

THE SOUTHERN PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW.

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ARTICLE I.

THE SOUTHERN PRESBYTERIAN UNIVERSITY.

The time has been when the name "Presbyterian" was a synonym for an intelligent and cultivated gentleman. The fact of being an ordained minister of the Presbyterian Church was *prima facie* evidence of learning, talent, and piety. Three-fourths of all the colleges on the continent were, a few years ago, under Presbyterian influence—using the term in its widest signification, to include Congregationalists, (Dutch) Reformed, Associate Reformed, and other branches of the great Presbyterian family. One-half of the Presidents of the United States were nominally Presbyterians; and a large proportion of all the great men who have taken a prominent part in the civil affairs of the country have been educated by Presbyterian teachers. So that our precedence as a learned denomination was universally conceded, and we had some right to be proud of our name.

But we must not disguise from ourselves the unpleasant fact that our enviable *prestige* is gradually but surely passing away from us; not that we have lowered our standard, but that we have stood still, content with past honors. One is never in

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than the establishment of the relative rank of English poets, historians, philosophers, essayists, novelists, and writers on subjects connected with religion, statesmanship, and science. The Universities, before giving their final decision, should propose that within a year any advocate of the claims of any author may send to them his reasons for the rank which he thinks ought to be assigned to his favorite. The claims of living authors for a position in the canon would properly be excluded from consideration. But to them the plan of such a decision, with the expectation of similar decisions in the future, would operate as an incentive to excellence which no review in the world could inspire; while the honors conferred upon the dead, would be honor conferred upon the land that gave them birth, nurtured their genius, and reveres their memory.

ARTICLE V.

AUTHORSHIP AT THE SOUTH.

The reproach is sometimes brought against Southern men that they have contributed less than their share to the book-making of the country. Our once rich, prosperous, and happy States have made comparatively few contributions to the standard volumes of the libraries. It is a matter of some interest and importance to us to inquire whether or not this is a just reproach; and if it be, what are its causes, and by what means it may, by the blessing of God, be removed.

Now, in the first place, our Southern States have usually been more intent upon the production of men than of books. We have, whether wisely or not, preferred a living and spoken voice to a dead and embalmed and printed voice. There can be but little doubt in any candid and well-informed mind that skill in popular public speaking existed to a greater extent among the educated classes of the South, down to 1860, than in any other

population of the English-speaking nations. There is no doubt at all in relation to either New England or Old England. The only doubt we feel is concerning the North-western States. We have preferred the power of "men, high-minded men," to that of books; even those of which it would have been good for us to have had more—"books which are the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." We have rather striven to emulate Demosthenes and Chatham, than Plato and Bacon. We have felt that the problems of liberty and self-government were on experiment here and now, in this land and in the present age; and that he who could and would contribute to their maintenance on the floor of counsel and debate would deserve more of his race than even he who should have treasured up, in ponderous volume, the mental "seeds of things," which should fly through the air, and then at last lodge and germinate in many a place, but after the "summer was ended" and the experiment of free government a failure.

Observing minds every where will have noticed the great predilection of Southern men for the bar and for political life. Some sought political life through the apprenticeship of the bar, because that was the consecrated route to posts of public trust; and many sought political life by the direct road, and for its own sake. It was because *there* lay the experiment of the age. The thing on trial in the American States, as Northern men thought, was *power*: the power of the central government to maintain itself against all claims of rights whatever, whether they were State rights or individual rights. They always took the side of a large and loose construction of the Constitution, except where their own purposes were concerned. The east of Time has hardly yet recovered from its deep amazement at the ridicule heaped by Northern tongues and pens upon a jealous guarding of the written Constitution of the country by Southern statesmen as "dealing in *abstractions*;" and at their derision of men jealous of all infractions of the charter of the liberties of the country, as "*abstractionists*." There never was a deeper, a blinder, a more doomed fatuity, except that of those who, in any

degree, felt the ridicule. The thing on trial in the American Union, as Southern men thought, was *liberty*—constitutional liberty; the power of the States, the power of persons, to maintain all their constitutional rights, against all claims of power whatever; against the irresponsible constructions of the extent of its own powers by the Federal Government; against reckless and passionate majorities; against all overriding of rights which men in cooler moments established for their own guidance, and bound themselves by written constitutions not to override. Southern men did not have time to produce books. The great battle of historic and chartered liberty, they believed, would be fought, and won or lost, before those coming generations should arise, to whom books of any intrinsic value are addressed. There never was a wiser, juster, or more beautiful system of human rights, guarded by all those checks and balances and rightful and peaceful remedies, which the watchful and studious care of the most profound political sages of any age could desire, than that which existed in this country while the Southern mind had controlling influence in it. It is the robe of Nemesis that this was what the hating fanaticism of the North called the **SLAVE POWER**. And the overthrow of the slave power is so manifestly the overthrow of all jealousy of constitutional right, that Northern leaders do not now scruple to own that long courses of Congressional action are "outside the Constitution," and that Northern statesmen stoop to say that war, arms, numbers—mercenary Dutch and Irish numbers—have decided the most vital points of human liberty.

The best minds of the South, in the better days of old, were occupied in a closer study than that of him who makes a book, with those plans and devices of human rights which consider how to restrain the power of mad majorities; how to protect minorities; how to establish the reign of constitution, of law, of opinion, and of the consent of the governed. And while this plan of government prevailed in this country, it created a temple of liberty worthy the high principle, the lofty magnanimity, and the unsullied public virtue of that high-mettled race who guarded and frequented it.

Our Rubicon was crossed when men, acting under the constitution only, having sworn to support the Constitution, having no rightful power of any sort but what the Constitution gave them, felt no guilt of perjury in enacting laws "beyond the Constitution." There rolled the waters of the fated day. It is true we hear pæans over the death of the ancient and entered but troublesome rights of the States and of the people. Who knows not that rights of any kind are ever vexatious and unwelcome things in the ear of unlimited power? Who does not now see that ridicule of the jealousy of the South over the rights as "abstractions," was the first and cheapest weapon of their destruction, which was tried for economy's sake before the trial of force? And in the light of the low trick of emancipation, as a necessity of war, admitted to be in thorough compliance with the convention of that sacred compact which formed the Union, who does not see what this nation has now to expect from any conscientious obligation of constitutions, of compacts, or of contracted obligations? Who does not see the intended tendency of all those teachings in other days which sneered at constitutional scruples as "abstractions?"

The South has had little hand indeed in the change by which we have crossed the Rubicon; and have passed from the days of the old republic of the Scipios and the Catos, to the empire of the days of the bleeding Julius and the silent and politic Augustus. In such days, all men indeed do not even know that the liberties are lost and gone. The ancient citadel of those liberties still stands. Some puny Hirtius and Pansa still wear the ancient names of consuls. The Senate still sits, the laws still stand. All ancient hallowed names still live in men's vocabularies like lifeless shadows. The only living words are *treasure* and *sword*. They are still alive. Precedents and partisan passion have made great gaps and breaches in the citadel of the ancient liberties. It is disloyal to see those breaches. It is disloyal to call in question any of the laws by which they were made. All jealousy of right is disloyal. It is saying or thinking that the sword is no logician; that might does not make right; that the righteous cause does not always

triumph in one particular age, and that the voice of the people is not ever the voice of God, is disloyal. Then be it so. The Southern men were not hitherto a book-making race. They thought it their calling, as the sons of their fathers who won liberty at Runnymede, and at the Boyne, and at Yorktown, to guard the bulwarks of constitutional right and chartered liberty. Their occupation is gone. It is well that the sovereignty has been given to the *negroes*. There will be no "abstractions" among them. They are fitting guardians of liberty when she is to be murdered—fitting custodians of those old sacred chartered and hereditary liberties of the Norman race, when the Constitution sinks and the will of the majority ascends the sacred throne of supremacy. We stand before God and the future, willing and anxious to declare that we take none of the honor of having sought the empire—none of the blame of having introduced it. However its annals may hereafter be studded with the shining names of Aurelius, of Trajan, of Vespasian, and of Titus; however rich in glory and in treasure it may hereafter sweep on through the long tracts of time, till the Goths and Vandals shall come, it was not we who did it, in intention. We desired to abide among the Catos, the Scipios, the Marcelluses, and the Fabriciuses.

And we take no pleasure (except such as proceeds from marking the deep movements of the hand of God) in observing that keen sting of Nemesis with which, as years roll on, she stings the fomenters of stealthy revolutions and those who rob States and persons of their rights and liberties; how, after the malice and ferocity are over, and they awake from the delirium of their artfully generated rage, it is but to find themselves forever enslaved by a master, who, whether monarch or mob, shall with great accuracy and by the decree of God "measure to them the measure they have meted to others." So it was of old; so it is now; so it will be hereafter. No ghost of murdered liberties can ever shake his gory locks at us, while yet the echo rings through the arches of the temple of liberty, of the laugh of the friends of power at our "abstractions;" or while the rattle of the musketry is yet in men's ears, with which we attempted to

assert those ancient RIGHTS OF THE STATES, whose chartered and rightful existence we had learned from our wisest, and most trusted sages and patriots; or while the voluntary debasement of liberty and sovereignty, by bestowing the poor African, remains, among other wonderful things, in the memory and sight of men. Madly and in besotted blindness France followed the levellers into oceans of blood and crime and anarchy. Levelling is the deluge which breaks all the dikes of human law. It is the spring-thaw which dissolves all restraints upon the selfish passions. It is the turning loose of the wild beast of plunder upon human society. It is the lunacy of human logic. It is the Circean cup which in our very sight converts our fellow men into swine, and we feel that they have parted the common bonds of our humanity. Others will rejoice, nay, they do already rejoice, in the triumph of levelling. Now, over the possession by the poor negro of every privilege, every immunity, every liberty, which can, in the remotest degree, be any real gain to him of any kind, we scarcely trouble ourselves to say that we heartily rejoice with all who have sought those blessings for him from pure motives. In this, of course, we mean not to embrace the designing and envious and malignant demagogue, or the man who makes the Southern negro the despised tool of Northern hatred to the South; but all pure Christians and patriots, who have thought, whether correctly or not we care not to inquire, that freedom would be a boon and a blessing to the slave, which *they* neither expected to gratify their malice nor to enrich their purses, nor to build up the selfish power of their party. Take out such malicious and selfish emancipators, and we rejoice with all others over the freedom of the negro. But we summon the leveller to the tribunal of the Past. We summon him to the tribunal of the Future. With a clear conscience, but not without apprehension for the welfare of those who, amid all their wrongs and insult, are still our fellow-creatures, we leave him and his deeds there, to await the rolling of those wheels of providence whose "rings are full of eyes round about," and ascend as high that they are dreadful."

The best minds of the South, we have said, were not of the

the men to produce ponderous volumes of learned lore. Washington, Mason, Taylor of Caroline, Jefferson, Madison, Henry, and Giles, of Virginia, with Rutledge, Drayton, Gadsden, the two Pinckneys, of South Carolina, and others like them in other States, were men who rather strove to build the temple of liberty in act and fact than to write about it. They were not cloister men, but actors in deathless deeds, in men's sight, and in the brightest of earthly light for all time to come. Builders of the temple of constitutional liberty on these shores, they left the recording of that work of building—the memories of themselves and their deeds—in some cases not with entire impunity, to Northern men. Marshall, indeed, gave us a native history of the great Southron, Washington; and Prof. George Tucker another of Jefferson; and W. C. Rives still another of Madison; but we wonder why memoirs of some of them have never been written at all.

And there is a name of one, more modern, who well deserves to have a place among the highest and purest of the guardians of constitutional liberty, the name of one whose bust, we learn, has been removed from the public hall at West Point, lest it might contaminate the future blind fighters for power, who are to be trained there; the name of one now unpopular, because the liberties and rights he guarded so well are dead, and lost, and gone; and who has left on record defences of those rights, as constitutional and sacred, which have never been answered and never probably can be, or could legitimately have been; one who requires no apology for not having made books. There stand upon our shelves four massy volumes of his thoughts, embalmed in record. They consist of a Disquisition on Government in general; a discussion of the Constitution and Government of the United States; and Speeches and Reports on all the whole range of subjects which occupied the thoughts of the American statesman for forty years before he passed from among us. No man can be said to have lived in vain who left only such printed expositions of constitutional liberty as he has left. No man can be said to have lived in vain who left only the record which he left, of personal contests for

constitutional rights. When he disappeared from the scene of this life there was nothing to be alleged against his personal character even by those who desired to dislike him. There was nothing against him but those opinions as a statesman, for which he made the defences of a giant, and which produced far more of personal dislike than of candid and fair answer. No man could dislike him without forfeiting all claim to magnanimity, and constituting himself so far a persecutor for opinion's sake. Some disliked him as the intended invader of your home dislikes the sleepless watch-dog; others because he made arguments for constitutional rights which they could not answer, and did not wish to yield to, to believe in, or to respect; and others still, because his name was a trusted, revered, venerated authority on the side of that invincible logic of State rights, which, they themselves being judges, no similar weapons of logic could refute, but for that purpose the logic of the musket and of military necessity must come in. His is a name now under a cloud, and not to emerge into sunshine, with many other deep intrinsic things, until the wild theories of the levellers shall receive in their turn the refutation it is pretended his theories of State rights have received—the refutation of the logic of events; and the minds of men shall subside, through anarchy, social convulsion, and bloodshed, to the sober level of law, order, and respect for social worth. We need not say that we refer to the illustrious name of John Caldwell Calhoun.

The volumes of Washington's writings, although, we believe, with characteristic Southern diligence, and with characteristic Yankee honesty, edited in Massachusetts, are still Southern books, books of rebeldom, and full of deep resolved rebellion against unjust and persecuting power. The volumes of Jefferson's writings, always excepting the unfortunate infidelity which never ought to have been foisted into them, and never would, we believe, if the wishes of the writer of them had prevailed, are Southern books, and the deep thoughts of a rebel and of a revolutionary sage and patriot. We may also enroll among Southern classics Wirt's *British Spy* and *Old Bachelor*, and his *Life of Patrick Henry*, where again we strike that peculiar Anglo-

Saxon and Norman thread of gold, of resistance to oppressive and unjust authority; and our youth are sent to primeval forests to commune with him who said "Give me liberty, or give me death!"

And when we pass our eyes over the unwritten annals of the bar, and of public life in any and every Southern State, for years past, our own patience has need of the best apologies we can discover, when we observe, taking out, of course, some vicious and worthless characters, how rich are the remaining materials, how rich in worth, genius, patriotism, true eloquence, and true honor which have been permitted, save and except only a few such books as Baldwin's *Flush Times* in Alabama, to dissolve away like the precious pearl of the Egyptian queen, in the dull waters of Lethe! We look back with surprise and deep regret that the bar of Virginia has not yet had its historian. There has scarcely been a more readable book issued from the English press, in recent years, than *The Lives of the Lord Chancellors*. Through what varied scenes of history, and among what rich specimens of character, it conducts its readers. And beginning with the wigged, and starched, and ruffled counsel for the crown in colonial times, including that splendid man, Peyton Randolph, who encountered Samuel Davies at Williamsburg on the subject of religious liberty; and descending through the annals of the State, while there were reverence and reason among men to heed her warning and jealous voice concerning constitutional liberty, down to that true and splendid man, John Randolph Tucker, who held the seals of her first legal office when the sword became her sceptre; we question whether Lord Campbell had a much richer subject than he would have who should properly conceive and adequately execute a history of the lives of the Judges and Attorney-Generals of Virginia. Nor would "every charm of wisdom and of worth," by a long measure, be embraced in even that rich and glorious list. There have been legal Titans of the land who never ascended the bench nor held the seals of the State; such as, in our own early days, were Chapman Johnson and Benjamin Watkins Leigh, whose names were an ornament and a strength to the land; and

whose existence caused every man to feel that, while they were wrong was less potent against right, lawlessness against law, falsehood against truth, than if such men had not been beaten upon us. Of the Judges and Attorney-generals of South Carolina, from the beginning down almost to the present time, when the sun of both institutions seems to have gone down for the present in clouds and darkness, we have some record in the late Chief Justice O'Neale's work, "The Bench and Bar of South Carolina." What learning, what eloquence, above all, what *character*, did ever adorn, down to this present day, the Bench of the Palmetto State! And what a list of honored names belong to the past history of her Bar, where Pringle and Lowndes, Hayne and McDuffie, Cheves and Grimke, Preston and Legaré, Elmore and Petigru, illustrate so nobly the glory of their profession! Hugh S. Legaré's writings have been collected and published; and a brief notice is given by the author named above of each of these other eminent lawyers. Yet how brief and insignificant! Of these and many more in their State, and of many illustrious sons of other Southern States in their line of service, we have sadly to say, with an implication not altogether without reproach to our men of letters, and with adaptation to the Christian spirit in which we desire to write:

"Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride,
They had no poet and they died;
In vain they toiled, in vain they'bled,
They had no poet and are dead."

The life of Washington has been written by Sparks and Irving; that of Jefferson by Tucker and Rayner and Randall, and none of these writers, we believe, had any thing in common with the present fashionable school of malignant vituperators, all we have and are, whose misrepresentations are designed what to excuse to themselves their persecutions. But let the literary men of the South look well to it that these men are not left to write biography for our children much farther down than the life of Jefferson or John Randolph. For, in that event, upon their pages we shall not be able to recognise or to identify

the plainest facts of modern history. If it should chance, as often has been the case amid the events of time, that they should deem *truth* itself *disloyal*, then they will boldly lift their eyes to the face of God and maintain the falsehood of truth, the right of wrong, and the evil of good. We shall not know ourselves; we shall not recognise our glorious mountains and plains; we shall not recognise the very names or forms of our own sires or sons, in their narratives.

In the department of the history of their own States, Southern pens have not been altogether idle. We do not pretend to make a complete catalogue of what they have prepared, but we may refer to the collections made and published by Historical Societies in Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, and other States. Histories of Virginia have also been produced by Beverly, Burk, Howison, and the Campbells; of North Carolina, by Williamson and by Wheeler; of South Carolina, under different forms, by Ramsay, Lawson, Drayton, Moultrie, Hewatt, Garden, Mill, Simms, Carroll, Gibbes, Rivers, Logan, LaBorde; of Georgia, by McCall, Stevens, and White; of Florida and Louisiana, by Latour; of St. Augustine, by Fairbanks; of Louisiana, by Marbois and Stoddard; of Tennessee, by Ramsay. Besides these, there may have been published such works relating to others of the Southern States. There have been some other Histories and Biographies: as Chief Justice O'Neale's Annals of Newberry District; Judge Johnson's Life of Greene; James's Life of Marion; and Dr. Joseph Johnson's Reminiscences of the American Revolution in the South. There have also been some scientific histories of several of these States; for example, Elliott's Botany of South Carolina and Georgia, Tuomey's Geology of South Carolina, Holbrook's Herpetology, Dr. A. W. Chapman's Southern Botany; Dr. Peyre Porcher's Resources of Southern Fields and Forests, besides some other works of his; Mrs. Ryan's Southern Florist; sundry agricultural and scientific works by the two Gibbeses, and by the Ruffins; Bachman's labors in conjunction with Audubon and his learned defence of the Unity of the Human Race. Here, also, let us allude to Dr. Cooper's works, to Fitzhugh's, to Bledsoe's, and to Professor

Dew's very able and philosophical writings in defence of slavery; and to the same Professor's Exposition of the **Laws, Customs, Manners, and Institutions of the Ancient and Modern Nations**; to Professor George Tucker's works on **Political Economy**, and his **Constitutional History of the United States**; to Professor Henry St. George Tucker's **Lectures on the Constitution of the United States**; to Professor Lieber's **Political Ethics**, published whilst at the South Carolina College; and to that work of the sage of Monticello, with which we might well have headed this list, Jefferson's celebrated **Notes on Virginia**.

Besides these Histories of the several States, there is a Southern book which deserves to be called historical in more senses than one—Mr. Stephens's **Constitutional History of the War between the States**. So too, Alfriend's **Life of Jefferson Davis** deserves ever to be honorably mentioned by every Southern man, both for its own sake and for its noble subject. **Matthew F. Maury's Geography of the Sea** is a Southern book; so are **Garland's Life of Randolph** and **Cooke's Life of Jackson**. And there is another book of great literary interest, written by a Southern scholar in the true sense of that term, and published magnificently in England during the war, by **Theodore Wagner of Charleston**, which reflects honor at once upon its writer and its munificent patron, as also through them both upon their native Carolina—**Jamison's Life and Times of Bertrand du Guesclin, a History of the Fourteenth Century**.

Moreover, the South has had a few poets and successful writers of fiction; amongst whose names we can easily recall those of **Mrs. Le Vert, Mrs. McCord, Mrs. Preston, Miss Evans, (now Mrs. Wilson,) Mrs. Ritchie, Mrs. Gilman, and Susan Archer Talley**; those also of **John Esten Cooke, Beverly Tucker, James E. Heath, Albert Pike, Grayson, Simms, Hayne, Timrod, Barron Hope, Thompson, Philip P. Cook, Professor W. H. Peck, and others**.

In that vitally important department of school-books and of text-books for the higher institutions, what has Southern talent accomplished that is adequate to our wants? The Professors at the University of Virginia have published some good text-books.

The two LeContes, now, alas! partly driven, partly drawn away from the South to the University of California, have, it is understood, prepared, but not published, some more. And Wm. Bingham, of North Carolina, deserves honorable mention for what he has accomplished. A few other Southern teachers have exerted themselves in this direction, but how few! The country is flooded with Yankee school-books in every department and of every degree of merit. We have not room to say here in full what we think on this subject. A very high educational authority in Virginia is of opinion that our State institutions of learning are all to be *radicalized*. If we will let them, these busy people will gladly dispense their ideas in every form to our children and youth. Teachers in pantaloons and teachers in petticoats will swarm to these genial climes from cold New England. Let them come. The door is open, and we would by no means have it shut. Let them come in swarms to teach both black and white; and the good which they may do we will accept as good and rejoice in it. But if we would counterwork their evil influence, we must teach our own youth, both white and black; and to this end we must support our own schools and make our own text-books.

We are not able to say what the legal and medical professions of the South have published; but we know that her ecclesiastical men, compared with their Northern brethren, have published but few books. Some few of her sons have indeed had the honor of publishing translations of the Scriptures and of Christian books into the languages of different nations whom they went forth to evangelize. And then, with reference to publications by Southern ministers at home, there recur to our thoughts several volumes of sermons by Drs. Kollock and Preston, of Savannah, and Drs. Keith and Buist and Rev. Mr. Ashmead, of Charleston; Elements of Moral Philosophy, by Dr. Jasper Adams, and Philosophic Theology, by Rev. Professor Miles; Cassels on Paedobaptism; Dr. Smyth on Apostolical Succession and on Presbytery, besides several minor works; Dr. J. L. Dagg's and Dr. C. F. Deems's theological writings; Dr. T. N. Ralston and Dr. L. Rosser on Divinity; Dr. Hazellius's History of the American Lutheran Church and his History of the Christian Church

from the Earliest Ages; Dr. T. O. Summers's various productions; Dr. Thornwell's Essays on Truth and his work on the *Apocrypha*; Stuart Robinson's Church of God and his Discourses of Redemption; Dr. Breckinridge's Theology, Objective and Subjective; Dr. Armstrong on Baptism and on the Theology of Experience; Dr. Dabney's Defence of Virginia and the South, and his Life of Jackson; a variety of critical, practical, and theological works, by Drs. Plumer and Scott; Dr. B. M. Smith's share in the joint commentary on the Poetical Books of Scripture, by Fausset and Smith; Dr. Moore's Commentary on the Prophets of the Restoration; Hoge's Blind Bartimeus; Otta's Nicodemus; Dr. C. C. Jones's History of the Church of God; Dr. Daniel Baker's Sermons; Dr. Sampson on Hebrews; Dr. Ruffner's Fathers in the Desert and his work on Predestination; Dr. White's African Preacher and Letters to a Son; Dr. Matthews on the Divine Purpose; and no doubt a good many other works which have not occurred to our recollection. Indeed, there is one man's works which we must not fail to add to the Southern books above named, because the South only lent him for a special service to be performed at a Northern place of residence, but he remained ever Virginian and Southern. Training for many years successive classes of ministers in theology, he made his mark on the whole Church through them, and then the evening of his life yielded a harvest of other good fruits—the fruits of his Southern pen. We must claim Archibald Alexander as of us, and his writings as of ours; and if any demur, we shall go further and lay claim even to his two gifted sons, James Waddell and Joseph Addison, and to all which they produced.

To all this, let us add that in the department of Southern Church history, we have four volumes by Dr. Foote, of Romney, two of them Sketches of North Carolina and two Sketches Virginia—the Froissart of the State, full of diligent labor, full of particular fact, worthy of all honor, not justly ever to be forgotten—devoted to the Presbyterian Church chiefly. And then we have Dr. Hawks's Ecclesiastical Sketches of Virginia, written, of course, from the very churchly stand-point of the

author. And we have also that valuable contribution to the history of the State, of course also from the Episcopalian point of view, Bishop Meade's Old Families and Old Churches of Virginia. Here, also, we recall the work of Dalcho on the Episcopal Church in South Carolina, and Strobel's History of the Salzburgers in Georgia. But why have we not had histories of every Christian denomination in every one of the States? And why has not the list of theological, critical, and practical writings given above, been made to be one hundred times longer? Have all our Southern ministers except these few been asleep? Or have they not known what a mighty power for good and for evil the press can and does wield? Or have they really been so busy preaching as to have had no time for efforts with the pen? And why have Southern poets been such rare birds, and treated us so seldom to their sweet songs? And why have her scientific men been so well content to commune with but not communicate to their fellows? And why have her scholars so generally and to so great an extent eschewed the types? We own ourselves somewhat at a loss for the answer to these questions, notwithstanding what has already been said, and what remains to be said, in extenuation of the neglect of authorship at the South.*

It is to be remembered, we grant, that much of the best writing of the day, both in this country and in Great Britain, has been given to the world in the shape of contributions to the reviews and magazines. And some of the best volumes of current writing are composed of the productions of a single writer, thus brought together as the offspring of a single mind. The miscellanies of Macaulay, Jeffrey, Sidney Smith, Carlyle, and Sir James Mackintosh, from the *Edinburgh Review*; those of Sir Walter Scott, from the *London Quarterly*, and the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* of Wilson, from *Blackwood*, have constituted a very large share of the desirable polite literature of the last

* In the hands of a literary gentleman of this city, we have seen a list of some two hundred names of living Southern authors. That gentleman has a work nearly ready for the press, giving some account of all these authors and their various productions. Yet, what are two hundred authors to the eight millions of our population? [EDS. S. P. R.]

forty years. In a little over that time, we have had issued from our own presses the *Southern Quarterly Review*, at Charleston; the *Evangelical and Literary Magazine* and the *Southern Literary Messenger*, both at Richmond; *The Southern Presbyterian Review*, at Columbia; *The Land We Love*, at Charlotte; and the *Southern Review*, at Baltimore. Three of these do not and three do still exist. And from the sides of those three which do not now exist, we firmly believe that volumes might have been cut off, of solid intrinsic value, which would not have been unworthy of reproduction, and which would have been of more use to the Southern people than the English books which they have substituted in their place, because nearer to their sphere of life. Of those three which do still exist, it may be wisest to say little; but we have no fear that the truth of the same remark concerning them would be denied by any one of just judgment.

One of the best books of the *Spectator* and *Rambler* species is the *Mountaineer*, first published in series in the *Republican Farmer*, of Staunton, Virginia, by Doctor Conrad Speece, between 1813 and 1816, and put into a volume in 1823. And, though not having it now before us, we remember to have seen a copy of the *Golden Casket*, by old Governor William B. Giles—a volume of admirable political essays, which had their history and accomplished their work—first published in the columns of the Richmond *Enquirer*, between the years 1825 and 1828, in the administration of the younger Adams, and afterwards collected into a volume. The reprint of such volumes is not now demanded; although in many places they would be worth their weight in gold. And why have not volumes of the productions of such men and such thinkers as John H. Rice and James H. Thornwell been demanded, published, read, treasured, cherished among us? * Few voices will be found to reply that it is from the want of intrinsic merit to be expected in such volumes. To explain it, but not to account for it,—needing itself to be accounted for,—there lies that strange unfaithfulness of the South to its own thought, its own books, reviews, magazines,

* We hope it will not be long before this reproach shall be wiped away, so far as concerns Dr. Thornwell's works. [Eds. S. P. R.]

which is to-day the very worst foe to all literary enterprise in its borders.

We mention, then, as second among the causes of the neglect of authorship at the South, the want of appreciation, among our own people, of our own productions. There has been a habitual and deeply-seated fondness among our country gentlemen for English literature of the reign of Queen Anne. It is barely yielding recently, but yielding, not to home thought and writing altogether; but still yearning for the English, if it must accept the modern. Many planters of cotton and tobacco appear to have felt that the problem of literature was solved by the mother country; that the office of books, to furnish elegant instruction, culture, amusement, was fulfilled by English letters. And then Yankee literature, which ever assumes to itself the title of American, and which has concurred with our own readers and buyers in the one point of undervaluing our own writers and their productions, has been so justly offensive to our people that they have preferred at once the writings of the English. The South has a sovereign disgust for the malignant humanitarianism of Boston, the favorite centre of Yankee literature. She has long had that disgust; and the bitter oppressions of reconstruction, every sane man can see, will have no tendency to diminish it. We were never very ardent admirers of the cold Unitarianism of Dr. Channing, with all the elegant and finished splendor of his periods; nor of Mrs. Stowe, with all the genius for which her sympathisers give her credit; nor of Theodore Parker's flat pulpit infidelity, with all his blaze of pulpit brilliancy; nor of Professor Park's incessant attempt to try how near he can come to heresy without heresy, for all his powerful and clear current of sense. We preferred the silly humanitarianism even of the spoiled boy, Leigh Hunt, who so fiercely rebukes Dante for seeing and describing perdition in the Divine Comedy, because we believed that his silly, sickly, and sentimental humanitarianism was but the whim of a spoiled boy, to that of Channing, of Mrs. Stowe, or of Theodore Parker, because we knew their humanity to one race to be largely composed of envy and malice to the other, and because we know

them to be conspirators against the Constitution, the liberty, and the peace of the country. It is not, then, wonderful that that which was called American literature in America, being in very large part from Boston, was not popular at the South. There was indeed sometimes unfriendly fanaticism in the utterances of the British press; but there was far more of magnanimity and less of unfriendliness to our Constitution in them.

But it was a great mistake which the Southern people made, when they thought that English literature, old or new, would serve for this country. It is a great mistake to suppose that because the human mind has been well expressed in one age, it needs not to be expressed in a subsequent age. It is a great mistake to think that because Shakspeare so thoroughly fathomed human nature in the reign of Elizabeth and James, that there was no need for Walter Scott in the reign of George and William; or that because Shakspeare and Scott have heretofore so thoroughly understood and exhibited human nature, there is no need for great masters of human nature hereafter. For human nature is ever new and ever unfathomable in its depths, because, with all its perversities and dislocations and gigantic ruins, it was the work of God. It is a great mistake to suppose that the works of Taylor, and Barrow, and Leighton, or of those master spirits of the British pulpit of any age, Howe, and Hall, and Chalmers, have left no further need for the production of divinity in the English language. For, granted the fact that new religious doctrines are not to be desired or expected, still the contact of the sublime and awful truths of the word of God with the mind of man must and will have its restatement in every age, because the mind of man is ever original and ever unfathomable in its depths by all but the word of God. And the contact of the word of God with the mind of man, in every age, will emit bright new sparks, not altogether similar to those which any former age has seen, leaving no place whatever, as we do not mean to leave, for heretical glosses or infidel speculations. Along that line of sparkling contact lies the path of a true and sincere and heart-speaking religious literature of every age for itself. It is a great mistake to suppose that the *Spec-*

tator, the *Tatler*, the *Guardian*, and the *Rambler*, have left no room nor necessity for any other essayists than Addison, Steele, and Johnson, because those exquisite masters of other days have left us their works, and have tastily exhibited the social side of human nature and life. For the social side of human life is perhaps as different now from what it was in the days of Queen Anne as it ever was in any two ages while the same language lasted and the same words were understood and spoken in both ages. For a whole world of history has been enacted since then, and a whole world of new thoughts been born among the people, which must make society differ, notwithstanding those great substantial identities which endure from age to age. The life and thought of a people, the life and thought of the whole race of man, is forever moving onward. There are certain respects in which human nature is the same in every age. There are certain other respects, easily distinguishable by a candid mind, in which human nature differs in every age from what it was in any former age. There are in every age new points of contact between the mind of man and the providence of God. That is the real vitality of history when it sheds some intrinsic light upon man's nature and destiny and duty, by showing us the character of that age in the mental pursuits of that age, and construing the providential events of that age. An age of liberty, of prosperity, and of the piping times of peace, and an age of bondage, of gloom, of the hiding of all signs, and the slow waiting for the coming of the morning; an age when Fabricius and Regulus are possible, and an age when Nero and Caligula appear; an age of the jealousy *for* liberty and *against* power, and an age of the jealousy *against* liberty and *for* power; an age of the republic and an age of the empire—are essentially different phases of nature and providence, and will be marked by different utterances of the human soul. If we do not now bear our full share of the use of the printing press, it will be abundantly used for all that; and used by those who will not only not do us justice, but will do any thing, even down to deliberate violations of historic truth, rather than to do justice to us or appreciate our men of worth and merit. The

men whom we esteem the saints of the age will be made the sinners; and the men whom we esteem the sinners of the age will be made the saints. Not that we esteem the utterances of the Southern mind alone, or of the Northern mind alone; the utterances of the American mind alone, or of the British mind alone; those of the Anglo-Saxon mind alone, or of the continent of Europe alone, to be the mirror of the shape and form of that age, to be sent to future years as its full and fair picture; but every people who have a character of their own, and feelings, wishes, and aspirations of their own, are bound, in justice to history and to posterity, to leave upon record the showings of their own mind, thought, purposes, ends, and aims.

In the third place, the sparseness of the population in the country at the South has hitherto been a great hindrance to literary pursuits. Our country has been too purely agricultural; the homes of our people have been too isolated and too far apart; the type of our society has been too patriarchal; there have been too few accessible to each other of the cultivated ranks of people, and too many around them of the servile class, for literature of some descriptons. And then the classes of people to be found in these sparse and scattered homes of the South were not of that simple and bucolic race among whom the literature of sweet rustic simplicity flourishes, such as grew around the Grecian Theocritus. But they were modern people in the patriarchal state—people who frequented the cities in the winter and the watering-places in the summer, and who caught the spirit, and in some measure kept up with the ideas, of the noble and unmalignant of their own race, while they governed the teeming African race around them with the interest-bound munificence and generosity of Abraham and Job, but with that necessary firmness of a magistrate which good government and social order required and scriptural Christianity regulated. They were not book-makers, but hereditary rulers. And when the musket shall be held to be logician of sufficient force to overturn that eternal truth of God which has hitherto survived all wars, and risen unconquered from all assaults of infidelity, then may the Southern people pause to make apology for having built

upon the pure revelation of God. And while they would firmly, and we believe almost unanimously, decline a restoration of their old responsibilities as slaveholders, yet they as firmly and as unanimously decline any share of the responsibility of the abrogation of those old and benign institutions which are now things of the past, and are gone up to appeal to the Judge of all the earth, who sees correctly and will judge justly. But such patriarchal institutions were not favorable to literature, except that deeper literature of the statesman, which was too ponderous for general circulation or for the gossiping surface of men's minds. The Southern people were devoted by their inheritance and by the necessities of their position to the raising up of the African race from the beastly barbarism of the most wretched of untutored races. They were training and governing barbarians, rather than making books. The white people were too often foregoing the pleasures and privileges of the society of their own race, in order to discharge themselves those duties which the Sacred Scriptures enjoined upon them as masters and mistresses. Many of them felt the calls of duty to be louder in their ears than those of pleasure—even of that pleasure which is among the purest and noblest, the pleasure of literature and the elegant arts. On the crowded plantations of the South, the lives of the proprietors were, in many cases, for long parts of the year, lives of solitary and self-sacrificing duty, deemed by them to be laid on them by God's providence, and submitted to calmly by them for that reason. But it is by the constant attrition of frequent intercourse with other equal minds, that we may best read and interpret our own minds. Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend. Modern literature has therefore frequented the cities, where man knows and reads both books and men. Cities there are, and have ever been, no doubt, in the South. But it has not been the case in the South, as in the North and West, that the best type of its society has been in the cities. We avoid comparisons which are invidious and "odorous." But the characteristic Southern type, in the era which is just past and gone, was the plains of the planting regions, their vast fields of cotton, tobacco, wheat,

and corn, surrounded by enclosures stretching too many miles for hedge, or post and rail, or post and plank; deep in the recesses of which, in that central grove, upon that central hill, stood the dwelling of the proprietor; and in that other grove stood the huts and cottages of the laborers who tilled these fields. That was the South. The cities were simply its marts. They were its cosmopolitan features. They were its reluctant and often puny attempts to conform to the world's will and the world's way. But those planting plains; those tree-embosomed mansions three miles apart; those other tree-embowered cottages, over which hung rich shade in summer and the smoke of the broad cottage-fires in winter; those vast pastures and their wealth-looking denizens; those vast sheds, folds, shelters from winter winds; and those large hamlets of clustered out-houses, all in the same seigniory—those were the South, properly so called. Never was any society less literary in its structure, if we take literature to mean the mere extemporaneous gossip and chatter of the pen, substituted for that of the tongue.

We wish we had time and space to discuss some of the questions presented in Macaulay's famous article on Milton in the *Edinburgh Review*, which would be pertinent here. We especially refer to his remark, that "as a magic lantern acts best in a dark room, poetry effects its purpose most completely in a dark age;" and also to those other remarks by which he seeks to show, we believe successfully, that Milton had extraordinary difficulties to contend with as a poet in the age in which he was born. "Every generation," he says, "enjoys the use of a vast hoard bequeathed to it by antiquity, and transmits it, augmented by fresh acquisitions, to future ages."

"But it is not thus with music, with painting, or with Scripture. Still less is it thus with poetry. The progress of refinement rarely supplies these arts with better objects of imitation. It may, indeed, improve the instruments which are necessary to the mechanical operations of the musician, the sculptor, and the painter. But language, the machine of the poet, is best fitted for his purpose in its rudest state. Nations, like individuals, first perceive and then abstract. They advance from particular

images to general terms. Hence the vocabulary of an enlightened society is philosophical; that of a half civilised people is poetical." Without accepting as true all the dicta of this famous essay, of which we have somewhere read how the distinguished author himself said, that in mature years there was scarcely a sentence or a sentiment which he would adopt without modification, yet there is unquestionably a certain truth in the principle that the increase of light and the increase of self-consciousness which cultivation produces are not favorable to that illusion of the mind upon which the highest literature, such poetry as Homer's, depends for its success. And we have ever felt that the mingling of the different lights of different ages, at the same time, in the South, had much to do with accounting for her failure to bear her full part in authorship by the English-speaking people. As literature is analytic and philosophic, the South could not addict herself freely and fully to its influence and spirit, as the highly developed consciousness of her Caucasian children would have prompted her to do, because that race had so much to do with the inferior servile race, in its ignorance and superstition. And as literature is poetical, she could not addict herself freely and fully to its influence in all the dark and gorgeous romance of superstition, because she was in communion with the world of the English and Caucasian race around. Her social mind had not been able to find a firm and settled unity. And with some diffidence, we suggest this to the people of the South for the justification of their land in the past, and for their cautious reflection and guidance in the future.

Again, fourthly, the tranquility of our career as independent States hitherto, until recently; the barrenness of historical romance which has marked our localities; and the absence of those times of trial, of suffering, and of heroic deeds, which invest localities with golden charms, and are the true staple of the best historical romance—these things have had their share in repressing the growth of literature among us heretofore as they will not do hereafter.

We shall come more fully into view of the force of this consideration, if we think back in the history of England and Scot-

land, and inquire what the literature of that island was previously to the distressing era of the civil wars of the seventeenth century, and what contributions to it grew out of that era. The only books now known out of public libraries or antiquarian book-stores, which were in circulation when the royal standard of Charles I. was first raised at Nottingham Castle, in August, 1642, are Spencer's Fairy Queen and Shakspeare's Plays. Perhaps to this brief list we must add, in divinity, the works of the British Reformers, with Hooker and Chillingworth; and in law, the Institutes of Sir Edmund Coke; and in Scotland, George Buchanan and Drummond of Hawthornden; and they can hardly be said to be known out of public libraries or antiquarian book-stores. But from out of the era of the civil wars, and out of the events of the civil wars, have sprung a large share of the glory of Britain—a very large share of the romance which irradiates her history: Milton, Herbert, and Bunyan, among her poets (we mean to put Bunyan among the poets); Howe, Baxter, Bates, Flavel, and Alleine, Taylor, Barrow, South, and Cudworth in divinity; Locke and Newton in philosophy; and in law, the Petition of Right, and, springing therefrom, the soul of liberty and the essence of liberty, to animate its martyrs in every succeeding age. The whole face of literature had been changed. She had ceased to be a trifer in the haunts of human life with "rare Ben Jonson." She had ceased to be adorned with jewels of paste. She had cast off the fetters which bound her to the stage and the drama. She had become earnest, intense, deep-hearted. She wore for jewels genuine diamond of Golconda. She deeply feasted upon the Greek classics; and with them she strangely and richly blended the deep-toned godliness of that age. The Muses had had a resurrection to new life, which, differently from that which awaits man in the world to come, was not merely a resurrection of that which had been under a new form. But the Muses, in the sleep of their death, had received into their being the gorgeous ideas of the Grecian mythology. They had discovered, in their reawaking, that though they were to be baptized into Christ, yet that the classics were still their friends and not their enemies. Occasion in liter-

ature is golden-slippered. Beautiful upon mountain and upon plain are her feet. The thick "drop serene" had fallen upon the eyes of Milton, and the grand song of Paradise Lost sung itself through the ears of his soul, like the roar of the waves on the shores of eternity. Bedford jail had received John Bunyan into its dismal chambers, and the track of the Pilgrim had risen to his view in that gloomy repose. Chalgrave field, Naseby, Worcester, and Marston Moor, had received their consecration, not soon to fade away. Deeds had been done, words had been spoken, principles had been announced, which had far more vitality in themselves than all human weapons of war, or any of the power and pride of transient success, could give them.

The tranquility of our career, the barrenness of romance of our localities, have departed. We have had our trials and our sufferings. We have deathless names to care for and defend, of those who have wrought heroic deeds, investing localities with golden charms. We have made acquaintance ample with that adversity,

" Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

Occasion golden-slippered has come. Beautiful upon mountain and plain are her feet, if we can forget the dread time which brought her to our literature. Upon our soil and in our story are a bead-roll of battle-fields, to which Chalgrave, Naseby, Worcester, and Marston, were mere skirmishes. Upon our recent annals are names which yield nothing in real lustre to those of Hampden, of Russell, and of Sidney. Deeds have been done, words have been spoken, principles have been announced, which have far more vitality in them than all human weapons of war, or any of the power and pride of transient success can give them.

Never were any people placed in circumstances which called more loudly for diligence and fidelity in history, than those which at this time encompass the people of the South. We have every reason to believe that the people who, in former years, avowed their purpose to have an anti-slavery Bible and an anti-slavery God, whether they were the true Bible and the true God or not, will have a radical history of their attacks upon the

South before the war, a radical history of the war, and a radical history of the persecution since the war. Such histories will be written; they are being written in great numbers. The important question is, are they loyal?—not, are they true and impartial? And there are few sane men, North or South, out of the radical party, who can accept such histories as either impartial or true. It is held to be the bounden duty of such historians to represent their armies as always victorious (if it can be done and yet account for the four years' fighting) and ours always defeated; to represent all the fearful colors of cruelty to prisoners as shown at Andersonville, and none at Camp Chase or Fort Delaware; to represent Davis, Lee, Beauregard, Johnston, Jackson, Hampton, and Hill as fiends, and Lincoln, Seward, Brownlow, Butler, and Hunter as sages and saints. The practice of loyalty to the powers that be, will be esteemed as much a duty in history as in other walks of life. It will be deliberately chosen and preferred to truth in the sight of God, if truth is seen to be in favor of the *rebels!* And he is already subject to severe reproach, and a very poisonous name is ready to be applied to him, who feels called on to speak the truth, when the truth is in favor of the rebels. It is as much a part of the common law of the land that justice shall not be done to the South, nor to its cause, nor to its leaders, nor to its armies, nor to its principles, nor to its battles, as it was before the war that the Bible was to be forced to be an anti-slavery Bible, the Constitution an anti-slavery Constitution, and God an anti-slavery God. Under these circumstances, every man who has brain and nerve to wield a pen, and a heart in his bosom which loves truth for truth's sake, is called on more solemnly than has often been known in all the history of historic truth the world over, to see to it that materials for a correct judgment of our cause, our conflicts, and our heroes, shall go down to posterity.

And never were any States more enriched than ours have been with all the romance of true heroism. Never were any set of homes such a series of "altars of sacrifice" as ours have been. Never were any fields of conflict better baptized with the

best blood of the youth of the land than ours have been. No Spartan mothers were ever superior to ours in fidelity, nobleness, and self-sacrifice. And never, that we now recall, were a set of heroes clustered together in any single cause, in whose breasts, as far as man can judge, so much of pure Christianity breathed.

Dead and cold and ignoble, indeed, must be the heart of any generation to whose ears such voices as these shall speak in vain. But we shall not permit ourselves to think that such voices will utter themselves in vain in the ears of our men of letters. Already we have the earnest of the vintage. History, biography, and romance, press as eagerly forward to the notice of our impoverished people as if they were not impoverished. Once they were able pecuniarily to encourage their home authors, but unfaithfully sighed after English literature. Now English literature utters but a cold voice over the ruins of their cause—but a cold, unsympathising voice over the trampled good names of their Christian sages, patriots, and heroes; and they sigh for the means which they once possessed, but would not employ, to encourage Southern letters which may speak the voice of truth and eternal right.

Without friends in Europe who understand our cause, or who will risk any thing in its defence now it is fallen, any more than they would risk any thing for it before its fall; without friends in the North and West who have the power to shield us from legislative persecution—still we occupy a sublime position. We are witnesses for the good names of our fathers and mothers who have gone to glory to meet the spirits of their own slaves trained by them for that glory. We are martyr witnesses for the good names of our patriot brothers and sons who died for the maintenance of the old and sacred cause and Constitution and rights of our fathers. And we are witnesses against the humanitarianism and the semi-infidel ideas which have trampled boldly upon the plain dictates of the word of God, and have threatened both God and his word with constraint and force by the spirit of the age, if they would not speak in accordance with that spirit. And we are witnesses for a pure revelation, uttering God's mind,

unswayed by the passions of men, and heard high above the heads of the busy ones of this world, now as of old, as the voice of one crying in the wilderness. Happy shall we be if it be a forerunner of the presence and power of him in this world, with some new vestments of power, whose pure word it is, and upon whose pure word we have relied.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Smyth's Ecclesiastical Catechism, our Form of Government, and the Committee of Publication.

We embrace the earliest opportunity which has been allowed to this journal of recurring to a subject discussed by us in the October number. For some time we have had reason to believe that we then gave offence to some of our brethren. Very recently we have been informed distinctly and publicly that we were understood to charge our Committee of Publication "with nothing less than *official corruption*," (*sic*), and that "it was so regarded by every member of the Committee." The editors of this *Review* hold themselves responsible for whatever is uttered in these critical notices, and stand ready always to give full and just satisfaction in these pages to any whom they may offend. We should grieve over an injury done by us to the feelings of any member of the whole Church; but there are some of our brethren who occupy official stations, and may therefore claim our respectful as well as affectionate regards. We should be no Presbyterians if we did not recognise the right of all those who represent the Church by her own appointment to reverent honor, for her sake as well as their own. Accordingly, we take the earliest opportunity to assure the Secretary and Publication