

THE SITUATION IN MADISON.

About two months ago, we commented upon the numerous Sheriff's sales that were announced in the Madison Journal under foreclosure of mortgages by different mortgage companies, and we did so rather severely, because the gentlemen whose property were sold were all our personal friends.

There are 1169 prisoners confined in the State penitentiary.

A Georgia fruit grower has been offered ninety thousand dollars for his peach crop, and refused it.

The Emperor of Russia receives a salary of \$25,000 a day. This should keep the wolf from the door.

Since 1779 the mines of Georgia have produced \$16,000,000 worth of gold; in South Carolina, \$4,000,000; and in North Carolina, \$23,000,000.

The number of newspapers published in Louisiana are, 17 dailies, 1 semi-weekly, 141 weeklies, 4 semi-monthlies and 10 monthlies. Total, 173.

Col. Hiram B. Lott, of West Carroll, Consul to Nicaragua, died in Managua on Tuesday, June 6th. Col. Lott was prominent in Louisiana politics.

Near Row Landing, La., on Monday last, four colored men and three colored women attempted to cross the river, and in some way the skiff was capsized and the seven persons met a watery grave.

The Texas Cotton pest has made its appearance in several counties in Alabama. It is the most destructive enemy to the cotton plant that has yet appeared, and the farmers are greatly alarmed.

On Tuesday Mr. Olney became Secretary of the State, succeeding the late Walter Q. Gresham. Chief Justice Fuller administered the oath of office to the new Secretary in the deplomatic room at the State Department.

An act passed by the last Legislature, requiring the police juries of the various parishes to refund to incorporated towns a certain proportion of licenses collected by them, has been declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court.

The assessor of Ouachita parish is in receipt of a letter from the State Auditor in reply to a communication sent to the latter's office, stating that bicycles were property subject to taxation the same as live stock, and to place them upon the roll.

Two of the richest families in America were united in marriage at Lenox, Mass., on Thursday last, the contracting parties being James Abercrombie Burden, Jr., and Miss Florence Adele Sloane. The bridal trousseau cost \$40,000. The presents they received amounted to over a million dollars.

The admirers of Dr. Parkhurst of New York, presented that gentleman with a purse of \$25,000 for his distinguished services in bringing about reform in municipal affairs in the big metropolis. The papers of the "Great City" say that if any reform has been accomplished it has failed to show up, and if anything, it is worse than the Democratic administration that preceded it.

It is now said the State Democratic Executive Committee will be called together sometime in July. At this meeting the apportionment question will be brought up and settled, and the representatives upon the committee from the river parish must stand out for their rights. Demand a just apportionment, and stand by it. From the way things look now the Democratic party of our State will need the strength of the river parish.

ADDRESS OF MR. S. B. KENNEDY'S, DELIVERED MAY 1, 1895.

Ladies and gentlemen, and member of Providence Fire Company—

It is a pleasure at all times to lay aside for a season the cares of every day life, and to mingle with one another in that unobscured intercourse and that friendly exchange of greetings which is the parent good will and fellowship. But it is an especial pleasure when we can gather together under auspices such as these, beneath the blue canopy of heaven, and surrounded by creation in all her loveliness, when the eye delights in her beauty and her symmetry, and mankind stands in grateful rapture and gazes from nature to its God.

And so with grateful hearts have we assembled here to-day to accept of the hospitality of Providence Fire Company and to congratulate her upon the celebration of her twenty-fifth anniversary. Unto the firemen we owe a great deal, and there are times when gratitude cannot repay the debt we owe for their gallant services. We are in a measure dependent upon them. It is to them that we confide the safety of our homes and the preservation of our property. In the dead hour of night, when the angry flames spread death, desolation and ruin over the face of a sleeping world, it is then that the noble fireman leaps from his couch and hastens to the rescue.

There is scarcely a daily paper that does not contain the thrilling story of some great fire in a crowded city, where the firemen, forgetting themselves and their loved ones at home rush into the flaming folds of the fiery demon and sacrifice their lives for the lives of others. Instances of this kind occur every day, and each succeeding day but repeats the story of the other.

Providence Fire Company is quite a venerable institution. To-day she stands before you twenty-five years old and in the full vigor of her former days. Upon her roll are, and have been inscribed the names of some of East Carroll's foremost citizens. Some of you have been with us in years gone by, and with us no more. I cannot mention them now, for the time would not allow me to do justice to them all, and to give unto each his due; but there is one I would select from their number, and unto whose memory I would pay a short, but fitting tribute of respect. I refer to Col. D. L. Morgan.

As long as he lived, Col. Morgan was the life of the Fire Company. It was unto him that its members looked for timely counsel and for encouragement, for guidance and for leadership. His whole soul seemed to be in the fire company; and I have seen him on occasions like these, when night would draw aside her sable curtain and the morn of May come forth blushing in her garb of green, and bedecked with nature's dewy diadems—I have seen him say, come out in his red shirt, his heart swelling with honest pride, and his face beaming all over with the freshness of a boy. It was a pleasure to see him here in the midst of the children, paying his tribute to the queen of May—his white hairs mingling with the sunny locks of childhood and his merry laughter joining theirs, as they gathered around the floral throne of their queen. He is sleeping to-day just across the silvery lake, beside the sloping bank, where it was his pleasure on a summer's eve to stroll and listen to the music of the waters or the childish prattle of his children. Peace be unto his ashes. May the fragrance of the rose and honeysuckle that deck this floral scene be wafted to him on the bosom of the zephyrs, and may the soft wooing of the winds find a voice to tell him that he is not forgotten. And here in the midst of this scene of beauty and of pleasure, where he was wont to linger, even as we do now—even here let us pluck one flower and drop it in memory's sacred casket, as an humble but heartfelt offering unto him who is gone forever.

As we are honored to-day by a few of the old soldiers of the Confederacy on the one hand, and the rising manhood of the South on the other, perhaps it will not be out of place for me to refer briefly to the right of the Southern States to withdraw from the Union, and to the constitutional grounds upon which this right was based. In other words I mean to discuss very briefly the right of secession, which our fathers maintained with so much zeal, and for which they fought with so much courage and patriotism. And I would ask my young comrades especially to give me an attentive ear, not on my own personal account, but because the principles to which I would refer were consecrated by the best blood of our common country.

The position I take then is the position of our fathers—namely, that the Southern States had a constitutional right to secede from the Union; that each State was sovereign and independent; and that in adopting the Constitution of the United States, they never renounced this right in any way, shape, manner or form.

But before we discuss this question of constitutional right, let us take a preliminary look at the government of this country before the adoption of the present Constitution. As you all know, before the adoption of the Constitution, the States were bound together in a union, or as members of a union, under the "Articles of Confederation" and it was expressly recited that these articles of confederation should be inviolably observed, and that the Union should be perpetual. From the use of the word "perpetual" it would seem that the union of the colonial States could not be broken up but by the consent of all the States, but such was not the case. Let us see what followed.

After peace was concluded with Great Britain, it soon became manifest that the articles of confederation were inadequate to the exigencies of the times; that the central government was without power or authority to

carry out its ends, and that there was no way of coercing the several States to comply with the laws enacted by Congress if they saw fit to disregard them. Thus were the colonists plunged into almost a dangerous situation as that which threatened them during the revolution. To remedy these defects, and to meet the demands of government, a convention was called to draw up a new constitution. This convention met at Philadelphia in 1787 and drew up the constitution under which we now live. Now, notwithstanding the fact that the confederation was deemed to be perpetual and indissoluble, the States which participated in this convention of 1787 maintained their right to secede, and provided that the new constitution should take effect when assented to, not by all, but by any nine of the thirteen States. Gentlemen, did not this action of the States in seceding from the confederation concede that the right of secession was inherent in each State, and that it existed prior to the adoption of the present Constitution? If, Sirs, the States had a right to secede from a confederation which they pronounce indissoluble and perpetual, the Southern States had a greater right to secede from a union which the Constitution never declared to be perpetual. It is a significant fact that the convention which adopted the present Constitution omitted the provision in the articles of confederation declaring the Union to be "perpetual." This omission was not merely accidental. It was based upon the undeniable fact and the irresistible inference that the convention never intended to bind the States in perpetuity to the Union, nor to deny them a right which they had asserted in seceding from the Confederation. Sirs, this right of secession was never given up by any of the States, and I challenge any man to prove to the contrary. There it stands recorded upon the broad pages of history, and there it will remain forever. The right of a sovereign State to act in its sovereign capacity came down to us as a heritage from our forefathers, and it will stand as one of the proudest monuments of those stern and unbending patriots who rose in the dignity of their power and beat back the lion of England to his native isle of the ocean. A principle never dies. Kingdoms and nations may topple in the dust, and the temporal things which man would erect to himself may dazzle for a moment and then lose their lustre in the wreck and spoliation of time; but the great pyramids of Egypt must some day disappear, and what the world calls wonderful must sooner or later succumb to the inevitable fate of oblivion and decay. All that is earthly must vanish; but the eternal principles of right will live for ages—yea, until the world shall lose its form, and every relic of creation be swept away in the mysterious workings of Providence.

The colonies were acknowledged by the Continental Congress to be sovereign and independent States, each State retaining its own right to do its own pleasure. When they associated themselves together under the articles of confederation, they went into this association with the tacit understanding that each State was sovereign. When they adopted the Constitution, this right of secession was sovereign. When they adopted the Constitution, this right of secession was sovereign. When they adopted the Constitution, this right of secession was sovereign.

Such is a mere skeleton of the grand arguments upon which the right of secession was based; and if any of you should ever study the events of those stirring times from the adoption of the Constitution down to the year 1861, you will be convinced that the South acted in good faith, and that her action was based upon the most logical and tenable grounds. But in 1861 the constitution under which we lived was that which was handed down to our fathers from our forefathers, free from any adverse construction and full of its original spirit.

But the right of secession is a thing of the past, it exists no longer. It has been wiped away in the clash of battle and the flow of blood, and the seal of eternity has been placed upon it by the stern arbitrament of arms. We live to-day under a different Constitution. Our fathers accepted the construction of the victors and re-entered the Union with as much loyalty as when they fought for what they believed to be their God-given rights. The star of hope that shone above them for a while in the blue empyrean of heaven was soon shrouded in clouds of adversity, and at last it sunk to rise no more forever. The Red Cross flag that led them on to victory at Bull Run at last went down on the fatal field of Gettysburg surrounded by the noblest of Southern chivalry.

There stand the remnants of a proud and puissant people—the sad remaining few of that noble band of heroes who did all that human power could do to uphold the honor of their country. Age is leaving its imprint upon their faces and time is gradually whitening their locks as they march in peaceful tread along the broad highway of life; but they still stand among us the living monuments of their country's glory, unconquered and unbending, even in defeat. One by one they are crossing the dark river to answer the roll call in the spirit land, and as we glance along their thin files we can see them gradually getting smaller and smaller. Oh, 'tis hard to think that hearts like theirs must perish—to realize that so much of manhood, so much of glory—yea, of patriotism, of honor, must succumb to the inevitable.

The future lies before us pregnant with glowing prospects and promising hopes. I believe it is best that fate hath so decreed the issue of the war. I believe that the permanency of our institutions and the happiness and prosperity of the people depend upon the unity of the Union and the friendly relationship of States. From the time my mind could form its first crude conception of economy, I have been a firm believer in a strong central government; and it is my candid opinion that in a united country alone can we maintain our dignity at home and our respect among nations. But I stand here to say that our fathers followed in their course the just and honest dictates of their consciences, and that the arguments upon which the right

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of secession was based have never been overthrown. Sirs, they are unassailable.

Comrades, while our fathers live let us honor, love and protect them. Let us respect the cause for which they fought and bled, and resent every insult offered them through section hate or blind partisan feeling. We will never acknowledge that they were in the wrong, nor will we suffer their brows to bear the felon brand of a traitor. And whenever you meet an old Confederate soldier as you pursue your course through life, treat him kindly and respectfully, however lowly may be his station; for remember, that when our fathers were young men like we—long before our infancy was dawning upon their knees, the rude clarion of war called them to the field of battle to fight for home, for country and for God. Their deeds are ours—they belong to us and to our children. Then let us treasure them in our memories; let us wrap around our hearts the old Red Cross flag that stood the storms of a thousand battles; and when we lay beneath the silent sod the last of that "brave and gallant few," let the example of loyalty set by them be unto us our safeguard and our guide all through the journey of years. The past is ours, with all its stirring memories and its bloodwashed battle fields. There they are. There is Bull Run, and Manassas, and Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville, and Shiloh, and Gettysburg, and a thousand others—the fields of victory and of defeat—and there they will remain forever. The bones of the southland's sons who fell in the great struggle for States rights lie buried beneath the soil of every State from Pennsylvania to the Gulf. Enshrined within the great bosom of nature, they sleep beneath the consecrated ground that drank their life's blood. No towering shaft of monumental brass or chiseled marble rears its lofty crest above them, no grand colossal bust or column trophied for triumphal show marks the spot where the Southern hero fell. The tufted mound that rose above his bleeding form has been obliterated, and the only earthly monument he can claim is the green grass above him, or perhaps a modest blooming flower. Unknown and uncared for, they are sleeping that long and eternal sleep upon a thousand battle fields, where the soft wailing of the wind and the free song of the uncaged bird are unto them the purest and sweetest anthem that can flow from the heart and voice of nature.

To-day there is no North, no South, as far as love of country is concerned. We are bound together, I hope, never to be torn asunder again, and we challenge the world to show greater loyalty than ours. A new South has sprung up out of the ashes of slavery and secession, and the blessings of peace, plenty and prosperity are everywhere visible. We are bound together by one tie—the love of country. The grand old Father of Waters that sweeps by our doors is the artery of nature that flows through the heart of the land, bearing the commerce of our common country to the ports of distant nations; while from his mountain home the proud American eagle spreads his unfettered plumes upon the limitless ocean of air, and soars in kingly pride from the Alleghenies to the Rockies. The flag of our fathers is farled over the dust of those who bore it, while above a united people float the stars and stripes of the Republic. They have never been low eered in defeat; God grant they never shall. Sectional feeling is wearing

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A CARD. Banner-Democrat—In the Times-Democrat of the 5th inst., appears a communication from some one at this place detailing the result of the municipal election held two days previously, in which my candidacy for Mayor is made to appear in a false light. The statement that I was the candidate of a "small faction dissatisfied with the Sunday law ordinance" is absolutely false. No mention was ever made by me or my new supporters, of the Sunday law or its effects, and any connection I may have had with the question for a few days previous to the election, as presented by the correspondent of the T.D., originated and existed solely in the fertile imagination of the said correspondent and a few more of his kind.

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