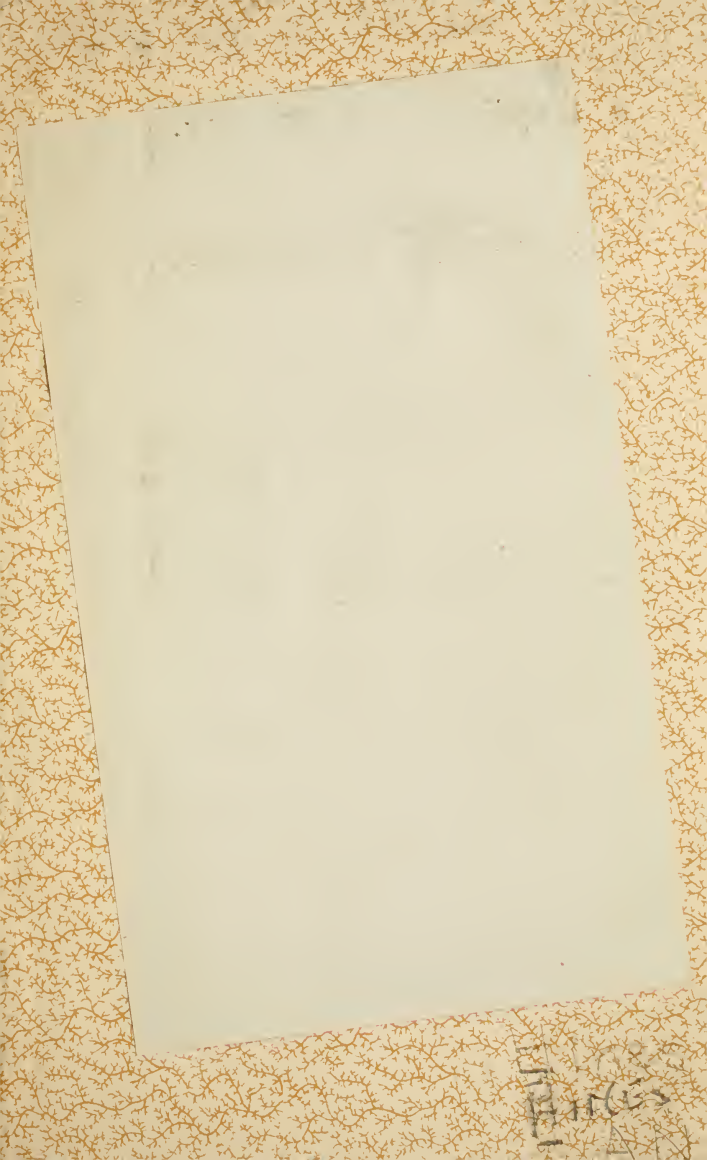


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THE
LIFE, ADVENTURES AND OPINIONS
OF
DAVID THEO. HINES,
OF
SOUTH CAROLINA;
—MASTER OF ARTS,

AND, SOMETIMES,
DOCTOR OF MEDICINE;—

ALIAS,

DR. HAMILTON, COL. HAMILTON, DR. HAYNES, COL. HAYNE, DR.
PORCHER, COL. SINGLETON, REV. MR. BEMAN, REV. DR.
BAKER, COL. ALLSTON, MAJ. PARKER, COL. BENTON,
MAJ. MIDDLETON, LIEUT. PRINGLE, CAPT.
RUTLEDGE, COL. PINCKNEY, DR. BRAN-
DRETH, MAJOR MOORE, &c. &c. &c.

IN A
SERIES OF LETTERS TO HIS FRIENDS.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

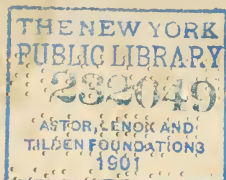
———“The good old rule
Sufficeth *me*,—the simple plan,
That they should take, who have the power,
And they should keep who can.”
WORDSWORTH.

NEW YORK :

PUBLISHED BY BRADLEY & CLARK.

.....
1840.

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Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1840, by

Thomas S. Hollis,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Georgia.

PUBLISHER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

The following sketches of a life of action, enterprise and ingenuity, appear to be written in that bold spirit of reckless audacity which could alone belong to one so eminent for his levies upon the public, as our hero has made himself. They bear all the proofs of having been written in good faith, and are evidently the confidential outpourings of a mind full of solicitude in the cause which it approved and the profession it had chosen. The writer has acquired a rare renown for one who has numbered so few winters; and the firmness with which he has maintained himself amidst his various petty larceny persecutions, no less than the energy which has ever distinguished his actions, clearly denote, not only his firm adherence to the pursuits of his profession, but his future elevation to that prominent station to which he apparently openly and fearlessly aspires.

Some doubts were felt at first, touching the propriety of publishing letters which the person to whom they were addressed has shown himself unwilling to display; but a desire to do justice to the reputation and opinions of the writer, has led the present publishers to give no heed to suggestions which, while they would have operated against the evident desires of the author, would have deprived the public of a large amount of enjoyment, and of that species of edification which is needed to protect them from the "assessments" of those *chevaliers d'industrie*, whose researches and appropriations extend to all communities and to every variety of movables.

Why Mr. Bennett has not thought proper to give them a place in the Herald, is a subject of very considerable mystery. He surely has not been as heedful of the wishes and fame of his friend, in this respect, as, from the body of the work, he seems heretofore to have been. The readers of the Herald have also quite as much reason to complain as Dr. Hines himself.

The intelligent reader will not need to be informed, that however ingenious and plausible the writer has made his peculiar theories appear, yet if carried into practice, they will inevitably bring down punishment, here and hereafter, upon all those who may be foolish enough to adopt them; or that however audacious and skillful the successful "appropriator" may for a while appear to be, yet even our bold author himself gives evidence of some secret misgivings that so brilliant a career as he has endeavored to make his own, may not finally terminate on a bed of roses.

The audacious manner of his operations, and his bold and fearless devices to confound the distinctions of *meum* and *tuum*, may amuse and interest us; but we shall rise from the perusal of these singularly daring and ingenious adventures, more fully convinced that honesty is the only wise, safe and prosperous course.

The freedom with which the writer speaks of prominent individuals, whose actions and motives he so unblushingly colors to his own purposes, partakes in a wonderful degree of the bold character of his exploits. The ingenious sophistry of his own peculiar notions respecting law and justice, and the rights of the citizen, will make no converts, even among the most simple and unsuspecting. No law of justice ever yet found admirers among those who strive to live by their wits rather than by honorable exertions. In other words—

"No rogue e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law."

Had Hines exerted but half the talent and perseverance which he has exercised as a "professor of appropriation," in some honorable employment, his career would have been highly beneficial to himself and to his fellow-men; and though he might not have occupied a more elevated station in the list of wonderful characters, yet the character of his performances would have preserved his name long after the ephemeral notoriety of the swindler and outlaw will be buried in the oblivion of things forgotten.

New York, May, 1840.

THE LIFE,
ADVENTURES AND OPINIONS
OF
DAVID THEODOSIUS HINES.

LETTER I.

TO M. M. NOAH, ESQ., EDITOR N. Y. STAR.

City Prison.

My Dear Major.

I must own that you have greatly shocked and disappointed me. I had expected very different treatment at your hands. The unpleasant accident which brought me into my present difficulties, and the ugly combination of circumstances which keep me in them, were of a kind sufficiently formidable, I should think, to save me from any unfavorable exaggerations: yet, in your paper of last Saturday, with a degree of precision and detail which is very apt to impose upon the vulgar, you relate the event of my arrest in such a manner as cannot but prejudice my cause on trial, and make my character seem doubtful even in the eyes of my best friends. Hitherto I have been accustomed to regard you among the most prominent of that number. There were several reasons to induce this conviction. Like myself, you, also, are a native of Carolina. True, we have both left it; but I am persuaded her good has not been the less consid-

mitted, even by your best friends, sometimes to prevail upon and mislead you from your better self, you have been seduced into the unhappy expressions to which I have drawn your attention. That you should undo, in a single instance, and by a single moment of levity, the labor of years—that you should go back to those puritanical doctrines, which would have limited the bold strokes of successful art and intuitive genius, to such circumscribed operations as are sanctioned by law, and tolerated by a petit jury and a Court of General Sessions—is a conjecture too painful, if not too wild, for me readily to credit; and, however strong may seem the proofs, I am still resolved to withhold my belief until I have the assurance from under your own hand, that, under the temporary dread of some tyrannical tribunal—some bank or jail, or, possibly, from the fear of approaching death, which, it is said, is always a terror to declining years, you have yielded to a temporary panic, which, for the moment, has made you forgetful of those principles to which your long and various life has been inflexibly devoted. It is melancholy to think that the best natures may be liable at times to weaknesses of this description; and how few are there worthy and willing to become martyrs in the cause of human liberty. This reflection must make me indulgent to you, my dear Major, though I confess it will not be easy to forget so sad a dereliction from your better principles.

When I urged my claim to your regard and attention, because of our common objects and place of birth, I did not intend to confine my claim to a support from these specifications only. I claim your favor as an old friend and personal acquaintance. Many are the oyster suppers, my dear Major, which you have eaten at my cost; and it is my happiness that a successful pursuit of that profession in which I have grown so famous, has enabled me to bestow upon you those courtesies which were as grateful to me to yield

as to you to receive. We have sat cheek by jowl at the 'Shakspeare;' we have enjoyed an hour of elegant ease and luxury at 'Delmonico's.' Niblo's has seen us closely linked, the Castor and Pollux of the place; and the terrapin soup of Lovejoy, though decidedly inferior to that of Charleston and Savannah, has yet been honored with our joint consumption and commendation. If, my dear Major, I am the rogue and villain which the Star calls me, and if my means have been derived only from practices which you erringly describe under such heads, then have you been particularly unfortunate in sharing with me the profits of my performances.

If you are really sincere in the opinions you express in your paper of Saturday last, how much have you to disgorge, literally, to the true owner. Nor will the mere restoration of so much money that I have actually spent upon you, suffice to make you whole, in the estimation of such purists as Hale and Hallock, Arthur Tappan and the rest. You are to undergo proportionate sorrows, repinings, and mortifications, in due correspondence with the amount of pleasure, physical and mental, which has been derived from the consumption of the forbidden fruits. Severe abstinence, weary prayers, a long course of Graham, and the scourge, morning and evening, can alone bring you that moral purgation, which will make amends for your errors, and improve your savour in the nostrils of the saints. I am afraid, my dear Major, you have neither strength nor fortitude for such a probation. Nor, perhaps, can you long continue in the taste. The nature within you will revolt at the restraints set upon it, and whether it be as Tom Allston or Dr. Hines, that I summon you to partake with me the delicacies of Clinton Lunch, I am well assured you will make no idle objections once more to become my guest.

LETTER II.

TO M. M. NOAH, ESQ.

My Dear Major.

I had scarcely despatched my letter last evening, when my friend Bennett, of the Herald, came to see me. He puts your conduct in a light so new, and in some respects so favorable, that I feel a novel pleasure in the conviction that we shall soon be able to resume our former ties of intimacy, without regret on the one hand, or reproach on the other. Bennett seems to think that your publication was intended as well for my benefit as for your own safety. He thinks it highly fortunate for me, if the public will only continue to regard the authority of your paper, in the representation it has made of my case, as it usually does its other statements; particularly when they happen to be made with any especial solemnity. "Nobody here," said he, "believes Noah's facts, when he is very positive about them. He makes them hourly. His fiction now, is far more to be feared, and is, indeed, infinitely more formidable. The beauty is, my dear Colonel, that Noah is as well acquainted with this matter as any body else; and I am persuaded that he never meant you a better service, and indeed, could not have done you a greater, than by this very abusive and ridiculous narrative. This alone, were you really guilty, would go far to extricate you from your difficulties. The public of New York, long accustomed to the singular kinks in the Major's morality, will at once assume you to be a slandered personage. For that matter, I see a mode by which I can at once

commence the good work in your behalf. On the strength of this paper, I will get up a public sympathy in your favor, and so operate upon Webb as to bring him out against you also. The public will then take sides in the matter, and when I throw the weight and wit of the Herald into the scale, there can be little doubt that our victory will be conclusive. My own fear is, that Noah, when he sees the course of the majority, may forget his present policy and disavow what is here written. In which case the difficulties of your situation will be somewhat increased, though not so much as to make your triumph and escape a matter of doubt. That it shall be a triumphant escape I am resolved. You shall come off with flying colors, and with the aid of my friend General Morris, I will operate upon Simpson, so as to get you a roaring benefit at the Park. Not that you care for the money, Colonel; *that* we shall dispose of without harrassing you with it; but some such public acknowledgment would seem to be necessary to one who has suffered so much from the injustice of a portion of the people. My only fear is, as I said before, that Noah, when he once sees the stand I have taken, and the tremendous set of the current in our favor, will become frightened. He is no longer that fierce Cossack, you are aware, who made the Dey of Algiers tremble on his throne;—increasing years have softened his ferocity, and in his apprehensions he will make a desperate effort to ally himself with us publicly. This, I need not tell you, would be a misfortune. It is one which I shall endeavor to counteract. Leave the affair to me. Write to Noah, get him to supper, and have your wine in cool for the occasion.”

Such, my dear Major, was the counsel of Bennett. I could see from his manner and language that he was no friend of yours; and, perhaps, a better policy would have persuaded me to suppress much that I

have above written, of his declared opinions. My affection for you has got the better of my prudence; and though Bennett is a worthy fellow enough, after his fashion, I am unwilling that he should speak ill of you behind your back. Indeed, I more than once gave him to know that I did not relish his treatment of you; and I trust from certain representations which I made him, that he will learn to think better of you hereafter himself. Be that as it may, nothing that he can say or do—this one matter justified between us—can alter my opinion of one so long known as yourself, so well valued, and endowed with principles which I am proud and pleased to believe are so congenial with my own.

If the conjecture of Bennett be true; if you have blackguarded me in your paper only the more effectually to awaken public sympathy in my behalf, you certainly deserve equal credit for your ingenuity and magnanimity. I shall be truly glad to regard the matter in this light, and I do not doubt that you will readily continue a policy which seems to be thought by my best friends, the most judicious under my present circumstances. Come to me to-night and we will discuss the matter over a bottle and a steak. Bennett will see to the oysters, and as I have given him *carte blanche*, we shall be amply provided, should you think proper to bring a friend or two. There's Morris, now;—could'nt you pick him up on your way?

LETTER III.

TO JAMES GORDON BENNETT, EDITOR N. Y. HERALD.

My dear Bennett.

Would you believe it? Noah denies all knowledge of me in a private letter to myself! He denies the drinks and the suppers,—says he never saw me in his life, and flings a high head at what he calls my impertinence. Was there ever such a Mahometan! Positively, the man is without bowels. I shall be compelled to write his life, or—take it; and soil my fingers accordingly, either way, to procure my revenge.

But if, personally, this “Ebreu” has angered me, his procedure, agreeable to your notion, is favorable for our cause. You may now act without scruple; and with the assurance that the columns of the Herald shall be laid open to me, I will commence very soon to give you the leading particulars of my life, as well to secure the sympathy of the public, as to correct the misrepresentations of the Evening Star, and Journal of Commerce, whose narratives may be believed by some few who are equally uninformed as to my character and that of these veracious oracles.

Meanwhile, however, we must not lose our supper. I trust the arrangements go on. Let there be no stint, for meats are arguments to hungry men; and such men as we have to manage, receive wisdom, with true John Bull propensity, through the medium of their bowels only.

I cover you a note to Hays, which I beg you will send with all despatch. It suggests an alteration in my domestic condition, and begs his assistance.

Yours ever.

P. S.—Ask Stone to join us. He is a huge feeder, and, though I doubt not that you will provide amply, still it would not be amiss to get a couple of dozen hard boiled eggs, to stay his impatient stomach. If you do not, and there is any delay on the part of the cook, we shall be bored to death by his Brant, or have our stomachs spoiled for ever after for what is good, by a forced meal of Loraina Brackett.

LETTER IV.

[Enclosure.]

TO JACOB HAYS, ESQ.

Dear Hays.

I am horribly placed in this dungeon. Six by eight are poor accommodations for a man of my dimensions. I look to have Bennett, Webb, Morris, and Stone, to supper,—all men, self-measured, of infinite size,—and the jam, in these warm evenings, will be uncomfortable. As a friend, see to it, and help me.

I say friend, my dear Hays, for I see not, though I owe my captivity to your hands, wherefore we should be enemies. It was a trial of skill between us, and you proved the most adroit practitioner. Happy, myself, to respect even rival genius, I know that you have a proper and becoming feeling for that which you have been fortunate enough to foil—for a time only, as I trust. I despair not to command still more effectually your admiration, by an exhibition of art, ere long, which will provoke, I flatter myself, the development of all yours.

To return. You will yourself see that my present lodgings are too confined and confining. I have been accustomed to larger limits. Born to fortune, having exercised from the earliest moments of consciousness an equal freedom of will and movement, the sense of freedom is now a passion within me; and this condition of temporary and unreasonable restraint, but heightens my estimate of its blessings,

You cannot have seen, my dear Hays, the miserable apartment which has been allotted me. Your magna-

nimity would revolt at the want of consideration which has been shown to my person and claims. You would—you will—make every effort to obtain—not my release, for that must be effected by other means—but such an alteration in my present circumstances, as will save you from the reproach of suffering a rival genius to be trampled upon in his affliction.

In the days of chivalry, the conqueror consoled his captive, took him to his own tent, gave him wine, poured oil upon his bruises, and sent him away with soothing language, when his hurts were dressed. To the noble mind, though the days of chivalry may have gone by, the beauty of the uses of chivalry still remain. Genius, with a consciousness of its own claims, delights in doing justice to kindred genius, though its course be erratic, and its pursuits in a field that is foreign to its own.

But that I conceive the bare suggestion enough, to make you come forward to serve me, I should dwell upon the comfort of my guests, who would find themselves excessively crowded in my present apartments.

May I hope, my dear Hays, that you will join us over a steak?

Yours, &c.

LETTER V.

TO JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

Dear Bennett.

Things went off gloriously last night. The champagne was excellent, and the Historian gave the most unequivocal proofs that he thought so. It was, perhaps, fortunate for us that he was so quickly overthrown, or we should have been stunned with his old Indian chronicle. I cannot say that I was as much satisfied that General M—— kept his heels so long. He is certainly a monstrous tedious fellow when sober, and, with increased stupidity, he seemed more resolute to keep sober last evening, than I have ever seen him. It seemed to me that bumpers were thrown away upon him. His head has certainly acquired a wondrous impregnability. Always a strong hold enough, it appears to have an inner ballium, a donjon-keep and fosse of its own, and defies the most spirited and protracted assault. It was certainly very unfortunate for us. There is no such nuisance at a convivial board, as the fool who is so obstinate as to keep sober. What an admirable example did the Historian set, if the General could only have been persuaded to follow it. How he scattered himself abroad, head and heels, arms and thighs, and what a confusion of sense and substance stood out in every thing he said and did. And that taking of the General's nose between his fingers, by way of applauding him for his recitation, was truly inimitable! Bennett, my dear fellow, just give us that scene in the Herald. You can do it to admiration, and should. It should not be

lost. I am convinced the Colonel never was more valiant in his life, and equally certain do I feel, that the General never evinced more fortitude, or a capacity for more patient endurance.

Hays has been to see me this morning, and to apologize for not attending in season to my request. He was absent, and the note only reached him a couple of hours ago. He tells me he will do all in his power to procure me another and a larger room.

Hays is truly a noble fellow—a fellow after my own heart. I took the opportunity afforded by his visit, of examining him closely. The mere externals of a man of genius, are of scarcely less interest, in my sight, than his performances. My eyes, I assure you, perused him with great curiosity. Nor, I flatter myself, were his idle. I must have been of no less interest in his view than he in mine. We are both the representatives of great and commanding, though different interests. We represent first principles; and we are artists, to all intents and purposes, in the development of our plans, and the carrying out to perfection, by a system of petty but naturally depending details, of those vital qualities which receive from us their existence, and confer renown upon us in return.

Hays showed his magnanimity and genius at the first moment, in the resolution which he expressed, to do all in his power to extricate me from my present dilemma. He could have had no other object in this wish, than to bring once more the powers of our respective and rival minds into conflict. Such, I answered him, was my fondest desire, and we parted excellent friends.

How do I long for the glorious conflict! I should arm myself for the struggle with all my resources of wit and wisdom. The field of action once more open to me—the track clear, and all adventitious aids withdrawn, it will be thy turn, Jacob Hays, to tremble for

thy ancient honors. The laurels will fade from thy brows; thy genius shall succumb to that of one younger than thyself, but more fortunate than thee in being born at a season far more auspicious to the growth of art.

If there ever was an era especially favorable to the exercise of my peculiar talents, it is this. The public seem generally prepared for this mighty truth. The Murrellites grow and gather in Tennessee; the Rathbunites become equally venerated as the forgers of notes and the founders of cities; Collectors of Customs acquire new customs of collection; and where could the refinements of art more completely cover, conceal, and make sacred the scoundrelism of individuals, than when it commences its career with a charter, and clothes itself with the attributes of a bank? Verily, the day of our national greatness is at hand. The people clamor with one voice for new altars, and the god which they worship, lo! is it not almighty Humbug!

The bare thought of our first principles, my dear Bennett, seduces me into declamation. I should apologize for such a folly, but that I know how completely your heart leaps with mine, at the glorious advent which is before us. The spirit of prophecy is upon me; these walls will totter and tumble at the first touch of that Ithuriel spear with which the new civilization comes into the field. The chains will fall from about the victim—the dungeons will give up their prey, and a new life shall penetrate the dry bones of those martyrs who have yielded the struggle under unwise, unnatural laws, and in an attitude which, resting on the uncertain basis of the atmosphere, is no less unbecoming than ungentlemanly.

The day is rapidly passing, my dear Bennett, when men will be fettered and scourged, simply because they possess a peculiar skill in penmanship; and

Wall-street will yet wonder at the monstrous cruelty which could visit upon your most tender territory, the wrath of a citizen, delivered at the armed point of a pair of Boston boots, provoked by so small and doubtful an error as that of taking his name in vain. Slander and forgery will not long stare out in retributive sable from the statute book, abridging the freedom of the press, and diminishing the value of mercantile education.

I take it for granted, that, before many days, the laws will give you a *carte blanche* to blow on whom you please, even as the wind listeth, and afford me an equal privilege of showing how excellently I can write my own and the signatures of my neighbors.

LETTER VI.

TO JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

My Dear Bennett.

I now proceed to give you those particulars of my life, career, and opinions, which have already provoked so much discussion, and about which the public mind is so much agitated at this moment. I need not suggest to you the propriety of giving my letters a conspicuous place in the Herald; and the type should be something larger than that which you commonly use, and the matter should not be crowded. The eye, through the medium of which the mind derives so many of its aspects, is much too little consulted by the press of this country; the managers of which do not seem to be aware how much of the beauty of an article, its energy, eloquence, and wisdom, depends on a fine clear type, white paper, and proper pressmanship. But to my narrative, for which you must be equally impatient with your readers.

I was born near Pineville, a rustic but beautiful village of St. Stephen's Parish, South Carolina, some thirty years ago. I have great reluctance in being precise on the subject of dates, and however poor may seem the deficiency of my narrative in this respect, you must content yourself that the matter is no worse, and that I am ready to speak to the card on almost all other subjects. I should be equally reluctant to declare the precise place of my birth, but that the same love of country, which was in fact the leading cause of the adoption of my present pursuit, forbids that I should leave any doubt on this part of my his-

tory, which might by any possibility, at a future day, result in the loss to South Carolina of any reputation which would necessarily accrue to her from the fame of so distinguished a citizen. My family was at one time among the most popular and prosperous of any in the neighborhood; but good living and unlimited hospitality,—those errors of our people, which look like virtues, and among our guests are considered such,—soon reduced our condition; and when I first arrived at a due consciousness of the things and persons around me, I found myself but poorly provided with any of those aids of fortune to which my passions, tastes, and appetites, equally inclined. My father died when I was so young that I neither knew nor missed him. My venerable mother,—may she live a thousand years!—was the sole guardian of my infancy, and the judicious guide and teacher of my budding intellects. She was a wonderfully strong minded woman,—sternly independent in her character—so much so, that when evil days fell upon us, she descended without reluctance, nay, with a hearty zeal, which seemed natural, to the most ordinary tasks of human industry. How, while yet a boy, did I admire the majesty of her movement, as stooping to the earth, with the grace and dignity of a heroine, she detached the elongated potato from the rugged soil, and transferred it with equal felicity of manner, to the ashes. To the surprising union of ease and dignity in her, which I have never beheld in the same happy degree in any other woman, do I ascribe that loftiness of air and carriage in myself, which has sometimes interfered with the successful pursuit of my profession. I had two sisters, both good girls enough, but no ways remarkable, who exercised no influence upon me, and who possessed but little of those elevated characteristics which distinguished my mother and myself. To them, the digging of potatoes, shucking corn, or cooking dinner, were duties

utterly unsusceptible of elegant display,—mere ordinary tasks of necessity, which they approached with dislike, and hurried through without dignity.

My days of boyhood were, I suspect, pretty much the same as those of most ordinary boys: yet there were events in my history, which held forth some little promise of the greatness which I was destined to achieve. My performances were marked by keenness of observation, quickness of judgment, and nicety of execution. My sports were always ingenious,—generally invented for the occasion; as, even in the most ordinary matters, as in the most remarkable, my genius disdained to follow in the customary tracks. “I walked not in the ways of other” boys, as little as my Lord Byron, whom, by the way, it is said that I singularly resemble, both in my personal appearance and the warmth and inveteracy of my passions. Perhaps, had I not chosen the more difficult paths of action, I should have turned my attention, as well as himself, to poetry and the Turks. I had always a taste that way, and much of my success in the feminine world, is supposed to arise from the excellence of my recitations in verse. You remember my reading of Morris’ song the other night,—“Woodman, spare that tree,”—it brought tears into the author’s eyes, who declared that the delivery was worthy of the poem. How often have I exacted the like tribute from the damsels of my country—how they have hung around me, melting and suffused—their eyes appealing tenderly to my own, and their hearts, in such moments, oh! how completely at my service. I have, I must acknowledge, been very successful among women. I sometimes reproach myself, however, for my frequent treacheries to these fair ministers, and in this respect Lord Byron resembled me also.

If I did little in my boyhood to distinguish my career, or to merit my particular reference in this narra-

tive, it was simply because there was no proper field in which I could exhibit the qualities of my peculiar genius. There was no opposition from rival minds—there was no proper theatre for superior display. Still, I was any thing but idle. Such moderate performances as might be undertaken by a boy, were readily undertaken by me. They did not make me famous, but they made me expert. I acquired great activity, and being a boy of wonderful muscle and strength, my constant exercise soon enabled me to venture upon exploits which left the ordinary deeds of boyhood far behind me. Indeed, like most boys in Carolina, I soon ceased to be a boy. Man, like all the other productions of this extraordinary region, leaps to maturity, as it were, in an instant, regardless of the methodical and staid pace, the fixed motion, and the timed degrees, which restrain genius and fetter manhood in colder countries. I soon rose to command among my comrades. I was known as a dexterous horseman, a fearless rider, a vigorous wrestler, a daring combatant; and the acknowledgments of my play-fellows, as they assigned me the place of leader among them, soon prepared me to desire a more extensive sway and a higher elevation. At sixteen I yearned to distinguish myself—to fasten upon me the eyes of the world, and draw to myself the tribute admiration of the passing generation; and “Heaven,” in the language of the playwrights, “soon granted what my sire denied.”

If I was a remarkable boy in all those respects which denote strength and agility of body, and great physical energy, I was scarcely less so among my comrades for my success in intellectual matters. Before I was sixteen, I could read the speeches of Tristram Burges, and the messages of Levi Woodbury; gentlemen whom the admiration of my boyhood readily moved me, at a subsequent period, to seek and

secure as intimates. I number them, with yourself, my dear Bennett, as among my safest friends. Politics, as taught in their schools, became with me a passion; though I confess to a slight dereliction a short time after, when I fell into the grievous heresy of nullification, seduced into blind paths of judgment by that shining but erring light, John C. Calhoun. I discovered my error simultaneously with the publication, by governor Hamilton, of a most infamous proclamation concerning me, to which I shall in due season call your attention, and which, though I triumphed over its malice in the end, did me in the mean time a great deal of injury and disservice.

My books, in my boyish days, were few but exceedingly select. They consisted of a collection made by my father when he was on the tour of Europe. Were there no other means of judging of his great taste and excellent capacity, the library which he gathered on this occasion, at great pains and expense, and to which my knowledge is principally due, would amply suffice. It consisted of a happy selection of Ethics, History, and Romance. A few of the most valuable works may well be named, for the benefit of future students who are ambitious of renown. There were Daboll's Arithmetic; The Life of Jonathan Wild, by Fielding; A Glimpse into the Domestic History of King Solomon, by a wonderful but unknown writer; The Philosophy of Fun; George Buchanan; Quintus Curtius; The Lives of Famous Housebreakers; Lives of the Martyrs; Newgate Calendar; Baxter's Saint's Rest; Joe Miller; Llorente's History of the Inquisition; The Bloody Chronicle, or a Narrative of Crime in London; Watt's Psalms; Little's Poems; and a hundred or two more of a similar description, to name which might be as tedious as it is unnecessary.

Since I have reached manhood, I have enriched this collection by many purchases of like valuable works;

and among the presentation copies which cover my table, the gift equally of great geniuses and good friends, are copies of the *Deserted Bride*, and the *Little Frenchman and his Water Lots*, by Morris; *Tales and Sketches*, such as they are, by Stone; *The Vision of Rubeta*, by John Quincy Adams; *The Spirit of Life*, by Clark; *Paul Ulric*, by Mattson; *Noah's Travels and Plays*; *The Siamese Twins*, by Bulwer; and *Captain Kyd*, by Ingraham. Of all these, my decided favorites are the first and last named of these writers. Morris is certainly a splendid fellow; equally the minstrel and the warrior. He realizes to my mind one of the most perfect specimens of the chivalrous ages, when it was customary for the knights to wield, with equal grace and skill, the lyre and the lance—to do battle with his foe at morning, and to sing at evening to the fair; to quell, as Morris did, the formidable riots of a mighty city, and retire when the fearful performance was at an end, to the moonlight bower, soothed by its repose and sweetness, and carolling to the presiding divinity thereof, some such marvellous ditty as “*Long Time Ago.*” But I digress. *The General* is a most attractive subject.

It is perhaps necessary that I should state in this place, that the books in my library exercised a most beneficial and extensive influence upon my character. Full of a desire to add to the glory and the greatness of my country, I necessarily cast about in what manner I should best apply my capacities to the attainment of the end in view. In this examination, my library helped me to a ready conclusion, though, till then, I confess myself exceedingly at a loss. South Carolina was literally overwhelmed with the greatness of her sons. They filled all the departments. She had her warriors, who ranked among the first; her historians, her politicians, her statesmen, her philosophers, her poets, and her novelists; her speculators, and an im-

mense throng of that busy population, who exercise their wits in the elaborate labor of 'raising the wind' to the necessary height for all social and domestic purposes—I mean the financiers. Bewildered with the crowd—unwilling to follow in paths which others had opened and almost filled, I was for some time at a loss to know in what fitting direction I could turn my eyes for the exercise of my own genius. Fortunately, the answer was at hand in the valuable library transmitted by my venerable and deeply searching sire. Carolina had her warriors, her poets, her statesmen, her philosophers; the world was ringing with their greatness and her own; but where was her gentleman of the road—the bold asserter of his own and the natural rights of his race? Where were her Rob Roys, her Robin Hoods, her Murrells, her Rathbuns, &c.? Echo answers, where? She had none in this department of her national genius; the field was utterly unoccupied. If the past made me melancholy, the reflection which followed in my mind rejoiced me. The circle of her greatness shall be made complete. The measure of her glory shall be filled. I will enter the path which now remains vacant and unexplored, and my statue shall fill the only unoccupied niche in her otherwise crowded temples.

P. S.—I had scarcely written the above, and thrown aside the pen, when I was honored with a visit from General M. The manuscript lay beside me, and with that arid curiosity which distinguishes the man quite as strongly as any more valuable quality, he desired to know what it was; and when informed, he insisted that I should read him a portion of it. With this he was so much delighted, that he almost seized upon it by force; and really, my dear Bennett, such was his rapacity, that it was only after great effort that I rescued it from his grasp. He insisted

upon having it for publication in the "Mirror;" and throwing his arms around my neck, in the urgency of his affection, I was quite as much in danger of being suffocated by his embraces, as of being overcome by his entreaties. "The Herald," such was his language, "cannot give your history one half the circulation which it will find through the medium of the Mirror; besides, a word in your ear, my dear Colonel, the Herald is regarded here as rather a vulgar concern. The Mirror, besides being the most respectable publication in New York, has the largest circulation—a consequence which is inevitable, from the fact that it is decidedly the cheapest in the world; and among the many advantages which would accrue to you from publishing in its columns, is a vast European reputation which I would secure you, through the help of our Liverpool correspondent, the world-renowned R. Shelton Mackenzie, Esq., author of 'the Baby's Tears,' 'the Knight of the Azure Toothpick,' and many other equally remarkable unmentionables."

"My dear General," was my reply, "these are certainly great inducements, but I have promised Bennett _____"

"What of that?" said he. "Let me have it, and I'll bring Noah over. The Star will publish any thing I send it."

"Impossible, General! It is a point of honor with me now."

You may imagine his chagrin, when he found me resolute.

LETTER VII.

TO JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

Dear James.

The desire of greatness, and the patriotic determination to confer greatness upon my country, were conceived in my mind at the earliest period to which my recollection can go back. Up to my sixteenth year, it was scarcely possible for me to realize my conceptions. But when this auspicious epoch arrived, when my body—perhaps under those stimulating desires of the mind, which kept me restless, and had been working in me so long—had attained something of a corresponding maturity, and I felt myself capable to execute those ambitious purposes of which I had only dreamed before, I proceeded without delay to make some first experiments, on a small scale, in the art of which I had made my profession.

But I was yet to find a field of action,—a theatre sufficiently spacious, in which I might appear to advantage. Our village, quiet as a mouse-trap, and almost as small, held out but few advantages, and still fewer opportunities for action. The surrounding country was but thinly settled, and possessed of no great amount of wealth. To make a figure at a muster-ground, or at a camp-meeting, was a mode of rising in the world much too common-place to satisfy my ambition, and I naturally turned my eyes to Charleston, our great city of the south. There, I said to myself, is the proper arena. There, said I, are banks and theatres,—“the crowd, the camp, the mart,”—merchant princes who sport dollars as the country-

man sports chingapins, and who speak ever and only the musical dialect of pounds, shillings, and pence. There, too, are hundreds of placés of convivial gathering, in which a man may rejoice in a circle of boon companions and pleasant wits. There are Fairchild's and the Rialto—temples for the gourmand and the epicure; and genius, let me add—though it is scarcely necessary to tell this to you, Bennett, or to Major Noah, or to Colonel Stone—is exceedingly fond of a smoking supper and a foaming draught.

Even had my aims been far less imposing than they were, such attractions as these would have amply sufficed to seduce me from the seclusion of our lonely retreat in St. Stephen's.

To an ordinary person, the first step would have been all the difficulty. How to depart, unless a-foot, from a place where the first leg of horse, mare, or mule, was not easily to be discovered, would have puzzled the John Smiths, but did not puzzle me. There was a worthy neighbor—a very worthy neighbor—who had one foible which was gradually undermining his health and sapping his constitution. Every day added to his tallow; the fat thickened upon him, like cream upon a bowl of milk, nightly; and his best friends began to be apprehensive that fatal consequences would inevitably befall him in consequence of the *vis inertię* under which he suffered. With that philanthropy which has ever distinguished my career and conduct, I resolved to save him, even at some little risk to my reputation, which, I well knew, even then, there would be base-minded wretches enough to assail, making of the finest virtues the foulest and most offensive crimes. What says Shakspeare?—

“Be thou as chaste, &c.
Thou shalt not escape calumny.”

Humanity prompted me to risk this danger to save my unfortunate neighbor from himself. He had a fine

horse and gig, which, as they gave him the means of going where he wished without effort or exertion on his own part, contributed in the highest degree to his obesity. I reasoned correctly when I assured myself, that if deprived of this evil aid he would be compelled to walk, and if compelled to walk, that he would arrive, after no long time, at a reasonable leanness. In my mind's eye I beheld the cumbrous fat falling from him in flakes as he stumbled over his potatoe hills, "larding the lean earth as he walked along," and my heart rejoiced in the consciousness of its judicious philanthropy. I borrowed horse and gig without the knowledge of the owner; and warmed with the happiest convictions as I went along, that the health of my worthy neighbor must improve with every hour of my absence, I occupied the seat which he used to fill, and drove with due rapidity to Charleston. I arrived early in the day on which I left home, and took lodgings at the famous hotel of the Bull's Head.

I am now constrained, my dear Bennett, to confess to some little inaction for the first two or three days after my arrival. The novelties of the new scene and situation in which I found myself, were very well calculated to beguile me, though for a time only, from the stern and irresistible determination of my soul. However anxious I may have been to distinguish myself by some deed of greatness, the fascinations of such a city as Charleston, prevailed for a season over my better purposes, and I yielded myself to society and to the enjoyments which it so liberally proffers to the stranger, in that hospitable place. As a foreigner, I was sought for by every circle. Fortunate in the possession of a form and appearance which instantly riveted attention, I was still more fortunate in the judgment which prompted me to make my first appearance among the people as a foreigner. I need not say that I was pursued, as I never since have been

pursued, by all classes. I had *carte blanche* from several of the most fashionable houses, and attended a ball, given in my honor, every night that I remained in town.

To an ordinary youth of sixteen, such a situation would have been to the last degree intoxicating. But it only served more emphatically to impress upon me the solemn conviction of the high destinies which awaited me. This conviction did not suffer me to yield myself long to these seductions. I broke away from the fairy throng which had environed me, and resolving to go no more into a region which influenced me against my better self and more noble resolutions, I turned my eyes upon those portions of the community upon whom I proposed to operate in a far different fashion. I went among the tradesmen, looked at negro clothes and negro shoes, spoke of my various planting interests, and, despite my very youthful appearance, seemed a very manly manikin to those dealers, whom cupidity will always blind, even when they fancy themselves most quick witted. What a world of philosophical speculation did their avidity for trade, on any terms, open to my thoughts. I lounged from store to store, from shop to shop, meditating like Hamlet on the vanities of the world; but, unlike Hamlet, I did not neglect the business I was after, while indulging in these meditations. I succeeded, in more than one instance, in persuading abroad some of the circulating medium from close coffers, where it lay useless; and to a cluster of chains and jewels which were covered with unnecessary dust in the back room of a jeweler's shop, I gave sudden deliverance, and transferred with a reference to their more becoming exhibition, to the person of the interesting foreigner.

Much more I might have done after the same manner, but for an untoward event, which, for a time, discouraged my ambitious purposes, and arrested their

exercise. This event, though forming a necessary part of my history, I will hasten over with all possible despatch. It is painful enough to be compelled to acknowledge a dereliction of purpose which subtracts from the exercises of genius, and denies it those rewards which it may command. I will simply make the acknowledgement; no friend of mine will desire that I should dwell upon particulars.

Thus, then, my dear Bennett, you have already been told that I resembled Lord Byron very much, as well in the inveteracy of my desires as in my taste for poetry. There was another respect in which I equally resembled him. This was in my great susceptibility to the tender passion. The love of woman always exercised upon me a most powerful, and, as in the case of Samson, Solomon, Alexander the Great, Sardanapalus, Mark Antony, and our persecuted friend, Parson Avery, a most pernicious influence. To see a beautiful woman, was, in the language of the poet, to make her a part of sight; and though this confounding of my vision was at no time of very protracted duration—and here we again resemble each other, Lord Byron and myself—yet for the time it lasted, it led to some most distressing obliquities. Such was the unhappy effect of the incident which I shall now relate. Pursuing my professional operations, I entered one of the fancy stores in King street, some where near “the Bend,” intending nothing more than to see if any worthy captive might need deliverance from the narrow restraints of a show case, or a shop counter; when, of a sudden, my eyes beheld the most ravishing head and face that I had ever before seen perched upon woman’s shoulders. I was fascinated, struck all of a heap, to use the back wood phrase, and for a time I am very much mortified to believe that I really looked excessively silly. But a few moments sufficed to relieve me, and I entered into

conversation with the maiden, whom I soon found to be as spirited and winning in her replies and remarks, as she was beautiful in her face and graceful in her person. I quickly forgot the business on which I came—the philanthropic purpose with which I had entered the store, from the custody of which I proposed to release so many victims, who would certainly appear to better advantage, tastefully arrayed on a fine person, than crowded in a box or glass case. The shop-keeper became the robber; and the mind which aimed to grasp creation, yielded itself up without struggle, to the sweet words and sunny smiles of as lovely a grisette as ever unbuckled a girdle, or sighed to her kid slipper. The confession is a painful one, dear Bennett, but truth requires that it should be made. Still, if my fault be without excuse, it surely is not without example. Great men have married their scullions before to-day, and genius of the highest order, even before my time, has been well matched with a milliner.

Speaking abstractedly, too—that is to say, without reference to costly rings and idle ceremonies—a milliner is not often without her attractions. For ten men in the dozen she is in any respect good enough, and the great majority do not deserve even that good fortune. Nay, even to genius, if it be proper for it to bind itself to earth by any extra ties of mortality, I am not certain but that she would answer every necessary purpose; but I am of opinion now, that great men should never marry. They should have as little to do with women as possible. Women defeat the best plans, baffle the best purposes, spoil the subtlest schemes, and, worst of all, so enervate their unfortunate possessors, as to make them heedless of glory, and unfit for enterprise. Great captains have become great cowards soon after marriage, and in my own case, I happen to know that I forebore the finest op-

portunity of successful operation, simply because I was unwilling to incur any risk the day after mine.

To that event let me come. I do so now with great reluctance. Would I had been only half so reluctant then. I need not say I was quite as successful in my first, as I have ever been in almost every succeeding amour. The maiden consented, after no long parley, to marry the interesting foreigner; but she insisted that the event must not be conducted after the ordinary fashion. Herein her taste corresponded with mine. She insisted upon a runaway match, as most like true love, when there was such a thing upon earth. A night after that, a rope ladder from her chamber window helped her to my arms, and we sped with all possible haste to obtain the succor of a parson.

There used to be a tidy little old gentleman, named Munds, in Charleston, who usually performed the charitable office of joining impatient lovers in the holy bonds of matrimony. In this office he had, among the Charlestonians, a fame not less great than that of the Gretna Green blacksmith. The old man may be living still, for aught I know, and still performing his humane vocation. Nothing but the most benevolent desire to promote the happiness of the sexes, prompted him to be always in the way, and always willing to do this business when required at his hands. His fee could have been no consideration, for it was usually exceedingly small. Benevolence was stamped in very legible characters on all his features, and this, together with the facility of getting him, led me to seek his services. When applied to, he offered no objections and made no scruples; and here lay one of the advantages of seeking him. It was enough for this benevolent old gentleman, to see two fond hearts longing to get together, and his own melted. The magical words were in an instant on his lips, the mag-

ical volume in his hands, and he put together elements, no matter how discordant they might prove in after days, with a solemn denunciation of all those who might attempt to put them asunder.

In this fashion was I joined to my lovely little milliner. The little old parson rubbed his hands with delight, when he had finished so charitable a work, and conveyed to the silent repository of his pocket, the dollar which rewarded him for it. Doubly armed with a wife, and the friends who had assisted me in getting her, I took the way to my lodgings, but not before I had given orders at a celebrated confectionary, for certain fruits, cakes, and cordials, which came after us. You should, my dear Bennett, have seen the consternation of the proprietor of the Bull's Head, as I bade him procure accommodations for my wife. "Your wife?" said he. "Ay," said I, "my wife!" The certificate soon silenced all his scruples, and the rest of the night was passed pretty much as all such nights should be.

LETTER VIII.

TO JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

My dear James:

Marriage I soon discovered to be a very different sort of thing from love. With love, a man can come and go when he pleases; but under the marriage tie, he is called upon to stay where he is, and submit to all accidents. At first, this evil did not strike me so forcibly. My passions got the better of my judgment, and blinded me for some time to the truth. But even so early as the first day after marriage, I found myself unwilling to recommence my public career, or renew any of those achievements in which my genius so much delighted. Feeling my weakness, I saw no reason to remain longer in town; and with my gig much better filled than when I set out from home, I commenced my return to St. Stephen's.

There, some of my neighbors ventured to insinuate that my purposes were less than honest, in taking the horse and gig of the invalid from him; yet, as I returned it so promptly, I was enabled to satisfy himself of the purity and benevolence of my intentions. I am not sure, my dear Bennett, that the old fellow was quite convinced that what I said was truth. I am not sure that it was not his joy at the unlooked for restoration of his property, rather than a conviction of the charitable object which made me usurp its use, that made him receive me with tolerable civility, and yield such a ready credence to my account of the matter. I need scarcely say, that I beheld a visible change for the better in his person; the consequence of the brief privation to which he had been subjected.

The necessity of trudging about on foot—to him so strange a practice—together with the natural anxiety of his mind on the prospect of his loss being inevitable, had greatly reduced him. In the course of two weeks he must certainly have suffered a loss of fifty pounds avoirdupois.

A few weeks in the seclusion of country life sufficed to convince me, that the marriage state was one of the very last upon which a man of my ambitious nature should have entered. The charms of my wife increased under my eyes. She wound herself every day more and more completely round my heart. There was no resisting her smiles—still less was the power with me to resist her tears. To be with her—to seek her only—to sigh for her when absent, and sink into a delirious dream of pleasure when she was near me, was now my only occupation. My venerable mother, superior to all such weaknesses, reproached me with my inactivity. In my cooler moments I reproached myself. The world was passing and leaving me behind it. Opportunities for distinction were hourly escaping from my grasp. Inferior men were rising into greatness all around me; and, even in that department which I fondly fancied that Providence had designed to be exclusively my own, there were rumors of small adventurers plucking their way to eminence—a matter not so difficult in the absence of the master spirit.

My thoughts necessarily became gloomy ones. Pain succeeded to pleasure, discontent to enjoyment; and the reproaches of my mother, spoken in those solemn tones and in that lofty manner, which, in her, was at all times an earnest of overwhelming wisdom, compelled me to think seriously of providing a remedy for my grievances, and throwing off the appalling lethargy which weighed me down in inaction.

“It’s this here gal that you brought from Charleston, Davy, that’s a making a chicken of you: the gal’s not good for much, any how—can’t dig taters—says it hurts

her fingers ; and so, what you're to do with such a wife, is a mighty puzzle to me. It's a thousand pities you ever seed her, Davy."

The energetic, wholesome idiom of my mother's language, came home to my soul with appalling solemnity. What is to be done? was the question. Where lies the remedy, and, if fatal to the woman who had beguiled me from myself, who would apply it? I felt at that moment that I had not the heart to do any thing which would make her unhappy ; so closely had she in that little time wound herself about my affections. But was there a remedy? In vain did I ask myself the question. My genius was dumb. I failed to get an answer from my own thoughts, and must have remained in the enfeebling condition in which I then was, if that ready and resolved woman, my maternal parent, had not again come to my relief.

"Send her a packing," said my mother. "It will kill her—she will die," was my instantaneous answer. "Away from me, and denied my affections, she could not survive a week." Here my ambition received all its strength, and interposed in aid of my mother's arguments. "Better that she should die than that you should be lost to your country, to its and your own glory. Better that the whole race of women should perish, than that you should sink into lassitude, forget your duties and your purposes, and leave to others that path of triumph which you alone are destined to open and pursue. "But," continued the whispering monitor within, "there are none to pursue that path, none to supply your place, if you fail; and the renown of your country incomplete, will reproach you with the miserable weaknesses which are now emasculating your genius."

Painful and long was the struggle, but it became a matter of state necessity, and love was finally obliged to yield to necessity. Napoleon was similarly situ-

ated. I called to mind that he put away Josephine; and the recollection of several other cases occurring among other great men, at length determined me. I sought an interview with the dear object at once of my sorrows and my joys. I took her with me into the woods. "You must leave me," I said. "You must return to your friends in Charleston; we must separate forever. Here is money, it will enable you to reach the city; would it were more for your sake."

I shared with her all that I had in possession; it was all in specie; the banks had not then suspended specie payments, and the United States Bank had not begun to hatch that prolific brood of post notes, which have since been *quacking* all over the country. The amount it is true was rather small,—four dollars thirty-eight cents—but I proposed to share it equally with her. With indignation she rejected my proposal. She refused to hear me—said that she would cling to me wherever I was, and follow me whithersoever I went, with a fidelity which would suffer no denial. It has always been wonderful to myself how great has been my power over female hearts. I asked myself the question, what is the spell by which I obtain this mastery? Where lies the charm which so completely subjects to my will and wishes, a creature so proverbially perverse and capricious as woman is usually acknowledged to be? I was young and handsome, it is true; but other men are also young and handsome, perhaps more so than myself; yet such have I invariably overcome, and with little effort. There was certainly a peculiar something about me which sustained the pretensions of my genius, and made my conquests universal.

Never did woman betray a greater tenacity of love than did my wife on the present occasion. With one breath she positively refused to leave me, and with another denounced me as unworthy of her love. I

reasoned and expostulated with her, with all the dispassionate forbearance of a heart so naturally gentle and indulgent as mine. But though I was exceedingly explicit, I yet failed to convince her of the necessity which existed for our separation. I instanced the case of Napoleon and Josephine, and particularly dwelt upon the magnanimity of the latter, in consenting to those measures of state requisition which were so imperiously demanded by the interests of that great man. I was in hopes that she might be struck by the conduct of Josephine, and exhibit a like magnanimity. But she had not the soul of Josephine. She obstinately refused to see any parallelism in the case of Napoleon and myself, and swore she'd write to Parson Munds, who would be certain to redress her.

I was bewildered—I knew not what to do. My heart sorrowed for the poor girl, and sympathized in her afflictions. I could not but feel how touching was that very love, which had already been so great an obstruction to my success, and now promised to be no less an annoyance to my mind. Perhaps, had I been left alone, I should have betrayed new weaknesses, and yielded my wishes to her own—yielded my fame and fortune to her foolish attachment. But, fortunately for the country and myself, my venerable and resolute mother, who had followed me unseen into the woods, approached us at this moment. Her noble soul was equally unmoved by my incertitude, and the pleadings of my wife; and with deliberate accents, and instantaneous thought, she suggested a means of effecting the object which we mutually had in view.

“Give her the hickory, Dave,—that’s the only way. I reckon that ’ll send her a packing.”

This was a painful and humiliating alternative; and with slow steps and a sad heart, I looked around in the bushes and selected a shoot which seemed to be suffi-

ciently large to produce the effect desired. When the poor girl saw me approach her, armed in this fashion, her resolution gave way.

"Dave," she said, "you don't mean to whip me with that!"

"Alas!" was my reply; "why, my dear love, will you render such a proceeding necessary?"

"I'll go,—I'll leave you," she replied, "only don't whip me—don't whip me."

I promised her; but here my sagacious mother interposed, and, with that wonderful strength of intellect and acuteness of thought which as pre-eminently distinguished her as her firmness and dignity, she suggested the absurdity of any reliance upon a promise so suddenly made, and as yet uninfluenced by the actual pressure of coercion.

"Don't you mind what she says, Dave,—lay it on—give her a taste of it—that's the only way. If you don't she'll blarney you out of your eyes,—blarney you till you take her back again, and then you'll be worse off than ever. Give her the hickory, I tell you; if you don't I will, that's all."

I felt the wisdom of these suggestions; I saw that the perverse woman desired nothing more than to divert the present storm,—that she knew how completely my heart yearned towards her, and perceived that if she could only escape the impending danger, there would be little possibility of my ever again attaining to even my present degree of resolution. Nothing but the absolute necessity of the case determined me to proceed. In the abstract, I do not approve of the practice of using hickories on women; and even the necessity of the case did not lessen the pain which I felt at being compelled to this procedure. With every stroke which I gave, my own flesh was wounded; with every scream which she uttered, my heart

bled. How I envied the firm spirit of my mother, who witnessed the operation with unyielding fortitude, and a demeanor that did not alter through the whole of it. The painful performance was soon over, and I was glad of it. Like Lord Byron, I was sufficiently justified in what I did, by a calm consideration of what the public naturally expected from my genius. Had he not chastised his wife, and driven her from him, would he ever have written *Childe Harold*? Never, never! And had I not, in spite of the torture of such a necessity, employed a hickory upon mine, and put her from me in a similar manner, the world, my dear Bennett, would have lost some of its most imposing memorials.

I have had many triumphs since, many successes, and great has been the reputation which it has been my good fortune to acquire; but, let me tell you, when men sit down to ascertain what has been my crowning performance, they will judge wrongly if they do not assign the precedence to this. I had sacrificed my warmest and tenderest feelings, my best affections, to that high ambition, well called "the last infirmity of noble minds." I had resisted the prayers, the tears, the entreaties, of one no less beloved than beautiful, in tribute to that patriotic sentiment which demanded that I should give myself wholly and unreservedly to my country. Will my country reward me for such sacrifices? I trust it will;—not that I look for justice at the hands of the present time;—no, Bennett, you and I have long since known, that the true contemporaries of genius are to be found only among the shadows of the future.

LETTER IX.

TO JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

My dear Bennett.

The stern measure of public and personal necessity which I have just narrated, was productive of a result no less instantaneous than beneficial. An oppressive weight at once seemed to fall from my mind. My genius rose once more unincumbered, and put on wings and rose from the low earth. Already new schemes and ripe adventures gathered before my eyes; and crude images of those performances to which the future could alone impart due shape and substance, grew up imperfectly within my thoughts, and by their new-born activity proved the necessity which had existed for my release from the bonds which Parson Munds had imposed upon me. These were scarcely broken, when I recommenced my labors seriously, and took care that their magnitude should correspond with my increased experience and riper manhood.

The art of penmanship is one of those beautiful arts in which it has always been my ambition to excel. I had practiced it, without intermission, from my earliest boyhood. The most miserable stump of a pen, in my hands, at length became an instrument of power. A reed drawn upon the sands, left there forms and characters no less graceful than magical. Convinced that I had reached that due period of improvement, when I might safely challenge public attention to my performances in this department, and demand its admiration, I resolved to execute an instrument of a

somewhat public character, which might effect my determined object. With a sheet of finest vellum, Bath stamped, paper before me, I seized the instrument of writing, and brief but beautiful indeed were the characters that gathered before my eyes. They were characters and signs of power. "The world shall feel me now," was my soliloquy, as I wrote. "These words shall not merely win the eye,—they shall command the obedience of man,—they shall command the faith, the confidence, the affections,—the more than affections,—the gold of the stranger. Ordinary men operate upon the faith and affections of friends. I will do more. By this writing I will establish my claim to the instant obedience and docility of the stranger."

Such was the amount of my soliloquy—such was my resolution. And yet, strange power of genius! the writing with which I proposed to do so much, was of a character not uncommon. The written instrument which now lay before me, was of a kind no less common place than brief. It was the happy talent of the artist that gave it a magic such as does not always attach to the writings of mankind, and endowed it with a power over human confidence, which, it is my earnest faith, will one day become universal. The instrument was in the form of a letter, addressed to a mercantile house in Charleston, and began thus :

"Gentlemen,

At sight, please pay to David Theo. Hines, or order, the sum, &c. &c."

The signature—and here lay the chief skill of my performance—was that of one of our neighbors, a respectable planter, but one whose penmanship was of that sort which worries tradesmen and vexes printers,—a "darned cramp-hand," and very inferior to

mine. In this lay another proof of my ingenuity and art. Miserably as this gentleman usually wrote, I yet resolved to adopt his wretched scrawl, the wretchedest of all scrawls, in order the more completely to establish the commanding character of my genius. "These cautious tradesmen of Charleston," I said, "shall be the first to feel my power, and put implicit faith in its exactions." The mere amount of money called for in the draft, was, of course, a matter of no importance. You will not suppose, my dear Bennett, that I gave that matter a second thought.

Having completed the instrument, I was now all impatience to prove the success of my design, and once more set off for the city. On the present occasion, a sense of independence prompted me to pursue my journey afoot. My fleshy neighbour, I may add, with a singular disregard to his own health, kept such a close watch upon his horse and vehicle, as to leave me no opportunity to repeat the service which I had already rendered him, by their abstraction from his custody. His course was obstinately suicidal, and if he be not dead yet, it is certainly owing to the indulgence of Heaven, rather than to any individual consideration which he has given to himself. I reached Charleston in safety, and once more found myself at the spacious tavern of the Bull's Head. The proprietor of that establishment made several very respectful inquiries after my late wife; but my heart was quite too full to suffer me to answer him satisfactorily, and I peremptorily requested his future forbearance on so delicate a subject.

The morning after my arrival was devoted to putting my experiment to the test, and I waited upon the factors upon whom the instrument was drawn, with the anxiety so natural to one, the first effort of whose genius is about to be subjected to the searching examination of his judges. Believe me, my dear Bennett,

my heart beat, at that moment, with more doubts than have ever troubled it since. The fear that I had deceived myself—the humbling apprehension that my skill as an artist was far less than I had myself believed, and that I had failed to imitate the antique characters, which seemed to me no less easy than common-place, was a source of great and mortifying apprehension for several minutes. But my apprehensions were not of long duration. I soon had the triumph to discover that my genius had fully achieved the triumph which had been its primary object. The merchants received me with that graciousness which so invariably distinguishes that class of people towards those with whom they hope to have profitable dealings. They made a thousand inquiries after my own and the health of my principal—made equally close inquiries into the condition of the crops; and a judicious hint which I threw out, of certain well filled acres of my own, immediately led them to exhibit some additional courtesies, which I should have remembered with gratitude, were it not for certain churlish and ill-natured proceedings which they subsequently exhibited against me. They sent their young man with me to the bank, of the whereabouts of which I was at that time ignorant; and I took the money, not because I wished it, my dear Bennett, but simply because it was the only conclusive proof of the success of my experiment.

It answered a very good purpose that I did take the money, since it enabled me to obtain an agent, which has served me to some extent, in future operations. It so happened that the annual races over the Washington course, took place about the time when I was in Charleston; and with that intuitive love for fine horses and fine sports, which distinguishes the Carolina gentleman, I necessarily gave myself up to the exhilarating festivities of that week in February,

which the Charlestonians invariably yield to the enjoyments of the turf. Though not one of the jockey club, I yet felt that I should have been one, and under this conviction mounted the flaming ribbon which denotes the select sportsman of that society. My soul was surrendered to the intoxication of the scene. I bet freely, swore with the swagger and spirit of an aristocrat, and in all those little excesses which are supposed to distinguish gentle blood, I proved myself in all eyes, as one 'to the manner born.'

Among the fine animals brought on the turf during this week of incident and interest, there was one, a brown mare, which took my eye at the first instant. I saw that she was finely formed, and fancied, as afterwards appeared correctly enough, that she must be endowed with uncommon fleetness. She brought with her some reputation from the interior of the state, where she had taken several purses; and my own expectation, and that of most persons, indeed, was, that her success was not unlikely to be as great in Charleston. We were mistaken; not indeed in her fleetness, but in her behaviour. She proved herself to be even more vicious than fleet; and an effort to run her over the main course, resulted in her repeated bolting. She leaped ropes and ditches with equal ease, and nearly killed her rider and some of the spectators.

Such conduct diminished her value in the estimation of every body but myself. I have told you that I was a great rider, and as fearless as I was adroit. I saw at a glance, that she was the creature after my own heart—the Bucephalus to the young Alexander. Under my wrist I felt assured that she would resume her docility, and acknowledging the spell of my genius no less readily than my friends, the factors, that she would equally add to and facilitate my triumphs. The fear which she inspired in all others, commended

her to me. The same fear, as it lessened her money value, enabled me to secure her; and for this purpose I employed the better part of the cash which my skill as an artist had just enabled me to procure from the courteous gentlemen aforementioned.

Thus mounted, I whiled away a few days more, after the most pleasant manner, in parading the streets of Charleston; and let me tell you, that it added no small item to the already large amount of reputation which I had acquired in that city, the boldness with which I had undertaken the control of a creature, the very aspect of which, fiery and vicious, alarmed most others. The fashionables, I need not say, were happy to see me; and in their circles, I need scarcely intimate that I found several damsels, to whom I had only to exercise the Turkish privilege of flinging the mystic handkerchief. But this time passion was schooled, and the humbler and more human feelings of my heart kept in due subjection by the over-ruling strength of my genius. I was not to be enslaved again. Shaking off the attractions of society and the gay city, with the ease with which the lion discards the dew-drops from his mane at morning, I once more turned my face to the country, and made my way back to Saint Stephen's, and the embraces of my venerable mother.

LETTER X.

TO JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

My dear Bennett.

My mare was an acquisition not to be disregarded, and in her possession I deemed myself, for a time, one of the most fortunate of men. I grew quite as fond of her as the Arabian of the desert is said to be of the fleet animal which he has raised; and, like the Roman emperor, had the power been mine, she should have eaten golden oats out of a porcelain vessel. But, the melancholy and too universal truth, which represents genius as doomed ever to the ills of poverty, did not find me an exception to its common application; and with the feeling which would have bestowed such rich fare upon my steed, my fortune did not enable me to provide her with an adequate supply of the ordinary corn and fodder of the country. My mercenary and narrow souled neighbors looked on with utter callousness, and would have beheld the noble animal perishing of starvation, without offering the most paltry assistance. I proffered to buy both corn and fodder; but as I had no cash, they declined to sell, and my spirit disdained to accept as a gift what they were unwilling to yield as a purchase. My heart swelled within me, as, hour after hour, I saw the increasing leanness of my mare.

A common feeling of humanity denied that I should stand by and see one of the creatures of God suffering for a little food, when food was to be procured; and the necessity of the case sharpened my wits, and stimulated my genius into complete activity. When the night

had fairly set in, I took the suffering animal forth, without saddle or bridle, and nothing but the fragment of a halter about her neck. I approached the cornfield of a miserable churl, whose name was K——, and taking down the rails of his fence, so as to place it in the power of the mare to do justice to her wants, I left her to her own ruminations, which, I have not the smallest doubt, were equally natural and satisfactory. Still, with a due regard to equal justice, I determined that K—— should not alone be assessed, when humanity was equally the duty of all other persons; and that night, and the night after, and several successive nights, for a week or more, I took the animal to the fields of other neighbors, and with gentle hand removed, here and there, those barriers which cunning and avarice are every where so ready to raise in the pathway of suffering humanity. I need not add that my Incitatus pricked up amazingly under this humane providence of her owner.

Even these acts, which so clearly sprang from the very best sentiments of benevolence, were subjected to the censures and denunciations of the base and bigoted around me; and I have no sort of doubt, that, had they not feared some evil consequences to themselves, from any desperate attempt of the sort, they might have even sought to punish me for the possession of sentiments of humanity, in which they had not the soul to share. Vague reports and rumors did reach me more than once, of a design to bring me before Judge Lynch; but prudence came in to my succor, and discouraged the prosecution of their purpose. They knew that I was always prepared for them, and they also knew me to be no less resolute than ready. I had a double-barrelled deer gun, which chambered fifteen pelters, and was always stuffed with as large a mouthful as she could well carry. Besides this, I car-

ried a bowie knife and pistols; and being equally strong in limb and certain in stroke, I was not the person whom it was safe to trifle with. But the malice which they dared not wreak upon me, they vented upon my innocent mare; and one morning she made her appearance at my door, in a miserable plight, as annoying to her as it was offensive and insulting to me. Some brutal wretch, who had probably found her enjoying herself in his cornfield, had caught her and covered her eyes with huge gobbets of tar, so that it was a wonder how she found her way out of the enclosure, and in safety to her home. I was the whole morning busily employed in removing the incumbrance and cleansing her face from its impurities.

Meanwhile, my blood was boiling within me, with the desire of punishing the wrong doer. It was not a thirst of revenge which moved me, but the love of right—that pure feeling, at once of patriotism and religion, which leads us to defend the oppressed and redress the injured. The poor animal could do nothing for herself. If any trespass had been committed in her favor, as they pretended to allege, the fault was mine, and the punishment should have been put on me. To torture the ignorant and unoffending animal, was a crime of equal brutality and cowardice, and I determined to make the criminal suffer duly for his inhumanity. Some doubts, however, beset me in carrying out this intention. I was yet to ascertain who the criminal was. My suspicions were divided between K——— and an old woman of the neighborhood, to whose corn-fields, it appears—whether from the particular fineness of the corn which they bore, or that they were more convenient than all the rest—the mare had chiefly confined herself in her nightly ruminations. The old woman's name was ——, and she was a Tartar of the first degree. My eyes once laid upon these two suspected persons, and I felt assured that a single glance

would enable me to determine between the guilty and the innocent. Impressed with this conviction, I assembled, as witnesses rather than assistants, in the justice which I proposed to administer, a couple of subordinates, whose tastes and principles were fashioned somewhat upon standards which I had provided them; and setting out at nightfall, we first rode to the dwelling of the woman. The moment I saw her, her deportment convinced me of her innocence. She sat on one side of the fire-place, with her son-in-law, a strapping fellow six feet high, on the other; and with that resolution which is, perhaps, the best proof of worth, her right hand grasped a poker and her left a gridiron. Her son-in-law was similarly armed with tongs and shovel; and both stood in readiness, as I entered, to join issue with me, even to the extreme measure of battle, in testimony of their innocence. The readiness to resist injurious aspersions or hostile attacks, has always been to my mind a conclusive proof that the party is free from reproach; and that instantaneous raising of her poker, by the old woman, amply testified her innocence of the offence, which at first I was disposed to lay to her charge. Seeing this, I put aside at once every appearance of hostility, and being very well known to her, addressed her in the language of condescension and civility. She was soon persuaded to lay down her weapons of defence, and with equal civility she asked us to stay to supper, in the preparation of which she was busily engaged at the moment of our appearance.

Considering the business before us—for, finding her to be innocent, I now knew confidently that K—— was the guilty person—I resolved to comply with her invitation, the more readily, indeed, as I am of the Englishman's persuasion, and hate to go into battle before I have had a belly-full. She gave us a supper which would have shocked Lovejoy, and put Delmo-

nico to the blush—collards and bacon—a dish that senator Clay assured me, when I last visited him at Ashland, was the most grateful to his palate of any that he has ever eaten. General Jackson, by the way, once made me a similar declaration.

While at supper, I did not hesitate to tell the old woman of my intentions. She agreed with me, that if K—— had committed the inhuman act with which I charged him, he fully deserved all the punishment I could inflict; but she expressed her belief that he was innocent.

“Either you or he did it, mother,” was my reply.

“Well, then, he’s the man, Davy, my son, and must stand what’s a coming.”

The old woman spoke oracularly. As soon as we had refreshed the inner man sufficiently, and had washed down our collards by a glass of Monongahela, off we went; and, knocking at K——’s door, were fortunate enough to find him in. Fright, the consciousness of guilt, seemed to paralyze the wretch, for he came out entirely unarmed to meet us, which, but for his terrors, would scarcely have been the case. He was a huge fellow, however, and presenting my gun to his breast, I commanded him to “cross his hands.” He would have expostulated with me, the inhuman savage!

“Why, what’s it you come for, Davy Hines; what’s made you angry?” was his impertinent inquiry.

“Cross hands, you scoundrel, or I’ll drive the whole load through your body,” was my stern reply.

He commenced a long rigmarole, but without doing what I commanded. I repeated the order, and he found there was as little use in delay as in expostulation. He crossed his hands.

“Now,” said I to my comrades, while I took a plough-line from my pocket, “if he offers to stir while I’m tying him, tumble him as if he was a wild Indian of Florida.”

The guilty wretch knew better than to stir, and I roped him in short order, and with little difficulty. This done, we conducted him to the woods and drew him up to a swinging limb.

“Now,” said I to the criminal, “I will give you a lesson which will make you remember the sacred duties of humanity, as long as you live; a lesson which shall teach you that the poor dumb beast is especially the object of human kindness. We are not living,” said I, “in a barbarous region, such as New York, where, under the plea of business, horses are driven to death weekly; but in a country where the blessings of civilization are indoctrinated, and with strict propriety, from the rising to the going down of the sun. Fortunately for us, that amiable old gentleman, Judge Lynch, is still in power among us, and no man shall ill-treat or injure his ox, his horse, or his ass, or any thing that is his. Still less shall he be permitted to ill-treat any thing that is his neighbor’s. You have been guilty of this offence, K——, and for this have we been despatched to punish you.”

Such was the succinct manner in which I thought it only proper to state his offence. Will it be believed, that the wretched man added to his cruelty the crime of perjury, and swore, with the unscrupulousness of any trooper, that he had never handled tar and the mare’s eyes together. The first stroke of my whip was in the very teeth of the liar. After that, we laid it on more deliberately; and seventy-five clean strokes having been administered, Judge Lynch declared that enough had been done for the protection of the peace, and for the security of the country. We then let the criminal go, with strict injunctions that henceforward he should make charity the cardinal virtue, particularly when a lean mare came ruminating about his corn-fields. But the miserable creature did not live long enough after this transaction, to profit by this parting

injunction. He went to bed and sickened immediately after his punishment—the penalties of an evil conscience, no doubt, smiting him sorely and constantly—and died, I am sorry to think, before he could bestow much thought upon the benevolent counsel which I gave him. There were, my dear Bennett, wicked people enough to accuse me of having brought about his death by this well-merited punishment—nay, I was even indicted for the offence—but not one to remember or repeat the valuable principles which I strove on that occasion to fix within his mind. Man is a vulgar, surface-seeing wretch, at the best. There were eyes enough to behold the marks which I had left upon his body, but how few to whom those were visible which my counsels had left upon his soul. If my stripes hastened his departure, I have little doubt that my lessons soothed it, and reconciled him to a severer Judge.

LETTER XI.

TO JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

My dear Bennett.

There is a class of persons in the world, my dear Bennett, who sicken only to hear of the successes of their neighbors. That green and stagnant envy, that jealousy of other's greatness, or of other's good, which is so marked a characteristic of the people of all present ages, is one of the most vexing and unworthy traits that ever degraded humanity. It was not to be expected, such being the moral perversity of the great masses of mankind, that successes and achievements such as mine, would pass without censure from some, disparagement from others, and envy from all. My conduct was misrepresented, my character subjected to strange suspicions, and even my known achievements were described by epithets which made them sometimes equivocal, at others absolutely wicked and pernicious. In short, I began to be looked upon as a person whose moral odor was likely to offend every sainted nostril within the circumference of all St. Stephen's.

I do not know that I should have suffered much annoyance from this sort of thing, had these mean and malicious persons restricted themselves to mere back-biting and sarcasm. Great minds are proverbially indifferent to the sneers and hostility of the petty and the base. But—would you believe it!—to so great a fury and folly did their jealousy conduct them, that they actually proceeded to goad a miserable magistrate into prosecuting me,—issuing one of those barbarous pro-

cesses against my person, which is termed a bench warrant. And for what, think you, was this prosecution instituted? You will scarcely believe me when I tell you, that it was because of that happy achievement of art, which, by its complete success, furnished the proofs of my genius, in the ready spell which it exercised over the Charleston factors. My excellence in penmanship was the cause of their hostility, and for this I was threatened to be harrassed by the impertinence of a sheriff's deputies. When will genius be secure from annoyances such as these? When will mankind learn to do full, or even partial justice to those who extend the dominion of human art, and seek to enlarge the province of human liberty? Alas! my dear Bennett, my present position—and I may add, yours also—makes me fearful, that we shall be compelled to defer to posterity our hopes of those honors and rewards, which are equally our becoming tribute from the present time.

The miserable enemies of my fame and person, conducted their proceedings with the utmost secrecy and circumspection. Representing me as a man no less desperate than ingenious, they employed three persons to execute an office which is commonly assigned to one; and without beat of drum, or intimation of any kind, these agents of vulgar malignity and still more vulgar laws, approached our forest habitation.

Fortunately, genius is never entirely without its presentiments. If the foes are many that assail, the instincts are numerous which defend it. I was not destined to fall an easy victim, and without a struggle. That very morning, something from within whispered me to beware. The ides of March—we were then upon the threshold—though fatal to Cæsar, were not destined to be fatal to me. I recognized the warning voice, which he, with less sagacity, disregarded; and was prepared for the myrmidons of persecution, whenever they might think proper to approach.

I need not inform you, my dear Bennett, who so well know my personal habits, that when not actively engaged in adventure and experiment, I am apt to yield myself, as it were, to repose. To loll upon my couch for half a day at a time is, however, not necessarily to be idle. It is a vulgar error to think so. Busy, indeed, at such a time, beyond all other periods, is the mind of intuitive and inventive genius. It is thus that I plan a thousand achievements, and mature the schemes which are to yield me a constant succession of toils and triumphs. Here I brood over those vague yearnings of the soul which inspire adventure, and see, in the glass of fancy, the world into which I propose to penetrate, and those fruits and flowers which are to reward my enterprize and crown my endeavors.

In such employments, stretched at length upon my couch, was I found one morning by these hungry agents of persecution. John Doe, Richard Roe, and Master Fang, made their appearance at my threshold, waving their bench warrant on high, and grinning with ineffable delight at the idea that they had caught me napping. But even had I slept, which was not the case, my venerable mother, with an instinct scarcely less acute than my own, was prepared to meet them, and to give me timely warning of their approach. She stood in the door way, armed to the teeth with such weapons from the fire-place, as were most congenial to feminine spirit, and most convenient to feminine fingers. Her poker was brandished in the face of Doe, Roe, and Fang, but did not answer the purpose of driving them off.

With unmanly rudeness, they thrust my dignified parent aside, without heeding her prostration, which took place, in consequence, among pots, kettles, dripping pans, and all the various paraphernalia of a tolerably furnished trencher. This treatment of the venerable lady aroused all the lion in my soul. I heard her

shrieks—the shrieks of anger and defiance, rather than of fear or apprehension—and I sprang from my meditative position, seized upon my gun, rushed to the entrance, and boldly confronted them. My sudden and singular appearance must have astonished, quite as much as my gun alarmed them. I did not wear the appearance of a man who expects visitors. Indeed, Bennett, my toilet was imperfectly made. I was without coat or vest, and must with some shame admit, at that moment, a slight deficiency in some other respects. In plain language, my breeches were not available, in the urgent necessity which existed for my immediate action. I went into battle almost as perfectly nude as that young Spartan, Isadas, of whom such honorable mention is made, in the wars with the Persians.

The rascally agents of the law gave back as they beheld me,—and well they might. The muzzles of my double barrel—huge mouths, ready to vomit forth a double dose of pelters—yawned terrifically upon them; and with that dexterity which has always been so peculiarly a distinguishing attribute of my character, I so varied the direction of their range, from John to Dick, that not one of them that did not fancy the double charge already in his abdomen. Fang was the first to give back in dismay. I call him Fang, and his companions Doe and Roe, though you will of course readily divine that these were names of far more famous persons. I prefer to use them, as more classical, and therefore more consistent with the dignity of this history. Fang, as I have told you, was the first to show the white feather. His example was followed by Roe. Doe stuck to me with more obstinacy and a better show of courage. The fellow knew me tolerably well, and seemed disposed to think that I would not shoot, because of old passages of love between us. But I soon let him hear another story.

“Doe,” says I, “your name’s Dennis, and you’re done for, if you don’t dodge. By the chickens of

salvation, I'll shoot you through the gizzard, if you don't make tracks instantly."

"Dave," he replied with impudent familiarity, "I'm sworn to take you, dead or alive. So be quiet now, and go along with us."

"The 'dead' 'll be yours, Doe, to a dead certainty, if you try it," was my answer. "I am here in my castle," I continued, "in defence of my liberties and rights. The Declaration declares them to be inalienable. You are enough of a lawyer, Doe, to remember the clause. The inalienable rights are enumerated to be, 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' Now, Doe, if you pursue me, to deprive me of my liberty, I will surely take your life, and prevent your future pursuit, equally of happiness and criminals. If you're sworn to take me, I'm sworn to shoot you, and so you know the terms between us. There's a full dose here for two of you, and those two shall be Roe and yourself. When I've dropped you, it'll be a very easy matter to demolish Fang, if, indeed, he be not quite melted by the time I'm ready for him."

Doe was no fool, and my words had their effect upon him. Besides, Doe was something of a lawyer, and the clause which I quoted from the Declaration of Independence, began to make him thoughtful.

"Now, Dave," said he, still unbecomingly familiar, "that's the first time I ever seed that clause in sich a light before; and I've hearn it from the orators, too, at every fourth of July barbacue. It's mighty strange the sense of it never hit me so strong before."

"That's all owing to my commentary upon it, Doe," said I, still treating him with cool civility.

"But, Dave," he began, and I could see that he was edging up closely to me as he spoke.

"Doe," said I, "my natural born rights, you admit, are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Now, if you come an inch closer to abridge either,

I'll flatten you on the heart of your mother. Nay, more!" I exclaimed, as I saw that Roe and Fang, the confederates, had plucked up some extra courage on seeing this parley. "If you don't tramp at full speed—turn and tramp, one and all, bag and baggage,—I'll be into you in three minutes. To the right about, face! I'll count six, to give you a fair chance for a run, and if you're not out of sight when the count's over, I'll amalgamate the three of you in one common death."

"But, Dave!" began Doe.

"One!" was my only answer.

"But, my dear fellow!"

"Two!" I continued the count.

"We won't trouble you, I promise you."

"I don't care for your promises. I'll take care that you shan't trouble me. Three!"

I began to be impatient. My nude condition subjected me to some chilling atmospherical influences, which increased my irritability, and made me excessively desirous of bringing the conference to a sudden end. The number "Four!" therefore, was pronounced with startling rapidity, and I took dead aim, as I pronounced it, upon the head of Doe. He had not a second word to say; but wheeling about, began to measure tracks, which would have delighted either of the parties in the grand trial of skill between General Green and Colonel Webb. Fear is proverbially contagious, and the example of Doe was followed, with enviable spirit, by Roe and Fang. The terror and confusion of the three, as they scrambled along, higgledy piggledy, and crowding upon each other, almost converted my anger into merriment; and in order that it might be ludicrously increased, I discharged one of my barrels over their heads with an effect far beyond my own anticipations. They tumbled over one another in a heap, and the united

roar from their three voices, proclaimed their dread lest the whole nation of the Philistines were upon them. In their fear they grappled desperately with each other, fancying themselves in the death struggle with mortal foes. I indulged myself in a few moments' contemplation of the ridiculous but amusing spectacle; then, knowing myself to be secure from all interruption for that day, at least, I returned for my breeches, and to the embraces of my beloved parent, who met me, equally proud and pleased with the prowess which I had shown, and the escape which I had effected, from such overwhelming superiority of foes.

Though unhurt by my weapons, the effect of their alarm did not terminate here, on the part of my enemies. Doe, under his disgrace, was seized with a profound melancholy, which made him take to gin and the methodist church; and the miserable creature, Fang, fell into a rapid consumption, and, though I know not the fact for certain, yet I am induced to think that he has descended to his fathers before this time. As for Roe, he is pretty much as he used to be; and his escape is only to be attributable, perhaps, to his stolid understanding, and the blunted insusceptibility of his feelings to any thing like shame. He may be seen to this day, in St. Stephen's, where he moves about, a memorial at once of his own worthlessness and of my victory.

LETTER XII.

TO JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

My dear Bennett.

My success in baffling and beating off the myrmidons of the law, served, in some measure, to increase the number of my slanderers, if it discouraged their more impertinent persecutions. Such a hubbub as was raised in our parish in consequence, has never taken place on any one occasion, either before or since. I was every where denounced as a bad fellow, an outlaw, and Heaven knows what besides ; all the disorders of the country were laid to my door, and I was asserted, and believed, to have committed even petty depredations upon property—small confiscations, of which my spirit was utterly incapable. Not that these scandal-mongers ventured to say or show aught in my sight or hearing, which could make them obnoxious to my anger. They too well knew what they had to fear, and with whom they had to deal ; but the caution which was imposed on them by their timidity, increased their powers of evil ; and the rascals were doubly industrious, because they were compelled to work in secret. It is, perhaps, a misfortune with superior minds, that they are apt to disdain a petty foe, because of his seeming imbecility ; forgetful of that recorded truth, that no man has ever yet lived who has not some power equally for good and evil ; and that, however easy it may be in fair conflict to overcome such enemies, it is, at least, nothing more than a becoming prudence to provide against them. I suffered these double-

tongued slanderers to make considerable head against me, before I thought it worth while to move in the matter; but my indifference, as it had the effect of increasing their insolence, became injurious to my interests; and, aroused at length, I resolved upon a course of equal policy and daring, by which I calculated to strike my enemies with terror, and, perhaps, make an example of some one among them. My purpose, which to minds of common capacity, and souls of feeble courage, would have seemed one of unnecessary daring, was well considered before hand. A knowledge of mankind is one of the intuitive gifts of great genius; and proceeding upon this knowledge, I resolved to beard the foe, even where he felt himself to be strongest.

This resolution was instantly acted upon, almost as soon as formed. The company parade was about to take place, and I determined to make my appearance at the muster ground, knowing that I should there encounter the boldest of my enemies, and in the greatest number. They fondly fancied that I would not come to muster. Nay, they had confidently declared this belief, and a threat had reached my ears, and was intended to terrify me, that if I ventured to show myself I should be indulged with a rail-road of my own, without the trouble of getting a charter from the state. Judge Lynch had declared his intention to be on the ground for my single benefit. I had myself been the officer of the Judge, and he had never said to me, in the language of Othello to Michel Cassio,—“never more be officer of mine!” I was not afraid to confront him. I felt, indeed, that my chief security lay in a hazardous course of defiance and desperation. I felt convinced that, as my appearance would be utterly unlooked for by my enemies—confident as they were in the belief that their threats and numerous assembling would terrify me from coming—so would it be likely

to find them unprepared to take any bold steps towards my detention or injury. Perhaps I calculated too greatly on my own personal resources, and the impressive and imposing appearance which I was generally allowed to make. It was the error of my genius to fancy that enough had already been done to secure me the secret homage of most persons. I overlooked the fact, that time is necessary to extend the dominion of human greatness; and I forgot, as ambitious young men are so apt to forget, that I was still merely "in the gristle of my youth." I had simply begun that perilous ascent which was to elevate and make me eminent at last.

Even my venerable mother, bold and fearless as she was, expostulated with me against the audacity of the proceeding. A dream of the preceding night, which I had had, and which had somewhat disturbed my composure, had awakened her prescient soul. Like Julius Cæsar, Napoleon Buonaparte, and Lord Byron, I too had my superstitions, my evil signs and evil days; and when I related to her the vision which had oppressed me, she, more earnestly than usual, exhorted me not to go forth that day. I was reminded, by her intensesness of manner, of Calphurnia while making similar intreaties to Cæsar, in conjunction with the soothsayer who had warned him of the ides of March.

But this very recollection was calculated to increase my resolution. "If Cæsar"—such was my internal and natural reflection—"was undiscouraged by these omens and exhortations, I too will laugh them to scorn;" and though I felt a regard for the counsels of my venerable parent, no less profound and dutiful than Mr. Duane, sometime Secretary of the Treasury, entertained for his, I yet resolved, in this particular, to give no heed to her exhortations. My achievement of this day was destined to be purely and entirely my own. My soul was resolute to proceed, as if it had

some happy instinct of the coming event. I accordingly set forth for the muster ground.

I came upon the ground—having duly calculated my time for the greatest effect—when the men were every where in full blast. The whiskey was finding its way through a thousand channels which seemed natural; and many a white livered trooper was growing valiant and wordy under its influence. I rode into the crowd where it was thickest; and you may conjecture—I cannot describe—the sensation which my presence produced. The brawler was silenced in an instant; the whiskey stood unswallowed, in the goblet, at the longing lips; and on all sides the crowd gave back, and looked on me with that stare of wonder, which it was a chief part of my policy to inspire. Individuals drew aside in little knots and began conversing in whispers; and some, more valiant than the rest, who had first put themselves out of harm's way, boldly denounced me, in the language of blackguardism, from the edge of the neighboring thicket.

To these I gave no consideration; but turning to those who, in a sense purely conventional, might be thought persons of wealth and respectability, I addressed them in words, few but stinging, which produced a greater effect than I desired, or was altogether prepared for.

“So, gentlemen,” I exclaimed, while my eyes glanced from one to another of a group of a dozen or more, “you are kind enough, I am told, to make yourselves very busy with my name, my exploits, and opinions. Evil reports of your lips have discredited my name, misrepresented my deeds, and striven hard to overthrow my opinions. Not satisfied with this, you have gone so far as to declare your purpose to make equally free with my person. You are bold men if you keep your resolutions, and I am now here to see you make the attempt. Is there any John

Smith among you to spare, who will dare put hand upon my bridle?"

In this speech I had committed an error. My mere presence upon the ground was enough, without a word. No man would have felt himself particularly called upon to undertake, or to lead in a performance which, if the duty of one, was equally the duty of all; and I should, perhaps, have been avoided by most; but at the same time I should have been left undisturbed by any. But my speech was full of provocation to the self esteem of those whom I addressed. It was, in fact, a fair challenge, thrown out against all comers; the act of the confident knight errant, who pitches himself against the field, and claims to be the master of the tournament. With that disposition to rush to extremes, which is ever the mark of a generous spirit and an exuberant and overflowing intellect, I had overlooked the propriety of adapting my performances strictly to the object aimed at. I had wasted valor, overshot the mark, and stimulated hostility into action.

One pugnacious little scoundrel, who happened to be named Smith, took my speech to himself, and boldly grasped at the bridle of my mare. My pistol was at his head in an instant, but the spirit of the mare saved me the necessity of using it. She threw up her head at the instant, and wheeling upon her centre, presented her opposite extremity to Mr. Smith, with an ease and felicity of movement, which commanded my own laughter and that of every second man upon the ground. Smith, alone, became more indignant, and following the movements of the animal, he promised once more to give me an occasion in front, and place me under the necessity of annihilating him. But to my excessive mortification, my horse grew vicious to a degree of which I had never thought her capable; and just at the moment when,

by a timely display of audacious valor, my genius would have triumphed over—nay, routed the whole field, she bore me off from it with a fury which I strove vainly to control.

My predicament, which they readily comprehended at a glance, warmed their valor; and Smith, who had really been the only man to come out boldly when there was danger, was now surprised, no doubt, to discover, when the danger was all over, how many men there were around him who were far more courageous than himself. With whoop and halloo, the whole body sprang for their horses, and commenced the pursuit. Though I could not stay my steed, I yet writhed about and showered my defiance back after them in a flood of curses.

At first I made all efforts to arrest my flight; for with the consciousness of my own strength, skill, and resources, I naturally felt excessive contempt for those who provoked me; but the chase had been maintained only a little while, when the ordinary common sense reflections which arose in my mind, taught me the exceeding folly, now that the whole hive was roused and after me, to think for an instant of contending with them. One might kill a hundred hornets, yet be stung into blisters by the hundred thousand that remained. My policy was now, clearly, to keep ahead of my pursuers, and this I felt I could easily do, knowing the noble animal I crossed. After a little while I was enabled to regulate her pace, and subdue her spirit to the proper height—a success which did not attend my efforts to subdue my own. Coolly looking behind me, I saw that I could leave them when I pleased, and my satisfaction at this conviction became duly increased, as I witnessed the desperate fury with which they goaded their inferior beasts along the path.

The chase was a sight to see, my dear Bennett. You are not a horseman—you cannot judge; you have usually been pursued on foot, as I have understood. Mazeppa's ride was scarcely more magnificent than mine, as you will readily admit when you have heard the end of it.

How I laughed when I heard the rascals cheering each other behind me. Then, as they neared me and fancied they were gaining upon me, how they roared with exultation! And then, how, touching the sides of my mare—a mare that Turpin the Great would have idolized—I sent her at a killing pace ahead, leaving them to their inevitable fit of open-jawed and wondering disappointment. Knowing the fleetness of my mare, I took the whole affair with marvelous coolness, and did not fancy, for a moment, that any horse in the district could overhaul her. But the strongest army is sometimes defeated by the ill-advised choice of position, and the fastest steed may be outrun on a course to which it is unfamiliar. I relied too much on the fleetness of mine, and paid but little attention to other circumstances; some of which are quite as important to a race horse, or a flight, as the legs of the running animal.

I happened to be pursued over a road which divided at a certain point, both ends leading to a causeway through a swamp. When I came to this point, I took one of the sections for the causeway, and kept on with my former coolness and indifference. But the malignant persecutors who followed me, with instinctive cunning, divided as they reached the forks; and the first intimation which I had of the fact, was by seeing them, at the same time, in front and rear, and completely covering the two ends of the causeway.

For a moment my genius was completely staggered. The swamp lay on each side of me—a quagmire in some places, a slough of despond in others,—in all,

soft, yielding, and full of obstructions. Beyond it, on one hand, lay the Santee Canal, deep enough to drown the greatest hero that ever lived, and wide enough to worry the best horse that ever jumped. Yet to this side of the swamp I darted. I turned from the causeway, to the astonishment of my pursuers, and sped towards the canal. With a degree of inveteracy which would have done them credit had they been engaged in pursuit of a national enemy, rather than of one who had chiefly devoted himself to the illustration of his country's genius, they followed me into the swamp; and it was now, when my peril became more extreme, that my merit blazed out brightest. I resolutely approached the canal, drew up my mare, and suffered her to survey the space before her. I then wheeled her quietly about—faced our pursuers, and rode towards them, re-treading old ground. This movement seemed to stagger them; some of them kept on, while others stopped, as if awaiting me. They probably fancied that I had been discouraged by the canal, which was twenty feet wide, and was returning to surrender myself. A few moments sufficed to convince them of their error.

I knew the qualities of my racer, and wheeling again when some of my enemies had so nearly reached me as to strike at me with their whips, I once more rushed for the canal. Once more, with ears erect, and limbs that trembled with a consciousness of the danger that attended the duty which I required of her, she reached the banks of the sluggish lake; but once there, I gave her no respite. The stroke of the rowel was most admirably timed at the invaluable moment, and she flew—flew rather than leaped—over the gulf between. Her second jump, when she reached the opposite bank, was scarcely less than her first, and then she stood, quivering and wild; but, for a moment, perfectly immovable. In that moment I turned once

more, and looked calmly and scornfully back upon my pursuers.

I was safe. They dared not follow ; and there they gathered, on the edge of the canal, shaking their impotent whips, and howling at me their curses and their threats, which I esteemed equally impotent.

Slowly I rode off in their sight, and soon buried myself in the contiguous forests, leaving them to the shame, not only of having shown such deadly hostility to the most daring genius which their parish had produced, but of having been baffled, having such odds on their side, in the base and envious attempt to make him its victim.

In my next letter, my dear Bennett, you will discover how unforgiving and universal is that hatred which superior merit provokes in its own neighborhood. Verily, the prophet hath but little honor in his own country.

LETTER XIII.

TO JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

My dear Bennett.

But, though I escaped from the clutches of the men at muster, the hue and cry was after me, and St. Stephen's was no longer a place of security for the one of all persons who promised to give her the greatest share of renown. The malignity which had pestered me so far, did not sleep until it had enlisted a power beyond its own, to strengthen it in the pursuit and assist in the promotion of its unworthy objects. I was a marked man, and though all their attempts to do me hurt had only the more redounded to my glory and their shame, yet they relaxed nothing in their fury, but went clamorously to the foot of the executive, and lo! the production that followed.

Read it, Bennett, but suppress your laughter for a while; at least till you get to the bottom. Here is the proclamation which declared me an outlaw—which degraded me to the condition of those petty larceny spirits, whom any biped of a constable may tap audaciously upon his left shoulder with a most fiendish familiarity. Read, my dear Bennett, the doom of banishment which sent me from the country in whose honor I had been toiling—for whose great glory alone my toils had been undertaken. In the language of a congenial spirit, let me add—"They made an exile, not a slave of me!" They drove me over the borders, but failed to conquer the spirit within me. It grew prouder the more it was trampled upon. But read, read! I keep you too long from the precious document.—Here it follows:

“A PROCLAMATION.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

By his Excellency JAMES HAMILTON, Jun., Governor and
Commander-in-Chief in and over the State aforesaid.

To all to whom these presents shall come.

WHEREAS, information has been received by this Department, that a certain DAVID S. HINES, has been guilty of a flagrant act of Forgery in the city of Charleston, in the state aforesaid, and has resisted by force of arms the service of a Bench Warrant issued against him; and whereas, the said David S. Hines has fled from the pursuit of public justice.

Now, know ye, that I, the said JAMES HAMILTON, Jun., have thought fit to offer, and by these presents do offer a reward of *Three Hundred Dollars*, for the apprehension and delivery of the said fugitive to any of the Sheriffs or Gaolors of this state.

The said David S. Hines is represented to be small in stature, and of a pale complexion; remarkably youthful in his appearance, and with but little beard; dressed in a short brown coat, drab pantaloons, and a leather cap. When last seen he rode a fine bay mare, of great fleetness; and it is supposed he will make his way either to Georgia or the Mississippi. He is represented to be well known in the Parishes of St. Stephen's and St. James, Santee, in which latter parish he was last pursued; and it is surmised that he may be still lurking in that neighborhood.

Given under my hand, and the Seal of the state, at Charleston, this fourteenth day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-one, and in the fifty-fifth year of the Independence of the United States of America.

[L.S.]

JAMES HAMILTON, Jun.

By the Governor.

JOHN N. BARRILLON,

Dep. Secretary of State.”

Mons parturiens, nascitur mus!!!

Was there ever any thing so ridiculous? What a pitiful figure Mr. Hamilton makes of himself in this publication. Is it not strange that a person who has filled so many public offices in the state and nation, should have been induced to lend himself so completely to the purposes of malignity as to commit himself in this manner. Three hundred dollars, indeed! I had scarcely read this proclamation before I despatched another to the offices of the Charleston Mercury and Courier, offering five hundred for the arrest of the Governor, as having broke bedlam;—and, but for the lack of independence on the part of those journals, I should have requited him, after his own fashion, with a very unenviable notoriety. Had my elegant young friend of the Charleston Bulletin, been among the editorial corps in those days, I would have fixed the fame of his excellency. “Flagrant forgery!” Would you believe it, my dear Bennett; it is by such an epithet as this that he designates my ingenious operation of art upon the factors in Charleston;—and the noble defence of a freeman, in his own castle, is styled resistance with force of arms against the service of a bench warrant! Heaven keep me from all such services, if you please. But think of the reward, my dear Bennett;—three Hundred Dollars! “Now, know ye!”—how very decretal and biblical!—“Now, know ye, that I, the said James Hamilton, Jun., have thought fit to offer!” Oh, James Hamilton, Jun., James Hamilton, Jun.! How could you think fit to do so foolish a thing; and if you did fall into such folly, how could you belittle the state, not less than the subject of this infamous proclamation, by the offer of so pitiful a sum?

As I tell you, my dear Bennett, as soon as I read the paper, I issued my proclamation also, offering five hundred for the delivery of the aforesaid Governor to any secure bedlam hospital in that county; and when the hireling and timid journalists of the city refused

to give place to my proposals, I wrote them out on conspicuous foolscap, and placed them upon the trees along the way-side, as I went from a country which had shown itself so unjust to merit, and so unfit to appreciate the greatness which might have been so entirely her own.

But you have not yet seen the extent to which Mr. Hamilton committed himself on this occasion. There is a portion of secret history which you have yet to learn. You must know then, that I was one of the first converts which this gentleman made to the doctrine of nullification,—a doctrine which he seems to have adopted solely with reference to the rescue of certain casks and cases of sugar, which lay subject to the revenue laws under the guns of that miserable vessel, the U. S. Sloop of War, Natchez; commanded at the time by that proverbially valiant commander, whom I am happy to have made my friend, Captain Elliot, the true hero—though it seems the public is resolved not to believe it—of Lake Erie. I say that Mr. H. seems to have adopted the doctrine solely with reference to his endangered sugar; to the rescue of which, from the harpies of the law, he invoked me, among the first, to go with him even to the death. Never shall I forget the imploring pathos of his voice, as he uttered those ever memorable words—“you will go with me to the death for my sugar!” O sweet speaker! and, O! most sweet occasion for valor! A solemn peroration, which made us all fancy that the hour of martyrdom was at hand; and he, the self devoted leader of the sacred band, was already prepared to sing his death song, while waving the palmetto banner in defiance to the last, at the foot of Commercial Wharf. And yet nothing was done in that business. Whatever became of the sugar, the coffee drinkers of Charleston know, not I.

But I have been seduced into a long and needless digression, from which I will return with due rapidity.

I was, as before said, one of the first converts of the gentleman of whose executive proceedings you have a brief sample, to the doctrine of nullification. He had heard of my prowess and my genius, and he well imagined the importance of my aid to the cause in which he was engaged. He made several efforts to make my acquaintance; and, being rather prepossessed in his favor, I threw no difficulties in the way of his object. I admitted him to my familiarity, and was won over by his persuasions. His particular and respectful attentions to my venerable mother, did more, perhaps, than all his arguments, to win me to his doctrines. At that time, with the indefatigable spirit of patriotism, if not its principles, he was traversing the country, "dining wherever asked, and making speeches," just like our venerable president, Monroe, when he was yet simply an hungry expectant at the portals of office. He kissed the dirty children wherever he came, and thus won the hearts of all the mothers; those of the fathers, brothers, uncles, cousins, sons, and nephews, followed, and there was not one of us who did not see at a glance, that "Nullification was the rightful remedy."

Now, this proclamation was one of the first things that led me to doubt the doctrine. The statesman who would commit himself in so ridiculous a manner with regard to me, what errors would he not commit?

This reflection was inevitable; and I came, after due thought given to the subject, to the full conviction that General Hamilton was no longer a safe politician. I have no doubt that he suffered himself to be somewhat influenced in his conduct, by a petty feeling of jealousy, which is discreditable to any man, and a conclusive proof that he who entertains it is not a great one.

The certainty of my future elevation pressed upon him irksomely. He saw—for he has intelligence—that I must rise to heights, to which, I fear me, he can never hope to attain. He sought by a vast stretch of executive power—and on pretences, as you have seen, the most feeble and flimsy—to crush the efforts of my genius while it was yet in the gristle; to put down my ambitious aspirations, and reduce me to the condition of an ordinary unperforming citizen. I saw through his hidden design as if by intuition, and angry as I felt at being thus hunted and denounced by those who should have helped where they could, and honored where they ought, yet, if you will believe me, my dear Bennett, my regret was rather that a man whom I had esteemed so greatly, should have fallen short of my estimate, than because of the injury he proposed to do my fame. I find no pleasure in beholding the littlenesses and the defects which blur the escutcheon, and take from the proportions, of otherwise distinguished men. I feel, with Mary Montague, that there is no satisfaction in seeing how little perfection there is in humanity.

With the “hundred” at my heels, there was no longer refuge for me in St. Stephen’s; and I took a hurried leave of my venerable parent, whose Spartan fortitude of character did not forsake her at a moment so trying in the fortunes of her son. The painful interview was short, but inexpressibly tender. Her last injunctions were full of a profound knowledge of the true sources of power among the million; and the energy with which they were conveyed, seemed to indicate a doubt on her part, whether I had not heretofore been too unwisely indifferent to that deity which is so much worshipped by mankind—the potential dollar!

“Git money, Dave!” she exclaimed in the simple energetic idiom of the country—“Git the dollars; them’s all we wants now to make the pot bile. You

haint tried to do much, no how; and Dave, my son, it's high time. Don't you think of the gals—they'll be your death yet. Look to the main chance—scratch in the dollars. I've hearn there's a mighty smart chance on 'em to be picked up in Alabam, and fudder down on to Massissipp."

Such were her parting lessons and opinions, and oh! how full of profound truth and a searching knowledge of the world. She saw—prescient woman!—that nothing but money was wanted to smooth the surface of life, and facilitate my progress in those mighty walks in which my genius, as she well conceived, would prove itself perfectly at home. And how completely does she show the high estimate which she had put upon my genius, when she tells me, that even up to that moment I had done nothing—nay, had not tried to do any thing. "What!" you will naturally exclaim, my dear Bennett, "can it be that you have done nothing, literally nothing, even after all that has been done?" Such, indeed, was her serious opinion, and it proves two things. First, her freedom from that parental vanity and weakness which is perpetually prone to exaggerate the performances of one's own child; and next, the daring sublimity of her aspirations, and the immense grasp of her desires. Her soul was, indeed, commensurate rather with the yet undeveloped powers of my genius, than with its recorded performances.

Let me not linger upon this part of my narrative, however refreshing the recollection and however grateful the subject, but hurry on to the great woods of the southwest, to which my enemies had now succeeded in exiling me. Were it worth while to enumerate poverty among those greater evils which belong to defeated ambition, I might say to you, my dear Bennett, that at the moment of my flight into Egypt, I had but five shillings, York money, in my

pocket; not enough to compensate the publican for my own and my mare's lodging and supper for the night. But the resources of my mind soon enabled me to supply the deficiencies of my purse; and I operated, *en passant*, in a manner no less profitable than pleasant. It was on this occasion that I first felt "a call to be a doctor" within me.

You have seen the description of my person, which was partially correct at the time, contained in the proclamation of Mr. Hamilton. My appearance would have justified every second man in calling me a colonel; but colonels are so common as to be absolutely vulgar; and clever looks, martial locks, and great youthful vigor, seem to be qualifications quite as necessary for the physician as for the warrior; and I concluded that the one was not only quite as creditable a profession as the other, but that the former was far the most likely to enable me to obey the parting counsel of my mother, and "put money in my pocket." I became, therefore, a doctor for the nonce. Had I been murderously inclined, I should have invented some quack medicine also, and adopted Brandreth as my father for the states of Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana.

To use a felicitous technical phrase, which admirably suited my adopted profession, I *operated* with great success upon the country through which I traveled. People sickened to my hands in every direction. The old women got all sorts of disorders, for which I had one unvarying remedy, in pills made of pine gum rolled in clay. Providence, fortunately for the country and the profession I had chosen, had bestowed upon the former a never failing supply of these excellent medicines; and I had the satisfaction of knowing, that while there was every prospect that a new physician must often effect great good with an imaginary disorder, there was no possible case in

which medicines such as I administered could do evil. My conscience, which, as you may suppose, was always very tenacious of what performances I took in hand, was perfectly well satisfied with this conviction.

But I soon grew tired of a practice which offered me so few chances of distinction. 'To feel pulses is a smaller business than to feel purses; and though my successes were very great, and in every department to which I thought proper to direct my attention, still, the doctoring of an old woman's cough, cholic, or rheumatism, scarcely agreed with the dignity of my desires, or the majesty of my genius. Besides, my heart yearned once more to see my venerable mother,—to return to that home, that soil, which was not less dear to me because it had wronged me; those sons, whom I did not the less regard as countrymen because they had so unwisely shown themselves my foes. I regarded them with a feeling of pity rather than anger; and believing that, in their blindness, they had not known what they were doing, I determined, with all the magnanimity which marks the noble spirit, to forgive them their offences.

With feelings, such as these, of a charity equally patriotic and christian, I proceeded homewards; though not before I had traded away my famous mare, which had served me with such excellent spirit and success heretofore. I fear—I feel—that I did wrong in selling her; but there were certain temptations spread out before me, which proved irresistible. I yielded, in short, and have regretted my pliancy ever since. The poor animal, if she felt half so much at the separation as I did, I am sure would have found her way back to me. Certain it is, I have sought more than once since to find my way back to her, but without success. Since I have sold her, she has acquired fame as a racer, and the West now boasts of an ac-

quisition, without doing honor to him whose hand tamed the vicious beast, brought her to the due degree of subjection, and made her available to the purposes of man.

On my return, while passing through the state of Georgia, I was joined by three men, who claimed to be South Carolinians. They were residents of Barnwell District, and their course lay directly with mine. They seemed civil persons enough, though of humble order, and perfectly uneducated; and we traveled together with good humor and perfect good fellowship, until we reached the district in which they lived. Though I could derive but little satisfaction from their companionship, as they had little to say, and but a miserable *patois* to say it in, I yet did not regard them with that feeling of superiority of which I was yet necessarily conscious. I heard them indulgently, forbore to overwhelm their ignorance, and really treated them, considering the vast difference between us, with infinite toleration.

My temper was not of that sort which could lead me to desire small triumphs; and with this generous forbearance of feeling, I even avoided, with studious effort, any of those extraordinary displays of mental power, which are admitted by all to abound in my most ordinary conversation. I spoke with them as if I were one of them, and for five days that we kept company together, every thing went as harmoniously as a marriage bell. Alas! the issue of our intimacy was not dissimilar to those which the marriage bell too frequently precedes. It resulted in breach of faith and the basest of all sorts of treacheries.

The first night after our arrival in South Carolina, we stopped at a public house, where they took in one of those villainous, little, dirty, yellow, petty, ten by twelve, printed sheets, which the cunning of knaves and the courtesy of fools have honored with the style

and title of a newspaper. I took up the worthless affair, and the first thing that met my eyes in its narrow columns, was that ridiculous proclamation of Mr. Hamilton, the sugar merchant, spread out in all the majesty of portly sable and stately type. My first feeling, as I recognized the ridiculous publication—a feeling naturally springing from the scorn and contempt which I could not help entertaining for a performance so discreditable to its author—prompted me to crumple it up in my hands and thrust it from sight. But the eyes of my companions were upon me; and it struck me that such a proceeding might bring upon me their suspicions, and lead them to the absurd folly of believing that I really suffered some guilty apprehensions. I therefore cast the smutty sheet from my hands, upon the bench where I had found it; and with that generous spirit which is forever thoughtful of the happiness of its neighbor, I asked my companions to join me in a glass of monongahela. A quart of the stuff was set before us, and as our parting was nigh at hand, I resolved that I would give them no reason to believe, at a future day, that their quondam fellow traveler was any thing superior to themselves. We drank together, and, with this resolution in my mind, I strove to accommodate myself to their level, and set them perfectly at ease by adopting, as much as possible, their language and mode of thinking. In this I flattered myself I had admirably succeeded. We kept it up till a late hour, and retired in as merry a mood, all of us, as comported with propriety and the laws of the Temperance Society, of which I had long since been a strict and influential member.

You can now, my dear Bennett, scarcely imagine any thing half so atrocious as that which I am going to relate. Endowed with feelings of friendship and conviviality, such as fill your soul, your mind, I am assured, could never suppose it possible for treachery

to follow such an evening and such a separation. Yet these miserable tools of tyranny had also read the proclamation; and the three hundred dollars reward offered for my capture, shone in their eyes and corrupted their worthless hearts. They set upon me while I slept, having, it appears, beguiled my unsuspecting and confiding spirit into the consumption of rather more than my proportion of the monongahela. They set upon me as I slept, and ere I could awaken and offer the slightest resistance, their cords had bound my arms and legs, and put my best efforts at defiance. And there, stretched around me, one at my head, another at my heels, and a third standing over me, they read over the several articles of the proclamation, and compared, item by item and feature by feature, the description which it contained of my personal appearance and dress, with the actual fact and the imprisoned circumstance before them. In their eyes, I was simply a fact and circumstance; though, d—n 'em, as I told them at the time, being nothing more there was no reason why they should tie me up so tightly.

My arguments were unavailing to convince them that Hamilton's proclamation was a very unwise and immoral performance, and I was a very slandered and very honorable person. I was their prisoner, and they would have held me against Michael and the whole host of Heaven, until they had pocketed the three hundred dollars. Yet, could any thing more conclusively show the baseness of this act of the executive than this adventure? These men, who had traveled, eaten, and slept with me—who had relied upon my help as a comrade to assist them in every danger, and had professed themselves my friends—were bribed, like Judas Iscariot, to deliver me up to the hated persecutor who was thirsting for my punishment.

Well! I trust that the conscience of the executive may not sting him too acutely for a deed equally unwise and unprofitable. My captors got their thirty pieces of silver; but did I fall the victim of their ready treachery? No! no! While you think you have the lion secure in your menagerie,—hark! his mighty roar is reverberating through his native mountains.

LETTER XIV.

TO JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

Dear Bennett.

Pinioned like a slave, I was conducted to Charleston. Fortunately, however, bonds are not certain evidences of shame. Sometimes they become badges of honor and great glory to him who has worn them,—of discredit and infamy only to those who inflict them. Such were they in the cases of William Tell and Columbus, and such did they become in my case. Such will they ever be, when put upon the limbs of the man whose sole labor has been to extend the province of human research, discovery, and acquisition. Still, I fear it will be very long before a professor of appropriation will reach the height of honor which is his due. I place this noble art first in rank, as it will be found to cover all arts. The greatest men that the world has ever produced have been great appropriators. Shakspeare and Milton took freely from the treasures of preceding poets. Scott was a monstrous thief, and even pilfered from the chronicles. Byron, with more boldness and magnanimity than all his contemporaries, honestly avowed his thefis. He stole on the highways—fearlessly stopped his man and defied his bullet. Wordsworth and Southey steal like mere sneaks. Our friend Morris goes on a bad principle. He is said to beg or buy his writings; a course which is very apt to injure such of his brethren as are too poor and proud for either practice, and who can only get their gettings by a course of petty larceny.

Nor are the poets your only appropriators. What are your great discoverers, and great statesmen, and great warriors, but most monstrous thieves? Your Columbuses, your Castlereaghs, and your Napoleons?—all alike—neither more nor less than mighty masters in the arts of appropriation.

It would have been hard, indeed, if that which is the secret of fame and the source of eminence with these, should be discreditable and end in punishment to me. It did not; and the ridiculous proclamation of Mr. Hamilton proved a mere *brutum fulmen*—a mockery and a jest. His wisdom was soon shown to be arrant foolishness, by the result of my trial, which took place shortly after I reached Charleston. My capture, as you may suppose, produced a vast sensation in that city. My friends were deeply interested in the event, and the close confinement to which I was subjected, touched the hearts of hundreds of the ladies, who came to see me in my narrow dungeon, and wept over my chains. Yielding to their entreaties, I consented to employ counsel to carry on my defence; a resolution which I had determined not to make. I had the fullest confidence in my own resources, and well knew the merits of that great argument which it was my purpose to display and assert. I employed Messrs. Hunt and Seymour, two lawyers of very considerable reputation; of the first of whom it was commonly said in Charleston, that he could get any criminal clear, whose cause he undertook. In less exaggerated and more precise language, let me say, that both my counsel were clever men enough. They could make a great matter out of a very small one, and a very long speech upon a short subject. They had the mystery of words at considerable extent, and could give you the “ercles vein” when occasion called for it, with lugubrious earnestness and empha-

sis; not omitting the appropriate action, which drives pathos and tenderness into you at the end of a fist.

Still, with all these decided merits in the management of a defence in the Sessions, I soon discovered that they were not equal to the elaboration of those profound psychological views which appeared to me, of all other matters, the most important in my case. They could extricate me from my personal difficulties;—nay, they did; but this, to my mind, constituted but a very small portion of what was necessary in my cause. It was not, indeed, my cause simply. It was the cause of humanity—of correct principles and sober science;—that was at hazard. My life or death, my bondage or my enlargement, formed but a small part of the occasion of which these gentlemen were required to avail themselves. It was an occasion in which my release from custody should have been but a secondary consideration; and the doctrine of appropriation, to which I had devoted myself, should have been the first.

On this subject I made strenuous efforts to enlighten them; but they would not be enlightened. They persisted in calling that a felony which I esteemed the very perfection of art. It was in vain that I exhausted every argument of which I was capable, and which, to men less afflicted with the *amour propre*, must have been conclusive. They were as invulnerable to wisdom as unroasted oysters to the knife. I am inclined to think that there are few persons so resolute in their prejudices as those who avowedly practice the, so-called, liberal professions. Whether it is that the mind can only receive one set of doctrines at a time, and that the memory having been crowded with a sufficient stock, runs over and cannot retain any additional supplies—or that the persons themselves are unwilling to believe, that what has been acquired at such vast pains and expense is in reality useless,

and should be thrown aside as so much idle lumber, I cannot say; but certain it is, that lawyers, doctors, and parsons, are particularly inveterate in old notions, and become, when they reach a certain age, as inflexible as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Common people, now, are like clay in the hands of the potter; and this is the true reason why gigantic men are so apt to spring from the rabble. They have no sing-song, ding-dong, duck-and-go-double notions; but wisely take their laws in correspondence with the fluctuations, the caprices, and constant transactions, which follow every condition of life, man, and society.

Finding that I could not make my lawyers comprehend the true merits of my case, I would have dismissed them, but for the exhortations of my friends, and of my venerable mother, who had arrived in the city. These all implored me to waive, for the present, the assertion of those great principles, on which my soul was set and my reputation rested, and to wait for a season more auspicious for the urging of those doctrines which, at that immature period, were considered rather peculiar to myself.

With great reluctance I yielded to their solicitation;—for though I well knew that my principles could only be delayed and baffled for a time, not defeated,—*Magna est veritas et prævalebit*,—still, I also equally knew how slow in returning are those great occasions in which circumstance seems willing to aid in the accouchement of genius.

To make a long story short, I consented that my lawyers should manage the matter after their own fashion, and make a purely technical defence. They did so, and succeeded, by some hocus-pocus, in convincing the jury that I was not myself—that I did not do that which I was only too happy to avow—that, in brief, I had no sort of merit as an artist in that profes-

sion, the glowing achievements of which it has been for me to relate and for you to eulogize.

You may conceive my mortification when, as my representatives, they put in a disclaimer of that happy stroke of penmanship which effected a triumph so complete over the senses of the Charleston factors, as recorded in my ninth letter. Pitiful as was this, it was supported by a resort to proofs still more pitiful. I was acquitted on the ground that I was always opposed to wearing drab breeches, that I had never worn drab breeches, that I had an antipathy to drab breeches, and could not, therefore, have been the person who, in drab breeches, presented the draft to Messrs. the factors, and got the money for it. The prosecution failed to identify me, and I was dismissed, with a long lecture from the judge, stuffed with the old notions about honesty and all that sort of thing, which the professors of appropriation have striven to explode.

The ridiculousness of this lecture will be understood, when it is remembered that the jury had just given me an acquittal because of my honesty. Never was a sermon from the bench so misplaced and gratuitous. If I was innocent, what right had he to volunteer his didactics for my benefit? And if I was guilty, then had my principles obtained a triumph from the jury, which doubly established the antique foolishness of the judge.

But though I did not approve of the course pursued by the lawyers in my defence, simply because I felt that it did not put my claims upon their just footing, and failed to demand for my art its proper pre-eminence, still, I could not but be impressed with the excellence of the law, as an art, also; and I readily divined the thousand tributary purposes to which it might be put in the hands of a man of genius. Thus thinking, I procured books, and returning to the seclusion of the country, pursued its study with voracity. I soon

succeeded in acquiring a vast body of those subtle and flexible maxims, the ductility of which, in the hands of a lawyer, constitutes the excellence of the law ; and, simply that I might test their efficacy, I appropriated one of my neighbor's negroes, and suffered myself to be arrested with the slave in my possession. I took the arrest very coolly, made no resistance, and succeeded, on my trial for negro stealing, in baffling the prosecution by my own unaided wit. I had taken the negro on the highway, without a permit from his master. This want made him a runaway ; and having him in custody, I was engaged in the very laudable employment of carrying the slave to the city, in order to restore him to his proper owner. This changed the character of my performance from a crime to a virtue ; and I remained, as was natural enough, in momentarily increasing admiration of a science which was so ductile and accommodating.

With this admiration of the law, I resolved to practice it ; though only with the just design of making it subservient to the purpose of a loftier art. I accordingly persuaded my beloved parent—to whose evidence in proving my antipathy to drab breeches, I was indebted for my extrication from the sheriff, and whose affection grew the greater from the evils and persecution which I had undergone because of my faith—to leave St. Stephen's, and remove to the city. I was the more readily persuaded to adopt this determination, in consequence of having made a bitter and uncompromising enemy of Judge Lynch of that parish, who, from having been favorably disposed to me at first, had now most unaccountably come to regard me with hostility. Our plan was, that while my venerable mother opened a house for the accommodation of boarders, I should obtain admission to the bar, and practice in the courts of the city. We leased out our land accordingly, and removing to the city, took up our

abode in Chalmers street, a street immediately contiguous to the city treasury, and several of the better sort of banks and public offices.

It was not long after my arrival in Charleston, before I became seriously impressed by the doctrine of the abolitionists; and I determined to free my venerable mother from the sin, which she had inherited, of keeping her fellow creatures in bondage. She had five slaves, and regarding her immortal welfare with all the feeling of a son, grateful for so many benefits and for the touching tenderness of her maternal care, I transferred them to the hands of a speculator going west. I would have freed them, but I reflected that the poor creatures, being ignorant and unenlightened, would scarcely be ever able to take care of themselves; besides, I remembered that the laws of the state forbade manumission. Perhaps, if the laws had allowed, I should have suffered the poor wretches to go free. Having resolved to relieve my venerable mother from the evil, still I saw no good reason why I should give them to another without compensation. I feared if I did so, that he would never treat the poor creatures kindly; for when was it that man has properly valued the things which he has procured cheaply? With this conviction, I sold them to him for the tip-top prices of the market; and you may conjecture the pure delight of my soul, my dear Bennett, when I removed from the skirts of my mother's garment, the dark stains that had clouded its purity, and threatened her immortal peace.

LETTER XV.

TO JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

My dear James.

About this time, the spirit moved me to visit other regions, and seek a sphere of more extended operations. The possession of the money which I received from the sale of the negroes, seemed to me no less evil than it appeared to the immaculate Dr. Beman; and like him, I resolved to get rid of it in a pure and philanthropic manner, by diffusing it among mankind.

It was then, for the first time, my dear Bennett, that I resolved on visiting New York—a city in which it has been my good fortune to have found so many friends, congenial spirits, and kindred artists—to have enjoyed so many opportunities of distinguishing myself in the imposing profession which I had undertaken, and of passing through so many adventures, equally pleasant and profitable. Here—and these days deserve to be chronicled with a white stone each—I first became intimate with the Bennetts, the Willises, the Noahs, the Hales, the Hallocks, Tappans, Morrises, &c. &c.; and on this occasion, for the first time, I was initiated in the mysteries of Church and Duane streets; sometimes lapsing, by way of pastime, into the moral *deshabille* of the Five Points and Jamaica.

I took lodgings, on my arrival, at a spacious and fashionable hotel in Water street; and after casting about me for a day or two, so as to feel easy in my new position, I prepared to examine the scene of my future operations.

I soon ascertained that there was no lack of subjects in this great city, on which to practice the arts of my profession; and great, indeed, must have been my successes, but for one of those untoward influences, which sometimes arise to baffle the best laid plans, and divert the wavering and capricious intellect from its most hopeful purposes.

I have already shown you my extreme sensibility to the emasculating influences of love. The tender passion has but too frequently prevailed over my reason, and mastered the strong ambition which accompanied it. There may be a providential design in this, which does not always make itself apparent. Were it not for these staggering influences, which bring genius to shame, and thwart the ambitious with temporary defeat, how presumptuous would man become,—how confident in his desires, and how little careful to make certain the means of securing his triumphs. The evil influence which has ever stood in the way of my perfect success, has been love. My heart is too tender, too yielding, when woman implores and turns upon me her eyes of fascination and entreaty.

There was at my lodging house, a young and beautiful maiden, who fixed my attention and touched my heart, the first evening after my arrival in New York. Nor, as I afterwards found, had I altogether failed in making a corresponding impression upon her. Our eyes met at intervals, and had frequent and very interesting conversations. After this, it was by no means difficult to perfect our intimacy. She was related to my landlord; and, as is the case with most damsels similarly placed, she was sufficiently affable to a lodger possessed of pretensions and a person such as mine.

Here let me counsel all young men to beware, as a general rule, of all young women whom they encounter at their lodging houses. As a general rule, they

are more ready to fascinate young men, than comport with their own and the good of the latter. In the present instance, whether my fair one designed my conquest or not, she fully succeeded in effecting it. My heart was completely enslaved. We met frequently, conversed in low tones and with kindred sentiments. I read to her the touching verses of N. P. Willis and Mrs. Sigourney, and she gave me in requital, a murmured acknowledgment from her lips, and many speaking and dewy glances from her eyes. I persuaded her, at length, to leave the humiliating scene in which circumstances had placed her. "Fly to the desert—fly with me," became the constant burden of my song; and in pursuing this new passion, I utterly forgot the nobler purposes, the higher aims, the bolder objects of my profession.

"But your father, the governor!—what will he say? How will he treat the poor girl you have taken from a boarding house? and your mother—ah, Colonel, I am sure she will be very unhappy."

Such was the tenor of her answer to my entreaties. I forgot to say, that some how or other, she had got an idea that I was the son of the governor of South Carolina; and she seemed so happy in this conviction, that I had it not in my heart to undeceive her. I would not listen to her expostulations, assured her that my father was never so happy as when he seconded my wishes; and as for my venerable mother, "she" I added, "has never had any other will than mine. She will be but too happy to have your assistance in the management of her very extensive household."

Shall I tell you that I succeeded at length in persuading her to take passage with me, in a vessel then about to sail for Charleston? When, indeed, did the arts of persuasion ever fail me? But though she yielded to my entreaties in this respect, she never would suffer any familiarities; and even on the pas-

sage, she placed herself under the protection of the captain, and made it a point with me that I should keep aloof from her until the moment of our arrival.

When we reached Charleston, and I took her to the house of my venerable parent in Chalmer's street, I could see that the damsel was not altogether satisfied with the style in which a governor of the state was permitted to live; and I verily believe, that her judgment became so biassed from what she saw, that she even regarded my mother with looks of suspicion. Her simple and commanding manner, unaffected language, and stern native dialect, startled and overawed the maiden, and my attempts to pacify her fears and dissipate her doubts, were not as successful as I could have wished. I told her that republics were proverbially ungrateful, and that though my family had rendered the greatest services to the state, there was no allowance made to them from its treasury; but I assured her, that when she reached our plantation, her eyes would be cheered with far more delightful objects.

Believing her to be quieted, I went out to survey the old walks, and see if the public offices stood in the old places; and when I returned, I discovered, to my great surprise and mortification, that the foolish thing had taken flight, and made her way back to the captain of the vessel. In this, the hand of Providence was clearly visible. What would I have done with her had she remained? How would she have absorbed that time, and those desires of my soul, which a proper consideration of my own talents required should be otherwise disposed of.

She fled, as I have said, as fast as her heels could carry her, back to the vessel; the captain of which was pleased to offer no objections to a proceeding in which the hand of fate was so clearly visible. He carried her back to New York, on his return voyage, and relieved me of an incumbrance, the possession of which

might have been no less evil to the silly girl than to myself. She deserved to suffer some penalties, however, for the pliancy which she had shown to the son of the governor. But for the deceit which she had practiced upon herself, I doubt whether she would have listened to General Morris' love verses, or wept over the lugubrious lamentations of Mrs. Sigourney.

A short time after this event, it became necessary that we should change our habitation; and a little circumstance which occurred one night at Muggridge's tavern, in King street, influenced me in the choice of a new dwelling. This tavern, which was elegantly situated at that time below Market street, and in the neighborhood of Archdale street, where many of my most elegant female friends resided, was my favorite place of evening resort. There, with my friend and meerschaum, a flagon of ale or a bottle of champagne, I indulged in contemplations of the future, and meditated those happy exploits, to the execution of which the day was devoted. I was sitting thus, and there, enjoying with a group of good fellows, the creature comforts of cold corned beef, &c., when a sneaking little fellow made his entree', and at once drew upon himself the observation of one of my companions.

"That," said he, "is one of the meanest and most pitiful fellows in existence. You think yourself dexterous in such matters, Colonel;" addressing me, "but I'll lay a score of Mexicans that you shall try for three months, yet fail to extract a single one from him."

"Done!" was my instantaneous answer, "and as for three months, I do not need half the time; three weeks will answer all my purposes."

The bet was instantly closed, the money covered, and, confident in my own resources, I immediately proceeded to gain all the knowledge that I could of the person I was to operate upon. In this part of the

business I found but little difficulty. On learning that he had a house to rent, I immediately proceeded to inspect it, and finding that it answered my purposes and was genteel, I waited upon him, and rented it at an enormous price. This done, it became necessary to furnish it, which I did, at a fashionable warehouse dealers, who was only too happy to have as a customer, on any terms, a planter who occupied so fine a mansion.

The owner of the mansion was equally delighted as he beheld the fine furniture which was brought into it; and passing frequently, and prowling about constantly, he one day, shortly after I had fairly taken possession, and while my goods were yet coming in, called with the very natural desire of a good landlord, to know if all things suited me, and if any thing might still be done to make me comfortable. On this occasion I contrived to become his debtor for fifty dollars in cash, that sum being necessary to me at that particular moment, and my factor being at too great a distance to enable me to get it conveniently from him. My landlord was only too happy to oblige me, and I won my bet.

Having thus succeeded, with that impromptu genius which made it so easy for me to effect any purpose I had resolved upon, I grew tired of the sameness of life in Charleston, and determined upon a tour to the west. With this purpose, I got every thing in readiness for speedy departure, and then privately gave intimation to my several creditors, that a suspension of specie payments would soon follow. At five o'clock in the morning of the day when my letters reached them, I was on my way, accompanied by my venerable mother, for our beloved retreats in St. Stephen's; and curious and amusing, indeed, was the spectacle, as I subsequently heard it described by a friend, which ensued that day in my deserted household. There were the cabinet makers seizing upon

the chairs and tables, the pier table and the centre table, the sofa and the piano. There was the upholsterer sending away and taking down his curtains and his carpets;—the iron monger struggling for pots and kettles; the wine merchant groping among empty casks and dishonored champagne baskets; but above all—confounded but clamorous, despairing but determined—was my little landlord, struggling in the vain effort to prevent my hungry creditors from once more resuming possession of their goods and chattels.

It was a scene for Hogarth. I would have given my landlord his fifty dollars back again, only to have been suffered to have seen it. I very much approve of the credit system. I told General Jackson, that I could not but regard his hostility to the banks as little less than insanity. I am an advocate for banking. To persons of my profession, a roll of bills is infinitely to be preferred to the best pocket full of Bentonians that ever dropped from the mint.

LETTER XVI.

TO JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

Dear James.

I have not thought it worth while to dwell upon, or even to advert to some hundred little operations while I remained in Charleston, in which I engaged with equal ingenuity and success. One of these little events, however—the chastisement of a “nymph of the pave”—to which I was induced from a sincere regard to the cause of decency and good morals, was made use of by my ancient persecutors to retard my other operations and restrain my objects for a season. I was thrown a second time into prison while in that city, and, this time, I devoted myself to a course of moral philosophy, which I propose some day to prepare for the press. Should I ever be allowed the opportunity for this, you, my dear Bennett, and the readers of the Herald, will derive the chief advantages.

Impatient, at length, for new adventures and in a new field, I set out for the west, and resumed the practice of medicine, in the states of Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi. Many a worthy old rheumatic of those states, will remember with gratitude the skill and success of Dr. Hamilton, during the period of my progress through those parts. But the ambition is a small one, indeed, that leads one to seek eminence in the profession of physic; and having gratified my first desires, in this department, by the acquisition of a reputation to which the servile followers of the regular schools could never have attained, I resolved upon giving up the practice, unless in the event of some

leading and unlooked for necessity. This mental reservation would still suffer me to prescribe my famous hepatic pills—my resource for supplying which, was perfectly inexhaustible in the clay lands and pine forests of Alabama—for the timely relief of any old lady who fancied herself dying of complicated disorders; and I was not unmindful of the consideration, which, through the medium of my cloth, would recommend me in regions where my better talents had never yet been distinguished. When, therefore, I was not a colonel, I was a doctor, and when neither, I simply made a slight digression into other departments of art, for which nature had not less bountifully endowed me.

While passing from Montgomery, in Alabama, towards Mobile, I was joined one day by a stranger, whose look, manner, and deportment, at once fixed my attention and provoked my curiosity. He was evidently no ordinary man, and the instinct which prompted me to regard him with respect, assured me that he must be one after my own heart. This man was the celebrated Murrell, otherwise known as the famous “land pirate” of the west. This secret my ingenuity enabled me to find out after we had travelled half a day together. I had kept my secret from him, however, and believing me to be one of those subordinate spirits whom he could send hither and thither at pleasure, he made me certain overtures of alliance, which, I need not tell you, were instantly rejected. I disliked his mode of operations. There was a want of manliness in it and self reliance. He required numerous assistants, while it was my pride to succeed through the strength of my own unaided genius. He was something of a blackguard also—spoke bawdy—swore like a trooper, and to sum up all in little, he was no gentleman. To one, like myself, who was something of an aristocrat in bearing, feeling and language, his familiarity and mode of speech were sometimes in-

expressibly offensive. He took the liberty, at one time, as we rode together, of putting his arm about my neck, by way of showing his affection, and I could scarce forbear returning the impertinence by hoisting him suddenly from the saddle.

This sort of freedom, which is indulged, among nations, by the French and Esquimaux only, and which should be tolerated by none, is one of which our friend Morris is frequently guilty when he has a favor to ask; and though we may tolerate such a liberty in one of his vast poetical genius, yet I must say, even with him, the breach of this practice would be far more honorable than the performance. In addition to these defects of breeding, I soon discovered that Murrell was a brutal and blood thirsty creature; that he was fond of shedding blood, and preferred to obtain his objects summarily by a resort to his weapon, rather than to await the more slow, but far more beautiful and equally certain results of elaborate art.

The most common appropriators may obtain the purse of the traveller, by shooting him down upon the highway, or as he rides unsuspectingly through the woods; it requires neither skill nor adroitness for such a performance, and is work only fit for a monster and a botch. But to succeed in drawing from the enemy the secret of his soul, the watch from his fob, the purse from his pocket, not only without hurting his person, but without inflicting pain or annoyance;—nay, to do this when, forewarned and forearmed, he has all his eyes on the watch, all his defences manned, all his guards in readiness, and every suspicion roused; that is the perfection of art,—that is the triumph which only true genius can attain, and which only true genius should desire to attain.

More than this I did not seek,—less than this I was determined not to deserve; and the propositions, therefore, of Mr. John A. Murrell, I did not ask for the

delay of a single instant unhesitatingly to reject. My rejection of his overtures, which he no doubt regarded as liberal enough, filled him with astonishment.

“What! not join us!” he exclaimed.

“No!”

His astonishment was now changed into something like anger.

“Ay, but by G—d, you shall,” said he, “or we don’t part so readily. You know too much to go off without leaving a pledge behind you; and you don’t budge from this spot, my good fellow, without swallowing the oath or the bullet.”

He soon found himself mistaken in his man; and the representative of South Carolina, on that day, obtained a signal triumph over him of Tennessee. While he spoke, I acted. Before he could obey the counsel of Hamlet, and suit the action to the word, my pistol flared in his face, while the click of its lock came with unpleasant and startling suddenness upon his ear. He sank back aghast.

“You call yourself lord of the south west, Mr. Murrell;” was my cool remark, as, having effected my object, I lowered my pistol; “know from this hour, that the lord has a master. Your boast that you have made a conquest of these plains, and fields, and villages, is surely idle now; and were I harsh enough to impose upon you the usual terms of the victor—*væ victis*—your empire would instantly pass away. But all in good season. You are still the professor of an art, which, as it is—though with many qualifications—something kindred to my own, leads me to overlook your error and forgive your rudeness. There will be time enough in other days, and by other means, for me to assert my claim to a region over which you vainly imagine yourself to have sway. Let us part in peace, therefore, and not anticipate the future. Sufficient for the day is the triumph thereof, as well

as the evil; but beware how you again offend me. I never forgive a second offence."

"Why, who are you?" he demanded with no little astonishment. When I revealed to him my name, he sank back with awe. He then felt how greatly he had offended, and I must do him the justice to say, that his contrition was scarcely less remarkable than his offence. He now changed the character of his proposition. He offered me equal command over his people with himself; but did not succeed in changing the nature of my objections. I disliked the man. He was possessed of no refinements, whether in society or in art—spoke like a vulgar ploughman—wanted grace—was equally deficient in all gentility; and so poorly versed in poetry, that I doubt whether he would not have taken Homer to have been a sort of Epidaurian outlaw, and lord Byron to have been quite as much a pirate in the east as ever was his and my friend, Mr. Trelawney. Long and earnestly did my companion plead for my conjunction with him, and bitter must have been his disappointment when he found me resolute in my refusal.

At parting, I gave him an insight into some of my objections, while counselling him to a few alterations in his own practices.

"Dismiss some of the dirty scoundrels that you employ—fellows that seldom use soap, and know nothing of the virtues of a tooth brush. No spoils which they bring in can be free from filth. Leave off murdering the poor devils upon whom you are disposed to operate professionally. The practice of taking life before taking the purse, shows the art to be monstrous low, and must contribute greatly towards keeping it in that degraded condition. Besides, there is something very filthy in shedding blood; and how can I do otherwise than despise that operator who cannot relieve the ignorant drovier, or the unsuspecting wagoner of his burden,

without tumbling him, like a bullock, with a rifle shot from a close cover. There is nothing manly, and still less that is gentlemanly, in such a practice. Wash your hands of it, in future, and do not suffer an art so antique as ours, and one, the proper exercise of which calls for so much genius, to degenerate into a mere exercise of brute force and sanguinary appetite. Once suffer it to be supposed that the merely physical man can be a successful appropriator, and there is not a butcher in the cattle market of Kentucky who will not beat you at your own weapons, and drive you from your chosen employments. It is the policy of the good artist, in every department, to discourage and put down the botch."

I am afraid that my counsel was wasted upon this man. His habits of filth and ferocity were ingrained and inbred; and no course of washing could have whitened his blackamoor nature—no education could have changed a character which had its laws from the beginning. I heard of him not a week after we had parted, in connection with some of the dirtiest deeds which had ever been perpetrated by himself or any of his gang before; and from that moment I resolved, that we were not only of different but antagonistic schools of art, and that it was a moral duty with me, whenever it came within my power, to arrest the progress of his, and put a final extinguisher upon pretensions which were no less evil than insolent.

At Mobile I operated to a small extent. I was not in good spirits just after my arrival, and a spell of bad weather, which always gives me the blues, set in and kept me confined for three days to my lodging house. My memorandum journal simply presents, for the week I staid in that city, the following items:

"17th.—Rain—rain—rain! Operated within doors;—subjects—a young planter from Cahawba, and a Philadelphia clerk, out on a collecting tour; acquisitions un-

important—the clerk had only commenced collections; the planter's cotton yet unsold. *Mem.* Pretty tolerable pigeons: prospects good in both cases; too simple, however,—too easy to be operated upon—to make it very pleasurable, as a matter of art; shall pursue the game simply for exercise.

18th.—Rain: still rain. Suspected myself of dyspepsia; took to bed; visited by my friends, the planter and the collector; become better; sit up at their earnest persuasion, and assess them, at old sledge, in a few mexicans. The clerk, by mistake, leaves gold pencil-case behind him; comes back, but fails to find it; looks suspicious and dissatisfied; but sees so much to admire in my pistols, which I happen to show him, that he soon forgets his loss and says no more on the subject.

19th.—Still rain. Do absolutely nothing. Planter and collector both absent from dinner. Make the acquaintance of a creole from Bayou la Fourche, who mistakes me for a son of General H——, and persists in calling me so. Invites me to visit him at his plantation. At starting that night in the stage, finds his watch missing; is greatly troubled; stage can't wait; begs me to make all inquiries after it, and if I succeed in finding it, to bring it with me when I come to see him. Suspects the Philadelphia collector of having appropriated it; a suspicion which I think without just foundation.

20th.—Fair weather at last. The sun and myself made a simultaneous movement about 9 o'clock this morning, and showed ourselves at the same hour to the people of the hotel. Sunshine always favorable to the operations of art: genius flags in bad weather. Sally forth at noon: assess for charity fund, under which head I enumerate my own personal wants. Do tolerable service that day for the good cause: extend to several dwellings a share of the equal rights princi-

ple. Am cheered by success, and retire that night filled with profound gratitude at the conviction that I am selected for high purposes, and that my personal elevation must inevitably be for the general good of mankind. With this conviction, said my prayers with light heart, and slept soundly, until the breakfast bell next morning awakened me to the renewal of my benevolent labors.

21st.—Ride out with the collector. Strange to say, he too takes me for a son of General H——. There must be a great resemblance between that young man and myself. I am also disposed to think that, by some strange blunder, this error has gone through the lodging house. *Mcm.* Inquire into it. Take a liking to the collector as we ride together: counsel him to great caution in money matters; warn him of the propinquity of the atrocious Murrell, and relate enough of my adventure with that formidable ruffian, to let him see that I had nearly rendered excellent service to all collectors, by shooting the evil minded appropriator through the head. He confides to me the secret of his success in collecting. Seems somewhat apprehensive of the Murrell gang—has heard that its name is ‘legion,’ and its emissaries are every where. My opinions are calculated to confirm his apprehensions. I counsel him not to carry his money about his person. He accordingly determines to leave it at the hotel. That night I lightened him of some of his most weighty cares.

22nd.—A great hubbub this day at the hotel. The collector’s trunk has been sacked last night, and he pretends to a loss of seven hundred dollars. Exert myself greatly in looking after the robber; but our efforts are fruitless. Pity the poor youth’s distress, and lend him fifty dollars. Landlord tells me I need never expect to get it again. Compel the admiration of the whole bar room by declaring my resignation. “Heav-

en forbid!" I exclaimed, "that I should deny succor to misfortune, through any fear of its becoming ingratitude!"—a sentiment, the generous magnanimity of which seemed to strike every auditor. But deeds of benevolence do not often go unrewarded. By the strangest good fortune, that very day I found myself unexpectedly in possession of seven hundred dollars, the fruit of a successful operation of art, which I really must have performed in my sleep, for I can scarcely say with certainty when the deed was done. But my collector had taken his departure, having first given me his promissory note for the fifty I had lent him. The poor fellow was quite confounded, as, with a generosity to which he seemed entirely unaccustomed, I tore the obligation into fragments, and declared that among men of honor no such scrawl was necessary. It was the first time, I take it, in the Philadelphia collector's recollection, when he found his verbal "promise to pay" a sufficient guaranty with his creditor. He left Mobile for the interior. My planter from Cahawba had also gone, and I remained as lonely as the last rose of summer. I resolved to go also, and set off for New Orleans the same day.

LETTER XVII.

TO JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

My dear Bennett.

The attractions of New Orleans are very great to a professor of art. The material is various, easy of access, and the rewards more liberal than are to be found in most other American cities. I may add—for I suffered from their seductions for a space—that the charms of the women, particularly the creoles, or natives, are inexpressibly touching. Their cheeks glow with a fire that almost equals that of their eyes; and as for their persons, there can be no two opinions among those who are familiar with all, in the results of a comparison between them and those of all other parts of the Union. Commend me, say I, to the ease and grace, the fine outline, moulded almost to *embon point*, that presents itself to you in the person of a creole lady. You, my dear Bennett, who already know my inflammable temper, will readily divine that I did not remain long in New Orleans, before I was a slave to some of these charmers. The extreme susceptibility of my heart, here as elsewhere, led me into a degree of zealous devotedness to the fair sex, that, for a time, absolutely banished from my mind all considerations of art. I was happily recalled to my better self and duty, by a little event, which I proceed to narrate.

The Sunday after my arrival, I followed the crowd to the square in front of the cathedral, where the creole military, in their splendid uniforms, were assembling rapidly on the parade. For a time I enjoyed the confusion of conflicting sounds and sights as well as any of

the spectators; but when I came to reflect upon the profitless nature of the now neglected arts of war, giving place, as they necessarily must do, to those of trade and civilization, the empty pageant struck me with a feeling almost akin to disgust. What folly to decorate human beings in gold thread, spangles and colored foil! Strange that we should be able to captivate the judgment of men, with just such gauds as dazzle the school boy. They may be, and are, more expensive than those we bestow on him; but this really only increases the absurdity of the thing.

War was a pageant in old times, in which the glitter and the music were meant to confound the senses, which they could not reconcile to the dangers which accompanied it. War was then the pastime of kings; now-a-days it is the necessity of nations; and nations now-a-days will never do battle, except when suffering from important evils, and a necessity of self preservation. Such being the case, there needs neither the drums nor the glitter. The spectacle part of it may well be dispensed with; and for my own poor part, were I the leader of an invading army, I should be apt to regard with more respect, if not apprehension, the people whom I saw coming to meet me with arms in their hands, but in their ordinary every-day dresses. Such a people, I would readily conceive, are not seduced by the fun and splendor of the thing. It is neither the glitter nor the glory that brings them out; and following the dictates of necessity and their own hearts only, I shall find them difficult foes to manage. Such men never leave the field till they have got what they came out for. As they were not brought into battle by the seductions of favorites, the command of princes, or the silly desire for personal display,—so, nothing short of solid satisfaction can persuade them to leave it. Such was the aspect of the American

people, in the first grand issue with the mother country.

But to return. I soon got tired of the spectacle, and was turning away, thinking to go back to my hotel, or saunter elsewhere, when I saw the loveliest pair of black eyes in the world, gazing upon me with some earnestness from under a mantilla. When they met the inquiring glance of mine, they sank in a pretty confusion to the ground, and the lovely owner, whose person was as exquisitely formed as her eyes were expressive, made an instantaneous movement towards the cathedral. Once she looked backward as she went, and that backward glance determined me to follow her. I did so, and found myself among a crowd of all sorts, sexes, and sizes. The cathedral was already filled, and it was with some little difficulty that I could press my way fast enough to keep in sight the lovely creature whom I pursued. So rapidly did she advance, that a rich chain which she wore about her neck became detached, and would have fallen to the ground, but for the prompt movement of my hand, which received and secured it. I strove to overtake, in order to restore it to her, but in vain; and it would never have done to cry aloud during church service, to inform the loveliest woman in Louisiana that her chain was lost. You can readily imagine, however, my dear Bennett, how anxious I was to find and meet the owner: and I could only account for my failure to do so by the notion—rather grateful, I admit, to my self-conceit—that she herself purposely detached the chain from her neck, in order that I should secure it as a memento of her favoring opinion. As such, indeed, did I wear it for many long days after; as such should I be most happy to wear it now; but it fell, during one of my flights from persecution, into the hands of the Egyptians.

My failure to overtake this lovely creature drove me back upon myself; and to relieve my mind from its morbid pressure, I had immediate recourse to the exercises of art. That very day I passed into a cafe' and operated, with considerable success, upon a Spanish gentleman from the island of Cuba, who seemed very much taken with my conversation and person; and left me somewhat the gainer also, from his most interesting association. That evening I took my first lesson at an Inferno, and lost at roulette a few mexicans,—an amount which I was not unwilling to pay for some knowledge of that subtle and surprising game.

The next day I operated with signal success upon several parties, with each of whom I formed ties of intimacy. I have no doubt that they learned a great deal from my freedom of speech and manner, and the brief, but well occupied hours of association, which we had together. They were all young men, and such should always be made to pay well for their experience. It is of little value to them unless they do; and knowing its importance, I strove, and with some success, I think, to impress its lessons upon them as solemnly as possible. The next day one of them went off into the country, and another shot himself through the head. The losses of the latter at faro were said to have prompted this very ridiculous act, which, had the poor youth been sufficiently prepared by useful lessons of adversity at an earlier period, would never have taken place.

But why enumerate individual and particular cases? I should be loth to have it supposed that I confined my assessorship to a single neighborhood or small province. Genius, as it is universal in its effects, should be universal in its operations; and I may here inform you, my dear Bennett, that I have striven, during my brief career, to be as impartial in the distri-

bution of my regards, as it was possible for human judgment to admit. I have divided myself, up to this hour, with a due reference to the equal rights principle, throughout the Union, and on this score I have as little to reproach myself with, as Owen of Lanerk.

In New Orleans I made myself familiar with all places and with all persons. It was my policy, obeying the counsel of Shakspeare, as literally as I well could, to "win golden opinions from all sorts of people;" and for three weeks, I operated, day by day, with little or no interruption, in all those chosen spots where men most congregate,—at the new exchange, the theatre, the cafe', and the inferno; in Chartres, Canal and Conti streets; and particularly along the Levee, my art made itself felt, when feeling was no longer available on the part of the sufferers. I was so well and constantly employed, that my note book presents a singularly bald chronicle; *par exemple*:

7th.—Appropriations, good: Item—wallet; huge fellow from Kentucky. Item: seals and trinkets from N. Y. dandy; seals hollow, trinkets pinchbeck washed. *Mem*: Dandies unprofitable subjects of assessment.

8th.—Win from winner at roulette, by less tedious process. Take coffee with Spanish gentleman, who suddenly finds his purse missing when he comes to pay. Is much annoyed. Pay his score for him and offer to lend him any sum. Thanks me, but declines my offer and goes to his banker, who again supplies him.

9th.—Meet my Spanish friend at the cafe'. Attend with him at roulette. Lose a few mexicans at the table, while he wins. We set out for —, where we have a supper. My Spaniard again a loser of his purse. Something exceedingly mysterious; so much so, that I think it advisable to proclaim a similar loss of my own. We kick up a row,—charge the girls with

the robbery, and get the whole hive upon us. Beat a disgraceful retreat, and retire towards morning to the hotel. I again offer to lend my companion a supply, but he tells me he is in no want of funds. Rejoiced at the news, for nothing gives me more satisfaction than to hear of the independence of my friends."

Enough of my diary, which is but a bald chronicle and cannot interest you. For a week farther on, a similar record appears upon its daily pages. My successes, if small, were unvaried and uninterrupted; and, in all my operations, the processes of art in which I indulged, were as ingeniously contrived as they were exquisitely executed. Certainly, my native state had no reason to blush for the professional skill which I displayed among the people of her sister.

But a change was destined to come over the spirit of my New Orleans dream, after this period. My old failing once more overwhelmed me. The sweet smile and piercing eyes of woman, were at length about to divert me from that field in which my operations had been so extensive. I have not said to you that I entered society of the best kind soon after I reached the city. Such was necessarily the case. My tastes were of that refined sort, that female society was always necessary to keep me from falling into disgusts and antipathies that invariably terminated in morbidity. When not engaged professionally—and a few hours in the twenty-four usually sufficed for the operations of art—I gave myself up to the gay circle, and became usually the centre of a group. I was followed and caressed on every hand; and at length, though without intending it, I succeeded in making captive the heart of a beautiful creole, as much like her whom I had followed to the cathedral, as one, not the same, could be like another. I won her heart unintentionally; and with, I think, a more perfect knowledge of what she was about, she prevailed to some

extent over the susceptibilities of mine. From that moment I forewent the purposes of ambition; did little or nothing professionally, and surrendered myself, body and soul, to the spells of the charmer.

Love is a very spontaneous movement of the soul, and finds his voice when nobody looks to hear him speak. Just so did I find mine. Without meaning to say so much, I said every thing, and she seemed ready for every thing. Some awkward events followed this *eclaircissement*. She, it appears, was beloved by her cousin, a little priggish, tug and towser sort of person, not more than five feet two in height, and ugly as a corpse in plaster. He was rabid in his passion for her; while she, as I was pleased to believe, scorned him to my heart's content. The little biped discovered my intrigue, and dreaded to lose his prey. This made him desperate, and he had the audacity to summon me to a hostile interview on the Gentilly road. I, of course, accepted the challenge, for I could have no scruple in putting out of the world so miserable and ugly a specimen of humanity. Indeed, the insolence of the fellow's usual manner, not less than his challenge, had more than once provoked me to desire an opportunity of giving him a billet for the shades. Fortunately for him, a couple of days were to elapse before the appointed time of our meeting, and reflection, in that period, served to subdue my anger and to save him. I determined to give him one chance, and leave all things to contingencies.

I had been endeavoring, for several days, to persuade my innamorata to join me in a sudden flight. This measure seemed to both of us to be absolutely necessary, since her old hunk of a father, a wealthy merchant, had already shown himself rather disposed to favor the ugly cousin. I now urged the measure upon her as a last resort. "If," I said to myself, "if she will fly with me to night, I will spare this fellow's

life to morrow. Having the lovely prize, I can very well afford to spare and pardon the unfortunate wretch who has lost her:—if, on the contrary, she will not fly with me, there is still as little need that I should destroy him; there is, in fact, no use of fighting for her at all.

“ If she be not fair for me,
What care I how fair she be,”—

says General Morris, or John Jay Adams, or some other of the great poets—and I recognize the philosophy as even better than the poetry. Why should I take life or risk life, for one whom neither of us can carry off, though we had been drilled to death with bullets on her account?” Resolving thus, I put the question to her fairly, and with all my eloquence urged the flight upon her.

“ This night, my Emile; this very night, my Emile. We will fly to love, to happiness and seclusion. In the fertile realm of South Carolina, in St. Stephen’s—which is the very garden of the state—joy will be your constant attendant, and love your equally constant companion. But, as our flight must be rapid, my Emile, you can burthen yourself with no luggage—a band-box is utterly inadmissible—and, indeed, I can suffer you to bring nothing but your jewels with you. These you may bring, not so much because of their adorning you, as of your honoring them.”

My eloquence failed me. For the first time in my life, and with the first woman, my dear Bennett, I had ever met, my eloquence failed me. She had only seemed to yield before. She was a cold, unheeding creature—a stock—a stone—a mere circumstance in the lumber house of life. In the final moment she drew back. She positively refused to bring herself or her jewels, and I had made my arrangements for nothing. Finding that she was utterly insensible, and that

I could do nothing with her, I was rejoiced at my escape, for two reasons. In the first place, because such a callous creature would have proved a curse to a warm generous nature such as mine; and in the next, because such a companion must have abridged the operations of art, and opposed many difficulties in the path of successful experiment.

She affected to feel a great deal at my declared resolve to leave her—swore she really loved me, and implored me to believe her, with all the solemnity of one who really felt what she said. But, as I replied to her then,—it is very difficult to believe in that love which will take no risks, and make no sacrifices; which mocks the lover with the shadow of a joy, and leaves him to dream of a happiness which it evermore denies that he should feel.

She replied by telling me some nonsense stuff about her venerable father, whom she was unwilling to desert. But I had my answer by telling her of my venerable mother, who, I assured her, would amply compensate her heart for all its privations. But I found her too feeble minded to comprehend reason, and too little in love to comprehend passion; so leaving my card, *pour prendre conge*, I backed out of a business in which success, perhaps, would have been productive of far greater evils, than the defeat produced annoyances.

The next day—the day appointed for the combat with my little two-penny rival—I changed my dress and the style of my whisker and moustache, and determined to ride out to the Gentilly road to amuse myself with his disappointment. He was there, true to his appointment, and, with a number of other gentlemen, I listened to his unmeasured and ridiculous denunciations of myself, with a composure which alone sufficiently establishes my claim to superiority. He chuckled greatly at the idea of my cow-

ardice, and described the manner in which he intended, when we met again at the house of his lovely cousin, to amuse his fore finger and thumb, with my nasal prominence. I determined to divert myself a little more with the silly fellow. I asked him for some description of his enemy's person; and when I heard it, I gravely assured him that I saw one that fully came up to that description, driving a carriage at full speed, with a lady in it, from a house in Chartres street:—"and if," I added, "this be the man, the cause of his absence from the field of honor is sufficiently apparent."

The little fellow looked at me aghast—his lower jaw almost dropping on his breast. "One stupid moment motionless he stood,"—then, dashing his fingers into his hair, he rushed with headlong rapidity from the ground, to the delight of all the spectators, none of whom but laughed louder than myself, yet none of whom had such sufficient occasion for laughter. I coolly got into my hack, and drove to the opposite side of the city. In another hour I was on my way up the turbid Mississippi, in one of the floating and flitting palaces which traverse that mighty river.

LETTER XVIII.

TO JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

My dear Bennett.

From Louisiana I passed to Mississippi state, and hearing that Murrell had been operating on the Yazoo with great success, and a notoriety rather unenviable, I was curious to see the scene of his performances, and to judge for myself how far his judgment deserved credit for his choice of region. I visited the several leading towns of Mississippi,—Natchez, Monticello, Jackson, Manchester and Vicksburg; and at the latter place, moved thereto by a sense of public duty, I gave the clue to the secret haunts of certain confederates of Murrell, though I failed in a plan to capture that dangerous and immoral operator himself. He eluded me, though his escape was sufficiently narrow to let him see the danger of continuing in a sphere in which had risen a planet so superior. The miserable underlings, whom he deserted, were summarily hung up, under the solemn decision of Judge Lynch, to certain neighboring hickories, and died, as these atrocious ruffians usually do, by professing their innocence to the last. But I was vindictive in urging the claims of justice against them. It is such scoundrels as these that bring discredit upon the true lovers of art; who make the professional appropriator odious by associating his idea with that of the savage; and by foolishly overpassing the boundaries of good policy, defeat the designs and baffle the desires of the amateur. I must confess I saw these miserable creatures perish without suffering much if any annoyance. It was a subject of regret, however, when I heard afterwards that a

young man who was innocent, a member of the Smith family, was hung by mistake. The Smiths are always in danger.

From Mississippi I passed into Tennessee, and operated with success upon the natives wherever I went. On this visit I made the acquaintance of Mr. Speaker Polk, whose talents I think exceedingly moderate. I should be sorry if St. Stephen's alone, could not produce twenty men, twice as clever as he. Still, I would not willingly disparage him. He is a clever man enough, and treated me with great civility. I shall not soon forget the excellence of his wines, which were almost as good as those I had been accustomed to drink among my aristocratic connections in Charleston.

I took occasion, while in Tennessee, to visit General Jackson at the Hermitage. I have a profound admiration for the old man. His rugged and inflexible genius has always commanded the grateful admiration of mine. When the General understood, as he soon did from my conversation, that I had been a nullifier, he exclaimed, with a good humored smile,—

“Ah, you nullifiers!—it is well for you that I was not compelled to hang you.”

There was nothing in this speech to offend me. “Surely,” I said to myself, reflecting upon it afterwards,—“surely, my neck was never made for a halter.” Still, I replied to the old man with a spirit that, while it staggered, did not seem to offend him:

“You are mistaken, General,” was my answer. “It is you who would have been hung if any. We had made our arrangements to this effect, and more than fifty of us had volunteered to perform the honored duties of John Ketch, Esq.”

From Tennessee I entered Kentucky, and visited Clay at Ashland. Clay is a noble fellow, and would long since have been elected president, as I took the

liberty of telling him, if instead of having so many principles, he had maintained but one. Your flexible politicians never come to any thing. There is an infirmity of purpose about them, which discourages their supporters, and throws out of the chase all the duller sort of people. Perhaps, too, if Clay had talked less and looked more—had he kept a quiet tongue, and simply shaken his head when he saw others bothered, his wisdom would have been unquestionable, and his success would have been equally so. There is nothing so little likely to offend the wise, as a Burleigh nod—while there is nothing, to the simple and ignorant, that can seem more pregnant with wisdom. Why should a man shake his head if there be nothing in it?—Clearly, the very shaking of the head implies the presence of something worth shaking. Henry Clay would have got more votes by shaking his head than by wagging his tongue; and he honestly admitted that he believed it. Clay is certainly a man of talent;—he should have been a great Irish orator, for he is a monstrous breeder of *Bulls*. His Durhams are the finest specimens to be seen in the whole western country. He treated me with great, and, I am told, habitual hospitality; conducted me through his estates, and took particular pains in showing and explaining every thing to me. I should have thought his courtesies extreme, as they certainly appeared especial, but that it is evidently his policy to secure the support of all the most highly endowed young men in the country. I cover you for perusal, my dear Bennett, a letter which I received from him but a short time ago, in which he discusses the most prominent objects of national consideration at this time. You will perceive that much of his epistle is devoted to banks and banking; in defence of the banks, and in opposition to the insane hostility of General Jackson to those honorable institutions.

Of the immense importance and valuable uses of the United States Bank in facilitating exchanges, I fully concur in opinion with Clay. My recent experience has more than ever confirmed me in these opinions. The appropriator suffers more, perhaps, than any other class of persons, by these derangements of the monetary concerns of the country. I know that I have been compelled, from this very difficulty, to operate upon every community into which I passed, though I was well provided with the currency of those I left; at times too, when I should have infinitely preferred—nay, when I absolutely needed,—a little repose and relaxation from toil. Even genius must be allowed its nap at the proper season.

Having indulged my heart's desire, in seeing some of the great men of the country, and in measuring myself with those giants who, perhaps, may be heard of in future times with an echo from the trump of fame, prolonged equally with my own, I prepared to return once more to that state for which all my toils were undertaken, and which, to this period, had required me only with injustice. I had hoped that time would effect an alteration in her mood, which would suffer her conduct to correspond more with what was due to herself and me. I had lost, in a professional way, much valuable time and many opportunities, while I was enjoying the hospitality of the distinguished persons of Tennessee and Kentucky.

In right sober earnest, therefore, I set to work, to make up for time misspent. I remembered the sagacious counsels of my mother, given to me at parting, and proceeded to put money in my pocket. Still, I did not slavishly confine myself to this one object. Patriotism and good morals alike demanded, that whenever I could be useful to mankind, in other departments, that I should not withhold myself from the public. The administration of pine gum pills was

accordingly resumed on my way homewards, with unbounded success; and discovering, on several occasions, that the people on the frontiers labored under a distressing want of religious service, I expounded to them from the rising to the setting of the sun, in a searching and refreshing manner. The grateful creatures for whose souls I was thus provident, strove with one another, which should best contribute to the comforts of my body; and I seldom or never departed from a family without discovering that they had thrust into my pockets or deposited within my baggage, some little gift—some precious vessel of gold or silver—less valuable in my sight, as convertible into the ordinary currency of the land, than as a token of love and admiration from the devout flocks to which I had administered the spiritual manna. Verily, as a preacher, I have been a large and sleepless gleaner among the chickens of the congregation.

Thus operating, I once more regained my home, and found myself clasped in the arms of my venerable mother. Great was her rejoicing to find how dutiful I had been, and how sedulous of obedience to her commands—literally fulfilling her parting injunctions, and putting no small amount of money in my pocket. Of this she shared freely; and having lingered with her a short time, I once more took my way to Charleston, the city of my first though not my most important operations.

This time I avoided the Bull's Head, and took lodgings at the Merchant's Hotel. Having disposed of my horse, on reaching the city I felt the necessity of providing myself anew; and looking into Corbin's stable, I resolved on giving my patronage to that excellent establishment. From the proprietor I procured a horse and gig on trial, being disposed to purchase; and under my direction, the driver whirled me half through the city. In King street, I drew up at the

fashionable store of Maffit & Calder, and ordered a considerable supply, which I convinced them it would be easier for me to transfer at once to my vehicle, than to defer their removal to another time. This done, it struck me as very absurd that so excellent a driver as myself should suffer a huge and ill dressed negro to sit beside me. Accordingly, I bade him await my return at the store in which I had bought my goods. The owners of the establishment naturally found the security for their goods in the negro, and the negro took it for granted that his security lay in the store. I may have been twenty five miles from town, before the several parties, on a comparison of notes, became dissatisfied with the nature of their several securities.

This was another of those practical jokes in which my genius took delight. You are not to suppose, my dear Bennett, that any other motive governed me in these operations, than simply to prove my excellence in the arts of design. True, the fun of the thing was also a consideration. I must admit, though my mind is of a stern complexion, and my taste severe and dignified, I cannot at all times resist the desire for merriment and humor. Though elevated in all my thoughts, and serious in their indulgence, still I require no Nestor to tell me when "the jest is laughable."

My purpose was fun, and nothing more; and this gained, after the interval of a few weeks in the country, and a change of dress, which had the effect of singularly altering my personal appearance, I proceeded back to Charleston. On crossing Gordon & Spring's ferry, within a few miles of the city, an adventure occurred which subjected me to some unpleasant annoyances at the moment, and was productive of annoyances still more serious afterwards. The man at the ferry, one Bradley, it appears, insisted that I had neglected on a previous passage to pay him his

paltry price for ferriage, and with unpardonable and unbearable insolence, he had the audacity to lay hands on my horse's bridle, in order to arrest my passage. Human stomach could never stand this; and though decidedly one of the most pacific men in the world, I was roused to a degree of resentment which had nearly proved fatal to this indiscreet person. I leveled one of my pistols at his head, and twenty seconds of time only intervened between him and eternity, when prudence counseled him to withdraw his hand, and suffer my horse to go forward. But though I escaped from this interruption, I was still not permitted to escape. The scene had been witnessed, it appears, by certain idle persons who had come from the city that day, for the purpose of hunting and carousing. Such, at least, was the pretence of these persons for being in that neighborhood. My own idea is, that they were neither more nor less than outlaws. They certainly looked more like outlaws than like quiet citizens. They had fierce and ruffianly aspects, and their conduct was of a sort with their looks. They came forward, six or eight in number, and threw themselves before my path. I would have driven over them had my horse but seconded my desire. But he got alarmed, shrunk back, and they surrounded him and me. I always had a great dislike to have rude hands laid upon my person, and now finding that resistance was unavailing, I resolved to avoid the indignity they meditated, by taking a precipitate flight. I left the gig when I found the progress of the horse obstructed, and made my way into the woods. I should have escaped my enemies here, but for an awkward accident. My foot became entangled in a clump of briars, and while I was struggling to disentangle myself, I was surrounded by five of these rude and very ugly persons. One of them called himself a lawyer, another a doctor, and so on, until they had

not only divided among themselves all the known, but absolutely invented new professions. I would have resisted—nay, I did resist,—but the odds that overcame the hope of Troy, overcame me; and after a terrible struggle, in which I prostrated three of the five, I was at length compelled to yield.

“I am your prisoner,” I exclaimed; “I trust, gentlemen, you will treat me with becoming respect.”

But, as the proverb tells us, “there’s no making a silk purse out of a sow’s ear.” In the hope of making my captors behave like gentlemen, I had addressed them as such; and yet my speech was received with mingled abuse and laughter.

“Treat you with a halter!” says one.

“With a horsewhip!” exclaimed a second.

“Tar and feathers!” cried a third.

“A rail ride!” was the suggestion of a fourth, and so on through the alphabet. I heard them in dignified silence, and that scornful contempt which such persons merited. How little, at that moment, could they comprehend the conscious superiority of my soul!

LETTER XIX.

TO JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

My dear Bennett.

The ill bred fellows by whom I had been overcome, now tied my arms behind me, and required me to re-ascend to my seat in the gig. But I answered them with calm indifference. "If you are resolved that I shall get there, gentlemen, you must put me there. If you are bent to control my person, you must carry it." It was no small lift I assure you. Travel, and the wholesome fare of the southwest, had contributed in no little measure to impart a comely fullness to my person. Success, and that equable condition of mind which springs from a quiet conscience and passions in repose, had also exercised an improving influence upon my frame; and a plumpness that might be supposed to represent a life rather given to sloth and luxurious indulgence, had filled out my limbs into moderate portliness.

It would have been a monstrous error, however, to imagine that I suffered, or even felt, any weight of flesh. My activity, as will be seen, was unimpaired by my *embonpoint*. A still greater error it would have been to have assumed, that I had passed my time in the *otium cum dignitate* of my country seat at St. Stephen's. The narrative already recorded, though it only relates a portion of my performances, and these with great brevity, is sufficient to show that sloth was not one of my failings. The talents with which Providence had endowed me, had never been suffered

to remain unemployed. On that head I have no self reproaches.

But if my activity of frame and elasticity of muscle remained as great as of old, my reluctance to help myself, my refusal to ascend the gig, and the considerable weight of my body to those who lifted me, had the effect of impressing my captors with a different idea. They under-rated my natural capacity, as you will discover in the sequel, and, perhaps, never had any correct idea of my agility and muscular prowess. I prepared to increase their knowledge on this point; and after the ride of a few miles together, I persuaded the savage and very ugly looking person who rode beside me, to relax the cords that secured my arms, and which, in truth, had been so tightly fastened as to be almost cutting into the flesh. The simple fellow, with a particle of humanity in his soul somewhat larger than I had given him credit for, consented; and this put me in a better humor with the prospect before us.

The day was wearing fast. It was already sunset, and the dusky shadows of evening were gathering around us, as we reached the suburbs of Charleston called the "Neck." I knew the neighborhood very well, and timed my movements accordingly. There is a very handsome farm, called "Paine's," as you approach the city, beside which runs a lagune, filled with salt water at the rise of the tide, and with a high marsh grass at all other periods. Near this lies a little patch of woods, which, at dusk, I well knew would be dark and intricate enough for concealment; and if too closely hunted, there was the marsh as a last resort.

As we neared this spot, I braced up my energies for a desperate effort; drew up my feet, contracted my arms and shoulders, shortened my neck, and with one bound flung myself clear from the vehicle, whip-

ping my coat skirts in the face of my companion, by way of contempt, as I left him thus suddenly. I made at once for the woods, without giving any heed to the shouts, the clamors, and the consternation of the outlaws from whose clutches I had escaped. They chased me on every side, as well as the darkness and their gouty legs would permit; but I had been a born woodman, could traverse the forest by night as well as by day, and left them accordingly, hopelessly boggling and bellowing at every step.

They soon gave up the chase as a bad job, and left me to ruminate upon my condition and remedy it as I well might. But I had no notion of sleeping in the woods with a comfortable city so near; and setting off as soon as the night had fairly set in, I reached the Bull's Head tavern in a short half hour.

Here, the proprietor of that antique establishment gave me some intelligence no less strange than unpleasant.

"Warrants are out against you," said he, "at the suit of Moffet & Calder, and sundry other persons, for swindling, &c."

"Warrants!—swindling!" I exclaimed, naturally. "Why, what have I done?"

His answer revealed to me the singular error under which these people in Charleston still continued to labor; and that pleasing little transaction, in which I left Corbin's negro as a pledge to Moffet & Calder, and Moffet & Calder's entire store, as a pledge to Corbin's negro for the horse and gig, was pronounced a swindling transaction, for which, heaven only knows what was the extent of punishment in reserve.

I was indignant, as you may suppose; and leaving the Bull's Head, I hurried into town, intending to seek an early explanation of my slanderers. The lateness of the hour prevented me from doing any thing that night; and to be conveniently nigh to them

by the next morning, I slept at Markey's, in Market street. Meditating through the night, however, I felt a sudden movement of the spirit—a sort of call from the voice within, which said audibly—"Arise, go forth into northern lands. Born for the world, wherefore shouldst thou delay and waste hours which are precious, among this stiff necked people."

This summons determined me; and with that magnanimity, the exercise of which has almost always resulted in worldly loss to me, but which neither time nor injustice seem able to diminish, I resolved to take no heed of the slanderers of my fame, and leave to their consciences the reproaches which I had prepared myself to utter.

I needed but few preparations before taking my departure, and went out just after breakfast to procure certain commodities, which I designed to transmit to my venerable parent in St. Stephen's. With this object I visited certain establishments upon East Bay, one of which, in particular, that of Hilliard & Wade, from the excellence of its liquors, which I tasted, I was resolved to patronize to the utmost extent of my desires. I gave them my order accordingly, and they were already laying out the wines and other groceries which I demanded, when a crowd of ruffians, among whom I recognized two of the outlaws who had assailed me the day previously upon the highway, rushed upon me where I sat, and took me completely by surprise. They were armed with sticks and warrants in profusion, and resistance was evidently hopeless from the first. But I gave them battle, and they were compelled to exercise all their resolution, and call in all their amateurs, before they succeeded in capturing me a second time.

One little fellow, a sort of thirteenth man, a lawyer or a doctor by profession, and a warrior by taste, endeavored to immortalize himself by taking prisoner my

left leg. He little knew the volume of muscle in my calf, or he never would have been the calf to seek for such a captive. He was the chief sufferer among my assailants. By suddenly contracting, and then as suddenly extending the assaulted limb, I sent him sprawling; and whether he ever rose again from the spot, is even to this moment a doubtful matter with me. I am certain that for some time after his overthrow he must have needed other arms than his own to help him upward.

I was hustled off to prison by these vagrants, without the smallest regard to the fact that I had not yet completed my orders with the grocers. The matter must have been a very sore annoyance to these worthy gentlemen.

It now became a desperate necessity with the outlaws, by whom I had been assailed and robbed on the highway, the day before, to prove me guilty of some heinous offence, in order to screen themselves from the operation of the law. Their conduct on that occasion, whether the result of a criminal desire for gain, or intemperance, was, in truth, a hanging matter; and their fears that I would urge it to the utmost, drove them to the reckless determination of conjuring up a prosecution against me, which should deprive my testimony of all its force.

Accordingly, they got me indicted for an assault upon the ferryman, with intent to kill, and succeeded—you will scarce believe it, my dear Bennett,—in getting a verdict of guilty against me. I was sentenced to a year's imprisonment, and served out the period of my bondage in an exemplary state of philosophical contemplation.

My memorandum book, a day after my release from prison, may be referred to passingly.

“14th.—‘Time was!’ said Bacon’s brazen head. I am in durance vile no longer! But I am neither

glad nor sorry. There is a world within doors as well as a world without, and I have not been idle in prison. Enough. Where shall I turn me now? Before I answered myself this question, I found myself at the Planter's Hotel. An Alabamian whom I had seen in Montgomery, encountered me at the door. He saluted me as Dr. Hamilton, and to him it was, I suppose, that I may ascribe the entry of that name for mine on the book of the Hotel, where I determined to take up my lodgings for the present.

15th.—Dr Hamilton becomes popular; is the observed of all observers. Finds many friends, and operates upon them with success, but on a moderately small scale. There is less floating capital in Charleston than in any of the American cities. The banks are more costive than any where else, and a like complaint affects the citizen. Even Dr. Hamilton fails to relieve them to any great degree, by his active operations.

16th.—Become very intimate with a young officer of the United States army. He is much taken with my manners, and scarcely suffers me to leave his sight. I operate on him without scruple; bleeds with tolerable freedom, but not long. The fountain not very deep. Administer slightly to Mrs.—— in her husband's absence. Her jewels of an exploded fashion and very unbecoming. She ceases to wear them, I suppose for this very reason, though some talk in the bar-room this morning about their being lost.

17th.—Cloudy; signs of rain. Mrs.—— herself assures me that her jewels are really gone. Says she missed them the very night after walking with me to the Battery. Not certain whether she had them on reaching home. Tell her, it is impossible for me to guess how she lost them; but console her by informing her that such things are too easily concealed, and

too easily disposed of, to be easily recovered. Write out an advertisement for her for all the papers. Walk that evening again with her on the Battery. *Mem*: Wonder if she expected to find there any thing she had lost?

18th.—Still cloudy, and greater promise of rain. Sally out, intending to procure an umbrella. Am joined by my military acquaintance. Credit operation at Dibble's, in Broad street, in which I procure an umbrella from his clerk. Stopped by the proprietor, who reclaims property. Umbrella not for sale. Difficult to make my military friend comprehend the proceeding. In vain I tell him that the clerk sold by mistake an article which his employer did not desire him to sell. He persists in seeing the proprietor, if I would not, and hearing his reasons. But such men never give reasons, I told him, for what they do; and time was quite too valuable to me to waste any in the profitless inquiry. Fail to convince my military friend, who returns to the hat establishment;—while, passing rapidly through Church street, I enter Queen, and reach the hotel in season for a successful operation. Evacuate, and retire into temporary seclusion.

19th.—At day light in the rail car, and on the way to Augusta. Operate at Woodstock. Subjects:—A raftsmen of Edisto, going home with amount of sales; and a Georgia retailer. Acquisitions small, but substantial. Discover, to my great mortification, when I reach Augusta, that I had taken another man's trunk for my own, on leaving the hotel in Charleston. Circumstances do not suffer me to return it. Console myself by the hope that the loser will be as well satisfied with the exchange, as my philosophy prompts me to be. These accidents, nevertheless, very unpleasant. There is a sort of family likeness in trunks, which, though it cannot well be avoided, is certainly a

great evil. *Mem* :—Always remember that my own is, or should be, one of the very best and largest.”

In Augusta, Dr. Hamilton, simply by way of pastime, determines to make a figure among the bloods, and drives out to the race course, four in hand, and in a splendid establishment, the price of which he was not suffered to pay by the liberal dealer from whom he obtained it. On the course my operations were free and satisfactory, whether as a better or an appropriator. Large sums—usual enough in such places—change hands with great rapidity; and with a lighter heart, but heavier person, I return to the ordinary walks of the city. There I continue to work with increased activity. True genius is always industrious. I would not give a pin's head for a hundred of those smart persons, who fancy, with stubborn self conceit, that fame will knock at their doors, and come to them in bed, and call for no effort of themselves. Such people never do any thing, and never come to any thing, but the dogs. They are your eccentric people, that grow famous by fantastics, wear wrong stockings, and broken slippers, and have a new notion every fortnight, which they pop out upon you like a pocket pistol. These persons may be the tails of comets, but they are themselves no comets. If they own any part of genius, it is the fag end, the latter part. Genius is, emphatically, one of the most indefatigable of all human workies. Such was Dr. Hamilton.

Day and night still found me busy at my vocation; and unqualified triumphs would have attended my Georgia operations, but for an accident. Nay, I should not call it an accident either. Success made me incautious, and I became rather indifferent to the society I kept. I fell into companionship with some of the natives, one of whom, becoming jealous of the favor which I had found in the sight of a lovely damsel of our mutual acquaintance, contrived a treacherous plan for

my injury. Through his management, for I know no other way to account for a circumstance so strange, the gold watch of one of our company, which he had lost some days before, was found in my possession; and by a most unrighteous decision of the jury, who seemed to be entirely ignorant of the original use for which watches were made, found me guilty of some crime—I know not what—against the peace, and dignity, and laws of that strangely uncivilized state.

You may almost be persuaded to fancy, my dear Bennett, from these facts, that we have fallen back upon the ages of the Goth and Vandal. I was thrown by this sentence into a Georgia prison, with a sufficient time allowed me to determine in what respect it might be considered preferable to one of South Carolina.

LETTER XX.

TO JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

My dear Bennett.

For two years was the world deprived of the wholesome influence of my presence, while I wasted the precious hours in the loathsome dungeons of Augusta. Why, if the object be to keep men in prison, are prisons made so unattractive? Strange, indeed, that there should be so little philosophy in all our systems of philosophy. I could prepare, now, a plan of prison discipline, which, I flatter myself, would remedy all present deficiencies, and rescue the greater number of *soi disant* civilized states from the reproach of barbarism, which should justly lie at the door of all of them; but one of the vital elements should be, to make the bonds so pleasant that the unhappy criminal would never wish to break them. Good wine, cheerful society, and the several newspapers of the Union, taken regularly, might reconcile a freeman to a great deal of restraint; but even these should not be expected to do every thing. Billiards should be a *sine qua non*, and segars, and I pledge my head that a state prison put on this footing, would seldom be without tenants.

But when shall we see these things, my dear Bennett? Shall it be in our time? Alas! I fear not. But it will come,—it can not long be stayed. My deeds and your writings, not to speak of Webb, Stone, Noah and the rest, are rapidly bringing around the millenium.

Having survived and served out the weary term of my imprisonment, I was considered purged and purified, and accordingly discharged. I immediately set forth on my return to Charleston, and under the mortifying conviction which I felt of the grievous loss of time during my confinement, I determined, by excess of industry, to make ample amends for it to the public and myself. I had scarcely got on the highway, before I commenced operations on the credit system, by purchasing a horse for which I promised to pay in Charleston. In Charleston I purchased a sulkey for the horse, under the same system, for which I made my arrangements to pay when I got into the country; and in order that the payment might be made as soon as possible, I left town immediately after. But the sulkey fellow from whom I bought the sulkey, like most creditors, was disposed to tyrannize; and pursuing me without beat of drum, with several armed assistants, overtook me a few miles from the city, and under pretence of some vow which he had taken, never to give credit to any man who could not be brought under the summary operation of the city court, and the sheriff thereof, he resumed, very unhandsomely, the possession of his property.

To this I should not have so much objected, for I hate to be indebted to a churl, and, indeed, the sulkey run so badly that I was anxious to get rid of it; but the rascal insisted that my horse should also carry it back. To this, you may suppose, I instantly objected; but the myrmidons whom the fellow had brought with him were too numerous for my unassisted strength, and I was compelled to submit. I was thus forced to return to the city; and dispossessed of my sulkey and the harness, stood, solitary and alone, in Wentworth street, gazing at the rather bony back of my animal.

Providence, however, that "shapés our ends, rough-hew them as we will," at that lucky moment brought

a yawning, broad-mouthed negro into sight, with a spick and span new saddle and bridle on his shoulders. I hailed the sign as one from Heaven. Could any thing have been more in the nature of revelation? The negro's shoulders were not made for the saddle. He had the saddle and I the horse. It needed but a slight effort of art to dispossess him of a burthen which he wore with so bad a grace, and place it upon an animal who moved under it as naturally as if it were made for him. Cuffee was dispatched to a neighboring store on business of sudden importance, the result of which I did not remain to hear, while I rode off to try my new acquisition, and was so well pleased with it, that I did not stop for breathing until I had reached Mrs. Chandler's—a very pretty ride, considering that the day was already half spent.

I found my horse such an easy-going animal, that I involuntarily went forward, and felt a call for a second visit to my Western friends. Resuming practice in Alabama and Mississippi, I greatly increased the already great reputation of Dr. Hamilton—a name that I felt too happy to retain, for the moral and social associations that were connected with it; but on reaching Mobile, my old acquaintance there were resolved to know me only as the younger H——. There is no pleasure in contradicting people who wish you well, and I suffered them, for this reason only, to remain in their error.

My operations in Mobile were equally successful with those of my previous visit; and I made many friends among those persons whom my art enabled me to relieve from some of the roots of all evil. But as I never suffered my right to know what my left hand was doing, so I never asserted any claim to those benefits which I conferred upon them. I had no desire of being overpowered by their gratitude.

My adventures in New Orleans were not unlike the past. I was curious to see what had become of my innamorata and the little crooked creole whom I had permitted to live; and to my great merriment, I found them not only man and wife, but already the accumulators of a couple of children, the ugliest—decidedly the ugliest little pigmies I ever looked on. It is well that I escaped from such a woman. It would have made me miserable to have had such children.

From New Orleans, after a variety of operations which drew upon me the attention of those harpies that live upon the labors of genius, the *gens d'armes*, and from whom I had a narrow escape, amounting to an absolute graze on a Sunday morning against the walls of the calaboose, I once more passed into Mississippi, and operated my way upward into Tennessee, where I saw several of the distinguished persons whose acquaintance I had made on my first visit. This time I missed seeing General Jackson, who was laboring under severe indisposition, and, though I make no question, had he known who it was that sought him, I should have been admitted, yet I waived my personal gratification on account of his health, and forebore the mention of my name.

In Kentucky, I saw Clay a second time. He was even more urgent in his hospitalities on this occasion than before; and finally, when I had relaxed sufficiently to bring him out, I discovered that he was laboring at proselytism.

“I have,” said he, “but few friends in South Carolina; but they are the more industrious and sturdy, it would seem, in consequence of their isolation. A letter from one of them, received this morning, however, gives me the most flattering assurances of success. Hear this passage”—and he read,—“Were the vote of Charleston to be taken now, you might not receive more than eight hundred; but the ball is in motion, and

accumulates with the rapidity of snow. Before the worst of the crisis can be felt, I will ensure you sixteen hundred. Our course is onward, and I am as cool in my estimate as I am confident in my prediction. The whole state in another year will certainly be yours; and then—”

Here he stopped, and I think, prudently. I did not say any thing to disturb this delightful dream; but in my heart I laughed at the correspondent, and pitied Henry. I am afraid Henry Clay has too many principles, as I told him on my previous visit—quite too many—ever to succeed as President. But you are too much of a politician yourself, my dear Bennett, to relish more of this sort of stuff.

At Pittsburg, I discovered that some ungentlemanly professor of the same cloth, had operated upon myself, and left me penniless. “Hawks should nae pick out hawks e’en” is a moral Scotch proverb, of unquestionable antiquity and worth, but seems to have had no sort of effect upon my unmagnanimous brother. I was reduced to great straits for a moment, but succeeded in persuading the agent at Pittsburg to take one of my trunks on deposit, in lieu of my passage, which he did. I also obtained from him, on the same security, a moderate sum of ready money, with which, and my remaining trunk, I proceeded onward.

What was my consternation on alighting from the omnibus at the door of my hotel in Philadelphia, to discover that my remaining trunk was missing. I could not suppress my feelings and apprehensions. The loss was immense, and I spoke my fears aloud to the landlord, while I gave the driver of the omnibus a seasonable threatening. I sternly assured him that the loss was too considerable for me to submit to it quietly, and that I should hold him accountable. He answered me with the insolence natural enough to this sort of persons, and defied me. My companions, together with the landlord, assured me that the trunk

could not be lost, and we dispatched messengers to all the depots and hotels, while I myself, laboring under dreadful anxiety, went off also in pursuit. All that could be ascertained from the several inquiries which had been made, was that a trunk like mine had been placed upon the New York omnibus, and was now most probably half the distance on its way to that city. My books, papers, funds, were all in that trunk—the records of my life, the books of my study, the funds which had rewarded my industry. It was necessary that I should do something, and while yet doubting what course to pursue, I operated upon the bar-keeper under the credit system, which, according to Mr. Carey and others, has been the very making of this country, to the small tune of fifteen dollars. With this sum, with which I proposed to dispatch a special messenger after my trunk, and would have done so but for a meeting with certain of my acquaintance, who beguiled me for a time into an unwise forgetfulness of the duties before me, I retired for the night.

Meanwhile, the venomous tongue of the slanderer and the malice of the persecutor had pursued me to my hotel. I did not return there till daylight, and was busy making preparations to go myself in pursuit of my trunk, and taking an affectionate leave of those companions with whom I had reached Philadelphia the evening before, when, to my surprise and indignation, my landlord with two tipstaves at his back, confronted me, and without the smallest regard for decency, pronounced me to be a swindler and a rogue, and certain other things and persons which were so shocking to me to hear, that I will not repeat them, and trust that ere many seasons they will be driven from the vernacular. At the side of this rash and ill bred person stood another,—a little thickset meddlesome person, whom I remembered to have seen before in my

journey from the west, and to whom, it seems, I was indebted for the evil report which had set the face of the simple landlord against me. 'This foul mouthed interloper repeated his villainous insinuations in my presence, as if seeking to bolster up his courage by provoking mine.

"He has lost no trunk," said he; "he pledged it at Pittsburg, to the agent, to raise the wind and pay his passage, and if you'll go to Broad street, you'll find it in the possession of the conductor. He's only trying to raise the wind on you; he's been doing it everywhere, ever since he left Natchez."

I looked at the little reptile with an eye from which he shrunk with the natural instinct of conscious guilt.

"Miserable atom!" I exclaimed, "do you not fear that I may annihilate you."

An involuntary movement which I made towards him as I spoke, made him retreat, but brought upon me the claws of the legal harpies by whom I was environed.

"Come, come; none of that, Dr.," said they; "we must put you in mittens if you try that caper."

"Vulgar fellows! what mean you? Sir," I said, turning to the landlord, "the story of this fellow is surely not believed by any gentleman present; it is not less silly than scandalous. 'That I have a trunk in the hands of the conductor in Broad street is nevertheless true. It is strange enough that one who seems so ready to know the business of his neighbors, should not have conjectured that a gentleman and southern planter may travel with more trunks than one. The trunk in Broad street is a small matter; that which is lost, as I have said before, is quite too serious a consideration with me to be made a jest of by any here; and he who presumes so far will rue the consequences. You are very wretchedly misinformed by this person

on the score of my character. The very names of my numerous relatives in North and South Carolina, should alone save me from such slanderous imputations, and I trust will do so. I have already suffered surprise and mortification enough from these ridiculous charges."

This temperate, manly, and very lucid explanation, however, failed entirely to convince my auditors. The intellect of the Philadelphians is usually considered of a very humble order, but I could not have imagined that their Bœotian stolidity was half so great. If the understandings of the people are low, those of their landlords are infinitely lower. There is a deep still beyond for them. Mine, on this occasion, answered me with an air of insolent and cool incredulity. With a smirk upon his face, he proceeded to reply in language which he no doubt fancied to be exceedingly witty,—that he "regretted exceedingly the necessity of doubting the word of so fine a gentleman! but really—subject to so many impositions, and most usually from very handsome and well dressed young gentlemen—that—in short—that he should be obliged to require other evidence in proof of respectability; and in the mean time, the officers—the high constables of the city—were present and ready to take charge of me until the evidence could be procured."

To an ordinary man this intelligence would have been startling; to me it was annoying only.

"What is the pretence on which I am arrested, sir?" was my demand. He replied by telling me it was debt simply; the pitiful amount of fifteen dollars which I had borrowed from him in the emergency of my first arrival.

"Enough, sir; my trunk in Broad street, which you persist in supposing the only one I have, will amply suffice to rid me of the difficulty, and satisfy all demands against me. Lay not your hands, therefore,

upon me fellows; and you, sir, have a care how you urge this matter. Such indignities are not to be practised with impunity upon gentlemen of my temper. As for the slanderous wretch who skulks behind you, he shall yet feel my vengeance."

One of the officers at this time proposed that we should drive to Broad street and see at once after the trunk. I consented to this proposition, perhaps too readily; but I was really tired of the scene and of the dirty looking set of fellows who, by this time, had gathered around me. While riding towards Broad street, I felt how mortifying it would be to suffer myself to be worried into their measures by a set of desperadoes such as they were; and at once resolved not to yield an item farther. When we reached Broad street, and the trunk was set before us, I resolved not to open it. I threw myself into a chair, folded my arms, and in answer to their suggestions that I should open it, I gave them to understand that I should sooner see the infernal regions open upon them.

"But," said I, "Mr. Landlord, to be quit of this matter, so far as you are concerned, here are twelve dollars of the fifteen which I borrowed from you, and here is a ring, a token from a lady of New Orleans, of great value, which you shall keep until I redeem it. You have shown yourself to be too unworthy to confer an obligation on me, and I am anxious, therefore, to wash my hands of the connection."

"Nobody more willing than myself," replied the landlord; and I was about to take my departure, when a new opponent sprang up in the person of the conductor, and a new obstacle and annoyance was thrown in my progress.

"You don't go, Dr. till you've planked down what you owe me also.—My claim 's for fifty-seven dollars, passage money and cash lent, and nothing but the

cash down, will save you from a trip to Moyamensing."

"This is baseness unparalleled. Can it be that you treat a distressed stranger in this manner? Is this your hospitality? Is this your feeling? But I scorn to ask favor or indulgence. I am in your power—do with me as you please. I am not the first martyr who has fallen a victim for the benefit of my species."

"No, nor the last," said one of the officers, impudently. "But," he continued, "what's to hinder you from paying the conductor? The trunk, you say, contains valuables,—why not place enough in his hands for security, while you take possession of the rest. Your papers and letters of credit will surely relieve you, on presentation, from any farther difficulty."

The suggestion contained common sense, though it came from one of the ugliest mouths I ever laid eyes on. There was no good reason for bandying words and wasting time with such persons, and I accordingly determined to do what was required. I opened the trunk and was about to possess myself of a bundle of letters, when one of the atrocious ruffians pounced upon the contents, while another kept me at bay in order to prevent me from any interference. You will scarce conceive my astonishment, my dear Bennett, at hearing the scoundrel who was busy in the search, making an enumeration aloud of the contents—so he said—of the trunk in question. It was evident, as he proceeded, that there had been some foul play; that, in short, my trunk had been robbed of all that was valuable in it, and stuffed with the most ridiculous, miserable collection, in lieu of the things of which it had been divested. Think how I must have felt to hear the fellow enumerate—"one shirt; two dickeys; one pair silk gloves; one pair old pants, &c., &c.,"

The letters of introduction and credit with which I had provided myself, the valuable professional books and instruments, had disappeared. But this was not all the evil. Some scraps of paper scattered about the floor were seized by these wretches with avidity, and pronounced to be forged drafts upon one of the Philadelphia banks. "These," said they with one breath, "will require that your farther examination, Dr., should take place before the mayor."

"The mayor! d——n the mayor, and d——n you all," was the natural and indignant exclamation from my lips. But I was in the hands of the Philistines, and soon found that use had long since made them callous and utterly indifferent to the language of honorable indignation. They could not understand reason, and to expostulate with such creatures was not possible to one of my pride and sensibility. With the dignity of air which distinguishes the native gentleman, whatever may be his fortune, I accompanied them to the state house enclosure, where I was required to await the leisure of that wise official, the lord mayor of Philadelphia.

LETTER XXI.

TO JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

Dear Bennett.

It was a fine morning in May, and the desire of freedom pressed upon me with double force, from the consciousness of that restraint under which I found myself. Besides, I stood in that very square, called Independence square, in which the fathers of our liberty declared certain truths to be self-evident, and certain rights to be inalienable—among these “liberty.” The principle added warmth to the feelings of my heart, and the conviction of my mind, as I meditated upon the glorious truth. The freshness of the pleasant May morning invigorated my limbs, and added elasticity to my muscles. Shall I be kept in bondage at such a moment, and in that very place where our ancestors declared there should be no such thing as bondage?—Should my inalienable rights be alienated in that spot, of all others, which first heard the joyful sounds which declared it a crime to endeavor to alienate them.

The reflection made me furious, and when I looked upon the huge beef eater, in whose custody I had been left—a slow moving fellow of two hundred at the least—I felt the delay to be suicidal, and at once resolved to make my escape. Thousands were passing along the *trottoir* at this time, in the enjoyment of perfect, or at least partial liberty, and as I looked, I felt that it would be far preferable to lose my individuality for a time among the undistinguishable mass-

es, than to remain where I was, kicking my heels impatiently at the delay of that proverbially portly personage, the presiding officer of a corporation dinner. With an agility that confounded my keeper, I sprang from his clutches, and made my way over a goodly portion of the area before I discovered that my progress was like to be arrested by the iron railing that surrounded it. My precipitancy had made me regardless of the fact, which it was all important to my escape to know, that there were gateways at convenient distances, for any one of which, had I taken my course, I should have infallibly succeeded. The beef-eater who had charge of me knew this fact better than myself, and when I turned to the gateway, I found him planted, like a battering ram, in the path. There he stood, grinning and threatening, perfectly satisfied, it would seem, that my escape was impossible. I determined to confound him still farther, and stopping but a single instant to apostrophize my guardian genius, and implore her succor, I sprang boldly upon the nearest part of the wall which begirt me. Before I could attain the summit, the wretch was close behind me, and as I sprang forward, he most irreverentially seized upon the skirts of my garment, which unhappily resisted equally my weight upon the outside, and the jerkings of my enemy from within.

Conceive the ludicrous situation, my dear Bennett, of your persecuted friend. There I hung, like Mahomet's coffin, in mid-air, to the infinite amusement of the ill-bred people of that Bœotian city, Philadelphia. It was at that moment that I most felt for my country. And great was my apprehension lest some elegant English traveler, like captain Marryat, should have seen the blackguardism of her people, in that day of my most painful suspension. There I hung, in spite of all my struggles; kept in place, a novel wall

flower indeed, by the magnetic influence of the butcher's beef which burdened me behind. The constable hung in like manner within, and so strange did the occurrence seem, that the officers who came to our mutual extrication, forebore to give any help, until the gradual yielding of my skirts rendered it necessary for the safety of my coat that they should do so. Perhaps they only then did so in consideration of the neck of their mammoth comrade within the enclosure, to whom the smallest tumble would have been fatal just after breakfast. But they did not release us even then, until a gang of boys—the Philadelphia boys, by the way, are the dirtiest, worst, and ugliest little rascals in America—had gathered around, clamoring with stentorian lungs, and increasing the disquiets and discomforts of my situation, by villainous volleys of sand and pebbles, by which my hands and face were very much soiled; and one of my teeth suffered from a stone, almost as greatly as did that distinguished one of General Gaines from the bullets of the Seminoles.

From this hanging condition I was taken down unhung, and after a brief and most dishonest show of justice, transferred to Moyamensing. It was, perhaps, unlucky for me, as it seemed to confirm and strengthen the unfavorable circumstances that accumulated against me, that I had hardly entered the doors of this establishment, before I encountered a well known companion from Georgia; a gentleman who also had been the victim of persecution in that state, and had occupied with myself, under the tyranny of the public authorities, private apartments in the state prison. The thoughtless fellow, overjoyed to see me, cried out as I appeared and addressed me by name. This imprudence I endeavored to prevent, but unhappily too late. My friend, though a very good fellow, was one of those yaw-mouthed persons, who fancy them-

selves out of the world, unless they are forever making themselves heard in it. He had another equally foolish notion, that he was a humorist, and was continually indulging in what he was pleased to consider wit.

“What, David!” he exclaimed, “are you here? I supposed that when we parted, we had parted for ever; but I see you have been lucky. You are well dressed, and I suppose you have come here because the banks have stopped specie payments.”

Vexed by this impertinence, I determined to arrest all such untimely familiarity in the beginning; and putting on a look of mingled scorn and wonder, replied—

“Fellow, I know you not: you are mistaken.”

“Devil own me if I am;” he replied, with the obstinacy of a fool, and the grossness of a beast; “we worked against time too long together in Augusta, to suffer me to forget; and it’s d—d mean of you to deny acquaintance,” &c.

I do not repeat the whole of the stuff that this miserable creature uttered. It would only disgust you. But his malice had the effect for which it was intended of impressing upon the keeper of the prison by whom it was overheard, an idea that I was in reality a low fellow,—one of the thousand *chevaliers d’industrie*, with whom the Philadelphians are so apt to be distressed. How long I staid in this wretched place, on what plea I was discharged, and of the apologies made me by the public authorities for my most unjust detention, I need say nothing. It is enough to say, that the Governor of Pennsylvania communicated to the Executive of Georgia on the subject; and the latter gentleman in reply, with a becoming sense of the truth, assured the former that I had in Georgia fulfilled all my obligations to that state, which had no

farther claims upon me. He added, by way of recommendation to him of Pennsylvania, by all means to keep within his jurisdiction a citizen so very valuable as myself. The loss, it is true, was great to the south; but Pennsylvania had more need of me, having far more material on which my genius might exercise itself.

This letter produced my discharge from the vildurance to which my evil star conducted me. Taking a carriage at Moyamensing, I drove to one of the first hotels in Philadelphia, from which I begged the landlord to send to the New York boat, on her next arrival, after my trunk, which I expected hourly from the keeper of the Astor House, by whom, I heard, it had been kindly taken in charge. This was my valuable trunk, my dear Bennett; not the miserable affair at the conductor's. This was the trunk containing my valuable papers, my books, instruments, and funds, which, as you may remember, was put on the New York omnibus by mistake.

At this hotel I had a handsome and spacious apartment assigned me, and took a private parlor; though with the true republicanism of superior minds, I continued to dine at the *table d'hote*. Here I made a good many acquaintance, all of whom seemed to be strangers in Philadelphia, and equally desirous with myself of seeing the lions of that city. After dinner we made up a party to see the water works, and other famous places. One of the party proposed, among other objects of attention, to visit the penitentiary—a suggestion which produced in my mind, instantaneously, a sort of moral nausea.

“No! no!” I exclaimed; “God forbid that I should ever take pleasure in looking upon the sufferings of my fellow creatures!” a reflection which produced the proper effect upon my companions, and elevated

me greatly in their opinions, as one of the most humane practitioners they had ever known ; an opinion which, I need not say to you, my dear Bennett, or to any who may have once had my acquaintance, is not utterly unfounded. But what has my humanity brought me ; what have my labors for the good of man produced me but wrong and persecution? Like Columbus, a dungeon has rewarded my penetration, and chains have been the honors bestowed by those who could receive the acquisition with joy, while they turned with scorn and contempt from the sleepless adventurer to whom they owe it all.

LETTER XXII.

TO JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

My dear James.

The next day, at the hour that the New York boat was expected to arrive in Philadelphia, I set forth on my way to her, with all the anxiety and haste of a gentleman to whom a change of linen had become indispensable, and whose trunk was not yet forthcoming. But naturally of a meditative disposition, and just at that time particularly thoughtful, I missed my way, and got to the wrong boat. Before I knew where I was, I found myself half way on the route to Baltimore. Now I had no sort of business in Baltimore—I had not the slightest reason to think that I had any trunk in Baltimore, and when I found whither my course tended, you may conceive my annoyance. I was particularly vexed, indeed, lest my sudden disappearance from my Philadelphia hotel should be construed by the excellent landlord thereof, into a desire to avoid the payment of his bill; an omission which has still continued to annoy me, since circumstances over which I have had no control, have always conspired to keep me from going to the same lodging-house in my subsequent visits to that city. That divine philosophy which has taught me patience under severe privations, has, however, reconciled me to bear with this; and if my absence shall have taught my landlord any like lessons of patience, I shall be in part compensated for the mortification which I have subsequently felt in not having paid that worthy gentleman his bill.

These people take a great deal of pains in the accommodation of the public; they provide many excellent dinners; many of them take the trouble to select at market every article of provisions which they put on table, and there is, in short, no class of laborers more entirely deserving of their hire. I especially counsel all young travelers in future, when in pursuit of their trunks, not to suffer themselves to become so bewildered by their thoughts, as to forget that necessary part of a traveler's duty, the liquidation of his accounts.

Once in Baltimore, it was necessary that I should go to lodgings, which I accordingly did at one of the best houses in that city. Here I was pounced upon, almost the moment after my arrival, by a gang of negro speculators, who addressed me with the most perfect audacity as Benton the younger,—nephew or son of the worthy senator of that name from Missouri, whose attempts on the treasury of all the people, are perhaps no less deserving of a history, than those of your correspondent upon a portion of them. The only other difference between us, perhaps, consists in the more artist-like character of my labors. Somewhat surprised at being addressed by this title, I was led to suspect some sinister object on the part of these proverbially wily persons. I had seen them colloquing together at the opposite corner of the reading room, their accents spoken in tones unusually low, while their eyes were occasionally turned towards me, in a manner that convinced me that I formed, in some sort, the subject of their conversation. After this they separated, while one of them took upon himself the business of acting for the rest. He singled me out, introduced himself as a Virginia trader with a fine gang of field negroes, and speaking to me with as much deference as if I were the honorable senator himself, he

fairly fastened himself to the hem of my garments. There was no shaking him off, and the pertinacity with which he continued to follow me, no less than his constant mode of saluting me as the younger Benton, led me to believe that, with his comrades, he had a design upon that person.

Of the Bentons I knew little or nothing; nothing but what was public, and little that was favorable. My political views differ greatly from those of the senator, though in monetary matters, I think the difference is not so great between us. Of the nephew or son, I had, in fact, never heard before. It was, therefore, a great stretch of benevolence on my part, when I resolved to suffer these fellows to continue in their error, supposing me to be him, in the hope that I should, by my courage and ingenuity, baffle any of their villainous schemes, possibly to take his life, or to beguile him of his money. In this resolution I was guided by the purest sense of propriety, and the most generous feelings of the heart. I might have been exposing my purse to the operations of the robber, or my life to the dirk of the assassin; and this, too, in behalf of a person whom I never saw. Permitting them, therefore, to proceed, I suffered myself to be called Benton, and to be treated with the attention which they would doubtlessly have bestowed upon that gentleman. They drove me here and there in their splendid curricles; they took pains to show me all the wonders of the monumental city, and, under their guidance, I was even persuaded to clamber up the steep steps of the Washington monument, to see if the figure at the top was a man or a monkey. But I need not enumerate the small particulars, the nice degrees, by which they strove to move my credulity, and blind my eyes to the evil of their ways, and, of course, the evil of their wishes.

It is enough to say that I submitted, though with great effort, and not till after much reluctance, to their unremitting assiduities and oppressive courtesies.—Nothing but a purpose the most philanthropic, could have persuaded me to stomach the near neighborhood of such persons; and only a purely christian spirit could have been reconciled to the endurance of favors at their hands. I even condescended to accept of sundry little presents—small tokens in the shape of gold tooth-pick, pencil-case and chain, simply that I might not, by a rejection of their proffers, awaken their suspicions that I was not the person upon whom they were resolved to practice.

At length, deeming things ripe for more open action, they began to show their hands. Their purpose then, let me say in justice to them, did not go to the taking of young Benton's life; scarcely, it would seem, to the lifting of his purse. It was, nevertheless, scarcely less criminal. Let me briefly state it. They proposed to sell me a lot of negroes for my plantation in Missouri. The price was fifty thousand dollars, but in consideration that I was Colonel Benton, the younger, they were pleased to say they would take forty thousand. Here was a nefarious proceeding. The negroes were doubtlessly stolen—kidnapped from some worthy Virginia planter, and about to be palmed off upon poor Benton as good property. He, simple fellow, would, I make no doubt, have greedily caught at the bait. How few young persons there are, my dear Bennett, who, like ourselves, can learn to look on the world with calm spirits and see it as it really is! But though I did not take the bait, I affected a disposition to do so. I resolved to beguile these rogues, step by step, until I should get them into my power, when, of course, my resolution would be to restore the unhappy negroes to their real owner.

With no other object, my dear Bennett, I bought them, and a few hours would have enabled me to have done with them according to the dictates of my heart, when, by some unlucky turn of fate, the cunning kidnappers discovered that I was not the man they had resolved me to be; nay, more, when they discovered that I was about to deprive them of their ill-gotten possessions by a stroke of art, no less admirably planned, and no less elaborately executed—through movements the most complex—than their own, they sought to destroy me by the most villainous imputations. They were afraid of me, and in their desperation they resorted to perjury to shield themselves from the charge of kidnapping. They swore innumerable and unmeasurable offences against me; and just about the same time, a spiteful tailor—a lean, lantern-jawed fellow, full of bile though wanting in belly—conspired with them to prosecute me on some ridiculous charges of swindling—it might as well have been fornication for the truth and sense that were in it. What need to go through the villainous details? King Numbers prevailed, and I was convicted of offences against the municipality of Baltimore, which consigned me to the tread-mill of that city.

I have not that hostility to tread-mills which is rather prevalent among the community. Tread-mills have several analogies in life, which commend them to my thoughts and sympathies. Life itself is a sort of tread-mill, and one of the worst sort, since, step as we will, fast or slow, high or low, with rapidity or deliberation, we still meet with many rubs, falls, and bruises. The earth is neither more nor less than a mammoth tread-mill, that never stops motion nor yields rest; and if we are to believe the astronomers, all our systems are so many monstrous mills, which tread us constantly, and are as constantly trodden by us in turn.

There could be no possible objection to this rotary system, did not the mill outlast the miller. Could we keep on our way, and were we not constantly knocked off to give place to others, who, possibly, do not half so well as ourselves, the grinding process would be deprived of half its objectionable features, and at least one half of the community would find its advantage in what remained.

The tread-mill was any thing but a punishment to me. I was too youthful, too active, and too muscular to suffer any annoyance from it. It was, indeed, neither more nor less than a machine on which I displayed and exercised the wonderful agility with which nature had endowed me. My abilities in this respect were regarded with silent wonder by my companions, many of whom, like myself, I soon discovered to be the victims of popular folly or private malice. They were suffering as well as myself, and like the martyrs and patriots of old, for the good of a country which gave them hate in place of homage, and instead of a temple and sacrifices, decreed them a prison and chains.

A man of my temperament could never suffer any thing from a tread-mill. Perhaps, were I to choose any one single agent of the gymnasium, in preference to the rest, it would be some thing of this sort. It seems to accord equally with the thoughts of my mind and the muscles of my body. Its perpetual, never ceasing motion reminds one of the wheel of destiny, the constant flow of ocean, the unvarying dance of the stars, and the never failing song of the winds. There is music in a tread-mill, and poetry too may be got out of it. To how many small poets is the certainly recurring rhyme a torturing tread-mill; how they count the steps, and chide the feet which are short, and curse those which are unreasonably long. As a

poet, the tread-mill suggests to my fancy several pleasant images.

In a point of view purely physical, the tread-mill, as I have said before, is productive of no annoyance to my body. I mount the steps with calm indifference; I await the return of the board with the confident ease of one who feels that he can keep time against the world; and passing without one effort at circumspection, over the narrow slips that present themselves to my own feet, I am able to look around me and enjoy the amusing toils of the less capable and more clumsy, to whom the tread-mill is no luxury. To a man of my temperament, this instrument could never fairly be made a punishment; but to the sleepy, well fed gentry—the great bellied men, covered with fat, and full of lymph, it is a punishment and a cruel one. How they puff and pant, and what ungainly efforts they make to avoid missing the plank, which so instantly redresses the omission, by smiting knee or nostril, and wounding the gross feeder at every point of the compass. You have never been on a tread-mill, my dear Bennett?—I do not think you would like it at first. Still, I think it would do you good. I am under the impression that Noah has been more fortunate. He certainly must have enjoyed it. Our friend Stone would have been greatly improved by it, and had he only been put upon a course of it before he wrote his life of Brant—that big book that is filled with every thing and every body but the hero—it would have been a work of infinitely more value. The dead flesh of it would have been well worked off, and the rest might have been endurable.

To persons of lymphatic temperament, the tread-mill would be of great service as a punishment. Nervous men, also, would be greatly helped by its constant motion; and, indeed, no other process that I

know, could so well effect the casting off of that vile sluggishness, which defeats their objects and overclouds and overpresses their minds. As an auxiliary to school education, and with reference to boys of particular temperaments, the tread-mill is of incalculable importance.

When my persecutors discovered how greatly I enjoyed the exercise which they had decreed me as a torture, with that spiteful hate which marked their conduct from the beginning, they at once deprived me of it, and expelled me from its pleasant neighborhood. I left the scene of my exercise with a reluctance no less astonishing than it was obvious to my companions. They could not understand my feelings any more than their tormentors could understand me. The tread-mill had been a fresh luxury to me; it had awakened a jaded appetite, and stimulated a previously drooping fancy. A new world, as it were, opened upon my sight, through the dim portals of which I was suffered to enter and remain only sufficiently long to get a glimpse of its pleasures, when I was again sent forth, and the gates closed behind me. I shall long remember the tread-mill of Baltimore. The ascent of the monument was a much more painful and far less profitable labor. As a purely philosophical pleasure, my dear Bennett, I recommend you to acquire the privilege of a tread-mill as soon as possible. This would not be a difficulty, in any country where due regard was had by justice to the individual wants of the citizen.

From Baltimore I returned to Philadelphia; but feeling that there was no longer any subjects of attention for me in that place—however many there might be of detention—I simply passed from the Baltimore to the New York boat, and took my way to your city. We were only a few miles from New York,

when, chancing to saunter forward, where the hands of the boat were tumbling the passengers' baggage from the racks, my eye was attracted to a trunk which at once fixed my regards. It seemed to me the identical trunk which had been so long missing, and the want of which had involved me in so many trying and delicate situations. The more I looked at it, the more I felt persuaded that it was the same. It was equally large—mine was a very large trunk, one, indeed, of the very largest size—it was equally new—mine, when I last had sight of it, was almost as new as if just taken from the shop. The trunk was evidently mine. Of that there could be no doubt; I, at least, had none. While I looked at it, there came up a tall, well dressed looking person, who drew it out from among the rest; drew it, indeed, to one side of the deck, and handled it with the air of one who had some interest in it. His appearance was rather in his favor; but good looks are not always conclusive proofs of innocence; and when I surveyed him more closely, I discovered an obliquity in his eye which was excessively suspicious. My first thought was to grapple with the fellow at once, and denounce him as a robber; but when I considered his youth, I hesitated. Perhaps, too, I thought, the unhappy young man might have an innocent wife, or still more innocent sister eastward, to whom a public detection would be death; and this further consideration determined me to adopt a course by which I should secure my property without subjecting him to the shame of exposure. Accordingly, when the boat reached the wharf, I quietly summoned a hackdriver to my side, indicated the trunk to him by a nod, and in a few minutes after, found myself once more in possession of my lost property, and on my way at full speed to the Astor House.

I was not suffered, however, to congratulate myself for any length of time on the recovery of my

possessions. Before I had time to examine its contents and ascertain whether they remained as I had left them, I was arrested by the police on a charge of robbery. The audacious young man did not fear to stand in the presence of the Justice and myself, and swear the trunk to be his. Of course, I was equally peremptory on the other side ; and to end the matter at once, I proceeded to enumerate the contents within it. I then produced my key and demanded the attention of the officers while I opened it and showed them the truth of my assertions. What was my discomfiture, my dear Bennett, when I found that my key did not even fit the lock ! My opponent was more successful than myself in opening it, and in showing the contents to be very different from those which I enumerated to be in mine. You may suppose that he triumphed greatly, and was disposed to deal in sundry insinuations against my honor, which I repelled with indignation.

The Justice took a right view of the matter, when he declared such mistakes to be natural enough. Trunks, as I told him at the time, had such an unfortunate family likeness, that it was scarcely possible to avoid mistakes ; and, as he added, the wonder was only that they were not more frequently made. The young man muttered his incredulity ; but the readiness with which I had produced my key, and declared my willingness for the examination, was enough to show my innocence, and I was dismissed by the presiding officer, with many regrets, as well for my loss, as for the indignities which had been unavoidably cast upon so distinguished a son of Carolina.

I was surprised at this mode of address on the part of the Justice, but at the moment was quite too much bewildered to inquire into the cause of his mistake, or even to correct it. He had spoken to me as the son of a person of that state, who, if my venerable

mother is to be believed, was certainly the father of any body but myself; and the error of the worthy Justice, it appears, soon found circulation in New York. The next morning I had visits from sundry southerners, who sympathized with my losses, and from whom I obtained loans of sufficient sums to enable me once more to return to Charleston. Here I arrived early in the year, and proceeded to resume operations on familiar ground.

My successes had not been so great at the north as my genius had a right to anticipate, and the failure could only have arisen from the fact that I had entered upon a strange province; the condition, manners and morals of whose people, were not so well known to me, and the localities of which were not yet obvious enough for felicitous touch and conveyance. Still, I had not been utterly wanting to my own fame. Though I had failed frequently, I had more frequently succeeded. I had left many foot marks, many impressions behind me, which can not readily be effaced, nor very quickly forgotten. Many persons, of both sexes, will think of me under various aspects, and quite as many names, whom I have relieved from many causes of care and apprehension, and who have been lightened, by the barest touch of my finger, from many a burden, at least as oppressive as it was valuable.

I have not deemed it worth while, my dear Bennett, to enumerate these small achievements. It is enough that you should know, briefly, that my art has asserted its eminence from Louisiana to Maine; and the maidens of many a pretty village in New England, will long remember the handsome stranger of the south, who won their hearts, and carried off with him besides, many other equally small, though, possibly, less valuable matters, which they did not care to stake, and, per-

haps, were far less willing to lose. I think they will remember me.

In Charleston, I took a new lodging house at Mrs. G——'s in Queen street. Here I formed alliances offensive and defensive with the students of the medical colleges; a fine set of fellows, upon whom I occasionally operated professionally, and of consequence, in kind. But the sphere seemed limited and was circumscribed. Accordingly, I removed to Stewart's hotel in Broad street, where, it seems, I was thought to be Colonel Allston. This error—I have been all my life liable to strange mistakes of this sort—seemed, on this occasion, to be almost universal. Standing one day at the door of the hotel, an empty carriage drew up before me, the driver of which addressed me as "Mass Tom," and asked when I had got into town, adding, that his mistress would be very happy to hear that I had come. Having inquired of him who his mistress was, I was gladdened with the idea of game afoot, and determined to amuse myself with a little experiment, and to see how far the worthy citizens of Charleston were resolved to delude themselves on the subject of my person.

"Drive to your mistress, my good fellow," I exclaimed, "say that I have just got into town, that one of my horses is dead, and I have no means of going to the races unless she will let me have her carriage for the day. I will wait your return here."

Half an hour had not well elapsed before the fellow was back again. "Mrs. —— (who, by way, was a member of one of the first families in Carolina) sends her compliments, and the carriage is entirely at your service."

Such was the message, of which I did not fail to avail myself. I jumped in, and as I rode, happening to encounter a group of medical students whom I had

lately known, I drew up and made them get in. A day on the Washington race course, is a day to be remembered; and mine, on the present occasion, was passed with considerable unction. I operated with singular skill and success upon several of my neighbors, and relieved a few of them from incumbrances which they must have found very weighty. My companions did not go altogether scotfree, and were assessed according to circumstances. Students of medicine are not apt to carry unnecessary supplies, and their purses, if pursy enough at first, are soon flattened under the fingers of an expert operator. I know not whether these who were with me were less than satisfied with the excellence of my art, or whether they heard any thing to my disadvantage while on the course, from any of my numerous enemies; but they all deserted me before the day was over, and solitary and alone, I took my coach—Mrs. ——'s I mean,—back once more to the city. It struck me, while on my return, that the possession of the coach would assist me in a little amusing operation which I meditated; and in order the more perfectly to see in how far the Charlestonians were resolved that I should be any body but myself, I drove to the wharf, from which the boat was that evening to sail for Wilmington. The hour for her departure was at hand. I engaged my passage, and on the strength of the name which had been forced upon me, and the aristocratic carriage in which I made my appearance, the officers of the boat were not only willing to wait for me a few moments, but also to supply me with a sum of money, which I needed at that particular instant, and needed only until I should send my carriage to my factor for a sufficiency. The carriage, accordingly, went off in one direction, while I pursued another. How long the boat waited, I can not pretend to say, for, my ex-

periment having sufficiently succeeded, I did not think it necessary to go back and see. It was enough for me to arrive at the satisfactory conviction, that I possessed a spell of power that was almost universal, controlling all agents, and compelling all society.

With the characteristic caprice of genius, I again changed my lodging place, and took up my abode with Mrs. F——. Here I was excessively amused one morning, by reading in the Charleston Courier, an article re-printed from a northern paper, giving a very garbled and malicious account of some of the particulars in my late northern tour. One would have actually supposed, from a perusal of this publication, that I had been guilty of some petty crimes at the north, and that all those operations of art, which were evolved by the sheer strength of my genius in Pennsylvania, Maryland and elsewhere, which should have secured me a most enviable pre-eminence among men, were little more than larcenies.

When, my dear Bennett, will the time arrive, when things shall be called by their right names, and there shall cease to be any confounding of men's understandings by this confusion of tongues? I fear, my good fellow, we shall never have full justice done to us. We shall toil and toil, and struggle and struggle, and sigh after the forbidden fruit, denied to pluck where we have planted, or to drink of the waters we have drawn; beholding others, meanwhile, enjoying those things for which our labor is all taken, and withholding, all the while, the bald acknowledgment of their gratitude. But complaint is not becoming in great minds, and I forbear it.

The dread that the character of my deeds should be mistaken, and not properly understood or classified by my contemporaries, did not, however, operate to prevent me from their performance. I resumed my

assessorship with considerable activity, and somewhat increased my trophies of art while I lodged with Mrs. F——. At length, rumors reached me of hostile influences abroad—enemies seeking to devour, or at least, denounce; and just at this time, finding the atmosphere becoming so oppressive that I could not walk abroad with any safety, I resolved to change the climate and retire to the country air for a season.

Suspecting that if I endeavored to start with the rail car from Charleston, I should find some malicious persons there in waiting to prevent me,*I took my way on foot to the pleasant rural retreat called Woodstock, about fifteen miles from town, well known to travelers as the breakfasting house on the rail-road route to the city. There I spent the night, and entering the car next morning on its arrival, I flattered myself that I had now forever and completely shaken the dust of Charleston from my feet. But fortune, which is almost always the foe to genius, since she must always hate those who do not ask her aid, and yield her none of those base flatteries, which, like a silly woman, she loves in her blindness, pursued me with her malice, and just when I had given myself up to a pleasing reverie, the equal progeny of contemplation and a grateful consciousness of security, who should start up before me but a wide-mouthed orator, furious with the intoxicating conviction that he had got something to say.

“Look you!” he exclaimed to our fellow passengers, some thirty in number; “look you, this is the famous Davy Hines, the swindler. Take care of your pockets or he’ll be into ’em. He’s the greatest rogue without exception that South Carolina ever produced. He’s famous in every state in the Union, and has occupied all the penitentiaries, been on the tread-mill, and in the pillory, and won’t stop until he’s on the gallows.

There he sits ; that's the man ; so, now that you know who he is, if you lose anything you 'll deserve to lose it. For my own part, if he comes within fist distance of me, while we are in the car together, I 'll floor him. You may each do what you like for your own protection."

It was thus that this fellow made a fool of himself. I looked on him while he spoke, with calm contempt, and could not help recalling the verses of Burns—

"Oh, wad some power the gifty gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us,
It would frae many a blunder free us."

It was a grievous pity that some power had not condescended to pinch this inconsiderate person by the ear ; but the fates left him to his folly, and there he went on speaking, as he fancied, with singular eloquence and greatly to the purpose. His words had the effect of rousing those who sat beside me, and who at once withdrew to as great a distance from me as the limits of the car would permit. Then followed an inspection by each of his several pockets, wallets, purses, &c. Each counted up his sixpences with a trembling doubt lest they should fall short ; and I, stern as Caius Marius amidst the ruins of Carthage, and almost as lone, sat smiling with bitter scorn at the degenerate Romans who were before me. I will not say whether it was most fortunate for me or for them, that this orator was so premature in his denunciations. I could have operated with considerable success before he spoke, but I forebore the attempt, fancying there would be sufficient time for all my purposes before we reached the dinner house. The rude, uncivil conduct of this orator precluded any possibility of it now, and, indeed, led me to apprehend that I should be compelled to resort to other and more powerful arts in order to

defend myself from the fury which his inconsiderate speech had aroused. Muttered curses and execrations reached my ears on every hand, mingled with threats; and when we reached one of the watering places, the conductor came to me in private, and warned me to take to flight, for that the insane wretches in the car had resolved to tar and feather me when we reached Branchville.

There was always something inexpressibly grating to my mind in the idea of tar and feathers as an article of human dress. Such a habit operates against all flexibility, abridges the pleasures of locomotion, and monstrously disfigures the human outline. As a winter costume, it can not be considered so objectionable; it has its advantages; but in spring and summer, one would positively melt under it in a climate so nearly tropical as that of Carolina. At the suggestion of the conductor, I deliberately compared the advantages and disadvantages arising from such a dress, and after a profound investigation of the subject, I concluded to leave a company bred up in ignorance, which, so far, was utterly incapable of determining between the miserable toils of the felon, and the dextrous operations of the artist; and placing myself under the cover of a pile of wood, I beheld my enemies depart with a nonchalance, which, could they have beheld it, would no doubt have very much chagrined them.

I now resumed my progress up the country on foot, operating occasionally, either by way of exercise or amusement. The wrongs which I had suffered at the hands of man did not, however, embitter me against humanity. Finding a young fellow sick where I staid that night, I resumed my old profession and prescribed for him without charge, but also without success. The willful youth died a few hours after, in spite of all my medicine and skill. My journal was very irregu-

larly kept at this period, and I can give you little or nothing from it.

21st.—Reach Midway. Recognized by the conductor of the car, who makes me known to the natives. They plot against me; rumors a second time of tar and feathers. Pah! the very words make my skin crawl. *Mem.* Never sleep in a feather bed again. A shuck bed—nay, a bed of pine burs in preference. Midway people in a buz. Midway, a place of three houses, five men, four women and thirteen children, together with a free church for all denominations—yet to be built. Town founded by General Addison, one of the relics of the revolution. No room for operations in such a place, and the buz of tar and feathers increasing. Take my departure, and descend again on the road to Branchville.

22d.—Solicit a negro for the use of a horse which he is riding. He denies me! But, in the language of Damon,

“Would I be denied?”

What was proper in so good a man as Damon was surely not improper in me. As Damon grappled the traveler for his horse, so I grappled the negro for his. It is true I had no Pythias to save, but then I had my Pythias to seek, and this seems to me to have been the greater necessity. I jerked him from the animal, and jerked myself on. Get on very swimmingly for a few miles, but hear the hue and cry behind me. My horse seems to hear it too, and all my kicking and cuffing fails to urge him on. The sounds of pursuit increase and gather strength every moment. Hold a council of war with prudence. Doubt whether I can justify under Damon's precedent. Conclude to abandon the horse and seek Pythias on foot. Do so, and take to the bushes. Wait in concealment till I see the

pursuers re-take the horse. They search after me for a while, then give up in despair. I venture forth, and get beyond Branchville that night. Lodge with Mr. and Mrs. —, a methodist couple, to whom I administer a searching sermon, before bed time. Eat a hearty supper of bacon, eggs and hoe cake, after which my body feels greatly comforted.

23d.—Grace before meat, and a comforting prayer at the particular request of the old lady. Assess the venerable couple moderately, and carry with me their thanks and blessings for services rendered. Reach Orangeburg that evening early, and operate, *pour passer le tems*, till bed time. Sleep soundly with the conviction of having “done a good day’s work.”

The next day I proceeded toward Columbia. By this time I had got heartily tired of walking. Nature never meant me to be a pedestrian; and if ever the intenseness of one’s desires could be construed into a proper argument for their indulgence, then was I most certainly born to ride in a carriage. I am full of the conviction even now, that I shall do so before I die. About twenty miles below Columbia, I fell in with one pursuing the same route with myself. It was occupied partially by a handsome young lady, and a couple of lads who were her brothers. At sight of this vehicle, and still more at sight of her who occupied it, my heart was inspired with new hopes, and the smallest effort of my art enabled me to realize. I respectfully approached, and put a suppositious case:—

“If, madam,” said I, “a gentleman—a son, for example, of General H——, were to lose his horse by death, while on his way to Columbia—”

The good girl did not wait to hear me out. I had intended to add “how much worse is he off, who, not a son of the General, has, at the same time, no horse

to lose at all." But she gave me no time to come to a conclusion. She seemed to take two things for granted; viz: That I was the son of the General, and that my horse had gone dead a few miles back; and so beautiful did her sense of humanity seem in my eyes, that, for once, I forebore the truth in the pleasure of still beholding it. She begged me to take a seat in the carriage, which I did, and found her quite as intelligent as she was lovely. I became enamored of her with little effort, for, as I have already told, I never could resist the tender influences of love for any length of time; but though I opened upon her my best batteries of admiration, and threw in volley after volley of flattering speeches, I was not long in discovering her to be cold of heart and indifferent to *la belle passion*. I failed utterly to move her, and, indeed, was not slow to discover that I lost favor in her sight by the effort. She kept me at a distance momentarily increasing till we reached Columbia; and there, though I assiduously forced my courtesies upon her, I soon perceived, what was no less strange to me than offensive, that she seemed to loathe my attentions. I found that there was no farther profit or pleasure in the pursuit, and left my card of leave taking very soon after. It strikes me that, in my indignation, I entirely forgot to settle my bill with that worthy man, Edgar, the tavern keeper. My memory is certainly very treacherous in trifling matters.

In Columbia, I operated, *pro bono publico*, but for no great length of time. The place is quite too aristocratic in its character, society too suspicious and reserved, to make appropriation either profitable or easy. Democratic communities, where crowds delight to gather, are decidedly the best for a profession such as ours, which addresses itself to the *feeling* of the many. From Columbia, therefore, after a moderate picking, I passed over into Augusta, where I renewed old opera-

tions in an unobtrusive manner, having still some faint recollections of that dirty den of misery, the Georgia Penitentiary. Here I lingered, until my face becoming rather familiar in the community, warned me to depart. Great men should never allow themselves to become common. To be seen often in the market place is to be cheap, and consequently vulgar : and men of our profession in particular, my dear Bennett,

“Are prodigal enough,
If they unveil their beauties to the moon.”

As soon as I was apprised that vulgar persons were beginning to make inquiries after me, I felt a call to depart ; and resuming, as my humor or the necessity of the case prompted, the professions of divinity and medicine, I operated my way, in one character or the other, through Georgia and into Tennessee. From Tennessee I went into Kentucky. Here, without seeking my former acquaintance, for—as the copy book morality hath it,—“too much familiarity breeds contempt,”—I entered upon the campaign with vigor, and penetrated deeply into the bowels of the land. My acquisitions increased hourly, and I began to flatter myself that my art was at length about to achieve its noblest triumph, in the prosecution of a plan—which, as it yet remains to be tried, I will not risk by any premature revelation—when one of my old visitations of passion came upon me ; and love, that has so frequently arisen in my soul to baffle its best purposes, and keep it back from the day of its crowning glory, once more obtained an ascendancy over me, which led me into a thousand involvements.

At a dance I met with a young maiden, who fixed in a single moment of sight my hitherto wandering affections. She was beautiful as a Houri, and I found her, on examination, as wise as Zobeide. I need not tell you that, filled with these impressions, I forgot all other considerations in the single one of love. I paid

my court to her without cessation, followed her in all quarters, and sometimes forgot myself so far in this sole worship, as even to forbear plucking the precious fruits which occasionally offered themselves to my fingers and sometimes fell in my way. It has been a subject of frequent vexation with me since, when I reflect upon the little gems and unnecessary jewels, the small treasures of pride and vanity, which might have been taken from those whom they only pampered into sin and folly, and put to the better purposes which are so numerous in the aims of genius. The ring which encircled the finger, the chain which enwreathed the neck, the gem which sparkled upon the bosom of the youthful and giddy of the sex; alas! how were these little vanities leading away the wearers from their solemn duties—from those grave

“thoughts that wander through eternity;”

from better things and more sacred and enduring subjects of contemplation. How generous that philanthropy which would have divested these foolish virgins of such wretched gewgaws and seductive vanities. It is a great self reproach with me, that, wrapt up as I was in the constant admiration of my Kentucky beauty, I omitted the performance of those thousand duties which I owed equally to the public and myself. I took from vanity but few of its trappings; I left to folly its golden tinkling bells, and to fashion all her bones and buckram. A slow-going watch, was almost the only professional acquisition which I made at this period of my enslavement, and that was appropriated simply from a sense of moral duty. A watch that goes slowly is a practical falsehood; it does immense injury to the poor mortal that believes it. It misrepresents time, abridges the hours of human performance, and leaves the individual utterly unprepared for eternity. The thoughtless young creature from whose bosom it was

withdrawn, in her short-sighted understanding, fancied, I make no question, that she had suffered a loss. Nay, I know that she proclaimed it as such, and the generous action which took from her the erring monitor, was described as a robbery. And yet how many hours of time has she recovered by that loss. How great has been her gain in the ordinary use of life? for "time is money," according to Dr. Franklin—not to speak of that greater gain which must result in the more rapid preparation of her soul for the awful responsibilities of eternity. I trust when I again meet with the poor maiden, that she has a watch that will keep better time and *go* much faster than that which she lost.

To return with due rapidity from this digression, I must at once declare what results followed my new passion. At first, I had no thought beyond that of procuring a leasehold in the affections of my Kentucky beauty. I had no thought of securing a right in fee simple. To pass away a few months pleasantly in the arms of beauty, would, I thought, not greatly militate against my enterprises and fame. Hercules assumed the distaff of Omphale for a season, and, *par amours*, I had no sort of objection to doing service for a season, also, for my Omphale of Kentucky. But I found her no such easy conquest. She was as stubborn as the unbroken colt of the Pampas, and had no more idea of love without marriage, than she had of the man in the moon.

Deploring such ignorance in one otherwise so excellently endowed, I addressed all my intellectual energies to the task of increasing her knowledge in this respect; but I found it impossible to get her beyond her accident,* or even into them. All my arts were unavailing to bring her to my purposes, and while striving at her education, I was unconsciously undermining my own. My passions grew more violent with the resistance which they met with; and so far from obtaining my

*Qu.—*Accidents?*—Printer's Imp."

desires, I yielded myself to hers. I proposed to make her my wife, and was accepted.

It has been urged against me by some persons, more nice than wise, that this act was criminal; that I was already a married man, and had no sort of right to enter into such engagements a second time, while the parties to the first were still alive. But I agree entirely with John Milton and Sultan Saladin. A marriage where the parties do not agree, is not God's joining, but the devil's joining; and shall a man be fettered to discrepancy, to evil temper, to sickness and to shame? No! My notion is, that a man should be suffered to marry on, and on, till he happens upon the woman that actually suits him. He may then "rest from his labors while his works do follow him."

* * * * *

We have now, my dear Bennett, reached a point in our narrative, when it becomes us, under the counsels of prudence, to forbear giving publicity to what follows. Your own ideas, I think entitled to great deference on this subject; and though, for my own part, I should feel a singular satisfaction in revealing my whole history, without any reserve, to the public, yet, as it is sufficiently evident that in the present jaundiced condition of mankind and society, it might prejudice my claims and unfavorably influence the course of the law to do so, I will patiently await the decision of the present case before I conclude my narrative. How I came to leave my new wife in Kentucky, and the unlucky mistakes by which I subjected myself to the unkind suspicions of the police in New York, shall hereafter, whatever may be the result of my present difficulty, be prepared for the Herald as a sequel to these letters. My future adventures, will, I trust, furnish matter not less interesting than the past for the amusement of your readers; while my future

opinions will, I equally believe, counsel their conduct and sink deeply into their hearts. I would not willingly teach in vain; and for the good of mankind, it is my hope, and should be theirs, that my life may not be cut short until I shall have reached the proper apex of that eminence up which I have been struggling so long.

For your patience in bearing with me in a recital which you must sometimes have found oppressive and often tedious, you have my hearty acknowledgments. You alone, of my many friends, have never shrunk from my side; you have done me justice in your judgments, and kindness in your friendship. To you, then, I inscribe these letters, as the imperfect memorial as well of your worth as of my own. When my genius shall have raised the perfect monument to my deeds, your name shall have a place upon its sides. When I shall have reached the eminence for which I am destined, surrounded by the ministers of society, the assembled troops and the admiring crowds, gathered to do me honor, be assured, my dear Bennett, your station will not be very far from mine. Nor must you fancy that I speak in the language of hyperbole, and with the vanity of one, who, having had large successes in little things, imagines himself to have done every thing. I have no such thought. I rely not upon the past, or upon past performances. My hope is in the future. My care is in the performances of future hours, and a more improved condition of human art, to which my whole soul is given and my whole mind addressed. My purpose is still to go on conquering. I have plans and purposes of greatness, which, lest they might confound you, I dare not reveal even to you, wise and worthy and truly friendly as you are. But you shall yet see, you shall yet hear, you shall yet rejoice in the success of those stupendous purposes which I dare not hint to you now.

LETTER XXIII.

TO JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

Astor House.

Dear James.

Do not forget to announce the result of my acquittal in to-morrow's Herald. The proceeding was certainly most triumphant, and should put Noah to the blush, if any thing in reason or in nature could produce in him that proof of sensibility and shame. Still, let us not exult. I am free; but we have a good rule in the South, which I am prone to follow,—“not to halloo till one is well out of the woods.”

Come to me to-night. You will find me in the well-known parlor. We will have one *rouse* before parting. I am off by dawn to-morrow.

Yours,

D. T. H.

LETTER XXIV.

TO THE HON. RICHARD RIKER.

Astor House.

Dear Riker.

My best thanks at parting. You are a friend among a thousand, and I shall always hope to entertain a due sense^t of your worth and kindness. Let me add—and nothing is farther from my mind than the idea of flattering a person so invincible to such attempts—that you have an instinct of justice which, apart from any operations of the intellect, will inevitably keep you right. You have only to obey the vulgar injunction, and “follow your nose,” in order to arrive at just conclusions; which, also, from the peculiar inclination of that sagacious member, must always be *upright* conclusions.

To smell out the truth is certainly the faculty of no ordinary man; and how you should have attained an excellence so peculiar, and one of all others so valuable to a judge, is beyond my conjecture, unless there be something habitually in the exuviae of an offender—the garments which he wears, or the atmosphere he is wont equally to inhale and give forth—which offends the nostrils of a City Recorder, and confirms his judgment and confounds the ill doer. I am lost in doubt and wonder, and must forbear. This will be an admirable subject for discussion and inquiry when you fulfil your promise and visit me in St. Stephen's. I have ample room for the whole

bench, not of judges merely, but of bishops, and will be happy, as I said before, to see any of your friends. St. Stephen's is the very Hygeia of Carolina, and my grounds and improvements are the most spacious and valuable in St. Stephen's. We keep open house, and our winter season is given to merriment and life. Let us soon see you where we may discuss at leisure, over a bottle, and untroubled by our equal annoyances, the courts,—those singular powers of olfactory which you possess.

I am, dear Riker, as much your friend as if I had been so a thousand years.

D. T. H.

A D D E N D A .

LETTER I.

TO JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

*Snug (H?) Arbour, St. Stephen's Parish, }
S. Carolina, March 26th, 1840. }*

My dear Bennett.

I have just met with a couple of defamatory paragraphs in the Charleston Courier, in which my name is subjected to a most unbecoming freedom, and to imputations which I have taken proper steps to resent. I write to you in haste, in order that you may not imagine me insensible to such calumnies. That they have remained unnoticed so long, you must ascribe to my not having seen them until the present moment.—They have just been shown me by an excellent friend who has been traveling in the upper country, where he picked them up and preserved them for me, thinking it probable, as was the case, that, in my rustic seclusion, I was compensating myself for previous toils and trials, by steadily abstaining from all communion with the out-of-door world of man. The facts to which they refer—for most falsehoods have fact for their foundation—are simple and natural enough, and shall be explained to you hereafter. My answer to

the editor of the *Courier*, which I hasten to place in your possession, will convince you that I have no disposition to spare that rash personage.

Bating the interruptions recorded in the paragraphs which you find quoted in the following letter, I have had nothing to complain of in my reception by my countrymen. The people evidently begin to know me better, to understand and recognize my claims, and feel the distinction which I must inevitably confer upon them in the end. There is even some talk of a public dinner among them; but I shall not accept. These things have been too much vulgarized by small politicians; and the homage of a country village is scarcely a matter of rejoicing with one whose dominion is likely to become universal.

Remember me to Riker and the rest.

Affectionately, dear Bennett,

Your brother in arms,

D. T. H.

P. S. I have just received my portrait from I——. All my friends agree that the head is capitally executed.

LETTER II.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHARLESTON COURIER.

Snug Arbour, March 26th, 1840.

Sir.

I do not take your paper, and seldom see it. I do not approve of its politics, and am not sure of its morals; and though, on the subject of the monetary systems of the country our opinions may be said to agree—both of us equally concurring in the vital importance of the banks to the community—still, there is quite too little that is common between us to make me desirous of becoming a subscriber on your books. Besides, my desultory habits of life taking me so frequently from ‘Snug Arbour,’ it is next to impossible, if I did desire to see your journal, that I should receive it with any thing like regularity. My object in stating these particulars, is simply to acquit myself, in the public estimation, of any remissness in replying to the slanderous paragraphs concerning me, which appeared in the Courier of November 18th, and November 28th, of the past year.

These papers were put into my hands but two days ago, by a distinguished gentleman of your city; and I hasten, with the natural feeling of indignation which should stir every noble bosom under such circumstances, to call your attention to the abusive and unfeeling articles in question, and to answer them as they should be answered.

I trust, sir, that a proper consideration of justice will induce you to give my answer publicity through

the same medium which gave circulation to the slanders. This, if I understand my friend rightly, is a recognized rule of the press. But whether recognized or not, the principle is no less founded on the immutable basis of right; and though a lawyer is not often the person to know and determine with reference to first principles, still, even he cannot be so utterly obtuse as to be insensible to a truth not less obvious than sure. I quote these offensive paragraphs at length. That of the 18th November runs as follows :

“*D. T. Hines.*—A gentleman from Orangeburgh informs us, that the notorious David T. Hines has been apprehended and lodged in the gaol at that place. He arrived at Houser’s on the state road, on Saturday last, about breakfast time, in a handsome carriage, with coloured coachman and fine pair of horses, from Hamburg, accompanied by a female passing as his wife. Some one who had met him on the road suspected him, and gave the information which led to his arrest. He offered any sum of money for his release, but his captivity being inevitable, his fair companion is sharing it with him. No definite charge has been made against this notorious offender, but we doubt not that they will soon gather about him, thick as autumnal leaves in Valambrosa.”

A precious morsel, indeed, and worthy of the sequel. Here is that of the 28th of the same month :

“We learn that David T. Hines has been discharged from Orangeburg Gaol; his application for release under Habeas Corpus having been made before any definite charge had been lodged against him. He and his lady fair forthwith proceeded in their coach in search of new adventures, and shortly after, the owner of the coach made his appearance from Augusta, in hot pursuit of the fugitives. Hines, it is said, hired the coach only to proceed to his plantation, (!) ten miles below Columbia; his new locus in quo has not yet transpired.”

Now, sir, without stopping to notice the numerous falsehoods and absurdities contained in these paragraphs, I will content myself with asking, if the injustice which they embody does not obtrude itself upon every understanding not absolutely wanting in the faculties which enable men to distinguish between right and wrong? Here, according to your own showing, and that of the "gentleman from Orangeburg," it appears that a traveller, peaceably moving over the state road, the great thoroughfare of the country, is arrested on suspicion. On what suspicion? It does not appear that any person professed to have been robbed or murdered. It is not shown that the road was saturated with blood, or that any Editor, engaged in "rural rambles," was waylaid and robbed of his sentiments and snuff-box. No essays for the Philosophical Society seem to be missing;—no horse has lost his tongue (not then, at least) by violence,—nor does it appear that any choice specimens of the spider genus have been taken from the forests to adorn the visual organs of any fair daughter of Charleston.

What is it, then, that awakens the suspicions of "some one who met" the traveller upon the road? Not the appearance of the traveller, surely, for there is certainly nothing suspicious in the fact that a gentleman travels in a fine carriage, drawn by fine horses. Was it because of his having a coloured coachman? Scarcely: that is common enough in Carolina, though perhaps not so much so among the honest burghers of Orangeburgh. But the gentleman, it seems, is not alone. He is "accompanied by a female passing as his wife." Here is the treason,—here is the suspicious circumstance! But why should this circumstance be suspicious? Why should this female not be the wife of the traveller? He was one, we may suppose, who loved company while engaged in his "rural rambles,"—his rambles "sentimental, discursive, flighty, hu-

morous, poetical, political, and philosophical,"—and what better company should he wish, or could he have, than his wife? To whom could he so freely declare the sweet delights which had been awakened in his bosom as he listened to the harmonious concert of the happy myriads of tumblers on the pond-side, summoning the humorous and discursive Rambler, with exemplary hospitality, to their supper of "fried bacon," and their otherwise well spread tea-table?

If there be any thing suspicious in such a desire on the part of a gentleman imbued with a passion for rustic delights, I must confess I am not able to see it; and I cannot but fancy that the doubtfulness of the thing has existence rather in the conscious mind of one himself criminal, than in any of the circumstances which are coupled with it. To the pure, sir, all things are pure; but to the hard-hearted, to those familiar with suspicion, it is needless to say, that all things, however pure, seem otherwise; and all conduct, however innocent, will look improper and suspicious.

There was nothing, according to the statement of the "gentleman from Orangeburg," in my conduct to justify my arrest. Peaceably I travelled the peaceful highway, with my wife and equipage. I opposed no other traveller with violence; I neither employed threats nor blows to promote my progress. But the pretence for my arrest—the pretext by which I was torn from a vehicle and a wife, both of which came fairly into my possession—pursued like a dog, with dogs, and actually hunted down with a pack of Morrow's curs, more savage than the blood-hounds of Cuba—dragged to a prison, and such a miserable prison as that of Orangeburg—was, that I had been already a victim of similar persecution,—I had already been subjected to legal punishment!

But, if I had previously offended against the laws, had I not suffered the full extent of all their penalties? How often shall a man be punished under the same pretences? Gross as was the injustice which had trampled upon my rights before—base as were the pleas by which I had been thrown into bonds in Charleston and elsewhere; still, even according to the hard and unequal tenor of the laws by which I suffered, I was then free; I was no longer liable to punishment under accusations long since urged, and suffered from already to a grievous, and as yet undeclared extent.

I submit to all justly minded persons, whether the outrage upon my person, and upon her who travelled as my wife, and shared my prison with that devotion which, while it proved her such, should have commanded the respect of all not absolutely insensible by the habitual practice of injustice, was not the most flagrant offence to decency, humanity and the laws, which could be committed by the Orangeburg informer, or sanctioned by the unfeeling paragraphist of a Charleston paper. Sir, I speak from the bottom of my soul, under a sense of gross injury, and my warmth of expression must be forgiven. It is a warmth fitly opposed to the bitter and cruel coldness and coarseness which distinguishes the assault upon me in your paper. Suppose, sir, that I, evil disposed as it is the practice among men to consider me, was deserving of nothing less at the hands of a public journalist than what you have said; suppose, as you assert, that I am, or was, a "notorious offender," why should she, against whom no evil accusation is laid, of whom nothing evil is known, and who, if what is said of me be true, is only to be pitied—why should she be subjected to an imputation like that which is conveyed in the equivocal phraseology of your first paragraph? Is it difficult to imagine that a person of my well known appear-

ance and imputed powers of artifice and ingenuity, should succeed in persuading a woman, young and unsuspecting, to the embraces of connubial love? In short, was it not easier to believe—if a proper sense of feeling, not to say chivalry, had governed in your bosom and that of your informant—that I had been guilty of any deception, rather than that she, of whom you knew no evil, had been equally criminal with myself? Sir, I do not admire that disposition which is so prompt to discover sin in circumstances which, at the worst, can imply nothing more than suffering.

Now, sir, let me relate a plain and true version of the circumstances which have reached your ears, in a form tortured out of all shape of propriety, by the equal influence of malignity and folly, and which, totally unlicked, you have been inconsiderate and unjust enough to put before your readers in all the original rudeness of their aspects. Having reached Augusta by the rail road, and desiring a private conveyance for myself and wife, I proceeded to hire one from one of those ordinary establishments which profess to provide them. I did so on, I believe, the usual terms. There was nothing in the bargain between myself and the proprietor needing mystery or involving concealment. My purposes towards him were quite as proper as your own would have been in similar circumstances. He was satisfied; and but for you, and your meddling "gentleman from Orangeburg," would have continued so.

Of my arrest by outlaws upon the high road, and my forcible detention at the village of Orangeburg, you have already taken care to inform the public. That I offered money to be released is entirely false, though nothing, perhaps, would have been more natural, and nothing of a suspicious character should be construed from such a fact, when it is recollected that this village contains more lawyers and constables, &c., than

particular friends of mine, and more animals walking on two legs than I should like to shake hands with. From such a neighborhood a man of sense might be only too happy to escape on any terms and at any sacrifice. But such was not my desire. Indignant and roused by the unprovoked violence to which I had been subjected, I challenged investigation and demanded the closest interposition of the law. I employed two of the attorneys in this woe-begone hamlet, and the result has been already declared in your columns. I was discharged from custody; and if to be simply released from custody be an atonement for false imprisonment, that atonement was offered me; but none other. Your second paragraph states this fact, but does not contain, as it should, the expression of those regrets and that repentance which you should have felt for the injustice contained in the former. On the contrary, the same spirit of persecution and slander which fills the former, appears scarcely less strong in the latter. The tone and tenor of it are equally wanton and insulting; and you take pains to tell the reader, that shortly after my discharge the owner of the vehicle which I had hired, came after me in hot pursuit. Sir, it was very natural that he should, after the perusal of the first slanderous paragraph in your paper of the 18th November. If the freedom which you there exercise in speaking of my proceedings—of those proceedings which are strictly justifiable even by your own laws—is to be continued, it will be impossible for me, however innocent my future course of life, even to pass to church without molestation, or to engage in any of those offices to which my talent and ambition might prompt me hereafter to aspire.

But, sir, I forbear any longer the language of complaint. I can suffer, as I have already suffered, from the injustice of mankind, in firmness and in silence. My object has simply been to correct misrepresenta-

tion, and to indicate to you the improprieties into which your inexperience as a man, and your thoughtlessness as an editor, has so frequently carried you. For myself, sir, I am content to be misunderstood and misrepresented. My purposes can not be known in my day, nor can the noble aims of my ambition be easily conceived by the ignorance of the present generation. All that I have undergone of injustice from the hands of society has been in consequence of its ignorance. I do not reprove it, however, since I well know that the time is not far distant when my worst enemies will blush at what they have said and done, and toil, by future homage and honors, to obliterate their former errors. I am content to await the natural progress of things and thoughts for that justice which is properly due me now.

The present progress of events amply promises for the coming of that time when my principles shall be openly avowed and adopted by the million, and deeds of high design and achievements of art, which, in the backwardness of the present age, have been denounced as atrocities, will, before many seasons, assume their proper places in guiding the morals and forming the models of mankind. Like Lord Bacon, I am willing to leave my fame to the future generations. As I have already said repeatedly to my lawyers, I am in no hurry to have justice done me. I am not impatient for that elevation in the eyes of the world, which I feel in my secret soul is certainly destined to be mine.

In closing, sir, I may, however, be permitted to add that my friends have resolved differently from myself, and will not, at least for some portion of my fame, await the slow processes of revolving time. A distinguished friend of mine—a citizen of New York—to whom I have communicated the leading events of my life, is now preparing to furnish the public with a true

statement of particulars which have been already bruited abroad improperly, and with that false coloring which is so likely to attend representations made by one's enemies and without one's permission. The performances of my life, in this narrative, will also be accompanied by the motives which have governed me in my several achievements. Perhaps, sir, and I suggest it with becoming deference, it will not be unadvisable that you should wait until this narrative appears, as it probably will shortly, before you venture upon other paragraphs, which can only misrepresent me and commit yourself. You are, as I am told, young and chivalrous, of very excellent talents, but rather rash and inconsiderate. You will not take it unkindly, therefore, that you are counselled to forbearance by one who has lived fast, if not very long in the busy world, and has had the various experience of,

Sir, the misunderstood, misrepresented,

but still indulgent and forgiving

DAVID THEO. HINES.

LETTER III.

[The following letter from Dr. Hines, was put into our hands just as the close of his narrative was issuing from the press. Though evidently intended only for the eye of his friend, we gladly avail ourselves of its timely arrival to attach it to the preceding pages, and thus inform the reader of the very latest operations and whereabouts of our hero. We rejoice the more at our permission to do this, as it serves to throw some light upon the cause which induced Mr B. to decline giving these letters to the readers of the Herald.]
Publishers.

TO JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

Louisville, April 28th, 1840.

My dear James.

I am a little perplexed at present, owing to the machinations of my numerous enemies in this quarter. Scarcely had I reached this neighborhood, ere I was insultingly set upon by the filthiest set of constables I ever knew, and my hands tied behind me like a runaway negro's, upon the horridly vulgar charge of "aiding and abetting,"—as the lawyers call it,—a young fellow to break open his father's trunk and take therefrom a large sum of money. The papers will no doubt inform you of the particulars. They are the most sneaking, silly bodies in the world; constantly interfering with me behind my back, and assailing my motives and my character in the most illiberal manner. Your noble and talented journal is the only one I can depend on; it is the only one that has not prostituted itself to thrust at me in the dark. My gratitude to you is overwhelming.

It is passing strange that I cannot peacefully move in my chivalric course through the country, without being assailed and injured in this manner. It is yet

more strange that a bungling, big-fingered young rascal, cannot relieve his old hunks of a father from a little of the "root of all evil," unless I must be incarcerated, like some petty larceny loafer, in a dirty loco-foco jail. All this suffering of mine emanates from such papers as the Charleston Courier and Augusta Constitutionalist, &c., which are continually, as I am told, hunting for all the idle gossip about me, and thus prejudicing the people against me wherever I go.

I now really find it both necessary and profitable to be very virtuous at times. It is hard to bear such restraint; but even Napoleon had to submit to the hand of destiny;—like him will I submit in silence, but still in grandeur.

However, the world shall yet see the deep consummation of my principles, from such an altitude as will render it as conspicuous as attractive. I live for the future. My cry is, onward! The new philosophy of my "art divine" cannot be understood in a day,—perhaps not even in my own. I shall, notwithstanding, leave behind me the unerring indications of that genius which shall throw all past operators immeasurably in my rear. I shall emerge from my present difficulties—as the giant from his slumbers—refreshed by my repose. Though

"Westward the star of empire takes its way,"

still, my dear fellow, do not be dejected. "I will meet thee at Philippi," and in good old Gotham will we have many a merry rouse together again.

I suppose my life, or a part of it, is published by this time. I know it will sell like mint juleps. Let me say here, my dear B., that the reasons which induced you to forego the advantages which you are so confident would attend the publication of my letters in the Herald, are perfectly satisfactory; they do honor to

your disinterestedness, and are such as I should expect from the generosity of your nature. I agree with you, that even the wide circulation of the Herald will not place my narrative within the reach of every city and hamlet which witnessed my performances, so universally as the plan you mention. Your discernment, as well as your devotion to my interests, merits my warmest gratitude. It must have cost you an effort to deprive the readers of your paper of these letters. But you shall lose nothing in the end. I trust you have put the M. S. in the way of a publisher who will give us a respectable volume and circulate it in every quarter of the land. My adventures, my opinions, should be familiar to all classes. I shall greatly increase my fame by my first public attempt as an author. Many a sweet village maid, in the Yankee states, will recognize in it her devoted and gallant beau, who came and departed as suddenly as the summer's flash. Cûte, and guessing, and prying as they pride themselves in being, in those parts,—still, many a chap has deep cause to remember the rich young planter from the south. All these will be anxious to see the history of my adventures; while thousands of my admiring friends in other portions of our broad land, will seek after it with great avidity. Major Moore will long be remembered by many of my southern friends. *His* watch was no great cracks at last. He is, however, a whole team himself.

I now consider myself decidedly the most attractive and prominent character in the country; therefore, to avoid the trouble of receiving so much notice as I must necessarily excite, I am often compelled to travel *incog.*, as the great Peter and other eminent men have done. I literally belong to my country,—my whole country. I have friends every where;—enemies too; but what great man was ever without them?







