



Mildred Lewis Rutherford
"Miss Millie"

THE CIVILIZATION
OF THE OLD SOUTH
What Made It, What
Destroyed It, What Has
Replaced It

by
Mildred Lewis Rutherford
Athens, Georgia
Past Historian General of the
United Daughters of the Confederacy

With an Appendix by
Miss Winnie Davis
“The Daughter of the Confederacy”

THE CONFEDERATE
REPRINT COMPANY



WWW.CONFEDERATEREPRINT.COM

The Civilization of the Old South:
What Made It, What Destroyed It,
and What Has Replaced It
by Mildred Lewis Rutherford

Originally Published in 1916
The MacGregor Company
Athens, Georgia

Reprint Edition © 2016
The Confederate Reprint Company
Post Office Box 2027
Toccoa, Georgia 30577
www.confederatereprint.com

Cover and Interior Design by
Magnolia Graphic Design
www.magnoliagraphicdesign.com

ISBN-13: 978-1945848063
ISBN-10: 1945848065

CHAPTER ONE



The Civilization of the Old South¹

The civilization of the Old South was truly unique – nothing like it before or since, nor will there ever be anything like it again.

Henry R. Jackson said:

“The stern glory of Sparta, the rich beauty of Athens, the splendors of Imperial Rome, the brilliancy of ancient Carthage – all pale before the glories of the Old South, the South as our forefathers lived it, the South as Washington, Jefferson, and Madison lived it, and, last but not least, the South as our Robert E. Lee lived it.”

And Henry Grady said:

“In the honor held above estate; in the hos-

1. The following text was delivered orally to a meeting of the United Daughters of the Confederacy at the Municipal Hall in Dallas, Texas on 9 November 1916.

6 CIVILIZATION OF THE OLD SOUTH

pitality that neither condescended nor cringed; in frankness and heartiness and wholesale comradeship; in the reverence paid to womanhood and the inviolable respect in which woman's name was ever held the civilization of the Old South has never been surpassed, and perhaps will never again be equalled by any people or nation upon this globe."

It is true that it has been compared to the Feudal System of the Middle Ages, when military lords exercised jurisdiction over serfs, allotted them land, collected taxes from them and in return demanded service in time of war – but there was no love lost between lord and serf.

It has been compared to the English tenant system, where the landlord leases the land, and, so long as the rent is paid, all is well, but if the tenant fails to pay his rent, then he is ejected without mercy – very rarely is there any love lost between the landlord and his tenant.

Very different was the relation that existed between the slave-holder and his slaves under the institution of slavery as it was in the Old South. By the way, the negroes in the South were never called slaves – that term came in with the Abolition crusade. They were our servants, part of our very home, and always alluded to as the servants of a given plantation or town home – as, "the ser-

vants of White Marsh,” “the servants of Warner Hall,” “the servants of Rosewall or Rosewell,” or of Halseot “the servants of Cherry Hill,” “the servants of Round Hill, of Silver Hall,” etc. The servants had no surnames of their own before the war – they had none when they came to us from Africa – but they were known by the names of their owners or owners’ estates. Thus it was that Nancy from the Thornton plantation after freedom became Nancy Thornton; and Tom from Warner Hall became Tom Warner.

There was something in the economic system of the Old South that forged bonds of personal interest and affection between the master’s family and their servants – a pride that was taken the one in the other. The master would boast, “My servants are the best on all the plantations round, best workers, best mannered, most contented, the healthiest.” And the servants in turn would say, “Our white folks are quality folks they’re none of your po’ white trash. Aint nobody in the world like our ‘ole Marster’ and ‘ole Mis’.”

The negroes under the institution of slavery were well-fed, well-clothed and well-housed. A selfish interest, if no nobler or higher motive, would have necessitated this, for the slave was the master’s salable property. He would not willingly have allowed him to be injured physically.

8 CIVILIZATION OF THE OLD SOUTH

How hard it was for us to make the North understand this!

I never heard of a case of consumption, or rather tuberculosis among the negroes before the War between the States, and now negroes are dying by the hundreds yearly. I never heard of but one crazy negro before the war. Now asylums can not be built fast enough to contain those who lose their minds.

Negroes were immune from yellow fever before the war, and now this is no longer true.

I never saw a drunken negro before the war, for they were not allowed to buy, sell or drink liquor without the master's consent, and crimes now so prevalent, largely on account of drunkenness, were unheard of then.

The negroes were forced to go to church and white pastors employed to preach to them. They were not allowed to work on Sunday. In proportion to population, there were more negroes as church members than whites.

Marriage licenses must be obtained and the marriage take place in the presence of "Ole Marster" or the overseer.

Under the institution of slavery, the negro race increased more rapidly than the white. The reverse is the case today.

The servants were very happy in their life

upon the old plantations. William Makepeace Thackeray, on a lecture tour in America, visited a Southern plantation. In "The Roundabout Papers" he gives this impression of the slaves:

"How they sang! How they danced! How they laughed! How they shouted! How they bowed and scraped and complimented! So free, so happy! I saw them dressed on Sunday in their Sunday best – far better dressed than our English tenants of the working class are in their holiday attire. To me, it is the dearest institution I have ever seen and these slaves seem far better off than any tenants I have seen under any other tenantry system."

When a white child was born a negro of corresponding age was given. This negro owned the white child as much as the white child owned the negro. The negro refused to take an order from any young person save the owner and the owner refused to have any order given by any one but the owner. Close ties of affection grew between the two. As an illustration of this, in a child's game "Playing Dead," my sister was allowed to be covered in the leaves as dead but my Ann Eliza could not play dead.

How restful the old life was! What a picture of contentment, peace and happiness it presented! It was something like our grandmothers'

10 CIVILIZATION OF THE OLD SOUTH

garden as compared with the gardens of today.

The old-fashioned gardens with box-bordered beds so dignified and orderly and stately, with four o 'clocks, holly hocks, larkspurs, touch-me-nots, wall flowers, bachelor buttons, snap dragons, migonette, sweet alyssum, columbine and sunflower. How beautiful they were! What lovely overdresses the four o 'clocks made for our flower dolls! What beautiful wreaths the larkspurs made, purple and white, which we pressed without compunction in the finest books in our father's library, totally unconscious of the ugly stain left behind.

There were long walks bordered with cape jessamine, banana shrubs, Chinese magnolias, crepe myrtle, rose beds filled with moss roses, (I never see a pink moss rose now,) yellow roses, red and pink single roses, tube roses; fences covered with Cherokee roses; summer houses covered with honeysuckle, yellow jasmine, woodbine, wisteria or white clematis. The odor of sweet grass and mimosa blooms, the rows of flowering pomegranate bushes, with double blossoms and the bearing pomegranate with single blossom – apple trees in which the mocking birds' nests were found, and no one white or black could rob a mocking bird's nest, and, in the spring, doves cooing to their mates – that's like

the old-time days never to return again.

The plantation was the center of social life in the old system and the “Big House” was the center of plantation life. It was always full and room for more. When all the beds were filled, pallets were made on the floors all over the house, and this gave trouble to no one for there were plenty of servants to do the bidding, and mattresses, feather beds, pillows, quilts, blankets and marvelous counterpanes in profusion, and linen closets always full.

In the “Big House” there lived “Ole Marster” and “Ole Mis’.” There were “Young Marster” and “Young Mis’,” and the children. Then there were the uncles and aunts and cousins to remotest kinship, with carriages, wagons, horses and servants. This gave trouble to no one, for there was plenty in the corn crib, plenty in the barn, plenty in the smokehouse, plenty in the pantry, plenty of turkeys, geese, ducks, guineas, chickens and squabs. Plenty of eggs, plenty of butter, cheese, cream, curds, clabber, sweetmilk and buttermilk – barn full, yard full, dairy full, pantry full. Shelves lined with jellies, jams, apple butter, quince and peach preserves, brandy peaches, marmalade, and large stone jars filled with pickles, sweet and sour.

The table fairly groaned with good things

12 CIVILIZATION OF THE OLD SOUTH

to eat, and there were no cooks like grandmother's old cooks. The kitchen was never in the house but way out in the yard. This mattered little then, for there were plenty of little negroes to run back and forth with the covered dishes and hot batter cakes, hot waffles, hot rolls and even hot ginger cakes. You young people will say, "But it was not stylish to have so much on the table." No, not stylish, but far better than the little "dabs of nothingness" that you have today.

You may say, "What sinful waste!" Yes, there was a waste but it was not sinful, for white and black had enough and to spare. The household servants always had what the white people at the Big House had, and the poor whites near by, if any, had more from Ole Mis' generous hand.

The stables were full of riding horses, buggy horses, carriage horses and ponies, so riding parties were the amusement for mornings and afternoons. Every girl and boy in the Old South learned to ride and drive at an early age. The little boys helped to take the horses to water, and to break the wildest colts. This made the masters' sons the finest cavalrymen in the Confederate Army.

In the evenings, old Uncle Ned, the fiddler, would come into the great wide hall and the Vir-

ginia Reel would be danced, Ole Marster leading off with the prettiest girl there as his partner. Then the dignified minuet would be called for, and Ole Marster would lead out Ole Mis' with the gallantry of Sir Gallahad and wind up with the cotillion, old Ned calling out the figures, keeping time with his foot and head, as he would sing out, "Salute your pardners," "Swing your pardners," "Sachez to the right," then "Sachez to the left," and finally, "Promenade all."

Young people, we could not have danced the "Turkey Trot" nor the "Bunny Hug" had we desired.

Early hours were kept on the old plantation, for every one must be stirring at daybreak. Ole Mis' would be the first to rise. Hers was a busy life. She started all the household servants to their work – the dry rubbers, and brass polishers. Ah, how those brass fenders, andirons and candlesticks shone! They had few carpets in those days and so the floors had to be polished by being dry rubbed. The garments had to be cut out for the seamstresses, and the looms gotten ready for the weavers, and the spinning wheels had to be started, breakfast had to be given out and the cooks must begin their work.

Early in the morning, you could hear the beating of the dough – no biscuit mills then – and

14 CIVILIZATION OF THE OLD SOUTH

if we had beaten biscuits, they were made with "elbow grease." You could hear the milkers as they went down to the cow lot, calling the little negroes to keep off the calves. You could hear Aunt Nanny feeding the chickens, with her "chick, *chick*, CHICKEE," with a rising intonation of the voice on the last "chickee," and then a cackle, and we knew one of the chickens for breakfast was about to meet its fate and have its neck wrung. No refrigerator in those days to keep the chickens on ice over-night.

I can see Ole Mis' now with her basket of medicines on her arm going from cabin to cabin doctoring the sick babies and the old negroes. Frequently all night long she lingered at the bedside of some dying negro, praying with him and when life had ceased, would close the staring glassy eyes. None in the "Big House" knew of this nightly vigil save "Ole Master."

I can hear the musical ring of the bunch of keys fastened to her side, or in her key basket, as she walked along, for, while Uncle Eben kept the crib key, and Aunt Lishy the dairy key, and Aunt Nanny the smokehouse key, Ole Mis' always kept the pantry key. She gave out every meal herself, weighed the flour, sugar, butter, lard and meal, measured the coffee, and she always skimmed the cream in the dairy and prepared the

milk for the churns, and made the curds.

There was such an unjust article to the South in *The New York Times* last year (1915). Edna Ferber, the authoress, is represented as saying that "The kitchens of the Southern women were left to the device of a company of slaves who ran the house pretty much to suit themselves. The Southern women never knew what provisions there were in the kitchen or cellar or how much food went out each day to furnish feasts in the near-by cabins. They knew nothing of house-keeping."

What absolute ignorance this showed of life in the Old South! Fortunately a Southern girl who had statistics in hand was ready to answer Miss Ferber. She found in a trunk of papers and letters belonging to her great grandmother who lived on her plantation in Washington Co., Ga., facts to contradict this in a most certain way. She found the "Plantation Book of 1851," in which the daily routine of work by the mistress of the plantation was given. In this memorandum book was kept not only the household duties, but how many lbs. of cotton had been picked by the women and children on the plantation – "Martha 806 lbs., Mary 1,243 lbs., and Eliza 920 lbs." etc., and the prize money allowed them for picking over a certain amount, and then "something

to George who couldn't pick, but who helped with the baskets."

Then followed the exact weight of the lard and the meat given to each family – "John and his family 62 lbs. of meat, Lewis, Patty and Martha 30 lbs." Then the amounts given to the decrepit negroes in the cabins. Finally the prescriptions left by the doctor for two of her negro patients. Then the death of a negro baby is recorded. The birth and death of the negroes were always recorded in the Family Bible at the Big House.

Now when Miss Sarah Prince Thomas (Carol North) sent her answer to the article in *The New York Times*, and asked that it be printed to contradict Miss Ferber's statements, it was returned, saying that they did not need it. Was this just?

From early childhood we of the South were taught all work was honorable, and every act, even sweeping a room or picking up chips could be made as acceptable in God's sight as any service an archangel could perform.

Each child had some special duty every day. The girl, as soon as she was able to hold a needle or know upon what finger to put the thimble, was made to hem the towels, the table napkins, the tablecloths, the servants aprons, or to aid in drying the cut glass and silver, for Ole Mis' al-

ways looked after this herself; and the boys were given the care of some one animal to feed and care for, or some gates to lock and unlock, and no one else, not even the negro each child owned, was allowed to do this work for them.

It is true the aristocrat of the Old South did not go into his blacksmith shop to shoe his horse, nor his wife into the kitchen to cook, or to the wash tub to wash, but it was not because they were ashamed or scorned to do it, but because there was no need for them to do these things.

History has greatly maligned the old aristocrat of the South. He was not “haughty,” he was not “purse proud,” and he did not consider himself “of finer clay” than any one else, as history has unjustly represented him.

Aristocracy then was gauged by manners and morals and not by the size of the bank account, as I fear is too much the case today. Far more time was spent in cultivating the graces and charms of life than in amassing fortunes. They realized that “Manners are of more importance than money and laws” – far manners give form and color to our lives. They felt, as Tennyson said, “Manners are the fruit of lofty natures and noble minds.”

It will take us a long time to undo the falsehoods of history about the civilization of

the Old South.

Who was the head of the plantation? Why, Ole Mis'; everyone on the plantation must obey Ole Mis'; and Ole Marster said so and he obeyed Ole Mis' too. Her life was a long life of devotion – devotion to her God, devotion to her church – she was really the pillar of the church – devotion to her husband, to her children, to her kinfolks, to her neighbors and friends and to her servants. She could not be idle for she must ever be busy.

Ole Marster could delegate many of his duties to the overseer, while he entertained his guests. He would rise early in the morning, eat his breakfast – and such a breakfast! Broiled chicken, stuffed sausage, spareribs, broiled ham and eggs, egg bread, corn muffins, hot rolls, beaten biscuits, batter cakes or waffles with melted butter, syrup or honey and the half not told. I can taste those waffles now. My, how delicious they were! Then, after smoking his Havana cigar, he would mount his saddle horse and ride over the plantation to see if the orders given the day before had been fully carried out. Then he would give the next day's orders, ride to a neighboring plantation, and return in time for an early dinner. Dinner was always at midday on the old plantation. If it were summer time, Ole Marster would lie down upon the wide veranda

or in the spacious hall upon one of those old mahogany sofas covered with black horse hair and a little darkey with a turkey tail fan or a peacock feather brush standing at his head to fan him and keep off flies, while he took his noon-day nap. If it were winter, he would go into his library and, before a large, open fireplace with whole logs of wood, he would discourse upon the topics of the day with visitors.

There was no subject with which Ole Marster was not at home – whether politics, philosophy, religion, literature, poetry or art. Ole Marster’s sons for generations had been well educated and had a perfect familiarity with the classics – they could read Greek and Latin better than some of us can read English today. The best magazines of the day were upon his library table, and the latest books upon his library shelves.

There were no public schools in the South before the Reconstruction period. The teachers on the plantations were tutors and governesses from the best colleges of the North and South, and in the private schools in the towns and cities were men and women whose education was beyond question. It was somewhat different in the Old Field Schools. There the teacher sometimes knew little beyond “readin’” and “ritin’” and “rithmetic,” and was considered very learned if

he carried his scholars beyond “the rule of three.”

Ole Marster was rarely as religious as Ole Mis’ and, if he wouldn’t have family prayers, Ole Mis’ would, but Ole Marster always had a reverence for religion and made his negroes attend church regularly and raised his children with a reverence for Sunday and holy things.

Ole Mis’ often put on a grandmother’s cap when only thirty-five – what will the young grandmother of today say to that? Girls married at an early age, for a home was ready – “They never came out for they had never been in.”

How handsome Ole Marster was in his broadcloth suit and his silk beaver hat, his pump-soled boots, his high stock and collar, and his gold watch and chain with fob. Bill Arp said the aristocrat was known by the way he toyed with the fob upon his chain.

How quaint and beautiful Ole Mis’ was in her lace cap and satin bows! I wish I had a black silk apron with pockets in it like my grandmother used to wear. What long deep pockets there used to be in the skirts – sometimes pockets on both sides!

The entertainments would last for weeks at neighboring plantations ten or twenty miles apart. The old family carriage would come before the door, and the maids with the band boxes and

the valets with the horse-hair trunks, with brass nail heads, would strap them behind and cover them with a leather curtain, then they would follow the young people in a spring wagon to the place of entertainment. I can see now just such a party the old family carriage, high up on elliptical springs, the driver's seat above the top of the carriage, and the steps which unfolded down, and then folded up.

The footman was there to let down the steps, the lovers were there to assist in mounting the steps, and Bill Arp said the true aristocrat was known not only by the size of her foot but by the graceful way she could manage her crinoline in mounting the steps of the carriage or descending therefrom. The lovers would mount their horses and act as a body-guard to the appointed place.

The girls were dressed in dainty lawns and muslins – for no girl before her marriage, or until she had passed the marriageable age, was allowed to wear velvet, silk, satin or lace. On their heads were the daintiest straw bonnets trimmed with pink roses – a bunch over each ear – and bows of pink ribbons to tie beneath the chin, and the dearest black net gloves and the daintiest black slippers with low heels, or no heels at all. Their lovers would have thrown not only their cloaks, Sir Walter-like, but themselves in the mud rather

22 CIVILIZATION OF THE OLD SOUTH

than those dainty feet should be soiled by the mud. And it was considered *dreadful if more than the tip of that slipper should show*. What would our grandmothers' have said to these short dresses of today?

Hunting parties, riding parties, fishing parties, boating parties, tournaments, charades, dances, and all sorts of joys never dreamed of by the young people of today – no sitting out in the moonlight on the lawns, no hiding in dark corners of the verandas, no love-making after the old people had gone to bed, no automobile rides after dark, no dancing until daylight, and consequently runaway marriages were rarely heard of – and divorces were rarer. While the young men were on their fox hunts, the young girls would be employed with their embroidery – exquisite work they did!

But, oh, the preparation for a wedding feast! Weeks beforehand the plans were laid. "Hunter's round" had to be packed in spices, fruit cake to be made, raisins seeded, citron sliced, almond blanched, and later the cakes iced, pyramids of cakes graduating in octagon shape from very large at the bottom to small at top and capped with a figure of the bride with her wedding veil and the groom in black broadcloth that had been bought from some confectionery shop.

Little fence rails of icing around the different layers of cakes mounted one upon the other; bunches of grapes made of icing and covered with gold or silver leaf; roses made of white tarlatan and rimmed with icing. How we used to stand around – white children and black – and beg for the cones or the bowls that held the icing after the cakes were finished! I can see, now, the little smeared faces – for the owners unhesitatingly licked the bowls. Then the blanc mange shaped in so many wonderful molds of pineapple, muskmelon, rabbits and roses. Then pig's feet jelly, so stiff, and cut into little squares just big enough for a mouthful – how delicious they were!

Then the day of the wedding! There was the making of the chicken salad and the slicing of the beef tongue and ham and the roasting of turkeys and the icing of the little cakes, the making of the wafers that fairly melted in the mouth, and then the sweet wafers rolled over and oh! so crisp and delicious, and beaten biscuit by the bushel, the watermelon rind preserves cut into such exquisite shapes, fish and bird and flower, and shaded with an artist's eye – the pride of the housekeeper, brought out to be seen if not to be eaten – the mango pickles, peach pickles, brandy peaches, artichoke pickles, cucumber pickles and cherry pickles! Then the boiled custard and the

24 CIVILIZATION OF THE OLD SOUTH

syllabub – we had no ice cream in those days for manufactured ice was unknown.

Every member of the family present had to take home some of the wedding cake, every young person must have some of the cake to dream on, and to name the corners of the room.

The wedding guests lingered on for days and even weeks after the wedding was over, and the feasting continued until the last guest was gone.

Those happy days are no more – gone, never to return, and the civilization as our grandmothers' lived it went with it. Happy are those whose memory holds these days in remembrance! My heartfelt sympathy goes out to those who shall never know of them!

Veterans, didn't we have a good time when hog killing time came! Weren't the pig tails and the crackling bread fine? Don't we feel sorry for these young people who never ate a roasted pig tail, or never spent a Christmas on the old plantation?

Time was measured to Christmas, and three weeks before Christmas Day the wagons would go to the nearest city or town to lay in the Christmas supplies. Every negro man had to have a complete outfit from hat to shoes; every negro woman had to have the same, from head handker-

chief to shoes; each negro child every article of clothing needed; and warm shawls, and soft shoes, or some special gifts had to be bought for the old negroes too feeble to work. Then there were the barrels of apples, oranges, cocoanuts, boxes of almonds, Brazilnuts, English walnuts, hazelnuts, raisins, citron and currants; then candies galore, kisses with adorable verses, sugar plums, lemon drops, gum drops, peppermint, cinnamon and lemon candy by the quantity, and last but not least, some mysterious packages that were stowed in mother's large wardrobe, which mammy told us with a grave shake of the head were "*Laroes catch medloes,*" and for fear they might be animals that would bite us, we religiously let them alone, and forget to ask about them when Christmas was over.

How happy all were, white and black, as the cry of "Christmas Gift" rang from one end to the other of the plantation, begin-fling early in the morning at the Big House and reaching every negro cabin – Christmas can never be the same again.

As in family life when a child is disobedient and must be punished, so in plantation life a disobedient or unruly negro had to be whipped or punished. It was natural that he should prefer to run away to escape a punishment he justly de-

served and knew he would surely receive, especially tempted to run into a free State when incentives were offered to him to come and be transported by some underground way and hidden from the owner. It was perfectly natural also for him to give the most exaggerated reports of his treatment to willing listeners who really set a premium upon these exaggerations.

“Aunt Cinthy,” living in Florida where Northern tourists so often go for the winter, understood this. When reproached for saying what was absolutely false about the condition of the negro under slavery, she said: “Honey, I am jest obleeged to zaggerate a leetle about these things to edify the Northern tourists – they wouldn’t give me any money if I didn’t.”

The unnatural thing to the Southern planter was how educated and intelligent men and women of the North could believe he would willingly injure his salable property, by hitching him to a plow, or allowing him to be cruelly beaten. To him there was no difference between hiding his negro worth \$1,200, or more, and hiding his pocket book which contained the same amount of money. This interference with his personal property was stealing no matter how viewed and it irritated him beyond measure. He knew perfectly well, should he retaliate by taking

the horses of these abolitionists from their stables, or cows from their barns, or cattle from their fields, or furniture from their homes, or bank notes from their pockets, it would quickly have been a question of law and imprisonment.

It has been estimated that 75,000 negroes were thus hidden from their owners before 1860.

These fanatics took out "Personal Liberty Bills" contrary to the Constitution, to protect them on the plea that there was a Higher Power than the Constitution. Indeed, in their fanaticism, they publicly burned the Constitution and even said, if the Bible stood for slavery, better burn the Bible, too.

Now, there is no doubt that this was one of the many interferences with Southern rights which forced Southern men to advocate secession in order to secure the rights guaranteed to them by the Constitution. Many think because this interference with the runaway slaves was one of the *occasions* of war that the war was fought to hold the slaves. Never was there a greater mistake. Out of the 600,000 men in the Confederate army 400,000 never owned slaves. What were those men fighting for? There were 315,000 slave-holders in the Northern army. Did they wish their slaves freed? Gen. Lee freed his slaves before the war began. Gen. Grant did not free his

until the XIII Amendment passed, for Missouri's slaves were not intended to be freed by the Emancipation Proclamation.²

Southern men always believed in State Sovereignty, and Southern men always have stood by the Constitution. Fair-minded Northern men saw this and said the South had by the Constitution the right to secede and contended that the Abolition Party was only a minority party in the North. George Lunt of Boston said, "The majority of the men in the North felt outraged at the actions of the Republican party at the time in interfering with the rights of the Southern States."

Had the South prevailed, the Union would have been preserved and that too by the Constitution. Our negroes would have long ago been freed by gradual emancipation, as Southern slaveholders had already done, were desirous of doing still, and, had no interference come from the abolitionists, there would be now no race problems to adjust.

Neither would there have been any need to change the Constitution except to legislate more strongly to enforce the laws against the

2. It was actually Grant's wife, Julia, who owned four house-servants throughout the war. Grant himself freed his one slave before the war in 1859.

slave trade as it was being still carried on by Northern States contrary to law, and the right to free their own slaves, as was claimed by the slaveholders of the Southern States. State Sovereignty would still remain, while the inexpediency of secession would have been proven by war. We would have, today, not only a grander and more glorious Union with no danger threatening us from a centralized government, but we would have a true democracy with State Rights stressed, as President Wilson advocates, a government formed *of* the people, *by* the people and *for* the people knowing no North, no South, no East, no West.