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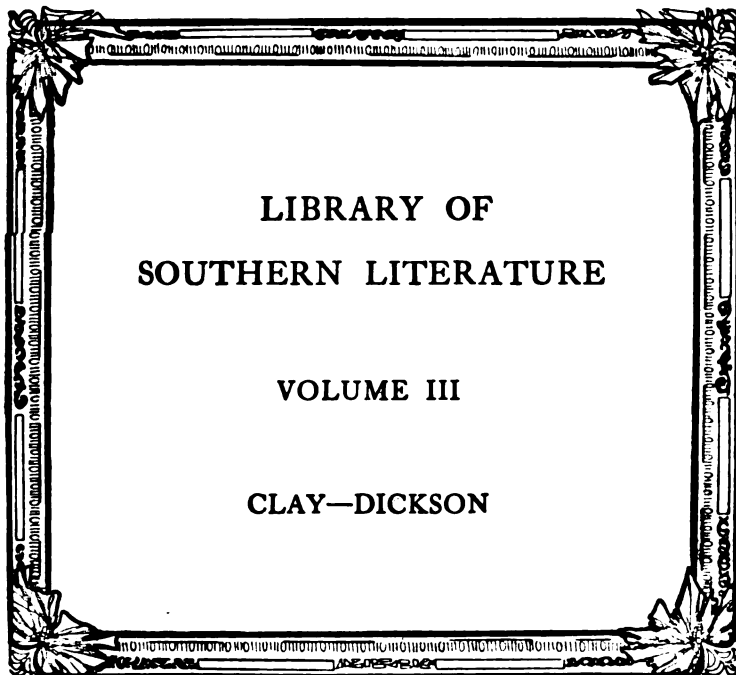
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VOLUME III

CLAY—DICKSON

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ROBERT LEWIS DABNEY

[1820—1898]

J. GRAY McALLISTER

FOUR names stand out like mountain peaks when one thinks of that part of the Presbyterian Church which lies within the territory of the South—the names of James Thornwell, of South Carolina, Robert L. Dabney and Moses D. Hoge, of Virginia, and Benjamin M. Palmer, of Louisiana. Of these four, Thornwell and Dabney were eminent as theologians, Hoge and Palmer as pulpiteers. All have been fortunate in their biographers. Dr. Palmer has written ably of Dr. Thornwell; Dr. Peyton H. Hoge has given us a fine portrait of his uncle, Dr. M. D. Hoge, and Dr. Thomas Cary Johnson has done work of conspicuous merit in presenting the lives of the other two men in this group of four. In his 'Life and Letters of Robert Lewis Dabney,' this virile student and teacher of history portrays an eventful life, one that begins in the golden age of ante-bellum Virginia, develops through the stress of war and the humiliation or reconstruction, and ends with the better days of a closing century. It is the portraiture of a massive man, the life-story of one who came to distinction in half a dozen lines of worthy work, and who, now that we may cast up the proportion of the man and his finished service, must without doubt take rank with the largest men the South has yet brought forth.

Robert Lewis Dabney, A.M., D.D., LL.D., was born at his father's mill-place on the South Anna River, Louisa County, Virginia, March 5, 1820. He came of staunch English stock, which did not need to mingle with its own the strain of the Meriwethers and the Randol!phs to gain ample heritage of blood. The father of Robert Lewis Dabney was Charles Dabney, Jr., a soldier of the War of 1812, colonel of militia in Louisa County and member of the Legislature of Virginia, a man of the highest standing and of unblemished Christian character. When Dr. Dabney was a mere lad his father moved to his farm on Cubb Creek, Louisa County, and there the boy received, in an old-field school, his preparation for entering Hampden-Sidney College in 1836. Here the acknowledged leader of his class, he studied through two summer sessions and a winter session until September, 1837. His favorite teacher in the faculty was the celebrated Dr. John William Draper, pioneer

in photography and voluminous writer on physical and political science; and among his college-mates and close friends were Thomas S. Boccock, the future Speaker of the Confederate Congress; Moses Drury Hoge, later the prince of Virginia preachers, and William T. Richardson, for many years editor of the *Central Presbyterian*, of Richmond. Young Dabney left Hampden-Sidney expecting to return after a year of teaching, but within the year, which was spent in work in a quarry, and in helping to build with his own hands the cabin in which for some months he taught school, he accepted the offer of his aunt, Mrs. Reuben Lewis, of Albemarle County, to attend the University of Virginia by riding in from her home, and in 1842 he became a Master of Arts of that institution. The two years following were spent in managing the farm, teaching school, reading and corresponding; the next two years at Union Theological Seminary, Hampden-Sidney, where he graduated in 1846, the most distinguished student in his class. His preparation for life secured, there can be given but an outline of his long and varied service: missionary in Louisa County for a year; pastor of Tinkling Spring Presbyterian Church, Augusta County, Virginia, 1847-1853; Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Polity in Union Theological Seminary, Hampden-Sidney, Virginia, 1853-1859; Professor of Theology in the same institution, 1859-1883; Adjutant-general and Chief of Staff to Stonewall Jackson, April to September, 1862, a post he resigned, on the urgent advice of Surgeon Walton, after a long and all but fatal spell of camp fever; Professor of Philosophy in the University of Texas, and founder there of Austin Theological Seminary, 1883-1894; lecturer and writer, 1894-1898. He died at Victoria, Texas, January 3, 1898, and was buried in the cemetery belonging to Union Theological Seminary at Hampden-Sidney, Virginia.

The literary work of Dr. Dabney has been by far the greatest, in bulk and value, produced by any writer of the Southern Presbyterian Church. This work began early and continued through the whole of his long life, his last service, on the morning of the day he died, being the dictation for a page of the *Union Seminary Magazine*, of a brief sketch of Dr. Francis S. Sampson, a friend and former colleague, a memoir of whom he had published in 1854, and whose 'Commentary of the Epistle to the Hebrews' he had edited in 1855-1856. He was from the first a great letter-writer, keenly observant, often humorous, always independent. His earlier letters reveal a rare maturity and his later letters an almost startling blazing through to principles. His famous letter to the Rev. S. I. Prime, D.D., on "The State of the Country" (1861), written when absent from home, and as a single effort, illustrates his mastery of thought

and breadth of information and deserves to rank with the noblest defences of Virginia in casting in her lot with the Southern Confederacy. The list of his published writings shows that he was a frequent, it need not be said a valued, contributor to the religious and secular press of his day, the *Richmond Enquirer*, the *Watchman and Observer*, the *Central Presbyterian*, the *Christian Observer*, the *Presbyterian Quarterly*, and the *Southern Presbyterian Review* being among the periodicals in which his contributions were seen most frequently. He was one of the founders and constant supporters of the *Presbyterian Critic*, which lived a brief but brilliant life from 1855 to 1857, and for a number of years he was co-editor of the *Southern Presbyterian Review*. His work in authorship proper began with the preparation of his 'Defence of Virginia and the South,' written while at home in 1862-3, a book which the Confederate Government determined to have printed and circulated abroad, but the publication of which was delayed until 1867. Dr. Dabney's 'Life of General (Stonewall) Jackson' next laid tribute on his powers and industry, a work of 750 pages, that was undertaken at Mrs. Jackson's request soon after the death of General Jackson on the tenth of May, 1863. The book was finished just before the war closed and was published first in London and then, in 1866, in New York. From the nature of the case it could not be as complete as biographies written years later, when access could be had to detailed reports from combatants on both sides; but its ability is unquestioned, its style is forceful and easy, and both traits and events are presented in such a way as to hold the attention of the reader and leave with him a clear picture of this genius in war, and the stirring life in which he bore his part. Colonel Henderson, in the preface to his own great life of Jackson, speaks of Dabney's work as "powerful," the events as "vigorously described," and the writer as a man of "conspicuous ability." A book on 'Sacred Rhetoric' appeared as the product of his pen in 1870, a work of sustained vigor, and, with few exceptions, of noble style; and in 1871 appeared the first edition of his 'Theology,' the second edition, a work of 900 pages, appearing in 1878. This book, dealing at points with subjects, the profoundest that can engage our thinking, is marked throughout by tireless research, titanic wrestling, and rugged style. In this great work, as in others, the style is but the servant of the thought, and even in passages of beauty the writer does not hesitate to use the less elegant word "crowd" for "group" when the truth would thereby be driven further home. In 1875 Dr. Dabney made the world of thought his debtor by the publication of another great work, 'The Sensualistic Philosophy of the Nineteenth Century Considered,' to be issued in a second, and an

enlarged edition in 1887, and to win justly the rank of "one of the greatest philosophic philippics ever penned." The year 1896 saw the issue of another book from his pen, his 'Practical Philosophy.' The very arrangement shows the sweep and the logic of the work, which is in four books, the first of which takes up "The Psychology of the Feelings"; the second, "The Will"; the third, "Ethical Theories," and the fourth, "Applied Ethics." This Dr. Dabney himself regarded as the best work of his life. It is the product of a master. In the following year, 1897, his friend of many years, the talented Dr. Clement Read Vaughan, himself an author, brought out the fourth volume, thus completing the set of Dabney's 'Discussions,' a book made up of the stream of articles that for many years had been pouring from his pen. All of these articles are able, and many are worthy of especial mention; such, for example, as "The Believer Born of Almighty Grace"; "The Christian Soldier"; "The Christian's Best Motives for Patriotism"; "The Duty of the Hour" (1868); "Ecclesiastical Equality of Negroes" (1869); "The New South" (1882); "The Philosophy Regulating Private Corporations"; "The Sabbath of the State"; "Monism"; "Stonewall Jackson." Dr. Dabney's last book, 'Christ our Penal Substitute,' was published soon after his death. Less pretentious than any of his works, it yet betrays no abatement of the vigor that always marked the man.

Dr. Dabney's fame in literature will rest, and justly so, on his work in prose, yet in leisure hours he turned aside to poetry and produced verses, some of which are not unworthy of preservation, as witness the opening lines of his poem, "The San Marcos River":

Mysterious river! Whence thy hidden source?
 The rain-drops from far distant field and fell,
 Urging through countless paths their darkling course,
 Combine their tiny gifts thy flood to swell.
 What secrets hath thy subterranean stream
 Beheld; as it hath bathed the deepest feet
 Of everlasting hills, which never beam
 Of sun or star or lightning's flash did greet?
 Over what cliffs rushed thou in headlong fall
 Into some gulf of Erebus so deep
 Thy very foam was black as midnight's pall;
 And massive roof of rock and mountain steep
 Suppressed thy thunders, so that the quick ears
 Of fauns recumbent on its lofty side
 Heard not; and grass-blades laden with the tears
 Of night dews, felt no quiver from thy tide?

Through days and weeks uncounted by the sun,
Thy waters in abysmal caves have lain
In slow lustration, ere they sought to run
Forth to the day, purged from earth's least stain.
Pallas-Athene of the rivers, thou!
Who leapest adult in thy glittering might
From yonder hoary mountain, Zeus's brow,
Whose cloven crags parted to give thee light.
Thou teachest us, wise virgin; as through caves,
Sad and tear-dropping, steal thy sobbing waves,
Then flash to day; so Virtue's weeping night
Shall surely break into the dawn's delight.

At the bier of this man, whose work is destined to abide, Dr. M. D. Hoge, his friend since early manhood, spoke eloquently of "Regnant Men"—men of the type of him whose loss they mourned—and in strictest truth declared that "Such men are the acknowledged leaders of the State; they are the lights and landmarks of the Church; they are the grand pillars in the temple which God is rearing in the world to the glory of His grace."

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "J. G. Wallister." The signature is written in a cursive style with a large, looping initial "J" and a period at the end.

OPEN LETTER TO DR. S. IRENÆUS PRIME

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DR. DABNEY, in common with large numbers of his fellow-citizens of the South, was a Union Democrat, and with them maintained a strenuous and long continued opposition to the war between the states. The coercive measures of President Lincoln changed all this, and "in this paper the writer changes his tone from one of solemn and affectionate entreaty to one of stern defiance. It was a vindication of Virginia's right to go to war against the Federal Government at Washington. Constitutional Union men accepted it as their defence for turning into war men . . . It was thrown off in a single impromptu effort, but it was nevertheless the outcome of indefinite pondering. As defining his position, and that of such men as Lee and Jackson and Jefferson Davis and Alexander Stephens, *et id omne genus*, constitutional men," says his biographer, "it deserves reproduction."

APRIL 20, 1861.

REVEREND AND DEAR BROTHER:

I took occasion, as you will remember, in lifting up my feeble voice to my fellow-Christians on behalf of what was once our country, to point out the infamy which would attach to the Christianity of America if, after all its boasts of numbers, power, influence, and spirituality, it were found impotent to save the land from fratricidal war. You have informed your readers more than once that you feared it was now too late to reason. Then, I wish, through you, to lay this final testimony before the Christians of the North, on behalf of myself and my brethren in Virginia, that the guilt lies not at our door. This mountainous aggregate of enormous crime, of a ruined Constitution, of cities sacked, of reeking battlefields, of scattered churches, of widowed wives and orphaned children, of souls plunged into hell; we roll it from us, taking the Judge to witness, before whom you and we will stand, that the blood is not upon our heads. When the danger first rose threatening in the horizon, our cry was "Christians to the rescue." And nobly did the Christians of Virginia rally to the call. Did you not see their influence in the patriotic efforts of this old Commonwealth to stand in the breach between the angry elements? Yes, it was the Christians of Virginia,

combined with her other citizens, who caused her to endure wrongs, until endurance ceased to be a virtue; to hold out the olive branch, even after it had been spurned again and again; to study modes of compromise and conciliation until the very verge of dishonor was touched; to refuse to despair of the republic, after almost all else had surrendered all hope, and to decline all acts of self-defence, even, which might precipitate collision, until the cloud had risen over her very head, and its lightnings were about to burst. So long-suffering, so reluctant to behold the ruin of that Union to which she contributed so much, has Virginia been, that many of her sons were disgusted by her delays, and driven to fury and despair by the lowering storm and the taunts of her enemies. And those enemies (woe to them for their folly) mistook this generous long-suffering, this magnanimous struggle for peace, as evidence of cowardice! They said the "Old Mother of States and Statesmen" was decrepit; that her genius was turned to dotage; that her breasts were dry of that milk which suckled her Henrys and her Washingtons. They thought her little more than a cowering beldame, whom a timely threat would reduce to utter submissiveness. And thus they dared to stretch over her head the minatory rod of correction! But no sooner was the perilous experiment applied than a result was revealed, as unexpected and startling as that caused by the touch of Ithuriel's spear. This patient, peacefully hesitating paralytic flamed up at the insolent touch like a pyramid of fire, and Virginia stands forth in her immortal youth, the "unterrified Commonwealth" of other days, a Minerva radiant with the terrible glories of policy and war, wielding that sword which has ever flashed before the eyes of aggressors, the *Sic semper tyrannis*. Yes, the point of farthest endurance has been passed at length. All her demands for constitutional redress have been refused; her magnanimous, her too generous concessions of right, have been met by the insolent demand for unconditional surrender of honor and dignity; her forbearance has been abused to collect armaments and equip fortresses on her border and on her own soil for her intimidation; the infamous alternative has been forced upon her either to brave the oppressor's rod or to aid him in the destruction of her sisters and her children,

because they are contending nobly, if too rashly, for rights common to them and to her; and, to crown all, the Constitution of the United States has been rent in fragments by the effort to muster new forces, and wage war without authority of law, and to coerce sovereign states into adhesion, in the utter absence of all powers or intentions of the Federal compact to that effect. Hence, there is now but one mind and one heart in Virginia; and from the Ohio to the Atlantic, from the sturdy mountaineers and her chivalrous lowlanders alike, there is flung back in high disdain the gauntlet of deathless resistance. In one week the whole State has been converted into a camp.

Now once more, before the Titanic strife begins, we ask the conservative freemen of the North, For what good end is this strife? We do not reason with malignant fanatics, with the mob whose coarse and brutal nature is frenzied with sectional hatred. But we ask, Where is the great conservative part, which polled as many votes against Abraham Lincoln as the whole South? Where are the good men who, a few weeks ago even, held out the olive branch to us, and assured us that if we would hold our hands, the aggressive party should be brought to reason? Where is that Albany Convention, which pledged itself against war? If it is too late to reason, even with you, we will at least lay down our last testimony against you before our countrymen, the church, and the righteous heavens.

Consider, then, that this appeal to arms, in such a cause, is as dangerous to your rights as to ours. Let it be carried out, and whatever may have befallen us, it will leave you with a consolidated federal government, with State sovereignty extinguished, with the Constitution in ruins, and with your rights and safety a prey to a frightful combination of radicalism and military despotism; for what thoughtful man does not perceive that the premises of the anti-slavery fanatic are just those of the agrarian? The cause of peace was then as much your cause as ours; and if war is thrust upon us, you should be found on our side, contending for the supremacy of law and constitutional safeguards, with a courage worthy of the heroes of Saratoga and Trenton.

How horrible is this war to be, of a whole North against

a whole South! Not to dwell on all its incidents of shame and misery, let us ask, Who are to fight it out to its bitter issue? Not the tongue-valiant brawlers, who have inflamed the feud by their prating lies about the "barbarism of slavery;" these pitiful miscreants are already hiding their cowardly persons from the storm, and its brunt must be borne by the honest, the misguided, the patriotic men of the North, who, in a moment of madness, have been thrust into this false position.

How iniquitous is its real object—the conquest and subjugation of free and equal states! We have vainly boasted of the right of freemen to choose their own form of government. This right the North now declares the South shall not enjoy. The very tyrants of the Old World are surrendering the unrighteous claim to thrust institutions on an unwilling people. Even grasping England, which once endeavored to ruin the Colonies she could not retain, stands ready to concede to her *dependencies* a separate existence, when they determine it is best for their welfare; but the North undertakes to compel its *equals* to abide under a government which they judge ruinous to their rights! Thus this free, Christian, Republican North urges on the war, while even despotic Europe cries, Shame on the fratricidal strife, and turns with sickening disgust and loathing from the bloody spectacle!

Let it not be replied that it is South Carolina which has first gone to war with you, and that Virginia has made herself *particeps criminis*, by refusing to permit her righteous chastisement. This is what clamoring demagogues say; but before an enlightened posterity, as before impartial spectators, it is false; and here let us distinctly understand the ground the conservative North means to occupy, as to the independence of the states in their reserved rights. If you do indeed construe the federal compact so that a ruthless majority may perpetrate unconstitutional wrong, may trample on the sacred authority of the Supreme Court, and may pervert all the powers of the Federal Government, instituted for the equal good of all, to the depression of a class of rights as much recognized by the Constitution as any other, and the minority have no remedy except submission; if you mean that sovereign states, the creators by their free act of these federal author-

ities, are to be the helpless slaves, in the last resort, of their own servant; if you mean that one party is to keep or break the compact as his arrogance, caprice or interest may dictate, and the other is to be held bound by it at the point of the sword; if you mean that a sovereign state is not to be the judge of its own wrong and its own redress, when all constitutional appeals have failed, then we say that it is high time that we understood each other. Then was this much-lauded federal compact a monstrous fraud, a horrid trap, and we do well to free ourselves and our children from it at the expense of all the horrors of another revolutionary war. The conservative party in the North declared, with us, that the platform of the Black Republican party was unconstitutional. On this their opposition to it was based. They proclaimed it in their speeches, they wrote it on their banners, they fired it from their cannon, they voted it at the polls, that the Chicago platform was unconstitutional; and now that this platform has been fixed on the ruins of the Constitution, and its elected exponent has declared, from the steps of the Capitol, that the last barrier, the Supreme Court, is to be prostrated to the will of the majority; now that the Conservative party of the North has demonstrated itself (as it does this day, by its succumbing to this fiendish war-frenzy) impotent to protect us, themselves, or the Constitution (the Constitution overthrown according to their own avowals), are we to be held offenders because we attempted peacefully to exercise the last remaining remedy, and to pluck our liberties and the principles of this Constitution from the vandal hands which were rending them all, by a quiet secession? Nay, verily! Of all the men in the world, the conservative men of the North cannot condemn that act, for they have *declared* the Constitution broken, and they have *proved themselves* incompetent to restore it; and least of all should Virginia be condemned for this act, because she magnanimously forbore it till forbearance was almost her ruin, and until repeated aggressions had left no alternative. Yet, more, Virginia cannot be condemned, because, in the ordinance of 1788, in which she first accepted this Constitution, she *expressly reserved* to herself the right to sever its bonds, whenever she judged they were used injuriously to her covenanted rights.

It was on this condition she was received into the family of states, and her reception on this condition was a concession of it by her partners. From that condition she has never for once receded. (Witness the spirit of the Resolutions of 1798-1799.) And now, shall she be called a covenant-breaker because she judges that the time has come to exercise her right expressly reserved? Nay, verily.

If, then, we have the right of peacefully severing our connection with the former confederation, and the attempt has been made by force to obstruct that right, *they who attempted the obstruction are the first aggressors*. The first act of war was committed by the Government of Washington against South Carolina, when fortresses intended lawfully, only for her protection, were armed for her subjugation. That act of war was repeated when armed preparations were twice made to reinforce these means of her oppression. It was repeated when she was formally notified that these means of her oppression would be strengthened, "peaceably if they could be, forcibly if they must." And then, at last, after a magnanimous forbearance, little expected of her ardent nature, she proceeded to what was an act of *strict self-defence*—the reduction of Fort Sumter.

But it is replied: the seceding states have committed the intolerable wrongs of seizing Federal ships, posts, property, and money, by violence! And whose fault was this? Had the right of self-protection outside the Federal Constitution been peacefully allowed us, after our rights had been trampled in the mire within it, not one dollar's worth would have been seized. All would yet be accounted for, to the last shoe-latchet, if the North would hold its hand. The South has not seceded because it wished to commit a robbery. As for the forts within their borders, the only legitimate right the United States could have for them was to protect those states. When we relinquish all claims on that protection, what desire can the Federal Government have to retain them save as instruments of oppression? But you say they were forcibly seized! And why, except that the South was well assured (have not events proved the fear well grounded) that a purpose existed to employ them for her ruin? My neighbor and equal presumes to obstruct me in the prosecution of my rights,

and brandishes a dirk before my face; when I wrench it from his hand to save my own life, shall he then accuse me of unlawfully stealing his dirk? Yet such is the insulting nonsense which has been everywhere vented to make the South an offender for acts of self-defence, which the malignant intentions disclosed by the Government of Washington have justified more and more every day.

But it is exclaimed, "The South has fired upon the flag of the Union!" Did this flag of the Union wave in the *cause of right* when it was unfurled as the signal of oppression? Spain fired upon the flag of France when Napoleon laid his iniquitous grasp upon her soil and crown. Did this justify the righteous and God-fearing Frenchman in seeking to destroy Spain? Let the aggressor amend his wrong before he demands a penalty of the innocent party who has only exercised the right of self-defence.

It is urged again: If the Union is not maintained, the interests of the North in the navigation of the Gulf and the Mississippi, in the comities of international intercourse, in the moneys expended in the Southern States for fortifications, may be jeopardized. I reply, it will be time enough to begin to fight when those interests are infringed. May I murder my neighbor because I suspect that he may defraud me in the division of a common property, which is about to be made, and because I find him now more in my power? Shall not God avenge for such iniquity as this?

But it is said, in fine, "If the right of secession is allowed, then our government is only a rope of sand." I reply, demonstratively, that the government of which Virginia has been a member has always had this condition in it as to her—for her right to go out of it whenever she judged herself injured by it was expressly reserved and conceded from the first. Her reception on those terms was a concession of it. If you say that the people of the North are not aware of this, then the only reply we deign to give is, that it is no one's fault but yours that you have allowed yourself to be misled by rulers ignorant of the fundamental points in the history of the government. Now, my argument (and it is invincible) is this: That the connection of Virginia with the Federal Government, although containing always the right of seces-

sion for an infringement of the compact, has been anything else, for eighty years, than a rope of sand. It has bound her in a firm loyalty to that Government. It has been a bond which nothing but the most ruthless and murderous despotism could relax; a bond which retained its strength, even when it was binding the State to her incipient dishonor and destruction. Surely it is a strange and disgraceful fact that men who call themselves *freemen and Christians* should assume the position that no force is a real force except that which is cemented by an inexorable physical power! Do they mean that with them honor, covenants, oaths, enlightened self-interest, affections, are only a rope of sand? Shame on the utterance of such an argument. Do they confess themselves so ignorant that they do not know that the physical power of even the most iron despotisms reposes on moral forces? Even a Presbyterian divine has been found to declare that if our federal compact has in it any admission of a right of secession, it is but a *simulacrum* of a government. Whereas, all history teaches us that if the basis of moral forces be withdrawn from beneath, the most rigid despotism becomes but a *simulacrum*, and dissolves at the touch of resistance. How much more, then, must all republican government be founded on moral forces, on the consent, the common interests, and the affections of the governed. While these remain, the government is strong and efficient for good; when they are gone, it is impotent for good, and exists only for evil. As long as the purposes and compacts of the federal institutions were tolerably observed by the North, that government knit us together with moral bands indeed; yet they were stronger than hooks of steel. The North has severed them by aggression, and they cannot be cemented by blood.

Why, then, shall war be urged on? No man is blind enough to believe that it can reconstruct the Federal Union on equitable terms. It is waged for revenge, for the gratification of sectional hate, to solace mortified pride, to satiate the lust of conquest. From these fiendish passions let every good man withdraw his countenance. It is a war which the Constitution confers no power to wage, even were the secession of the South for no sufficient cause. The debates of the fathers who framed it show that this power was expressly

withheld—even the Federalist, Hamilton, concurring strenuously. This war has no justification in righteousness, in any reasonable hope of good results, in constitutional law. It is the pure impulse of bad passions. Will the good men of the North concur in it?

I desire through you, my dear brother, to lay down this last protest on that altar where the peace of the land is so soon to be sacrificed. I claim to be heard. If the reign of terror exercised by the mobs of your cities has indeed made it dangerous for you to lay before your fellow-Christians the deprecatory cry of one who, like me, has labored only for peace, then tell those mobs that not you, but I, am responsible for whatever in these lines is obnoxious to their malignant minds, and bid them seek their revenge of me (not of you) at that frontier where we shall meet them, the northermost verge of the sacred soil of Virginia. And if you find that the voice of justice and reason is no longer permitted to be heard in the North, that the friends of the Constitution cannot lift their hands there with safety in its defence, then we invite you, and all true men, to come to this sunny land, and help us here to construct and defend another temple, where constitutional liberty may abide secure and untarnished. For you we have open arms and warm hearts; for our enemies, resistance to the death.

Yours in the bonds of the gospel,

R. L. DABNEY.

THE MORTAL WOUNDING OF GENERAL JACKSON

From 'Life of Lieutenant-general Jackson.'

HE (General Jackson) had now advanced a hundred yards beyond his line of battle, evidently supposing that, in accordance with his constant orders, a line of skirmishers had been sent to the front, immediately upon the recent cessation of the advance. He probably intended to proceed to the place where he supposed this line crossed the turnpike, to ascertain from them what they could learn concerning the enemy. He was attended only by a half dozen mounted orderlies, his signal officer, Captain Wilbourne, with one of

his men, and his aide, Lieutenant Morrison, who had just returned to him. General A. P. Hill, with his staff, also proceeded immediately after him, to the front of the line, accompanied by Captain Boswell of the Engineers, whom General Jackson had just detached to assist him. After the General and his escort had proceeded down the road a hundred yards, they were surprised by a volley of musketry from the right, which spread toward their front, until the bullets began to whistle among them, and struck several horses. This was, in fact, the advance of the Federal line assailing the barricade, which they were attempting to regain. General Jackson was now aware of their proximity, and perceived that there was no picket or skirmisher between him and his enemies. He therefore, turned to ride hurriedly back to his own troops; and, to avoid the fire, which was, thus far, limited to the south side of the road, he turned into the woods upon the north side. It so happened that General Hill, with his escort, had been directed by the same motive almost to the same spot. As the party approached within twenty paces of the Confederate troops, these, evidently mistaking them for cavalry, stooped and delivered a heavy fire. So sudden and stunning was this volley, and so near at hand, that every horse which was not shot down recoiled from it in panic and tried to rush back, bearing his rider toward the approaching enemy. Several fell dead upon the spot, among them the amiable and courageous Boswell; and more were wounded. Among the latter was General Jackson. His right hand was penetrated by a ball, his left forearm lacerated by another, and the same limb broken a little below the shoulder by a third, which not only crushed the bone but severed the main artery. His horse also dashed, panic-stricken, toward the enemy, carrying him beneath the boughs of a tree which inflicted severe blows, lacerated his face, and almost dragged him from the saddle. His bridle hand was now powerless, but seizing the reins with the right hand, notwithstanding its wound, he arrested his career and brought the animal back toward his own lines. He was followed by his faithful attendant, Captain Wilbourne, and his assistant, Wynn, who overtook him as he paused again in the turnpike, near the spot where he had received the fatal shots. The firing of the Confederates had

now been arrested by the officers; but the wounded and frantic horses were rushing without riders through the woods, and the ground was strewn with the dead and dying. Here General Jackson drew up his horse and sat for an instant gazing at his own men, as if in astonishment at their mistake, and in doubt whether he should again venture to approach them. To the anxious inquiries of Captain Wilbourne, he replied that he believed his arm was broken; and requested him to assist him from his horse, and examine whether the wounds were bleeding dangerously. But before he could dismount he sunk fainting into their arms, so completely prostrate that they were compelled to disengage his feet from the stirrups. They now bore him aside a few yards into the woods north of the turnpike, to shield him from the expected advance of the Federalists; and while Wynn was sent for an ambulance and surgeon, Wilbourne proceeded, supporting his head upon his bosom, to strip his mangled arm, and to bind up his wound. The warm blood was flowing in a stream down his wrist; his clothing impeded all access to its source, and nothing was at hand more efficient than a pen-knife to remove the obstructions. But at this terrible moment he saw General Hill, with the remnant of his staff, approaching; and called to him for assistance. He, with his volunteer aide, Major Leigh, dismounted, and taking the body of the General into his arms, succeeded in reaching the wound, and stanching the blood with a handkerchief. The swelling of the lacerated flesh had already performed this office in part. His two aides, Lieutenants Smith and Morrison, arrived at this moment, the former having been left at the rear to execute some orders, and the latter having just saved himself, at the expense of a stunning fall, by leaping from his horse, as he was carrying him, in uncontrollable fright, into the enemy's ranks. Morrison, the General's brother by marriage, was agitated by grief; but Smith was full at once of tenderness, and of that clear self-possession, which is so valuable in the hour of danger. With the skilful direction of General Hill, they now effectually arrested the hemorrhage, and adjusted a sling to support the mangled arm.

It was at this moment that two Federal skirmishers ap-

proached within a few feet of the spot where he lay, with their muskets cocked. They little knew what a prize was in their grasp; and when, at the command of General Hill, two orderlies arose from the kneeling group, and demanded their surrender, they seemed amazed at their nearness to their enemies, and yielded their arms without resistance. Lieutenant Morrison, suspecting from their approach that the Federalists must be near at hand, stepped out into the road to examine; and by the light of the moon saw a field-piece pointed toward him, apparently not more than a hundred yards distant. Indeed it was so near that the orders given by the officers to the cannoneers could be distinctly heard. Returning hurriedly, he announced that the enemy were planting artillery in the road, and that the General must be immediately removed. General Hill now remounted and hurried back to make dispositions to meet this attack. In the combat which ensued he was himself wounded a few moments after, and compelled to leave the field. No ambulance or litter was yet at hand, although Captain Wilbourne had also been sent to seek them; and the necessity of an immediate removal suggested that they should bear the General away in their arms. To this he replied, that if they would assist him to rise, he could walk to the rear; and he was accordingly raised to his feet, and leaning upon the shoulders of Major Leigh and Lieutenant Smith, went slowly out into the highway, and toward his troops. The party was now met by a litter, which some one had sent from the rear; and the General was placed upon it, and borne along by two soldiers, and Lieutenants Smith and Morrison. As they were placing him upon it, the enemy fired a volley of canister-shot up the road, which passed over their heads. But they had proceeded only a few steps before the discharge was repeated, with a more accurate aim. One of the soldiers bearing the litter was struck down, severely wounded; and had not Major Leigh, who was walking beside it, broken his fall, the General would have been precipitated to the ground. He was placed again upon the earth; and the causeway was now swept by a hurricane of projectiles of every species, before which it seemed that no living thing could survive. The bearers of the litter, and all the attendants, excepting

Major Leigh and the General's two aides, left him, and fled into the woods on either hand, to escape the fatal tempest, while the sufferer lay along the road, with his feet toward the foe, exposed to all its fury. It was now that his three faithful attendants displayed a heroic fidelity, which deserves to go down with the immortal name of Jackson to future ages. Disdaining to save their lives by deserting their chief, they lay down beside him in the causeway, and sought to protect him as far as possible with their bodies. On one side was Major Leigh, and on the other Lieutenant Smith. Again and again was the earth around them torn with volleys of canister, while shells and minie balls flew hissing over them, and the stroke of the iron hail raised sparkling flashes from the flinty gravel of the roadway. General Jackson struggled violently to rise, as though to endeavor to leave the road; but Smith threw his arm over him, and with friendly force held him to the earth, saying: "Sir, you must lie still; it will cost you your life if you rise." He speedily acquiesced and lay quiet; but none of the four hoped to escape alive. Yet, almost by miracle, they were unharmed; and, after a few moments, the Federalists, having cleared the road of all except this little party, ceased to fire along it, and directed their aim to another quarter.

They now arose, and resumed their retreat, the General leaning upon his friends, and proceeding along the gutter at the margin of the highway; in order to avoid the troops who were again hurrying to the front. Perceiving that he was recognized by some of them, they diverged still farther into the edge of the thicket. It was here that General Pender of North Carolina, who had succeeded to the command of Hill's division upon the wounding of that officer, recognized General Jackson, and, after expressing his hearty sympathy for his sufferings, added, "My men are thrown into such confusion by this fire, that I fear I shall not be able to hold my ground." Almost fainting with anguish and loss of blood, he still replied, in a voice feeble but full of his old determination and authority, "General Pender, you *must* keep your men together, and hold your ground." This was the last military order ever given by Jackson! How fit was the termination for such a career as his, and how expressive of the resolute

purpose of his soul! His bleeding country could do nothing better than to adopt this as her *motto* in her hour of trial, inscribe it on all her banners, and make it the rallying cry of all her armies.

General Jackson now complained of faintness, and was again placed upon the litter; and, after some difficulty, men were obtained to bear him. To avoid the enemy's fire, which was again sweeping the road, they made their way through the tangled brushwood, almost tearing his clothing from him, and lacerating his face, in their hurried progress. The foot of one of the men bearing his head was here entangled in a vine, and he fell prostrate. The General was thus thrown heavily to the ground upon his wounded side, inflicting painful bruises on his body, and intolerable agony on his mangled arm, and renewing the flow of blood from it. As they lifted him up, he uttered one piteous groan—the only complaint which escaped his lips during the whole scene. Lieutenant Smith raised his head upon his bosom, almost fearing to see him expiring in his arms, and asked, "General, are you much hurt?" He replied, "No, Mr. Smith; don't trouble yourself about me." He was then replaced a second time upon the litter, and under a continuous shower of shells and cannon-balls, borne a half mile farther to the rear, when an ambulance was found, containing his chief of artillery, Colonel Crutchfield, who was also wounded. In this he was placed, and hurried towards the field hospital near Wilderness Run. As the vehicle passed the house of Melzi Chancellor, Dr. McGuire met the party. Colonel Pendleton, the faithful adjutant of General Jackson, upon ascertaining the misfortune of his chief, had taken upon himself the task of seeking him, and bringing him to the General's aid. Indeed, one of the first requests made by the latter was to ask for this well-tried friend; and he was, therefore, summoned from the rear, where he was busily engaged organizing the relief for the numerous wounded from the battle. Upon meeting the sad cavalcade, Dr. McGuire obtained a candle, and sprung into the ambulance to examine the wound. He found the General almost pulseless, but the hemorrhage had again ceased. Some alcoholic stimulant had been anxiously sought for him, but hitherto only a few drops could be obtained. Now,

through the activity of the Rev. Mr. Vass, a chaplain in the Stonewall Brigade, a sufficient quantity of spirits was found, and the patient freely stimulated. They then resumed their way to the field hospital near Wilderness Run, Dr. McGuire supporting the General as he sat beside him in the carriage. To his anxious inquiries he replied that he was now somewhat revived, but that several times he felt as though he were about to die. This he said in a tone of perfect calmness. It was, doubtless, the literal truth, and during the removal he was indeed vibrating upon the very turn between life and death. The artery of his left arm was severed; and, in consequence of the inexperience and distress of his affectionate assistants, and yet more of the horrible confusion of the battle, he had nearly bled to death before his wound was stanchd. Arriving at the hospital, he was tenderly removed to a tent which had been erected for him; where he was laid in a camp bed, and covered with blankets, in an atmosphere carefully warmed. Here he speedily sank into a deep sleep, which showed the thorough prostration of his energies.

The melancholy scene which has now been simply and exactly described, occupied but a few minutes; for the events followed each other with stunning rapidity. The report of the discovery of the deserted barricade by Colonel Cobb, the order to General Rhodes to occupy it, the attempt to restore the order to his line of battle, the advance of the General and his escort down the road, his collision with the advancing enemy, his hurried retreat, and the fatal fire of his own men, all followed each other almost as rapidly as they are here recited. While he lay upon the ground, assisted at first only by Captain Wilbourne and his man, and afterwards by General A. P. Hill and the officers of the two escorts, the battle was again joined between Hooker and the Confederates; and it was just as the difficult removal of the General was made, that it raged through its short but furious course. General Hill had scarcely flown to assume the command of his line, in order to resist the onset, and protect General Jackson from capture, when he was himself struck down with a violent contusion, and compelled to leave the field, surrendering the direction of affairs to Brigadier-generals Rhodes and Pender. Colonel Crutchfield, chief-of-artil-

lery, and his assistant, Major Rogers, attempting to make an effective reply to the cannonade which swept the great road, were both severely wounded. In the darkness and confusion, the Federalists regained their barricade, and pushed back the right of the Confederates a short distance; but here their successes ended; and the brigades of Hill stubbornly held their ground in the thickets near the turnpike. The fire now gradually died away into a fitful skirmish, which was continued at intervals all night, without result on either side.

While General Jackson lay bleeding upon the ground, he displayed several traits very characteristic of his nature. Amidst all his sufferings, he was absolutely uncomplaining; save when his agonizing fall wrung a groan from his breast. It was only in answer to the question of his friends, that he said, "I believe my arm is broken," and, "It gives me severe pain;" but this was uttered in a tone perfectly calm and self-possessed. When he was asked whether he was hurt elsewhere, he replied; "Yes, in the right hand." (He seemed to be unconscious that the other forearm was shattered by a third ball: nor did the surgeons themselves advert to it, until they examined it in preparing for the amputation.) When he was asked whether his right hand should not also be bound up, he replied: "No, never mind; it is a trifle." Yet two of the bones were broken, and the palm was almost perforated by the bullet! To the many exclamations touching the source of his misfortune, he answered decisively, but without a shade of passion: "All my wounds were undoubtedly from my own men;" and added that they were exactly simultaneous. When he was informed, in answer to his first demand for the assistance of Dr. McGuire, that that officer must be now engaged in his onerous duties far to the rear, and could not be immediately brought to him, he said to Captain Wilbourne, "Then I wish you to get me a skilful surgeon." On the arrival of General Hill, the anxious inquiry was made of him, where a surgeon could be most quickly found. He stated that Dr. Barr, an assistant surgeon in one of the regiments of Pender, which had just come to the front, was near at hand; and this gentleman being called, promptly answered. General Jackson now repeated in a whisper, to General Hill, the question: "Is he a skilful

surgeon?" He answered in substance, that he stood high in his brigade; and that at most, he did not propose to have him do anything until Dr. McGuire arrived, save the necessary precautionary acts. To this General Jackson replied: "Very good;" and Dr. Barr speedily procured a tourniquet to apply above the wound; but finding the blood no longer flowing, postponed its application. When General Jackson's field-glass and haversack were removed, they were preserved by Captain Wilbourne. The latter was found to contain no refreshments: its only contents were a few official papers, and two gospel-tracts. No sooner had friends began to gather around him, than numerous suggestions were made concerning the importance of concealing his fall from his troops. While he was lying upon General Hill's breast, that officer commanded that no one should tell the men he was wounded. General Jackson opened his eyes, and looking fixedly upon his aides, Smith and Morrison, said, "Tell them simply that you have a wounded Confederate officer." He recognized, on the one hand, the importance of concealment; but on the other hand, he was anxious that the truth should not be violated in any degree, upon his account. With these exceptions, he lay silent and passive in the arms of his friends; his soul doubtless occupied with silent prayer. As he was led past the column of Pender, the unusual attention paid him excited the lively curiosity of the men. Many asked: "Whom have you there?" and some made vigorous exertions to gain a view of his face. Notwithstanding the efforts of Captain Wilbourne to shield him from their view, one or two recognized him; and exclaimed, their faces blanched with horror and grief: "Great God! it is General Jackson." Thus the news of the catastrophe rapidly spread along the lines; but the men believed that his wounds were slight: and their sorrow only made them more determined.

About midnight, Dr. McGuire summoned as assistants, Drs. Coleman, Black, and Walls, and watched the pulse of the General for such evidences of the reaction of his exhausted powers, as would permit a more thorough dealing with his wound. Perceiving that the animal heat had returned, and the pulsations had resumed their volume, they aroused him; and on examining the whole extent of his in-

juries, were convinced beyond all doubt, that his left arm should be immediately removed. Dr. McGuire now explained to him that it seemed necessary to amputate his arm; and inquired whether he was willing that it should be done immediately. He replied, without tremor: "Dr. McGuire, do for me what you think best; I am resigned to whatever is necessary." Preparations were then made for the work. Chloroform was administered by Dr. Coleman; Dr. McGuire with a steady and deliberate hand, severed the mangled limb from the shoulder; Dr. Walls secured the arteries, and Dr. Black watched the pulse; while Lieutenant Smith stood by, holding the lights. The General seemed insensible to pain, although he spoke once or twice, as though conscious, saying with a placid and dreamy voice: "Dr. McGuire, I am lying very comfortably." The ball was also extracted from his right hand, and the wound was dressed. The surgeons then directed Smith to watch beside him the remainder of the night; and after an interval of half an hour, to arouse him, in order that he might drink a cup of coffee. During this interval, he lay perfectly quiet, as though sleeping; but when he was called, awoke promptly, and in full possession of his faculties. He received the coffee, drank it with appetite, and remarked that it was very good and refreshing. This was, indeed, the first nourishment which he had taken since Friday evening. He now looked at the stump of his arm; and comprehending its loss fully, asked Mr. Smith: "Were you here?" (meaning when the operation was performed.) He then, after a moment's silence, inquired whether he had said anything when under the power of the chloroform; and continued, after being satisfied on this point, in substance thus: "I have always thought it wrong to administer chloroform, in cases where there is a probability of immediate death. But it was, I think, the most delightful physical sensation I ever enjoyed. I had enough consciousness to know what was doing; and at one time thought I heard the most delightful music that ever greeted my ears. I believe it was the sawing of the bone. But I should dislike above all things, to enter eternity in such a condition." His meaning evidently was, that he would not wish to be ushered into that spiritual existence, from the midst of sensations so thoroughly physical and

illusory. He afterwards exclaimed to other friends; "What an inestimable blessing is chloroform to the sufferer!" His condition now appeared to be every way hopeful; and Mr. Smith exhorted him to postpone conversation, and to resign himself to sleep. He acquiesced in this, and being well wrapped up, soon fell in a quiet slumber, which continued until nine o'clock in the Sabbath morning.

* * * * *

On Saturday morning, while he was suffering cruelly from fever and restlessness, and tossing about upon his bed, Mrs. Jackson proposed to read him some psalms from the Old Testament, hoping their sublime consolations would soothe his pains. He at first replied that he was suffering too much to attend, but soon after added, "Yes, we must never refuse that; get the Bible and read them." In the afternoon he requested that he might see his chaplain. He was then so ill, and his respiration so difficult, that it was thought all conversation would be injurious, and they attempted to dissuade him. But he continued to ask so repeatedly and eagerly, that it was judged better to yield. When Mr. Lacy entered, he inquired whether he was endeavoring to further those views of Sabbath observance of which he had spoken to him. On his assuring him that he was, he entered at some length into conversation with him upon that subject. Thus, his last care and labor for the Church of God was an effort to secure the sanctification of His holy day. As the evening wore away, his sufferings increased, and he requested Mrs. Jackson to sing some psalms, with the assistance of his friends around his bed, selecting the most spiritual pieces they could. She, with her brother, then sung several favorite pieces, concluding, at his request, with the 51st Psalm,* sung to the "Old Hundredth." The night was spent by him in feverish tossings, and without quiet sleep. During all its weary hours, the attendants sat by his side, sponging his brow with cool water, the only palliative of his pain which seemed to avail. Whenever they paused, he looked up, and by some gesture or sign, begged them to continue.

Thus the morning of Sabbath, the tenth of May, was ushered in, a holy day which he was destined to begin on

* 'Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive.'

earth, and to end in heaven. He had often said that he desired to die upon the Sabbath; and this wish was now about to be fulfilled. His end was evidently so near that Dr. Morrison felt it was due to Mrs. Jackson to inform her plainly of his condition. She remembered that he had often said, when speaking of death, that although he was willing to die at any time, if it was the will of God, he should greatly desire to have a few hours' notice of the approach of his last struggle. She therefore declared that he must be distinctly informed of his nearness to death; and agonizing as was the task, she would herself assume the duty of breaking the solemn news to him. He was now lying quiet, and apparently oppressed by the *incubus* of his deep prostration. She went to his bedside and aroused him, when he immediately recognized her, although he did not appear at first to apprehend distinctly the tenor of her announcement. The progress of the disease had now nearly robbed him of the power of speech. She repeated several times: "Do you know the doctors say, you must very soon be in heaven? Do you not feel willing to acquiesce in God's allotment, if he wills you to go to-day?" He looked her full in the face, and said, with difficulty: "I prefer it." Then, as though fearing that the intelligence of his answer might not be fully appreciated, he said again, "*I prefer it.*" She said: "Well, before this day closes, you will be with the blessed Saviour in His glory." He replied with great distinctness and deliberation: "I will be an infinite gainer to be translated."

He had before requested that the chaplain should preach, as usual, at his headquarters, but he now seemed to be oblivious of the fact. When Colonel Pendleton, his adjutant, entered the room, he greeted him with his unfailing courtesy; and then asked, who was preaching at headquarters. When he was told that the chaplain was gone to do it, he expressed much satisfaction. Mrs. Jackson now determined to employ the fleeting moments, to learn his last wishes; first asking for one final assurance more, that his Saviour was present with him in his extremity. To this he only answered with a distinct "Yes." His wife asked him whether it was his will that she and his daughter should reside with her father, Dr. Morrison. He answered "Yes, you have a kind father;

but no one is so kind and good as your Heavenly Father." She then inquired where he preferred that his body should be buried. To this he made no reply. When she suggested Lexington, he assented, saying: "Yes, in Lexington;" but his tone expressed rather acquiescence than lively interest. His infant was now brought to receive his last embrace; and as soon as she appeared in the doorway, which he was watching with his eyes, his face was lit up with a beaming smile, as he motioned her toward him, saying fondly: "Little darling!" She was seated on the bed by his side, and he embraced her, and endeavored to caress her with his poor, lacerated hands—while she smiled upon him with infinite delight. Thus he continued to toy with her, until the near approach of death unnerved his arm, and unconsciousness settled down upon him.

In his restless sleep, he seemed attempting to speak; and at length said audibly: "Let us pass over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees." These were the last words uttered. Was his soul wandering back in dreams to the river of his beloved valley, the Shenandoah (the "river of sparkling waters"), whose verdant meads and groves he had redeemed from the invader, and across whose floods he had so often won his passage through the toils of battle? Or was he reaching forward across the River of Death, to the golden streets of the Celestial City, and the trees whose leaves are for the healing of the nations? It was to these that God was bringing him, through his last battle and victory; and under their shade he walks, with the blessed company of the redeemed.

His attendants, now believing that consciousness had finally departed, ceased to restrain his wife; and she was permitted to abandon herself to all the desolation of her grief. But they were mistaken. Bowing over him, her eyes raining tears upon his dying face, and covering it with kisses, she cried: "Oh, doctor; cannot you do something more?" That voice had power to recall him once more, for a moment, from the very threshold of heaven's gate; he opened his eyes fully, and gazing upward at her face, with a long look of full intelligence and love, closed them again forever. His breath then, after a few more inspirations, ceased; and his laboring breast was stilled. And thus died the hero of so many battles,

who had so often confronted death when clothed with his gloomiest terrors; with his last earthly look fixed upon the face which was dearer to him than all else, except that Saviour, whom he was next to behold in glory.

ON STYLE

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THE first requisite for good writing or speaking is good thinking. Clear, discriminating and careful thought must precede the attempt to compose. Let the matter to be expressed exist distinctly in the mind, and it will clothe itself in its most appropriate verbal dress, provided the speaker's taste and memory have been trained by the reading of good models and by exercise. I would recommend, then, that after satisfying yourself of the ideas which you desire to express, you shall suffer them to utter themselves, as nearly as may be. In the act of composition, let not your minds concern themselves chiefly about the verbal dress of the thought, but about the thought itself. The clear and just conception will not fail to clothe itself in lucid words. Language is only a *medium* for the transmission of ideas. The glass which is most transparent is the best. It is only when we look through it without perceiving it, as though the aperture were vacant, illuminated space, when the light passes through it without colour or refraction, when we are obliged to resort to tactual sensation to verify its presence, that we call the window-pane a perfect *medium*. So that style is best, which least attracts the hearer's attention from the thought itself. If there were a perfect orator, men would come away from his discourse without having any conscious recollection concerning the qualities of his style; they would seem to themselves to have been witnessing, by a direct spiritual intuition, the working of a great mind and heart. It follows also that, in the act of composition, the pen should be allowed to move as rapidly as the mind craves. I do not assert that only rapid composition can be nervous; for the speed which is natural to one mind is very different from that of others. What I would urge is, that you should not halt in the career of thought

to debate the propriety of a term or a construction, to cast about for words or tropes, to scan the effect of the phrase which suggests itself. Correctness or elegance thus acquired would be won at too heavy a cost. The ardour of the mind would be effectually chilled by so many harassing cares; the inspiration, the *afflatus* of enthusiasm generated by the heat of the soul's action expands and exalts all its powers. Give way, then, to the propitious gale when it begins to breathe, and be assured that the language will be as happy, in which your mind will clothe its teeming ideas at such an hour, as its thoughts will be fruitful and nervous. If your investigation and meditation have been thorough and your training in composition diligent, write as rapidly as the impulse prompts. Do you suspect that a loose construction or inelegant word has dropped from your pen? Do not regard it then, but sweep onward with the gale: the time for correction comes afterwards.

This remark suggests the great importance of revision. When the writing is completed, it should be subjected to the most searching and laborious examination. This work is irksome, because the *afflatus* is now gone and the charm of novelty is no longer felt. But he who would become a correct and elegant writer or speaker must bend himself with determination to the repulsive task. Every thought should again be considered. Every clause should be scanned. The style should be dissected, first, with reference to grammatical purity and perspicuity, then with an eye to elegance, energy and rhythm. In one place, you will detect a faulty construction. Correct it. In another you will find a pronoun with an ambiguous reference. Make it as lucid as the sunbeam. There you will find a harsh word. Replace it by a euphonious synonym. You will perceive that a given sentence has its meaning suspended or unnecessarily inverted. Reverse the statement, and make the expression of the thought direct. Another sentence will be seen to contain two elements of thought really independent. Divide it. Here is a trope or illustration which suggests an association out of harmony with your subject. Suppress it. There is a redundant epithet, a pleonasm, or repetition. Erase it. Here a mixed or broken metaphor has intruded itself. Let it be moulded into harmony.

There a figure or an illustration suggests itself as truly apt. Insert it.

Remember that the object of this painful revision is not mainly nor chiefly the perfecting of the composition in hand; your aim is to acquire thereby a ready accuracy in the employment of language for all future compositions. The work is, in this aspect, a species of literary *post mortem* autopsy. When the physician dissects the corpse of his deceased patient, in order to verify or correct his diagnosis and to test the manner in which the remedies have operated, he does not propose any benefit to the subject. For him means are too late; he is dead. But the practitioner seeks thereby to prepare himself for treating more successfully many future patients. Such will be your chief aim in the dissection of what you have composed. You will acquire, for subsequent efforts, mastery over the elements of a good style. It may have seemed to you that I imposed on you contradictory obligations. On the one hand, I told you that a perfect style was the result of attention to many varied and delicate points, affecting not only every thought, but every word. On the other hand, I forbade you to pause over these *minutiae* in writing. The reconciliation is found in this labour of revision. By it the powers will be so disciplined that art will become easy, and accuracy and elegance will become natural to you. The mind will be drilled to the habit of right expression. Just in proportion as its exaltation and fire increase, will the nicest refinements of true style suggest themselves spontaneously. A pure style will become the easiest and most native dress of vigorous thought.

Nothing has caused more embarrassment to young speakers than the unfortunate notion that public speaking must be generically different from talking. Many have been the pupils of the rhetorical art, who have experienced the fate of *M. Jourdain* in Molière's "*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*." He had been speaking prose from his childhood without effort, and without knowing prose from verse. After his learned master had taught him technically, he could only speak it ill and with labour. So men do not know that speaking is but talking; they could do the latter very well and naturally until they attempted to do it by artificial rule. Now one experiences

no difficulty in stating or narrating, after his own customary way, what he thoroughly comprehends. Why should rhetorical discourse be less easy, except as the embarrassment of publicity agitates the powers at the outset? It is because of the perverse idea which is adopted, that when one speaks he must need employ a contracted phraseology, a different structure for his sentences, an opposite turn of expression, to all which he is unaccustomed. I affirm that speaking is but serious, earnest, correct and elevated talking. The facile, direct, unpretending structure of sentences which we employ in our conversation is the proper one for the oration. The thing which we have to do is not to cast this, our wonted method, away, and attempt one perfectly antipodal and unwonted, but to purify and ennoble that which is natural to us. You are embarrassed in your rhetorical style, because you are David in King Saul's armour. The free and graceful limbs of the mountain boy are unaccustomed to move in greaves. Take, then, your own crook and your sling and smooth stones out of the brook. You will not advance to the combat slouched, nor halting, nor with clownish antics, for the scene and occasion are august, but you will move with that very freedom which you learned in the fields at home. When one desires to pass from one point to another, what is easier to him than to walk? But if you were mounted upon the *cothurni* of ancient tragedy, you would move awkwardly and would perchance trip yourself and fall ludicrously before the spectators. Strip off your *cothurni*, descend from your stilts, let your mind advance in that mode which nature has taught it, remembering only the decorum and seriousness proper for one who moves to a sacred object, and in the presence of the great King.

Let me not be understood as sanctioning by this precept a style meanly colloquial, familiar or low. The natural style and phraseology must be purged of all looseness of syntax, of all familiar abbreviations and provincialisms, of every groveling allusion. The language of the pulpit should never be undignified, and it is well that it should have in appropriate places elevation, solemnity, grandeur. But these are the opposites of artificial pomp. The noblest passages in the

English classics will be found to be the most simple in structure and the least inflated in expression.*

In style, as in action, the best teachers are good examples. You should, therefore, form yourselves by the study of the great models, both in prose and poetry. There are in our day, so much printing, and so much reading, and so much of that which we read is as mean and crude in style as it is worthless in sentiment, that we are in constant danger of having our taste corrupted by infection. We must dwell much with the great masters, in order that we may inhale with them a more healthy atmosphere. We should read them with the closest attention both to their thought and expression. Our aim should not be servile imitation, but a knowledge of the proper application of the principles of style, and an infusion of their elevated simplicity, warmth and strength.

*See, for example, the speech of Satan in the 'Paradise Lost':

"What though the fields be lost,
All is not lost. The unconquerable will
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome;
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me," etc.

See a still nobler instance in Psalm LXXXIX, 7-9.