

"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.

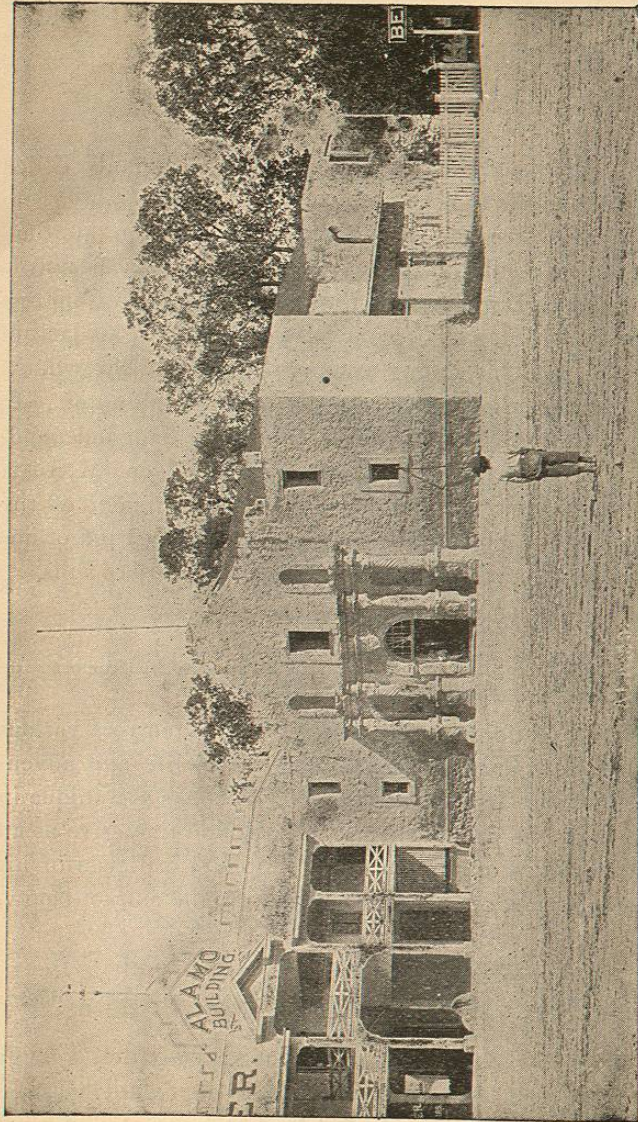
Life of Van Buren, Heir-Apparent to the Government.

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



Alamo, San Antonio, Texas.

no pretensions to it. Is it on the order and arrangement of my book?—I never wrote one before, and never read very many; and, of course, know mighty little about that. Will it be on the authorship of the book?—this I claim, and I'll hang on to it, like a wax plaster. The whole book is my own, and every sentiment and sentence in it. I would not be such a fool, or knave either, as to deny that I have had it hastily run over by a friend or so, and that some little alterations have been made in the spelling and grammar; and I am not so sure that it is not the worse of even that, for I despise this way of spelling contrary to nature. And as for grammar, it's pretty much a thing of nothing at last, after all the fuss that's made about it. In some places, I wouldn't suffer either the spelling, or grammar, or anything else to be touch'd; and therefore it will be found in my own way.

But if anybody complains that I have had it looked over, I can only say to him, her, or them—as the case may be—that while critics were learning grammar, and learning to spell, I, and “Doctor Jackson, L. L. D.” were fighting in the wars; and if our books, and messages, and proclamations, and cabinet writings, and so forth, and so on, should need a little looking over, and a little correcting of the spelling and grammar to make them fit for use, it's just nobody's business. Big men have more important matters to attend to than crossing their *l's* and dotting their *i's*—, and such like small things.

ON A BEAR HUNT.

(From the Life of David Crockett. Written by Himself. 1834.)

It was mighty dark, and was difficult to see my way or anything else. When I got up the hill, I found I had passed the dogs; and so I turned and went to them. I found, when

I got there, they had treed the bear in a large forked poplar, and it was setting in the fork. I could see the lump, but not plain enough to shoot with any certainty, as there was no moonlight; and so I set in to hunting for some dry brush to make me a light; but I could find none.

At last I thought I could shoot by guess, and kill him; so I pointed as near the lump as I could, and fired away. But the bear didn't come; he only clomb up higher, and got out on a limb, which helped me to see him better. I now loaded up again and fired, but this time he didn't move at all. I commenced loading for a third fire, but the first thing I knowed the bear was down among my dogs, and they were fighting all around me. I had my big butcher in my belt, and I had a pair of dressed buckskin breeches on. So I took out my knife, and stood, determined, if he should get hold of me, to defend myself in the best way I could. I stood there for some time, and could now and then see a white dog I had, but the rest of them, and the bear, which were dark coloured, I couldn't see at all, it was so miserable dark. They still fought around me, and sometimes within three feet of me; but, at last, the bear got down into one of the cracks that the earthquake had made in the ground, about four feet deep, and I could tell the biting end of him by the hollering of my dogs. So I took my gun and pushed the muzzle of it about, till I thought I had it against the main part of his body, and fired; but it happened to be only the fleshy part of his foreleg. With this, I jumped out of the crack, and he and the dogs had another hard fight around me, as before. At last, however, they forced him back into the crack again, as he was when I had shot.

I made a lounge with my long knife, and fortunately stuck him right through the heart; at which he just sank down, and I crawled out in a hurry. In a little while my

dogs all come out too, and seemed satisfied, which was the way they always had of telling me that they had finished him.

We prepared for resting that night, and I can assure the reader I was in need of it. We had laid down by our fire, and about ten o'clock there came a most terrible earthquake, which shook the earth so, that we were rocked about like we had been in a cradle. We were very much alarmed; for though we were accustomed to feel earthquakes, we were now right in the region which had been torn to pieces by them in 1812, and we thought it might take a notion and swallow us up, like the big fish did Jonah.

In the morning we packed up and moved to the harricane, where we made another camp, and turned out that evening and killed a very large bear, which made *eight* we had now killed in this hunt.

The next morning we entered the harricane again, and in little or no time my dogs were in full cry. We pursued them, and soon came to a thick cane-brake in which they had stopp'd their bear. We got up close to him, as the cane was so thick that we couldn't see more than a few feet. Here I made my friend hold the cane a little open with his gun till I shot the bear, which was a mighty large one. I killed him dead in his tracks. We got him out and butchered him, and in a little time started another and killed him, which now made ten we had killed and we know'd we couldn't pack any more home, as we had only five horses along; therefore we returned to the camp and salted up all our meat, to be ready for a start homeward next morning.

The morning came and we packed our horses with the meat, and had as much as they could possibly carry, and sure enough cut out for home. It was about thirty miles, and we reached home the second day. I . . . .

had killed in all, up to that time, fifty-eight bears, during the fall and winter.

As soon as the time came for them to quit their houses and come out again in the spring, I took a notion to hunt a little more, and in about one month I had killed forty-seven more, which made one hundred and five bears I had killed in less than one year from that time.

Motto.—Be sure you are right—then go ahead.

#### RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

1789-1847.

RICHARD HENRY WILDE was a native of Ireland but was brought to this country when a child of nine. His father died in 1802 and the widowed mother took up her residence in Augusta, Georgia. He studied law and became a successful practitioner. He was Attorney-General of the State, and served also in the Legislature and in Congress. He spent the years 1834-40 in Europe studying chiefly Italian literature; in his researches he discovered some old documents relating to Dante and a portrait of him painted by Giotto on a wall which had become covered over with whitewash. On his return to America he settled in New Orleans and became professor of Law in the University of Louisiana. He died there of yellow fever.

He began an epic poem, suggested by the life and adventures of his brother, James Wilde, in the Seminole war. But it was never finished: all that remains of it now is the fine lyric, "My Life is Like the Summer Rose." This song was translated by Anthony Barclay into Greek and announced to be a newly discovered ode of Alcaeus. This claim was soon disproved by the scholars, and to Mr. Wilde

was given his due meed of poetic authorship. It appears in Stedman's "Library of American Literature," as dedicated to Mrs. White-Beatty, daughter of Gen. John Adair, of Ky., the beautiful "Florida White" of "Casa Bianca," Florida.—See Life, Labors, and Grave of Wilde, by C. C. Jones, Jr.

#### WORKS.

Conjectures and Researches concerning the Love, Madness, and Imprisonment of Tasso, (containing translations of poems.) Petrarch.	Poems, original and translated. Life of Dante, [unfinished.] Hesperia.
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#### MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.

My life is like the summer rose,  
That opens to the morning sky,  
And ere the shades of evening close,  
Is scattered on the ground to die;  
Yet on that rose's humble bed  
The sweetest dews of night are shed  
As though she wept such waste to see;  
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf  
Which trembles in the moon's pale ray,  
Its hold is frail, its date is brief,  
Restless, and soon to pass away;  
Yet when that leaf shall fall and fade,  
The parent tree will mourn its shade,  
The wind bewail the leafless tree;  
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet  
Have left on Tampa's desert strand,  
Soon as the rising tide shall beat  
Their trace will vanish from the sand;  
Yet still as grieving to efface  
All vestige of the human race,  
On that lone shore loud moans the sea;  
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

17  
AUGUSTUS BALDWIN LONGSTREET.

1790-1870.

AUGUSTUS BALDWIN LONGSTREET was born in Augusta, Georgia. He became first a lawyer and was elected to the State Legislature in 1821 and judge of the Superior Court in 1822. Later he became a clergyman in the Methodist Church and president of Emory College, Georgia, being afterwards successively president of Centenary College, Louisiana, of the University of Mississippi, and of South Carolina College.

His best-known book, "Georgia Scenes," seems in his later days to have troubled his conscience and he tried to suppress it entirely. But sketches so amusing and so true to life would not be suppressed. See Sketch in Miss Rutherford's American Authors, (Atlanta).

WORKS.

Essays and Articles in various magazines.	Georgia Scenes, Characters, Incidents, in
Letters to Clergymen of the Northern Methodist Church.	the First Half Century of the Republic, by a Native Georgian.
Letters from Georgia to Massachusetts.	Master William Mitten.

NED BRACE AT CHURCH.

(From *Georgia Scenes*, first edition, 1835.)\*

[Ned Brace was a real personage, Judge Edmund Bacon, born in Virginia, 1776, lived in Edgefield, South Carolina, and died there in 1826. He was of very social, hospitable nature, a practical joker, and, as Dr. Maxcy called him, "a perfect Garrick" in his conversation. He was a lawyer of great ability; and when very young and a student at Augusta he was appointed to deliver an address of welcome to Washington on his Southern tour. If the following anecdotes are not true, they might well have been, as Judge Longstreet says.]

This being the Sabbath, at the usual hour Ned went to Church, and selected for his morning service one of those

\*By special kindness of Mr. Charles Edgeworth Jones, Augusta, Ga.

Churches in which the pews are free, and in which the hymn is given out and sung by the congregation, a half recitative.

Ned entered the Church, in as fast a walk as he could possibly assume; proceeded about half down the aisle, and popped himself down in his seat as quick as if he had been shot. The more thoughtless of the congregation began to titter, and the graver peeped up slyly, but solemnly at him.

The pastor rose, and, before giving out the hymn, observed that *singing* was a part of the service, in which he thought the whole congregation ought to join. Thus saying, he gave out the first lines of the hymn. As soon as the tune was raised, Ned struck in, with one of the loudest, hoarsest, and most discordant voices that ever annoyed a solemn assembly.

"I would observe," said the preacher, before giving out the next two lines, "that there are some people who have not the gift of singing; such, of course, are not expected to sing."

Ned took the hint and sang no more; but his entrance into church, and his entrance into the hymn, had already dispersed the solemnity of three fifths of the congregation.

As soon as the pastor commenced his sermon, Ned opened his eyes, threw back his head, dropt his under jaw, and surrendered himself to the most intense interest. The preacher was an indifferent one; and by as much as he became dull and insipid, by so much did Ned become absorbed in his discourse. And yet it was impossible for the nicest observer to detect anything in his looks or manner, short of the most solemn devotion. The effect which his conduct had upon the congregation, and their subsequent remarks, must be left to the imagination of the reader. I give but one remark: "Bless that good man who came in the church so quick,"

said a venerable matron as she left the church door, "how he was affected by the *sarment*."

Ned went to church no more on that day. About four o'clock in the afternoon, while he was standing at the tavern door, a funeral procession passed by, at the foot of which, and singly, walked one of the smallest men I ever saw. As soon as he came opposite the door, Ned stepped out and joined him with great solemnity. The contrast between the two was ludicrously striking, and the little man's looks and uneasiness plainly showed that he felt it. However, he soon became reconciled to it. They proceeded but a little way before Ned inquired of his companion who was dead.

"Mr. Noah Bills," said the little man.

"Nan?" said Ned, raising his hand to his ear in token of deafness, and bending his head to the speaker.

"Mr. Noah Bills," repeated the little man, loud enough to disturb the two couples immediately before him.

"Mrs. Noel's Bill!" said Ned with mortification and astonishment. "Do the white persons pay such respect to niggers in Savannah? *I sha'n't do it.*" So saying, he left the procession.

The little man was at first considerably nettled; but upon being left to his own reflections, he got into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, as did the couple immediately in advance of him, who overheard Ned's remark. The procession now exhibited a most mortifying spectacle—the head of it in mourning and in tears, and the foot of it convulsed with laughter.

A SAGE CONVERSATION.

(From *Georgia Scenes*, first edition, 1835.)

[Three old women over their pipes.]

*Mrs. Shad.*—The old man likes a joke yet right well, the old man does; but he's a mighty good man, and I think he

prays with greater<sup>a</sup>libity, than most any one of his age I most ever seed,—don't you think he does, Mis' Reed?

*Mrs. Reed.*—Powerful.

*Mrs. Barney.*—Who did he marry?

*Mrs. Shad.*—Why, he married—stop, I'll tell you directly—Why, what does make my old head forget so?

*Mrs. Barney.*—Well, it seems to me I don't remember like I used to. Didn't he marry a Ramsbottom?

*Mrs. Reed.*—No. Stay, I'll tell you who he married presently. Oh, stay! Why I'll tell you who he married! He married old daddy Johnny Hooer's da'ter, Mournin'.

*Mrs. Shad.*—Why, la! messy on me, so he did!

*Mrs. Barney.*—Why, did he marry a Hooer?

*Mrs. Shad.*—Why, to be sure he did.—You knew Mournin'.  
*Mrs. Barney.*—Oh, mighty well; but I'd forgot that brother Smith married her. I really thought he married a Ramsbottom.

*Mrs. Reed.*—Oh no, bless your soul, honey, he married Mournin'.

*Mrs. Barney.*—Well, the law me, I'm clear beat!

*Mrs. Shad.*—Oh, it's so, you may be sure it is.

*Mrs. Barney.*—Emph, emph, emph, emph! And brother Smith married Mournin' Hooer! Well, I'm clear put out! Seems to me I'm gettin' mighty forgetful somehow.

*Mrs. Shad.*—Oh yes, he married Mournin', and I saw her when she joined society.

*Mrs. Barney.*—Why, you don't tell me so!

*Mrs. Shad.*—Oh, it's the truth. She didn't join till after she was married, and the church took on mightily about his marrying one out of society. But after she joined, they all got satisfied.

*Mrs. Reed.*—Why, la! me, the seven stars is 'way over here!

*Mrs. Barney.*—Well, let's light our pipes, and take a short smoke, and go to bed. How did you come on raisin' chickens this year, Mis' Shad?

*Mrs. Shad.*—La messy, honey! I have had mighty bad luck. I had the prettiest pa'sel you most ever seed, till the varment took to killin' 'em.

*Mrs. Reed and Mrs. Barney.*—The varment!!

*Mrs. Shad.*—Oh, dear, yes. The hawk caught a powerful sight of them; and then the varment took to 'em, and nat'ly took 'em fore and aft, bodily, till they left most none at all hardly. Sucky counted 'em up t'other day, and there warn't but thirty-nine, she said, countin' in the old speckle hen's chickens that jist come off her nest.

*Mrs. Reed and Mrs. Barney.*—Humph—h—h!

*Mrs. Reed.*—Well, I've had bad luck, too. Billy's hound-dogs broke up most all my nests.

*Mrs. Barney.*—Well, so they did me, Mis' Reed. I always did despise a hound-dog upon the face of yea'th.

*Mrs. Reed.*—Oh, they are the bawllinest, squallinest, thievishest things ever was about one; but Billy will have 'em, and I think in my soul his old Troup's the beat of all creators I ever seed in all my born days a-suckin' o' hen's eggs. He's clean most broke me up entirely.

*Mrs. Shad.*—The lackaday!

*Mrs. Reed.*—And them that was hatched out, some took to takin' the gaps, and some the pip, and one ailment or other, till they most all died.

*Mrs. Barney.*—I reckon they must have eat something didn't agree with them.

*Mrs. Reed.*—No, they didn't, for I fed 'em every mornin' with my own hand.

*Mrs. Barney.*—Well, it's mighty curious!

A short pause ensued, which was broken by Mrs. Barney with, "And brother Smith married Mournin' Hooer!"

## ROBERT YOUNG HAYNE.

1791-1839.

ROBERT YOUNG HAYNE was born in St. Paul's Parish, Colleton District, South Carolina, and was educated in Charleston. He became a lawyer; he served in the war of 1812, and was in the State Legislature from 1814 to 1818. He was Attorney-General of the United States under President Monroe, and in 1823 was elected to the Senate. His most famous speech is that in the debate with Daniel Webster on the Right of Nullification.

South Carolina passed the ordinance of Nullification in November, 1832, elected Mr. Hayne governor, and when President Jackson issued a martial proclamation against her action, she prepared for war. Mr. Clay's Tariff Compromise prevented any outbreak.

Mr. Hayne died in Asheville, North Carolina, yet in the prime of life. See his Life by Paul Hamilton Hayne.

## WORKS.

## Speeches.

Mr. Hayne was one of the leaders in the stirring times in which he lived; the extract following gives an example of his bold, fearless eloquence, and his power in debate.

## STATE SOVEREIGNTY AND LIBERTY.

(From the Debate with Webster in the Senate, 1830.)

Sir, there have existed, in every age and in every country, two distinct orders of men—the *lovers of freedom* and the devoted *advocates of power*.

The same great leading principles, modified only by the peculiarities of manners, habits, and institutions, divided parties in the ancient republics, animated the Whigs and