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JAMES LOUIS PETIGRU.

A Biographical Sketch.

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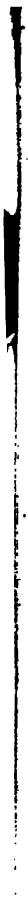
WILLIAM J. GRAYSON.

"Faithful found:
Among the faithless, faithful only he."
Paradise Lost, Book V.

NEW YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE.

1866.

37





J. L. PETIGRU.

Engraved by J. G. Kneller, from a portrait by the artist, and published by the artist, in the year 1810.



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THE MS. from which the following Biographical Sketch is printed was found among the papers of the late William J. Grayson, of Charleston, S. C. The scraps of old paper upon which it is written indicate that it was undertaken during the privations and anxieties of the siege of Charleston, when the materials for writing had become scarce. The guarded tone of its political revelations no less impressively suggests that the censorship and partisan bitterness of civil war repressed the free utterances of the writer, who doubtless intended the memoir for the latitude and the circumstances of the place and time; and what renders this tribute of affection the more interesting is the fact that, within a few hours after its completion, the author died, from the effects of a tedious illness, aggravated by patriotic regrets and personal bereavements. What was

thus written can scarcely be abridged or modified without disrespect to the dead. The intelligent reader will make due allowance for the restrained expressions and the unrevised style, and accept the whole as a spontaneous labor of love, achieved in the face of many discouragements.

The author was the last survivor of a group of respected and beloved men of talent and social attractiveness. Petigru, King, and Grayson were honored names in Charleston society before the war. Mr. Grayson was born in Beaufort District, S. C., in November, 1788, and died at Newberry on the 4th of October, 1863. His father was an officer in the Continental Army of the Revolution. The son early manifested taste and talent for literature and official life: he was graduated at Columbia College, S. C., in 1809; he became a member of the Legislature of his native state in 1813; was a commissioner in equity for a long period; and was elected to Congress in 1833; subsequently appointed Collector of the port of Charleston by President Tyler, continued in that office by Polk and Fillmore, and removed by Pierce. Mr. Grayson was a very temperate advocate of state rights, and a very

amiable defender of Southern institutions. He sang the praises of rural life and agricultural pursuits in an elaborate heroic poem, entitled "The Country," and in graceful verse delineated the advantages which the Southern bondman possessed over the European laborer. This metrical essay, called the "Hireling and Slave," was very popular at the South: "it ought to be on every man's mantle," said a leading Southern journal. His other principal work was a collection of verses, published under the name of "Chicora, and other Poems." There is a pleasing vein of description in Grayson's poems: the fishing and hunting on the coast, the scenery and life of the region where he was born and bred, are well depicted. One of the characteristic episodes of his longer poems is a picture of the island home and life of General Pinckney, and many of his occasional verses indicate true feeling and expressive grace. Some lines addressed to his wife are a beautiful specimen of the domestic lyric. Mr. Grayson was regarded as a gifted champion of the South; he was a constant student, a faithful public man, and a genial companion. During the last years of his life he was engaged on an autobi-

ographic and reminiscent work, and throughout his career was a welcome contributor to the leading journals of the South. In 1850, during the fierce controversy in regard to secession, he published a pamphlet deprecating the movement and advocating the Union: it was written in the form of a letter addressed to Governor Seabrook. Mr. Grayson was in his seventy-fifth year when he died. His last task was to record what he knew of his lifelong friend Petigru. Inadequate as the story may be considered as a biography, it gives many interesting facts of the early life of the patriotic lawyer, traces his professional career with accuracy, and affords a very distinct and just idea of the character of a man who stood alone among his fellow-citizens the open and consistent opponent of treason.

Such a memorial is not only attractive as the portrait of a gifted and loyal citizen, but valuable as a contribution toward the political and social history of the Rebellion. We are confident that it will be read with interest by the numerous friends of the lamented subject in all parts of the country, notwithstanding the differences of opinion inevitably associated with the subjects discussed in the

memoir. It is not alone in his native state that Mr. Petigru's name is cherished and his memory honored. When the news of his death reached New York and Boston the event called forth appropriate tributes of respect from the Historical Societies of both states, a brief account of which we subjoin.*

NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, *May 5, 1863.*
A very large audience was assembled at the regular monthly meeting of the New York Historical Society to hear the addresses which it had been announced would be made upon the life and character of James Louis Petigru, President of the Historical Society of South Carolina, who recently died in Charleston. Frederick Depeyster, Esq., presided. The preliminary business of the meeting having been transacted, the resolutions in reference to the death of Mr. Petigru, presented at the last meeting of the society, were read by the librarian, and then Hon. George Bancroft delivered a brief address, in which he graphically sketched the prominent incidents of the deceased statesman's life, and the char-

* *Historical Magazine*, vol. viii., p. 159, 185.

acteristics of his mind, and paid a glowing tribute to his memory. Mr. Petigru, he said, was born in Abbeville, S. C., in May, 1789, not long after Washington, in New York, took the oath, as President of the United States, to support their Constitution; and two days after Madison, in the name of the House of Representatives, pledged "the American people to cherish a conscientious responsibility for the destiny of republican liberty." Educated at Columbia College, S. C., he took his degree in 1809, was admitted to the bar in 1812; in 1822 he succeeded Robert Y. Hayne as attorney general for the state, and for many years was acknowledged to stand at the head of his profession. In the administration of Mr. Fillmore, when secession seemed resolved upon, and the incumbent of the United States district attorneyship threw up his office as unfit to be held by a South Carolinian, Petigru consented for a time to perform its functions as the representative of the Union. He died at Charleston, March 9, 1868.

Mr. Bancroft related interesting incidents of his personal intercourse with Mr. Petigru, spoke of his rare mental powers, his generosity, industry, disin-

terestedness, his faithfulness to the laws and Constitution of the United States as the highest instituted authorities, and his unwavering support of the union of the states. Mr. Bancroft, in conclusion, said the whole might be summed up in these words :

“ Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail,
Or knock the breasts; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame; nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.”

Dr. Francis Lieber also spoke briefly, giving interesting illustrations from personal intercourse with Mr. Petigru, while connected with the South Carolina College, of his beautiful character, brilliant mind, keen wit, sound judgment, and disinterested generosity of disposition.

Remarks were also made by Daniel Lord, Esq., and Hiram Ketohum, after which the resolutions were unanimously adopted, and the meeting adjourned.

MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY, *Boston*,
April, 1868. The annual meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society was held at their rooms,

Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, the president, in the chair.

The president, after remarks on the publication of a volume of the society's collections, and also of a volume of the proceedings, which were laid on the table, referred to the deaths of Judge Petigru, of South Carolina, an honorary member of the society, and Professor Francis, of Cambridge, a resident member, substantially as follows: Mr. Petigru was the president of the Historical Society of South Carolina, before which he delivered an eloquent inaugural discourse a few years since. He was elected an honorary member of our own society in February, 1861, and his formal acceptance was announced by our Corresponding Secretary at the following March meeting.

The pleasant personal relations with Mr. Petigru which I had enjoyed many years previously, and the interest which I took in his course at that critical period of our public affairs, induced me to write to him immediately after his election, and I have brought his reply here to-day, in the assurance that the society would be pleased to hear the following brief extracts from it:

“Charleston, Feb. 25, 1861.

“MY DEAR SIR,—Nothing could exceed the kindness of your note giving me notice of the honor done me by the Massachusetts Historical Society. To be chosen for a colleague and an associate by such a society is a distinction of which any body might be proud, but it is rendered much more flattering by the way it is announced.

“I remember with the greatest distinctness the hours which I passed so many years ago in the house of your venerable father, as well as under your own hospitable roof. * * * How willingly I would make any sacrifice that might avert from our common country the consequences of that miserable discord that now prevails between communities that ought forever to be united. I say *miserable*, for such we may certainly deem a controversy odious to the best men on either side. History will adjust hereafter the degree of reprobation due to each party, but I venture to say that whatever may be thought of the motives of the actors, their folly will be as much the subject of wonder as of censure. We are here in such a disturbed condition, that the things that are going to happen in a week

are as uncertain as if they belonged to a distant future.

"With great anxiety for a peaceful solution of difficulties, but with very little hope,

"I am, my dear sir,

"Very truly and sincerely yours,

J. L. PETIGRU.

"The Hon. R. C. Winthrop."

This letter was written more than two months after South Carolina had adopted her ordinance of secession, and only six or seven weeks before the bombardment of Fort Sumter. But Mr. Petigru was not of a complexion to be moved from his firm devotion to the cause of the Union either by any thing which had been done, or by any thing which it was proposed to do. He had stood fast for the Union in the days of Nullification, thirty years before, and had resisted alike every temptation and every menace which could be employed to induce him to swerve from his loyalty to the Constitution of the United States. He might have said to the abettors of this later conspiracy, "*Contempsit Cati-linæ gladios, non pertimescam tuos.*" He stood fast for the Union again in these days of secession and

rebellion in defiance of all intimidations or blandishments; and if the wisdom, and virtue, and eloquence, and patriotism of any one man—for he seemed to stand almost alone in the community in which he lived—could have availed any thing to arrest the madness of those around him, and to avert the dreadful catastrophe of civil war, the example, the influence, and the appeals of Mr. Petigru would not have been lost.

It is not my purpose to go farther into his personal history or public life on this occasion. A great lawyer, an admirable orator, an accomplished, virtuous, and brave man, rich in all the qualities and resources which rendered him the most delightful of companions and the most valued of friends, he has left a name and a fame which would adorn the annals of any land or any age. But I have desired to recall him here to-day only as one who had twice signalized his devotion to the American Union under circumstances and in a manner which must secure him the grateful remembrance of all to whom that Union is dear. He died before the worst results of this deplorable rebellion had fallen upon the city of his residence in the

struggle which is probably at this moment in progress, and his friends may well feel that he was kindly and mercifully "taken away from the evil to come."

The following tributary stanzas appeared in the "Independent," October 19th, 1865:

PETIGRU.

[These lines were written, not to revive the feeling of bitterness which accompanied the civil war, now so happily terminated, but to recall the memory of a great and good man, not less respected now by the South than by the North, over whose remains it has been suggested a monument should be erected in commemoration of his private worth as well as his public virtues. It is hoped that this suggestion, so generally mooted since Judge Petigru's death, will be practically carried out.]

"No, I will not: take my answer;
 Call me traitor, think me fool;
 But, by all that makes my manhood,
 Thou shalt not make me thy tool.

"Play the farce out, wreak thy vengeance,
 Let me in the prison rot;
 But inscribe upon my tomb-stone,
 'This man scorned us and our plot.'"

Yet they cast him not in prison:
 Policy prescribed it best
 To make strong by that exception
 The concurrence of the rest.

So, throughout the dark rebellion,
Stricken by his country's loss,
Through the grass-grown streets of Charleston,
Patiently he bore his cross.

One, alone of all the people,
Branded with the public blame;
One, alone of all the people,
Free from secret cause for shame.

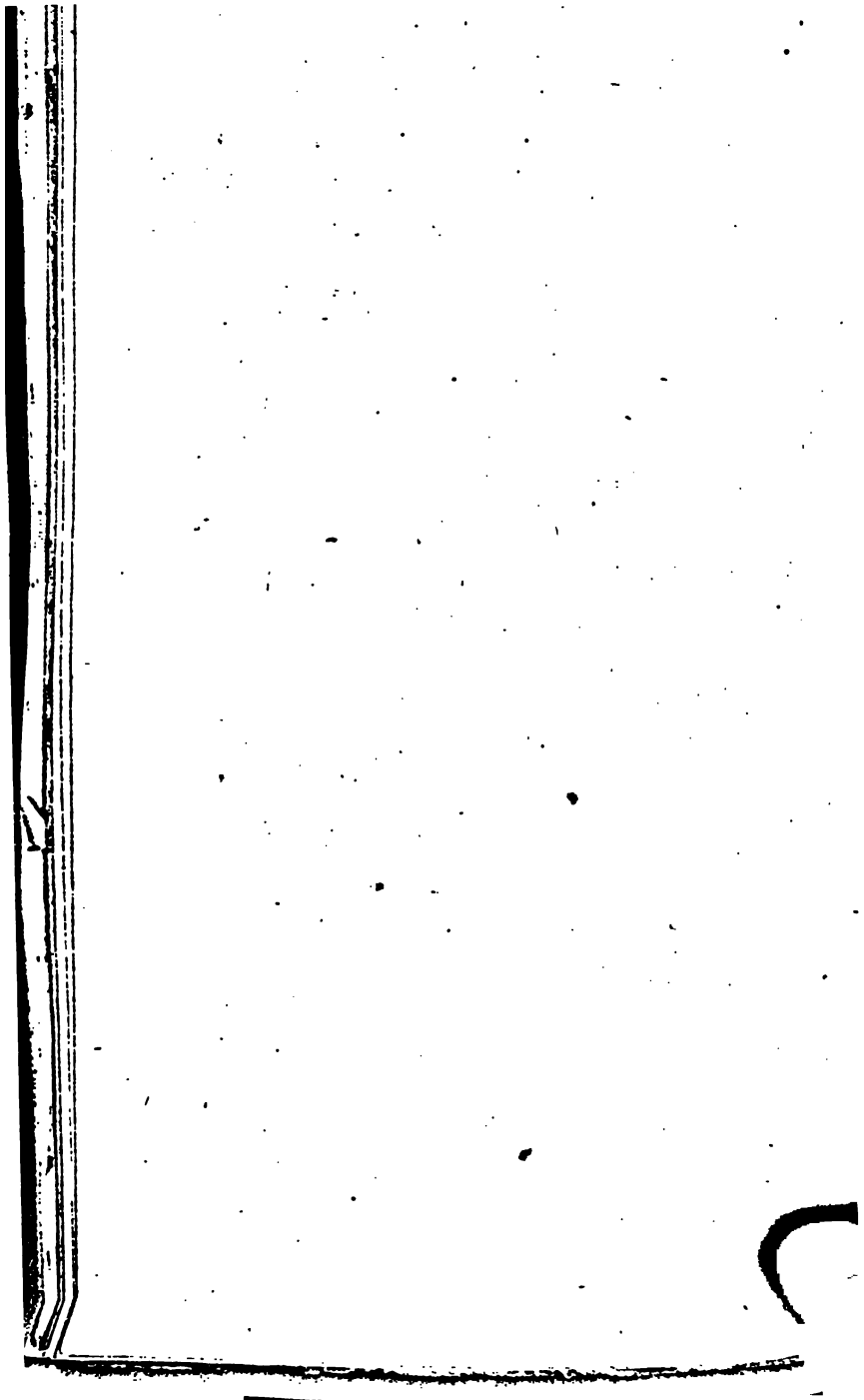
Yet unslandered by his fellows;
For no heart, howe'er misled,
But bowed down its inner nature
To that clearer heart and head

Thus he lived; a man whose country
Was not bounded by a state,
And whose uncorrupted honor
Turned the shafts of private hate.

Thus he died: unnerved, unshaken
By opinion's subtle art;
Now the stricken city weepeth,
And the nation holds his heart.

'Tis for this we render honor—
That he ranked among the few
Who, amid a reign of Error,
Dared sublimely to be true.

C. K. T.



JAMES LOUIS PETIGRU.*

ABOUT the middle of the last century, a young couple—James and Mary Petigru—emigrated from Ireland to America. They had been married not only without the consent, but against the active opposition of relations and friends. Of these friends one side were Protestants, the other side members of the Catholic Church, and religious dissension exasperated the family quarrel. The persecuted pair abandoned their home, and sought peace and more prosperous fortunes in the woods of Pennsylvania. From Pennsylvania they moved to South Carolina, and settled themselves at last in Abbeville District, at that time the district of "Ninety-six."

* Formerly spelt Pottigrew.

In due season the wanderers gave to the state a large number of sons. Charles, the eldest, was sent abroad for education, took orders in the Church of England, and, after his return to America, became titular bishop of the North Carolina diocese. His descendants are still living there. Of these, General Johnston Petigru, of the Confederate army, is one. The other sons of James and Mary bore arms in the country's service during the Revolutionary war, some as officers, others in the ranks. The youngest son, William Petigru, then only sixteen, served as a dragoon under Colonel Washington in various actions. He was wounded, and received a pension during the latter part of his life. His father died before the war, his mother shortly after its close. He was the only son remaining with her at her death, and inherited a few negroes and the farm on which she had lived. The farm is on Little River, in the "Flat Woods" of Abbeville District, and is now the property of Mr. Haskell.

The character of William Petigru was not a common one. He had great wit and

humor; was generous and impulsive, gay and social; caring little for business, but always ready for sport; without education, yet greatly devoted to books; a lover of reading, where few ever read; exhibiting taste and judgment that seemed instinctive, and, without any but his own training, selecting the standard authors of the language for his use and amusement, and introducing his children, in the midst of the woods, to the polished poetry of Pope. He read to them, and read well, enjoying without measure every passage of wit or humor that appeared in the author, and teaching his children to enjoy them too. He made them read to each other, and established a rule in the house that one should always read aloud while the rest were at work.

He had a friend. With his genial nature it could hardly be otherwise. His friend, Tom Finley, lived with him after his mother's death. The two intimates were not alike in character. They agreed thoroughly in the love only of books. Finley was cold and reserved; fond of disputation, and excelling

in it; with no wit or humor, but admiring it in others; not loving money, but not regardless of it; skillful enough in the management of affairs, but not too eager in their pursuit. They lived together, not only while bachelors, but after William Petigru's marriage, and this led to a cementing of their friendship at last by their marrying sisters. The result of the two weddings was not the same. The careless, improvident, but genial temper of one bridegroom made him the head of a happy household, notwithstanding its troubles; the sombre, disputatious nature of the other was less fortunate. One sister lived long enough to see a house full of joyous children; the other died in a year or two, leaving an infant son to the elder's care.

The two sisters—wives of Finley and Petigru—were daughters of Jean Louis Gibert, one of those Huguenot pastors who sought safety for their flocks in the wilds of America during the persecutions of the eighteenth century. In connection with other names familiar to South Carolina—the names, for example, of Samuel and Elie Prioleau—the

pastor Gibert is spoken of by the Rev. A. Crottet, in his History of the Reformed Churches in France, as a bold, faithful, and indefatigable minister. Another of his name, Etienne Gibert, perhaps a brother, was pastor of the French Church in England, called "La Patente," in Spital Fields, near London. Jean Louis led the last of the Huguenot colonies to Carolina. He established his flock in Abbeville, at New Bordeaux. They were strangers in a new land, and endured many hardships. But the Huguenots were industrious and frugal; they seldom failed to succeed.

The leader and his flock received a grant of land from the royal government, and the people were making advances in the production of wine and silk. The pastor had exhibited approved specimens to the state authorities. Every thing seemed to promise the colony success, when the death of their chief and the revolution that followed destroyed their hopes. If the death of the pastor was a terrible event to his people, it was even more disastrous to his family.

He had married one of his flock on arriving at Charleston, and left three children. The widow, unable to contend with her difficulties in the country, removed to Charleston. In a year or two she married Pierre Engevine, a merchant of the city. No children followed the marriage. The wife died in a few years, and Mr. Engevine retired from business, and removed to Abbeville with the three children of the Rev. Mr. Gibert. The purpose of Engevine was to improve the property of the orphans. But this was not easy. Silk and wine had been abandoned, and cotton was yet unknown. There was no market crop, and farming was unprofitable. It was difficult to find funds to defray the house expenses, or to provide means of education for the children—the son Joseph and the two daughters—beyond the resources of the household—the library of the deceased pastor and the stepfather's imperfect aid.

In this emergency, Mr. Engevine thought it expedient to apprentice the boy Joseph to a trade. But the lad was proud, sensitive, and aspiring. His spirit revolted at what he

thought a descent from his father's station in life. By desperate exertions in the intervals of his ordinary labors, he fitted himself for the practice of medicine; but the exertion overtasked his strength, and injured his constitution. He became moody, and died unmarried, a victim to wounded pride and a sensitive spirit.

The two girls, Louise Guy and Jeanne, grew up in seclusion, with such assistance in their instruction as Mr. Engevine's affection and care could bestow. Louise, the elder, attended to the household affairs. Her nature was well fitted for the task. She had a calm constancy, a modesty combined with dignity, a sweetness of temper and firmness of purpose which commanded both affection and respect. She was as charming in person as in character—a brunette, with a smooth, delicate skin, soft hazel eyes, dark brown hair, a figure of medium height, well rounded, with exquisitely formed arms, hands, and feet. She was beloved by her people. Some time after her death one of her daughters asked an old man, the patriarch of the surviving French

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colonists, whether he remembered the inquirer's mother. "What," he replied, with increased interest, "do you mean the pastor's daughter? Oh yes, I remember her well; she was very beautiful, and as good as she was beautiful."

With this charming girl the lively and impulsive William Petigru accidentally met. He fell in love forthwith, sought her acquaintance, and recommended himself to her more sedate character by the allurements of his cheerfulness and wit. He was successful in winning her heart, and they were married in the summer of 1788.

On the 10th of May, 1789, at the farm on Little River, their first son, James Louis Petigru, was born, the first of eleven children. He was named from the two grandfathers, the emigrant from Ireland and the French pastor, and was a vigorous and promising boy from his birth, the joy of the young parents, of his aunt Jeanne, the father's friend Finley, and the grandpapa Engevine. The expectations of sanguine relatives were not unfounded. Time confirmed the morning's early

promises. In force of character, depth, originality, and vigor of mind, the grandson of James Petigru and the French pastor had few equals. He lived to become the stay of his house, and to win high honor in his state and beyond it. I propose to attempt a sketch of his life, to offer a tribute, however imperfect, to his distinguished virtues and abilities.

The infant nephew of Jeanne Gibert drew the young aunt into many visits at the Pettigrew farm. Finley was still an inmate. He was attracted by the appearance of the visitor, and they were married, after a short courtship and partial acquaintance. The farm of Finley was at no great distance, and the two households were near and intimate neighbors. But the happy intercourse was of short duration. Mrs. Finley died the third year after her marriage, leaving a son to her sister's care. The son was distinguished when a youth at college for assiduity and talent. He was in the class of 1813, and bid fair to obtain its highest honors. But a short illness, in the junior year of the class, destroyed the

brilliant promise of his mind, and closed his career. The course of the elder sister's son was more fortunate, and a long life matured and developed his strong characteristics of heart and mind.

It was at the funeral of his aunt, Mrs. Finley, that the sensibility and tenderness that marked the nephew's nature were first strikingly manifested. He wept at the scene so long and violently as to attract the notice and concern of all the attendants; and when the coffin was about to be let down into the grave, he stretched out his arms to prevent it with passionate protestations.

To his mother he was always devoted, and loved her from early life with deep affection. From his boyhood he was her active assistant in the discharge of her household duties. The cares of a large family often kept her up to a late hour at night. At these times he never went to bed until she was ready to go. He mended the fire for her; he talked with her; he read to her; he lightened her toils by sympathy, and by all the active aid he could manage to give her. His affectionate

nature was never weary in its manifestations of devotion and love, and the gentle mother fully appreciated their value.

Not only his friends thought him possessed of great quickness of parts, and the old grand-papa Engevine continued to delight in predicting his future distinction, but that there was something uncommon about the boy was the general opinion, though the conviction was exhibited in various ways, some favorable, others of evil augury. It was his habit to throw himself on the grass, under a tree, with a book, and to become absorbed in the author's pages. An old neighbor said to his mother one day, "I have just passed your son James under the big apple-tree. He is so much taken up with his book that he never saw nor heard me, though I walked within a few feet of him." These admiring dames of the neighborhood would have rejoiced to coax or drive their sons to similar application with their books from the more attractive enjoyment of dog, horse, and gun. Others of the good people looked with less favor on the student's pursuits. It was a custom with

the young lover of books to walk alone in the woods, to mutter or talk to himself, and to become irritable if interrupted in these reveries. The practical old people who had occasionally met him would point to their foreheads, and intimate that every thing was not right with him in that quarter. They preferred the less equivocal promise of their own sons, and thought the hunt of a racoon or squirrel, a good shot, or successful quarter-race, much more indicative of sound faculties and progress in life.

His first teacher was a wandering Virginian of no great parts or acquirements, from whom he learned nothing, and of whom he remembered little more than the "barrings out" to which the master was subjected by his rebellious scholars.

In 1800 the whole household removed to Badwell, the farm and residence of the Giberts. It was the property of Joseph, the son of the pastor, and he shared it with his sister and her children. It has been the family homestead ever since. The farm lies among the hills of Abbeville, on Buffalo

Creek, a tributary of Little River, about twenty miles from the former residence of the Petigru family.

Here, when about eleven years old, he was sent to the school of Charles Touloon, an Irish schoolmaster. Touloon was believed by his scholar to be a Catholic priest, who had violated his vows by passing into matrimony. He married the widow of Lieutenant Henderson, who had been killed during the Revolution in a skirmish with the Tories. That the reverend father should have been insnared into a breach of his vows by the relict of the lieutenant is the less surprising, as in subsequent years she was considered a witch by all her neighbors. Touloon knew something of Latin and mathematics, and his scholar always spoke of him with respect and regard.

For two years immediately previous to the spring of 1804, James Louis was employed in looking after the farm. He devoted himself to the task with assiduity and earnestness. His industry was invaluable to his mother, on whose judgment and care the

well-being of the family for the most part depended. He was indefatigable, and she never ceased to express the belief that his resolute spirit would work its way to distinction and honor in the great world.

There was at this time a grammar-school of great eminence in the neighborhood, the academy of the Rev. Dr. Waddell at Willington. How James Louis might be got to it was the subject of anxious consultation with the household. The question was often discussed, and as often postponed. It involved many difficulties: how should the expenses of board, lodging, and tuition be defrayed; how could his assistance on the farm be dispensed with; how would the family be able to spare one who was the life of the house as well as its promise?

About the period of these deliberations, early in 1804, Dr. Waddell attended a meeting of some kind near Badwell, the family residence. Some one present attempted to relate to the doctor an event that he had read in a late Charleston paper. The narrator made bungling work of the story, when

James Louis, who was standing near, said to the reverend gentleman, "Sir, the affair was after this wise;" and went on to tell the tale in a clear, connected manner, and in well-chosen language. The doctor was very well pleased with the performance, patted the lad on the head, and remarked to him, "If I had you with me, my boy, I would make a man of you." The event decided the long consultations of the family council, and placed the young aspirant in the way to honorable distinction. It was a decision of deep concern, not only to him, but to the younger branches of the family, who shared the fruits of his successful fortunes. He was sent to Willington forthwith. The school was ten miles from Badwell, and his return home, every Friday evening, was a jubilee to the house anxiously looked for every week by all parties, by the younger children especially.

It was a great happiness to the ambitious boy when the way to Willington was opened to his enterprise. His imagination magnified its advantages. He was accustomed at the

time to keep a journal of events and opinions. On one page of it he wrote, "This day I am to go to Willington;" and added,

"With joy and fear I view the vast design."

The line has something of the rhythm of Pope's verse, and indicates an early acquaintance with an author more prized a hundred years ago than now. Perhaps there were other lines which the reporter has forgotten. The journal has been lost. It is very much to be regretted. There can be no doubt that it abounded in pithy and original remarks.

The Willington school was a sort of Eton or Rugby of American manufacture, and the doctor at its head the Carolina Dr. Arnold. He had great talents for organization and government. His method appealed largely to the honor and moral sense of his pupils. They were not confined with their books unnecessarily in a narrow school-room. The forest was their place of study. They resorted to the old oaks and hickories, and at their feet or among their branches prepared their various lessons. The horn called them

at intervals to change of occupation. The sound was repeated from point to point, and the woods echoed with these sonorous signals for recitation or retirement. When cold or wet weather drove the students from their sylvan resorts, log cabins in various quarters afforded the requisite accommodations. At night, with the same sound of the horn, they retired to their lodgings for sleep or farther study. Their food was Spartan in plainness—corn-bread and bacon; and for lights, torches of pine were more in fashion than candles. Monitors regulated the classes and subdivisions of classes, and preserved the order and discipline of the institution with the smallest possible reference to its head. It was a kind of rural republic, with a perpetual dictator. The scholars were enthusiastically attached to their school. After they had become grandfathers they talked of it in raptures.

Thomas Farr Capers—who is, indeed, full on all subjects of genial and generous impulses—used to speak of the institution with tears in his eyes, especially when he told of

a visit he made to it in company with George McDuffie long after the days of their studies, and when the school no longer existed. Mr. Capers had met with McDuffie at the Virginia Springs. It was just after the death of McDuffie's wife, and he was worn with sorrow and disappointed hopes. They traveled together on their return home until they reached McDuffie's residence at Cherry Hill, in the vicinity of Willington. The next morning it was arranged that they should visit the scenes of their school-day pleasures. They rode to the spot. As they neared the site of the school it was proposed by McDuffie that they should dismount. They approached the dilapidated buildings on foot, with uncovered heads. They walked over the familiar places, visited the old oaks and hickories, still full of leafy honors; and as they proceeded, McDuffie, with a keen look at his companion, as if he were searching his friend's bosom and detecting its emotions, asked from time to time if every thing was the same—if the other remembered this or that particular feature in the landscape or

the school-ground. Nothing was forgotten. They went to the pure spring at the foot of the steep hill. Mr. Capers made cups again of the broad leaves of the hickory, and the two drank once more in the old fashion at the fountain where they had drank so copiously in former times. And as they did these things, and talked of old companions who had passed away like the school and were no more, tears ran down their faces. Would any one have thought that the stern Roman profile of the Carolina orator surmounted so tender a heart, whatever may have been expected from the warm and cordial nature of his friend ?

The great reputation of the Willington school drew scholars from all parts of the state—from the mountains, the parishes, the city. The number reached two hundred and fifty. Many were sons of wealthy parents. The rustic appearance of the new scholar was a subject of remark with the young patricians, the wearers of broadcloth and fine linen. They harassed the stranger in home-spun with the annoyances that school-boy

malice or mischief so promptly supplies until it meets or fears retaliation. The new-comer was driven from the open places of resort by the devices of his companions. It was a great trouble to his social and cordial nature, and with a heavy heart he retreated to one of the huts, where he applied himself to his grammar with redoubled diligence. He tried to forget his cares in his studies. Presently he felt a smart as though something had stung him. He sprang from his seat, and saw that one of his tormentors had inserted, through one of the openings of the log cabin, a long stick burning at one end, and applied it to the seat of his pantaloons. This was too much for mortal endurance. The book was thrown on the ground. The injured party rushed on his assailant, and a desperate fight ensued, in which the insulted combatant proved victorious.

The next day a court of sessions was held in the school-room. The rules of the institution prohibited fighting. All the whipping in the establishment was the prerogative of the venerable doctor. His rights had been

violated, and the two boys were arraigned before him to show cause why they should not be punished for their infraction of law and contempt for authority. The persecuted party told his story fairly and manfully. He had a talent for stating a case. He mentioned his provocations, his forbearance, his efforts to avoid the wrongs to which he had been subject, and the final injury which had exasperated him beyond all self-control. The defeated culprit had nothing to say, and said nothing. The reverend judge, having heard the case, inflicted the same punishment on both parties with the most scrupulous exactness. The wrong-doer and the wronged fared alike.

I heard Mr. Petigru tell the story for the first time about a year before his death. Mention had been casually made of a man by the name of Ramsay, a resident, it is believed, of Beaufort District, when Petigru remarked, "Why, that is the very person with whom I had a fight at Waddell's school," and he then related the whole adventure. Even at that distant period, nearly sixty years aft-

er the affair, he seemed to feel the gross injustice with which he had been treated. The pain of the punishment was nothing; he was as able to bear it and forget it as any man; it was the injustice that had sunk into his heart, and that still lingered in his memory. It was an offense not so much against him as against the great cardinal virtue which he revered all his life.

The effect of his manly conduct throughout the adventure had the effect, however, in the school, of placing him thenceforward in his proper position, and his assiduity and ability assumed a place speedily in the highest rank.

Many years after this, at the death of Dr. Waddell, Mr. Petigru was called upon and attempted to make an address on the occasion. He was so much overcome by the tenderness of his feelings as to be obliged to abandon the undertaking.

There are numerous interesting and characteristic facts, without doubt, connected with his school-life at Dr. Waddell's academy, but his contemporaries have passed away, and

the incidents are forgotten. Mr. Capers, the nearest to him that I have met, but separated from him by an interval of eight years, says Petigru was remembered in the school as one of its great lights, like McDuffie and a few more.

What his attainments were at Willington I have no means of knowing. That they were remarkable may be inferred from the fact that the master of the school proposed to him at the end of three years to take the place of assistant teacher. But the brilliant and persevering pupil had other views. From Willington he went to Columbia, and, in December, 1806, entered the class that was graduated in 1809, being the fourth class from the first opening of the college. During the period of his collegiate studies he was a teacher in the Columbia Academy, and was permitted to live outside of the college bounds. He depended on his own exertions for support, and these exertions with difficulty supplied him with books, board, and clothing. On one occasion he refused an invitation to dine with a gentleman of his acquaintance

because his insufficient dress was an insuperable obstacle.

It was in college that I first knew him. As members of the same class we were closely associated. We talked, walked, and read together. A summer night we once spent over the wild wit of Rabelais. I served as reader and he as audience. The reading was in a loud, fantastic tone, adapted to the grotesque fancies of the old monk, in such passages as when he tells us, for example, of the exploits of Gargantua, or of the magnificent speech of Janotus de Bragmardo, when he supplicated the restoration of the church bells which the monarch had carried away from the cathedral of Notre Dame, and had hung for ornament to the mane and tail of his wonderful mare. Daylight found us engaged in the coarse but irresistible merriment of the modern master of broad humor and boisterous wit. In a week or two after this he handed me a favorite poet for admiration, and, to banter him, I read a verse or two in the tone and manner I had used in reading Rabelais. I only exposed myself to a sar-

casu. "Ah!" he said, "I thought your taste had suggested the mode of reading Rabelais, and that you adapted the manner to the author, but I find you make no distinction between pathos and farce."

His conversation in college, as every where, was original and attractive. He was quick and pointed in quotation and reply. Some one remarked in the college-yard that genius and insanity were near neighbors, and adduced, as evidence of the fact, the examples of Collins, Cowper, Swift, and others. A passage was referred to in Hume as noticing and explaining the affinity. Petigru replied that Dryden had said the same thing before Hume, and more clearly and tersely:

"Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide."

He was addicted to poetry. His father's library comprised the works of Dryden and Pope, and the young lover of books had formed his taste from the writings of these great masters of English verse. One of his fellow-students, in a room adjoining, wrote a few lines on the merits of Pope, and left them on

the table. The lines were somewhat disparaging, in the tone of a certain modern school which exalted its own claims at the expense of its predecessors. Petigru found the criticism where it was lying, and forthwith wrote a comment on the critic's performance in corresponding verse. I give it from memory, after the lapse of more than half a century:

"Pity! that scribblers should aspire
 To write of Pope without his fire;
 To criticise, in witless lines,
 The wit in every page that shines;
 To chide, in verses dull and tame,
 The poet's verse of endless fame;
 His taste assail in tasteless strains,
 And earn a Dunciad for their pains."

The sarcasm applies to the whole school of hypocrites, and their efforts to decry the brilliant poet of Queen Anne's time in attempting to exalt their own.

The leaning of Mr. Petigru was not to active sports or exercises. He had no taste for them, or was unwilling to waste his time in the pursuit. He was never seen engaged at ball, like Stephen D. Miller, afterward governor of the state, who was an adept at the

game, and never tired of playing it; nor was he ever employed like Gregg and Murphy, the leaders of their class—one subsequently a senator and successful lawyer in Columbia, the other a governor of Alabama and member of Congress. The singularity in Petigru proceeded from no want of alertness or vigor, for he was a strong, active man; nor was it from any want of genial sympathy, since he was always ready for a walk, a chat, or an adventure whenever one was suggested.

There was one art or accomplishment in which he was ambitious to excel, but his success bore no proportion to his efforts. He was fond of dancing. A man by the name of Sudor set up a dancing-school in Columbia, and, with other college lads, Mr. Petigru became a pupil. But he was never able to acquire any skill in executing pigeon-wings, which were the pride of the teacher's heart, nor in maneuvering through the stately steps of the minuet, which still lingered on the floor of the ball-room. His mode of dancing, like his mode of talking and acting, was peculiar to himself, and was sometimes so much

more hearty and original than graceful that it forced a smile from the ladies engaged with him in the dance. On one of these occasions, long after he left college, seeing some signs of risibility more obvious than polite, he turned to a friend looking on, and said, in a whisper loud enough to be heard, "The ladies think I am dancing for their amusement, whereas I am dancing altogether for my own."

He was graduated in 1809, and received the first honors of his class. The second were awarded to his old schoolmate, George Bowie, of Abbeville, who moved to Alabama, and acquired reputation and high office in the state. The toil and privations of the destitute scholar who labored for support had been long and hard, but unflinching perseverance secured his triumph.

Soon after obtaining his degree Mr. Petigru visited his family. He was received, we may readily believe, with joyous acclamations. He had surpassed their expectations or their hopes. But he found no cause for rejoicing in the condition of the family. The

narrow fortunes of the household had become narrower still. Debts had been contracted. The old farm, his birthplace, had been taken before to satisfy some of these; negroes had gone to pay others. He grieved over the toils of a mother whom he tenderly loved, and the want of provision for the future advancement of a promising family of her sons and daughters, for whom his heart was deeply concerned. What could he do for them—how could he aid them?

It was the great problem of his life. He went to see his uncle Finley. His uncle, with worldly wisdom, commended him for diligence at college, and counseled him to remove to some new country, or at least to sever himself from the falling fortunes of his family. "I will never desert my mother," was the reply. "Then," the uncle answered, "you will all sink together. Ruin is inevitable. The case is hopeless." He returned home with these hard sayings in his mind. He threw his arms round his mother's neck, wept for the unhappy fortunes of the house, and expressed the wish that they could to-

gether be snatched away by some sudden convulsion of Nature from the fate that seemed to await them—that they might rest together on the hill-side by her exiled father, and that none of the helpless children of her love should be left to encounter unavailingly the world's coldness and contumely. But the persevering, hopeful, Christian spirit of the pastor's daughter cheered and encouraged him. She advised that he should go where Fortune invited. He could best assist his home by leaving it. He would not be deserting his mother, but aiding her and his family by seeking the means of helping them where they could most easily be found.

The calm judgment of the mother reassured him. He resolved to try his fortunes in Beaufort District. Influential friends secured a school for him in the lower part of St. Luke's parish, on the Eutaws, near the Baptist church, which made his school-room. His purpose was to devote himself to the study of law, and to teach in the mean time for support. While engaged in this double scheme for the present and the future, he

boarded in the family of the Rev. Dr. Sweet, the pastor of the church.

The doctor's church was somewhat romantic in its appearance, "bosomed high in tufted trees," and pleased his young guest, but the place of baptism was not inviting. It was a large hole at the head of a salt-water creek, and its waters, to the uninitiated eye of the stranger, had nothing purifying about them. The doctor himself, if not quite the equal of Isaac Watts or Robert Hall, the two great luminaries of his sect, was an exemplary and devout man. There was nothing to complain of. The host was kind, the neighborhood wealthy and refined, and the young teacher spent his time not unpleasantly in his new home. The friendship of Judge Huger rendered his introduction into the best houses more easy, and his wit and vivacity soon made him a favorite with them all.

Not long after he had been fairly fixed in his new quarters, his reverend friend found occasion to visit the Baptist brethren of Beaufort. He embraced the opportunity to write. It was the beginning of a correspond-

ence that ran through fifty years. In his letter he speaks favorably of his "host." "My host," he says, "is about to stretch forth to the faithful of Beaufort the things that are holy. I have determined to write, therefore, desiring to make my letter profitable by sending it along with the merchandise of great price, concluding (wisely you will allow) that it may derive some advantage from the connection. -It has been said of Shaftesbury that he makes an objection to Christianity because it contains no precepts by which friendship is enforced. My host, if he had been one of the twelve, would have obviated the objection by many words in its favor. Now the disciple merely of a disciple in the one hundred and forty-fourth degree, he can show his philanthropy by his deeds only; and after telling us that few can avoid the gulf of perdition, he will descend from the pulpit, and comprehend with his benevolence the many whom his doctrine has not comprehended."

Some months after he hears that a college friend is engaged to be married, and makes

an inquiry respecting his matrimonial prospects. "Scarron," he says, "acknowledged in his marriage-settlement the receipt of four Louis d'ors, two large murdering black eyes, the most elegant figure, two beautiful hands, and a great deal of wit. What kind of a Scarron will our friend Tom make, and where will the parallel fail?" His friend Tom might have acknowledged two eyes equally large and dangerous, and a dowry about equal to the four gold pieces, but the wit was lacking, or perceptible only to a lover's ear. Of another wedding lately celebrated between a gay but elderly widow and a New England adventurer much younger than herself, he predicts that the unlucky youth will soon sigh after his native home "in the north country." The poor man lost his wits from that or other causes.

In other letters written about the same time he laments over his lost zeal for study. He is almost inclined, he says, to wish that "he was fairly within the vulgar pale, lord-ing it over a farm, talking of venison, drum-fish, cotton-seed, and politics. This is the

state in which a man quietly vegetates, and, like other vegetables, is governed by steady principles, and is led to dissolution by regular gradations, without the annoyance of passion or eccentricity of mind." He had evidently come to the conclusion that our low country planters have a genius for the school of Epicurus—for the philosopher's mode of living, at least, if not for his studies.

During the vacations of the winters following he relieved the monotony of his country life by visits to Charleston. It was a time of war in one of these, and he met many of his old friends, some in service and others seeking it. "I was amazed," he wrote, "at the sight of our friend James T. Dent, who is here expecting an appointment from Washington. You may remember his steady attachment to the maxim of Creech's Horace:

"Not to admire is all the art I know
To make men happy, and to keep them so."

He has been wandering about carelessly, improving his knowledge to the detriment of

his purse; but, while one's capital is not yet gone and his hopes are young, there is nothing to prevent pleasure.

"I met Bull too, and was positively astonished. I am as much pleased at his good fortune as I was surprised at his sudden appearance. He is considered the governor's private secretary, though it has not been formally announced. It is a snug post, and opens the world to him in a very advantageous manner.

"There was no pique or misunderstanding between him and General Alston. The boy grew restive, and, as the method agreed on between the parties precluded coercion, Bull refused to receive the salary any longer, and left the place contrary to the general's wishes." W. H. Bull had gone from college to be a private tutor in Alston's family, and the boy alluded to, an only son, the grandson of Aaron Burr, was too much petted to submit to discipline.

"I am in comfortable quarters," he says, at a subsequent period, "with Bob Taylor, at Mrs. Bee's, who has more of the milk of hu-

man kindness than I used to think possible for any housewife. I can not make a like return to the heroi-comic story of your letter, but I can tell you of a damned rascally thing of recent occurrence. A privateer, the Revenge, Captain Butler, put into this port two weeks ago. The common sailors had divided more than a thousand dollars apiece, and this overflow came by robbing a Spanish vessel. They robbed her crew and passengers not only of all their money, but of every rag of clothing except what was on their backs. The pirates strutted through Charleston proclaiming this deed, displaying their gold watches and fine clothes, and not a soul took any notice of it, till at length the crew got to fighting among themselves, and one informed. Even then the marshal arrested none but the captain, and, as it is said, retained no evidence against him. Thus, to the dishonor of our name, these pirates, in all probability, will go off with impunity."

In another letter the writer speaks of having met with General Tait at the Planter's Hotel, and remarks that he "never met him


without being struck by his misfortunes and the calmness with which he bore them."

Tait was a man of many adventures. He had served in the American war with the commission, I believe, of captain in Roberts's Artillery. At the close of the war, or when the excitement of revolution grew strong in France, he hurried across the Atlantic to offer his sword to the new republic; but the French were always more ready to lend swords than to borrow them, and had plenty of aspiring spirits at home without seeking them abroad. His fortunes were not prosperous. He was in service, however, and reached the title and rank of general. He was one of the officers in command of the expedition that landed on the coast of England, and were made prisoners on landing by the troops and local militia. It was said that the French army on this occasion was a collection of rogues, and the sailing of the squadron a sort of general jail delivery.

On the return of Tait to France he was totally neglected, and was constrained at last to return to his own country. How he lived

in Charleston nobody could tell, probably on the charity of his hostess, Mrs. Calder. He was a stoic in temper, and bore the ills of fortune with equanimity. He had the spirit of a projector too, which is more potent than philosophy in enabling its possessor to brave the calamities of life. It supplies him with constant employment, and a fund of hope that never fails. Tait was among the inventors of perpetual motion; went to Philadelphia to perfect his machine, and was heard of no more. He died, perhaps, in the poor-house.

He was a man of striking appearance, tall, muscular, well-formed, with a pleasing countenance and agreeable address. His long white hair flowed over his shoulders, and gave dignity to his person. His conversation was very pleasing. His varied and long experience could not fail to give it many charms. He was familiar with the incidents and characters of two revolutions, of periods imbued with the deepest interest for all ages. Mr. Petigru knew the relatives of the battered adventurer somewhere in the upper districts



of South Carolina, and never failed, in visiting the city, to seek the poor old veteran, to manifest a lively concern in his troubles, and to admire the magnanimity with which he endured the ills of a long and luckless career.

Some time after, in another visit, he says, "Nobody has met me with more cordiality than Mrs. Calder at the Planter's Hotel. The good lady took hold of my hands, called me her son, and, what was more extraordinary, remembering I had left her house on a former visit at the time of her son's death, she burst into tears, and declared she could never be restored to tranquillity again. She looked, indeed, very much reduced. Nevertheless, the hostess at length predominated, and she joined with much glee in some of Frank Hampton's broadest jokes. Frank is another of the old fraternity that I find here. This may be said of Frank, that I see no difference in him now in his prosperity, a gay and gallant officer, from what he was before. He is the same, only greatly improved." Frank Hampton was the younger son of General

Hampton, and brother of the late Colonel Wade Hampton, of Columbia.

These occasional visits to the city were productive of great enjoyment to one so social in his nature as Mr. Petigru. They were instructive too.

His keen, observing mind was always on the alert, and caught the varieties of character that it encountered with marvelous facility. It was active every where. He was a frequent visitor in the country at Mrs. Heyward's, of Whitehall, and in grateful terms spoke of the advantages he derived from her library, and still more from her conversation. "In truth," he remarked, in one of his letters, "she is a wonderful old lady, a *rara avis in terris*, and has, with the garrulity of a woman, the ideas and language of a man."

To this wonderful old lady he wrote verses. It was her custom to intrust her pens to him to be repaired, and quills to be converted into pens. On one occasion she sent him a great many to be made or mended at once, and he returned them with a copy of verses. I regret to say that I have lost the verses. I

remember two lines only at the beginning, and two at the end. He addresses the pens as "creatures of the element"—as

"Plastic beings, artists quaint,
Air to bind, and thought to paint."

He expatiates on their powers and privileges, their happiness in serving a lady so worthy of their ministering influences, and exhorts them, at the close, to hasten to their service:

"Go, nor serve your queen amiss;
Fate has made your service bliss."

The paper containing the verses were wrapped about the pens as a case to hold them, and the writing was on the inner side. The lady took out pen after pen as she needed them, without unfolding the paper, and the unhappy poet, not knowing this, suffered, week after week, the mortification, keener than all others, of neglected verse. It was only when the store of pens was exhausted, and the paper disclosed its hidden freight of wit, that the author received his reward in the lady's thanks and praises.

In one of his visits to Mrs. Heyward he witnessed what he was accustomed to relate

as a proof that, if society now is not so full of graceful observances as formerly, neither is it as free of touching the extremest verge of a just decorum.

He dined at Whitehall in a large company. One of them was General P——, on his way from his plantation to Charleston. The party was numerous, and Petigru sat among the juniors, "below the salt," as he described it, at the foot of the table, with Tom Heyward, the old lady's son. The general talked in the fashion of the Revolution at the lady-end of the table, using words more pregnant with meaning than prudish in dress. The younger parties caught a phrase only occasionally of what was intended for the ladies' ears. There was at least no false delicacy or affectation in the language. When the rest of her guests were gone, Mr. Heyward said to Mr. Petigru, "Did you hear the conversation at my end of the table?" "Yes," he replied, "I caught portions of it from time to time." "And what did you think of it?" was the next question. "Why," said the guest, with some hesitation, "I thought it

rather salt." "You may well say so," Mrs. Heyward answered; "it was very salt indeed."

Mr. Petigru thought highly of Tom Heyward, the son. The vigorous mind of the mother overshadowed him, and he hardly received his just estimate from the friends of the house or from the community. Petigru was accustomed to quote one of his friend's sayings as indicating capacity for acute thinking and terseness of expression. Mr. Heyward said, "Whatever parties may exist in a country, and under whatever names they may go, there are always two aristocracies—the aristocracy of wealth and the aristocracy of talent;" and, turning to his companion, he added, "You belong to one and I to the other."

Mr. Petigru was a frequent guest at Mr. Neufville's, on Graham's Neck. Mr. Neufville was an accomplished man of the world, and was noted for a celebrated duel in which he had outmaneuvered Boone Mitchel, the most expert duelist of the day. The host loved wit and vivacity, and appreciated the brilliant qualities of his young visitor.

Mrs. Neufville rejoiced in juvenile company, and the belles of the neighborhood were often at her house. The results of youthful assemblages and associations are easily anticipated. Petigru got so far in their common consequences as to write verses to the young ladies, the usual symptom of being in love. The aloe was abundant about the premises of "Rocky Point," the Neufville residence. The large thick leaves were cut and carved into names and verses. Miss C—— remarked that the plants were more fruitful in wit and poetry than in flowers, and the young gentleman improved the occasion by producing some of his own.

He sent me the verses in a letter. I insert them with his comment. The comment is not in the tone of a desponding or anxious lover. It is neither pathetic nor plaintive, but in a jocose mood, intended, no doubt, to protect himself from his correspondent's railery.

THE ALOE.

“Though bitter the aloe, 'tis pleasant to gaze
On a plant of such wonderful birth,
That blossoms but once in the limited days
Allotted the children of earth.
And such, lovely maid, is the passion I prove;
Yet, ah! it depends upon you,
Whether, doomed to endure like the aloe, my love
Must be like it in bitterness too.”

“How do you like them?” he asks. “Short and sweet, ay! Epigrammatic, forsooth! Tell me your opinion. I suppose you think Tom Moore has reason to complain of the first stanza. Do you think it so near a theft as to be actionable?”

The stanzas met with favor from the lady. They were not so unfortunate as a sonnet which the writer had finished with great care on a similar occasion, and submitted to the critical judgment of *The Courier*. It was rejected by Mr. Willington as too imperfect for publication. He used to say that it was the greatest mortification of his life, for he thought he had been unusually successful in his work. Whatever the fate of the verses on the aloe, the suit with the lady was not

prosperous. She rejected the addresses, if not the poetry.

It was not a desperate case. If the passion went beyond a poetical fancy with the lover, it was neither bitter nor durable like its emblem. It was short-lived as the common flowers of the spring season. A few months stripped its object of the illusions that an excited imagination had lent her, and restored him to his freedom. His time was not yet come for entering as a denizen the paradise of young men and young maidens, and partaking what Cowper calls "the only bliss of paradise that has survived the fall."

Two years of the interval between his leaving college and being admitted to the bar were spent in Beaufort. He was elected by the board of trustees, in January, 1811, a tutor in the Beaufort College. The president of the college died of fever in the autumn of the year, and the duties of the whole school devolved on Mr. Petigru. They were discharged with zeal and ability. The teacher became a favorite with all parties—with the inhabitants at large, who appreciated his con-

versation and companionable qualities; with the boys, who delighted in the genial humor that lent itself readily in play-hours to their amusements. Stern as a Turk in upholding the laws of discipline, he sometimes resorted to the most decisive modes of enforcing them. At the Eutaw school he had put one of his female scholars out at the window, and ordered her home to get her lesson. In Beaufort he detected a truant near the school, and carried him on his back up stairs to the school-room. But, joyous as one of themselves when the hour of study was over, he would sometimes spin tops or play marbles with as much glee as any of their number.

At the end of the year there was an election for the presidency. Mr. Petigru was a candidate for the place. He said, at a later period, that, if he had succeeded, it would have fixed him in the occupation of teaching, and changed the whole course of his life. He would have risen, in that case, with certainty to the Presidency of the Carolina College. Who can calculate the loss experienced by the college and the state in missing

his services? Any body can make a lawyer or politician, but where could such a college president be found within the limits of the country? In learning, endurance, and activity—in vigor and originality of mind and character—in moral elevation, in fidelity to duty, in commanding authority—in all the attributes by which a teacher would give form to the student's character as a gentleman and a man, where could his equal be found? But the great prize was not to be ours. *Diis aliter visum*. The trustees thought otherwise. They preferred the growth of New England to the home production, elected Mr. Hurlbut, and sent our disappointed candidate back to St. Luke's and the law.

It was some time, however, before the trustees could find a suitable person to take the assistant's place, and Mr. Petigru remained in the college some months longer. While the change of dynasty was still new, and the abdicated and lately-elected monarch were strangers each to the other's character, an incident endangered their amicable relations. During the time that Petigru had acted as

president he had used an arm-chair of his own providing in the principal room. When he took his place in the lower department the chair remained. He wanted it in a day or two, and sent a boy to bring it. The messenger returned saying the president refused to give it up. The president, Hurlbut, had not yet learned his subordinate's nature, impatient always of personal wrongs and prompt to resist them. He would have given a dozen chairs at a word of request, and have caviled over one of their legs if lawless authority demanded its delivery. The president was speedily enlightened. The assistant strode into the room, seized his property, shouldered it, and marched off to his own quarters in a manner too significant to be mistaken.

It was a revelation of the man that Mr. Hurlbut never forgot. The parties lived afterward on the most amicable terms, for the president was really an estimable man, and the assistant was frank, placable, and ready to appreciate merit wherever he found it. During the time he spent in Beaufort he en-

joyed the advantage of Mr. William Robertson's office and friendly attentions.

Mr. Petigru was admitted to the bar at Charleston in December, 1812, in company with an old school-fellow, J. F. Trezevant, R. Y. Hayne, and John M. Verdier, of Beaufort. "I am about to be admitted," he says in a letter from the city, "with my old class-mate (at Waddell's school) Trezevant, who will make, or I am deceived, a very good attorney." As soon as admitted he began practice in Beaufort District, attending the courts also of Colleton and Barnwell, which together constitute the southeastern circuit. His head-quarters were at Coosawhatchie; the summer he spent at some summer resort in the neighborhood.

Coosawhatchie, at that time the judicial capital of Beaufort District, lies on the road that leads from Charleston to Savannah, and was always so well situated for catching bilious fever as never to miss it. It was hardly habitable during the summer. The evil increased as the woods were cut down, and the moist, fertile soil was exposed to the ac-

tion of the sun. To live in the village two consecutive summers became almost impossible for white men. Few ever attempted it. There was one exception—just enough to prove the rule. The exception was Mr. Basilue, who kept a shop, and furnished board and lodging for lawyers and clients in term-time. He was able to live with country fever in all its varieties, as conjurers in Bengal handle venomous serpents without harm or danger. He must have been anointed in infancy with some patent drug of mysterious efficacy. The aligator in the neighboring creek was not safer than he. To every white man but himself a summer in Coosawhatchie was death. It was unnecessary to try a criminal there charged with a capital offense. All that was required was to put him in jail in May to wait his trial at the November court. The state paid for a coffin, and saved the expenses of trial and execution. At night the jailer thought it unnecessary to remain in the jail. He locked his doors and went away to some healthier place until morning, confident that his prisoners

had neither strength nor spirit to escape. At last the lawyers became dissatisfied. They loved fair play as well as fees, and desired to see the rogues brought to justice in the regular way, with a chance for their lives such as the assistance of a lawyer always affords them. The general jail delivery brought about by fever prevented the thief from being duly hanged and the counsel from receiving his retainer. The culprit escaped the halter through the climate, not through the bar.

The whole proceeding was informal. Petitions were got up to change the site of the court-house and jail to a healthy place, and Coosawhatchie has ceased to be the district capital. It is now deserted. When Mr. Petigru began to practice law the village was in its palmyest state. It had a dozen shops or houses, with a hundred inhabitants in the winter and Mr. Bassilue in the summer. Except Mr. Bassilue, the people retired in May to summer resorts. They were necessities of life to the citizens of Coosawhatchie. Mr. Petigru retreated to Erin or Rock Spring, in

the pine forest, where he found a friend and pleasant companion in Dr. North, who practiced physic in the parish, and had to fly like his patients from fever in the summer season.

The first partner of Mr. Petigru in the practice of law, and the only one during his residence at Coosawhatchie, was his classmate Trezevant, with whom he had been admitted to the bar, and of whose capacity to make a good attorney he had expressed at that time a favorable opinion.

His chief and constant opponent at the bar was William D. Martin, who commenced practice about the same time. They were arrayed against each other in every case, like men-at-arms supporting justice on either hand. If the plaintiff had the aid of one, the defendant was always backed by the other. They sustained their several clients with equal zeal and vigor. One would suppose that they were in danger every moment of turning the bar's contention into personal conflict; yet they were the most amicable of adversaries, and lived in the best possible un-

derstanding. They were men of frank, cordial, joyous natures, and appreciated in each other the high qualities which they possessed in common. Their friendship continued for life. They were both beloved and esteemed; yet, while one rose to high honors, and seemed to change them at will, the other toiled on patiently at the bar, unrewarded to the end except by the distinctions which popular favor can neither give nor take away.

Mr. Petigru began his career in the practice of law at an inauspicious period—during the war which began in June, 1812. There was no money in the country. The planters were unable to sell their produce. Their best customer was now their enemy. Suits were few. The business of the courts languished. The lawyers were disposed to change the mimic battles of the bar into bloodier conflicts, and take commissions or muskets instead of briefs. When two English sloops of war—the Moselle and Colibri—in the summer of 1813 were lying at anchor in Port Royal, and the militia of the neighboring parishes were mustered for the defense of the

islands, Mr. Petigru marched in a company, under Captain Huguenin, to Hilton Head with his musket on his shoulder: no better soldier than he, ready for any duty, and prepared to drive a wagon or do battle in the front rank for the country's honor, though no one believed more thoroughly in the absurdities of the war measure, and of the Democratic party who made it. But the laws, we are told, are silent amid arms, and courts and fees for enforcing law in the war were not flourishing. He laughed, and said, at a later period, that the first retainer at this time ever offered him out of Coosawhatchie was at Jacksonborough, in the shape of a silver quarter of a dollar, by a pine-woodsman who was looking for a defender in a case of petty larceny.

At a subsequent period, when General Scott was trying to keep the peace in Charleston, he was recounting one day at Mr. Petigru's house an event of the war in Carolina. Turning to his host, he said, "You were too young, Petigru, to have taken a part in the war." "Too young!" Petigru replied, stretch-

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ing out his legs as he sat, throwing himself back in his chair, and crossing his hands on his chest—"too young, general! why, at that very time I was burning with a passionate desire to be a hero." And he told of his exploits on Hilton Head, and his driving a wagon under Huguenin's command.

During the difficulties in his progress, he talked sometimes of going to New Orleans. It was a point of attraction for all the young and enterprising—the new Mecca of fortune toward which all her worshipers were turning their faces. But he always loved his friends more than money, and he continued to struggle on among or near them for distinction and support in spite of discouragement and delays.

The times changed in a year or two. The war came to an end early in 1815. Business revived and became active. The young lawyer began to make a fair income, and his rising reputation spread far and wide. He was elected solicitor of the district in 181—. The pay of a solicitor is not large, but the office gives position and leads to practice.

"I have been elected in Columbia," he writes to a friend, "while sitting down innocent of solicitation in Coosawhatchie. But, if you are disposed to wonder, you will wonder no longer when you recollect the zeal of Huger and the energy of Pringle." These gentlemen, Daniel E. Huger and James R. Pringle, were members of the General Assembly from Charleston or the adjoining parishes—friends who had been won by his talents and character, who adhered to him through life, and whose children after them continued the friendship with undiminished admiration and regard.

Office, a rising reputation, an increasing income, began to induce other thoughts, to form visions of a home of his own framing, and a partner that might assist him to enjoy it. It is not always that the dreamers of these dreams wait for the assent of prudence before they indulge in them, or become vanquished by their allurements. The young solicitor had not been insensible. One fancy, already alluded to, produced its harvest of poetic blossoms, and died out. Another touched his heart more seriously.

The object was Mary Bowman, a very lovely girl of Beaufort, an adopted daughter of her aunt, Mrs. Longworth, with whom she lived in St. Luke's parish. Her figure was tall and graceful. Her dark eyes formed a striking contrast with the purest possible complexion, and a sweet and gentle expression of countenance added to her charms. She had every beauty of face and figure, though, to say the truth, she was not by any means as well supplied as the bride of Scarron in one of the articles enumerated in his marriage settlement.

But the lady was an expectant merely of fortune, and her admirer unfurnished as yet with any thing more than genius and force of character—the potentialities only of wealth, as Dr. Johnson would call them. A rich suitor, a widower, with one small child and two or three large plantations, made court to the fair one, and was forthwith accepted. The relatives at least thought the match too good to be refused. Her young friend, in after life, never failed to speak of her with gentle memories, and unabated admiration of her beauty.

A young lawyer, nevertheless, of rising reputation and growing practice, brilliant in conversation, and a writer of poetry, has no long lease of his freedom, whatever escapes may have been vouchsafed to him. Unless he has old aunts or elderly sisters at home, who put him beyond all possibility of his ever being able to endure the lightest yoke of matrimony, so that he flies like a scared colt at the mere shaking of the bridle, his fate is soon sealed. It was so with the youthful aspirant for distinction at the Coosawhatchie bar. He had no sisters or aunts at hand to warn or guard him, and his fortune was speedily decided.

There was living at this time near Coosawhatchie a plain, frank, warm-hearted planter, Captain James Postell, son of Colonel Postell, an officer in Marion's brigade of Revolutionary memory. The captain was one of the most hospitable men in the country, and kept open house during court-time for judge, lawyers, and lookers-on. I found a place at his table among other idlers. The table was a long one, and near its head, at the mother's

right hand, sat a daughter, lately returned from boarding-school, of the most alluring beauty. Her complexion was brilliant; she had the finest teeth and eyes, the richest auburn hair, and a sparkling vivacity of manner that attracted and fascinated all who came near her. I saw at a safe distance, and for a short time, the flashing blue eyes and curls of beautiful hair, the winning, impulsive, and somewhat willful or capricious mode of address, which no one could approach and resist. The young attorney at law came too often within their influence to withstand their power. The lady was high-spirited, and admired genius and originality of character—just the woman to dare the chances of matrimony and defy the uncertainties of fortune—and they were married accordingly.

They were married in August, 1816, by Dr. Waddell, at the farm of Colonel Postell, the bride's grandfather, not far from Badwell, the home of the bridegroom's wise and gentle mother, who would have blessed her newly-acquired daughter beyond measure if she could have tempered the young bride's

gay, defiant nature, and taste for fashionable life, and its triumphs and delusions, with something of her own calm constancy of spirit and quiet self-control. As it was, then or subsequently, the bride charmed every one as she pleased, her young sisters of the household especially, with the attractions of her lively and unaffected manners, and the grace and loveliness of her face and person. At the close of the summer the lately married couple returned to their home at Coosawhatchie.

The most friendly relations had for some time existed between Mr. Petigru and Dr. Edward North. The doctor had cured his young friend of a fever, and taken the convalescent patient to his own home for better nursing. From a patient Mr. Petigru became a welcome guest at all times in the doctor's house. North occupied, during the winter season, a plantation near Coosawhatchie, called Northampton, and the newly-arrived pair from Abbeville spent the first winter after their marriage at this place with Dr. and Mrs. North.

During a transient abode in a hired house at Coosawhatchie in the following winter, their eldest son, Albert Porcher, was born. Some time after the family removed to a new house, built by Mr. Petigru himself, in the outskirts of the village. It stood to the south of the court-house, about a mile distant, on the main road. It was the best dwelling of the neighborhood, and the successful architect of his own fortune took some pride in this portion of his handiwork. He used to say he had made his mark in the village borders.

It was the first trophy of success. The house passed from him to Dr. Francis Y. Porcher, and has since gone through many hands, witnessing very often, like most other habitations, the mutabilities of fortune and the vanity of human expectations. The house itself furnishes an example. Before the death of the first owner it had disappeared, and not a vestige now remains of it. Its site is a camp and parade-ground for the troops of the Confederacy. The old church, too, in which he taught his school at the Eutaw,

has been destroyed by fire, and the country about it has become a desolation under the hand of war. Those who knew it most intimately recognize it with difficulty now.

The partnership with Trezevant had been of short duration. Mr. Trezevant died in a few months, and the surviving partner stood alone during his subsequent practice in the country courts. In a few years it was evident, nevertheless, that the field of exertion was too narrow for his wants and capacity; he had outgrown his shell; it was expedient to change it for one more in accordance with his increased proportions; many friends urged a removal; and in 1819 he resolved to leave Coosawhatchie for Charleston.

It is not to be imagined that a man of Mr. Petigru's originality and force of character could mix as generally and continually with the people as one must do in the practice of law in a country court, without leaving various characteristic memories behind him in the minds of the community. They are not few in number. Two or three will be sufficient to serve as examples.

It is not intended in this place to allude to the peculiarities of his practice, to the generosity of his nature in conducting it, the custom he always had every where of refusing compensation for his services from those to whom he was attached as a friend, or whose condition was needy, or who had, as he would phrase it, patronized him in his obscurity or been kind to him when he was poor. But, apart from his professional life, his mode of acting and talking was so unlike that of other men, that he was often a subject of interest and anecdote with the people.

It was one of the peculiarities of his character to be at all times impatient of wrong and brutality, and prompt in interposing to prevent them. On one occasion there was a fight going on in front of his office, under the very shadow of the temple of justice. It was one of the rustic amusements of the parish. A crowd surrounded the combatants. The affair was an enjoyment to the lookers-on, and nobody interfered to stop it. Petigru's indignation was at last aroused by the savage sight and uproar. Though not a large man,

he had long, powerful arms, and great muscular strength. He broke through the crowd, seized one of the parties to the fight by his collar and the waistband of his trowsers, carried him off to the office, and seated him not very gently in the centre of the floor, with a stern injunction to keep the peace. Countrymen generally have a reverence for the law and the "squire," and the command was obeyed without opposition or remark. The individual seemed bewildered at what had happened to him, and unable to recover his wits after this sudden and unusual mode of getting out of a scrape.

At another time he was assailed in the court-yard with the most violent abuse by a turbulent fellow of the village, who lavished on him all the foul epithets and appellations he could remember or invent, of which rogue and scoundrel were among the most moderate. The assaulted party stood unmoved, with a half smile of amusement on his face. At last the noisy bully, having exhausted his ordinary vocabulary of abuse, bethought himself of a term of reproach which at that day

comprised every thing hateful—he called him a “damned Federal.” The word was no sooner uttered than a blow, altogether unexpected by the brawler, laid him in the sand. He became as quiet as a lamb, and moved away without a comment. But an old gentleman present, Mr. William Hutson, one of the remains of the defunct Federal party, thought the proceeding a sort of imputation on his old creed. - “How is this,” he said to Petigru, “you seem to think it a greater offense to be called a Federalist than to be called a rogue or rascal?” “Certainly,” was the reply; “I incur no injury from being abused as a rogue, for nobody believes the charge; but I may be thought a Federalist readily enough, and be proscribed accordingly, and so I knocked the man down by way of protest against all current misconstructions.”

He incurred subsequently, in conducting a case, the wrath of a tall, strapping fellow on the other side. They met, a morning or two after, at Corrie’s Hotel. There was a long piazza, a little elevated from the ground, where Petigru was walking up and down. The dis-

contented person followed him to and fro, persisting in the vilest denunciations. At last Petigru turned round to him, and said very deliberately, "Really, Barns, if I had a whip I should be tempted to horsewhip you." "You would?" said Barns. "Stay a moment; I'll go to the shop over the way and borrow one for you." He went forthwith and brought a whip, which he presented with a flourish of incredulity, defiance, and mockery. In a moment he was in the clutches of the enemy. A powerful hand seized him by the collar, another brandished the whip. The blows fell fast on the legs of the astonished sufferer. The lookers-on were amused at his contortions to avoid the stripes, until at last he was pushed down the steps of the piazza with a parting kick in the rear, and an admonition to return the whip to its owner, with Mr. Petigru's thanks for the use of it.

These incidents established a character which placed him above all similar annoyances. He soon became a favorite with the people, who readily appreciate a strong arm and resolute spirit. With all the principles

of a thorough aristocrat, so far as subordination in society and due obedience to established authority are concerned, he was as accessible as the veriest Democrat to all classes. His address was always pleasant. He met every body with a cheerful humor and ready joke, and was always prepared to help the needy, and protect the wronged or distressed. If he had committed the common folly of young lawyers, and desired to become the hybrid made up of half attorney and half politician, he might have made his way to the Legislature without difficulty. He took a wiser course, and adhered to his profession, aware that it requires all the attention of the highest faculties to obtain success. He carried this conviction with him when he removed from Coosawhatchie, and, during his whole practice in Charleston, never deviated into politics except in compliance with his friends' wishes, or when he thought the country in imminent danger.

The removal to Charleston was a great step in advance on the road to fortune. The city had been formerly, and still was a dis-

tinguished arena for legal talent and acquirements. In the period immediately following the Revolutionary War, while Charleston carried on a larger importing trade than most or any of the Northern cities, the commercial capital of South Carolina furnished a broad field for the lawyer's skill, and great fortunes and reputations were acquired at the bar. It was the time when Pinckney and Rutledge, Pringle, Parker, Holmes, Ward, and De Saussure, and subsequently Cheves, Drayton, and Simmons, gave purity and dignity to the practice and profession of law. During that period the Charleston bar was inferior to none in America. Although shorn of a great part of its former splendor, and no longer presenting the same opportunities for fortune or reputation as in earlier times, the old city of Carolina still continued to promise high prizes in both.

The change to the city was partly induced, and was made easy by an offer from James Hamilton of a partnership in practice. Hamilton had been some time at the bar, and had received, on the elevation of Colonel

Drayton to the recordership, by the favorable consideration of that gentleman, the transfer of a large portion of business at the bar. Hamilton had vigor and decision of character, address, and promptitude of action, was fluent in speech, and a keen manager of political party. But necessity had never forced him, or perhaps he lacked the peculiar talent for going, to any extent, into the dry pages of law in pursuit of precedents or principles, and he found that the qualities which are efficient before the Democracy are not of much weight with the bench of judges in the courts of justice. A partnership with a rising lawyer, who had sounded the depths of the law's perplexing studies, would be a benefit to both. It would furnish one with the help he required, and give the other a position in the city prepared to his hand. The partnership was formed accordingly.

A year or two afterward, in the summer of 1822, Hamilton rendered himself exceedingly popular in the state by his firmness and energy during the alarm in Charleston of a negro insurrection. He had already be-

come a prominent leader in the state Legislature, and an active manager of its parties. He was the chief mover of the nomination made in it of Mr. Lowndes for the Presidency in December, '21. In less than a year after, in October, 1822, when that great statesman was compelled to resign his seat in Congress by increasing illness, Hamilton succeeded to the place. He abandoned the bar, for which he was not fitted by nature or study, and betook himself to the more congenial field of Congressional life. The partner, left alone, went steadily on to widen and deepen his knowledge of the science to which he had devoted his life, became the ornament in a few years of the bar, and at no distant period its undisputed head.

It was not without a contest, not always pleasant, that this supremacy was reached. He had many opponents, most of them fully disposed to observe in the conflict those courtesies of practice that had always prevailed at the city bar. But there was one exception. He was an able speaker and good lawyer; bold, ready, regardless of respect to op-

posing counsel, witnesses, or clients, and unscrupulous as to the language in which he expressed his contempt; skilled in cajoling the jury and bullying the judge; little sensitive as to his own feelings, and utterly without regard to the feelings of others. One purpose only seemed to govern him—the purpose to gain his case at all hazards. He was a formidable adversary, and the lawyers of the old school were reluctant to encounter his rude assault.

But in the new-comer from the country court he found in no reluctant adversary a deeper intellect than his own, a stronger moral nature, a resolute persistency of spirit that nothing could daunt, weary, or deceive. No craft evaded his vigilance, no show of violence stopped his resolute exposure of irregularity in his opponent's practice. The contest went on month after month. It assumed the most threatening forms. The quarrel seemed sometimes ready to resolve itself into a fight with the weapons that Nature furnishes, sometimes to seek the more deliberate solution of the pistol at ten paces. A chal-

lenge passed at one time, and they were bound over to keep the peace by Judge Lee in the District Court. Judge Prioleau had declined to interfere; he thought the case desperate. The feud had a sudden and unexpected ending. A sad event, the death of a child by accident in Mr. Petigru's family, arrested the warfare. His adversary, with a consideration that did him honor, addressed a note of sympathy to the afflicted parent, and requested that the contest should cease. It ceased from that time forward.

Mr. Petigru's progress was at once secured and promoted by the retirement of General Hayne. In 1822 Hayne was elected to the Senate of the United States, and left vacant the state office of attorney general. Mr. Petigru succeeded to the vacancy. It is an office of profit, dignity, and influence. The occupant receives a salary, and fees which, for the most part, he never fails to exact; he is the law adviser of the state authorities, and controls, in some measure, the political movements of the people. His official presence in Columbia during the session of the Legis-

lature brings him into intimate association with the leading men of the state, and secures to him opportunities for exercising a decided influence in public affairs. Whether he desires it or not, he can hardly avoid discharging these semi-official duties of his place as far as friends or adherents may request or desire. He can rarely escape from being a political manager, or something more.

There was not much of this sort of work to be done in the various departments of public affairs when Mr. Petigru came to Charleston, or first occupied the attorney general's place. There was a pause in politics. Federal parties, and their distinctions and disputes, were in abeyance. The great achievement of Mr. Monroe's administration was to keep every thing quiet, to please every body, and secure a second term of office. We were all Federalists then, and all Republicans. The Missouri Question excited some commotion, but it subsided into compromise. The vexed question seemed to be settled, and every body was again in good humor. It was the reign of peace and dullness, of

which Mr. Monroe was the happy representative.

In the state it was hard to say what principles prevailed, or whether any intelligible party distinction existed. We adopted Prieleau's resolutions one year, and Smith's the next. The two series were antipodes in politics. It was a mere game for power between Calhoun's friends and Smith's—Smith being right in principle, according to Southern views, yet losing the battle; Calhoun wrong, but winning it. At clubs and barbecues, nevertheless, it was said and thought that the fate of the republic depended on the result of the contest. Its only true purpose was to secure power and place to one or the other party. There was nothing else at issue.

The condition of city politics was the same. No vital interest was at stake. The town was divided into two factions. The only matter in dispute was whether one or the other should control the power and emoluments of the city government. The prominent leaders were Geddes and Hamilton.

Their friends resorted to the weapons that patriots always use on such occasions. They held meetings, heard speeches, ate dinners, made toasts, and abused each other as holding dangerous principles, and pursuing measures injurious to the common welfare. They formed processions with bands of music, assembled at the houses of their chiefs, and drank all the liquor their luckless favorites were able to furnish. Sometimes the bands of dissenting patriots would encounter each other in the streets, and exchange hard words and brickbats. The peace of the city was in peril. One party was abused as aristocrats, the other as a rabble or mob. But there was little difference between them; they differed on no important principles or purposes; they both bought votes at about equal prices, and sought personal objects by similar means.

The difficulties that awaited his legal career were not all that Mr. Petigru encountered in his migration to the city. The family had the usual troubles of a domestic nature, not formidable, but not easy to endure. It is hard to find a commodious house at a mod-

erate rent, especially in Charleston, and this was the first difficult problem they were called upon to solve. For some months they again found a temporary home with their steadfast friends, the Norths, who had preceded them in removing their household gods to the city.

It was during the time of their sojourn with the doctor in Queen Street that their second child was born, called Jane Caroline, after Mrs. North. In two months from that time they took possession of a house in King Street, near Smith's Lane. The situation was not desirable, and their next flight was to a tenement on South Bay. The house has been pulled down, to make room for the brick mansion lately built by Russel Middleton, president of the Charleston college. They removed in no long time to another residence on South Bay, belonging to Mr. Peronneau, next door to Mrs. Grimké's, then Peter Smith's. In this place their second son, Daniel, was born, taking the name of his godfather, Daniel E. Huger. Here the migratory family rested a longer time than on any

previous perch, but again sought another home in Orange Street, nearly opposite to James R. Pringle's. It was in this abode that their youngest girl was added to their household, now including two sons and two daughters.

Again they underwent a move. In the year 1826 the family occupied the house now in the possession of Dr. Frost, in Broad Street. The next year Mr. Petigru bought the summer residence of Mr. John Middleton, at the east end of Sullivan's Island, and in 1828 the house at the corner of Broad and Friend Streets, in the city. Here the family migrations ceased. They had gone through six moves, and three, they say, are equal to a fire. From this time forward, with the regularity of a pendulum, they oscillated from the city to the island, and from the island to the city. The only subsequent change for many years was from the east end of Sullivan's to the more convenient west end, where Mr. Petigru took a house from James Hamilton in exchange for a debt. In the summer, on the island, overlooking the Atlantic,

they escaped the dust and heat of the town, and in the winter their abode in Broad Street was open with the most genial hospitality to all friends and distinguished strangers. The master of the household seasoned his dinners with unailing supplies of humor and wit, which no one pretended to equal, and which all remembered with delight.

A sad event broke the ordinary flow of Mr. Petigru's life during his city migrations, and filled his heart with a sorrow from which he never altogether recovered. He lost his eldest child when eight years old by an accident. The boy was of great promise—one of those bright, intelligent, affectionate spirits that wrap themselves closely round a parent's heart, and fill his fancy with pictures of the future, drawn in the freshest colors, and adorned with all the promised flowers that genius and virtue can bestow. These anticipated scenes of affection and fancy were crushed in a moment. The father and mother were absent for an hour; when they returned home it was to find their son a corpse. He had fallen from the stairs in the third

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story of the house occupied in Broad Street in the year 1826, and was taken up dead on the lower floor. It was a terrible blow to the father. For the rest of his life, on the anniversary of the accident, during thirty-six years, he withdrew from all society, and, in the seclusion of his chamber, communed with his own heart and was still. How the day was passed no one knew except the Being only to whom alone he could address his thoughts on such an occasion. The grief may be comprehended by those who have cherished similar hopes, and seen them swept away by the same cause, or in other modes still more productive of unavailing sorrow.

It is said that calamities never come singly. Two days only separated the death of Mr. Petigru's son from that of his mother. He had loved her all his life with great tenderness—with a tenderness that even Cowper's similar devotion could not have surpassed. She had lived a life of patient care and love, had trained a large family in the paths of moral duty, and had gone now to her reward. Her children revered her with

deep affection, her eldest son most of all. He was accustomed to say that he got from her his constancy and perseverance, his sense of duty, and respect for justice and truth. Her lessons of virtue, daily taught and illustrated by persevering example, could not fail to produce its fruits. She died at the age of fifty-nine. Her eldest son, with his wife, hastened to Badwell to give sympathy and aid to the household. One brother had been already helped to seek his fortunes in the West; another was placed in the navy in 1812; a third, perhaps the most beloved by his friends, was taken to Charleston, placed at school, and afterward sent to West Point. His sisters were all objects of his love and attention. The three youngest were taken home with him. He attended to their education, and watched over their future happiness with parental affection and judicious solicitude, which continued even after they were established in life. He was their guide, philosopher, and friend. He bestowed on mind and character the most gentle and delicate culture. They were his companions,

with whom he spent his evenings at home in pleasant intercourse.

No one loved home more than he, or had the art, in a higher degree, of making it delightful to its inmates. He drew them out with patient adroitness to express their thoughts, and trained them with considerate skill to follow his lead, and to enjoy with him the conversation of the most cultivated minds. They felt and appreciated his nice judgment and unwearied kindness. The mind that was occupied all day with perplexed questions of law, would give itself up in the evening to these lessons of joyous humor and light pleasantry with his sisters at home. They ministered to his little wants during the day, and in the evenings they presided, one or the other, over his tea. It is not wonderful that the affection of the sisters should assume, as it did, a form of almost idolatrous devotion, for never was brother more faithful and constant in his care. They are all mothers now, each with the cares of a family on her heart, but they still cherish a love for the departed brother

which neither time nor circumstance seem able to diminish.

One of these sisters has drawn, with a ready pen and faithful memory, a picture of the pleasant life she witnessed and shared for some time in her brother's house. She describes the common domestic day. Though not a very early riser, her brother was early enough to go to market before breakfast. She accompanied him. He was induced at first to adopt the practice for the purpose of providing some select article for an invalid wife, to whose comfort and enjoyment he was always devoted with unfailing tenderness, even when her calls on his care, like the calls of other invalids, seemed neither moderate always nor reasonable. All enjoyments gave way to her wishes. Except truth and right, the strong will of the master was ready to yield every thing to the suffering and complaining mistress of the household. Her desires controlled its pleasures.

The walk to market was followed by a breakfast not luxurious in its arrangements. A large cup of strong coffee, without sugar

or milk, was its chief enjoyment. The morning was given to the office. At three he brought home a friend to dinner whom he had casually met—Hugh S. Legare, perhaps, or William Harper, or William D. Martin. The narrator tells with a delight still remembered and cherished of the wit and humor, the abundant knowledge, wide range of thought, and variety of subject that formed the staple of their conversation, that of the host exciting and directing all—of Martin, always cheerful, and abounding in humorous anecdote; of Harper, with his rare combination of subtle analysis and brilliant imagination; of Legare, overflowing with classical allusion, pungent criticism, and sparkling illustration, except when, in a sulky fit of surly discontent with Nature or society, he would sit brooding over the shortcomings of both in reference to his particular claims and merits. Then, after dinner, the host would go to the law again till far in the night—eleven or later; but, late or early, his return home was without the appearance of weariness.

He was always prepared for chat and

pleasantry. With his two cups of strong tea and copious slices of sponge-cake that always awaited him, he would talk, or listen to the occurrences of the day that his companions might have to relate. If he talked of books, it was with such keen discrimination and delicate taste that he always seemed to catch and unfold the spirit and beauty of the author with unfailing exactness. And so the hours wore on, till some stroke of wit would excite a burst of merriment, and provoke a mandate from the chamber of the invalid mistress of the mansion to save candles and go to bed. The partaker in these pleasant companies and conversations wonders now that she is unable to remember them more minutely. But pleasant conversations are always evanescent to memory, like other beautiful things—the bright day of the past spring, or the flowers of the summer that is gone.

This was the regular winter life; the summer on the island, as she describes it, was still less marked with changes. A friend on Sunday would share or relieve the monotony and quiet of the day, or partake, on Satur-

day, of the fishing-party, when Mr. Petigru gave the zest of his wit to the dinner, for which the rest of the company furnished the whiting or cavalli; for it must be admitted that he was not a diligent fisherman, nor cared to cultivate, like his friend Elliott, the art of harpoon, hook, or line, in deep or shallow water.

He was an active and useful citizen on the island, and always occupied in the well-being of its village. He was especially devoted to the Episcopal Church, which he took under his charge, keeping in orderly condition its edifice and inclosure, and carefully extirpating, often with his own hands, the intruding weeds and grasses. In the services, in default of a regular clerk to preside over the music, he would persuade Mrs. Petigru sometimes to give her aid and set the psalm or hymn, which she did with no deficiency of training. Mr. Petigru was not especially adroit in matters of music any more than in dancing, but never failed to offer his commendations to the lady performer on all such occasions.

I remember once to have heard these commendations made at his dinner-table, after the service, to the great amusement of his guests, and even of the lady herself, though half disposed to scold at the quizzical tone of the praises that were bestowed upon her skill. He remarked on the short silence after the hymn was announced, and the anxious looking about of the congregation for a leader; then, he added, "arose Deborah—then arose Deborah, a mother in Israel, and she said, I, even I, will sing a song unto the Lord in the congregation of Israel." Any one who knew the usual appearance and manner of Mrs. Petigru would find it difficult to repress a smile at the comparison between the solemn prophetess in the host of the Hebrews and the impulsive singer in the island church.

The affection which developed and guided, as I have said, the character and mind of his mother's children, was devoted with especial tenderness to his own. His letters to them while at school in New York and Philadelphia are charming specimens of what such letters should be. They are full of advice

that never degenerates into sour admonition; they abound in easy pleasantry that always delights, playful criticism that never wounds, praise kept within judicious limits, authority that exacts its dues with gentle firmness, and suggestions for diligence drawn always from high and generous motives. His requisitions of improvement are not small. He inculcates carefully on one of his daughters the necessity of cultivating the languages of civilized Europe. One of these—the French tongue—he says, is indispensable. Not to know French implies an imputation in polite society. A liberal mind will not stop short of others. German he consents to pass over, notwithstanding its merits. But he expatiates on the language of Dante and Ariosto, and recommends Spanish, by all means, as the stateliest daughter of the common parent of them all. As an incentive to the acquirement of this noble language, which he presses on his youngest daughter with unwearied assiduity, he promises to himself the benefit of becoming her pupil as soon as she gets home, where they will read Cervantes

together, and enjoy what is held by liberal scholars to be a sufficient reward for the student who acquires the Spanish tongue. It is of this daughter that he writes to one of his sisters at a subsequent period, saying, "I am afraid that Sue will turn out to be a wit, notwithstanding my efforts to prevent it." If he was very much in earnest in these efforts, we need not nevertheless wonder at their failure, since his example in his letters was very greatly at variance with his precepts.

The scenes I have described of domestic and professional life, though not without their usual troubles, passed quietly enough for ten years, so far as the strife of public affairs is concerned. But at the close of the first decade a change began. Other actors came on the scene. Monroe had been gathered to his political fathers. His era of peace was at an end. New parties divided the state, or old parties took new names. Mr. Calhoun seized on the place of Judge Smith, and assumed absolute sway in the State-right school. The teachings of the old professor had been vehement enough, but they were

tame when compared with the fiery zeal of the young proselyte.

A new chapter was introduced into the old creed, which the neophytes swore by, but the ancient disciples and masters repudiated as spurious, and denounced as full of danger to the people's peace. Violent counsels began to prevail. The selfish spirit of the North was not slow to furnish abundant materials to increase the excited passions of their neighbors. The tariff of 1828—the bill of abominations—engendered, in due time, the terrible chimera of nullification. It was like Milton's Sin conceiving and bringing forth Death. The political prodigy had few admirers.

The people started back in amazement at the sight. It received little favor out of South Carolina. Its advocates professed to derive it from Virginia, but Virginia rejected the strange birth as illegitimate. Georgia abhorred it; Tennessee was ready to crush it; North Carolina abstained from all claims of relationship or good-will. In South Carolina it separated friends; it divided families;

it made neighbors foes. Serious enough in its consequences throughout the state, it was charged with double hate and rage in her commercial capital. Frequently the adverse parties were arrayed against each other, and on the eve of coming to blows. It wanted but a single serious move to involve the whole state in civil war. It is the first step only, they say, that ever costs any thing; but, luckily for the peace of the country, the first step was never taken.

The doctrine of nullification, from the State-right school under the skillful teaching of Mr. Calhoun, professed to give a new remedy for all the evils of Federal misrule. To the received safeguards against the abuses of government—the ballot-box, the Supreme Court, the power to amend the Constitution by established modes—Mr. Calhoun introduced another, more efficacious than all the rest. He taught that every state which judged a law of the Federal government to be unconstitutional was entitled, under the Constitution, to call a convention of its own people, pronounce the offending law to be

null and void, and prevent its execution within its own limits. The scheme was represented as an admirable remedy, safe, speedy, and effectual; a peaceful one, having no sympathy with revolution or civil war; a preserver, not a destroyer of the Union. It was within the Constitution, not opposed to it.

The plan was so clearly just and useful that the sister states could not fail to see in it, after a time, the only safety-valve that was able to preserve the government machinery from the danger of probable explosion. It was like offering a ship-master a small box, to be carried in his cabin, which, on turning a screw, would stop the winds, smooth the waves, and rescue his ship from all apparent dangers. But, strange to say, the subtle reasoning and sanguine promises of the chief of nullification had no success with the people outside of his own school. Many even of his old friends could not be brought to understand how a state might refuse to obey the laws of the Union, and yet continue a member of it. They insisted that nullification was revolution, and to call it any thing else

was to cheat the people by fraudulent devices. It continued to receive no favor out of the State of South Carolina, and to divide her people.

It was some time before the line of demarcation was finally drawn between friends who, up to a certain point, had been acting together as enemies of the tariff system, and who were friends still reluctant to part. The separation was retarded not only by old associations not easily severed, but because many, who took ground at last in the Union ranks, had expressed strong views on the necessity of vindicating the rights of the South. They were averse to be driven into a seeming inconsistency on the one hand, or to an extreme course on the other, which they could not approve. They hesitated.

Colonel Drayton was one of these. It was at the great dinner given in Hibernian Hall, comprising men of all views, that he was called on to declare his opinions definitely. The proceedings were so arranged that McDuffie was made the prominent speaker of the day. His speech was fiercely vehe-

ment. He appealed pointedly to Colonel Drayton as one of those who had drawn the state into her then alternative of resistance to the tariff laws, or tame submission to lawless authority. He quoted the speeches of Colonel Drayton delivered in Congress, full of invective and menace, committing the state to use force, if force were necessary, to maintain her rights. The eloquent member from Charleston had pledged the state to act; did he intend, it was asked, to redeem the pledge?

The speech was received with immense applause. Hugh S. Legare fell into an ecstasy of admiration, declaring that Kean himself could not have equaled the action of the orator in the finer passages of his speech. The design was to draw or force Colonel Drayton into the ranks of nullification; but the project failed. Drayton was a proud, sensitive man. He would not be schooled. It was in vain that Hamilton, his old friend, strove, at a subsequent meeting, to conciliate by expatiating on the patriotism of the mortified and offended chief. The chief repudiated nullification, thought he had been hardly dealt with, and

betook himself finally to the camp of the Union party. This decision was considered, or represented by his former friends, as a desertion of principle; by his Union colleagues as honest and honorable. It made the occasion for taking sides with the doubters, and the two parties were formally opposed.

The offended self-esteem of Colonel Drayton led to unusual consequences. It rarely happens in our country that a man is induced to forswear his native land in consequence of mere party disputes. It was reported to be so, nevertheless, with him. He was so indignant at what he considered the ill usage and ingratitude of the democracy, that he shook off the dust of his feet against them, and departed from Charleston to a city of higher pretensions in brotherly love.

It is certainly not pleasant to be refused the votes we have been accustomed to receive, and to encounter abuse where we expected admiration; but these things are the common lot of public men, from which none are exempt. Even Washington once swore—for he swore sometimes—that, by —, he

would rather be in his grave than be subject, as he was, to the virulent slanders of the public papers. But he abandoned neither duty, station, nor home for that reason. The largest self-esteem may be content to follow the example. Colonel Drayton, it was believed or said, thought otherwise.

There could be no doubt as to the position that Mr. Petigru would occupy in reference to these contending politicians. He took his place decidedly with the Union party. His opinions were fully and definitely formed. He understood thoroughly the evils of broken government and disregarded laws. There could be no hesitation on his part. Loving his state, district, home; appreciating them at a value which none went beyond, and incapable of abandoning them, he would nevertheless desire to see them as component parts always of the great republic. The disruption of the Federal Union was to him an evil without remedy and without measure. It was the source of incalculable dispute and dissension, for which there could be no arbiter but the sword. Nullification was rev-

olution, and he saw nothing in the tariff or in the condition of the country to justify or excuse revolution. The protective principle of the tariff had been supported and urged in the first Congress of the United States—the Congress of 1789—by Southern delegations: by Burke of South Carolina, Jackson of Georgia, Macon of the old North State, and Madison of Virginia—by the men who had been busiest in forming the Federal Constitution and urging its adoption. The protective principle had been maintained and saved from the attacks of the Northern commercial interest by Mr. Calhoun in 1816. To call the tariff unconstitutional was therefore absurd.

And what just objection could be made to the Federal government at all on the score of expediency? The whole effect of the government, tariff not excepted, had been beneficial every where, not to the North only, but also to the Southern States. These states have grown from a little more than a million of people to eight millions, from four states to fourteen. They have increased in wealth,

if not as rapidly as the North, yet with a speed unexampled in any other country. That the particular benefits derived from manufacturing should not immediately reach them was not surprising. They were agricultural states. But time would bring change, manufactures would soon find their way to the South, and we should share amply in whatever good they are able to bestow.

There was no cause, Mr. Petigru thought, for revolution. The asseverations of barbaques and stump orators that the Southern people were slaves, that the Federal government was a tyrant, were nothing more than the clamors of a disordered imagination, or the fumes of a dinner's excitement. In the contentions prevailing in Congress he saw nothing but conflicts for political power between North and South. The Northern people had outstripped the Southern in population, and desired to see the offices of the government in Northern hands. This inevitable result Mr. Lowndes saw clearly forty years ago, and thought it wise for the South to yield the hold she had so long possessed on

political power when she was no longer able to retain it. The time had come, but Southern politicians refused to see its exigencies.

There was nothing then in the condition of the country to call for revolution, or excuse a resort to it; and, short of revolution, the only remedy for bad laws is an appeal to the votes of the people if the laws are oppressive, or to the Supreme Court if they are unconstitutional. Nullification was only revolution in disguise. To say it was intended or fitted to preserve the Union was to delude the people. The refusal to obey a law would necessarily bring into conflict those who refuse to obey and those whose duty it is to enforce the laws. To say that a state might at pleasure repeal a law of the whole Union, not only with safety, but with advantage to it, is simply an absurdity. It was a speculation of the closet, not a measure of practical government. It would involve endless disorder, and end inevitably in war. To pass it off on the people as any thing else is to cheat them into a snare.

Holding such opinions as these, and con-

vinced that the welfare and safety of the people were endangered by the madness of their leaders, Mr. Petigru could not fail to be utterly opposed to nullification, secession, revolution, in all their phases. He had no confidence in men who assured the people that civil war no longer implied bloodshed, that revolutions are made in our enlightened age with nothing but rose-water, and that, if old adages exist that teach the contrary, these adages are no longer true.

His correspondence is full of striking expressions on the subject. In a letter of 1830, he says to an old friend of the opposite party, "You and I will never dispute much on politics, and not at all on any thing else. There is less difference between us than between some who are on the same side. Nevertheless, we differ more than I ever supposed we would about any thing. I am devilishly puzzled to know whether my friends are mad, or I beside myself. Let us hope we shall make some discovery before long which will throw some light on the subject, and give the people the satisfaction of knowing

whether they are in their right minds. When poor Judge W—— used to fancy himself a teapot, people thought he was hypochondriac; but there are in the present day very good heads filled with notions that seem to me not less strange. That we are treated like slaves, that we are slaves in fact, that we are worse than slaves and made to go on all fours, are stories that seem to me very odd, and make me doubt whether I am not under some mental eclipse, since I can't see what is so plain to others. But I am not surprised that the people have been persuaded they are ill used by the government. Old Hooker says, 'If any man will go about to persuade the people that they are badly governed, he will not fail to have plenty of followers.' And I am inclined to think that the better the polity under which men live, the easier it is to persuade them they are cruelly oppressed."

Again, in another letter, he says, "You remark that in Beaufort you are all trying to become more religious and more state-rights. The connection between the two pursuits is not so obvious at first sight as it becomes on

a closer inspection; for as it is the business of religion to wean us from the world, the object may be well promoted by making the world less fit to live in. And, although I do not myself subscribe to the plan, I am fain to confess many excellent men have thought that the making a hell upon earth is a good way of being sure of a place in heaven. But I am tired of harassing myself with public affairs, and wish I could attend more closely to my own, and had more of the taste for gain—the *sacra famas auri*. But I am afraid the bump of acquisitiveness is omitted with me unaccountably, and that I might as well try for music or dancing as for state-rights and faith in Jefferson, which seem admirably calculated to serve one in this world, whatever it may do in the next.”

Anxious as he was, notwithstanding his opinions, to devote himself to his profession and his domestic affairs, he was not able to resist the importunity of his personal and political friends. There had been a severe contest for the city government. Another was pending for the House. “We are about,” he

says, "to begin another canvass, which will be more exasperated than the election of the last intendant. I am in for it, according to my usual luck. They have impressed me for a senator—nothing less than impressment. I resisted stoutly, and bawled lustily for help, but none would help me, so nothing was to be done but to take' my place in the team. * * * If I am elected, I shall see much of you in Columbia, for I suppose your election is certain, since Beaufort, it is said, is willing to go the whole length of Governor Miller's course — ballot-box, jury-box, cartouch-box. I wish Elliott were here, where his soundness would be more appreciated than it is among your insurging people. Strange, too, that Beaufort, the most exposed place in the state, should be most eager to rush into danger. But many ingenious gentlemen of my acquaintance are seriously of opinion that the same Yankees whom we now accuse as shameless robbers, would desist from hurting us as soon as the Union is dissolved; that we should only have to do like an indignant gentleman who turns his back on a man he

dislikes, and lives beside him for the rest of his life without speaking and without fighting."

To fit himself for the place in the team which his friends had forced him into, notwithstanding his cries for help, Mr. Petigru resigned the office of attorney general. It proved to be an abandonment of the substance for the shadow. He lost his election for the Senate. The Nullifiers were too strong for him. His wish, however, in reference to the office he had resigned was fully gratified. He desired Hugh S. Legare to succeed, and Legare was made attorney general.

The shrewd remark on the "insurgings" people of Beaufort, and their disregard to danger, has found a striking commentary among them in late events; but the convictions of our Port Royal friends, unhappily, led to no adequate measures of precaution or defense, and the ruin of their pleasant homes has been the consequence. They either lacked faith in their own creed, or their practice and professed belief have been sadly at variance.

It is not my purpose to write a history of nullification, but to vindicate only the part which Mr. Petigru took in relation to it. He was not a man to mock his friends, or to sustain a cause with a show only of assistance. He gave the whole force of his mind and character to the Union party. He aided them with his pen and with numerous popular speeches, sustained them by his professional learning and ability, and was the soul of their councils.

His party was supported by two papers—the City Gazette and the Courier. The first was under youthful and able auspices; the last, always too wise under Willington's sole control to lose moderation in party excitements, was now giving warm and vigorous utterances under a junior editor. To both organs Mr. Petigru imparted his active and efficient aid.

His addresses to the people were masterpieces of wit and humor. Richard Yeadon, his friend and fellow-laborer, spoke of them as models of popular eloquence. They were poured out in an unbroken torrent of pithy

reasoning and pointed illustration. He never wanted logic or wit, sarcasm, apt allusion, apothegm, or story. In one of these speeches, at a meeting of the people in a neighboring parish, he inculcated strongly the danger that the states would incur from powerful foes if the Union were dissolved, which alone constituted their strength and safety. "I see," he said, "some broad-shouldered and deep-chested men among you, but who of this assembly would undertake, with all his muscular power, to strip off at a single pull, with both hands, all the hair from the tail of one of your horses that stand hitched behind you among the trees. It would be impossible for the strongest. But the weakest among you, if he takes the hairs one by one, might pull them all out easily, and leave the stump at last as bare as his hand. It is thus that disunion would expose you to be stripped by enemies that you now despise." After the speech, Yeadon said to the speaker, "Where did you get your horse's tail? Was it an invention of the moment, produced by the sight of the countrymen's horses?" "Not at all,

Dick," was the answer; "I got the horse-tail from Plutarch. The tail is classical, my friend."

Mr. Petigru was an active participant and director in the party's councils, and never failed, while he sustained its cause, to lend his influence in preserving the endangered peace of the country. The peace was in peril always from the public meetings of the two parties. These meetings were held by the Union men at Seyle's Long Room, between Meeting Street and King; by the Nullifiers at the Circus. At these places they were addressed by their several leaders. The most inflammatory speeches were made night after night. The rank and file denounced, ridiculed, reviled each other. On one side the popular tribunes were Hamilton, Hayne, Turnbull, Deas, Pinckney, and many more; on the other, Petigru, Poinsett, Drayton, Huger, Yeadon, and their assistants. To one side the epithets submissionist, slave, sneak, coward, renegade, were freely applied; on the other, with equal civility, the terms Jacobin, madman, fool, conspirator, were as liber-

ally bestowed. And so they went on, uttering phrases of contemptuous scorn with rival zeal and earnestness, and equally destitute of sense or meaning.

This reciprocation of complimentary language could not fail to produce its natural effect. Where lighted torches are thrown about at random by many reckless hands, it is not easy to escape conflagration. One night especially brought the parties to the verge of initiating a civil war that would have spread through the state with infinite disaster. They had met as usual. Some were armed; others excited with liquor, all with passion. The customary harangues were made, and a large amount of fuel supplied to their patriotic fires.

The leaders began to be apprehensive of the consequences of their own work. The Circus sent a note to the Long Room advising, as a prudential measure, that the Union men should retire from their meeting by the way, not of King Street, but of Meeting Street. King Street was the outlet of the Circus assembly. The purpose of the mis-

sive was a friendly one, to avoid a collision between the two bands. The object met the approbation of the Union chiefs. The note was read to the meeting, with the hope that its suggestion would be followed. Nothing of the sort. "What!" it was said, "shall they dictate to us by what route we shall retire to our homes? Would they make us the slaves they already call us? Who will submit? Not one."

The way by Meeting Street was wide and easy; that by King Street narrow. They tore down fences to go out by the King Street outlet; tied slips of white homespun to their arms for recognition, and marched down King Street, breathing defiance to their enemies. They met, the Union men going down, the Nullifiers going up the street. They stood in battle array, ardent for fight, and, like Homer's heroes, began the onset by abusing each other.

But, fortunately, common sense and right feeling had not quite deserted the leaders. They made attempts to keep the peace, and finally agreed among themselves to a sort of

compromise. The hostile meeting occurred just at the point where Hazel comes into King Street. It was agreed that the Union party should turn into Hazel Street, provided that the Nullifiers did not follow them. But the compact was not kept. The insurgent party pursued their foes. Brickbats were thrown. Petigru, Poinsett, Drayton, were struck, but were prudent enough to keep the fact from the knowledge of their followers. At length the city guard was manoeuvred into a position between the belligerent parties, and they retired to their homes or the taverns to recount the exploits of the evening, and prepare new broils for the future.

The public-spirited gentlemen who composed the mass of the two parties kept up their agreeable interchange of courtesies for many months. At their furiously-contested election for the intendency of the city, as the mayor's office was then called, the candidates were James R. Pringle and Henry L. Pinckney. Pringle, the Union candidate, was victorious.

Forthwith Hamilton convened what he

called a rally, and prepared his defeated forces for the next contest. The next contest was in the choice of members to the Legislature. Mr. Petigru was "impressed," as he termed it, for the Senate, and was obliged to take "his place in the team." His opponent was Colonel Richard Cunningham. The parties supporting them resorted to every device, fair or foul. They bribed with money, with promises of office, with liquor and riotous living. They had their lock-up houses, where voters were imprisoned for days before the election, and kept continually drunk to secure their votes. Each prison had its keeper, responsible for the safe custody of his captives. Thousands of dollars were contributed by patriotic gentlemen and ladies to defray the expenses of these salutary provisions for the freedom of elections and the welfare of the people. The city was a model republic for the time being, with no shadow of difference between the two parties in the purity of their proceedings. The result was the success of Colonel Cunningham and the Nullifiers.

Hamilton's rally had been the grand manoeuvre of the war, and the Union party was finally defeated in South Carolina. It was a sad sight then to look upon the long faces of certain gentlemen—gentlemen who hungered and thirsted after office, whose only thought was how to secure the spoils, and who, in joining the losing party, had unluckily miscalculated the chances, and missed the side they intended to take—the side of success. They vowed to make no more mistakes, and made none. As it was, they were careful to play a safe game in the Union cause; they ran no personal risks, and gave no money.

During this desperate contest, men on either side were not wanting whose voices were "still for war," and who scorned to lose their time "in dull debate"—brave spirits who called for blood, and who refused to be comforted, not because their former friends in the opposite ranks had abandoned them, but because they could not put the erring culprits to the sword. But, fortunately for the state, these good-tempered gentlemen

were not in the ascendant with either party. Gentler counsels prevailed, and their success was principally due to the cordial relations existing between Petigru on the one side, and Hamilton on the other. They were the chief preservers of the peace of South Carolina. Others were ready to aid them—men as willing as they to labor for the welfare and safety of the people, but not enjoying, like them, a commanding influence over the hearts and minds of their parties. It is not too much to say that if the counsels of other leading men on either side had prevailed at a certain period in the controversy, a wretched civil war of carnage and tears would have desolated the state. The two leaders that I have named, and their supporters, deserved a civic crown for saving the life, not of a citizen, but of a people.

The co-operation of Hamilton and Petigru in the state, and the compromise at Washington urged by Clay and accepted by Calhoun, restored peace to South Carolina. The frenzy ceased. Planters again took interest in their cotton-fields and lawyers in their briefs. The

feuds subsided after a few years. Nullifiers and Union men were found on the same tickets for the Legislature, and the danger of revolution for the time being passed away from the people.

Mr. Petigru rejoiced to escape from the tribune to the pursuits of his profession, to his books, and the enjoyments of social life. He detested the dissension and division among friends which the controversy had enforced. He felt it deeply. In a letter to one of his sisters, in June, 1832, he says, "Poor Judge Prioleau is despaired of. He has had a second stroke of palsy. He was taken on Monday afternoon, and is speechless, but sensible. It is really very distressing—one of the best men in the relations of domestic life that I ever knew, one whom I so much esteemed and have been so intimate with, and now he is going to die, and these cursed politics have made me almost a stranger to him." He could not but abhor the disputes producing such evils, and springing, as he believed, from no substantial causes, but from the ambition of politicians North

and South, and the reckless lust of power and office. He valued office freely given by the people, but he hated the office that violence bestowed.

In the quiet produced by the compromise, the old discussions, once so vehement, died away, or reappeared in a form that excited amusement rather than anger. The amusement came often from the court-house. It was a part of Mr. Petigru's character never to desert a friend—to be always ready to defend and assist one who had done his duty faithfully under a common flag. If an old Union man got into a scrape, his former leader was never backward to extend to him a hand of encouragement or assistance.

It was in this way that he gave his professional aid some time afterward to an old Union man in the case of the State *versus* James Clark. It was imputed to Clark that he was of negro blood. Mr. Petigru defended his claims to citizenship and political rights. After one or two witnesses had been heard on the part of the state, Captain Rearden, a portly man, with a broad, good-hu-

mored face, was placed on the stand. The attorney general, Baily, inquired whether the witness knew James Clark. "Certainly," he replied; "know him well." "Is he a white man?" "No." "Do you know his mother?" "Yes." "What is she, white or negro?" "Nigger." And the examination ended on the part of the state. Mr. Petigru then commenced the cross-examination in his usual deliberate fashion. "Captain Rearden, I am told that you have the honor to fill a number of important offices in the service of the state." "Don't know what you mean, Mr. Petigru." "Well, then, to be more definite, you hold the commission of captain of a company in the militia of South Carolina?" "Yes, sir; held it ever since I was twenty-one." "Has Jim Clark ever turned out in the ranks under your command?" "Always, sir; never missed; regular as any body." "Very well. You are one of the managers of election also, I believe, Captain Rearden?" "Just so; always am; they will appoint me at Columbia all I can do." "Have you ever, while serving as manager,

received Jim Clark's vote at the polls?" "Certainly, sir; he always votes punctual, just like he musters; never fails." "That will do," said Petigru; "I have nothing more to ask." "But, sir," the captain replied, hurriedly, suspecting something amiss—"stop, sir; maybe you don't understand; let me explain, sir. In our parish every body musters and every body votes except the field-hands. That is the reason, sir, the Union party, you know, always beat us at elections." The explanation was made with perfect simplicity. The captain merely assigned the mode in which his party was defeated, without suspecting apparently that there was any thing amiss in it. It was the approved custom of his parish, against which he had no notion of protesting, but was anxious only that Mr. Petigru should understand the nature and extent of their privileges. "

The restless spirit which had threatened to overthrow the republic took a new direction, and displayed itself in another form. A rage for speculating in land sprung up and extended over the whole country.

Men, women, and children, clergy and laity, plunged into the current flowing with promises of universal wealth. The mania raged for a year or two, until the recurrence of a commercial crisis, with its customary thunders and lightnings, purified the atmosphere, and left all parties astonished, dismayed, and ruined.

Mr. Petigru did not escape the general calamity. He had taken no active part in the delusion, but he had lent himself to the partnership of sanguine friends who thought they held the purse-strings of fortune—men who prefer to drink, as Horace tells us, from a great river rather than a humble spring, and who are snatched away in consequence, and buried in the headlong stream.

Some years previous to this period Mr. Petigru had engaged in the ordinary and legitimate proceeding of investing his professional profits in a plantation and negroes. It was the approved Carolina custom in closing every kind of career. No matter how one might begin, as lawyer, physician, clergyman, mechanic, or merchant, he ended, if pros-

perous, as proprietor of a rice or cotton plantation. It was the condition that came nearest to the shadow of the colonial aristocracy which yet remained.

Mr. Petigru prepared to do what all the world was doing. His friends favored and urged the undertaking for another reason. They wished to get him in debt for part of the purchase-money. His generosity was so profuse as to call for restraint, and it was hoped in this way to circumscribe its limits. Nothing else could. The goddess Prudence exercised no control over his mode of managing his affairs. The sterner divinity, Necessity, might be more imperious and successful. He could never be got to cease giving without measure except to provide for a just debt, and his friends wished to see him in debt. But the old spirit took another form only, and merely added a fresh class to its list of beneficiaries.

The negroes on the plantation became objects of his liberality. They had new houses with brick chimneys provided for them. They were abundantly furnished with

clothes, shoes, food, and physic. Pigs were permitted to run about where they never ran before, and, like the French under Henry the Fourth, the slaves of the new proprietor could have had, in each family, a fowl in the pot every Sunday of the year, if they had not chosen to sell their poultry in the neighboring city for articles of more questionable value, but which they greatly preferred. The slaves became sleek, fat, and proprietors in their way, and the master took pleasure in seeing the result of his rule.

But, after all their emoluments, with the necessary plantation expenses, had been fairly deducted from the harvest returns, the balance was not encouraging, even when the crops were good. After a few years of growing interest in this mode of life, the catastrophe that afflicted the country swept away the estate. When it began to assume the aspect of a pleasant winter residence to his family, it was sold to meet the losses that had been brought about by the magnificent speculations of his friends in southwestern lands. The plantation was agreeably situ-

ated on the south bank of the river, below Savannah, where the land, of considerable height, takes a semicircular sweep from the city eastward, leaving the broad and level rice-fields subject to overflow between the high land and the stream. The property passed from the luckless proprietors into the possession of Mr. Higham, of Charleston, and ceased to excite the cares or benevolence of its former owner.

But this was not all the evil that flowed from the overthrow of sanguine or imprudent speculations. The sacrifice of the estate on Savannah River was not enough to meet the owner's losses. A large debt remained. It was a terrible calamity to one no longer young, with many claimants on his love and help. Yet it was encountered with manly energy, and, after years of unwearied exertion, the debt was paid. It required toil which few could have borne, and which none but men of high honor would have undertaken to perform. His labors were various and widely diffused, sometimes in Columbia, sometimes in Milledgeville, in Washington,

in Cincinnati, wherever professional engagements called him. Through severe cold in winter and heat in summer, he toiled on, with unflinching will and iron constitution, until he touched the goal that he had resolved to reach or perish in the attempt—he paid every thing. He was more happy in this than Sir Walter Scott, who devoted his life to the same object with a similar spirit, but devoted it in vain.

In this hard pinch of his fortunes steadfast friends were ready to stand by him—to pledge themselves and risk their fortunes in his aid. It is only a noble nature that is able to excite deep sympathy and devoted attachment among friends and associates. One of these, an old neighbor in the city, prompt at a moment's notice in venturing his whole property to stay the impending ruin, thought it a duty first to consult with another person—the partner of his household and life, and deeply interested, like himself, in the risk and the result. Her reply was, without an instant's hesitation, "Go on; sustain the man whom you had taken to your

bosom as a friend, and who is worthy to be so; encounter any risk; I am ready to join you in meeting the consequences, whatever they may be." These are the acts and natures that disarm the sarcasm of the French philosopher's sneering maxims, and redeem our race from his sarcastic scorn.

It may enable us to form some conception of the laborious and harassing occupations that engaged Mr. Petigru's attention in the struggle to restore his fortunes if we advert to one case alone, the claim of Trezevant on the State of Georgia, which he urged on the Legislature at Milledgeville, session after session, for many years. Legislatures are suspicious always of demands on the public purse; they are prone to procrastinate; they are uncertain in coming to a conclusion, and are liable to change. They are not remarkable for wisdom, notwithstanding the convictions they cherish on that interesting subject in their own behalf. It was required of him that he should persevere under delay and rejection; exercise patience when pressed by unreasonable opposition; be courteous and

conciliating in return for rudeness, and wear a cheerful and confident air, notwithstanding discouragements of every kind.

This he did, year after year, for many years, and at last obtained, by persistent solicitation, as a favor, what he might justly have demanded as a right. It was a hard task for a temper impatient of wrong, of the dullness of dunces, and the devices of demagogues; but the importance of the end in view enabled him to exercise the forbearance that secured success.

It might have changed the current of his fortunes, and removed him from the influences which led to their embarrassment and the consequences if he had been raised to the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States on the death of Justice Johnson, of South Carolina. Mr. Petigru was, beyond all doubt, the fittest man in all respects to fill the vacant place. But when does the political ruler appoint the fittest man, or consult the common weal rather than the interests of party? The State of South Carolina would give nothing to Jackson's dynasty;

Georgia was loyal and zealous to do his will, and a Georgia member of Congress, with strong claims of a political nature only, was placed on the vacant seat by the side of Marshall and Story. The appointment of Petigru would have added fresh laurels to a court already illustrious for great ability, learning, and virtue.

It was fortunate for Mr. Petigru's purpose of restoring his fortunes, so seriously injured in the convulsions produced by inordinate speculation in 1837, that the repose of the country continued unbroken for many years. The restless spirit of South Carolina was again aroused, it is true, in 1850, under the counsels of Governor Seabrook, but nothing serious ensued. The cry for change raised by the politicians was not sustained by the people. They rejected the project that a single state should abandon the Confederacy. They were not quite prepared for this extremest remedy of the Constitution, and the peace of the country was preserved for ten years more.

But it is impossible for states with inde-

pendent governments to remain at peace permanently under any circumstances, however fortunate. No identity of race, of language, of interest, is sufficient to preserve their unity or co-operation. The several peoples of ancient Greece, in a territory hardly greater than South Carolina, divided into states no larger than an ordinary American county, speaking the same tongue, of the same lineage, bound together by common games, oracles, and councils, were nevertheless perpetually at war with each other. It is usual to ascribe these endless dissensions among countries or communities to reasons of state, or natural developments of growing power. The true and only causes are ambition, pride, vanity, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. These passions creep into the hearts of communities, and curse their councils. They never fail to find any where ingenious or plausible reasons for revolution. The first revolt discovered ample causes in heaven itself. He is the prototype of his tribe. If the narrative of his deeds be divinely inspired, it is a lesson and warning from heaven; if it be

a myth, as some are disposed to think it, it is the embodied common sense of mankind, and sufficiently authoritative.

Yet, clear and conclusive as the lesson seems, it has no effect. Christianity exercises no restraining influence. It may be doubted whether any war or revolution was ever arrested or delayed by religious considerations. The positive precept, "Let every soul be subject to the powers that be, for the powers that be are ordained of God," seems conclusive enough, but it is an unmeaning phrase. The clergy are foremost always with an easy explanation, showing that any thing else but submission to authority and law is intended by the apostle. The most solemn compact between states is assailed by ambition and pride, and perishes "as flax that falls asunder by the touch of fire," and no pulpit censures, or protests, or dissuades. The case is curious and amusing, as well as deplorable, in Christian churches.

And so it has been with us, and so it will continue to be. We flatter ourselves that our Southern Confederacy will present an

example of truer amity, and closer and more lasting union. There is no just cause for the expectation; no warrant in history, reason, or our own experience. We think slavery will be a bond of union. Were not Sparta, Athens, Thebes, slaveholders, and constant and deadly enemies nevertheless? Will there be any lack among us of rapacious, unprincipled demagogues? Have we known the time when there have been no eager traffickers among us for power and office? In a word, is there no pride, vanity, or ambition in the Southern States? If there is not, they will be safe from dissension, but not otherwise.

To induce the simple people to plunge into the volcanic fires of revolution and war, they were told that the act of dissolution would produce no opposition of a serious nature; that not a drop of blood would be spilled; that no man's flocks, or herds, or negroes, or houses, or lands would be plundered or destroyed; that unbroken prosperity would follow the ordinance of secession; that cotton would control all Europe, and secure

open ports and boundless commerce with the whole world for the Southern States.

To such views Mr. Petigru was unalterably opposed. He thought these schemes and opinions delusive. He was convinced that war, anarchy, military despotism, would inevitably follow a dissolution of the Union; that secession would impart to the Abolition party a power over slavery that nothing else could give them—a power to make war on Southern institutions, to proclaim freedom to the negro, to invoke and command the sympathy and aid of the whole world in carrying on a crusade on the Southern States. This was the long-sought purpose of the Abolitionists, which nothing but a broken confederation could enable them to reach. Secession threw into the abolition service the whole military power of the North. It forced into their ranks all parties of every description, Democrat as well as Republican. It secured to Seward's agents in Europe the ear of all its governments, who were prepared to regard Lincoln's proclamation of liberty to the negro as a sublime act of benevolence and wisdom.

Mr. Petigru saw that bankruptcy would follow war; that public fraud would find advocates in Richmond as well as in Washington. He opposed these schemes of disorder which have desolated the South. Their projectors professed to protect her from possible evils, and involved her in present and terrible disasters. The people were discontented at seeing rats infesting the granaries of Southern industry, and were urged to set fire to the four corners of every Southern barn to get rid of the vermin. They were alarmed at attacks on slavery by such men as John Brown and his banditti, and proposed, as a remedy, to rush into war with the armed hordes of the whole world. For a bare future contingency they proposed to encounter an enormous immediate evil.

Mr. Petigru looked with horror on a deliberate plunge into civil war and its crimes, for which he could see no sufficient cause. How could there be a sufficient cause? There was none, he thought, in the election of Lincoln. It was the result of many influences and accidents—the feebleness of Buchanan's

administration, the divisions of the Democratic party, the insubordination of one or two ambitious leaders in the North, the eager aspirations of others in the South—these causes produced the defeat of the Democratic party. It was well known that the Republican nominee had been elected by a minority; his position was unstable. The next general election would overturn his party. In the mean time, their conscious weakness would compel them to conciliate. Any attempt on their part to assail the chartered rights of states was as improbable as an attack on the government of France or England. Nothing was needed but a little patience, without which no human institutions can go on. *Opinionum commenta delet dies*—time destroys the falsehoods of opinion, and the wise statesman waits for the salutary influences of time.

To assume that the South had reached a position when it became necessary, for a possible distant evil, to encounter the chances of a war, with all the world against her, was to insist that she should stake her existence

on a remote contingency merely. He saw in all this, not wisdom, but the mere madness of ambition and wounded vanity, the repetition of what had deluded mankind since their creation, and destroyed states and empire without end. It was only another example of aspiring spirits devising plausible reasons for disorder that they might rule the tenets of their own contriving.

The people understood and appreciated Mr. Petigru. They elected him, during the tumult and dissension of secession, to the most important trust and the largest salary in their gift. He was chosen in the Legislature to codify the state laws — to reduce them to exactness, precision, and perspicuity. Notwithstanding his irony and satire, sometimes playful, sometimes cutting enough, they continued to elect him till the work was complete. His freedom of speech never shook the confidence of the people for a moment nor was their favor able to stop or restrain the freedom he was accustomed to exercise. He sold his time, but not his liberty to form opinions on public affairs and express them

freely. He never shifted his sails to catch the popular breath. I am not sure that another example can be found in the country of a man absolutely opposed to the creed of the people, and elected by them nevertheless to important and lucrative positions. It says much for the man's ability and character, and something, too, for the magnanimity and judgment of the people. Very rarely has a state pursued so enlightened and generous a course.

The important work intrusted by the Legislature to Mr. Petigru was completed during the session of 1862. To expedite the completion of the code, Mr. Petigru had made his residence in Summerville, about twenty miles from the city. He was at this time without a home. His house in Broad Street had been burned in the great fire of December, 1861, which swept over Charleston, from river to river, with immense destruction. His house on Sullivan's Island was pulled down to make room for one of the island forts. The air of Summerville is pleasant, and had been beneficial to Mrs. Petigru. It lies on

the railroad, and is of easy access, while removed from the distractions of the town. He fixed his abode in Summerville, and determined to build a house, and make it his permanent residence, if circumstances would permit. The aid of two or three assistants authorized by law, and the help of a young friend, who offered her services to him in his writing at the close of his work, enabled him to finish, in this quiet retreat from city interruptions, the contribution required by the state, and due, it has been said, by every man to his profession in some form or other. His code is not only a compilation of the laws but embraces such changes in their language as may be necessary to impart sufficient clearness and precision. The work, when completed, he wished to present, with an address, to the Legislature, and afterward to commissioners appointed to receive it at a private house. But failing health prevented both attempts, and his life was prolonged but a little way beyond this last important effort of his ability and perseverance.

It would prove, from this toilsome work

alone, to be a very imperfect account of a lawyer in large practice that should not say something more of his professional character. The originality and breadth of his liberal mode of dealing with his clients of certain classes I have already adverted to. His generosity was not confined to his personal friends, nor to those who needed his services and could illy afford to pay for them, nor to others who had once met his early efforts to advance in life with encouragement and kindness. The extent of his gratuitous services was greater than this. Not only individuals, but corporations received aid from him without being permitted to pay for them. These corporate bodies are said to have no souls, and were treated as liberally by him as though they had. One of them, the Blue Ridge Railroad, was involved in many troubles. It had been fleeced by sharpers who regarded public societies as natural objects of common plunder. The company had literally fallen among thieves. It was pursued, in various courts of different states, for large sums never earned by the claimants.

Mr. Petigru defended the injured part with indefatigable zeal and great success. The president of the company presented check for a large amount, with a regret that the sum offered was not larger. The check was returned. It was pressed, but in vain. The defendants had been wronged, and that was enough to command the sympathy and services of their counsel. He was immovable in refusing a fee. He had subscribed to shares in the railroad. Installments were uncalled for and unpaid. It was proposed by the company to give him credit for the whole amount. The new proposition was rejected like the former, and a check was presented by the counsel to the company for the unpaid installments. And this came from one not overflowing with money, and having many purposes for all he could command. He was invincible, on all such occasions, at every attempt that would induce him to change his opinions or practice. He was resolute to reject provoking gold, in certain cases, as other men are ready and eager to receive it. To refuse a fee of a thousand

dollars as too little for important services we can easily understand, but to insist on receiving nothing, to render service with no pay at all, is a mode of doing business somewhat at variance with ordinary bar experience. Its members will not imitate it universally, and corporate bodies need not fear to see their fees returned upon their hands as often as they desire to pay them.

In every case where the unprotected had fallen victims to the power and influence of society, and had been dealt with by Judge Lynch after his usual fashion, the sufferers never failed to receive the ready and resolute protection of Mr. Petigru's legal abilities. A stranger, by the name of Smalley, was one of these. He was a Northern man, and was engaged in cutting timber near Ashepoo. Strong suspicions got abroad that he had large abolition proclivities. He was accused of improper acts and words, and certain gentlemen of wealth and station in the neighborhood seized the man, tied and whipped him, with little regard to any judge but Judge Lynch. It was an outrage that roused

at once the sympathy of Mr. Petigru and his strong sense of justice. He carried the case through the courts, with such appeals to truth and right as to overcome the prejudices which prevailed in the state, and had made possible such acts of disgraceful violence. The eloquence of the advocate vindicated the rights of the victim, and maintained the dignity of order and law.

It was not the custom of Mr. Petigru to oppress and browbeat those called on to give evidence in court. The common and disgraceful custom of the bar is to bully the witness, and to insinuate falsehood in an opposing party. If Mr. Petigru was severe in sifting testimony, it was only when he suspected unfairness in the evidence. His skill was remarkable in cross-examinations. He was dexterous especially in eliciting truth where truth indeed was intended, but the witness was nevertheless unconsciously drawing his inferences from hearsay only, and not from direct information.

An example of this kind was exhibited in an interesting case where a respectable woman

an was represented in court as carrying about her that unpardonable sin—a drop of black blood in her veins. She was of French descent, and a countryman was called upon to give evidence in the case and confirm the charge. His belief was fixed, but it was founded on rumors, not on personal knowledge. The witness was none the less positive on that account. He had no doubt on the subject. Even in a church, he said, frequented by the lady asserted to be of doubtful blood, she was not permitted to sit in pews occupied by whites, but restricted to the space set apart for other classes. How could the jury doubt after that? But, before the inference is accepted, the fact, as asserted by the witness, must be admitted to be true. Was he stating what he knew? Had he repeated a report, not described a scene he had witnessed? It was soon determined by the counsel when cross-examination began. Mr. Petigru stood for a moment with a serious air, and his left hand stroking his chin, when suddenly he said to the witness, “Mr. C——, have you ever been

at church?" The witness was astonished and uneasy. "Sir," he replied, "that is no a proper question. I will not answer the question." But it was urged that he should answer, and an appeal was made to the Bench. The judge very blandly but decidedly determined that the question was a proper one and must be answered. The witness resisted still. He threw himself on the judge's favorable consideration. He said he was in a serious dilemma; for if he replied to the question that he was never at church, he would become odious in the eyes of his countrymen as an atheist and despiser of religious rites; if, he added, I answer that I have been at church, then, on the other hand, I shall say what is not true. His examiner assured him that no farther reply was necessary. It is the lot of all lawyers in these forensic attacks to meet with embarrassing retorts. It was not otherwise with Mr. Petigru, and an apt or shrewd question some times formed the witness's reply to the assaults on his testimony, delighting the bar and the idlers who frequent a court as they would a cock-pit or bear-garden.

The depth and extent of Mr. Petigru's attainments in every department of legal science were especially manifested by that class of causes which involve the first principles of jurisprudence, and perplex unlearned counsel and judges. The subtlety and comprehensiveness of his mind suffered nothing to escape him. His reading was great among authorities where ordinary lawyers are least accustomed to look, and the foundations of their science are most certainly found. In discussing one of these searching questions on the limits and principles of law, he has been described by a colleague at the bar-meeting that followed his death as having carried to the court a cart-load of law authorities. The fact is the more significant, as the advocate producing them was never ostentatious of his books or reading.

In other cases of a different nature, his associates were struck with the astuteness and judgment by which he selected the true ground of safety and success, when there was required, not so much a familiar acquaintance with law principles, as a ready insight

into the motives of excited minds, and a nice acquaintance with the comparative weight and value of facts and their several bearings.

Where questions involved morals with law, he separated truth and right with un-deviating promptitude. Good and wise men, who had fallen into errors without being able to detect them, have wondered to see how surely the unfailing finger pointed them out. The parties were surprised at not perceiving the difficulty before. He was the friend as well as lawyer of his client, and never hesitated to present the obligations of honor to one who might be too angry to recognize their claim. He was a chancellor of morals, a keeper of conscience for those who came within his influence, and they never found him unfaithful in his trust.

It was my purpose to give the reader at some length a few of the most important cases that illustrate the various powers of Mr. Petigru's mind. But to the lawyer these cases are accessible in the Reports of Law and Equity, and to the general reader they

would not be acceptable. I have been content, therefore, with adverting to the classes of cases which require in conducting them the lawyer's highest attainments, and with alluding to the moral power of the great jurist who never failed to preserve his client in the path of truth and right.

Mr. Petigru was remarkable for liberality to the young members of the bar. He was always ready to assist and advise, and sometimes supported his advice by an appeal to his experience. On a young friend, to whom he was recommending certain virtues to promote his practice, he enforced the virtue of caution in giving opinions by referring once to an adventure of his own. He was applied to by a client in Coosawhatchie for advice in a case. "Can I recover a claim?" was asked. The nature of it was explained, and the counsel replied immediately that the claim was certain. The case was carried into court. It was a summary process, and the judge forthwith decided against the claim. To the anxious inquiries of the client, Mr. Petigru replied that he would appeal; that the judge

knew nothing of the matter. The appeal was argued in Charleston, and the decision confirmed. Mr. Petigru, in telling the story to his young friend, went on to say he was so much mortified at the event that, without explaining the result to his luckless client, he paid to him the sum in dispute out of his own pockets, though his pockets were nearly empty. The grateful receiver promised to bring similar claims of himself or a neighbor.

Mr. Petigru's active aid was readily imparted to any young or less fortunate adventurer at the bar. He was always encouraging to the newly-admitted attorney, and when Harper returned from Missouri to re-assume his long discontinued practice in Carolina, and when Hugh S. Legare, in his somewhat desultory course, was looking for progress in Charleston, Mr. Petigru's zeal never relaxed in opening the way, as far as he was able, to the advancement of both. It added to his toils. They were not for himself only. He was indefatigable, and nothing but a constitution as vigorous as his

mind could have enabled him to sustain so many and varied labors.

To lighten the pressure of these pursuits, Mr. Petigru was accustomed to spend a month or two annually at Badwell, the family residence. It was not for relaxation only, but affection. The place was, of late years, the home of Mrs. North, and was visited, from time to time, by various branches of the family. The farm was healthy and pleasant, and possessed of many natural beauties. To increase them was the favorite purpose of Mr. Petigru. He strove to enlarge its limits by the purchase of other tracts of adjoining land. He was a liberal bidder, with a high idea of the value of Abbeville soil. He was writing, on one occasion, to offer ten thousand dollars for what, by the interference of a friend, he easily obtained for three. He devoted not only money, but many hours often of personal hard labor, for the improvement of the premises, in sinking wells, in planting trees, in adorning the family burial-place, in smoothing roads, in completing an avenue. He was indefatigable so long as his visit con-

tinued. He was never content with seeing others work, but took an active part himself.

He was a lover of trees and shrubbery. In Charleston he purchased a lot in front of his office, in St. Michael's Alley, and converted the ground into a garden. It was ornamented with many plants of variety and beauty. At Badwell his trees were a passion. He regarded the injury of them as an outrage not easily pardoned. The last letter I received from him was in July, 1860, in which, writing from Badwell, he complains of some atrocious mutilations inflicted on certain overcup oaks, the delight of his eyes, by some vile African, who had dismembered the oaks to promote the growth of a negro patch of corn and pumpkins. He declares, in the language of some Latin author, that something monstrous is always produced by unhappy Africa. What rendered the outrage more intolerable was that he attached the names of his friends to his trees, and was forming of them a sort of arboraceous gallery of portraits. This tree was Allston, that one

Huger; and the black miscreant, with an axe as an instrument, had been operating on the limbs of his friends, and amputating their arms almost before his eyes. It was at this time that he sent his servant Hamlet from Abbeville to the city, to obtain, among other necessaries, a cork oak, propagated from Spanish acorns, which I had promised to give him. It was a hot, dry week in July, that scorched every thing growing, but he trampled on impossibilities in pursuing an addition to his avenue. In a long correspondence, one of many years, with his sister, Mrs. North, hardly a letter omits an earnest inquiry in relation to his trees, or the growth and extension of the avenue.

He was particular in his attention to the family burying-ground. It was a part of his nature to reverence the memory of departed friends. He never omitted to attend a funeral. The last one at which I saw him was the funeral at Grace Church, in Wentworth Street, of Mr. William Elliott, who died in Charleston. It was a few weeks only before his own death, when his health had been

for some time failing, and he tottered in his walk. In Abbeville he ornamented the Badwell burying-place. To his grandfather, the French pastor, he erected a monument, inscribing the four sides with an epitaph in Latin, for which he had consulted the critical taste of Hugh S. Legare. The offerings in dignity were proportioned to that of the deceased. Those to others were more simple. None were neglected. The humble slave who had been attentive to his duties was remembered. To one the master had been accustomed to give an annuity in silver, which the receiver especially valued, and when the old man died his grave was marked by a stone to preserve his name. Mr. Petigru was desirous to consecrate the family ground by a chapel erected near the spot, and a school-house built for the benefit of the poor. His family co-operated with him in seeking these objects, but he did not live, I believe, to complete them.

His solitudes for the preservation of the family home in some one of the family are strikingly indicated by his last will. He

appeals solemnly to God for his own conscientious desire to do right, fixes the property in the possession of Mrs. North for her life, desires that some one of his relatives should subsequently purchase it, and expresses the anxious wish that his plan should not be defeated by disregard to his last wish.

His final visit to Badwell was in September, 1862, when his health seemed good, his memory sound, and his intellect vigorous as before. Time had not yet touched his head, and his long, abundant black hair betrayed no gray traces of age. I met him on the Greenville cars; and when he turned off at Cokesbury, he proposed that I should go with him, and promised to show me all Abbeville—a sight which he judged a sufficient reward for any trouble of the traveler. It was not his lot to die in the home of his boyhood. We may readily suppose that it would have been the chosen place for the last scene, the final retreat from the cares and troubles of the world.

“And as the hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Turns to the spot from which at first he flew,”

so the worn member of the bar, over three-score years and ten, might be expected to retreat from the contentions of the court with the young and aspiring, and seek gladly the quiet resting-place of his early home. But it was his fortune to die in harness. Illness was hardly able to divorce him from his books. A stern necessity or imperative duty kept them in his hands. I saw him busy with them at his office the last day but one on which he was seen there, and he said to me, but not cheerfully, "You see I can still earn a living at my trade." His legs were then swelled and his days numbered. After the next day he repaired no more to St. Michael's Alley, the scene for forty years of labors that often consumed continuously his days and nights.

He died in Charleston, at the house of his old friend, Judge King, who preceded him to the grave a few months only. The eldest son of the deceased judge, MacMillan King, watched over the last moments of his father's friend with affectionate solicitude. The sick was surrounded with many anxious relatives.

He bore severe suffering with fortitude, expressed the hopes and aspirations of a Christian, and passed away, on the 9th of March, 1863, from a life of much success, great distinction, and many anxieties and cares. He was buried in St. Michael's Yard, near his son Daniel, who died a few months before him.

The funeral of Mr. Petigru moved the whole city. Rich and poor, white and black, attended, with faces expressing the conviction that a great man had departed from the field of his usefulness. Those who most needed one seemed to feel they had lost a ready friend of influence and power. At a meeting of the bar in honor of the dead, eloquent addresses were delivered of unusual excellence. They were inspired by the object, and carefully prepared by the speakers. The chief justice, notwithstanding his feeble state of health, added another affectionate tribute to his old friend, and the press was not regardless of the attentions due to the illustrious dead. Among the many offerings produced by the event, a letter was drawn

from a neighbor, of more than forty years' standing, who appreciates virtue and talent every where, and knew thoroughly the heart and mind of the friend over whose death-bed he had lingered a few days before. The letter is an expressive and vigorous portrait of one for whom time, from day to day for many years, had increased his love and esteem. It is addressed to a near relative :

“Longwood, March 15th, 1863.

“MY DEAR BEN,—Mr. William Harleston very kindly promised to bring my letters and papers with him to your house to-day ; and if he has done so, I would thank you to send them by the bearer.

“I reached the only home I have left on Saturday evening, exhausted in body and depressed in spirits. Petigru's illness and unmeasured sufferings put what strength I had in severe requisition, and his death admonishes me of a heavy bereavement. The blows come in such quick succession that there is hardly 'twilight enough to separate the darkness of one from the glare of another,' and nothing save the equal pressure of

sorrow on every side prevents me from falling. I had implicit confidence in Petigru, and never knew any single man who was as near being an institution by himself. Original in all things—if his character was a mosaic, he furnished the particles from his own resources, wearing such colors as Nature gave him, and borrowing none from his fellows either for ornament or for use. Conscientious and just in matters of truth, he would cavil about a hair. Generous and brave, he would give without measure, and asked nothing in return. His probity never was shaken by adversity, and his gentleness and mercy were increased by his prosperity. Elevated in every sentiment, he dealt lightly with those who needed his forgiveness; uncompromising where his own rights were assailed, he was sure to put those who denied them at utter defiance; his thoughts emanated from his own mind, his opinions became his convictions, and his convictions a part of his belief in God. When he acted with others, it was because they agreed with him. When he was the leader of a party, he guid-

ed without ostentation, and controlled without exaction. When he was overpowered by numbers, he submitted to the *law*, but never to the *victor*. He could stand alone without dismay, preferring always the gratitude of the weak and helpless to the patronage of the powerful and the strong. In every conflict Petigru was himself; when his equals were needed, *few* answered to their names; and when his superiors were called for, *none* were forthcoming. He knew how to strike the hardest blows, and he knew how to receive them; for he never hesitated to strike when the provocation was sufficient, and he never winced or quailed, no matter how deadly was the returning arrow. If there is any man now living in South Carolina capable of writing the History of his own Times, Petigru, for the highest aspirations as to duty or honor—for the boldness of his thinkings—for the brightness of his genius—for the grasp of his intellect—for the purity of his friendship—for the unselfishness of his nature, will be ranked with those of whom the state has most reason to be

proud. Preaching the doctrines of an exalted benevolence, his charities kept pace with his teachings; and, limited in means, when denial was necessary, he began always with himself. He loved to help others, and to be in partnership with misfortune; and, doing good without restraint, he was the living, moving, acting principle of those qualities which carried to his grave the profoundest reverence of the rich, and the heart-stricken lamentations of the poor.

“If this outpouring is tiresome or tedious, I ask for the forgiveness which was the prominent attribute of the subject. None loved *me* more, and none was more beloved.


“Yours ever, ALFRED HUGER.”

Among these expressions of esteem and affection from so many quarters we find no intimations of infirmity on their subject such as besets our common nature, yet he could not be exempt from them. His temper was sometimes impatient and irritable, and the great though homely divinity, Prudence, was absent from the office of always presiding

over the impulses of his nature. But his defects, whatever they may have been, were lost in the broad light of his numerous virtues.

In that most Christian gift of charity few Christians were his equal. With the keenest insight into character and its weaknesses, he never ceased to see its moral deformities with the most tender indulgence. Over every stumbling traveler in life's pathway he was always ready, like Barrow, to say alas! and to be sorrowful. He not only made ample allowances for the unfortunate, but he induced others to form gentler judgments and bestow habitual aid.

His almsgiving was without voluntary limits. He looked at the wants, not the merits of his neighbors. His benevolence was restricted to no classes. The decayed gentleman who had been useless all his life, the politician whom the people's breath had made and unmade, the brother at the bar, whose claim was that of brotherhood only, when deserted by others, found in him a sure and efficient friend. No one ever asked



for help and was refused, and he rarely waited to be asked.

In his solitudes for his relatives and children he was indefatigable in his efforts. The most delicate, judicious, unwearied advice was always striving to develop all that was promising about them in mind and character. There was no austerity in his anxious cares. The objects of his love who received its benefits, imparted with playful tenderness, would understand and appreciate them in after times only when they were able to compare and comprehend them at a riper period.

His friendships were strong, steadfast, and enduring. The oldest friends of his life, those of half a century, who saw him most frequently, lived with him most intimately, and knew him better than all others knew him, loved him with greater devotion as time advanced. In all the contentions of his time—and many were of great acrimony—he forfeited no confidence and lost no friend. His generous nature stood above the scene of angry dispute, and his opponents even esteemed him.

The hospitality of his nature was without bounds. His house and table were always accessible to his acquaintances, and to those who came to him from other lands. On him and his old friend Judge King, and a few others, the reputation of the city mainly rested for the cordial and pleasant entertaining of strangers. He seasoned his feast with his wit.

In love of right and respect for law, order, and due subordination, there was no man living so fixed and determined. He knew that on these principles alone rested the peace of the state, and he was the stanch advocate for peace, though no one in the whole country was ever actuated by a bolder and higher spirit in maintaining truth and right. For the security of the state he relied on law and its sanctions, not on appeals to violence and blood.

Although at the head of the bar, the profoundest lawyer of his time, not confined in the range of his legal studies, but extending his flight to the heights and depths of the whole science and its masters, he was well

fitted for what may have been of broader usefulness in the state. He was formed to excel in literature. His habitual conversation was with the great authors of ancient and modern times. He seized at once on the merits of a writer, and mastered the strong points of an argument. As instructor, lecturer, professor, president, in the highest places of education, he would have exercised a controlling power over the leading young men of the state. His influence over the scholar was remarkable. His force of character would have been irresistible, and would have impressed the general mind of the state. In this great department of life, as in others, he would not have been like other men.

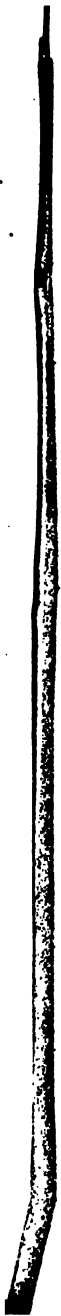
He was, indeed, an extraordinary man, original in character, of noble virtues, endowed with an exalted intellect, with all the accompaniments and ornaments of wit and humor, and his excellencies made a deep and general impression on the hearts and minds of his countrymen. I have striven to do something for preserving the memory

178 MEMOIR OF JAS. L. PETIGRU.

of a great and good man for a longer time
and a more extended circle than the present
limited scene.

THE END.

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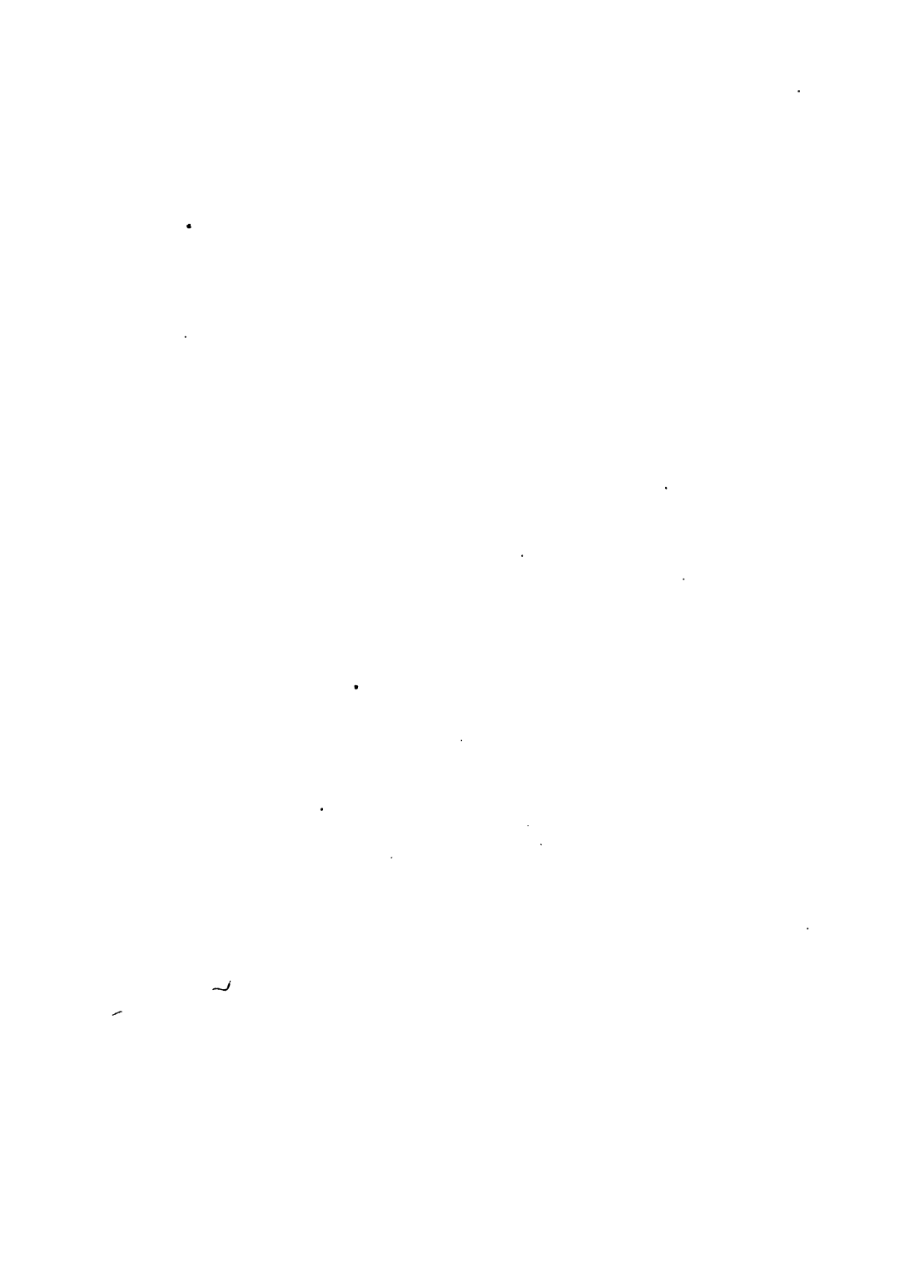
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