not what has been your past party history, I look to your status to-day. I want to know what you intend to do for your country in the future. She has suffered much, she has been wounded deeply, her body is covered over with the evidences of these wounds and this suffering. This old State—that has been so kind to you, so generous to me, beyond all that I deserve, beyond, perhaps, what you deserve—this noble, gallant, bleeding old State calls upon her sons to come forward and aid in the good work of redeeming her from the hand of the wrong doer and oppressor. Is there in all Georgia one single heart, native or foreign, who will not respond in this the hour of her greatest trial, the hour in which she is struggling for liberty and for the constitutional rights of all her children? The issue is fairly before you, my friends. None can fail to read it right. No man can plead ignorance. Not one who heard the exposition to which you and I have listened this morning, not one who has heard the eloquent voices of her sons throughout this land for months can plead ignorance hereafter. The issue is made; on the one hand is a continuance and aggravation of the wrongs from which she has so long suffered and is still suffering, and on the other a speedy deliverance from the bonds which have bound her and the opening of a bright and promising future. The path is open; you are invited to tread it. On the one hand there are darkness and shadow and gloom, and continued misfortune and oppression; and on the other there are freedom, prosperity and peace. Choose you this day between these two offerings made for your free will acceptance. My friends, that great party of this country which now brings within its fold every true man of the land, North, South, East and West, without reference to past political differences, comes and tenders you the guarantees of that constitution which was framed by the wisdom and consecrated by the blood of your fathers. Come and stand by us. Give your support to the men who are pledged to carry out these principles.

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

We have put a candidate before you for the highest office in the country—a man known as a statesman throughout the land—a man whose record in the past has been true to those great principles of constitutional right. We have placed before you a candidate for Vice President, one who, it is true, like General Grant, fought you during the war, but, unlike General Grant, ceased to fight you when the war was over. I honor a brave man. I can do reverence to his virtues, though he has drawn the sword against me. I honor such a man, and to-day give evidence of it in the cordiality with which I will cast my vote for Frank P. Blair for Vice President of the United States. But the man who, after the battle is over, traveis over the field and with a valor I cannot commend draws his sword to thrust it into each corpse as he passes along, such a man can never command my respect, and if my advice is heeded will never get a vote in Georgia. Let the people of the North understand that we give to Seymour and Blair our warm and hearty support, with a perfect knowledge on our part that the one in the Cabinet and the other on the field were fully identified with those who prosecuted the war against us, and to whose overwhelming numbers we finally surrendered. We do not pretend to say that we support them because they warred against us, but in spite of it, believing, as we do, that in a restored Union they will extend to us those sacred constitutional rights of which they are now the chosen and honored representatives. And this is all that the people of the South ask or expect at the hands of the people of the North. These are the men, these are the pledges, which are offered to you by those whom I commend to your confidence and support to-day. On the other hand you are offered for the Presidency General Grant. I have said as much of him as he ever said of himself, and therefore he has no right to complain that I have not treated him with proper respect. Of Mr. Colfax, the candidate for the Vice Presidency, I am not sufficiently informed of his history in order to give you any very satisfactory account of him. My opinion is, however, if, when in the days of his infancy, his mother had been told that he would be a candidate for Vice President, it would have run the old lady crazy. It is sufficient to say of them that they stand before you as the representatives of the Chicago platform. That is condemnation enough. But these men, fellow citizens, are of to-day and will pass away. The principles which they represent belong to the future and will live long after those who uphold them are forgotten.

THE CHICAGO PLATFORM.

You have before you the great political truths presented by the democracy of the country. Let us go for a moment to Chicago and see what was presented there for the people of this country. What is offered to you by that convention of wild and bad men who placed General Grant and Mr. Colfax before the country? I will not stop to discuss the double-faced resolutions on finance. I come to the main starting proposition which you are called upon to give your sanction to, and which most nearly affects your interests. Fellow citizens, that platform announces to you that a white man's government shall be guaranteed to the people of the North, but that negroes are good enough for Georgia and the people of the South. I do not pretend to quote the language or the precise words, but such are the principles and doctrines enunciated. The radicals have not denied it in their press—they have not denied it by their public men—they cannot, dare not, deny it. That platform says that the negroes of the South shall be guaranteed and protected in the exercise of political power, the right of suffrage, the right of sitting in the jury box, the right or holding seats in the Legislature and upon the bench, and that it is all right and proper for you and for the people of the South that this should be the case; but when asked to put it to the people of the North, to the freemen of the West and the freemen of the East and the Middle States, they said:—"No! they are entitled to a white man's government; they are entitled to the protection which had been given them by the fathers of the land from the earliest organization of the government; they are the sons of the revolutionary fathers who fought and with their blood won the liberty of this country—by their wisdom adopted the constitution. They shall have a white man's government; they are worthy of it; they deserve it; but for those rebels down South, those men in Georgia, those women and children in Georgia, they deserve no such protection; they shall have guaranteed to them no such government." My friends, what think you of these men of the North? What think you of the Grants and Colfaxes? of the Thad Stevenses? the Sumners and the Wilsons of the North, who went to Chicago and then wrote it down in cold blood—there was no passion—there was no excitement—there were no war tones sounding throughout the land—but coolly, calmly, passionless, they wrote it down upon their platform, "The people of the South, you must submit to negro suffrage, you must submit to negro supremacy; but for our own people we reserve the old landmarks of the constitution!" To-day they defend the policy which puts these negroes in the Legislature. To-day that platform says my friend (pointing to Mr. Toombs) and myself are properly and justly excluded from the right of suffrage, from the right of holding office; but these negroes are the proper people to make laws and govern and control this great and good State of Georgia.

SCALAWAGS AND CARPET-BAGGERS.

What think you of Northern men who are prepared to perpetuate this great wrong and outrage upon our people? Can you say to them, "brother?" Can you say to them, "friend?" Can you welcome them to your house when they come to your midst either with the insignia of office or in the habiliment of private citizens? Why should they wonder and stand amazed because we bid them not to the feast when our friends are invited to assemble and make merry among themselves? Shall these men, ought these men to expect it? Pardon me if I dwell upon it. I want to express it, and I urge it upon you until there shall exist in the heart and soul of every son and daughter that walks and breathes her pure air and lives upon her happy soil this conviction, that these men of the North—these Chicago men—these men who call upon you to vote Grant and Colfax, and that Grant and Colfax, who have endorsed these things, are neither worthy of your vote, your respect, nor of your confidence, much less of your kindness and hospitality. My friends, they are our enemies. I state it in cool and calm debate. If they were our friends they could not doubly wrong us; and if there beat in their bosom one single kindly emotion for the people of the South they would never have made this public declaration to the world of your unworthiness and the contempt which they feel for you. Enemies they were in war—enemies they continue to be in peace. In war we drew the sword and bade them defiance; in peace we gather up the manhood of the South and raising the banner of constitutional equality, and gathering around it the good men of the North as well as the South we hurl into their teeth to-day the same defiance and bid them come on to the struggle. We are ready for it if they are. But, my countrymen, if those are the feelings which rise in our bosoms in reference to these men of the North—these men who have no bond of union with you; these men who never trod upon your soil unless it was to plunder and to rob; these men who know not these women and these children; these men who have never worshipped at your altars, who never communed with the good men and women of your State around that altar erected to the living God—if these are your feelings towards strangers in blood and sympathy and association what can be your feelings toward those men of Georgia who travelled these hundreds of miles to meet these men at Chicago, who sat upon the bench with them, who went into the council chamber with them, and who there joined their voices and united their hearts in pronouncing that the men whom they have left behind them—the men of Georgia who had honored them overmuch, who had lifted them from the lowest dregs of society and elevated them to the highest offices of honor, profit and trust? What say you of such men who went to Chicago and there, crouching at the feet of our enemies, declared that these good people of Georgia deserved the fate that had come upon them of being put under the ban of negro supremacy? My countrymen, don't think I speak harsh words because I say hard truths. I speak of those delegates to the Chicago Convention. I speak of them in unmeasured terms.

JOE BROWN.

A friend told me as I was coming here the other day that he heard another say that, by a speech I had made at Davis Hall, I had made half a dozen votes for Joe Brown. Well, I come to make half a dozen more to-day. He and his associates were at Chicago. He and his associates joined and united in pronouncing this infamous doctrine—the negro is good enough for Georgia, but not good enough for Ohio and New York. Are not the people of Georgia right in assigning him the status which he has taken for himself? If negroes are good enough for Georgia, it is that kind of Georgia that he is, and I shall not dispute the doctrine. Let him associate with them, but white men of this country cut loose from him. (A voice says "Amen.") Amen and Amen! Let it reverberate over your mountains, down your valleys, from your old men and your young men, your women and your children, until one grand chorus shall ring through every throbbing heart! "Overboard with him!" "He has turned traitor to the country!" I tell you very frankly, my friends, I am not an intolerant man, but, when I see a white man talking to Joe Brown and that class of men, a feeling of revulsion comes over me. I can't help it. But when I see them talking to a negro I feel sorry for the negro. That is six more votes for Joe Brown. I will give him about three more and quit him. I say to you, my friends, you owe it to yourselves, you owe it to the noble dead who sleep in their graves, to observe these things. You got here, and I honor you for it, and scatter flowers over those graves. God bless you for it. They are the graves of good, true, and honest, and noble, and brave, and generous men. But as you return from that solemn duty turn your back to the right and left upon those who dishonor the memory of the dead. You owe it to the living, you owe it to your own children and to their children. Write down in their memories this day and all days and for all time to come the feeling and spirit of abhorrence with which you regard these men. O, Heaven! for some blistering words that I may write infamy upon the forehead of these men that they may travel through earth despised of all men and rejected of heaven, scorned by the devil himself. They may seek their final congenial resting place under the mudsills of that ancient institution prepared for them from the beginning of the world.

SOMETHING FOR NORTHERN MEN TO TELL WHEN THEY GO HOME FROM THE SOUTH.

Fellow citizens, being in a counseling and advising mood to-day, I am disposed to ask a favor of another class of our fellow citizens, a class of whom I have not asked favors heretofore. They have been among us for the last three years, men of the North, some of them in high military position, some of them wearing the simple vestments of private life. Now the time has come when many of these are to leave us and return back to their homes, and in the part which they have played to return no more forever. Now of these gentlemen personally I know nothing, but I have a word to say to them and to ask them to bear a message from the people of the South to the people of the North. You have been here for three years. When you return to your homes tell your people that you came here and found our land one general plain of desolation; the ashes stand or stood then where this beautiful city now stands. You found our people overwhelmed by numbers, a conquered people, if you please, but a brave and generous people still. You have been in our midst and have seen the wrongs that have been done this people. You have seen their old men and their young men torn from the bosoms of their families and from their labor and occupation without warrant or authority of constitutional law. You have seen them carried to the dungeon, and from the dungeon to the courts which had no jurisdiction under the constitution. Tell the people of the North these things when you go. Tell them, too, you have seen the polls opened, you have seen Georgia's noblest sons, born upon the soil and reared under her institutions, sons whom she has delighted to honor, sons whom you have received with welcoming arms in all the Northern States—you have seen these sons, upon whose character not one single blot rests, you have seen them driven from the polls. Tell them that. Tell them that you have seen the poor, ignorant, debased, unhappy, unfortunate and deluded negro taken, not by the voice of persuasion and of argument, but by a power which he could not and dare not resist, and you have seen him go and fill up that ballot box that formerly received the votes of the good and true men of Georgia. Tell them that you have stood here in her legislative halls. Grayheaded fathers have told you that these seats were once filled by the noblest and truest men of the land—her Crawford, her Troup, her Forsyth, her Berrien, her Lumpkin, her Wayne—her great and good men in the days that are past. Around me here I see the grayheaded fathers of this land who once filled these seats. Tell them whom you saw there on yesterday. True, some of her sons, good and true men, are there to try to save and rescue their State from wrong; but tell them that the seats of Troup and Clark were filled by two negroes who could not write their names. Tell them that my own old county of Clark—these men will recognize the name when I speak of Clayton, Dougherty, Hull and Hope and Thomas, and, in later days, the brave and gallant Delaney and other good citizens—tell them when you go to the North the seats formerly occupied by these men were filled by illiterate negroes. Tell them when you go there that in times past you were told that the good men of Georgia assembled at her capital to inaugurate her government, these men whose names I have mentioned to you; but never in all the history of this State was any man, be he good or bad, placed in that chair, with those insignia of office, but in response to the voice of the people of Georgia. I care not, gentlemen of the North, military and civilians, with what prejudices you come here; I care not how passion has been inflamed. These are solemn truths, and it is your duty as honest men to tell the message I this day give you. Tell them that on the 4th day of July—a day memorable in the history of your country—a day honored and celebrated by the good men of the land—Georgia was summoned by the party who now rules her destiny to assemble in mass convention at her capital. You were here and saw that scene. Go, I ask it as a favor. I will humble myself so far as to beg that the truth may be carried from Georgia and spread broadcast among your people. You witnessed that assembly. It was a mass meeting of the radicals of Georgia. Twenty white men were there, and probably all who deserved the name of white men, outside of spectators, did not reach quite a half a dozen. They were a motley crowd of negroes. They spoke of Georgia. They thanked this beneficent legislation that had brought the great blessing upon the land. Men stood upon that platform who had been honored by Georgia, and addressing that assembly of dark faces and kinky heads, with not one white man scattered here or there, calling them "my countrymen!" Well, if they are his countrymen, let him and his countrymen seek some more congenial climate. Africa is open to him, and not knowing Joe as well as I do, the people of that continent might bid him come. Go, gentlemen of the North, and tell your people that there was assembled in Georgia—this great and noble old State—that crowd! and a more respectable one works on my plantation every day, because they work for their daily bread and meat, and are respectable compared to the set of worthless creatures whom the radicals of both North and South pretend to call the people of Georgia. Tell them that that was the people in whose hands and under whose control you left this noble old State when you turned your back upon me to seek your own homes, and then tell them that on the 22d of July there was another assemblage calling themselves the people of Georgia. Come now and stand here by my side. I want you to cast your eyes over this vast assembly. Come and look upon those daughters of Georgia, and, gentlemen of the North, tell me—you have hearts, you have souls, you have in your own States mothers, wives and sisters—I ask you to come here to-day and stand upon this platform and look upon our mothers and sisters, and wives and little ones, and tell me in your heart is it right and just and proper? Does your own heart dictate it, that those women and children ought to be under the dominion of those negroes that assembled on the Fourth of July? If there is one pulsation in your heart—if there is one single throb left to beat for the people of the South—come and look upon this picture. Around them you see old men, denounced they have been as rebels, but from their youth up they have lived in Georgia. Their neighbors know them, respect them, esteem them, love them. Ought these men to be placed under that negro dominion? Ought these men to be required to bow their necks to the yoke which oppression and despotism have prepared for them? Oh, men of the North, as ye travel homeward, spread these truths broadcast, and when you receive a cordial welcome into your own homestead, and that wife and mother and daughter impress upon your lips the kiss of affection and love, remember, I beg you, remember the mothers and wives and daughters of Georgia. If you cannot feel for them in that hour, then the spirit of love and affection has departed from you, never again to be reclaimed. Tell them that in the midst of all this desolation, in the midst of all these wrongs that there was not in all Georgia a single daughter that bowed her head to the yoke. Tell them that our brave men stood submissive at the point of the bayonet. Tell them that kindness and generosity would have won back the allegiance of their hearts, but all the bayonets that ever were made in the American Union cannot drive manhood from their breasts. Tell them that these men were brave and generous to the last, hating their enemies, loving their friends, and, even if it had been necessary, from the scaffold they would have hurled defiance into the teeth of their oppressors. They would have welcomed every noble and generous heart to the South with a cordiality they extend alone to those they love. Tell them, moreover, Georgia has a home for every true man of the North. She has a welcome for every true man that will come to live among us and with us and be of us. But she has neither a true welcome nor a false hospitality to offer to those who come to wrong and oppress them, and when you have told them all this, tell them that in Georgia there was but one voice, one heart, one soul, one spirit. When you turn your back upon the State, looking through all her length and breadth, upon her mountains, in her valleys, in her cities, in her towns, along the public highways, in the public and private workshops, you don't leave behind you one single white radical advocate of the Chicago platform who was worthy of the respect and confidence of a gentleman. And when you are asked by your people what are the views and sentiments and purposes of the people of the South, do us the justice to pronounce the charge that we are hostile to the Union and the constitution, and that we desire to renew the bitter conflict through which we have just passed, as false and unfounded. Tell them that when you heard the people of Georgia asserting their claims to perfect equality in the Union under the constitution you could not find it in your heart to deny the justice of their claims, and that the effort of the radical party as manifested in their Congressional legislation and affirmed in the most offensive shape in their Chicago platform should not find among the honest and true men of the North either an advocate or an apologist. Tell them that you believe it to be wrong, and that if they had been among us and witnessed what you have witnessed they would unite with you in condemning the injustice which these things have done to us. Tell them that the people of the South are ready and anxious for the restoration of perfect harmony and conciliation whenever the terms upon which the restoration is offered are such as brave and honorable men can accept—that they long for peace, but it must not be linked with dishonor—and the people of the North should bear in mind when they offer to us terms of humiliation they not only wrong us, but themselves also. Tell them that as you communed with our people you found that the aspirations of our young men, the prayers of our old men and the ardent desire of all were to restore a violated constitution, cement a weakened Union and unite all the people of this great country in a common and cordial brotherhood. Tell them these things, and if you present the picture faithfully you will have made a stronger argument and a more powerful appeal for Seymour and Blair than I can put in your mouths to-day. This, this is the picture that I want you to present.

AN APPEAL TO THE ERRING.

Fellow citizens, I come to-day in the spirit of tolerance. I want to bury in Georgia bitter recollections of the past. You and I have differed for days and for years—since the hour in which my voice was first raised in the public meetings of my country. I come to-day to present you a platform, present candidates and invite every good and true man in Georgia to join with me in the good work. Come, if you have gone far astray come back. The doors are wide open, wide enough, broad enough to receive every white man in Georgia, unless you should discover him coming to you creeping and crawling under the Chicago platform. Upon them there should be no mercy. They have dishonored themselves and sought to dishonor you. Anathematize them. Drive them from the pale of social and political society. Leave them to wallow in their own mire and filth. Nobody will envy them, and if they are never taken out of the gully until I reach forth my hand to take them up they will die in their natural element. But all others come that have differed about reconstruction. I could not go with you. I thought you were wrong. We differed in reference to the constitutional amendment. I thought you were still further from the path. But, my friends, come now—come, retrace your steps. You stand upon the bank; you have taken the last step you can take and recover lost ground. Come out from among this people. I appeal to you in the name of the past, in the memories of the the past, in the hopes of the future. Sons of Georgia, come out from among this people. I appeal to you in their name. Oh! can you stand here and look upon these faces full of mourning for the past, full of grief over that which cannot be redeemed? But yet there plays a pleasant smile; a beam of hope comes gushing from each eye. Let it gush upon the altars of your heart, rekindle the flames that have almost gone out, and here to-day let all Georgia's sons come and unite in this great and glorious work. Her banner hangs drooping. Her proud institutions live only in memory. When she was a white man's government she was proud, honored, happy, prosperous. Come and at this altar unite with me, and, by the grace of Heaven, let us once more make Georgia a white man's government. It is for you to say, by your votes and by your actions, whether the sun of her greatness shall again reach to meridian splendor. Old men, come. Mothers, to your altars and carry your daughters with you. Ask the prayers of Heaven upon your friends, upon your fathers, your husbands and sons. Young men, in whose veins the red blood of youth runs so quickly, let the ardor of your temperaments, the pulsations of your hearts, all beat for Georgia. Your old State, the State of your fathers, that holds in reserve honors innumerable for you and them, come! Come one and all, and let us snatch the old banner from the dust, give it again to the breeze, and, if needs be, to the God of battles, and strike one more honest blow for constitutional liberty.

Robert Toombs, of Georgia.

At the same ratification meeting the Hon. Robert Toombs spoke as follows:—

Mr. Toombs, after thanking the audience for their kindly greetings and congratulating the country upon the presence on the occasion of so great and enthusiastic a multitude of her best citizens, proceeded to say:—But few nations have wholly escaped the ravages and ruin of war usually inflicted by the insolent and triumphant invaders; fewer still the sterner and bitter curse of civil war. The histories of the greatest and the most enduring nations of the earth are filled with defeats as well as victories, sufferings as well as happiness, shame and reproach as well as honor and glory. Purification, in the crucible of adversity, in the fiery furnace of individual and national sufferings, seems to be the price or the penalty of national greatness. Through this testration have passed the nations whose power and genius have governed, whose existence has blessed, and whose wisdom still guides and directs the world; through this testration have passed the illustrious men whose names have been canonized by mankind, the masters of fortune and the fates, the favorites of all the gods, the few immortal names which were not born to die. The heroic struggles of the great and the good, the brave and true men of the world, in all ages and countries, in the face of the greatest disasters and in spite of the greatest dangers, in behalf of home and country and the rights of mankind, are the noblest legacies left by the past to the present generation of men; they are trophies of which poor humanity may well be proud, trophies worthy to be laid at the feet of Jehovah. That is a bright page in Roman history which narrates that when thousands of her most gallant and distinguished youth were slain, her veteran legions broken and scattered, and the victorious enemy was marching upon her capital, marking their pathway by fire and sword, with nothing to retard his progress but a stern old warrior and patriot, whose chief resources lay in his unconquerable will, the Roman Senate met and first ordered propitiatory sacrifices to the gods, and then voted the thanks of Rome to the defeated leader of her armies for not despairing of the republic. From that hour the star of Hannibal "culminated from the equator." The people imbibed the spirit of the conscript fathers; courage and hope drove out fear and despair, and Rome was saved. Men and women of Georgia, you, too deserve the thanks of your country for the evidence you give this day that you have not despaired of the republic, though despoiled, plundered and manacled, your spirits are unbroken, and that you have heart and hope to make new sacrifices, yea, all sacrifices to regain your lost liberties and to redeem your country from bondage. It has rarely happened in the annals of time that any people were ever called upon to grapple with so great a crisis as that which is now impending over the people of the Confederate States. After a gallant but unsuccessful conflict in the noblest and holiest cause for which patriot blood was ever shed—the cause of inalienable rights of man, the liberty of a free people and the sovereignty of the States—at the end of four years these people found themselves surrendered to victorious foes, whose armies embraced all colors, and tongues and races of men under the sun, fighting under the flag of the United States. The terms which were granted to the vanquished neither won their gratitude nor excited their admiration. The manner in which these terms have been observed has even excited the indignation of the brave and the generous whose conduct, courage and blood achieved the conquest. Those whose blades glittered in the foremost ranks of the federal army on the battle field, with a yet higher and nobler courage scorn the base uses to which the victory has been applied, and now demand that the rights of the vanquished shall be respected, that these wrongs shall be redressed and that justice shall be done. This means peace, honorable peace—peace built upon the deep foundations of eternal justice. This demand came none too soon for the public safety. The avenging Nemesis which follows in the train of conquest is already confronting the victors in the shape of the radical party. Born in sectional hatred; which it has ever assiduously cultivated; nurtured by the evil passions which that hatred engenders, reared to its present dangerous proportions by the lawlessness of civil war and the general disorders of the times, this monster has become the great danger to the whole commonwealth. Its thirst for power and plunder has not even been fatigued, much less appeased, by its tyrannies, its robberies and its ruin of the South; therefore, to gratify these unholy passions it has conspired to seize supreme power by fraud and force and to erect a military despotism upon the ruins of constitutional liberty. To oppose these dangers the democracy of the United States recently met in the city of New York, and with them also assembled the representatives of millions of citizens, who hitherto claimed no special alliance with that party as a political organization. Bad men have conspired to overthrow free constitutions; good men have united to preserve them, and under the flag of the democracy invite your co-operation. The democracy have arraigned this faction before the grand inquest of the nation for high crimes and misdemeanors. You are assembled as a part of that grand inquest to hear the charges, specifications and proofs and to give true deliverance between the criminals and the country. The declaration of principles adopted by the Convention has the great merit of clearness and certainty upon all issues which are likely to enter into the political canvass. It gives out no uncertain sound. The old shibboleths of liberty are again proclaimed as living principles; whatever else may be lost "the supremacy of the civil over the military power," "Magna Charta," trial by jury, the constitution, have survived the conflict of arms and still live, at least, in the heart of the democratic party. These are principles which concern the collective body of the people. I will not attempt on this occasion to review all the questions of principle and policy submitted by the Convention to the judgment of the people, but shall confine myself mainly to the examination and defence of the one which most vitally affects your interest and the happiness of your posterity. We have now but small concern with the questions arising out of the public debt, except so far as the mode of payment may affect the general industry of the country, and we prefer to leave all disputed questions with those who contracted the debt. The one great question which, with you, swallowed up the rest, was the validity of a series of edicts commonly known as the Congressional plan of reconstruction. The recognition of these measures by the democratic party was impossible. Every democrat in both houses of Congress had voted against them and declared them unconstitutional and void; the democrats in all the State Legislatures, in local conventions and in every form of party action, had stamped them with just condemnation; yet, although the country had a right to expect it, the unanimous declaration of the National Convention that these acts (so called) were usurpations, unconstitutional, revolutionary and void, sent a thrill of joy through millions of hearts and brought countless blessings upon the heads of the noble representatives of the fearless and indomitable democracy. The usurpers until then had hoped that these gigantic wrongs, being once accomplished, might find security in their magnitude, or toleration in the pretended dangers of their eradication. This grand declaration of the democracy dispels all such illusions. Let it be confirmed by the people of the United States, and all these miserable mockeries called reconstructed States, erected by fraud and force, against the consent of the people and in defiance of the constitution, will pass away—perish without a struggle. This plan leaves no room for difference of opinion or action among patriots, while its immediate evils fall with crushing weight upon you, its ultimate effects will be equally disastrous to constitutional liberty and free government in every part of the republic. It contains no principle or policy, no purpose or object to commend it to your approval; nothing to mitigate your sternest hostility to all of its provisions. In the ten States subject to their operation these edicts defeat all the rightful purposes to secure which governments were instituted among men, abolish all securities to life, liberty and property, all rights, all remedies, all laws whatsoever, either civil or military. The constitution and laws of the United States, the laws of nations, the constitutions and laws of the States, all fall before them, and they erect in lieu thereof a species of military despotism hitherto rare in the annals of human crime—a military despotism freed from the forms of military administration and without the restraints of military or any other law whatever—organized anarchy upheld and administered by bayonets. These are neither the ordinary nor appropriate instrumentalities for the construction or reconstruction of good government. That result would be wholly inconsistent with the grand design of the authors of this pyramid of iniquities. This grand design is the preservation and perpetuation of despotic power in the hands of the present dominant faction in the United States. The difficulties in the way of this great work were not fully appreciated, or, perhaps, foreseen in its inception. Its authors seemed clearly to perceive that no amount of tyranny or torture, rewards or punishments, could induce the white population of the South to consummate the ruin of public liberty. The experiment in Tennessee had demonstrated that white men who had faltered at the commission of no other political crime recoiled from patricide. It became necessary to improve even on that only model of a perfect commonwealth which the radical party had as yet constructed. Its main defect rested at its foundation; a sufficient amount of ignorance, vice and pauperism could not be found among the meanest of the white race to insure its security. These were to be found in unlimited supply among the negro race. Therefore, absolute negro supremacy was decreed to be the corner stone of the Congressional plan of reconstruction, the foundation of radical despotism. The simplest and most direct road of reaching negro supremacy in the "late rebel States," and one in entire harmony with the genius of the plan, would have been to have enfranchised all of the negro and disfranchised all of the white race. But it was determined by the assembled wisdom of the party that the plan would gain in safety what it lost in simplicity and boldness by tempering audacity with craft and force with fraud. Hence they endeavored to combine the white and the black elements in such proportions as would give color to the claims of assent to the plan by the white without endangering the complete ascendancy of the black race. This was a point of great importance and of some difficulty; all the complex machinery of the edicts was adopted for its adjustment. This solution was sought in giving suffrage to all of the blacks and a limited portion of the white people. The natural rule of exclusion would seem to have been to have excluded the leaders of the civil war, the civil and military officers who guided, directed and upheld the government, and the boldest and bravest of its defenders. Such men had certainly the best claim to be inscribed on this "roll of honor." While many such names are to be found on it, not a single one was placed there for those reasons. Neither Mr. Davis nor General Lee are excluded by reason of their positions in, or services to, the Confederate States—they are excluded solely on the additional ground that they held office under the United States before the war; the rule being that the holding of some State or federal office before the war, is a necessary ingredient of disfranchisement. It seems to have been considered that this rule would include a class sufficiently numerous to preserve negro ascendancy at the same time sufficiently virtuous and intelligent to be unfit instruments of tyranny. But to provide against the possibility of any mistake on this decisive question of numbers or any other unforeseen difficulties or omissions which might hinder, delay or defeat the realization of the hopes of its authors, "this plan" was protected against the dangers which constitutionally beset ordinary legislation. It was placed under the special guardianship of its fathers—the legislative department—and in order that this guardianship might be effectual this department decreed that its portals, "like the gates of hell, should be always open" during the parturition of this monster. Parental solicitude has been fully vindicated by the result. It has cost two extra sessions of Congress and many supplemental bills to perfect the scheme. Other difficulties embarassed "this plan" of reconstruction. The President had already declared his opposition to it in able and elaborate veto messages. The command of the military forces of the Union and the power of appointing executive officers, the instruments placed in his hands by the constitution to insure the faithful execution of the laws, were wrested from him, and he was in effect deposed. The Supreme Court might be called on to examine into the conformity of these edicts to the organic law; it seemed reluctant to admit that the constitution was either dead or dormant, and therefore it was not to be trusted with this question; the agents of reconstruction were invested with judicial as well as executive power, and commanded to refuse obedience to all interference with their acts by any civil authority whatever. The courts were closed. Congress enacts, expounds and executes the laws, and becomes the embodiment of a perfect despotism. The apology put forth for these measures by their authors is that "the late rebel States" are not under the United States; that they are conquered provinces, and that, therefore, Congress has the absolute right to govern them according to its own will and pleasure, without any other restraint except that which may be imposed upon them by the laws of nations. This involves the proposition upon which alone these measures can be sustained, that Congress is the sole exponent of the will of the conquering people and may rightfully make, expound and execute all laws which they may deem necessary and proper for enforcing that will. All the rights to which just war gives birth belong to the nation. Every nation exercises these, as well as all other rights she may possess, according to the forms prescribed by herself. The rights of the nation cannot be exercised by any one person, or any number of persons whatever, except by authority conferred by the nation. All the powers of Congress are derived from the constitution of the United States, and all of its acts, whether intended to operate within or without its limits, whether over the conquerors or the conquered, rest upon no other legitimate authority. The laws of nations cannot change the organic law of the conquerors. The organic law of the United States confers no executive or judicial power on Congress; its exercise of either is mere usurpation, binding upon no person whatever. If the will of the conqueror be truly the only law of the conquered people the same law requires that will to be legally declared. The judicial tribunals alone have the right to decide upon the validity of these acts, whether or not they are laws, and the power is conferred upon the President "to take care that the laws be faithfully executed." The acts annul the powers of these two co-ordinate departments of the government, and are therefore unconstitutional and void, and being void they cannot declare the will of the nation, and are therefore equally condemed by the laws of nations. It is not true that none but loyal citizens can claim the benefit of the laws of the conquering nation. The traitor can only be tried according to the laws of the country claiming his allegiance; the pirate, though the declared enemy of all mankind, can only be tried and punished according to the laws prescribed by the country of his captors. Thus it is clear that if the constitution of the United States gives no rights to the "late rebel States," it certainly places serious impediments in the path of radical tyranny