

days before. I had no reason to doubt the steadiness of his determination, but felt a desire to have fresh assurance of it after so many days' delay, and so near approach of the trying moment. I knew it would not do to ask him the question—any question which would imply a doubt of his word. His sensitive feelings would be hurt and annoyed at it. So I fell upon a scheme to get at the inquiry without seeming to make it. I told him of my visit to Mr. Clay the night before—of the late sitting—the child asleep—the unconscious tranquillity of Mrs. Clay; and added, I could not help reflecting how different all that might be the next night. He understood me perfectly, and immediately said, with a quietude of look and expression which seemed to rebuke an unworthy doubt, *I shall do nothing to disturb the sleep of the child or the repose of the mother*, and went on with his employment which was, making codicils to his will, all in the way of remembrance to friends.

I withdrew a little way into the woods, and kept my eyes fixed on Mr. Randolph, who I then knew to be the only one in danger. I saw him receive the fire of Mr. Clay, saw the gravel knocked up in the same place, saw Mr. Randolph raise his pistol—discharge it in the air; heard him say, *I do not fire at you, Mr. Clay*; and immediately advancing and offering his hand. He was met in the same spirit. They met halfway, shook hands, Mr. Randolph saying, jocosely, *You owe me a coat, Mr. Clay*—(the bullet had passed through the skirt of the coat, very near the hip)—to which Mr. Clay promptly and happily replied, *I am glad the debt is no greater*. I had come up and was prompt to proclaim what I had been obliged to keep secret for eight days. The joy of all was extreme at this happy termination of a most critical affair:

and we immediately left, with lighter hearts than we brought.

On Monday the parties exchanged cards, and social relations were formally and courteously restored. It was about the last high-toned duel that I have witnessed, and among the highest-toned that I have ever witnessed; and so happily conducted to a fortunate issue—a result due to the noble character of the seconds as well as to the generous and heroic spirit of the principals. Certainly, duelling is bad, and has been put down, but not quite so bad as its substitute—revolvers, bowie-knives, blackguarding, and street-assassinations under the pretext of self-defence.

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JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN.

1782-1850.

JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN is one of the greatest statesmen that America has produced. He was of Scotch and Irish descent, and was born in Abbeville County, South Carolina. He received his early education from his brother-in-law, the distinguished Dr. Moses Waddell, then attended Yale College, and studied law. Early in life, 1811, he entered the political arena, and remained in it to the day of his death.

As Secretary of War under President Monroe, he re-organized the department on the basis which is still maintained. He was elected Vice-president with Adams in 1824, re-elected with Jackson, 1828, and became United States Senator, 1832, succeeding Robert Y. Hayne who had been chosen governor of South Carolina in the Nullification crisis.

From this time forth until his death, he was in the midst of incessant political toil, strife, and activity, having Web-

ster, Clay, Benton, Hayne, Randolph, Grundy, Hunter, and Cass, for his great companions. Edward Everett said: "Calhoun, Clay, Webster! I name them in alphabetical order. What other precedence can be assigned them? Clay the great leader, Webster the great orator, Calhoun the great thinker."

As a boy he must often have heard his father say, "That government is the best which allows the largest amount of individual liberty compatible with social order."

His most famous political act is his advocacy of Nullification, an explanation and defence of which are found in the extract below. He was a devoted adherent of the Union. (See under *Jefferson Davis*.)

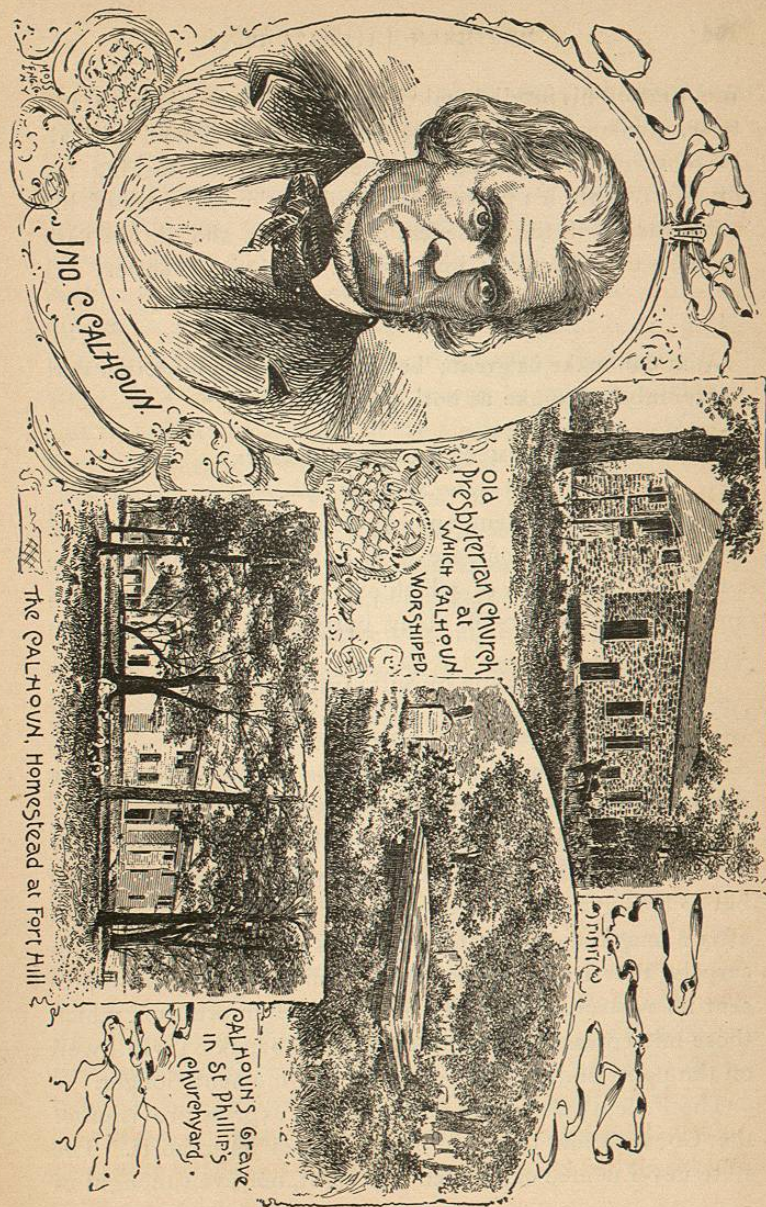
His life seems to have been entirely political; but he was very fond of his home where there was always a cheerful happy household. This home, "Fort Hill," was in the lovely upland region of South Carolina in Oconee County. It became the property of his daughter, Mrs. Thomas G. Clemson, and Mr. Clemson left it at his death to the State, which has now established there an Agricultural and Mechanical College.

Mr. Calhoun died in Washington City, and was buried in St. Philip's Churchyard, Charleston, his grave being marked by a monument. His preëminence in South Carolina during his life has not ceased with his death. His picture is found everywhere and his memory is still living throughout the entire country. See *Life*, by Jenkins, and by Von Holst. See under *Stephens*.

WORKS.

Speeches and State Papers (6 vols.) edited by Richard K. Crallé.

Calhoun has been called the philosopher of statesmen, and his style accords with this description. "His eloquence



was part of his intellectual character. It was plain, strong, terse, condensed, concise; sometimes impassioned, still always severe. Rejecting ornament, not often seeking far for illustration, his power consisted in the plainness of his propositions, in the closeness of his logic, and in the earnestness and energy of his manner."—Daniel Webster.

WAR AND PEACE.

War can make us great; but let it never be forgotten that peace only can make us both great and free.

SYSTEM OF OUR GOVERNMENT.

(Speech on State Rights and Union, 1834.)

I know of no system, ancient or modern, to be compared with it; and can compare it to nothing but that sublime and beautiful system of which our globe constitutes a part, and to which it bears, in many particulars, so striking a resemblance.

DEFENCE OF NULLIFICATION.

(From a Speech against the Force Bill, after the State of South Carolina had passed the Ordinance of Nullification, 1833.)

A deep constitutional question lies at the bottom of the controversy. The real question at issue is, Has the government a right to impose burdens on the capital and industry of one portion of the country, not with a view to revenue, but to benefit another? and I must be permitted to say that after a long and deep agitation of this controversy, it is with surprise that I perceive so strong a disposition to misrepresent its real character. To correct the impression which those misrepresentations are calculated to make, I will dwell on the point under consideration a few moments longer.

The Federal Government has, by an express provision of the Constitution, the right to lay duties on imports. The state never denied or resisted this right, nor even thought of

so doing. The government has, however, not been contented with exercising this power as she had a right to do, but has gone a step beyond it, by laying imposts, not for revenue, but for protection. This the state considers as an unconstitutional exercise of power, highly injurious and oppressive to her and the other staple states, and has accordingly, met it with the most determined resistance. I do not intend to enter, at this time, into the argument as to the unconstitutionality of the protective system. It is not necessary. It is sufficient that the power is nowhere granted; and that, from the journals of the Convention which formed the Constitution, it would seem that it was refused. In support of the journals, I might cite the statement of Luther Martin, which has already been referred to, to show that the Convention, so far from conferring the power on the Federal Government, left to the state the right to impose duties on imports, with the express view of enabling the several states to protect their own manufactures. Notwithstanding this, Congress has assumed, without any warrant from the Constitution, the right of exercising this most important power, and has so exercised it as to impose a ruinous burden on the labor and capital of the state of South Carolina, by which her resources are exhausted, the enjoyments of her citizens curtailed, the means of education contracted, and all her interests essentially and injuriously affected.

We have been sneeringly told that she is a small state; that her population does not exceed half a million of souls; and that more than one half are not of the European race. The facts are so. I know she never can be a great state, and that the only distinction to which she can aspire must be based on the moral and intellectual acquirements of her sons. To the development of these much of her attention has been directed; but this restrictive system, which has so unjustly

exacted the proceeds of her labor, to be bestowed on other sections, has so impaired the resources of the state, that, if not speedily arrested, it will dry up the means of education, and with it deprive her of the only source through which she can aspire to distinction.

The people of the state believe that the Union is a union of states, and not of individuals; that it was formed by the states, and that the citizens of the several states were bound to it through the acts of their several states; that each state ratified the Constitution for itself; and that it was only by such ratification of a state that any obligation was imposed upon the citizens; thus believing, it is the opinion of the people of Carolina, that it belongs to the state which has imposed the obligation to declare, in the last resort, the extent of this obligation, so far as her citizens are concerned; and this upon the plain principles which exist in all analogous cases of compact between sovereign bodies. On this principle, the people of the state, acting in their sovereign capacity in convention, precisely as they adopted their own and the federal Constitution, have declared by the ordinance, that the acts of Congress which imposed duties under the authority to lay imposts, are acts, not for revenue, as intended by the Constitution, but for protection, and therefore null and void.

[Mr. Calhoun's biographer, Mr. Jenkins, adds, "Nullification, it has been said, was 'a little hurricane while it lasted;' but it cooled the air, and 'left a beneficial effect on the atmosphere.' Its influence was decidedly healthful."]

THE WISE CHOICE.

(From a speech in 1816.)

This country is now in a situation similar to that which one of the most beautiful writers of antiquity ascribes to Hercules in his youth. He represents the hero as retiring

into the wilderness to deliberate on the course of life which he ought to choose. Two goddesses approach him; one recommending a life of ease and pleasure; the other, of labor and virtue. The hero adopts the counsel of the latter, and his fame and glory are known to the world. May this country, the youthful Hercules, possessing his form and muscles, be animated by similar sentiments, and follow his example!

OFFICIAL PATRONAGE.

(Speech in the Senate, 1835.)

Their object is to get and hold office; and their leading political maxim is that, "to the victors belong the spoils of victory!"*

Can any one, who will duly reflect on these things, venture to say that all is sound, and that our Government is not undergoing a great and fatal change? Let us not deceive ourselves, the very essence of a free government consists in considering *offices as public trusts*, bestowed for the good of the country, and not for the benefit of an individual or a party; and that system of political morals which regards offices in a different light, as *public prizes* to be won by combatants most skilled in all the arts and corruption of political tactics, and to be used and enjoyed as their proper spoils—strikes a fatal blow at the very vitals of free institutions.

NATHANIEL BEVERLEY TUCKER.

1784—1851.

BEVERLEY TUCKER, as he is usually known, was the son St. George Tucker and half-brother to John Randolph of Roanoke. He was born at Williamsburg, Virginia, educated at William and Mary College, and studied law. From

*William L. Marcy of New York, in the Senate, 1831.

1815 to 1830 he lived in Missouri and practiced his profession with great success. He returned to Virginia, and became in 1834 professor of Law in William and Mary College, filling that position until his death. By his public writings and by correspondence with various prominent men, he took a leading part in the political movements of his times.

WORKS.

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| The Partisan Leader, a Tale of the Future, by William Edward Sydney. | Essays, [in Southern Literary Messenger.] Political Science. |
| George Balcombe, [a novel.] | Principles of Pleading. |
| Life of John Randolph, [his half-brother.] | |

Of Judge Tucker's style, his friend, Wm. Gilmore Simms, with whom he long corresponded, says: "I regard him as one of the best prose writers of the United States."

His novel, "The Partisan Leader," made a great sensation. It was published in 1836; the story was laid in 1849, and described prophetically almost the exact course of events in 1861. It was suppressed for political reasons, but was reprinted in 1861 as a "Key to the Disunion Conspiracy." The extract is from the beginning of the book and introduces us at once to several interesting characters amid the wild scenery of our mountains.

THE PARTISAN LEADER, (WRITTEN IN 1836.)

[The scene is laid in Virginia, near the close of the year 1849. By a long series of encroachments by the federal government on the rights and powers of the states, our federative system is supposed to be destroyed, and a consolidated government, with the forms of a republic and the powers of a monarchy, to be established on its ruins. As a mere political speculation, it is but too probably correct. We trust that a benign Providence will so order events as that it may not prove also a POLITICAL PROPHECY.—Sou. Lit. Messenger, Jan., 1837.]

Toward the latter end of the month of October, 1849, about the hour of noon, a horseman was seen ascending a

narrow valley at the Eastern foot of the Blue Ridge. His road nearly followed the course of a small stream, which, issuing from a deep gorge of the mountain, winds its way between lofty hills, and terminates its brief and brawling course in one of the larger tributaries of the Dan. A glance of the eye took in the whole of the little settlement that lined its banks, and measured the resources of its inhabitants. The different tenements were so near to each other as to allow but a small patch of arable land to each. Of manufactures there was no appearance, save only a rude shed at the entrance of the valley, on the door of which the oft-repeated brand of the horseshoe gave token of a smithy. There, too, the rivulet, increased by the innumerable springs which afforded to every habitation the unappreciated, but inappreciable luxury of water, cold, clear, and sparkling, had gathered strength enough to turn a tiny mill. Of trade there could be none. The bleak and rugged barrier, which closed the scene on the west, and the narrow road, fading to a foot-path, gave assurance to the traveller that he had here reached the *ne plus ultra* of social life in that direction.

At length he heard a sound of voices, and then a shrill whistle, and all was still. Immediately, some half a dozen men, leaping a fence, ranged themselves across the road and faced him. He observed that each, as he touched the ground, laid hold of a rifle that leaned against the enclosure, and this circumstance drew his attention to twenty or more of these formidable weapons, ranged along in the same position.

As the traveller drew up his horse, one of the men, speaking in a low and quiet tone, said, "We want a word with you, stranger, before you go any farther."

"As many as you please," replied the other, "for I am tired and hungry, and so is my horse; and I am glad to find

some one at last, of whom I may hope to purchase something for both of us to eat."

"*That* you can have quite handy," said the countryman, "for we have been gathering corn, and were just going to our dinner. If you will only just 'light, sir, one of the boys can feed your horse, and you can take such as we have got to give you."

The invitation was accepted; the horse was taken in charge by a long-legged lad of fifteen, without hat or shoes; and the whole party crossed the fence together.

At the moment a man was seen advancing toward them, who, observing their approach, fell back a few steps, and threw himself on the ground at the foot of a large old apple-tree. Around this were clustered a motley group of men, women, and boys, who opened and made way for the stranger. He advanced, and bowing gracefully took off his forage cap, from beneath which a quantity of soft curling flaxen hair fell over his brow and cheeks. Every eye was now fixed on him, with an expression rather of interest than of mere curiosity. Every countenance was serious and composed, and all wore an air of business, except that a slight titter was heard among the girls, who, hovering behind the backs of their mothers, peeped through the crowd, to get a look at the handsome stranger.

As the youth approached, the man at the foot of the tree arose, and returned the salutation, which seemed unheeded by the rest. He advanced a step or two and invited the stranger to be seated. This action, and the looks turned towards him by the others, showed that he was in authority of some sort among them. With him, therefore, our traveller concluded that the proposed conference was to be held.

He was at length asked whence he came, and answered, from the neighborhood of Richmond.—From which side of

the river?—From the north side.—Did he know anything of Van Courtlandt?—His camp was at Bacon's branch, just above the town.—What force had he?

"I cannot say, certainly," he replied, "but common fame made his numbers about four thousand."

"Is that all, on both sides of the river?" said his interrogator.

"O, no! Col. Loyal's regiment is at Petersburg, and Col. Cole's at Manchester; each about five hundred strong; and there is a piquet on the Bridge Island."

"Did you cross there?"

"I did not."

"Where, then?" he was asked.

"I can hardly tell you," he replied, "it was at a private ford, several miles above Cartersville."

"Was not that mightily out of the way? What made you come so far around?"

"It was safer travelling on that side of the river."

"Then the people on that side of the river are your friends?"

"No. They are not. But, as they are all of a color there, they would let me pass, and ask no questions, as long as I travelled due west. On this side, if you are one man's friend, you are the next man's enemy; and I had no mind to answer questions."

"You seem to answer them now mighty freely."

"That is true. I am like a letter that tells all it knows as soon as it gets to the right hand; but it does not want to be opened before that."

"And how do you know that you have got to the right hand now?"

"Because I know where I am."

"And where are you?"

"Just at the foot of the Devil's-Backbone," replied the youth.

"Were you ever here before?"

"Never in my life."

"How do you know then where you are?" asked the mountaineer.

"Because the right way to avoid questions is to ask none. So I took care to know all about the road, and the country, and the place, before I left home."

"And who told you all about it?"

"Suppose I should tell you," answered the young man, "that Van Courtlandt had a map of the country made, and gave it to me."

"I should say you were a traitor to him, or a spy upon us," was the stern reply.

At the same moment, a startled hum was heard from the crowd, and the press moved and swayed for an instant, as if a sort of spasm had pervaded the whole mass.

"You are a good hand at questioning," said the youth, with a smile, "but without asking a single question, I have found out all I wanted to know."

"And what was that?" asked the other.

"Whether you were friends to the Yorkers and Yankees, or to poor old Virginia."

"And which *are* we for?" added the laconic mountaineer.

"For *old Virginia forever*," replied the youth. . . .

. . . . It was echoed in a shout,
their proud war-cry of "*old Virginia forever*."

DAVID CROCKETT.

1786-1836.

THIS renowned hunter and pioneer, commonly called Davy Crockett, was born in Limestone, Green County, Tennessee. His free and wild youth was spent in hunting. He became a soldier in the war of 1812: he was elected to the Tennessee Legislature in 1821 and 1823, and to Congress in 1829 and 1833. His eccentricity of manners, his lack of education, and his strong common sense and shrewdness made him a marked figure, especially in Washington. In 1835 he went to Texas to aid in the struggle for independence; and in 1836, he was massacred by General Santa Anna, with five other prisoners, after the surrender of the Alamo, these six being the only survivors of a band of one hundred and forty Texans. See Life by Edward S. Ellis.

WORKS.

Autobiography.

A Tour to the North and Down East.

Life of Van Buren, Heir-Apparent to the Government.

Crockett's autobiography was written to correct various mistakes in an unauthorized account of his life and adventures, that was largely circulated. His books are unique in literature as he is in human nature, and they give us an original account of things. As to literary criticism of his works and style, see his own opinion in the extract below.

SPELLING AND GRAMMAR—HIS PROLOGUE.

(From *A Narrative of the Life of David Crockett, of the State of Tennessee. Written by Himself. 1834.*)

I don't know of anything in my book to be criticised on by honourable men. Is it on my spelling?—that's not my trade. Is it on my grammar?—I hadn't time to learn it, and make