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LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF THE

HON. JOHN C. CALHOUN,

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS:

CONTAINING

NOTICES OF HIS FATHER AND UNCLES, AND THEIR BRAVE CONDUCT

DURING OUR STRUGGLE FOR INDEPENDENCE,

IN THE

AMERICAN REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

NEW-YORK:

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We need not say to those who have read Harper's edition of Alison, that it abounds with gross errors. These are, for the most part, copied *literatim et verbatim* from the English edition, which is shown right with them. They are of such a character as not only to impair the value of the work, but to render it, as a standard, in which minute accuracy is indispensable, almost worthless. In our abridged edition, every mistake even of the most trivial sort is corrected, and Mr. Alison is set right, not only with regard to the geography of places, but with regard to historical facts, which he has sometimes in the strangest manner perverted from their notorious bearing and character. Take, for example, his ignorant and prejudicial account of our war with Great Britain. Shall this be allowed to go abroad among the youth of America to damp their patriotism and chill their ardor?

The intelligent reader need not be informed that it has always been usual to issue abridgements of very long and valuable histories; and that these abridgements, from their better adaptation to the mass, have often taken the place of the original works. In Harper's Family Library are found volumes of this kind.

We beg leave to assure our friends and the public, who ought to be our friends, that the book we shall give them, will be highly creditable both to the editor and publisher; and that it will contain *every fact and incident* detailed by Alison, in as full, circumstantial and clear a manner as is necessary for the full satisfaction of the reader, whether he be old or young, learned or ignorant.

Among the many commendatory letters in reference to our proposed abridgement of this great and faulty work, we refer with pleasure to one from no less distinguished a personage than the Hon. ROGER MINOT SHERMAN, of Connecticut. It is as follows, and singularly corroborative of the views which we a fortnight since, expressed on the subject:

Fairfield, Conn., October 2, 1843.

"MY DEAR SIR—I have taken all but two of the 16 numbers of Alison's history, and have read half of it. It is so FILLED WITH TEDIOUS AND USELESS DETAILS AS GREATLY TO IMPAIR ITS VALUE. The period it embraces is one of the most interesting in the annals of the human race, and all the important facts are given with fidelity. But the vast compilation of facts, which are neither interesting nor instructive, prevents its very general perusal.

"I was much gratified to find by the New World of September 2d, that "Edward S. Gould, Esq." had abridged the work, reducing it to one octavo volume. I will suspend my future attention to the copy which I now have, and await the arrival of the abridgement. A dollar is stated to be the price. I enclose that sum, and wish you would have the goodness to procure the volume for me, and send it by the first opportunity.

Very truly yours,

R. M. SHERMAN."

The capitals and italics in the foregoing letter are, of course, our own. We are proud to place the name of the venerated writer first among the purchasers of our work—a name dear to all lovers of learning and true patriots. Mr. Sherman's lofty standing and character are too well known to need the record of our pen; but as he is among the great men of a former generation, and has never mingled in the political contests of the day, there may be those who are not aware that he is the most eminent member of the bar in Connecticut, and for many years held the office of judge in the highest court of that State. Approval from such a source is highly gratifying, and counterbalances the false abuse of a thousand such interested parties as Harper and Brothers.

NEW YORK, October, 1843.

J. WINCHESTER, 30 Ann-street.

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50 ANN-STREET.

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## P R E F A C E .

WE believe, with many of Mr. CALHOUN'S friends, that neither his public or private life is as fully known among the mass of our fellow citizens as it deserves to be.

We have in the following pages, in much haste, thrown together many of the most prominent traits and circumstances which have marked the career of himself and ancestors; and we have endeavored to point out those actions in his life which go to prove him one of the most distinguished of men, the ablest statesman, and the most extraordinary man of the age in which we live—whose reputation will descend to posterity as that of a great and good man, when the prejudices and false impressions, cast around him by over zealous opposition, shall have passed away for ever.

It is a circumstance worthy of note, that, among all the present candidates for the Presidency, Mr. Calhoun is the only one whose family were involved or took any active part in the Revolutionary War; while he himself contributed largely to bring about and to sustain the late contest with Great Britain. It may also be noticed, as an interesting fact, that his father served thirty years, and the subject of this sketch thirty-one years, in public life—making a period of sixty-one years for father and son. To maintain the uninterrupted confidence of their constituents for such a length of time, argues a high degree of merit and integrity on the part of both father and son.

THE AUTHOR.

NEW-YORK, November, 1843.



## LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF THE

# HON. JOHN C. CALHOUN.

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THE father of John C. Calhoun was Patrick Calhoun, from Donegal, in Ireland, who emigrated to America before the Revolutionary War. The family of Patrick first settled in Pennsylvania, and afterward removed to Virginia, where he married a lady by the name of Caldwell, the mother of John C. Calhoun, and whose family, also, came from Ireland. After Braddock's defeat, Patrick Calhoun, being driven by the Indians from the western part of Virginia, in 1756 removed to Abbeville District, in South Carolina, where John C. Calhoun was born on the 18th of March, 1782; he being the youngest of five children—four sons and one daughter. He was named after his uncle, Major John Caldwell, whose assassination by the Tories in the Revolutionary War, we shall have occasion to speak of, in another part of this work.

To understand the hardships to which Mr. Calhoun's family were exposed, prior to, and during the Revolutionary War, it is necessary for the reader to bear in mind the position of the country at that early period of our history.

In 1756, we find there were thirteen weak and scattered colonies, with a population of little more than two millions of people, without good roads, or means of ready communication—with the rolling ocean on one side, and a dark wilderness on the other—filled with powerful tribes of Indians, inflamed against them by the emissaries of France; while the mother country only regarded them as fit subjects for future taxation and oppression. Under these gloomy and adverse circumstances, our first settlers had little else to depend upon, beyond the help of God, and their own stout arms and brave hearts. From Maine to Georgia, for years, the borders of the colonies, now called the old thirteen States, presented an unbroken and bleeding frontier, where men were compelled to work their fields in sight of *log block-houses*, with their rifles by their sides, ready to rally at the first alarm, in defence of their wives and children. It often happened, however, that the Indians suddenly surprised and cut off whole families and communities, leaving utter desolation and ruin in their train. The history of those troublesome times is full, of villages sacked and burnt—of women and children barbarously butchered and scalped, and whole settlements depopulated, by the most savage, wild, and ferocious foe, with whom man

has ever been called to contend against; and whose known mode of warfare was distinguished by cunning and cruelty, and so conducted as to deceive and to destroy their victims, sparing neither age or sex in their fell swoop of destruction. We read of Indian wars and bloodshed in the Far West, at the present day; but the tribes that now remain, are weak and softened by incipient civilization—their worst acts of cruelty being far behind those inflicted by the more powerful and barbarous tribes with whom our forefathers, in their hour of trial and weakness, had to withstand. Even the Cherokees—now a small, and one of the most civilized tribes—in the early settlement of the country, were found to be the most cruel in the torture of their victims; while the stake and the faggot were the instruments of death used by all. To fall into their merciless hands, was to be burnt alive at the stake; and, by this horrible mode of torture, hundreds of men, women, and children, suffered the most painful deaths. Those were times, indeed, “that tried men’s souls;” and they were just such times as *old Patrick Calhoun* had the soul and the courage to meet and stand up against. With a heart as brave as a lion, he was always found at the point of danger, and ready to do battle for his country. He had fought the Indians on the western borders of Virginia, till the period of Braddock’s defeat, when the combined forces of the Indians and French poured upon the defenceless settlements in desolating fury, and compelled the scattered inhabitants to fly for safety before their approach. Among other families forced to yield to a foe flushed with victory, and eager for the extermination of all whites in their way, was that of old Patrick Calhoun, who sought a home in Abbeville, South Carolina. But here he found he had pitched his tent in the face of an enemy still more powerful and ferocious than any with whom he had yet contended. The Cherokee Indians were now his near neighbors, and could bring into the field a powerful array of warriors. They inhabited all the country west and north of him, and were ready, at any moment, to make a descent upon all the whites within the State. But, in this beautiful part of the world old Patrick Calhoun had fixed his home, and he determined, by the help of God, to defend it, if it should cost him his life. And defend it he did, both against Indians and British; and, when full of years and full of honors, was buried on the farm his industry had improved, and his valor had secured.

He had not been long at his wilderness residence in Carolina, before he and his neighbors were called upon to rally in defence of their homes. The Cherokees, excited by evil influences, were led to meditate an attack on them; and having approached the settlements in large force, ready to do their work of destruction, the alarm was given, and all the male persons able to bear arms were rallied, and old Patrick Calhoun placed at their head. When his gallant little body of men were brought together, their whole force amounted to only thirteen! But every man was *true grit*, and a stranger to fear. Their old commander had a soul as warm as fire, and as large as a barn, and which was as brave as it was warm. He, without waiting for the Indians, at once led his men forward to meet them, and, if possible, to fall upon them by surprise. After leaving their wives and children to the care of God and their country, they went forth to an unequal and bloody contest—and a majority of the little force were doomed never to return again in this life. When old Patrick, with his small band, had penetrated into the dark and silent depths of the forest, seeking stealthily for the wary foe, he suddenly met them, and became immediately engaged in deadly combat. Old Patrick was foremost in the fight, urging on his followers to the struggle. *Seven* of his men—more than one-



half of his brave little troop—lay dead around him. Himself, and six others, were all that remained. The Indians appeared in overwhelming numbers. Old Patrick made a careful retreat, and saved his remaining men; while the Indians had met with such a severe resistance, that they thought it prudent also to leave the field, and retire from the settlements. When old Patrick returned to the battleground with his men, to bury their dead companions, they found the lifeless bodies of twenty-three Indian warriors.



BATTLE OF OLD PATRICK CALHOUN WITH THE CHEROKEE INDIANS.

Many other exploits and conflicts between the whites and Cherokees, might be detailed, in which old Patrick Calhoun took an active part, had we time to relate them. His superior skill and bravery in Indian warfare, like that of General Jackson, had become as famous among the Indians as among the whites. They knew and dreaded his power. In those days, no settler ever ventured out on a hunting excursion, or for any other purpose, without his rifle, accompanied by a good supply of powder and balls, and a large knife at his side.

Old Patrick, on one occasion, took down his gun for a stroll in the forest alone, and during his rambling, suddenly met a Cherokee Chief. Each knew his man. The Indian, as soon as he saw old Patrick, sprung to a tree, and screened himself behind it, while old Patrick threw himself down behind a log. They were both dead shots; and whoever fired first, should he miss his aim, and afterward be visible to the other party before he could reload, he would receive the deadly ball of his antagonist. The position of each was extremely critical. To all appearance one of them had to die: their chances were equal; and nothing but successful stratagem, contrived by great presence of mind, could give either party an advantage. The least imprudence, or failure of marksmanship, would have resulted in a loss of life. In such an emergency, none but a cool and brave-minded man, accustomed to meet savages in battle, could expect to come out victorious. In this

trying situation, we find old Patrick Calhoun equal to the dangerous circumstances in which chance had suddenly placed him. In order to draw the fire of the Indian first, he placed his hat on the end of a stick, and gently raised its crown above the log, behind which he lay; on perceiving which, the Indian mistook it for the head of old Patrick, and fired his rifle at it, but still retained his position behind the tree, not certain of the success of his fire. Old Patrick again raised his hat when the Indian had reloaded, and again drew his fire. Still the chief feared to expose his person. This was continued till the fourth fire was drawn, when, the chief supposing his balls had slain his antagonist, stepped from his concealment so as to expose himself. The moment was auspicious for old Patrick, who levelled his rifle with an unerring aim, and lodged his ball in the shoulder of the chief, who, finding himself seriously wounded, took to precipitate flight. On examining his hat, he found it pierced with four bullet holes.



OLD PATRICK CALHOUN FIGHTING A CHEROKEE CHIEF.

During the whole of the Revolutionary War, we find old Patrick was a substantial and active patriot. South Carolina, in proportion to her population, suffered more seriously in our struggle for independence, than any state in the Union. Before the rupture with Great Britain, she had peculiar advantages of trade allowed her, and it was a favorite colony with the mother country; and had less to complain of than any other of the thirteen.

The rich products of Carolina were eagerly sought by British merchants, and Charleston early became one of the most important and flourishing seaports in America. But, when the Carolinians heard of the scenes passing in Boston, and of the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill, their feelings of sympathy and love

of liberty were aroused. And there was no colony among them that went into the contest more clearly on PRINCIPLE than South Carolina. While the people of the northern colonies were proscribed by British power, and the port of Boston was closed, no act of the mother country was ever specially levelled against the people, or the pecuniary interest of this State. The people of this colony, therefore, went into the war with everything to lose, in the way of property, and nothing to gain but *liberty*. It was PRINCIPLE for which they contended. When told they had no reason to complain, that their taxes were nothing compared to the advantages granted by England, their patriotic cry was, "We have millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute."

So lenient had the home government been to the Carolinas, that, at the breaking out of the contest, a number of the more timid colonists took sides with her, and became the most cruel and bitter foes the patriots had to meet during the war. They were at all times, and in all places, considered even worse than the English.

When the British army took possession of Charleston, they immediately adopted the most severe and rigorous measures toward the patriots of this colony, considering them the most ungrateful of all the subjects of *King George the Third*. It is not our purpose to go into the history of those troublesome times. They stand recorded in the most sacred archives of our history.

In the same proportion as the British inflicted cruelty, confiscation and death, on the unfortunate colonist who took up arms in defence of their country, in the same ratio were the patriots inflamed with resolution and courage. A lady in Charleston, when she found the British were about to take possession of the city, set fire to her own house. When it was besieged, the ladies worked with their own hands on the trenches and breastworks. They also attended the sick and wounded of the army; supplied them with clothing and food, and both nursed and dressed their wounds. When the city fell into the hands of the English army, they shunned the society of British officers, and sought out their countrymen in the dungeons and prisons of the town, and administered all they could to their comfort. It was a dark day for Carolina; some of her best blood was made to flow like water for the cause of freedom. It was about this period that the brave and gallant Col. Hayne was led out to execution, by order of the bloody-minded Lord Rawdon, and whose premature death cast a gloom over the whole nation. From Charleston, the English spread over the Carolinas, and made a complete conquest of the country. Lord Rawdon, wherever he went, carried death and desolation before him; all the unfortunate Whigs who fell into his hands, whether by Tory craft or British warfare, were, in most cases, ignominiously hung or immersed in dungeons, and chained to their floors; or were made to endure sufferings more terrible, in some instances, than death itself. Amid these bloody scenes and wide-spread conquests, there were a few men who kept the field in spite of all attempts made to defeat and capture them. The brave Sumpter and Marion, with handfuls of men, living in swamps and pine forests, subsisting on potatoes and other scanty fare, still held out for their country, and were always on the alert, and ready to strike a blow when an opportunity presented itself. Among the brave men who held out faithful to the end, and never failed in his duty, was *old Patrick Calhoun*. He had to defend his home against Indians—and now for seven long years we find he was ranged on the side of the patriots, fighting for the liberties of the country!

At the close of the war, we find old Patrick occupying high ground among his fellow-citizens, who reposed the greatest confidence in his honor and courage.

Before saying more respecting this brave old man, we will turn to the members of Mr. Calhoun's family on his mother's side—the *Caldwells*; all of whom bravely joined the patriot cause, and rallied to the support of their country's standard. The eldest was *Major John Caldwell*—the uncle after whom, as we have said, John C. Calhoun was named.

This uncle became early a conspicuous officer in the ranks of the soldiers of the Revolutionary War, and excited the deadly hate of the Tories. In those days the Tories were both the murderers and plunderers of their own countrymen, struggling for liberty. They generally associated in small bands, under leaders of the most cruel and abandoned character, who paraded through the country, pillaging the houses and destroying the property of all the Whigs that fell in their way. They were, generally, a cowardly set, and always avoided a contest with the Whigs, unless the odds were greatly in their favor. They were despised even by the higher class of English; officers and were only used as tools and spies, to do the vilest and lowest acts of villainy. They were mostly Americans, and a disgrace to the country which gave them birth. Whenever the Whigs were absent from home, they sought an opportunity to approach their dwellings and rob them of everything valuable they could carry off; and completed their work of destruction by mur-



DEATH OF MAJOR JOHN CALDWELL.—See next page.

dering women and children, and sitting fire to their houses. They, often, on finding a Whig at home, on leave of absence, either shot him on the spot, or carried him off to the British, for imprisonment or execution. We could go on, if our limits

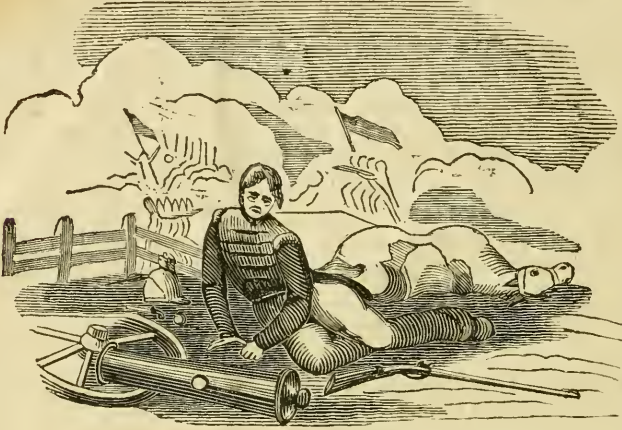
permitted, and relate many horrid deeds of cruelty committed by these marauding traitors, during our war of Independence.

*Major Caldwell* was a Virginia gentleman of high respectability, and had adopted the cause of his bleeding country with that ardor and devotion peculiar to the temperament of the race of people from whom he had sprung. He was in the prime of life, and had a high and responsible part before him to act, in the perilous affairs of his country. His course was decided. Liberty's banner was unfurled, and he rushed to the rescue. When accidentally at home, in the bosom of his family, surrounded with all those comforts of life secured by honest industry, and encircled by all the tenderest ties and relations of domestic life, the approach of armed men was heard. He rushed into the yard to see who they were, when a band of infernal Tories fell upon their unarmed victim and, assassinated him in front of his own door. Not content with this deed of murder, they set fire to his dwelling and reduced all to ashes, while his helpless family were forced to fly to the fields and woods for protection. Thus perished one of *John C. Calhoun's* uncles, in the prime of life and manhood.

At a time when Lord Rawdon had proclaimed that South Carolina was reconquered, and had firmly planted himself in Camden, after the defeat of Gen. Gates; and, when Lord Cornwallis was preparing to pass through North Carolina and invade Virginia, a commander appeared in the southern field, on the patriot side, whose bravery and skill were a match for the best officer in the English army—and that man was old *Daniel Morgan*, the *Wagoner General*, as he was called. With a regiment of riflemen, and an infantry force under Colonel Howard, of Maryland, aided by the cavalry under the command of *Lieut. Col. Washington*, he made an attempt to relieve a place called *Ninety Six*, then embracing Abbeville and Pendleton, in South Carolina, and then the residence of old *Patrick Calhoun*, and at present the home of the subject of this memoir. Gen. Morgan had acquired great skill in fighting both Indians and English with his brave riflemen, who were present at the battle of Saratoga, and the surrender of Gen. Burgoyne. We find him now hovering on the advanced forces of Lord Cornwallis. In the gallant little army of General Morgan was *YOUNG CALDWELL*, a brother of Major *John Caldwell*, and the second uncle of John C. Calhoun. No sooner had Lord Cornwallis heard of Morgan's march upon Ninety Six, than he sent a strong detachment of his army to attack him, composed of 350 men under Colonel Tarleton, a part of the light infantry of the 7th regiment, the first battalion of the 71st, accompanied with two field pieces of artillery. The British, in their infantry, had the advantage of *five to four* over the Americans.

The two forces met at a place called the *Cowpens*, near a small river, in South Carolina, called the *Pacodet*. At first the British seemed to gain the advantage, but brave old Morgan's riflemen poured in such a deadly fire on the foe, aided by Col. Washington's attack on the forces of Col. Tarleton, that the scale of victory was soon turned in favor of the Americans. In the midst of the contest *young Caldwell* was slain on the field of battle, and closed his earthly existence while his brave companions were filling the air with the glorious shouts of victory. Thus nobly perished, in a noble cause, this brave uncle of John C. Calhoun. In this well-fought battle the British had ten commissioned officers, and one hundred rank and file killed, two hundred wounded, twenty-nine commissioned officers, and about five hundred privates taken prisoners. Two pieces of artillery, two standards, eight hundred muskets, thirty-five baggage-wagons, and upward of one hundred dragoon

horses, fell into the hands of the Americans; while the latter only had twelve men killed, and eighty wounded. One of the twelve killed was young Caldwell. This



DEATH OF YOUNG CALDWELL AT THE BATTLE OF THE COWPENS.

triumph, at a most gloomy and disastrous period of the American war, proved of the greatest service to our cause. It gave fresh courage to the brave patriots, and caused them to rally in defence of their country with fresh vigor and renewed energy, that



IMPRISONMENT OF CALDWELL IN THE DUNGEON OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

never relaxed afterward till the complete and perfect independence of the country was acknowledged by Great Britain.

Mr. Calhoun's third and last uncle, Caldwell, and the remaining brother of the

two deceased Caldwells, also espoused, with the same zeal and courage, the cause of his country, which marked the character of the whole family. He marched against the British; but, unfortunately, in some manner not fully known, was made a prisoner of war, and was treated with the greatest rigor and closely confined. For nine long months he was chained in a dungeon at St. Augustine, in Florida—a place badly provided with the ordinary comforts of life, and, in a hot climate, liable to engender disease in the confined air of dark and damp prison cells.

The long struggle finally terminated. We became an INDEPENDENT NATION OF FREEMEN, and were left free to make our own laws and appoint our own rulers; and, for the first time in the modern history of man, the great experiment of the capabilities of the people to govern themselves was commenced.

The first thing to be done was the formation of laws regulating suffrage in the several States, with movements for forming free constitutions under which to act. In South Carolina there was a party in favor of confining the right of suffrage to a property qualification. This proposition roused the feelings of old Patrick Calhoun, who still survived. He determined not to submit to such an aristocratic measure; and being determined to defend the right of suffrage at all hazards—and failing, by arguments, to convince his opponents of the justice of his cause—and seeing they were determined to open a poll contrary to what he conceived to be justice and law, he shouldered his rifle and rallied his neighbors, who also seized their arms; and,



OLD PATRICK CALHOUN MARCHING IN DEFENCE OF THE RIGHT OF SUFFRAGE.

placing old Patrick at their head, they marched to the place appointed for holding the polls, within twenty-three miles of Charleston, and compelled a change of the

plan of voting. This act made old Patrick so popular, that he was, thereupon, elected a member of the State Legislature, in which body he served for a period of thirty years; and, like his son, enjoyed the uninterrupted confidence of his constituents as long as he would agree to serve them.

In March, 1782—in the year after the battle of the Cowpens, which was fought in January, 1781—and in the year after the battle of Guilford, fought in March, 1781—and in the year after the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, at Yorktown, on the 17th October, 1781—*John C. Calhoun*, the youngest child, and son of old Patrick, was born, as we have stated. Being the youngest of old Patrick's children, he was the favorite and pride of the old man's heart. But the noble old patriot dropped off before young Calhoun had received his education, and he was not spared to witness the future success and distinguished honors held in reserve for his favorite son, who seems to have inherited all the native vigor peculiar to the old man, marked by the same frankness and decision of character, chastened by superior education, and long and laborious study. Of the early days of young Calhoun, we have not time to dwell. As his father had left his family in rather narrow circumstances, he would not agree to leave his mother, to pursue his studies, until the elder brothers entered into some arrangement which might afford him the means of obtaining a thorough education, without trenching upon any resources necessary to the comfort and happiness of his aged mother. This being accomplished, and after having exhausted the means of instruction then at command in that part of his native state, he left for Yale College, at New-Haven, Connecticut. He set out with a full determination to make thorough work of whatever he engaged in, saying, "he would prefer the life of a farmer, to being a half-informed lawyer or doctor." At College he soon distinguished himself as an assiduous student, and made rapid progress. He set out to qualify himself for any station in life, if possible, to which his fellow citizens might see fit to call him. He is one among the very few of our American statesmen who have made a science of public affairs, and qualified himself by his education, and by a laborious and studious life, for the dignified and elevated profession of a statesman.

When he graduated at College, he received the highest honor in his class; and acquitted himself with so much success in argument with Dr. Dwight, that the venerable President predicted he would, one day or other, be President of the United States. On returning home, Mr. Calhoun entered on the study of the law, in which he soon took high rank. He afterward became a distinguished member of the South Carolina Legislature.

In 1812, while quite a young man, we find him a member of the House of Representatives of the United States Congress, and an active and leading member of the Committee on Foreign Relations. It was a most important and critical time in the history of our country. It had become evident, that, before we could enjoy our independence in peace, another conflict had to come off with Great Britain. From the close of the Revolutionary War, we had been looked upon by the proud monarchies of Europe, in the light of successful rebels. They seemed to consider that we had accidentally gained our independence by the aid of the French, and the diversion of English forces in foreign wars; and that, in case of a second and single-handed contest with Great Britain, we should be completely flogged, if not reannexed to the British crown. These opinions of our strength entertained abroad, caused us to be



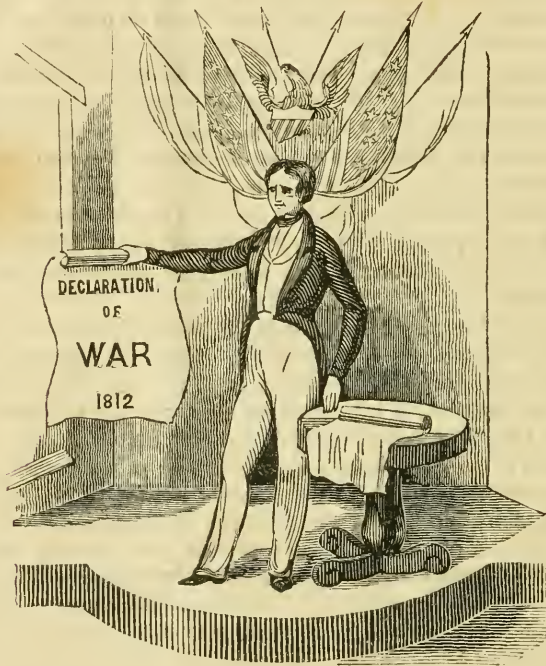
Hudson

treated with contempt by several nations, while others made no scruple to invade our rights whenever it suited their convenience. Several powers refused to acknowledge us as an independent nation—among whom, was Austria. At one time, the brave General *La Fayette* lay immersed in the prison of Olmutz, within the dominions of Austria. Our countryman, *Huffer*, with *Bolman*, were thrown into a loathsome dungeon, for attempting the rescue of *La Fayette*. We then had no minister at the court of Austria, to plead our cause, or to interfere in behalf of General *La Fayette* and the gallant young men who attempted his release. Among the foremost to insult our flag, and to injure our property on the high seas, were the English. In short, we were kicked and cuffed about on all sides. England claimed the right to search our vessels and impress our seamen at pleasure; and, at the commencement of the late war, three thousand of our brave tars were laboring in the British service, into which they had been forced. Our commerce had been pillaged under the Berlin and Milan decrees. Mr. Jefferson tried an embargo, which only had the effect to injure ourselves, to create discontent, and to lessen our patriotism and self-respect.

When Mr. Calhoun took his position in the American Congress, his clear-sightedness at once discovered, that, if we wished to maintain our rights and independence as a nation, and compel others to respect them, we must fight in their defence. His first move, therefore, in 1812, when on the Committee of Foreign Relations, was to urge Congress to declare war at once against Great Britain, the chief offender. He considered all non-importation and embargo acts as worse than useless. He joined his committee in reporting a declaration of war against England, and advocated its expediency and necessity in a strain of patriotic eloquence that has never been surpassed. In the height of his appeal to the patriotic pride of the country, he exclaimed—“I would prefer a single victory over the enemy, by sea or land, to all the good we shall ever derive from the non-importation act. The memory of Saratoga, Princeton, and Eutaw, is immortal. It is there, you will find the country's boast and pride—the inexhaustible source of great and heroic sentiments. But what will history say of restriction? What examples worthy of imitation will it furnish to posterity? What pride, what pleasure will our children find in the events of such times? Let me not be considered romantic. This nation ought to be taught to rely on its courage, its fortitude, its skill and virtue, for protection. These are the only safeguards in the hour of danger. Man was endowed with these great qualities for his defence. There is nothing about him that indicates he is to conquer by endurance. He is not encrusted in a shell; he is not taught to rely upon his insensibility, his passive suffering for defence. No, sir; it is on the invincible mind—on a magnanimous nature, he ought to rely. Here is the superiority of our kind; it is these that render man the lord of the world. It is the destiny of his condition, that nations rise above nations, as they are endowed in a greater degree with these brilliant qualities.”

After a long and hard-fought struggle, war was declared on the 18th of June, 1812, and that by a single casting vote. It was late in the season of a long and anxious Session of Congress, before the Republican party were enabled to carry this most important measure. The administration was opposed, in the adoption of this great and patriotic movement, by men who have since filled, and now seek the highest offices in the gift of the people. They were then found standing—not in

the Democratic ranks—but in opposition. Mr. Calhoun performed a most important part in sustaining, and carrying through Congress, this great national question. It



JOHN C. CALHOUN REPORTING THE DECLARATION OF WAR.

is believed, without his aid, the bill could not have passed, as he, beyond doubt, by his labor in the Committee, and his eloquent speeches made in its favor in the House, largely contributed to its success. And his distinguished services on this occasion were lauded by the Republican papers and people, from one end of the Union to the other. Even the Richmond Enquirer was most lavish in praising the splendid and patriotic efforts of Mr. Calhoun, at that time. In proportion as he was praised by the Republicans, the more was he abused and slandered by the Federalists; and it is remarkable that none of the latter party have ever, during his public life, forgiven him, or have any one of them ever been found in his support—while large portions of them have occasionally rallied in the support of almost every other candidate for the Presidency. Mr. Calhoun never acted with them, and not a man of them has ever acted with him.

During the late war, the name of a *Democrat*, or a *Republican*, meant something; but now-a-days the title is prostituted to serve the purposes of faction, or to give a false label to *federalism*, in order to sink its character before the people. Nobody now-a-days, calls himself a *federalist*; and why? Because our glorious defence in the late war, and the complete vindication of our rights, at home and abroad, made the name excessively unpopular with the people. The federalists now call themselves *Democrats*, with an *alias* or *two*; but they are federalists still. They were so on the 12th day of June, 1812, and on the 8th day of January, 1815, and will be so to the end of the chapter. To call a party *Democratic Federalist*, is about as appropriate as to call the Tory party in England *Republican Tories*.

Mr. Calhoun has been a *Democratic Republican* during his whole past life, and will be so to the day of his death.

When the war commenced, it found us unprepared; and, in our first contest on land, we were worsted. But our little navy rode gallantly out to sea, in the face of the greatest naval power in the world. They soon engaged the enemy in battle after battle, and gained victory after victory. The charm of England's naval invincibility was broken. The proud title she had assumed of being mistress of the seas was disputed by us, and successfully set aside.

Our brave Jack tars, excited by feelings of sympathy for their messmates who were compelled by their captors to take up arms against their native homes, and burning with enthusiastic patriotism, they nailed their colors to the mast-heads of their ships, and sought out the English on the highways of the deep; and, under the motto of "free trade and sailors' rights," they filled the world with the glory of their deeds. The splendid naval engagements in which our vessels of war were engaged, imparted universal joy to the Republican party of the country. On every side was heard the names of Hull, of Lawrence, of Rogers, of Perry, of Porter, and other brave men. The same spirit which animated the commander and crew of the *Constitution* in their glorious action with the *Guerriere*, animated the bosom of every officer and sailor in the American Navy.

When we review those brilliant events in our country's history, we, too, are ready to exclaim, with Mr. Calhoun—"Give us one victory by sea or land over the enemy," to all the embargo acts that can ever be imposed. The memory of our naval triumphs are now as immortal as "Saratoga, Eutaw, and Princeton." It is in them we find cause for our country's "boast and pride." If there was any American bosom that did not vibrate with the general joy of the nation at the result of our heroic naval actions, at the time they transpired, it was found among the *Federalists* of that period. To them, victory was a source of regret. They, alone, opposed the war, with a zeal worthy of a better cause. They not only took sides against the war, but did all they could to put down our most patriotic members of Congress who advocated it. Their opposition rose so high, that they seemed, for a time, on the brink of going over to the enemy. These were the men who opposed John C. Calhoun then, and these are the men who oppose him still, in whatever huzzas they are found. And these are the men, who rejoiced not when the loud huzzas of our victorious tars came over the sea to our shores. These are the men, who rejoiced not when the western wind bore on its wings Perry's triumph on Lake Erie. These are men, who wept not when *Lawrence* expired, saying, with his dying breath, "*Don't give up the ship!*"

Our success on the ocean infused new life into our people, and they soon began

to feel their renewed importance as a nation. Owing to the want of fortifications and other defences along our sea-coast, the English were enabled to invade us at several points, and burn some of our towns, and inflict other outrages unbecoming a civilized nation! Owing to this cause, they were successful in reaching Washington, and blowing up the capitol, which was a source of humiliation and regret to the whole country. But the act aroused the energies of the whole nation, and we began rapidly to recover lost ground on land, which continued until the great victory obtained by General Jackson at New-Orleans; soon after which the war closed, by our obtaining an honorable peace from Great Britain.

Our experience and progress as a nation, since the late war, has fully established the wisdom and expediency of that measure. In that conflict, we proved to the world that we could measure arms, both by sea and land, with the most powerful nation—and that, too, single-handed. By the honorable and brave defence of our rights in that contest, we rose at once to the front rank among the nations of the earth. Our flag now waves in every sea, and is respected throughout the world. Our brave tars are as free as the ocean-bird, and fear no opposition from a foreign soil to “free trade and sailors’ rights.” We now have a minister at the court of Austria, and at every other court in the world, civilized or barbarous; while old England honored us with a special minister in the person of “a noble lord.” Throughout the old world and the new world, the bare name of an American citizen is a passport to respect and consideration. The writer was, in 1840, on a visit to *Liege*, a large town in Belgium. He went to pay a visit to the Government Citadel, or Arsenal. It was on a Sunday morning, and it so happened that he had no introduction, or person to introduce him. On presenting himself at the gate, and asking admittance—“From whence do you come?” was the interrogatory. “I am the countryman of Washington!” was the reply. “Enter, sir; you are at liberty to view everything within these walls. We reverence the name of Washington, and respect the country—from whence you come.”

We suppose all will admit the great advantages which have been acquired by this country, in the way of trade and extension of commerce. It has given us an invincible navy; it has put our whole country in a state of defence; and has tended, in many ways, to advance the country a half a century beyond what it would have been without this “second war of independence,” as it is often justly called.

During the whole of the war, Mr. Calhoun never relaxed or abated in the exertion of his labor and talents in its favor; and, at its conclusion, we find him called by Mr. Monroe to fill the office of Secretary at War. On entering upon its duties, he found its affairs in confusion, and that its financial disbursements had been wastefully applied. He soon introduced order and economy in all its arrangements, and succeeded in discharging its high and responsible duties with an ability and success that has never been surpassed, if equalled.

He had seen and felt the humiliation of the country, arising from the defenceless condition of our sea-coast during the war which led to the capture of Washington, and the destruction of our Capitol, and determined to use all his influence in putting the country in such a position of defence as to prevent a future contingency of the kind.

At this period, General Bernard, who had been a great engineer under Napoleon, and who had, by his direction, erected some of the most complete and powerful fortifications in Europe—specimens of which are to this day seen with surprise and won-

der at Antwerp and other places—arrived in America, an exile from France. Mr. Calhoun lost no time in availing himself of his services. General Bernard was placed at the head of our engineering corps, and went on to plan and execute a chain of splendid fortifications reaching along our sea-coast from Maine to Louisiana.

During the late difficulties growing out of the settlement of the boundary question, and the trial of McLeod, the complete state of our defences on the sea-board had the effect to make the English Government ponder before they determined on hostilities. One of the best guaranties for peace consists in always being prepared for war.

Mr. Calhoun has been accused of sectional influences and partialities. Look at the splendid forts that line the harbors and coasts of the northern States, beginning with the State of Maine; and viewing those great works of national defence, erected at a cost of millions upon millions, in the harbors of Boston, Newport, New-York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, do they indicate sectional feelings? In this great expenditure for defence, his own State came in for a less share, in proportion to population, than any other on the sea-board. Mr. Calhoun, while Secretary at War, was never found to proscribe merit and honesty for opinion's sake: and in all his appointments he looked to superior qualifications alone, regardless of sectional birth, or of honest differences of political opinion. During his public life, as Secretary at War, or as Vice President of the United States, no one has ever charged him, in a single instance, of showing the least partiality for one section of the Union over another. Whenever filling an office in the administration of the national Government, he has always discharged his duties as an executive officer of the whole nation, and never as the officer of a class, or of a section of the country. No man ever retired from the War office with greater popularity than Mr. Calhoun. He stood among the very foremost in the Republican ranks; and nothing but his youth (being only about forty years of age) prevented his being then put in nomination for President, and elected as the successor of Mr. Monroe. In Pennsylvania, which has always been a Democratic State, Mr. Calhoun was almost the unanimous choice of the people for that high office. But Mr. Calhoun, not wishing to divide the REPUBLICAN PARTY, caused his name to be withdrawn as a candidate, and afterward was nominated for the office of Vice President, on the ticket with General Jackson as President; and, as large as the vote stood for General Jackson, Mr. Calhoun obtained a still larger vote for the Vice Presidency, and was elected almost by the common acclamation of the whole country.

The office he now held had been occupied by worthy and talented men; but it was enjoyed rather as a sinecure, at a salary of \$5,000 a year—the incumbent being content to remain at home, satisfied with the honor of the office, without feeling it necessary to attend at Washington and preside in person over the deliberations of the Senate. Previous to his election, that dignified body had generally elected one of their own members to preside over their proceedings. The Hon. Mr. Gaillard, a Senator from South Carolina, for years filled the President's chair in the Senate. No sooner had Mr. Calhoun been installed into this high official station, than he gave notice that he should preside in that body personally; alleging as a reason, that he was opposed to receiving the emoluments and honors of an office without taking upon himself its responsibilities, and the personal and faithful discharge of its duties, however onerous they might be. During the whole term of his office he

was always found at his post, and presided over the deliberations of a body of men, possessing a dignity of character, a degree of wisdom and experience, not surpassed if equalled by any other assembly of men in the world—and with the most extraordinary success, efficiency, and impartiality; and that, too, during a period of unparalleled excitement and difficulty. Throughout his active Vice Presidency he won the praise and admiration of friends and foes, and no one ever accused him of the least partiality, sectional or otherwise. What better proof do we want that he would make as able, and efficient a *President*. If he has been faithful, over a few things, he will be no less so as “a ruler over many.” After thirty-one years of arduous public service, he has retired to his farm, where he is engaged in dispensing hospitality to his friends, and in enjoying those social relations of domestic life, which have always been so fondly cherished and cultivated by him during relaxations from the toils of public life.

Mr. Calhoun has never been poor or rich—he has always been independent in his resources; and while many public men have, by devotion to public affairs, let their private matters fall into embarrassment, Mr. Calhoun has always acted upon those maxims in private life that he has advocated in his official stations; that is, freedom from debt, strict accountability, and reduction of expenses within the legitimate sources of revenue. He was never one of those kind of men to preach one doctrine and practice another. What he professes in public life, he practices in his daily private walks. He always desires his acts, public and private, to speak for themselves; and shuns public exhibitions of himself, and public declamation for electioneering purposes—stating he considers the office of *President of the United States* of too high and dignified a character to be sought at the hands of the people by way of stump speeches and electioneering tours; and that, as it is the highest office in the gift of the people, they should be left free to make their own unbiassed choice of a Chief Magistrate.

Although Mr. Calhoun is not poor or rich, he has always been liberal in dispensing aid to others in distress and need. But his charities have been so privately bestowed that they never came to light, unless divulged by those who have participated in his bounty. He has always shown a deep interest in the education and advancement of young men. It is well known that the celebrated *George McDuffie* was born of obscure and poor parents, inhabiting a log hut in the pine woods of Georgia. When quite a lad, he strayed to Augusta, where he entered a retail store as a clerk. Here he was seen by a brother of John C. Calhoun, who had gone to Augusta with his wagon from Abbeville. On conversing with the lad, he formed so favorable an opinion of his understanding that he invited him to go home with him, and promised to use his influence in getting him placed in a more advantageous situation. On their return to Carolina, Patrick Calhoun, the brother, introduced young McDuffie to John C., who also formed so high an estimate of the young man's abilities, that he at once proposed to place him at the Academy of his brother-in-law, where he accordingly went at his expense. While here, he made the most rapid progress, and soon qualified himself to enter the South Carolina College at Columbia. Here he also prosecuted his studies with distinguished success, at Mr. Calhoun's expense. He afterward studied law, and became, as we all know, a distinguished man. On one occasion, Mr. McDuffie, with Judge Huger, the present U. S. Senator from South Carolina, were both members of the State Legislature. The subject of an appropriation to the State College at Columbia

of Patrick

came up for discussion. It was opposed by some members from the upper counties of the State, on the ground that it had never done any good, and was only open to the sons of the rich, &c. Judge Huger rose in reply, and stated, "If the College had never educated but one man, and that man was George McDuffie, it deserved all the money the State has ever bestowed upon it."

When the judge took his seat, Mr. McDuffie rose, and said he felt deeply sensible of the compliment which had been paid him; and however much he was indebted to that institution for his education, and however much he might owe to it for the little distinction he had gained in public life, he wished the honor of his education placed where it belonged. Whatever degree of usefulness his exertions had fulfilled, or whatever honor might await him in future life, it was all due to Mr. Calhoun. It was he who had educated him at his own expense, and to him he wished all the honor awarded.

But for this disclosure of McDuffie, no one would ever have heard of the transaction from Mr. Calhoun himself. This public and grateful acknowledgement, made to a noble benefactor, was as honorable to the recipient as it was creditable to the bestower of the benefaction.

We have heard of other similar acts of kindness to other young men, which, at present, we do not feel at liberty to bring before the public—as the author of them has never, himself, let them pass out to the world, nor do we believe it is his wish they ever should do so.

We thus see, although Mr. Calhoun's means were never large, yet he has so managed his private affairs as always to maintain his family in independent circumstances, at the same time he has been most liberal in aiding the progress of others. It was said by Washington, that he considered a man, who proved himself incapable of managing his own affairs, was not a fit person to be intrusted with the business of the public. On this maxim Mr. Calhoun has always acted. And he never requires the performance of a duty, or lays down a landmark for the guidance of others that he is not willing strictly to comply with in his own personal intercourse, both in private and public conduct.

It is not supposed that our greatest and purest men can escape censure. The worst enemies Mr. Calhoun ever had, have not been able to find a flaw in his private life, or to successfully impugn his motives, or doubt his patriotism as a public man. That he has, during a long course of public life, been led into some errors, which more mature experience in the working of our institutions has corrected, he has had the frankness to admit. He is not superhuman; and to err, is the lot of man. But, as he justly remarks, his "Errors have bent to the side of his country's cause."

It is an evidence of a great mind, and one possessed by Washington, in common with other great men, to be open to conviction, to profit by experience, and carefully and wisely correct erroneous opinions, however maturely and conscientiously formed. It is a mark of weakness, of ignorance, or of obstinacy, to persevere in a course which more enlarged observations and trials have shown to be wrong. When we consider that many apparent judicious measures, recommended by wise statesmen, are found in their practical operation inexpedient, or even injurious, and that, in the movements of a new government like ours, where many important principles have, for the first time, been called into action, and are constantly effecting unexpected changes, In a country, too, that is every year marching rapidly on in

its growth, rendering useless, or injurious, some measures, and requiring the adoption of others to meet new exigencies. Constant attention, modification, care and watchfulness, is necessary on the part of our statesmen, as time develops the movements of a great and free nation. When we consider all the changes which have transpired in our country during the thirty odd years of Mr. Calhoun's public life, the wonder is, not that he has changed at all, but that he has changed so little, when compared to many other great men. The advance of our republic has, in many instances, fulfilled the early predictions of Mr. Calhoun, with a truthfulness that almost imparts to them the spirit of prophecy.

A great noise has been made, by his enemies, about his nullification doctrines, when it is well known, that while they are condemned by people who know nothing about them, they are yet practically acted upon by States which deny them in theory.

When the English claimed that McLeod should be given up to them without a trial by the laws of New-York, the General Government made a demand upon New-York for the delivery of McLeod. This demand New-York considered the General Government had no constitutional right to make, and therefore *nullified the DEMAND* by going on to try McLeod; and if she had found him guilty of murder within her jurisdiction, she would have hung him.

When Georgia condemned an Indian, under her laws, for murder, an appeal was had to the United States Supreme Court: a writ was sent out from that Court, to suspend the sentence; but, before it could be served, the Indian was hung. In the same way, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and Ohio asserted and maintained their State rights, in opposition to the assumption of federal power, not granted in the Constitution. Suppose a case: we do not say such ever will, or can happen; but, for the sake of illustration, suppose a large majority in Congress were to determine to interfere with the business of New-York, and claim to exercise powers within her borders, not granted by the Constitution, and which are "reserved to the States and the people thereof, respectively." Suppose Congress to pass a law, ceding or selling one-half of the State of New-York, without her consent, to the Government of Great Britain, to be annexed to the Canadas: or pass a law to abolish the Judiciary system of the State, and direct that all crimes now amenable to the State laws, should be tried by the United States Courts. Ask yourself what would be the remedy in this case? Would the State appeal to the United States Court as a defendant, at which an unconstitutional *Congress*, or the General Government, the servant and creature of the States, having no existence except that granted by the States under the Constitution, should appear as plaintiff? This would be placing the *creature* above the *creator*. What, then, would be done? Is there no constitutional remedy? Must the State succumb, or disunite herself from the Union? Is there no middle ground in such an extreme case? Mr. Calhoun, in *simple theory*, thought, with Mr. Jefferson, that in such a case, the State would be justifiable in disobeying such extra constitutional laws; and this she might do, and still remain in the Union, under the obligations of the Constitution. In the case supposed, no one doubts but New-York would do as she did in McLeod's case, i. e., nullify the unconstitutional interference of the General Government, in matters she had never delegated to that Government, under the Constitution. And if she appealed to any tribunal, it would be to a constitutional convention of her sister States, where, if they gave a constitutional decision against her, she would be bound to acquiesce in such final arbitration. Yet, for professing



this plain, simple, Jeffersonian, Republican, States'-rights doctrine, Mr. Calhoun's character has been blackened with abuse, and his whole life held up in a false light before the public. Even admitting his former approbation of Mr. Jefferson's doctrine—for he, not Mr. Calhoun, was the author of nullification—would he thereby make a worse President? Would he be less able, impartial, and patriotic in that office, than he was as Secretary of War, and Vice President of the United States?

Mr. Calhoun has been charged with being ultra in his opinions, and particularly on free trade. No man is less ultra, in anything, than he. He is no enemy to manufacturers or to their interests. He is a sincere friend to American industry, and to American labor in all its various ramifications. He is in favor of all the protection which may be afforded by a liberal revenue tariff. He is a friend to working-men and mechanics, and is anxious to have all labor rewarded. He always feels the warmest admiration for, and deepest interest in the great mechanical and scientific improvements of the age; and is delighted at the proud triumphs of the human intellect over the laws of matter. He rejoices over the progress of mankind in arts, in agriculture, in commerce and in manufactures. But he, with many other wise men, conscientiously believe there is no grant in the Constitution which authorizes Congress to grant bounties or protection directly to one class of our fellow-citizens, at the expense of another; and even the advocates of the principle of protection do not claim it under any express grant of the Constitution; but whenever they draft a bill to *secure protection*, it is always headed as a bill *for raising revenue*, and they thus indirectly obtain what the Constitution nowhere, in express terms, permits.

During the whole course of Mr. Calhoun's public life, he has been known conscientiously to contend for a strict interpretation of the Constitution; and has always opposed every attempt to gain, by indirect means, objects which that sacred instrument does not directly grant. This, we take it, is the true republican doctrine. If a door is once widely opened to this kind of indirect legislation, in favor of measures unauthorized by the plain letter of the Constitution, where is the evil to end? What is the use of the Constitution at all? The future glory and prosperity of this nation, depends upon maintaining inviolate the provisions of that holy chart of our liberties.

However urgent and strong the expediency of a law may appear, the whole nation may even groan for it; yet it is far better to suffer, to groan for a time under the heaviest burdens, than to inflict the most fearful and greatest of evils by deliberately stabbing or violating the Constitution of the country. If evils arise that must be redressed, or measures are proposed which promise great and extensive benefits to the people at large, and are calculated to "promote the greatest happiness of the greatest number," and no grant is found in the Constitution by which such evils can be redressed, or such measures adopted, let the people, if they choose, amend the Constitution, or, if necessary, change the Constitution by the action of State Legislatures, so as to meet the cases which it is proposed to act upon. But, come what may, through evil and good report, whatever else is done or proposed, let us maintain inviolate the Constitution, that sacred inheritance, transmitted to us by our forefathers.

We have thus briefly brought under review the history of a man and his family, who, by their brave actions in defence of our country and its liberties, have identified their names with the first patriots of the land—a family whose elder branches



fought and bled in the first conflict for freedom—and of a younger member of that family, whose best days have been employed in the service of the Republic, and who aided in bringing about, and in carrying the country triumphantly through the second war of Independence. We feel our inability to do justice to this great man. To write out a history of his life, would be to give a history of the country for thirty or forty years of its progress.

In conclusion, fellow-citizens, we recommend John C. Calhoun to you, conscious that, if he were personally as well known over the whole country as he is to his immediate acquaintances, he would be as much beloved by the whole nation as he is by them. We recommend him to you as a long-trying and faithful public servant—as an honest man—as a true patriot and upright citizen—and as a man every way qualified for the *Presidency of the United States*. Then let us give three cheers for the memory of *old Patrick Calhoun*—three cheers for the *three Caldwell*s—and nine cheers for *John Caldwell Calhoun*.

T H E E N D .