

# GREENWOOD CALLING

Do You Know What's Going To Happen Tomorrow, June 18th?

On the above date, Saturday, June 18th at 8:30 A. M., we will open our **JUNE CLEARANCE SALE**. For a long time we've had two a year and repeatedly our customers have told us "the last was best." We are determined to compel approval this time. This Sale will center on seasonable goods from every department, and you can supply your daily needs at a great saving.

We cannot quote prices; to do so, would require too much space—besides, we want to surprise you when you come to our store. This will be a splendid opportunity to visit the "hustling" city of Greenwood—you can pay railroad fare and then make money by answering this call. Get up a party of friends and come over; you'll find it will be a pleasant and profitable day.

This June Clearance Sale will last **SEVEN DAYS**, beginning Saturday Morning, June 18th, and continuing until Saturday Night, June 25th.

**DON'T MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY!**

# RUSH BROTHERS CO.

GREENWOOD, S. C.

And it is to the opinion of the educated and cultivated that we must look for the exercise of influence to check extravagance in style, misuse of words, and absurdities in spelling, in short, to preserve our Mother tongue, the English language in its strength and simplicity and purity. This I conceive, to be one of the most important and most pressing obligations of the educated; and I commend it to the consideration of you young graduates.

**Study Southern History.**

Let us now consider another of the obligations of the educated, a duty which educated Southerners owe to their Southern home,—the obligation to study carefully the lessons of Southern History. Surely this is a subject peculiarly appropriate in addressing an audience in the historic town of Abbeville, a town that will be forever memorable as the place where was held the first public meeting that voted for Secession, the place also where was held the last meeting of the Cabinet of President Jefferson Davis, the town that witnessed the birth and the death of the Southern Confederacy.

At this point I cannot refrain from repeating to you the noble tribute paid to General Lee by Professor Iorsley of England, a gentleman and scholar, an Oxford professor and withal a poet. He had published a new translation of the Iliad of the Greek poet, Homer. He presented a copy to General Lee, and on the fly-leaf he had written a little poem of rare beauty and touching pathos.

The grand old bard that never dies,  
Receive him in our English tongue!

I send thee, but with weeping eyes  
The story that he sung.

Thy Troy is fallen; thy dear land  
Is marred beneath the spoiler's heel;  
I cannot trust my trembling hand  
To write the things I feel.

Ah, realm of toombs! But let her bear  
This blazon to the last of time,—  
No nation rose so white and fair,  
Or fell so pure of crime.

The widow's moan, the orphan's wail  
Come round thee; yet in truth be strong:  
Eternal right, though all else fail,  
Can never be made wrong.

An angel's heart, an angel's mouth,  
Not Homer's, could alone for me  
Sing well the great Confederate South,—  
Virginia first—and Lee.

I offer no apology for repeating these lines. Could there be a finer tribute to the South than the couplet,  
"No nation rose so white and fair,  
Or fell so pure of crime."

These two noble lines deserve to be engraven on every Confederate monument, as, I am told they are on the Confederate monument in Augusta.

The little poem came to General Lee shortly before his death, in the

midst of the dreadful days of Reconstruction. No wonder that they deeply touched the heart of the great Southern soldier.

The fates have decreed that more than one difficult problem must be solved by our Southern people, problems political, sociological, and even ethnological. The changed conditions brought about by the war between the States and by the bitter fruits of that war, have placed on the shoulders of educated Southerners a very grave obligation—perhaps of all obligations the gravest—to be the conservators of Southern history, and the perpetuators of all that was good and worthy, high and noble, in the past of the South.

Two generations ago the volcanic shock of war rent in twain the life of the South, sundered her past from her present, and placed between them a chasm of blood, deep, dark, and seemingly impassable. During the ten years thereafter our land had no rest; social revolutions, civil commotions, the offspring of alien oppression and triumphing tyranny, threatened, as with the ominous rumblings and heavings of an earthquake, to overturn and engulf the little that the war had left standing, to make the ruin irretrievable, to rend deeper and wider the bloody chasm, and fill it deeper still with blood. I see among my hearers a few survivors of those who lived through those fearful years. They remember as I do that worse than war time period. Small wonder is it that during those years of chaos, confusion and gloom, the South neither looked at her past nor regarded her future. Small wonder is it that, stunned and bewildered in her matchless woe, and driven desperate by unequalled disasters, when the hearts of men were failing them, and hope for a season bade the South farewell, when a pitying world spoke of South Carolina as "The Prostrate State"—small wonder is it, I say, that the memories of the past were obscured and well-nigh blotted out, and that the South shut her eyes to the hopeless future. It is when the future is hopeless that the past is buried, and the present is fraught with danger and peril. The wonder is that the South did not whelm this land in a sea of blood, and add to history a redder page than the records of the French Revolution.

Happily the South has emerged from the darkness and the danger; she has passed from out the cloud; she now looks before and after; hope broods dovellike on her brightening future; and her eye instinctively glances back to her heroic past. She has bravely endeavored to remove the marks of desolation and with stout heart striven to rebuild the shattered fabric of her national life. And her voice is to her educated sons and daughters to preserve for her children and her children's children the history of her glorious past, the records of her triumphs, and her trials, the story of the great things that were done for her by her worthy sons of the olden time, the examples of the noble lives which crowned her head with honour, and endued her arm with strength, and made her history forever memorable and illustrious.

**No New South.**

Some there are among us who would have us believe that the past history of the South has no lessons for us now, no light to guide nor beacon to warn us, no voice for us to heed nor example for us to follow. They even speak of a New South. They tell us that a new South has arisen with which the old South has nothing to do and nothing in common; that, leaving the dead past to bury its dead, we should turn our back upon our country's history and turn our faces to her future. As well go tell the mariner to leave the shore without chart or compass and sail through unknown seas. **What can the future do for us?** It is a dark mysterious region, hiding in it both gladness and sorrow, but giving us neither guidance nor help. To the future we stretch out our hands in vain; in vain do we call to it for aid; we see nothing in the darkness, we hear nothing in the silence. **What can the present do for us?** Its innumerable voices are inarticulate; its countless purposes are as yet untried; and its numberless projects without form and substance; we are stunned by its Babel-like

clamour and bewildered by its confusion and unrest. To the past alone may we look for help; to the past we must call to guide us; and is it deaf and dumb?

Ah no! the voices of the dead  
Sound like a distant torrents fall  
And answer.

Ah no! the voices of the dead sound like a distant torrent's fall and answer.

It is the voice of the generations that are gone which alone has for us articulate utterance. The voice of the past alone gives forth no uncertain sound. And woe be to that people who turn a deaf ear to that voice. The strength of Rome was sapped and her ruin came swift and sure when her Forum was trodden by men who had forgotten or heeded not the story of their ancestors, and who recked not of those mighty men of yore, the Consuls, Tribunes, and Imperators, whose valour and wisdom had clothed Rome with power and majesty and exalted her to be the mistress of the world. And when France, in one mad whirlwind of revolutionary passion, demolished her social and political fabric, and obliterated the records of her past, she began a career of experiments and theories, of doubtful successes and repeated failures, of which the end is not yet.

Now look from France across the narrow channel and contrast her with England. Great as England's history is, the outstanding fact in her history is her faithfulness to her traditions and to the teachings of that history. Strong as England is, her strength lies in her wise conservatism, which enables her to undergo momentous changes with safety and accomplish revolutions without bloodshed. Her ruling principle is "the immemorial custom of England." This is the source of royal prerogative, of parliamentary privilege, and of that just pride in the commons that makes the poor man's house his castle. This is the foundation of that British continuity of national life and custom which political and even religious changes have never seriously affected. This is her supreme law, for England's Common Law is only the history of England.

Shall, then, these Southern States sever themselves from their memorable past? Nay; let us take heed. Recognizing their obligations to preserve the records of the past and emulate its examples, let the educated sons and daughters of the South sit at the feet of their venerable mother and listen to the lessons she teaches. It is high time to learn those lessons, if, for example, we would maintain those State's Rights which the framers of our Constitution thought they had secured for us. It is time to look across the chasm riven by the Civil War. The crimson cloud has disappeared that once hung over us and like a curtain divided the present from the past. And now it is our high duty, in this calm of peace, to go back into our historic past and save and perpetuate all that was precious there.

Young men of the South, yours is a grave responsibility. When you recall the names of the great Southerners of former times, the statesmen, the scholars, the judges, the divines, the orators, are you not constrained in humility to ask, "Who is sufficient for these things?" If you would be their worthy successors, enter the picture gallery of the past and gaze reverently upon their portraits. Bring those portraits forth before the colours grow dim and the lines fade away; hold them up to the admiration and veneration of your countrymen. Copy their example and adopt their standards of life and action. Read and learn the record of those illustrious men who, born it may be in a log cabin, were touched in some old-field school as with a live coal from the altar of Learning, whose youthful hands alternate held the plough and thumbed the old gray book: who paid for their college education out of the hard-earned savings of school-teaching; who with toilsome step and slow climbed the ladder of a pure and lofty ambition, till their brows were laurelled with honours, and

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