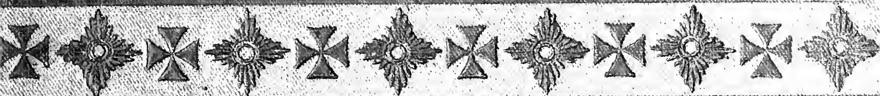


JUDGE LONGSTREET

Reserve Storage

Class ____

Book ____

G P O

Augustus B. Longstreet

JUDGE LONGSTREET.

A LIFE SKETCH.

BY BISHOP O. P. FITZGERALD,
Of the M. E. Church, South.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.
PUBLISHING HOUSE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.
BARBEE & SMITH, AGENTS, NASHVILLE, TENN.
1891.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1891,
By O. P. Fitzgerald,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

TO THE READER.

WHEN, at the request of the surviving members of the immediate family of the late Judge A. B. Longstreet, I consented to undertake the preparation of a memoir of that rare and fascinating genius, I did not know whether I would make of it a monograph or a volume. Accessible material was scant. His contemporaries were nearly all dead. Here and there were persons still laughing over his "Georgia Scenes," but the man was fast becoming a tradition. I began the work with the purpose to let it take its own shape, using the material that came into my hands as Aaron used the golden earrings of the Israelites cast by him into the furnace. The outcome is not a golden calf, but this book.

To the Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar, of the United States Supreme Court; Chancellor Edward Mayes, of the University of Mississippi; the Rev. Walter R. Branham, the Rev. Dr. Weyman H. Potter, the Rev. John W. Burke, Hon. Walter B. Hill, and the Rev. Dr. J. T. Wightman I hereby tender sincere thanks for the help they have given me. And to the house of Harper & Brothers, New York, the original publishers of the "Georgia Scenes," I would also express my thanks for special courtesies gracefully rendered.

I might justly make a plea for indulgent criticism because of unexpected difficulties in the per-

formance of this labor of love, but the reader cares nothing for these things. I feel sure that one part of the book—the "Appendix"—will be cordially received both by older readers of the "Georgia Scenes" and the younger generation, many of whom will for the first time get from these pages a taste of their rich humor.

O. P. FITZGERALD.

Nashville, June, 1891.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

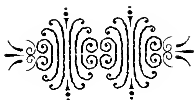
Started in the World 9
The Boy 14
At School in South Carolina 21
In New England 26
The Bench, the Bar, and the Hustings 32
The Unwritten Chapter 41
A Change of Heart 50
Longstreet the Preacher 57
As an Educator 70
Longstreet the Humorist 88
Rumblings of the Coming Storm 95
A Tilt with Dr. Winans 109
The Bursting of the Storm 128
A Touch of Polemics 136
Judge Longstreet's Writings 164
Traits 169
Added Touches 182
The End 190

Some Old Letters 193
Note 208

APPENDIX.

GEORGIA SCENES, NEW AND OLD.

Darby Anvil 211
Ned Brace 242
The Debating Society 270
The Song 285
The Shooting-match 296



"I have observed in several of my papers that my friend, Sir Roger, amidst all his good qualities, is something of an humorist; and that his virtues, as well as imperfections, are as it were tinged by a certain extravagance, which makes them particularly his, and distinguishes them from those of other men. The cast of his mind, as it is generally very innocent in itself, so it renders his conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colors."—THE SPECTATOR.

JUDGE LONGSTREET.

STARTED IN THE WORLD.

THE boy whose life is sketched in these pages weighed seventeen pounds the day he was born, September 22, 1790. That was making a good start in the world, and a good start is more likely to make a good ending than a bad one. The popular saying to the contrary applies rather to the exceptions than the rule. Free-will, rightly used under God, may redeem a life that seems hopeless at the start; misused, it may lose the prize that seems to be sure. Heredity is a mighty factor in human life, but it bends to that higher law by which a shining upward path opens to the right exercise of volition in every moral agent. There is hope for the lowliest, and there is danger for the highest.

Quality, not size only, measures force. Back of bone and tissue there is something else. The most potent factors in working out the issues of life are not visible to the phrenologist or chemist. The facts of human existence admit of no rational explanation contrary to the declaration of the devout Arabian who four thousand years ago wrote the words: "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth understanding."

The weight and stature of men depend upon environment as well as pedigree. On the sandy soil of the lowlands men do not grow as tall as on the red hills of the up-country. The hill country of Georgia has been prolific of great men. The explanation may be found in their open-air life, the plentifulness and richness of the fruits of the earth, the free intercourse between the different classes of the people in a rural and patriarchal society, and the abundant leisure enjoyed by a generation that were fortunate enough to have lived before the age of cheap printing had done so much to make cheap men. The books they read were by the great masters in philosophy, polite literature, and political economy. They had a way of subjecting all current questions of public policy to the test of certain great fundamental principles rather than to the demands of an expediency that looks only to transient success. They were broad and liberal. Among them were men whose eloquence, though polished by classical culture, exhibited the untamed freedom of their class and their time, and glowed with the passion that kindled so quickly within their fiery spirits. These men gained distinction on every battle-field on which American valor has achieved renown, and won recognition in every contest in which American intellect has wrestled for the prizes of civic or professional success.

Longstreet is an old Dutch name, but has an honest old English sound. The Langestraats first came to America about 1657. When they first came into notice in New Jersey, they were known

as ingenious, energetic, reputable people. The mother of the subject of this sketch was a descendant of Edmond Fitz-Randolph. She had blue Norman blood in her veins, and could trace her New England pedigree back to 1607. These two life-streams—the sturdy Dutch and the vivacious, high-spirited Norman—mingled in the blood of the boy. A many-sided man—strong and brilliant, courageous and courtly, humorous and devout—was the product.

Of William Longstreet, the father, it is said that he anticipated Fulton in the use of steam as a motor. The inquisitive mind of the son, that led him, as far as possible, to intermeddle with all knowledge, was a legitimate paternal inheritance.

Of the mother, our knowledge is meager. Like that other Hannah, whose ante-natal prayer found gracious answer in the career of the illustrious son God gave her, when the final record is read it will doubtless be found that from Hannah Longstreet the boy received his richest inheritance of physical and moral tendency and capability. The rule is that great men have great mothers. When a family flowers into greatness on the male side, nature usually takes a rest, except in cases in which a specially grand motherhood infuses an element of fresh vigor into the line.

Transplanted to Georgia soil, the family was quickly naturalized, becoming Georgians among Georgians, and producing in the subject of these chapters perhaps the most typical Georgian that ever made a speech, preached a sermon, told an anecdote, or waged a controversial warfare.

"Longstreet, the Typical Georgian," was thought of as the proper title for this sketch. He was a Georgian all over, all through, and all the time. He was the father of its humorists, a peculiar kind, unlike any other. He impressed his political opinions upon the youth who were destined to shape the future policy of the State. He was one, and not the least, of a class of great preachers whose genius and piety have left upon its people an impress as lasting as eternity. He was an educator who, bursting traditionary fetters, did much toward the emancipation of learning from false methods and aims. He was a gentleman so pure and so true in every human relation, and so true to God, that patriotism and religion might well point to him as a model as long as tradition and the printed page shall keep his name alive among men.

The typical Georgian! No one will dispute his title. He was typical of what was truest, highest, best in his people. If, while he typed their virtues, he was in any degree tinged with their failings, we need not be surprised at the fact; but unless he had by some magic spell charmed the wide circle of his friends into uncritical admiration, and bewitched such enemies as he had into a strange silence, it will be hard to find in all history a man so positive in his convictions, so resolute in purpose, so outspoken in expression, and so commanding in influence, whose life could challenge a closer scrutiny by his contemporaries, or have less to fear from the siftings of after times when the false lights have died out and every man who has gained the

notice of mankind stands revealed in his true colors and real proportions.

Longstreet's life was spent in civic service, and it is, therefore, not strange that men far inferior to him in the brilliancy of his genius and the value of his labors should have obtained a wider popular recognition. His character and career were symmetrical, and it is not strange that the eccentricities of smaller men gave them greater transient notoriety. The hero of a duel or a hustings bully may be a greater man in his day than the benefactor of a nation. To a child's eye a lightning-bug outshines the brightest fixed star. There is no little childishness in every generation of grown-up people. The lightning-bug never sees a second summer; the star shines on forever.

THE BOY.

A TREE must make wood before it can bear fruit. A healthy boy's chief business is to eat and grow. Whatever hinders this process is foolish and murderous. Whoso overtaxes a youthful mind is guilty of a gross stupidity or a terrible crime. Young Longstreet was neither happy nor successful as a student in the old Richmond Academy at Augusta. The reason is not wholly clear. Only his version of the case is known to us—a truthful version, doubtless, but still one-sided and partial. "I was," said he, "considered by my preceptors a dunce in several of my academic studies, and treated accordingly." What that means cannot exactly be known now, but it left a bitter memory in the heart of the bright, ingenuous boy. That was the day of brutalities in schools unknown to this generation. One of these brutalities was the dunce-block. With a burlesque paper crown upon his head, a boy was perched upon a stool or bench and made to stand there for hours at a time, if of a sensitive nature, suffering the agonies of unspeakable shame at being branded as a fool; or if naturally callous or hardened by rough usage, standing there sullen and revengeful, nursing righteous wrath and getting gnarls and twists in his moral fiber that would deform the whole of his after life; or worse still when a deli-

cate, sensitive little girl was thus pilloried, every nerve in her frame quivering with the torture of shame, dazed, discouraged, morally murdered. These barbarisms are now impossible. Further insight into his hapless case is thus given: "I could not teach myself these studies without the help of my teachers so-called, and I could not help myself because I did not understand the language in which the book-rules were given, and of course could not understand the rules themselves." Poor boy! His case typed a system, and explains the cause of innumerable stunted growths among the victims of a class of the old-time school-masters, whose like it is to be hoped will never be seen again on earth.

A joyful season of freedom came to the youngster. His father removed with his family to Edgefield District, South Carolina. Here, to use his own language, the boy "spent two or three happy years." He was too happy to measure time, and a year more or less counts for little in the bright calendar of boyhood. He was a genuine boy, not one of your mannish, unbearable, premature little prigs who is loud and pert and all-knowing; nor one of your weakly, goody, morbid little saints who happily die early if with better health and improved environment they are not born again into true boyhood. That Edgefield episode was a momentous one to the young Georgian. He reveled in the freedom and largeness of the country. His ideas and tastes were those of a boy of the period: his highest ambition, he says, "was to outrun, outjump, outshoot, throw down any man in the district." This ingenuous confession throws a flash

of illumination over those times, about the beginning of the present century, when martial fame was the passport to popular favor, and virile strength and pluck made a hero of a county bully or a crack shot in a squirrel hunt or the winner in a wrestling-match. Young Longstreet was not pugnacious or aspiring above his fellows; he was a boy among boys, and caught the ideas and spirit of his time.

Those boyish years in Edgefield imparted other influences which he never lost. He was then and there inoculated, unconsciously, with the spirit of South Carolina politics, though too young to comprehend its formulas. The Edgefield people were then, as now, high-spirited, tenacious in their grasp of the notions once adopted by them, ready to stake every thing upon a conviction. They were South Carolinians of the straitest sect, a people that may not always have been prudent or wise, but who have left examples of devotion to principle under the obloquy visited upon minorities in stormy times and in the shadow of defeat that will receive the recognition of magnanimous foes and thrill the hearts of the heroic and truth-loving while time shall last. Impracticable, too sensitive, too much given to abstractions, too uncompromising, were they? Grant it, but do not forget that if these are the peculiarities of men who often fail in practical politics, they may be associated with the virtues that make a State illustrious. Men of this sort sow in tears in one generation the seeds of political truth and virtue which will be reaped in joy by another. The spell of Calhoun's genius was already felt by the people of South Carolina; and

the romping, laughing, responsive boy doubtless received from him at this time a magnetic touch which he never lost.

After these two brief but blissful years in Edgefield, he was ordered back to what he called his "hated penitentiary"—the Richmond Academy. His teachers and text-books were the same, and his heart sunk within him. He felt more like a convict put to working a tread-mill than a student following a competent guide in the paths of knowledge. But at this time an incident occurred which changed his whole life. He met George McDuffie, that rare genius, the incarnation of fiery eloquence and burning patriotism who flamed athwart the heavens of high political debate in the stormy night of the great sectional conflict. "While undergoing the discipline of the Richmond Academy," says Longstreet, "chance threw me under the same roof, and choice into the same bed with George McDuffie." That was a fortunate chance and a wise choice for the discouraged young pupil of the Richmond Academy. He found what he needed—companionship, sympathy, and mental *stimulus*. His new comrade and bedfellow, he says, "devoured with greediness every book and newspaper that he could lay his hands on. As he could read these only at night, and as I could not separate myself from him in his leisure hours, as he seemed to regard it as a privilege and relish to have a boon companion to imbibe knowledge with him, and as he seemed to think, and perhaps did think, that I was as greedy of learning as he was, he always read aloud. This, to me, was at first

irksome, then tolerable, then delightful, Thus," continues Longstreet, "I acquired my first taste for reading, and this was of incalculable benefit to me; but I derived a still greater benefit from my constant intercourse with this bright youth. I observed that when we read the same books and papers he always knew twice as much of their contents as I did. I determined to match him if possible, and I commenced reading with care and in a measure studying what I read. Thus I learned the only kind of reading which is of much value."

We must read between the lines to understand the reciprocal influence of this boy friendship. They were both endowed with that wonderful gift we call genius. There was an element of rivalry in their friendship, a rivalry generous and stimulating; not envious or in any way mean. That they had contests of wrestling, running, and jumping is almost certain. It would be surprising if they did not also have occasional boxing-matches, ending at times in bloody noses, flushed faces, and a little real fighting, such as most boys secretly like. Who ever heard of any boy or man whose name began with "Mc" who was not ready for a fight on occasion?—a fight against sin and Satan if a saint, a fight against any opposer if a sinner. McDuffie was a volcano slumbering or blazing. In young Longstreet, the future jurist, teacher, and preacher, was the metal that in his nephew, James Longstreet, made the name the synonym of a courage so invincible, a purpose so steady that no opposing lines ever withstood his direct onset when the field was a fair one and the numbers at all

equal. On almost a hundred bloody fields he was among the bravest of the brave, leading the ragged ranks of the boys in gray in many a desperate charge where valor must conquer odds or flee or perish. Said the heroic and truthful but ill-fated Hood in 1866: "Of all the men living, not excepting our incomparable Lee himself, I would rather follow James Longstreet in a forlorn hope or desperate encounter against heavy odds. He was our hardest hitter." This was said by the man who led the Texans at Cold Harbor, and a higher eulogy was never pronounced by one brave man on another. Does any reader say that Gen. Longstreet blundered after the war was over? Let it be conceded that he did blunder at that time; but for the gray-haired hero whose sun is sinking among the Georgia hills there is in the heart of every old soldier who fought with him an inextinguishable affection, and a secret wish that before the old man dies he shall receive full absolution for any *post bellum* blunder, and the assurance that when the story of the great conflict shall be calmly and impartially written the hero of Sharpsburg shall have his place in the picture where the battle thunder was loudest and heroic blood most freely flowed.

A more detailed chapter of the boy life of Longstreet and McDuffie would be interesting to the reader, but no person now living could write it. In after days their lives ran in different channels—that of Longstreet at a critical juncture taking a providential direction unforeseen and unexpected to himself; that of McDuffie leading him into politics,

taking the turn that suited his genius; he was Representative and Senator in Congress, Governor of South Carolina, and perhaps the most eloquent as he was the most impassioned of all her orators of that tempestuous period who rallied around Calhoun in defense of what they believed to be the true principles of the Federal Constitution. McDuffie was absolutely fearless and uncalculating as to personal consequences—qualities that clothed him with almost irresistible power when he pleaded his cause before the people. His fiery philippics against Northern invaders of State rights, as he held to them, were magnificent; his denunciation of the native-born Southerner who held any affiliation with them coruscated brilliantly with lurid rhetoric, and blasted like a thunderbolt where it struck. There is nothing left of his printed speeches that furnishes any adequate idea of his eloquence. He was like a fire-ship, consumed in the blaze that lighted it to the battle.

AT SCHOOL IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

After two years, Longstreet left the Richmond Academy, no more to return. He was sent to the celebrated school of Dr. Moses Waddell, of South Carolina. Here he felt the awakening touch of true pedagogical genius that makes student life a delight. Arithmetic, Latin, and Greek, formerly his stumbling-blocks and detestation, now gave him no trouble; "so far from it," said he, "when studying the classics under the shade of the beautiful beeches which grew near the woodland seat of science, I actually felt a touch of the inspiration with which Virgil opens his deathless song." Here he was fully born into intellectual life, and felt the glow and thrill of the conscious power that makes this first experience a joyful memory forever. No record of the three years spent under Dr. Waddell's instruction is accessible, but they were fruitful years, perhaps the most momentous of all, embracing the most impressible and formative period of his life. His mental development must have been rapid and steady during these years, while his moral nature strengthened and expanded in the atmosphere of the school of the Christian scholar, the fragrance of whose noble and beautiful life lingers yet in the circles where he was known, and whose influence is as imperishable as the minds upon which he wrought as a master-workman. In

later years Longstreet was selected by the University of Georgia to pronounce a eulogy in honor of his old preceptor, who had found a wider sphere and larger fame as an educator. The glow of undying gratitude and the tenderness of an affection that was almost filial characterized this tribute of a pupil to his teacher. Lift your hat, gentle reader, to the old master who taught you to love books, to tell the truth, to honor womanhood, and to bow reverently before Almighty God! We can never pay the debt we owe to the teachers who made the men who make our history illustrious. But verily they shall have their reward. If their statues do not find a place in the Pantheon of earthly glory, the spirits they have formed will be living stones in the temple of God on the bright, eternal hills.

It was not only growth in stature and book-learning that Longstreet gained in South Carolina. His political opinions were being formed. In the white heat of the great struggle that was going on the hearts of such young Southerners as he were fused, cooling with reflection and the lapse of time, but never to change the mold into which they were then cast. Taking sides with the strict constructionists and rigid State rights party, he never left them. When the battle waxed hot, he was restive until he entered the lists. He was public-spirited and intensely patriotic, and exhibited all the ardor of the school of statesmen with whom he affiliated, a worthy copartisan of the serene and majestic Calhoun, the bold and fiery McDuffie, the unbending and unblenching Troup, and in later days that almost matchless master of assemblies, the elder Colquitt, and the hon-

est, manly, lion-hearted McDonald. They were opposed for a time by Georgians and Carolinians equally patriotic and scarcely less gifted—the massive and mighty Toombs, the gifted and noble Stephens, the weighty and wise Howell Cobb, of Georgia, and Governor Perry and others, of South Carolina, who strove by conservative counsel and measures of compromise to avert calamities that were fated to come. In the heat of that struggle the compromisers were denounced as blind leaders who could not see that the day of compromises had past, or as trimmers who were ready to set their sails to catch any transient breeze of popular favor. The other party, the party of immediate and uncompromising resistance to Federal encroachment, were denounced as fire-eaters and disunionists. The tide of party passion rose so high that a large element of the old Whig party, claiming to be the party of the Union above all else, actually followed Mr. Calhoun into nullification in opposition to President Jackson. Underlying all this party passion on both sides was a genuine patriotism; and when the final conflict came, the blood of both was poured out freely in defense of the South. Who can now say which party was the wiser? It is easy enough to say that the attitude of the party of compromise encouraged Federal aggression until it reached a point beyond which it could be endured no longer. It is, on the other hand, just as easy to affirm that the excessive passion and blunders of the State rights party fed the fires of Northern fanaticism and furnished pretexts for continued sectional agitation and fresh assaults upon the South. There

may be truth on both sides, but the policy of neither party could have prevented the impending cataclysm. The dragon's teeth were sown in the Constitution itself. That instrument was a series of compromises, adopted under the pressure of one paramount necessity, the formation of a more perfect Union. The impossible attempt was made to reconcile its irreconcilable elements; the wisest blundered and the best were not always consistent. When, in the tragic outcome of the long controversy, Atlanta was blazing and Sherman's march through South Carolina was a track of fire, only a man of narrow mind or jaundiced spirit could be ready to lift an accusing voice against the men, living or dead, who differed so widely in their views of current statesmanship, but who were equally ready to die for the land they loved. In the name of the heroes who did die for it, let the survivors see to it that no Southern pen shall write a sentence that would dim the luster of any great name among the leaders of a time when the gathering tempest obscured the heavens and the ship of State was driven upon the breakers by forces beyond human control.

The reader will say that this chapter is wandering far from its caption and starting-point, but the three years spent by the young Georgian at school in South Carolina had so much to do with his whole after career, and so linked him to the men and ideas that dominated his life, that the apparent digression will be pardoned.

The aspirations of the young student who wished to outrun, outjump, and outshoot his fellows took

a higher range. The prizes of literary, professional, and political ambition danced before his imagination, and lured him onward in the toilsome paths of study. "The main difference between one man and another," said Dr. Toland, a South Carolinian who made so deep a mark as a physician in California, "is the bump of approbativeness, which the phrenologists locate on the very top of the head. One man tries, another does not." It was a half-truth spoken by the great surgeon. Aspiration measures inspiration. When our Lord himself promised that the disciple, faithful over a few things, should be rewarded by being made *ruler* over many, he appealed to the love of power which is an indestructible element of the moral nature of man made in the image of God. Christianity regulates and sanctifies this aspiration, but does not extirpate it. It could not do so without partly obliterating the divine image.

IN NEW ENGLAND.

Young Longstreet entered the junior class in Yale College in 1811. By Dr. Waddell he had been so well drilled that his preparation was thorough, and he found no difficulty in mastering the prescribed course in that famous school.

Of his life at Yale he says: "The two years that I passed at college were among the happiest of my life. No graduate of Yale ever left her halls with a warmer love for every member of her Faculty than I had, or a tenderer regard for the people of New Haven. If parting tears never dried up, and he who sheds them could always recognize them, I could point to many witnesses of this truth. The first gush of them was in that same North Church while listening to the address of the valedictorian of my class. The highest transport that I ever felt from vocal music was in this church. I loved all the professors of Yale, but the one that I admired most of all was Benjamin Silliman. He is the only one with whom I ever interchanged a letter."

In the atmosphere of Yale College and the fair city of New Haven his political principles underwent no change. Connecticut has always been inclined to the strict construction theory of constitutional interpretation. Wherever you find a reputable Connecticut Democrat, you will find a man

singularly tenacious of his political views, and steady in his adherence to legitimate party organization and obligations. That the young Georgia student, who was all his life so intense in his Southern feelings, found the people of New Haven very congenial to him—just like the people he had been loving all his life—is not at all strange. Ignorance is the mother of sectional prejudice.

The record of his college life is very meager. He was studious, correct in his moral deportment, and socially popular. We have abundant proof that his intellectual development was healthful and rapid. He was twenty-three years old at graduation. Deducting the two years "wasted at the Richmond Academy," as he bitterly expressed it in his old age, this was too short a time for the completion of the *curriculum* of that famous school of liberal learning. The pupil in this case may have exhibited extraordinary aptness in the acquisition of learning, as he certainly possessed unusual powers of expression, but it would have been better for him had he been less hurried in his educational course. Genius overleaps all ordinary obstacles and disappoints all ordinary calculations, but the laws of mental acquisition and development are as inexorable as are those of physical nutrition and growth. If Longstreet blundered by too great haste, he did what is done by ninety-nine out of every hundred young American students. If, notwithstanding, he achieved a great career, the fact must be attributed to a brilliant native genius and extraordinary post-scholastic diligence as a student. The early graduate who, having the

wings of genius, flies and takes the prize furnishes no proper example for the average student, who must with sweat and toil climb the rugged steeps of learning; and the unwritten records of life's failures would disclose many a self-elected genius whose flight was brief and whose fall was fatal. The genius in college is too often the failure in after life. In some cases the cause is to be found in the fact that what is called genius is the abnormal stimulation of some shining faculty at the expense of the entire mental organism, a pearl that is the product of disease and the precursor of death. In other cases the failure is to be looked for in the folly that leads the possessor of genius, real or imaginary, to think that it will enable him to defy the laws of mind and obtain the prizes of life without paying the price. The wish is as dishonest as the expectation is delusive. (This digression may have little biograpical value, but let it stand.)

After graduation at Yale College, young Longstreet immediately entered the law school of Judges Reeve and Gould in Litchfield, Conn. These gentlemen must have been lawyers and teachers of rare ability. The young barrister who felt their touch never lost the traces of their power. The year spent under their instruction grounded the prospective lawyer in the principles, methods, and ethics of that profession from whose ranks have come so many of the noblest defenders of freedom and the greatest benefactors of the human race, but whose "black sheep" have made it too often a synonym with the ignorant for trickery and extortion.

At Litchfield Longstreet sat for a year, "off and on," under the ministry of Lyman Beecher, that rugged and massive descendant of brawny blacksmiths whose belief in predestination did not prevent them from working for the means of living in the midst of a world where second causes operated, and father of perhaps the most notable family of children ever born into one American household. Lyman Beecher was a giant in his day, and it was no small privilege for an inquisitive, responsive young man like Longstreet to receive the impact of his mighty thought and to catch the magnetism of his glowing heart from week to week. Lyman Beecher was one of the architects of Longstreet's character and career. The measure of the influence of the great old Calvinistic preacher upon the young law student cannot be known, but it could not have been inconsiderable.

Among the later writings of Judge Longstreet is this allusion to one of Lyman Beecher's daughters, the pathos of which will not fail of recognition by the readers for whom it is quoted: "Her name," said he, "has been brought annually, at least, and tenderly to my memory for about fifty years. She was betrothed to Alexander Fisher, of my class, a man the like of whom it takes the world a century to produce. From the day that he entered college to the day that he graduated he never missed but one question in a branch of science taught in the institution; and if he was before as he was after I entered the class, he never hesitated two seconds in giving his answers. He was elected Professor of Mathematics in Yale Col-

lege soon after he graduated, was sent to England upon some business connected with the college, shipwrecked and lost; and thus Miss Beecher lost a union of perhaps fifty years with the brightest genius that I ever saw, and I believe the brightest that America ever produced, blended with as lovely a moral character as any American ever bore."

This romance moved the old judge's heart fifty years after the cruel tragedy took place. A cruel tragedy it is on the face of it, and mysterious beyond our solution, but life is full of such tragedies and seeming waste of brilliant genius and splendid potentialities. Is there a God? Does he know? Does he care? The revelations of the gospel in which life and immortality are demonstrated, and the intuitions of the trusting soul that walks by faith in this night-time of our being give the affirmative answer that saves us from madness and despair.

O the ruined piles of mind
  Daily discovered everywhere,
  Built but to crumble in despair!
I dare not think Him so unkind.

The rudest workman would not fling
  The fragments of his work away
  If every useless bit of clay
He trod on were a sentient thing.

And does the Wisest Worker take
  Quick human hearts, instead of stone
  And hew and carve them one by one,
Nor heed the pangs with which they break?

And more: if but creation's waste,
  Would he have given us sense to yearn
  For the perfection none can earn,
And hope the better life to taste?

I think, if we must cease to be,
  It is cruelty refined
  To make the instincts of our mind
Stretch out toward eternity.

Wherefore I welcome nature's cry,
  As earnest of a life again,
  Where thought shall never be in vain,
And doubt before the light shall fly.

No! there is no such waste. The hairs of our heads are all numbered. The buddings of genius will burst into full flower somewhere. Development is not arrested. The infinite love conserves what infinite power creates. The early friends whose souls touched in hallowed union in their young manhood now understand the mystery of life and death. They see face to face, and know even as they are known.

THE BENCH, THE BAR, AND THE HUSTINGS.

RETURNING to Georgia, young Longstreet was admitted to the bar in 1815, and commenced the practice of law. Of goodly presence, pleasant address, fluent, witty, self-poised, full of energy, and honorably ambitious, with a well-disciplined intellect and pure morals, he began his professional career under the most flattering auspices. His success was rapid. To take rank with such compeers as William H. Dawson, John M. Berrien, Howell Cobb, and others of like character and genius, was no small achievement for the young lawyer. The good Georgia people, recognizing that they had among them a young man endowed with genius, took him to their hearts, as has always been their way. And a good way it is. The public men of Georgia have had fierce conflicts among themselves, and at times the whole State has fairly rocked with their mighty contention; but it has been the custom for Georgians to stand by Georgia and one another against the world. When Toombs and Stephens in their prime divided the scepter of political supremacy between them, they were friends, not rivals. The bluff and colossal Toombs and the pale and attenuated Stephens did not conceal their admiration and love for each other. Georgia was large

enough for them both, and they were both too large for the petty jealousy and bitter rivalry that ordinarily make it as impossible for two politicians of first-rate ability to live amicably within the same State lines as for two game roosters to keep the peace in the same farm-yard. When George F. Pierce was in the zenith of his powers and fame as a pulpit orator, even the *odium theogicum*, the most odious of all odious things, was banished or abashed into silence in the presence of the honest Georgia pride that led the highest High-churchman, the most Calvinistic of Calvinists, and the hardest of Hard-shells alike to flock to hear him and to trumpet his praises.

Georgia has always been a good mother to her children. And her children have repaid her love to them by their devotion to her. Those who have wandered away from her never forget her. Even her adopted children, who have once felt the throb of her mother-heart, love her forever. It is a family feeling. When a Georgian is made the recipient of an honor in Church or State, every true Georgian rejoices in the fact, and appropriates his share of the distinction. Proper State pride is the guard and glory of a State. When young Longstreet began to show the metal of which he was made, he found himself enveloped in an atmosphere warm with kindly feeling, and felt stimulated to put forth all his powers by the ready and hearty applause of a generous people.

The educated young men of the time took to politics, as a matter of course. To a young lawyer of Longstreet's ardent temperament and ear-

nest convictions, it was next to impossible to resist the current that bore him in that direction. It is pretty certain, however, that he did not resist very strenuously. He yielded a willing captive to the seductions of political ambition, which opened the widest field of achievement among a people mainly devoted to agriculture, having in their midst no great cities as centers for the stimulation of literature and trade. The men of genius of the old South devoted themselves to the study of statecraft for reasons that are patent, neglecting literature as a profession. What was gained in the one direction was lost in the other. Jefferson, Madison, Calhoun, and a few others have left State papers and political disquisitions that are immortal, while the larger number of their brilliant contemporaneous fellow-Southerners have left only the oral tradition of the eloquence that stirred the multitude and the legal learning that excited the admiration of the bar and the bench.

Longstreet's reputation grew so rapidly that it soon filled the State. "He rapidly achieved such fame, and won for himself such reputation as a finished and eloquent orator, that he could always command as large an audience as any man in the State, and perhaps larger than could any other man." (Chancellor Waddell's Address of 1873—Historical Celebration.)

Longstreet, in his old age, thought it worthy of mention that he "was elected Captain of the Three Hundred and Ninety-eighth District Company of Georgia Militia." The Georgia militia! what memories of fun and frolic, of bloodless war and

epauleted glory do the words bring to the minds of readers whose recollections go back to those days! The muster-day was a great day for the patriots who compulsorily and awkwardly marched and countermarched, and mangled the military manuals; for the sellers and drinkers of corn whisky and hard cider; for the venders and consumers of ginger-cakes; and for the bullies and experts who contended for the championship in fighting, wrestling, running, jumping, and shooting. It was a great day, too, for the politicians who took advantage of the gatherings of the voters in large masses to air their eloquence and solicit the popular suffrage. Capt. Longstreet knew very well that his modest military title would not do him any hurt with a constituency of Georgians who in their hearts cherished an undying passion for military glory. It is in them yet, and will exhibit itself on occasion, whether it be the apotheosizing of a general who led against heavy odds the thinned columns in gray or a one-armed private who followed his standard.

Capt. Longstreet never rose any higher in military rank, for he was soon destined to enter a warfare whose weapons were not carnal; and before the drum beat for the war that came in 1861 he was too old to take the field. That he relished this little episode in his experience may not be doubted. Its grotesquė and humorous aspects could not escape his quick observation, while his martial fires kindled at the sound of the drum and fife when "Yankee Doodle" was the tune.

His quick sympathies and generous nature made

him zealous and effective in defense as a lawyer in criminal cases. He identified himself so fully with his client for the time being that he was carried away with the tide of his feelings, and usually took the judge and jury with him. It is related of him that on one occasion he was defending a worthless, half-witted sort of fellow, the son of a widow, for sheep stealing. The proof of his client's guilt was so plain that his only hope of getting him clear was to appeal to the sympathies of the jury in behalf of the unfortunate, weak-minded rustic, whom he pictured most eloquently and pathetically as a fatherless youth, deprived of the advantages of education and paternal discipline, the only support of his poor old mother, whose last hope and only remaining comfort in this world, which had always been a world of hardship and sorrow to her, would be taken from her if her boy should be convicted. The presiding judge, jury, and spectators were melted by this overwhelming appeal, and Longstreet himself was so wrought upon by the picture he himself had drawn that he exclaimed: "Look, gentlemen of the jury, at my client, as he sits here before you, bathed in tears, his fate in your hands." Turning as he spoke, the eyes of all in the court-room following the same direction, he beheld his client sitting with a vacant face munching a huge horse ginger-cake! The anticlimax and reaction were complete. All in the court-room were convulsed with laughter, excepting perhaps Longstreet himself, who lost his case that time.

The next year (1822) he was raised to the bench, and assumed the title by which he was best known

ever after: Judge Longstreet. As a jurist he won distinction by his learning, industry, integrity, and that rare common sense that never failed him in any position he was called to fill. His irrepressible humor did not fail to relieve the tedium of the court-room, but did not exceed the limits of judicial decorum and good taste.

Among the contemporaries and competitors of Judge Longstreet were John Forsyth, wit, orator, diplomate, and party leader, who shone alike in Senate, forum, or court, whose satire cut like sharpest steel, and whose logic was as close-linked as his rhetoric was brilliant; John Macpherson Berrien, whose ability and classic eloquence made him a conspicuous figure in the United States Senate in the days of the giants; L. Q. C. Lamar, the elder, whose genius, courage, and high chivalry made the name illustrious during his generation, and who has a true successor in his not less illustrious son; George W. Towns, forceful, polished, magnetic, a prince among his fellows and a master of the human heart; the elder Colquitt, the marvelously versatile lawyer, politician, and preacher, who could rouse the enthusiasm of the crowd on the hustings, sway a Senate, convulse with his matchless humor a social circle, carry the verdict of a jury, or melt a congregation to tears; William H. Crawford, colossal in stature as in intellect, learned, pure-minded, grand, of whom Nathaniel Macon, the great North Carolinian, said he was "the greatest man he ever saw," and who at one time seemed to be within reach of the presidency of the United States; William C. Dawson, whose

strong common sense, integrity of character, racy Georgia humor, and sturdy independence gave him prominence as a lawyer, jurist, and legislator, and popularity with the people; John M. Dooly, the inimitable, a queer genius whose quaint native humor never failed, whose jokes still circulate, whose knowledge of human nature and power to play upon it made him invincible before a jury or in a political canvass; Andrew J. Miller, lawyer, statesman, patriot, a magnanimous and large-hearted man who died at the early age of fifty-seven; Richard Henry Wilde, known to the world at large by one short poem, but whose wide knowledge of law and letters, remarkable ability as an orator, and brilliancy as a conversationalist won for him the warm admiration of a whole generation of Georgians; the elder Thomas W. Cobb, noble in character as mighty in intellect, who was just going off the stage; Thomas W. Cobb, the younger, a gifted, grand man, whose fall at Fredericksburg was felt to be a national calamity; Howell Cobb, who filled a cabinet office under President Buchanan, a solid, massive man who was a recognized force in both *post* and *ante bellum* politics; Joseph Henry Lumpkin, the upright judge, whose benignant face beamed a benediction upon every beholder, with a brain clear and strong, a heart warm and large, equally venerated for his learning and loved for his virtues; Eugenius A. Nisbet, widely read on many lines, chaste and mellifluous in diction, of pure metal, and highly polished; Christopher B. Strong, able, high-minded, true; Eli S. Shorter, with a head for the law that would

have given him prominence anywhere, and a genius for finance that at a later day would have made him leader in the Stock Exchange or Board of Trade of any metropolis; Absalom H. Chappell, whose strong and stately form typed his large and vigorous intellect; Washington Poe, princely in all the elements of his physical, mental, and moral constitution; Henry R. Jackson, a man finely tuned on the loftiest key, a true poet and able lawyer; W. H. Underwood, another genius, whose wit was as sparkling as his legal knowledge was exact and full; James Jackson, combining judicial learning with religious fervor in an extraordinary degree. The names crowd upon the page, and a halt must be called in marshaling the splendid array of the professional rivals of Judge Longstreet. A little later came Benjamin H. Hill, and Hammond, Speer, Gordon, Du Bignon, Lester, Hardeman, W. B. Hill, and others who maintain the *prestige* of a noble profession, and inherit the lofty traditions and genius of the Georgia bench and bar.

To rise so rapidly, and maintain his place among such men as these, furnishes conclusive proof of the quality of the young barrister whose career is sketched herein.

His charges to juries and the final sentences which he pronounced upon prisoners convicted of capital offenses were remarkable for their eloquence—the eloquence of deep and solemn feeling in a kind-hearted man as well as that of a scholar fertile in classic and historical allusion, whose graceful rhetoric adorned all it touched, and whose irrepressible humor flung some flash of special il-

lumination alike over the dryest details of civil jurisprudence and the causes *celebres* in which life and death were weighed in the balances of justice. Then, as now, in Georgia the title of judge was one of distinguished honor.

While the waves of party passion were often lashed into fury, no stain of dishonor or shadow of suspicion had rested on the judiciary of the State. Even in the dark and stormy period of reconstruction the wholesome traditions and moral sentiment of the State overbore the malign tendencies of the time, and the judiciary of Georgia was the breakwater against political corruption and the bulwark of civilization. Among Georgia jurists there have been many men of lofty intellectual stature, great learning, and marked individuality, but none of brighter genius or purer fame than Longstreet.

THE UNWRITTEN CHAPTER.

A LOVE story runs through Judge Longstreet's life —fifty years of earth being its first chapter; the second to be continued forever. But this story can never be written or printed. No one could have told it save the two persons most interested, and neither of them could have told it as it was without the invasion of privacies as sacred as holy love itself. To have attempted it would have been like unsealing a vial that held the most precious perfume, whose odors would be exhaled and lost in the air. The best true love stories have never been told. They cannot be told. The novelist and poet can picture love according to their conceptions of it, but they cannot unveil the holy of holies where true love finds actual expression. The deepest love, human or divine, has in it an element of reserve.

Had he chosen to do so, Judge Longstreet could have given us a chapter on his wooing and wedding with fair Frances Eliza Parke over which every reader would linger with delight. He had met her at Greensboro while there on professional duty, and was drawn by that mysterious attraction felt by souls destined for each other. Love at first sight is not seldom the snare of the silly and the pretense of the shallow, but it remains true that those who are intended for each other are apt to

feel at once the force of affectional gravitation when thrown into close proximity. The brilliant young lawyer found his fate when he first met in the social circles of that aristocratic old Georgia village the gentle, sweet-faced young maiden. She was of good family—in fact, it is said she was of the Parke-Curtis family, of Virginia, allied to that of George Washington, and that her mother was akin to that robust British hero, Sir John Hawkins. Young Longstreet was not searching for a pedigree when she crossed his path. His nature was too earnest, simple, and true for it to be possible for him to be a fortune-hunter or a title-seeker. The simple fact is, he fell in love. Of their first meetings, their rides among the red hills and deep woods, their moonlight walks, his first consciousness that he was a lover, and his first trembling avowal of the fact, her blushing response, the progress of his suit, the proposal and acceptance—of all this, which made the sweetest memory of their lives, there is no record, and so we are left to fill out the picture for ourselves. It was not a long courtship. He was too ardent a lover and she too little of a coquette for that. That he had rivals we may be quite sure, and perhaps there was enough of rivalry to add a fresh element of excitement to the wooing, and to arouse the witty and magnetic young barrister from Augusta to do the best and quickest work possible to him in that line of achievement. Whether he indited to her verses of his own composition, whether he made notable changes in the raiment he wore, whether he exhibited much of the awkwardness so often charac-

teristic of young men of the loftiest ideals in dealing with women, whether they had any of the lovers' quarrels that are so maddening, with the reconciliations that are so blissful, we cannot say. It is certain that his wooing prospered.

They were married March 3, 1817, when he was twenty-seven years old and she a few years younger. They lived together in unbroken affection and felicity for fifty-one years. They were parted for awhile by her death, which took place at Oxford, Miss., in 1868. The glimpses we get of her through the utterances, mostly incidental, of those who knew her best reveal such a woman as could win and hold the heart of such a man as her husband, and be an inspiration and a helper to him through all the stages of a noble career. In an address of Judge James Jackson on the life and character of Judge Longstreet, delivered at Oxford, Ga., July 16, 1871, this language concerning her is quoted from one who knew her well: "I never expect to see a lady of more refinement and more finished cultivation, of purer soul and better heart than Mrs. Longstreet. She was a serious but cheerful person; rarely well in body, but chastened by affliction, she grew in grace until she looked like an angel."

Perhaps it was well for her husband that she was a "serious" person, else his irrepressible humor might have been at times too exuberant. The last clause of the closing sentence gives a charming picture of a saint "shining in holy beauty in the light of God," and suggests to the elect reader the transforming and transfiguring power of the touch

of the Spirit of the Lord which chisels the fading features of the human face into unearthly beauty here, and will clothe the resurrection body with the glory of heaven.

That venerated and saintly man of God, the Rev. Walter R. Branham, upon whose name the pen lingers with reverent regard, says of her: "I met Mrs. Longstreet in Augusta fifty-one years ago, and casually, but for a short time, at her own house and that of my father up to 1863. During the war she refugeed to Oxford, Ga., and was for a short time the inmate of my house. The enviable reputation she had earned among those who knew her well was fully justified by a more intimate acquaintance. What her earlier opportunities were I do not know, but she had evidently undergone a culture which made her a fit companion for her gifted and distinguished husband. Her matronly beauty, her quiet, unobtrusive demeanor, the sweet spirit that looked out from her expressive eyes, and the kind regard she manifested for the welfare and happiness of others, (in the language of a friend) 'captured the heart at first sight, and kept it.' Although long an invalid, her youthful charms were succeeded by that peculiar beauty which a chastened, meek, and quiet spirit gives to the form and face of maturing years."

Mrs. Longstreet died in 1868. A letter from Judge Longstreet to a kinswoman, written seventeen months afterward, while it furnishes a beautiful tribute to his wife, supplies some links in this life-story. Its details sound a little curious at this day. The world has moved since 1817.

OXFORD, MISS., March 6, 1870.

My Very Dear Cousin: A minute has not elapsed since I finished reading your most welcome letter, and you see I am answering it already. Well, my dear Louisa, I must *for you* perform a task that I have often attempted, but always abandoned as soon as I seated myself to perform it, for with the first thought of its execution my heart begins to ache, my eyes begin to stream, my hand begins to tremble, and I turn from the sheet before me as though it were the "winding-sheet" of my dear, departed Eliza. You anticipate it, and here it is—executed with less perturbation of mind and body than I supposed I could carry thus far through it during my brief span of existence. She was taken from me after we had lived together in happy union fifty years, seven months, and ten days from the date of our marriage, 3d of March, 1817. In all this time I do not believe that she ever uttered one word or did one thing to wound my feelings. She, as you know, had a very handsome estate when I married her; I did not have money enough to buy my wedding clothes. Soon after our marriage I went largely in debt for a plantation and its outfit for making a crop, with some thirty or more of the likeliest field-hands that I ever saw—last year hers, this year mine. These remained to her after she had given nine like them to her mother, who was in hardly easy circumstances. I married her in Greensboro, Ga., seventy-five miles from Augusta, my native city. In Greensboro had she been brought up from her girlhood. Here we lived for about twelve years. Here our first son and her mother died within two days of each other. In the meantime I had risen rapidly in popular favor and professional reputation. I had been legislator and judge, and was running for Congress with the certainty of election when our afflictions came upon us. They clipped the wings of my worldly ambition forever, and turned my thoughts heavenward. My wife estimated my talents by her love for the possessor and his rapid preferment, and she had doubtless figured to herself the high renown I was to acquire in Congress, and the happiness she was to enjoy in witnessing its growth amidst the gayeties and splendors of the capital. These fond dreams were now dissipated forever. I took down my name from Congress, and she and I became seekers and professors of religion. It would have been natural for her to have said, "Husband, is it not as easy to be a religious statesman as to be a religious lawyer?" or have dropped some word indicative of her sore disappointment, but no such word ever escaped her lips.

Three years after her mother's death I proposed that we

should move to Augusta, where I believed I would have a more lucrative practice than I could have in Greensboro. This was a proposition to forsake the graves of her mother and her two children; to forsake the people among whom she had been brought up, all of whom esteemed her, and some, her equals in rank, seemed to regard her with a sort of queenly deference—to forsake all these and settle among strangers. How natural, how pardonable would it have been in her to have said: "My dear husband, have we not enough to live on in affluence all of our lives? Does our Bible teach us that growth in riches is assistant to growth in grace? Shall we desert the graves of those upon whose cheeks we shed our first commingled tears? Shall we leave the people who nursed them so kindly, bore them to their place of rest, and wept with us as though our losses were their own—leave these people and that consecrated soil for a land of strangers, only that you may secure a better practice?" O, angel spirit, why did you not say so? I think I can answer for her: "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried."

Well, we moved to Augusta. I sold my possessions in Greensboro at a sacrifice, bought a plantation near the city, and commenced planting and lawing with high hopes. Alas! they were soon blasted. My practice increased, to be sure, but my expenses increased in duplicate ratio, and my troubles in an innumerable ratio. My crops barely paid the expenses of making them, my negroes became thieves, they stole my hogs, my corn, my bacon (by false keys), and every thing they could sell. Security debts I had to pay by thousands; in short, you can hardly name a trouble to which I was not subjected. Throughout them all my wife was my counselor, my comforter, my encourager. At length I told her I must do one of two things: I must sell my plantation and negroes, or I must quit the practice of law. These negroes had been bequeathed to her and her brother in early childhood by their grandfather, who had selected them to correspond in age with the age of the two children, that they all might grow up together. Her brother soon died, and they all fell to her. She was eighteen when I married her, and here were these negroes, between forty and fifty in number, with not an old one among them save their parents who had been bequeathed with them. She was now called upon to say whether she would part with the slaves in a body (save the house-servants and their families) or have her husband renounce his profession. I don't know that she paused a moment before she answered: "Husband, I leave the matter entirely with you, and

will freely acquiesce in your choice." "Then," said I, "we will sell them." She showed a little sadness, but never the first sign of disapprobation. A purchaser soon appeared in a companion of my boyhood, a pious man, and of course a good master. Is old them at fair prices all round. This sale put me out of debt and left me a clever sum over, and relieved me of the eternal torment of negroes, overseers, and creditors. Things now brightened about me greatly. A few years rolled on, when this "lovely and loving spirit" was called on to endure the severest trial of all.

The first year of my ministry (1839) the yellow fever made its appearance in Augusta, and my house was soon filled with fugitives from the city, who boarded me out of every thing I had to eat, so that I had nothing to sell at the end of the year but my dwelling and land. These I disposed of at their full value. I was now foot-loose for the Methodist itinerancy. While administering to the sick, the dying, and the dead for five dreary months, expecting every day to become a victim to the disease, O how my soul rejoiced as it found me serving God instead of serving clients! At the close of the year I was placed at the head of Emory College, a recently established Methodist institution in the recently laid out Methodist village of Oxford, Ga. The fees of my practice at the bar amounted to about $13,000. These, with the proceeds of the sales of my property, enabled me to save it from death, at least to relieve its death agonies, and to do great good otherwise. The college prospered under my supervision, and in the course of a few years became the rival of the State University in reputation and patronage. Here both my companion and myself supposed that we were to spend the remainder of our lives, but Providence had not so ordered it. At the end of nine years' residence in this peaceful village, she was doomed to another change, and to bid farewell to the soil that covered two more of her children, to her only two surviving ones, and three grandchildren. In the spring of 1848, I received letters from two of the Trustees of the University of Mississippi desiring to know if I would accept the presidency of that institution if elected, giving me strong assurance of the appointment. I was immediately impressed with the opinion that I could serve God and my country better at the head of a State institution than at the head of a sectarian institution. I submitted the matter to Bishop Andrew with these words: "I am inclined to think that I ought to accept this appointment. Emory is now upon a firm basis. There are fifteen preachers within sound of the college bell, and therefore I am not needed here either as a preacher or a teacher. Take a little time to consider

the matter, and give me the light of your counsel upon it." "I don't want a moment's time to reflect upon it," said he; "you ought to go," and gave his reasons. I immediately signified to the Trustees my readiness to accept. The election did not come on till October or November. As soon as our Commencement exercises of 1848 were over I resigned. My successor was appointed and I was a gentleman at large, free to choose the mode of life that might seem to be the most agreeable to me. I entered the itinerancy without a circuit; and worked where I was most needed. My labors were greatly blessed, and of course so was I. Thus employed the report of the Mississippi election found me. Through the influence and eloquence of a Catholic member of the Board, who protested against ever putting a clergyman of any denomination at the head of the college, I was beaten by one vote. I was so happy in my new vocation, which could not be changed for a month to come, that I rather rejoiced than repined at my defeat. The news of it had hardly had time to reach Louisiana before I received news that I had been unanimously elected by the Trustees of Centenary College President of that institution. I accepted the appointment. Hitherto my changes of vocation and place had all been in Georgia, where from the mountains to the sea-board my wife and myself were well-known and much esteemed. Now she was to journey to a far off land, where neither she nor her husband knew a living soul. She accompanied me thither with the same equanimity and uncomplaining submission with which she accompanied me to Oxford, Ga. I entered upon my duties in February or March, 1849, and right from the close of the five happiest months of my life began the five most tormenting. How they came to be so, no matter. I presided at one Commencement in July, and resigned. While packing up my things to return to Georgia, I was informed that I had been unanimously elected President of the University of Mississippi. I accepted the appointment, and took my place in September, 1849. My sons-in-law followed me hither. In July, 1856, I resigned and felicitated my wife upon her having lived to see the end of my vagrant life. I had now reached my sixty-sixth year, and felt no scruples at retiring from active service of Church or State, but she was doomed to one more move. Toward the close of 1857, I received a letter from the Trustees of the University of South Carolina inquiring if I would accept the presidency of that institution if elected. "Here," said I, "wife, you shall decide this matter. If the inquiry came from any other quarter, I would not hesitate a moment to answer in the negative; but South Carolina and Georgia have been twin nurses of me and twin sis-

ters in my affections; and if I could be tempted into the service of any State in the Union at this late day, it would be dear old South Carolina. But your word shall be law to me in this case, for I shall regard it as the suggestion of Providence." She positively refused to decide the question. "Well," said I, "I don't think it will be possible for my answer to reach the Trustees in time for them to present my name to the Board before the election comes off. I will answer in the affirmative; and if it does not reach its destination in time, I shall conclude that I should not have accepted the place, and *vice versa*." It did reach its destination just in time, and that was all. I was elected, accepted, and remained at the head of the College until the students volunteered as a body in the service of the Confederacy. My wife and myself separated no more until the 13th of November, 1868, when she left me gloriously for heaven.

A. B. LONGSTREET.

A CHANGE OF HEART.

A CHANGE of heart—that is the way Judge Longstreet himself described the event that changed the current of his whole life. At this point a fresh regret rises in the mind of the biographer, as it will in that of the reader, in recalling the fact that the papers of Judge Longstreet on religious subjects were destroyed by fire about the close of the war. The psychology of the conversion of such a man furnishes a study of profound interest to all intelligent minds. The full details of his experience in his own language would possess a thrilling interest for all religious persons. But there is no one now living who can tell all the story, and so the most important chapter in this memoir may prove to be the least satisfactory.

He was wrenched out of his usual course of thought and living by a great sorrow—the death of his first-born son in the year 1824. He reeled under the shock. "This loss," he says, "turned my thoughts from earth to heaven—*not so much to heaven's rewards as to heaven's reunions*—and I determined to seek religion, but in a way of my own, without the help of Churches."

The blow by which his heart was smitten thus opened a channel for God. The hope of heaven's reunions has first turned thitherward the thoughts and yearnings of a great company of the broken-

hearted to whom the promise and hope of reward have afterward come as an auxiliary motive. Our hearts are human, and He who made us knows us. Great love is wrapped up in a great grief when it comes as this grief came to the aspiring, popular, rising young lawyer.

It is surprising to have Judge Longstreet tell us, as he does, that at this time he was an infidel. What made him an infidel is unknown. Perhaps infidelity happened to be the fashion with his companions at school; or it may have been the influene of some gifted but unbelieving preceptor; or it may have been a bad book that had gotten into his hands before his mental powers were matured; or it may have been the outgrowth of the intellectual pride that so often proves a snare to genius or talent.

He farther astonishes us by the statement that he was very ignorant of the Holy Scriptures. "I had never," he says, "bestowed an hour's study on them, with the honest aim of ascertaining their truth, in all my life."

For four or five days after the death of his son it seemed as if his head would rend asunder with pain, and he said to his physician: "Doctor, if you do not do something for me, I shall be a madman in a few days." "Time," said the doctor, "is the only physician for your disease." "But there was a Physician who could and did heal my disease long before time could have done it," is the grateful record made by him nearly forty years afterward.

The death of his son occurred while he was liv-

ing with his wife's mother and her second husband at Greensboro, Ga. This step-father was a Christian; "a more blameless character I never knew," says Longstreet. "On the day after my child was buried," says he, "his wife died. What was my loss compared with his? Morning and evening would my bereaved household friend go down on his knees and acknowledge our afflictions as sent of God, and pray for strength to bear them submissively, and that they might be sanctified to our souls' eternal good. 'I would give a thousand worlds,' thought I, 'if I could believe the Scriptures as this man does; their fruits are lovely, to say the least of them.'"

Thus impressed, he tells us that he determined to seek religion; "and I will seek it," he resolved, "just in the way those who know most about it tell me to seek it. I announced my resolution to my wife, and then announced it to her step-father, and told him that thenceforward I would share family prayer with him. Tears of joy filled his eyes, and my tears of grief ceased to flow. I commenced studying the Scriptures in earnest, praying God if they really were true that I might be convinced of their truth. I had not studied them more than a fortnight before I began to find in them wonderful evidences of their divine origin, which I wondered the world had never discovered before, and which I afterward learned were from two to fifteen hundred years old. All my doubts soon vanished, and I became a thorough believer in Christianity."

Thus he attained an intellectual belief in Chris-

tianity, and he was now ready to enter the open door. His resolution to seek religion "just in the way those who knew most about it told him to seek it" shows that the barrier of a false pride was broken down, and that he was ready to receive the kingdom of heaven as a little child. It was not long before he was born into the new life. The remembrance of it thirty-five years afterward thrilled his soul with holy rapture. In a letter to an old friend, Gen. James Bethune, dated July 2, 1859, he stated that the Rev. Adiel Sherwood officiated in the pulpit, "with warm John Howard," when, for the first time, with his bosom friend (his wife) he bowed a penitent at the altar. "Your sister," he adds, "stood by me, and prayed with me through all the struggles of the new birth. O what a revival did we lead off! O what happy weeks followed!" He tells us that his tears gushed and his eyes could scarcely see to trace these lines penned so long afterward.

He came in at the strait gate of repentance and faith amid the songs and prayers of the Church. He was converted, and knew it. Old things had passed away, and all things had become new. It was indeed a change of heart. The kingdom of heaven—righeousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost—was set up within him. It was a clear and joyous conversion. The blossomings of his new life were as full of beauty and fragrance as the after-fruitage was rich and abundant. It was what our fathers called a powerful conversion.

This experience illustrates the text which is the key to the kingdom of God—"If any man will do

his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God" (John vii. 17)—and reveals the path to peace for every earnest inquirer.

In a paper by Judge Longstreet, published in 1870, we find this exegetical comment and challenge: "Of course, when Christ says 'If any man will do his will,' *he means God's will as revealed by himself.* Now, come, infidel, I dare you to the test. Assume that Jesus Christ was what he professed to be: a legate from heaven, sent or coming out from God to teach men their duty to their Creator, and the consequences of obedience or disobedience to his commands. Put off all your worldly wisdom, and approach him as a little child approaches his father. Cease from every thing which he calls sin. Read his word carefully under the supposition that it is, or at least may be, true. Honestly pray to him that if it really be true, he will convince you of its truth. Pray in private, pray in your family, attend the ministry of his word every Sabbath, withdraw from the society of profane persons, and make Christians your principal associates. Do this for three months; and if you are not become a thorough believer in the truth of Christianity, I will submit patiently to any chastisement you may choose to inflict upon me as a vile, hypocritical deceiver. *I speak from experience.*"

This was written late in his life, when the reality of his conversion and the solidity of his hope had been tested for nearly half a century with its admixture of pleasure and pain, joy and grief, prosperity and adversity. It was not the boast of a

young soldier who had just put on his armor, but the shout of a veteran who had fought the good fight, the joyful song of a pilgrim near the end of his journey.

He goes on to say: "It would be measureless cruelty to disenchant me of this delusion (if a delusion you will call it). Don't argue me out of it just as I am approaching the grave. If you do, you will pluck out of this serene old heart three precious little comforts unknown to science—faith, hope, and charity—and put in their places three sticks of lunar caustic, which is a work of science, but by no means so comforting. If it be all priestcraft, or any part of it priestcraft, don't visit its penalties on me; for I pledge you my word and honor that I had nothing to do with getting it up, and, for the life and soul of me, I cannot see how any man could get it up. I can find nothing like it that existed before the reign of Augustus Cæsar. I got it out of a little book, written before there was a priest of any order in the world to practice any craft. It is called the New Testament. It gives us an account of a wonderful personage who appeared in the world, and who professed to be a teacher and a ruler from God. He delivered his precepts and commands to the world; and two illiterate fishermen, one a hated tax-gatherer, an itinerant doctor, and a man named Mark (calling unknown) recorded them. . . . He himself said his teaching was from God, and here he might have rested his statement with perfect safety, seeing that all the infidels of the world for eighteen hundred years have not been able to find

any thing like it in any man's work. But, gentlemen, unbelievers all, he has staked his reputation [claims] upon it, and put into your hands a test infallible of his veracity, and consequently of the soundness or rottenness of the whole Christian religion. He says if any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God. Now I challenge you to the experiment. But come squarely and fairly and honestly up to it. Of course I do not extend the challenge to those who believe that there is no God. David calls them fools, and he knew more about them than I do. Certainly I should be a great fool myself to ask a man to test the truth of God's chief witness who does not believe that there is a God."

Judge Longstreet tells us that at the time of his conversion he knew nothing of the text upon which he based this challenge to the infidel, but which he unwittingly verified. The reader will pardon the anachronism that unifies this experience. The process and the results are commended to whom it may concern.

LONGSTREET THE PREACHER.

In 1828 Judge Longstreet became a preacher of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. He took this step at a time when he was in the very flood-tide of worldly success. His rise had been both rapid and steady. In 1821 he was a member of the Legislature of Georgia; in 1822 he was made Judge of the Ocmulgee Circuit; as editor of the *Augusta Sentinel* he had achieved distinction as a writer; and now, having received the nomination by the dominant party for a seat in Congress, his election was a certainty, and his way seemed to be clear to the highest honors his State could bestow upon him. A shock of surprise was felt by his friends and the general public when, in the heat of the canvass, he announced his withdrawal from the contest.

It must have been indeed a mighty compulsion that caused him thus to stop short in his political career when one of its glittering prizes was within his easy reach. It was harder for him than for most men. He had a natural fondness for politics, as the kindly reader will see, a fondness which never wholly left him, and which might have been to him a fatal snare had his call and consecration to a higher service been less clear and complete. As it was, he was more than once drawn to the very edge of the outer circle of the vortex of par-

tisan strife into which many gifted preachers have been ingulfed. A few men of extraordinary versatility and self-poise have been able to blend the pursuit of party politics and the preaching of the gospel with some degree of success, but it is a hazardous experiment for any man. The usual result is that a preacher is spoiled without making a good politician. Even in the few cases that have been apparently successful, it is scarcely to be doubted that whatever good such men may have done as political leaders or agitators, they might have done more by keeping to their one work as preachers of the gospel. The preacher who preaches the purest gospel, and practices what he preaches, is the truest patriot. The example of our Lord himself is in point. He wrote no treatise on political economy, identified himself with no political party. Nor did any of his apostles: they had but one theme; one master-passion absorbed them. The temptation to a preacher of popular gifts and ardent temperament to go into politics is often dangerously strong in our country, especially in contests in which political questions involve issues affecting the moral as well as the material interests of the State. Before our late war, during the war, and immediately after the war the preachers of various denominations—some more, some less—took an active part in political matters, justifying themselves on the plea that vital moral questions were at stake, that the life of the republic or the safety of a section was threatened, or some other plea equally plausible. Those times are past. Among the survivors let him that is without sin

cast the first stone at an erring brother or sister Church. Let no petty partisan or narrow sectionalist, in the face of the facts, allege that the fault was all on one side. And let nobody take offense at the suggestion that had the ministers of the gospel of peace been less affected by sectional feeling and party passion a bloodless settlement of the trouble bequeathed to us by our forefathers might have been effected, and that the process of reconstruction would have been easier and quicker.

Judge Longstreet was a born politician, but he was born again for a higher vocation. He has left us but little that tells of the inner questionings and struggles that immediately preceded his entrance upon the work of the Christian ministry. Regrets are useless, but irrepressible. Here is his account of the matter in his own language: "I had felt for some years that I was called of God to preach the gospel, but I had excused myself on the ground of my peculiar embarrassments. In the fall of 1828 this impression became so strong upon my mind that I actually feared to resist it. I unbosomed myself to my bosom friend upon this head upon this wise: 'My dear wife, I feel that I am under the last call of God to preach his gospel. So far as it concerns me personally, it will cost me no effort to obey it; but when I think of *you*, I recoil from it. A man may be a lawyer and a true Christian, but I am satisfied that he cannot be a practicing attorney and an efficient preacher at the same time. If, therefore, I enter the ministry, I shall abandon the law. I shall seek no favors or indulgences from the Church that would not be

readily granted to the poorest man or the poorest preacher in it. Nay, I shall endeavor to set an example to my brethren of prompt and cheerful obedience to the bishop's orders as to my sphere of labor. If he says go to the rice-fields of the seacoast and preach to the negroes or to the higher latitudes and preach to the mountaineers, I will go. But what is to become of you? You have never enjoyed three months of unbroken health since I first knew you. You must bid adieu to this spacious, peaceful country-seat, with all its sacred associations (we had buried two children near it) and its comfortable surroundings, to follow your husband to all places and all classes of people, where and with whom he may be ordered to work for God. How can you endure such a life, after the life of ease and affluence that you have always led? But, after all, it may be that I am mistaken in telling my impressions for the indications of Providence. Let us, therefore, make it the subject of prayer for one week, asking God to give us some intimation of his will in this all-important matter.' At the end of three days I inquired of her whether she had come to any conclusion upon the subject of our special petition. She said she had, and it was that I ought to preach. I replied: 'I am thoroughly convinced of it.' The next Sabbath found me in the pulpit, a licensed Methodist preacher. Here I announced that as soon as I had filled my obligations to my clients I would cease to practice law and devote myself exclusively to the service of God. The negroes, at least, gave audible signs of rejoicing, for I had endeared myself to them by

having opened and conducted a Sabbath-school for their children, which was really an improving institution. The Conference met at the close of the year, and the bishop stationed me at Augusta, to allow me an opportunity to close up my law business. From the day that I entered the pulpit to the day of our return home after the war, I never wanted a dollar nor my wife a comfortable home. '*Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you,*' saith the Lord."

It is probable that from the very hour of his conversion he had been drawn toward the Christian ministry. The rule seems to be that the call of the Holy Spirit quickly follows conversion. It antedates it in some cases, as some who will read these pages can testify. Judge Longstreet's decision to preach the gospel was probably the sequel of a process begun in the soul of the young lawyer the very hour when, kneeling as a penitent, he felt the touch of renewing grace and rose a rejoicing convert in the Church at Greensboro years before. The interval was a period of preparation during which he had tested his religion and himself. What the apostle Paul did during the three years spent by him in Arabia after his conversion, is left to conjecture; all we know is that the hand of God was on him. The record of this period of Longstreet's life is almost as meager as that of the holy apostle, but that they were preparatory for a great career is equally plain. The call to preach may come at any age after the arrival of the period of spiritual consciousness and responsiveness; the time to begin

to preach is when the ability to do so is attained. It was no hasty impulse or whim of the moment that led Longstreet to renounce his candidacy for political honors and devote his life to the Christian ministry. A secret but abiding impression that he must preach the gospel now culminated. To his ingenuous mind it was made clear that the great crisis had come and he must make his choice, once for all: he must be a preacher or a politician; he must quench the Spirit or now yield to its leading. Had he decided otherwise than he did, one of two results would have taken place: he would have sunk to the level of the ordinary seeker of political place and power, his soul hardening and shrinking after the manner of such, or his life would have been disturbed and impeded by the warring elements that divided the empire of his unhappy heart. Longstreet the politician would have had a stormy experience and a doubtful ending. As it was, his chiefest peril lay in that direction. More than once during his after life there seemed to be danger that he would be torn from his moorings by the fierce currents of political excitement that were sweeping over the nation.

But his consecration to the ministry was unreserved and his decision was final. With a joyful heart he presented himself for admission into the ministry of the Methodist Church, and was cordially welcomed by the Georgia Conference.

The old Georgia Conference was at that time a notable body of men. The elder Pierce—the "old Doctor"—stood at its head. Who ever heard his superior as an expository preacher? Who could

so effectively wield the whip of small cords in lashing the follies of the world and the short-comings of the saints? Who could bombard with such tremendous power the intrenchments of covetousness? Who could so melt the heart of a sinner or comfort the sorrowing when the occasion came and the mood was on him? Then came the son, "the greatest of all the great Georgians," says Judge Lamar. To have heard Bishop Pierce preach in his prime was like a new revelation of pulpit possibilities. Dignity, grace, power, unction—he lacked no element of success as a preacher, no quality of attractiveness as a man, no attribute requisite to true greatness in the sphere in which he moved, his chiefest charm the humility caught from holy companionship with the Lord Jesus Christ. An early friendship grew up between him and Longstreet, which was a joy and a blessing to them both. They had much that was in common. In a correspondence between them, brief snatches of which have survived them, it is delightful to note the warmth and freedom with which they speak and the exquisite humor with which their letters sparkled. Bishop Pierce had a vein of rich Georgia humor, refined and repressed, it is true, but often breaking out delightfully in the social circle, and at times flashing from the pulpit or rostrum. And then there was Jesse Boring, whose almost unearthly eloquence had a strange power never to be forgotten by him who had once felt its spell; whose description of the tragedy of Calvary, the final judgment, and the irreversible doom of lost souls fell upon the hearers like the peals of a superter-

restial trumpet or the sobbings of unspeakable pity over infinite woe. His preaching was like the sweep of a storm-cloud bright with electric fires and resonant with the thunder's roll, followed by the sun-burst and arched by the rainbow. And there was Samuel Anthony, as strong and uncompromising in dealing with error or wrong as John the Baptist, with a tenderness like Jeremiah's, a faith like Elijah's, and a love like John's. Who that ever heard him pray when his soul was in its intensest intercessory mood and then preach one of his mightiest sermons, could ever doubt that there is a supernatural element in the preaching of the man truly called of God to the sacred office? And there was William Arnold, whose pulpit mosaics of Scripture and poetry, of strong theology and melodious song, invested his personality and his ministry with such a strange fascination. Wherever he went he preached conviction into his hearers and sung and prayed them into believing and rejoicing. Blessed old evangelist! the grass has grown above his grave for many a year since he stood before a Georgia congregation with his long white hair streaming, his blue eyes swimming in tears, his face aglow with the heavenly flame that burned within him; but the fragrance of his holy life still abides, and the fruits of his ministry will never be lost. And William Parks, who feared not the face of man, as strong and as true as tempered steel, with the temperament that would have made him a martyr in martyr-times, and a theology that softened a rugged hero into a loving saint. And John W. Glenn, blunt as honesty itself, wise

in counsel, mighty in the Scriptures, able and ready when needful to use the surgeon's knife as a religious teacher and ecclesiastical administrator, with a tinge of native humor that smoothed his way and brightened all the circles he touched. And "warm John Howard," whose life was a living epistle, a better demonstration of the truth of Christianity than any written or printed volume could be, whose memory lingers among both the white and black people in Georgia as the true servant of the Lord and the true friend of humanity. And Alfred T. Mann, who set sound doctrinal preaching to the music of a faultless rhetoric and made it glow with heavenly fire. And James E. Evans, both revivalist and church-builder, a sanctified orchestra in himself, whose sermons shook the strongholds of Satan, and whose prayers opened the windows of heaven, under whose ministry thousands of souls were born unto God. And Caleb W. Key, devout, musical, full of faith and the Holy Ghost; and Josiah Lewis, original and fervent, a holy man and strong; and William M. Crumley, whose face seemed to have caught the reflection of that of the Lord he loved, whose gentle, persuasive eloquence drew many from the ways of sin to walk the highway of holiness; and Walter R. Branham, courtly and saintly, the golden link that connects the Georgia Methodism of the past with the present—these and others not less worthy, if less conspicuous, were Longstreet's contemporaries and co-laborers in the Methodist ministry in the old Georgia Conference, the successors of Hope Hull, Stith Mead, and the other stalwart pioneers who laid the foun-

dations, broad and deep, of Georgia Methodism. There is no room here for all their names, but their record is on high.

Longstreet's preaching partook of the character of the preaching of his time. It was preaching in the strictest sense of the word. He expounded the Scriptures, exhorted the sinners, and comforted and encouraged the saints in the style that was then common to the Methodist pulpit. His training as a lawyer and jurist imparted exegetical clearness and logical method in conducting his arguments; his knowledge of men told him where and how to strike at sin; his knowledge of books furnished ample material for historical allusion and apposite illustration; the tenderness of his nature taught him how to reach the hard heart. More than all this, his preaching had that undefinable yet indispensable element which differentiates true preaching from all other kinds of human speech: the unction from the Holy One. The spiritually-minded of all Christian communions know what this difference is, and recognize its presence or absence in every sermon they hear. The true gospel preached by a true preacher is in demonstration of the Spirit and with power. Where this power is lacking, the message is not God's, or the messenger is unfaithful. Does God never bless his truth when proclaimed by unworthy men? So abundant is his mercy that we may hope that he does at times convey the water of life to thirsty souls through such channels. St. Paul rejoiced that to the Philippians Christ was preached even though it was from envy or strife; but the carnal-

ly-minded, envious strife-makers wrought no wonders of gracious power such as attested the authority of the apostles.

Longstreet was a singer, and he had a way of singing a solo in the pulpit before or after preaching, after the manner of the fathers. This exercise was often very effective. The preacher, tuned for the special theme that was to be presented, thus put himself and his subject *en rapport* with his audience, and started a current that swept them on together. The solos heard in our churches now are often of a widely different sort.

He was appointed to Augusta, his birthplace and childhood's home, the theater of his earliest professional triumphs, and the seat of the hated old "Richmond Academy," of which he always thought and spoke with such hearty abhorrence.

The spirit of his ministry may be inferred from the account given by himself of his pastorate in that city: "In 1828 I was stationed in Augusta, and happened to be the only minister in the city except Mr. Barry (afterward Bishop Barry, of the Roman Catholic Church) when the yellow fever appeared in Augusta for the first time in awful malignity. And now in that city was exhibited a spectacle which, if religious sects were not the most uncompromising in their differences and the most incorrigible in their errors of any people under the sun, would be worth a thousand sermons to the Church and the world in general. Here were two representatives of Churches differing from each other as far as it is possible for Churches to differ, acknowledging the same rule of faith,

forced by a sense of duty to be co-laborers in the same field of charity. Mr. Barry was untiring in his attention to the sick, the dying, and the dead, and I tried to be. Of course in our ministrations we met every day, if not every three hours of the day. At first we met with friendly salutations, then with a few words of conversation, then with warmer greetings and more prolonged and friendly conversations, and finally with mutual demonstrations of brotherly love which, I believe, were sincere on both sides. Mr. Barry occupied a large house, two spacious rooms of which—the one above the other below—he turned into a hospital. It was not open exclusively to Roman Catholic patients, but to all, and was free to my visitations at all hours. It was soon full. The maximum number could have been but little if any short of fifty. How could he take care of so many persons? He brought up from Charleston a corps of Sisters of Charity. They attended to the living, and he to the dead. If the world ever produced a more kind, attentive, patient, indefatigable set of nurses than these, I never saw them. I am inclined to think that Mr. Barry, upon one occasion, condescended a little below the line of Roman Catholic toleration in compliment to his psalm-singing Methodist friend (so a Catholic priest once called us in derision, greatly to my amusement). Mr. Barry, meeting me one day, said to me: 'There's one of your people brought to the hospital. Will you go and see him?' 'Yes,' said I, 'I will go right away,' and we went together. He conducted me to the bed of the sick man, and stood by me while I

conversed with him. At the conclusion, I asked the sick man if I should pray with him. He answered in the affirmative. I knelt, and Barry knelt with me, and at the conclusion of the prayer we sent our *Amens* to heaven together. Now if there is a member of any Church of Christ who is not tenderly and pleasantly touched with this picture, he is out of his place and a disgrace to any place."

Of his manner in the pulpit the Rev. Walter R. Branham says: "In the pulpit he mingled the logic, cultivated by his long practice at the bar, with his ever-present tenderest pathos and wealth of knowledge of men with fine effect. Although calm in manner and gently persuasive in style, he was not unsuccessful as a revivalist. He sung well, and was given to a solo when he concluded an exhortation, or as a preacher just before announcing his text. I remember with what effect he used to sing, "All is Well," or "Prepare to meet thy God," (the music his own composition). I regret that this habit is grown out of use. To my youthful feelings the song was often more impressive than the sermon."

These characteristics as a preacher he retained to the end of his life, losing a little in vivacity and energy, but gaining in depth and tenderness as age grew upon him.

AS AN EDUCATOR.

THAT Judge Longstreet should become a schoolmaster was as contrary to all natural expectations as it was to his own plan and purpose. A man who has had a taste of the excitement of forensic conflict and the luxury of political triumph must feel the impulse of a powerful motive or the constraint of imperative obligation, or the irresistible attraction of a native bias hitherto resisted, to exchange the forum, the bench, and the halls of legislation for the hard toil and grinding cares of the school-room. When the Methodists of Georgia called him to the presidency of their infant college, his acceptance demonstrated the completeness of his consecration to God in the service of his Church. Preferring the path of duty to that of selfish ambition, without reserve or delay he gave himself to the work to which he was called. Doubtless the prime consideration with the trustees in his election was the desire to utilize his great popularity and influence in behalf of the movement to lay broad and deep and strong the foundations of a Christian college under the control of the Methodist denomination in Georgia. In choosing him for this service they took some risk with regard to the internal administration of the institution. Not every eloquent preacher makes a good teacher or governor. Accurate scholarship

and brilliant oratory are not always united in the same person. The genius that coruscates on the platform is liable to break down under the strain of the class-room. The orator who charms the multitude flounders and fails before his students. Innumerable failures prove that the teacher is born to his vocation. There was hazard both to the institution and to him in calling Longstreet to the presidency of Emory College. It was known that he was a genius, but it was not yet known that, versatile as he was, the pedagogical instinct was one of his gifts. But so it proved. As a teacher he did the best work of his life with the most enduring results. The extent of his influence cannot be measured now. It affected not only the intellectual and moral development of the students who came under his influence, but their political opinions as well. Georgia and the South would have been a different Georgia and a different South without him. His genius recommended his religion to many who would have repelled its approach through a duller man. His intense State rights views helped to disciple and solidify the educated intellect of his section. His perennial wit and humor, while opening the way for his appeals to the consciences and hearts of the young men he taught, gave a tinge to their thought and speech which they never lost and which clings to them unto this day. He is the true progenitor of Joel Chandler Harris, William T. Thompson, Bill Arp, and Sam Jones, and of Georgia preachers like Sam Jones, Simon Peter Richardson, Prof. Charles Lane, and others, whose sermons are spiced with

a wit whose flavor is as truly Georgian as it is inimitable. His successors in the presidency of Emory College—Pierce, Smith, Thomas, Haygood, and Candler—have all had, more or less, this same vein running through their composition. Dr. Means was fonder of making verses than uttering witticisms, and it may be conceded that his verses were not always perfect as poetry any more than that their jokes always possessed the true Attic salt. Longstreet furnished a felicitous demonstration that a man may possess learning without pedantry, and combine the sanctity of a saint with the sparkle of a wit. Blessed is he who can maintain this happy combination, whose piety does not run into pietism and whose wit does not sink into coarseness or buffoonery. The spirit of Longstreet still lingers with Emory College. A fervent piety, a robust manhood, and a somewhat rollicking yet not unrefined humor mark the college and social life of Oxford, the seat of the institution. The young man who leaves it misanthropic, mean, unmanly, or undevout does so because of ingrained and ineradicable tendencies beyond the reach of human agencies and influences.

The presidency of Emory College gave the many-sided Longstreet the opportunity to touch the thought and movement of his time at many points. Work in the school-room during the week, in the pulpit on Sunday, on the platform as occasion offered, with occasional excursions into the fields of literature, filled up the chinks of leisure left from college duties and kept the brilliant and popular lawyer and politician from sinking into mere rou-

tine pedagogy. Nor did his new relationships and duties cause him to cease to feel and express a lively interest in the current political issues of the day. He was intensely public-spirited. The school of politics to which he belonged was of the intense order, and the drift of events in the direction of sectional alienation and final collision was clearly discerned by his acute and far-seeing mind. He was of that class of public men in the South who, foreseeing the dangers that threatened the country, gave timely warning thereof, some of whom have been most unjustly accused of hastening the catastrophe which they in their own way honestly sought to avert. The epithets "submissionist" and "fire-eater" were angrily hurled at each other by good men who aimed at the same result while differing as to the proper policy to be pursued in attaining it. Longstreet was a nullifier, standing with Mr. Calhoun on this extreme State rights doctrine against the official head of the Democratic party for the time being. The attitude of the young men of Georgia toward such questions during the decades immediately following reveal the extent of his influence. Among his pupils in political ideas was his nephew, Gen. James Longstreet, whose name is mentioned in another chapter of this book and who did such hard fighting for the maintenance of the theories of government that were so ably upheld by the tongues and pens of the great *ante bellum* Southern leaders, but which were trodden under foot by the victors in the conflict of arms that opened in 1861.

Judge Longstreet entered upon the duties of

President of Emory College in 1840, and delivered his "Inaugural Address" February 10 of that year. This address will be found in the next chapter. It is here printed in full for the reason that it throws light on the man and the times. The reader of to-day will be interested and amused, if not convinced, by his argument in favor of the manual labor feature of the college course. He would have been more interested, though not so much amused, perhaps, had he been a recipient of its peculiar advantages as a pupil of the college under that *regime*. It may now be considered a little singular that this craze for manual labor in colleges should have broken out at that time in the South. But no one who knew the old South as it was will share in this surprise. Honorable labor, especially agricultural labor, never was despised by educated and respectable people in the South. Of course there was snobbery in the South, as there is everywhere else where families attain to sudden riches. The city loafer, son of a rich tradesman in New York or Philadelphia, and the idle and dissolute son of a mill-owner or rich mechanic in a New England manufacturing town, had his counterpart in the dissipated son of a rich planter here and there, for folly is confined to no class or section; but it was no uncommon thing for the sons of the owner of scores of slaves to wield the ax, the plow, and the hoe alongside the black field-hands from day to day. The white owner of a small farm tilled by his own hands, assisted by his sons, had as much self-respect, was as independent in spirit, held to his convictions as firmly, and was as quick to re-

sent an insult as his wealthy neighbor who was the owner of a hundred negroes. There was an element scattered throughout the South, larger in some localities and smaller in others, called "tackies" and "crackers" by the whites and "po' white trash" by the negroes, who were despised by both races, not so much for their poverty as for their ignorance and want of self-respect, lacking the intelligence and courage of the one race and the docility and good humor of the other. Nowhere on earth was a well-behaved, self-respecting white man, whether rich or poor, more respected than in the old South. Its aristocracy was mainly one of character and color, and less an aristocracy of mere money than that of any other people equally opulent known to history. Longstreet's argument in behalf of manual labor in colleges is illustrated by reference to the names of Gilmer, McDuffie, Legare, Crawford, Calhoun, and Cobb, who were his fellow-students or co-disciples in the famous Willington Academy. The system broke down in the South and elsewhere. Why it did so is a question left to be answered by him whose wisdom is equal to the task.

What is said by Judge Longstreet with regard to the youthful follies vulgarly denominated "the tricks of college boys" is worth reprinting now after the lapse of half a century.

Inaugural Address.—Emory College, February 10, 1840.

In this address Longstreet, the school-master of fifty years ago, speaks for himself and his times.

The reader will give him kindly attention and be rewarded for so doing. The oration has the stately swing of the old times, and breathes a spirit so lofty and glows with a fervor so genuine that it is like opening a window through which we can see the brain and heart of its author:

In taking the place which has been assigned to me in this institution, I beg leave to re-assure the Trustees that I still entertain the sentiments that I expressed to them when I received the first notice of my appointment; and that the time which has intervened has rather consecrated than changed them. A few more words to them and their charge, and then to the duties which they have devolved upon me.

If, in choosing the first officer of their infant seminary, their aim was to place at its head one whose highest ambition is to be useful here and happy hereafter; whose text-book in morals is the Bible, and whose lessons in physics all begin and end with its author; who cannot entertain a thought or sentiment adverse to the interest of Georgia without violating that law of man's nature which binds him to the soil of his birth; whose patriotism glows brightest and warmest on the spot where it was enkindled, and radiates thence to the whole circumference of the Union; who considers the guardianship of youth as the most important, honorable, and sacred trust that can be confided to man in any country, but especially in this; always delegated, and ever to be received under the implied understanding that its duties are to be discharged in strict subservience to the rules of parental government—if it was the aim of the Trustees to place such an one at the head of this institution, then, in justice to them, however vain it may seem in myself, I venture to assert that they could not have made a better choice.

But if it was their design to place here one who with my reverence for Holy Writ, combines the best, or even extraordinary powers for enforcing its precepts upon the hearts and understandings of men; who, with my regard for the interests of Georgia, unites the best gifts for promoting those interests; who, with my views of the nature and duties of this office, commands the erudition which is likely to give it luster or to insure the discharge of those duties in a manner satisfactory even to the incumbent itself—then, in justice to candor, however humiliating it may be to myself, I am constrained to acknowledge that their choice has been unfortunate; and of my sincerity here

I would give unquestionable proof by immediately resigning my post did I believe that I had passed the age of improvement or that I am wanting in the industry and capacity necessary to insure it. It is true that while in the pursuit of the profession which I have just renounced I was not wholly inattentive to those sciences which it is the province of this institution to dispense; but I addressed myself to them as an amateur, or as a penitent for misspent time in the golden hours of my collegiate life, and not as a preceptor or professor. If therefore I should be found at fault in any of them, I bespeak the indulgence of my directors, my colleagues, and my pupils until time shall have been allowed me to renew and to improve my acquaintance with them.

I have cause for self-congratulation at being called by the Trustees to the high and honorable post which I occupy, and they have cause for self-congratulation that they hold a post so high and honorable at their disposal; but there is a ground of congratulation brought naturally in view from my position, upon which we all can meet, and where all who regard the interest and honor of the State will meet with us. It is that this is but one of four kindred institutions which have risen up in Georgia within a very few years past, and almost all by private munificence alone. They argue well for the spirit of the age, and augur well for ages to come. They foretell that the day is not far distant when we shall be no longer under the necessity of importing our preceptors, our engineers, our geologists, our every thing that demands proficiency in science. They foretell that the day is not far distant when Georgia will contribute something to the vast stores of literature with which Europe is astonishing, enlightening, and blessing the world. I confess that I have often felt my national pride stung by a comparison of the Old and New Worlds in point of intellectual advancement. And when I reduce the comparison to England, France, and Germany on the one hand and the Southern States on the other, I have felt humbled under a sense of their vast superiority over us. True, they have advantages in their long established and well-endowed universities, their extensive libraries, their ready access to the relics of ancient literature and art, their hereditary fortunes, their dense population, and their constant intercourse with all parts of the world, which must for centuries, if not forever, keep them ahead of us in many departments of science. But there are some in which they lead us wherein they derive no aid from those auxiliaries, and others wherein the advantage is on our side. We have no apology for the distance at which we are in the rear of them in the exact sciences in

chemistry, botany, natural history, geology, and in works of imagination and taste. Some of these depend upon principles accessible to all, and others upon nothing more than close attention to the great volume of nature that lies open before us. If all that is grand, beautiful, picturesque, or curious in that spacious volume could have induced us to study it, the Southern States should have been among the foremost in some of those sciences, and Georgia should have been abreast with the foremost of the Southern States. But it is a lamentable truth that, in the sixty years of her independence, she has not shed a gleam of light upon any one of them. There is a still more lamentable truth in reserve, which it is no longer a virtue to conceal. It is that some of her sons (if *sons* they may be called) harbor a deadly hostility to all that savors of moral or mental improvement in the country. Our university, to which we are now indebted for nearly all that is valuable in the council of the State, creditable on the bench, or noble in enterprise, they would have strangled at its birth, and, having failed of their purpose, they would now perish it by withholding from it its needful sustenance. I speak not here of those who oppose appropriations to this institution because like favors are not extended to all of a like character, though I cannot understand why that which is confessedly a State institution should be denied the assistance of the State upon such a ground—this is to cripple a friend because other friends are crippled—but I speak of those who oppose all colleges upon the ground that they are useless. They can scarcely touch a household or farming utensil that is not directly or indirectly a trophy of science. They cannot know the boundaries or contents of their own lands without it, and yet they are ever exclaiming: "What good has education ever done?" They will sweep over a space of a hundred and fifty miles in a day, with the product of their whole year's labor by their sides, vend it at the best market on the sea-board, and return with its proceeds to their homes in the same time, and all the way exclaim: "What good has education ever done?" They will see their invaluable staple scudding down three hundred miles' length of river, enter the ocean, shoot across the wide Atlantic, undergo a magic transformation, and return to them in beautiful and useful fabrics—all in the space of a few short months, and all with the exertion of little more physical power than a child could command; and all the time they will exclaim: "What good has education ever done?" They will take the seven-penny calendar from their fireside, read with pleasure the date of the coming comet or eclipse, and witness their return with delight—phenomena that a few centuries back filled the

world with alarm and made piety ridiculous—and all the time they will exclaim: "What good has education ever done?"

To reason with such beings is to abuse the high prerogative of reason; to crouch to them and fawn upon them, as we have been in the habit of doing from fear of their wrath against our beloved institutions, is to inspire madness with confidence, and place a sword in its hand to destroy us. I have only to say to them (and there is neither irony nor satire in the remark) that if they verily believe that ignorance is a virtue and intelligence a vice, they should remove to the land of the Hottentots or make schools of their kitchens. Their infatuation would be a matter of but little moment, were it not for its indirect effects upon the march of mind. But some of these men have children of splendid native endowments—endowments which, with proper culture and under a proper direction, would make them lights of the world, the pride of their country, the glory of their State, the boast of their parents; but their light is shrouded in their father's darkness, and it is either never seen or seen only in occasional flashes of grog-shop wit or in miserable prostitution in the sharper's keenness. This aspect of the evil turns indignation into sadness and contempt into grief.

But whatever may have been the influence of these champions of ignorance in times past, they are now harmless except to their own progeny. A race of better spirits has risen up, who perceive that all that is dear to the Christian, the philanthropist, the patriot, and the statesman is involved in the moral and intellectual improvement of the people. Accordingly, we see them from their own resources erecting schools and colleges in all quarters of the State; and, what is equally gratifying, we see some of the most promising young men of the State, and the sons of some of the most distinguished men of the State, taking places in these institutions as preceptors. I rejoice with joy unspeakable at this state of things. I rejoice that the gifted sons of the soil begin to discover that there are other and more useful fields of labor for talent at this time than the forum or Senate-house. I rejoice that I have lived to see the dawn, or rather the return, of that patriotism which looks to the permanent good of the country more than to the momentary triumph of a party, which prefers the chaplet that a grateful posterity weaves around their benefactor's shrine to the brightest garland that withers with the wearer's cheek and is buried in the wearer's grave. In hoary old age, it is lovely; in youth's vigor and ambition's noonday, it is morally sublime.

If the people will but sustain these institutions until they can sustain themselves, and the rising genius of the State will shed

their light upon them, I venture the prediction that in less than twenty years hence Georgia will be one of the most richly adorned of the whole sisterhood of the States. But if the generosity which produced them is to spend itself in one short gust, and they are to be left to wither away and die, far better that they had never been thought of. They will be viewed not merely as sad memorials of the fickleness of the age, but as ridiculous monuments of the knight-errantry of the age. Specters will be conjured up from their deserted chambers to alarm the patrons of science from the first movement in their sacred office; avarice will retreat behind their walls from the importunities of benevolence, and ignorance will point to them in triumph as veritable fulfillments of her malignant prophecies. If there be not public spirit enough in the land to sustain them, I trust an overruling Providence will inspire it. If the means be wanting, I trust that a beneficent Providence will grant them.

Gentlemen of the Faculty, could any thing quiet the anxiety and remove the self-distrust which I feel in entering upon the duties of my appointment, it would be the close fellowship into which it brings me with you. We are no strangers to each other; our hearts were drawn together by the ties of a common faith long before we met in person, and they have been more closely united by repeated intercourse, social and sacred, since. They are now, I flatter myself, to be indissolubly cemented by feelings, views, pursuits, and interests which are in all respects identical. In such a fraternity nothing is to be feared from prerogative on the one hand or disaffection on the other. As you have been tried and approved in your offices and I have not in mine, as you have the advantage of experience in instruction and I have not, it becomes me to wait your views upon our common duties before I offer mine. I have therefore only to say that as I have been placed headmost in position you shall find me foremost in meeting the responsibilities that may attach to a faithful discharge of those duties.

Young gentlemen, if the concurring testimony of all whom I have heard speak of you from personal observation is to be credited, no preceptor ever had better reason to be proud of his charge than I have. Your morality, your industry, your stability, your cheerful submission to all the rules of the institution are everywhere spoken of in terms of the highest praise. If I had been permitted to demand the surest guaranty of the success of our infant seminary that I could have conceived of, I should have said: "Let my four first classes fulfill the description that has been given of you." The first classes of a college gives it its first and most important character, and each succeeding

class feels itself in a measure the fiduciary of that character. Men usually regard a trust as more sacred than their own property, and accordingly we sometimes see them prodigal of their own and careful of another's, but we rarely see them squandering both at the same time. There is another principle of human nature which is turned to good account by good example. Those who care but little at being thought vicious are commonly extremely averse to being thought more vicious than their companions. In other words, vice hates unfriendly comparisons more than it does its own deformity. Hence we seldom see it treading immediately upon the heels of virtue. It is only in times of tumult and excitement, when public attention is distracted, that it ventures to take the seat which virtue has just vacated. It is easy, too, to heal a diseased member when the whole body is sound, but almost impossible to heal the body that is diseased throughout. These considerations, with others which I have not time to suggest, made me extremely anxious that my first classes should be of the character which you so honorably bear. By your regard for your *Alma Mater*, your preceptors, your country, your parents, but most of all, yourselves, I conjure you to maintain it! We are upon a well-aimed expedient, young gentlemen, the success or failure of which will depend mainly upon yourselves. It is to unite mental and manual labor in indissoluble bonds and to consecrate the union with the spotless robes of piety; to elevate manual labor to its legitimate rank by blending it with mental endowments which shall *command* for it respect; to strengthen and invigorate the body, the better to endure tne waste of mind in its most restless pursuits; to raise up a race of men who shall be fitted for the pulpit or the plow, the court or the camp, the Senate or the shop—who, like one of your professors, shall be able to live, and to live reputably and usefully, on the banks of the Rhine or the banks of the Alcovi; to form an American, or at least a *Georgian* character, which shall combine all that is useful and brilliant on the other side of the water with all that is sacred and generous on this. Such is our system of education, and such are its aims. I am told that it has failed in other latitudes where it has been tried, and that it is now generally considered impracticable. I rejoice that I am placed where I can daily mark its operation. I desire to know why it is that a system which is so beautiful in theory should be abortive in practice. The defect cannot be in the system. I defy the most subtle ingenuity to give a plausible reason why the youth who turns the sod two hours to-day may not turn the classic page four hours to-morrow. For more than three years of my pupilage nearly all the fuel that was consumed

6

upon my hearth was cut from the woods by my room-mates and myself and borne a fatiguing distance to our door. Nor were we chary of our stores; but "*ligna super foco large reponens.*" We often followed four hours' toil in this way by five hours' study on the same evening. What was my lot was the lot of a hundred and sixty more, among whom were a Gilmer, a McDuffie, and a Legare; and these were successors in school and, for aught I know, in toil of a Crawford, a Calhoun, a Cobb, and many other distinguished sons of the South. It did not occur to us that the exercise of our limbs impaired the faculties of our minds. I repeat it, the fault cannot be in the system; it must be in parents, preceptors, or pupils; and there can be no difficulty in giving it its proper location, if a very generally received opinion be true—namely, "that the manual labor system will do very well for schools, but will not do for colleges." If so, the conclusion is inevitable that manual labor will not do for colleges because collegians will not do manual labor. Schools and colleges are composed of precisely the same individuals, changed only in age and size. Why can they pass creditably through the school, and not continue their onward course through college? There is but one answer to this question, and it is so discreditable to the youth of the country that I know not whether I would give it if it had any application to those whom I am addressing. It is this: that the discipline of the first is addressed to the physical, and of the last to the moral sensibilities of the student; it succeeds in the one case because he must bear and stay, and fails in the other because he will not bear and goes away. Can it be possible that just at that point of time when the student begins to see the true end and aim of college duties and exercises, when his own enlightened understanding should supersede all discipline, when verging upon man's estate he should assume the port and bearing of a man, when coming upon the confines of a busy world he sees over all its broad surface industry rewarded and indolence despised, can it be possible that he will forfeit his high privileges, wound his parents, and abuse himself rather than perform a short service of healthful, useful, instructive bodily labor? Such fatuity can be accounted for only upon the supposition that one of the first conceptions of manhood in this country is that it is disgraceful to labor. I know that this opinion is to be found in some older heads than are to be found in college classes; but from the birth of Cincinnatus to the death of Washington I never heard of the truly wise *republican* who harbored it even for a moment. No, young gentlemen, it is an exotic imported hither from the land where rank comes by chance, dignity by blood, and fortune by

law. It may be harmless in its indigenous soil; but here it is the upas, and by as much as we propagate it by so much do we spread moral and political death through the land. I stop not to give examples of its influence, though I hold many at command, deduced chiefly from our larger cities, where it prevails most. I turn not aside to trace it to its many disastrous consequences, but I ask can any thing be more dangerously absurd than to disperse the father's property at his death and then teach his children that it is disgraceful to labor? Consider the question, young gentlemen, and when you are so doing remember that you are in a country whose besetting sin is idolatry of wealth, and the youngest of you will perceive and admit the soundness of my views upon the subject. We believe that for great achievements in the scientific world the artisan and the scholar must meet, and often meet in the same person. The distinction which has been kept up between them has retarded the march of mind for centuries. To the accidental union of them in Galileo are we indebted for nearly all that we know of the stupendous worlds that wheel around us. He opened the way for a mighty Newton's march, and for a host of followers who have extended his researches and improved his discoveries. Had the first been wanting in mechanical skill, he and his brilliant successors might have died unknown, or have been known only as infants in the field where they figured as giants. But Galileo owed his fairest fame to a spectacle-maker, and he his to an observant boy. Had the parents of that mechanic been too proud to bind him to a trade, or the parents of that boy been too proud to have placed him with a mechanic, we might now be beating drums to frighten away an eclipse, or sacrificing hecatombs to appease the wrath of a comet. What was Fulton's genius unassisted by Fulton's hands? Are you more indebted to the author whom you study than to the mechanic who makes easy his principles and impresses them permanently upon the memory by sensible illustrations? Are you more indebted to the geometrician than you are to the manufacturer of the theodolite or compass. The invaluable quadrant of Godfrey—I say *Godfrey* for he deserves, though Hadley has gained, the credit of it—the quadrant is but a practical application of one of Euclid's theorems; but which has benefited the world most, the demonstrator of the one or the inventor of the other? And what were all of them together without the husbandman? In truth, almost all that is grand or useful in the arts and sciences has been from the accidental combination of learning with mechanical skill; and when we consider how often and how long they have been divorced by the senseless decrees of public opinion, we may safe-

ly conclude that even now we know nothing in comparison with what we would have known had they always been closely united and equally respected. Away, then, with those worse than idle distinctions between trades and professions! Let it have no place in this country at least, until we learn to live without houses, clothes, or food.

Do not suppose, young gentlemen, that I am taxing my ingenuity for arguments to reconcile you to a life of useless drudgery. You cannot entertain such an idea without doing injustice both to your teachers and your parents. We are but their servants; they are our acquaintances, our friends, our brethren. They place you here with a full knowledge of the duties which you have to perform and in the expectation that you will be required to perform them. We gain nothing by a faithful discharge of those duties on your part but the satisfaction which arises from a consciousness of fidelity to our trust. If they result in all the advantages to you that we can anticipate, our reward will only be the gleam that comes by reflection from your renown. It is impossible, therefore, that we can desire, much less delight in your mortification or fatigue. The best heads in the land perceive that to fulfill the high destiny which our forefathers marked out for us we must be an intelligent, moral, industrious people. The system of education adopted in this college is directed to these three grand objects; and accordingly, from the time that our disciples enter the preparatory school to the time when they take leave of the college halls, they must bear this text upon their phyacteries: EXERCISE OF HEAD, HEART, AND HAND—ONE AND INSEPARABLE! While they retain their ensign, we cherish and esteem them; when they doff it, we bid them a final but sorrowing adieu. But ever remember, young gentlemen, that though your interest is much more deeply involved in the discipline to which we subject you than ours, even your interest is not its primary aim, but your country's. In one man, already named, the virtues just alluded to twice saved his country; and they may do no less in you. Nay, a voice from the capital which is incessantly ringing in mine ear reminds me that in you they may perform far nobler services than they did in Cincinnatus—that they may not only save your country from her enemies, but save your household friends from your country. If they do not this much they may, and probably will, retard the ruin of your country. But if even to this extent they prove unavailing—if the vices which overthrew the republics of antiquity, assisted as they are likely to be in your day by the angry elements that are gathering around your sacred homes, should entirely overpower you, they will at least

exhibit you in the closing scene of American glory and grandeur in an aspect as sublime as the eagle on the storm that rides in proud defiance before the blast that he cannot resist and strikes with strong wing the tempest that hurries him away.

I have dwelt thus long and thus earnestly upon the distinctive feature in our discipline because I believe it to be a most important feature, and because I believe you can, if you will, preserve it. In conclusion of this branch of my subject permit me to say that if when you shall have reached the meridian of life any one of you having a reputable standing in the community shall complain of the toil to which we now subject you, I venture in the name of the Faculty to solicit him to write "*Tyrant*" upon their tombs, and "*Tyrant of Tyrants*" on the tomb of your speaker, and let no man efface the inscription.

A few remarks upon a subject of deep interest to yourselves and to me, and I will have done. The man lives not who more earnestly desires the success of the literary institutions of the State than I do; but censoriousness itself will excuse me now for having one favorite. I desire that it may rank with the first, if it may not be the first in rank. It is with you to say whether my wish shall be gratified or not, and you may make the decision before you leave your seats. It will be made when you resolve unchangeably that you will not defame the institution by those youthful follies which are vulgarly denominated "the tricks of college boys." "College *boys*" sounds to my ear like "*veteran babes*"—the "*tricks* of college boys" like the "follies of profound wisdom." *College* is not the place for *boys*, nor are *collegians* the characters for *tricks;* and yet it must be confessed that there are some in all colleges who fulfill this paradoxical description; and so doing, they spread more pestilence among their companions, interrupt the harmony that would naturally subsist between preceptor and pupil, and sully their own fame, perhaps forever. When they cannot find accessories among their fellows, they obtrude their delinquencies upon the notice of their more sober and studious companions, and thus involve them in the painful, tantalizing alternative of becoming informers or of being unjustly suspected. This consideration alone should deter every student who has a spark of magnanimity in his composition from a breach of college rules, or at least from violating them in the presence of those who will not become accomplices. But he who has not self-respect enough to abstain from evil has rarely magnanimity enough to confess it even to save the honor of his friend. And what are those delinquencies which are followed by these and often by worse consequences? Such as in nine cases out of ten are as barren of interest to the perpetrator

as they are annoying to all connected with him. Such as the vilest character that ever disgraced a college would not commit if he would but seriously ask himself the question beforehand: "What gratification do I promise myself from this perilous adventure?" I have seen a *coterie* of college rebels just returned from one of their midnight achievements. They laughed triumphantly, and the arch-felon loudest of all; but one with half an eye might have seen that his mirth was forced, and theirs was hypocrisy scarcely veiled. He was prodigal of his wit and garrulous beyond measure, and his companions gave him a cold word or sickly smile of approbation; but a child might have discovered that all this was but the struggle of the lips with the counsels of the heart. What resistless spell was upon them that they should sin without the pleasure of sin? Perhaps at that moment the father of the arch-offender, after having trimmed again and again the midnight lamp in order to give his son a liberal education, had bowed himself in prayer and with a devotion warmed by a father's love was imploring God's blessing upon his far distant son, while his bosom friend at his side embalmed the petition in her tears. O had the arm of the Omnipotent whom they were addressing just then drawn aside the veil that hid their son from their eyes, how quick would their devotion have been drowned in a shriek of horror and despair! Young gentlemen, let the foible of which I have been speaking have no place in this institution. Assume a moral dignity in keeping with your age and your position. Let not those heads of families who have gathered round this fountain of science in order that their sons may enjoy its benefits, who offer sustenance to your bodies while you are enriching your minds, who will welcome you to their habitations as friends and to a seat in their affections as brethren if you will permit them to do so—let them not have reason to dread you as marauders or recoil from you as vipers. Finally, if you would be all that your parents, your preceptors, and your friends could desire; if you would honor yourselves, your country, and this institution, regulate your conduct by the code divine. This will lead you creditably through college, usher you reputably into the world, bear you triumphantly through its collisions, and cheer the hour of your departure from it. That hour may be much nearer the present than you suppose. There is a ruthless Destroyer that ever besets the pathway of life. He sometimes steps between the cradle and the school, the school and the college, the college and the world. At some period of time all must meet him, and all who meet him fall before his unsparing arm. Those whom he strikes fall and are forever falling, or

rise again and are forever rising. He may, therefore, be the worst foe or the best friend of man; and he is the one or the other according to the character against which he raises his fatal shaft. How important is it then that all, both young and old, take heed lest they should be surprised in an unfortunate character by this deadly foe! But potent and implacable as he is, he was once conquered; and the Victor bequeathed the spoils of victory to all the sons of Adam, upon the simple condition that they take upon them his yoke, which is easy, and his burden, which is light. This done, and his rewards are for every woe, a balm for every wound in this life, and life and joy and peace eternal in the world to come. There may I be permitted to meet you, and in transport to exclaim: "Here am I, Lord, and the children whom thou hast given me!"

LONGSTREET THE HUMORIST.

IT would have jarred upon Judge Longstreet's feeling had he been told while living that he would be most widely known and remembered longest by his "Georgian Scenes." Later in life he spoke of that volume as a mere *bagatelle*, the pastime of more youthful days. He thought he had outgrown it, or grown away from it, but the vein of its humor runs through all the writings of his life, barely traceable in some places and boldly defined in others. The fidelity of these sketches to nature is recognized by every reader who has any knowledge of the people and time of whom and of which he wrote. Many of them are coarse: they would have been untrue to life had they been otherwise. They are tinged with profanity; the skill of the sketcher is seen in the fact that it is only a tinge that hints at a profaneness of speech among reputable people now scarcely credible. On their first appearance they were recognized as master-pieces of their kind, and thousands of Georgia homes re-echoed with the mirth they provoked. The sketches were written at an age when all enjoyment is most intense, and the intense zest of the writer is caught by the reader. In such sketches as "The Horse Swap," "The Gander Pulling," and "The Shooting Match" you almost hear the laughter of the crowd at the broader passages of

coarse, rollicking fun, while you see the smile that plays over the features of the author in the lighter and subtler touches that now and then give a special charm to his page. True humor is never wholly separated from genuine pathos, and there are pathetic touches in "Georgia Scenes" that go straight to the heart.

The dialect is perfectly rendered—a dialect that yet lingers in some parts of rural Georgia. The dialogue exhibits the perfect art that conceals art. The dramatic instinct was possessed by Judge Longstreet in no small degree. Every character he sketches is consistent with itself.

If asked why the "Georgia Scenes" have not been more widely known, it might be hard to give a satisfactory answer. Is it because of their intense provincialism? That these sketches have seemingly lost ground even in Georgia and the South will be difficult of explanation to all who have enjoyed the pleasure of reading them. A partial explanation may be found in the fact that the types portrayed in them are vanishing ones. This may be saying indirectly that they lack the quality that makes them akin to all humanity, and which is stamped only upon the creations of genius of the very highest order. This may be so, but it is safe to predict that the "Georgia Scenes" will be laughed over in the homes of our people long after many a more pretentious book now popular shall have sunk beneath the sluggish waters of the sea of oblivion.

A scene in the United States House of Representatives during a long and bitter sectional debate

that followed the Civil War may be given here by way of illustration. Upon one occasion the Democratic members of the House had determined to remain silent in a discussion full of the material of party passion and sectional resentments, which they did not wish stirred up. A distinguished Republican member from a North-eastern State made a violent and inflammatory assault upon the Democratic members, taunting them with a cowardly silence, in his frenzy of excitement pacing the aisle and shaking his fists at the Democrats, challenging them to come out and show their colors, and make a fight for the position they occupied. Mr. S. S. Cox, of New York, asked if he could interrupt the gentleman for a few moments. "With great pleasure; I will be glad to hear from you," replied the infuriated orator. Mr. Cox sent up to the clerk's desk a volume of Longstreet's "Georgia Scenes," with the request that he would read from the page marked. The clerk read "The Lincolnton Rehearsal" amid the most tumultuous laughter and applause, in which the whole body, Democrats and Republicans alike, united. This sketch is given here:

A Lincoln County Rehearsal.

If my memory fail me not, the 10th of June, 1809, found me, at about 11 o'clock in the forenoon, ascending a long and gentle slope in what was called the "Dark Corner" of Lincoln. I believe it took its name from the moral darkness which reigned over that portion of the county at the time of which I am speaking. If in this point of view it was but

a shade darker than the rest of the county, it was inconceivably dark. If any man can name a trick or sin which had not been committed at the time of which I am speaking, in the very focus of all the county's illumination (Lincolnton), he must himself be the most inventive of the tricky and the very Judas of sinners. Since that time, however (all humor aside), Lincoln has become a living proof "that light shineth in darkness." Could I venture to mingle the solemn with the ludicrous, even for the purposes of honorable contrast, I could adduce from this county instances of the most numerous and wonderful transitions from vice and folly to virtue and holiness which have ever, perhaps, been witnessed since the days of the apostolic ministry. So much, lest it should be thought by some that what I am about to relate is characteristic of the county in which it occurred.

Whatever may be said of the *moral* condition of the "Dark Corner" at the time just mentioned, its *natural* condition was any thing but dark. It smiled in all the charms of spring; and spring borrowed a new charm from its undulating grounds, its luxuriant woodlands, its sportive streams, its vocal birds, and its blushing flowers.

Rapt with the enchantment of the season and the scenery around me, I was slowly rising the slope when I was startled by loud, profane, and boisterous voices which seemed to proceed from a thick covert of undergrowth about two hundred yards in advance of me and about one hundred to the right of my road.

"You kin, kin you?"

"Yes, I kin, and am able to do it! Boo-oo-oo! O, wake snakes, and walk your chalks! Brimstone and —— fire! Don't hold me, Nick Stovall! The fight's made up, and let's go at it. —— my soul if I don't jump down his throat and gallop every chitterling out of him before you can say 'quit!'"

"Now, Nick, don't hold him! Jist let the wildcat come, and I'll tame him. Ned'll see me a fair fight; won't you, Ned?"

"O, yes; I'll see you a fair fight, blast my old shoes if I don't."

"That's sufficient, as Tom Haynes said when he saw the elephant; now let him come."

Thus they went on, with countless oaths interspersed which I dare not even hint at, and with much that I could not distinctly hear.

"In mercy's name," thought I, "what band of ruffians has selected this holy season and this heavenly retreat for such pandemonian riots? I quickened my gait, and had come nearly opposite to the thick grove whence the noise proceeded when my eye caught indistinctly and at intervals through the foliage of the dwarf oaks and hickories which intervened glimpses of a man or men who seemed to be in a violent struggle, and I could occasionally catch those deep-drawn, emphatic oaths which men in conflict utter when they deal blows. I dismounted and hurried to the spot with all speed. I had overcome about half the space which separated it from me when I saw the combatants come to the ground, and after a short struggle I saw the uppermost one (for I could not see the other) make

a heavy plunge with both his thumbs, and at the same instant I heard a cry in the accent of keenest torture: "Enough! My eye's out!"

I was so completely horror-struck that I stood transfixed for a moment to the spot where the cry met me. The accomplices in the hellish deed which had been perpetrated had all fled at my approach; at least I supposed so, for they were not to be seen.

"Now, blast your corn-shucking soul," said the victor (a youth about eighteen years old) as he rose from the ground, "come cutt'n your shines 'bout me ag'in next time I come to the court-house, will you! Get your owl-eye in ag'in if you can!"

At this moment he saw me for the first time. He looked excessively embarrassed, and was moving off when I called to him in a tone emboldened by the sacredness of my office and the iniquity of his crime, "Come back, you brute, and assist me in relieving your fellow-mortal whom you have ruined forever."

My rudeness subdued his embarrassment in an instant, and with a taunting curl of the nose he replied: "You needn't kick before you're spurr'd. There an't nobody there, nor ha'n't been, nother. I was jist seein' how I could 'a' *fout.*" So saying, he bounded to his plow, which stood in the corner of the fence about fifty yards beyond the battle-ground.

And, would you believe it, gentle reader, his report was true. All that I had heard and seen was nothing more nor less than a Lincoln rehearsal, in which the youth who had just left me had played

all the parts of all the characters in a court-house fight.

I went to the ground from which he had risen, and there were the prints of his two thumbs, plunged up to the balls in the mellow earth, about the distance of a man's eyes apart, and the ground around was broken up as if two stags had been engaged upon it. HALL.

The orator did not resume his remarks.

RUMBLINGS OF THE COMING STORM.

THE political sky was full of baleful portents when Judge Longstreet assumed the presidency of South Carolina College, at Columbia, S. C., in 1858. The long sectional conflict was then rapidly approaching its crisis and catastrophe. The elements of combustion that had been gathering during two generations were nearing the inevitable explosion. That explosion *was* inevitable: existing conditions that could not be ignored, and the instincts of human nature that could not be changed, made the collision a certainty. Only a miracle of God could have averted it. His miracles are wrought only through moral agents that are willing to be used by him. The free agency of the miracle-worker and that of its beneficiary alike are respected in the exercise of Amighty power and goodness. The day of God's power and the day of his people's willingness synchronize forever. Sectional passion raged. The people were drunk with it. The conservatives and compromisers who sought by this or that expedient to allay or delay the bursting of the tempest were swept like straw before the whirlwind. Clay, Webster, Crittenden, Douglas, and the other great leaders who pleaded for peace between the sections were either dead or had been voted down. The Churches were unhappily drawn into the vortex,

and the pulpit in many places re-echoed the battle-cries of the hustings. The moral issue involved in the slavery question invested the struggle with the sacredness of a holy crusade on the one side, and questions of constitutional right, property interest, and political equality gave it the character of a death-struggle for all that Anglo-Saxon freemen hold dearest on the other. We who look at this controversy in the perspective of three short decades are amazed at the bitterness of the good men of both sides who were in the thick of it. The best-balanced and most peace-loving patriots, North and South, with some remarkable exceptions, were unable to resist the tide that was sweeping the country into war. Even the Peace Society, whose head-quarters were at Boston, took a practical recess from Fort Sumter to Appomattox.

Judge Longstreet in his political opinions was a representative Southerner; and, in the firmness of his Christian faith, in the kindliness of his heart, the breadth of his sympathies, and the purity of his motives as a patriot and a Christian, may be taken as a representative of the great body of the Christian men of the South. He thought and felt as the majority of his fellow-citizens did at that time. How he thought and felt will be seen from his Baccalaureate Address delivered at the University of South Carolina for the year 1859. The time, the place, the man, make it notable. It is like a vivid flash of lightning revealing the storm that was darkening over the heavens. Some of the readers of to-day will be able to enter into the spirit of this politico-educational deliverance.

Baccalaureate Address Delivered at the University of South Carolina to the Graduating Class of 1859.

Gentlemen: I am not sure but that what I am about to say to you will be regarded as encroachment upon the politician's domain, for in this age of novelty and misnomers every thing that is discussed at the hustings, in the newspapers and legislative halls, is called *politics;* and those who discuss them are called *politicians*, and politicians claim to themselves the exclusive guardianship of the country's interest. Should I transcend the bounds which they have been pleased to prescribe to me, I hope they will impute my error to the infirmities of old age, or a mistaken sense of my duty and privilege.

You leave your *Alma Mater* for the world's bustling arena at the most portentous period of your country's history. It is a common remark that "man's extremity is God's opportunity;" and it may be that now, when all the elements of discord are astir from the Lakes to the Gulf, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, when the two great sections of the country are in hostile attitude upon grounds from which the one cannot and the other will not recede, when to man's dim vision all is discouraging in the present and dismal in the future, when the utter helplessness of man in the emergency is felt and acknowledged by all, God may interpose in our behalf, and lead us to peace and safety by a way that we have not known.

But if signs have not lost their import, and events their natural order, we are upon the eve of a lamentable revolution—a revolution which the impartial historian will record with indignation, and all coming generations will read of with shame for the human race—which will stand forth as the most remarkable, the most astounding monument of human folly and infatuation that ever disgraced the earth. The only hope of its fomenters to escape from the eternal sneers, contempt, derision, and maledictions of all the tribes of earth to come is that soon after the actors in it shall have passed away it will be regarded as purely fabulous that the greatest, the richest, the happiest, the holiest, the most Heaven-favored people on the globe, bound together by every tie that could endear man to his fellow-man, reciprocally dependent upon each other, reciprocally blessing each other, sustaining precisely the relations to each other which they sustained when they banded together in the full fruition of all the bounties of earth and all the blessings of heaven; the pride of republics, the awe of tyrants, the admired of all, at the culminating point of their greatness, their glory, and their grandeur should have put at hazard their all for the sake of an abject race of negroes, who never knew freedom and

never can maintain it, may well be regarded in time to come as utterly incredible. But so fanaticism will have it, and so let it be. The revolution is actually begun; and if you improve your opportunities and do your duty, you will have no insignificant part to play in it. Neutral you cannot be. Indeed, your position in it is already assigned to you—forced upon you—and now your first inquiry should be whether you *ought* to maintain it, and your second whether you *can* maintain it.

Upon these points allow me to give you the benefit of my experience and observation. I have marked the progress of that infatuation which has brought the country to its present crisis from its inception to the present moment, and I foretold its course and results as though I had been inspired. Its history is curious, and of direct bearing upon the proposed inquiries. Summon all your patience to go with me through it; and as we proceed, mark how all the laws of nature, of nations, of heaven, of morality, of comity, of decency, of humanity, and of self-respect have melted away, one after another, under the hot and fetid breath of Abolitionism. Until very lately there was not a man on the broad surface of the South who ever made a slave of a freeman or imported an African from his fatherland. Slavery with us is by inheritance and necessity. The sin of it, if it be sin, was entailed on us by the sires of those who are now crushing every thing to abolish it. Under such circumstances, what had we a right to expect from them? Why surely some such language as this: *Slavery is either a blessing or a curse. If a blessing, God has overruled our sin to the benefit of the South, and let her enjoy it in peace. If a curse, we entailed it upon her, and let us not embitter it.* Nothing like this escapes their lips. Standing upon the graves of their sires, with the profits of the slave trade in their pockets, they send forth their maledictions against us with as much self-satisfaction as the Pharisee felt in comparing himself with the publican. With the slavery of the South they have nothing to do. In this matter the States are as foreign to each other as England and Turkey. The Federal Government has but one office to perform in relation to it, and that is to protect it. All intermeddling with it, therefore, by that government or the free States is an open breach of the law of nations. All appeals to that government to interfere with it are a direct attack upon the fundamental laws of the Confederacy.

The Abolitionists commenced the development of their one idea by very modestly addressing our moral sense. They poured volumes upon us not only to convince us that we sinned grievously in holding slaves, but that we betrayed a lamentable ignorance of our temporal interest in so doing; and for fear we

would overlook their wholesome instruction, they infused it liberally in our school-books. Well, we set on foot a plan for the gradual emancipation of our slaves. You would suppose, would you not, that every Abolitionist at the North rallied to it with head and heart, and hand and purse? Not so. They embodied themselves against it almost to a man, and they ultimately defeated it. If opposed to sending slaves to Liberia, you would naturally suppose that they would open an asylum for them in their own domain. But no; they slam the door in their faces when they approach them with manumission papers in their hands. Even when they steal them, they do not foster them and help them to a living: they pack them off to the uncongenial regions of Canada. Their apology for throwing this houseless, penniless, shivering race upon a neighboring kingdom is that they might be recaptured by their owners in the United States; when, lo, they have so disciplined their people, and so molded their laws, that it is next to impossible for the owners to make reclamation, and as much as their lives are worth to attempt it. We ask them what they would have us do? and they answer, "Set your negroes free." What? Turn loose two or three millions of paupers among us—helpless old men and women, little children, blind, decrepid, diseased, and all? How will they live? "Give them the land they have so long cultivated for you." But they cannot eat land. "Then give them the crops they have made." But they must be clothed. "Well, do you clothe them." There are thousand and tens of thousands of negroes owned by minors. Who is to free them and furnish their outfit? "Let the adults do it." And what are we, our wives and children, our old, afflicted, and infirm to do? "Stay and work with your negroes, or go off in a body where you can do better." Now, gentlemen, would you suppose that any man on the face of the earth who does not covet the character of a maniac without deserving his pity, and a place in bedlam without deserving its charities, would propose such terms to any people above the grade of a Hottentot? And yet these are precisely the terms which the Abolitionists offer to us, and the only terms which will satisfy them; and because we cannot acquiesce in these terms, they are waging all kinds of warfare against us but honorable warfare. We must make our slaves free at an expense of seven hundred millions of dollars in slave property! We must give our land to these freemen, worth eight hundred millions more, and we must clothe these freemen at the expense of divers millions more; and then we must work their land (if they please) at our own expense, or move off to some place where hundreds of millions of acres are to be got

for nothing, and where we can live while rearing them upon nothing, and clothe ourselves with nothing, for we shall all be penniless!

Almost every officer of the free States, and every officer of the Federal Government from those States, swears to support the Constitution of the United States. In this onslaught upon slavery multitudes of them violate the Constitution openly and unblushingly. How do they reconcile such conduct to their consciences? In two ways:

1. They say that they act in obedience to a "higher law." Then they should not take the oath. Will God hold him guiltless who voluntarily swears to do that which he thinks God forbids?

2. They say that they perform the oath as they understand it. I supposed that if there was any thing settled in relation to oaths it was that they are to be performed not as he who takes them chooses to understand them, but as he knows the imposer of them expected him to perform them.

When the Abolitionists found that we could not be persuaded to change places with our slaves, they besieged Congress with petitions innumerable to assist them in their war upon slavery. And how did they justify these appeals to Congress to usurp powers that did not belong to it? Why, there is in the Constitution, which they so much despise, a clause which secures to every citizen the right of petition for redress of grievance—his own grievances, of course, and such as Congress can redress, and such as white men alone feel. None but an Abolitionist, reckless of the world's opinion of his understanding, would give the clause any other exposition. Not so, however, with him. As the clause will not stretch itself to fit him, he contracts himself to fit the clause. He (of Massachusetts) gets aggrieved that there are millions of slaves in the United States, not one of whom he ever saw. He gets some hundreds of his clan to feel themselves aggrieved from the same cause; and they send their petitions to Congress, not to redress their self-inflicted grievances or the grievances of the slaves (for they feel none), but to curtail the privileges of all the whites of the South, slave-holders and non-slave-holders! In 1834 they were ready to shed their blood in defense of this "sacred right of petition," as they called it. When South Carolina nullified the tariff laws by which they fattened and we suffered, she was denounced throughout the Union, and by none so insultingly as the New England States. Some of them I know, and all of them I believe, have nullified the slave laws; and while many praise them for it, hardly an indignant voice is raised against them, even in the South.

Their undisguised efforts have been for many years to confine the slaves and their masters within as narrow limits as possible. For what? Why, that, as the population of both increases, they may want the means of subsistence. What would be the inevitable effect of this slave-loving project? Why, as they approached the starving-point, the slaves would be worked the harder and fed the less. They would perish by thousands, or rebel and be butchered by tens of thousands; or, at best, the whites would move off in a body, and leave them in their ignorance and poverty to starve on a wasted soil, without government, without law, without help, without hope. If bandits and pirates would not shudder at such a project, they are worse than I take them to be.

Time will not serve me to enumerate the various concessions that we have made to those insatiable harpies, and which, as a cover-shame, we dignified with the name of "compromises." Suffice it to say that every concession has but encouraged and aggravated aggression. Not a solitary pledge given by them or implied in these compromises have they ever faithfully redeemed.

When the Mexican war was waged, they sympathized with Mexico; but as soon as golden California was won by Southern toil and Southern blood, they pounced upon it and rushed it into the Union as a free State against all the forms of law, all the usages of the country, and all the claims of justice.

So much for these people in the realms of moral and municipal law. Let us now follow them into the more sacred precincts of the law divine. God doomed his own peculiar people to abject slavery for four hundred years. They say that slavery is the sum of all villainies. God said: "*Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant.*" *They say* that the Constitution which recognizes slavery as a legitimate institution (and of course any other record that does) is a "league with death and a covenant with hell." They acknowledge, I suppose, that to covet a slave is a sin; but to steal him they regard as a virtue, and boast of it. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob were slave-holders; and they are all now in heaven, our Saviour being witness. They say that no slave-holder is worthy of Church-membership—*i. e.*, of being a spiritual child of Abraham—and necessarily no slave-holder can get to heaven. Our Saviour healed a master's slave, and said of the owner: "*I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel.*" They say (virtually) that a slave-holder cannot have saving faith. An angel from heaven sent back a fugitive slave to her mistress. Paul sent back a fugi-

tive to his master, hailing the master as a brother beloved. They indict their own citizen as a culprit for doing the self-same thing.

Christ rebuked Peter for drawing a sword in defense of his person. He scourged out the dealers and money-changers from the temple. How must he have regarded the scene in the North Church of New Haven? There, under the presidency of one of his professed ministers, were assembled preachers, professors, Christians, students, women. With a levity which the sanctity of the place and his calling should have banished, the head of the assembly opens a subscription for rifles to be used upon their countrymen in Kansas. The spirit of the head pervades the assembly, and amidst laughter, plaudits, and shocking pleasantries the subscription proceeds. They all subscribe, even the women; while Henry Ward Beecher puns upon the name of Killam as befitting the work in hand. Benjamin Silliman, a renowned professor, invites his disciples to come by classes and imitate his example in the cold-blooded murder plot. All this they did to drive slave-holders from the common territory of the States, and this they call "the defense of freedom." Remember that such subscriptions as these began before there were any "border ruffians." Paul and Peter teach obedience of slaves to their masters; *they teach* revolt of slaves against their masters. And how do they reconcile their conduct and professions of religion with these Scriptures? In three ways: 1. By taking a horror-fit and insulting the man who quotes them. 2. By giving false versions to Scripture that were never heard of or thought of before their day. 3. By making the general precepts of the Bible qualify or abrogate the special precepts. Who ever heard of this rule of construction before the rise of Abolitionism? *Husbands, love your wives; wives, submit yourselves to your husbands; children, obey your parents; masters, give unto your servants what is just and equal; servants, be obedient to your masters; let as many servants as are under the yoke count their masters worthy of all honor.* All these *special* precepts, directed particularly to the private relations, they regard as repealed or qualified by the general precept, *whatsoever you would that men should do to you do you even so to them.* This is exactly reversing the rule of interpretation adopted by all who lay claim to common sense and common honesty. But suppose their version to be right; Christ commends the people of the South to obey the golden rule, and they disobey it. Has he commissioned these mitered vandals, these frolicsome priests, these recruiting professors, these Jezebel women, or any of the same stripe, to enforce his commands by plunder, robbery, or assassination? Does it require the free of the world to *force* the slaves of the world to freedom?

It was in Kansas, under such teachers as were gathered in the North Church, that John Brown graduated. Having completed his butcheries in Kansas, with the help of British and American incendiaries, he concocts a grand government of which he is to be the head and commander in chief. It is exceedingly simple in its structure and remarkably single in its aim. It was to place secret emissaries in all the Southern States to stir up revolt among the negroes. They were to be armed and privileged to take from their owners such movables, money, and provisions as would make their trip to Canada, or a free State, comfortable if they found it necessary to elope, but they were not to kill anybody provided they were not resisted; but if resisted, then they were to kill at pleasure. *Gen.* Brown takes the initiative in his new government, and he selects Virginia, the land where Massachusetts found her ablest advocate in council, and her ablest general in the field when she most needed her services, as the theater of his operations. From the moment he first trod the soil of Virginia to the outburst he was a living impersonation of hypocrisy, duplicity, treachery, and falsehood. He entered the State as a peaceful citizen; he was a disguised enemy. He bought land in her vicinity as a miner; he was an underminer. He groped about as if upon his pretended business; he was upon the work of a demon. He had packages sent to him under false labels as mining implements; they were implements of death for slaves to use upon their masters. You know the rest. This ruthless monster, this night prowler, this alarmist of sleeping women and children, this vagrant husband, this unnatural father, this complotter with aliens against his countrymen, this robber, this traitor, this murderer, this shocking incarnation of all that is repulsive in human nature and brazen in sin, commands the sympathies of the Abolitionists almost to a man. He is their protomartyr, the first saint in their calendar; they regret his defeat, they eulogize him blasphemously, they propose to consecrate the day of his execution, they proclaim it the signal of the downfall of slavery, lawyers ride hundreds of miles to defend him, from regions where the slaveholder could not hope for justice, they plot his rescue, while they drop not a sympathizing word to Burley Turner and the other victims of his cruelty. John Brown, then, is the acknowledged representative, the visible exponent of Northern Abolitionism as it exists in the hearts of seven-tenths of its votaries. Tell me not that it is confined to the Cheevers, Sloanes, and a few more such ultras. It pervades the whole mass. I see it in the boldness of the ultras, in the subdued tone of their opposers, in their newspapers, their elections, in every thing. Brown's conduct

should have produced one spontaneous burst of indignation from Pennsylvania to the Lakes. It should have disrobed the priests who advocated it, and blasted all who approved of it. Such would have been its effects in 1795. Such would have been its effects forty years ago.

These disorganizers regard the poverty, moral, physical, and intellectual degradation of the South as axiomatic, and assert that the South could not live without the North; and yet they call cotton "king" (forgetting the other members of the royal family), and complain that the whole country "has been governed by slave-holders for seventy years."

If, now, the South should withdraw from the Union, who will be to blame for it and its consequences? Surely, surely not the South. And yet, when that event occurs, you shall hear these implacable persecutors of her speaking of her people as though they sundered the Union because they could not rule it, or from a reckless, restless, hot-blooded spirit that will suffer no opposition from without and knows no control from within. So has always been, and so will it be—no very soothing balm to wounds thirty years old and torn open afresh at least quadrennially.

The Union dissolved, and what then? "Why, war of course," is the common answer. No, gentlemen, there will be no war if the Southern States move off in a body. I would stake every thing I am worth upon this position. But let us suppose the worst. You, perhaps, like hundreds of thousands of our people, look at the numerical strength of the sections; and because the North greatly outnumbers us, you conclude that war would be hopeless to us. No, gentlemen, if the success of wars depended upon the population engaged in them, France would have mastered England centuries ago. In these days wars depend more upon means than men. Now, the South can put 200,000 men in the field, and more if need be, and support them there longer than any nation on the globe of the same white population, without reducing her productive resources ten per cent. Her foreign commerce would go on just as it does with these differences only: that all Europe would be our carriers instead of the North, and all the profits of our vast trade would go to enrich the South instead of being divided as they now are in the ratio of eight dollars to the North and one to the South. Where are the 200,000 of the North to come from to meet us in the field? From the productive classes. How are they to be supported? I know not. Our three years' war with England cost us $127,000,000, and we never had 100,000 men in the field at a time or the half of it. It was our straitened resources and nothing else that forced us into a peace before we

gained the object of the war. Alexander commenced the conquest of the world with 35,000 men, and Bonaparte the conquest of Europe with but 7,000 more. Southern troops fought as well under Jackson as Northern troops under Hull, Mississippi troops as well at Buena Vista as Indiana troops. Scott, Taylor, Twiggs, Quitman, Davis were as gallant leaders as any that the North furnished. Away then with this notion of whipping us into the Union, or whipping us at all. It may frighten the ignorant; it will inspirit the wise. But what of the internal enemy? Why the internal enemy will make provisions to sustain their young masters in the field. So they have done in three wars, and so they will do in all. But will not the North stir them up? Yes, just exactly as John Brown did. The crusade against the South will end as all crusades have ended. Suppose a peaceable separation, what then? A common interest will bind the South together as with hooks of steel. Trade will be comparatively free; it will not be fettered for protection. We shall buy where we can buy cheapest, and sell where we can sell dearest. The cheapest and best goods will be at the South, and trade will take the direction that it had before the Union was formed. We shall grow rich as if by magic.

How will it be with the North? The only bond of union with her people is hatred of slavery, and they will begin to quarrel forthwith—about the authors of the disruption, about the seat of government, about the loaves and fishes, the unequal burdens of the government, tariffs, Eastern and Western interests, farming and mercantile interests, and a thousand other interests; and in less than thirty years there will be another split in the great Northern Confederacy. Their revenue from foreign commerce will not support the Government a single year.

What then? Direct taxes? The people will not bear them; and they cannot be adjusted harmoniously if they would. The stolen negroes will give trouble. Canada will insist upon surrendering her trust of them. The North will object. The carrying trade of three and a half millions of bales of cotton, seventy thousand tierces of rice, and one hundred and fifty-seven thousand hogsheads of tobacco, to say nothing of other Southern exports, will be lost to them immediately and annually; and all the shipping needful for their transportation will be thrown out of employ. I venture the prediction that in less than five years after the dissolution rabid Massachusetts herself will be courting Southern commerce herself, as mute upon the subject of slavery as the Bunker Hill monument.

Now, young gentlemen, you know your foe, your cause, and your power. Go forth, not to challenge a contest, not to fear it,

not to strive for disunion, nor to make a dishonorable surrender of the thousandth part of a mill more to save it. If the other States, with all the lights of experience before them, will go on furnishing the means of their own oppression, if they are willing to barter away their rights, constitutional, commercial, and territorial, still further to save the Union—then I say and would utter it with the trumpet's voice, let South Carolina put her cause in the hands of God and take her stand alone. I do not think she has much to hope for from the other States; but in every State there are thousands of as gallant spirits as her own most gallant who will rally to her standard if she be attacked as joyously as to the festive board. And do you, young gentlemen, acquit yourselves as nobly in her cause as you have in her college, and you will have an enviable fame. In the field imitate your Butler, who, like his own Palmetto when ball-struck, showed no outward sign of injury while life remained; and if compelled by overwhelming numbers to give way, let your flight be like that of the eagle in the storm, that rides in proud defiance before the blast that it cannot resist, and strikes with strong wing the angry elements which hurry it away. May earth's purest honors and heaven's richest blessings attend you! Farewell.

This address drew forth a letter from Hon. J. L. Pettigru remonstrating with Judge Longstreet for the character of his speech, Mr. Pettigru's letter caused the Judge to write the two following:

COLUMBIA, S. C., December 6, 1859.

My Dear Pettigru: One good my speech will certainly do: it will prove our friendship if yours remains steadfast; for your opinion of the "diatribe" will not abate a scruple of my esteem for you, if it does not yours for me. I considered it well before I delivered it, and I did not suppose that there was a man Southern born who could object to it. I have reconsidered it, and I cannot see wherein it is objectionable in matter, time, or place. The introductory remarks were extemporaneous and *ex abundantia cautela*. It is directed against Abolitionists exclusively, who have severed the Churches, abased us in every variety of form, overleaped all laws in their attacks upon us, made the most unnatural exactions of us, violated all compromises, and brought the country to the very verge of revolution. Young men are just going to encounter the storms which they have awakened, and which they manifestly intend to keep rumbling.

Could it have been wrong to put these young men in full possession of the grounds of our sectional differences, to expose the shallow pretenses of their implacable enemies, and to inspire them with confidence in their cause if things come to the worst? I cannot think so. Once before I spoke out when I thought the country in imminent danger, and I got a terrible rasping for it; but I lived to be commended for it by those who lashed me sorest, and so it will be, I flatter myself, in this instance. In neither case was I influenced by party. I thank you for your kindly admonition; but if I get into a "pitfall," be assured that I shall rebound with an elasticity which will place me upon ground far more agreeable to me than that which I now occupy. Still I duly appreciate your counsels, because I know they come from a true friend. I have been about eighteen years at the head of colleges, and never deemed it my duty but twice to publish my thoughts upon the agitating questions which stirred the country; and I hardly think at my time of life I shall deem it necessary to do so again, but I make no promises.

Your sincere friend, A. B. LONGSTREET.

We are all wiser now. We are wiser because we are cooler. We are wiser because time has been teaching us. Judge Longstreet was not alone in his belief that secession would not produce war, absurd as it may seem to us all now. He did stake every thing on that issue, and lost. So did the South. This address will not convince anybody (not already so convinced) that the South was right, but it demonstrates that its author and those who took the same side thought they were right. The struggle they maintained against such tremendous odds, the privations and sufferings they endured vindicate their sincerity. In the light of accomplished events, Judge Longstreet's arguments may seem to be feeble and his prophecies absurd; but it requires but little effort of the imagination to conceive what must have been the effect of such a speech upon a body of South Carolina students holding to the State rights theories

of Mr. Calhoun, in the flush of youthful enthusiasm, and rejoicing in the conscious strength of the young manhood to which nothing seems impossible but defeat or dishonor. The peroration has the ring of the earlier times, when popular orators were not afraid of a mighty sweep into the empyrean, and when rhetoric was more lurid and critics less sardonic than now.

It was not surprising that the young South Carolinians took him at his word; and when the war began, the halls of the University were quickly emptied. The gallant boys rushed into the field with martial enthusiasm and buoyant hopes. Many of them came back no more, left to sleep in their bloody shrouds where they fell fighting beneath the bars and stars. The survivors came back under the shadow of defeat to begin life anew in a new world.

A TILT WITH DR. WINANS.

IN 1854–55 the country was swept by the political movement called "Know-nothingism." The excitement was intense, and the feeling most bitter. The fact that the Know-nothing party (so called) was a secret organization influenced popular curiosity, and aggravated the asperity of the conflict. The new organization drew into its ranks a large part of the old Whig party, then in the first stages of dissolution, while the great body of the Democratic party opposed it. Because of the nature of some of the issues raised by the Know-nothings, not a few of the preachers of the Methodist and other Protestant denominations were induced to join the secret lodges, where they were taught the grips and pass-words, and assumed the obligations of the order. Judge Longstreet, never indifferent to such questions, under what he felt to be the constraint of duty wrote two powerful and characteristic papers against the Know-nothing party. He was particularly severe and sarcastic in his handling of Methodist preachers who had entered the Know-nothing lodges. He spoke of the pledge said to be exacted of them to resist the importation of European paupers into the United States, and asked: "Pray, who are paupers? They are not necessarily ignorant or vicious. They are God's poor, born to hard fortune in the Old World, who

seek our shores, hoping to find room and work and a chance in life. Instead of giving them a kindly welcome and sympathy and help, and preaching to them the gospel that reveals the love of God and leads them to enter into the fellowship of the Church, these preachers go into secret midnight conclaves and swear to put them down or repel them from our shores!" And much more of the same sort. These philippics were copied by the Democratic newspapers all over the country, and no doubt did much toward arresting the triumphant progress of the Know-nothing party. To Judge Longstreet largely is due the credit—or discredit, if the reader prefer so to think—of the overthrow of that organization.

Judge Longstreet was a Democrat. Dr. Winans, the great Mississippi Methodist preacher, was a Whig, and in common with the majority of that party was inclined in his heart to favor any movement that seemed likely to overthrow or defeat the Democratic party. So it happened that when Longstreet entered the arena on the one side, Winans was mightily moved to take up the gage of battle for the other. It is a little amusing to note how two men so brave, so good, and so frank in their natures, strove to conceal from themselves and from their readers the partisan *animus* that caused them to shed their ink *pro* and *con*. Each one of them assumes that he wrote as a Methodist, not as a Whig or Democrat, his chief aim being the preservation and welfare of the Church, with incidental reference only to the political welfare of the nation.

Human nature is indeed self-deceiving, and even the greatest and best of men, acting under the pressure of powerful excitement, fail to understand the mixed motives that control them. Here is a lesson that teaches the importance of close and candid self-examination, and makes a plea for the charity that we should exercise in our judgments of each other, and which we shall all need at last. The issues involved in the Know-nothing movement have not wholly lost their interest to the American people, and it will not be deemed a waste of space to print what two such men as Longstreet and Winans thought and said in 1855.

Dr. Winans's Letter.

Rev. A. B. Longstreet, LL.D.—My Dear Old Friend: I have great reluctance to come into conflict with you before the public. This reluctance arises partly from the great respect in which I have held you for many years, and from the fraternal affection which I have at the same time entertained for you, and partly from a persuasion that I am no equal match for you with the pen. We *together* have warred strenuously against the malignant tendencies of Abolition fanaticism, and we suffered *together* in that ruthless warfare. Few things so endear men to each other as united resistance of a common foe, and the ardor of the attachment is usually in proportion to the fierceness of the struggle and to the amount of suffering it has involved. What wonder, then, that I feel reluctant to aim at *your* breast a single blow, no matter how feeble or innoxious? Yet, under a strong persuasion that your *address* to "The M. E. Church, South," ought to be *animadverted* on, and that it ought to be done by an *old* Methodist preacher, I am constrained to stifle the sensibility that would withhold me, and to brave that terrible *fate* with which you menace the allies of the Know-nothings who may place themselves within the range of those "shafts" which you evidently consider fatal where they strike.

I never have been, and do not expect ever to be, a member of the "American" party; but if I were as rabidly opposed to it as you have rendered it abundantly evident you are, I think I should consider your address to the M. E. Church, South, in one

particular alone, more, abundantly more, worthy of censure than any thing in the Know-nothing organization. I allude to the fact that you have *formally* addressed a Church, in its aggregate capacity, upon a POLITICAL question If you had any rational purpose in making this address (and who that knows *you* can doubt that you had), it must have been to array the Church against the American party. Could you succeed in this design, the very fountain of political power would be immediately poisoned by a union of Church and State; and that, too, at a point more efficient by far for ill than in the halls of legislation or in executive prerogative, and where responsibility could never be brought home to those who perverted *that* union to unpatriotic purposes. I defy you, my brother, to specify any thing in Know nothingism of equal turpitude with this attempt to enlist a Church organization in a crusade against *a political* party, no matter what that party may be. My history is an ample evidence that I consider it the right of Christians and preachers of the gospel to "meddle with politics;" but I do not believe that a Church organization has any *such* right; nor, pardon my frankness, that any man can excite a Church to such a course without political delinquency which I will not characterize as I think it deserves. Had you addressed your remarks upon the American party *generally*, leaving individual members of the M. E. Church, South, to be influenced by your arguments or deterred by your menaces, in common with other partakers in the political interests of the United States, I should have thought you were doing what you had a right to do, however I might differ with you as to the correctness of the views presented in that address. If you did not feel constrained by a consciousness of the wrong you were doing in making *such* an address, I am surprised that your knowledge of Methodists had not led you to forbear. Nearly fifty years of pretty intimate and extensive acquaintance with them satisfies *me* that there is no community of men who would shrink with more horror and disgust from an attempt to drill them into any thing like concert in *political* action than they. No mandamus of a bishop, no influence of a presiding elder, no dogmatism or dictation of learned doctors ever can, I think, sway them from their self-elected course. Nay, their jealousy for their political independence not unfrequently renders them deaf even to the *arguments* of the leading men in their Church. Be assured I have no fear of the *influence* of your address upon the course of the M. E. Church, South; but I am not without fear that *such* an address, having been uttered by an old Methodist preacher, will beget a groundless jealousy in the public mind of the liability of the M. E. Church,

South, to being drilled into concerted political action. It will be perfectly natural to reason that Dr. Longstreet would not have made such an address if his knowledge of his Church had not authorized him to hope that he could sway them *collectively*. If not, why should he address them, and in their collective capacity? Whether, then, you shall or shall not have succeeded in arraying your Church against the Know-nothings, you have, in my opinion, by making such an address, done harm to the extent of your influence. I grieve that it is so; but "to err is human," especially where passion has blinded the intellect, so that even Rev. Judge Longstreet, LL.D., may be found "weak, and as other men" when circumstances combine against him.

You say: "Of all the parties ever conjured up in this country of legerdemain, this is the only one that ever exacted respect from its opponents by reason of the wise and good that belonged to it." Your sources of information may be different and better than mine; but, so far as my knowledge of *this* and other parties is concerned, this censure (for *censure* I presume you intended it to be upon the Know-nothings) had no foundation in fact. So far as I have read their writings and heard their speeches they have not displayed a whit more aptitude to claim respect from others on account of the wisdom and goodness of those who belong to them than the other parties I have known. True, when they have been vilified, traduced, and insulted by imputations that would disgrace humanity, they have sometimes inquired whether A, B, or C, men of known wisdom and worth, would be voluntary partners in such infamy. But were they to contemplate with complacency the wisdom and moral worth of many of their members, they might be excused, for I do not in the least depreciate *your* just claims to either of these qualities when I say *their* claims to *both* are fully equal to *yours*. You may satisfy yourself that, because you do not aim your thrusts directly at these wise and good men, you do *them* no wrong in vituperating the party to which they voluntarily belong. This is convenient casuistry enough. It will hardly, however, be satisfactory to those whom you wound "by implication" in your denunciation of the party. The wise and good in the American party, it is some consolation to believe, will probably survive the glancing wounds inflicted by your shafts.

In your *conjectural* account of the origin of the Know-nothing party you ascribe far more importance to the desire to throw off the burden of foreign *pauperism* than I have been able to detect in the views of that party. True, this is *one* of the causes assigned for their desire to check the influx of foreigners into our country, but it is manifestly spoken of by them as if regard-

8

ed as vastly inferior in importance and influence to other causes by which they are actuated. That this *could not* be the chief cause why Massachusetts should get up a new political organization *in the United States* is evident from the fact that she had the power, in the exercise of her State Rights, to prohibit the entrance of foreign paupers into her territory or to send them back to the country whence they came. I believe she *has* exercised the latter of these powers. The machinery of an organized party in the United States was entirely too ponderous to be resorted to by sagacious Yankees in a case like this, where the remedy for the evil was so easy and in their own hands. It seems to me, my old friend, that you are not apt at *guessing*, at least that you have grievously failed in guessing the origin of the American party. As to driving away those foreigners, paupers or otherwise, who are already domiciled in the United States (I do not mean those who are naturalized), the idea, I suppose, never entered the head of a Know-nothing or of any Yankee till you injected it. Why, then, the sneer: "Shall she use the contribution of her confederates, and then cut their acquaintance and drive them off?" It seems to me wholly gratuitous.

You are very probably correct in one supposition in this connection: that foreigners, especially English and Irish, crowded into Massachusetts with a view to "sustain her in her efforts to overthrow the government" of the United States by the triumph of Abolitionism; and that they came with "the impression that her feelings and sympathies were in unison with their own." All or very nearly all immigrants from Europe are from education, and most of them from interest, thoroughgoing Abolitionists Well, then, might the fanatics of Massachusetts calculate on the hearty co-operation of these immigrants, especially of those from England and Ireland, in their daring crusade against slavery! And as well might these immigrants count on the burning zeal of their principals in this holy warfare whom they came prepared to aid in it, to maintain them while so engaged and their poor also, and even to wink hard on their fugitives from the justice of their native country. But the evil of pauperism, though felt to be oppressive by Massachusetts, and nowhere regarded with indifference, is not, as I understand the Know-nothings, as a drop of the bucket in their estimation compared with other evils which they apprehend as morally certain to result to this whole nation, and especially to the South, from the immigration and naturalization of such swarms of foreigners as are pouring into the United States from year to year. The utter and incurable political ignorance of nine-tenths

of these immigrants, their habits of thinking and feeling, in the nature of things adverse to the political institutions of our country, and their vast and rapidly increasing numbers, it is believed by the American party, as for thirty years it has been believed by me, cause them to be dangerous, alarmingly dangerous, to the safety of our national Union and the permanence of our glorious institutions so long as the door of naturalization is left open to them.

The rapid increase of foreign Romanists, their blind subserviency to the pope and to the officials under his authority, and the recently adopted tone of bold and defiant annunciation of papal supremacy, and of coercion in the conversion of heretics to papal domination, uttered by American Romanist writers, were viewed before the Know-nothing organization existed by sober and considerate patriots and Protestants as rendering it dangerous to the well-being and even safety of our country to intrust *such* Romanists *as* conceded sovereignty to the pope, in civil as well as ecclesiastical matters, with offices of power and political influence.

I assure you, my dear brother, that I entertained these views before I ever heard of a Know-nothing *party*, and that I now consider them as far more important than *any* which were ever mooted by the Whig and Locofoco parties. I conjecture that the entertainment of these great national views, believed to be essential to the permanence of our national institutions, and not, as you suppose, a mere desire to throw off the burden of foreign pauperism, led to the organization of the American party, whether in Massachusetts or elsewhere, I have no means of guessing. The public must decide between the claims of our several conjectures to reasonableness and probability.

I am at some loss to determine whether you accredit the origination of this new party to the influence of Abolition fanaticism in any degree otherwise than as Abolitionists drew upon Massachusetts the burden of foreign pauperism, of which the new organization was devised, you think, to relieve her. If you *did* intend to class this organization among Abolition devices, you did it not only without reason, but directly in the teeth of your own conjectural account of the origin of this party which you so love to hate. Were foreigners allured to Massachusetts because of their well-known Abolition tendencies, and would the Abolitionists organize a party to deprive themselves of an increase of some one hundred thousand votes annually by prohibiting their naturalization, and this, too, among shrewd, calculating Yankees? The supposition is ridiculously absurd. Every reading man knows that foreign immigrants are, with very few

exceptions, Abolitionists from education; they are so almost equally from interest. The only resource of most of them is their own labor. Banish slavery from the United States, and there would be an instant demand for the *free* labor of at least a million. This is a fact which foreigners *can* understand, however little they can understand of political philosophy. This appeal of *interest*, coming in aid of their Abolition education, renders almost every naturalized foreigner a *certain* ally of the Abolition party. How soon, if the process of naturalizing foreigners continue, will the Abolitionists be rendered able to modify the Constitution of the United States to suit their own nefarious and incendiary purposes against the slave-holding States? Every Southern man who advocates a continuance of the naturalization of foreigners appears to me as with a drawn dagger pressing the point with more and still more frenzy upon the very vitals of his own interest and safety. Every new voter so made may be regarded as another nail in the coffin of all that is valuable in the peculiar lot of a *Southerner*.

Respectfully and affectionately your old friend and brother,

William Winans.

P. S.: I regret to have seen only your second address—perhaps more properly the second part of your address—to the M. E. Church, South. W. W.

Amite, Miss., October 16, 1855.

Judge Longstreet's Reply.

Rev. William Winans, D.D.—My Dear Old Friend: I received your letter addressed to me through the columns of the *Natchez Courier* nearly three months ago, and I postponed my answer to it, at first, that it might not appear just before the Mississippi elections. Again, that it might not appear during the session of the Memphis Conference, the *Memphis Appeal* being the chosen medium of its publication and the Oxford paper being then suspended. And yet again, that it might appear during the winter vacation of this institution.

In what follows I flatter myself that neither you nor the party which you serve will find any thing objectionable in the *motive* which prompts it, whatever you may think of its matter and form. The appearance of your letter (from a Whig) in a paper published some hundred and forty or fifty miles from your residence, edited by a Know-nothing candidate for Congress, one of my most wanton and implacable maligners, just in time to spread fully over the State before the elections, was all doubtless purely accidental. But allow me to felicitate you upon your

good fortune in having been led by your impartial judgment to take sides with the Know-nothings against your "dear old friend" and brother; for had you happened to reverse your position, your organ would have given you a specimen of its naturalized Southern sympathies that would have eaten into your tender sensibilities like a screw-worm, and your Know-nothing brethren would have taught you that love-feasts are poor contrivances to knit hearts together compared with Know-nothing lodges.

You regret that you have seen but one of my letters. So do I. Had you seen them all, you would have had more charity for my motives than you evince, and more charity for yourself than to have dropped some expressions and intimations that I find in your communication. You would have learned that my controversy with the Know-nothings was not of my seeking. That it was forced upon me by Know-nothing slanders, unmitigated and unrelenting—slanders which struck at my dearest interests and my most sacred relations. That I bore all these for a long time in silence and in patience; even until I saw this "political party," as you are pleased to call it, while protesting aloud against my teaching of politics in the university, whispering the students of my charge into its midnight gatherings and there binding them by oath upon oath to everlasting fidelity to its own political creed. I now spoke out boldly in my own defense and against this party; not against its principles, but against its mode of propagating them. In strict truth there was not one word of *politics* in my first letter, if I understand the term. I said nothing about foreigners, and no more than this about Catholics: "I am no Catholic. Put Methodism and Romanism on the field of fair argument, and I will stake my all upon the issue; but I am not such a coward as to flee the field of honorable warfare for savage ambush fighting, or such a fool as to believe that a man's religion is to be reformed by harassing his person. Nor am I quite so blind as not to see that when the work of crushing Churches is begun in the country it is not going to stop with the overthrow of one." This was just such a letter as you tell me *you* would have indulged. Not so with either the saints or sinners of the Know-nothing party. They assailed me from all sides and in all modes. Not one of them gravely answered my objections to the Know-nothing discipline and dealings. They chose rather to assail me personally in language as unbecoming in them as it was undeserved by me. Even my literary *bagatelle*, the amusement of my idle hours five and twenty years ago, was held up to view as a test of my fitness morally and intellectually for the sacred office and responsible station

to which I have been called. And yet these public assaults, undetailed in their severity, were kind, courteous, and pious compared with the private communications which were addressed to me under the authors' names in answer to this letter. They all agreed, however, in one particular at least, and that was that if I had never meddled with politics before I had done it now, and that this was a crying sin in an instructor of youth. You perceive then, brother, that you grossly misrepresent the Know-nothings when you accord to me the right of opposing them in *any* way.

That I should not have a very exalted opinion of them after what I have suffered from them, I think you will own was quite natural. Have a little charity for me then if "no mandamus from a bishop, no influence of a presiding elder, no dogmatism or dictation of learned doctors," no combination of Christians and politicians, no power of numbers, can awe me into respect for them.

You say: "I defy you, my brother, to specify any thing in Know-nothingism of equal *turpitude* [my italics] with this attempt to enlist Church organization in a crusade against a *political* party, no matter what that party may be." That was a hard word, brother, which I underscored. It would have inspired considerable indignation had you not been kind enough to embrace in its application Mr. Wesley, yourself, the main body of your Church, and the whole body of Know-nothings. Mr. Wesley endeavored to enlist not only his own people, but all Americans, all Englishmen, and Irishmen against the American party of 1776. Was he guilty of turpitude in so doing? Nay, my brother. *Turpitude* involves *intentional* error, and Mr. Wesley was not the man to commit that. He really believed that the colonies had no just grounds of revolt against the mother country, that they were periling every thing valuable in Church and State, every thing sacred in fraternal ties upon mere political abstractions; and so believing he exerted his influence to its utmost extent to reduce the colonies to submission. That was the noblest political party that ever was formed, and if it be turpitude to enlist a Church organization against any political party, *no matter what that party may be*, where does Mr. Wesley stand? Is the modern American party (its name was *Sam* when I took the pen against it) more holy, more pure, more noble, more dignified than the old American party? If, then, I believed, as I verily did believe, that the Know-nothings were about to rend Churches, inflame passions, sunder friendships, and kindle the flames of civil war, why might I not use my best endeavors to turn our Church at least away from it without incurring the

guilt of "turpitude?" But this is only by the way. I will show you presently that you have mistaken my designs in this Church matter entirely.

Recapitulating the incidents which enlivened and cemented our friendships (wherein you represented my feelings in describing your own), you say: "We *together* have warred strenuously against the malignant tendencies of Abolition fanaticism, and we suffered *together* in that ruthless warfare." True, your efforts in that struggle were gallant, noble, powerful; mine were the weakest of my life, and therefore to myself the most mortifying. But against whom were we contending, brother? Against a *political party* which had brought its baneful principles into our Church. What was our aim when argument failed to exact justice from that party? To set all Southern Methodism, all parties, all men who respected religion, right, and fair dealing against it. What was the issue of our labors? The almost entire withdrawal of Southern and South-western Methodists from all connection with the Northern branch of our Church and the establishment of an independent Southern Church which hath no fellowship with it. Was there any turpitude in all this? If there was, you were a much larger sharer in it than I was, for you were by far the more efficient laborer of the two. And here let me remark in passing that one of my strongest objections to Know-nothingism was that it united the main body of the Southern Methodists in sworn bonds of fellowship with that very party who had repelled them by proscription, blistered them by calumny, and cabbaged all the partnership funds. It was in the land of these law-despising, right-abusing persecutors that Know-nothingism originated, Senator Adams's information to the contrary notwithstanding. I cannot stop to prove it at large. Suffice it for the present that Chase says it originated in the "free States." The first Know-nothing formulary of the Grand Council was issued from the press of Damrell & Moore, No. 16 Devonshire Street, Boston. Baltimore would not have sent its bantling to receive its swaddling-bands in Boston. The infamous Judson (according to the papers) was recently introduced to a council in Pennsylvania as the father of the order, and he was received with plaudits. The thing has no Southern feature. But enough of this.

I think I hazard nothing in saying that when I wrote my last letter at least seven-tenths of the members of our Church had joined this party. For what? To accomplish its avowed aims of course. And what were they? Why to "enlist" every Protestant "Church Organization" in the land in a "crusade against" one of the weakest Churches, numerically, in the whole coun-

try. Here was the first object of the Know-nothing party, and the second was to oppose foreigners. Will you say this is a combination *against a Church* and not of a Church against a party? Which is the worst? Which savors most of turpitude? But, unfortunately for the distinction, the combination is against a political party, too, as its *acts* demonstrably show, whatever may be its *professions*. In honest truth this was the main, if not the exclusive, object of it. The first intimation that the world had of its existence was its onslaught upon Democrats in general and Nebraska men in particular. And please remember as we pass along who suffered first from it, when it had neither a name nor a platform; for when asked why, fighting under an anti-Catholic flag, they killed nobody but Democrats, they said it was because the Democrats fought against them.

Now I suppose that an actual, existing, operative, sworn combination of the kind is ten thousand times more reprehensible than the simple endeavors of a single individual to enlist a Church against a political party alone.

But startling and patricidal as is your doctrine *in its application*, it is infinitely worse in the abstract. Turpitude to enlist (or rather try to enlist) a Church organization "against" any party, *no matter what that party may be!* Why, Doctor, such teaching coming from you should raise a shout of triumph from all the pirates, bandits, and assassins in the land. They have only to combine, to concert their schemes in secret, and publish to the world a political platform, and it forthwith becomes criminal to array a Church against them, or even to try to do it. A political party may make hostility to Methodism an article of their creed, and it would be criminal in me to advise my Church to oppose it. The Know-nothings allow the *Catholics* to oppose them, and where their vote counts heavily, even embrace them; but you would not allow even a Catholic to counsel his people against this party. Your doctrine is monstrous, brother, and coming from one of the best heads of our Church it proves demonstratively that Know-nothingism, as it was when I took the pen against it, is indefensible. Whether it be right or wrong to array a Church against a political party depends entirely upon the character of that party. If it intermeddle with Churches, if it form coalitions with Churches against a Church, if its professed object be to rob a Church of its civil privileges, if it be immoral in its constitution and revolutionary in its tendencies, then it is the duty of every Christian individually, and every Church collectively, to oppose it. And if it displays all these uncomely features in the only manifestations which it is pleased to make of itself while it conceals from the public view its counsels, its plans, its ma-

chinery, and its membership, the duty becomes imperative, and the more imperative the stronger the party. Such I regarded the Know-nothings. It was reserved for this party to work in the dark, to unite religion and politics, to gather recruits by whispers, to nose for them about schools and colleges, to cement political bonds by oaths, to devise a plan whereby ministers of the gospel might become politicians without reproof and persecute without discovery, to put the consciences of some men in the keeping of others, to bind its members not only to vote but to fight under direction. Such the inner workings of the order. What the outward? Hissing, bleating, and coughing down such men as Wise and Douglass, destroying ballot-boxes, and butchering in and around their blazing dwellings men, women, and children.

It spreads its taint through all the departments of government. Witness the scenes now enacting in Washington, the legislation of Massachusetts, the criminal trials in New York. Can a native expect justice from a judge or jury of foreigners, or a foreigner from these native officials; a Protestant from Catholics, or a Catholic from Protestants? At a trial in Massachusetts, Know-nothings excused themselves from testifying to facts important to justice on the ground that their testimony would subject them to (Know-nothing) pains and penalties. And the judge decided that these volunteer, self-assumed responsibilities placed the witnesses within the rule "that no man is bound to testify to facts that will criminate himself." They testified, however, very freely *against* the Catholic who was on his trial. What confidence will those who remain in the lodges have in those who left them? What confidence those who left them in those who remain in them?

Before the magnates of the order, gathered at Philadelphia, were pleased to release the members (themselves included, of course) from so much of their oaths as required them to conceal their membership and the membership of their fellows, the Know-nothings must have mustered at least 500,000 strong. It is safe to assume that each one of them was questioned as to his membership or the membership of others at least ten times on an average. How did they meet these questions? How were they obliged to meet them under their oaths? Why by ———. What shall I call them, brother, to speak truth without giving offense? I will call them *untruths*, knowing no softer name for them. Here were 500,000 untruths, scattered broadcast over the whole surface of the Union as the first-fruits of Know-nothingism. Many, very many, of them dropped from the lips of Christians. How were the most of these 500,000 got into the or-

der? By members pretending ignorance of it; for they were under oath not to acknowledge their membership or to disclose the secrets of the brotherhood. They must, therefore, have been guilty of willful deception with every proselyte they gained. Say that 300,000 were gained over in this way, and we have 300,000 more untruths distributed through the country as the price of so many converts to Know-nothingism. Thousands and hundreds of thousands have left the order, and they almost unanimously testify that they found it not to be what it was represented to be. For a time all who withdrew and spoke against it were denounced as perjured knaves and traitors. This was true or false according as they found the thing to agree or disagree with the representations of it made to them; a *candid* representation of it, as we have seen, could not have been made to them by the law of the order. If true, what a flood of iniquity poured out of the order when they left it! If false, what language is too severe to characterize the calumny heaped upon them by their recent brethren!

Mr. Simon Wolf, of Pennsylvania, who writes like a man of wisdom and truth, after detailing the flattering but delusive representations by which he was induced to join the Know-nothings, thus concludes: "*I now declare that in a life of sixty years I have never found in private or in public, in politics or out of it, in Church or in State, as much deceit, falsehood, and corruption as I found in the self-styled 'American party.'*"

To this let me add the testimony of a man a little older than Mr. Wolf, who never did join the American party: "I was born and *raised* (if Mr. Hillyer please: see Worcester, Mr. H.) in the State of Georgia, where there are now over forty-three thousand Know-nothings, not one of whom, I will venture to say, will assert that he knows a blemish on my moral character. I have mingled much and disputed much in politics, and more in law. I have been twenty-eight years a member of the Methodist Church, and sixteen years a minister of the gospel, and I never was called a dotard or fool, or likened to a clown under men's own signatures, or charged with falsehood and turpitude by Methodist preachers until I came in conflict with Know-nothings; nor have I ever been, in the whole course of my life, as much calumniated as I have been by Know-nothings and their champions in the last nine months. Never did I see such an intolerant, arrogant, insolent, overbearing, inconsistent, vindictive party as this. It belies me into opposition to it, and then tells me that as a minister of the gospel I have no right to meddle with *politics*. I reply, then, that the hundreds of preachers who are in it should come out of it. It rejoins that

it is *religious* in its character. I again respond that if it be religious I surely, as a religious man, have a right to discuss its orthodoxy, and to counsel my brethren who belong to it. And it again repeats that it is *political!* Its *religion* is reduced to one article: 'No office for Catholics;' so of its politics: 'No office for foreigners.' Its religious exercises consist (*occasionally*) in rummaging into ladies' wardrobes, riding Catholics on rails, mocking their services, assaulting their persons, and battering their houses of worship. Its political exercises consist (*occasionally*) in killing foreigners, firing their houses, and giving their bodies to the flames. Its professed instrument of reform is the ballot-box, and if the ballot-box will not work to its liking, it destroys the ballot-box. One would suppose that a party might determine not to vote for Catholics or foreigners without any apprehension of more serious opposition than is common to political parties generally; and certainly had the Know-nothings done no more than this, I should never have interfered with them. But what do they do? Why, they substitute a new government for that which our fathers bequeathed to us—a government secret in its operations, despotic in its principles, and revolutionary in its tendency. Hear the sovereign power speak: 'This organization [not *party*, brother] should be known by the name of the GRAND COUNCIL OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, and its *jurisdiction* and *power* shall extend to all the States, Districts, and Territories of the United States of North America.' This Grand Council is composed of a President, Vice-president, Secretary, and other officers with fixed salaries, and a Congress of delegates from the States. This Council has 'power to form State, Territorial and District Councils;' to determine the '*mode of punishment of members*,' etc.; to grant charters to subordinate Councils that may be formed; 'to adopt cabalistic characters for writing or telegraphing;' 'TO DECIDE UPON ALL MATTERS PERTAINING TO NATIONAL POLITICS;'(!) 'to fix and establish all signs, grips, pass-words, and such other *secret work as may seem to be necessary;*' 'TO ADOPT ANY AND EVERY MEASURE IT MAY DEEM NECESSARY TO SECURE THE SUCCESS OF THE ORGANIZATION.' We know the emanations from this august sovereignty—State, county, beat, and city governments all over the country—subjects sworn to paramount allegiance to these governments, taxed to pay their expenses, branded as perjurers and traitors if they disclose their secrets."

From the volume of affidavits published by the *Louisville Journal* to show that foreigners were the aggressors in the Louisville riots, there is one which is of awful import and painful instruction. It is that of Thomas Jeffrey and Robert H. Haines, who

testify that *they were door-keepers of the Seventh Ward polls;* that *the rule was* to admit not more than fifteen or sixteen at a time; that an Irishman insisted on passing when seventeen were in; that he became boisterous, when Thomas Jeffrey, to *prevent violence*, struck him on the head. This from Know-nothings!

Now, sir, if you can find nothing worse in all this than an appeal from me to my Church to have no connection with Know-nothingism, you are not to be argued with. If you believe that all this political machinery was manufactured and set in operation merely to keep Catholics and foreigners out of office, you have a much more contemptuous opinion of Know-nothing sagacity than I have. You stultify them, while I only oppose them. From their peculiar idiosyncrasies they will doubtless give the preference to you, but whether any other party would do it is questionable. If you can see no difference between such a combination and parties generally, and it is plain that you do not, you should not have referred to your own "history" to prove that you "consider it the right of Christians and Christian preachers to meddle with politics;" for it proves something more than your liberality, to wit: that when you "meddled with politics" you did both politics and yourself a sad disservice. (I believe the people of your district forestalled this inference, didn't they, brother?)

You say, in continuation of what I have just quoted from you, "But I do not believe that a Church organization has *such* right; nor, pardon my frankness, that any man can excite a Church to such a course without political delinquency, which I will not characterize as I think it deserves." You certainly have the most profound reverence for political parties of any man of your "history" that ever lived. In the defense of them you seem to forget all the interests of self-respect, all the duties of your calling, all the claims of brotherhood, and all the rules, not to say decencies, of controversy. You had already charged me with *turpitude—i. e.*, with moral baseness, extreme depravity—and here you insinuate that there is yet something in the act thus characterized so unspeakably depraved that even *your* lips refuse to give to it its proper name. Flanked as you are by a legion of Know-nothing Methodists, and very many legions of Know-nothing politicians, you may feel confident of your security in the Church and of a clever popular support while you indulge in such defamation of a brother. But you would do well to remember that there is another tribunal not far distant from you and me, where words are not weighed by the standard of Methodism or the world.

Did you understand my letter, simply because it was headed

"To the Methodist Church, South," as designed to excite the Church in its corporate character, and through its official organs, its bishops, and its Conferences to take action against the Know-nothings? It would seem so; and if this be your idea, I do more than pardon your candor: I commiserate your understanding. Where do you find the word or syllable in my whole piece which indicates such a design? He who addresses a Church addresses the members thereof; and in what character they are addressed, whether as an "organization" or as individuals, is to be collected from the body of the address, and not from the caption alone. Had you read my letter with any other design than to find in it grounds of censure and abuse, you would have seen clearly that its whole and sole aim was to get the preachers and members of our Church out of and away from a political party, and into their appropriate work, not to excite a Church organization against a political party. But then you would have lost the laurels which you have gained in this contest, the everlasting gratitude of the Know-nothings, and the thanksgiving of one or two hundred thousand Methodists for your unlooked for interposition in their behalf.

The very first sentence in my letter showed you it was one of a series, the antecedents of which had been addressed to the preachers of our Church. Had you seen these, you would have found that they were addressed to "*The Know-nothing Preachers*" exclusively. This is decisive of the fact that, however you may have understood it, my design was not to act upon the Church in its aggregate character at all, or to unite it in action at all. Your positions are as preposterous as your language is unbecoming: "Worse than any thing in Know-nothingism, *formally* to address a Church in its aggregate capacity upon a POLITICAL question [italics and capitals yours]! Could you succeed in this design [of arraying the Church against the American party], the very fountain of political power would be immediately poisoned by a union of Church and State!" Did such paradoxes ever come from a doctor of divinity? I supposed a man in this country might address any person, any number of persons, in any character, upon any subject without crime, if the address be not of a nature forbidden by the laws of the land. Dwight used to discuss politics with his pupils. Everett, Wayland, Cooper, and other Presidents of colleges have written on politics without blame, but the like privilege is not granted to me—very far from it. I may not speak or write on politics either to the public or to my Church: not to the public, by the edict of the Know-nothings; not to the Church, by the

bull of Doctor Winans. I should have thought you a hard master, Doctor, had you believed that my letter was likely to array our Church bodily against the party of your love. But you tell me cuttingly that no power on earth could do that. What, then, is the sin for which you anathematize me so cruelly? Why, I wrote a letter which *might*, *perchance*, lead the public to *suspect* that *I thought it was possible* for *somebody* to move the M. E. Church, South, *conglomeratedly* against a political party. Papal supremacy would be a luxury compared with your government, brother, if this be a specimen of it.

But suppose that every Methodist in the United States could be induced to take a united stand against the American party, how would this produce a union of Church and State? What legislative, executive, or judicial power would attach to them in this position, or what attribute of a State would they assume? The only possible result of this state of things must be that the members of the Church would either not vote at all or vote against that party. How near this would bring the Church and State together, I leave you to determine.

In all that I have written you will not find a word or syllable which intimates a design on my part to interfere with my brethren's right of suffrage, or their right, in a proper manner, to discuss political questions or to oppose Catholics. It is their clanship with all characters, their letting themselves down to Know-nothing drills, their night-working, their needless swearing, their man-serving, party-scheming, office-hunting, stump-speaking, anger-stirring, brother-wounding, and Church-inflaming that I objected to.

Now I put it to you as a man and Christian to say whether these things are right in your brethren. You will not, you dare not, say so. Then why do you countenance them? You have taken very good care (as you are particular in letting the public know) to keep yourself aloof from the signs and grips and pass-words and squalls and oaths and flag-fribble of the order, and yet you hold me up to the public as a culprit for counseling our brethren to follow your example. How far you are competent to defend the order, when confessedly you do not belong to it, I leave the public to determine.

As to your fears of the Catholics from their increase, etc., Mr. Wesley gives you a recipe for them, for the success of which he pledges his life. He guarantees that, if strictly followed, it will insure the conversion of every Catholic. Here it is: "Let all the Protestant clergy live like the apostles and preach like the apostles, the thing is done." Most certain it is that Know-nothingism, which fellowships with them where

they are strong and persecutes them where they are weak, midnight conspiracies to rob them of their constitutional rights, personal violence, mockery, ridicule, and contempt will never check their growth or bring their religion into discredit. If I wished to raise Romanism on the ruins of Protestantism, these are precisely the agencies that I would adopt.

A. B. LONGSTREET.

University of Mississippi, December 19, 1855.

THE BURSTING OF THE STORM.

EVENTS hastened to their inevitable culmination, and in 1861 the war-cloud burst in all its fury. Judge Longstreet seems to have grasped the real situation, and had a prophetic perception of what was coming. South Carolina and the Federal Government were on the perilous edge of a conflict of arms. True to his sense of duty, he made an earnest appeal to the State authorities in behalf of a policy of watchfulness, patience, and prudence. He issued a pamphlet headed with the interrogation, "*Shall South Carolina Begin the War?*" in which he gives a picture of matters as they stood, and a foregleam of impending calamities so graphic and so prescient that it is here given to the reader in full:

"SHALL SOUTH CAROLINA BEGIN THE WAR?

"I pray the authorities and people of South Carolina to put aside passion and hear patiently and thoughtfully what I have to say upon the present critical position of our beloved State. The chances are that I am wrong in my views, for so far as I have been enabled to collect the popular sentiment in this quarter at least eight out of ten of the wisest heads of the land are against me, and I have reached that period of life when the wisdom of age begins to give place to its weaknesses. But

the correctness of opinions is not to be estimated by number or by age, but by the standard of reason, and to this standard I would respectfully invite all who differ with me. This much is certain, that almost every man with whom I have conversed upon the points of difference between us shows manifest excitement—the poorest accompaniment of reason and argument that could be selected from the armory of mind.

"It seems to be generally understood (and approved of) that if the 'Harriet Lane' attempts to enter this port she will be fired into; and, if rumor is to be credited, this is to be done without parley or explanations. If I have not lost my senses, this is the most dangerous, useless, ill-advised measure which could possibly be adopted just at this time. Thus far the war between South Carolina and the Federal Government has been constructive; the first gun fired makes it actual. Thus far South Carolina has maintained a purely defensive position; this measure is openly aggressive and is to draw the first blood from a citizen of the United States and, for aught that we know, from some champion of the cause of South Carolina. The character in which the 'Harriet Lane' approaches us we do not know, and cannot know if she comes with sealed instructions.

"This thing is to be done just as four States are hastening to our embrace as fast as they can come, and when it is almost certain that all the slave States will be united with us in one grand Confederacy in less than three months; and after our warmest supporters among them have implored us

to wait for concert of action with them, when the Northern States are still obedient to the Federal Government, and likely to be while Buchanan remains in office; when that government is reeling, and in two months' time may become impotent for good or evil; when South Carolina is the peculiar object of Black Republican vengeance, and when they want only a tolerable pretext to visit her with a war of extermination before the other States can in due form come to her help; when all the help she can hope for is impotent at sea. Her aggressive step will alarm the States which are at the point of secession, and perchance kindle dissension in their bosoms, certainly enkindle their ire against her. It will unite the North and the world against her. It will verify the dismal predictions of the submissionists, and blast the reputation of the secessionists. It will precipitate South Carolina from the highest pinnacle of fame to the lowest depths of humiliation. When I think of the probability of it, my soul is so heavily burdened with the awful responsibilities of the act that I can hardly bring my thoughts to decent order or my pen to decent style. If nothing else would stay the act, I would cheerfully surrender the power of speech and of hearing for the balance of my life to avert it. What do the advocates of this desperate measure promise themselves from it? 'It will unite the Southern States.' Are they not united already? Do not the rankest cowards say there must be resistance? Does one of them disapprove of the step which South Carolina has taken save as to time? And has she not, up to this time, repelled the objections

to her haste? Her people forced her to quick secession, and here they were satisfied with dispatch and perfectly willing to wait the action of her sister States. Their representatives have been in no hurry. Why, then, just as we are about to reap the best fruits of our labors, are we going to become rash indeed and fling them away for the apples of Sodom? May God save us from this measure! Take away the apology of 'uniting the South,' and the act stands before the world without excuse.

"You cannot say that the 'Harriet Lane' comes with a warlike intent; and if you could, firing into her is not going to defeat her intent, or advance the independence of South Carolina the thousandth part of a hair's breadth. But it will furnish your enemy with an admirable apology for filling your harbor with armed ships, turning Sumter upon Moultrie, laying waste your city, and lining your coast with Republican hirelings. *Hirelings!* Ay, when the war opens, it is to be between the bright and gallant sons of South Carolina and these hirelings. Woe to the people who bring on such a conflict but from dire necessity! Is it necessary? No, no, no! It is not only bootless, desperate, but wholly unnecessary. Mr. Buchanan says he does not mean to attack any State for seceding. All the Black Republican presses say the same thing. But they mean to collect the revenues. This, to be sure, is war in disguise; but practically it is harmless, and we will be able to keep it in disguise until the proper time for us to strip the monster of its veil. The

Black Republicans think and hope that when their collector is sent here the State will deal with him in some way that will justify open war upon us. To fire into the vessel that brings him is exactly the thing which they want. Hence the vessel that is coming is named, her dispatches are hid from public view (they may be peaceful or belligerent: something seemingly peaceful will be put into them for future uses), the collector is named. Now, for God's sake, people of South Carolina, do not fall into this trap. Let the collector come, let him land, treat him politely, introduce him to Mr. Colcock, and tell him you hope the collectors of the two sovereignties will settle their respective claims in the spirit of courtesy and kindness. Do this, and the President and the Republicans will be beautifully checkmated. All the time consumed in these courtesies will be bringing on your allies. The end of it will be that the revenues will be collected out at sea.

"Be it so; let them have them; let your commerce go on until our Confederacy is formed. Before that time floating custom-houses will be strung all along our Southern coast, and we will have a Confederacy of the cotton-growing States. Even then I would not precipitate a war. The new Confederacy will certainly be acknowledged by France and England, and they will enter into treaties of commerce with us, by which they will obligate themselves to push the floating custom-houses aside and open a glorious traffic with us. Thus, by a little delay and the forfeiture of the customs for a few months, we gain every thing we

desire without the loss of one drop of blood, without spoiling our harbors, and without interrupting our commerce for a single hour.

"And now for the ticklish point: suppose they come to strengthen the posts. If the salvation of the world depended upon it, could you prevent them from so doing? If you could not, why would you waste blood and treasure in attempting to do it? Is it any disgrace not to initiate a hopeless conflict? Any nation would be excused for *declining* such a conflict, but no nation could be excused for beginning it. What must be thought of the nation who would begin it on *the water* without a gun-boat or a sailor to sustain it? and what sort of a beginning of it will it be to fire a few useless shots at a mere government cutter? Provoke open and unequal war to prevent the strengthening of a fort which is already too strong for us! Here is the beginning and the end of the plan proposed: Fire a few worthless shots at a vessel, set Sumter to firing upon Moultrie, hold Moultrie till some hundreds of our sons are buried in its ruins, then desert it, and wait the wrath of the United States upon our devoted city! If all the forts were crammed full of men, they would not attack the city unless first attacked. If we were sure they would, we cannot prevent it. Why, then, in the name of God, bring on a war of such fearful consequences! If you mean to hold Fort Moultrie, I implore you to let the first shot come from the enemy. *Burn that precept into your hearts, if you despise all else that I have written.* But I would abandon it now, putting it just as Anderson left it. But no; it must

be held, desperate as is the tenure, or we shall be called cowards. Fools may so call you, no wise man will. 'It must end in a war,' says one, 'and we'd as well bring it on at once.' It never will end in a war if the South will be prudent, and we must let no Southern State begin it; and if a Southern State is to begin it, let her not begin it on the water. A. B. LONGSTREET."

But it was too late. The crash came. The long and bloody war followed, and its history is before the world. Taking the advice he had given them, the students of the South Carolina College took the field at the first blast of the war-trumpet. The institution was suspended, and Judge Longstreet went to Oxford, Miss., drawn thither by the fact that this was the residence of both his daughters. In December, 1862, the Federal troops occupied that portion of Mississippi, and he refugeed to Georgia. In January, 1863, he was in Oxford, Ga. In August of that year he was at Covington, and in May, 1864, he was at Columbus, staying with Mr. Early Hurt. During this "refugeeing" he was entertained by old friends and kinsfolk, and he was frequently afterward heard to speak of their boundless hospitality and kindness to him.

The hopes and fears, the triumphs and defeats, the joys and agonies of those eventful years may not be written here. Judge Longstreet was in full sympathy with his people, and the final defeat was inexpressibly bitter to him. But neither during all the years of the conflict nor at its close did his trust in God for one moment fail. When the

Southern Confederacy fell, he returned to Mississippi a disappointed and chastened man, but with unfaltering faith and undimmed Christian hope.

Does any reader charge Judge Longstreet with inconsistency? Does this plea for prudence and a peaceful policy make a striking contrast with the fiery baccalaureate address of 1859? The charge is not denied. But he was inconsistent only as all earnest and impulsive spirits were inconsisent at that time, changing their policy and their voices with the ever varying phases of the irrepressible conflict. A man who speaks out of his heart just what he feels at all times will not escape the imputation of inconsistency in this changeful world. The only thoroughly consistent man is the one who feels nothing, says nothing, and does nothing. Judge Longstreet was not that sort of man. Driven by the gale, with chopping seas, he would reef sails and tack ship, and even lighten cargo somewhat to make a peaceful port.

A TOUCH OF POLEMICS.

Among the papers that escaped the fire that destroyed Judge Longstreet's writings was found a pamphlet containing his reply to a Mr. Charles Reemelin, of Cincinnati, O., a gentlemanly infidel who had criticised sharply but cautiously a paper published in the *Nineteenth Century Magazine* of April, 1870, in which he (Judge Longstreet) gave his Christian experience (quoted in a former chapter of this book). The pamphlet is reproduced without change or abridgment except the omission of one clause of a sentence which breathes an asperity of feeling natural enough then but out of place here. Mr. Reemelin, it seems, was in political sympathy with Judge Longstreet, and responded approvingly to his rather caustic strictures upon the course of many Northern preachers toward the South, and sought to base thereupon an argument against Christianity. The loyalty of Judge Longstreet to the Lord Jesus Christ is delightfully manifested in the way he treats this attempt to make a flank movement upon his faith as a Christian, and he promptly runs up the red flag of battle in defense of the truth of the gospel. He was fortified against all such assaults by a genuine Christian experience. The elect cannot be deceived. Who are the elect? The elect are those who have the witness in themselves. Judge Longstreet was not

singular in this experience. The great body of Christian people of the South, though their hopes were disappointed and their prayers were not answered *in the way they desired*, were unshaken in their belief in God and trust in his providence. They were shocked, stunned for the moment; but being rooted and grounded in the faith of the gospel, they quickly rallied the spiritual forces that are hid with Christ in God, beyond the reach of all external calamity, and during the quarter of a century that has followed they have made a history that vindicates their character as a Christian people and challenges the respect of the world. The process of reconstruction was incomplete when Judge Longstreet wrote his reply to his Cincinnati friend. The Christian statute of limitations should cover much that was said on both sides during those stormy times. And so it does with the best men on both sides who are now clasping hands in a fraternity that is hearty and holy, and will last. Many of the honest ultraists during the fight made the truest conservatives after it was over. They were men of principle, and fought for principle. The soldiers of fortune, turncoats, and the tardy or compulsory converts on either side often made up in malevolence what they lacked in honest conviction. Judge Longstreet was always reckoned among the most advanced adherents of the school of State rights, and to his dying day never expressed or felt a doubt as to the soundness of his opinions. If he had felt any misgivings, we may be sure he would have let it be known: he was incapable of deceit and unused to concealment. He died cher-

ishing the opinions that had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength from boyhood. If he were living now, two things might safely be assumed concerning him: first, that he would have no apology to make for any thing honestly said or done by him in the past; second, that he would not be behind the foremost rank of those who, in this new and happier time, are marching hand in hand and heart to heart in the path that leads to a perfect national brotherhood and a unified Christianity. He was intense and outspoken, but not narrow or blind. The acid that drops from his pen-point was the distillation of the times; the truth for which he mainly contends is as eternal as its Source. With these suggestions, perhaps not uncalled for, the reader is left to judge for himself between Mr. Reemelin and Judge Longstreet.

"OLD THINGS BECOME NEW."

Controversies should be avoided between friends, for they are likely to lead to animosities; but there are persons to whom we feel obliged to explain ourselves even at the risk of a controversy, because we respect their opinions. The article under the above heading, in the April number of the *Nineteenth Century*, is written by such a gentleman, and deserves such a notice.

Judge Longstreet, the writer of the article, has all the characteristics of a person whose convictions on any subject are from his very nature deeply religious, and he, perhaps, not knowing it. His strength and his weakness lie in this: his intensification in all things. The first, because he espouses every cause with sincere fervor; the second, because his zeal obscures his vision, so that he sees both too much and too little of any subject which, for the time being, engages his mind. And to his friends it is really difficult to decide whether to love him most for his vigor or his softness. This is our difficulty; for he asks us, placing us in conjunction with Agassiz and Heinzen, to not disenchant him of his delusion, as he pleadingly calls it—meaning his faith in a God, a Mediator between God and man, and the Christian religion. It is not for us to object to being men-

tioned, in the same breath, with the two great men just named, as if we were one in purpose with them, but doubtless they would. Mr. Agassiz is a regular scientific man, we are an amateur, and Mr. Heinzen soars so high for liberty that we can hardly see him, much less loosen the latches of his shoes.

Dropping the others and speaking for ourselves alone, we say that surely we respect every man's religious ideas, and the judge may keep all his religious views for all we care; for, as we have already intimated, the gentleman is nothing if he be not religious, and we love him too much to wish him to be nothing. But this solicitude for him, according to the very tones of his character, cannot with propriety impose upon us entire silence, especially when we know that our observations will do the gentleman much good without at all upsetting any of his idealities.

We allow ourselves, therefore, to remark, in the first place, that it has always been marvelous to us that minds like those of Stonewall Jackson, Jefferson Davis, Bishop Polk, and A. B. Longstreet did not see from the first that their most unrelenting foes came from Northern Christian Churches. The fact that the first split between North and South occurred in the several religious sects might have led any discerning mind to see that the subsequent political imbroglio was an inevitable sequence of the former. The only reason why we had no open religious war was because our religious governments had no carnal weapons of their own. The Federal Government was made to carry on the war as an after-thought, but that did not make it an actual civil war any more than the Thirty Years War was such because emperors, kings, and dukes carried it on.

The founder of the Christian religion spoke, in all innocence we admit, the fatal words that have made the Christian religion a sword instead of a pacificator to mankind. Christ said: "Go ye into the world, and preach the gospel." That order to his apostles, taken up by their successors (the priests), has cost the people of Europe rivers of blood. Under it all their ancient natural religious and ethical development has been uprooted, as far as zealous clergy could do so; and my native land is yearning to-day, if she but understood her innermost longings, for her own religion; and my mind could never distinguish why it was wrong for Varus to bring us Roman civilization if it was right in St. Boniface to carry to us Roman religion.

In our humble opinion, the most precious right of a people is their own self-development in law and ethics. That right is no right, if the Christian idea is correct that all mankind are to have but one religion, and that the sooner this happens the bet-

ter. We hold this notion to be both erroneous and destructive of human peace. We cannot, of course, argue that question now *in extenso*, for it would lead us away from the very point we must, in kindness to Southern minds, enforce. It is this: that all our contests with the South originate in the spirit which is nursed by the words of Christ which we have quoted. The Abolitionists were, in their minds, but Christian missionaries, and sent by precisely the same people who support Christian missions in foreign lands; and does not the whole system of Missions rest on the denial of the right of every people to govern themselves? Does it not rest on the assumption that certain portions of mankind have a superior religion suitable for all mankind, and which should be universally imposed?

This claim of superiority did not originate with Christ; it was the fundamental idea of Abraham, and it is the basis of all Moses enjoined upon the Jews. Under it, he ordered the Jews to commit cruelties so revolting that they themselves recoiled from them under Joshua; and instead of killing all the old sojourners of the holy land, made humane agreements with them.

The Mosaic idea had, however, a circumscribed location, and it was comparatively harmless, as it enjoined no aggressors on any other nations than the dwellers in Canaan; but Christ and St. Paul especially gave it universality, making proselytes become, in pursuance thereof, a favorite Christian occupation, and any one mingling much with zealous Christians must, if he do not flee for shelter to some sect, have felt the offensiveness which is always a part of their character. That offensiveness brought on our Civil War.

The very fundamental principle of our Federal Government—to wit, that that government is, and ought to be, one of strictly limited functions, and that each State has a right to determine for itself its own religious, social, and political laws—is diametrically opposed to the Christian religion, for its basis is *unity*, not *union*.

The people of the several States might have seen long ago this antagonism; but they were so blinded by their success, which, by the by, never was caused by our institutions, but existed in spite of them, that they failed to see the very plainest indications of the direction whence came the irrepressible conflict. Nine-tenths of the clergy of America were always disloyal to our Federal Union; they were and are loyal to the unity of a civil government, provided it recognizes the Bible as the standard of truth. We know that there were some ministers who were true to an honest construction of our Constitution, but they were the exceptions, even in the South.

Judge Longstreet was one of these; but why? Because his mind needed a fervor which, under his education, he believed that he had to seek in religion. Had he analyzed his inner self, and had it ever become entirely clear that his religion was really religiosity, and that it needed only an object to break forth, he would then have understood that he would satisfy the longings of his mind in ethics and politics, as indeed he had to do when the Northern iron entered his soul.

And right here we claim the privilege to reiterate what we have said previously in our essay on Church and State—viz., that nearly every human problem is in essence always a religious problem. The modern distinction between politics and religion is very apt to mislead, and is in fact the great stumbling-block in the popular mind. All the progress in our age proceeds directly from two developments: First, an extension of the sphere of knowledge, and consequently a diminution in the sphere of dogmatism, being really what we call religion; and, secondly, by a largely increased production of wealth through the sciences and mechanics.

Our friend exhibits (on page 847) the usual adroitness of religionists. He attributes all the bad among men to some inherent human viciousness, and he calls it "selfishness." We would not interpose one word of objection if we thought that he uses the word (selfishness) in the sense of an undue, excessive self-love, one that violates the rights of others to secure its own ends; but we see too plainly that he employs the word in the usual clerical way, as if self-love was *per se* sinful. The Christian Church has always confounded the two words, and from this cause it has fostered an asceticism—yea, a cynicism—with a minimum of human enjoyment, and declared it a meritorious practice. That has always been, and is to-day, in the way of all human advancement, wherever it has existed or does exist. In this country Methodism has carried it out most zealously, and teetotalism, an austere Sabbath, and other narrow disciplines have grown out of it.

Self-love and selfishness are, however, two very different things. The first is a duty, the second a vice. From the proper pursuit of the first spring all the enjoyments of the human race; from the unchecked pursuit of the second, all its miseries. This distinction underlies all social life and all public authority. How to free proper self-love, and how to limit selfishness, is the fundamental criterion of all good ethics. Our history illustrates this on every page. The United States were united and happy while all the people in every State were allowed to have free self-love; they became divided and miserable the more certain people were

permitted to carry out their selfishness. There is not an abuse of Federal authority which does not originate in sectional selfishness, while on the other hand the exercise of all the legitimate functions is less compatible with self-love. The tariff, organized office-seeking, corrupt contracts, interference with slavery, had all one fountain—Northern selfishness—while Jefferson's and Jackson's votes, and the resistance of the South in loose constructions of the Constitution, were all proper exercises of self-love.

We wonder if the Judge has ever reflected whether it is exactly fair to ascribe all the good in society to a certain religion, and all the ill to something else. Surely for fifteen hundred years we have had Christianity in power; and if this human power still sins and quarrels, whose fault is it? No religion breeds so many hypocrites as the Christian. Shall we tell our friend why? It is because Christianity claims to unhumanize us—that is to say, to turn us into angels. Striving in vain to be the latter, but nevertheless ever professing to be it, turns Christians into walking contradictions to their doctrines. Aim high is a good rule, but that *high* must be possible.

A wise religiosity is good everywhere: it graces the Turk, the Buddhist, and the Christian. But religious zealotism is bad everywhere: it disgraces every one who harbors it. All religions contain sound ethics, all Churches teach wicked dogmas. Let us tell Judge Longstreet that he would have been a good man no matter where his religiosity had found its point of adoration.

In conclusion we must be permitted to add that Mr. Longstreet's religiosity is in no danger at all. His religion may be, but not from us especially, nor Henizen nor Agassiz. There is now in every school-room, every lyceum, every college, every university—yea, in every newspaper—indeed, in our very pulpits, something being promulgated which you may scold as "infidel science;" but which every hammer that falls, every wheel that turns, every railroad, every telegraph, every chemical laboratory, every nursery, every shop, and every farm bears witness to, and it is the superiority of exact knowledge over dogma. Away is fleeting, in consequence hereof, the old arbitrary God and arbitrary religion. In lieu of it we have ethics (religion) tried by the light of the true legalities as deduced by logical analysis. America is doing less in this than Europe. Why? Because it is still most trammeled by obsolete religious idealities, and because its people will not carry out their good Federal law—viz., to let each other be free in their several States.

C. Reemelin.

REPLY OF JUDGE LONGSTREET.

To Mr. Charles Reemelin: No Christian ever entertained a higher respect for a deist than I do for you. There is no better clue to the character of a man than his writings when he writes much and upon various subjects. Now you have written much and upon a greater variety of subjects, I judge, than any man of your age living who has never edited a newspaper; and upon all, except one, you write admirably. But when you get upon that one, allow me to say in language which cannot offend (for it is your own) I do not know which to admire most, "*your vigor or your softness.*" It is the only subject upon which we differ, and it is the only one in which you and I have an undying personal interest. I learned from your pen that you were careful in forming your opinions, and fearless but gentle in avowing them; that you were an honest, upright, independent, candid, highly cultivated man; that you were a lover of truth and an ardent seeker of it wherever you wished to find it, and that you wished to find it in all places but one; and that you did not wish to find it in that place because you had heard from the lips of a thousand witnesses that truth in that place was a different sort of thing entirely from that picked up daily all over the fields of science. *There*, truth assumes the offensive as a living entity, and scorches the fingers of all mere self-reliant philosophers who touch it. I see very plainly from your article before me that you have never extended your research at all, much less your characteristic diligence of research to that place. You have taken either upon trust or upon cursory and unsystematic readings all you know about it.

Now, sir, I have complimented you broadly; but I have the climax of compliment yet in reserve. I declare most sincerely and solemnly, in the face of all men, that nothing would rejoice me more than to hear, while I am writing this sentence, that Charles Reemelin, of the city named after Cincinnatus, a foreigner and an infidel, had been proclaimed Dictator of the United States for four years on his simple promise to administer the government according to the Constitution as he understands it. Now, sir, I understand as well how compliments should be managed to make them palatable and inoffensive as anybody; but these are compliments of an entirely new stamp. They are compliments not of flattery, but of self-defense; for in every piece that I have written for *The Nineteenth Century*, save one, and so often in every piece, have I twitted you upon your religion (for you have a religion) that I deem it but sheer justice to you and myself to give you the most decisive proofs that this covert way of tantalizing you was not chosen from any want of respect to

you or secret malignity in me. There was even a compliment in it, but one which nobody in the world could understand but the author of it. I had long learned to admire you, before I learned that you were an undisguised deist. Upon making this discovery this train of reflections rose in my mind: "If there is an honest, candid infidel upon earth, I think Charles Reemelin is the man, whilst I claim to be equally candid and honest in my belief of the truth of the Christian religion. He belongs to the German school of infidels—the worst and most hell-feeding tribe, in my opinion, that God ever permitted to nibble upon and pervert his holy word. Infidels of the old school were content to attack the leading and fundamental principles of the gospel, to point out errors in Christ's teaching and misunderstandings of him by his ministers; to impeach the veracity of the evangelists, and bring contempt on his Church. But this new school gathered to themselves the whole armory of science and commenced the sapping and mining process. They deliberately and industriously set themselves to work to confound the *language* of Scripture and to unsettle its foundations by multitudinous scraps of profane history never brought to light before. This done, and of course priests are *Babelized*, flocks are tantalized, and sinners tranquilized. The priests must now quit their proper work and renew their Hebrew, Greek, and Latin studies, and begin where they left off (at the sense) and work carefully down to the jots and tittles. They must now study history anew, not to learn the prominent events and actors of the past, but the non-essentials of history. They undertake the task, accomplish it with success, and expose the sappers. But in the meantime the fire of religion that was in them has gone out, their flocks languish, and their converts are few. They are now more knowing preachers than ever they were, and more worthless preachers than ever. They preach entirely above the poor and ignorant for whose marked benefit the gospel was given and to whose humble capacity its language was accommodated, and preach theology, which in *name is God's word*, but in *fact men's quarrels over it*—at best their defense of it, when it should be setting men on the defense of themselves. Hence the religion of Germany (what there is of it) is in the main as old as an icicle, as spiritless as a corpse, and as slow-moving as a snail. Now I desire to engage an infidel of this new school in public debate with a man who learns Scripture from Scripture, who rejects at a dash all history which comes in conflict with evangelical history as *certainly* false, who asserts in the face of the Ecumenical Council now sitting and of all the archbishops and bishops of the world that he has a witness in himself that the gospel is

the word of God, and that if they have it not they had better be feeding 'upon the milk of the word,' than offering 'strong meat' to their flocks."

Well, I have found my man, and now for the debate. "It has always," say you, "been marvelous to us that minds like those of Stonewall Jackson, Bishop Polk, Jefferson Davis, and A. B. Longstreet did not see that their most unrelenting foes came from the Northern Christian Churches." Whether they were the most "*unrelenting*" of our foes may be questioned, but that they were (with noble exceptions) the most man-astounding, God-offending foes that we had I readily concede. But "give the devil his due." They did not bring on the war; they did not desire to do it. Their worst desire was that the slaves should rise up *piously* and cut their owners' throats (*vide* "Uncle Tom," gun in hand). Their madness had worked out its legitimate and final results long before the dissolution of the Union. They had rent the Churches in twain, and the two divisions had settled down in quiet in their respective spheres of labor as early as 1847. The Northern Churches built the car of Juggernaut and pushed it as far South as they could; but it never crushed a pig while it was in their hands, and it never would have crushed a man while it was in their keeping. But the Northern *politicians* took it in hand, first the Whigs and then the Democrats; and now it came thundering South, armed with fire-brands, Whigs and Democrats rivals in their zeal to push it forward and equally charmed with the music and the sight of the cracking bones and spouting blood of the men with whom they were but yesterday in the closest bonds of fellowship that ever bound man to his fellow-man of different latitudes! None but slaves were spared, and they were spared and they were encouraged by a usurped authority to rise up *wickedly* and cut their masters' throats under the protection of Federal bayonets.

Thus you see that the ruin which has come upon my section of the country and the disgrace which has come upon yours were the joint work of a Christ-taught band and a science-taught band—my brethren and yours. Mine forsook the Constitution of God which they had vowed to obey; yours forsook the Constitution of the country which they had sworn to obey. Do the sins of mine prove that there is no Constitution of God, or that it is faulty, any more than the sins of yours prove that there is no Constitution of the country, or that it is faulty? God, as you read him, was very well pleased, or very indifferent to these *innocent* sports of his most favored people; God, as

I read him, will mete out to every man of them the exact measure of punishment due to his crime.* You proceed:

"The fact that the first split between the North and South occurred in the several religious sects might have convinced any discerning man that the subsequent political embroglio was an inevitable sequence of the former. The only reason why we had no open religious war was because our religious governments had no carnal weapons of their own. The Federal Government was made to carry on the war as an after-thought."

Suppose all this is admitted, what is the *ergo* of it? (to speak after the manner of your countrymen who have taught me to talk of the "*ego*" and the "*non-ego*"). Do you feel that the war which we have had was a blessing compared with what a Church war would have been? Everybody saw that the division of the Churches would be followed by a division of the States, but nobody saw that "*the last was an inevitable sequence of the first*." The Northern Churches might have stormed and raged against the Southern people till doomsday, and the people of the South would never have felt the scratch of a pin or the loss of a cent had not the rulers at Washington anticipated the visions of bliss with which your article concludes. After parading before us the wonderful fruits of science, you say: "Away is fleeting, in consequence thereof, the old arbitrary God and arbitrary religion. In lieu of it we have ethics (religion) tried by the light of the true legalities as deduced by logical analysis." How did you come to overlook the fact that your paradise (pardon me, your elysium) had already come to the Congress of the United States and their elect at least. Congress had long before the year 1861 put away God (I cannot speak of him as you do) and his religion and become proselytes of your Church.

Annually did they (the ruling body) go up to the temple dedicated to liberty, fraternity, truth, and justice; and after offering up prayer to God through their chaplain for his blessing and guidance in the service upon which they were entering, they laid their hands upon the evangelists and swore to support and defend the Constitution of their country, and before the oath had time to be welcomed in hell they proposed measures which they admitted to be unconstitutional. When asked to explain themselves, their answer was in such perfect keeping with your religion that I give it fairly in your own language: "I swear to support the Constitution. True, I take the oath, because I could not get in Congress without taking it. I violate it without any

* We used to have a smart sprinkle of Southern Universalists before the war. I have not heard of one since 1861. They were smart preachers, learned in the Scriptures, and adroit debaters. What has become of them?

scruples of conscience, because '*tried by the light of the true legalities as deduced by logical analysis*,' I regard it as of no force whatever when it comes in conflict with the true and *higher legalities*." Since those days your ethical divinity has been so universally adopted by the rulers of the land that you may well be encouraged to hope that it will soon sweep this country at least. They have virtually burned up the Constitution (the oath alone escaping), and still they take it with true ethical devotion. What do they now mean, friend Charles, when tried by the true legalities as deduced by logical analysis?

"The founder of the Christian religion," say you, "spake, in all innocence we admit, the fatal words which have made the Christian religion a sword, instead of a pacificator, to all mankind. Christ said: 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel.' That order to his apostles, taken up by their successors, the priests, has cost the people of Europe rivers of blood."

You quote but half the text, and that half inaccurately, but obviously with no design to mislead. You give us enough of it, and correctly enough, to place your argument from it fairly before the public, and to enable me to offer a satisfactory refutation of it; but to give my response its full force, it is necessary that I give it entire: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." (Mark xvi. 15, 16.) Matthew adds: "Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

The way you introduce the text suggests to my mind one of the most novel and curious questions that ever engaged the thoughts of man. You *admit that Christ spoke the words quoted*, and that "*he spake them in all innocence*." Now the question is: What does *innocence* mean when predicated of words as spoken by one raised from the dead? *Christ spoke these words after his resurrection*, and my old failing head cannot divine by what standard their guilt or innocence is to be measured. Pray enlighten me upon this subject. Your words imply that Christ's were innocent in the *superlative* degree. Is there a kind of innocence between heaven and earth which is not known in either? Christ spoke the words as a lawgiver. Can mere commands savor of guilt or innocence in heaven or earth, or between the two? But enough of this.

You admit that such a person as Jesus Christ did exist; that he had followers obedient to his commands; that he commanded them to go forth and preach the gospel to every creature; that they went; and you say *this order* of Christ, executed by

them and taken up by their successors (the priests), has cost the people of Europe rivers of blood. The *order* was to preach the gospel. In the whole of it there is not one word calculated to set men together by the ears, not one word calculated to stir an angry passion, not one word of encouragement to vice in any form, not an indecent word. Its teachings ran through all the relations of the human family; and wherever they went, they blessed if followed. Wherever they go now, they bless if followed. Men's relation *to God* is unfolded in accents of tenderness, encouragement, and love. It points out to them those sins which touched none but himself, and which were without the poor apology of even a temptation—profane swearing, taking his name in vain, ingratitude, estranging themselves from him, asking him for nothing, thanking him for nothing. As between *man* and *man*, generally, that gospel taught love, peace, non-resistance, and forgiveness of injuries; industry, kindness to the poor and the distressed. To *rulers*, it taught justice and righteousness; to *subjects*, submission and prayer for their rulers. As between *man* and *wife*, it forbade divorces save for one cause: enjoined upon them mutual love and constancy. It threw a safeguard around this sacred relation and its loveliest fruits by forbidding all men the indulgence even for a moment of an adulterous thought or an adulterous look. To *children* it taught love, obedience, and reverence to their parents; to *masters*, kindness, gentleness, and equity to their servants; to *servants*, obedience to their masters. It taught that man is a sinner by nature, and how he became such; but that so being, he was wholly unfitted for that close and endless fellowship with his Maker to which Christ had come to invite him and to prepare him. The process of preparation was such as never did and never could enter into the head of any mere man. The means seem to have no sort of connection with the result, the result no natural connection with the means. It was to begin in sadness and end in joy (poor encouragement to commence the process); it was to renovate and revolutionize man's whole moral nature in a twinkling without the labor of a day, the study of an hour, or the expense of a dime on his part. Hence men might hope for the change to the latest hour of their lives. Repentance and faith are the only conditions imposed upon them. But how can they repent when they love sin and believe it harmless? Christ saw this difficulty, and he infused into his gospel a power to lead men to repentance.

Such is a meager epitome of Christ's gospel. He lived out every precept of it to the letter. He was the embodiment and the perfection of all that is lovely in the human character. In

his gospel he inserted one precept which, if strictly obeyed, would supersede all the laws of man for all the time of his existence: "*All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them.*" And another which would supersede all the laws of God to man until they unite in heaven: "*Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.*"

Now, sir, is it impossible in the nature of things that the simple preaching of this gospel could, by natural consequence, ever draw one drop of blood from the veins of man while the world stands. The first blood that it ever cost mankind was the blood of its preacher. Gentle, harmless, artless creatures, they went forth and delivered Christ's message of love to mankind, and what was the consequence? They were chained and imprisoned; they were whipped; they were stoned; they were made to fight with wild beasts; they were burned to death; they were driven from city to city, and tortured in every mode which ingenuity could invent or cruelty execute. All this, not for a year or a hundred years, but (with short intervals) for centuries; all this from the votaries of that *peaceful*, *liberal*, *independent* pagan religion, which you openly regret was ever supplanted by the *arbitrary*, *vindictive*, *bloody* Christian religion. But the wonder of all wonders is that Christ foretold to these missionaries that they would meet with just such treatment as the reward of their fidelity to him in this world; but he bid them stand fast, endure all, resist none, abuse none, but to persist in doing his bidding, and he would reward them with endless life and endless bliss in another world.

Now if Jesus Christ ordered these all-confiding servants to go forth and preach his gospel, knowing that it would bring upon them all these calamities, and not knowing that he had the power, or rather knowing that he had not the power, to fulfill those promises to them, God save you, Mr. Reemelin! He did not give "the order in *all* innocence," nor in *any* innocence. He had changed characters with his tempter, and become a better representative of hell than of heaven. And if these missionaries went forth to preach the gospel with a foreknowledge of the calamities which it was to bring upon them, and persisted in preaching it in the agony of these calamities, with no better assurance of his ability to fulfill his promises than that he was a man of truth, then they were not merely unlettered, but the most arrant fools that ever trod the face of this earth. But they did preach, and in such manner as to lead thousands and tens of thousands to believe. There was one learned man among them who delivered a few words so opposite to our

present positions that, were I over-credulous, I might be led to believe they were an inspiration intended for our special benefit. Here they are: "Where is the disputer of this world?" (In Cincinnati.) "Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?" (L., yes; R., no.)

"For after that in the wisdom of God, the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the *foolishness* of preaching to save them that believe."

Paul accounts, in part at least, for the success of the *preaching*, but does not account for the supply of preachers under such discouragements. Now say that they saw their Master while in life heal every species of disease again and again by his word; give sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, speech to the dumb, life to the dead, stillness to the storm, and quiet to the waves in like manner; that they saw him walk on the water, bring tribute-money from the mouth of a fish, feed four thousand at one time and five thousand at another with a few loaves and fishes; heard him say that he would suffer death, and the third day rise again; saw him die, and conversed with him alive on the third day—say they saw and heard all these things, or the half of them, or the quarter of them, and their seeming madness is fully accounted for. But there is a mystery connected with this matter, which it is much harder to explain upon any principle of human nature.

The preachers who witnessed these things soon died or were killed off, and their places were supplied by others nothing behind them in zeal, steadfastness, and death-daring intrepidity, who witnessed none of these things; and the line of succession has been kept up to this day by *at least* two genuine Christians to the Church in all the *Northern* Churches. There may be vastly more. How is this to be accounted for? They first learned Christ's words and character from their immediate precursors, who avouched their testimony themselves by miracles performed in Christ's name. Before these second of the order disappeared, two of the first wrote out a full history of Christ, which we have at this day. Now we find Christ saying therein that he would build his Church upon a rock, and that the gates of hell should not prevail against it. In our text he says: "And, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." This accounts for the succession of his ministers, their perseverance under all dangers, and their triumph over all other religions. The dead but risen Christ was with them.

Now, friend Charles, I will frankly surrender to you if you account for all these wonders upon purely rational or natural principles to the satisfaction of any pure-minded man. Don't

disinter Gibbons's five fooleries (called *reasons*) for the rise, rapid progress, spread, and final triumphs of Christianity. Should they occur to you, read Faber's "Difficulties of Infidelity" (p. 120 and on), where you will find them demolished in a way exactly to your liking—viz., "by the light of the true rationalities deduced by logical analysis." Faber is a constant and mortal dealer in syllogism, and I advise you to study his book carefully before it comes to my turn to attack your religion; for if you can answer him, you have nothing to fear from me. Do not remind me of the number of religions which have been and now are in the world in proof that religions are easily got up, and their votaries easily persuaded that they all come from God. As well might you point to the number of meeting-houses and churches in the world in proof that it is an easy matter to get up a St. Peter's and a St. Paul's (London). By the way, think of these structures and their names in connection with Peter on the cross and Paul under the lash. The number of false religions implies that there is one true one. But I have nothing to do with other religions. I say the *Christian religion* could not have been established by the means employed, lived through all opposition eighteen hundred years, and become the religion of the world's luminaries if it had not been ordained of God. And while upon this subject I will dispose of another argument (allusion rather) of yours of kindred character. You point to the hypocrites in the Church in proof of the baseness of its religion. True, there are many, more and worse, in this country at least, I believe, than there ever were before. But they are not all hypocrites by many. And if you wish to see our religion in its true beauty and loveliness, go there among those who, amidst all the storms which have rent the Churches and the State, have walked straight in the old paths of Methodism which Asbury and McKendree trod throughout the white man's region, and blazed out through the red man's wilds—undisturbed by his war-whoop, warmed by his council-fires, and fed with his venison and his sofky. They went with Jesus in their hearts and his Bible in their pockets; they feared no harm, and they received none. Here you have a clue to my choice of Churches. But to the point. You see that I am no apologist for hypocrites, but permit me to say that there never was one *coined* in the Church since it was established: they are all of the world's mint. In their native element they are so exactly of the specific gravity of the murky fluid in which they float, and so nearly homogeneous with it in properties, that no eye ever sees him. But when they precipitate themselves into the golden sea of the true Church, they are

quite too light for their element, and they soon float up to the surface, where they attract the gaze of all men as very ugly things very unfitly seated. Now, dropping the figure, I will demonstrate to you that this is all true. Hypocrites do not remain long in the Church before they come out or are turned out; and now if they be men of talents, means, or family connections, how are they received by their old friends and recent revilers? Very charitably, if not very joyously. We hear of no more of their hypocrisy, but we very often hear of their being favorite and successful candidates for office. A hypocrite is but a counterfeiter, and no man ever counterfeited base metal or cheap morals. You see, then, that your judgment upon the Church from hypocrites who join it is diametrically opposite to what it should be. And here, while speaking of indirect compliments to Christianity by men who abuse it, let me mention one to which, though it covers a very broad surface, and I have often been made the medium of it, I cannot give a name. Certainly I regard it as any thing but a compliment to me upon the whole. I was as honest a man before I professed religion as I was afterward; and so I supposed the world in general and Georgia in particular thought me, for up to this time I had only to ask her for office to get it. Well, after I appeared before my generous constituents in my new character, and they had put me upon probation long enough to try my faith, here they came with brand new tokens of their confidence. If large sums of money were to be borne from place to place whence and whither I was going, they were sure to be put in my hands, greatly to my discomfort. If wives and daughters were to be put in charge of any one for long routes, I was sure to be first choice if I could be. This, always a pleasurable service (taking care of baggage always excepted) sometimes, I presume often, brought me into very flattering comparison with very honest, upright neighbors of the world. As I cannot recall the instances, I must guess at the manner, which I am sure is true in substance if not to the letter:

"Pa, I've just heard that if ma and I will postpone our trip to —— four days, we can go in charge of Judge Longstreet through the whole route."

"Why, is the Judge going? I am rejoiced to hear it. I felt a little uneasy at putting you in charge of friend Smith, for he sometimes that is if you should happen to be taken sick by the way, you would greatly incommode Mr. Smith, who goes in a hurry. I much prefer the Judge; but it will not look so well, after Smith has kindly engaged to take charge of you, to tell him that you prefer to wait four days to go with Judge Longstreet."

"Ah well, husband, you need feel no scruples on that score, for I told Sarah yesterday that we would have to work with all our might to get ready by day after to-morrow."

"Why, Mary, you have been in a greater *swivet* to get off than Mr. Smith has."

"Well, yes, I have; because I saw that if we lost this opportunity we would not have another till Mr. Jones goes the last of next week, and I'd a thousand times rather go with Mr. Smith than Mr. Jones. So you may tell Mr. Smith with truth that we won't be ready to go the day after the morrow, though we have worked hard to get ready"

Now this is a picture drawn from real life—from almost every-day life—and you have seen it played out in substance or in kind one hundred times, perhaps, in the course of your life; and it shows, and in the only way in which it could be impressively shown, or I would not have adopted it, how men, women, and children are constantly complimenting Christianity when none of them dreamed of it. I could multiply instances of this kind from my own observation to an intolerable length in trades and money dealings, in petty trusts, in the most sacred trusts of earth—the unbosoming of husbands and wives to me as their mutual friend and confidant in their painful differences between each other. So of parents and children. But I stop, for it just occurs to me that this may be taken for self-compliment. The idea will vanish when I declare that none of these things did I ever know till I joined the Church. They are what we call in law *negatives pregnant*, which are quite as strong as proofs positive; and their universal prevalance among mankind shows conclusively that it is not because religion is unlovely in the sight of sinners that they do not embrace it, but because the liberty of sinning is more lovely.

You complain of the Christian religion as encroaching upon your liberty of speech and conscience. This amazes me. You are a foreigner; I am a native. Since the war you and negroes have had the most unbounded liberty of speech and conscience. Until lately, I have had neither. The intruder upon your liberty has been exceedingly mild and gentle; the intruder upon mine has been the embodiment of a hundred Haynaus without his humanity. Here again you unwittingly bestow a high compliment upon religion. Your complaint shows that it annoys you, and my answer to it shows that it controls you. Now your true meaning is not that Christianity disturbs you, but the real and pretended professors disturb you. How have they acquired this power? Numerically, they are but about as one to ten of the irreligious of the land. Now, "by the light of the true *ration-*

alities deduced by logical analysis," they should have been put down, and their principles crushed out or shut up in their own bosoms long ago. But the miraculous fact is that they have somehow so wrought upon the moral sense of the great masses of the people as to render Christianity more popular than infidelity—*popular*, I mean, in the common sense of the term. Now majorities are never just, never tolerant, never even *courteous to minorities.* This majority (rather some of them and the most of them) treat infidels with insult and contempt, and this is the treatment of which you complain and justly complain. But it is not the sin of Christianity or true Christians; for, though it is admitted that these last are the most dogmatical denouncers of infidelity in the world, their denunciation would be pointless and ridiculous if your people did not follow their example without their apology for it. I have an apology for them, but withhold it because I can argue the question more to my satisfaction, at least, with the measure of their iniquity in your hands than mine. Thus you see that the *sin* of your *persecution* lies heavier at the door of your people than mine.

The great fault of the Christian religion, in your estimation, and that which has been the source of all the miseries which it has brought upon the world, is that it claims to be the only true religion, and that it will allow mankind to have no other. Well, that is precisely the character of our religion, and it has always been enforced exactly as you are enforcing yours now, except that persuasion and entreaty (often with tears) are implements of its warfare, but never of yours. Why, man, are you not only morally blind, so that you cannot see the truth as it is in Christ, but physically blind, so that you cannot even see your adversary? Here we stand before the world in contrast: you the champion of your religion, I the champion of mine; you contending that yours is true, I contending that mine is true; you supporting yours by calm and temperate argument, I doing the same. They have not one common principle. Now what advantage have I over you or you over me in position on the field or in kind of armory? When you say that your religion is true, do you not virtually assert that all others are false? Can there be two religions wholly unlike and both true? The encroachments which I am now making upon your religion are exactly such as you are making on mine. In the name of God and of reason and of common sense, then, what do you mean when you complain of me and my people because we assert that there is but one true religion, and that we have it; and of our intolerance, when it is exactly your own? And yet you do this very thing plainly and unmistakably! Now, sir, I will be kinder to

you than you are to yourself; I will save your understanding from the ravages of your words. You do not mean to be understood as contending that two religions differing in principles can both be true, but that the votaries of the true one should be perfectly inert and passive amidst a hundred false ones. If a true religion be worth nothing, you are right; but if it be of value and great value, then you could not have broached a more preposterous opinion if you had searched a year for it. It is at war with the very nature and duty of man, if any duty be upon him. It is at war with the practices of all men from the creation to this day, not excepting yourself. Had it been adopted and practiced by the races who have gone before us, we would be now in African darkness. If adopted now and practiced in future, it would put a dead-lock upon the wheels of science, and arrest all advancements in agriculture, commerce, internal improvements, government, or morals. Let every man who discovers a good thing for soul or body keep it to himself, and not go to disturbing his neighbors with it to stir up strife and bloodshed among them! There's your principle, kind sir, in a nutshell. Do you recommend it to your Democratic brethren? Do you say to them: "Your views of the Constitution and principles of our government are right, and would be a great blessing to the country just at this time if they could predominate. Those of the Radicals are wrong, of course, if yours be right, but don't interest yourselves in the matter; be quiet, enjoy your principles, and let them enjoy theirs. You will find your consciousness of political rectitude, as I find mine of religious rectitude, a fountain of perennial joy and refreshing springing up in your hearts, which will amply compensate you for any loss by your 'masterly inactivity.' But if they obtrude themselves upon your domain, then let them have it in full. Tell them how they forsook the principles of their noble leader, Webster, and attached themselves to the skirts of a band of wild, self-maddened religious fanatics, caught the flame of their madness, and overspread the country with blood and carnage—in short, recount all their past and daily sins—and then I reckon they'll attend to their own politics and let yours alone." This is the way you ought to talk to these brethren; and if you do not, your practice condemns your principles. The truth is, no party, sect, or association could ever be formed at all upon your principles. Bricks are just as likely to jump together and build a house as men are to come together in a common bond of union while every man keeps his opinions to himself. But, sir, we dare not be passive. And this brings me to perhaps the strongest argument in favor of the divine origin, and of course the

truth of the Christian religion in the Christian's whole armory. It is that perfectly original feature of it with which it was born, and which it has ever retained—viz., that it will make no compromises with any other religion of the world. We have seen it in its infancy, we have seen it in its humility, we have seen it in its agonies, we have seen it in its garments of blood, we have seen it in its coat of fire; but we have not yet seen it in its miraculous daring, its astounding intrepidity, and its superhuman triumphs. Just think of the twelve illiterates, their Master (a Jew) just crucified by sentence of a Roman governor, under impeachment of the Jewish Sanhedrim, they themselves subject to the civil authority of the judge and the religious authority of the prosecutor; think of these atomic humanities going forth, and in a body first attacking their own rulers on whose skirts the blood of their victim was hardly dry, charging them to their faces with murdering their own Messiah, but promising them forgiveness in his name if they would repent and believe in him!

You do not admit that Christ performed any miracles while he was upon the earth. I will take it as a great favor if you will tell me whether he said or did any thing while he was upon the earth, and what. I would like to know also what you think that bloody gospel was which he ordered his disciples to go forth and preach. You do not believe that he performed miracles; but you admit the *miraculous* when you believe that four of the most artless, candid, impartial, truthful, God-fearing historians that ever put pen to paper, without any concert of action or hope of gain, all of them contemporaries, and two of them eye-witnesses of what they narrate, all deliberately seated themselves and wrote out the history of the same person. This you admit. They all concur in ascribing to him a moral character as pure and as spotless as that of God himself. This you neither admit nor deny, as you have only their say so for it. They give you the code of morals which he delivered to his disciples to be preached to the world. This you have already admitted. This code we have before us, and this is Christ's gospel. It forbids lying under penalties awful to those who believe that he has power to enforce them. They say that he laid claim to divine power and avouched his claim by miracles many and stupendous. This you do not believe. When they wrote their histories, they were all preachers of Christ's gospel. If Christ did not perform the miracles ascribed to him, they knew it of course; but they have put them on record, for it is before us; the disciples, therefore, must have forged them all. Between thirty and forty of these pretended miracles are reported in specific detail of persons, their offices, their names, of places

and circumstances; and hundreds are brought to notice by a single collective term—such as, "*and he healed great multitudes by his word;*" Christ's feeding thousands upon two occasions with a few loaves and fishes, I have put in the former class and counted them as they are always counted, as but two miracles. They ought to be counted as nine thousand at least, for with every increment of the elements he performed a new act of creation—a thing as difficult of performance as the creation of nine thousand worlds. If these are historic facts, and not forgeries, no man who believes them can doubt for a moment the truth with which John opens his gospel. It settles the signification of the word "*Logos*," about which there has been so much dispute, by a case in point. This was the creation of *dead matter*. So was his creation of the coin. His putting it into the mouth of the fish and directing it to the precise point to which Peter's hook would fall, and at the very instant of its fall, were all distinct miracles which show that he controlled the people of the sea as well as the people of earth, and exercised power upon both at the same time. When he breathed the breath of life into the nostrils of Lazarus and the widow's son of Nain, he created two men. When he walked on the water, he suspended the laws of nature. When he hushed the winds and the waves, he showed that his will was law to those elements.

Now I have not been parading before you and characterizing these miracles, or pretended miracles, to convince you that Christ performed them, but as a lemma upon which I will presently build an argument which will rub closely upon a demonstration that if he *did not* perform them his *disciples were all miracles*, and that *you* are as great a miracle as any of them.

We have said that if Christ did not perform the miracles attributed to him his disciples forged them—nobody else could have done it.

The disciples were all ignorant, artless men. They commenced preaching soon after Christ's death in Jerusalem, where they were ordered to remain for some time and preach to the Jews only. They were all very sad at the departure of their Lord and Master; but while awaiting orders the thought struck some one of them (at a prayer-meeting most likely) that as they were soon going out to preach the gospel of Christ, and to assert that the author of it was the Son of God, and equal with God, or rather God himself manifest in the flesh, they foresaw that they could make but little headway in their ministry unless they could convince the world that he did many superhuman works while he sojourned on earth. So they drew up the imaginary miracles as we find them. But there was a brother to be added to them to

supply the place of Judas. So as soon as he was chosen they went to him and told all that they had done, and the reason of it, and presented him a copy of all the miracles they had agreed to preach. He received it very graciously and commenced committing them to memory as hard as he could, for the time for his preaching was at hand. It soon came on, and (*under our supposition, pray keep in mind*) these artless but dauntless champions of the Cross went out upon their mission of love and lying. How must their first sermons have run when they undertook to strengthen the gospel by an appeal to Christ's miracles? Somehow thus: "I tell you people of Jerusalem that Christ was 'the Power of God, and the Wisdom of God.' That he was the Wisdom of God you learn from his gospel; that he was the Power of God all Jerusalem can testify from the 'number of miracles' which he wrought in this city; which when these brethren 'saw they believe.' But some of you say *you* didn't see them and can't believe. Well, I'll give you one that you can't disbelieve. You all know that Lazarus, of our neighboring village, Bethany, died. You can't dispute that, for 'many' of you went out to sympathize and condole with his bereaved sisters. You wrapped him in his grave-clothes and buried him. You continued your tender assiduities to the sisters four days, when a message came to Martha which she did not stop to communicate to anybody, but hastened away. Soon after another came to Mary who did the like, you supposing that she was going to the grave to weep followed her. She conducted you to Jesus, you saw her prostrate herself at his feet and heard her exclaim: 'Lord, hadst thou been here, our brother had not died!' You mingled your tears with hers, and for the first and only time in his life, save one, 'Jesus wept.' You conducted him to the place of the brother's interment. Some of you removed the stone from the mouth of his grave. You heard the command of Christ to him to come forth, you saw him rise in the habiliments of the grave, you divested him of them and saw him go home with his rejoicing sisters. And then what? Many of you believed on him—and not all! O no. Some of you did as you always do, you posted off to the devil's physicians for Christ's wounds, the Pharisees, and told them what Jesus had done. So you did when Christ gave sight to a man born blind. The actors in these scenes are yet alive; for it is not two years since they occurred. Lazarus comes to town every day or two, and you all stare at him, curious to learn whether a man raised from the dead is as he was before he died."

All this, and no one man saying to another: "Why, did you ever hear of such a pack of barefaced lies since you were born?"

No one even saying to another: "Did you ever hear of any of these things?" But this preaching in Jerusalem was modest and diffident compared with what it must have been when a disciple went to Capernaum to deliver himself. He reminded the inhabitants of course of what Christ had recently said about their city, spoke of his divine power, and called upon nine thousand men, besides women and children, in and about Capernaum to testify to it from what they had seen and handled and tasted at the feasts of the loaves and fishes.

Well, thus they went on preaching for twenty or more years, until, having perfectly amalgamated their lies with Christ's truths, one of his disciples writes out a history of his Master. Soon after a follower, but not a disciple, writes out another; then another of like kind does the like. And lastly, another disciple does the same. These historians all agree in giving the same character to Christ, but each one adds one or more miracles to the list given by his predecessor. These books are collected together, received by thousands and tens of thousands as the veritable word of God, are preserved as men preserve diamonds, and passed down from hand to hand, and pen to pen, to this day; and you are now complaining that these forging, lying rascals got up a religion eighteen hundred years ago that won't let you alone?

Now, sir, if the miracles recorded in the gospel were never wrought by Christ or anybody else, if they were all forgeries of the disciples and palmed off upon the credulity of mankind, in the way we have seen they must have been, then every disciple was himself as far out of the order of nature as a hot icicle would be, and therefore an indisputable miracle. God never made the man who could exactly fill the measure of a disciple according to your grading. But you believe he made twelve such. You do not believe that Christ possessed superhuman powers, but you believe that his servants did. You do not admit that he ever performed one miracle, but you admit that without check or reproof he allowed his disciples to assert everywhere that he wrought a hundred; for, grant that he sent them out to preach after he rose from the dead, and you must suppose that he lived long enough to see whether they were getting along to his liking.

Thus believing and disbelieving, you are a compound of credulity and incredulity which throws you quite out of the order of nature and makes you a miracle.

A few words upon miracles, and "*cause and effect*," before we close.

Every one knows perfectly well what a *miracle* is and what is meant by "*cause and effect*," until he sees them in the hands of

the theologian, the philosopher, and the metaphysician; and then he discovers that he never knew any thing, or but very little, about them. What I have to say of them will commend itself to all readers for brevity, simplicity, clearness, and easiness of apprehension at least.

A *miracle* presupposes the existence of *mind* and its capability of acting on mind and matter. The power of the human mind extends no farther than to operate *changes* in matter and mind. It can create nothing, it can annihilate nothing. When it acts upon and produces a change in matter, the change is evident to the senses; and seeing it, we can no more doubt of its reality than we can of our own existence. This conviction arises from an inborn property of our moral constitution. Reason has nothing to do with it. It springs up and takes its appointed seat before tardy-footed reason has time to take her first step. It takes its seat not for an instant, a month, or a year, but for eternity if the perceiving mind endures so long *itself unchanged*. While that mind remains exactly as it was when it perceived the change, we can no more doubt it as a reality than we could at first. If time, *per se*, could affect it, we would begin to doubt the instant after we *realized*. But mind cannot act *directly* upon either mind or matter. It performs all its operations through the body. The observer's eye not only sees the change after it is made, but it sees the body in the act of making it: first notices the *man* and puts him in its treasury of ideas; then notices the *thing* and disposes of it in the same way; then he marks each and every new development and deals with them in like manner, so that when the change is effected all that he could know about it is so specifically treasured up and so methodically arranged in his mind that he could immediately go to work and produce the same change in exactly the same way. In the meantime, while the mind of the observer was gathering its knowledge in this way, the mind of the operator had conceived the change as clearly before as after it was perfected, and would have produced it by a word if he could; but it had to wait the tardy movement of its agent, and thereby it was compelled to communicate its knowledge to the observer which otherwise it never would have done. Now the latter knows nothing of what started the man to make the change, but he knows that he himself is a man, that his mind has grasped the whole process, and that he can repeat it if he will. Suppose he resolves to repeat it, how does he go to work? His mind sets his body to work, and it proceeds step by step after the manner of his exemplar. He now knows that his exemplar's body was set to work just as his was—by a mind that dwelt in it—and all the powers of earth could not convince him to the con-

trary. How has he reached this immovable conviction? By reasoning from *effect* to *cause*, as all the miners in mind would have us believe? Not a whit of it! He never thought of cause and effect, he never reasoned at all upon what he had seen. He had made all that matter his own, and it was in the use of it that he learned *by instinct* that his teacher had a mind. Well, are there no such things as *cause* and *effect*? No, *cause* and *effect* are *words*, not *things*. But there are such things as these words were properly enough applied to at first, and then most abominably abused. Events are often so linked together that we know the one could not possibly exist without the other. To the first in order of time we give the name of *cause*, and to the last the name of *effect*. Well, there is no objection to this—it is desirable that we should have them for the facilities which they afford us in conversing about these connections. But with some they have got to be *things*, and with others nothings. Locke says: "*Cause* is a *substance* exerting its power into act to make one thing begin to be." (*Splendid!*)

Hume tells us that "*cause* and *effect*" mean no more than invariable antecedents and consequents; that when one event or or thing invariably precedes another, we call the first a *cause* and the last an *effect*. Bottles of ink have been shed in opposition to this view and in defense of it.

A word, it would seem, should have settled it as soon as it was raised. Day invariably precedes night; is day the cause of night? Certainly, Mr. Hume being in the chair. But night invariably precedes day; is night the cause of day? Most assuredly! How can it be otherwise? But what was all the dispute about? About two words which one party understood to mean something and the other to mean nothing (and which the umpire between them understands to mean something like something, and something like nothing, but not exactly either).

If possible, let us talk of the things without the names. The world is made up of matter and mind. We know that matter cannot change its form or its place of itself; and we know the only agencies by which these changes can be produced—animal power, time, and the turbulent and silent elements of nature, working upon each other. The changes wrought by all other agencies put together are to those wrought by man as one to a billion; and numerous as they are, they are distinguishable at a glance from those produced by the other agencies—they all bear the impress of *design* upon them. The works of the beaver would constitute a solitary exception, if he did not always put his ingenious fabric in the water and always build it in the same way. Very many of the changes wrought by man we not only know to be his by

sight, but we know why, how, and for what they were made. I see the perfect form of a man in marble. Do I go through a process of reasoning from effect to cause to convince me that it is the work of man? No; I am convinced as soon as my eye lights upon it. Instinct jumps me to the maker; and here I may and if I am a wise man will begin to reason thus: That lifeless form of a man was wrought out by an intelligent being; but who wrought out the original of it, with all his intelligence, perfection of organs, activity of body and mind? How do I reason now? From the sculptor to his Maker? No; but from myself to my Maker. I find a thousand millions on earth like me; all put up with inimitable skill and wonderful capabilities, not one of whom ever made a man. But His wisdom, skill, and design show themselves in man's organization. These are but attributes; I possess them in a small degree myself: I cannot conceive of attributes without something to which they belong. I cannot conceive of attributes like these without some *person* like myself to whom they belong. And here my unassisted reason leads me right into the heart of that charming religion which Varus was so kind as to give to your countrymen before the coming of Christ and Boniface was so cruel as to take away from them afterward. But do Boniface justice. Your countrymen, under the head of Arminius, threw off the government of Varus entirely, and restored to them their own primitive religion. Whereupon Varus, according to the Roman religion, killed himself; and Arminius, according to the primitive religion, improved his victory by allowing your countrymen to cut off the hands of the lawyers, whose subtleties were most odious to them, and to put out the eyes of others.

The Bible teaches me that God is not flesh and blood as I am, but pure mind, or spirit. Enough! I cannot understand how my mind thinks and wills and designs, but knowing that it does I readily admit that the revelation is true, and perceive at once that the difference between me and my Creator is this: My mind is a creation. How His came to be I know not. ("Self-created" are two more silly words). When it began to be is a silly thought. My mind can act upon nothing directly but the body that contains it; God's mind acts upon every thing directly. My mind can create nothing, it can destroy nothing; his can create and destroy everything. I live by his permission, I die at his command. When I form new combinations of matter into something useful, I am said to create it and act wisely. When I employ myself in useless creations, God has so constituted the minds of all men that they judge me a fool. Here I stop the parallel and the antitheses.

If God made man for any purpose, and he would have man to know it, I know of no shorter or simpler way than that by which he has taught us to make known our purposes to each other. If he requires any duties of us, I think he should tell us what they are, and as he is not to be seen of men and long conversations with us in his spiritual character would confuse us very much, I think the better way would be to make known his wishes through some man, and as that man would not certainly be known to speak God's words without indubitable proof of his authority, I think it would be a good plan to endow him with the power of working miracles, and a goodly number of them, in proof of it. But miracles would be of no use to any but those who witness them if man were not by nature formed to trust the word of his fellow-man as implicitly as his own senses. And so God made him as we find him fresh from the hands of his Creator, for little children never doubt what they are told. Distrust came from *lying* and *deception of the senses; lying*, from known motives. Remove the causes of distrust, and my nature compels me to believe what I am told. When, therefore, Hume says he would sooner believe that the evangelist lied than that the order of nature was changed, he says: "I will change the order of (my) nature sooner than believe the order of nature was changed.

A. B. LONGSTREET.

JUDGE LONGSTREET'S WRITINGS.

JUDGE LONGSTREET wrote "Letters from Georgia to Massachusetts," "Letters to Clergymen of the Northern Methodist Church," "A Review of the Decision of the Supreme Court in the Case of McCulloch *vs.* the State of Maryland," "Georgia Scenes," "Master William Mitten; or The Youth of Brilliant Talents Who Was Ruined by Bad Luck," besides pamphlets, magazine and newspaper articles on current topics.

The most widely known and popular of all his writings was the "Georgia Scenes. This book has been characterized elsewhere in this volume. It will be interesting to the reader to quote Judge Longstreet's own word's concerning it: "The design of the 'Georgia Scenes' has been wholly misapprehended by the public. It has been invariably received as a mere collection of fancy sketches, with no higher object than the entertainment of the reader, whereas the aim of the author was to supply a chasm in history which has always been overlooked—the manners, customs, amusements, wit, dialect, as they appear in all grades of society to an ear and eye witness of them. But who ever tells us of the comments of the wits and the ways of the common walks of life, in their own dialect, upon the victors and the vanquished in the public games? Could we hear them, we would find a rich

fund of amusement in their remarks upon the dresses of their characters, the horses, their mode of driving, and their blunders; upon the pugilistic combatants, their appearance, their muscle, their remarks, and gruntings and groanings as the favorite champion seemed to gain or lose the chance for victory; their own private games, quarrels, and fights, and the manner in which they are conducted. In short, what history do we find that covers completely all grades and ranks of society at any one period of time? I have chosen the first fifty years of our republic in the course of which short space of time the society of the Southern States underwent almost an entire revolution, and at this date hardly a trace of the society of the first thirty years of the republic is to be found. To be sure, in writing the 'Georgia Scenes' I have not confined myself to strictly veracious historic detail; but there is scarcely one word from the beginning to the end of the book that is not strictly *Georgian*. The scenes which I describe—as, for instance, 'The Gander Pulling'—actually occurred at the very place where I locate it. The names of the persons who figure in it are such as were well-known in Richmond County at that time, and the language which I put in the mouths of my actors was just such as was common at such exhibitions. The horses that were engaged differed in action and character as horses generally do; but to give the whole an interest which it would not otherwise have, I make one of the horses (of a disposition not very uncommon among horses) break from the ring and make for Augusta, pass tobacco rollers,

which were common at that time, receive their greetings as the rider of such a horse would be certain to secure from such characters—and so on to the close of his course. This last part is fanciful, and thrown in to give interest to a scene that would be very insipid in simple historical detail to persons unacquainted with that amusement. Again, take 'The Wax Works.' The exhibition actually came off in Waynesboro, Burke County, Ga. Every character introduced actually existed, given under changed names to be sure, but performing precisely the part ascribed to him. Once more, take 'The Fight.' This is a description of a combat which was not uncommon in almost every county in Georgia, at almost every one of which there was a Ransy Sniffle, a little more ludicrous in form and figure, and made rather more conspicuous in this fight than the real Ransys were. In person, however, he answered very well to many of the poorer class whom all Georgians have seen in the sterile pine woods of that State. These may serve as examples of how far the sketches were actually true and how far fanciful."

The genesis of another of his books Judge Longstreet also tells us in his own words: "'Master Mitten' was brought out in this wise: While I was President of Centenary College, in Louisiana, two young men established a press in the village, and they earnestly requested me to write for it. There were several indulgent widowed mothers in Jackson who had sons at the grammar-school or at college, over whom they exercised no control; and who, like all youths permitted to do as they

pleased, gave more of their time to mischief than to study. I therefore commenced the work with a design of teaching mothers the danger of allowing their affections for their children to interfere with their duty in exercising that parental discipline which is indispensable to the training of youth in industry, study, and moral conduct; and to set before youths of talents the evils of indolence and the rewards of industry and study in a manner which I thought most likely to stimulate them to a laudable ambition for literary distinction. I laid the scene in Georgia, that it might not be understood as a rebuke to the kind mothers of Jackson. I had only progressed as far as the fifth or sixth chapter when I left Jackson, and supposed that there was the last of 'Master Mitten.' When the *Field and Fireside* was established in Augusta, I was requested to become one of its contributors, and I resumed and finished the story of 'Master Mitten' for that periodical, very much doubting whether the intelligent editors would admit it into their columns. They did so, however, and by those who saw the aim of it it was well received; but by a large majority of readers, who expected at the opening of it a rehash of the 'Georgia Scenes,' it was considered a dead failure."

Many of Judge Longstreet's graver essays were upon subjects which have now entirely lost their interest, and which neither he nor his friends took any pains to preserve. His newspaper articles were mostly on transient topics, and, though bright and strong and read with avidity when they first appeared, have sunk into the sea of literary

forgetfulness. The fragments of his writing on religious questions that remain show a fondness and a genius for exegetics, with an independence and originality of thought that give assurance that he could have done more work on that line that would have deserved to survive him.

It is not certain, however, that, had Judge Longstreet carried out his intention to write a series of "Georgia Scenes" from a strictly religious point of view, he would have succeeded. His special vein was humor. But true humor and true pathos are seldom disjoined, and there are in this memoir pathetic touches that justify the presumption that he might have written a book of sketches on the line indicated that would have melted its readers to tears as the first series moved them to laughter. The world will hold on to the mirth-moving "Georgia Scenes" with a grateful and kindly remembrance of the author, and leave unsettled the question as to what he might have done in another and different field of literary achievement. What is left of his writings, like what is accessible of his life, is fragmentary, and may prove more appetizing than satisfying to the kindly constituency for whom these pages have been prepared.

TRAITS.

CURIOUSLY blended and balanced in Judge Longstreet were two traits that to many persons seem antagonistic: intense earnestness and an almost perennial humorousness. He was quickly aroused in behalf of any principle or cause that he espoused. Not stopping to calculate personal consequences, he flung himself with all his force into the conflict. He was an enthusiast in the good sense of the word. As a thinker and teacher, as a Christian and patriot, he took sides on all current questions of ethics and public policy. He was in vital touch with his times, and his soul was stirred by every breeze of popular excitement. Whether contending for a pet theory of education, a disputed political dogma, the honor of his country, or the rights of his section, he gave himself wholly to the side he took. Friends and foes alike knew where to find him. As an ally he was trusted and loved; as an antagonist he was respected. His good nature brought him out of the fierce fires of controversy with a temper still sunny and sweet. The humor that ripples over his printed page broke forth irresistibly in his conversation. "He was inimitable as a story-teller," says Dr. R. H. Rivers, his colleague at Centenary College; "no one could resist the contagion of his humor. He was usually the center of a listening, laughing, admiring crowd.

His tone, gesture, and play of features gave his narratives a peculiar zest and charm."

He was a good singer, and played delightfully on the flute. It has already been stated that, in accordance with a custom prevalent among the early Methodist preachers, he sometimes sung pulpit solos to tunes of his own making. These simple sacred melodies were popular for a time, but did not displace the great masters of holy song. The airs were mostly wedded to verses that were notable rather for religious fervor than for genuine poetic merit, but they caught the ear and touched the hearts of the people. The sketch in the "Georgia Scenes" entitled "The Song," doubtless expresses his opinion and his taste concerning music. He was the owner of a famous glass flute, which was the wonder and admiration of his rustic neighbors. This instrument enlivened many a pleasant circle, and was the solace of many a quiet hour.

That no poetical effusion of Judge Longstreet has come to the notice of his biographer is somewhat surprising. He had a glowing imagination, a lively fancy, intensity of feeling, the rythmic instinct in the use of words, and was well acquainted with the laws of versification. But no stanza of his composition is extant. The explanation may be found in the fact that he had the good sense to accept the axiom that if poetry is not very good it is bad; or in the fact that, having wooed the muses at an early period, in maturer years he became ashamed of his verses and suppressed them, thus saving his friends from the hypocrisy of forced praise on the one hand or from the pain of bestow-

ing honest criticism on the other. Would that all versifiers were as sensible and merciful!

The moral courage that was so conspicuous a trait in Judge Longstreet's character was associated with a sensitiveness that caused him to be deeply pained by suspicion on the part of friends or misconception by the general public. He could withstand popular opinion not because he was indifferent to it, but because his love of truth and sense of duty overbore all selfish and minor considerations. When at times his convictions compelled him to antagonize the views and aspirations of cherished personal friends, it gave him the keenest pain. At the time when he was a teacher in Emory College expounding those doctrines of political economy that classed him as a zealous and unflinching State rights Democrat, perhaps nine-tenths of the Methodist preachers with whom he was closely affiliated in ecclesiastical and personal relations were Whigs, most of them as ardent on their side as he was on his; while there was among them a class so averse to all secular entanglements, and so completely absorbed in their work as ministers of the gospel, that they had no politics. (The danger to the ministry does not lie in the direction taken by the class last named.) Judge Longstreet warmly repelled the charge that he was a political partisan, and no one will impeach his sincerity. As a lecturer on political enconomy he defended what seemed to him the true principles of the Federal Constitution. If his teaching led his pupils to become State rights Democrats, doubtless he thought that was their good fortune, not his fault.

Judge Longstreet's love for children was one of his lovable traits. It is only a truly benignant spirit that can win and hold the love of the little ones as he did. They loved to be near him. He could so fully enter into their childish feelings and fancies and sports that both he and they seemingly forgot for the time that he was not one of them. An eye-witness gives a charming picture of him that illustrates this feature of his character.

During the war he spent some time with his kindred in or near the quiet little village of Enon, in Eastern Alabama. The war had broken up the village school; and seeing that the little boys and girls were left without instruction, he set up for them an open-air academy of unique pattern. Seated under the wide-spreading branches of a shade-tree, the white-haired sage called the children around him and taught them orthography, reading, writing, and arithmetic, the moist, clean sand serving as copy-book and blackboard. He had some pet arithmetical theories and methods, which he thus put into practice, much to his own satisfaction and to the delight of his little pupils. That was a happy little school: the gentleness of the venerable teacher overcame the timidity of the shy little lasses and the awkwardness of the bashful country lads, while his quaint humor and funny little stories held them a delighted band. The little negro children shared in the privileges of this peculiar school, their black faces wreathed in smiles and their white teeth visible. Holding as he did the strongest pro-slavery views, the negro race had no truer friend than Judge Longstreet: a

paradox hard to be reconciled by those who looked at the question from a distance, but readily understood by those who inherited the institution of slavery and were brought up in the midst of its peculiar conditions. The ex-President of the University of South Carolina teaching little negro children the rudiments of learning almost within hearing of the bugles of the Yankee cavalry then raiding the vicinity is a picture that tells its own story.

Judge Longstreet was a delightful letter writer—wise, witty, and pathetic by turns. The most of his correspondence perished by the fire of which mention has already been made. Among the letters that survived that catastrophe is one written to Gov. McDuffie, his early friend and school-mate, dated at Oxford, Ga., June 22, 1846, from which a few of the opening sentences are here quoted to indicate to the reader what was his epistolary style, while they reveal something of the heart of the writer. "*Dear McDuffie:* From Washington to New York, and during my tarry there, I had a dreadful time of it—sick all the time, and weak as an infant most of the time. In Philadelphia I did gather strength enough to visit your daughter. She's a sweet girl, far handsomer than I expected to find her; for in point of beauty she had nothing to hope for, at least on the paternal side, and yet she is decidedly good-looking. Her voice is enrapturing, and, according to the best judgment that I could form upon a half-hour's acquaintance, she has an amiable disposition. Well, this is all that a father could ask in a daughter, and more

than a father has a right to expect. May God preserve her to you, and you to her, for many, many years! The sight of her tore open an old wound, but it soon healed again. You remember that we used to talk of a match between her and my dear boy Torrence." In the same letter there is another paragraph which subsequent events invest with a special interest: "My brother William has a son (James) of the brightest promise, whom he wishes to get in at West Point. Now if you can give him any aid in the accomplishment of his wishes, I pray you do it, and please enlist with you as many of your colleagues as you can. Address Mr. Calhoun and Isaac Holmes specially in my name upon the subject." This nephew, James Longstreet, whom the reader has already recognized as the renowned Confederate general, spoke of Judge Longstreet in 1889 as being to him "more than a father."

Judge Longstreet's attachments were characterized by adhesiveness as well as ardor. The friendships that brightened his youth and early manhood blessed his old age. The Dutch element in his composition made him tenacious and constant, while his Norman blood imparted the warmth and generous enthusiasm that idealized and transfigured the objects of his affection and admiration. It is a bad sign when a man outlives his friendships: it is usually the proof of a nature shallow or sinister.

During the session of the Southern Baptist Convention at Columbus, Ga., in 1859, a dinner was given by Mrs. Elizabeth Shorter to the patriarchs of Greensboro, which elicited from Judge Long-

street an effusion so characteristic that it is inserted in this chapter treating specially of his traits. The following account of the dinner was published in the *Columbus Corner Stone:*

"About the 25th of last month (April), at the close of the Baptist Convention in Columbus, the amiable and excellent Mrs. Elizabeth Shorter gave a dinner, abundant and in excellent style, to a few of her old friends and the friends of her departed father. There were six gentlemen present and, I think, four ladies. The Rev. George Stewart asked a blessing, standing. Four of the guests, whose ages together amounted to three hundred and fourteen years, were the Rev. 'Diel Sherwood, sixty-seven; Charles D. Stewart, seventy-seven; Vincent Sanford, eighty-two; and John Bethune, eighty-eight. These, with Rev. George Stewart, the son of Mr. Charles D. Stewart, and Daniel Sanford, the son of Vincent Sanford, constituted the male part of the guests. We enjoyed the dinner with great pleasure and harmony. When about to separate, the oldest of the company sung the Indian farewell hymn:

"When shall we all meet again,
When shall we all meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we all shall meet again.

"Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parched beneath a hostile sky;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls,
And in fancy's wide domain
Oft shall we all meet again.

"When our furrowed locks are gray,
Thinned by many a toil-spent day;
When around the youthful pine
Moss shall creep and ivy twine,
Long may the loved bower remain,
Ere we all shall meet again.

"When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead;
When in cold oblivion's shade
Beauty, fame, and wealth are laid
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again!*

"In that short time one of that little company is gone: Vincent Sanford is no more. Peace to his memory."

This account of the affair, meeting the eye of Judge Longstreet, stirred memories of "Auld Lang Syne," and he poured forth his feelings in the following letter, which was published in the *Southern Field and Fireside*, July 2, 1859. In offering it for publication Judge Longstreet modestly expressed the fear that "such a piece can be of little interest to any but the old men to whom it is addressed." In reproducing it here no risk of censure from Georgia readers is incurred:

MRS. SHORTER'S DINNER.

To Gen. James N. Bethune: O that dinner, that dinner, James! The dinner given to the patriarchs of Greensboro! I would rather have been at it than at a festival of as many emperors, all doing me reverence. The tears roll down my cheeks while I write about it; why, I hardly know myself, partly a heart-warm tribute to dear, good old brother Vincent Sanford's memory—he was ripe for heaven three and forty years ago, and,

*This song is said to have been composed by three young Indians who graduated at some college at the North, and composed it when they were about to part. It was afterward set to sacred music.

if possible, improved in holiness to the day of his death—partly from hallowed associations which cluster around every name that graced and consecrated my dear Elizabeth's table; partly, perchance, the sign of an old man's weakness. Well, let it flow; there is friendship in it, at least, as pure as ever bosom chambered.

The hostess herself! She was but a child when I first formed her acquaintance—a sweet child. I saw her rise to early womanhood, and then we parted. I can only see her now as I saw her then; but there is a moral in her hospitality that tells me she is even better now than she was then. Her most excellent father did me a kindness when most needed and least expected, which I could never repay. To my best of friends he was also one of the best of friends. *Her sainted aunt!* O how I loved her! Who that knew her did not? Lovely, beautiful specimen of the Christian character! Meek, gentle, lamb-like, charitable. Her son "asked the blessing." Worthy son of the worthy mother!—like her in feature, like her in morals. God bless him! and God bless all his mother's children!

Rev. Adiel Sherwood—67! My fellow-laborer, and most efficient laborer in the great temperance reform to which, in all likelihood, Georgia owes in no small measure her rank in the sisterhood of States. Sweet converse have we often held together, and sweeter prayers. Chance made me his sister's first Georgia acquaintance, and good fortune made me her escort to her brother's arms, far, far away from their paternal homestead, in a land of strangers. My residence was the place of meeting; my residence but not my property; yes, it was mine, for what was Mr. Torrence's was mine as freely as my own. The best of men, among the very best! Here my tears gush, and my eyes scarcely see the pen which traces these lines. You, friend Adiel, officiated in the pulpit with warm John Howard when for the first time, with my bosom friend, I bowed a penitent at the altar. Your sister stood by me and prayed with me through all the struggles of the new birth. O what a revival did we lead off! O what happy weeks followed! Your sister is gone, Adiel; my household friend is gone. They had a happier meeting in *the house not made with hands* than the brother and sister had in his hospitable mansion. We still beat about on life's troubled ocean, driven wide apart for many years past—so wide, indeed, that all hope of ever seeing you again long since forsook my bosom. But Providence has returned you to my native State. Welcome, thrice welcome, back to it, dear friend! It owes you a debt I know. May I live to acknowledge it for her to you in person!

Charles D. Stewart—77! Thy name comes as a light through

the gloom that overshadows me. It is but a flash, however. We were closely bound in friendship's bonds ere sweet religion strengthened them into love. We sported, laughed, and jested together. There is not a brook around the dear village whose margin we have not trod together. We set out for the kingdom of heaven together. I sickened ere we set our faces heavenward. Your means, your medicines, your comforts for the sick, were ample. They were all at my service unasked for, and day by day and night by night administered to me by your own hands. But still I sunk until I reached the very brink of the grave. At length the anxious looks of friends around my bed and sobs from an adjoining room reminded me that my case was hopeless. I felt my pulse, or rather felt for it, for it fluttered imperceptible to the touch. My mind was clear, and, strange to tell, was undisturbed by fears. "You will find," said I, "in such a drawer my will, complete all to signing; hand it to me." It was brought to me. One of two offices you performed for me, I do not remember which; you held me up while I traced my name and then laid me gently down to die, or you held the will for my name and then attested it as a witness. The day passed and I still breathed; another and hope revived; another and I grew better; a week, and I was out of danger. Ten thousand praises to Almighty God that he did not make that sickness my last! No living being out of my family showed more delight at seeing me on my feet again than did you, my dear, dear old friend. For aye since, my house has been thine and thine has been mine.

John Bethune—88! God bless him! God did bless him with his greatest earthly blessing fifty years ago, and that was but an earnest of still greater blessings now within a few days of him. John Bethune and Vincent Sanford! Forty-three years ago, and for many succeeding years, their names, like partnership names, were pronounced together whenever piety was the theme. The one a Methodist, the other a Baptist, but undistinguished by their walk and conversation. One slight difference I used to observe between them: when Jesse Mercer preached, Brother Vincent brightened a little the most; and when Lovick Pierce preached, Brother John brightened a little the most. But no matter who preached, both were certain to hear the sermon. At all religious services they were found together. In all benevolent offices they were as one. Almost alone as representatives of their respective Churches, they stood in the village for years; but brightly beamed their light in the darkness which surrounded them, and God let them live to see the day when almost every habitation in the village was a house of prayer.

And have you, Brother John, up to this time, been adding to the large store of faith, hope, and charity which you had forty-three years ago? Why, you will be made *ruler over ten cities* to my *one.* You named a son after me, and sympathized deeply with me when I lost my first-born; but not more than I did you when you lost your Julia. Five more of mine have followed my first-born, and as many of yours (?) have followed your Julia—my namesake among the rest. And yet we live. Are we fortunate or unfortunate? What penalties are attached to long life! If I live to see the next autumnal equinox, I shall have completed my sixty-ninth year. I have been deemed, and actually have been, one of the happiest of men; and yet what sorrows have I seen! Of my father's friends, whom I well remember in all the gayeties of life, not one survives. Of the companions of my early boyhood, but six survive. Of my first brethren of the bar, including three circuits and the city of Savannah, but seven are left. In the village where I first took you by the hand, but one head of a family remains, and he had become such only the year before we met. Of all the adults of the village, I cannot count ten who yet live. Gone, gone, dear ones of every age—gone down to the chamber of silence! To witness these things, interspersed with a thousand lesser ills, is the lot of old age in its best estate.

> Beyond the flight of time,
> Beyond the vale of death,
> There surely is a blessed clime
> Where life is not a breath,
> Nor life's affections transient fire,
> Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

And yet old age is not without its joys; and if preceded by a well-ordered morning and meridian, the evening of life is the sweetest and happiest of the term. The troubles incident to youthful indiscretions we know no more, brother. Those who in manhood's prime harassed, perplexed, and annoyed us, now do us reverence. If death has hewed down most of our former friends, he has intensified our love for the remnant that is left, and reduplicated the happiness of our intercourse with them. We have no anxieties about time's future, for time has left us no future to provide for. The bustling world has pushed us away to the narrow belt which separates it from the realm of death; but it is a quiet, peaceful spot. Here we find refuge in hearts which cannot displace us—hearts of our own begetting, over which we still exercise a kind of lordship. These, with the little ones they place around us, are ceaseless fountains of joy—the purest, the holiest that earth can give. Here we calmly wait the

summons to *joys unspeakable and full of glory*. Upon the whole, we are fortunate, brother. I could not be with you at our dear Elizabeth's table, but I hope soon to be with you and her and all her guests at *the marriage supper of the Lamb*, where our banquet song will no longer be, "When shall we meet again?" but "Alleluia! Let us be glad and rejoice, for the marriage supper of the Lamb is come. Worthy is the Lamb to receive honor and glory and blessing, for he hath redeemed us to God by his blood, and made us kings and priests unto God." L.—68.

He was very sensitive and high-spirited. This trait was illustrated at the International Statistical Congress in London in 1860, to which he had been appointed as a delegate by President Buchanan. Lord Brougham, in opening the Congress, made a remark which Judge Longstreet regarded as an insult to the United States, whereupon he (Longstreet) promptly retired from the body in a state of high resentment. In a letter to the *London Morning Chronicle* he vindicated his course in so doing, and recites some facts concerning the negro question in a way that seemed to Englishmen more caustic than conciliatory. The history of his short stay at Centenary College, which needs now no further allusion, illustrates the same trait of character.

He was a modest man, but not prudish. Among the honors conferred on him by literary institutions, he prized none more highly than the degree of LL.D. bestowed by Yale College in 1841 at the suggestion of John C. Calhoun. His election as an honorary member of the Smithsonian Institute during the administration of President Pierce was another honor highly appreciated by him.

His mimetic powers were extraordinary; and when in the freedom of a congenial circle he gave

free play to his genius on this line, his narrations were irresistibly laughable. The peculiar flavor of these sketches could not be transferred to the printed page, but the charm of them lingered delightfully in the memory of all who were fortunate enough to hear them.

ADDED TOUCHES.

THE picture of Judge Longstreet and his wife, their home life, and their reciprocal influence on each other will be more complete by presenting to the reader the following delineation kindly furnished by the Rev. Dr. J. T. Wightman, now pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Washington, D. C.:

"It was my privilege to be associated with Judge Longstreet and Mrs. Longstreet as their pastor for two years, in 1859–60, while that distinguished gentleman was the President of the South Carolina College, at Columbia, in that State. The campus grounds were spacious, occupying eight acres, with rows of oaks walled in with dormitories. It was a classic shade. The President's mansion was a large, square brick building, kept in simple order, where he dispensed an elegant hospitality. The historic associations of the college made it the Athens of the State. Here Henry, Barnwell, Preston, and Thornwell had presided with distinguished ability. I have felicitated myself with the thought that, perhaps, it was at my suggestion to a trustee that Judge Longstreet was placed at the head of the institution.

"He commanded the respect of the professors, and was very popular among the students, who in gleeful respect called him *(sub rosa)* 'Ned Brace,'

in honor of his celebrated book, 'Georgia Scenes.' The Judge said to me on one occasion that he intended to redeem the humor of this book by writing another 'Georgia Scenes' of a religious character, but the war kept his pen at rest.

"His management of the college evinced attention to detail, careful instruction, fatherly kindness, and by his broad views and social qualities he won the unbounded confidence of the community. He had the art of popularity. His humor bubbled over. He greatly enjoyed the confusion of his host with whom he was stopping at a General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, of which he was a member. It was the day of his arrival, when visitors were calling. 'Is Judge Longstreet in?' said one; 'Is Gov. Longstreet in?' said another; 'Is Dr. Longstreet in?' said a third; 'Is the Rev. Mr. Longstreet in?' asked a fourth; 'Is President Longstreet in?' continued the callers, until his host was so upset that he was forced to beg by what title he should announce his distinguished guest.

"President Longstreet was a Southern gentleman, conspicuous for ability alike in the civil and ecclesiastical bodies of the country, and distinguished for literary attainments. He was a clear if not a profound student. He could not be ranked with pulpit orators, for he studiously avoided all displays of that kind; nor was he metaphysical in the pulpit, but was closely logical, and always presented a correct exposition of the truth, enforced it with sound practical lessons, and sometimes with a quaint point that fixed it in the mind.

"In the social circle he sparkled with wit. His company was sought. He was simple, and easily approached. A little boy felt at home in his presence. The student enjoyed his friendship. His love disarmed his greatness.

"He left his mark on the character of the times. It was during the turbulent days of secession, when the ordinance had been passed at Columbia, that his influence was most felt at the college.

"Between President Longstreet and his lovely wife there was a striking contrast. He was tall, bent, scarred, an oak among men; she was small, graceful, with a sweet face, a flower. The flower had climbed to the summit of the oak, and there rested as a crown of beauty, shedding over the rugged form and inspiring with fresh life every outstretched arm of that giant intellect. She had entwined herself into all his labors, and it would be a question which influenced the college boys more, the President or his charming lady. Her power was not seen, but felt. Her husband could not have attained the same greatness had he not possessed a better Eve, capable of guiding his house and of influencing his profound thoughts. He was keenly alive to passing influences, and his nature was susceptible of vivid impressions. On that nature she impressed the convictions of her own mind. His large and dependent heart gladly responded to the thoughts so pure and lovely, and made him share with her the responsibilities of his high position. She nobly accepted the loving charge, and linked herself in sympathy to her husband's loftiest aspirations for a higher life, and

breathed into them the inspiration that comes only from a pious heart.

"There was a charm about the house. The table smiled. The quiet atmosphere was redolent of love. The lady was a queen in manners. Nothing was commanded, yet every one owned the supremacy of a subtle power. The servants caught the spirit. Even the President was glad to acknowledge himself the loyal subject of an accomplished wife, who dutifully studied every responsibility of his life.

"There flowed in her conversation a rhythm of delight. She was familiar with the English classics; Milton, Shakespeare, Longfellow, Keats were her companions. She had put them in her memory, and the sublime passages of these masters of poetry rolled from her bewitching tongue in colloquial eloquence. She played on a better than a Syrian harp. The President drank from these wells of pure English, and sweetened the tone of his literature from the poetic lips of his wife. The *salons* of Paris may have attracted the great men of the age, Napoleon may have been inspired by the brilliant women of his time; but in the home of Mrs. Longstreet friends found a congenial retreat, pervaded with a pure atmosphere far off from riotous halls; and in this charmed circle they saw a purer embodiment of womanhood than could have been seen at the dazzling court of Louis XVI.

"It was a Christian home—no wine nor noisy show, no hollow flattery nor nodding plumes hiding the worm that was gnawing at the heart, no gilded vanity and smooth and facile courtesy and

sarcastic epigram; but a home of real joy and substantial love, lit up with hope, where a Christian wife inspires her husband with the noblest sentiments of conjugal fidelity.

"Somehow there crept out from that little woman a commanding motherly power that held three hundred young men loyal to the college. The President sat at her feet, and the boys at his. The days were dark and turbulent. The State had seceded. The young men were restive to rush into the war, yet they were held in prudent restraint. We have no doubt that the President often went from his own house into duty endowed with a new spirit; and, like a son of Minerva, was made invulnerable by the power of a woman.

"This home was a shelter from the storm, and far above the darkness he saw one star that shed a soft and heavenly light on his troubled spirit. Nor was this a house of idleness. Those delicious biscuits and smoking rolls and the aromatic coffee told the story of a dutiful housewife. The table was hospitable, and from that board went food into the mouths of the poor, and at the footway of that mansion stood one whose hands had become the unweary instruments of dispensing to the needy.

"Her charity was large. Her faith was simple. She was a Methodist woman. Her Bible was marked with devotion; and could the walls of her chamber repeat the burden of her prayers, they would become witnesses of her fidelity to God. Here was the secret of her power. She lived with God; she loved him; all was his. No woman can

be truly great without God. No home can become a retreat for man and a shelter from the troubles of life without a Christian woman, who guides the house.

"Mrs. Longstreet was a typical Southern lady. She was environed in her Southern land with all those associations that contributed to the make-up of a beautiful female character. The portrait of one of these Southern ladies of the olden time seems now like a family picture found in the garret covered with dust, but which with the fondest delight and surprise we love to brush off and reverently inspect. In the rush of this faster age, when the simplicity of domestic life has almost been swept away, and our homes have almost been filled with the rubbish of European cast off style, we can scarcely appreciate the native dignity of a simple and sincere woman of the olden times. Her home was a power. If home be a forgotten place, if wives are banished to the street, if the sacred privacy of man's dearest asylum be sacrificed to society, if it is noisy with bacchanalian songs, if it become a scene of debate and the saloon of gamblers, how could that pure transplant of divine love, that flower of heaven, a good woman, grow into the beauty of a perfect womanhood? The ruin of home is the ruin of woman. She is home. Mrs. Longstreet made her home a paradise to her husband, and in it he found no temptation that led him into disloyalty to virtue."

And these tender and discriminating touches from the pen of Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar cannot be omitted:

"Mrs. Longstreet was the mother of my wife, and she was in love, tenderness, and goodness *my* mother. It is, therefore, hardly possible for me either to think or speak of her as if in the perspective. She was a true type of a true Southern woman; and when I say that, I mean she embodied that indescribable charm, that spirit of love, that subtle effluence of refinement, that piety and culture of character which rarely failed to be wrought into the nature of a woman reared under a Southern roof, with its sacred environments and clustering joys.

"To an eye not accustomed to analyze the indications of female character, she might appear too reserved, and even retiring, to possess those qualities that make up a heroine in the conflicts of life. But her modesty, which, like a sensitive plant, shrank from rude familiarities, was sustained by a courage that never shrunk from hardship, trial, and self-denial. The war did not subdue her spirit. She came from its desolations undismayed by the poverty which it entailed upon herself and the dear ones of her own family. She visited the homes of the poor, and turned her own into a hospital, and did not hesitate to bathe her gentle hand in blood that she might bind the wounds of the dying.

"The gentleness of her manners, the grace of her motion, the reserve of her dignity only served the better to set off the brightness that shone in her conversation, and to disclose an intelligence that threw a charm over the modesty of her nature. Full of warmth and tenderness and depth of feel-

ing, confiding, trustworthy, a lover of home, a true wife and mother, her hand touched and beautified and sanctified all domestic relations.

"She was nurtured amid an elegant hospitality, and made familiar with all the duties and delicate relations of social life, which strengthened her character, and unconsciously prepared her to glide into the higher power of mistress over a numerous body of domestics and dependents, and to govern a Southern patriarchal home. The profound and long-abiding attachment between the mistress and her old servants, including the descendants of the old negro nurse who rocked her in the cradle, and the dusky maids with whom she played 'house' in childhood, was not shaken by the war; but it lingers even to this day, and illustrates the substantial and lasting influences of the old home life."

THE END.

At the close of the war Judge Longstreet returned to Oxford, Miss. His opinions were unchanged and his spirit unbroken. He had read history too well to accept the shallow assumption that the worsted party in a fight is always in the wrong. He knew that good causes often seem to be lost causes in this world. The appeal to brute force in war is decided by brute force. On that arena an able-bodied prize-fighter is superior to a feeble-bodied saint, and ten soldiers well fed and equipped are too hard for half the number half-fed and poorly equipped. In men and money the North was too strong for the South. That to him was all of it. No word was spoken or written by him after the war ended that indicated any change of opinion or any compunctions of conscience concerning the part he had played in the great conflict of ideas that preceded the conflict of arms. If he had had any misgivings, he would have expressed them. On the contrary, there is evidence enough in his reply to Mr. Reemelin that he held tenaciously to the political views he had always maintained, and was ready to break a lance in their defense against any opponent. But he had the common sense that accepts the inevitable and deals with things as they are; and from the broken fragments of his political hopes he sought, in common

with the truest surviving soldiers of the late Southern Confederacy, to reconstruct the temple of the Federal Union. He made no hypocritical profession of repentance, but he was neither factious nor obstructive.

Besides this common sense he had another principle of action that now manifested its presence and power. He was a Christian, and his thought turned toward religion as the source of true comfort and undying hope. No shadow of doubt concerning the eternal verities that were the objects of his faith crossed his mind; no murmur escaped his lips because of the calamities that were permitted to come upon the South and upon his own temporal fortunes. His courage and hope were rooted in the same faith that enabled the apostle Paul to say: "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed." (2 Cor. iv. 8, 9.)

He had years before projected a work entitled "Correction of Canonized Errors of Biblical Interpretation," and it is a remarkable evidence of his will power and buoyancy of spirit that at this late period of his life he set about the study of the Hebrew language that he might be the better qualified for the task. The Bible was the companion of his days and nights, and in that companionship he found spiritual illumination, enlargement, and delight. He grew in grace and in the knowledge of heavenly things. His piety took on a deeper and serener tone, his noble face reflected the spiritual-mindedness of a soul in daily commun-

ion with God. How much was lost by the burning of the manuscript of this book, upon which he had set his heart, none can tell, but the writing of it was to him a blessing and a joy, and its subjective benefits were a sufficient compensation for the time and toil given to it. The death of his wife turned his thought heavenward with still greater intensity, for if ever there was a union of souls for both worlds, it was theirs. Absorbed with the labor of love he had undertaken, and longing for heaven's rest and reunions, growing feebler and gentler as the days went by, he moved among the circles of Oxford venerated as a sage and loved as a father.

He died July 10, 1870, surrounded by the members of his family circle. The death scene was almost a demonstration of immortality. His mind was clear, and his soul was calm in the assurance of Christian hope. Placing his finger upon his wrist, he marked the beating of his failing pulse. Growing weaker, his hand dropped away, and the finger lost its place. Motioning that it should be replaced, it was done, and he resumed the count of his last heart-beats, growing fainter and fainter. "Look, Jennie, look!" exclaimed one of the awe-struck by-standers, as he beheld a sudden illumination overspread the pale face of the dying man, with a look of wonder and joy in his eyes, and every feature expressing unearthly rapture. That was the end.

SOME OLD LETTERS.

[These old letters, it is thought, will throw some side lights on the times when they were written, and help to fill some gaps in this biography. They will be appreciated by the class of readers for whom they are intended.—THE AUTHOR.]

FROM JUDGE LONGSTREET TO A. H. STEPHENS.

OXFORD, MISS., September 22, 1869.

My Dear Stephens: I write you this letter because I know that it will please you, because I think it is due to you, and because my heart forbids me to repress it. I have said many things of your political course, commonly disapprobatory; I have said as many things of your private character, *always* in the highest degree complimentary. Well, if you were right in those matters which called forth my strictures, I ask pardon for them; if you were wrong, you have in your recent works made such ample amends for your errors that I most freely and fully consign them all to oblivion.

I read your "*Life*" with interest, youı *book* with delight, and your *reply to Curtis* with commingled emotions of transport and triumph; for, somehow or another, I have always had a sort of parental feeling toward you even in my corrections, or rather in spite of them. Your correspondence with Bledsoe never met my eye, but I read his review of your work which gave birth to it, and I pronounced it at once hypercritical. Nothing that I ever said about you will compare in harshness with what I have said about and to him, for I thought he injured me repeatedly and covertly. He said I did him injustice, and perhaps I did to some extent; but if I did, the supposed offenses are long since forgiven, as I hope the retributions are. I mention these things as preliminary to what I have to say of the recent productions of his pen. You will learn from it that my judgment is not the result of previous bias in his favor. I consider the *Southern Review* the best periodical of the kind ever published in America; and to the South, a fortress and a fortune. His work entitled "Is Jeff Davis a Traitor?" I have not seen, but the Hon. Jacob Thompson says that it is the ablest vindication of our State rights doctrines that he ever read in so small a compass; and I say yours is the best that I ever read in

so large a compass. Now Bledsoe, when he was with me, was an old school Federalist, warp and filling. This, I believe, he somewhere acknowledges openly. You may have been all your life, in principle, a politician of the Jeffersonian school; and, for aught I know, you may be able to pick out a hundred passages from your speeches and writings to prove it, but from 1840 to the appearance of your book I never regarded you as such. Of course, then, I never expected to see a vindication of State sovereignty from the pen of either of you, much less such a masterly vindication of the doctrine as you have both laid before the world, But the great wonder of the whole matter is that you two should have relieved me, in my old age, from the arduous labor of a work upon the same subject which I had commenced, but which I am sure I could not live to finish, by anticipating me in nearly all that I could have said in that work. I but just commenced it, and flung it aside until I could dispose of some more important matters. These matters are of a religious character, and you will hear of them anon.

Still I have some views of State sovereignty which have never occurred to anybody else so far as I know, and which seem to me to be of very great force. Now if you will have Curtis's strictures upon your book, and your reply to it, pamphleted *in good readable type*, and send me a pamphlet, I will write a review of the controversy; and I flatter myself that between us we will reduce the great jurist to atoms. You have floored him, and, for your own credit's sake you ought to book the controversy. Your reply I consider the master effort of your life, if any thing could be better than your reply to Campbell upon Ohio and Georgia. By the way, did you not take the hint of that comparison from my comparison of Georgia and Massachusetts?

Well, when I think of you and Toombs as you now are, and as you were twelve or fourteen years ago, I feel like *killing the fatted calf, and waking up music and dancing.* "But we were not prodigals; we have always stood square on the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions!" Well, yes, but somehow or another I took up the notion that in 1840 you took a sudden jumping-fit, and jumped off the resolutions upon log cabins, cider-barrels, and 'coon-skins; and as I could not date your back-jump for many years, I considered you clean gone from the faith of your fathers. Hence my rejoicing when I found you both not only planted upon the resolutions, but defending them with arms invincible. Well, as Ransy Sniffle says, "we are all friends now." Toombs has endeared himself to me recently unspeakably, and I am very sure you would have done the same with like oppor-

tunities. In truth, I do not believe the day has ever been when either of you would not as readily have ministered to my needs as the best friend I have in the world.

You know that I am and always have been a man of truth, and I know that you will not question the sincerity of one word that I have recorded in this letter. Men may, therefore, be political opponents and personal friends. May our friendship be cemented by a stronger luting than earth can furnish, and continue and strengthen when all things earthly shall have passed away!

Yours sincerely, A. B. LONGSTREET.

WILLIAM C. PRESTON TO JUDGE LONGSTREET.

COLUMBIA, S. C., March 3, 1858.

My Dear Sir: You were so kind as to permit me to understand that you would at some time favor us with a lecture at the Athenæum. May I ask and hope that it may be convenient to you to do so shortly? I wish to establish a regular lecture every Friday evening during the spring, and should be glad to have it inaugurated by you. The professors of the college promise me that they will follow you in turn. The Athenæum is an institution cognate to your own pursuits, and to those high purposes which are known to have actuated your life. The *Athenæum* has no *material* interest in its organization. Its purposes are purely philanthropic, and, of course, claim to be in co-operation with the highest of all philanthropy—*religion.*

I am, dear sir, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM C. PRESTON.

JUDGE LONGSTREET.

HOPE HULL TO JUDGE LONGSTREET.

ATHENS, February 23, 1844.

My Dear Friends: I heard for the first time, only about two hours before receiving your letter, that you had lost your little *boy;* and, although I have rarely met with a child out of my own family that took so strong hold of my affections as did your darling Rebecca, and although I shall feel her absence from your family circle very much, yet I felt some relief when I learned that you were not mourning for your only son. The younger children occupy more of our attention; the elder more of our thoughts, our hopes, our fears; and therefore we feel the absence of the little ones more at first, but we sooner be-

come accustomed to the loss. We may feel the stroke more keenly, but the pain does not last so long.

I once saw a remark that gave me much consolation under a like bereavement. The idea was this: It ought to be the sole object of parents to lead their children ("prone to wander") into the heavenly fold of Christ, all other desires, hopes, and views being nothing in comparison with that. Now if the great Shepherd should, in compassion for our ignorance and weakness, take those little lambs at once into his bosom, never to be in danger or want or suffering again, ought we to repine? Should we not rejoice rather, and thank the kind Shepherd for doing at once for us that which should be the work of our whole lives; that which we only endeavor to effect by precept and example, and might fail at last to accomplish? The idea was a very consoling one to me, and seemed a very happy illustration of our inability to control the waywardness of our little lambs, and save them from those devouring wolves, evil men, and evil passions, and the roaring lion. May God comfort and strengthen your hearts, and abundantly make up the loss of your precious little girl by larger supplies of his grace and Spirit!

As it regards young ——s, the President *did* submit the letter to the Faculty. *I* was absent at the time. The decision was unanimous that he could not be received. I think it does not materially change the merits of the case that "he was not strictly dismissed or expelled." He had fallen under the censure of the government of the college for grave offenses, or, in college parlance, *crimes* of which we were informed. Now, we sometimes send a student away for idleness or inattention to college duties; and we usually *advise* the father to take his son away and try another school and new associates; and such delinquents we may and sometimes do recommend to be received into other schools, or simply state that he is dismissed at his father's request, but never when he is chargeable with such offenses as ——'s.

But I believe entirely in the correctness of your views in relation to cutting off a young man's opportunities for acquiring education, and I so expressed myself, I think, in one of my letters to you. Collegiate institutions have fallen into an erroneous manner of action in such cases. The laws of all colleges recognize a difference between *expulsion* and *dismission*. That difference has been lost sight of. It used to be thus considered: When a student is *expelled*, no other respectable school can receive him; but if he be dismissed only, then another college may admit him without giving offense to the institution from which he was sent; or the same school may receive him back

whenever they may see proper and give him another trial, the only question in either case being: Shall we take the risk of getting a troublesome scholar or injurious young man in the hope of reforming him? I say these things were formerly so regarded. Not so now. Our Faculty, and I presume yours, and I am told other boards of instruction regard the terms synonymous. Now I think the old rule should re-enacted, and it would at once remove all the difficulties. Two students might be guilty of the same violation of laws at the same time, and one might be expelled, the other dismissed. Both condemned, and only one recommended to mercy. This rule would keep up a proper distinction in the degrees of punishment. What think you?

Dr. Stevens, before his election to the professorship, accepted the appointment of orator for one of your Societies. He is anxious to know the precise day on which that oration is to be delivered, so that he may know as soon as may be whether he can attend or be obliged to resign. The last is much the more probable, although he would be pleased to perform the duty if he can absent himself from his engagement here. He asks you to give him directly, or through me, the desired information at an early day.

Many thanks for your kind offer of a home to William Bacon. But it's just like you and your wife do things. He left for Walton Court early in the week.

Ann and I beg to offer our kindest regards and tenderest sympathies to all the family.

Your letter was received this morning.

Very truly yours, H. HULL.

JUDGE PETTIGRU TO JUDGE LONGSTREET.

COLUMBIA, NOV. 29, 1857.

My Dear Longstreet: I ought to have been the first to announce your election to the first seat in the South Carolina College, which took place on the 25th inst., and has been already communicated to you by our Secretary. Your letter to Gen. Rogers dispelled the doubt that rested on the subject of your consent, and at the first ballot, without any preconcert, you were chosen as the President of the college in a very full meeting of the Board of Trustees. It is an evidence of the high esteem which your life and character have created among those who never saw you, for I believe Judge Wardlaw and myself and his brother were the only persons on the Board that could claim a

personal acquaintance with you. And I am happy to say that the way in which our nomination has been received outside of the Board is highly gratifying to your friends and cannot be less so to yourself. I hope you will be able to leave Mississippi at so early a day as to be settled here in your new residence and to make yourself somewhat at home before the 1st of January, when the college exercises begin to assume their stated course after the interruption of the Christmas recess. As you are not new to the task of governing a seminary of this kind, I hope that you will easily adapt yourself to the duties of your new situation. I flatter myself that you will meet with a friendly reception on the part of the gentlemen that are to be associated with you, and that you will commence your labors with the prestige of public favor. But I would not conceal from you that the task which you have undertaken is one of no ordinary difficulty. This college has never been remarkable for the docility of our youth to the restraints of authority. To maintain the cause of order in such a college requires the firmness of a strong hand tempered by the prudence of an enlightened discretion. And it is on these qualifications that we depend for your successful administration of this great public trust. And I assure you, my dear Longstreet, that not only on public grounds, but on those of long cherished sentiments of early friendship, I feel the greatest solicitude for success. And hoping that we may enjoy more frequent opportunities of renewing the intercourse that has been so long suspended, I am yours faithfully,

J. L. PETTIGRU.

THE REV. A. B. LONGSTREET, Abbeville, Miss.

JUDGE LONGSTREET TO COL. LAMAR.

OXFORD, MISS., NOV. 13, 1862.

My Dear Lucius: To avail myself of the bearer's hand I write to you. We are in a peck of troubles. Your plantation will soon be a battle-field. We shall be whipped on it, and the Yankees will make a desert of it. Mac. is ready to move off the hands, but where to he knows not, and I know not how to advise him. He speaks of taking them to a railroad in progress in this State. I think they would be safe in or about Sarepta; but how are they to be disposed of there? At the salt-works in Alabama they could make an ample support, but there must be a great dearth of provisions there. So at the New Iberia salt-works, Louisiana, but the Yankees will soon take them. As to your planta-

tion, it matters but little whether it be made the camping-ground of our forces during the winter or fall into the hands of the enemy; in either event you will have neither stock nor provisions in the spring. Of course Oxford falls into the hands of the Yankees as soon as our troops are driven from the river. Wife will stay and meet them, Virginia and children will go to Oxford or Covington, Ga., and I will skulk about the country here somewhere. I say "we shall be whipped," for I consider this about as certain as we fight. . . . The prospect before us is awful.

If you go to England, and I have not a chance to give you a letter of introduction to her, search out Mrs. McCulloch, wife of a Member of Parliament, who introduced herself to me at Sir Milnor Gibson's party and who has since sent her respects to me, and introduce yourself to her as my son-in-law and the bearer of my warmest regards to her. Run over to Chelmsford, visit Admiral McHardy's family and do the like to the whole family, presenting my most grateful acknowledgments to them for the happiest hours of my visit to Europe spent under their roof.

The government has a quantity of cotton in the northern part of this county which should be removed immediately, or the Yankees will get it, or it will be burned. So I told Mr. Poe the other day, when he very coolly replied: "Mr. DeBow" (*in Jackson!*) "is making arrangements to move it." I am looking daily for an advance of the enemy.

Henry will hold on to his place.

Heaven bless you. A. B. LONGSTREET.

W. GILMORE SIMMS TO JUDGE LONGSTREET.

WOODLANDS, S. C., March 22, 1860.

Hon. A. B. Longstreet, Dear Sir: I owe to you the original MS. biography which you were so good as to send me, and beg you to accept my thanks for your polite attention. I did not previously answer your letter, as I desired to be able to report that the material had all been arranged and sent on to the publishers. This is now done. I have written to Messrs. Appleton to abridge as little as possible. In preparing your material, I separated the matter relating to William Longstreet and made that into a separate article preceding yours, as it seemed to me to merit a place for itself.

Yours very truly and respectfully, W. GILMORE SIMMS.

DR. L. M. SMITH TO JUDGE LONGSTREET.

EMORY COLLEGE, OXFORD, GA., April 16, 1870.

Rev. A. B. Longstreet—Honored and Beloved Doctor: It has been a long time since I had the pleasure of hearing from you directly; and in common with many of your friends and former pupils in Georgia I earnestly desire to see you once more face to face. Will you not gratify this desire by making a visit to Oxford this next summer? Dr. Lamar has promised to address the literary societies. Will you not accompany him and deliver the prizes to the Sophomore declaimers with customary address? In the name of the entire Faculty I earnestly request you to do us the honor of accepting this invitation. I hope I shall have an early affirmative response, that I may gladden college, Church, and country with the announcement that Judge Longstreet will be in Oxford at our approaching Commencement. I need not tell you how gladly you will be welcomed by your old friends, nor how joyfully Mrs. Lane and Callie will unite with me in extending to you the hospitalities of my home. You are well aware that you have a home in every house and heart in Oxford. I am greatly gratified at the prospect of hearing and seeing Lucius again. Please give to him assurances of my highest regard. It is probable that I shall attend the Memphis Conference if I can do so consistently with my official duties here. If so, I may have the pleasure of seeing one or both of you during the session of that great Methodist Congress. I should be happy to hear from you before leaving, in the event I should go. I have had a great deal of hard work to do, and feel greatly the need of rest both for body and mind. But I must stop my running pen. I only intended to write a brief note, and I am unconsciously prolonging it into a letter. Asking, my dear doctor, an interest in your prayers alike for the college, myself, and family, I remain as ever yours affectionately and truly,

LUTHER M. SMITH.

PRESIDENT DAY TO JUDGE LONGSTREET.

YALE COLLEGE, Aug. 20, 1851.

Rev. and Dear Sir: Permit me to express my gratification at having it in my power to state to you that the corporation of this college at our public Commencement the present week have conferred on you the degree of Doctor of Laws. I am aware that these academic honors are liable to a diminution of their intrinsic value by being distributed with too lavish a hand. But this college aims to make a selection of men of such distinguished

merit as will *confer* honor rather than receive it by having their names enrolled in the list of its favorites.

With high respect and with affectionate personal regard, your obedient servant, JEREMIAH DAY.

REV. A. B. LONGSTREET, LL.D.

PROF. WILLIAM BACON STEVENS TO JUDGE LONGSTREET.

PHILADELPHIA, January 8, 1858.

My Dear Sir: I learn with great pleasure that the Trustees of the South Carolina College have elected you its President; and though at this distance, with years intervening since I had the pleasure of seeing you, I feel impelled by my old Georgia friendship to offer you my sincere congratulations. I have not lost sight of you since I had the pleasure of knowing you in Athens and at Emory College, Oxford, and I am glad that you have returned from your Mississippi exile to the sea-board States again.

My brother-in-law, Prof. Henry Coppee, of the University of Pennsylvania, in this city, has recently published a work on logic which I am anxious to bring to your notice.

Prof. Coppee is a native Georgian; was educated at West Point, N. Y.; was in every battle with Gen. Scott in Mexico, for gallant conduct in which he was brevetted, and at the conclusion of the war was stationed at the Military Academy, West Point, as Principal Assistant Professor of Ethics. While in that department he was elected to supply the vacancy caused by the death of Prof. Henry Reed. He then resigned his commission in the army, and resides here.

His logic is, in my estimation, the best text-book that I have ever seen. I taught logic as one of my branches for five years in the University of Georgia, but I always felt crippled because I had no proper text-book, and I know many other professors who have been troubled in the same way. Hedge is too meager and inaccurate, Whately is too abstruse and difficult, Mill is too diffuse and involved; and there was, in fact, no suitable work for college boys until Prof. Coppee has happily supplied the *desideratum*. Lest, however, you should think I speak too flatteringly, I will state that though the book has been published only a few months it is already adopted as the text-book in seven or eight colleges, and among them Yale and Princeton, certainly very high authority. I have requested the publisher to send you a copy, which will, however, speak for itself. I thought that if it met your approbation as a scientific work it would grati-

fy you to introduce a book on logic into a Southern college written by a Southerner and a Georgian.

It is so rare to find good text-books written by Southerners that Southern colleges should introduce them whenever their merit will permit.

With sentiments of sincere respect I remain yours truly,

WILLIAM BACON STEVENS.

PRESIDENT A. B. LONGSTREET, LL.D., South Carolina College.

MRS. LONGSTREET TO HER HUSBAND.

OXFORD, August 8, 1860.

Just as I was hastily closing the first sheet inclosed, Lucius called my attention to your communication in the *London Morning Chronicle*. We were not much surprised at your withdrawal from the Congress, having seen a brief notice of Lord Brougham's remarks about two days previous in the *Columbia Guardian*. I saw and heard no more of it, however, from any other paper; and concluded, while writing, it was not worth while to allude to it, as it might be a hoax, when I read the little paragraph in the *Guardian*, which was simply this: "At the International Statistical Congress, which was convened at London, Lord Brougham called Mr. Dallas's attention to the fact that there was a negro present, who was a member of that body. The negro rose and thanked Brougham for his kindly recognition, which was loudly cheered." I asked Lucius what it meant and why Lord B. should do so. He replied that it was meant for you, because you were from a slave-holding State, and that it was placing you in a ticklish situation. Your position was quite a delicate one, and seemed to think something must needs grow out of it. He and Henry both think you took the proper course. Lucius told me that he was rather fearful you *might* not notice it, and thereby draw censure upon yourself. We are all grieved to think your mission has been attended with any circumstance to mar its pleasure and defeat its object, but you have given the English some home thrusts and told them some truths which I hope will do them good.

When I first read your letter, I concluded you would return on the first Cunard steamer that left for the U. S., and that it would be useless to mail my letter. Lucius said you would certainly wait until you heard from your government, and, upon a more careful perusal, I came to the conclusion that you might remain even for weeks to come in some part of Europe, and so I would send this whether it reached you or not. If it

is not a matter of duty for you to return promptly as a government agent who has failed to effect the purpose of his mission, I can't see why you should not carry out your original plan of seeing as much of Great Britain and the Continent as the vacation will allow you. We would greatly prefer to have you with us than anywhere else, especially so far away as you now are; but, as you assert most positively that this is the last time you will ever visit Europe, do make the best of it. I want you to see and know as much as you can from your own observation about the Old World. I was sorry you made that vow before you took me on to see the marvelous wonders, beauties, and curiosities to be met with in that distant region. But if my kind heavenly Father will vouchsafe a sure and favorable return for you, I will be perfectly satisfied with the measure of his goodness allotted to me.

Fanny is still improving, though still too weak to sit up long at a time. I am better too. All well now but Fanny Lamar, who has had fever for a couple of days. She is up, and taking quinine to-day.

Lucius has been preparing a speech for several days to deliver at the Junction to-morrow at a great Breckenridge and Lane mass-meeting; but, to our surprise, told us this morning that he was going to his plantation to return to-night, and that he would *not go to the Junction.* Why, he did not state.

There was a very excellent farmer here yesterday who proposes to buy out the one-half of Lucius's part of the land at six dollars an acre, *and they two* should buy out your part, this man to oversee the place and attend to Lucius's little negroes. They are to be joint owners of every thing except the negroes. I don't know whether they will put in an equal number of hands or not. Henry said he thought it would be a very good arrangement for Lucius. I dont know how L—— regards it himself. He says this man is known to be a fine farmer. I can't remember his name. Miller can't be induced to stay any longer, as he wishes to give up overseeing and turn doctor.

Farewell. Heaven bless and bring you back safely to your devoted wife.

F. E. L.

GOV. JOSEPH E. BROWN TO JUDGE LONGSTREET.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
MILLEDGEVILLE, GA., January 26, 1861.

My Dear Sir: On my return to the capital yesterday from Augusta, I found your note of the 17th inst.; and in reply, I have the honor to state that it is my earnest desire, if it can be

done consistently with the honor and safety of the South, to avoid a hostile meeting between the forces of the Federal Government and the forces or citizens of our section: and, to the extent of my power or influence, I shall labor to prevent the shedding of blood, unless we shall be driven to that dire necessity purely in self-defense. In all my communications with the authorities or citizens of our sister States, I have endeavored to impress them with a sense of the propriety of such a course. If blood must come out of this contest, I am determined, so far as I am concerned, that blame shall rest upon our aggressors, and not upon our people. Georgia will not, and I trust no Southern State will, place herself in the wrong, let come what will. And I entertain the hope that the South will not, at least before the 4th of March, be driven to the necessity of defending her rights and her honor by force of arms on her own soil.

Thanking you for your suggestions, believe me very sincerely your obedient servant, JOSEPH E. BROWN.

HON. A. B. LONGSTREET, Columbia, S. C.

SALEM DUTCHER TO JUDGE LONGSTREET.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., March 6, 1867.

Hon. A. B. Longstreet, Oxford, Miss.—Sir: In a copy of the *Macon* (Ga.) *Telegraph* of the 3d inst., seen by chance this morning, appeared a letter signed "Vim," and dated "Saltillo, Lee County, Miss., February 23, 1867," from which the inclosed clipping was made. It is pleasant, sir, to note the statements of this excerpt; and I write as a citizen, though not a native, of Georgia to express the gratification wherewith those statements have fallen under my eye. Since August, 1864, I have been a resident of Augusta, in which city I edited the *Constitutionalist* for some eighteen months immediately subsequent to the unfortunate close of the war, and in that scene of your early labors of course heard much that gave a new interest to productions read and admired years before. On retiring from the editorship of the *Constitutionalist*, my first leisure was devoted to the preparation of a lecture on "The Wits of Georgia," using the word "wit" in the old Addisonian sense to include those lighter imaginative talents, which was delivered first in Augusta and afterward in Savannah, though of late professional business has forbidden a further repetition. In the preparation, however, of this lecture it became necessary to read, with a critical attention, works previously read for mere amusement; and, as we love that whereon we have labored, the humor and humorists of

Georgia have come, as it were, to have a very special interest in my eyes.

With this much, therefore, in explanation (if it need it) of this letter, I desire to say it would give me pleasure to forward your views in the disposal of the copyright of the revised "Scenes." Among my clients is a publishing firm in New York largely interested in Southern works, and now purposing to extend their operations in this direction. With the head of this firm I am personally quite well acquainted, and deem it probable he would be happy to propose you a satisfactory arrangement should I present the matter to his attention. If consonant with your wishes, I would, of course, do so. It is not impossible, as I shall shortly visit Mississippi on legal business, that I may be able to visit Oxford; but as the matter is not certain, it were as well, perhaps, to write me here, addressing to care of "Sidney Lanier, Esq., Exchange Hotel."

During some late tedious railway travel I found an abundant solace in "Master William Mitten," and cannot but think it has failed to receive the attention it should. Appearing, however, in a time of great public commotion is the occasion of that seeming disregard beyond doubt.

Trusting, sir, to speedily hear from you, and in hopes (knowing "Bill Arp" and "Major Jones") to add thereto a personal acquaintance with yourself, I am, with great respect, truly yours,

SALEM DUTCHER.

ROBERT B. CAMPBELL TO JUDGE LONGSTREET.

LONDON, November 16, 1860.

My Dear Sir: Your valued favor of the 20th ult., with its inclosure, signed Manchester, has been received. In noting contents, I beg to express my deep sympathy with you in your physical sufferings, and sincere pleasure at the information of your partial restoration to health and usefulness. You are one of those men of genius and purity of purpose and character that the South at any time could illy spare. At this time your loss would be among the irreparables; and as your personal friend and a grateful lover of South Carolina, I most fervently pray that your health may be speedily and vigorously re-established.

Mr. O'Reilly's case, to which you have brought my notice, has received my attention. Please say to him that I have written to the Secretary of the E. I. Co.; and when a reply has been received, it will be communicated to him, and that I will do all in my power to serve him.

In relation to "Manchester" being inserted in the *Times*, you will see by the number I send you by this steamer that they never publish anonymous articles. To give my name would be untrue. I have marked in the *Times* of yesterday its first leader, and a part of a speech of Lord Palmerston's at a dinner, to each of which I would draw your particular attention. The leader contains no eulogy on the South; assumes the election of Lincoln; that the South has had a deserved defeat; attacks her for the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, invasion of Kansas, the fugitive slave law; the Dred-Scott decision stigmatized as extra-judicial, and given by a partisan judge; and the countenance given to the attack upon Sumner.

You request me to ascertain whether Great Britain will recognize the independence of South Carolina, and open commercial relations with her immediately upon her secession. The fulfillment of this request is a mere impossibility. The *Times*, you will perceive, looks upon secession as an idle threat, intended only to operate upon the presidential election. The depression of stocks at the North is viewed in the same light, and the conviction here is that they will favorably react as soon as the election is declared. Statesmen, politicians, merchants, bankers here entertain the same opinion; and, so far as I know, no American in London except myself thinks the South in earnest. You must recollect that I am the only Southern man residing in London, which may account for the universality of opinion among our countrymen. Under this existing opinion you will at once perceive that no Governor or statesman can be committed to any particular action on a contingency which he does not believe will arise. To do so would stultify himself, and subject him to the charge of a vain attempt to effect the dissolution of the Union. You and all others who have observed the action of this government know that its policy is that of non-intervention; that it recognizes all governments *de facto* as soon as there is a reasonable probability of its being able to maintain itself; and as for commerce and trade, you are well aware that these are primary considerations with all Englishmen, and I should think it preposterous to presume that the South would be treated in a manner different from all other governments. It is my duty, however, to say to you that there does not exist in the English heart the slightest sympathy with slavery. Whether that heart be in the breast of the highest or the lowest, the institution is tolerated as an exceptional one that cannot be removed *instanter;* but no Englishman believes in its perpetuity, or will do an act to contribute to such a result *per se*. Not that I believe they could be induced to join in an armed crusade

against slavery, but they would certainly give the moral influence of public opinion against it.

The reception of the Prince of Wales in the United States has produced here a most extraordinary effect. It has allayed all jealousy for the time. The observations of Lord Palmerston, which I have marked, is a tame expression of feeling in comparison with many others. We are now viewed as a great cognate nation of brothers without faults, except such as are common to both countries, as worthy above all other nations of English respect and of English love.

Yours most truly, ROBERT B. CAMPBELL.

HON. A. B. LONGSTREET, Columbia, S. C.

NOTE.

It should have been noted at the proper place that Judge Longstreet was a delegate to the Convention held in Louisville, Ky., in 1844, at which the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was organized, and made an able and exhaustive legal argument on the questions involved in the separation of the Methodist Episcopal Church into two co-equal parts. It was an accidental omission, but perhaps it is well enough to spare the reader the rehearsal of the oft-told story of that eventful time. The wheat has been threshed out of this historical straw. Let the old trouble rest. Our forefathers bequeathed to us a long quarrel and a cruel war. Let us bequeath to those who will come after us everlasting peace. There be those on either side who love to fight over the old battle, but the maker of this book is of a different mind.

APPENDIX.

GEORGIA SCENES, NEW AND OLD.

LIKE a hungry boy at a dinner-table, eager for the dessert, many readers will feel like reading this "Appendix" first, and then taking their time for the rest of the book. So be it. The author is sure he would feel the same way about it. O. P. F.

DARBY ANVIL.

(NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.)

I WELL remember the first man who, without any qualifications for the place, was elected to the Legislature of Georgia. He was a blacksmith by trade, and Darby Anvil was his name. I would not be understood as saying that none had preceded him but men of profound wisdom or even notable talents (at the time of which I am speaking such men were not to be found in every county of the State), but that none had been deputed to that body who were not vastly superior to Anvil in every moral and intellectual quality.

Darby came hither just at the close of the Revolutionary War; and, if his own report of himself is to be believed, "*he fit*" in that memorable struggle. True, he never distinctly stated on which side "he fit;" but as he spoke freely of the incidents of the revolution, and at a time when Tories were very scarce and very mute, it was taken for granted that he fought on the right side.

Darby established himself upon a lot in the then village of ——, which cost him nothing; for in his day town lots, and even large tracts of land, were granted to any one who would occupy them for a given time. Two log huts soon rose upon Darby's lot, into one of which he stowed his wife and children, and in the other his blacksmith's tools. He

now plied his trade assiduously; and as all trades flourished at that time, he grew rich apace. A year had hardly rolled away before a snug frame house rose in front of his log dwelling, and his shop gave place to one of more taste and convenience from the hands of a carpenter. The brand of horse-shoes upon the shop-door no longer served Darby for a sign; but high over the entrance of the smithery, from a piece of iron-work of crooks and convolutions unutterable, hung a flaming sign-board, decorated on either side with appropriate designs. On one side was Darby in person, shoeing Gen. Washington's horse. I say it was *Washington's* horse because Darby said so, and Billy Spikes, who painted it, said so. Certainly, it was *large* enough for Washington's horse; for, taking Darby, whose height I knew, for a guage, the horse could not have been less than five and twenty feet high. On the other side was a plow, with handles nine feet long (by the same measure), studded with hoes and axes, staples and horse-shoes.

Every thing around Darby bore the aspect of thrift and comfort—in short, his fortune increased even faster than his children; and this is no small compliment to his industry and economy, for Mrs. Anvil had not for many years suffered eighteen months to pass without reminding him, with a blush through a smirk, that she would "soon want a little sugar and coffee and sweetened dram *for the little stranger*." Darby had just received the tenth notice of this kind when he resolved to turn politician. Whether the notices had any influence upon him in forming this rash resolution,

I am not prepared to say; but certain it is that he had received them, for several years preceding, with a rapidly declining interest, insomuch that, when the last came, it gave to his countenance an expression better suited to dyspepsia than to such joyous tidings; and he was proceeding to make a most uncourteous response, when the kindling fire of his lady's eye brought him to an anticlimax of passive gentility.

"Why, Nancy," said he, "Lord 'a' massy on my soul! I don't grudge you the rum and coffee and sugar, but r'aly it *does* seem to me — that — we're havin' a powerful chance o' childern somehow or nother."

I am digressing a little, but I cannot resume my subject without doing Mrs. Anvil the justice to say that she defended her dignity with becoming spirit, and by a short but pungent syllogism taught Darby that he had more cause for self-condemnation than for *grudgings or astonishment.*

Darby Anvil, though ignorant in the extreme, had some shrewdness and much low cunning. He knew well the prejudices and weaknesses of the common people of the country, and had no little tact in turning them to his own advantage.

Two attorneys of eminence who had repeatedly served the State in her deliberative assemblies during and after the war were candidates for the popular branch of the Legislature when Darby determined to make a third and supernumerary candidate. He announced his aims in the only way in which he could have announced them without exposing himself to overwhelming ridicule; for

the people of those days pretty generally harbored the superstitious notion that talents were indispensable to wholesome legislation.

There was a great barbecue in the county. It was the wager of a hunting watch, and consequently everybody was invited and everybody attended. During the festival, when Darby and ten or twelve of his own class were collected round the bottle, "Boys," said he, "how 'bout the 'lection this year?"

"O," says one, "there's no opposition."

"No opposition!" cried Darby, "by zounds, that'll never do. We'll have no fun. I'll be ding'd if I don't offer myself if I can't git a smarter man to offer, rather than have no fun at all. What do you say, Bill Rucker? Won't you go in for the old blacksmith ag'inst the lawyers?" smiling and winking to the by-standers.

"O yes," said Bill carelessly, "I'll go in for you to a red heat."

"Well, thar's one vote for the old blacksmith, anyhow."

"Johnny, you'll stick to Uncle Darby ag'n the lawyers, I know; won't you, Johnny?"

"Yes," said Johnny Fields, "I'll stick to you like grim death to a dead nigger."

"Jimmy Johns 'll go—O no! I've no chance of Jimmy's vote; bein' as how he's a mighty takin' to lawyers since his brother Bob's case was *tryn*. How 'bout that, Jimmy?" with a dry, equivocal laugh.

"Blast their infernal souls!" said Jim, "I'd vote for the devil 'fore I'd vote for either of 'em.

They made out my evidence was nothin' 't all but swearin' lies for brother Bob from one eend to tother."

"Well, Jimmy," pursued Darby, "you mustn't mind Uncle Darby's laughin', my son, I can't help laughin' every time I think how mad you was when you come to my shop that day; but you know I told you you'd git over it and vote for the 'squires at last, didn't I?"

"Yes, and you told a lie too; didn't you, Uncle Darby?"

Here Darby roared immoderately and then becoming suddenly very grave, he proceeded: "But boys, puttin' all jokin' away, it's wrong, mighty wrong, for anybody to be puttin' upon anybody's char*ric*ter after that sort, I don't care who they is. And if I was in the Legislater the fust thing I'd do would be to stop it."

"Well, Uncle Darby, why don't you offer?" said Johns, "I'll go for you, and there's plenty more'll go for you if you'll come out."

"Yes, that there is," said Job Snatch (another sufferer in court), "I'll go for you."

"And so will I," said Seth Weed.

"Why, boys," interrupted Darby, "if you don't hush, you'll make me come out sure enough. And what would I do in the 'sembly?"

"I'll tell you what you'd do," said Sam Flat crustily, "you'd set up in one corner of the room like poor folks at a frolic and never open your mouth. And I'll tell you another thing—my opinion is, you want to offer, too; and you're only fishin' for an excuse to do it now."

Darby burst into a loud laugh; but there was enough chagrin mingled with it to show plainly that he felt the truth of Sam's remark. It was near a minute before he could reply: "O no, Sammy, I've no notion of offerin', unless it mout be just to have a little fun. And if I was to offer what harm would it do? I couldn't be 'lected; and if I wasn't, I wouldn't care, for it wouldn't be no disgrace for a poor blacksmith to be beat by the great folks that's beat everybody."

"Well," said Jimmy Johns, "may I say you's a cand'date?"

"Jimmy, you is a free man and has a right to say what you please."

"And I'm a free man, and I'll say what I please too," said Job Snatch.

"And so am I," said Seth Weed.

"Why, what's got into these boys?" chuckled out Darby, "I b'lieve they're gwine to make me a a cand'date whether I will or no. I didn't know I had so much pop'larity. Let me git away from here or I'll be made a great man in spite of myself. But I must take a drink before I go. Come boys, le's take a drink, and I'll give you a toast:

"Here's wishin' that honest men who's 'blige to go to court to swear
May not be 'lowed to be made game of by lawyers of the bare."

This sentiment, like many electioneering harangues of equal merit in the present day, was received "with unbounded applause;" and amidst laughter and entreaties for a repetition of the toast Darby hastened away to a small party of marks-

men who had made up a match and were trying their skill apart from the throng. To these he made himself obsequious, while his friends spread the news of his candidacy. It soon pervaded the whole assembly, and many went to him to know the truth of the report. His answers to such were regulated by the tone and manner with which they put their questions. If they exhibited no astonishment, he told them that "he had tried to git off, but his friends kept plaguin' him so to offer that he was 'bliged to give up or make 'em all mad; and therefore, he told 'em they mout do as they pleased." If the inquirer exhibited signs of wonder and incredulity, Darby gave him an affirmative with all the tokens of irony. Amongst the rest came Smith and Jones, the two candidates. They happened to meet him just as he was returning to the crowd from the shooting-match and when no person was with him.

"Darby," inquired Smith, "is it possible that you are a candidate for the Legislature?"

"Why not?" returned Anvil, with a blush.

"Why, you are utterly unqualified; you will disgrace yourself."

"I know," rejoined Anvil, "that I'd make a mighty poor out of speakin' ag'in lawyers, but I reckon as how I could *vote* as good as them."

"You are mistaken, Darby," said Jones; "it requires a better head to vote right than to speak well. The business of law-making is a very delicate business, which should be managed with the nicest care, especially in this country. It is true that it has been much simplified in the several States by our admirable form of government. A

vast variety of subjects, and those too which the people at large are generally best acquainted with, have been withdrawn from the State Legislature. But still the States are sovereign, and possess all power not specially delegated to the general government—"

"You should have said," interrupted Smith, "that the State legislation has been *diminished* rather than that it has been *simplified*. In truth, it has been rendered more intricate by our novel form of government. In other countries the lawgiver has only to study the interests of the people and legislate accordingly; but here, in addition to the ordinary duties of a legislator, he has others of infinite difficulty and infinite importance to discharge. He is one of the guardians of a State which is both *sovereign* and *subject*—sovereign by Constitution, subject by concession. He must consider well, therefore, the powers which she has ceded, and yield implicit obedience to them; he must study well the powers which she has reserved, and fearlessly maintain them. An error on the one hand is a step toward anarchy; an error on the other is a step toward slavery—"

"Why," interrupted Darby, "I don't understand head nor tail of all this *sarment*."

"I was not addressing myself to you," said Smith, "though I confess that what I was saying was meant for your improvement. I was in hopes you would understand enough of it to discover your unfitness for the Legislature."

"I think," said Jones, "I can convince Darby of that in a more intelligent way."

"Darby, what does a man go to the Legislature for?"

"Why, to make laws," said Darby.

"True; and to amend such as have been made. Now, do you know what laws have been made?"

"No."

"Do you know how those have operated which have been made?"

"*Operated?*"

"I mean do you know whether they have proved good or bad?"

"No, I tell you; I don't know nothin' 't all about 'em."

"Well, now suppose a man should come to your shop and offer to work for you a month—at plow-making we will suppose—and when you asked him if he understood making such plows as are used in Georgia he should reply that he knew nothing at all about plows, his whole life had been spent in shoe-making; but that if you would lay two plows before him he could tell you which he thought best; and that whenever you wanted his opinion or vote upon shop matters he could give it as good as any one. What would you think of him?"

"Then, 'cordin' to your chat, nobody ought to go to 'sembly but lawyers," said Darby.

"I do not say so; but that no one should go there who has not some little knowledge of the business which he has to do. If he possess this knowledge, it matters not whether he be lawyer, farmer, merchant, or mechanic."

By this time quite a crowd, mostly unlettered persons, had collected round the candidates, and

though it was impossible for Darby to hide his chagrin while he and his companions were alone, it became less and less visible with every accession to the group, so that by the time Mr. Jones concluded his remarks it was entirely dissipated, and Darby stood before the company decidedly the most self-confident of the three.

"Well," said he, planting himself astraddle and placing his arms akimbo, "now I've heard you all through, let me see how the old blacksmith can argify *with two lawyers at a time*. I know I'm nothin' but a poor, ign'ant blacksmith that don't know nothin' nohow; and furthermore, I don't think nobody ought to go to the 'sembly but *lawyers* nether, bein' as how they're the smartest people in the world. But howsomedever, that's n'ither here nor thar. Now, Mr. Smith, you say I'd disgrace myself to go to the 'sembly, and I reckon it's so, for I'm like my neighbors here, hard-workin' people, who ha'n't got no business doin' nothin' but workin' for great folks and rich folks, nohow. But howsomedever, that's n'ither here nor thar, as the fellow said. Now, I want to ax you a few questions, and you mus'n't git mad with me, for I only want to git a little l'arnin'. And firstly of the first place, to begin at the beginnin', as the fellow said, an't a poor man as free as a rich man?" winking, with a smirk, to the approving by-standers.

"Certainly," said Smith.

"And didn't they fight for libity as well as rich ones."

"Yes."

"Well—hem!—an't they as honest as rich men?"

"No doubt of it."

"Well, if a poor man is as free as a rich man *(now you mus'n't git mad with me)*, and they fit for libity as well as them, and is as honest, how comes it that some people that's the smartest in the world votes for nobody havin' votes but them that's got land?" Here several of the by-standers who had been interchanging winks and smiles in token that they foresaw the dilemma into which Darby was leading his antagonist, burst into a loud laugh.

"Now, an't he the devil?" whispered one.

"I tell you what it is," said a second, "the lawyers an't gwine to git nothin' out o' him."

"Mighty smart man," said a third, gravely, "powerful smart for his opportunities."

"I advocated freehold suffrage," returned Smith, "in the convention that framed the Constitution, not because I thought the rich man entitled to higher privileges than the poor man, but because I thought him less exposed to temptation. Indeed, my proposition made no distinction between the poor and the rich, for there is not a farmer in the State who has not more land than would have entitled him to a vote under it. But I apprehend the time will come when our State will be inundated with strangers and sojourners amongst us—mere floating adventurers—who have no common interest, feeling, or sympathy with us, who will prostitute the right of suffrage to private gain, and set up their votes to the highest bidder. I would, therefore, have confined this right to those who have a

fixed and permanent interest in the State, who must share the honors or suffer the penalties of wise or corrupt legislation."

"If Smith is to be blamed," said Jones, "for his course in the convention, so am I. I differed from him, to be sure, in *measure*, but agreed with him in *principle*. I would have had a small *property* qualification without confining it to *land*, but his answer to this was decisive. If the amount of property required were *large*, it would disqualify many honest voters who are permanent residents of the State; if it were *small*, every stranger who brought with him money enough to bear his traveling expenses would be qualified to vote. But we were both overruled."

"Gentlemen," said Darby, "you talk too much dictionary for me; I wasn't raised to much book larnin' nor dictionary larnin'. But, howsomedever, I think, 'Squire Smith, you said anybody that didn't own land would sell their votes to the highest bidder; and I reckon it's so, for you great folks knows more than me; but 'the proof of the puddin's in chawin' the bag,' as the fellow said, therefore let's see how the thing 'll work. Jimmy Johns, you don't own no land, and, therefore, 'cordin' to the 'Squire's narration, you'll sell your vote to the highest bidder. What'll you take for it?"

"Nobody better not tell me," said Jim, "that I'll sell my vote, or I'll be dad seized if I don't fling a handful o' fingers right in his face in short *metcher*, I don't care who he is."

"I did not say," resumed Smith, "that any man

now in the State would sell his vote, nor do I believe that any true *Georgian*, by birth or adoption, ever will; but the time will come when idle, worthless vagabonds will come amongst us, who will sell their votes for a pint of rum if they can get no more."

"Well, 'Squire, now it seems to me—but I don't know, but it seems to me—somehow or 'nother that it'll be time enough to have land votin' when that time comes, and not to begin upon poor folks *now* to stop mean folks when we are all dead and gone. Them folks, I recken, can take care o' themselves."

"Then it will be too late," interposed Jones. "Men who have a marketable article will never give it away, or allow it to be taken from them. Should they be willing to renounce it, there will be factious demagogues enough to prevent them from so doing. No, Darby, if you would establish a good government, you must do it at its organization; thenceforward there is a ceaseless war between the governors and the governed. The rulers are ever usurping the rights of the people, or the people are ever resuming the rights of the"—

"Stop a little thar," interrupted Darby; "you say thar's a war 'tween the Governor and the gov-'ment. Now, what's the reason I never hearn of that war? I've hearn of the old French War and the Rev'lution War and the Injun War, but I never hearn of that war before."

"I don't say," continued Jones, impatiently, "that there is a war, a fight"—

"O, well, if you take that back, why we'll start

ag'in. But, howsomedever, when I'm gwine to a place I always try to take the right road at first, and then thar's no 'casion for turnin' back."

"Well, Darby," said Jones, "you are certainly a bigger fool than I took you to be, and that is not your worst fault."

"Well, now, you see," said Darby (bristling), "that kind o' chat an't gwine to do for me, no-how; and you must take it back quick as you did the war, or I'll make the fur fly to the tother sorts."

"Yes, I'll be dad seized if I didn't," said Jimmy Johns, becoming furious; "talkin's talkin', but callin' a man the *fool's* no sort of chat."

"Uncle Darby," said John Fields, "you gwine to swallow that? If you do, you needn't count on John Fields's vote."

"No, I'm not," countinued Darby, touching his coat. "Gentlemen, I didn't go to 'Squire Jones; he came to me and brought on the fuss, and I don't think I'm to blame. My char*ric*ter is as good to me as his'n to him; and, gentlemen, I'm a plain, hard-workin' man, but I'll be burned if I can bear every thing."

"Strip yourself, Darby," said Snatch, flinging off his coat as if it were full of nettles, and pouring forth a volley of oaths without order or connection; "strip yourself; you sha'n't be imposed on; I'll see you out."

"O well, now," said John Reynolds (the bully of the county), coolly, "if thar's to be any fur flyin' here, I must have a little of the pullin' of it. And, Darby, you're not goin' to knock the 'Squire

till you walk over me to do it. He's holpt my wife and children too often when they've been sick for me to stand by and see him imposed on, right or wrong; that's the racket."

"Well, Johnny," said Darby (re-adjusting his coat), "I always liked the 'Squire myself, and always voted for him—don't you know I did, Johnny?—but then you know yourself that it's mighty hard for a man to be called a fool to his face, now an't it, Johnny?"

"Why, it's a thing that don't go down easy, I know, but then look at tother side a little. Now you made out the 'Squire eat his words about the war, and that's mighty hard to swallow too. Now he told you he didn't mean they fit, and you know anybody's liable to make mistakes anyhow; and you kept makin' out that he had to back out from what he said, and"—

"Yes, Darby," said Jimmy Johns, "that's a fact, Johnny's right. You brushed the 'Squire a little too close there, Darby, and I can't blame him for gittin' mad. I'll stick by you when you're on the right side, but I can't go with you there. I couldn't ha' stood it myself."

"Yes, Darby," said Fields, "you must confess yourself that you begun it, and, therefore, you oughn't to got mad. That was wrong, Darby, and I can't go with you them lengths."

"How was it?" said Snatch, as if he were not at the beginning of the affray. "How was it?"

"Why," said Johns, "Darby made out the 'Squire eat his words, and then the 'Squire called Darby a fool."

O, chuch!" said Snatch, "was that the way of it? Darby's wrong. If I'd o' knowed that, I wouldn't 'a' opened my mouth."

"Well," said Darby, "I believe I *was* wrong there, Johnny; and if my friends say so, I know I was. And, therefore, I am willin' to drop it. I always looked upon the 'Squire as a mighty good, kind-hearted man."

"O yes!" exclaimed three or four at once, "drop it."

"I was just waitin' to see a row," said Sam Flat (bully number two), "and I'd 'a' kept up all sorts o' rollin' and tumblin' over this barbecue ground before I'd 'a' seen the 'Squire hurt."

"O, but Sammy," said Johns, Fields, and Snatch eagerly and in one voice, "its all over now. Drop it; we all see Darby was wrong."

"O yes," said John White, reeling under a pint of rum, "drop it; it's all got—in a wrong—fix—by not knowin'—nothin' 'bout it. I heard it every bit. 'Squire did'nt say what Darby said—and Darby—didn't say what 'Squire said—and none of you didn't say what all of you said—and that's the way—you all got to quar'lin' an' fightin'. We're all friends—le's go 'n' take a drink—which whipped?"

Before White concluded this very luminous and satisfactory explanation the attorneys and their friends had retired, and Darby proceeded: "Gentlemen, when I fust talked 'bout bein' a cand'date, I had no notion o' bein' one. I jest said it in fun, as all the boys here knows. But now, you see, sence they go to puttin' on me after this sort, I'll

be blamed if I don't be a cand'date, even if I git beat. This is a free country, in which every man has a right to do as he pleases, and 'cordin' to their chat nobody ha'n't got no right to be cand'dates but lawyers. If that's the chat, I don't know what our Rev'lution was for, and I fit in it too. Gentlemen, you see how I've been persecuted."

Darby's resolution was applauded by some, and his insulted dignity soothed by others. He now surrendered himself unreservedly to electioneering. His first object was to secure the favor of John Reynolds, for the bully of a county was then (as he still is, though lessened much in importance) a very desirable auxiliary in a canvass. This was easily effected by a little kindness and a little hypocrisy, and Darby wanted neither when his interest was at stake. He soon persuaded John that all he had said to Mr. Jones was a joke, or (what was the same thing to John) an error in Darby; and as the bully of the county is too much occupied in seeking glory to attend much to his trade or his farm, and is therefore constantly in need of some little assistance from his more industrious neighbors, Darby had opportunities enough of conciliating John by kind offices. These he improved so handsomely that John was soon won by gratitude, and came out his open supporter.

Marvelous was now the " change " which " came over the spirit of Darby's dream." His shop was committed to the entire management of Sambo and Cuffy, and his "little strangers" to Nancy. He rode night and day, attended every gathering in the county, treated liberally, aped dignity here,

cracked obscene jokes there, sung vulgar songs in one place, talked gravely in another, told long, dry stories, gave short, mean toasts, jested with the women, and played with the children, grew liberal in suretyships, paid promptly, and dunned nobody, and asked everybody to vote for him.

By these means Darby's popularity increased wonderfully. Three months lay between the barbecue and the election, and before the expiration of the first the wise began to fear and the foolish to boast that Darby Anvil would be elected. Another month placed the matter beyond dispute, and left to either of the other candidates the alternative of making common cause with Darby or staying at home. The temptation was too strong for Smith's integrity. He formed a secret alliance with Darby. It was effected with great care and much cunning, but it was soon exposed by his conduct and its results. It was the first instance of such self-abasement that I ever witnessed in Georgia (would that it had been the last!), and it was received with becoming indignation by the virtuous and intelligent of the country. They took the field, almost to a man, in behalf of Jones, and but for his magnanimity they would have succeeded at last in giving Smith the just reward of his treachery. But Jones implored them by their regard for the future welfare of the State to level all their forces against Anvil and not against Smith. "If Smith," said he, "is returned to the Legislature, he will serve you with profit, if not with honor; but if Darby be elected, he will be worthless as a member and ruinous as an example. Encouraged by his success,

hundreds of stupid asses like himself will make their way into the General Assembly; and the consequences will be that our government will become a despotism of fools and a disgrace to republicanism." By these and many other more forcible arguments, which I have not time to repeat, Jones prevailed upon his friends to sacrifice their private prejudices to the public good, and to bend all their exertions to the exclusion of Anvil. They did so, and for a time wonderful were the effects of their efforts. So commanding was their position that even the common people were attracted by it, and many came over to them from the ranks of the coalition. Smith was cowed by the noble bearing of his old friend toward him, and remorse greatly paralyzed his exertions. Darby too grew so much alarmed that he became serious, and by as much as he grew serious by so much did he lose his influence. In short, there is every reason to believe that after all Darby would have been beaten had not a little incident occurred which secured his election in spite of opposition. It was a strange incident to be followed by such an effect. There is an old Scotch song which says:

> Be a lassie e'er so black
> An she hae the name o' siller,
> Set her upo' Tintock top,
> The wind will blaw a man till her.

The winds are not more propitious to the *siller'd* lassie than unpropitious to the candidate. If ever he has committed a fault, no matter when or where, the wind will blow a babbler to him. It was so with Darby, though *unfortunate* only in a moral, not in a political sense.

About three weeks before the election a traveler stopped at a public house in the county where several persons had collected, and amongst the rest was *Your Uncle Nicky Bugg*. This was a title which he assumed himself and which was accorded to him by universal consent. The company were all supporters of Jones, and their conversation turning upon the approaching election, they denounced Darby Anvil in unmeasured terms. The stranger, probably emboldened by their sentiments, after putting a few questions as to Darby's personal identity, stated that Darby had left Virginia *between two days* in order to avoid a prosecution for perjury. The stranger said he was not himself personally acquainted with the facts, but referred to a number of persons in Virginia who would confirm his statement by certificates. The certificates were immediately written for, and to make their effect the more decisive it was resolved by the company that they would not whisper the important discovery until the certificates arrived. Fortunately for Darby, they did not arrive until the evening before the election.

At an early hour of the succeeding day Darby made his appearance at the court-house at the head of about thirty men, some in wagons, some on horseback (single and double), and some on foot. They all had their tickets in their hats, with the names of Smith and Anvil written on them in large characters. As they proceeded to the polls they made the village ring with shouts of "Hurrah for Smith!" "Hurrah for Anvil!" "Hurrah for the blacksmith and the people's candidate!" Darby had provided a table and a dozen bottles of rum, to

which he led his friends and told them to drink freely and vote boldly. He was reminded that if he should be elected he would have to swear that he had not gained his election by *treating*, canvassing, etc., to which he replied that he "could *swaller* that oath mighty easy, for he reckoned nobody wa'n't so mean as to vote for him just because he treated 'em."

Owing to some misunderstanding of the magistrates who were to preside at the election, or from some other cause unknown, the polls were not opened until an hour or two after the usual time. The delay was extremely annoying to Darby; for in the interim his friends paid such profound respect to his first injunction above mentioned that several of them were fast becoming *hors de suffrage*, if I may be allowed the expression. At length came the magistrates, however; and no sooner had they entered the court-yard, where was collected an immense throng, than "Your Uncle Nicky" took the topmost step at the door of the court-house, and demanded the attention of every gentleman present. The demand had to be repeated several times before it was heeded, but it finally succeeded in gathering around him every voter on the campus. They were soon reduced to silence, and Bugg commenced reading, in a slow and audible voice, the cruel certificates. In the meantime Darby, as one very truly observed, "looked powerful bad." He stared like an owl at noonday, and trembled like the shoe of a grist-mill. He changed feet as rapidly as if he had been upon hot embers; and as for his hands, suf-

fered them to do as they pleased, and they pleased to go through evolutions that no pen can describe. I can only say of them that they seemed to be in frantic search for the mind that had deserted them, for they wandered all over his body and all through his apparel, giving occasional hints to the materialists that the mind may at last be seated where none of them have ever yet placed it. To add, if possible, to Darby's embarrassment, "Your Uncle Nicky" was one of those men to whom a fight was an accommodation. Darby could not, therefore, with safety, resort to the usual expedient in such cases: a quarrel with the author of his mortification. He received a consolation, however, the most grateful that could have been offered to his tortured feelings, even before Bugg had disposed of the certificates. It was from the cry of "Persecution!" which issued from a number of voices, accompanied by other consolatory expressions, which increased as soon as Bugg had concluded.

"It's too bad!" exclaimed one, "to attack a man so right on the 'lection day to his face, when he ha'n't got no chance o' defendin' himself."

"Ah, well, now," said a second, "if they go to takin' these in-turns on a fellow they an't gwine to git no good of it, and you'll see it. The clean thing's the clean thing, but this whopping a fellow up all at once when he's no chance is no sort o' doin's."

"Walk, ticket!" exclaimed a third *(tearing up a ticket on which was Jones's name)*, and come over to the old blacksmith; into my hand *flitter!*

Fair play's a jewel, and that's what I go for in 'lectioneering as well as every thing else."

"Never mind, Darby," added a fourth, "you an't dead yet if you are down and kickin'. There's enough here'll stand by you yet. Keep a stiff upper lip, and you'll come through yet."

"I swear," added a fifth, "it's too bad! It's enough to hurt any man's feelin's to be so put upon *unbeknowens*."

These, and many other expressions of a like kind, so far restored Darby's equanimity that he was able to take the step in his defense as soon as Bugg descended from it. When he mounted the rostrum, his appearance was quite unparliamentary. He was dressed in a full suit of mud-colored home-spun, the workmanship of Nancy's own hands from the carding to the weaving. His pantaloons were supported only by his hips, for suspenders were not then worn; and even with this advantage at the one extremity, they were full five inches too short at the other. They reached his socks only when he stood firm on both legs—that is, when they were suffered to hang in a right line—but as Darby rarely used both limbs at the same time, there was an alternate flashing of naked skin from either limb of the most agreeable and bewitching novelty. His vest was more uncourteous to his pantaloons than were his socks, for no position of Darby's body could induce it to come within an inch of them. His under garment, however, acted as a mediator between them, and gracefully rolled out into the vacant space, seemingly to encircle the orator with a sash of coarse but clean,

white sausage. Darby wore no cravat; and from accident or design (the former, I suppose), his shirt-collar was thrown entirely open, leaving exposed a most unsightly *Adam's apple*, that gave to his neck the appearance of a little dromedary. Upon his coat Nancy had obviously "*spread herself*," as we say in Georgia. She seemed to have taken the pattern of it from the wings of a horse-fly. From a point about seven inches above the *os coxygis*, it *debouched* to the right and the left, with daring encroachments upon his calves. Two large plano-convex covered buttons marked the salient points of the skirts, and as many (on either skirt, one) their nether limits. The molds of these gorgeous ornaments were cut, by the measure of a half-dollar, from a dried gourd; of course, therefore, it was in the covering that they took the shape which I have given to them. Five buttons more *(ejusdem generis)* stood in open order upon each lapel; and from every button advanced, in marvelous length, a button-hole worked with "indigo blue," so that they looked like two little detachments of artillery drawn up in battle array against each other. Coarse, sharp-pointed shoes and a low-crowned, broad-brimmed white hat completed the costume of the first orator that I ever had the pleasure of hearing address the electors of a county in Georgia. Indeed, he was the last also; for, though it is not now an unusual thing for candidates "to respond in strains of glowing eloquence" (see gazettes, *passim*) at dinner parties and barbecues, it is a very rare thing for them to address "the sovereignty" when assembled to ex-

ercise the elective franchise. But Darby had no alternative. The greetings which he met with from the crowd when he ascended the tribune were such as would have confounded any one who did not understand the spirit with which they were uttered. Strange as it may seem to the reader, they were meant for encouragement, and were so understood by Darby.

"Hey, Darb!" vociferated one, "you're too strong for your runners; you've pushed your legs too far through your breeches."

"Never mind that, Darby," cried another. "Tuck in your shirt-tail, and *norate* away the best you can; we'll see you out."

"Why, Darby," cried the third, "what makes you *swaller* so? Stand up to your fodder like a man. You've got plenty of friends here yet."

"Why, gentlemen," proceeded Darby, "its enough to make anybody *swaller* and feel bad too to be put upon after this sorts, all *unbeknowens*, when he ha'n't got no chance o' defendin' himself—no manner o'chance. Gentlemen, I fit in the revolution; and if I'm now to lose my char*ric*ter because I'm took all unawar's, I shall think it the hardest case I ever hearn of in all my born days. Gentlemen, my char*ric*ter's as much to me and any hard-workin' man as any man's char*ric*ter is to him, if he's a lawyer, or a doctor, or a store-keeper, or I don't care what he is. For what's a man worth that an't got no char*ric*ter? He's like a pair o' *bellowses* that ha'n't got no nose, or a saw that ha'n't got no handle: they an't no manner o' count; you can't use 'em at all. ['That's the

truth, Darby,' interposed a voice gravely.] Gentlemen, I've lived a long time with you: did any of you ever hear of my usin' perj'ry? I reckon if I had time I could git ce'tif'cates too, but you all see I an't got no time at all. Gentlemen, I don't think I ever seed any one that was so persecuted in all my born days; and if I'm beat now, I shall think I'm beat by persecution. And there's my wife and ten children, and they must all lose their char*ric*ters, too, just by bein' taken unawar's. I never knowed nobody to git nothin' by persecution; but if me and my wife and children's all to lose our char*ric*ters by it, why I s'pose it must be so, but I shall think it mighty hard. Gentlemen, you can do as you please with me; and whatever you do, I can't help it."

The cry of "Hurrah for Anvil!" from many voices as Darby descended from the steps plainly testified that he had the sympathies and support of the majority. In vain did Jones and his friends reason with them upon the difference between exposing vice and persecuting innocence. It was in vain that they argued against the injustice of visiting Bugg's fault (if fault it was) upon the head of his friend Jones. The time and the severity of the attack were sufficient to change Darby into an object of persecution in their eyes. To make matters worse, if possible, for Jones, "Your Uncle Nicky" undertook to reason with the malcontents. This was a very unfortunate step, for though he was fully competent to reason, and reason well, with reasonable beings, he was the last man on earth who, in this way, should have undertaken to re-

claim those who were won to Darby's support by what we have seen. He was easily excited and utterly intolerant of folly. Irritable as he was, however, he rarely gave signs of anger either in voice or countenance. So far from it his composure was always greatest when just at the fighting point.

The first that "Your Uncle Nicky" undertook to correct was Jimmy Johns, who had pretended to have a great friendship for him for reasons to be found in Jimmy's deportment toward John Reynolds.

"Jimmy," said Bugg, "you surely are not going to vote for that fool, Darby Anvil."

"Yes, I is," said Jimmy; "and the more and the better of it is, I mean to give him a plumper, too."

"What! to such a despicable character?"

"Yes; despical or no despical character, I can't go ag'in a persecuted man with a wife and ten childern—Miss Anvil is—"

"But it's no persecution to tell the truth on a man, especially when the truth goes to show that he is unfit for an office to which he is aspiring. Your way of reasoning will make rascality a passport to office."

"O, I don't blame *you*, Uncle Nicky, I know what you did was for the best, but now you'll confess yourself—now won't you, Uncle Nicky?—that if he was 'spirin' and passport, you oughtn't to come down on him as you did, right at the 'lection. That was rubbin' him too hard, now wa'n't it, Uncle Nicky? 'Twas enough to make anybody feel sorry for him; and Miss Anvil—"

"What difference does it make when or wnere you expose a villain? And what has *Miss Anvil* to do with it? Is she a candidate?"

"No, but she's a mighty good 'oman; and you know yourself, Uncle Nicky, *she* an't to blame. And wouldn't it be wrong to hurt her char*ric*ter? Now I leave it to yourself, Uncle Nicky. Jist take it to yourself—s'pose you'd been guilty o' parj'ry, and Miss Bugg—"

"Stop a little, Jimmy," said Bugg very calmly, "until 'Your Uncle Nicky' tries another argument better suited to your capacity, and which I think will brighten your ideas." So saying, he "fetched Jimmy a sentimental jolt" (as one afterward described it) in the bur of the ear that laid him out in short order.

Jimmy "holl'd" in time to arrest Uncle Nicky's experimental philosophy at the first blow and the second kick. He would have fought longer with another man, but with Uncle Nicky he knew that the longer he fought the worse he would be flogged; so he acted wisely for once at least.

In this way did "Your Uncle Nicky" proceed to dispense light amongst the *plebs* until he raised a battle-royal in the court-yard. At one time I observed not less than eight couples who were engaged in interchanging Uncle Nicky's ethics.

The day rolled away, and at ten o'clock at night the state of the polls was announced. Darby and Smith were elected. They were both hoisted and borne about on the shoulders of their friends with huzzas of triumph. They then invited all who lingered about the court-yard at that late hour to a

supper at one of the public houses of the village. Here they ate, drank, sung vulgar songs, and told more vulgar stories until about one o'clock, when they, or some of them, sallied forth and with drum and fife and yells drove sleep from the village until the dawn.

An inveterate hostility between Smith and Jones followed this election, the traces of which may be seen in their descendants to this day. Darby was elected again and again; and though he did nothing in the Legislature but vote as Smith voted, and drink grog in the recess of the sessions, he always returned to his constituents with wonderful stories of what "*we* did and what *we* tried to do."

In the meantime, things about home began to run rapidly to decay. Sambo and Cuffy worked up immense quantities of iron, for they both worked a great deal harder, as they said themselves, when "massa" was away than when he was there, "jist dat white folks might see dat nigger didn't want no watchin', and dat massa might know how to trust 'em." But then they had little or nothing to show for it. A number of good customers deserted the shop; some from political hostility to the owner, and others because Sambo and Cuffy were always too busy to attend to them. Mrs. Anvil grew dissatisfied with politics as soon as Darby returned the first time from the Legislature with no money in his pockets, for she had taken up the idea that all who stepped into the Assembly stepped into a fortune. She therefore advised Darby to "quit it as not bein' the thing it was cracked up to be," and to "come home and mind his own business."

But Darby had become too much enamored of the public service to take her counsel. He told her it would never do in the world for him to take his name down—*his party* would never forgive him. This logic was unsatisfactory to Nancy at first, and it became still more so as troubles thickened about the house. She therefore became crusty, petulant, and boisterous by turns, greatly to the disturbance of Darby's domestic peace and tranquillity. He had anticipated this emergency, and took to drink privately beforehand; but he now began to come home drunk out of spite, and Nancy gave him spite for spite. Still, however, wife-like, she struggled hard to keep things together and to save her family from ruin; and her increased industry and economy would probably have balanced Darby's waste from drink and kept a support in hand until he burned out, but alas! tickets began to pour in upon them by the peck from the courts of conscience and other more unconscionable courts, inviting Darby to appear here and appear there to answer for countless debts of his constituents. Then came the officers of justice and reduced them to beggary. A little before matters reached this crisis Darby was beaten for the Legislature, and it distressed him beyond measure. The friends for whom he had done the most were the first to desert him, alleging as a reason his want of qualification, and their thorough conviction, after three years' reflection, that the Virginia certificates were true.

Thus ended Darby's nomothetic career, but here ended not the consequences of it. Encouraged by his success, worthless candidates sprung up in ev-

ery county. If their presumption was rebuked, they silenced the reprover and repressed their own shame with "I know that I am better qualified than Darby Anvil." Under this plea and by such artifices as Anvil had used, they made their way to the councils of the State, where they became the worthy progenitors of a series of acts extending through many years, which for extravagance and folly have no parallel in the codes of enlightened nations. The penalties of these acts are now upon our heads, and upon our children's children will they descend with unmitigated rigor. I forbear to follow the consequences further—in charity to my native land I forbear. And yet I am not so sure but that such charity is treason to the State and allegiance to her most deadly foes. Presumptuous ignorance should be reprimanded with a fearless tongue, its sins should be proclaimed abroad in warning to the people, and all good men should unite their efforts to redeem the State entirely from its dominion. But I leave these offices to be performed by persons of more skill and influence than BALDWIN.

NED BRACE.

THERE are some yet living who knew the man whose character I am about to delineate, and these will unanimously bear testimony that if it be not faithfully drawn it is not overdrawn. They cannot avouch for the truth of the anecdotes which I am about to relate of him, because of these they know nothing; but they will unhesitatingly declare that there is nothing herein ascribed to him of which he was incapable, and of which he would not readily have been the author, supposing the scenes in which I have placed him to be real, and the thoughts and actions attributed to him to have actually suggested themselves to him. They will further testify that the thoughts and actions are in perfect harmony with his general character.

I do not feel at liberty as yet to give the name of the person in question, and therefore he shall be designated for the present by the appellation of Ned Brace.

This man seemed to live only to amuse himself with his fellow-beings; and he possessed the rare faculty of deriving some gratification of his favorite propensity from almost every person whom he met, no matter what his temper, standing, or disposition. Of course he had opportunities enough of exercising his uncommon gift, and he rarely suffered an opportunity to pass unimproved. The

beau in the presence of his mistress, the fop, the pedant, the purse-proud, the over-fastidious, and sensitive were Ned's favorite game. These never passed him uninjured, and against such he directed his severest shafts. With these he commonly amused himself by exciting in them every variety of emotion under circumstances peculiarly ridiculous. He was admirably fitted to his vocation. He could assume any character which his humor required him to personate, and he could sustain it to perfection. His knowledge of the character of others seemed to be intuitive.

It may seem remarkable, but it is true, that though he lived his own peculiar life for about sixteen years, after he reached the age of manhood he never involved himself in a personal rencounter with any one. This was owing in part to his muscular frame, which few would be willing to engage; but more particularly to his adroitness in the management of his projects of fun. He generally conducted them in such a way as to render it impossible for any one to call him to account without violating all the rules of decency, politeness, and chivalry at once. But a few anecdotes of him will give the reader a much better idea of his character than he can possibly derive from a general description. If these fulfill the description which I have given of my hero, all will agree that he is no imaginary being; if they do not, it will only be because I am unfortunate in my selection. Having known him from his earliest manhood to his grave—for he was a native Georgian—I confess that I am greatly perplexed in determining what portions of his singular history to

lay before the reader as a proper specimen of the whole. A three days' visit which I once made with him to Savannah placed him in a greater variety of scenes and among a greater diversity of characters than perhaps any other period of his life embracing no longer time; and, therefore, I will choose this for my purpose.

We reached Savannah just at night-fall of a cold December evening. As we approached the tavern of Mr. Blank, at which we designed to stop, Ned proposed to me that we should drop our acquaintance until *he* should choose to renew it. To this proposition I most cordially assented, for I knew that so doing I should be saved some mortifications and avoid a thousand questions which I would not know how to answer. According to this understanding Ned lingered behind, in order that I might reach the tavern alone.

On alighting at the public-house I was led into a large dining-room at the entrance of which, to the right, stood the bar, opening into the dining-room. On the left, and rather nearer to the center of the room, was a fire-place surrounded by gentlemen. Upon entering the room my name was demanded at the bar; it was given, and I took my seat in the circle around the fire. I had been seated just long enough for the company to survey me to their satisfaction and resume their conversation when Ned's heavy footstep at the door turned the eyes of the company to the approaching stranger.

"Your name, sir, if you please?" said the restless little bar-keeper, as he entered.

Ned stared at the question with apparent alarm,

cast a fearful glance at the company, frowned and shook his head in token of caution to the bar-keeper, looked confused for a moment, then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, jerked a piece of paper out of his pocket, turned from the company, wrote on it with his pencil, handed it to the bar-keeper, walked to the left of the fire-place and took the most conspicuous seat in the circle. He looked at no one, spoke to no one; but, fixing his eyes on the fire, lapsed into a profound reverie.

The conversation, which had been pretty general before, stopped as short as if every man in the room had been shot dead. Every eye was fixed on Ned, and every variety of expression was to be seen on the countenances of the persons present. The landlord came in; the bar-keeper whispered to him and looked at Ned. The landlord looked at him too with astonishment and alarm; the bar-keeper produced a piece of paper, and both of them examined it as if searching for a fig-mite with the naked eye. They rose from the examination unsatisfied, and looked at Ned again. Those of the company who recovered first from their astonishment tried to revive the conversation; but the effort was awkward, met with no support, and failed. The bar-keeper, for the first time in his life, became dignified and solemn, and left the bar to take care of itself. The landlord had a world of foolish questions to ask the gentlemen directly opposite to Ned, for which purpose he passed round to them every two minutes, and the answer to none did he hear.

Three or four boarders coming in who were un-

apprised of what had happened at length revived the conversation, not, however, until they had created some confusion by inquiring of their friends the cause of their sober looks. As soon as the conversation began to become easy and natural, Ned rose and walked out into the entry. With the first movement all were as hush as death; but when he had cleared the door, another Babel scene ensued. Some inquired, others suspected, and all wondered. Some were engaged in telling the strangers what had happened, others were making toward the bar, and all were becoming clamorous when Ned returned and took his seat. His re-entry was as fatal to conversation as was the first movement of his exit; but it soon recovered from the shock, with the difference, however, that those who *led* before were now mute and wholly absorbed in the contemplation of Ned's person.

After retaining his seat for about ten minutes, Ned rose again, inquired the way to the stable, and left the house. As soon as he passed the outer door, the bar-keeper hastened to the company with Ned's paper in his hand. "Gentlemen," said he, "can any of you tell me what name this is?" All rushed to the paper in an instant; one or two pair of heads met over it with considerable force. After pondering over it to their hearts' content, they all agreed that the first letter was an "E," and the second a "B" or an "R," and the devil himself could not make out the balance. While they were thus engaged, to the astonishment of everybody, Ned interrupted their deliberations with: "Gentlemen, if you have satisfied yourselves with that pa-

per, I'll thank you for it." It is easy to imagine, but impossible to describe, the looks and actions of the company under their surprise and mortification. They dropped off and left the bar-keeper to his appropriate duty of handing the paper to Ned. He reached it forth, but Ned moved not a hand to receive it for about the space of three seconds, during which time he kept his eyes fixed upon the arch offender in awfully solemn rebuke. He then took it gravely and put it in his pocket and left the bar-keeper with a shaking ague upon him. From this moment he became Ned's most obsequious and willing slave.

Supper was announced; Mrs. Blank, the landlady, took the head of the table, and Ned seated himself next to her. Her looks denoted some alarm at finding him so near to her, and plainly showed that he had been fully described to her by her husband or some one else.

"Will you take tea or coffee, sir?" said she.

"Why, madam," said Ned, in a tone as courteous as Chesterfield himself could have used, "I am really ashamed to acknowledge and expose my very singular appetite; but habitual indulgence of it has made it necessary to my comfort, if not my health, that I should still favor it when I can. If you will pardon me, I will take both at the same time."

This respectful reply (which, by the way, she alone was permitted to hear) had its natural effect. It won for him her unqualified indulgence, raised doubts whether he could be the suspicious character which had been described to her, and begat in her a

desire to cultivate a further acquaintance with him. She handed him the two cups and accompanied them with some remarks drawn from her own observation in the line of her business calculated to reconcile him to his whimsical appetite, but she could extract from Ned nothing but monosyllables, and sometimes not even that much. Consequently, the good lady began very soon to relapse into her former feelings.

Ned placed a cup on either side of him and commenced stirring both at the same time very deliberately. This done, he sipped a little tea and asked Mrs. B. for a drop more milk in it. Then he tasted his coffee and desired a little more sugar in it. Then he tasted his tea again and requested a small lump more sugar in it. Lastly, he tasted his coffee, and desired a few drops more milk in that. It was easy to discover that before he got suited the landlady had solemnly resolved never to offer any more encouragements to such an appetite. She waxed exceedingly petulant; and having nothing else to scold, she scolded the servants of course.

Waffles were handed to Ned, and he took one; batter-cakes were handed, and he took one; and so on of muffins, rolls, and corn-bread. Having laid in these provisions, he turned into his plate, upon his waffle and batter-cake, some of the crumbs of the several kinds of bread which he had taken, in different proportions, and commenced mashing all together with his knife. During this operation the landlady frowned and pouted, the servants giggled, and the boarders were variously affected.

Having reduced his mess to the consistency of a hard poultice, he packed it all up to one side of his plate in the form of a terrapin and smoothed it all over nicely with his knife. Nearly opposite to Ned but a little below him, sat a waspish little gentleman who had been watching him with increasing torments from the first to the last movement of Ned's knife. His tortures were visible to blinder eyes than Ned's, and doubtless had been seen by him in their earliest paroxysms. This gentleman occupied a seat nearest to a dish of steak, and was in the act of muttering something about "brutes" to his next neighbor, when Ned beckoned a servant to him and requested him "to ask that gentleman for a small bit of steak." The servant obeyed, and, planting Ned's plate directly between the gentleman's and the steak-dish, delivered his message. The testy gentleman turned his head, and the first thing he saw was Ned's parti-colored terrapin right under his nose. He started as if he had been struck by a snapping-turtle; reddened to scarlet; looked at Ned (who appeared as innocent as a lamb); looked at the servant (who appeared as innocent as Ned); and then fell to work on the steak as if he were amputating all Ned's limbs at once.

Ned now commenced his repast. He ate his meat and *breads* in the usual way, but he drank his liquids in all ways. First a sip of tea, then of coffee; then two of the first and one of the last; then three of the last and one of the first, and so on.

His steak was soon consumed, and his plate was a second time returned to the mettlesome gentle-

man "for another *very* small bit of steak." The plate paid its second visit precisely as it had its first, and as soon as the fiery gentleman saw the half-demolished terrapin again under his nose he seized a fork, drove it into the largest slice of steak in the dish, dashed it into Ned's plate, rose from the table, and left the room, cursing Ned from the very inmost chamber of his soul. Every person at the table, except Ned, laughed outright at the little man's fury; but Ned did not even smile; nay, he looked for all the world as if he thought the laugh was at him.

The boarders one after another retired, until Ned and the landlady were left alone at the table.

"Will you have another cup of tea and coffee, sir?" said she, by the way of convincing him that he ought to retire, seeing that he had finished his supper.

"No, I thank you, madam," returned Ned.

"Will you have a glass of milk, and a cup of tea or coffee, or all three together?"

"No, ma'am," said Ned. "I am not blind, madam," continued he, "to the effects which my unfortunate eccentricities have produced upon yourself and your company; nor have I witnessed them without those feelings which they are well calculated to inspire in a man of ordinary sensibilities. I am aware, too, that I am prolonging and aggravating your uneasiness by detaining you beyond the hour which demands your presence at the table; but I could not permit you to retire without again bespeaking your indulgence of the strange, unnatural appetite which has just caused you so

much astonishment and mortification. The story of its beginning might be interesting and certainly would be instructing to you if you are a mother; but I am indisposed at this time to obtrude it upon your patience, and I presume you are still less disposed to hear it. My principal object, however, in claiming your attention for a moment at this time is to assure you that out of respect to your feelings I will surrender the enjoyment of my meals for the few days that I have to remain in Savannah, and conform to the customs of your table. The sudden change of my habits will expose me to some inconvenience, and may perhaps affect my health; but I will willingly incur these hazards rather than renew your mortification or impose upon your family the trouble of giving me my meals at my room."

The good lady, whose bitter feelings had given place to the kinder emotions of pity and benevolence before Ned had half concluded his apology (for it was delivered in a tone of the most melting eloquence), caught at this last hint, and insisted upon sending his meals to his room. Ned reluctantly consented, after extorting a pledge from her that *she* would assume the responsibilities of the trouble that he was about to give the family.

"As to your *boarders*, madam," said Ned, in conclusion, "I have no apology to make to them. I grant them the privilege of eating what they please and as they please; but, so far as they are concerned, I shall exercise the same privileges, reckless of their feelings or opinions; and I shall take it as a singular favor if you will say nothing

to them or to any one else which may lead them to the discovery that I am acquainted with my own peculiarities."

The good lady promised obedience to his wishes, and Ned, requesting to be conducted to his room, retired.

A group of gentlemen at the fire-place had sent many significant " hems " and smiles at Mrs. Blank during her *tete-a-tete* with Ned, and as she approached them on her way out of the room they began to taunt her playfully upon the impression which she seemed to have made upon the remarkable stranger.

" Really," said one, " I thought the *impression* was on the other side."

"And, in truth, so it was," said Mrs. B. At this moment her husband stepped in.

" I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Blank," said one of the company, "you'd better keep a sharp lookout on that stranger; our landlady is wonderfully taken with him."

" I'll be bound," said Mr. B., "for my wife: the less like anybody else in the world he is, the better will she like him."

" Well, I assure you," said Mrs. B., " I never had my feelings so deeply interested in a stranger in my life. I'd give the world to know his history."

" Why, then," rejoined the landlord, " I suppose he has been quizzing us all this time."

" No," said she, " he is incapable of quizzing. All that you have seen of him is unaffected, and perfectly natural to him."

"Then, really," continued the husband, "he is a very interesting object, and I congratulate you upon getting so early into his confidence; but, as I am not quite as much captivated with his unaffected graces as you seem to be, I shall take the liberty, in charity to the rest of my boarders, of requesting him to-morrow to seek other lodgings."

"O," exclaimed Mrs. B., in the goodness of her heart, and with a countenance evincive of the deepest feeling, "I would not have you do such a thing for the world. He's only going to stay a few days."

"How do you know?"

"He told me so, and do let's bear with him that short time. He sha'n't trouble you or the boarders any more."

"Why, Sarah," said the landlord, "I do believe you are out of your senses!"

"Gone case," said one boarder; "Terrible affair," said another; "Bewitching *little* fellow," said a third. "Come, Mrs. Blank, tell us all he said to you! We young men wish to know how to please the ladies, so that we may get wives easily. I'm determined, the next party I go to, to make a soup of every thing on the waiters and eat all at once. I shall then become irresistlble to the ladies."

"Get along with your nonsense," said Mrs. B., smiling as she left the room.

At 8 o'clock I retired to my room, which happened (probably from the circumstance of our reaching the hotel within a few minutes of each other) to be adjoining Ned's. I had no sooner

entered my room than Ned followed me, where we interchanged the particulars which make up the foregoing story. He now expended freely the laughter which he had been collecting during the evening. He stated that his last interview with Mrs. Blank was the result of necessity; that he found he had committed himself in making up and disposing of his odd supper; for that he should have to eat in the same way during his whole stay in Savannah, unless he could manage to get his meals in private; and, though he was willing to do penance for one meal in order to purchase the amusement he had enjoyed, he had no idea of tormenting himself three or four days for the same purpose. "To tell you the honest truth," said he, "nothing but an appetite whetted by fasting and traveling could have borne me through the table scene. As it was, my stomach several times threatened to expose my tricks to the whole company by downright open rebellion. I feel that I must make it some atonement for the liberty I have taken with it, and therefore propose that we go out and take an oyster supper before we retire to rest." I assented. We set out, going separately until we reached the street.

We were received by the oyster-vender in a small shop which fronted upon the street, and were conducted through it to a back door, and thence by a flight of steps to a convenient room on the second floor of an adjoining building. We had been seated about three minutes, when we heard footsteps on the stairs, and directly caught this sentence from the ascending stranger: "Aha,

Monsieur Middletong, you say you hab the bes oystar in le cittee? Vel, me shall soon see."

The sentence was hardly uttered before the door opened, and in stepped a gay, smirky little Frenchman. He made us a low bow; and, as soon as he rose from his obeisance, Ned rushed to him in transports of joy, seized him by the hand, and, shaking it with friendship's warmest grasp, exclaimed: "How do you do, my old friend? I had no idea of meeting you here. How do you do, Mr. Squeezelfanter? How have you been this long time?"

"Sair," said the Frenchman, "me tank you ver much to lub me so hard, but you mistake de gentleman; my name is not de Squeezilfaunter."

"Come, come, John," continued Ned, "quit your old tricks before strangers. Mr. Hall, let me introduce you to my particular friend, John Squeezelfanter, from Paris."

"Perhaps, sir," said I, not knowing well what to say or how to act in such an emergency—"perhaps you have mistaken the gentleman."

"Begar, sair," said monsieur, "he is mistac ebery ting at once. My name is not *Zhaun;* me play no *treek;* me is not de gentlemong fren'; me did not come from *Paree*, but from Bordeaux; and me did not suppose dare was a man in all France dat was name de Squeezilfaunter."

"If I am mistaken," said Ned, "I humbly ask your pardon; but, really, you look so much like my old friend *Jack*, and talk so much like him, that I would have sworn you were he."

"Vel, sair," said monsieur, looking at Ned as

though he might be an aquaintance after all—"vel, sair, dis time you tell my name right: my name is Jacques *—*Jacques Sancric*."

"There," proceeded Ned, "I knew it was impossible I could be mistaken; your whole family settled on *Sandy Creek;* I know your father and mother, your sisters, Patsy and Dilsy, your brother Ichabod, your Aunt Bridget, your"—

"O, mon Dieu, mon Dieu!" exclaimed the Frenchman, "dat is von Mericane familee; dare vas not one French familee hab all dat name since dis vorl vas make."

"Now look at me, good Jack," said Ned, "and see if you don't recollect your old friend, Obadiah Snoddleburg, who used to play with you when a boy in Sandy Creek."

"Vel, Monsieur Snotborg, me look at you ver' well; and, begar, me neber see you in de creek, nor out de creek. Tis ver surprise you not know one *name* from one *creek*."

"O, very well, sir, very well; I forgot where I was; I understand you now, perfectly. You are not the first gentleman I have met with in Savannah who knew me well in the country and forgot me in town. I ask your pardon, sir, and hope you'll excuse me."

"Me is ver wilt to know you *now*, sair; but, begar, me will not tell you one lie to know you *twenty-five and tirty years ago*."

"It makes no difference, sir," said Ned, looking thoughtful and chagrined. "I beg leave,

* This name in French is pronounced very nearly like "Jack" in English.

however, before we close our acquaintance to correct one mistake which I made. I said you were from Paris. I believe, on reflection, I was wrong; I think your sister Dilsy told me you *were* from Bordeaux."

"Foutre, de sist Dils! Here Monsieur Middletong! My oystar ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"Vel, if my oystar ready, you give dem to my fren Monsieur Snotborg, and ask him to be so good to carry dem to my sist Dils and my brother Ichbod on Sand Creek." So saying, he vanished like lightning.

The next morning, at breakfast, I occupied Ned's seat. Mrs. Blank had no sooner taken her place than she ordered a servant to bring her a waiter, upon which she placed a cup of tea and another of coffee; then, ordering three plates, she placed them on it; sent one servant for one kind of bread and another for another, and so on through all the varieties that were on the table, from which she made selections for plate No. 1. In the same way did she collect meats for plate No. 2. No. 3 she left blank. She had nearly completed her operations, when her husband came to know why every servant was engaged and no gentlemen helped to any thing, when the oddly furnished waiter met his eye and fully explained the wonder.

"In God's name, Sarah," said he, "who are you mixing up those messes for?"

"For that strange gentleman we were speaking of last night," was the reply.

"Why doesn't he come to the table?"

"He was very anxious to come, but I would not let him."

"*You* would not let him! Why not?"

"Because I did not wish to see a man of his delicate sensibilities ridiculed and insulted at my table."

"Delicate devilabilities! Then why didn't you send a *servant* to collect his mixtures?"

"Because I preferred doing it myself to troubling the boarders. I knew that wherever the plates went the gentlemen would be making merry over them, and I couldn't bear to see it."

The landlord looked at her for a moment with commingled astonishment, doubt, and alarm; and then, upon the breath of a deep-drawn sigh, proceeded: "Well, d—n* the man! He hasn't been in the house more than two hours, except when he was asleep, and he has insulted one-half my boarders, made fools of the other half, turned the head of my bar-keeper, crazed all my servants, and run my wife right stark, staring, raving mad; a man who is a perfect clown in his manners, and who, I have no doubt, will in the end prove to be a horse thief."

Much occurred between the landlord and his lady in relation to Ned which we must, of necessity, omit. Suffice it to say that her assiduities to

---

*I should certainly omit such expressions as this could I do so with historic fidelity, but the peculiarities of the times of which I am writing cannot be faithfully represented without them. In recording things *as they are*, truth requires me sometimes to put profane language into the mouths of my characters.

Ned, her unexplained sympathies for him, her often repeated desires to become better acquainted with him, conspiring with one or two short interviews which her husband saw between her and Ned (and which consisted of nothing more than expressions of regret on his part at the trouble he was giving the family, and assurance on hers that it was no trouble at all), began to bring upon the landlord the husband's worst calamity. This she soon observed; and, considering her duty to her husband as of paramount obligation, she gave him an explanation that was entirely satisfactory. She told him that Ned was a man of refined feelings and highly cultivated mind; but that in his infancy his mother had forced him to eat different kinds of diet together until she had produced in him a vitiated and unconquerable appetite, which he was now constained to indulge, as the drunkard does his, or be miserable. As the good man was prepared to believe any story of *woman's* folly, he was satisfied.

This being the Sabbath, at the usual hour Ned went to Church; and selected for his morning service one of those churches in which the pews are free, and in which the hymn is given out and sung by the congregation, a half recitative.

Ned entered the church in as fast a walk as he could possibly assume, proceeded about half down the aisle, and popped himself down in his seat as quick as if he had been shot. The more thoughtless of the congregation began to titter, and the graver peeped up shyly but solemnly at him.

The pastor rose, and, before giving out the

hymn, observed that *singing* was a part of the service in which he thought the whole congregation ought to join. Thus saying, he gave out the first lines of the hymn. As soon as the tune was raised, Ned struck in with one of the loudest, hoarsest, and most discordant voices that ever annoyed a solemn assembly.

"I would observe," said the preacher, before giving out the next two lines, "that there are some persons who have not the gift of singing; such, of course, are not expected to sing." Ned took the hint, and sung no more; but his entrance into church, and his entrance into the hymn, had already dispersed the solemnity of three-fifths of the congregation.

As soon as the pastor commenced his sermon, Ned opened his eyes, threw back his head, dropped his under jaw, and surrendered himself to the most intense interest. The preacher was an indifferent one; and by as much as he became dull and insipid, by so much did Ned become absorbed in the discourse. And yet it was impossible for the nicest observer to detect any thing in his looks or manner short of the most solemn devotion. The effect which his conduct had upon the congregation, and their subsequent remarks, must be left to the imagination of the reader. I give but one remark: "Bless that good man who came in the church so quick," said a venerable matron as she left the church-door; "how he was affected by the *sarment!*"

Ned went to church no more on that day. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, while he was standing

at the tavern door, a funeral procession passed by, at the foot of which, and singly, walked one of the smallest men I ever saw. As soon as he came opposite the door, Ned stepped out and joined him with great solemnity. The contrast between the two was ludicrously striking, and the little man's looks and uneasiness plainly showed that he felt it. However, he soon became reconciled to it. They proceeded but a little way before Ned inquired of his companion who was dead.

"Mr. Noah Bills," said the little man.

"Nan?" said Ned, raising his hand to his ear in token of deafness, and bending his head to the speaker.

"Mr. Noah Bills," repeated the little man, loud enough to disturb the two couples immediately before him.

"Mrs. Noel's Bill!" said Ned, with mortification and astonishment. "Do the white persons pay such respect to niggers in Savannah? *I* sha'n't do it." So saying, he left the procession.

The little man was at first considerably nettled; but upon being left to his own reflections, he got into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, as did the couple immediately in advance of him, who overheard Ned's remark. The procession now exhibited a most mortifying spectacle: the head of it in mourning and in tears, and the foot of it convulsed with laughter.

On Monday Ned employed himself in disposing of the business which brought him to Savannah, and I saw but little of him, but I could not step into the street without hearing of him. All talked

about him, and hardly any two agreed about his character.

On Tuesday he visited the market, and set it all in astonishment or laughter. He wanted to buy something of everybody and some of every thing, but could not agree upon the terms of a trade because he always wanted his articles in such portions and numbers as no one would sell, or upon conditions to which no one would submit. To give a single example, he beset an old negro woman to sell him the half of a living chicken.

"Do, my good mauma, sell it to me," said he; "my wife is very sick, and is longing for chicken pie, and this is all the money I have [holding out twelve and a half cents in silver], and its just what a half chicken comes to at your own price."

"Ki, massa! how gwine cut live chicken in two?"

"I don't want you to cut it in two alive; kill it, clean it, and then divide it."

"Name o' God! what sort o' chance got to clean chicken in de market-house? Whay de water for scall um and wash um?"

"Don't scald it all; just pick it so."

"Ech-ech! Fedder fly all ober de buckeraman meat; he come bang me fo' true. No, massa, I mighty sorry for your wife, but I no cutty chicken open."

In the afternoon Ned entered the dining-room of the tavern, and who should he find there but Monsieur Sancric, of oyster-house memory. He and the tavern-keeper were alone. With the first glimpse of Ned, "La diable!" exclaimed the

Frenchman, "here my brother Ichbod 'gain!" and away he went.

"Mr. Sancric!" said the landlord, calling to him as if to tell him something just thought of, and following him out, "what did you say that man's name is?"

"He name Monsieur Snotborg."

"Why, that can't be his name, for it begins with a B or an R. Where is he from?"

"From Sand Creek."

"Where did you know him?"

"Begar, me neber did know him."

Here Ned sauntered in sight of the Frenchman, and he vanished.

"Well," said the landlord, as he returned, "it does seem to me that everybody who has any thing to do with that man runs crazy forthwith."

When he entered the dining-room, he found Ned deeply engaged reading a child's primer, with which he seemed wonderfully delighted. The landlord sat for a moment, smiled, and then hastily left the room. As soon as he disappeared, Ned laid down his book, and took his station behind some cloaks in the bar, which at the moment was deserted. He had just reached his place when the landlord returned with his lady.

"O," said the first, "he's gone! I brought you in to show you what kind of books your man of 'refined feelings and highly cultivated mind' delights in. But he has left his book, and here it is, opened at the place where he left off; and do let's see what's in it."

They examined and found that he had been

reading the interesting poem of "Little Jack Horner."

"Now," continued the landlord, "if you'll believe me, he was just as much delighted with that story as you or I would be with the best written number of the *Spectator*."

"Well, it's very strange," said Mrs. Blank; "I reckon he must be *flighty*, for no man could have made a more gentlemanly apology than he did to me for his peculiarities, and no one could have urged it more feelingly."

"One thing is very certain," said the husband; "if he be not flighty himself, he has a wonderful knack of making everybody else so. Sancric ran away from him just now as if he had seen the devil; called him by one name when he left the room, by another at the door, told me where he came from, and finally swore he did not know him at all."

Ned, having slipped softly from the bar into the entry during this interview, entered the dining-room as if from the street.

"I am happy," said he smiling, "to meet you together and alone upon the eve of my departure from Savannah that I may explain to you my singular conduct, and ask your forgiveness of it. I will do so if you will not expose my true character until I shall have left the city."

This they promised.

"My name then," continued he, "is Edward Brace, of Richmond County. Humor has been my besetting sin from my youth up. It has sunk me far below the station to which my native gifts

entitled me. It has robbed me of the respect of all my acquaintances; and, what is more to be regretted, the esteem of some of my best and most indulgent friends. All this I have long known, and I have a thousand times deplored, and as often resolved to conquer my self-destroying propensity. But so deeply is it wrought into my very nature, so completely and indissolubly interwoven is it with every fiber and filament of my being, that I have found it impossible for me to subdue it. Being on my first visit to Savannah, unknowing and unknown, I could not forego the opportunity which it furnished of gratifying my ungovernable proclivity. All the extravagances which you have seen have been in subservience to it."

He then explained the cause of his troubling the kind lady before him to give him his meals at his room and the strange conduct of Monsieur Sancric; at which they both laughed heartily. He referred them to me for confirmation of what he had told them. "Having gone thus far," continued he, "I must sustain my character until to-morrow, when I shall leave Savannah."

Having now two more to enjoy his humor with him and myself, he let himself loose that night among the boarders with all his strength, and never did I see two mortals laugh as did Mr. and Mrs. Blank.

Far as I have extended this sketch, I cannot close without exhibiting Ned in one new scene in which accident placed him before he left Savannah.

About 2 o'clock on the morning of our depart-

ure the town was alarmed by the cry of fire. Ned got up before me and taking one of my boots from the door and putting one of his in its place he marched down to the front door with odd boots. On coming out and finding what had been done, I knew that Ned could not have left the house, for it was impossible for him to wear my boot. I was about descending the stairs when he called to me from the front door and said the servant had mixed our boots and that he had brought down one of mine. When I reached the front door I found Ned and Mr. and Mrs. Blank there, all the inmates of the house having left it who designed to leave it but Ned and myself.

"Don't go and leave me, Hall," said he, holding my boot in his hand and having his own on his leg.

"How can I leave you," said I "unless you'll give me my boot?" This he did not seem to hear.

"Do run, gentlemen," said Mrs. Blank, greatly alarmed; "Mr. Brace, you've got Mr. Hall's boot; give it to him."

"In a minute, madam," said he, seeming to be beside himself. A second after, however, all was explained to me. He designed to have my company to the fire, and his own fun before he went.

A man came posting along in great alarm, and crying "Fire" loudly.

"Mister! mister!" said Ned, jumping out of the house.

"Sir," said the man, stopping and puffing awfully.

"Have you seen Mr. Peleg Q. C. Stone along

where you've been?" inquired Ned, with anxious solicitude.

"Blast Mr. Peleg Q. C. Stone!" said the stranger. "What chance have I of seeing anybody, hopping up at 2 o'clock in the morning, and the town afire?" and on he went.

Thus did he amuse himself with various questions and remarks to four or five passengers, until even Mrs. Blank forgot for awhile that the town was in flames. The last object of his sport was a woman who came along exclaiming: "O it's Mr. Dalby's house! I'm sure it's Mr. Dalby's house!" Two gentlemen assured her that the fire was far beyond Mr. Dalby's house; but still she went on with her exclamations. When she had passed the door about ten steps Ned permitted me to cover my frozen foot with my boot, and we moved on toward the fire. We soon overtook the woman just mentioned, who had become somewhat pacified. As Ned came alongside of her, without seeming to notice her, he observed: "Poor Dalby! I see his house is gone."

"I said so!" she screamed out; "I knew it!" and on she went, screaming ten times louder than before.

As soon as we reached the fire a gentleman in military dress rode up and ordered Ned into the line to hand buckets. Ned stepped in, and the first bucket that was handed to him he raised it very deliberately to his mouth and began to drink. In a few seconds all on Ned's right were overburdened with buckets, while those on his left were unemployed. Terrible was the cursing and clamor, and

twenty voices at once ordered Ned out of the line. Ned stepped out, and along came the man on horseback and ordered him in again.

"Captain," said Ned, "I am so thirsty that I can do nothing until I get some water, and they will not let me drink in the line."

"Well," said the captain, "step in, and I'll see that you get a drink."

Ned stepped in again, and, receiving the first bucket, began to raise it to his lips very slowly, when some one hallooed to him to pass on the bucket, and he brought it down again and handed it on.

"Why didn't you drink?" said the captain.

"Why don't you see they won't let me?" said Ned.

"Don't mind what they say; drink, and then go on with your work."

Ned took the next bucket and commenced raising it as before, when some one again ordered him to pass on the bucket.

"There," said Ned, turning to the captain with the bucket half raised, "you hear that?"

"Why blast your eyes," said the captain, "what do you stop for? Drink on and have done with it."

Ned raised the bucket to his lips and drank, or pretended to drink, until a horse might have been satisfied.

"An't you done?" said the captain, general mutiny and complaint beginning to prevail in the line. Without replying, Ned continued to drink.

"Why ha'n't you drunk enough?" said the captain, becoming extremely impatient.

"Most," said Ned, letting out a long breath and still holding the bucket near his lips.

"Zounds and blood!" cried the captain, "clear yourself; you'll drink an engineful of water."

Ned left the ranks and went to his lodgings, and the rising sun found us on our way homeward.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

THE following is not strictly a "Georgia Scene," but, as Georgians were the chief actors in it, it may perhaps be introduced with propriety in these sketches.

About three and twenty years ago, at the celebrated school in W——n, was formed a debating society, composed of young gentlemen between the ages of seventeen and twenty-two. Of the number were two who, rather from uncommon volubility than from any superior gifts or acquirements which they possessed over their associates, were, by common consent, placed at the head of the fraternity. At least this was true of one of them; the other certainly had higher claims to his distinction. He was a man of the highest order of intellect, who, though he has since been known throughout the Union as one of the ablest speakers in the country, seems to me to have added but little to his powers in debate since he passed his twenty-second year. The name of the first was Longworth, and McDermot was the name of the last. They were congenial spirits, warm friends, and classmates at the time of which I am speaking.

It was a rule of the society that every member should speak upon the subjects chosen for discussion, or pay a fine; and as all the members valued the little stock of change with which they were fur-

nished more than they did their reputation for oratory, not a fine had been imposed for a breach of this rule from the organization of the society to this time.

The subjects for discussion were proposed by the members, and selected by the President, whose prerogative it was also to arrange the speakers on either side at his pleasure, though, in selecting the subjects, he was influenced not a little by the members, who gave their opinions freely of those which were offered.

It was just as the time was approaching when most of the members were to leave the society—some for college, and some for the busy scenes of life—that McDermot went to share his classmate's bed for a night. In the course of the evening's conversation, the society came upon the tapis.

"Mac," said Longworth, "wouldn't we have rare sport if we could impose a subject upon the society which has no sense in it, and hear the members speak upon it?"

"Zounds!" said McDermot, "it would be the finest fun in the world. Let's try it. At all events, we can lose nothing by the experiment."

A sheet of foolscap was immediately divided between them, and they industriously commenced the difficult task of framing sentences which should possess the *form* of a debatable question without a particle of the *substance*. After an hour's toil, they at length exhibited the fruits of their labor; and, after some reflection and much laughing, they selected, from about thirty subjects proposed, the following as most likely to be received by the so-

ciety: "*Whether, at public elections, should the votes of faction predominate by internal suggestions, or the bias of jurisprudence?*"

Longworth was to propose it to the society, and McDermot was to advocate its adoption. As they had every reason to suppose, from the practice of the past, that they would be placed at the head of the list of disputants and on opposite sides, it was agreed between them, in case the experiment should succeed, that they would write off and interchange their speeches, in order that each might quote literally from the other, and thus *seem*, at least, to understand each other.

The day at length came for the triumph or defeat of the project, and several accidental circumstances conspired to crown it with success. The society had entirely exhausted their subjects, the discussion of the day had been protracted to an unusual length, and the horns of the several boarding-houses began to sound just as it ended. It was at this auspicious moment that Longworth rose and proposed his subject. It was caught at with rapture by McDermot as being decidedly the best that had ever been submitted, and he wondered that none of the members had thought of it before.

It was no sooner proposed than several members exclaimed that they did not understand it, and demanded an explanation from the mover. Longworth replied that there was no time then for explanations, but that either himself or Mr. McDermot would explain it at any other time.

Upon the credit of the *maker* and *indorser*, the subject was accepted; and, under pretense of

economizing time (but really to avoid a repetition of the question), Longworth kindly offered to record it for the secretary. This labor ended, he announced that he was prepared for the arrangement of the disputants.

"Put yourself," said the President, "on the affirmative, and Mr. McDermot on the negative."

"The subject," said Longworth, "cannot well be resolved into an affirmative and negative. It consists more properly of two conflicting affirmatives. I have, therefore, drawn out the heads under which the speakers are to be arranged thus: '*Internal Suggestions;*' '*Bias of Jurisprudence.*'"

"Then put yourself 'Internal Suggestions,' Mr. McDermot the other side; Mr. Craig on your side, Mr. Pentigall the other side," and so on.

McDermot and Longworth now determined that they would not be seen by any other member of the society during the succeeding week, except at times when explanations could not be asked, or when they were too busy to give them, consequently the week passed away without any explanations, and the members were summoned to dispose of the important subject with no other lights upon it than those which they could collect from its terms. When they assembled, there was manifest alarm on the countenances of all but two of them.

The society was opened in due form, and Mr. Longworth was called on to open the debate. He rose, and proceeded as follows: "Mr. President, the subject selected for this day's discussion is one of vast importance, pervading the profound

depths of pyschology, and embracing within its comprehensive range all that is interesting in morals, government, law, and politics. But, sir, I shall not follow it through all its interesting and diversified ramifications, but will endeavor to deduce from it those great and fundamental principles which have direct bearing upon the antagonistic positions of the disputants, confining myself more immediately to its pyschological influence (when exerted) especially upon the *votes of faction*, for here is the point upon which the question mainly turns. In the next place, I shall consider the effects of those 'suggestions' emphatically termed *internal* when applied to the same subject. And, in the third place, I shall compare these effects with 'the bias of jurisprudence' considered as the only resort in times of popular excitement, for these are supposed to exist by the very terms of the question. The first head of this arrangement, and indeed the whole subject of dispute, has already been disposed of by this society. We have discussed the question, 'Are there any innate maxims?' and with that subject and this there is such an intimate affinity that it is impossible to disunite them without prostrating the vital energies of both, and introducing the wildest disorder and confusion where, by the very nature of things, there exists the most harmonious coincidences, and the most happy and euphonic congenialities. Here, then, might I rest, Mr. President, upon the decision of this society with perfect confidence; but, sir, I am not forced to rely upon the inseparable affinities of the two questions for success in this dispute, obvious as

they must be to every reflecting mind. All history, ancient and modern, furnish examples corroborative of the views which I have taken of this deeply interesting subject. By what means did the renowned poets, philosophers, orators, and statesmen of antiquity gain their immortality? Whence did Milton, Shakespeare, Newton, Locke, Watts, Paley, Burke, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, and a host of others whom I might name pluck their never fading laurels? I answer boldly, and without the fear of contradiction, that, though they all reached the temple of fame by different routes, they all passed through the broad vista of 'internal suggestions.' The same may be said of Jefferson, Madison, and many other distinguished personages of our own country. I challenge the gentlemen on the other side to produce examples like these in support of their cause."

Mr. Longworth pressed these profound and logical views to a length to which our limits will not permit us to follow him, and which the reader's patience would hardly bear if they would. Perhaps, however, he will bear with us while we give the conclusion of Mr. Longworth's remarks, as it was here that he put forth all his strength: "Mr. President, let the bias of jurisprudence predominate, and how is it possible (considering it merely as extending to those impulses which may with propriety be termed a *bias*)—how is it possible for a government to exist whose object is the public good? The marble-hearted marauder might seize the throne of civil authority, and hurl into thraldom the votaries of rational liberty. Virtue, jus-

tice, and all the nobler principles of human nature would wither away under the pestilential breath of political faction, and an unnerved constitution be left to the sport of demagogue and parasite. Crash after crash would be heard in quick succession as the strong pillars of the republic give way, and despotism would shout in hellish triumph amid the crumbling ruins. Anarchy would wave her bloody scepter over the devoted land, and the blood-hounds of civil war would lap the crimson gore of our most worthy citizens. The shrieks of women and the screams of children would be drowned amid the clash of swords and the cannon's peal; and liberty, mantling her face from the horrid scene, would spread her golden-tinted pinions and wing her flight to some far distant land, never again to revisit our peaceful shores. In vain should we then sigh for the beatific reign of those 'suggestions' which I am proud to acknowledge as peculiarly and exclusively 'internal.'"

Mr. McDermot rose promptly at the call of the President, and proceeded as follows: "Mr. President, if I listened unmoved to the very labored appeal to the passions which has just been made, it was not because I am insensible to the powers of eloquence, but because I happen to be blessed with the small measure of sense which is necessary to distinguish true eloquence from the wild ravings of an unbridled imagination. Grave and solemn appeals, when ill-timed and misplaced, are apt to excite ridicule; hence it was that I detected myself more than once in open laughter during the most pathetic parts of Mr. Longworth's argument,

if so it can be called.* In the midst of 'crashing pillars,' 'crumbling ruins,' 'shouting despotism,' 'screaming women,' and 'flying liberty' the question was perpetually recurring to me, What has all this to do with the subject of dispute? I will not follow the example of that gentleman. It shall be my endeavor to clear away the mist which he has thrown around the subject, and to place it before the society in a clear, intelligible point of view; for I must say that, though his speech *bears strong marks of the pen* [sarcastically], it has but few marks of sober reflection. Some of it, I confess, is very intelligible and very plausible; but most of it, I boldly assert, no man living can comprehend. I mention this for the edification of that gentleman, who is usually clear and forcible, to teach him that he is most successful when he labors least. Mr. President, the gentleman in opening the debate stated that the question was one of vast importance, pervading the profound depths of pyschology, and embracing within its ample range the whole circle of arts and sciences; and really, sir, he has verified his statement, for he has extended it over the whole moral and physical world. But, Mr. President, I take leave to differ from the gentleman at the very threshold of his remarks. The subject is one which is confined within very narrow limits. It extends no farther than to the elective franchise, and is not even commensurate with this important privilege, for it stops short at the

*This was extemporaneous and well conceived, for Mr. McDermot had not played his part with becoming gravity.

vote of faction. In this point of light the subject comes within the grasp of the most common intellect: it is plain, simple, natural, and intelligible. Thus viewing it, Mr. President, where does the gentleman find in it, or in all nature besides, the original of the dismal picture which he has presented to the society? It loses all its interest, and becomes supremely ridiculous. Having thus, Mr. President, divested the subject of all obscurity, having reduced it to those few elements with which we are all familiar, I proceed to make a few deductions from the premises, which seem to me inevitable and decisive of the question. I lay it down as a self-evident proposition that faction, in all its forms, is hideous; and I maintain, with equal confidence that it never has been nor never will be restrained by those suggestions which the gentleman *emphatically terms internal*. No, sir, nothing short of the bias, and the very strong bias, too, of jurisprudence, or the potent energies of the sword, can restrain it. But, sir, I shall here, perhaps, be asked whether there is not a very wide difference between a turbulent, lawless faction and the *vote* of faction. Most unquestionably there is; and to this distinction I shall presently advert, and demonstrably prove that it is a distinction which makes altogether in our favor."

Thus did Mr. McDermot continue to dissect and expose his adversary's argument in the most clear, conclusive, and masterly manner at considerable length. But we cannot deal more favorably by him than we have dealt by Mr. Longworth. We must, therefore, dismiss him after we shall have

given the reader his concluding remarks. They were as follows: "Let us now suppose Mr. Longworth's principles brought to the test of experiment. Let us suppose his language addressed to all mankind: 'We close the temples of justice as useless; we burn our codes of laws as worthless; and we substitute in their places the more valuable restraints of *internal suggestions*. Thieves, invade not your neighbor's property; if you do, you will be arraigned before the august tribunal of *conscience*. Robbers, stay your lawless hand, or you will be visited with the tremendous penalties of *pyschology*. Murderers, spare the blood of your fellow-creatures, or you will be exposed to the excruciating tortures of *innate maxims, when it shall be discovered that there are any*.' Mr. President, could there be a broader license to crime than this? Could a better plan be devised for dissolving the bands of civil society? It requires not the gift of prophecy to foresee the consequences of these novel and monstrous principles. The strong would tyrannize over the weak; the poor would plunder the rich; the servant would rise above the master; the drones of society would fatten upon the hard earnings of the industrious. Indeed, sir, industry would soon desert the land, for it would have neither reward nor encouragement. Commerce would cease; arts and sciences would languish; all the sacred relations would be dissolved; and scenes of havoc, dissolution, and death ensue, such as never will visit it until mankind learn to repose their destinies upon 'those suggestions *emphatically termed internal*.' From all these evils

there is a secure retreat behind the brazen walls of the 'bias of jurisprudence.'"

The gentleman who was next called on to engage in the debate was John Craig, a gentleman of good hard sense, but who was utterly incompetent to say a word upon a subject which he did not understand. He proceeded thus: "Mr. President, when this subject was proposed, I candidly confessed I did not understand it, and I was informed by Mr. Longworth and Mr. McDermot that either of them would explain it any leisure moment. But, sir, they seem to have taken very good care from that time to this to have no leisure moment. I have inquired of both of them repeatedly for an explanation, but they were always too busy to talk about it. Well, sir, as it was proposed by Mr. Longworth, I thought he would certainly explain it in his speech, but I understood no more of his speech than I did of the subject. Well, sir, I thought I should certainly learn something from Mr. McDermot, especially as he promised, at the commencement of his speech, to clear away the mist that Mr. Longworth had thrown about the subject, and to place it in a clear, intelligible point of light. But, sir, the only difference between his speech and Mr. Longworth's is that it was not quite as flighty as Mr. Longworth's. I couldn't understand head nor tail of it. At one time they seemed to argue the question as if it were this: 'Is it better to have law or no law?' At another as though it were: 'Should faction be governed by law or be left to their own consciences?' But most of the time they argued it as if it were just

what it seems to be: a sentence without sense or meaning. But, sir, I suppose its obscurity is owing to my dullness of apprehension, for they appeared to argue it with great earnestness and feeling as if they understood it. I shall put my interpretation upon it, Mr. President, and argue it accordingly. '*Whether at public elections*'—that is, for members of Congress, members of the Legislature, etc.—'*should the votes of faction*'—I don't know what *faction* has got to do with, and therefore I shall throw it out—'*should the votes predominate by internal suggestions or the bias?*' I don't know what the *article* is put in here for. It seems to me it ought to be, *be biased by* 'jurisprudence' or law. In short, Mr. President, I understand the question to be, 'Should a man vote as he pleases, or should the law say how he should vote?'"

Here Mr. Longworth rose and observed that, though Mr. Craig was on his side, he felt it due to their adversaries to state that this was not a true exposition of the subject; that this exposition settled the question at once on his side, for nobody would for a moment contend that *the law* should declare how men should vote; that unless it be confined to the vote *of faction* and *the* bias of jurisprudence it was no subject at all. To all this Mr. McDermot signified his unqualified approbation, and seemed pleased with the candor of his opponent.

"Well," said Mr. Craig, "I thought it was impossible that any one should propose such a question as that to the society; but will Mr. Longworth tell us, if it does not mean that, what it does

mean, for I don't see what great change is made in it by his explanation."

Mr. Longworth replied that if the remarks which he had just made, and his argument had not fully explained the subject to Mr. Craig, he feared it would be out of his power to explain it.

"Then," said Mr. Craig, "I'll pay my fine, for I don't understand a word of it."

The next one summoned to the debate was Mr. Pentigall. Mr. Pentigall was one of those who would never acknowledge his ignorance of any thing which any person else understood; and that Longworth and McDermot were both masters of the subject was clear both from their fluency and seriousness. He therefore determined to understand it at all hazards, consequently he arose at the President's command with considerable self-confidence. I regret, however, that it is impossible to commit Mr. Pentigall's *manner* to paper, without which his remarks lose nearly all their interest. He was a tall, handsome man; a little theatric in his manner, rapid in his delivery, and singular in his pronunciation. He gave to the *e* and *i* of our language the sound of *u*, at least his peculiar intonations of voice seemed to give them that sound, and his rapidity of utterance seemed to change the termination "tion" into "ah." With all his peculiarities, however, he was a fine fellow. If he was ambitious, he was not invidious; and he possessed an amicable disposition. He proceeded as follows: "Mr. President, this internal suggestion (which has been so eloquently discussed by Mr. Longworth) and the bias of jurisprudence (which

has been so ably advocated by Mr. McDermot)—hem!—Mr. President, in order to fix the line of demarkation between—between—ah—the internal suggestion and the bias of jurisprudence—Mr. President, I think, sir, that—ah—the subject must be confined to the *vote of faction* and *the* bias of jurisprudence."

Here Mr. Pentigall clapped his right hand to his forehead as though he had that moment heard some overpowering news; and, after maintaining this position for about the space of ten seconds, he slowly withdrew his hand, gave his head a slight inclination to the right, raised his eyes to the President as if just awakening from a trance, and, with a voice of the most hopeless despair, concluded with: "I don't understand the subject, Muster Prusidunt."

The rest of the members on both sides submitted to be fined rather than attempt the knotty subject, but by common consent the penal rule was dispensed with. Nothing now remained to close the exercises but the decision of the Chair.

The President, John Nuble, was a young man not unlike Craig in his turn of mind, though he possessed an intellect a little more sprightly than Craig's. His decision was short.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I do not understand the subject. This," continued he (pulling out his knife, and pointing to the silvered or *cross* side of it), "is 'Internal Suggestions,' and this [pointing to the other or *pile* side] is 'Bias of Jurisprudence.'" So saying, he threw up his knife; and upon its fall determined that "Internal Sugges-

tions" had got it, and ordered the decision to be registered accordingly.

It is worthy of note that, in their zeal to accomplish their purpose, Longworth and McDermot forgot to destroy the list of subjects from which they had selected the one so often mentioned; and one of these lists containing the subject discussed, with a number more like it, was picked up by Mr. Craig, who made a public exhibition of it, threatening to arraign the conspirators before the society for contempt. But, as the parting hour was at hand, he overlooked it with the rest of the brotherhood, and often laughed heartily at the trick.

HALL.

THE SONG.

It is not to avoid the malediction of Shakespeare upon such "as have not music in themselves, and are not charmed with the concord of sweet sounds," that I profess to be fond of music, but because I am, in truth, extravagantly fond of it. But I am not fond of French music; and as for the Italian I think that any one who will dare to inflict it upon an American ear ought to be sent to the penitentiary without a trial. It is true that some of the simple, national French airs are very fine; but there is not one in a thousand Italian tunes, simple or compound, which is not *manslaughter*. The German compositions are decidedly the best from the continent of Europe; but even these are, of late, partaking so much of the vices of France and Italy that they have become scarcely sufferable. As yet, however, they may be safely admitted into a land of liberty and sense. Scotland has escaped the corruptions which have crept into the empire of music, and, consequently, her music recommends itself with irresistible charms to every ear which is not vitiated by the senseless rattle of the Continent. Ireland is a little more contaminated; but still her compositions retain enough of their primitive simplicity and sweetness to entitle them to the patronage of all who would cultivate a cor-

rect taste in this interesting department of the fine arts. I would not be understood as speaking here without any limitations or restrictions, but I do maintain that with some few exceptions all of the soul of music which is now left in the world is to be found in Scotland or Ireland.

But Germans, Frenchmen, and Italians are decidedly the best—that is, *the most expert*—performers in the world. They perform all over the world, and in order to exhibit themselves to the best advantage they select the most difficult and complicated pieces. The people at large presume that the best performers must be the best judges of music and must make the best selections; they therefore forego the trouble of forming an opinion of their own and pin their faith upon the decisions or rather the practice of the amateurs. It was somehow in this way, I presume, that the fashionable music of the day first obtained currency. Having become prevalent, it has become tolerable, just as has the use of tobacco or ardent spirits. And while upon this head I would earnestly recommend to the friends of reform in our favored country to establish an "Anti-Mad Music Society," in order to suppress, if possible, the cruelties of our modern musical *entertainments*.

If the instrumental music of France and Italy be bad, their vocal music is, if possible, a thousand times worse. Neither the English *nor the Georgia language* furnishes me with a term expressive of the horrors of a French or Italian song as it is agonized forth by one of their professed singers. The law should make it justifiable homicide in any

man to kill an Italian in the very act of inflicting an *il penseroso* upon a refined American ear.

And yet, with all the other European abominations which have crept into our highly favored country, the French and Italian style of singing and playing has made its way hither; and it is not uncommon to hear our boarding-school misses piping away, not merely in the style, but in the very language of these nations. This I can bear very well if there happen to be a Frenchman or an Italian present, because I know that he suffers more from the *words* than I do from the *music*, for I confess that upon such occasions I feel something of the savage malignity which visits the sins of a nation upon any of its citizens. But it most frequently happens that I am put to the tortures of which I have been speaking without this mitigation. It was thus with me a few evenings ago at Mrs. B——'s party.

Tea had been disposed of, and the nonsensical chitchat of such occasions had begun to flag, when I invited Miss Mary Williams to the piano. She arose promptly at my request, without any affected airs and with no other apology than that "she felt some diffidence at playing in the presence of *Miss Crump*." The piano was an admirable one, and its tones were exquisitely fine. Mary seated herself at it and after a short but beautiful prelude she commenced one of Burns's plaintive songs to a tune which was new to me, but which was obviously from the poet's own land, and by one who felt the inspiration of his verse. The composer and the poet were both honored by the performer.

Mary's voice was inimitably fine. Her enunciation was clear and distinct, with just emphasis enough to give the verse its appropriate expression without interrupting the melody of the music; and her modulations were perfect.

She had closed and was in the act of rising before I awoke from the delightful reverie into which she had lulled me. I arrested her, however, and insisted upon her proceeding; when she gave me one of Allan Ramsay's best, to measure equally appropriate. This she followed with Tannahill's "Gloomy Winter's now Awa'," and was again retiring, when my friend Hall observed: "See, Miss Mary, you've brought a tear to Mr. Baldwin's eye, and you must not cease until you chase it away with some lively air." My friend was right. The touching pathos of Mary's voice, conspiring with a train of reflections which the song inspired, had really brought me to tears. I thought of poor Tannahill's fate. He was the victim of a book-seller's stupidity. With men of taste and letters his fugitive pieces, particularly his lyrics, had gained him a well-deserved reputation; but he was not exempt from the common lot of authors. He was attacked by the ignorant and the invidious; and, with the hopeless design of silencing these, he prepared a volume or more of his poems with great care and sent them to a book-seller for publication. After the lapse of several weeks they were returned without a compliment or an offer for them. The mortification and disappointment were too severe for his reason. It deserted him, and soon after he was found dead in a tunnel of the burn which had

been the scene of one of his earliest songs. Unfortunately, in his madness he destroyed his favorite works.

Such was the train of reflection from which Mary was kind enough, at the request of my friend, to relieve me by a lively Irish air. Had it not been admirably selected, I could hardly have borne the transition. But there was enough of softening melody, mingled with the sprightliness of the air, to lead me gently to a gayer mood, in which she left me.

In the meantime, most of the young ladies and gentlemen had formed a circle around Miss Aurelia Emma Theodosia Augusta Crump, and were earnestly engaged in pressing her to play. One young lady even went so far as to drop on her knees before her, and in this posture to beseech "her dear Augusta just to play the delightful overture of ——," something that sounded to me like "Blaze in the frets." This petition was urged with such a melting sweetness of voice, such a bewitching leer at the gentlemen, and such a theatric heave of the bosom, that it threw the young gentlemen into transports. Hall was rude enough to whisper in my ear "that he thought it indelicate to expose an unmantled bosom to a perpendicular view of a large company;" and he muttered something about "repulican simplicity," I knew not exactly what. But I assured him the fair petitioner was so overcome by her solicitude for the overture that she thought of nothing else, and was wholly unconscious that there was a gentleman in the room. As to his insinuation about "points of view," I convinced him by an easy argument that it was wholly

unfounded; for that this was the very point of view in which an exposed neck must always be seen, while men continue taller than women; and that as the young lady must have been apprised of this, she would hardly take so much trouble for nothing. But to return.

Miss Crump was inexorable. She declared that she was entirely out of practice. "She scarcely ever touched the piano;" "Mamma was always scolding her for giving so much of her time to French and Italian, and neglecting her music and painting; but she told mamma the other day that it really was so irksome to her to quit Racine and Dante, and go to thrumming upon the piano, that but for the obligations of filial obedience, she did not think she could ever touch it again."

Here Mrs. Crump was kind enough, the merest accident in the world, to interpose, and to relieve the company from further anxiety. "Augusta, my dear," said she, "go and play a tune or two; the company will excuse your hoarseness."

Miss Crump rose immediately at her mother's bidding, and moved to the piano, accompanied by a large group of smiling faces.

"Poor child!" said Mrs. Crump as she went forward. "She is frightened to death. I wish Augusta could overcome her diffidence."

Miss Crump was educated at Philadelphia; she had been taught to sing by Madame Piggisqueaki, who was a pupil of Ma'm'selle Crokifroggietta, who had sung with Madame Catalani; and she had taken lessons on the piano from Signor Buzzifussi, who had played with Paganini.

She seated herself at the piano, rocked to the right, then to the left, leaned forward, then backward, and began. She placed her right hand about midway the keys, and her left about two octaves below it. She now put off to the right in a brisk canter up the treble notes, and the left after it. The left then led the way back, and the right pursued it in like manner. The right turned and repeated its first movement; but the left outran it this time, hopped over it, and flung it entirely off the track. It came in again, however, behind the left on its return, and passed it in the same style. They now became highly incensed at each other, and met furiously on the middle ground. Here a most awful conflict ensued for about the space of ten seconds, when the right whipped off all of a sudden, as I thought, fairly vanquished. But I was in the error against which Jack Randolph cautions us: "It had only fallen back to a stronger position." It mounted upon two black keys, and commenced the note of a rattlesnake. This had a wonderful effect upon the left, and placed the doctrine of "snake charming" beyond dispute. The left rushed furiously toward it repeatedly, but seemed invariably panic-struck when it came within six keys of it, and as invariably retired with a tremendous roaring down the base keys. It continued its assaults sometimes by the way of the naturals, sometimes by the way of the sharps, and sometimes by a zigzag through both; but all its attempts to dislodge the right from its stronghold proving ineffectual, it came close up to its adversary and expired.

Any one, or rather no one, can imagine what kind of noises the piano gave forth during the conflict. Certain it is no one can describe them, and, therefore, I shall not attempt it.

The battle ended, Miss Augusta moved as though she would have arisen, but this was protested against by a number of voices at once: "One song, my dear Aurelia," said Miss Small; "you must sing that sweet little French air you used to sing in Philadelphia, and which Madame Piggisqueaki was so fond of."

Miss Augusta looked pitifully at her mamma, and her mamma looked "sing" at Miss Augusta, accordingly she squared herself for a song.

She brought her hands to the campus this time in fine style; they seemed now to be perfectly reconciled to each other. They commenced a kind of colloquy; the right whispering treble very softly, and the left responding base very loudly. The conference had been kept up until I began to desire a change of the subject, when my ear caught, indistinctly, some very curious sounds, which appeared to proceed from the lips of Miss Augusta. They seemed to be compounded of a dry cough, a grunt, a hiccough, and a whisper; and they were introduced, it appeared to me, as interpreters between the right and left. Things progressed in this way for about the space of fifteen seconds, when I happened to direct my attention to Mr. Jenkins, from Philadelphia. His eyes were closed, his head rolled gracefully from side to side; a beam of heavenly complacency rested upon his countenance; and his whole man gave irresistible demon-

stration that Miss Crump's music made him feel good all over. I had just turned from the contemplation of Mr. Jenkins's transports, to see whether I could extract from the performance any thing intelligible, when Miss Crump made a fly-catching grab at half a dozen keys in a row, and at the same instant she fetched a long, dunghill-cock crow, at the conclusion of which she grabbed as many keys with the left. This came over Jenkins like a warm bath, and over me like a rake of bamboo briers.

My nerves had not recovered from this shock before Miss Augusta repeated the movement, and accompanied it with a squall of a pinched cat. This threw me into an ague fit; but, from respect to the performer, I maintained my position. She now made a third grasp with the right, boxed the faces of six keys in a row with the left, and at the same time raised one of the most unearthly howls that ever issued from the throat of a human being. This seemed the signal for universal uproar and destruction. She now threw away all reserve, and charged the piano with her whole force. She boxed it, she clawed it, she raked it, she scraped it. Her neck-vein swelled, her chin flew up, her face flushed, her eye glared, her bosom heaved; she screamed, she howled, she yelled, cackled, and was in the act of dwelling upon the note of a screech-owl when I took the St. Vitus's dance and rushed out of the room. "Good Lord," said a by-stander, "If this be her *singing*, what must her *crying* be?" As I reached the door I heard a voice exclaim: "By heavens! she's the most enchanting performer I ever heard in my

life!" I turned to see who was the author of this ill-timed compliment; and who should it be but Nick Truck, from Lincoln, who seven years before was dancing "'Possum up the Gum-tree" in the chimney-corner of his father's kitchen. Nick had entered the counting-room of a merchant in Charleston some five or six years before; had been sent out as supercargo of a vessel to Bordeaux, and while the vessel was delivering one cargo and taking in another had contracted a wonderful relish for French music.

As for myself, I went home in convulsions, took sixty drops of laudanum and fell asleep. I dreamed that I was in a beautiful city, the streets of which intersected each other at right angles; that the birds of the air and beasts of the forest had gathered there for battle, the former led on by a Frenchman, the latter by an Italian; that I was looking on their movements toward each other, when I heard the cry of "Hecate is coming!" I turned my eye to the north-east and saw a female flying through the air toward the city, and distinctly recognized in her the features of Miss Crump. I took the alarm and was making my escape, when she gave command for the beasts and the birds to fall on me. They did so, and with all the noise of the animal world, were in the act of tearing me to pieces, when I was waked by the stepping of Hall, my room-mate, into bed. "O my dear sir," exclaimed I, "you have waked me from a horrible dream. What o'clock is it?"

"Ten minutes after 12," said he.

"And where have you been to this late hour?"

"I have just returned from the party."

"And what kept you so late?"

"Why, I disliked to retire while Miss Crump was playing."

"In mercy's name," said I, "is she playing yet?"

"Yes," said he; "I had to leave her playing at last."

"And where was Jenkins?"

"He was there, still in ecstacies, and urging her to play on."

"And where was Truck?"

"He was asleep."

"And what was she playing?"

"An Italian—"

Here I swooned and heard no more.

BALDWIN.

THE SHOOTING-MATCH.

SHOOTING-MATCHES are probably nearly coeval with the colonization of Georgia. They are still common throughout the Southern States, though they are not as common as they were twenty-five or thirty years ago. Chance led me to one about a year ago. I was traveling in one of the north-eastern counties when I overtook a swarthy, bright-eyed, smirky little fellow riding a small pony and bearing on his shoulder a long, heavy rifle, which, judging from its looks, I should say had done service in Morgan's corps.

"Good-morning, sir!" said I, reining up my horse as I came beside him.

"How goes it, stranger?" said he, with a tone of independence and self-confidence that awakened my curiosity to know a little of his character.

"Going driving?" inquired I.

"Not exactly," replied he, surveying my horse with a quizzical smile; "I haven't been a-driving *by myself* for a year or two; and my nose has got so bad lately I can't carry a cold trail *without hounds to help me.*"

Alone and without hounds as he was, the question was rather a silly one, but it answered the purpose for which it was put, which was only to draw him into conversation, and I proceeded to make as decent a retreat as I could.

"I didn't know," said I, "but that you were going to meet the huntsmen, or going to your stand."

"Ah, sure enough," rejoined he, "that *mout* be a bee, as the old woman said when she killed a wasp. It seems to me I ought to know you."

"Well, if you *ought*, why *don't* you?"

"What *mout* your name be?"

"It *might* be any thing," said I, with borrowed wit, for I knew my man, and knew what kind of conversation would please him most.

"Well, what *is* it, then?"

"It *is* Hall," said I; "but you know it might as well have been any thing else."

"Pretty digging!" said he. "I find you're not the fool I took you to be; so here's to a better acquaintance with you."

"With all my heart," returned I; "but you must be as clever as I've been and give me your name."

"To be sure I will, my old coon; take it, take it, and welcome. Any thing else about me you'd like to have?"

"No," said I, "there's nothing else about you worth having."

"O yes there is, stranger! Do you see this?" holding up his ponderous rifle with an ease that astonished me. "If you will go with me to the shooting-match and see me knock out the bull's-eye with her a few times you'll agree the old *Soap-stick's* worth something when Billey Curlew puts his shoulder to her."

This short sentence was replete with information

to me. It taught me that my companion was *Billy Curlew;* that he was going to a *shooting-match;* that he called his rifle the *Soap-stick*, and that he was very confident of winning beef with her; or, which is nearly but not quite the same thing, *driving the cross with her*.

"Well," said I, "if the shooting-match is not too far out of my way, I'll go to it with pleasure."

"Unless your way lies through the woods from here," said Billy, "it'll not be much out of your way; for it's only a mile ahead of us, and there is no other road for you to take till you get there, and as that thing you're riding in an't well suited to fast traveling among brushy knobs I reckon you won't lose much by going by. I reckon you hardly ever was at a shooting-match, stranger, from the cut of your coat?"

"O yes," returned I, "many a time. I won beef at one when I was hardly old enough to hold a shot-gun off-hand."

"*Children* don't go to shooting-matches about here," said he, with a smile of incredulity. "I never heard of but one that did, and he was a little *swinge* cat. He was born a-shooting, and killed squirrels before he was weaned."

"Nor did *I* ever hear of but one," replied I, "and that one was myself."

"And where did you win beef so young, stranger?"

"At Berry Adams's."

"Why stop, stranger, let me look at you good! Is your name *Lyman* Hall?"

"The very same," said I.

"Well, dang my buttons, if you an't the very boy my daddy used to tell me about. I was too young to recollect you myself; but I've heard daddy talk about you many a time. I believe mammy's got a neck-handkerchief now that daddy won on your shooting at Collen Reid's store when you were hardly knee high. Come along, Lyman, and I'll go my death upon you at the shooting-match, with the old 'Soap-stick' at your shoulder."

"Ah, Billy," said I, "the old 'Soap-stick' will do much better at your own shoulder. It was my mother s notion that sent me to the shooting-match at Berry Adams's, and to tell the honest truth, it was altogether a chance shot that made me win beef; but that wasn't generally known, and most everybody believed that I was carried there on account of my skill in shooting; and my fame was spread far and wide, I well remember. I remember too, perfectly well, your father's bet on me at the store. *He* was at the shooting-match, and nothing could make him believe but that I was a great shot with a rifle as well as a shot-gun. Bet on me he would, in spite of all I could say, though I assured him that I had never shot a rifle in my life. It so happened, too, that there were but two bullets, or rather a bullet and a half; and so confident was your father in my skill that he made me shoot the half-bullet; and strange to tell, by another chance shot, I like to have drove the cross and won his bet."

"Now I know you're the very chap, for I heard daddy tell that very thing about the half-bullet. Don't say any thing about it, Lyman, and darn my

old shoes if I don't tare the lint off the boys with you at the shooting-match.. They'll never 'spect such a looking man as you are of knowing any thing about a rifle. I'll risk your *chance* shots."

I soon discovered that the father had eaten sour grapes, and the son's teeth were on edge; for Billy was just as incorrigibly obstinate in his belief of my dexterity with a rifle as his father had been before him.

We soon reached the place appointed for the shooting-match. It went by the name of Sims's Cross-roads, because here two roads intersected each other, and because from the time that the first had been laid out Archibald Sims had resided there. Archibald had been a justice of the peace in his day (and where is the man of his age in Georgia who has not?); consequently he was called '*Squire* Sims. It is the custom in this State when a man has once acquired a title, civil or military, to force it upon him as long as he lives; hence the countless number of titled personages who are introduced in these sketches.

We stopped at the 'Squire's door. Billy hastily dismounted, gave me the shake of the hand which he had been reluctantly reserving for a mile back, and leading me up to the 'Squire thus introduced me: "Uncle Archy, this is Lyman Hall, and for all you see him in these fine clothes he's a *swinge* cat, a darn sight cleverer fellow than he looks to be. Wait till you see him lift the old 'Soap-stick' and draw a bead upon the bull's-eye. You gwine to see fun here to-day. Don't say nothing about it."

"Well, Mr. Swinge Cat," said the 'Squire, "here's to a better acquaintance with you," offering me his hand.

"How goes it, Uncle Archy?" said I, taking his hand warmly (for I am always free and easy with those who are so with me, and in this course I rarely fail to please). "How's the old woman?"

"Egad," said the 'Squire, chuckling, "there you're too hard for me; for she died two and twenty years ago, and I haven't heard a word from her since."

"What! and you never married again?"

"Never, as God's my judge!" (a solemn asseveration, truly, upon so light a subject).

"Well, that's not my fault."

"No, nor it's not mine nither," said the 'Squire.

Here we were interrupted by the cry of another Ransy Sniffle. "Hello, here! All you as wish to put in for the shoot'n'-match, come on here! for the putt'n' in's riddy to begin."

About sixty persons, including mere spectators, had collected, the most of whom were more or less obedient to the call of Mealy Whitecotton, for that was the name of the self-constituted commander in chief. Some hastened and some loitered, as they desired to be first or last on the list, for they shoot in the order in which their names are entered.

The beef was not present, nor is it ever upon such occasions; but several of the company had seen it who all concurred in the opinion that it was a good beef and well worth the price that was set upon it—eleven dollars. A general inquiry ran round in order to form some opinion as to the num-

ber of shots that would be taken, for of course the price of a shot is cheapened in proportion to the increase of that number. It was soon ascertained that not more than twenty persons would take chances, but these twenty agreed to take the number of shots at twenty-five cents each.

The competitors now began to give in their names, some for one, some for two, three, and a few for as many as four shots.

Billy Curlew hung back to the last, and when the list was offered him five shots remained undisposed of.

"How many shots left?" inquired Billy.

"Five," was the reply.

"Well, I'll take 'em all. Put down four shots to me and one to Lyman Hall, paid for by William Curlew."

I was thunder-struck; not at his proposition to pay for my shot, because I knew that Billy meant it as a token of friendship, and he would have been hurt if I had refused to let him do me this favor, but at the unexpected announcement of my name as a competitor for beef at least one hundred miles from the place of my residence. I was prepared for a challenge from Billy to some of his neighbors for a *private* match upon me, but not for this.

I therefore protested against his putting in for me, and urged every reason to dissuade him from it that I could without wounding his feelings.

"Put it down!" said Billy, with the authority of an emperor, and with a look that spoke volumes intelligible to every by-stander. "Reckon I don't know what I'm about?" Then wheeling off, and

muttering in an under, self-confident tone, "Dang old Roper," continued he, "if he don't knock that cross to the north corner of creation and back again before a cat can lick her foot."

Had I been king of the cat tribe they could not have regarded me with more curious attention than did the whole company from this moment. Every inch of me was examined with the nicest scrutiny, and some plainly showed by their looks that they never would have taken me for such a bite. I saw no alternative but to throw myself upon a third chance shot; for though by the rules of the sport I would have been allowed to shoot by proxy, by all the rules of good breeding I was bound to shoot in person. It would have been unpardonable to disappoint the expectations which had been raised on me. Unfortunately, too, for me, the match differed in one respect from those which I had been in the habit of attending in my younger days. In olden time the contest was carried on chiefly with *shot-guns*, a generic term which, in those days, embraced three descriptions of fire-arms: *Indian-traders* (a long, cheap, but sometimes excellent kind of gun, that Mother Britain used to send hither for traffic with the Indians), *the large musket*, and the *shot-gun*, properly so called. Rifles were, however, always permitted to compete with them, under equitable restrictions. These were, that they should be fired off-hand, while the shot-guns were allowed a rest, the distance being equal; or that the distance should be one hundred yards for a rifle to sixty for a shot-gun, the mode of firing being equal. But this was a match of rifles exclu-

sively, and these are by far the most common at this time. Most of the competitors fire at the same target, which is usually a board from nine inches to a foot wide, charred on one side as black as it can be made with fire without impairing materially the uniformity of its surface, on the darkened side of which is pegged a square piece of white paper, which is larger or smaller according to the distance at which it is to be placed from the marksmen. This is almost invariably sixty yards, and for it the paper is reduced to about two and a half inches square. Out of the center of it is cut a rhombus of about the width of an inch, measured diagonally; this is the *bull's-eye*, or *diamond*, as the marksmen choose to call it: in the center of this is the cross. But every man is permitted to fix his target to his own taste, and accordingly some remove one fourth of the paper, cutting from the center of the square to the two lower corners so as to leave a large angle opening from the center downward, while others reduce the angle more or less; but it is rarely the case that all are not satisfied with one of these figures.

The beef is divided into five prizes or, as they are commonly termed, five *quarters*—the hide and tallow counting as one. For several years after the Revolutionary War a sixth was added—the *lead* which was shot in the match. This was the prize of the sixth best shot, and it used to be carefully extracted from the board or tree in which it was lodged and afterward remolded. But this grew out of the exigency of the times, and has, I believe, been long since abandoned everywhere.

The three master-shots and rivals were Moses Firmby, Larkin Spivey, and Billy Curlew, to whom was added upon this occasion, by common consent and with awful forebodings, your humble servant.

The target was fixed at an elevation of about three feet from the ground, and the judges (Capt. Turner and 'Squire Porter) took their stands by it, joined by about half the spectators.

The first name on the catalogue was Mealy Whitecotton. Mealy stepped out, rifle in hand, and toed the mark. His rifle was about three inches longer than himself, and near enough his own thickness to make the remark of Darby Chislom, as he stepped out, tolerably appropriate: "Here comes the cornstock and the sucker!" said Darby.

"Kiss my foot!" said Mealy. "The way I'll creep into that bull's-eye's a fact."

"You'd better creep into your hind sight."

Mealy raised and fired.

"A pretty good shot, Mealy!" said one.

"Yes, a blamed good shot!" said a second.

"Well done, Meal!" said a third.

I was rejoiced when one of the company inquired, "Where is it?" for I could hardly believe they were founding these remarks upon the evidence of their senses.

"Just on the right-hand side of the bull's-eye," was the reply.

I looked with all the power of my eyes but was unable to discover the least change in the surface of the paper. Their report, however, was true;

so much keener is the vision of a practiced than an unpracticed eye.

The next in order was Hiram Baugh. Hiram was like some race-horses which I have seen; he was too good not to contend for every prize, and too good for nothing ever to win one.

"Gentlemen," said he, as he came to the mark, "I don't say that I'll win beef, but if my piece don't blow I'll eat the paper, or be mighty apt to do it, if you'll b'lieve my racket. My powder are not good powder, gentlemen; I bought it thum [from] Zeb Daggett, and gin him three-quarters of a dollar a pound for it; but it are not what I call good powder, gentlemen; but if old 'Buck-killer' burns it clear, the boy you call Hiram Baugh eats paper or comes mighty near it."

"Well, blaze away," said Mealy, "and be blamed to you and Zeb Daggett and your powder and 'Buck-killer' and your powder-horn and shot-pouch to boot! How long you gwine stand thar talking 'fore you shoot?"

"Never mind," said Hiram, "I can talk a little and shoot a little too; but that's nothin'. Here goes."

Hiram assumed the figure of a note of interrogation, took a long sight, and fired.

"I've eat paper," said he, at the crack of the gun, without looking, or seeming to look, toward the target. "'Buck-killer' made a clear racket. Where am I, gentlemen?"

"You're just between Mealy and the diamond," was the reply.

"I said I'd eat paper and I've done it, haven't I, gentlemen?"

"And s'pose you have!" said Mealy, "what do that 'mount to? You'll not win beef, and never did."

"Be that as it mout be, I've beat Meal 'Cotton mighty easy, and the boy you call Hiram Baugh are able to do it."

"And what do that 'mount to? Who the devil an't able to beat Meal 'Cotton? I don't make no pretense of bein' nothin' great, no how; but you always makes out as if you were gwine to keep 'em makin' crosses for you constant, and then do nothin' but *eat paper* at last; and that's a long way from *eatin' beef* 'cordin' to Meal 'Cotton's notions, as you call him."

Simon Stow was now called on.

"O Lord!" exclaimed two or three; "now we have it. It'll take him as long to shoot as it would take 'Squire Dobbins to run round a track o' land."

"Good-by, boys," said Bob Martin.

"Where are you going, Bob?"

"Going to gather in my crop; I'll be back ag'in though by the time Sime Stow shoots."

Simon was used to all this, and therefore it did not disconcert him in the least. He went off and brought his own target and set it up with his own hand. He then wiped out his rifle, rubbed the pan with his hat, drew a piece of tow through the touch-hole with his wiper, filled his charger with great care, poured the powder into the rifle with equal caution, shoved in with his finger the two or three vagrant grains that lodged round the mouth of his piece, took out a handful of bullets, looked them all over carefully, selected one without flaw or wrinkle, drew out his patching, found the most even

part of it, sprung open the grease-box in the breech of his rifle, took up just so much grease, distributed it with great equality over the chosen part of his patching, laid it over the muzzle of his rifle, grease-side down, placed his ball upon it, pressed it a little, then took it up and turned the neck a little more perpendicularly downward, placed his knife-handle on it, just buried it in the mouth of the rifle, cut off the redundant patching just above the bullet, looked at it, and shook his head in token that he had cut off too much or too little, no one knew which, sent down the ball, measured the contents of his gun with his first and second fingers on the protruding part of the ramrod, shook his head again to signify there was too much or too little powder, primed carefully, placed an arched piece of tin over the hind sight to shade it, took his place, got a friend to hold his hat over the fore sight to shade it, took a very long sight, fired, and didn't even eat the paper.

"My piece was badly load'ned," said Simon, when he learned the place of his ball.

"O you didn't take time," said Mealy. "No man can shoot that's in such a hurry as you is. I'd hardly got to sleep 'fore I heard the crack o' the gun."

The next was Moses Firmby. He was a tall, slim man, of rather sallow complexion; and it is a singular fact that though probably no part of the world is more healthy than the mountainous parts of Georgia, the mountaineers have not generally robust frames or fine complexions. They are, however, almost inexhaustible by toil.

Moses kept us not long in suspense. His rifle was already charged, and he fixed it upon the target with a steadiness of aim that was astonishing to me and alarming to all the rest. A few seconds, and the report of his rifle broke the death-like silence which prevailed.

"No great harm done yet," said Spivey, manifestly relieved from anxiety by an event which seemed to me better calculated to produce despair. Firmby's ball had cut out the lower angle of the diamond, directly on a right line with the cross.

Three or four followed him without bettering his shot; all of whom, however, with one exception, "eat the paper."

It now came to Spivey's turn. There was nothing remarkable in his person or manner. He took his place, lowered his rifle slowly from a perpendicular until it came on a line with the mark, held it there like a vise for a moment, and fired.

"Pretty *sevigrous*, but nothing killing yet," said Billy Curlew, as he learned the place of Spivey's ball.

Spivey's ball had just broken the upper angle of the diamond, beating Firmby about half its width.

A few more shots, in which there was nothing remarkable, brought us to Billy Curlew. Billy stepped out with much confidence, and brought the "Soap-stick" to an order, while he deliberately rolled up his shirt sleeves. Had I judged of Billy's chance of success from the looks of his gun, I should have said it was hopeless. The stock of "Soap-stick" seemed to have been made with a case-knife; and had it been, the tool would have

been but a poor apology for its clumsy appearance. An auger-hole in the breech served for a grease-box; a cotton string assisted a single screw in holding on the lock; and the thimbles were made, one of brass, one of iron, and one of tin.

"Where's Lark Spivey's bullet?" called out Billy to the judges, as he finished rolling up his sleeves.

"About three-quarters of an inch from the cross," was the reply.

"Well, clear the way! the 'Soap-stick's' coming, and she'll be along in there among 'em presently."

Billy now planted himself astraddle, like an inverted V; shot forward his left hip, drew his body back to an angle of about forty-five degrees with the plane of the horizon, brought his cheek down close to the breech of old "Soap-stick," and fixed her upon the mark with untrembling hand. His sight was long, and the swelling muscles of his left arm led me to believe that he was lessening his chance of success with every half-second that he kept it burdened with his ponderous rifle; but it neither flagged nor wavered until "Soap-stick" made her report.

"Where am I?" said Billy, as the smoke rose from before his eye.

"You've jist touched the cross on the lower side," was the reply of one of the judges.

"I was afraid I was drawing my bead a *leetle* too fine," said Billy. "Now, Lyman, you see what the 'Soap-stick' can do. Take her, and show the boys how you used to do when you was a baby."

I begged to reserve my shot to the last; pleading, rather sophistically, that it was, in point of fact, one of Billy's shots. My plea was rather indulged than sustained, and the marksmen who had taken more than one shot commenced the second round. This round was a manifest improvement upon the first. The cross was driven three times: once by Spivey, once by Firmby, and once by no less a personage than Mealy Whitecotton, whom chance seemed to favor for this time, merely that he might retaliate upon Hiram Baugh; and the bull's-eye was disfigured out of all shape.

The third and fourth rounds were shot. Billy discharged his last shot, which left the rights of parties thus: Billy Curlew first and fourth choice, Spivey second, Firmby third, and Whitecotton fifth. Some of my readers may perhaps be curious to learn how a distinction comes to be made between several, all of whom drive the cross. The distinction is perfectly natural and equitable. Threads are stretched from the uneffaced parts of the once intersecting lines, by means of which the original position of the cross is precisely ascertained. Each bullet-hole being nicely pegged up as it is made, it is easy to ascertain its circumference. To this I believe they usually, if not invariably measure, where none of the balls touch the cross; but if the cross be driven, they measure from it to the center of the bullet-hole. To make a draw-shot, therefore, between two who drive the cross, it is necessary that the center of both balls should pass directly through the cross, a thing that very rarely happens.

The Bite alone remained to shoot. Billy wiped out his rifle carefully, loaded her to the top of his skill, and handed her to me. "Now," said he, "Lyman, draw a fine bead, but not too fine; for 'Soap-stick' bears up her ball well. Take care and don't touch the trigger until you've got your bead; for she's spring-triggered and goes mighty easy; but you hold her to the place you want her, and if she don't go there, dang old Roper."

I took hold of "Soap-stick," and lapsed immediately into the most hopeless despair. I am sure I never handled as heavy a gun in all my life. "Why, Billy," said I, "you little mortal, you! what do you use such a gun as this for?"

"Look at the bull's-eye yonder," said he.

"True," said I, "but *I* can't shoot her; it is impossible."

"Go 'long, you old coon!" said Billy, "I see what you're at;" intimating that all this was mere ly to make the coming shot the more remarkable; "Daddy's little boy don't shoot any thing but the old 'Soap-stick' here to-day, I know."

The judges, I knew, were becoming impatient, and, withal, my situation was growing more embarrassing every second; so I e'en resolved to try the "Soap-stick" without further parley.

I stepped out, and the most intense interest was excited all around me, and it flashed like electricity around the target, as I judged from the anxious gaze of all in that direction.

Policy dictated that I should fire with a falling rifle, and I adopted this mode, determining to fire as soon as the sights came on a line with the dia-

mond, bead or no bead. Accordingly, I commenced lowering old "Soap-stick;" but, in spite of all my muscular powers, she was strictly obedient to the laws of gravitation, and came down with a uniformly accelerated velocity. Before I could arrest her downward flight, she had not only passed the target, but was making rapid encroachments on my own toes.

"Why, he's the weakest man in the arms I ever seed," said one, in a half whisper.

"It's only his fun," said Billy; "I know him."

"It may be fun," said the other, "but it looks mightily like yearnest to a man up a tree.

I now, of course, determined to reverse the mode of firing, and put forth all my physical energies to raise "Soap-stick" to the mark. The effort silenced Billy, and gave tongue to all his companions. I had just strength enough to master "Soap-stick's" obstinate proclivity, and, consequently, my nerves began to exhibit palpable signs of distress with her first imperceptible movement upward. A trembling commenced in my arms; increased, and extended rapidly to my body and lower extremities; so that, by the time I had brought "Soap-stick" up to the mark, I was shaking from head to foot, exactly like a man under the continued action of a strong galvanic battery. In the meantime my friends gave vent to their feelings freely.

"I swear point blank," said one, "that man can't shoot."

"He used to shoot well," said another; "but can't now, nor never could."

"You better git away from 'bout that mark!"

bawled a third, "for I'll be dod darned if Broadcloth don't give some of you the dry gripes if you stand too close thare."

"The stranger's got the *peedoddles*,"* said a fourth, with humorous gravity.

"If he had bullets enough in his gun, he'd shoot a ring round the bull's-eye big as a spinning-wheel," said a fifth.

As soon as I found that "Soap-stick" was high enough (for I made no further use of the sights than to ascertain this fact), I pulled trigger, and off she went. I have always found that the most creditable way of relieving myself of derision was to heighten it myself as much as possible. It is a good plan in all circles, but by far the best which can be adopted among the plain, rough farmers of the country. Accordingly, I brought old "Soap-stick" to an order with an air of triumph; tipped Billy a wink, and observed, "Now, Billy's your time to make your fortune. Bet 'em two to one that I've knocked out the cross."

"No, I'll be dod blamed if I do," said Billy, "but I'll bet you two to one you ha'n't hit the plank."

"Ah, Billy," said I, "I was joking about betting, for I never bet, nor would I have you to bet; indeed, I do not feel exactly right in shooting for

---

*This word is entirely new to me; but, like most, if not all, words in use among the common people, it is doubtless a legitimate English word, or, rather, a compound of two words, the last a little corrupted, and was very aptly applied in this instance. It is a compound of "*pee*," to peep with one eye, and "*doddle*," to totter or wabble.

beef, for it is a species of gaming at last. But I'll say this much: if that cross isn't knocked out, I'll never shoot for beef again as long as I live."

"By dod," said Mealy Whitecotton, "you'll lose no great things at that."

"Well," said I, "I reckon I know a little about wabbling. Is it possible, Billy, a man who shoots as well as you do, never practiced shooting with the double wabble? It's the greatest take in in the world when you learn to drive the cross with it. Another sort for getting bets upon, to the drop-sight with a single wabble! And the 'Soap-stick's' the very yarn for it."

"Tell you what, stranger," said one, "you're too hard for us all here. We never hearn o' that sort o' shoot'n' in these parts."

"Well," said I, "you've seen it now, and I'm the boy that can do it."

The judges were now approaching with the target, and a singular combination of circumstances had kept all my party in utter ignorance of the result of my shot. Those about the target had been prepared by Billy Curlew for a great shot from me; their expectations had received assurance from the courtesy which had been extended to me; and nothing had happened to disappoint them but the single caution to them against the "dry gripes," which was as likely to have been given in earnest as in irony; for my agonies under the weight of "Soap-stick" were either imperceptible to them at the distance of sixty yards, or, being visible, were taken as the flourishes of an expert who wished to "astonish the natives." The other party did not

think the direction of my ball worth the trouble of a question; or if they did, my airs and harangue had put the thought to flight before it was delivered. Consequently they were all transfixed with astonishment when the judges presented the target to them, and gravely observed, "It's only second best, after all the fuss."

"Second best!" exclaimed I, with uncontrollable transports.

The whole of my party rushed to the target to have the evidence of their senses before they would believe the report; but most marvelous fortune decreed that it should be true. Their incredulity and astonishment were most fortunate for me; for they blinded my hearers to the real feelings with which the exclamation was uttered, and allowed me sufficient time to prepare myself for making the best use of what I had said before with a very different object.

"Second best!" reiterated I, with an air of despondency, as the company turned from the target to me. "Second best only! Here, Billy, my son, take the old 'Soap-stick;' she's a good piece, but I'm getting too old and dim-sighted to shoot a rifle, especially with the drop-sight and double wabbles."

"Why, good Lord amighty!" said Billy, with a look that baffles description, "an't you driv the cross?"

"O driv the cross!" rejoined I, carelessly. "What's that? Just look where my ball is! I do believe in my soul its center is a full quarter of an inch from the cross. I wanted to lay the center

of the bullet upon the cross, just as if you'd put it there with your fingers."

Several received this palaver with a contemptuous but very appropriate curl of the nose; and Mealy Whitecotton offered to bet a half-pint "that I couldn't do the like again with no sort of wabbles, he didn't care what." But I had already fortified myself on this quarter by my morality. A decided majority, however, were clearly of opinion that I was serious; and they regarded me as one of the wonders of the world. Billy increased the majority by now coming out fully with my history, as he had received it from his father; to which I listened with quite as much astonishment as any other one of his hearers. He begged me to go home with him for the night, or, as he expressed it, "to go home with him and swap lies that night, and it shouldn't cost me a cent;" the true reading of which is, that if I would go home with him, and give him the pleasure of an evening's chat about old times, his house should be as free to me as my own. But I could not accept his hospitality without retracing five or six miles of the road which I had already passed, and therefore I declined it.

"Well, if you won't go, what must I tell the old woman for you? for she'll be mighty glad to hear from the boy that won the silk hankerchief for her, and I expect she'll lick me for not bringing you home with me."

"Tell her," said I, "that I send her a quarter of beef, which I won, as I did the handkerchief, by nothing in the world but mere good luck."

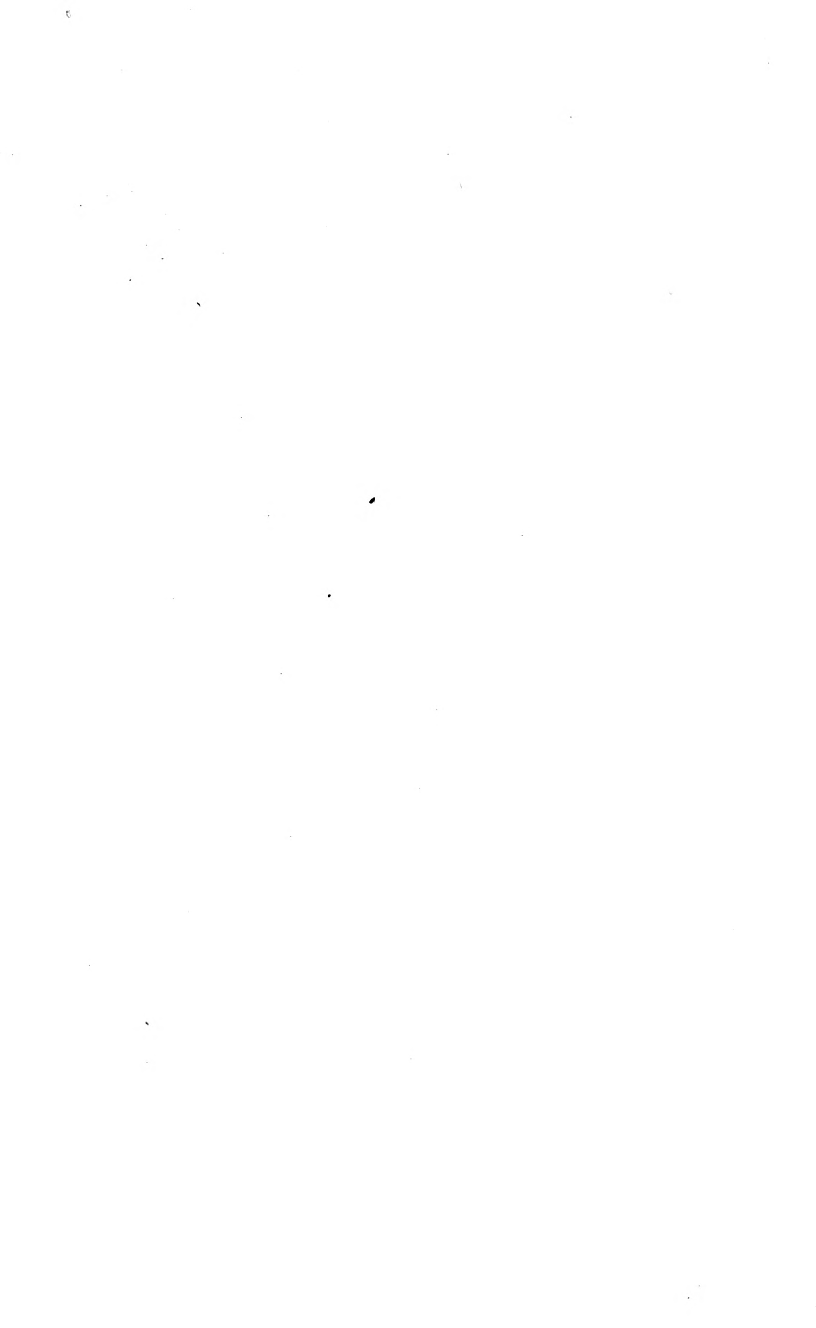
"Hold your jaw, Lyman," said Billy; "I an't a gwine to tell the old woman any such lies; for she's a rael reg'lar built Methodist."

As I turned to depart, "Stop a minute, stranger," said one; then lowering his voice to a confidential but distinctly audible tone, "What you offering for?" continued he. I assured him I was not a candidate for any thing; that I had accidentally fallen in with Billy Curlew, who begged me to come with him to the shooting-match, and, as it lay right on my road, I had stopped. "O," said he with a conciliatory nod, "if you're up for any thing, you needn't be mealy-mouthed about it 'fore us boys; for we'll all go in for you here up to the handle."

"Yes," said Billy, "dang old Roper if we don't go our death for you, no matter who offers. If ever you come out for any thing, Lyman, jist let the boys of Upper Hogthief know it, and they'll go for you to the hilt, against creation, tit or no tit, that's the tatur."

I thanked them kindly, but repeated my assurances. The reader will not suppose that the district took its name from the character of the inhabitants. In almost every county in the State there is some spot or district which bears a contemptuous appellation, usually derived from local rivalships or from a single accidental circumstance.

HALL.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 014 613 845 7