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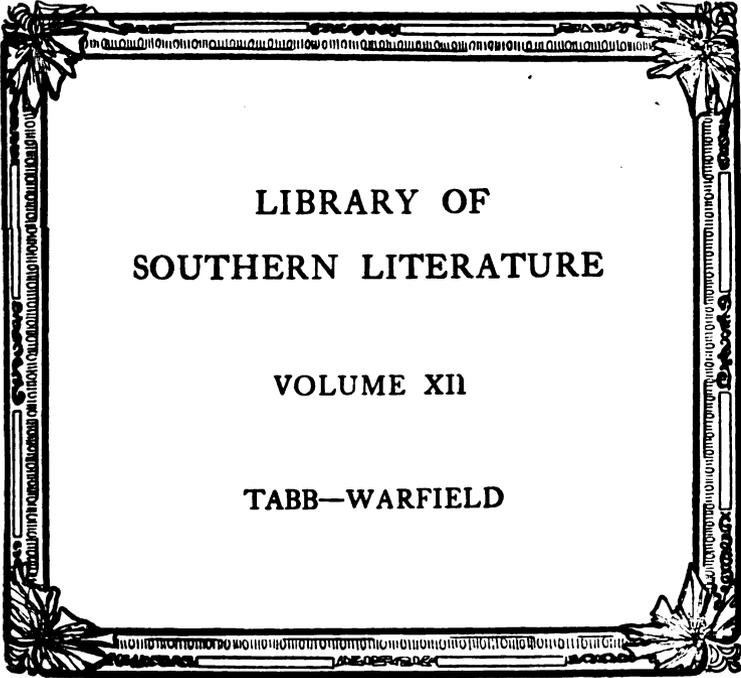
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VOLUME XII

TABB—WARFIELD

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JAMES HENLEY THORNWELL

[1812—1862]

SAMUEL M. SMITH

JAMES HENLEY THORNWELL was born near Society Hill, a small village in Marlborough County, South Carolina, December 9, 1812, and died in Charlotte, North Carolina, August 1, 1862. His academic training he received in the Cheraw Academy in the town of that name, under the tuition of Dr. Thomas Graham and Mr. John G. Bowman during the years 1828 and 1829. In December of the latter year he entered the College of South Carolina in Columbia, the State's highest institution of learning, from which he was graduated in due course with its highest distinction. He afterward pursued graduate study in Harvard University, but the severity of the Northern winter climate cut short his course which physicians there said could be prosecuted only at the risk of his life. He gave early promise of distinguished ability; his indefatigable application to study made him a youth of marked attainments, particularly in the department of philosophy, always his favorite field; and his very unusual gift for oratory gave him immediate and eminent distinction among his college mates, who confidently prophesied for him a career of marked brilliance.

As with most young men of gifts and ambition, the law at first attracted him, but only for a season; he soon recognized the ministry as his vocation, and in pursuance of his conviction he was licensed to preach by Harmony Presbytery, November 28, 1834.

His gifts, his attainments, his tastes, however, marked him as above all else a teacher, and as such his chief work was done and his widest influence exerted; he was a genuinely great teacher, the constant inspiration of his students, their idol and ideal.

He was professor of metaphysics, logic, and *belles-lettres* in the College of South Carolina in 1838, was professor of sacred literature, the evidences of Christianity, and chaplain in 1841; and when the distinguished Colonel William C. Preston retired from the presidency of the college, in 1842, Thornwell, at thirty years of age, was chosen his successor in that eminent position.

In the summer of 1845, within a few days of one another, three colleges; at Jefferson, Pennsylvania; Centre, Kentucky; and Hampden-Sidney, Virginia, conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity

upon him, and in 1857, Oglethorpe College, Georgia, added that of Doctor of Laws.

In 1856 his church called him to her peculiar service and placed him in the chair of theology in her Theological Seminary at Columbia, South Carolina. With such signal ability, such rare power as an orator, such distinctive gifts for broad, philosophic state-craft and eminent qualifications for leadership, one cannot but wonder what position he would have ultimately filled and adorned had he remained in the service of the State; but from this time forth his brilliant though brief career was to be identified with the church, which claimed his first allegiance and of which he was to be the most eminent and honored representative. His period of greatest activity coincided with the chaotic years of civil strife, and his chief work was in the molding of what has ever since been popularly known as "The Southern Presbyterian Church"; here his influence was dominant, and the highest possible tribute to his extraordinary personality is paid by his absolute and unquestioned preeminence among such men as Robert L. Dabney, Moses D. Hoge, B. M. Palmer, J. Leighton Wilson, and James Woodrow; that Thornwell was *facile princeps* among them all was ungrudgingly conceded by every survivor of that strenuous period.

He passed away in the first flush of a vigorous prime, without that ripening which comes only with years, and without a product of thought carefully selected and laboriously builded into a permanent memorial; but he was not without witness of abundant activities; and the friends and admirers who lamented his early decease gathered four octavo volumes, aggregating two thousand seven hundred and thirty-eight pages, entitled, 'Thornwell's Collected Writings.' They are doubtless far inferior to what his own fastidious taste would have left behind had he been spared to round out life and work to consummate completeness; but a discriminating reader may imagine something of the magnificence of such a structure from the splendor of these fragments.

His body sleeps in Elmwood Cemetery, Columbia, South Carolina, under a massive stone utterly barren of emblem or ornament, in severest simplicity bearing these words only:

JAMES HENLEY THORNWELL
Born Dec. 9, 1812. Died Aug. 1, 1862.

Samuel M. Smith.

THE LOVE OF TRUTH

From 'Thornwell's Collected Writings.'

THERE is no principle which needs to be more strenuously inculcated, than that evidence alone should be the measure of assent. In reference to this principle, the whole discipline of the understanding must be conducted. Our anxiety should be to guard against all the influences which preclude the access of evidence, incapacitate us to appreciate its value, and give false measures of judgment, instead of the natural and legitimate laws of belief. All real evidence we are bound to receive, according to the weight which it would have, in a sound and healthful condition of the soul. It is a defect in the mind not to be able to appreciate its lowest degrees. That is a feeble and must be a fickle mind which, foolishly demanding certainty on all the questions submitted to its judgment, cannot proportion its faith to the amount of light it enjoys. Dissatisfied with probability, and ever in quest of what the circumstances of our case put hopelessly beyond our reach, such men, like Noah's dove, will seek in vain for a spot on which they can rest. Probability is the guide of life; and he who resolves to believe nothing but what he can demonstrate, acts in open defiance of the condition of sublunary existence. There are many things here which we can only see through a glass darkly. Our duty is to walk by the light which we have. God commands us to yield to all evidence that is real in precise proportion to its strength. Evidence, and that alone, He has made it obligatory on our understandings to pursue; and whatever opinions we hold that are not the offspring of evidence—that have come to us merely from education, authority, custom, or passion—however true and valuable they may be in themselves, are not held by us in the spirit of truth. These measures of assent are only presumptions, which should stimulate inquiry, and breed modesty and caution. They are helps to our faith, but should never be made the props of it.

Hence, all efforts to restrict freedom of debate and the liberty of the press should be watched with caution, as prejudicial to the eliciting of evidence, and the defence and propagation of the truth. But little is gained if opinions are

crammed into men; and this is likely to be the case where they are not permitted to inquire and to doubt. At the same time it must be remembered, that no spirit is more unfriendly to that indifference of mind, so essential to the freedom of inquiry, than that which arises in the conduct of controversy. When we become advocates, we lay aside the garb of philosophers. The desire of victory is often stronger than the love of truth; and pride, jealousy, ambition and envy, identifying ourselves with our opinions, will lend their aid to pervert our judgment, and to seduce us from our candor. A disputatious spirit is always the mark of a little mind. The cynic may growl, but he can never aspire to dignity of character. There are undoubtedly occasions when we must contend earnestly for the truth; but when we buckle on the panoply of controversy, we should look well to our own hearts that no motives animate us but the love of truth and zeal for the highest interests of man.

THE SACRIFICE OF CHRIST

Extract from a sermon preached in the First Presbyterian Church, New York City,
May 18, 1856.

THE TYPE AND MODEL OF MISSIONARY EFFORT

WHEN I consider the magnitude and grandeur of the motives which press upon the Church to undertake the evangelization of the world; when I see that the glory of God, the love of the Saviour and pity for the lost all conspire in one great conclusion; when I contemplate our own character and relations as spiritual priests, and comprehend the dignity, the honour, the tenderness and self-denial of the office; and then reflect upon the indifference, apathy and languor which have seized upon the people of God; when I look to the heavens above me and the world around me, and hear the call which the wail of perishing millions sends up to the skies thundered back upon the Church with all the solemnity of a Divine commission; when a world says, Come, and pleads its miseries; when God says, Go, and pleads His glory, and Christ repeats the command, and points to His hands and feet and His side

—it is enough to make the stone cry out of the wall and the beam out of the timber to answer it.

If Jesus should stand again upon the Mount of Olives and summon before Him this venerable court, as He summoned the disciples of His personal ministry and the apostles of His extraordinary call—if He should collect you and me and all the officers and all the people of His Church on earth—what, think you, would be the language in which He would address us? It would be an august spectacle—a solemn, an awful scene. The words that He would speak would pierce our souls and stir the very depths of our being. They could never be effaced from the memory. We should think of them by day and dream of them by night; and the most anxious cares of business could never drown them. The voice would ring in our ears wherever we went—at home, in the market, by the wayside, as we lay down and as we rose up. It would be an era in our history never to be forgotten. Is it presumption to imagine what those words would be? Shall we say that He would reproach us? His nature is made of tenderness, His bowels melt with love. His eyes would beam only with pity, but our own hearts would be busy with upbraidings. My brethren, there is no need of any exercise of fancy. He was once present with his collected Church, and He did give her a parting mandate—Go ye into all the world!

Methinks I see Him here to-night, with his hands uplifted to bless us, repeating the same commission to us; and as here present I cannot restrain the prayer that He would breathe upon us as He did upon the apostles, that we too may receive the Holy Ghost. With a fresh anointing from Him, we will look upon the world with new eyes and a new heart, and an impulse be given to our efforts which shall never falter or fail until the whole earth is filled with the glory of the Lord. Amen, so may it be!

THE OFFICE OF REASON IN REGARD TO
REVELATION

IN regard to doctrines which are *known* to be a revelation from God there can be no question as to the precise office of reason. The understanding is simply to believe. Every proud thought and every lofty imagination must be brought in captivity to the Father of lights. When God speaks, faith is the highest exercise of reason. In His testimony we have all the elements of truth, and His veracity is the ultimate ground of certainty in every species of evidence. The resistless laws of belief which he has impressed upon the constitution of our minds, which lie at the foundation of all human knowledge, without which the materials of sense and consciousness could never be constructed into schemes of philosophy and science, derive all their authority from His own unchanging truth. Let it, for a moment, be supposed that God is willing to deceive us, and who could rely with confidence upon the information of His faculties? Who would trust his senses if the instinct by which he is impelled to do so might, after all, be a false light to seduce him into error? That instinct is the testimony of God; and what we call *reasoning* is nothing but the successive steps by which we arrive at the same testimony in the original structure of our minds. Hence belief, even in cases of the strictest demonstration, must, in the last analysis, be traced to the veracity of God. Reasoning is only a method of ascertaining what God teaches; the true ground of belief is the fact that God *does* teach the proposition in question.* If the laws of belief be the testimony of God, and whatever accords with them be evidence, variously denominated, according to the clearness or directness with which the accordance is felt or perceived, then knowledge and opinion both rest alike upon this testimony, the only difference betwixt them being the difference in intensity and distinctness with which that testimony is perceived. All real evidence, whether intuitive, demonstrative or probable, is only the light with which He irradiates the mind; and we follow it in confidence, because the strength of Israel is not in man that He

*Reason, says Mr. Locke, is natural revelation, whereby the eternal Father of light and fountain of all knowledge communicates to mankind that portion of truth which He has laid within the reach of their natural faculties. 'The Human Understanding,' B. iv., c. 19, par. 4.

should lie, or the son of man that He should repent. The distinction between faith and the ordinary forms of assent is not in the ultimate ground of certainty—that is the same in all cases—but the methods by which it is reached. Faith reaches it immediately, having Divine revelation for its object; in other cases it is reached through the medium of those laws which God has impressed upon the mental constitution. Hence it would seem that faith, being less remote from the ultimate ground of certainty, is more excellent than knowledge or opinion. As Locke has shown that demonstration is inferior to intuition, the successive steps of proof increasing the possibilities of deceptions and mistake, so in all cases in which the testimony of God is only *mediately* perceived the exposure to fallacy is in proportion to the number of comparisons employed. When, consequently, any doctrine is known to be a matter of Divine revelation, “if we will truly consider it, more worthy is it to believe than to know as we now know.” There can, strictly speaking, be no improbabilities in it. And however it may appear to contradict the sentiments and opinions we have cherished, yet “the prerogative of God extendeth as well to the reason as to the will of man”; so that, as we are to obey His law, though we find a reluctance in our will, so we are to believe His word, though we find a reluctance in our reason. To prefer the deductions of philosophy to a Divine revelation is to relinquish the sun for the stars, to “imitate,” as Perrot expresses it, “the conduct of the cynic, who, not contented with the light of the sun, took a candle at noonday to search for a good man.”

THE ETHICAL SYSTEM OF THE BIBLE

I do not know that I can set the benefit of revelation in a clearer light than by sketching the doctrine of Aristotle, pointing out its defects, and contrasting the whole truth with the miserable sentiments which prevail, to the corruption of society and the degradation of the age in which we live. His fundamental notion is, that happiness consists in virtuous energies—that it is not mere pleasure—not the gratification which results from the possession of an object congruous to our desires. That is good only in a very subordinate sense, which

simply ministers to enjoyment. The chief good must be something pursued exclusively for its own sake, and never for the sake of anything else; it can never be used as an instrument; it must be perfect and self-sufficient. What, then, is the highest good of man? To answer this question, says Aristotle, we must understand the proper business of man, as Man. As there is a work which pertains to the musician, the statuary, the artist, which constitutes the good or end of his profession, so there must be some work which belongs to man, not as an individual, and not as found in such and such circumstances and relations, but belongs to him absolutely as Man. Now, what is this? It must be something which springs from the peculiarities of his nature, and which he cannot share with the lower orders of being. It cannot, therefore, be life—for plants have that; neither can it be the pleasures of sensitive existence, for brutes have them. It must be sought in the life of a being possessed of reason; and as that can be contemplated in a two-fold aspect, either as a state, or as an exercise; as the possession of faculties, or the putting forth of their activities; we must pitch upon the more important, which is activity or energy, or as he also styles it, *obedience to reason*. Energy, therefore, according to reason, is characteristic of man. This is his business, and he who pursues it best, is the best man. Human good, or the good of man as Man, is consequently energy according to the best and most perfect virtue.

This is a brief outline of what I regard as one of the finest discussions in the whole compass of ancient philosophy.* The notion is predominant that Happiness implies the perfection of our nature, and that perfection, not so much in the habits considered as so many states, but in the unimpeded exercise of the faculties themselves. The being properly exerted is their good. Happiness, therefore, is not something imparted to the soul from without; it springs from the soul itself—it is the very glow of its life. It is to the mind what health is to the body—the regular and harmonious action of all the functions of the frame. It is not a gratification, not the pleasure which results from the correspondence between an object and a faculty—it is the very heat and fervour of spiritual life. All this is strikingly in accordance with the doctrine of Scripture.

*Nichom. Ethicks. Lib. I. c. 7.

STANDARD AND NATURE OF RELIGION

THE philosophy with which Mr. Morell is impregnated is essentially arrogant; and it is more to it than to him that we ascribe the pretending tone of his work. The pervading consciousness of the weakness and ignorance of man, the diffidence of themselves, the profound impression of the boundlessness of nature and of the limitless range of inquiry which lies beyond the present grasp of our faculties, the humility, modesty and caution which characterize the writings of the great English masters, will in vain be sought among the leading philosophers of modern Germany and France. Aspiring to penetrate to the very essence of things, to know them in themselves as well as in the laws which regulate their changes and vicissitudes, they advance to the discussion of the sublimest problems of God, the soul and the universe with an audacity of enterprise in which it is hard to say whether presumption or folly is most conspicuous. They seem to think that the human faculties are competent to all things, that whatever reaches beyond their compass is mere vanity and emptiness, that omniscience, by the due use of their favorite organon, may become the attainment of man, as it is the prerogative of God, and that, in the very structure of the mind, the seeds are deposited from which may be developed the true system of the universe.

Within the limits of legitimate inquiry we would lay no restrictions upon freedom of thought. All truly great men are conscious of their powers; and the confidence which they have in themselves inspires the strength, intensity and enthusiasm which enable them to conceive and to execute purposes worthy of their gifts. To the timid and distrustful their excursions may often seem bold and presumptuous; but in the most daring adventures of their genius they are restrained, as if by an instinct, from the visionary projects and chimerical speculations which transcend the sphere of their capacities, as the eagle, in his loftiest flights, never soars beyond the strength of his pinion. Confidence adjusted to the measure of power never degenerates into arrogance. It is the soul of courage, perseverance and heroic achievement; it supports its possessor amid discouragements and obstacles; it represses the melan-

choly, languor and fits of despondency to which the choicest spirits are subject; it gives steadiness to effort, patience to industry and sublimity to hope. But when men forget that their capacities are finite, that there are boundaries to human investigation and research, that there are questions which, from the very nature of the mind and the necessary conditions of human knowledge, never can be solved in this sublunary state—when they are determined to make their understandings the sole and adequate standard of all truth, and presumptuously assume that the end of their line is the bottom of the ocean—this is intolerable arrogance, the very spirit of Moloch,

Whose trust was with the Eternal to be deemed
Equal in strength; and rather than be less
Cared not to be at all.

CONSISTENCY

ANTECEDENTLY to experience, we should form a fine picture of a youthful student—we should figure him as one whose mind was expanding in knowledge—who was beginning to taste the sweetness of truth—to relish the beautiful and admire the good. We should expect him to be animated with a just sense of the dignity of his pursuits, to breathe their refinement, and to reflect, in all his conversation and deportment, the elevating influence of letters. His amusements and recreations, we should naturally think, would be impregnated with the same spirit. The groves in which he walked, the place in which he dwelt, we should spontaneously image to our fancy, as the abodes of quiet, tranquillity, and peace. But how sadly are these anticipations too often disappointed. “Let him,” says the biographer of Bacon, “who is fond of indulging in dream-like existence, go to Oxford, and stay there; let him study this magnificent spectacle, the same under all aspects, with its mental twilight tempering the glare of noontide, or mellowing the shadowy moonlight; let him wander in her sylvan suburbs, or linger in her cloistered halls; but let him not catch the din of scholars or teachers, or dine or sup with them, or speak a word to any of the privileged inhabitants: for if he does the spell will be broken, the poetry and the religion gone, and the palace of enchantment will melt from his em-

brace into thin air." If the vain and frivolous agitations of their wit were all that disfigured our seats of learning, the evil would not be so intolerable. But how ill do turbulence, riot, and disorder, boisterous mirth, coarse ribaldry and even open profanity, comport with the temple which has been consecrated to letters. The case is immeasurably worse, when a low standard of opinion endures, if it does not sanction, flagrant breaches of morality. It is the influence of these abuses which, in too many cases, has rendered public schools and colleges, in the language of Dr. Arnold, "nurseries of vice." "Those who are dismissed from the parental roof," complains the same illustrious teacher, "frank, open, ingenuous and pure, soon lose these graces which adorned them, and return, to their parents' shame, without modesty, without nice sensibility to truth—without tenderness and sympathy—coarse, false, and unfeeling." This is the natural result of departing in the first instance from the spirit of rigid propriety. *Proficere in pejus* is the law of degradation. When the general feeling of fitness is shocked or rudely disregarded, a man has taken a step towards the corruption of his principles as well as his manners. The sentiment of honor is weakened by every blow which is inflicted on the sense of propriety. He that becomes accustomed to what is unseemly and unbecoming and out of all proportion in lighter matters, will soon lose the perception of the beautiful in the weightier matters of the law. This is the reason why it is so important that the amusements of the young should be made to harmonize with their condition and relations. In these amusements a moral discipline is going on, a moral influence exerted, which will tell upon their future character—unconsciously but surely they are shaping their destiny.

Many of these inconsistencies, my young friends, I rejoice to say cannot be imputed to you. They are of a character to make you scorn them. But be not satisfied with present attainments. Let it be your ambition to have a college, in which the deportment of every member shall reflect the refinement of the gentleman, the dignity of the scholar, and the integrity of the Christian. We can make this a delightful place—we can turn these groves into hallowed ground, and these cloistered halls we can render worthy of the illustrious immortals who

linger among them in their works. Is not this an object worthy of your ambition? Here we are permitted to converse from day to day, with the sages, poets, and heroes of antiquity; "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle," that prodigy of genius, whose birth-place was Stagira, whose empire has been the world; that other prodigy of common sense who brought wisdom from the skies—the Divine Plato; the masters of the Porch, Academy, and Lyceum, are all here. Here, too, we can listen to the rapt visions of the prophets, hold converse with apostles and martyrs, and above all, sit at the feet of Him who spake as never man spake. Here, in a single word, we are "let into that great communion of scholars, throughout all ages and all nations—like that more awful communion of saints in the Holy Church Universal—and feel a sympathy with departed genius, and with the enlightened and the gifted minds of other countries, as they appear before us, in the transports of a sort of beatific vision, bowing down at the same shrines and glowing with the same holy love of whatever is most pure, and fair, and exalted, and Divine in human nature." Is there nothing in such society and such influences to stimulate our minds to a lofty pitch? Catch the spirit of the place, imbibe its noble associations, and you cannot descend to the little, the trifling, the silly, or the coarse. Every fibre of your hearts would cry out against it. When Bonaparte animated his troops in Egypt it was enough to point to the pyramids, beneath whose shadows they stood, and remind them that "from yonder heights forty generations look down upon them." That thought was enough. The same great motive may be applied to you. The general assembly of all the great, and good, and learned, and glorious, of all ages and of all climes, look down upon *you*, and exhort you to walk worthy of your exalted calling. Quit yourselves like men—and make this venerable seat of learning a joy and a praise in all the earth. Let TRUTH be inscribed on its walls, TRUTH worshipped in its sanctuary, and the LOVE OF TRUTH the inspiration of every heart.

FROM A SPEECH DELIVERED AT YALE COLLEGE,
JULY, 1852

IT is with unfeigned diffidence that I rise to respond to the sentiment which has just been drunk in behalf of the South Carolina College. I rejoice that in letters, as in religion, there is neither North nor South, East nor West. There should be no local jealousies, no sectional distinctions. The prosperity of one is the prosperity of all, as it indicates the partial attainment of the end for which all are instituted. I assure you, therefore, that in beholding this scene—a scene which touchingly and beautifully illustrates the past achievements and the present renown of your ancient and venerable institution, though I am a Carolinian by birth, by education, and love my native State, and my own *alma mater*, with a love passing the love of woman, yet I share with you—nay, more, I enter with full sympathy into the pride and generous exultation with which you must contemplate these trophies of Yale. Here are the fruits of her labours. These scholars, these educated men from every walk of life, from every liberal profession—physicians, lawyers, divines, and men more exclusively devoted to the pursuit of letters—these are the witnesses of her parental beneficence; and I can cheerfully unite with them, as they come from all quarters of our wide-spread country, to bring their votive offering, the tribute of their gratitude and the token of their affection, to her venerable feet. Sir, I cannot describe to you the feelings which, on an occasion like this, agitate my breast. It is not quite a week since I was invited to participate in similar festivities at that mother of American colleges at Cambridge. It was the first time in my life that I had ever sat down with such a multitude of men, whose sole bond of union was letters. I looked around me; on the one hand, was the hoary veteran of four-score years; on the other, the boy who had graduated yesterday; and between them, all the stages of human life. There were all classes of opinion, all kinds of occupations; but all their differences were melted down, their hearts were fused into a common mass; they were all pervaded by the genius of the place, and that genius was the love of letters. By a similar courtesy, I witness a

similar scene to-day; and with unfeigned sincerity, I open to you a brother's heart, and extend to you a brother's hand. These things remind us, sir, that "the schoolmaster is abroad in the land." The hope of our country is in the combined influence of letters and religion. Our colleges and schools are bulwarks and fortresses, stronger and mightier than weapons of brass or munitions of rock. A pure religion and a sound literature, these are our safety, and should be our highest glory. Education is the cheap defence of nations.

I rejoice to say to you, sir, that the institution with which I have the honor to be connected, and where I learned the little that I know, is a sister whose kindred the noblest institution of New England need not blush to own. The South Carolina College is organized upon the same principles, conducted in the same general way, and devoted to the same ends, with the institutions of your own section of the country. She has made, too, the same mistake; she has aimed to do too much. I am satisfied, sir, that our American Colleges have conceded too much to the utilitarian spirit of the age; and, in obedience to it, have aimed at something more than that intellectual discipline which should be the object. They have undertaken, not simply to teach men *how* to think, but *what* to think. They have undertaken, not merely to *educate*, that is, to bring out, and polish and perfect, what is *in* man; but they have also undertaken, over and above this, to put *into* him what the exigencies of life may require. This, sir, is too much. It is enough for them to fashion and sharpen the instrument, not to give the materials upon which it is to operate. We have all erred in this respect; but I am proud to say that South Carolina has not sinned so grievously as some of her sisters. But still, sir, she has sinned enough. Our course, as projected, looks to much more than a simple education, or effective discipline. It is largely scientific; and though we do not turn out men ready fashioned as lawyers and doctors, we help them amazingly to the no less mysterious art of rearing a crop, or calculating the changes of the weather. We have enough of the practical to show that we belong to the nineteenth century.

It will certainly be conceded to us, Mr. President, that we have made our mark upon the country. As I boasted—in no vain spirit, however—at Cambridge, so I boast here, that we

have produced at least one scholar, of whom any College and any country might well be proud. No name in this country stands higher than that of HUGH S. LEGARÉ. His article in the *New York Review* upon Demosthenes is enough to immortalize him; but that was only the earnest of his strength. In the walks of public life, though we are not yet fifty years old, and of course never saw Abraham, we have sent men to the councils of the nation, with whom it was perilous for the boldest and best from other quarters to enter the lists in intellectual strife. Need I tell you of McDuffie; not the politician, not the statesman, but McDuffie the orator. He was one of the few men that could still to silence, and chain in the profoundest attention, that most tumultuous, most disorderly, most ungovernable of all public bodies, the House of Representatives of the United States. It hung with breathless interest on his lips. Like Pericles—for it was of Pericles, and not Demosthenes, that Aristophanes wrote the sentence—he wielded at will that fierce democratic. Need I tell you of another, in some respects still more accomplished; more graceful, if not so vigorous; more attractive, if not so resistless; one who could charm as well as persuade. I have listened for hours, sir, to the gifted Preston, and have forgotten under the fascination of his eloquence that there was such a thing as time. He ruled, like a wizard, the world of the heart; and we point to him with pride, as one of the jewels of our beloved institution. Sir, if in less than half a century we had done nothing but help to make these men, our time and efforts and money would not have been ill-spent. This thought suggests to me an anecdote. Ours, you know, is a State institution. We have no funds, no endowment, and but one scholarship, the munificent donation of a wealthy, noble, high-minded citizen, now in the vigor of his faculties. We are dependent upon an annual vote of the Legislature for all our means. When the College was first established, there was a good deal of prejudice in certain quarters against it; and some districts sent representatives to the Legislature who were not favourable to its continuance. On one occasion, while Mr. McDuffie was a member of the Legislature, after he had made one of his splendid speeches, the question of the College came up. The venerable Judge Huger, then a member of the House, rose

and said, in his peculiarly slow and emphatic style: "Mr. Speaker, if the South Carolina College had done nothing, sir, but produce that man, she would have amply repaid the State for every dollar that the State has ever expended, or ever will expend, upon her." The appeal was irresistible; opposition was disarmed; and every year, sir, we receive nearly twenty-five thousand dollars from a small State, and from a poor people.

But, sir, enough of ourselves. I cannot sit down, sir, without expressing to Yale our debt of gratitude for the part she took in fashioning a man, of whom South Carolina will be proud as long as her people can appreciate genius, patriotism, integrity, and disinterested zeal in the service of his country. Sir, you number among your Alumni a name which cannot be pronounced in Carolina without the profoundest emotion; and may I not say it, it is rather a glory to you than to him, that his name is found on your catalogue. You took him, sir, when we had no place for him to go to. You honoured him; you understood his worth; and you sent him out to gladden and bless the land. Sir, we thank you for it; we cannot cease to love you for it; and as that dear and cherished name is one in which we have a common interest, permit me, without any reference to any type of political opinions, permit me, on this occasion, to give as a sentiment:

"THE MEMORY OF JOHN C. CALHOUN."

THE ATTITUDE OF THE SOUTH

BUT, whether it be for weal or woe, the South has no election. She is driven to the wall, and the only question is, will she take care of herself in time? The sooner she can organize a general Government the better. That will be a centre of unity, and, once combined, we are safe.

We cannot close without saying a few words to the people of the North as to the policy which it becomes them to pursue. The whole question of peace or war is in their hands. The South is simply standing on the defensive, and has no notion of abandoning that attitude. Let the Northern people, then, seriously consider, and consider in the fear of God, how, under present circumstances, they can best conserve those great interests of freedom, of religion, and of order, which are

equally dear to us both, and which they can fearfully jeopard. If their counsels incline to peace, the most friendly relations can speedily be restored, and the most favourable treaties entered into. We should feel ourselves the joint possessors of the continent, and should be drawn together by ties which unite no other people. We could, indeed, realize all the advantages of the Union, without any of its inconveniences. The cause of human liberty would not even be retarded, if the North can rise to a level with the exigencies of the occasion. If, on the other hand, their thoughts incline to war, we solemnly ask them what they expect to gain? What interest will be promoted? What end, worthy of a great people, will they be able to secure? They may gratify their bad passions, they may try to wreak their resentment upon the seceding States, and they may inflict a large amount of injury, disaster and suffering. But what have they gained? Shall a free people be governed by their passions? Suppose they should conquer us, what will they do with us? How will they hold us in subjection? How many garrisons, and how many men, and how much treasure, will it take to keep the South in order as a conquered province? and where are these resources to come from? After they have subdued us, the hardest part of their task will remain. They will have the wolf by the ears.

But upon what grounds do they hope to conquer us? They know us well; they know our numbers, they know our spirit, and they know the value which we set upon our homes and firesides. We have fought for the glory of the Union, and the world admired us; but it was not such fighting as we shall do for our wives, our children, and our sacred honor. The very women of the South, like the Spartan matrons, will take hold of shield and buckler, and our boys at school will go to the field in all the determination of disciplined valour. Conquered we can never be. It would be madness to attempt it. And after years of blood and slaughter, the parties would be just where they began, except that they would have learned to hate one another with an intensity of hatred equalled only in hell. Freedom would suffer, religion would suffer, learning would suffer, every human interest would suffer, from such a war. But upon whose head would fall the responsibility? There can be but one answer. We solemnly believe that the

South will be guiltless before the eyes of the Judge of all the earth. She has stood in her lot, and resisted aggression.

If the North could rise to the dignity of their present calling, this country would present to the world a spectacle of unparalleled grandeur. It would show how deeply the love of liberty and the influence of religion are rooted in our people, when a great empire can be divided without confusion, war, or disorder. Two great people united under one Government differ upon a question of vital importance to one. Neither can conscientiously give way. In the magnanimity of their souls, they say, let there be no strife between us, for we are brethren. The land is broad enough for us both. Let us part in peace; let us divide our common inheritance, adjust our common obligations; and, preserving as a sacred treasure our common principles, let each set up for himself, and let the Lord bless us both. A course like this—heroic, sublime, glorious—would be something altogether unexampled in the history of the world. It would be the wonder and astonishment of the nations. It would do more to command for American institutions the homage and respect of mankind than all the armies and fleets of the Republic. It would be a victory more august and imposing than any which can be achieved by the thunder of cannon and the shock of battle.

Peace is the policy of both North and South. Let peace prevail, and nothing really valuable is lost. To save the Union is impossible. The thing for Christian men and patriots to aim at now, is to save the country from war. That will be a scourge and a curse. But the South will emerge from it free as she was before. She is the invaded party, and her institutions are likely to gain strength from the conflict. Can the North, as the invading party, be assured that she will not fall into the hands of a military despot? The whole question is with her; and we calmly await her decision. We prefer peace; but if war must come, we are prepared to meet it with unshaken confidence in the God of battles. We lament the widespread mischief it will do, the arrest it will put upon every holy enterprise of the Church, and upon all the interests of life; but the South can boldly say to the bleeding, distracted country,

Shake not thy gory locks at me;
Thou canst not say I did it.