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MR. SCOTT MAKES SPLENDID SPEECH

AT THE UNVEILING OF MONUMENT TO CONFEDERATES.

AN ELABORATE PROGRAM

There Were Several Counties to Participate in the Exercises—Many Ladies Were Present.

MR. SCOTT'S SPEECH IN FULL

It Was In Every Way a Rare Literary Gem and Was Listened to With An Unusual Degree of Interest by Those Present.

Oxford, Miss., May 10.—Hon. Charles Scott of Hillver, was selected as the orator of the day to deliver the address at Oxford this morning on the occasion of the unveiling of a monument to the Confederate soldiers, erected on the campus of the University by the Albert Sydney Johnston Chapter of United Daughters of the Confederacy. An elaborate programme had been arranged and several counties and Confederate bodies participated in the auspicious event. Mr. Scott said:

Ladies of the Albert Sydney Johnston Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, Ladies and Gentlemen, Friends and Fellow Citizens:

More than forty years have been added to the silent centuries since the military Confederacy passed away. The youngest and the noblest and the bravest of all the nations of the earth!

When her stainless banner was forever furled on the fateful field of Appomattox, the enlightened lovers of liberty and justice in all countries and all climes joined with the distressed sons and daughters of the south in saying with white lips and heavy hearts—

"Let the ritual now be read,
And the requiem now be sung,
And the roses strewn on the unburied dead
That ever died so young;
A dirge for her the doubly dead,
In that she died so young."

In view of this early and untimely death, we who love the Lost Cause with all the ardor of a Manfred for his fair Astarte, are doubly rejoiced to know that the South left a lasting impression of grandeur and glory on the hearts and minds of the universe that can never be effaced.

We have no need, no idle boast. Go where you will within the confines of the civilized world and the memory of southern valor and southern chivalry is venerated and esteemed.

It was my good fortune to see this fact strikingly exemplified during the past season. One night in the early part of last October I was seated, with my wife and daughter, in the rotunda of the Grand Hotel at Paris, one of the stateliest and handsomest hotels in all the world. It was brilliantly illuminated, of course, with electricity, but something like 1,000 incandescent lights were, on ordinary occasions, always held in reserve. This rotunda, with the adjoining cafe and dining hall, constitutes one immense room with a seating capacity of about 2,000 persons. Every available space was occupied. The scene was a most brilliant and striking one. The fragrance of rare flowers mingling with delicate Parisian perfumes, the handsome toilettes, the costly and sparkling gems worn by queenly women, but almost dimmed by the radiant lustre of their star-like eyes, the commanding presence of brave men, soldiers, diplomats and civilians from all parts of the world, the soft tones of the inspiring music, and the gorgeous colors in the back ground, all combined to instinctively recall the historic ball at Brussels on the night before the great battle between Wellington and Napoleon, when, Byron tells us—

"There was a sound of revelry by night
And Belgium's capitol had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily, and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell."

Entranced with the brilliant and beautiful scene we enjoyed the full sweet tones of the inspiring music, as the splendid band rendered many artistic and popular airs. These included a number of national anthems. Among them those of Germany, and Great Britain, and the United States. And then back of the Grand Prelude, the national hymn of the United States, there arose the grand and solemn strains of "Dixie," as it was played for the first time in the presence of a foreign audience.

Finally, my fellow citizens, the quick, glad tones of Dixie filled all the air. Instantly every reserve light were flashed on and as the joyous, exhilirating strains grew louder and louder, filling the vast hall and reaching from the lofty dome, there was spontaneous applause, deafening and prolonged. Before realizing it I found myself on my feet, with tears in my eyes, scarcely able to restrain my emotion and if you, my fellow Mississippians, had been there, we would have startled the astonished ear of Paris for once, at least, with that wild, weird, exhilarating, inspiring cry known to all men as "the Rebel Yell."

This ovation to Dixie was not an accident. The air was rendered once again during our stay at the Grand Hotel. Again the reserve lights flashed on in her honor, and the applause followed; a distinction that was not accorded to any other national anthem among them all. No, my friends, it is safe to bequeath to the fair-off land of the French Riviera the fact that Dixie is the favorite, for the cause is not far to seek. It is the involuntary homage paid by the distilled world, (now that we are better understood), to the memory of the old south, now radiant with all "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome." Her record, my countrymen, merits these unusual honors, and it is one in which you may well take pride. The ability of her statesmen, the genius of her military leaders, the courage of her soldiers, and the devotion of her women, have long ago attracted the attention and challenged the admiration of all mankind.

These noble qualities deserve and nobly command success. That they failed in this instance is no cause for surprise. They failed because, with the exception of Great Britain alone,

THE SOUTH WAS PRACTICALLY FIGHTING THE WHOLE CIVILIZED WORLD.

That such was the cause is evidenced by any unbiased mind. To begin with, public opinion, that mighty power, that moves the hand that moves the world, had been poisoned and turned against us. The South is now understood since the passionate discussion over the question of African slavery have passed away, but prior to and during the civil war the Southern people were represented to all the nations of the earth as a barbarous and corrupt slave owner, ever ready to destroy the government because it would not subserve his selfish ends. History informs us, and statistics prove the charge. As a matter of fact the people of the South were, perhaps, the most conservative and patriotic known in the annals of all times. Their ardent devotion to the union of the revolutionary fathers was something sublime and pathetic. The great publicist, Henry Clay, whose eloquence and personal magnetism so often allayed sectional hatred and strife, was himself a child of the same South. His fairness and frequently voiced the sentiments of his people is best evinced by the charge, as