disturb the Union, but only to be the means of bringing the agent before the tribunal of the States for their judgment.

Secession belongs to a different class of remedies. It is to be justified upon the basis that the States are sovereign. There was a time when none denied it. I hope the time may come again when a better comprehension of the theory of our Government, and the inalienable rights of the people of the States, will prevent any one from denying that each State is a sovereign, and thus may reclaim the grants which it has made to any agent whomsoever. . .

In the course of my service here, associated at different times with a great variety of Senators, I see now around me some with whom I have served long; there have been points of collision, but, whatever of offence there has been to me, I leave here. I carry with me no hostile remembrance. Whatever offence I have given which has not been redressed, or for which satisfaction has not been demanded, I have, Senators, in this hour of our parting, to offer you my apology for any pain which, in the heat of the discussion, I have inflicted. I go hence unencumbered by the remembrance of any injury received, and having discharged the duty of making the only reparation in my power for any injury offered.

Mr. President and Senators, having made the announcement which the occasion seemed to me to require, it only remains for me to bid you a final adieu.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

1809-1849.

EDGAR ALLAN POE was born in Boston while his parents were filling a theatrical engagement there. His father's family was of Baltimore, his grandfather being Gen. David

Poe of the Revolutionary War, and his father, also named David Poe, having been born and reared in that city. His mother, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Arnold, was an English actress of fascinating beauty and manners.

Left an orphan in 1811, Edgar was adopted by Mr. John Allan, a wealthy merchant of Richmond, and was educated at private schools and the University of Virginia, and in 1830 he entered West Point. But he got himself dismissed the next year and devoted himself thereafter to a literary life. Mr. Allan declining to aid him further, he had a wretched struggle for existence.

He seems to have gone to Baltimore and made acquaintance with some of his relatives; and there he won a prize of $100 by a story, "MS. Found in a Bottle," and was kindly helped by John Pendleton Kennedy. He became editor of the "Southern Literary Messenger," in Richmond, and was afterward engaged on various other magazines, writing stories, poems, book-reviews, and paragraphs, in untiring abundance.

He married his cousin, Virginia Clemm, in 1836, and their life together was in itself ideally happy, like the life in the Valley of the Many-Coloured Grass; and Mrs. Clemm, his aunt and mother-in-law, was the good genius who watched over "her two strange children" with an unwearying devotion, deserving the tribute of the love and gratitude embalmed in his sonnet called "Mother."

His engagement with any one magazine rarely lasted long, and there is much diversity of opinion as to the cause; some ascribing it to Poe's dissipated, irregular habits and irritable temper, others to the meagre support of the magazines, still others to Poe's restless disposition and desire to establish a periodical of his own. His uncontrolled and high-strung nature, so sensitive that a single glass of wine or swallow of opium caused temporary insanity, the uncertainty of his means of subsistence, his wife's frail health and her death in 1847, were causes sufficient to render unsteady even a more solid character than Poe seems to have possessed.

His writings produced a great sensation. When "The Raven" was published in 1845, a friend said of its effect in New York, "Everybody has been raven-mad about his last poëm." Mrs. Browning wrote that an acquaintance of hers who had a bust of Pallas could not bear to look at it. His fame is as great, or perhaps greater in Europe than in America, especially in France; and his works have been translated into French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Russian.

He died in Baltimore from causes never certainly known, his last almost unconscious days being spent in a hospital; his dying words were, "Lord, help my poor soul." He is buried in Westminster churchyard, and in 1875 a monument was erected over his grave by the teachers of Baltimore, generously aided by Mr. G. W. Childs of Philadelphia. A memorial to him has been placed in the Metropolitan Museum, New York, by the actors of the United States.

No poet has been the subject of more conflicting opinions as to his life, habits, character, and genius, than Poe. The best lives of him are those by John H. Ingram, an Englishman, and George E. Woodberry in the American Men of Letters Series.

WORKS.

Poems.
Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque.
Literati of New York.
Conchologist's First Book (condensed from Wyatt).
Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym.
Raven and other Poems.
Eureka, a Prose Poem.
Gold Bug, Balloon Hoax, &c.

All his best known stories are highly artistic in finish, powerful in theme, and often of such a nature as to make

one shudder and avoid them. "Israfel" is considered one of his most beautiful poems, and if his self-consciousness could have allowed him to omit the last stanza, it would have been without a flaw.

TO HELEN.

Helen, thy beauty is to me
  Like those Nicean barks of yore,
That, gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, way-worn wanderer bore
  To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
  Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand!
The agate lamp within thy hand,
Ah! Psyche, from the regions which
    Are Holy Land!

ISRAFEL.

And the angel Israfel, whose heart-strings are a lute, and who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures.—Koran.

In Heaven a spirit doth dwell
"Whose heart-strings are a lute;"
None sing so wildly well
As the angel Israfel,
And the giddy stars (so legends tell)
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
  Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above
In her highest noon,
The enamored moon
Blushes with love,

While, to listen, the red levin
(With the rapid Pleiades, even,
Which were seven)
Pauses in Heaven.

And they say (the starry choir
And the other listening things)
That Israfeli's fire
Is owing to that lyre
By which he sits and sings—
The trembling living wire
Of those unusual strings.

But the skies that angel trod,
Where deep thoughts are a duty—
Where Love's a grown-up God—
Where the Houri glances are
Imbued with all the beauty
Which we worship in a star.

Therefore, thou art not wrong,
Israfeli, who despisest
An unimpassioned song;
To thee the laurels belong,
Best bard, because the wisest!
Merrily live, and long!

The ecstasies above
With thy burning measures suit—
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,
With the fervor of thy lute—
Well may the stars be mute!

Yes, heaven is thine; but this
Is a world of sweets and sours;
Our flowers are merely—flowers,
And the shadow of thy perfect bliss
Is the sunshine of ours.

If I could dwell
Where Israfel
Hath dwelt, and he where I,

He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky.

HAPPINESS.

The four elementary conditions of happiness are, life in the open air, the love of a woman, forgetfulnass of all ambition, and the creation of a new ideal of beauty.—*From Domain of Arnheim.*

THE RAVEN.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;—
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door;
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore;—
'Tis the wind and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore;
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient raven wandering from the Nightly shore,
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before.
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—nevermore.'"

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us, by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, up-
starting—
"Get the back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my
door!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the
floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

V

ROBERT TOOMBS.

1810-1885.

ROBERT TOOMBS was born at Washington, Georgia, and studied at the University of Georgia, then under the presidency of the famous Dr. Moses Waddell; he afterwards attended Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., and studied law at the University of Virginia. He settled in his native town for legal practice and was so successful as to amass a fortune within a few years. He served in the State Legislature and in 1845 was elected to Congress. In 1861, being a member of the United States Senate, he took leave of it in order to join his State in secession. He was appointed to the Confederate Cabinet, but soon resigned and became a general in the field. After the war he was ordered to be captured and held for trial as a traitor with Jefferson Davis and Alexander H. Stephens; but he was never taken. He escaped, after much difficulty and many adventures, and went to Cuba and to

Robert Toombs.

France: but he returned in 1867 to Georgia and resumed the practice of law.

He was notoriously the Big Rebel, even after the war, and refused to take the oath of allegiance: when asked by a Northern friend why he had never sued for pardon, he said, "Pardon for what? I have not pardoned you all yet." Later in life he said that he regretted not having re-instated himself in citizenship and taken part in public affairs. See his Life, by P. A. Stovall, and by C. C. Jones, Jr.

WORKS.

Speeches.

Mr. Toombs' speeches in Congress are said to have been fiery, powerful, and dogmatic. As a lawyer, Chief-Justice Jackson thus characterizes his style: "Concentrated fire was always his policy. A single sentence would win his case. A big thought, compressed into small compass, was fatal to his foe. It is the clear insight of a great mind only that shapes out truth in words few and simple. Brevity is power, wherever thought is strong."

"There is a regular mythology about Toombs at his State University. The things he said would fill a volume of Sydney Smith, while the pranks he played would rival the record of Robin Hood."—Stovall's Life of Toombs.

FAREWELL TO THE SENATE, 1861.

(*From Stovall's Life of Toombs.**)

Senators, my countrymen have demanded no new government. They have demanded no new constitution. The discontented States have demanded nothing but clear, distinct, constitutional rights, rights older than the Constitution. What do these rebels demand? First, that the

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people of the United States shall have an equal right to emigrate and settle in the Territories with whatever property (including slaves) they possess. Second, that property in slaves shall be entitled to the same protection from the government as any other property (leaving the State the right to prohibit, protect, or abolish slavery within its limits). Third, that persons committing crimes against slave property in one State and flying to another shall be given up. Fourth, that fugitive slaves shall be surrendered. Fifth, that Congress shall pass laws for the punishment of all persons who shall aid and abet invasion and insurrection in any other State. . . . . . .

You will not regard confederate obligations; you will not regard constitutional obligations; you will not regard your oaths. What, then, am I to do? Am I a freeman? Is my State a free State? We are freemen; we have rights; I have stated them. We have wrongs; I have recounted them. I have demonstrated that the party now coming into power has declared us outlaws, and is determined to exclude thousands of millions of our property from the common territory; that it has declared us under the ban of the Union, and out of the protection of the laws of the United States everywhere. They have refused to protect us from invasion and insurrection by the Federal power, and the Constitution denies to us, in the Union, the right to raise fleets and armies for our own defence. All these charges I have proven by the record; and I put them before the civilized world and demand the judgment of to-day, of to-morrow, of distant ages, and of Heaven itself, upon the justice of these causes. I am content, whatever it be, to peril all in so holy a cause. We have appealed, time and again, for these constitutional rights. You have refused them. We appeal again. Restore us those rights as we had them; as your Court adjudges them to be; just as our people have said they are. Redress these flagrant wrongs—seen of all men—and it will restore fraternity, and unity, and peace to us all. Refuse them, and what then? We shall then ask you, "Let us depart in peace."* Refuse that, and you present us war. We accept it, and, inscribing upon our banners the glorious words, "Liberty and Equality," we will trust to the blood of the brave and the God of battles for security and tranquility.

OCTAVIA WALTON LE VERT.

1810-1877.

MADAME LE VERT, as she is usually styled, was born at Bellevue near Augusta, Georgia, and was reared in Pensacola, Florida. She was a granddaughter of George Walton, signer of the Declaration of Independence, and daughter of George Walton, governor of Florida. She learned languages easily and conversed well in French, Spanish, and Italian. LaFayette said of her: "A truly wonderful child! She has been conversing with intelligence and tact in the purest French. I predict for her a brilliant career." She gave the name to the capital of Florida, Tallahassee, a Seminole word meaning "beautiful land." She spent several seasons in Washington; and she wrote such excellent accounts of the speeches in Congress, that Calhoun, Webster, and Clay frequently asked her to read to them their own speeches from her portfolio.

In 1836 she was married to Dr. Henry S. Le Vert of Mobile and removed to that city. She travelled in Europe in 1853 and 1855, and her delightful journal and letters home were afterwards arranged and published as "Souvenirs of

*All we ask is to be let alone.—Jefferson Davis.

Travel." Their spirit and style make them charming yet, and they are valuable as pictures of the times.

Her memory is still fragrant as a most gracious and lovely woman, a brilliant conversationalist, and a queen of society. It is said of her that her tongue never wounded and that she never had an enemy.

WORKS.

Souvenirs of Travel.
Souvenirs of the War, [unpublished].
Souvenirs of Distinguished People, [unpublished].

TO CADIZ FROM HAVANNA, 1855.

(*From Souvenirs of Travel.*)

"O lovely Spain! renowned, romantic land!"

Our last day on board, the good Dominga (our waiting-woman) awakened us long before the dawn, saying, "Come, Señora, go with me on deck and see the day arise." We did so and were charmed with the beautiful scene. At first the sky was "deeply, darkly blue," and the stars were gleaming with a brightness never seen in more northern regions. Slowly a gauzy veil seemed wafting over them, and along the east sprang up, as it were, banners of purple and rose-color, and the intense azure of the heavens melted into a soft gray hue. Soon streaks of golden light flashed through it, and the glorious sun came forth, converting the mirror-like ocean into a sea of radiance, burnished and glittering like myriads of gems. And this was morning upon the Atlantic!

At mid-day there was a cry of *tierra! tierra!* (land! land!) which sent a thrill of joy to many hearts. We had seen none, except the island of Santa Maria (one of the Azores, near which we passed), since we left the Antilles. We ran on deck, and in a few moments

"Fair Cadiz, rising from the dark blue sea," was revealed to our longing eyes. Like a great white dove, with out-spread wings, resting upon the calm waters, appeared the distant city. Ah! long shall I remember the delight of that first look upon lovely Cadiz! The day was exquisite; the air fresh and balmy, and the sea like a smooth inland lake. Gentle spirits seemed hovering around to welcome us, while a warm glowing pleasure filled our hearts.

Nearer and nearer we approached, domes, spires, and turrets gradually rising to view, until the entire outline of the city, with its snow-white houses and green alamedas, was before us. . . . .

Cadiz is a very ancient city. It was founded by the Phœnicians, hundreds of years before the building of Rome. Upon the coat-of-arms of the city is the figure of Hercules, by whom the inhabitants say it was built. Then came the dominion of the Moors, and afterwards the Spaniards. When America was discovered, a golden prosperity beamed upon Cadiz, which was lost as soon as the Spanish Possessions in the New World proclaimed themselves free. It is strictly a commercial place, and has now only a population of sixty thousand. The city is upon a rocky point of land, joined to the peninsula by a narrow isthmus. The sea surrounds it on three sides, beating against the walls, and often throwing the spray over the ramparts. On the fourth side it is protected by a strong wall and bridges over the wide ditch. At night, they are drawn up, thus isolating the town completely. . . . . . .

Leaving the bay, we plunged into the long rolling billows of the Atlantic, and bade

"Adieu! fair Cadiz, a long adieu!"

then turning the cape, upon which was once the Phœnician light-house called "the Rock of the Sun," we came to St.

Lucar. There Magellan fitted out the fleet which first circumnavigated the globe. . . . We passed the mouth of the Rio Tinto, upon which stands the convent [La Rabida], where Columbus, an outcast and wanderer, received charity from the kind prior, who interceded with Isabella and thus forwarded the plans of the great discoverer.

LOUISA SUSANNAH M'CORD.

1810-1880.

MRS. M'CORD, daughter of the distinguished statesman, Langdon Cheves [pron'd Cheeves, in one syllable], was born at Columbia, South Carolina. She was educated in Philadelphia; and in 1840 she was married to David James M'Cord, a prominent lawyer of Columbia, at one time law-partner of Wm. C. Preston. They spent much of their time at their plantation, "Langsyne," near Fort Motte on the Congaree.

She was a woman of strong character and of commanding intellect as her writings show. Speaking of her home life, a contemporary says, "Mrs. M'Cord herself illustrates her views of female life by her own daily example. She conducts the hospital on her own large plantation, attends to the personal wants of the negroes, and on one occasion perfectly set a fracture of a broken arm. Thoroughly accomplished in the modern languages of Europe, she employs her leisure in the education of her children." See under *Wm. C. Preston.*