



Engraved expressly for "Drake's Life of Gen' Hatton," by Sam'l Sartain Phila.

R. Hatton.

GEN. ROBERT HATTON.

L I F E
OF
GENERAL ROBERT HATTON,
INCLUDING
HIS MOST IMPORTANT PUBLIC SPEECHES;
TOGETHER, WITH MUCH OF HIS
WASHINGTON & ARMY CORRESPONDENCE,
BY
JAMES VAULX DRAKE.

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR.

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District of Tennessee.

DEDICATION.

To

The Friends who stood by him in prosperity, and forsook
him not in adversity;

To

The People of Tennessee, generally, and the Youth especially;

Also, to

His only, and dearly beloved son,

REILLY HATTON;

And to my dearly beloved, little son,

SAMUEL FRANCIS DRAKE,

The Life of

General Robert Hatton,

Is Respectfully and Affectionately

DEDICATED, BY

THE AUTHOR.

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P R E F A C E .

IN attempting to write an outline of the life and character of the subject of this memoir, we feel encouraged at the thought, that however much we may fail, on our part, to do adequate justice to his memory, still the subject himself has such a hold on the public heart, as to ensure a lively interest in behalf of our effort, as well as a generous allowance for its many blemishes and imperfections.

To one altogether unacquainted with General Hatton, a history of his life and character may not, at first glance, excite more than ordinary interest or casual notice; but to those who knew him personally, who knew him well and favorably, from early boyhood to the sudden close of his short but valuable life; and especially, to those who had but heard of his name and rising fame, a brief, but authentic biography will, it is thought, not only be admissible, but acceptable, without distinction of parties.

In writing and compiling the work, we have necessarily been hurried; and, except the first chapter, have not re-written any of the matter embraced in these pages.

We have included a number of his most important public speeches, made both in the General Assembly of Tennessee and the Congress of the United States, believing they will be,

not only interesting in themselves, to many, but will illustrate more clearly, his manner and style of oratory.

His Washington and Army Correspondence, embracing the most interesting portion of the work, will narrate, in detail, his career while in Congress and in the field. His Diary, kept while in Washington, giving an epitome of his acts, thoughts, observations and current events, is added also.

For his early history, we are indebted to a number of his personal friends, among them, Dr. W. G. Miller, to all of whom we hereby tender our acknowledgments.

In appropriating any matter from papers, manuscripts, etc., we have, in nearly every instance, given proper credit. If we have failed to do so, it was because we did not know the source, or knowing, unintentionally omitted to give it.

With these remarks, we commit our little work to the friends of him of whom we write, asking all who may be disposed to find fault or criticise, *to write a book! Humanum est errare.*

J. V. DRAKE.

NEAR LEBANON, TENN., *May* 31, 1867.

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B I O G R A P H Y.

INTRODUCTION.

BIOGRAPHY is personal history. It is that species of history which describes the life and character of a particular person or individual. It usually begins with the birth, sometimes with the progenitors, of the individual forming the subject of the biography, and continues through the whole course of his or her life—narrating the important achievements, actions, services, virtues, etc., as well as the private and domestic relations of the person so described. It is an important branch of history; and, where proper selections are made, with reference both to the character of the subjects, and their biographers, becomes, not only interesting and pleasing, but instructive and improving—especially, to the young.

The life and character of a truly great and good man, is a treasure to any people. Its perusal may prove to be pleasing and instructive to all ages; but it will more especially benefit the young. They will observe with interest, the many excellent qualities and traits of character, which ennoble and adorn human nature, and which were exemplified in the life and actions of such a man. If, however, he have his foibles and imperfections, as all have, more or less, and his biographer do his duty in pointing them out, and in warning his readers, particularly the young, against them, still, they will readily learn to approve the good, and condemn the bad—to avoid his errors, and emulate his virtues. But, if he be grossly immoral, and outrageously

wicked—full of lusts and evil deeds—puffed up with an inordinate ambition—not having the fear of God before his eyes—his biography may INTEREST the reader, but will not improve—at least the young. For, as little as we may, at first suspect it, we never DO, or THINK, evil, until we have LEARNED of it. Hence, in selecting from this branch of history, especially for the young, great care should be exercised in the choice of works; for many of them consist of little more than a detailed account of tyranny and oppression, vice and immorality, ambition and bloodshed. Few—very few—of the long catalogue of heroes and statesmen, or other men of renown, either of ancient or modern times, are worthy models, in some of the essential qualities of truly great and good men, for the youth of our age and country. True, imperfection is a property common to all men. But some men have it to a much less degree than others. Some men approach as nearly to our standard, as imperfect human nature is capable. These are the men who should claim our approbation and attention—who should receive our admiration, and form our models.

Such a character, and such a model, to an eminent degree, is presented in the life of General Robert Hatton. We may truthfully say, he was born great. By parental precept and example, he early imbibed those moral and Christian truths, which dignify and adorn human nature, and which were so well exemplified, through the whole course of his life. By education and experience, he became learned and wise, for one of his years. By his just conception of the great fundamental principles of truth and equity, he perceived the right, and “dared the right pursue.” By his own invincible will, he laid hold of the means within his reach; and, with little apparent effort, and with becoming modesty, raised himself from obscurity to a proud position before the public. By his great popularity and irresistible influence with the people, he won laurels denied his seniors; and,

with conscious worth and a masterly hand, carved out for himself an honorable niche in the temple of fame!

Unlike many others, his life is no checkered mosaic of good and evil—of lofty professions and groveling vices—of brilliant achievements and immoral acts—of fair promises and black deeds; but, on the other hand, it is one continued and steady advancement in the scale of moral and intellectual improvement—a happy combination of the great and good qualities of both head and heart, which constitute, humanly speaking, the perfect man. In all the relations of life—whether we view him as an obedient son or an affectionate brother, a loving husband or a doting father, an industrious plow-boy or a diligent student, a faithful teacher or a successful lawyer, a kind neighbor or an exemplary christian, an able and conservative representative in the National Congress, or a dashing leader on the field of battle—he stands forth a representative character—a worthy exemplar for the youth of his country.

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LIFE OF GENERAL ROBERT HATTON.

CHAPTER I.

1826. Birth and parentage of Robert Hatton—Of English Origin—Not of Puritan descent—The Hatton Family first settle in Virginia—Early History not well known—Long Lineage and an Illustrious Ancestry not always a Passport to Position—Reuben Hatton—Serves in the War of the Revolution—Goes to South Carolina after the War—His Marriage—Locates in Charleston—Birth of his son, Robert Clopton Hatton, father to the subject of this Memoir—Removes to Kentucky—Engages in Agricultural Pursuits—His Large Family—All go to Missouri except Robert Clopton and one brother—Robert Clopton Hatton begins to Preach in his seventeenth year—A Missionary to Pennsylvania in his twenty-first year—Organizes the First Methodist Episcopal Church in Meadville—Marries Miss Campbell—Her Father—Sojourn in Pennsylvania—Removes to the Western Reserve, Ohio—Birth of Robert Hopkins Hatton, subject of this Memoir—Is stationed at Alleghany City, Pa., where Robert first goes to School—Is averse to going to a Woman—Plays Truant—Goes to a Militia Muster at Braddock's Field—His father compels him—His sudden reconciliation and rapid advancement—Mr. Hatton removes to Nashville, Tenn.—Robert is started to School again—Has a difficulty with his Teacher—Quits the School—His Sports—The Bottle of Ether—Is an Advocate of Temperance—Mr. Hatton removes to Sumner County—Robert is employed on a Farm—Goes to School—His Sports—Is fond of Fox Hunting—Has a severe attack of Fever—The Bottle of Ether saves his life—Is Salivated—His face somewhat disfigured—His father is stationed at Gallatin—Robert goes to School—His First Effort at Debating—His First Public Speech—He quits School—Clerks in a Store—Prepares for College—1845.

ROBERT HATTON, the subject of this memoir, and of whom we propose writing a brief but authentic biography, was descended from a large and respectable family of English origin. Of the particulars concerning the early history of his progenitors, in both Europe and America, we know but little. Nor, indeed, is it necessary to be known, for, in this Republican country, where the road to an honorable fame is open to all, where every one is the architect of his own fortune, and where it is not indispensibly necessary to trace a long line of illustrious ancestry to some noble lord or dashing knight, in order to pre-

ferment; but, on the contrary, where all stand upon the broad basis of constitutional equality, where all are "heirs apparent to the throne," and where even a poor mechanic may, by assiduous application, untiring energy, and indomitable perseverance, overcome poverty, the want of an early education, and their attendant circumstances, and rise from a tailor's bench to the first office within the gift of the people, it signifies but little to be able to establish an illustrious lineage, so that a man be a man "for all that,"—so that he be "worthy, well qualified, and of good report."

Of one thing, however, we are well assured, that the ancestors of Mr. Hatton are not mentioned among the records of the Mayflower expedition, for he came not of Puritan stock, but from an English family, which settled in Virginia at an early period of her colonial history. His grandfather, Reuben Hatton, a Virginian by birth, is the first of the name of whom we have any account. He served in the Revolutionary Army, holding some subordinate office, but what, we are not informed. He was in the division of the army commanded by Gen. Greene, and followed that chieftain in his Southern campaign, in 1781, through all his varying fortunes of that eventful year, participating, as is supposed, in the battles of the Cowpens, Guilford Court-house, Camden, Eutaw Springs, etc. It was, doubtless, while with the army in South Carolina, that Reuben Hatton became favorably impressed of the advantageous situation of that State, of her salubrious climate, the richness, variety and abundance of her products, and that he determined to cast his lot ultimately with her people. If these were not the circumstances influencing his future course, we have but one conjecture as to what was the cause of his immigration South, and that is, that the winning smiles, and perhaps promises too, of some South Carolina beauty, so wrought upon him, as to induce him to abandon his native Virginia, to forsake father and mother, kindred and friends, and seek a home and fortune in the Palmetto State. At any rate, we find him soon after the close of the war, returning to South Carolina, where he was married to a Miss Joanna Balleau, a native of that State, and a descendant of a French-Huguenot family. As to the precise time and

place, when and where they were married, we are not advised; all that we know is, that it was soon after the acknowledgement of the Independence of the United States by Great Britain, and somewhere in the interior of South Carolina, and that they subsequently removed to the city of Charleston, where they were blessed with a numerous offspring, among which, was Robert Clopton Hatton, father to the subject of this memoir. What the calling or avocation of Reuben Hatton was, while he lived in South Carolina, we are not prepared to say. How long he resided there, we do not exactly know; but think he must have sojourned there some ten or twelve years after his marriage, for he had six children in family at the time of his departure.

About the year 1795, he removed to the State of Kentucky, settled near Lexington, and engaged in Agricultural pursuits. This State was then in its infancy, being only about three years old, having been admitted into the Union in 1792. It had not been permanently settled by the whites more than twenty years, having previous to the year 1775, served as a hunting ground for the people of Virginia and North Carolina, as well as the French, who were settled along the great lakes and the upper Mississippi. How it became famous as a hunting ground, is accounted for in this way. Sometime anterior to its settlement by Daniel Boone and others, the Shawnee Indians, who settled on the Ohio, claimed the lands on the Cumberland also. The Cherokees asserted their right to the same lands. "For many years they waged a bloody contest," says Mr. Haywood, in his history of Tennessee, "till at length both nations, fearing the consequence of meeting each other, abstained from going upon it. This became known to the French and English hunters; and as the game, being not killed by either tribe, had, from this circumstance, become plenteous on the abandoned tract, these hunters came hither as early as the years 1765 and 1769; and, returning home, reported to the frontier settlements the great fertility and natural advantages of the country." Hence its settlement by the whites. Here, in what is now called the blue-grass region, amid one of the most delightful rural districts to be found in any country, Reuben Hatton devoted his time and energies to the peaceful pursuits of a Kentucky farmer,

performing all the duties of good citizenship, as well as enjoying the wild scenes and exciting episodes peculiar to border life, until his family had now increased to fifteen souls. Although a goodly number, and, as a consequence, the expense proportionately great, Mr. Hatton did not neglect the education of his children. He gave them the advantage of such educational facilities as the country could then afford. Nor was he remiss in their moral training. They grew up dutiful, and honoring to their parents, and respected by all who knew them. One, at least, as we shall hereafter see, became not only an honor to his family, but a blessing to his race.

About the year 1815, just after the close of the second war with Great Britain, Reuben Hatton again removed further West, and settled in the then Territory of Missouri, all of his large family going with him, except two sons. Of these, one remained in Kentucky, and the other, Robert Clopton Hatton, was at that time a Missionary to Pennsylvania, and who will now claim our special attention, he being, as stated before, father to the subject of this biography. Excepting this son, we now take leave of Reuben Hatton and family, who, with their many descendants, now constitute "part and parcel" of the "mighty West."

Robert Clopton Hatton, as before stated, was born in the city of Charleston, South Carolina, about the year 1793, being about two years old at the time of his father's removal to Kentucky, in 1795. He was, for the most part, raised upon a farm, and was early instructed in the usual routine of duties peculiar to a farmer's life, at that time, in that State. His education was also as good as that of most of the young men of his age, in that new and undeveloped country. His moral and religious training was doubtless well cared for, and commanded the special prayers and intercessions of parental affection in his behalf. At the age of sixteen, having previously made a profession of religion, he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and began preaching in his seventeenth year. Some four years after, when he was in the twenty-first year of his age, he was sent as a Missionary to Western Pennsylvania, and organized the first Methodist Episcopal Church ever established in Meadville. His

field of labor extended through Western Pennsylvania, Western New York, and along the shore of Lake Erie; and many of the churches organized by him at that early day, have lived and prospered amid the vicissitudes of the times, and are now in a flourishing condition. The following extract from a letter, received just before his death, speaks in relation to the field of his early labors, and of the love and high esteem in which he is held unto this day:

“MEADVILE, PA., Jan. 16, 1866.

REV. R. C. HATTON,

Dear Bro.:—Allow me to introduce myself to you as Rev. W. F. Day, of the Erie Conference of the M. E. Church. I have been for the last three years, stationed here. From my boyhood I have been familiar with your name, but since coming to this station, I have found it a household word. Yesterday, a sermon was preached here by Rev. S. Gregg, on the history Methodism within the bounds of this Conference, in which he made frequent reference to yourself; and in the Love-feast which followed, the old members of the Church dwelt upon your name with the tenderest affection. No Methodist preacher who has ever been in this region, has left behind him kinder recollections than yourself.

Thinking you may take an interest in hearing from this old battle field of yours, I send you the following items: You will, of course, remember that you organized the first Methodist Society in Meadville. A few of those first members yet remain. * * * * *

We still occupy the brick church put up soon after you left the Circuit. We are, however, building a splendid church on the Diamond, the cost of which will not be less than \$70,000. The Society has increased to a membership of nearly 600, being the largest Society in the M. E. Church, West of Philadelphia. * * * * *

With kindest wishes, I am, most truly,

Your well-wisher,
W. F. DAY.

(Signed)

This letter is lengthy, giving in detail the wonderful developments of that section of the State, since the discovery of oil or petroleum, in the rapid growth of cities, railroads, churches, etc. Mr. Hatton, although quite young, was an able, forcible, and popular minister of the Gospel, and frequently preached to the American troops on the north-western frontier, in the war of 1812-15. Wherever he went, he made many warm and fast personal friends, and was successful in organizing and planting

many churches which have, so far, withstood the changes of time, and which hold him in grateful remembrance to the present day.

At the age of twenty-three, Rev. Robert C. Hatton was married to Miss Margaret Campbell, daughter of Thomas Campbell, Esq., of Meadville, Pa. Mr. Campbell was a prominent and honored citizen, and held the office of Justice of the Peace for Crawford county, of that State, more than thirty years. Then the office of Justice of the Peace was much more profitable, and held in much higher repute, than at the present day. Margaret was the second of nine children, five boys and four girls, all of whom grew up to maturity, married, and, except her, settled in Pennsylvania. Her father had come to that State in an early day, located large bodies of land, and, in the course of time, became wealthy.

Mr. Hatton and his wife, Margaret, had born unto them, six children, three boys and three girls, namely: Asbury, Jane Joanna, William, Mary Elizabeth, Robert Hopkins, and Margaretta. Asbury and Jane Joanna, died in infancy. William, who never married, died in Lebanon, Tenn., in 1866. Mary Elizabeth, was married, in 1841-2, to Dr. Joseph H. Peyton, of Sumner county, Tenn., brother of Col. Bailie Peyton, well and favorably known to the people of this State. Dr. Peyton died in the Fall of 1845, being a member of Congress, elect, at the time of his death. His widow and two sons, John Campbell and Joseph Bailie Peyton, still survive him. Robert Hopkins, the subject of this memoir, will be noticed in the proper place. Margaretta was married to William D. Riddle, of Pittsburg, Pa., in the Fall of 1855. Mr. R. died in 1863, his widow and four children—Mary Peyton, Margaret Hatton, Elizabeth, and William Hatton—still surviving him.

After a sojourn of some ten years in Pennsylvania, Mr. Hatton removed to what was then called Western Reserve, Ohio, to a place known as Youngstown, * where Robert Hopkins Hat-

*It may not be improper here to state, that in a number of biographical sketches published by the press of Tennessee, while Gen. Hatton was a nominee for Governor, in 1857, he was represented as an *orphan*, as having by his own *unaided* exertions, acquired the means to pay his way at school; and as having been *born in Sumner county, Tenn.*; all of which representations are untrue. As above stated, he was born in

ton, the subject of this memoir, was born, Nov. 2, A. D., 1826, being the third son, and fifth child of his parents. Robert, (for we shall hereafter omit the middle name, Hopkins, as he did himself after his majority, preferring but one given name,) was a healthy, stout boy from infancy, up to the age of fourteen, when he had a severe attack of billious fever, from which it was scarcely possible for him to recover, and to which we shall again refer hereafter. When a smart boy of from two to four years of age, he would, when at church with his mother, sometimes give her the slip, go into the pulpit and altar, while his father was preaching to the audience, take his walking cane, and, as is a custom with children, make a horse of it, and ride about on it, to the no small annoyance of the preacher. When his father would become warm and earnest in his address, or when he would pray aloud for some special blessing, young Hatton would ejaculate, Amen! Amen!! setting the whole congregation in a titter of laughter, to the great chagrin of his mother.

For several years in succession, Mr. Hatton removed, each year, to a new station or circuit. From Youngstown, he removed successively to Boardman, Ohio; Wheeling, Va.; Steubenville, Ohio; Pittsburg, and Alleghany City, Pa., devoting himself wholly to the duties of his holy calling, preaching the Gospel, organizing and building up churches, in that then new and comparatively undeveloped country. It was at the last named place, Alleghany City, that Robert Hatton was, for the first time, sent to school. He was then in the sixth year of his age. His teacher was a Miss McCord, a lady well qualified to teach "the young idea how to shoot." But young Hatton was averse to going to school to a woman! Here, for the first time, and last time, too, he played truant; for instead of going promptly to school, as commanded by his father, he went to a Militia muster, near town, at Braddock's field, memorable on account

Ohio, though he never was proud, we are informed, to own it. His father paid his way at school, until he was large enough and sufficiently qualified to teach school. As to his being an orphan, that was evidently untrue. His venerable mother still lives; (1867); and his father was living at the time of his (Gen. Hatton's) death, full of years and good works, though he has since gone to his reward, and, we doubt not, is numbered among the redeemed in heaven. He died at Lebanon, Tenn., in 1866.

of the defeat and death of Gen. Braddock, the commander of the English and Colonial forces, against the French and Indians, and the wonderful preservation of Washington, in 1755. Thus early, and upon historic ground, he took his first lesson in military affairs. The next day, his father, having, in the meantime, been informed of the conduct of the little truant, took him by the hand and started to the school room; but Robert was still opposed to going; he did not want to go to school to a woman. His father sharply told him he must go, either to school or to jail. "I'll go to jail," said he, promptly. His father, wishing to out-herod Herod, turned immediately and led him to the jail door, thinking thus to awe him, and, as it were, scare him to school; but young Hatton was inexorable; he stoutly proclaimed his willingness to go to prison, rather than submit to the rule of a female teacher. His father, thus foiled and vexed, no longer used gentle means, but adopted the more potent and speedy policy of coercion. He took the little rebel to the school house by force, and pushed him along before him up the stairway to the door, in a determined, if not abrupt manner. Mr. Hatton was justly provoked at the obstinacy of his son; but when the door opened, he was agreeably surprised to see his hitherto perverse boy, suddenly change his air and tone, assume a complacent look, and with the ease and dignity of a Chesterfield, make a graceful bow to the School Mistress, who had by this time, reached the door, as if nothing at all had occurred, or gone wrong with him. He went to school here but a few months, but advanced well for one of his age, while he did go.

Soon after this, he was transferred to a school at Nashville, Tenn., whither his father and family arrived in 1835, and remained there that and the succeeding year. Mr. Hatton, here, as elsewhere, devoted his whole time and energies to the work of the ministry, and many are the witnesses now living, who can testify of his faithful and successful stewardship, in and about Nashville. Here Robert attended a private school under the charge of a Prof. Mulkey, who was endeavoring to introduce a new method of teaching the elements of the English language, and who required all his students to purchase of him books

adapted to the new mode. Young Hatton made known his teacher's wishes, in regard to the books, to his father, who did not see proper to comply with the request. When he returned to school without the books, or rather without the money to purchase them, his teacher was displeased; he became angry, and although a minister of the Gospel, spoke abruptly to young Hatton, so much so, that the ire of the young student was aroused, and in the moment of passion, he threw his book in the face of the Professor, and immediately left the school for home. The Professor was, of course, greatly incensed at the audacity of the young belligerent. He followed him immediately to his father's house, and demanded his instant and unconditional surrender, saying, "he has the devil in him, and I intend to whip it out of him." But his demand was not complied with, and young Hatton attended Prof. Mulkey's school no more. This was the last and only difficulty he ever had in school.

While residing in Nashville, Robert was associated with a number of boys, who, besides the sports usually indulged in by all boys, were in the habit of inhaling ether, in order to get under its influence, so that each one might thus exhibit or manifest his peculiar temperament or natural bent of mind. What young Hatton's was, we never learned. His father, accidentally discovering this not very laudable sport of the boys, soon put a stop to it, so far as his son was concerned. He even found a bottle of ether in the possession of Robert, took it from him and preserved it. This very bottle of ether, as we shall hereafter see, was the means of saving his life. If not providential, it was certainly fortunate that it was in the possession of the family, for living then in the country, it would have been impossible to procure it, or any other stimulus, in time for it to have had the desired effect.

One other little incident that occurred during the sojourn of his father in Nashville, we will here mention: His mother was in the habit of sending Robert to market, to the provision store, and other places, on errands, as occasion required. One day she requested him to go to a family grocery and bring her a bottle of vinegar. He hesitated; did not want to go. Being

asked why he objected to going, he said; "I am afraid somebody will think I am carrying a bottle of whisky!" His mother compromised with him by carefully wrapping the bottle in paper, so as to hide it from public view. Thus it is seen, that while a boy, he would shun the very appearance of intemperance. In after years, he was no less an advocate of the cause of temperance, and many will remember his fervent and eloquent speeches, and other labors, in its behalf.

In 1837, Mr. Hatton left Nashville, and settled on a farm in "Long Hollow," near Beech Grove, Sumner County, Tenn., where his son Robert, was variously employed, sometimes going to school, and sometimes laboring on the farm.* In all, young Hatton never labored on the farm more than four Summers. While there, he would chop wood, go to mill, plow, and perform all the duties usually accomplished by a farmer boy. Whatever he undertook to do, he did it in an energetic, cheerful manner, both satisfactory to himself, and pleasing to his parents. He was no drone; nor even of a negative nature; he was emphatically a positive character, and whatever he did, he did it with all his might. Such a character seldom fails of success, in whatever pursuit or calling it may engage.

Robert Hatton attended in that neighborhood, successively the schools of Isaac Moore and James Cole, both of whom are represented as being excellent teachers, exemplary men, worthy citizens, and who still reside in that county. How long he went to each of these gentlemen, we do not exactly know, but think not more than four sessions to both. While thus engaged, going to school in the Fall and Winter months, and laboring on the farm in Spring and Summer, he would, at odd times, indulge in the sports common, more or less, to all boys, such as fishing, hunting, the chase, etc. His greatest sport, when a boy, was fox hunting; he usually kept a pack of dogs, and enjoyed the chase very much.

Being naturally of a modest, diffident disposition, he was not

* While out chopping wood one day, when living on the farm, young Hatton saw a vicious looking animal approaching toward him, in a threatening manner. Not knowing what it was, and being too spunky to yield his ground, he raised his axe, and gave a desperate stroke, just in time to split the skull of the ferocious animal. He brought it home, and was told he had killed a wild cat!

much in the habit of visiting his neighbor boys; and when he did do so, he would join in the out-door sports and amusements until meal time would come, then return home, or do without his meals, for he was too timid to go to meals with them at their own houses.

In his fourteenth year, Robert was prostrated by a very severe attack of billious fever, which continued about six weeks, and from which, as stated before, it was difficult for him to recover. Of course, every attention was given him, and every remedy prescribed that was thought to be salutary, and calculated to restore the patient to health. Among other doses, mercury was administered; ptyalism or salivation ensued, hence his partially disfigured mouth, and its excessive frothing when, in after life, he would be pleading at the bar, or speaking from the forum. At one time, during his long confinement, bleeding, it was thought, would be beneficial to him. He was bled, but too much of the crimson current of life was drawn, and he sank rapidly. His physician, Dr. Geo. Keeling, or his partner, Dr. Talley, gave every thing he thought proper, that he could command, but to no effect—a more powerful stimulus was necessary. In this emergency, the before-mentioned bottle of ether was brought forth, and speedily and freely administered. A reaction was produced, and Robert Hatton delivered from a premature grave.

Mr. Hatton having been appointed to the pastorship of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in Gallatin, in 1842, soon after removed his family to that town. Here, Robert entered, first, the school of Mr. Fleming, and afterwards that of Mr. Robb, and pursued his studies uninterruptedly for three sessions. He was a close student, and manifested great interest in his books all the while; he devoted all the time he could spare from his text-books, to reading history and biography, and few youths of his age had made themselves better acquainted with the history of our country, and the lives of her eminent men, than Robert Hatton. Much of his success in after life is attributable to his early and careful reading of history.

It was while attending school at Gallatin, and in the latter part of his fifteenth year, that young Hatton first discovered to

his father a disposition to speak in public. It occurred in this way: He was uniformly in the habit of staying close at home at night, so much so, that when he did absent himself, he was only the more missed. On one night he was absent longer than usual; his father becoming uneasy, thinking that he was at the stable, and might, perhaps, be kicked by a horse, went out to see about it, but could not find him. Not willing for him to run about town at night, he went up the street in search of the missing boy. While going along, he thought he heard a voice off at one side, which he took to be that of Robert. He stepped to the door of the building, (a tinner's shop,) when, to his great surprise, he discovered the absent son; he was addressing an assembly of boys who had met together for debate. This was the first intimation Mr. Hatton had received of his son's talent at debating; it was a happy omen, most faithfully verified.

Robert Hatton made his first public speech in his sixteenth year. It was a Fourth of July Oration; subject—"The Emperor Napoleon," and is creditable for one of his age. It was delivered in the town of Gallatin, in 1843; the sentiment pervading this, his first public effort, is singularly characteristic of the future man; the impulse of the boy became the principle of the man. He was not one of that class, and a very large class too, who allow the brilliant qualities and dazzling achievements of the man to cover up and hide his still darker deeds and damning vices, because the multitude shouts applause, and man calls him great. Not unto every one who has made kings to tremble upon their thrones, and spread terror and devastation over half a hemisphere—yea, who have pulled down kingdoms and established empires in their stead, would he render the meed of praise, or crown with laurels. He would judge of the cause which engages him, scan the motives which influence him, and consider the means which sustain him, before he would pronounce the verdict of GREAT upon the conquering hero, or the founder of empire. The following is the speech:

FOURTH OF JULY—THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

This is our Nation's birthday! We are yet free, and happy, and prosperous, and at peace with all the world. How glorious a heritage is *freedom*! We are the favored offspring and heirs of a worthy ancestry, who, with their blood, purchased and with paternal blessings and benedictions, gave it us.

Are we thankful? Yes, from every hill, and valley, and mountain, and plain; from every village, and hamlet, and bustling city, of our happy land, this day, are ascending to the Throne of the God of Nations, the *heart-felt* thanks of a grateful people. The frail old minister, with his thin white locks and trembling voice, and palsied arms, outstretched, blesses God that freedom's sanctuary is our home: the spirited youth, inspired—eloquent with thoughts of liberty—in a chaste and fervent eulogy, speaks of patriot fathers—of feats of “broils and battle;” while the cheerful school-girl throng, robed in white, and wreathed with “wild-wood posies,” chant merrily “the song of the free and the brave.”

But whilst on this our nation's jubilee, we should rejoice, yet as *rational* freemen we should not neglect to look calmly, to discover the causes that made us free. And we could not, perhaps, do this more easily and effectually in any other way, than by contrasting the leading men of our Revolution with those of the moving spirits in the many revolutions which have, in various ages, convulsed the old world. We would ask you, then, to reflect for a moment with us upon the character and career of one who operated on the world in an unprecedented manner, during life, and who is now greatly influencing it by his character; and a proper estimate of whom, we therefore think important. And by way of preface to what we shall say of him, we would state that by *many*, very many, he has been esteemed a philanthropist, a patriot, and a friend to freedom; but that we have ever regarded him as a despot and an enemy of his country and his kind. We speak of Napoleon Bonaparte.

The history of no man fills the mind of the reader with such supreme awe as does that of him, who

“Rocked by whirlwinds in their rage,
Lived, the terror of his age.”

Suddenly issuing from a lone isle of the sea, ere yet manhood was marked upon his brow, he is made leader of the legions of a great nation, led them in triumph from victory to victory, and eclipsed the most dazzling military glory ever won by man. In following him in his career, we are constantly in marveling astonishment, inquiring what was the secret magic power by which superior forces were prostrated before him, thrones overtumbled, and kings stripped of their royal insignia. He was conqueror in the field, dictator in the cabinet, and supreme—everywhere! Though at a distance, factious spirits should unite a whole nation against him, and declare him a traitor, a usurper, and an outlaw, yet his presence struck them with fear, his frown stilled the rebellious clamorings of the multitude, and at his word, a hissing rabble rent the air with “*vive le Napoleon.*”

He loved the battle—the ensanguined field—and revelled in blood and slaughter. He braved the miasma of the South, and the snows and frosts and wintry wastes of the North. He climbed the rugged mountain, and crossed the angry seas. He created an imaginary goddess and called her

Fame, and then compassed land and sea—passed over hill and plain—through the tears of the living and the groans of the dying, to pay his homage at her shrine. Yes, it was an inordinate thirst for glory that nerved his arm, ironed his soul, and led him over mangled, putrid heaps to the altar where he worshipped.

It must, in justice, be remembered of Bonaparte, that he was raised under disadvantageous circumstances, in a troubled day, when all minds were convulsed, institutions overthrown, youth abandoned to the most horrid scenes of debauchery, and when the imaginations of men were feverish with wild and foundless visions—an unpropitious time for the formation of character. Yet, it must be said, that although he might have been born, and cradled, and raised in the camp, he was actuated to commit those atrocities which spread distress and slavery over his country, by an ambition at once despicable and hellish in its promptings.

By the success that attended his arms in his first Italian campaign, he was emboldened to those unprincipled and open aggressions, to the indulgence of that lawless and imperious spirit which marked and kept pace with his growing power. The old-fashioned laws of nations, under which the nations of the earth had, heretofore found shelter, seemed never to have crossed his mind. The neutrality of states was no protection from his ravages. He compelled them to pay him tribute, and then robbed their capitals of their most valued ornaments—of works of art, that had been held sacred in the utmost extremities of war; of treasures, that had made them “places of pilgrimage” for men of taste and genius from every other part of the civilized world. These, we regard as deeds worthy only of the bandit and savage, who fights for *plunder*, and not for *liberty* and a *glorious fame*.

Power corrupts not, but shows what corruption is. The panther in his cage, is harmless, and the chained bull-dog hardly growls; but remove their restraints, and you see what they are. Sylla was a laughing man, but power uncovered his heart. Bonaparte entered the provinces of Italy with proclamations that he came, not as an enemy, but to fight for and procure their liberties. But when the gallant Wormser no longer opposed him, he became an oppressor—a worse than Vandal plunderer.

In Egypt, he not only insulted God, by claiming to be omniscient and omnipotent; (an impiety as foolish as it was daring;) but trampled under foot, with equal hardihood, the dictates of humanity. The massacre of Jaffa was an outrage unprecedented in modern warfare, not sheltered by the laws of war, barbarous as they are; and deserves the execrations of mankind.

As an excuse for the establishment of a military despotism in France, his apologizers have said: Had he not done it, another would. Admitting the truth of the plea, is it any other than that of an assassin, who pleads justification because another dagger was drawn to do the bloody deed? We wish not to war with the dead, but regarding *freedom* as the principal interest of mankind, we cannot but regard those who have signalized themselves, by

efforts to subvert it, with an indignation which no redeeming traits which they may have possessed, can cause us to suppress. He who lifts a paricidal hand against his country's rights and freedom, who tramples upon the necks of thirty millions of his fellows, squanders the treasures of a State, and pours out its blood like water, to secure for himself the title of "*the great*," meets the unbounded abhorrence of all who love their country and their fellow men.

He destroyed the liberty of the press, by banishing or imprisoning all editors not favorable to his cause. Can such an act be justified? There is something shocking in the thought of one man's will becoming the law of his country, in the idea of a nation surrendering its conscience, its intellect, rights and interests, to the mandate of one man!

We find him in Spain, kidnapping the royal family, in order to put a Bonaparte on the throne; and after spilling the best blood of France on its plains, is forced to abandon his purpose. Maddened by disappointment, he plunges into the heart of Russia, and returns a fugitive without an army. The tide of his fortune was now rolled back; the idea that he was invincible was proven a mistake, and the spirit whom Europe could not bind, now fled from a captive's doom! His retreat to Elba, his irruption into France, his final overthrow and banishment to St. Helena, though they add to the list of his extraordinary adventures, throw but little light on his character. A weak head, on the top of a light house, becomes giddy, and falls to the ground; so undeserved exaltation sinks into abasement the more it intoxicates.

Do you ask me if I have no sympathy for Bonaparte. I answer, no! There should be no tears or sympathy for fallen greatness, when that greatness has been founded in crime, and reared by force and treachery.

After quitting school at Gallatin, young Hatton entered the store of Mr. Vaughn, of that town, and served him in the capacity of clerk, for some time. Mr. Vaughn was well pleased with him, and anxious to have him continue longer, but he declined, preferring to devote himself to literary pursuits. He now diligently applied himself to study, and to general reading; he continued this course for some time. At length an opportunity offered for teaching, when, for the first time, he assumed the duties and responsibilities of a school-master. His school was situated in Sumner county, but in what neighborhood, we do not know. He did not, however, succeed to his own satisfaction, not having more than eighteen pupils at any time during the session.* Although discouraged, he determined to teach

* This the author learned from Gen. Hatton himself.

out his term of five months, even if he should not have more than a half-dozen students.

Having taught out his session, he closed his school with, probably, as much credit to himself and benefit to the pupils, as could be claimed by a majority of the young teachers; he returned to his father's, who was now again living in the country, not far from Gallatin, where he fitted up a study with his own hands, and applied himself diligently to his books. He was not satisfied with himself as a teacher; he felt that he needed a more thorough training. "To better prepare for the duties of a country school teacher," to use his own language, "was then the highest point to which his ambition was directed." He studiously applied himself, preparing for an advanced class in college. He entered the Junior Class in Cumberland University, at Lebanon, Tenn., in the Fall of 1845.



CHAPTER II.

1845. Course at College—Enters the Junior Class—Not well prepared—Vouched for by the Professor—Warm attachment for him—Strives to overcome his disadvantages—Succeeds—Is Systematic and Thorough—Devotes but little time to the Literary Societies—Sustains himself in his Classes—Graduates—Receives his Diploma—His Class-mates—Is appointed Tutor in the University—Resigns the position after one year—Enters the Law School—Remains there but one year—Is short of money—Takes charge of Woodland Academy—The Amasagassian Society vote him a Diploma—A close Student at Law—Letter to Professor Lindsley—Touching allusion to his College Life—High Tribute to his Professor and Friend—Returns to Lebanon—No longer a Youth—A Man and a Scholar—Of good character, and highly esteemed—Is Licensed to Practice Law—Becomes a Partner of Col. Stokes—Improves his advantages—Soon takes a proud position at the Bar—Is awarded a Diploma from the Law School—An Appeal to the Youth—Mr. Hatton appointed Agent for the Washington Monument Association—Notices of him by the Press—His Address in behalf of the Monument—1852.

HAVING arrived at Lebanon, the seat of Cumberland University, in his nineteenth year, almost an entire stranger, Robert Hatton made application to enter the Junior Class of that institution, but was found not altogether well qualified for so advanced a class. He was, however, admitted to this class upon the condition that he would, in the mean time, bring up and master the studies required of candidates before admission to the Junior Class. To the faithful performance of this arrearage work, no less than for the successful accomplishment of current class duties, he was vouched for by the then Professor of Languages, Dr. N. Lawrence Lindsley, one of the most erudite and accomplished scholars of the nation. The most indolent and obtuse would, under similar circumstances, have been aroused to action, much more so with young Hatton. He had now entered upon a new theatre of action, one congenial with his mind and tastes, and was determined, not only to sustain himself in his classes, but also to make good his promise to his teacher and friend. Here let the young reader take a lesson: although endowed with perceptive faculties equalled by few, and an energy surpassed by none, Robert

Hatton was not of that class who rely on their "native genius" to carry them along successfully in their studies; but, on the contrary, he adopted the more safe and sensible motto, "no excellence without labor." He was systematic and thorough, bestowing much labor and thought upon his studies, and trusting little to the favor of fickle and uncultivated genius—hence his success. In the language of one of his Professors, "he was sober, studious, energetic, persevering, with an untiring application, and could but succeed." And nobly did he succeed. Early in his collegiate career, a warm attachment sprang up between young Hatton and his Professor of Languages, and this friendship was mutually cherished through the remainder of his brief but honorable life; for his teacher admired him, not more for his studious and gentlemanly bearing as a collegian, than for his moral and intellectual endowments as a man. He doubtless gained the respect and esteem of all the members of the Faculty, for no one knew him well, but to love and respect him. In consequence of his having to perform so much extra study, he was not able to devote as much time to the Literary Society, of which he was a member, as he would have been glad to have done; his time and energies were mainly engrossed by the duties assigned him in College proper; and to sustain himself in his classes was the thing of paramount importance in his mind. How well he succeeded has already been stated. After completing the curriculum of the University, he received the honors of graduation—the degree of A. B. and a diploma on the Commencement day of June, 1847. There were four in the class—J. C. Bowden and N. J. Fox, of Alabama; Robert Hatton and D. M. Blythe, of Tenn.; a small class it is true, but composed of men of talent and usefulness. The former two are able ministers in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and of the latter two, Blythe was a physician, and of Hatton we shall speak at length in these pages. *Ecce homo.*

Having been a devoted, successful and exemplary student up to the time of graduation, and having worthily received the highest honors of the institution, he was, without any previous knowledge of it on his part, elected Tutor in his *Almamater*.

This was a high compliment for one who had been there but two years, especially for one of his age, and was done at the instance of his Professor and friend, Dr. Lindsley, who never had cause to regret this flattering evidence of his kind partiality; it was opportune for young Hatton. He had just completed his literary course in College, but his purse* was empty; he must do something. With some reluctance he accepted the position tendered him, and in October, 1847, began the duties of his new calling. How well and faithfully he performed his duties as Tutor, is easily imagined. He was prompt and efficient, attentive and accommodating; no less exacting of those under his charge and control than he was observant of, and obedient to, the rules and regulations governing himself. He was an excellent teacher, possessing, not only the requisite knowledge and ability, but also a happy method of imparting and controlling. He continued but one year as Tutor, resigning in 1848. In the Fall of the same year, he entered the Law Department of Cumberland University, which was then in its infancy; and with his uniform energy and perseverance, pursued the prescribed course in that school for one year. At the end of this time, being short of means, and unwilling to borrow, and having also been solicited by the Trustees of Woodland Academy, of Sumner County, to take charge of that school, he quit the Law School, though he lacked one term of ten months of completing the course. Doubtless it was his intention to return to the school again, but he never did. He was induced to take charge of the Academy for the reasons, that it was both honorable and profitable, and because he was in need of money and was willing to teach until he could "start again."

It was about this time that the Amasagassian Society, one of the literery societies of the University, and of which he was a member, conferred upon him its highest testimonial of honor—

* In a letter to his father, October, 1845, shortly after he had started to College, he says: "I have cash on hand at present to the amount of twenty cents, which, as I have no use for money, except to pay postage, is great abundance. Don't think, because I mention the amount of my change that I want more, for I don't." Quite economical, was he not? How many young men with only twenty cents each, in their pockets, would have said to their fathers, "I don't want more money."

voting him a diploma as an evidence of its high appreciation of his great moral and mental worth, as well as for his genuine and urbane social qualities.

Mr. Hatton took charge of the Academy in the Fall of 1849, but taught only one session; not because he was not a popular and successful teacher, but because he was anxious to engage in his adopted profession, that of law. All his spare moments were devoted to the study of his legal text-books; though not in the Law School, he was still a law student. Although thus busily and constantly employed, he forgot not his former teacher and friend, Professor Lindsley. On Christmas Eve, a time of gayety and mirth to many, and of reflection to few, he writes to him as follows:

WOODLAND ACADEMY,

SUMNER COUNTY, *December 24, 1849.*

MY DEAR FRIEND:—

It is thought by most persons that they have an absolute right to enjoy themselves on Christmas Eve, if it be, even at the expense of others. Without subscribing to the correctness of this belief, I shall act upon it this evening.

It has always afforded me great pleasure to communicate with those whom I esteem, and most sincerely can I assure you that but few have ever occupied so high a place in my regard, as my accomplished Instructor in the languages, Professor Lindsley. I know, then, that you, having always manifested toward me, since we were first associated as preceptor and student, so great a willingness to gratify, and so generous a disposition to assist, will excuse, what might otherwise appear rather presumptuous, the liberty which I take, of writing you a friendly letter.

The happiest years of my life were the two spent under your tuition; none are so replete with interest, or have connected with them so many pleasing associations; nor are the events of any so full, so accurately, so vividly pictured upon my memory. The scenes of the recitation room are as fresh, and as easily recalled as if they had been witnessed but yesterday. The room; your lounge and chair, and table and desk; the windows and

curtains; the book-case, the black-board and benches; yourself in form and features and expression; your little table, on which lay a copy of "Προμηθεὺς Δεσμώτης"—all are as faithfully represented on my mind, as if they had been penciled there by the hand of the most skillful artist; your words of encouragement and approval; of disapprobation and censure, as well as your peculiar expressions, as "Just give me the English of that sentence, Mr. ——;" "not exactly;" "havn't got the idea precisely," etc., sound as familiar to my ears, to-night, as household words.

The scenes of my early boyhood:—the orchard; the meadow; the pasture, where the cows used to feed; the young lambs skip over the green turf; the horses engage in their antic frolics; the grape-vine on the hill-side, on which I used to swing; the "deep hole" in which I used to swim; and the old sycamore tree that stood hard by the stream, under the shade of whose wide-spreading boughs I played 'till tired, then slept and dreamed—these are all fondly remembered; yet, even still more do I cherish the memory of my Professors and College class-mates: of F——x, in his short velvet vest and buckskin slippers, sitting up straight and looking dignified, or "snailing it" over a sentence (slow but sure) in "*Demosthenes de Corona*;" of B——n, with his sharp-tailed coat and short breeches, fine voice, thin lips, white hair and cross eyes; his book in immediate proximity with the end of his nose, and his forefinger following the lines, trying to scan a chorus in "*Medea*;" of "honest" old B——e, on a hot July morning, with his thick heavy coat buttoned close up to his chin, "squaring himself" to a chapter in *Cicero de Oratore*, or perhaps frankly confessing that he could not "fix" a sentence in *Ædipus Tyrannus*. Yes, these—but, lest you should think me childish in saying so much of things, which, in themselves are so unimportant, I will speak of something else.

I regretted very much to hear that Mr. Stewart* and yourself had resigned your professorships at L———. I hope Pro-

* Alex. P. Stewart, Professor of Mathematics in Cumberland University; in the late war, Lieutenant-General in the Confederate Army.

fessor Stewart may get along pleasantly at N———; that he will fill his chair with dignity and ability there can be no question; may he be appreciated. He is a scholar, and a most worthy gentleman.

In the retirement of your beautiful country residence, uninterrupted in the prosecution of your favorite literary pursuits, I have no doubt you pass your time most agreeably. May your health be preserved as vigorous, as I am sure your zeal will continue unabated, that society may profit by your labors.

As you have possibly heard, I am again teaching school. I intended returning to Lebanon this year, to attend the Law School, but about the beginning of the session I was solicited by the trustees to take charge of the Academy, where the late Alfred W. Douglass taught for three years, after leaving Nashville; and as the position was both honorable and profitable, I concluded, as I was in need of money, to accept it, until I could get a start again. The school is composed principally of young men, pretty well advanced in their studies. A large proportion of them are studying the Greek and Latin; the Academy is five miles from Gallatin, near the Nashville turnpike.

Give my respects to your excellent lady, and accept for yourself, the best wishes of

Your friend,

ROBERT HATTON.

N. Lawrence Lindsley, Esq.

Having closed his session at Woodland Academy, he returned to Lebanon in the early part of the year, 1850, being then but little more than twenty-three years old.

But Robert Hatton, hitherto the diffident youth and lucubrating student, had now donned his manhood, and was acknowledged a scholar! He had not money nor lands, "but he possessed what was infinitely more valuable than gold—a character, in every way above reproach; a mind, thoroughly trained to able and systematic investigation; a will and an energy which defied every obstacle; a steady, but unostentatious ambition for an honorable fame, or none; and a modesty and

dignity of person and manner, which had endeared him to all his associates and acquaintances."

Having obtained license to practice law, he formed a partnership with Col. Jordan Stokes, of Lebanon, a lawyer of distinguished legal ability and large practice. Having now the advantages of a share in a wide and remunerative practice, and a large and varied library, he commenced his career as a lawyer and citizen. Says a cotemporary:—"It was at this juncture that we became personally acquainted with Mr. Hatton. We were then sojourning at Lebanon, under circumstances which gave us an opportunity of witnessing his true character; and we can attest the ardor and singleness of purpose with which he devoted his energy to his calling; the patient and untiring industry with which he availed himself of the advantages thus placed at his disposal. It was not at intervals, nor upon the eve of courts that he bethought himself of his clientage, and betook himself to his books; night after night, for months, we have seen him renew his labors and continue his silent toil 'till long after midnight; when other minds reposed in slumber, his was eagerly bursting the fetters which it spurned, and driving rapidly to new conquests upon the fields of knowledge. His industry met with its appropriate reward. He at once took a proud position at the bar, and his generous and appreciative legal preceptors, at the end of the second year, did for him what they have done for no other—awarded him voluntarily the honors of graduation, as a merited compliment to his ability, perseverance and acquirements; and this, though he had spent but one year in the Law School, when it required two years of study *in the school* to entitle him to its honors." Thus he received his Law Diploma, it being the third received by him since his arrival in Lebanon, less than six years before, a stripling stranger, with insufficient means, and no higher ambition, when he first started, than to prepare himself for a "country school teacher;" and this, too, after he had spent one year as Tutor in his *Almamater*, and nearly two years in the practice of law at the Lebanon Bar. So much for application and study, energy and perseverance. Verily, "where there's a will

there's a way;" let my young readers remember this, and be not discouraged.

" In the world's broad field of battle,
In the great bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle;
Be a hero in the strife!"

If the sombre clouds of misfortune seem to have thrown their chilling shadows athwart your pathway, be not cast down; the darkest cloud has a silver lining. Though you may not have been born with a silver spoon in your mouth; though you may not be a child of wealth, surrounded by friends of affluence and influence; though you may not be in possession of sufficient means to defray your expenses at the country school or village Academy, still you have cause to look up and be thankful. Remember the motto—*nil desperandum*—never despair; remember, God has blessed you with life and health, a sound mind and body; He has cast your lot in a great and prosperous country, one desirable for the beauty and variety of its scenery, as well as for the salubrity and diversity of its climate; a land unsurpassed for the richness, variety and abundance of its products, whether of the soil, mine or forest; in short, He has brought you into being, surrounded by all the means, natural and artificial, necessary to your moral and intellectual improvement, if you will but do your part—if you will but lay hold of the means within your grasp; a thousand avenues open up to your energy and enterprise, to your emulous effort and laudable ambition; resolve to *do* and *be* something in the world; study by day and by night, and be sure that your studies are instructive and useful, strengthening and directing the mind; read much, and let your reading be judicious and improving, storing the memory with facts and precedents; meditate often; "blessed is the man that doth meditate good things;" neglect not conversation, as occasion gives opportunity, and, if possible, converse with those of more experience and greater information than yourselves; be given to frequent reflections; thus reviewing and scrutinizing the whole field of your studies and reading, your meditations and conversations; strive to become learned, intelligent and wise, and you will be honored and great; be just,

good and merciful, and you will be useful and happy. This is the acme of human achievement—the sum of earthly ambition. But let us return to the subject.

In the Spring of 1850, Mr. Hatton was appointed by the Board of Managers of the Washington Monument, at the City of Washington, an Agent to present its claims to the people of Tennessee, and particularly to the people of his own Congressional District, and receive such voluntary contributions for its erection as they, in their magnanimity, might see proper to give. We quote from the *Lebanon Packet*, of April, 1850: "This great national work appeals not to the *charities* of the American people, but to their *magnanimity*—being designed as a lasting monument of a free people's gratitude to the great and immortal founder of their liberties; it cheerfully receives the will-offerings of all, and, with a diffusive free liberality, grants the *privilege* to every son and daughter of this boasted Republic, magnanimously to aid in rearing this imperishable monument to the memory of the venerable FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY—'freedom's offering to freedom's greatest champion.' * * * Then we ask all, male and female, to turn out and hear this subject presented by Mr. Hatton, who will fully unfold its claims, and the whole scheme for its accomplishment, in his public address."

For the benefit of the young, who are not familiar with the history of the Washington Monument, the object, plan and means of its erection, as well as to show the high but merited compliment bestowed upon Mr. Hatton, its young but gifted agent, we copy the following from the *Nashville American*, of April, 1850:—

"THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.—'Let it rise, then, 'till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play around its summit.'—Daniel Webster.

"Most of our readers are aware of the efforts being made to complete the National Monument at Washington, in honor to the illustrious Father of Our Country. The corner stone was laid on the 4th of July, 1848, with imposing ceremonies, and

in the presence of Congress, and thousands from different sections of the Union. The Hon. R. C. Winthrop delivered an address, which has been read by millions with patriotic interest. Although an association has been in existence more than twenty years, yet the noble enterprise of erecting a suitable monument, worthy of the American people, and commensurate with the veneration due his exalted services, has never been accomplished. The Board of Managers are under the necessity of appealing to the people for assistance to complete the monument, and have appointed agents in each Congressional District, to solicit contributions. We are glad to see that they have selected Robert Hatton, Esq., and congratulate the friends of the design upon their good fortune in securing the services of a gentleman so well fitted by education and character, to push forward the good work. A young, but eloquent and zealous orator, we are sure that our citizens cannot resist the patriotic appeals he designs making them during the Summer, as he will canvass the whole of the 7th and 8th Congressional Districts, and give every one, the rich and the poor, an opportunity of contributing to the great work of rearing to the memory of the great Washington, a monument as lofty, as massive, as peerless as his fame, his character and his life. We are not informed as to the time he will visit this city, but will give due notice, and hope our citizens will turn out *en masse*, and give solid evidence, visible testimony, that they are not unmindful of what they owe to GEORGE WASHINGTON and his compatriots of the Revolution. Mr. Hatton accepts the honorable and arduous duties of Agent, as a "labor of love," and will prosecute the work with all the zeal and fervor which so well distinguish him, and we trust every purse will shower forth its contributions for the magnificent design. * * * * *

"The entire height of the obelisk will be six hundred feet; higher than the loftiest of the eternal pyramids. The remains of Washington will be placed in the centre of the Monument, which will cost, as estimated, \$1,122,000. The following extract from the remarks of Mr. Winthrop, upon the occasion of laying the corner stone in 1848, are so appropriate, that we can-

not refrain from quoting them for their beauty and patriotic sentiment :

“Let the column which we are about to construct, be at once a pledge and an emblem of perpetual Union ! Let the foundations be laid, let the superstructure be built up and cemented, let each stone be raised and riveted in a spirit of national brotherhood ! And may the earliest rays of the rising sun, till that sun shall set to rise no more, draw forth from it daily, as from the fabled statue of antiquity, a strain of national harmony, which shall strike a responsive chord in every heart throughout the Republic !”

“Proceed, then, fellow-citizens, with the work for which you have assembled ! Lay the corner stone of a monument which shall adequately bespeak the gratitude of the whole American people to the illustrious Father of His Country ! Build it to the skies, you cannot out-reach the loftiness of his principles ! Found it, on the massive and eternal rocks ; you cannot make it more durable than his fame ! Construct it of the peerless Parian marble ; you cannot make it purer than his life ! Exhaust upon it the rules and principles of ancient and modern art ; you cannot make it more proportionate than his character !”

The following address, delivered at different times and places to the people of Tennessee, is but one of two prepared by Mr. Hatton, as an appeal in behalf of this great national tribute to him who was “first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen !”

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

ADDRESS—By ROBERT HATTON, Esq.

Ladies and Gentlemen :—Monuments to public benefactors are consecrated by the best feelings of the human heart, and by the conforming customs of the wisest nations. Wherever a love of country has been a ruling principle, there the achievements of the good and great have been commemorated by monuments, statues, paintings, medals, inscriptions, and other sensible forms of national approval. Pure democracies, republics and monarchies have sometimes proved ungrateful ; yet by an enlightened, virtuous and patriotic people, wisdom and virtue and valor, have never gone unrewarded ; not only have men thought it proper that their gratitude for distinguished

public services should be thus publicly expressed, but they have seen that these evidences of public approbation have quickened the spirit of patriotism in which those services had their birth; and, at the same time they served as rebukes to those who would work injury to their country, they inspired others with a noble rivalry in works of public utility. Rome was free so long as she cherished the examples of her benefactors; her liberties perished so soon as she became careless of their deeds, indifferent to their fame, cold to their glory.

Nearly two generations have lived and died since the death of Washington; yet it was only on the 4th of July, 1848, that his country laid the first stone of a National Monument to his memory. Often does the wondering stranger inquire, whence this delay? Do Americans not admire the character so much revered abroad? Or, is it true, as so often charged, that all their feelings are absorbed in an insatiable lust for gain; that they are under the influence of a degrading and shameful parsimony? I can answer him, that Americans do admire the character of Washington, and that they are altogether sensible of the debt of gratitude they owe him. What answer is to be given to his last inquiry, as to our liberality, or rather the charge of parsimoniousness, you whom I address, are, in part, to determine.

That the memory of Washington is pre-eminently worthy of the honor proposed to be conferred upon it; that no requital of the obligations which his country is under to him, can be too generous, you have ever believed. But does some disciple of the Utilitarian School, who estimates every thing in proportion to the pecuniary profit it yields, ask what good will this Monument do? I answer him, incalculable good. Will it not be a mere ornamental encumbrance, destitute of all practical value? I answer him, no. As well might he consider the splendid varieties of a botanical garden, as intended merely for the bouquets of fashion, unmindful of their healing medical qualities; as well might he deem the brightest stars that cluster in the firmament of heaven, mere brooches to adorn the brow of night, instead of important agents in God's universal economy.

As a mere work of art, it will be far from being useless. The cities of Egypt have crumbled into dust; some of the arts that flourished in her brightest days, are lost. Deserted land! thy former glory has departed! Thou art no longer the mistress of nations—the instructress of the world; war has swept over thee, and the Persian conqueror has left desolation in his track; yet thou shalt not be forgotten, for whilst thy pyramids, which have escaped the ruthless conqueror, and which shall defy the wasting hand of time, shall rear their summits to their own bright sky, thy former grandeur and glory and wisdom, shall form a resting place upon which memory shall delight to linger. Athens, how proud are thy monuments of public spirit, even in their desolation! The turbaned Turk has ruled in the seat of Pericles, and the horse-tail has waved where the ægis was once displayed; yet, the Parthenon still stands, though in ruins, yet in glory; a fit emblem of the country, which, in its pride, it

adored, and in its decay, now hallows! The school-boy, whilst he gazes upon the shaft that rises from Bunker Hill, talks of the Acropolis; and the patriotic citizen, while he blesses God that he was born in the land of Washington, casts a look of reverence to the country of Aristides.

But how much nobler destiny has our Monument, than the Pyramids or the Parthenon. The Pyramids speak of nothing but the power of kings and the slavery of the people. Silent as the myriad that sleep at their base, they convey no moral—teach no lesson. The Parthenon, for want of a proper moral object, though so vast in its proportions, and beautiful in its embellishments, excites only a conviction of power and skill. We have said that our monument has a nobler destiny. It has an object—an object which clothes it with dignity and moral grandeur. To successive generations, as they rise up and gather about its base, it is to speak of courage and patriotism, of civil liberty and free government, and of the virtues and excellencies of him, who, cherishing in his bosom, above every other consideration, a love of his country, was himself, first in the hearts of his countrymen.

Not only is it to speak of the glory of the Father of his Country, but of us who claim to be his children; not only is it to be eloquent in the praise of him, who, without a sceptre, was greater than Alexander; without the robe, was greater than the Cæsars, and without a crown, was more revered than all the princes of the earth; but it is to vindicate his country against the charge of ingratitude; to consecrate the memory of her own, the strength of her own patriotism, the eternity of her own gratitude. It is to testify to the millions who are to come after us, that our republic is proud of her jewels; that she is not forgetful of her statesmen and heroes; but delights to honor them while living, and to consecrate them when dead.

Another office it is to perform:—it is to set the seal of his country's approbation to the principles and policy of Washington; to imprint afresh upon the minds of Americans the lessons of wisdom, the warnings, the entreaties, contained in that incomparable address, in which he bid them farewell! I shall not make the slightest allusion to party; such a course were unworthy of the circumstances which have brought us together, unworthy of him whom we would honor—would do gross violence to my own feelings. But I will ask you, not as Whigs or Democrats, not as men of the North or South, but as American citizens, I ask you, if ever there has been a time since the organization of our government, when it was so vitally important that the great leading principles of Washington's policy should be remembered and acted upon? He taught us to abstain from inveterate antipathies, and to avoid characterizing parties by geographical distinctions. What are the feelings which the great body of people of the North and South entertain toward each other? Are there any inveterate antipathies? Alas! for the peace and prosperity, happiness and honor of our country, there are but too many. How fashionable for the two great sections of our country to heap abusive epithets upon each other, and to discover in their most indifferent actions,

treachery and insidious hostility. Is not public opinion approaching to that point, that a man, whether in the North or in the South, who refuses to join in this indiscriminate invective, shall incur odium, and expose his patriotism,—no, not his patriotism, but his sectionism—to suspicion? Is the North our enemy? By blood and inheritance she is not our foe, but is linked to us by the ties of a common language, a common country—and these ties are strengthened by mutual interest. Let us not then speak of her with rancor, but in a spirit of fair and liberal appreciation. When she insults us, or injures us, let us demand reparation in bold and manly language; let us not tamely submit to an infringement of our rights, but let us resist every encroachment by every Constitutional means; let us scorn to engage with them in a war of words, to bandy vile epithets, or to retort her scurrility with congenial ribaldry. Whilst her infatuated mob, who aspire to be highest, not as good American citizens, but as the enthusiastic champions of universal liberty, claim it to be their duty, like Don Quixotes, to buckle on their armor, mount their Rosinantes, and set forth to liberate the world; whilst these men, inflamed by the tirades of hireling scribblers and aspiring demagogues, exhaust the vocabulary of Billingsgate upon us, let us not condescend to join with them in mutual recrimination; let us not forget that true dignity is equally remote from truckling servility and gasconading defiance; let us not forget, that, in the language of Washington, we are fellow-citizens of a common country, and that, as such, we should strive to cherish toward each other, the most kindly feelings of friendship and regard.

The Union of the States. What was his last advice to his countrymen? Cherish a cordial, habitual, immovable attachment to the Union; watch for its preservation with jealous anxiety: discountenance whatever may suggest even a suspicion that the Union can, in any event, be abandoned; and indignantly frown upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any part of our country from the other, or to enfeeble the sacred ties that bind together the various parts. Are Americans taking heed to this advice? or, are there those who would disregard it? Are there those who would dare to weigh a local interest against the glory and perpetuity of our common country? Are there those in our national councils who, disconcerting the wisdom of the wise, and scattering to the winds the counsels of the prudent, would, in their madness, sacrifice upon the altar of their passions the dearest interests and brightest hopes of their country? who declare that our glorious Union is no longer worth preserving; and that, without a material change in its organization, its dissolution is alike inevitable and desirable? Alas! there are such men, both in the North and in the South. Men, there are who estimate the value of the Union with the same arithmetical smartness with which they would add up the columns of their cobbler's bill, and who speak as flippantly of secession and peaceable dissolution as if it were a matter of no consideration. Yes, in this day of almost unparalleled prosperity; after more than a half century's most happy experience of the bless-

ings of our Union; when our Constitution has so amply falsified the predictions of its enemies, and fulfilled every reasonable hope of its friends; when we have become either the admiration or envy of all the nations of the earth, to the amazement of every well wisher of human liberty throughout the world, there are those who dare to speak of throwing away this priceless jewel, of demolishing this foundation stone of every national blessing, of cutting the cable that attaches us to this anchor of all our hopes.

There are those who tell you to mark the man who sings hallelujahs to the Union, and is for maintaining it in every extremity. I have no hallelujahs to sing, no eulogiums to pronounce; abler hands have performed the task. But I have a sentiment to offer—it was the sentiment of Washington: The Union; the support of our tranquility at home, our peace abroad, of our safety, our prosperity, of our very liberties themselves—the Union forever! If there be present one of the corps of the self-constituted markers, let him understand, that I am a candidate for his brand; though it should blight all my youthful hopes and aspirations, let it now be affixed; I will wear it as an honorable scar received in my boyhood, not in a factious rebellion against my country, but in an honest support of her constitution, of her integrity, her unity; with no blush of shame, I would lay it bear to my mother, and tell her: this I received in acting in obedience to the lessons which you taught me in my infancy, whilst dandling me upon your knee, and talking of George and his hatchet—never to fear to speak the truth—to let nothing deter me from the expression of an honest sentiment. To a venerable father I would show it, and say, you have ever taught me to adhere unflinchingly to the principles of Washington, and never to shrink from their vindication: here is the evidence that your lessons have not been wholly disregarded.

Europeans have said that our government is a patchwork Republic, and are now predicting its hasty dismemberment. Will Americans, by their conduct, subscribe to their*slanders? Assist in fulfilling their malicious prophecies? Forgetting or disregarding the simple maxims of their fathers, will they, like a madly drunken crew, with all their charts on board, under a clear sky, and on a smooth sea, drive, recklessly drive their ships of state upon the same rocks, around which they see lying so many gallant barks? Shall our country, which fears not her enemies, and could not be conquered by the world, like a melancholy suicide, lay violent hands upon itself; fall, not pierced by the daggers of its foes, but by its own sword? What thoughtless ignorance and demagogue ambition may bring to pass, can be known only to Him who foreseeth all things. But one thing is certain—whatever may be the fate of our country, however disastrous, if disastrous it be, it will be chargeable upon the people themselves. If, they listen to appeals, which, though ostensibly addressed to their understandings, are designed only to strengthen their prejudices; if from the lips and pens of false teachers, they are eager to learn the captivating texts of sedition, and permit their passions to supply the inferences; if they are content to send

to their national councils the mere harpies and jackals of party, who, pandering and truckling to the promptings of their own petty ambition, feed on garbage and corruption, and pollute by their filthy touch, every fountain of political life; if unto the hands of men, who, like the phrensiad, one-eyed Syclops, can see no further than the limits of the cavern of their passions and prejudices, in which they reel; if to such men they intrust their destinies; if such should be their course, then, it will need no prophet's eye to foresee their ruin. But, let us hope for better things; let us, at least, determine, that although the friends of liberty throughout the world, may see us fall, they shall never see us recreant; that although we may fail to shield our Constitution and maintain our Union, we will maintain our integrity and our honor, so that without shame, though with bleeding hearts, we may pay the last tribute, perform the last rites, shed the last tears, over a glorious but departed free Constitution. Let us, as Tennesseans, "call heaven and earth to witness, that if Rome must fall, we are innocent."

What were the States before the Union? In the language of a distinguished American, they were the hope of their enemies, and the fears of their friends, and were arrested only by the Constitution from becoming the disgrace of the world. To what would they return were the Union dissolved? To a state worse than that from which the Constitution saved them; return to it not as strangers who have never been allied, but as brethren alienated, embittered, inflamed, irreconcilably hostile. Aggression and war and conquest would be the policy mutually adopted. Soon would their hands be wet with each other's blood, and ruin and horror and shame, together, would bury liberty and the Constitution in the same grave. The dissolution of the Union! could it remedy a single evil? The dissolution of the Union! would it not bring upon us thousands? The dissolution of the Union! is it not the height of impudence to threaten it? is it not madness to intend it? If the Union we cannot endure, the dream of the Revolution is over, and the melancholy announcement must be made to the world that a truly free government is too good for mankind. If, when Kosciusko died, hope for a season bid the world farewell, when our Constitution shall be destroyed, shall it not take its everlasting flight? If, when he fell, Freedom shrieked at the downfall of the country in the purchase of whose liberties he shed his blood, how fearful shall be its expiring agonies.

Fellow-citizens, the fanaticism of certain men in another section of our country, their utter disregard of the most solemn obligations, may, itself, at some future period, work a dissolution of our Union; then we shall be under obligations to no Constitution, have no Union to cherish; but until this is done, I shall place myself under no flaunting sectional banner, but my motto shall be:

"The union of lakes and the union of lands,
The union of States, who shall sever?
The union of hearts and the union of hands,
And the flag of our Union, forever and ever,
The flag of our Union, forever!"

"The Union, the palladium of your liberties, never surrender," said he whose ashes lie at Mount Vernon. "The Federal Union, it must be preserved," was the sentiment of him who sleeps near us, at the Hermitage. Are they not worthy sentiments? Oh, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth, that I might repeat them to every American; beg him to consider and ponder, to cherish and practice—never to discard them.

But, is any one curious to know why I have thought proper to remark thus upon subjects which may seem foreign to the business in which I am engaged? If there are such, I will inform them that I deem it proper that when individuals are solicited to contribute toward honoring the memory of a public man, that they should have freshly imprinted upon their minds what was his policy, and what were his principles. I have spoken this day in the name, and by the authority of Washington. If there be those present who cannot approbate his spirit and his policy, who do not subscribe to his principles, let it be understood that I desire no contribution of him. Let no such man offer one; I would disdain to receive it; such an offering were a sacrilege with which I would have nothing to do.

But, not only is this Monument to mark the approbation by the American people, of the principles of Washington. Another great moral effect it is to have, is, that it will serve to excite the rising and coming generations to a nobler emulation in the performance of virtuous actions, evincing on the part of the people, a proper appreciation of virtue and patriotism, and a disposition generously to honor them; whilst it will at the same time serve to check the unprincipled by reminding them that Washington is not forgotten—that his principles have not yet ceased to be valued, or his character to be venerated. It will serve as a grand rallying ground for freemen from the North and from the South, from the East and from the West, who, mingling together about it, and catching inspiration from the scene, shall bury their passions and their sectional prejudices, and together, *around the great heart offering of the American people*, commune like brothers. Whilst thus talking of the objects had in view in its erection—of the character and virtues which it is intended to commemorate, and of the many glorious associations which shall cluster about it, striking hands together, they shall together thank God that they are fellow-citizens of a common country. The spirit of Washington, hovering over its summit, shall breathe upon the pilgrim at its base, the same love of justice, of liberty and of country, that ever inspired the great exemplar; and leaving the consecrated spot, he shall carry with him feelings and emotions which shall make him a wiser and better man. It will associate us and those who come after us, with those who have gone before us, rendering brighter their virtues, and recalling their services—awakening the gratitude, and appealing to the best feelings of the human heart. Who has not felt the power of association? Little is he to be envied, who could stand unmoved upon the Common of Lexington—walk with indifference over the plains of Camden, or sail along the shores of Erie and Champlain, unmindful

of the gallant tars that sleep beneath their waves, and without once recalling the proud achievements of a Perry or a Lawrence. Yes, he who shall visit our Capital, and look upon this monument of a nation's affection, and not feel his bosom warm, and his heart expand with the holy fire of patriotism, must be destitute of all that is admirable in human character.

The Monument will, when completed, be a most fit emblem of him whose name it bears—immovable in its foundations, just in its proportions, and pointing to heaven, the home and city of refuge of the faithful. His integrity and principles, were, indeed, as firm as the earth on which it shall stand; and, as in height and grandeur, it shall exceed the loftiest and proudest monuments of the world, so the colossal grandeur of his character towers high above the greatest men of earth. As its summit will approach nearer to heaven than any other work of art, so in character and life, of all the men who have lived, he most nearly approached to the purity of its inhabitants. As in the firmament of heaven, there is one star so prominent in brightness, as, in the opinion of Astronomers, to constitute a class by itself, so, in the years of the history of the world, among the multitude of the great who have attracted the attention of mankind, the name of Washington stands alone in the solitude of its glory. And so, among the tombs, and temples, and towers, the pyramids and Mausoleums, which men have built, this Monument to his memory, is to stand in height and grandeur, without a rival!

Is there an individual present who claims to be an American, who, possessing the ability, will refuse the proffered honor of being permitted to contribute to so noble, so patriotic an enterprise? It is said that there are men who repudiate every thing that cannot be made subservient to the acquisition of wealth—who are incapable of appreciating any thing above the charms that sparkle in the dust. Such men may be loud in their professions of admiration of, and their gratitude to public benefactors, but is not their sincerity to be questioned? Such men may prate fluently about liberty, but, poor degraded slaves, liberty is infinitely above their comprehension. All the liberty they understand, is the liberty of keeping their money free from despotic and ecclesiastic exactions, safely in their own pockets. Do not understand me as depreciating the character of Americans; we are proud of the position they occupy under their free institutions. We merely wish it understood, that if there are those among us of the class alluded to, that nothing is expected or desired from them; let them be excused. It is not from such men that I want contributions, but from those who have enough of mind and of soul—if I may be permitted the expression—to appreciate a sentiment of gratitude. This Monument is not to be built by spiritless slaves, but by intelligent, generous freemen.

But there may be those, who, though professing to care nothing for the money they give, may yet not be disposed to give, and who may attempt to offer a reason for their course. Says one, the aid of marble is not necessary

to eternalize the name of Washington. This is admitted; but, as already remarked, this Monument is to be erected, rather to perpetuate the memory of our gratitude, than his renown. Why does the affectionate parent place over the grave of the beloved child the marble slab? Lest that child's name, its amiable and lovely traits of character, may fade from memory? No; but because the best feelings of the human heart prompt the parent thus to evidence its love for the child. But, says another, his deeds were so matchless, both in war and in peace, the debt of gratitude is so immense, no monument which man can build can discharge it. This, and much more is true, but how unnatural and heartless the reasoning, how contemptible and false the logic, that would extort from the very magnitude of the services to which we owe our all, an argument against any discharge of the debt. I am not able, says one, to give a large sum, and I am ashamed to give a small one, so I'll not give any. You are mistaken, sir, as to your ability, and are stingy, or you are permitting a very foolish sort of pride to influence you. If you have the means, you have no excuse for not contributing liberally; if you have not, are you so childishly weak as to be ashamed to give an amount which might lead to the suspicion of the truth, that you are not rich. Let no man try to shield himself behind such flimsy excuses.

But, says another, the citizens of our town have to give so much toward charitable purposes, etc., etc.—we are so hard pressed, therefore you must not expect much. For all who offer this pitiable excuse, I shall feel so much sympathy, as not to desire any thing from them. But how does this sound, when we remember, that in New England, in one county, there has been more money given annually to benevolent and charitable purposes, than in any fifty of the counties of Tennessee, taken together; that in that one county, yea, in one town in that county, yea, by the wives and daughters of the close-fisted Yankees, of the City of Boston, there was given \$30,000 to the erection of the Bunker Hill Monument. Remember, also, in this connection, that this is the last time you are to have an opportunity to contribute toward the erection of a Monument to Washington.

Do not understand me as trying to force, or even persuade any man to give; I have no such purpose. I have wished merely, in all I have said, to let you see where you really stand; to awake you, as my fellow-citizens, to a sense, a consciousness of the humiliating position which we as Tennesseans occupy, as compared with some of our sister States.

Youth is generous; its patriotism is free from selfishness; it is full of just and ardent impulses; a long life is before it, and it feels a deep interest in whatever is to influence its future. From the young men, then, shall we be disappointed in expecting something handsome toward forwarding this great work?

Is there a father present, who would produce upon the mind of his boy the impression that he is sincere in his professions of admiration and love for the character of Washington—who would excite that boy to a noble emula-

tion, beget within him a worthy ambition, he has now an opportunity. Let him have the certificates at the bottom of these engravings* filled up with such a sum as he is disposed to give, and hang them upon the walls of his dwelling.

I have no fulsome compliment for the ladies; let them not blush, then, while I speak a word of female patriotism. Every lady should be a patriot, and should feel a deep interest in the patriotic work now in progress, to honor him who did so much to bless them. During those dark days of blood and war, that achieved our country's liberty, who sustained and fed the fires of freedom? Whose prayers and gushing sympathies went forth with our troops, to give energy and success to the bloody strife? The mothers, the wives, the daughters of that day, that emphatically tried men's souls.

Other days and other nations have individual instances of female heroism and patriotism. We can point, among many others, to a Lydia Danah, to the wife of John Adams, and to the mother of Washington. In history we are told of the females of a nation who contributed their jewels to the support of their armies; but never has women more generously toiled and sacrificed, than in the days of our own Revolution. Are the females of the present day less patriotic? We cannot believe so. Should they forget the examples of a noble ancestry, become regardless of that love of liberty and religion which they cherished, and give themselves up to the follies that engage the attention of the females in some other nations, then *Ichabod* shall be written upon our altar fires. But we are glad to believe, they never will. In certain sections of our country they have given the strongest evidences of patriotism. The ladies of Boston, as already stated, gave \$30,000 to the erection of the Bunker Hill Monument. I ask the ladies of Tennessee, of Lebanon, at least, their approbation.

Let all good men and women, then, contribute; let them feel that it is a privilege to do so; let the monument be completed! In the language of one of our most gifted orators and statesmen, "*Let it rise 'till it meets the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of morning gild it, and parting day linger and play about its summit.*"

*These were lithographic engravings of Washington, on sheets, octavo size, with certificates just under them, except the blanks for the names of the donors, the sums given, and the names of the agents. These engravings were furnished the agents by the Board of Directors for the Washington Monument Association, and distributed by the agents among the people who contributed to this noble work.

CHAPTER III.

1852. His Marriage—Dissolves Partnership with Colonel Stokes—Forms a Law Partnership with Nathan Green, Jr.—Mutual Confidence in each other—Keep no Book of Accounts—Dissimilarity of Tastes and Difference of Opinions—Always Friends—They Dissolve Partnership—Green becomes Professor of Law—Hatton continues in his profession—Large and remunerative practice—Supports General Scott for the Presidency—Solicited to run for Congress—Elected to the Tennessee Legislature—His Speech on the Organization of the House—Takes a prominent stand—Placed upon Important Committees—The Memphis Bonds Bill—His Speech upon it—Letters to his Wife—His Opinion of Governor Johnson, as expressed therein—Is captivated by Murdock, the Tragedian—Acknowledges he has aspirations—Is not insensible to Praise or Censure—The Normal School Bill, the darling measure of the Session with him—His Letter to Professor Lindsley—1855.

ON the 16th day of December, 1852, Mr. Hatton was married to Miss Sophie K. Reilly, of Williamson County, Tenn. He now dissolved his connection with Col. Stokes, and formed a partnership with Nathan Green, Jr., with whom he continued in the practice of his profession about three years. Few men, perhaps, have greater confidence in their partners than did Hatton and Green. They kept no book of accounts against each other; when one received money for service rendered by the firm, he divided with the other; so that, when they dissolved their copartnership, they had no settlement to make. Although they were partners in the practice of law, yet they possessed quite a dissimilarity of tastes and opinions. Hatton was indefatigable in his legal studies, and in his devotion to his clients, even to the neglect of his domestic duties; Green was likewise a good student, but was inclined to pay more attention to the comforts of his family, the culture of his garden, etc., rather than devote his whole time and talents to his clientage. Hatton studied well the politics of the country, while Green laid but little stress upon the subject; Hatton was a Methodist in religion; Green a Cumberland Presbyterian; Hatton was a Whig, an American, or Know-Nothing, in politics,

and Green an old-line Whig, and opposed to Know-Nothingism; Hatton had no taste for music, while Green was a devotee at the shrine of Orpheus; both were advocates of the cause of temperance, as well by example as by precept. Notwithstanding they differed in their opinions and tastes, in many things, and agreed in but few, yet they were always warm, confidential, personal friends, free from the petty envies and jealousies which sometimes estrange friends and cotemporaries.

Thus they continued for nearly three years, when the firm of Hatton and Green, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, was dissolved by mutual consent: Hatton continuing in the practice of his profession, and Green accepting an adjunct Professorship in the Law Department of Cumberland University. Prof. Green now fills the chair in the Law School, formerly occupied by his father, the late lamented Nathan Green, Sr., for a long time one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Tennessee. Mr. Hatton had now a large and remunerative practice, and stood in his profession, among the first at the Lebanon Bar, which was, perhaps, as distinguished for its legal ability, as any other in the State. He was a staunch Whig, of the Henry Clay school; and in the Presidential campaign, in 1852, shivered many a lance with the champions of Democracy, in the 5th Congressional District, of Tennessee. He had studied much of political economy, and few, if any of his age, were as well versed in the politics of the country, as was Robert Hatton. Doubtless, some still remember his youthful but able efforts in behalf of Scott and Graham. We copy from the *Franklin Review*, whose editor was a delegate to the Convention held at Murfreesboro' in June, 1852, to nominate a candidate for Elector, for the 5th Congressional District, the following extract:

“Before the Convention closed, our young friend Robert Hatton, Esq., of Lebanon, being loudly called upon for a speech, responded in one of the most earnest, eloquent and enthusiastic efforts we have listened to for many a day. He vindicated Gen. Scott in a most triumphant manner, from the many foul aspersions which have been attempted to be cast upon him. The speech throughout, was marked for its ability, and the historical accuracy of every statement contained in it.”

“Coming events cast their shadows before them.” So with him. His effective and characteristic speeches, both at the bar and on the stump, had made him known beyond the circle of his immediate acquaintance, and all who knew him, marked him as the coming man. As early as in the Spring of 1853, there were many political friends who favored his nomination for Congress. Nor was the press silent concerning the matter. The Lebanon *Herald*, his home paper, warmly pressed his claims, in the following highly complimentary language:

“We hoist the name of Robert Hatton, of Lebanon, at our mast-head this week, as the Whig candidate for Congress in this district, subject, however, to the decision of a Convention. We are confident we reflect the sentiments of nine-tenths of the Whigs of Wilson and Sumner, when we say he is their choice for this office.

“Mr. Hatton is too well known to the people of this district to require any commendation from us. Bold, eloquent and patriotic, he would enter the canvass with zeal, and accomplish as much for the Whig party as any man that could be started. Affable and gentlemanly in his manners—well informed on all subjects of State and National policy, he would discharge his duties as Representative in Congress, with credit to himself and advantage to his constituents.

“We would not disparage the claims of other gentlemen who have been spoken of in connection with this office. They are all good and true Whigs of acknowledged abilities, and would, no doubt, make faithful and efficient Representatives. But it is conceded that Wilson is entitled to the honor of presenting the candidate. There is no difference of opinion on this point. She has never had but one Representative* in Congress, and then for only one term. For twelve years in succession she has furnished the Elector for President in this district, and since the organization of parties in Tennessee, has stood first and foremost in vindication of Whig men and Whig principles. She stands ready to do her duty again; and with the eloquent

*Hon. Robert L. Caruthers, of Lebanon, who was a member of the Twenty-sixth Congress—1841-2; since, for several years, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Tennessee.

Henry* for Governor, and the gallant young Hatton for Congress, she would roll up such a majority in August next, as should cause every Whig in Tennessee to exclaim, 'Well done, old Wilson.'

"The delegates from this district to the State Convention, have designated the second Saturday in May as the time, and Lebanon as the place, for the meeting of the Convention to determine who shall be the candidate. We hope Mr. Hatton's claims will be fairly presented. Whatever the result may be, we pledge ourselves to acquiesce in the decision of the Convention and support the nominee most heartily."

Mr. Hatton was at this time, but little past twenty-six years of age; and not quite eight years had elapsed since he came to Lebanon, the better to prepare himself for a "country school-teacher!"

In the Summer of 1855, Mr. Hatton was one of the nominees of his party, for Representatives from Wilson county to the General Assembly of Tennessee. He was elected by a very large plurality vote. Dr. John T. Gleaves, was the other successful candidate for the Legislature, Wilson county being entitled to two Representatives; and Wilson and DeKalb counties jointly constituted a Senatorial District, which was this term represented by Col. Wm. B. Stokes; since then, for several terms, a member of the National Legislature.

The General Assembly convened on Monday, the first day of October, 1855, and continued in session five months. As might be expected, Mr. Hatton was promptly at his post. Owing to the nearly equal division of the House, as to Whigs and Democrats, four days had passed away before an organization of that body could be effected. There were some three or four candidates for Speaker,† and it was with difficulty that an election

*Hon. Gustavus A. Henry, of Montgomery County, the nominee of the Whig party for Governor, in 1853. He was defeated by the Democratic nominee, Hon. Andrew Johnson, now President of the United States.

†We may here state the fact, that in a body composed of some of the ablest men in the State, his name was presented for Speaker of the House, and in the caucus, Gov. Neill S. Brown beat him only a few votes, and secured the nomination. "This," says Col. Rolfe S. Saunders, from whom we get our information, "was a very distinguished mark of the confidence and high regard held for him by the members of that body, and was, indeed a high compliment."

was had. How it was finally effected, will be shown by the following Legislative Summary, from the Nashville *True Whig*, of the 5th of October: "In the *House* yesterday, the motion of Mr. Dortch providing for the election of Speaker by plurality vote, having come up in order, Mr. Hatton offered a substitute which was adopted. The substitute provided substantially that after three additional ballots for Speaker without an election, another ballot should be had, and the candidate having the highest vote of a quorum should be declared elected. It was laid on the table, and subsequently, with a view to get it again before the House, a motion was made to reconsider. The Clerk proceeded to call the House, on the motion, and Mr. Hatton, when his name was reached, obtained leave to give the reasons for the vote he was about to give. In doing this, he made a brief but comprehensive and cogent argument in favor of his resolution—an argument, the force of which, we cannot see how the minority can resist. In the course of it he referred to the patriotic conduct of Whigs, who, under circumstances identical with those in which the House was now involved, chose rather to vote for, and did vote for, and elect, the Democratic candidate for Speaker of the Senate, two years ago, rather than delay the organization of that body. He cited also a resolution which had some years since been offered in the House of Representatives of the United States by Governor Johnson, when that body was unable to make an election of Speaker, and read from a speech made by Governor Johnson on that occasion. His substitute, he said, was a copy of one which had been adopted in lieu of Governor Johnson's resolution, and which secured the organization of the House. When he closed, the motion to reconsider was withdrawn, and the election of Speaker again taken up. Gov. Brown having, when his name was called, withdrawn from the canvass, after making a neat and appropriate speech in explanation—the House took a recess for dinner.

"In the evening, Gen. Donelson, after some explanatory remarks, withdrew his name as a candidate for Speaker.

"The resolution offered in the morning by Mr. Hatton was then adopted, and in pursuance thereof, Hon. Neill S. Brown, on

the 4th ballot thereafter, it being the forty-ninth call of the House, having received a plurality of votes, was declared elected Speaker."

REMARKS OF ROBT. HATTON, OF WILSON.

In the House of Representatives, on Thursday, Oct. 4th, the following preamble and resolution, offered by Mr. Hatton, and adopted in lieu of a resolution offered the day before, by Mr. Dortch, were, on motion of Mr. Cavitt, laid on the table:

"WHEREAS, The interest of the State requires the speedy organization of this House, and a prompt discharge of the duties devolved upon us as the Representatives of the people; and, *whereas*, three days have been spent in useless efforts to elect a Speaker of this House, and forty-five ineffectual ballots have rendered it wholly improbable that said officer can be chosen in accordance with the practice heretofore prevailing, of requiring a majority of all the votes cast to elect, therefore, for the purpose of enabling this House to make said election,

Be it Resolved, That the House will immediately proceed to the election of Speaker *viva voce*; and if, after the roll shall have been called three times, no member shall have received a majority of the whole number of votes, the roll shall again be called, and the member who shall then receive the highest number of votes, provided it be a majority of a quorum, shall be declared to be elected Speaker."

Mr. Wilson, of Carroll, moved to reconsider the vote laying the preamble and resolution on the table, and the Clerk proceeded to call the roll.

Mr. Hatton, when his name was called, obtained leave to explain his vote, which he did, in substance, as follows:

Mr. Hatton said that he disliked to consume the time of the House, but, by permission of the chair, he would submit briefly his reasons for the vote he intended to give, upon the motion then pending. He was anxious, if possible, to prevent the defeat of the resolution which he had offered in lieu of the one offered by the gentleman from Fayette, (Mr. Dortch.) He had introduced it for the purpose of putting an end to an unpleasant and unprofitable contest on that floor. Three days had been, already, spent in fruitless efforts to make an election; and without the adoption of the resolution, there was but little, if any, prospect, of better success in the subsequent ballotings. The treasury of the State was being taxed—the time of the individual members of the House, who were absent from their families and business at home, and who were desirous that the present session of the Legislature should be short, was being spent, in what was little better than the merest child's-play. Forty-five ballotings had been had—the last, and every intermediate one, with, perhaps, two exceptions, were identical with the first. He inquired of gentlemen what was the necessity for this state of things? Was not the individual for whom a plurality of the votes had been cast, qualified for the position? No man upon that floor, had any doubt of it. Upon that gentle-

man he had no eulogium to pronounce. He needed none. He had, however, a remark to make, as connected with the manner in which his name had been presented as the candidate of that side of the chamber for the Speakership. That gentleman, he supposed, no one who knew him, would imagine had desired, much less sought, the position. On the contrary, he had desired, and so repeatedly expressed himself, that some other person of his party, should be presented as the candidate. The position, though one of importance, was so far below, in point of dignity, other stations to which that gentleman had been called, that it could hardly reflect any additional honor upon him. Once Governor of Tennessee—a successful and highly esteemed Minister at one of the most important courts of Europe—distinguished, not merely in party politics, but at the bar—an ornament to the social circle, and by all who knew him, respected for his integrity and honorable bearing, why should he seek the position of Speaker? He has not. These remarks have been made for the reason, that some may have imagined, because Gov. Brown had not voted for the gentleman from Sumner, that he was anxious himself to be Speaker. He was prompted by the nicest sense of delicacy, in not voting for Gen. Donelson. Had he thus voted, Gen. D. would have been expected to reciprocate the courtesy, and this would have made Governor Brown Speaker at once. The claims of his party upon his vote, on the one hand, would have been brought in conflict with an obligation to reciprocate a courtesy on the other. Gov. B. had determined to place him in no such situation. He hoped gentlemen on the other side of the chamber would appreciate the motives controlling Gov. B. This vindication of his course, had not been solicited by Gov. B. It was, however, none the less proper that it should be made.

He thought the resolution should be adopted. Its passage would do the other side of the House no *injustice*. A majority of those voting for the two candidates put in nomination, desired the election of Gov. Brown. Should the adoption of the resolution result in his being selected for that position, who could complain? Could it be expected that the thirty-six members voting for Gov. B., should surrender their choice?—permit the thirty-five, voting for Gen. Donelson, to control the election, and determine who should be Speaker? Should the majority be expected to make a concession to the minority? Should not the minority rather make the concession to the majority? No principle was involved. It was merely as to who should be the Speaker of the House, decide questions of order, and preside over their deliberations—that they differed. No dishonor, then, could attach to the minority in making such a concession, and thereby rendering an organization of the House practicable.

He would refer gentlemen on the other side of the House, to one of several instances, to be found in the history of the Legislature of Tennessee, in which those having it in their power to prevent an election of a presiding officer, as the minority in that House were then doing, had determined to act quite differently. At the last session of the Legislature, there were

twelve Whigs and thirteen Democrats in the Senate. Upon the first ballot, the Whigs voted for one of their party, Mr. Carriger—the Democrats voting for Mr. Polk. There was no election. It was in the power of the twelve Whigs, by continuing to vote as they did on the first ballot, to prevent an election, and obstruct the organization of the Senate. They chose to act differently. On the second ballot, *eight* of the Whigs voted for Mr. Polk; thereby conferring on him an honor, which he said, in his address, upon taking the chair, was “greatly enhanced in value by the singular unanimity with which it had been given.”

But it had been objected, that it was not *lawful* to elect the Speaker by a plurality vote, as contemplated by his resolution. He could not see why. Where was the difficulty? It would not be pretended that there was anything in our Federal Constitution, or the statutes passed by our National Legislature, having even a remote reference to the question. The Constitution of Tennessee contained but one clause in regard to elections made by our General Assembly. That clause provided, that such elections should be *viva voce*, and that the names of those voting, should be entered on the Journal. It contains nothing as to whether a majority should be required to elect, or whether a plurality should be sufficient. The framers of the Constitution intended merely to direct the *manner in which the votes should be given*—by ballot, or *viva voce*, and not to determine *what number* should be necessary to make an election. There was, then, no difficulty in the way of the resolution, in our State Constitution. Was there any in the statutes of the State? Every lawyer upon that floor, he presumed, knew that no statute had been enacted on the subject. By a resolution adopted at the present session, the Rules of Order governing the last Legislature had been adopted for the temporary government of the present. They, however, contained nothing on the subject; where then, he inquired of gentlemen, was the legal objection to the resolution? One—only one—had been suggested. The gentleman from Hamilton, (Mr. Burch,) seemed to think that the clause of our State Constitution, providing that all elections made by the Legislature should be *viva voce*, presented a difficulty in the way of the adoption of the resolution. He had already examined that clause, and the attention of the House having been called to its language, he presumed it no longer could be thought to be in conflict with the provisions of the resolution.

But suppose the resolution should be adopted, and a Speaker elected by a plurality vote, and subsequent reflection and examination should satisfy us that we have no right to elect a Speaker, except by a vote of the majority, could any serious evil result? He imagined not. Who is the Speaker, he inquired. One of the members of that House, selected to occupy the chair, to preserve order, and preside over their deliberations. As Speaker, he had nothing to do with the passage of laws; it was his duty to sign all laws passed by the Legislature, not, however, to give them validity; not that his signature was essential, in order that they shall go into operation, and be

enforced in our courts. Not at all. His signature can give to it no vitality or dignity it did not previously possess. Were his signature essential to the validity of a statute, by refusing it, he could veto the Act of the Legislature. That he has such power will not be pretended. The object had in view, in requiring the Speaker to sign bills and resolutions that passed the Legislature, was to evidence, by that means, to the country, the fact of its passage. In the absence of this evidence, other proof of the passage of a statute might be adduced, and the courts would not hesitate to declare it the law. So, should the election of a Speaker by a plurality vote, be as clearly *unlawful*, as he was free to admit, it was *contrary to a well established usage*, in our Legislature, still, no harm could result. Whatever laws were passed by them, would be "none the less *the law*," by reason of any irregularities in the election of a Speaker.

But was it proper, he inquired, in view of the circumstances surrounding them, to disregard an established custom, in the election of Speaker? That side of the House had endeavored, by every means in their power, and by a resort to every honorable expedient, to avoid such a necessity. But they were still just where they were three days ago, as regarded the organization of the House. They were sitting there at an expense to the State, of over five hundred dollars per day. Something had to be done. It was in this state of things, that he confidently looked for a vindication of himself, and those with whom he acted, in their innovation upon an established usage.

He disliked longer to trespass upon the time of the House, but he desired to call the attention of the gentlemen to a precedent, for the course that those for whom he spoke, were disposed to pursue.

Upon the meeting of the Thirty-first Congress, there was great difficulty in electing a Speaker. No name put forward for the position could command a majority of the votes cast. After three days of ineffectual ballotings, a distinguished gentleman, then in that body, from Tennessee, and for whose opinions, gentlemen on the Democratic side of the House, he presumed, had great deference, introduced the following resolution:

Resolved, That if, on the next vote of this House for Speaker, no individual shall receive a majority of all the votes cast, the individual receiving a plurality of the votes, shall be Speaker of the House of Representatives for the present session, and be so declared by the clerk."

In support of that resolution, said Mr. Hatton, Andrew Johnson, who introduced it, remarked, "that he moved the adoption of this resolution, well aware that it deviated from the established custom and usage of the House, in electing a Speaker. So far as precedent was concerned, when he was satisfied that good was to result from a strict compliance with it—for one, he was disposed to comply with it. But this Congress had convened for the purpose of disposing of the public business, of subserving the public interests; they had been now two days trying to elect a Speaker; this was the third day; he believed fourteen votings had taken place, and no Speaker was

elected. A Speaker elected by a plurality vote, notwithstanding it would be a departure from the established custom, would answer all the useful purposes of a Speaker elected by a majority. He thought that the demonstrations that had been made in their repeated ineffectual efforts, proved most conclusively that they could not elect a Speaker by a majority, in any reasonable length of time. He was willing, therefore, under the circumstances, to waive the general rule, to make an innovation upon the established custom, in order to effect an organization without a farther waste of time. * *

"He wanted a Speaker elected, either a Whig or a Democrat; let them for the present session, innovate upon the established custom, and at once proceed to the business for which they had assembled."

This resolution, said Mr. Hatton, was not adopted, but was laid on the table. Upon Mr. Burk's moving to lay it on the table, Andrew Johnson remarked: "Can we have the ayes and nays taken on that proposition? I want to see who it is that is in favor of standing out and opposing the organization of this House."

Mr. Staunton, upon Governor Johnson's resolution being laid on the table, introduced a resolution having in view the same object as that of Governor Johnson. Mr. Hatton's resolution was an exact copy of that of Mr. Staunton, which was adopted by the House of Representatives, and under which a Speaker was elected. It was voted for by Governor Johnson, Mr. Staunton, Mr. Andrew Ewing, and other distinguished gentlemen whose names might be enumerated, and for whose opinions, he knew gentlemen, on the other side of the House, had high regard.

The present situation of this House, said Mr. Hatton, was precisely that of the House of Representatives when the resolutions of Governor Johnson and Mr. Staunton were introduced, and when Governor Johnson made the speech, from which he, (Mr. Hatton) had been reading. He would not attempt to control the action of gentlemen, by imposing upon them the opinions of others. He had read what was said by Governor Johnson on that occasion, in order that gentlemen might know what were his views of what was proper to be done on that occasion, and the reason assigned by him, for his opinion. Mr. Hatton thought that they were full of practical good sense, and respectfully recommended them to the consideration of those opposed to the adoption of his resolution. He thanked the House for their polite attention to what he had to say; he had been prompted to make these remarks, hoping, that, by possibility, some member might feel disposed to act upon them, and to give to his resolution his vote, which, if adopted, would secure the organization of the House.

Mr. Pope here inquired of Mr. Hatton if he had read that part of Governor Johnson's speech, referring to Jacob's Ladder? Mr. Hatton replied that he had not; he hardly presumed it necessary. The gentleman was doubtless much more familiar with it, than with the Lord's Prayer.

Thus, Mr. Hatton's energy, practical good sense, and convincing arguments, together with the patriotic and magnanimous conduct of the two more prominent candidates, Gov. Brown and Gen. Donelson, went far to bring about a more speedy election of Speaker, and, consequently, an early organization of the House. Though numbered among the youngest members of the House, Mr. Hatton took a prominent position in the Legislature in the outset, and most triumphantly did he sustain himself throughout the session.

Both branches of the Legislature having been organized, a Joint Select Committee, from both Houses, was appointed to draft RULES OF ORDER for the government of the House of Representatives, and JOINT RULES OF THE TWO HOUSES. Robert Hatton was Chairman upon the part of the House, and J. W. Carter, of Franklin, upon the part of the Senate. Of the standing committees of the House of Representatives, Mr. Hatton was appointed upon three of the thirteen—Internal Improvements, Judiciary and Penitentiary; of the latter, he was Chairman. In all these committees he was prompt, energetic, and labored faithfully. As a member of the Committee on Internal Improvements, he, with others, reported favorably upon the bill to guarantee the payment by the State, of the bonds of the city of Memphis, issued and to be issued to the Memphis and Little Rock Railroad Company. As a member of the House of Representatives, he was earnest and untiring in his advocacy of the measure. His speech on this bill, was considered one of the most effective, convincing arguments delivered in the House. He rose above every selfish or sectional consideration, and with a patriotic and comprehensive magnanimity that looked beyond the circle of sectional interest, regarded it not only as a State, but as a great national enterprise. Many of the newspapers of the country, not only in Tennessee, but in Kentucky and Arkansas, spoke in very commendable terms of the able and zealous efforts of Mr. Hatton in behalf of this measure. We copy only the following, from the *Louisville Journal*:—

“A SPEECH IN THE TENNESSEE LEGISLATURE.—We publish to-day, a speech recently delivered in the Tennessee House of

Representatives by Mr. R. Hatton, upon the bill pending in that body, to give the indorsement of the State of Tennessee to the bonds of the city of Memphis to the amount of \$350,000, for the purchase of the iron for the first section of the Memphis and Little Rock Railroad. We publish this speech, partly because it is a most excellent one, and partly because our readers in Kentucky, as well as in Tennessee, are deeply interested in the success of the measure which it advocates.

“The bonds of the city of Memphis are not at this time, salable in New York except at ruinous rates, for the reason that Memphis has not a name in that market. Nevertheless, every intelligent man in Tennessee, knows that Memphis is good for the payment of the interest and principal of her bonds; for, in the first place, by her charter, taxation must always keep equal step with the issue of her bonds; her present revenue exceeds her police expenditure at least \$160,000 per year, and is rapidly increasing; in the third place, she owns property worth about \$2,000,000; and, in the fourth place, the whole of the property within her limits, public and private, is liable for her bonds. Of course there would not be the remotest possibility of Tennessee's sustaining the loss of a farthing by the indorsement of \$350,000 of the bonds of Memphis, even if she were to be the first and only indorser; but, in the present case, it is proposed that the Memphis and Little Rock Railroad Company, owning in fee simple, half a million of acres of surpassingly rich land along the route of the road, shall be the first indorser, so as to stand between Tennessee and responsibility, and that the State shall even have the additional security of a mortgage upon the iron, the cross-ties, and everything else belonging to the road.

“Of course the idea that Tennessee, by indorsing under such circumstances, the Memphis bonds, would be incurring a risk, is perfectly preposterous. The question then arises as to what she would accomplish by the indorsement. She would render Memphis bonds at once salable at a fair price, in the New York market, and thus put it in the power of the Memphis and Little Rock Railroad Company to push their enterprise immediately and vigorously ahead. She would secure the speedy construction of a railroad from Memphis to Little Rock; and a railroad from

Little Rock to Fulton, on the eastern border of Texas, will soon be constructed; for the General Government has given a very large amount of land for that purpose, along the route; and a railroad will soon be constructed from Fulton throughout the whole extent of Texas toward the Pacific; for Texas has made a most magnificent and princely grant of land for that purpose; and when the road shall have reached the Pacific side of Texas, its completion to the ocean, will, of course, be an event not far off. The most stupendous project of the age will then be on the verge of consummation. The road from Little Rock to Fulton, and the road from Fulton to the Western border of Texas, are certainties, for the immense grants of land will *force* their construction; and then the road from the Western line of Texas to the Pacific, will be a certainty, because the distance will not be much, while the end to be attained will be great and glorious, almost beyond conception. But the question is, whether this great national road, the thoroughfare of continents and hemispheres, shall strike Tennessee. A resolute effort is being made to draw it to Vicksburg or some other Southern point, and another effort, equally resolute, is being made, to draw it to Cairo or to some other point further North; and, if either of these efforts shall succeed, the road will not touch Tennessee at all. The result must inevitably be determined by celerity of movement. If Tennessee can at once secure the opening of a road from her own commercial mart to Little Rock, she will certainly bring the great Pacific road, with all its boundless trade and travel, to her own borders—to the point whence her own roads radiate in all directions through her territory. And this, as we have shown, she can secure without risking the expenditure of a cent—simply by indorsing bonds that she knows she would not have to pay, just as well as she knows that she exists. It seems to us that she could not neglect such an opportunity without being guilty of the most extraordinary and unaccountable infatuation. She has given \$10,000 per mile for the construction of the railroads within her limits, and now, with no danger of the least cost to herself, she can bring to the termini of these roads another road that will increase the trade and the travel of every one of them, five-fold! She has expended hundreds of

thousands of dollars for securing railroad trade and travel within her borders, and now, without a farthing's expense, she can multiply that trade and travel indefinitely. Is it possible that her Legislature can seriously hesitate?"

The following, as extensively published in several States, is a

SKETCH OF THE SPEECH OF MR. HATTON,

On the bill to guarantee the payment, by the State, of the Bonds of the City of Memphis, issued and to be issued, to the Memphis and Little Rock Railroad Company, Monday, December 10th, 1855.

MR. HATTON said: I have attentively listened to all that has been said in this discussion, both for and against this bill. I have felt extremely anxious to arrive at a correct conclusion upon it—have considered of every fact and argument adduced, throwing any light upon the subject, giving to it the weight to which I thought it legitimately entitled, in the formation of my opinion. The result has been, that I now believe, as I did upon the first introduction of the bill, that it should be passed into a law.

I do not propose, sir, any extended discussion of the merits of the bill. The argument in its favor has been already ably presented by the gentleman from Hamilton. But, as some gentlemen seem yet to hesitate how they should cast their votes, I will, in a few words, suggest the course of reasoning by which my mind was brought to a conclusion favorable to the bill.

The State is asked to indorse the bonds of the city of Memphis to the amount of \$350,000, for the purchase of iron and rails for the Memphis & Little Rock Railroad; the company first indorsing the bonds, and the city of Memphis and the company giving to the State a specific lien upon the iron and rails of the road, as an additional indemnity. What liability would she incur by the indorsement? What risk would the State run of having to pay the interest of these bonds as it fell due, or the bonds themselves, at maturity? This inquiry involves others. They are: 1, What provision, if any, has Memphis made for the payment of the interest upon these bonds? 2, What capacity has she to meet the bonds themselves at maturity? 3, In the event of Memphis failing to meet the bonds, and the interest accruing upon them, what indemnity would be afforded by the indorsement of the bonds by the company, and by the lien upon the iron and rails of the road? By the terms of the charter of the city of Memphis, the Mayor and Aldermen are compelled to adopt an ordinance imposing a special tax for the purpose of meeting the interest upon these and other bonds issued by the city. So rigid are the terms of the Act of incorporation, in reference to this subject, that in the event the Mayor and Aldermen should refuse or neglect to adopt and enforce such an ordinance, they are disqualified for the performance of any other duties as officers of said corporation—nothing that they can do having any force or validity. There can be no danger, then, of the State's having to pay any interest upon these bonds.

Of Memphis proving unable to meet the bonds at maturity, it seems to my mind, sir, there is no reasonable grounds for apprehension. None! She is not only one of the richest, but one of the most thriving and prosperous cities in the Southern States. Her real estate is exceedingly valuable, and growing more so every day. Her navy-yard grounds and the Promenade, recently recovered by suit, together with her other real estate, are not worth less, now, than \$2,000,000. And if the ratio of increase of the value of real estate continues for a few years longer, as it has for the few last, her real estate will itself, be amply sufficient to pay her out of debt. Her income, for the last year, amounted to \$72,000 more than her disbursements, including interest on her indebtedness of every character—this excess going to the discharge of the principal of her debt. Another idea that should not be lost sight of in estimating the pecuniary condition of Memphis: A very large proportion of her indebtedness has been created by stock subscribed in railroads. This stock is valuable. In some of the roads it is, or will very soon be, worth a premium. In all, it will be very near par. The means, then, thus invested, must not be regarded as lost. The indebtedness incurred in procuring it is cancelled, or very nearly, if not entirely so, by certificates of stock given for it. In all probability, by the time the bonds she has issued for railroads, are due, the stock in the roads will be gladly taken by the holders of the bonds, in exchange for them, dollar for dollar. This has recently been done in a number of cases. The city of Savannah furnishes an instance. The holders of her bonds have given them for her stock in various roads—the stock valued at par. Memphis, then, by taking stock in a number of roads, has not so much gone in debt, properly speaking, as made an investment of her means. And, sir, by the time the bonds now asked to be indorsed by Tennessee shall fall due, the stock in the Memphis & Little Rock road, will, itself, be eagerly sought for, and taken in exchange for these bonds. If so, the bonds will be paid off without Memphis having to make any draw upon her other resources at all. The road will have been built, costing her nothing.

I do not believe, then, Mr. Speaker, that there can be any risk to the State in this indorsement, even if we look alone to Memphis for indemnity against loss. But, sir, before Tennessee indorses these bonds, the Little Rock & Memphis Railroad Company indorse them. This company has given to it near five hundred thousand acres of land by the Arkansas Legislature, to assist in building this road. This land, at such a price as it can be readily sold for after the road is built, it is thought, will very nearly, if not quite, pay for its entire construction. The company will then have the road without its having cost them anything—will have it and be free of all indebtedness. The indorsement of such a company would be a very safe protection to the State—its indorsement being first. But, then, sir, we are to have, before we indorse these bonds, a specific lien given us by the city of Memphis and the company, upon the iron and rails of the road, as additional indemnity, which is, of itself, a reasonable guarantee against loss to the State.

These considerations, Mr. Speaker, have satisfied my mind that Tennessee would risk but little, if anything, in indorsing these bonds. But we are told that to pass this bill will be to set a dangerous precedent. I do not so understand it. What is a precedent? It is a decision, or something done or said, which serves as a rule for future determinations *in similar or analogous cases*. A case *similar to the one presented in this application will not again occur in the history of legislation in Tennessee*. No, sir! The marked and important features characterizing the enterprise intended to be assisted by the passage of this bill, distinguishing it from every other that can hereafter claim the assistance of the State, I shall briefly refer to in a few minutes.

But, it is urged that the indorsement of these bonds will cheapen the bonds of the State, and those upon which she has heretofore become indorsed, in the market; and that, in this way, the State would suffer, if not otherwise. I believe, sir, that serious apprehensions are *here* entertained, where there is *no danger*. Why should this indorsement have the effect to depreciate the bonds! The brokers of Wall street, and the dealers in bonds, in London and Paris, are men of practical sense—act upon common sense principles in their transactions. Well, now, sir, whether this indorsement shall have the effect to enhance or depreciate the value of our bonds, depends upon *how* the purchasers of bonds shall regard this indorsement. If they regard it as hazardous and improvident legislation on our part, evincing carelessness as to the character and extent of the liabilities we incur, as a State, it would, no doubt, injure our credit, and lower the price of our bonds in the market. But should they see, as certainly they must, that Tennessee, by this indorsement, gives encouragement and assistance to an enterprise which will be of advantage to the State, to an extent almost incalculable—whch will feed the roads in which she is largely interested as a stockholder, making productive her investments in them, and which will make Tennessee, in all human probability, the thoroughfare through which shall pass the commerce of the world, arousing the energies of her people, and developing, to the fullest extent, her almost unequalled agricultural, mineral and manufacturing resources—*Then*, sir, instead of our credit being injured, it will be decidedly improved. Every element creating and fostering public credit will be almost indefinitely increased.

The extent and character of the liability incurred by this indorsement I have already examined. It is just no liability at all, the indemnity afforded being unquestionable. But will the advantages to the State be as great as I have indicated? This indorsement will secure the completion of the first division of the road, next to Memphis, in the time required in the charter of the company. This done, the completion of the whole road is made certain, and at an early day. The grant of lands for the construction of a road from Little Rock to Fulton, will certainly secure the building of that road in a very short period of time. And the munificent grant of lands made by Texas, for the construction of a road from Fulton, across the whole State, toward the

Pacific, will certainly secure the building of that road. These roads built, you have *about seven hundred miles of railroad from a point on the Mississippi in the direction of the Pacific*. The result will be, if the opinions of those best informed are not disregarded, that, from the terminus of this road will speedily be projected and built, a road to the Pacific coast. The construction of a road to the Pacific is now regarded as something no longer problematical, but as something certain. That the road from the Western border of Texas, by Fulton, to Little Rock, will constitute a part of this great road, is thought to be almost quite as certain. If, then, we secure the building of the road from Little Rock to Memphis, in the time required by the Arkansas Legislature, thereby discouraging the building of other roads from Little Rock to the Mississippi, we will make Tennessee, or the roads running through her territory, links in the great chain of railroads over which will pass an amount of freight and travel unequalled by any score of roads in the world. I will not stop to make an argument to intelligent men, to prove that the advantages to Tennessee of being made a portion of the route for this grand road, traversing this continent from ocean to ocean, would be infinitely greater than those arising from the building of every road that has yet been projected in the State. This is, doubtless, conceded by every member on this floor.

Our liability, then, incurred by this indorsement, is not to be feared. The indemnity is acknowledged in argument, by those opposing the bill, to be ample. The advantages to be derived from the road proposed to be built will be incomparably great, as compared with those to be derived from any other enterprise to which the attention of a Tennessee Legislature has ever been directed. Then, will the indorsement injure our bonds in the market? No, sir! But the precedents, of which gentlemen are so fearful. From what quarter can a similar application to the present, come? The building of this road is to bring to the borders, and continue through Tennessee, the most important railroad that ever will be built. Its construction will do more for the benefit of the roads in Tennessee, in which she has a large investment, than could possibly be expected from any other half dozen roads to be constructed within or out of the limits of this State. Is this not a peculiar characteristic?—one that will be palpable to every mind, distinguishing it from all others

Again, sir: Notwithstanding the vital importance of this road to Tennessee, she is asked for nothing but the loan of her credit. Other roads, in which corporations and counties in the State have stocks, have already received the assistance of the State. Again, the indorsement of the bonds by the company, and the specific lien given upon the iron and rails of the road, are qualities in this application that will not be likely to accompany future applications. The great feature in this bill, however, which must unmistakably distinguish it from all others, is, the immense magnitude and importance of the enterprise proposed to be aided, and the extent of the interest that Tennessee has in its speedy completion.

But the road lies out of the limits of the State. This is another objection to the bill. Why, sir, did Nashville subscribe stock in the various railroads running to it? They are constructed outside of her corporate limits. Why did New York city build railroads in Pennsylvania? Why did Baltimore construct a road through Virginia to the Ohio river? Why has Charleston and Savannah pursued the same policy? Why have various States of this Union thought fit to build roads out of their own limits? It was, sir, because it was thought, as experience has demonstrated it to be, that sound policy dictated such a course. If De Witt Clinton had been a resident of Richmond, Va., instead of the city of New York, the relative importance of those cities to-day, would be, in all human probability, reversed. So thinks Lieut. Maury, as he has recently expressed himself, in some published letters.

New York adopted a policy, in reference to canals and railroads, which, though thought extravagant and dangerous, at the time, resulted in making it what to-day finds it, the commercial emporium of the West. Savannah, by her railroads, has been, as if by the wave of a magic wand, changed from a condition of almost perfect stagnation, to one of extraordinary prosperity. It is, sir, upon the same policy that these cities acted, that it is proposed for Tennessee to act upon this bill. This road, it is true, lies out of the borders of our State, yet it is a most fallacious inference that we are, therefore, not vitally interested in its construction.

It is not, Mr. Speaker, the embankments, the cuts and fills, the rails and bridges of a road, that make it desirable to a country. These things, in themselves, are productive of no good. Though in the thunder of the swiftly-flying railway train there may be music, there is no money. It is, sir, the substantial advantages, the real benefits conferred by a road upon a community, that induces them to construct it. What then, if it be, that the track of this road is wholly out of the State? If it is to confer upon her benefits to an extent incalculable, it is still a matter of vital interest to her. Though, sir, it shall be the wild forest of Arkansas that shall echo the neigh of the iron horse and the ringing of his hoofs upon the iron track, still, if to our borders he brings the commerce of the world, to be shipped upon our own roads, through our own territory, it is to us of infinite concern. We are, then, deeply interested in the speedy construction of this road. If it is not soon built, the great highway railroad of nations will be turned from our borders. The riches and blessings that it would confer upon us will be bestowed upon others.

But we are told by gentlemen to be cautious. With countenances distorted with horror, they speak of dangers in the future. One gentleman has reminded us that it is our duty, like the mariner upon the ocean, to take our reckonings, lest we drive upon breakers. This is well enough. Let it be done. But I would remind him that there are different classes of mariners. One, the timid coaster, who hugs the shore. The other, a mariner, indeed, who proudly breasts the waves of the sea, an honor to his species—a bless-

ing to the world. When Columbus kneeled at the throne of Isabel of Spain, asking ships and men and money to enable him to prosecute a voyage across the ocean, by many he was thought a silly enthusiast. The sailors of the world were afraid to get out of sight of land. The commerce of the earth was a mere coasting trade. His prayer to the Queen was granted, and to-day, to his genius and the strong heart that swelled within his bosom, are we indebted for peaceful, happy homes in this then boundless wilderness, but now cultivated, enlightened, and smiling country. Let gentlemen look at the facts involved in the issue now claiming the consideration of members in the hall, and make the application.

But the bill is local, says the gentleman from Maury. An argument is not necessary to show the error of the gentleman, that not only Memphis but the whole State, is to be benefited by this road. It may build up Memphis. Who, on this floor would not rejoice at such a result? What Tennessean is not proud of her, as she sits upon her bluffs looking proudly down upon the great father of waters? It is our own interest that she should be built up. I am gratified at an opportunity to assist in doing it. Yes, sir, let her grow and prosper. Let her boundaries be enlarged, let her streets be extended, let her commerce be multiplied, let her prosperity be equal to the desires of her enterprising citizens, and we will rejoice with them. I am sorry, Mr. Speaker, that the geography of Tennessee is such as to continually suggest to gentlemen sectional ideas—local feelings and prejudices. I would, sir, to-day, as cheerfully vote an appropriation to the counties of Carter and Johnson, the object being meritorious, as to Davidson county. I am proud, too, sir, to know that, in this respect, I correctly represent a liberal and enlightened constituency, who fully sympathise with me in such feelings. I am not merely the Representative of those by whom I am honored with a seat upon this floor. No, sir, I am one of the Representatives of the people of Tennessee! It is my purpose to give such direction to my actions here as will indicate that I have not failed to realize this important fact. But I am trespassing upon the time of the House. This bill is to be still further discussed by gentlemen who favor its passage. I have discharged what I felt to be my duty.

We now introduce a number of letters written by Mr. Hatton to his wife at Lebanon, while a member of the Legislature. They were written generally in great haste, were intended for her eye only, and cannot, therefore, be expected to present that system and uniqueness, which they doubtless would have displayed, had their author known they were one day to be laid open to the public gaze. They will, however, exhibit Mr. Hatton in his private, or domestic relations, show his love for his wife and children, and his singularly modest manner of refer-

ring to himself, as well as, now and then, furnish us with his private opinions of men and measures. Some of the letters have been misplaced or lost. We present such as we could procure. The following was written just one week after the Legislature convened, and the morning after his return from his first visit home.

NASHVILLE, TENN.,
October 8, 1855.

DEAR SOPHIE:—

I got here last night—got my supper, and feeling quite well, I went out to church. Heard Ferguson, a *light*, flashing, speculative fellow—more fancy and figures, than solid ideas. Am satisfied with him—shall hear him no more, I think.

To-day we have done a good deal. Andy Johnson sent in his message—just like all he does or says—full of demagoguism.

The Grand Council of the American Party met here this evening—a large attendance. To-night the Capitol is to be illuminated. The Women “and the rest of mankind,” are to be there—myself excepted. Don’t expect to go—have some *work* to do.

The Speaker, Gov. Brown, has put me on three of the most important committees—Judiciary and Penitentiary, being two. I am Chairman of the latter. Will come in contact with Andrew Johnson on this subject.

I am *tired* of this business—heartily tired—wish it was over, much. Yes, infinitely rather be with my own Sophie and our dear little ones. Take good care of yourself, and of them. I will take care of myself. Many days of happiness are in store for us, I hope and humbly believe. Why shall we not be happy? Who shall hinder? If the good Being will but grant us health, we shall endeavor so to demean ourselves towards the world, as to entitle us to expect happiness. You are now the mother of two children—dearer—even dearer than ever before, to me. My love to all. God bless and protect you.

Your affectionate husband,
R. HATTON.

Mr. Hatton was a truly good man, a Christian gentleman; and although moral, circumspect, patriotic and exemplary in his deportment, yet the above letter furnishes another evidence and illustration of the ever restless, dissatisfied, yearning spirit of man; especially when the object of pursuit—happiness—is sought for in sublunary things. Mr. Hatton is a young man of promise, with brilliant prospects for the future. He is ambitious, it is true; but his is a laudable ambition. He stands high in his profession, one that has engaged the greatest intellects of all ages; he could realize sufficient means by it to render himself and family, not only above want, but to supply them with all the conveniences, comforts and luxuries of the country. Yet he is not satisfied—not content. Hope points to happiness in the future. He seeks happiness—a thing never here, present with us, but just ahead—in the distance. Surveying all about him, he beholds the enchanting and ever varying field of politics. Surely, happiness must dwell there, and thither he would go. He resolves, makes the effort, and soon he enters upon the delectable arena. But where is the sought-for prize—the phantom happiness, which he chases? Still ahead—in the distance! Like the fabled story of him who would possess the bag of gold at the rainbow's feet, he pursues on, pursues ever; obtains not, obtains never! Mr. Hatton had been in the Legislature but one week, and he says to his wife, "I am *tired* of this business—heartily tired." Would "infinitely rather be with my own Sophie and our dear little ones." "Why shall we not be happy?"—"expect happiness," etc. So it is with man. Happiness is not yet found, not yet realized—still in the future—in the distance! "Man never *is*, but *is to be* blessed." Where shall happiness be found? Pope answers:

Know then this truth, enough for man to know;
Virtue alone is happiness below!

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
NASHVILLE, TENN., *October 13, 1855.*

DEAR SOPHIE:—

I was out, last night, to a very late hour, at a public party, given by Mr. Morgan, of this city. Many of the members of the Legislature were present. I was introduced to two

young ladies—both very handsome—during the evening, Miss — and Miss —. I played the agreeable a very few minutes, and then backed out. The ladies were dressed in wretched taste, I thought; bare arms and *bosoms*—the waists of their dresses too short by half. Dancing was the order of the evening, waltzing, at that; old fashioned—or rather new fashioned hugging! I was *disgusted*. I shall not get out again very soon, I imagine—feel quite satisfied. * * *

Mrs. Gov. Campbell, Mrs. Owen, and Miss Mary Campbell are down, attending Conference—will report through them to you.

Kiss Reilly and the baby for me, and receive, Dear Sophie, the renewed and heartfelt assurances of my devotion and increasing love for her whom I am getting prouder and happier, every day, to call my own.

Yours,

R. HATTON.

Mr. Hatton was a Methodist, of the strictest order. Hence his aversion to dancing. He was doubtless better versed in law and politics, than in the ladies' latest fashions. However, all men of intelligence and good taste, have a pretty correct sense of propriety.

HALL OF HOUSE REPRESENTATIVES,

October 24, 1855.

DEAR SOPHIE:—

This is a gloomy morning, fit to make suicides! It is snowing and sleeting! Winter—cold, unfeeling, biting, freezing Winter, is upon us. Oh, for a warmer climate! Shall we not, one of these days, “lead our flocks toward the South?” I have not blood enough in my veins for our Winters.

Gov. Johnson was inaugurated on yesterday. His address, upon the occasion, was strictly characteristic—the production of a mind of some strength, but with tendencies and inclinations, *essentially low and contemptible*. Tennessee is “shamed” by his promotion to the office he, now for the second time, has been called to fill.

“Rome! and hast thou lost
Thy breed of noble birth?”

* * * * *

I made the acquaintance, yesterday, of Mr. Murdock, the celebrated tragedian—an accomplished and most worthy man. I was so delighted with him, that I determined to go and see him, in one of his favorite characters, last night—the character of *Evelyn* in Bulwer's Melo-Drama, "Money,"—the best satire upon English society, I have ever met with.

We had, yesterday, a very animated, not to say exciting and angry, debate in the House, upon a resolution which I introduced, to bring on the election of State officers. Bitter opposition was made to it—an earnest and successful support given by members on our side of the Hall. I send you a paper containing a reference to what passed, but no report of *what was said*. All past off pleasantly, at last.

I have not been out to see Mary,* as I intended when I last wrote—will go this evening or to-night.

I had so much pleasure in my frolics with Reilly, on my last visit, that the little fellow's image is before me half of my time; danger of his getting the advantage of you in my affections. (?) Bless his little soul! He is as dear to me, Sophie, as ever was a child to father—dear to me, because of himself, a beautiful bright-eyed, noble looking little fellow—dear to me because my own dear Sophie is his mother. Take good care of him, (but how simple to make such a request of *you*,) and our little Mary, and of your own dear self. I need hardly say to you, that my life is wrapt up in you and our little ones. I *have* some thoughts of the world—many indeed—am not insensible to its praise or its censure—have *some* aspirations, which I hope to realize; still, my *treasure is at home*, and there my heart is.

Give my best love to all. Write yourself, or see that I am written to, every day. Will you?

Your affectionate husband,
R. HATTON.

CITY HOTEL, NASHVILLE,
October 26, 1855.

DEAR SOPHIE:—

I am mad—angry—very! It is unpleasant to me. Writing to you may give me partial relief. To-day was the day of

*His sister, Mrs. Mary E. Payton, who was, at that time, a teacher in the Nashville Female Academy, Dr. C. D. Elliott, being Principal.

our State elections before the General Assembly. We had no doubt of success, in every election. In two we did succeed—Secretary of State and Comptroller. In the election of State Treasurer, however, one of our men deserted us and we were beaten. Our traitor is receiving the universal maledictions of all *honest* men in town, on our side. I made a little speech in the Convention of the two Houses to-day, which will, I suppose, be noticed in to-morrow's papers. I will send it to you. I am very well—feel better than when I was up to see you.

I have just received father's letter. Glad to hear that you are so well. Get Bowling's clothes, Sophie, at any of the stores—better go to Howard and Pennebaker's—they are clever Methodists, and careful in keeping accounts.

No news of interest in the city.

Why, when I *beg* you all to write to me, often, don't you do it?

Kiss Reilly boy, and Mary for me—tell Reilly that papa will be to see him soon.

Your affectionate husband,
R. HATTON.

HALL OF HOUSE REPRESENTATIVES,
October 29, 1855.

DEAR SOPHIE:—

I send you a "View of the Capitol," which, "when we get our house built," we will have framed. Also, a Report of the Commissioners of the State Capitol, giving a description of the building, etc. I also send some Governor's Messages, which I want William* to distribute on next County Court day, when those to whom they are addressed will, I presume, be in town.

I went to church last night, and heard Bishop Cavanaugh preach a *very common* sermon. Father can beat him to death. Yesterday I did not go to church—did not get up until about 9½ o'clock, when I was aroused by a visitor in the person of a President of a Railroad, who wanted my help, he said, in aid

*His brother, Captain William Hatton.

of his enterprise—had books, papers, maps, etc., to explain his road matters. I did not get rid of him, until it was too late to go to church—could not, without insulting him. So, you see, I am not doing as well as you have a right to expect of me—feel that I am not doing as I should do.

Mr. Murdock and myself are becoming quite intimate. He is the most interesting man I have met with in Nashville.

William suggests to me, that I am too conspicuous, etc., at Nashville. Tell him, I shall act upon his suggestion.

I send you by to-day's mail a *Union and American*, containing a notice of some remarks made by me on the occasion of my introducing my *Normal School Bill*. I have some hopes that I shall be able to get it through the Legislature. If I do, shall make some reputation by it.

The House has just adjourned and I am summoned to a committee room. So good-bye, with a request to kiss our babies.

Your affectionate husband,

R. HATTON.

HALL OF HOUSE REPRESENTATIVES,

October 31, 1855.

DEAR SOPHIE:—

Your letter was received this morning. You can not imagine, Sophie, the pleasure it afforded me, to see your well-known handwriting upon the back of a letter addressed to me, or with what avidity I read and re-read every word of it. The only thing about it that I disliked, was, that it was upon a half sheet—so short. Well, it was good, what was of it, and I am grateful to you for writing it. God bless you, my dear Sophie, you are an object of infinitely more interest to me, than you have ever yet realized. I was glad to hear, that you were again "going about everywhere." I will be there to see you before a great while—next Saturday, I hope. You speak of not getting the papers sent by me. I do send them every day—hardly ever fail. So you must all give me credit. I send the *Whig* to-day, with a notice of my *Normal School Bill*. I am getting still more in hopes, that it will get through, though there are difficulties in the way. The appropriation of money

is something of which members are very much afraid! Here is the rock on which I will split, *if at all*. All, nearly, will agree as to the fact, that such a school should be established.

I went this morning to visit the High-School, of this city, in company with Mr. Meigs and several members of the Legislature—was much pleased, delighted, with the way things are conducted there. It is a magnificent school. My love to all.

Your affectionate husband,

R. HATTON.

CITY HOTEL, *November 4, 1855.*

DEAR SOPHIE:—

I was greatly disappointed in not getting home last night. The weather looked so unsettled, and I got so thorough a wetting on my last trip, that I concluded not to venture out. I have spent to-day in—sleeping, principally. Did not go to church, as it was raining quite hard. I shall go to Lebanon next Saturday, if it rains—pitchforks. I *will*—“provided I am alive, that is.” I am growing sicker and sicker daily of this part of the world. On Friday morning I went to the Capitol in a hack—stayed or staid (which is it?) about ten minutes and *had* to return to my room—was sick—stayed in bed all day and night, and most of yesterday. Yesterday evening “I was myself again,” and left my room. To-day, I am quite as well as I have been since I have been here. Dr. Gleaves has been prescribing for me. You will see from the papers, that I have been quiet in the House, for a week past—following William’s advice. My *School Bill* is favorably received. I have hopes of passing it.

Mary is well. I was out to see her Thursday night and “staid” (quoted from previous par.) until ten o’clock. She is getting along very pleasantly, this session.

I received, this morning, a large package of letters—brought me by the door-keeper. I was delighted at seeing them, thinking that *one, at least*, was from my Sophie. But, “alas, poor Yorick”—mistake! WHY, *why* do you all do thus? On reading your last letter, I was led to expect that you were just commencing a series of letters that would afford me such pleas-

ure, as, in part, to relieve the *ennui* of a life in a Hotel, away from home. You have, Sophie, grievously disappointed me. How are Reilly and Mary? *How are you?* Write, will you dear, and tell me. I am not, you will remember, scolding for your not writing—only complaining.

Kiss Reilly and Mary for me. Yourself, you must consider as kissed by me, in your dreams! Will be at home soon to kiss you in reality. God bless you.

Your affectionate husband,
R. HATTON.

HOTEL, *November 6, 1855.*

DEAR SOPHIE:—

I am quite well again. Your kind letter, received last night was read and re-read, both last night and this morning. God bless you, Sophie; a word written by you to me, affords me more pleasure, than the finest passages of Shakespeare, read by Murdock, in his finest moods. I am rising in my own estimation, in one point of view. I am more convinced, every day, that I am *devoted*, heart and mind, to my family; that their good and happiness is uppermost in my thoughts—the really *absorbing* idea of my brain.

Your sympathy for my little spell of sickness, was more than I deserved. Nothing serious the matter with me. Set up too much and took a little cold which bedded me a couple of days.

You see by the papers, that I am attending at the Capitol again—not having however, much to say. There are, however, several things coming up soon, upon which I will be forced to take part. My School Bill, Penitentiary question, Bank question, Law reform, etc., etc. I wish from my soul, that the Legislature adjourned to-day.

I wrote a long letter to Mag* last night, after reading your letter. Tell mother that I want her to be well by the time I get up on Saturday. She has but little to do certainly, to be chilling it. I regret that Reilly was so disappointed at his pa's not coming to see him last Saturday. He was not, poor little fellow, half as much hurt at it, as I was. Kiss him for his pa—

*His other sister, Margaretta, who had recently married Mr. Wm. D. Riddle, of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

until you are tired! It will not be possible for me to get off before Saturday morning, if then. If not, look for me Saturday night.

I will explain the newspaper matter, when I come up. Will order the *Whig* to be sent to you.

Murdock is still here, but I have quit attending the Theatre!

Don't fail to write to me by return mail, if it is but a line! Prentice, of Louisville, is to be here to-day. He meets one of our committees to-night on the subject of Railroads. Will be here several weeks. Gov. Helm is also here on some business. Town full of big bugs. * * * *

My love to all.

Your husband,
R. HATTON.

CITY HOTEL, NASHVILLE,
November 21, 1855.

DEAR SOPHIE:—

Your very nice present—Robe-de-Chambre—containing a long letter, was received last night. When I opened the bundle, and found what it was, I hesitated whether to put on the robe, or read the letter first. The result of my reflections was, that I should put on the robe and read the letter in it. I did so. It does finely—as large as I would have it. I felt so comfortable with it on, that I sat up, at least, an hour later, on account of it. *Thank you Madam*, for your kind attentions to my comfort! The robe shall be worn in my room, “without another coat on,” regularly.

I am still better. Dr. Peacock will, I hope, cure me. I am strengthening in my opinion, that Doctors are humbugs!

No news of importance, here. Getting along very slowly—doing but little. I am lying very low. To-day I got out to the Penitentiary to settle the accounts of the establishment for the last two years—a heavy and ungrateful task. My school bill will come up in a few days, I expect. My love to all. Kiss the babies for papa.

Your husband,
R. HATTON.

HALL OF HOUSE REPRESENTATIVES,
NASHVILLE, *December 10, 1855.*

DEAR SOPHIE:—

I expected a letter from you to-day—was disappointed. Did you get my letter written Friday? Have you gotten ready to visit Nashville? Got your things? I am tired staying here alone; hence, must insist on your doing, what I fear you dislike to do—come down and take care of your runaway husband. I was greatly disappointed in not getting home Saturday—spent the time here in my room. Went Sunday to hear Dr. Green preach—preached well—quarterly meeting at McKendree. Saw Mary Saturday night. She was very well.

We have had an exciting discussion here to-day. Railroad bill—the same that was taken up Saturday—did not get done with it. My friends say that I made the best speech of the session to-day. The world is full of flattery! Did my best! Sat up last night until 4 o'clock, investigating the subjects embraced in the bill. I am about well—have been several days—am about as fleshy as when at home—am still called bony!

Have no news—have been no where but to the Capitol and back to the Hotel. Have not turned out to Prenticizing, and been coldly received. Have not even been in the company of a lady, or spoken to one (except sister Mary) since I came to Nashville—have lived a *widower's* life!

How are Reilly and Many? The line of your letter, in which you spoke of Reilly's pumping at the cistern, brought the little fellow so strikingly before my mind, that it filled my bosom full of poetry, and my eyes full of tears. God bless him. His image is a picture upon my heart—his mother's too. My love to all.

Your affectionate husband,
R. HATTON.

The following letter, addressed to his friend and former teacher, explains itself:

HALL OF HOUSE REPRESENTATIVES,
NASHVILLE, *December 19, 1855.*

N. LAWRENCE LINDSLEY, ESQ.,

Dear Sir:—Yours of the 17th inst., has just been received. The book accompanying it, has also come safely to hand.

I am greatly obliged to you, Mr. Lindsley, for the book—wanted to see just such a collection of facts, upon the subject of Normal Schools. I will retain it, 'till the close of the session, when I will return it.

I am glad to know that I have, in my gifted teacher and friend, so zealous an advocate of Normal Schools. I am sorry, that I am wholly unable to present the subject in the manner which its importance and “sublimity” demands.

My bill passed, to-day, upon its second reading—will pass upon its third; and will, I believe, also be passed by the Senate, and become the law. I have its passage much at heart—have labored for it, most faithfully, if not efficiently. If it fails, it shall not be for want of exertion, by me, in its behalf.

I am grateful to you, for the favorable opinion of my talents, incidently expressed in your note. I am sorry that your estimate of me, is unwarranted by any developements, yet made by me.

Very truly, your friend,
ROBERT HATTON.



CHAPTER IV.

1855. Hatton as a Legislator—Punctual and Attentive—Conservative in his course—Pioneers of Tennessee—General Robertson worthy of equal honors—Bill to erect Statues to Washington, etc.—His Speech upon it—Letter to his Wife—His Thoughts and Reflections, as expressed therein—Normal School Bill—Of paramount importance—Notices by the Press—Remarks upon its Third Reading—Opposition by Mr. Smith and others—False Assumptions Exposed—The Bill Lost on its Third and Last Reading in the Senate—Attributable to party prejudice—Note to Prof. Lindsley—Adjournment of the Legislature—Mr. Hatton again in his Law Office—Goes North—Letters to his Wife—Presidential Elector—Notices by the Press—On the highway to political distinction—1856.

FEW legislators ever had more at heart the interests of their constituents, or the welfare of the State, than ROBERT HATTON. He was not only punctual in his attendance during the daily sessions of the Legislature, but was strictly attentive to the daily proceedings of that body; always giving special care to every important measure coming up for investigation and consideration, and voting according to its merits or demerits, as in his judgment, seemed right and proper, in view of his accountability and responsibility to the people whom he immediately represented, as well as the State at large. It was his constant endeavor to so shape his course, as a legislator, as to be free from selfish and sectional feelings on the one hand, and a disregard of local interests and extravagance on the other. In all his votes for or against any of the measures coming up for his consideration and approval, or disapproval, he was ready to give a reason for his course, and to do what he believed to be his duty in the premises. He endeavored to be, in the fullest sense, faithful and conservative—neither too circumscribed and sparing on the one hand, nor Utopian and extravagant on the other. All his speeches and votes will verify and bear us out in what we say.

In his speech and vote on the organization of the House of

Representatives, his object was to avoid unnecessary consumption of time and expenditure of money. In his advocacy of the Memphis Bonds Bill, he was actuated by a liberal and comprehensive view of the policy of internal improvements by the State, which, if properly pursued, would redound to her glory, and to the convenience, prosperity and happiness of her people. In this, he rose above sectional and State interests, and at the same time, fostered and encouraged a great national measure. Who will doubt, after reading his speech in reference to the subject, the propriety and wisdom of his course?

His speech, which follows, in opposition to the Bill to provide for statues of Washington, Jackson, Polk, Hugh L. White, and John Sevier, to be placed in the State Capitol, gives reasons satisfactory, doubtless, to his own mind, if not to others. His opposition had reference, too, more to the time, than to the bill itself. He did not think it proper, just then, to extend the provisions of the Bill to all the great and good men therein mentioned; after a while, he would have no objection. As for our part, we would be glad to see the provisions of the bill extend to all mentioned therein, and more too. We do think the great pioneer and Father of Middle Tennessee, General James Robertson, deserves a niche in the Capitol of the State, built, as it is, in full view of the "Bluffs," around which cluster so many pleasing, as well as sad, recollections of the noble pioneers of the Cumberland, whose strong arms and stout hearts, "in the days that tried men's souls," laid the foundations of society, where the proud City of Nashville now sits upon her granite foundations, fit emblem of the durability of the social and political fabric, thus erected by Robertson and his compeers. We hope some future Legislature will thus remember and honor the name of Robertson. The following is the

SPEECH OF MR. HATTON,

Delivered in the House of Representatives, December 18, 1855, on the Bill to provide for Statues of George Washington, Andrew Jackson, James K. Polk, Hugh Lawson White, and John Sevier, to be placed in the State Capitol.

It is, perhaps, proper that I should explain the position which I occupy in reference to the bill now under consideration. As originally introduced into this House, it contained but two names, those of Washington and Jackson;

I gave to it an unhesitating and hearty approbation. It was subsequently withdrawn, and returned with an amendment, adding the name of another distinguished man to those embraced in the bill, as first presented. Two other names were then added to the bill, when it was referred to the Committee on the Capitol. That committee have reported the bill back to the House, recommending that the two names last inserted in the bill, be stricken out. Should the recommendation of the committee be concurred in, it is my purpose to vote for that part of the bill providing for statues of Washington and Jackson, and against that part of it which adds to these names, that of Mr. Polk. I shall ask for a division of the question to enable me thus to vote. I desire to submit to gentlemen some of the reasons controlling me in this determination—why I shall cordially support one part of the bill, and oppose the other.

The placing of statues of Washington and Jackson in the niches prepared at the entrance of this Hall, contemplated by the bill, would be alike honorable to the memory of those distinguished men, and to the people of Tennessee, whose gratitude they are intended to commemorate. They will silently, yet eloquently, declare to those who shall visit this Capitol, and look upon them, in coming years, not only that these men were, in the estimation of Tennesseans, great, but that Tennesseans were grateful.

I shall not offend the members upon this floor with the inquiry, whether the memory of these men is deserving of such tributes? Of Washington, nothing can now be said, that has not been, long since, often better expressed. His most highly wrought eulogy is his most faithfully written history. Neither the embellishments of fancy, the tinselings of rhetoric, nor the aid of meretricious ornament, are necessary to render his personal virtues attractive—to exhibit him as not merely among the greatest and wisest—as *the* most wonderful of mankind, but as the purest, the most incorruptible, the most disinterested patriot that has ever appeared upon the theatre of the world. He was, sir, pre-eminent as a warrior, as a statesman, and as a christian. In his devotion to his country, he was decided and inflexible. As a friend to every public interest, he was zealous and faithful. And it was in the darkest hours of the struggles of our Fathers, for independence, that in his attachment to the cause of human liberty, he was most unwavering. For his services, he asked no reward. The love of his country was, to him, ample compensation. When his labors were no longer indispensable to their safety and happiness, he surrendered into their hands the authority with which they had invested him, and retired to the privacy of his home, leaving behind him his paternal blessing and fervent prayers for their success and prosperity, and carrying with him the benedictions of a free and happy people. We were told by you, sir, upon the introduction of this bill, that in public buildings of the European States, are to be seen pictures and statues of Washington, which you have seen gazed upon by visitors with reverence and seeming delight. Yes, sir, the despotisms of Europe have rivalled each other in

doing honor to the name of Washington. Though not adopting the political principles which he taught, they have, with at least seeming pleasure, testified to his goodness and his greatness. Nor has his name been confined to the bounds of civilization: it is familiar to the wild Arab of the desert; and by the wandering Scythian, we are told by travelers, it is repeated with the fondest admiration. And so, Mr. Speaker, I believe, will his name and the memory of his virtues, continue ever to be cherished. Yes, sir, we have the gratification of believing, that in our political sky, there is one star that can never be obscured or extinguished—it will shine on, brighter and still more clearly, until it shall be lost in the effulgence of that day, foretold in prophecy, when the light of the second coming of the Son of God shall arise!

We were also told by you, Mr. Speaker, that in traveling through France, you found everywhere, memorials of Napoleon I—statues and pictures, images of wood and of clay, of iron and of brass, of every size and of every design. The French people seem almost to have deified him. Who was he? What was he? Whether in the Court or in the camp, “in the capacity of a subaltern or an Emperor,” wearing the Jacobin bonnet or an iron crown, he was, it has been said, alike the wonder and terror of the world. With as much truth, it has been said of him, by the same writer, that “he knew no motive but interest, and worshipped no God but ambition.” He was, sir, supremely selfish; a *lust* for glory not only nerved his arm and ironed his soul, but deadened every feeling of humanity, and carried him over the mangled and bleeding heaps of his foes and his countrymen, to the altar of SELF, where he worshipped.

From the contemplation of such a character, with what pride and admiration, with what gratitude, and almost religious veneration, do we turn to the contemplation of the life and services of Washington. If the Frenchman thus loves—can thus reverence the memory of Napoleon, should we not, almost worship the name of Washington?

Will you pardon me, sir, for reminding you of a scene or two, in his life? We cannot, perhaps, recur to them too often. See him addressing his army, rawn up before him, near the banks of the Jerseys. It is reduced in numbers, to but a handful, depressed by defeat, and exhausted by fatigue—naked, barefoot, destitute of tents, and even of utensils, with which to dress their scanty provisions; and is now closely pressed by a triumphant and abundantly supplied force, under Lord Howe. Despair seems to have taken possession of the bosoms, not only of the little band, which stand weeping about him, but, of the most ardent friends of liberty, throughout the country. Desertions are, almost hourly, taking place; hundreds are daily going over to the cause of the Royalists. What is he saying? He is pleading with his soldiers not to abandon him; as he uncovers his head, and the cold blasts of the North play roughly with his locks, hear him, while he declares that his life he can lay down, but the inestimable blessings of liberty he can

never surrender; and if those who stood before him, would remain with him, they would "save their country, or be mourned by her." See him again, a few nights afterward—he has re-crossed the Delaware; surprised and captured the Hessians at Trenton; triumphed over the British at Princeton; and filling his countrymen with joy and confidence, and his enemy with terror and consternation, has proved to the world that "he had not only the prudence of Fabius, and the daring of Marcellus," but, that in love of country, he rose superior to them both.

Who is that in yonder wood? It is near the banks of the Hudson. Uninfluenced by the opinions of those who scoff at the idea that the God of the Universe gives himself any special concern about the destinies of either nations or individuals, and who make themselves merry at what they choose to term the simplicity and weakness of those who feel it to be their duty to pray to the Dispenser of all good, for his protection and for his blessings upon their country, he is upon his knees. Mingling with the murmurings of the brook, and the rustling of the forest foilage, the subdued tones of his manly voice are heard, engaged in devout supplication to the God in whom he trusts. Who is he? He, who, though he wears upon his side the sword of the warrior, wears upon his heart the image of his Savior. It is Washington! *He, who ever dared—who was never ashamed to do right!*

See him once more; the army of the Revolution is disbanded; he stands upon the floor of Congress. In the presence of a multitude assembled to behold their chief, he says: "Mr. President, having performed to the best of my ability the work assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action, and bidding this august body, under whose order I have so long acted, an affectionate farewell, and commending our country to the kind protection of Almighty God, I return you, sir, my commission, and leave, forever, the employments of public life." How sublime the picture! But comment "were worse than wasteful and ridiculous excess." Let not our view of this, his most wonderful act, be encumbered with the tawdry bouquets of rhetoric. It is enough that it hath spoken its own praise, throughout the world, eliciting as it has been said, from Sir James Fox, himself, one of the greatest men of his age, an expression of the opinion, that had any other nation than the United States, possessed a Washington, they would have deified him.

I would delight, sir, to dwell longer upon the character and actions of Washington. From my earliest childhood, when upon the lap of my mother, I was told of "George and his hatchet;" his history has been to me a continued and most pleasing study; but your time and patience will not permit a further reference to the incidents of his life.

Of Andrew Jackson, it is hardly necessary to speak to Tennesseans. The flickering taper of his life has but recently gone out. His history—almost every incident connected therewith—is fresh in our remembrance. And now, that the public mind is freed from that prejudice and passion once existing in it, in consequence of his connection with one of the great political par-

ties of the country, and which are so certain to mislead us, and prevent the formation of a dispassionate and impartial judgment, the claim of Jackson to a position among the great men of the world, is not questioned. All men, every where throughout our country, whether in the North or in the South, are proud of the name and fame of Jackson. Whether we consider him as an officer in the camp, marshaling the hardy rustic into a veteran, and supplying by discipline the absence of experience; as a hero of the bloody field, the midnight leader and guard, the morning sentinel and the gallant chieftian, in whose bright eye and steady nerves, all were to read their duty; or contemplate him in the civil walks of life, as the leader of a great party, in the politics, not merely of his own State, but of the nation, we can but accord to him the highest order of talents. He was not only an ornament, sir, to Tennessee, but reflected honor upon the nation at large.

But does some gentleman say: "We will have no argument with you as to the merits of these men. But, should we spend the money of our constituents in the purchase of statues in honor of their memory?" To such person, I would for a moment, address myself. I would remind him that the conforming customs of the wisest nations, springing always from the same noble promptings of the human heart, have consecrated the usage of doing honor to public benefactors, by some sensible token of national approval. Wherever, sir, a love of country has been a ruling principle, there the achievements of the good and great have been commemorated by statues, paintings, medals, inscriptions and monuments. Pure democracies, republics, and monarchies, have, sometimes, proved ungrateful; yet, by an enlightened, virtuous and patriotic people, it has been said, wisdom, and virtue, and valor, have rarely, if ever, gone unrewarded. Men have not only thought it proper that their gratitude for distinguished public services should be thus publicly expressed, but they have seen, sir, what we should not forget, that these evidences of public approbation have quickened the spirit of patriotism, in which those services had their birth; inspiring men with a generous rivalry in works of public utility.

But is the question still pressed, "what good will these statues do?" I answer, great good. They will be far from mere ornamental additions to this building, destitute of practical value. Yes, sir, far from it. As well might the splendid varieties of a botanical garden be considered as intended merely for the bouquets of fashion, unmindful of their healing medical qualities. To successive generations, as they rise up, and walk through the halls of this elegant and magnificent structure, and stand before these statues, they shall speak in mute but thrilling and inspiring eloquence, of courage and of patriotism, of civil liberty, and of free government—of our country, its Union and its Constitution, their glories and their blessings, and of the consummate folly and shame of a surrender of the one, or an infraction of the other. They will speak not only of the Father of his Country, but of us who would be thought worthy to be called his children—not only of him who shed so much

glory upon Tennessee, but of us, who feel proud of being Tennesseans. They will not only be eloquent in praise of these worthy men, to whom we are so much indebted, but they will vindicate us against the charge of ingratitude.

Another office they will perform. They will set the seal of our approbation, to the great cardinal features in their principles and their policy. They will imprint afresh upon our minds—and to the millions who shall come after us—they will continually repeat, the lessons of wisdom and of patriotism, which they taught during life. I would ask gentlemen upon this floor, not as partizans, but as American citizens, if at this period in the history of our country, it is not eminently important that the great national maxims and doctrines, to which throughout their lives, they seemed so much devoted, and upon the strict observance of which, they taught us, that the success of our form of government depended, should be strictly observed.

Washington taught us to abstain from inveterate antipathies, and to avoid characterizing parties by geographical distinctions. What are the feelings, sir, entertained by the great mass of the people, North and South, towards each other? Are there any inveterate antipathies? Alas, for the peace and the happiness—the honor of our country—there are too many. How common for the two great sections of the country, to heap abusive epithets upon each other, and to discover in their most indifferent actions, treachery and inveterate hostility. Is not public opinion approaching to that point, where the man of the North or of the South, who refuses to join in this indiscriminate invective, shall incur odium, and subject his patriotism—no, not his patriotism—but his *sectionalism*, to suspicion?

"The Union, the palladium of our liberties, *never* surrender it," said he whose ashes lie at Mount Vernon. "The Federal Union it *must* be preserved," was the sentiment of him, who sleeps near us at the Hermitage. Are Americans taking proper heed to this advice of Washington? To this sentiment of Jackson? It is greatly to be feared that they are not. In a paragraph which I read, a few days since, in one of our Southern papers, it was stated that more than half the papers published in the Southern States, were discussing the probabilities of a dissolution of the Union, and speaking of it as desirable, in a certain event. Yes, sir, it is a melancholy truth, that there are many persons, in both sections of our country, who, in their madness and folly, would sacrifice, upon the altar of their passions, the dearest interests and brightest hopes of our country—who declare, unblushingly, that the Union is no longer worth preserving, and, that if certain ends, which they have, respectively, much at heart, cannot be attained, its dissolution is alike inevitable and desirable. Sir, there, are men, even in Tennessee, who will talk to you as flippantly, of secession and peaceable dissolution, as if it were a matter of no consideration.

Yes, in this day of almost unparalleled prosperity—after more than a half century's most happy experience of the blessings of our Union, when our

Constitution has so amply falsified the predictions of its enemies, and fulfilled every reasonable expectation of its friends—when we have become, either the admiration or envy, of all the nations of the earth, to the amazement of every well-wisher of human liberty, throughout the world, there are those who dare to write and speak of throwing away this priceless jewel—our Union—of demolishing this foundation stone, upon which rests every national blessing—of cutting the cable that attaches us *to this anchor of all our hopes!*

With those who are thus careless of their country's glory and perpetuity, whether they be fanatical Northerners or hot-blooded Southerners, let us, by every means in our power, show to the world, that we will have neither sympathy or association. Let our prayer be the language of one of old, "may their swords enter into their own hearts"—"may their bows be broken."

These statutes, sir, will associate us, and those who come after us, with those who have gone before us, rendering brighter their virtues, recalling their services, awakening the gratitude and appealing to the best feelings of the human heart! Who has not experienced this power of association? If there is such an one he is not to be envied. He could stand unmoved upon the common at Lexington. He could sail along the shores of Erie and Champlain, unmindful of the gallant tars that sleep beneath their waves. And he, who shall visit this Capitol, and look upon these statutes, and not feel his bosom warm, and his heart expand, with the holy fire of patriotism, shall be destitute of all that is admirable and ennobling in the human character.

But I am trespassing upon the time of the House. Other gentlemen, no doubt, desire to be heard upon this bill.

I have assigned some of the reasons why I shall favor the passage of that part of it which provides for statutes of Washington and Jackson. Why I shall feel constrained, in the event the House concurs in the recommendation of the Committee, to vote against that part of it which proposes to add to these, another name—that of President Polk. I desire to explain, giving some of the reasons controlling my action.

This Capitol building, is, yet, in an unfinished state. A large appropriation is still necessary to complete it. Much that is indispensable to its convenience and usefulness, remains to be done. A library room is to be fitted up, which, according to the estimate of the Secretary of State, will cost at least five thousand dollars. When that is done, its shelves are—or ought to be—filled with choice books. Those recently purchased by Mr. Meigs, of this city, under An Act of the last Legislature, constitute but an imperfect collection. In his recent report, which was laid upon our tables a few days since, he says, that "An additional appropriation of ten thousand dollars, judiciously invested, would establish the library upon a solid foundation." The collection should be made "comprehensive and complete." "Nothing short of such a collection," he says, "ought to satisfy the Legislature of a State that is free, and is resolved to remain so." I heartily subscribe to the opin

ion of that enlightened and most justly distinguished gentleman. Here, then, is a large, necessary outlay connected with this Capitol, in addition to what will be needed to complete the building itself. Others might be mentioned, if they were not already known to the members.

In connection with the facts just stated, I would call the attention of gentlemen to another. It is, that members upon this floor regard the indebtedness of the State in such a light as to make them quite indisposed to vote for such appropriations, as they, themselves, say, they regard as essential to the most important interest of the State. Now, sir, whether these gentlemen are unnecessarily alarmed or not, it is not important, in this connection, to inquire. It is sufficient to know that they feel this way, and that, by multiplying this indebtedness, you increase this indisposition. The result may be extremely injurious to some of the most vital interests of Tennessee.

I would not, sir, be thought parsimonious. At the same time, I am not afraid of the opprobrium that sometimes attaches to *prudence*, in the outlay of public money. In the affairs of the State, as in those in private life, our desires, and generous impulses, are often restrained by the scantiness of our means. The parent, who places over the remains of a favorite child, a costly and elegantly chiseled slab, may be prompted by the purest and loftiest feelings known to our nature. Yet, if the expense of placing it there deprives those that are living, of the necessaries of life, he is not deemed wise. The cost of this additional statue, if incurred by us, may drive some member upon this floor, from the support of measures, indispensable to the public good.

Again, sir: If there is a propriety and necessity of adding the name of James K. Polk to those of Washington and Jackson, there is the same propriety and necessity for the addition of still others. I mention only one—Hugh L. White. Both are worthy, eminently worthy, of having statues placed in the niches of this Capitol, in honor of their memory. The one, no less than the other! If the one was justly esteemed and honored for his rare abilities and high moral worth, the other was no less revered and beloved, for all those lofty qualities of both head and heart, that render a man dear to an enlightened and generous people. If the one was elevated to the Chief Magistracy of the nation, the people of Tennessee, by an overwhelming majority, declared their preference for the other, for the same high station. *Between these men, sir, I can make no insidious distinction.* To do so, would be to do injustice to the memory of the one, or the other.

In selecting Washington and Jackson, out of the many great men of our country and our State, as persons peculiarly deserving of the honor proposed to be conferred upon them, the friends of no other man can find ground for offense or unpleasant feeling—the one being, confessedly, the idol of the whole American Union—the other, the special pride and favorite of Tennessee. But, when you go beyond these, the number of those, who are equally deserving of being remembered and honored by us, is increased to such an

extent, that, to place statues in this building, at present, to them all, is impracticable. At a proper time, and when it can be done without jeopardizing other important interests, statues of Polk and of White, of Sevier and of Grundy, and others, distinguished for their abilities and eminent public services, will be provided for.

My position, in reference to this bill, is, now, I hope, understood. I would, Mr. Speaker, have much preferred not to have had the necessity imposed upon me, of voting against any part of this bill. That necessity is, however, upon me. I feel no disposition to shrink from the discharge of what I believe to be my duty in the premises.

The following letter to his wife, written at their home, in Lebanon, while she was absent on a visit to her relations, in Williamson county, shows something of the private thoughts and reflections of Mr. HATTON. Although blessed with comforts, and "on the high road to wealth and distinction," he forgot not the poor, the wretched, the unhappy :

AT HOME, "OUR ROOM,"
January 21, 1856.

DEAR SOPHIE :—

I am all alone, in our own little home, by the fireside, where, together, you and I and Master Reilly, have spent so many happy evenings. It is *very cold*, out doors; the wind whistles *angrily* about the windows. I am warm; the fire blazes brightly upon the hearth. The reflection that you are, no doubt, similarly protected—that you and our dear little ones are comfortable, affords me much pleasure. Yes, you and they are warmly clad, have food, and are beneath the roof of kind and hospitable friends, amongst your kindred—should this not make me happy? It does. I thank God for His goodness, in giving to you, and ours, this night, the comforts, which, I doubt not, you are, at this moment, enjoying. How many, oh! how many, poor, miserable ones, are now shivering, almost freezing, upon the highway, in the city, by hearth-stones, not bright and warm, as those by which we sit, but dark, gloomy, cold—fit emblems of the sadness, the anxious care, the black despair, that haunts and reigns within their bosoms. "Temper," Oh God, "the winds to the shorn lambs." Forgive me for my

ingratitude! Thy goodness and mercy have followed me, all the days of my life; yet have I been unthankful. Hours and days, even weeks, have passed, without my once thinking that it is from Thee that all good gifts come. All we have, all we are, is *Thine*. The walls that protect us from the wintry blasts that now howl dismally around our dwellings, the clothes we wear, the food we eat, the very breath we breathe, are ours, but by Thy will! Teach us humility! Fill our hearts with thankfulness!

Sophie, though happy at the thought that you and Reilly and little Mary, are, this cold, freezing night, warm, and in every way, kindly cared for, by your friends, still, I am, by your absence from this fireside, affected, even to sadness. I am *blue*. I came up here, from my office, to write something connected with my court. Have not got at it yet. My thoughts are all running riot—uncontrollable!—out in the dark, cold world—with the prisoner in his cell, the stranger in his loneliness, the widow and the orphan—with the hungry, ill-clad, desolate ones, everywhere. How unequally are the things of this world divided!

No special news here, except that there was a murder committed, near town, on Thursday—one man killed—another thought to be mortally wounded. The perpetrators are, tonight, in our jail—three of them. I am employed to prosecute them—am disinclined to do it; but, as it has to be done by somebody, I suppose I shall have to appear against them. The murder was a cruel one; otherwise, I should not think of prosecuting.

I did not get away from Nashville until Sunday morning. My company, that were going to the Hermitage, left me; so I had to stay; got here at three o'clock yesterday evening; stayed all night last night at mother's; have eat there all the time; will do so until I leave. I will come out to Williamson, Saturday. Let me know, by letter to Nashville, where I may find you. Mother received a letter from Mr. Riddle, a day or two since. He and Mag. were very well. Mercury 20° below zero, at Pittsburgh. They had a very unpleasant trip; went by way of Cairo, where they took the cars. It was so cold,

that the wheels and axles of the cars broke, etc. No serious accident, however.

Kiss Reilly and Mary, for pa.

Yours, affectionately,

R. HATTON.

Of all the measures introduced or advocated by Mr. Hatton, his bill, to establish a State Normal School, was the one regarded by him as of paramount importance. He had it much at heart, not only on account of the great and salutary benefits to result to the masses of the people, and particularly to their children; but also because of his laudable desire, thus honorably to identify himself with the cause of education in Tennessee. The bill introduced by him contemplated an effective remedy for the defects of the system then, and now, in operation, and would, doubtless, have answered every expectation of its author, and proven a most liberal and benign blessing to the State. The system, once established, its wholesome and beneficial effects, would have been spread, broad-cast, all over the land, permeating every nook and corner of the State; and, in proportion to its success, and the benefits conferred, would have been the praise and reputation of its author. He labored most faithfully and efficiently, for his darling measure, and, although defeat was the reward of his efforts, still, no one, properly understanding the subject in all its bearings, and appreciating the motives and objects had in view by Mr. HATTON, will deny that he deserved success.

Regarding some such system, as that proposed in Mr. HATTON'S Normal School bill, as of paramount importance to our educational interests, and trusting that some future Legislature will have the magnanimity, the enlightened patriotism, and *sufficient love of learning*, to induce it to reconsider and pass into law, some such measure as that of Mr. Hatton; we copy the following appropriate remarks, from the Nashville *Christian Advocate*:

"The history of legislation in Tennessee, on the subject of education, is not complimentary to the State. It is a history marked by short-sighted expediency, to the neglect of broad,

matured principles. It is a history, also, of anxious regards for the temporary popularity which follows an economical expenditure of the public money, even when the interests at stake, and requiring support, are closely connected with the stability, welfare and honor of society. The State has never endowed a University or a College; and the Academies and common schools, sustained in part by her bounty, have, by no means, met the demands of the country. The good effected by them has been so little, in comparison with what was needed, that they have become objects of general complaint and frequent ridicule. Experience has demonstrated what wisdom had foreseen—that the Common School system of the State should be improved, and its resources augmented. The machinery should be perfected; wherever deficient, it should be completed; and wherever misapplied, it should be readjusted. Above all, it is absolutely necessary that there should be an increase in the element of vitality and power—an access of enlightened and executive force, sufficient to work out the noble design of popular education.

“We rejoice that this subject is beginning to take hold of the public mind, as it has never done in former times. We rejoice, too, in the hope that the present session of the Legislature will inaugurate a new era in the history of common schools, in Tennessee. We have heretofore referred to the bill, introduced by Mr. HATTON, of Wilson, for the establishment of a State Normal School, and for the appointment of a Superintendent of Public Instruction. This bill has been noticed, with great favor, by the newspapers, and by many private citizens of the highest standing; and if it should become a law, as we strongly hope it will, it will certainly be a step far in advance, and that, too, in the right direction. It may be asked, what are the objects and specific provisions of the bill? We reply, briefly, that it contemplates the establishment of a State Normal School, “for the instruction and practice of teachers of common schools, in the science of education and the art of teaching.” The expenses are to be met by the State. The benefits are to be enjoyed by persons, male and female, selected from the various counties, in numbers according to the ratio of population; and those per-

sons are to be obliged to teach in the common schools of the State, at least for a given length of time. The duties of the Superintendent of Public Instruction need not be defined, as they are indicated with sufficient clearness by the title of that officer.

“To teach and govern children—to draw out, strengthen, and mature their faculties, and to inform them with knowledge and skill—this, surely, is no light task. It is an arduous work, even for those who are thoroughly qualified for it. Its moral and intellectual consequences—its results, for time and eternity, show that the most delicate and momentous responsibilities are involved in it. In fact, he who can read the character of the children now at school, as moulded by their teachers, can divine, almost with the certainty of inspiration, the social and political destiny of the State; and, it may be, the moral and religious destiny of the men and women who will next come upon the stage of active life. How important, then, the inquiry, What are the qualifications of the teachers in the common schools of the State? Truth requires the answer, that with a very few exceptions of individuals, their qualifications are almost infinitely below the standard of mediocrity. Generally, they are young and inexperienced, without accurate acquaintance, even with the rudiments of knowledge—with no training and no love for teaching—and engaged in the work only for a season, and simply in view of the little pittance which will help them on to some business more agreeable to their feelings. The State, then, is in great need of competent teachers—persons knowing what they teach, and how to teach it—professional, life-long teachers, who will work from motives of love, duty, and honor, and not simply for money. How shall this want be supplied? From other sections of the Union? The law of self-respect forbids it; for, if the people would respect themselves, they must, as far as possible, depend upon themselves. Besides, it is the duty of the State to develop her own resources, and not those of others—to enrich herself, and not others. Moreover, persons born and raised here, if properly educated, are, as teachers, far preferable to strangers, from other provinces, and with other dialects. Strangers, as teachers,

would ridicule our dialect, and laugh at our provincialisms; and, at the same time, perhaps, would introduce others far more objectionable in their character. These arguments, though, are unnecessary, because other sections of the Union *cannot*, and *will not*, supply teachers for Tennessee. The State, to-day, needs at least one thousand competent teachers for her common schools, and that number can, by no means, be imported, upon any fair terms.

“What then? The State must qualify teachers—make them out of her own material; and this can be done properly, only by means of a State Normal School. The wisdom of this mode of qualifying teachers has been fully established in Europe, as well as in the United States. Prussia and France depend upon Normal Schools. Massachusetts, New York, and other States at the North, owe to Normal Schools, a great deal of their success in the education of all classes and kinds of society. Indeed, as far as we have observed, they have, wherever established, done great good, even beyond the most sanguine expectations. Thus, experience confirms reason in the doctrine that, with school-teachers, as well as with lawyers, physicians, etc., professional education is essential to a high grade of excellence, and a large measure of success. In view of these facts and arguments, it is reasonable to hope that the enlightened legislators of the State of Tennessee will provide for the establishment of a State Normal School. The expenses to be incurred would not be considerable, if it is borne in mind how great are the evils to be remedied, and how salutary are the benefits which would certainly follow the adoption of the measure. Those benefits, too, would be chiefly enjoyed by the poor, whose children would thus be cared for by the State; and before many years, all, alike, the sons and daughters of the poor, as well as those of the rich, would see and feel the enlightening and refining influence, which would go forth from the State Normal School, to every city, and village, and hamlet, in Tennessee. Again, we repeat the hope—and gladly would we have every christian and patriot join us in it—that this bill may become a law; and, we will add, that similar measures may be adopted in every State not already provided with schools for teachers.”

The following is from the *Nashville Republican Banner*:

"The bill for the establishment of a State Normal School, which had previously passed the House of Representatives, passed its second reading in the Senate, on Monday, by a vote of 13 to 10. We may, therefore, consider its final passage as assured. We congratulate the people of the State, and the Legislature of Tennessee, and particularly the Representative from Wilson (Mr. Hatton,) who proposed and introduced the bill, and who has devoted to its support, all of his known energy and ability, upon the assurance of this auspicious result. Mr. Hatton has thus, upon his very entrance upon public life, inseparably connected his name with an institution of vast and incalculable importance to the present and all future generations. We may add, that, from the time of the introduction of the bill, down to the present moment, the public voice, from one end of the State to the other, has steadily, and with singular unanimity, spoken loudly and earnestly in its favor, through the channels of the press."

We had intended to introduce here, the speech of Mr. Hatton upon the Normal School Bill; but, having failed to find it in the files of the Nashville papers, or elsewhere, we will present his remarks, made upon the third reading, in the House. They are as follows:

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

The Speaker now announced the special order, to-wit: the consideration, (on the third reading,) of Mr. Hatton's bill—to establish a State Normal School, and for other purposes—[incorporating the Superintendent of Public Instruction, the Secretary, Comptroller and Treasurer of State, and three Regents, for this purpose; students to pay their own expenses, except tuition and traveling to and from the Institution; to sign a declaration that it is their intention to adopt the profession of teaching, and pledge themselves to teach two years in the county sending them; authorizing State bonds, running twenty years, to be sold for cash, for this purpose—grounds buildings, a library, etc.]

The committee filled the blank appropriation with \$50,000, and \$5,000 to carry on the Institution one year.

Which was concurred in.

Mr. HATTON took the floor, and presented facts in support of the bill. It was to establish an Institution, to give instructions in the art of teaching.

It was not a novel thing. Normal Schools had been long established in the Old World, and their utility had been amply demonstrated in this country. No such school had ever gone down, to his knowledge. There were five Normal Schools in the little State of Switzerland; and it was a misdemeanor, by their laws, for a man to attempt to teach without a diploma from a Normal School. The same was true of Prussia. Without indorsing the political State policy of these countries, we were compelled to acknowledge the superiority of their system, in literature and the arts. The influence of these institutions was felt extensively in France and England. Ex-Governor Marcy was amongst the originators of such an Institution in the State of New York. This enlightened and energetic man was foremost in the establishment of the State Normal School, at Albany. There was no distinguished man, in the State of New York, who had not committed himself to the advocacy of these institutions. Soon as their influence came to be understood by the people, they were adopted and encouraged, on all hands, and there were now seven schools, of this character, in that State. Massachusetts, New Jersey, and Rhode Island, had established such an Institution, by State authority; Ohio and Pennsylvania had their endowed Normal Schools; and in no single case had there been a failure. The disappointments were in the abundant success of these Institutions. The world itself was waking up, all over, to this great truth—that teaching is a profession, and that the teacher should, in all cases, be, himself, instructed in the business of his office. Many such facts as these were presented, by way of persuasion, that the principle of the bill was right. It had been indorsed by the public press—by newspapers of every class and every party, in the State. It had been the thing of the session, with Mr. H., and he had not met with a man, outside of the Legislature, but what said, frankly, that his bill should become a law. Its approbation was co-extensive with the knowledge and appreciation of the facts connected with the subject. One of the most learned Judges of the State had indorsed the sentiments of the *Nashville Union*, that without such an Institution, our common schools would have to go down.

He then went into a review of the various propositions of the bill—the first, establishing the Institution; the second, issuing State bonds, running twenty years, for grounds, buildings, and a library. Another provision was, that the tuition of the student was to be free of charge. They were to furnish their own boarding. This was the student's own investment, from which to make his fortune; and it would be unwise to make it costless. But the mileage of the student, traveling to and from the school, was to be paid by the Institution—five cents a mile—thus placing the individual, in Carter or Johnson county, desirous of the advantages of the Institution, upon an equal footing with those residing in the same county where it may be located.

Mr. Tipton—(interrupting): We could pay our own mileage, in Carter. He did not want the gentleman to make an example of the people of his county.

Mr. HATTON: Well, he would withdraw Carter, and say, "Shelby county." By this mileage provision, the people of Shelby would be placed on the same footing with the people of Davidson.

He then went into some account of the present condition of schools in the State of Tennessee, speaking the sentiment of every well-informed man, as he declared our common school system a failure. And the reason of this condition of things was traced to the fact of incapacity, or the want of training in our common school teachers. He was obliged to confess that the State was, at this day, dependant upon the Northern States, for teachers—and those not always the most efficient and worthy; and thus, with others, he was forced to deplore the fact, that many of these teachers, coming amongst us, with all their prejudices against our institutions, were sowing pernicious Abolitionism in the opening minds of our youth. Teachers and books were both liable to this objection; and so far, they were both contemptible. And from this consideration, he drew an argument for his proposition, in the bill, to raise up teachers amongst ourselves. The necessity was imperative. We could not get teachers from the North, even if we desired them.

He held the House with many other facts and considerations, persuasive of the adoption of his bill.

Mr. Smith opposed the bill. The insuperable objection was, that the State could not supply the money. The State had been so liberal toward her railroads, her agricultural bureaus, her splendid capitols, that now she had nothing left to extend that liberality. Amongst all his duties here, he desired, most ardently, to preserve the credit of the State; and, being, himself, one of the people upon whom the responsibility was to rest, he must be excused from supporting such an aristocratic proposition as that of the gentleman from Wilson.

When Mr. Smith had concluded—

Mr. Carlock rose to a point of order. He submitted, whether it was parliamentary for the gentleman from McNairy to occupy the time of the House, as he was now doing, with a long private conversation with the Chair.

Mr. Smith replied, that he had been addressing himself to the Speaker, because he regarded him as a man of sense, and able to appreciate an argument.

Mr. Smith "desired most ardently to preserve the credit of the State." His action, in voting against Mr. Hatton's bill, contradicted his declaration. He ought to have known, (and so ought all others, opposing the bill,) that the "credit of the State," or of an individual, does not consist altogether in the ability to pay a sum of money due a party or parties—something else is requisite. In order to "preserve her credit,"

the State should enact wise and wholesome laws, to restrain and punish the bad, and to protect and encourage the good; she should provide a judicious system of internal improvements, a well regulated militia, and levy taxes sufficient to defray all expenses of government. But this is not enough to "preserve her credit,"—she must do more. She must legislate, not only to develop her agricultural, mineral, mechanical, manufactural and industrial resources, but she must do still more—take yet another step in the ascending scale. If she would "preserve her credit," *she must legislate to develop the mind*; must educate the youth of the country, upon whom, the weight, responsibility and direction of government will soon rest; must "teach the young idea how to shoot." To accomplish this end, an efficient and thoroughly trained corps of teachers is necessary. Mr. Hatton's bill provided for this, upon a comprehensive and well digested plan; provided, not only to furnish and continue one or more thoroughly trained teachers in each county of the State, but also, in the most liberal and enlightened sense, to "preserve the credit" of the State itself, the *true credit*, the loss of which ought to cause Mr. Representative Smith, and his class of legislators, to blush for very shame.

But Mr. Smith would oppose and vote against the Normal School Bill for another reason. He would beg to be "excused from supporting such an *aristocratic* proposition as that of the gentleman, (Mr. Hatton,) from Wilson!" "Aristocratic proposition!" We accept the qualifying term, taken in its legitimate sense, but not as Mr. Smith would construe it. No doubt he would hold out the idea that such a measure would benefit the rich, and not the poor, and thus render it obnoxious to some as a species of class legislation. But such is not the case; God is impartial; and He is just as likely to bestow upon the poor man's son a sound mind and body, as upon the rich man's son. These are the requisites, with application and energy, for admission to the school contemplated in the bill. True, every one thus qualified could not gain admittance, but it is from this class the selections would be made. "Aristocratic proposition!" Yes, the measure is truly *aristocratic*, noble, wise, magnanimous, enlightened, statesman-

like, praiseworthy, deserving the approbation and support of every enlightened, genuine christian patriot; and its benefits and privileges, had it become a law, would have extended to the *aristocracy*, the *nobility*, the "privileged class"—every son and daughter of the State! Would that we had more of this *aristocracy* of the mind, this intellectual nobility, this "class legislation," for the education of the youth of Tennessee. Do they not need it? Ask the seventy-five thousand adults, more than twenty-one years of age, who can neither read nor write! Ask their children, their neighbors and friends.

But, says Mr. Smith, and those who vote with him, it would require an expenditure of some \$50,000 or \$60,000, and the treasury has already been drained to build the Capitol, establish agricultural bureaus, and construct various railroads; "the State could not supply the money." With all due deference, we assert to the contrary. The State is able, or the people who compose it, are, amply so. True, the money may not be in the treasury, but that is of minor importance; it may be soon placed there. We would not recommend the issuance of State bonds, as Mr. Hatton did; we would adopt a more direct and speedy way than that of selling State bonds at a heavy discount; we would not have the State borrow the means; we would favor a special tax for the purpose. A poll-tax of twenty-five or forty cents *per capita*, would be ample for the purpose, and no one would feel it as a burden. Doubtless, all, or nearly so, would be more than willing thus to contribute to so praiseworthy an object. Where is the man, rich or poor, who would not willingly pay twenty-five or forty cents to establish so important an institution as a State Normal School. Let him who would hesitate, or refuse to do so, forego, for *once*, the pleasure of attending the circus, the menagerie, the "Ethiopian string-band performance;" let him deny himself of a quart of whisky, a plug of tobacco, or a couple of cigars! Self-denial is a personal virtue; in this case it would be a public benefit. As expressed on a preceding page, we most ardently hope that some future Legislature will reconsider the subject, and, with a unanimity of feeling, and an enlightened and patriotic action, wipe forever from the escutcheon of Tennessee, that foul blot of a failure to establish upon her soil, a State Normal School.

Mr. Hatton's bill passed the House of Representatives; the second reading in the Senate, but was lost on its third and last reading by *one* vote! Its failure was, perhaps, more to be attributed to party bias and political prejudice, than to sincere and honest opposition to the bill itself.

The following note to Professor Lindsley, without date, expresses much:

PROF. N. LAWRENCE LINDSLEY:—

Dear Sir:—Your book on Normal Schools came to me in good time. I regret, however, that all my efforts, with your book to aid me, failed in the accomplishment of an object which I had much at heart. As you saw by the papers, my bill was defeated in the Senate by *one* vote. Modern Democracy, as represented in that body, gave it but one vote. Degenerate times, these!

Truly your friend,

ROBERT HATTON.

After a session of five months, the Legislature adjourned, having left undone some things that ought to have been done, if it did not do some things it ought not to have done.

The Lebanon *Herald*, of that date, (latter part of February, 1856,) has the following closing paragraph in an article upon the acts and labors of the Legislature for 1855-6: "It affords us pleasure to state that our Senator, W. B. Stokes, and our Representatives, Robert Hatton and John T. Gleaves, have discharged their duties ably and faithfully. Their acts, we doubt not, will be approved and applauded by an enlightened constituency."

Mr. Hatton, although relieved of the labors of legislation, was not idle. He found ample employment in his law office, in the discharge of the duties of his profession. Thus he was employed until the first of the following June, when business called him North. The following letters to his wife, written from different places, will probably prove worthy of perusal:

ON BOARD THE "NETTIE MILLER,"

CLARKSVILLE, *June 3d*, 1856.

DEAR SOPHIE:—

A word on my way. We have gotten along dead slow from Nashville; all day, and only to Clarksville! Will get to Paducah about this time to-morrow. The boat is, however, very pleasant, and plenty of room, so I am doing very well. I am half mad at myself! Whilst sitting on the bow of the boat to-day, we passed a boat lying by the bank putting off freight—the *Rosaline*, I believe. Looking at some object on the shore, I did not observe the passengers particularly, until we were past, when looking at the doors of the berths, I saw, no doubt, Mr. Riddle. I bowed at him, but did not get his attention. I could not have gotten an opportunity to speak but a word with him, but still, that would have been something. I *imagined* I saw Mag after supposing I had discovered Mr R., but perhaps was mistaken. I am very sorry that I cannot be at home to receive them, and be with them. Give them both my best love.

I have read two or three articles in Harper, for June, to-day,—one (and a most excellent one, too) called, "A healthy wife—wanted." Read it. Kiss Mary and Reilly for papa a dozen times a day, and yourself twice for every time you kiss them!

I left Nashville without seeing sister Mary; hated that very much, but could not help it. Take good care of your dear self and our dear children. In haste,

Your affectionate husband,

R. HATTON.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY,

Sunday Morning, June 8, 1856.

DEAR SOPHIE:—

I got here last night at 9 o'clock, and stopped at the Gault House. Concluded, having taken a moral fit, not to travel on Sunday, but to stay here and go to church. Will leave in the morning for Cincinnati, on the cars. My trip here has been a tedious one. Was delayed at Paducah one day, and

have had to lay up almost every night on account of fog. The crowd on the boats was large all the time, but I had but little to do with it—scarcely any thing—never so much indisposed to be in a crowd.

On our getting in sight of Louisville, an elegant Kentucky gentleman with whom I had had something to say, approached and handed me his card, with the request that if I ever came to Bourbon county, that I must stop and see him and family. He then said if I would have my trunk placed with his, and see his wife—a real Kentucky beauty, aged about twenty—off the boat, he would go out and get a hack for us all. I, of course, agreed to it, and went back with him to the ladies' cabin, and received an introduction to his wife, to whom I played the agreeable for an hour, and rode in the hack with her and her husband to the hotel. This was the only time I was back as far as the ladies' cabin! Havn't I behaved well?

If you were with me, I feel that I should enjoy my trip finely. As it is, I am all the time thinking about home, and getting back there. The next time I take such a trip, you will go along—won't go without you.

I hope you and the babies are well and happy. Take good care of yourself, dear, and our sweet little treasures. Tell Reilly papa will bring something nice when he comes home.

I will go from here immediately to New York. Don't know how I shall return yet—the quickest way, however.

* * * * *

My love to all the folks—Mr. R. and Mag in particular. I do very much regret being absent just now.

Kiss the children for papa, a score of times apiece.

Your affectionate husband,

R. HATTON.

ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL,

NEW YORK, *June 11, 1856.*

MY DEAR SOPHIE:

I have just gotten here from Albany—came by the river. Having registered my name, I sit down, as the next thing—before eating my breakfast, or going to my room—to say God

bless you, Sophie, and our dear babies, and to express the hope that you and they are well. That you may be kept safe from disease, and all harm, until my return, has been my frequent prayer, since leaving Lebanon. I do believe, that it is well for a man, occasionally, to be separated from his family, and to feel, that between him and them are dangers, and that by possibility, he may not see them again. It reveals to him, (if others are like your husband,) the fact, that their presence is indispensable to his happiness. At almost every quiet moment, since I left home, the image of you and the children has been before me. More than once, whilst thinking of you, I endeavored to go to sleep, hoping that in dreaming, I might enjoy the luxury of being in your midst! I shall get through here as soon as possible, and strike for Lebanon. I am tired already of traveling. The trip has been pleasant enough, but I am sick of the fuss and press of crowded boats, and cars, and streets. I got to Cincinnati Monday, and left in an hour for Buffalo. Got there at 10 o'clock that night, and stayed until 8 o'clock yesterday—then started for Albany. Got there last night a little after dark, and went immediately, on board the mail boat, and started for New York, where we were safely landed a half an hour since. Enough of my trip; when I get home, we will talk it over.

My health is excellent. The trip will be of service to me. Take good care of yourself and our treasures, and I promise you to take good care of myself. My love to all. I will write again in a day or two.

Your affectionate husband,
R. HATTON.

ST. NICHOLAS, N. Y.,
June 12, 1856.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

I have been here now two whole days, and no letter from you. I have inquired at the office five times; so you see I have been somewhat anxious to hear from you. Treated me badly, haven't you? * * * * *

I have seen something of New York. It is certainly a remarkable place. I had but a vague idea of it. My expecta-

tions have been more than realized. There are a number of Tennesseans, of my acquaintance here—men and ladies. I went to supper to-night with a lady from Nashville—formerly a Miss Gardiner, of Sumner County. Mother knows her, very well. The Misses Spence, of Murfreesboro', are here, and I have been invited to call on them, but have not done so.

Politics pretty high up here. The Free-soil Americans are in session now. *A low flung set*—very. I was in the convention and heard them to-day, and was thoroughly disgusted with them. Saw George Law there—a great beast!

Senator Douglass spoke from the balcony, here to-night—a little, fat, ordinary looking man, and only a moderate good speaker. Cobb and T. Butler King, also, spoke.

But I did not start to write a letter, but only to say, I am greatly disappointed in not getting one from you.

Kiss our dear babes for 'papa, and be re-assured of the devotion of

Your affectionate husband,
R. HATTON.

ST. NICHOLAS, N. Y. CITY,
June 15, 1856.

MY DEAR SOPHIE:—

I have received no letter from your dear hand yet. Been greatly disappointed! Mag's letter states, however, that your eye is quite sore—too much so, I suppose, to allow you to write. I am very sorry—sorry for you, and for myself. Hope it may be better very soon, and that I may read a letter from you yet, before leaving here. It will, however, have to be here in two days, for on Thursday I shall leave here for Albany, where I have to return on business connected with the suit that brought me North. It has troubled me exceedingly, and nothing but labor, long and unceasing, for three days, has enabled me to get head or tail of it. Whether head and tail having been found, both together, will be worth anything, is yet doubtful. I will see, at Albany.

I am delighted, beyond expectation, with much that I see North; with some things not so much so. We, down South, are wofully behind the rest of mankind. In many respects the

people here are our *inferiors*; in others, greatly our *superiors*. Our people are less selfish; more impulsive. The people here, more enlightened on all benevolent and public subjects, (except politics.) I have heard a good deal of speaking here—Douglass, of Illinois; Cobb, of Ga.; and T. Butler King, at the Democratic Ratification Meeting; Gov. Johnson, Gov. Ford, and a host of others in the Abolition Convention, etc., etc.; and I have yet to hear a man, who, in force and point, and all the qualities that captivate a crowd, is equal to any one of a dozen, in Middle Tennessee. I have heard one sermon—heard it to-day—Dr. Chapin, Broadway—one of the most learned and beautiful discourses I ever heard. Read from manuscript. The church is a *palace*. Oh, Sophie, people *can not* be christians—true, humble christians, here. Too much that is gorgeous, showy—calculated to cultivate every worldly inclination and taste. It would not suit me. Rather go—yes, infinitely rather—to our little, old church, where I would see a few plain, old fashioned women, like Mrs. Muirhead, and Kelly, and others that we see there, worshipping *God*—not *themselves*—than to any temple of fashion and vanity; for such are most of the churches in large cities.

Mag and Mr. R's letter came to hand yesterday morning. Will's last night, though first written. I was delighted to see the old *Lebanon* post stamp on an envelope. Lebanon, by-the bye, is a great place. I am more contented with it than ever before—and with my dear wife, Sophie. God bless and take care of you and ours until my return.

Your affectionate husband,

R. HATTON.

P. S.—My love to all. Tell Reilly that papa will soon come home to see him and mama and Mary. God bless their little souls!

R. H.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.,

June 19, 1856.

MY DEAR SOPHIE:—

I am here, attending (as a spectator) the Black Republican Convention. A hard set as was ever congregated to-

gether. They nominated Mr. Fremont for the Presidency, to-day. I came down from New York this morning, after a stay in that city of seven days. Will leave here to-morrow or next day for home. Am a little tired of fuss and bustle—will feel quite contented with the quiet of Lebanon. Don't like a city. Philadelphia is a lovely place, but tame—decidedly so—compared with New York. New York is a world in itself—a great world, at that—and daily growing greater.

My route from here home will be by way of Washington. Can't say precisely when I will get home. My health is good—very good. Have, however, *no* appetite—seem to have no need for food. Have been doing what Balie [Peyton, his nephew] would no doubt think was hard, paying \$2.75 per day for board, and not eating ten cents' worth a day, very often.

Give my best love to all. Say to William that the letters written by him were received at New York, with their contents, all right.

Kiss Reilly and Mary for pa a dozen times apiece, and yourself two dozen times. Good bye, and may God bless and guard you.

R. HATTON.

WASHINGTON CITY,
June 19, 1856.

DEAR SOPHIE :—

I have just arrived in Washington. Came from Philadelphia to Baltimore this morning; and from Baltimore to Washington, this evening. Will stay here over to-morrow, and then put off for Lebanon. Am seeing "sights," but unfortunately for me, I saw New York first. All the rest are tame and dull compared with it. Baltimore is a beautiful place, but does not present a business appearance, at least, at present. The Washington Monument there is "*the sight*" of the city. I went up to the top of it and spent an hour. Met again, for the third time, a lady from Tennessee, formerly a Miss Gardiner. Left her at Baltimore. She seemed delighted to see me, and regretted "exceedingly" my having to leave their company! Bah! I have seen nothing here yet—got in just at night. To-morrow I

shall go round ; and when I get home, I will give you my notes. I am disappointed in the place—the little I have seen of it. Looks very common and dull.

Give my love to all, and hug and pinch and kiss the babies for papa. I saw a child this morning, that looked very much like Reilly ! I could hardly keep my hands off him.

Good bye.

Your affectionate husband,

R. HATTON.

A few days after writing the above letter, Mr. Hatton returned home from his trip North. He was not, however, permitted to enjoy many days of quiet and rest, with his family. He had, in the mean time, been appointed Elector for President and Vice-President, in the 5th Congressional District of Tennessee. This, however, was not unexpected, either by his friends or himself. The Whig and American press in this District, as well as many of the more prominent politicians, had early manifested a decided preference for Mr. Hatton, for the position, as will be seen in the following paragraph from the *Lebanon Herald* :

“DISTRICT ELECTOR.—We took some pains while at the Convention at Nashville, to ascertain from the delegates of the various counties of this district, who their preference was, for Elector. Their choice was for our able Representative, Robert Hatton. As Wilson had the Elector the last time, we do not feel inclined to *press* her claims. This much, we will say, however ; if the District sees proper to again honor Wilson with the nomination, and Mr. Hatton is selected, no man in the State will make a more vigorous, determined and successful fight.”

The Democratic Elector, in opposition to Mr. Hatton, was Col. E. A. Keeble, of Rutherford county, an able lawyer, a gifted speaker, and an accomplished gentleman. They were two champions, of opposite parties, well pitted. Both did their duty well, and both received the praise and approval of their respective parties. In heated political contests, it is difficult to find anything, spoken or written, for or against the principal actors, free from party bias, or political prejudice. So, in the case

of Messrs. Hatton and Keeble. Their political friends, and especially the partisan presses, in discussing the relative merits, or demerits, of the principles represented and advocated by them, abound too much in exaggeration or extenuation, praise or censure, "one is all right" and "the other is all wrong," to be worthy the dignity of history or biography. We could introduce much, said to the praise of Mr. Hatton, but deem it unnecessary and improper. We will give the following extract, from the *Rutherford Telegraph*, on the opening of the canvass, at Murfreesboro' :

"The canvass between these two talented gentlemen will be one of interest. We say to those of all parties, who desire a rich feast in the way of listening to public debating, to go and hear them.

"Mr. Hatton surpasses the most sanguine expectations of his party. All who knew him, were aware that he possessed extraordinary talents, but he proves himself to be a giant. We confidently look for a gain of five hundred votes, in this Congressional District, for Fillmore and Donelson."

The following paragraph, from the same paper, thus notices the close of the canvass, in that county :

"Messrs. Hatton and Keeble have been engaged every day this week, in addressing the people of Rutherford county, at different points. They wind up their appointments in this county to-day, at Pierce's Mill. We understand, from those who have heard these highly talented gentlemen, during the week, that Mr. Hatton sustains himself most gallantly, bringing forward in his speeches, a strong array of facts, that are altogether unanswerable. Col. Keeble speaks with ability, but his cause is bad, and he finds it, we suppose, an up-hill business, to defend Mr. Buchanan."

The *Franklin Review*, in its report of the discussion, in Williamson county, speaks thus :

"HATTON AND KEEBLE.—These gentlemen addressed a respectable portion of the people of Williamson county, at this place, on Tuesday last. Col. Keeble led off in a very ingenious, lawyer-like, speech, of an hour and a half, during which, he presented, the Democratic view of the present contest, in as

favorable a light, we suppose, as was in his power. Indeed, so ably and ingeniously did he scatter himself over a broad territory of principles, that we began to question the ability of our young friend Hatton, to sweep up his ashes, and again scatter them to the winds; but he had not been speaking long before our last lingering doubt and fear had taken to themselves wings, and flown away to return no more.

“There was this marked difference between the positions of the two men: Keeble was all the time *defending* Buchanan, while Hatton was *advocating* Fillmore, and charging upon old Buck. Our friend Keeble, who is a good lawyer, did as well in his *defense* of his man, as the best of his party speakers could do, and for that he is entitled to the praise of his friends; but when we say, that, in the judgment of all impartial men present, he utterly and entirely failed of a successful defense, we but say the truth.

“Mr. Hatton made the right kind of a speech, and just such an one as cannot fail to win upon the favorable regards of calm, deliberate thinking men. He is perfectly acquainted with the issues and understands perfectly, the use of the weapons, both of offense and defense; but so just is his cause, so pure is the record of his men, and so warmly are their claims responded to by our people, that he has no occasion to use the latter, in Williamson.

“His speech, throughout, was as luminous as light, and no man who wished to understand the position he occupied, or the principles he advocated, could fail to have a correct and fair understanding of them.

“Both of the speeches were high-toned, liberal and courteous, as all such discussions should ever be.”

The *Lebanon Herald*, has the following in reference to the closing discussion, in Wilson county:

“HATTON AND KEEBLE.—These gentlemen addressed a very large assemblage of people in this place last Saturday.

“Col. Keeble spoke first; and although we admit he is a gentleman of ability, he utterly failed to sustain either himself or his party. This fact, we know, is conceded by many of his friends, (the statements of correspondents to the contrary, not-

withstanding.) Hatton's speech was a masterly effort. He overturned every argument adduced by his opponent. This fact, we also *know*, and so do our Democratic friends. It is not *denied* by *any body*. His defense of Fillmore, and the American Platform, was eloquent and convincing, and *could not* be answered. We predict that he will quit this canvass with a reputation, as a debater, second to no man in Tennessee."

We could thus continue giving extracts from every county in the District, and from every paper, too, of the party which he represented, but the above will suffice for the discussions.

We find the following in the Nashville *Banner*, of that date, (Summer of 1856):

"Robert Hatton, the American Elector, for the 5th Congressional District, spoke in this city Saturday afternoon, and again at night. Great as were the expectations, which had been aroused, by the reports of the manner in which he had borne himself in the canvass, and of the frequent triumphs he had achieved over his able and distinguished competitor, he came up to them fully. The American party is justly proud of him, as one of its most gallant and meritorious champions. Good luck to you, Bob, in all your aspirations!"

Among other prominent gentlemen, of Tennessee, who supported the Buchanan and Breckenridge ticket, for the Presidency, in 1856, in opposition to that of Fillmore and Donelson, was Ex-Gov. James C. Jones, at one time the Whig standard bearer, in Tennessee, and a great admirer and disciple of Henry Clay, the *Magnus Apollo* of the Whig party, in the United States. In the exciting times of 1840-4, Mr. Jones did his party most efficient service, and many and heavy were the blows he dealt Democracy. As the reward of his labors, he was elected Governor of the State, over Jas. K. Polk, the nominee of the Democratic party. Twelve years after, in 1856, we find Mr. Jones stumping the State, advocating the claims of Buchanan and Breckenridge, the nominees of the Democratic party, to the highest honors within the gift of the people. This unexpected and rather anomalous course of Gov. Jones, was

considered by many, as a most masterly feat in political tergiversation; but the great Whig leader in Tennessee, endeavored to reconcile his course with consistency, by alleging that the support of the Democratic party, was the less of two evils; that he could not conscientiously advocate the principles of the American party; that the Whig party, as an organization, was dead; and that the only alternative was, to unite with the Democracy, for the salvation of the Government! He did unite with them, and made many speeches, during the canvass, in behalf of Mr. Buchanan, who was really the author or originator of the charge of "bargain, intrigue and corruption," against Mr. Clay, formerly the political idol of Gov. Jones.

When Gov. Jones came to Lebanon, where he formerly resided, to address the people of Wilson county, upon the political issues of the day, the friends of Mr. Hatton desired him to answer Gov. Jones, and for this reason, asked a division of time; but this was not granted. We quote from the *Herald*: "The old friends and neighbors of Gov. Jones, frequently ask us if we think he would consent to divide time with an opponent next Saturday. Our invariable reply has been—No. The Governor occupies a very ridiculous position; and it is our honest conviction that he would as soon stick his head in the fire as to have that position examined, especially before a Wilson county audience. As there is a general desire, however, amongst the Governor's old friends, here, that he should be met, we throw down the glove to him again, hoping that he may have the nerve to take it up. Our District Elector, Robert Hatton, is ready and willing to meet you, Governor. Will you accept the proposition or back out? Don't let your Democratic brethren prevail upon you not to accept this proposition, upon the ground, that Mr. Hatton is a young man, unknown to fame. He is a young man, it is true, but he's *enough* for you. DARE you meet him?"

As stated above, Gov. Jones declined to accede to the proposition of Mr. Hatton's friends, and divide time with him. Says the *Herald*: "After the close of the speaking on Saturday, it was publicly announced that our talented Elector, Robert Hatton, would, by request, address the Fillmore and Donelson Club

at the Court House, at night. This announcement caused a louder shout, and more enthusiasm than was witnessed the whole day.

"A large crowd from the country, remained, and at night, they all repaired to the Court-house, and were addressed by Mr. Hatton, for two hours and a half, in one of the most eloquent and telling speeches we have heard this canvass. He took up Gov. Jones' speech and riddled it from beginning to end. The crowd paid breathless attention to him, and every time he dug "Lean Jeemes" under the "fifth rib," which he did very often, it brought down the most tremendous shouting. Hatton made a glorious speech, and we never saw a crowd better pleased. He kindled afresh, the fires of 1844, in every heart present, and every man left the Court-house with a determination to work unceasingly from now until the election."

With one more paragraph, we close what we have to say, in reference to Mr. Hatton's services as Elector. With a laudable ambition, and legitimate and honorable aspirations, he labored most faithfully and zealously for the party and men of his choice and although the result of the election was not in accordance with his wishes, nor those of his party, still he had the proud satisfaction to know, that he had, in the Presidential canvass of 1856, ably and cheerfully discharged his duty, to himself, to his party, and, as he believed, to his country. Notwithstanding, success did not crown his efforts with the immediate object of his toils and hopes, (the election of Mr. Fillmore to the Presidency,) still, he had accomplished much for himself. He had met, on the stump and in the forum, some of the most able and gifted orators of the State, and had come out of the contest with honor to himself, if not success to his party. He had measured swords with the most powerful speakers of the day, and "shivered lances" with the giants of Democracy. He had helped to fight one of the great political battles of the country, and had returned unscathed, unhurt, undismayed at the glitter of the foe-man's steel. He had done more. He had come from the contest, an eloquent, successful and accomplished orator, with an honorable and rapidly growing reputation, and was already far advanced on the highway to political distinction.

CHAPTER V.

1856. Hatton again in his Law Office—Heavy Practice—Politics draws him from his Business—Solicited to run for Congress—Submits the matter to his friends—Letter to his Sister—Obstinacy of Col. Ready's friends—Recommended for Governor—Delegate to the American State Convention—Nominated for Governor—Notices by the Press—Prepares for the Canvass—His opponent a "Matured Statesman"—Hatton equal to the emergency—Letter to J. V. Drake—Begins the Canvass, May 25th—Letters to his wife—Reception at Lebanon—His Speech at Nashville—Close of the Canvass—Card of the Candidates—The Election—Hatton Defeated—1857.

Having accomplished his duties in the canvass, as Presidential Elector, and the election being past, Mr. Hatton was again in his office, earnestly and laboriously engaged in the dispatch of accumulated professional duties. His practice had now become heavy and lucrative, not only in the District or Circuit Courts, but in the Supreme Court, at Nashville. As expressed in his own language, of that date, "my law business is very good, and if I would stick to it closely, it would get still better." And why did he not "stick to it?" What was it that diverted his attention? Not idleness, dissipation, or gross neglect? No, indeed. Quite the contrary. He was industrious, frugal, and prompt in his attention to business. It was not from any reprehensible conduct upon his part, or upon the part of any. But it was the enchanting, and ever alluring field of politics, that dazzled his eye and engaged his attention. It was in obedience to the voice of the people, to the behests of party, that he laid aside his law books and a lucrative practice, and devoted his time, talents and energies, to the pursuit of politics, to the heat and turmoil of party strife. How wisely he acted, in thus doing, it is not our province to say. He did it, and it becomes our duty and privilege to state the fact, and leave the reader to form and express his own opinions.

Scarcely had Mr. Hatton recovered from the fatigues of the late canvass, and become cozely ensconced in his law office, before he began to receive calls, verbal and written, private as well as through the press, to become a candidate for Congress. This was not the first time. He had been solicited in 1853, and again in 1855, but declined in favor of Hon. Charles Ready, of Rutherford; and now for the third time, he was more urgently called upon than ever before, to consent to let his friends present his name to the people of the 5th District, for that position. He responded, through the *Lebanon Herald*, as follows:

MR. EDITOR:—

I am in receipt, almost daily, of communications from political friends in this District, soliciting me to announce myself a candidate for Congress, subject to a Convention. In reply to them, and for the information of those who may not understand my position, I desire to say, what I have uniformly said to those who have approached me in person, upon the subject.

Without any solicitation, on my part, my name was brought before the public. It was done by those who desired that I should be the candidate for Congress, of the Americans and Whigs of this District.

To those who have spoken, or written to me on the subject, I have simply replied, if it was desired by my party, in the District, that I should be their candidate, and that desire was properly expressed, I should run. Otherwise, I did not intend to. Otherwise, I did not desire to.

Yours, respectfully,

ROBERT HATTON.

Mr. Hatton, pursued a course at once dignified and independent, and one calculated, to still more strongly endear him to his political friends. We commend his example to all aspirants for office. Mr. Ready, or perhaps his friends, for him, had promised in the previous canvass, of 1855, that if Mr. Hatton, would not then be a candidate, but would yield the field to Mr. Ready, that the latter would not be a candidate at the succeed-

ing election, in 1857. Mr. Hatton's friends remembering this promise, did not now, of course, expect any opposition from Mr. Ready, or his friends. But promises, many of them, at least, like pie-crusts, are made to be broken. So, in the case of Mr. Ready. About the first of January, 1857, he writes to Mr. Hatton informing him, "that he expects to be a candidate for Congress, *again*;" thus early endeavoring to forestall Mr. Hatton, and, if possible, dissuade him from becoming a candidate. Mr. Hatton being a man of prudence and discretion, left the matter in the hands of his political friends, saying if it was their wish for him to be their candidate, and that desire was properly expressed, he would consent to run for Congress. Otherwise, he would not.

The following letter, to his sister, alludes to the subject briefly. We copy it, however, more for the sensible reflections expressed therein, in reference to his early life, and the method best calculated for raising up *proud* but *poor* boys. It was written just after his return from Nashville, where he had been, in attendance upon the Supreme Court :

LEBANON, TENN.,
January 17, 1857.

DEAR MARY:—

And I did leave Nashville without seeing you a second time. Why, I will fully explain when I see you. Suffice, for the present, my reasons are good. Found all well, on my return. Got a decree in my favor, in my big Harsh case, before I left Nashville; came here, consequently, in good humor. My other cases were not decided, when I left. Am now sorely pressed with my business for the Circuit Court, which begins on next Monday. We are expecting a heavy business—keeping us in court for three or four weeks. My law business is very good, and if I would stick to it closely, it would get still better. This, there is probability of my having to do, as Mr. Ready has written to me that he "expects to be a candidate for Congress, *again*." My friends say he shall not run. How it will end, is not certain. How would *you* prefer it should end? Eh!—say?

We got a letter from father, two days since. They were all very well and seem to be very happy and contented, from the way father writes. The boys* are getting on, he says, very finely. I do hope they may do well—not for their own sakes, and yours, only, but because I feel, myself, the same interest in them that I should, if they were mine. In fact, I sometimes feel that I am more interested about their conduct and success in life, than I should do, if they were mine—the reason being, that I know your happiness is directly involved in whatever pertains to them. Don't fail to frequently suggest to father and mother, the propriety of being strict and *firm* with them, in requiring them to be attentive to their business, and active and industrious in their habits. Everything depends on their growing up with proper views of life, and the necessity of their *doing something*. They are both highly intellectual. All, then that is necessary to make *men* of them, is, to see that they are steady and industrious. In this world, the sluggard is left far, far behind, in whatever he engages in. "He that will not work, and work hard, must be content with little, and learn to be humble." This is a maxim of great antiquity, yet, particularly true of the present age. Your boys are *proud* by nature. If their position in life is humble, they will never be happy. Hence, the great necessity of their being taught industry and activity whilst young. To my being forced to work hard, in Long Hollow, I attribute, in a great degree, my little success in life. Whatever faults I may have, of one thing I can boast; that is, that since I was fourteen years old, I have never spent a month in idleness. In the Hollow, I learned to work—to stand the sun, and the Winter's wind—to do what was exceedingly painful to me, at the time—I *learned to endure hardship*.

Your boys must be taught this. This is essential to their success in life.

There is no news here. Sophie, Reilly, and the boys, send their love to you, and say they want to see you very much.

*His nephews, John and Balie Peyton, the former now a promising young physician in Arkansas, and the latter, a student at law in Cumberland University.

Your namesake is improving in appearance, very much—is, really, a very fine looking child.

Your affectionate brother,

R. HATTON.

Mrs. Mary E. Peyton, Nashville, Tenn.

The friends, respectively, of Messrs. Hatton and Ready, had now gotten up quite a spicy little war of words, as to who should be the American and Whig candidate, for Congress. They well knew it would not do to let both enter the field, for such a course, would, most certainly, elect a Democrat. Mr. Hatton's friends proposed to submit the claims of their favorite to the decision of a District Convention, to be held on the second day of May, following, and requested the friends of Mr. Ready to do likewise; but they declined, saying "that it would not be treating Col. Ready with proper courtesy." He had had the office for four years, by the consent of the people, and now, it would not be *treating him with proper courtesy*, to ask him to submit his claims to a Convention of the people, who had before honored him by electing him their Representative in Congress!

"How like a mountain devil, in the heart,
Rules this unreined ambition! Let it once
But play the monarch, and its haughty brow
Glow with a beauty that bewilders thought,
And unthrones peace forever."

The Rutherford *Telegraph*, the home organ of Mr. Ready, advocated the nomination of its favorite, charging the Lebanon *Herald*, Mr. Hatton's home organ, with a "want of courtesy," and with "threatening disorganization," etc. The *Herald* said, in reply, to the *Telegraph*:

"They (the friends of Mr. Hatton) merely wish to ascertain the sentiment of the party, and act accordingly. This is right and proper. Because a man is the present Representative of a District, that does not give him a pre-eminent right to the position, against the wishes of those who placed him there. Talk about a want of courtesy to Col. Ready! Why, neighbor, the boot is on the other leg. It is Col. Ready's friends who are showing a want of courtesy. After having been twice hon-

ored with a seat in Congress, they wish to force him the third time upon the track, against the *known wishes* of an overwhelming majority of the people. This is neither treating the party with courtesy or respect. * * * * *

“The *Telegraph* charges us with ‘threatening disorganization.’ Now, neighbor, ain’t *you* ‘mistaken?’ Is it ‘threatening disorganization,’ to express the belief that Mr. Ready could not carry the District, and to say that numbers of Americans and Whigs, in this county, would support Col. Howard* against him? We don’t think so. You certainly must be ‘mistaken.’ No, sir, we have not ‘threatened disorganization.’ We have stated solemn truths, as a warning to the party as to whom they should nominate, and given sound, wholesome advice.”

Whilst the respective friends of the two most prominent gentlemen in this District, were thus sparring at each other, in reference to their nomination, Mr. Hatton began to be spoken of, as a suitable standard-bearer for the American and Whig party, for Governor. The following paragraph, from a Tennessee paper, is in reference to the subject:

“ROBERT HATTON, Esq., late Elector on the Fillmore and Donelson ticket, for the Fifth Congressional District of this State, and a prominent member of our last Legislature, is strongly recommended, by a correspondent of the *Eagle & Enquirer*, as the Whig and American candidate for Governor, at the next election. Mr. Hatton is a young man of great ability; and he rendered Memphis, and the entire South-west, valuable and efficient service, in the able advocacy and support he gave to the indorsement, by this State, of the Memphis city bonds, to the Memphis & Little Rock Railroad.”

The above, and similar notices, were, doubtless, regarded by Mr. Hatton, and the great mass of his friends, as but the momentary ebullitions of a kind partiality, upon the part of a few friends, and were received, more as passing compliments, than

*Col. John K. Howard, of Lebanon, Tenn., for a long time Clerk of the Chancery Court, at that place—a promising lawyer, and a gifted speaker. He was, subsequently, Lieutenant Colonel in the Seventh Tennessee Volunteers, and was mortally wounded, battling for the “lost cause,” at the battle of Gaines’ Mill, June 27, 1862, aged thirty-six years. He declined the nomination for Congress, as tendered by his party, for private reasons.

as the "sober second thought" of their authors. Mr. Hatton not only did not aspire to the position alluded to, but had not even thought of such a thing, as within the range of probability, especially at so early a day. His mind was directed, altogether, to the approaching canvass for Congress. He was not certain that he would be a candidate; but it is not unreasonable to suppose that he expected to be. If it was the desire of his party, and that desire was properly expressed, he had no desire to decline a nomination, thus tendered him. These "calls," and "recommendations," however, in connection with the candidacy for Governor, placed Mr. Hatton's name among that class, from which a nominee was ultimately to be selected.

Mr. Hatton, with others, was appointed a delegate to the State Convention, which met at Nashville, on the first day of May, 1857, to nominate a Whig and American candidate for Governor. The District Convention was to meet on the day following, at Franklin. Who were the delegates from Wilson county, to this Convention, we do not know. Whoever they were, they were, doubtless, instructed to vote for Hatton, as their nominee for Congress. Mr. Ready's friends, as well as Mr. Hatton's, were very obstinate, and seemed determined not to yield to the decision of the Convention, unless, perhaps, it should satisfy the wishes of Mr. Ready and his friends, by at once proclaiming him as the nominee and choice of the party, for Congress. This was a critical period, for the Whig and American party, in the District. Mr. Ready's friends seemed resolved not to give way, for any one. A majority of the party, in the District, doubtless, wished to have Mr. Hatton nominated.* If both should become candidates, and enter the canvass, and continue until the day of election, the result would be, the defeat of the Whig and American party, and the triumph of Democracy. How such a catastrophe was avoided, we shall soon see.

*Another version of the matter is, that a majority of the primary, or County Conventions, had instructed their delegates to the District Convention, to vote for Mr. Ready, and that, had Mr. Hatton's name been presented, at that Convention, he would not have received the nomination, over Mr. Ready. But, we are inclined to the contrary opinion, especially when we remember Mr. Hatton's signal success, against Mr. Ready, for Congress, in 1859.

Pursuant to the call for a State Convention, the delegates assembled at Nashville, on Friday, the first day of May, 1857. A large delegation was present, and the business, for which they had convened, was rapidly and harmoniously transacted. About two hundred delegates were present.

For the proceedings of the Convention, and the opinions of his party, as reflected by the press, we copy from various newspapers. The following is from the *Lebanon Herald*, whose editor, W. Z. Neal, Esq., was one of the Secretaries of the Convention: "We had the pleasure of attending the meeting of the American State Convention, which assembled in Nashville, on Friday last, for the purpose of nominating a suitable person as the American candidate for Governor, in the coming contest. The delegation was very large, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed among all. Every one seemed to be prepared (with a proper standard-bearer) to enter the contest with a determination to struggle for, and to win success, over the heterogeneous mass of conflicting elements which compose the so-called Democratic party in this State.

"The Convention assembled at the Capitol, in the Hall of the House of Representatives, and filled that spacious room to overflowing. The Convention was organized by calling Hon. W. H. Wisener, of Bedford, to the Chair, and appointing Vice-Presidents and Secretaries; after which, a motion was made to appoint one from each county, to report the name of some gentleman for nomination as the American candidate for Governor.

"After a short absence, the committee returned, and reported that they had found a gentleman who was every way qualified to carry the American standard successfully through the coming conflict—the name of that gentleman was Robert Hatton, of Wilson county. Upon the announcement of his name, a shout was raised which made the walls of the noble building tremble at their base. A motion was made that he be declared the unanimous nominee of the Convention, which was carried without a dissenting voice. Every one seemed pleased—rejoiced at the selection made.

"During the absence of the committee appointed to inform Col. Hatton of the wish of the Convention, a call was made

for a speech from Haskell, who advanced to the stand, and poured forth a stream of that limped, soul-stirring eloquence which has so often electrified the people of Tennessee, pledging himself to support the nominee of his party. Gen. Quarles was then called out, and made a strong, earnest, eloquent appeal to all good and true Americans, to rally around the youthful champion, into whose hands they had entrusted their banner.

“Mr. Hatton was then introduced to the Convention by Col. M. A. Haynes, of Memphis; his remarks were few, brief, pertinent; he thanked them for the unexpected honor conferred upon him, and pledged himself, to the best of his ability, to vindicate the great cause in which we are engaged. What he said made a deep impression upon the audience, and he was frequently interrupted by outbursts of applause.

“Col. Jo. G. Pickett was then called for, and addressed the Convention in his usual happy style, earnestly indorsing the nomination of Mr. Hatton. Hon. W. P. Hickerson, of Coffee, followed in the same strain.

“The Convention then adjourned to meet again at night, *en masse*, to have a general jubilee of the friends of the cause.”

The *Herald*, speaking of the approbation manifested of the nomination, says:—“The nomination of Mr. Hatton was received here with every demonstration of joy. The universal exclamation, was:—‘*The very best nomination that could possibly have been made!*’ Everybody is pleased—*except* a few hot-headed Democrats. We assure our friends throughout the State, that old Wilson fully appreciates the honor conferred upon her, and will manifest it in August, by giving the young ‘Cedar Snag’ a largely increased majority. Mr. Hatton will enter upon the contest with a determination to win. He knows no such word as *fail*; he will throw his whole soul into the canvass; he has the tact, ability, and the nerve to meet successfully any Democrat in the State; and if the party throughout the State will enter at once upon the contest, and do their duty as faithfully as *he* will do his, victory, overwhelming and decided, awaits us.”

Saturday, the day after Mr. Hatton was nominated for Gov-

error, he returned to his home in Lebanon. That night he was serenaded.

The *Herald* speaks of it thus:—"The following was furnished us, from memory, by a citizen who was present:—

"MR. HATTON.—On Saturday night last, the students of Cumberland University, learning that Mr. Hatton had, that evening, returned home, went in a body to his residence, and gave him a beautiful serenade. After a number of pieces had been played, they called him out; he appeared upon the gallery in front of his house, when Mr. Mills, a member of the Law Class, as the representative of the students, addressed him in substance as follows: He remarked that the students of the University, irrespective of party, had come to tender him their congratulations, for the honor that had been bestowed upon him by the Convention of his party, at Nashville. They felt themselves personally complimented by his nomination; that a former student of their University had been put forward as the candidate of a great party, for Governor, was to them, a source of real pride and gratification. In Mr. Hatton, they were glad to say, they recognized a friend to their school, and to themselves, as students. They were glad, too, to know, that he was a friend to the Union and the Constitution, and, as such, they came to express their gratification at his nomination, and their feelings of personal kindness to him as a gentleman.

"In reply, Mr. Hatton remarked, that they had taken him by surprise. The compliment paid him was as unexpected as it was gratifying; he felt it the more sensibly, coming as it did, from those connected with an Institution, of which, but a short time previous, he had, himself, been a student.

"If his nomination was a matter worthy of congratulation, he would say to them, by way of encouragement, as students, that, when a few years since, he entered the quiet town of Lebanon, a stranger, to become a student in her school, he never imagined that he should be put forward by his party, as a candidate for Governor. To better prepare for the duties of a country school teacher was then the highest point to which his ambition was directed. When, subsequently, the idea was suggested to him, that he would, if he desired, be made Tutor in College, he was

as much surprised as when informed of his nomination, on the day before, at Nashville.

“They rightly understood him, when they thought him the friend of their school and of themselves. He was, himself, but in the morning of life; had all the ardor, and warmth of blood and impulse, common to early manhood; he knew how to sympathize with them in all their toils, their discouragements and their dangers. They would excuse him, young as he was, for offering them a word of encouragement and counsel. Go on in your labors with industry, and a determination to succeed—triumph will certainly reward you. The poorest and least gifted among you can do well if you *will*. The richest rewards and the highest honors may be won by you if you will but make the proper exertion. *But, remember*, that he who is unwilling to labor, should learn, early, to be humble. Toil is the price you must pay for success.

“They did him but justice, in regarding him as a friend of the Union. ‘The Union, the palladium of our liberties, never surrender it,’ was the sentiment of Washington. ‘The Federal Union, it must be preserved,’ was the sentiment of him who sleeps near us, at the Hermitage. Fix them deeply in your hearts—never discard them.

“He said he had no set phrase with which to thank them. They were his brothers—children of the same *Alma Mater*. As such he should ever be glad to serve them—to give evidences, should occasion offer, of friendship to them as a class, and as individuals.

“In the name of his wife, he thanked them for their most excellent music, and for the compliment they had so handsomely paid her husband.”

“Mr. Hatton was frequently applauded during the delivery of his remarks; and as the students turned to leave, the welkin rang with three hearty cheers for ‘Our Bob.’”

Such a demonstration from the students of the University, “irrespective of party,” representing, as they did, every Southern State, and some of the Northern, too, was certainly gratifying to his noble ambition. Less than twelve years had elapsed since he came to Lebanon, a stranger, to become a stu-

dent in her school, and now he was the nominee of a great party for Governor, surrounded by hundreds of students, who had voluntarily assembled to do him honor!

The following is from the Nashville *Banner*, of the 3d of May:

"OUR CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR.—It is a gratifying indication in connection with the approaching State canvass, that while many of our political friends looked anxiously to the selection, by the State Convention, of some particular favorite as the standard bearer of the party, and were earnest and zealous in pressing the names of distinguished gentlemen, as the most suitable under the circumstances, now that the choice has been made, a general and cordial acquiescence follows, in the action of the party, and a determination is manifested, to go into the fight to win—and only to win.

"The American and Whig candidate for Governor, is a gentleman of whom much can be favorably said, and absolutely nothing disparaging. Robert Hatton is a self-made man. Upon the very threshold of life he was met by those formidable obstacles to young ambition, which comparatively so few overcome—a lack of pecuniary means and adventitious opportunities. Alone and unaided, except by the strong resolves, and determined purposes of a laudable ambition, he struggled with these adverse circumstances. The means of his own education, from comparative boyhood, were the hard earned proceeds of his own labor. His native talent was not long in making itself felt, in the circle in which it moved. Step by step, he ascended the toilsome steep—round after round of the ladder, was pressed by his untiring and undaunted step, until to-day, aside from the position assigned him, by the great party which he is called upon to lead, there is no man of his age in Tennessee, who more fully fills the measure of a statesman. Through all the scenes and vicissitudes of his life, while the natural cheerfulness, and good nature inherent in him, has been unrestrained by any affected austerity, he has ever remembered the lessons of morality which were breathed in his willing ear, by a beloved mother and venerable father, and has happily preserved an unspotted, and untarnished character—justly a guerdon which he esteems

of infinitely more value, than all the transient political honors in the gift of his fellow-citizens.

“As a fearless, gallant and able champion, and defender of the political faith that is in him, Robert Hatton, will be found the first among the foremost. Though young in years, compared to the men who are usually put forward for offices of this kind, no one who knows him, will, for a moment, distrust his ability, to fully meet the exigencies of this or any other emergency, if within the scope of human prowess. We know, that he will enter upon the arduous duties of the canvass, with a determination to win—with an abiding faith, in the justice and strength of his principles, and so prepared to do battle, that no device nor stratagem shall cheat the people of Tennessee, out of an opportunity to hear those principles fully elucidated and fearlessly enforced.

“Then let the friends of conservative Americanism rally for the contest. Let personal feelings be washed by the waters of Lethe—let war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt, be our battle cry; and *for the cause*—a great and glorious cause—let every opponent of the abuses, the artifices and the insincerities of modern Democracy, strike hands, and march on—march on to victory.”

“THE NOMINEE.—To say that we are satisfied with the nomination, would be but a poor method of expressing our sentiments concerning it. We are not merely satisfied but gratified and delighted, and so are all the Americans and Whigs, so far as we have been able to get information, in regard to the state of feeling in our party. The nomination of Mr. Hatton is everywhere greeted, with the strongest demonstrations of enthusiasm. He is regarded as being fully able to lead the Americans and Whigs to victory. He is a tower of strength. Last Summer, he contended successfully on the stump, with one of the most talented men* that belong to the Democratic party, of Tennessee. In that canvass, he showed that he possessed abilities for any emergency, and that he would acquit himself creditably, in any position in which he might be placed.

*Hon. E. A. Keeble, of Rutherford county.

“Our friends, who are not acquainted with Mr. Hatton, and have not had an opportunity of witnessing his brilliant powers, as a popular speaker, need be under no fears in regard to him. He is one of those master spirits, that can overcome every obstacle, and before whom, obstructions melt, as if by the power of magic. He is a speaker of great power, and wherever his voice will be heard, throughout this great State, he will create an enthusiasm, that will tell with an astonishing effect.

“We now say to the members of our party, throughout the State, that they need be under no fears. Mr. Hatton is destined to redeem the State from the thralldom of Democracy. Let the party everywhere, rally to his standard with the certainty of victory.

“Mr. Hatton is a gentleman of decided talents, and is thoroughly conversant, with general and State policy. In all the private relations of life, he is a *gentleman* in the truest meaning of the term. Those who know him best, are his warmest admirers, and most devoted friends.

“Some of our readers, especially those of the Democratic faith, may think that our course is somewhat inconsistent, in advocating the claims of Mr. Hatton, so warmly, as a candidate for Governor, after having preferred Mr. Ready, as a candidate for Congress, before him. We just state to such, that there is not the least particle of inconsistency in our course. We advocated the claims of Mr. Ready, because he had made a most acceptable member of Congress, and was entitled to the field, by a custom which had long been held sacred in our District. In pursuing this course, we were actuated by a sense of our duty; but all our readers know, that during the controversy, which we had with our cotemporaries, in regard to this affair, we never uttered one word against Mr. Hatton. We should have advocated the claims of Mr. Ready against any other man in the District, under the circumstances. We now say, that we are proud to see the names of both Hatton and Ready, at our mast head, and we shall certainly feel proud, in defending the claims of both; and no effort that we can honestly use, shall be spared to secure the election of both; and we now feel confident, that they will secure a brilliant triumph.”—*Rutherford Telegraph*.

"OUR CANDIDATE.—We, this week, place the name of Robert Hatton, at the head of our paper, as the candidate of the American party, for Governor. To most of our friends, it is not necessary to speak a word of his merits; he is known to all, and known to be a tried and faithful champion of American principles. He is yet a young man, and has worked his way to his present proud position, by the force of his own genius, and the purity of his private and public character. Surrounded in early youth, by none of those happy circumstances which afford the means of advancement, he saw the way to distinction open before him, with numerous obstacles in the way, and he at once resolved to surmount those obstacles. Slowly and patiently he toiled, and higher and higher, he rose, until he now finds himself called by a great party, to take their standard, and bear it in the coming battle, against a powerful and well organized foe. How well he will perform this duty, the past with its trials will sufficiently tell. Devoted to the pure principles of the American party, he has never shrank from any obligation, or failed even in the smallest duty to that party, and his voice has often been heard in vindication of the rights of the American people. With his shining talents and undoubted courage, with youth and vigor and an unconquerable will, he will go forth to the battle, and stripping though he be, the Goliath of Democracy will be made to bite the dust.

"Proud of his genius, and his moral worth, the American party will rally around their standard-bearer, and strong in the principles of truth, and the righteousness of their cause, will march straight on to victory. We predict an enthusiasm for Bob Hatton, such as Tennessee has not lately witnessed, and which will insure his election in August next."—*Franklin Review*.

"MR. HATTON.—We to-day, hoist the name of Robert Hatton, of Wilson county, as our candidate for Governor, he having received the nomination of the Convention on the 1st inst., which assembled in Nashville, for the purpose of nominating a candidate.

"After the declension of our own distinguished fellow citizen, Col. Matt. Martin, we know of no man in Tennessee, that we

would have preferred to Mr. Hatton, as our candidate. We therefore, most heartily, concur in the nomination, and what little ability we possess, will be earnestly exercised in his behalf.

"From the debut of Mr. Hatton upon the political carpet, we have watched him in all his actions, and the closer we have scrutinized his conduct, the more thoroughly have we been convinced, that he was a gentleman of superior intellect, unwavering firmness, great moral integrity, purity of character; and above all, one of the most fearless champions of our cause in Tennessee. It is true, he has been but a short time in politics, sufficiently long however, to endear himself to every member of his party, possessing at the same time, the respect of his political opponents."—*Shelbyville Expositor*.

"THE AMERICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR IN TENNESSEE.—We are informed by telegraph, that Col. Robert Hatton, was unanimously chosen, as the American candidate for Governor, by the Convention assembled at Nashville, on Friday. We have not yet received the details of the proceedings of the Convention. Col. Hatton was one of the Fillmore Electors, last year, in Tennessee, and did yeoman's service in the canvass. He is a gallant gentleman, an eloquent speaker, and an able debater; and, better still, he is a zealous and enthusiastic advocate of the principles and policy of the American party. Gen. Haskell, Col. Pickett, and other prominent Americans of our sister State, were present in the Convention, and made speeches.

"The canvass in Tennessee, is now fairly opened. Col. Hatton is a worthy and gallant standard-bearer of the American cause, and he will undoubtedly carry its banner in triumph through the whole State. His ability as an orator and a statesman is greatly superior to that of his opponent, Mr. Harris, and it will need only a through organization of the American party of the State to make their candidate the Governor, and to redeem Tennessee from the grasp of squatter-sovereignty, alien suffrage Democracy."—*Louisville Journal*.

HARRIS AND HATTON.—*The Coming Struggle*.—Within two hours after the latter gentleman had accepted the American

nomination, he was making preparation for the canvass. We presume that General Harris has his armor on. If his organs are credible, he 'leaped, Minerva-like, full panoplied for war, from the brain' of thundering Democracy. It follows that these gentlemen will meet at a very early day. We are anxious to see them on the stump; each party is confident of the strength of its champion, and the contest will, of course, possess unusual interest. There will be no dodging, and none of the low demagoguism of Andrew Johnson, used in this race. Two *gentlemen* take the field, and the eyes of the nation are upon them.

"For the first time, Americanism and modern Democracy meet each other in a *fair*, hand to hand contest. Gentry was a self-constituted nominee, and Johnson bullied at, and beat him. Wise canvassed Virginia with great skill, energy and eloquence, without an opponent to meet him. Mississippi was originally sold to the *Dutch* and the Rothchilds, but Hatton is Harris' equal, if not his superior, and he is the universal choice of his party. He comes before the people with the indorsement of one of the largest and most respectable Conventions that ever assembled in the State.

"The party was defeated in the late Presidential election; and in this alone, does Mr. Harris possess any advantage over Mr. Hatton. But he cannot raise the cry of 'no chance' for Hatton, as was said of Fillmore; Polk beat Cannon, in this State, 12,000 votes; Jones, at Bob Hatton's age, beat Polk at the very next election. Jones was from Wilson, so is Hatton. Jones was tall, lean and thin, so is Bob Hatton; Jones was a Presbyterian from boyhood, Hatton is a Methodist; both had peculiar elements of success, and both had made their marks in the Legislature, and as Electors, and this was all that was known to the world at large, of either of them. Their intimate friends claimed for Jones, as such now do for Hatton, greater powers than are ordinarily given to men. Altogether, this will be, in all human probability, the most fiercely contested struggle known in Tennessee, since the memorable days of Polk and Jones."—*Family Visitor*,

“ROBERT HATTON.—When it was announced, some days since, that this gentleman had received the nomination of the American party of Tennessee, for Governor, we confess that we had some doubts as to the policy of the nomination. We had the pleasure at one time—whilst a student in the Law Department of the Cumberland University—to know Mr. Hatton personally; and so far as his capacity and fitness for the office is concerned, we knew that he was the man. We thought, however, that his comparative youth, and short career as a politician, would probably militate against him in those remote parts of the State where he is not so well known, as in his own district. In this, however, if we may judge from the enthusiastic indorsement given him by papers from all parts of the State, we are happy to see that we were mistaken.

“We know of no man in Tennessee who could fill the office of Governor better than Mr. Hatton. We sincerely hope that those men of the same capacity, entertaining the same *honest* opinions, will be elevated, or rather will elevate the office of Governor of this State.”—*Okalona (Miss.) News*.

“HON. ROBERT HATTON.—We know Hatton well, having been College-mates together. Even then he gave promise of the career which has opened so brilliantly before him since. Last year he was one of the Fillmore Electors in Tennessee, and now, although not more than thirty-two years of age, he is honored by his party with the nomination for Governor—a tribute to his unwearying industry, his forensic abilities, and his fervid eloquence. The Democracy are in power in Tennessee, and their strength has been much augmented by the administration of the present Governor, Andrew Johnson; but if they *can* be beaten, Bob Hatton will bring that calamity upon them in August.”—*St. Louis News*.

The above must suffice. We might introduce similar notices *ad libitum*, both from within and without the State, were it necessary.

The observant reader has, doubtless, already discovered the means by which the political disaster that was about to befall

the Whig and American party in the Fifth District, was averted. The nomination of Mr. Hatton for Governor removed at once the difficulty, and secured the necessary harmony. Whether this consideration exerted any considerable influence in behalf of Mr. Hatton, in the Convention, we are not aware—it certainly did not do him any injury.

Mr. Hatton having accepted the nomination thus tendered him, began at once, with characteristic energy, his preparation for the canvass. His opponent, Hon. Isham G. Harris, was much older in years than himself; he had had some considerable experience in public life, having been a Member of Congress, besides filling other important posts of honor. He was, in short, an able, accomplished, and experienced politician—"the matured statesman,"—as claimed by his party. Mr. Hatton was a young man, not thirty-one years of age. He was, for his age, a very good lawyer, and quite successful in his practice; he had filled but two political offices of trust and honor; he had been a member of the State Legislature, and Presidential Elector: in both of these he had acquitted himself with signal success—with honor to himself, and satisfaction to his party. He had exhibited such rare abilities, such a thorough knowledge of the great field of politics, such masterly skill and energy in the accomplishment of his public duties, that not a doubt was entertained of his fitness for the high position to which he now aspired, or of his ability to successfully cope with his competitor in the approaching Gubernatorial canvass of Tennessee.

The writer hereof, being an admirer and friend of Mr. Hatton, and having heard through the *Louisville Journal*, of his nomination, wrote to him from Kentucky, where he was then sojourning, congratulating him upon his unexpected nomination by the Whig and American party for Governor of the State, and not for Congress, as had been considered probable. Mr. Hatton responded a few days before leaving Lebanon for Camden, to open the canvass, as follows:

LEBANON, TENNESSEE,
May 14, 1867.

J. V. DRAKE, ESQ.:—

Dear Friend:—Yours of the 10th inst. has just been received; I was very glad, indeed, to hear from you. Would have preferred you had told me more of how you were, yourself, getting on in the world. Well, I hope. I need hardly say that you have now, and have had, since I first knew you, as a saddler apprentice,* working one-half the day, and going to College the other, my warmest friendship and best wishes for your success in life. May God bless and prosper you in all your undertakings in the world.

When I get time I will write you again; at present, I am heels over head in papers, getting ready for my canvass.

In great haste, your friend,

R. HATTON.

The above was received on the 19th of May, 1857. How little we thought then, that just nine years and eleven months, to a day, we would be copying it into the "life" of its author. But so it is. Oh, how much more do we appreciate kind words, when the heart that prompted them beats no more, and the hand that penned them, is still in the grave!

The canvass between General Harris and Mr. Hatton began at Camden, West Tennessee, on the 25th of May, but little more than three weeks after the nomination of the latter. It is not our intention to follow the candidates through the State, to their various places of appointment. Nor shall we quote the partisan correspondents of the press, to ascertain, or show how they progressed, what was the success of Mr. Hatton, and the

* We were not exactly a "saddler apprentice," as expressed by Mr. Hatton. We had learned something of the "trade" before starting to college, and it was, by laboring thus, that we were enabled to pay our board, lodging, etc., after we did start. We studied at night until 10 o'clock, and from 5 A. M. until 9 A. M., preparing our lessons; recited from 9 A. M. until 1 P. M., then went to dinner. The balance of the afternoon was spent in the shop, *working at the trade*. In this way, we proceeded for months. We were thus employed by D. A. Hancock, Esq., a kind and liberal-hearted gentleman, then of Lebanon, Tennessee, but now of Texas.

reputation he made before the people, as an orator and a political debater. Suffice it to say, he fully sustained himself—came up to the measure of the stature marked out for him, by his friends, in the outset of the canvass.

The following letter, to his wife, will give us an idea of the first week's progress:

MEMPHIS, *May* 31, 1857.

DEAR SOPHIE:—

I have just returned from the Methodist Church, where I heard Mr. Temple preach. At ten o'clock to-day, I went to hear Mr. Bryan, the Cumberland preacher. So I have done pretty well, to-day, havn't I?

Well, I have finished one week of my canvass. Am in better health than when I began to speak, except that I am a little hoarse. The evening after our first speaking, I drove ten miles, in a hard, beating rain. This chilled me, and made me hoarse, and I am not entirely free from it yet; am much better, however, to-day. As I do not speak to-morrow, I think I shall be well by Tuesday. I leave here to-morrow, for Somerville. My friends profess themselves very well satisfied with my efforts. I think I am getting along with him (Harris) as well as I did with Keeble. Our party are wide awake, and are going to make a hard fight. I have no doubt, now, of being able to go through my entire list of appointments, though it will be hard work.

I got your letter yesterday, as I was going to the speaking. Was delighted to hear that you, and our dear children, were well. Do be cheerful and happy, and have no fears but that I shall take good care of myself. I think of you a thousand times a day—never wanted to be with you and our dear babes, more than at present.

The attentions paid me are flattering; but, still, I care but little for them. They afford me *no* pleasure. I have been pressed to go to a great number of private residences here, but have gone to none—have not felt like it. Will go out in the morning, to a place or two, before starting off.

I find Rains* an exceeding pleasant fellow, to travel with—
is just such a man as I need. * * * * *

You must write to me, at least twice a week. *Don't fail.* In
my fatigue and exhaustion, nothing will prove so good a tonic
as a letter from Sophie. See to it, my dear wife, that I am not
disappointed in getting it.

* * * * *

I am interrupted. [Somebody called to see him.] Good-bye,
and God bless and take care of you and our sweet children,
until we meet. Kiss Reilly and Mary, a dozen times a day, for
papa.

Your affectionate husband,

R. HATTON.

P. S.—Got a letter from Sister Mary, yesterday, also, with a
great deal of good advice in it, for which I am thankful. She
is a noble woman. R. H.

Read the above postscript again, you who have sisters to ad-
vise you, and learn a lesson. What a great thing for a man to
have some one to advise him, in affection! and how much
greater, to be thankful for it! Such was the case with Robert
Hatton.

We give, below, another letter, from Mr. Hatton to his wife,
which speaks of, probably, the most exciting affair of the
canvass—I mean, the difficulty, or rencounter, between General
Harris and Mr. Hatton, at Fayetteville. Mr. Hatton speaks for
himself; and we would rather take his version of the affair than
that of any of the newspaper correspondents, of either party.
It is as follows:

ATHENS, *June 21, 1857.*

MY DEAR WIFE:—

I know, Sophie, you have felt a good deal of uneasiness
about me, since we parted, both on account of my health, and

*James E. Rains, son of Rev. John Rains, of Nashville, Tenn., one of the most
sprightly and promising young lawyers of the State, and, at the beginning of the
late war, Attorney General for the Nashville District. He rose to be a Brigadier
General in the Confederate army, and fell, leading a charge, at the battle of Mur-
freesboro', 1st of January, 1863, aged twenty-seven years.

on account of the difficulty General Harris and I had at Fayetteville. It has all been, however, satisfactorily adjusted, and the General is more friendly to me than he has ever been, since we started. The thousand-and-one stories—lies—that have been circulated about it, have troubled you. Pay no attention to them. I came out of the *whole* affair, without the smell of discredit or dishonor upon me. My opponent has hurt himself, seriously, by it—no doubt, seriously regrets the affair. I was not hurt, one particle; not a hair of my head was ruffled; not a bruise was left on me; was not hit by him but once, and that was on the shoulder, at the beginning of the difficulty. I got, decidedly, the better of him in the fight; and the advance, for an adjustment, was made by his friends, to mine. So, he got into a fight, without cause—got the worst of it, and then his friends made the proposal for stopping it. I continue to make the same speech that gave rise to the fight, and he takes no exception to it.

I am getting along finely, in speaking. Hurt Harris badly, yesterday, here, and the day before, at Cleveland. His party are “down in the mouth,” and ours are in the highest spirits—delighted at the results of our discussions. Brownlow was with us, at Cleveland, and here, yesterday—went home in a great glee.

Don't fear for me, my darling wife. I am taking good care of myself, and expect no further difficulties, with anybody. My horses are doing finely, and we are taking good care of them. They will carry us through the State.

* * * * *

Tell Jimmie Reilly that I thank him for his letter, and that he must write to me often. His letter was very well expressed, indeed, and very gratifying to me. I wish I could see “old Mr. Scott,” to thank him for his hospitalities, extended to you, on your return from Pulaski. I was blue as a rat, the evening we parted—did not get my eyes dry, for miles—was, for once, unmanned, at leaving you. God bless you, my wife; you are my very life. Without you, I feel, this bright Sabbath morning, that I would not want to live, myself. May you be spared to me, so long as I shall live, is my most earnest prayer.

I got two letters from Lebanon, yesterday—one from Gollday, and one from Tarver. Nothing strange going on, there. They send me cheering news, of the way my prospects for a largely increased vote are brightening; say my friends, in Wilson, are wide awake, and in the finest spirits.

Give my love to Dr. Thompson and family, and all our relations, in Williamson and Maury. Write to me, my dear, just as often as you *can*. You have no idea of the anxiety I feel to hear from you. Kiss Reilly and Mary, for me, a hundred times. I feel that if I could once more be quietly at home with you and them, that I *never* would be willing to be separated from you again. Tell Reilly that papa will bring him and Mary something nice when he comes. The statement, in Jimmie's letter, that Reilly had a new prayer, which he repeated every night—a prayer for his papa—made the tears run freely down my cheeks, when I read it; and I could not repress the audible exclamation, God bless the child!

Do not fail to write to me, often; don't fail, if you would add to my comfort, during my arduous labors. Nothing does me so much good. Good-bye, dear Sophie.

Your devoted husband,

R. HATTON.

We will give but one more letter, written while upon this canvass. It is as follows:

DANBRIDGE, *June 26, 1857.*

MY DEAR WIFE:—

I have just gotten into town, having had a warm ride of it; and, having a moment of quiet, at a private house, I devote it to you. My health, Sophie, is still good—as good, or better, than it was when I left you, at Pulaski. I am a little hoarse, but not enough to interfere with my speaking. Harris and I are getting along, very pleasantly. He is a great deal more pleasant, now, than he has been, before, during the canvass. In our speeches, we come off, just about as we did, before getting to East Tennessee. My friends, everywhere, express themselves as pleased, and show, by their looks, that they are.

The Democrats are disappointed in Harris. So much for politics.

Now, dear wife, let me say, that, *never* have I so much desired to see you, and our children, as at present. You and they are in my thoughts, continually. I held your picture in my hand, gazing at it, all the way to town, this morning. God bless you, my dear wife; you have but a faint idea of my devotion to you. The good opinion of my fellow-man, the honors of public life, have some fascination for me; but they fail—wholly fail—to supply the place of my darling Sophie, whose kindness and affection, whose generous love, is, to me, worth more than all the world beside. Away from you and our children, I can never be happy. Never! Of this I have never been so well convinced as during this canvass. Our little, humble, home is the place for me. There, with you, and Reilly, and Mary, why should I *not* be happy? I have been, I shall be, again, if God spares our lives. * * * * *

Don't, dear wife, be uneasy about me. I am getting along, finely—my health being very good, and the people very kind to us, indeed, everywhere we go. Our horses are doing finely—are as fat as when we left Pulaski.

Mr. Rains was a little unwell, last night, but is quite well this morning. He is exceedingly kind to me. We will get to Lebanon, Saturday night, after speaking at Carthage, and remain until Monday morning. My time is out—I have to go to the stand.

Good-bye, my dear wife. God bless and guard you, and our darling children, until we meet. Do write, *often*.

Your devoted husband,

R. HATTON.

Mrs. S. K. Hatton, Lebanon, Tenn.

As promised in the above letter, Mr. Hatton arrived at Lebanon, on Saturday night, the 18th of July, and was received in a style as complimentary as it was unexpected, and must have been peculiarly gratifying to him and his friends. The *Herald* speaks of it thus:

“The most brilliant and complimentary reception we have

ever witnessed, was the Hatton reception, of Saturday night last—brilliant, from the style in which it was gotten up, and complimentary, because it was a warm and hearty outburst of popular gratitude to a gallant soldier, just returned from an arduous and heated campaign. Early after night-fall, the martial notes of the drum and fife called our citizens to the Public Square, where a procession, of eight hundred or a thousand, of the good and true, was formed, with banners and transparencies, one of which had upon it, a life-like portrait of "OUR BOB," being borne in triumph to the Capitol, by an *American* eagle. They marched to the residence of Dr. J. N. Cartwright, on the Carthage Pike, and, about ten o'clock, returned to the Square, escorting Col. Hatton. He was then welcomed by a most brilliant illumination, fire-works, the booming of cannon, and the joyous huzzas of the multitude. He was stopped in front of Hare's Hotel, the porches of which were thronged with the beauty of Lebanon; and, on behalf of the citizens, E. I. Golladay, Esq., in a most tasteful and eloquent address, tendered him their welcome and thanks, closing by proposing three cheers for the peerless Hatton, which was met with real zest. Col. Hatton made a brief, but feeling reply. He said he heard that a few of his friends spoke of meeting him, but was wholly unprepared for this most overwhelming evidence of their friendship; that he had no language to express his thanks and emotions. Coming, as he did, worn and wearied, from a laborious struggle, for the establishment of the principles of American freedom, to steal a few hours' rest, with the 'loved ones at home,' he had not anticipated such a demonstration of popular feeling, and hoped they would pardon him, if he failed to embody in mere words, his deep feelings. He paid the ladies some most sparkling and handsome compliments, for which he received a shower of bouquets. He was then escorted to his home, amidst the joyous acclamations of the multitude. The people of Old Wilson are proud of Col. Hatton, and they don't care if the world knows it.

"On the return of the procession to the Square, Mr. Rains, being loudly called for, appeared on the stand, and made one of the happiest and most entertaining speeches we have ever lis-

tened to. He spoke, most feelingly and encouragingly, of the canvass, up to this point. Rains is a fine speaker, and a talented young man; he is destined to fill a large place in the public eye, at no distant day. He made us all happy; and we believe, if we but do our duty, up to the 6th of August, the State is ours, and Bob Hatton is Governor for the next two years."

The *Herald*, in another paragraph, says:

"At the conclusion of Col. Hatton's remarks, Col. Jordan Stokes appeared upon the stand, bearing in his hands some beautiful bouquets, arranged by the ladies of Lebanon, and a lovely wreath, woven by the ladies of the Hermitage District, and, in a chaste and beautiful address, gave expression to the sentiments and feelings of the fair donors, who, through him, tendered them to Col. Hatton, as a testimonial of their appreciation of his worth, and a feeble return for the noble and gallant services that he had been rendering his party, in the arduous canvass in which he had been engaged, with his able and distinguished opponent. Col. Hatton responded briefly, eloquently, and feelingly. At the close of his response, the crowd arose, with a loud and prolonged shout for 'Our Bob,' and dispersed, nearly everybody happy."

On the following Monday, Mr. Hatton proceeded to Nashville, and on Wednesday, the 22d, he made the last speech of the canvass. As this speech is, substantially, the same as those made throughout the State, and embraces and exhibits all the important issues, we here introduce it, as we find it in a supplement to the *Memphis Eagle & Enquirer*:

SYNOPSIS OF THE SPEECH OF ROBERT HATTON,

AMERICAN AND WHIG CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR,

Delivered at Nashville, July 22, 1857.

My competitor, said Mr. Hatton, according to custom, has set up large claims for the Democratic party upon the country, calling it the National Democracy. Because the country has withstood the evil influences of Democracy, and continued, in spite of it, to prosper, he argues, that to Democracy is to be attributed all its success, its growth, and the happiness of its people.

But is it a National party? Upon but one question of National policy is it National—the Independent Treasury. Are they for or against the building of the Pacific Railroad out of the National Treasury? I have asked Gen. Harris this question forty-five times in the presence of the people. His mouth has been hermetically sealed—no answer has he given. Like the sheep before the shearer, he is dumb. Are they for or against internal improvements by the General Government? The Cincinnati Platform says no; the Democracy in the Senate, say, by their votes, yes. Which is right? Mr. Guthrie, the recent Secretary of the Treasury, was for protection for protection's sake, as were many Democrats upon the floor of Congress. Another portion declare free trade to be the true Democratic theory. One wing of the party avow squatter sovereignty in the territories, whilst another denounces it as a dangerous heresy, worse than the Wilmot Proviso. President Pierce and a Democratic Senate, gave away, last year, 23,000,000 acres of public lands. General Harris says that is not Democracy; that Democracy does not favor that policy; yet he speaks of the harmony and nationality of his party. *They agree but in name*, and in a purpose to hold on to the offices of the Government. He challenges me to give an instance where the Democracy of the North have not stood by and protected the rights of the South. I will give him one in the last Congress: upon the Minnesota Bill, every Northern Democrat, but two, voted *with the Black Republican party, and against every Southern Democrat*. The Bill contained a clause, which Seward said was the best of Wilmot's provisos; which, if attached to all the territorial bills, would prevent another slave State ever being formed out of our public domain. Here, Abolitionism and Northern Democracy were in each other's embraces, defying the Southern Democrat and Whig and American, and triumphing in their iniquity.

But, with a view of testing the confidence of my competitor in the soundness of the Northern Democracy upon slavery, I have more than forty times asked him if he would indorse them upon the subject of slavery in the territories. If they were sound, there would be no danger—if they were not, there might be. And, notwithstanding all his declamation about their soundness, he has never yet had the nerve to say,—I indorse them. The reason is manifest. He knows that they have avowed a theory on the subject of slavery in the territories, that is the worst species of free-soilism.

To-day, said Mr. Hatton, his President and his appointee, Mr. Walker, are pursuing a course, in Kansas, that I challenge him to approve. They are rivalling the Black Republicans in their purpose to make it free territory. Will he indorse them? He will not dare to do it. Yet, this is that same James Buchanan of whom we heard so much last Summer. He is the same man that Southern Democrats declared was sound, and could be fully relied on to protect Southern rights. Now, the more independent of the Southern Democracy are denouncing him as faithless and false to the South.

My competitor says there is a contest going on in the North between the

Black Republicans and the Democracy. There is. About what? Just now, it is about who shall deserve the credit of making Kansas free. Mr. Douglas' organ says, "she will not owe her freedom to the Abolitionists, but to the National Democracy—Northern and Southern."

General Harris has consumed a good portion of his time to-day, in talking about secrecy, and signs, and oaths, and arguing to show that they are objectionable. I have been in the habit of saying to him, that if he thought it becoming the dignity of our discussions to spend his time in this species of miserable child's-play—talking of forms and ceremonies and other things which he knew had now no existence, I should not object; but, that if he expected to thus draw me away from the discussion of questions of interest and importance to the people, he was greatly mistaken.

All I have to say about the former secrecy of the American party, is, that it was once, by its members, deemed expedient. Subsequently, when it was no longer thought necessary, all secrecy and forms were abolished. The Continental Congress, once, had secret sessions, and signs and oaths. Afterwards it was thought prudent to abolish them, and it was done. Had my competitor lived in that day, he, no doubt, would have taught our fathers better—made them ashamed of themselves.

But, says General Harris, your party is weak. If true, is that a sufficient reason why its principles should not be adopted, if correct? The same character of argument was used by the Tories in the days of our Revolution, to induce our fathers to abandon the struggle they were making for freedom. King George is strong, his armies are powerful. The Colonies are weak, and the troops of Washington are deserting him, was the substance of their appeals. By our ancestors they were spurned, as reasons unworthy to influence men who had rights, and had spirit to maintain them. Does such reasoning deserve more respect at our hands? Fillmore received near one million of votes, cast by bold and fearless freemen, who were then, amidst clouds and discouragements, willing, come triumph or defeat, to battle for the right; and who are still with their harness on, and their banners over them, ready and determined to continue to struggle for the establishment of principles which they deem essential to good government—essential to our very liberties themselves.

But, says my opponent, your party put Hale in the Senate. Yours, General Harris, did the same thing years before. Your party elected Wilson to the Senate, says General Harris. His party, in the same State, elected Sumner to the Senate, a much abler, and more dangerous man. Your party filled the House of Representatives with men who elected Banks, Speaker. He was elected by virtue of a resolution of Mr. Smith, of Tennessee, a Democrat, who is now arguing in this canvass, to show that Banks made an excellent Speaker.

He (General Harris) argues that if Buchanan had not been elected by the people, Fremont might have been elected by the House of Representatives,

and the country been to-day in flames. Now, General Harris, if he has informed himself, knows Fremont stood no chance for an election in the House. The organ of his own party, the *Union*, as well as that of Fremont, the *Era*, at Washington, both stated this previous to the election. Yet, with a view of alarming you, he holds up a scare-crow, and says, are you not glad Buchanan was elected?

Having disposed of this part of my competitor's speech, I now invite your attention, said Mr. Hatton, to the land question.

Mr. Hatton said, his competitor, General Harris, had made an effort to impress those present with an idea that there was nothing practical in the land question discussed by them; that it was an old question, recently galvanized, only for effect, in this canvass. In this position, General Harris differed very widely from his own party organ, the *Union and American*. That paper, but recently, had said, that "in the unceasing din of slavery agitation," "much that is valuable in legislation, and important to the country, has been measurably neglected. Other questions and interests are now pressing themselves upon the attention of the people, and earnestly demanding their attention." "Among these," says that paper, "is the present corrupt, fraudulent, and piratical land policy, which seems to be fattening itself upon the country."

He then said, General Harris thought it strange Mr. Fillmore had not mentioned the subject of Distribution, to Congress, during his administration. The reason was manifest. The Government was then in debt. It owed more than it *then* had the money to pay. There was, then, *nothing to distribute*. The General Government has, now, an overflowing Treasury. On the 2d of December, 1856, our national debt was a fraction over thirty millions of dollars. This sum, said Mr. Pierce, in his Message of that date, could "be paid within a year, without embarrassing the public service." Mr. Buchanan, in his Inaugural, says, "our present financial condition was without a parallel in history. No nation has ever, before, been embarrassed from too large a surplus in its Treasury."

Such, said Mr. Hatton, was the condition of our Treasury during the last Congress, that a bill "to provide for the deposit of the surplus in the Treasury of the United States, with the several States," passed the House of Representatives, by a majority of forty; and among those voting for it were a number of the strongest State Rights Democrats in the South. The General Government, said Mr. Hatton, is now rich. The surplus of specie, accumulated in the vaults of the Treasury, according to the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, at the end of his fiscal year, will be some \$22,000,000. Because distribution, then, was not pressed upon Congress, by Mr. Fillmore and Mr. Bell, during the administration of Fillmore, when the Mexican war debt was unpaid, and the Treasury empty, was no reason why, now, that there is a large amount annually going into the Treasury, more than is needed by the Government, that a fair distribution of this money should not

be made between the States. So much said Mr. Hatton, for General Harris' reasons for supposing that there is nothing practical in the question of Distribution, at this day.

The public domain of the United States, said Mr. Hatton, was acquired, in part, from the old States, that ceded their waste and unsettled lands to the General Government. Another portion of it we got from France, a part from Spain, and a part from Mexico. There are, said he, about twelve hundred millions of acres, yet undisposed of. This land belongs to the people of Tennessee, just as it does to the people of Massachusetts; it is the common property of the people of the whole Union. My position, in reference to it, said he, is, that our right and interest in this splendid domain, shall be, if practicable, secured to us. If Tennessee has an interest in these lands, let that interest be protected. Whether land is given us, as has been given to other States, or land script, or warrants, or the lands are sold by the General Government, and the proceeds divided between the States, giving to Tennessee her just proportion, is a matter of secondary consideration. Our great national parent, said Mr. Hatton, is rich—is able to dispense bounties to the States. Let Tennessee not be overlooked. Let her receive a fair proportion of the estate disposed of. Such has been my position, upon this question, throughout the State.

But General Harris argues, said Mr. Hatton, that Congress has no power under the Constitution, either to give to Tennessee, an acre of land, or land warrants, or to distribute among the States the proceeds of the sales of the lands. The third Section of the fourth Article of the Federal Constitution declares, that "*Congress shall have the power to dispose of, and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the Territory, or other property, belonging to the United States.*" Here, said Mr. Hatton, is full and ample power given to Congress, to dispose of this public domain. The power is unqualified—unrestricted—except that the mode of distribution shall be such, as shall not "prejudice any claims of the United States, or any particular State." But, outside of this clause of the Constitution, said Mr. Hatton, would not the same power, by which the General Government has acquired lands from other Governments, enable it to dispose of those lands? The Supreme Court of the United States has decided that it would. The power to acquire is no questioned by General Harris. The power to dispose of, must follow as a consequence.

But General Harris, said Mr. Hatton, argues that Congress has not the power to impose a tax on the people with a view to a distribution of the amount raised, amongst the States, and quotes Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster, to sustain his position. That such a step would be unconstitutional, is not denied; and no proof need have been introduced by General Harris, to prove what is not questioned. The *first step*, would be unauthorized by the Constitution. But, that Congress has a general power to dispose of the Territory, and all "other property," *rightfully acquired*, "belonging to the United States," I insist, said Mr. Hatton, is beyond all question

But the opinion of Mr. Webster is produced by General Harris, said Mr. Hatton, to show that Congress cannot give away, "*gratuitously*," the public lands. To divide between the several States, portions of these lands—to give portions of them off, to the States, to which, it is admitted, they *belong*, is not to give them away *gratuitously*, but is, simply, bestowing them upon those entitled to them. So much for the opinions of Clay and Webster, quoted by General Harris. How these two distinguished men stood, upon the *constitutionality* and *expediency* of distributing between the States, the surplus revenue, arising from the public lands, it is hardly necessary to state. They were the leaders in Congress, of the party that struggled to engraft that policy on the Government, rivaling each other in their earnest advocacy of *Distribution*.

But what evidences, said Mr. Hatton, have I that I am not in error, in insisting that Congress can give away land, or distribute the proceeds? *The very first Congress* that met, after Virginia ceded her lands to the United States, *did give* portions of public lands, *in kind* (not the proceeds) to the, then, thirteen States of the Union. (See Bioren and Duane's edition of the Laws of the United States, vol. 1, page 564.) This law was, three years afterwards, altered by Congress, so as "to distribute the lands, in the form of Government securities, instead of the lands, themselves." Yet, notwithstanding the men of that day—of those Congressmen, who had, many of them, participated in making the cessions of land to Congress, and upon the floor of the Convention, aided in framing the Constitution—notwithstanding these men thought Congress had power to give to the States, lands, and to distribute among them, their proceeds, still, my opponent denies that they had power to do either. Those were very dark days, in the opinion of my competitor. Those men did not, according to his argument, understand those deeds of cession, or the Constitution. They did not comprehend the design, or rightly estimate the power of the work of their own hands. They needed light. General Harris had not then delivered, through Tennessee, series of lectures upon the Constitution—had not, then, written a commentary upon that instrument. Had he been in Congress, then, said Mr. Hatton, and delivered to that body, the argument addressed to the people, here, to-day, how much ashamed would they have been of themselves?

Mr. Buchanan, said Mr. Hatton, the President of the United States—a Democrat of some little prominence—upon this question of the power of Congress to distribute the proceeds of the public lands, says, in a speech delivered in the American Senate, that I am right in claiming this power for Congress, and that General Harris is in error, in denying it.

Andrew Johnson, the Governor of Tennessee—a Democrat, also, of some little prominence—says that Congress *can give away* the public lands; and, so believing, he proposed to Congress to give a homestead, by act of that body, to the actual settler. General Harris voted against the Homestead Bill, and declares it unconstitutional. The opinions of Mr. Buchanan and

Governor Johnson seem to have but little weight with my distinguished opponent.

The framers of our State Constitution recognized the power of Congress, both to divide the lands, and distribute their proceeds among the States, by inserting in it, a clause providing for the disposition of the land, or the proceeds, whenever Congress should divide the lands, or distribute between the States, the funds arising from their sale.

Upon a bill passed by Congress, in 1846, giving to Tennessee, certain waste lands in West Tennessee, and the proceeds of such as had been recently sold, every Democrat from Tennessee voting upon the bill, embracing Stanton, Chase, and Cullom, voted for it, conceding the power of Congress to give to the States, land.

Last year, twenty-three millions of acres of the public lands were voted away to the States, for railroads and schools. The bills, making these donations of lands, were passed by a Democratic Senate, and approved as expedient and *constitutional*, by Mr. Pierce, a Democratic President. Yet, General Harris says, Congress has no power to give lands to the States.

But, said Mr. Hatton, not to enumerate other authorities, I now introduce my competitor before you, as a sworn witness, to testify upon this question. When in Congress, he voted for what was called the Swamp Land Act, giving away about forty-eight millions of acres of the public lands. A large portion of those lands were the very best in the Mississippi Valley. He has argued to show you that it was a sale, and not a gift, of the lands. He speaks of them as "swamp and overflowed lands," when the very terms of the bill, itself, contemplate the giving away of lands that have not been wet since the days of Noah's flood, except when rained on.

Ten millions of acres of these lands went to the State of Arkansas. Did that State understand the bill, voted for by General Harris, as selling those ten millions of acres to her? The Governor, in his last Message, in speaking of it, says to the Legislature, that it was a "*munificent gift* from the General Government," never having dreamed that it was, as General Harris argues, a sale. How singular that a people of a State, making such a purchase, should have never discovered that it was a purchase, but should always have thought it a gift. But my competitor insists that the lands were wet, and overflowed, and of no value; that there were marshes and ponds there, breeding malaria and death, which prevented the country from being settled; that he was fully authorized by the Constitution in his vote for that bill. I have been, said Mr. Hatton, in the habit, sometimes, of telling the people that my competitor was the first "*matured statesman*" I ever knew, who, when determining a grave constitutional question, was in the habit of spitting on a chip, like a boy at the play grounds, and throwing it up, saying wet or dry? In one of the Congressional Districts of West Tennessee the inquiry has been instituted, I am informed, how many craw-fish and tad-poles must

there be upon a quarter-section of the public lands to render it constitutional to dispose of it by Act of Congress?

In voting for the Bounty Land Bill, he (General Harris) is clearly committed to the doctrine that Congress can give away lands. But, he says not. He argues that the soldier who got a land warrant, bought it of Congress. Now, said Mr. Hatton, I do not object to it, but, on the contrary, heartily approve of his voting land to the soldier. I should have done just as he did. But one thing I would not do, and that is, after voting, in Congress, to give the soldier land, I would not argue before the people that Congress had not the power to give land to the soldier.

But, said Mr. Hatton, my opponent asks if the pittance of \$7.00 per month is not enough to pay to the soldier. I have been in the habit of telling him, in reply to this, that if our soldiers were to be paid in money, for defending their country, I thought it was not enough; but whether it was or not, he had voted himself, in Congress, against giving our regular soldiers more than \$7.00 per month. It is not, however, for gain—for money—that our gallant citizen soldiery go to the wars. Was it for this that your Foster and your Cheatham led their companies from your midst? No. They went to fight for their country, her honor, her standards, her soil—for glory and a glorious fame! It is the Vandal and robber that fight for gain.

But, what was this Bill voted for by General Harris? It was a "Bounty Land Bill." What is a bounty? A gift, a gratuity, something *given*. How singular then, it is to hear General Harris insisting that he did not vote to *give* land to the soldier. General Harris, is then, said Mr. Hatton, committed by his own votes, upon this question of power.

But, if the power of Congress is granted, General Harris is still opposed to giving to Tennessee an acre of the public lands, or a cent of the proceeds of the sales. The present system suits him, he says. There is no need for any change. What was the policy of the Government during the past year, in reference to the public lands? With a Democratic President, and a Democratic Senate, 23,000,000 of acres of the public lands were last year given away to a few of the States, for school and railroad purposes. About three times as many acres were given away as were sold.

Within comparatively a few years past, 105,000,000 of acres of the public lands have been given away to the various States. Yet, General Harris says that the lands are being *held* by the Government, and disposed of *just as fast* as they are *needed for settlement and cultivation*, at prices ranging from 12½ cents to \$1.25 per acre, furnishing a homestead to the poor man. The truth is, said Mr. Hatton, *they are being given away by the million of acres to the new States*, by which they are to be sold for such prices *as they can be made to bring*, and not at graduated prices to suit the poor man. While General Harris, in Tennessee, advocates the graduation policy, and condemns the policy of giving away alternate sections of the public lands, the Democratic Senate, with a Democratic President, have approved and practiced what he so much op-

poses, the alternate section policy. That this policy will continue to be practiced by the leaders of the Democratic party in Congress, there can be no doubt. This purpose has been avowed. And Mr. Buchanan, in his Inaugural, gives it his approbation.

The alternate sections of land reserved by the Government, are not sold at graduated rates, but the minimum price is fixed at \$2.50 per acre. So, whilst Gen. Harris proposes to graduate the price of the land *down*, the leaders of his party in the Senate, with his President, have been graduating them *up*, and putting them out of the reach of the poor man.

But, said Mr. Hatton, some of you may be inquiring what I am in favor of—what I propose? As Congress has given to a number of the States portions of the public lands, so I want Congress to do by Tennessee. I do not stop to complain at what has been given to the other States, if we can have an equal or reasonable portion given to us. Our full share of the public domain would amount to about 60,000,000 acres. I have never proposed that more than 30,000,000 acres should be set aside to Tennessee, in the event it should be thought expedient to give us our proportion, in lands. This would leave *half* the public domain in the hands of the General Government. If we cannot get 30,000,000 of acres—if there are objections to dividing out so much of the public domain—let us have 20,000,000, or 15,000,000, or 10,000,000; or, if we cannot get more, 5,000,000 of acres.

Would the lands be of service to us, said Mr. Hatton? They certainly would. Iowa received from Congress 8,000,000 acres of public lands. Out of this land, say her public officers, that State will be able to build as many railroads as they want; establish Colleges and Schools sufficient to educate every child in the State, free of charge to the parent, and support the State Government without taxing the citizens one cent to aid in doing it.

Illinois, but a few years ago, was upon the eve of repudiation. She was without credit, without railroads, and without public schools; her citizens were oppressed with taxation. What is her condition now? General Harris, when in Congress, voted to that State near two million of acres of what he calls swamp lands, but which, were amongst the best lands in that State. By another bill, Congress gave her 5,000,000 of acres for railroad purposes. What is her condition now? She has a railroad running from one corner of the State to the other, with branches extending to every part of the State, affording to her people commercial facilities almost unequalled. Last year she received \$147,000 out of the proceeds of the road, which went into her treasury, to assist in defraying the expenses of the State Government. It is estimated that there is still about \$80,000,000 worth of those lands undisposed of.

General Harris voted to the State of Arkansas ten millions of acres of land—swamp land, as he calls it. Of what service is that land likely to prove to that State? Gov. Conway, in his last Message to the Legislature, speaking of this land, said, out of this "*munificent gift from the General Govern-*

ernment," that State will be able, after complying with the Act of Congress, to complete "all the projected railroads" in Arkansas. And furthermore, he says, it will "create a fund sufficient to pay the State taxes *in all future time*, as well as endow colleges and schools, for the education of every child in the State." My competitor, in speaking of this land question, characterizes it, in elegant and courtly phrase, as a galvanized humbug. Would you not like to see Tennessee humbugged, as was Iowa, Illinois and Arkansas?

Other instances, said Mr. Hatton, might be given, illustrating the advantages that have, and will result to other States, from grants of land that have been made to them, from Congress. Those given are sufficient.

Now, why, said Mr. Hatton, should Tennessee not have some of this land given her? How do you, said he, get railroads in Davidson County? How do you get them in Tennessee? If you want to hear the neigh of the iron horse in your mountain passes, if you want to hear the ringing of his hoofs upon the iron track, as he runs across your plains, if you want to see the fire flaming from his nostrils, as he careers along the banks of your beautiful rivers—if you want commercial facilities, railroads, to carry to the markets of the world, your corn and your wheat, and the other productions of your farms, how do you get them? You pay for them out of your own pockets. Your hard dollars, earned by hard labor, are taken to pay for them. *How is it in Iowa?* Railroads, as many as you want, are being built for her citizens out of my land and yours, voted to that State, by Congress. *How is it in Illinois?* Her people have as many railroads as they want, built out of your land and mine. How is it to be in Arkansas? The Governor has told us in his Message, her projected railroads are all to be completed out of means realized from your lands and mine, voted to Arkansas by my competitor, General Harris.

How are our children in Tennessee educated? Unfortunately many of them—the children of improvidence and misfortune—are not educated at all. Many of them, like the flowers upon our mountains, are destined to be unseen and unknown by the world; must remain in seclusion and ignorance forever, for the want of the means of education. Yes, in Tennessee, there is many a poor child of genius, who, if his mind was cultivated, the advantages of a good education afforded him, might become the ornament of society, a blessing to community, the pride of his county or his State, and perhaps of the nation; but who, for want of an education, will continue forever in obscurity, of but little service to society—like the jewel upon the bottom of the sea, unobserved and valueless. Those of her children who are educated at all, are educated at the expense of the parent, our school fund being so small as to be of little, if any service.

In Iowa, how is it? There the child of misfortune and poverty, as well as of wealth, is to be thoroughly educated out of your lands and mine. In Arkansas, they are to be educated out of your property and mine, without calling on the parent to contribute one cent to assist in doing it. And so it is to

be in Wisconsin, Michigan, and other States. Why this difference? Why not give to Tennessee a portion of these lands, to assist in building her roads, in educating her children, and relieving her people of burthens that are oppressing them?

But, said Mr. Hatton, my opponent objects to Congress giving to Tennessee her share of the public lands, or one acre of them. He offers several objections. He says it would cost something to survey the lands, and set apart to Tennessee a portion; suppose it did. That is no reason for not having it done. The lands will pay for their own division, and it will not cost us a dollar in money to have it done.

But, says he, it will increase the number of land-holders. Suppose it did. Did he not largely increase the number of land-holders, in voting away to the States 48,000,000 acres of land? Yes. Did it hurt anybody? No. Nor would the creation of just "thirty-one," endanger the rights of any person or State. Another objection is, Tennessee's land would have to be laid off in another State. Would that do any harm? Virginia held title to a large quantity of land in Ohio until the year 1852, making titles to purchasers. Did that hurt Ohio or Virginia? No. Did it prevent Ohio from growing in all the elements of greatness—from building railroads and canals, churches and school-houses, large cities and beautiful villages? No. Massachusetts held title to a large portion of the land in Maine for many years. Did that hurt Maine? No. North Carolina held title to land in Tennessee. Did that produce any difficulty, or injure either State? No. Then why this apprehension of Gen. Harris? He is needlessly apprehensive of difficulty.

Well satisfied am I, said Mr. Hatton, that the sensible men of Davidson county will not suffer themselves to be alarmed by these creations of the imagination of my competitor, from the assertion of their rights in our public domain.

To the policy of distributing among the States the proceeds of the sales of the lands, Gen. Harris makes objection. He makes a calculation to show that the amount to which each citizen would be entitled, would be only five cents a year. Now, for the last four years, the net proceeds of the sales of the lands have been, per year, about seven millions of dollars. Divide this amount between the States, according to population, and Tennessee would get about \$230,000. Make those States that have received a large portion of their share in the lands, account for what they have gotten, and the share of Tennessee would be largely over \$230,000. But, let us see what would have been the amount of the share of Tennessee in the lands that last year went out of the hands of the General Government into the hands of States and individuals.

Twenty-three millions of acres were given away by Congress. At one dollar per acre, that land would have brought \$23,000,000; add that amount to the \$8,000,000 received from the sales, and you have \$31,000,000. Divide that amount between 31 States, and each would receive one million dollars.

But the smaller States would not get an equal share with the larger ones. Divide according to population, and the share of Tennessee would amount to a million and a quarter of dollars. Yes, Tennessee would, last year, have been entitled to one and a quarter million of dollars out of the lands disposed of by the General Government. This statement is not questioned by Gen. Harris; still he argues that what we would get, would amount to but little. It would soon create a fund sufficient to educate liberally, every child in the State, complete our railroad system, and make Tennessee one of the most happy, thriving and independent governments on the face of the earth.

But, if you take the land fund out of the National Treasury, it will create a deficiency there, says Gen. Harris, that will have to be supplied by a tax on the people of the States. Not so. Without the land fund, there is more revenue derived from duties on imports, than is needed for the support of the Government. Under the present reduced tariff, Senator Hunter of Virginia, a distinguished Democrat, estimates that more revenue will be collected, by between four and five millions of dollars, than will be sufficient to support the Government. Then, if the proceeds of the lands are taken from the Treasury and given to the States, there will be still more money in the vaults of the Government, than is necessary for its support. Let the tariff be so arranged as to furnish just enough revenue for the wants of the Government, and let the land fund be disposed of among the States, and *not be "looked to as a source of revenue."* The platform of my opponent's party—adopted at Nashville in the Convention that nominated him—takes this precise ground in reference to the proceeds of the lands, declaring in their sixth resolution, that "it is indeed time, in the language of President Jackson, that the public lands should cease to be looked to as a source of revenue." Notwithstanding this, Gen. Harris objects to distribution, on the ground that if the proceeds *are not "looked to"* and *used* as revenue, serious injury will result.

But how does Gen. Harris propose to get rid of the surplus money in the Treasury? He says, farther reduce the tariff. This is not proposed by Mr. Buchanan, nor by any considerable portion of his party. Mr. Buchanan, in his Inaugural, proposes the building of ships as one means of getting rid of it. It is notorious, that a large portion of his party opposed the present reduced rates of duties, and will oppose any further reduction. But even if the tariff was reduced to an *ad valorem* duty of 15 per cent., still Senator Hunter thinks it would yield revenue abundantly sufficient for the wants of the Government.

But, before leaving this land question, said Mr. Hatton, I have a simple inquiry to make of you. Suppose the Government of the United States was supported by a direct tax upon all its citizens, would the fact that Iowa, and Illinois, and Arkansas, Wisconsin and Michigan, and other States, have received large grants of land to build their railroads, educate their children, and relieve their citizens of the burthens of the State Government, would *that*, repeated Mr. Hatton, cause the people of those States to pay more tax to the

support of the General Government? No. It is not pretended that it would. Then why not give the other States, as to those just named, portions of the public lands? Why any distinction? Why not make all equally able, so far as a share in the national bounty is concerned, to contribute to the support of the General Government? Let justice be done between all the children of the confederacy.

A father has four boys. He is wealthy. The two older worked hard in early life—toiled early and late—helped their father to accumulate his estate and to raise and educate their two younger brothers. The younger boys are at home, living in ease and luxury. The father has given to each a large portion of his land, a number of his slaves and money and stock. Their children are walking the halls of splendid colleges and schools, riding in splendid carriages, and “living in very fatness every day.” They are clothed, with their children, in silks and linens, and dwelling in palaces. The two older boys are among strangers. They are living in huts; their children are in rags, with no advantages of education; they are in debt, and have not the means of meeting their liabilities. In a word, they are in embarrassment and poverty. Has the father dealt justly between the children? You all say, no. Well, the old States of the Union gave portions of these lands to the General Government; the balance has been purchased with the blood and treasure of the people of the old States, Tennessee among the number. In the recent war with Mexico, the blood of her gallant sons ran like water upon the plains of that Republic. The bones of many bleach now upon her hills. The forms of many of Tennessee’s chivalrous boys, wrapped in their blankets as their only winding sheet, lie to-day, beneath her sands. As a consequence of that war, we acquired what now constitutes a portion of this public domain.

Now, why shall our younger sisters among the States, in the North and North-west—why shall the *new States*, the population of which, in many instances, is made up, to a large extent, of aliens, who, neither themselves nor their ancestors, ever fought, or paid one cent, for their lands—why shall our lands be given to them, for railroads and schools, and to relieve them from the burdens of taxation, whilst the older States are passed by and left, as Tennessee is to-day, in debt, without the means of educating her children, building her railroads, and with a debt to be paid, more than she can meet without heavily taxing her citizens to do it?

My time, said Mr. Hatton, will not permit me longer to dwell upon this subject. He wished it did, as it was a question of dollars and cents, in which the people of Tennessee were vitally interested.

The subject of Alien Suffrage, said Mr. Hatton, has been briefly discussed to-day, by General Harris. He begins by endeavoring to show that it is not a practical question, for the reason that our Territories have Territorial Governments organized for them. Does he not know that these Territories will be divided, and sub-divided, and that many other Territorial Governments will have to be formed? He certainly does. Then, this reason of his, to show that there is nothing in this question, fails him.

But it was not thus he spoke of this subject, in the opening of this canvass. He then argued earnestly to show, that, as a matter of *right* and justice, the alien should be allowed to vote in the Territories—that it would be ungenerous and ungrateful, in our people, not to let him vote.

But, what is this doctrine of Alien Suffrage? asked Mr. Hatton. It is the doctrine that the alien, the unnaturalized man, the subject of a foreign, and, perhaps, hostile, Government, who could not be made to shoulder a musket, to bear a knapsack, to defend your flag or your soil, but who might be drafted into the armies of your enemies—it is the doctrine, that this man, fresh from the Old World, just landed on our shores, shall be permitted to vote in the Territories, in the election of members to the Legislature, and to the Convention to frame a Constitution. But, before speaking further of this doctrine, let us inquire who favors, and who opposes it.

My competitor is its avowed advocate. He is not only willing that the unnaturalized man shall vote in the first Territorial election, but is willing that the Territorial Legislature shall authorize him to vote in the election of members to the Convention to frame a Constitution. Who else is in favor of this doctrine? Seward, and Hale, and Wilson, and Fessenden, and Giddings, and the whole Black Republican party of the North, are for it. My competitor and they, make the same character of argument in its support—stand together in its advocacy.

Who are opposed to it? said Mr. Hatton. *Every Democrat from the South, upon the floor of the last Senate, repudiated it, voting against, and denouncing it.* Senator Brown, of Mississippi, one of the greatest lights of Southern Democracy, speaking, in the last Congress, of this very doctrine, avowed by General Harris, said: "*I protest against this proceeding; I protest against it, in the name of my party; I protest against it, in the name of a violated Constitution; I protest against it, in the name of the rights of American citizens; I protest against it, in the name of American liberty; I protest against it, on every ground which the American mind can possibly conceive, as an outrage upon us, upon the Constitution, the laws, and the privileges which we enjoy.*"

Again, in speaking of these aliens, whom, General Harris argues, should be allowed to vote, that same distinguished gentleman said: "What a mockery, and what a trifling with sacred institutions is it, to allow such people to go to the polls and vote! Who does not know that they are led up like cattle, to the ballot-boxes, and vote as they are told to vote? That a wooden machine would perform the service as intelligently, if the crank were properly turned, is true, beyond all question. The genius of your laws, the spirit of your Constitution, is, that these people should stay here long enough to learn something of your institutions, before they can take an active participation in making your laws."

Senators Bayard, and Mason, and Clay, were equally decided in their opposition to the doctrine, in the same debate; characterizing it as a dangerous heresy, violative of the rights of the people of these States, and at war with

all sound principles and good government. Yet, General Harris avows and advocates it.

The *Union & American*, General Harris' own organ at this place, repudiates it. That paper, not long since, said:

"Alien Suffrage may be an article in the creed of the 'sham Democracy,' and 'Black Republicanism,' but it is not, and never was, a doctrine of the real Democracy, which supported, and triumphantly elected, James Buchanan to the Presidency. It was never a recognized article in the creed of that Democracy to which the *Union & American* belongs."

My competitor, then, is not a real, but only a sham Democrat.

Roger A. Pryor, the old editor of the Richmond *Enquirer*, speaking upon this subject, uses this strong language:

"Our opposition is unequivocally this: that it is a palpable infringement of the spirit and letter of the Constitution, to permit foreigners to exercise the elective franchise, in either the States or Territories, before, by naturalization, they are made citizens."

But is there any danger in this doctrine? Have we, in the South, anything to fear from it? Foreigners are now coming into this country more rapidly than ever before. For three days, ending July 3d, says a New York paper, the number of foreigners that arrived at that single port, was 8,800. They are flocking to our Territories, eighty-four out of every one hundred of them settling at the North.

Andrew Ewing, of this city, in a speech in Congress, in 1850, speaking of them, in connection with the institution of slavery, said:

"THE WHOLE OF CIVILIZED EUROPE HAS BEEN THOROUGHLY INDOCTRINATED WITH OPPOSITION TO IT (SLAVERY). THE THOUSANDS AND MILLIONS OF EMIGRANTS FROM HER (EUROPE'S) SHORES, ALL COME WITH THEIR PREJUDICE AGAINST IT, and when they arrive in this country, they find the most lovely portion of the continent in possession of slave-holders. Most of the mechanical trades, and labor on farms and public roads, in our country, is performed by slaves; and these foreigners are, more or less, excluded from this wide field of employment, which they had partially pre-occupied in the South. *Interest is thus super-added to the early prejudice of education against slavery. Unfortunately, too, the large mass of this class of persons have had no knowledge or experience of the advantages derivable from republican institutions, or the SOLEMNITY OF CONSTITUTIONAL OBLIGATIONS.*"

Yet, my competitor says, put them to voting, even before they are naturalized. That they are hostile to our peculiar institution, in the South, cannot be denied. That they are filling up our public domain, is admitted. That they will exclude the Southern man, with his slave, from our Territories, if permitted to vote, is manifest. Yet, strange to say, my competitor, in the face of his party in the South, takes position with the Black Republican of the North, and says, let them vote. A great friend of the South, he is willing to help swell the ranks of those who are hostile to us, and to put

weapons into their hands—the ballot—with which to strike us down. A Southern man, he is willing to see the strength of the Northern States, that oppose our institution of slavery, swelled out of all proportion to our own, by means of this alien vote, giving them the power, upon the floor of Congress, to do with us as they may choose.

Yes, he is willing that the subjects of other Governments—unnaturalized men—who have never gone through the form prescribed by our Federal statutes, for making a citizen of an alien—he is willing for that man to sit in judgment upon your rights, in our Territories, and assist in determining whether you shall go there with your negro, or not.

Should a stranger, said Mr. Hatton, enter the enclosure of one of you, and say to your wife, “Madame, these flowers shall no longer grow here; where the lily and the rose now bloom, shall grow the wild thorn and thistle; your children shall no longer gambol upon these graveled walks,” what would you do with him? With stripes you would drive the impudent intruder from your premises.

Out in our great garden of the West, inherited from our fathers, and purchased with the treasure and blood of our brothers, are thousands and thousands of aliens, many of them the outcasts of society in the Old World, who have been turned out of her prisons and her lazar-houses, shipped to this country, and poured out upon our shores, clamoring for what they call, and what General Harris calls, their right to vote, to decide what shall be the laws and the peculiar institutions of our Territories—whether the domestic institution of slavery shall be established, or not.

Is this our country? asked Mr. Hatton. If it is, let us govern it. That it should be governed by the subjects of other countries, by aliens and strangers, and that they shall have a voice, before they are naturalized, in saying what shall be the laws or institutions of any part of it, is a doctrine that is infamous, and smells to the very heavens, here, to-day.

But, my competitor argues that his theory will only let the alien vote once, that is, in the first Territorial election. He has gone farther than that, in saying he is willing to let the Territorial Legislature authorize the alien to vote for members to *subsequent Legislatures*, and for members to a Convention to frame a Constitution. This was what Senators Brown, and Mason, and Bayard, and Clay, and other Southern Democratic Senators, were denouncing and protesting against, in their speeches, on the floor of the last Congress, referred to by me, a few minutes since.

If allowed to vote in the first election, they will have influence sufficient to elect men who will, by legislative enactment, allow them to vote in subsequent elections; which, if permitted by Congress—and General Harris says Congress should not interfere with the question, after the Legislature has acted—will result in giving them such power in our Territories, as will, according to Mr. Seward, prevent another slave State ever being formed out of our public domain.

But, with a view of shielding himself, my competitor argues that Washington, and the elder Presidents, as well as Pierce and Fillmore, and every Southern man in Congress, in 1854, but eight, approved this doctrine of alien suffrage. In reference to Washington and Jefferson, I have said to General Harris he could not show me a line or syllable, in anything either of them ever wrote, warranting the idea that they favored alien suffrage. The bills signed by them, according to Senator Biggs, of North Carolina, a distinguished Democrat, in a speech in the last Congress, do not admit of the construction attempted to be given them by General Harris; and the signing of these bills is the only ground upon which he based the assertion that they were committed to it.

But, even had those men once signed bills containing this doctrine, it would furnish no reason satisfactory to show that it is not now dangerous. By our first Constitution in Tennessee, free negroes were allowed to vote. Among the framers of that Constitution were some of the best men ever in the State. This is no reason why they should not vote. In the days of Washington and Jefferson there were but a few thousand foreigners in the whole nation. Now, they are counted by millions, and are coming, in the language of Andrew Ewing, by thousands and millions—this year more rapidly than ever before, and filling up and overrunning our public domain. To let them rule it, and give character to its Institutions, "is very madness."

But was Polk committed to it? General Harris says, yes. Why? He signed the Oregon Bill, which contained it, which shows that he approved it. But did not that same bill contain the Wilmot Proviso? It did. Was Polk in favor of that? No, says my competitor. What singular logic.

Was Fillmore in favor of it? General Harris argues to show he was. Why? He signed, says General Harris, the Washington Territorial Bill, containing it. Polk signed the Oregon Bill with the Wilmot Proviso in it, and General Harris says that did not commit him to Wilmot Provisoism. Why? Because, says my competitor, Mr. Polk said he was opposed to that feature of the Oregon Bill, which he approved as President. Now, General Harris knows, if he has taken any pains to inform himself, that Mr. Fillmore, as I have told him forty-five times in this canvass, is not only opposed to the alien voting in the territories, but any where, until he has been here twenty-one years, and been naturalized. He has one system of logic for Mr. Polk, and another for Mr. Fillmore.

His effort to make a shield out of the Southern men who voted for the Kansas Bill, is still less plausible. Why? He knows that the Southern supporters of that bill did every thing in their power to get the alien feature out of that bill, and that it was only when they saw they could not pass the bill at all without that feature in it, that they consented to vote for the bill containing that clause. They voted for it under protest, as a matter of necessity, as my competitor knows; yet he argues that their voting for it shows that they were for it. That such a shallow sophistry should emanate from a "matured statesman," like my competitor, is remarkable.

But, Mr. Bell, says the General, is committed to the doctrine. How? By a resolution he introduced in Congress in 1850, declaring that the "inhabitants" of a territory should be allowed to regulate their domestic institutions in their own way, and argues that inhabitants means more than citizens. Now, if he knows anything of the history of that resolution, he knows that it was not intended to express any opinion as to *who* should vote in the territories, but simply to declare how the territories should be governed. Yet he seizes on that, and a similar one voted for by General Zollicoffer, as the ground for the declaration that they too, are, to use his favorite expression, committed to it.

Now, fellow-citizens, said Mr. Hatton, I repeat that General Harris in his avowal of the doctrine of alien suffrage has put himself in antagonism to his own party, and all other parties in the South, and has taken position upon it with the Abolitionists of the North.

But, says the General, suppose I do stand with Seward and Hale on this question, did not your party vote against the Nebraska Bill which repealed the Missouri Compromise line—that line that kept the Southern man out of Kansas and Nebraska with his slave? If this was wrong in them, it is no excuse to you for doing wrong yourself. But did General Harris ever make a speech, in Congress, in which he referred to the Missouri Compromise line? He did. Did he denounce it? What did he say?

"The Oregon Bill was the result of, and in subordination to, the Missouri Compromise. The Missouri Compromise, as a legislative enactment, I believe, and have always believed, to be void, for want of Constitutional sanction. *Yet, I have no hostility toward it; it is a compromise entered into by patriotic statesmen of that day, for the preservation of the peace of the country; it had, for a time, the desired effect; it had been acquiesced in for thirty years by the people, and I should, therefore, regret to see it violated.*"

He had "no hostility" to it—"would regret to see it violated." Last Summer he argued through Tennessee, that Fillmore should be voted against for regretting its repeal, when he had said himself he would "regret to see it violated." Last Summer, it was, in his estimation, a blot upon the statute book—an insult to the South. Then he had "no hostility toward it."

Now, said Mr. Hatton, I call on him as I have done every day in the canvass, to tell you what he meant by this language. Instead of doing it, he will satisfy himself with mere declamation, leaving you without any explanation at all. My competitor speaks of my record; but before noticing what he has said, I will call your attention to another point in his.

As a member of the Tennessee Legislature, he introduced a series of resolutions, and among them was the following:

"Resolved, That under no circumstances, will this body recognize, as binding, any enactment of the Federal Government which has for its object the prohibition of slavery in any territory to be acquired, either by conquest or treaty, South of the line of the Missouri Compromise."

Let Congress pass the law, let the President sign it, let the Supreme Court

say it is constitutional and binding, on all the States, still, by this resolution, General Harris was attempting to get the Legislature to declare that it would not be recognized as binding by the General Assembly of Tennessee. He was for making the Legislature assume what is the exclusive prerogative of the Federal Judiciary, of deciding whether a law of Congress was binding or not. The committee to whom it was referred, reported through their chairman, one of the most accomplished politicians in Tennessee, that the resolution was "Nullification in advance."

He was attempting to commit Tennessee to a position which is at war with our system of Government, recommending a principle violative of the Constitution, and for the attempted practical enforcement of which, Jackson threatened to hang John C. Calhoun, as high as Haman! We will hear what he has to say about it in his reply.

He says that I voted against a certain resolution, declaring that "the people of a territory should be left free to form their domestic institutions in their own way, subject only to the Constitution of the United States. Yet Congress may pass such laws as are necessary and proper for the restoration of fugitives from service." With my party in the Legislature, I voted against that resolution. Why? To the latter part we had no objection, of course—to the first part, we had. And that was, that whilst the language as *construed* by Southern statesmen, was expressive of our views, yet as *construed* by Northern Democrats, it contained the doctrine of Squatter Sovereignty. We preferred another form of expression, not of doubtful construction, as to *when* the people of a territory can determine the character of their domestic institutions, to convey our meaning, and on the same day voted for such a resolution.

But, on the same day, he says I voted for a resolution, declaring, among other things, that "Congress has no power under the Constitution, to legislate upon the subject of slavery in any way." That resolution was voted for by all my party, in the Legislature, it being understood at the time, that it had reference to the subject of slavery in the territories. So understanding it, I remarked to the Speaker, when I voted for it, in the House, that it, of course, was not intended to declare that Congress could not pass a law for re-capture of fugitives, when it was stated that it had no reference to the action of Congress in regard to fugitives.

I voted, said Mr. Hatton, for the Tax Assessor and County Judge Bills. With the leading men of both sides the House, I believed those laws would benefit my constituents and the State. The Assessor law is working badly—is not accomplishing the object of its enactment. As an experiment, it has, for some reason, failed. I am, therefore, for its repeal.

Most of the counties of the State say they are unwilling to be subjected to the expense of supporting the office of County Judge. However desirable it may be that there should be a County Judge, still, if the people are unwilling to pay his salary, they should be relieved of it. Then let the law be

repealed. If there are counties that want the officer, they can say so, through their Representatives, and the Legislature will give them a Judge, they paying the salary, as now.

My competitor says I voted against a bill, which he calls a Mechanics' Lien Bill. That bill, in the opinion of the best lawyers in the House, so far from being calculated to benefit the mechanic, was calculated to produce an infinite amount of litigation between the small and poor land-holder and the mechanic. So manifest was this, that a member from East Tennessee moved to amend the title, so that it would read, "A Bill to prevent poor men from owning land, creating lawyers' fees," etc. There is, in Tennessee, a most excellent law, for the benefit of mechanics, giving him a lien, in certain cases. It is right that he should have it; and, if the rights of the mechanic can be still better secured, by an additional statute, without endangering the rights of others, and producing injurious litigation, it should be done.*

Gen. Harris objects to my Normal School bill, said Mr. Hatton. How much would the establishment of that school have cost each person in Tennessee? It would have been just five cents apiece. How much would sustain it annually? Just one-half cent apiece. The cost would then have been trifling. Was it calculated to do any good, then? is the question. The *Union and American*, the organ of Gen. Harris, and I believe every Democratic paper in the State, but one, favored my bill. The *Union and American* contained more matter in its support, during its pendency, than all other papers in the city together, urging it upon the members of the Legislature as a measure most important and meritorious, and which should, by all means, be enacted into a law. But, what was the object of the school proposed to be established? It was to educate poor and virtuous young men—teaching them *how to teach*, who would pledge themselves to become the teachers of the common schools, and declare that it was their purpose to make that their business for life. Now there are thousands of poor persons in Tennessee, who are unable to give their children any other education than what they may chance to get in the common district school, the teacher of which is employed by the Commissioners of Common Schools, and who is paid out of the School Fund. They are unable ever to pay one cent of tuition. To the children of such persons, I desired to furnish teachers that were qualified to instruct them.

Gen. Harris and I, said Mr. Hatton, are able to command the services of the best teachers for our children. Many of you are not. I desire to educate teachers, who would pledge themselves to go out in the common school-house, in the cove of the mountain, and poor districts of the State, and there

*General Harris says, in his printed speech, that this bill was defeated by the vote of his "competitor and others." He does not say who the "others" were. Among them were thirty Democrats, every one in the House but seven. The motion that killed it was made by Mr. Cavitt, a Democrat.—REPORTER.

teach—furnishing alike to the poor as well as to the rich man's child, a teacher capable of instructing him.

I am proud, said Mr. Hatton, that I had the honor of introducing such a measure in the Tennessee Legislature. All I regret about it is, that the bill was not enacted into a law.

My time having expired, said Mr. Hatton, I give way to my opponent, who will again address you; after which I will close the debate.

Having made their rejoinders, and being almost exhausted, from the excessive labors, and extreme warmth of the weather, the two candidates mutually agreed and determined to close the canvass. The following remarks, including the card of the candidates, are from the Nashville *Patriot*:

“THE GUBERNATORIAL CANVASS CLOSED.—From the continuous and arduous labors of the canvass, and the extreme heat of the weather, the candidates for Governor have been so far physically exhausted, that it is found impossible to fill their remaining appointments. They have, therefore, mutually agreed to recall all their other appointments, and close the canvass with the discussion here. However much we may regret this necessity, we are satisfied that the circumstances rendered it imperative. Both the candidates appear greatly prostrated, and it is only a submission to necessity, to terminate their discussions.

“Thus, is the matter left with the people, and we again remind our friends of the great importance of the contest, and the demands of the occasion upon them. No hand should remain idle now. Col. Hatton has cut down the mountain, which lay before us, at the outset, to a level grade, and “*a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether,*” will surely crown us with success.

“To avoid misconception and misrepresentation, it may not be improper for us to add, that the advance, which led to the agreement to withdraw the appointments, was mutual. The gentlemen divide the responsibility, equally, and would feel that injustice had been done, were the proposition charged as emanating, exclusively, from either. The following is their card, on the subject:

“The undersigned candidates for Governor, feeling them-

selves physically unable, from the effects of the severe labors in which, for the past two months, they have been engaged, to prosecute the canvass further, have mutually agreed to withdraw the balance of their appointments. They both regret the necessity of this step; but the condition of each is such, that they cannot, without the risk of their health, and, perhaps, of their lives, longer continue the canvass. They would have been glad to have met their fellow-citizens, at their remaining appointments, and regret to disappoint those who may be in attendance; but, the necessity impelling them to this course is such, that they cannot, in justice to themselves, disregard it. They both concluded their last speeches to-day, before speaking out their full time. They hope this card may give satisfaction to their respective political friends, for thus closing their canvass.

“R. HATTON,

“ISHAM G. HARRIS.

“*Nashville, July 22, 1857.*”

On the 6th of August following, just fifteen days after the close of the canvass, the election was had. Mr. Hatton, or rather, his party, was defeated by a large majority—11,371. Although unsuccessful, Mr. Hatton could not be, in any way, censurable for the result. The *Herald* spoke thus of the defeat:

“The defeat of Robert Hatton is in no wise chargeable to himself. He is, to-day, as gallant a champion as ever led on a great and patriotic party. In the thickest of the fight, the clarion tones of his manly eloquence rang out in advocacy of the principles and policy of that party, which, we verily believe, is yet destined to sweep this Union. Defeat discourageth not the truly brave. ‘Pick your flints, and try again,’ should be the motto of every true soldier of the American cause.”

CHAPTER VI.

1857.—Observations upon Mr. Hatton's Defeat—Is permitted again to enjoy the quiet of his Home—Again pursuing the even tenor of his Profession—Elected Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the I. O. O. F.—Trip to Kansas—Letters to his wife—Return home—Enjoys the quiet of Home—Pursues his Profession—Devotes intervals to General Literature—Prospective candidate for Congress—Nominated over Mr. Ready, by the Opposition, or American party—The Canvass—Letters to his wife—Elected to Congress—Congratulations—Notices by the Press—Letter to Dr. Lindsley—Jealous of his Honor—Is misrepresented—Denounces the Author—Expects a Difficulty—Last Note, perhaps, as he thought, to his wife—Amicable adjustment—Leaves for Washington—Letter from Cincinnati, to his wife—Another, from Pittsburgh—Arrival in the Capital of the Nation—His Diary—First Day's Record—First Letter from Washington, to his wife—1859.

As stated in the preceding chapter, the defeat of Mr. Hatton cannot, in the remotest degree, be attributable to himself, whether, as regards his pre-eminent qualification and fitness for the position, or his ability in conducting the canvass. As to the purity of his motives, the fearless avowal and manly defense of his principles, his political adversaries could not gainsay them. His defeat was not, therefore, referable to himself, but, rather, to a combination of circumstances, over which he could not be expected to exercise imperious control. It is not always that the ablest, wisest, and purest men are elevated to the highest and most responsible positions within the gift of the people. Had this rule been observed, we might now number among the Presidents of the United States, a Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Cass, Bell, Houston, and, perhaps, others.

The American party, of which Mr. Hatton was the nominee, and the acknowledged champion, had, in its platform, many principles that were good and wholesome, and calculated, when faithfully administered, to preserve the Government, in its purity, and to secure the ultimate objects for which it was established—the prosperity and happiness of the people. But, it must be confessed that it had its salient or vulnerable points, also—if not in principles, at least, in its origin, organization, and the mode of its propagation. It had its origin in the death

of the Whig party, which had, for a long while, with varying success, contested with the Democratic party, for the reins of Government and the spoils of office; but which had, now, as a national organization, become totally defunct. If this old, national party, with such leaders as Webster, Clay, Bell, and a host of others, could not finally cope with Democracy, how could its offspring and successor, Know-Nothingism, hope to do so. In its organization, it was secret, clannish, and "loved darkness rather than light." This was, perhaps, its worst feature. It does not comport well with a republican government, to have secret political parties, and much less, for republicans to have to pay to get into these societies. In its propagation, its friends and advocates were necessarily engaged in political proselytism, appealing, not so much to reason, as to curiosity and prejudice. The prime leaders of this party, doubtless, calculated much upon religious and national prejudices—opposition to the Pope and to foreigners. We conclude, therefore, that the defeat of Mr. Hatton, was, perhaps, as much attributable to the friendly offices of the ubiquitous "SAM," as to the opposition of General Harris.

The canvass over, Mr. Hatton was again permitted to return to the quiet of his home, to the bosom of his family, where, as we have seen expressed in many of his letters to his wife, he was always most happy. The affection and society of his wife, and the love and prattle of his children, had far greater charms for him, than the applause of his political friends, or the shouts of the multitude.

"The first sure symptom of a mind in health,
Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home."

Again, Mr. Hatton resumed the even tenor of his profession, after the election was over and he had rested from the fatigues of the canvass. Thus, he is employed, during the remainder of that and the succeeding year, with but little interruption.

In April, 1858, he was a delegate to the Grand Lodge of the Order of Odd Fellows, at Nashville, of which he was a prominent member. He was elected Grand Master of the Order for Tennessee, at this session, as may be seen in the following letter to his wife:

CITY HOTEL, NASHVILLE,

April 15, 1858.

DEAR WIFE:—

I will probably not be at home before Saturday or Sunday, as the Grand Lodge will not break up before Saturday. To-day I was elected Grand Master of the Order in Tennessee, almost unanimously, though there were several aspirants for the place—something of a compliment from my friends. * * *

I saw Fred. Thompson and his wife, here, yesterday. They were just getting off for the cars, and I had but a moment to speak with them. All were well, they said, in Maury and Williamson.

Kiss Reilly and Many, for me, twenty times apiece, and wait for yours until I come home.

Your affectionate husband,

R. HATTON.

Private or personal matters called him to Leavenworth, Kansas, this year. He made a hurried trip, starting on the first day of Summer. We give, below, three letters written to his wife, while on his way. The first was written from Memphis, Tennessee:

ON STEAMBOAT, "LUCAS," AT MEMPHIS,

June 2, 1858.

DEAR WIFE:—

I have just come aboard, off of the cars. Did not stop in Memphis, one minute. Had not time to write a word, at Nashville. As the boat starts in a moment, I have but time, now, to say I am quite well. Will get to St. Louis, in forty-four hours, says the Captain. I put on twenty or twenty-four more. If I continue to have good luck, I will get to my journey's end, very soon.

Be of good cheer, dear Sophie. Take good care, precious care, of yourself and our children. Be good, and be happy, and I will try to be. God bless you! I can't write more, as the agent waits for my letter.

Your affectionate husband,

R. HATTON.

ON BOARD STEAMBOAT "LUCAS,"

June 5, 1858.

DEAR SOPHIE:—

We are just running into St. Louis; it is just 12 o'clock at night, too. I have been very fortunate in the selection of a boat. It has made the trip in fine time. To-morrow evening I take the cars, and run up to Jefferson City, where I get on a boat immediately for the upper Missouri. Will get to Weston, where I leave the river, in two days.

Have heard not a word about William since I left home. Look for John Bell's dispatch at St. Louis.

My health is about as when I left home. To-day has been an exceedingly cold, wet, windy day—the kind of days that make me feel badly. I am taking all care of myself, and will continue to do so, you may depend; therefore, do not be uneasy about me.

Now, dear wife, good-night, and may God guard and protect you and our dear Reilly and Many. May you be good and happy, and may we soon meet again, is my prayer. Kiss the children for me a dozen times.

Your affectionate husband,

R. HATTON.

P. S.—If I get a dispatch, I will write to you again before leaving St. Louis.

R. H.

ON BOARD STEAMER "AUBREY,"

NEAR SIBLEY, ON MISSOURI RIVER,

Below Independence, June 9, 1858.

MY DEAR SOPHIE:—

It is raining hard, and so dark, that our boat has had to "lie to" for the night, as we had to do last night. I wrote to you from Jefferson City; I then expected to get off that night from there—failed, however, until the succeeding night to get a boat; this delayed me very much. I will get to Leavenworth to-morrow evening, if we have luck, where I will write you, perhaps, again. I have still not heard from William, except, that he had been hurt about as Whitfield wrote, and that the man who did it, had escaped.

I will be gone longer, I fear, than I expected. If I have good luck all the time in traveling, and lose no time in staying in Kansas, I will be able to make the trip under four weeks. Oh, Sophie, how delighted I would be, could I be with you and our dear children to night. I am on a boat, lying by the bank of a dreary river—no sound to be heard, save the mad roar of a rapid and swollen stream, and the moaning of the wind among the trees, and the pattering of the rain upon the deck of the boat. What a dreary serenade! Oh, could I now but peep in for a few minutes upon you and Reilly and Many, as you lie in our room, and hear the sweet breathing of those so dear to me, it would afford me infinite pleasure. I *will* feast, in imagination, upon the scene. God bless you, dear wife, you “are as dear to me as are the ruddy drops that visit my sad heart.” May a kind Providence guard over us all, and keep us from all harm; and may we *soon* meet in our own “sweet home.” It and you, and *ours*, are daguerretyped in my mind so perfectly, that I can, now, as I write, see all, as if I were present, beholding them with my natural eyes.

Tell Balie, he must take good care of you all, and be a good boy, until Uncle Bob comes home. My love to all; hug and kiss the children for me, and tell them pa will be home after awhile.

Good-bye again, dear wife.

R. HATTON.

Mr. Hatton returned from this trip “out West,” in July, of this year, and was uninterruptedly engaged in his profession for nearly a twelve month. At intervals, when not pressed by the active duties of his calling, he would devote himself to politics and general literature. He was never idle—always had something to do. Being always busy, he accomplished much. Thus it was, that he acquired such a fund of knowledge, not only in law, but in politics and literature. For one of his age, few equalled him—none excelled him, either in law or politics. In general literature, in history or poetry—ancient or modern—he was accomplished beyond the great majority of men in public life. He was a book man, though he did not allow them

to absorb his whole attention; he used them as a *means* by which to acquire knowledge, not as the *end* for which knowledge is acquired. Doubtless he could say with the poet:

“Give me
 Leave to enjoy myself. That place that does
 Contain my books, the best companions, is
 To me a glorious court, where hourly I
 Converse with the old sages and philosophers;
 And sometimes for variety, I confer
 With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels;
 Calling their victories, if unjustly got,
 Unto a strict account; and in my fancy,
 Deface their ill-placed statues. Can I then
 Part with such constant pleasures, to embrace
 Uncertain vanities? No; be it your care
 To augment a heap of wealth; it shall be mine
 To increase in knowledge.”

Mr. Hatton certainly preferred knowledge above riches; but it is probable, too, that he thought by the acquisition of knowledge, not only wealth, but also that other of the great trio of earth's virtues—fame—could be achieved. Well might he have exclaimed,

“I courted fame, but as a spur to brave
 And honest deeds; and who despises fame
 Will soon renounce the virtues that deserve it.”

The time was again approaching when an election must be had for Representative to Congress from his District. Colonel Ready, who became the nominee of the Opposition, or American party in the preceding election, in consequence of the nomination of Mr. Hatton, for Governor, was again a candidate for re-election. Indeed, he had announced himself before leaving home for Washington, in 1858, thinking thus to block the game, and hold the track, and, as it were, coerce the Opposition party into his support, through fear of a division among themselves, and, as a consequence, a Democratic triumph. But Mr. Ready had played the bluff game his last time with the Americans of his District. The great majority of the party were decidedly in favor of the election of Mr. Hatton, and this preference was daily manifested, more and more, through the press, by correspondents, and otherwise.

“Pursuant to public announcement, a Convention of the Op-

position party, to nominate a candidate for Congress in the Fifth District, met on Saturday, the 7th of May, 1859, in the town of Murfreesboro'."

Colonel Robert Hatton, of Wilson, as the Opposition candidate for Congress, received the unanimous nomination of the Convention. Col. Ready was a candidate also; he had said, "he would not accept a seat in Congress, if given him by Democratic votes." The Opposition, or American party, had nominated Mr. Hatton, and would, doubtless, support him. What prospect, then, was there for Mr. Ready? Would he oppose Mr. Hatton, the nominee of his party, thinking, with what of the Opposition votes and Democrats together, he might receive, he would be able to defeat Mr. Hatton, and thereby retain his seat in Congress? Doubtless Mr. Ready thought so. He had represented the District in Congress, four years, and still he wanted to go again, in defiance of a majority of his party.

"Oh, false ambition!
Thou lying phantom! whither has thou lured me?
Ev'n to this giddy height; where now I stand,
Forsaken, comfortless; with not a friend
In whom my soul can trust!"

The canvass opened early in June, and continued until August, with some short intervals. We shall not follow the candidates to their various appointments in the District, nor copy any of the many notices of them by the press and its correspondents. We will copy the following letters to his wife, by Mr. Hatton, written from different places in the District. They will give the reader a more nearly correct account of the progress of the canvass, than could be found in the newspapers:

AT PEYTON'S, SUMNER COUNTY,

June 8, 1859.

DEAR WIFE:—

I got here to-night, thoroughly drenched with rain. Borrowed some clothes of the boys, and mine are being dried by the fire. To-morrow morning I go to Nashville, on the cars, on my way to Franklin. On Saturday, I go to Murfreesboro'; from there I go to Woodbury; stay there two days, then

return to Rutherford, and speak four days; quitting off on the extreme Southern point of the county, on Saturday. Will come home from there; will get there Saturday night or Monday morning; am well as usual; getting on with Mr. Ready; will get a good vote in this county; my friends here say I will certainly beat Ready. I think so. Thrashed the very hide off him on Monday, at Gallatin. My own friends said, "let him alone—have you no mercy?" * * * I am determined to lash him 'round the District, if he beats me.

Mother and father are well, so are Balie and Miss Em., etc.

I send my horse home by Jack R—. On Saturday, I want Anderson to take her over to Murfreesboro', and leave her at Lytle's tavern, for me. Let her be well taken care of while at home, and tell Anderson to be careful in leading her to Murfreesboro'. She is a fine animal, and I am going to keep her to ride.

Emily and sister Mary will be over about the 20th, to attend Moot Court.*

On the 21st of the month, I commence speaking again, and don't stop hardly, until August. Hope to hold out—will do so, I think, if I don't get wet too often.

Now, Sophie, take good care of yourself. *Try and be contented and happy.* To believe you were so, would give me comfort in my toil. Kiss the children for me, and say to them, papa is going to come home after a while. He has seen no such children since he left home—nothing approaching to them.

If you want more money, just draw a check, and sign my name to it, and they will let you have all you want on it, at the Bank.

I am tired, and it is very late—have to get up at 5 o'clock in the morning; so good-night, Sophie. May God bless you, and keep you and ours, free from all evil, until we meet.

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT HATTON.

**In Law Schools.* a Court organized and held by the Professors, and composed of themselves and the students, for the purpose of arguing and trying feigned or supposed cases. Supreme Moot Courts are held every year in the Lebanon Law School.

CITY HOTEL, NASHVILLE,
June 10, 1857.

DEAR WIFE:—

I have just got in from Williamson. Am very tired, but will say a word to you before retiring. Things are in a good condition for me in Williamson. Paddy Reese told me to-day, he would vote for me on your account. I thanked him, and told him I would write to you, stating the fact. * * * * *

I am well, and in *as good spirits as could be expected*. Kiss the children for papa, and take good care of yourself. Good bye, and may God bless you.

R. HATTON.

WOODBURY, TENN., June 14, 1859.

DEAR SOPHIE:—

I take a moment to say to you, that I am well, and getting along pleasantly. I came here yesterday morning, and will remain until morning, when I leave for Rutherford, where we speak the rest of the week. My prospects are good—improving. My little mare carries me along finely—much better than the horse did.

I hope you and the children are well and happy. *Be so, if you would make me so*. I cannot be so without it. I stayed night-before-last at a house where there was a three year old boy named Hatton, after me. A beautiful boy he is, too. The lady is a cousin of Gen. Harding, of Davidson. I find namesakes here by the dozen, almost. Have some good friends in Cannon. But what are they to me, away from my own family—my wife and my children? Nothing! I am tired—more than ever—of being away from you and the children. It must not be so. It shall not be so, if I can control my *fate*. I am interrupted by company. I have excused myself to close my letter. So good-bye, and may God bless you and take care of you and our dear children, until we meet. May we meet in health, and be kept from all evil. Kiss Reilly and Many for pa, and tell them to pray for him when they go to bed. I will get home on Monday.

Your affectionate husband,

ROBERT HATTON.

MURFREESBORO, *July 18, 1859.*

DEAR WIFE:—

I got here yesterday, and found your kind note, and my six shirts, awaiting me. Thank you, Sophie, for your kindness to me—for your thoughtful regard for my wants and desires. I shall never be able to repay you for your devoted attention to me. I will try, however. May be, I may succeed. God bless you any how, my dear wife, for your goodness.

I was delighted to hear that our dear children were so much admired in Williamson and Maury. They are noble children—we have a right to be proud of them. I do desire to live to see them raised and settled in life, though I fear I shall not. I pray God, that their dear mother will be, at least, enabled to live, and care for, and protect them. The loss of a mother is greatly worse than the loss of a father.

I am getting along very quietly with Mr. Ready, now. We go to Cannon County, to-day—speak there to-morrow. We wind up on Saturday at Readyville; that will be the end of the canvass—so far as speaking is concerned. The rest of the time will be spent in still-hunting.

My friends still think I will be elected. I cannot tell—am prepared for any event—success or defeat. We will enjoy ourselves together when it is all over, no matter what may be the result.

I am interrupted by company. So good-bye, my darling Sophie, and may God bless and take care of you; and our treasures.

Your affectionate husband,

R. HATTON.

. *Mrs. Sophie K. Hatton, Lebanon, Tenn.*

The election came off about the first of August; and, as was expected, Mr. Hatton was the successful candidate, defeating his opponent by eight hundred or a thousand majority. Of course, he felt gratified. His friends were delighted, even jubilant, at the result. He was feasted and toasted, serenaded and applauded; and Sumner County gave a "grand barbecue" in honor of him, who was, a few years before, "little Bob Hatton, of Long-

Hollow," but was, now, the Hon. Robert Hatton, member of Congress, elect, from the 5th Congressional District of Tennessee.

The press, in and out of the District, was quite as elated as the personal friends of Mr. Hatton. The *Lebanon Herald* devoted nearly a column to the expression of its joy and "infinite pleasure," at the triumph of the opposition, or American ticket. We clip the following paragraph from it:

"But perhaps the most gratifying feature to us of the past canvass, is the high and well deserved compliment which the people of this Congressional District have paid to Col. Robert Hatton. Col. Hatton, from all accounts, is elected by over one thousand votes. We have labored hard for this; we are more than compensated, and the returns have surpassed our most sanguine expectations."

The following is from the *Nashville Banner*:

"We rejoice over the triumphant election of Robert Hatton. His majority will not be less than 800. His canvass has been able, bold and effective. He will represent the people of the Fifth District with an unswerving devotion to their interests—a degree of ability and high-toned purpose which will be unexcelled by any member of that body. He will make his mark in the United States House of Representatives."

The compliments noticed below, must have been gratifying and highly pleasing to Mr. Hatton, after his toils and anxieties:

"A COMPLIMENT TO THE HON. ROBERT HATTON.—The gallant and chivalrous standard bearer of the Opposition in the Fifth District, the Hon. Robert Hatton, was serenaded last evening, at the Hotel in this city, by the patriots of old Williamson, with the Franklin Brass Band, an excellent company of instrumental performers from Franklin. In response to a call from the crowd attracted to the spot, Col. Hatton came forward and spoke in terms of gratitude and thankfulness to the gallant boys of the Fifth District, who had been so true to himself and the flag entrusted to his care. The band played several beautiful airs,

much to the delight and entertainment of the guests of the Hotel. Mr. Jas. E. Rains, of this city, responded in a few appropriate remarks, alluding to the praiseworthy achievements of the champion of Wilson, in the immortal Fifth District, and congratulating the Williamson County boys upon the success of their noble leader in the encounter."—*Nashville Banner, Aug. 6th.*

"A number of the Opposition party of old Williamson came down to the city with a brass band, and escorted Col. Bob Hatton out to Franklin, on Saturday, where he was enthusiastically received in the midst of a grand rally. A reception and congratulatory speech was made by John Marshall, Esq., to which Col. Hatton replied in his usual eloquent style. Speeches were also made by W. G. Brien, Esq., of this city, and Col. W. L. McConnico. Col. Hatton returned to the city yesterday, and left immediately for his home in Lebanon."—*Nashville Patriot, Aug. 8th.*

On his arrival at Lebanon, he received the following described greeting, as given by a correspondent of the *Herald*:

"COMPLIMENT TO COL. HATTON.—*Messrs. Editors*:—Deeply seated within our sanctum on Monday night, pouring over the interesting Courtship of Miles Standish, we were suddenly startled by the sweet melody of distant music, as it broke, in strains of sweetness, the stillness of the night. Inadvertently we were drawn forth in the direction from which came the music, so full of stirring beauty. Proceeding to the pavement, we gazed adown, and heard the tramp of distant footsteps, as they approached nearer and nearer the place where we stood. From the direction towards which they eagerly bent, we soon discovered the object of the procession, composed of men irrespective of party or party prejudice, was to serenade our distinguished fellow-citizen, Col. Hatton. We entered rank and followed on to the theatre of action, which was the ground in front of his residence. Seating ourself on the "gate post," we commanded a full view of the spectacle spread out before us. It was certainly a most brilliant one, and a splendid exhibition of the high regard which they bore to their gallant fellow-townsmen. Here

they stood, some two hundred in number, with their blazing fire-balls, throwing an ocean of brilliancy all around, whilst the brass band pealed forth that patriotic air, "Hail Columbia," until it floated in thrilling symphony over the last corner of the hushed and pulseless town. Two more pieces equally as beautiful, were played by our inimitable Band, and then one wild, spontaneous cry rent the sleeping air for "Hatton!" He came forth from his couch of repose, when he was greeted in a few pertinent and well-timed remarks by Wm. D. Martin, Esq., congratulating him upon the brilliant victory which he had just achieved; and on behalf of the assembled crowd, said that they had come to rejoice with him in his splendid triumph, and show to him the high appreciation in which he was held by his friends and fellow-citizens. Col. Hatton then responded in a most appropriate and happy manner—said that he thanked his friends, one and all, for that brilliant testimonial of their appreciation of his humble triumph—that he esteemed it more highly than any compliment he had received since his election, because it was from his friends at home—that he should ever recur to it in after time, as one of the happiest periods of his life—and that if, at any time in the future, an opportunity was offered to repay, in some small degree, the favor and debt of gratitude which he should ever owe to them, gladly would he do it. With other remarks of a similar character, he closed by thanking them again for the complimentary serenade which they had so generously tendered him. With loud and prolonged applause, the crowd then dispersed—having added another laurel to the perennial chaplet that already entwines around the broad marble brow of the indomitable Hatton. CEYPHUS."

"ROBERT HATTON.—It affords us unspeakable pleasure to announce the election of this gentleman to Congress. A personal acquaintance with Mr. Hatton has convinced us of his peculiar fitness to adorn a position so high and honorable. Distinguished for his unblemished integrity, he walks like Solon of old, untouched amid the immortal elements that breathe around him, and his very presence will strike terror to the hungry thieves that fatten upon the National Treasury. An honest

man, God's noblest work, is Bob Hatton. Although, in common parlance, he may be classed as a finished scholar, yet no one labors harder, or burns more of the midnight oil, than he. To learn new thoughts, and new truths, and thus keep pace with the march of mind, seems to be the end of his existence. He is the personification of energy—may we not say the very embodiment of industry. His constituents will find that their interests will be well and faithfully guarded by their present Representative, and his party have honored a man who will never follow the footsteps of his "illustrious predecessor," to die at last in the arms of his life-long foes, literally foundered and poisoned upon the bread of treason."—*Purdy Whig Banner*.

With the above, we close our clippings from the press, though we might extend them indefinitely, almost.

The following letter, in reply to one received from Dr. N. Lawrence Lindsley, will, in part, explain itself. Dr. Lindsley had it in contemplation about this time, to visit Europe, spending some years at the great seats of learning, in order that he might have the benefit of their libraries, as well as the suggestions and opinions of the great living *savans* of the old world, in the prosecution of his most valuable work—"Encyclolexicon;" but the unhappy civil war, then about to be precipitated upon the country, postponed indefinitely, the contemplated sojourn "beyond the sea." Dr. Lindsley had confided his views and plans upon this subject, to his specially valued friend, in their social and literary correspondence—the *two* bearing a relation of devoted friendship and *literary sympathies* not dissimilar to that of Webster and Everett:

LEBANON, *September 20, 1859.*

MY DEAR SIR:—

* * * * A reasonable degree of confidence in one's own capacity to accomplish a given undertaking, is certainly an indispensable requisite to its successful performance. It is neither "presumption," nor over-much of "boldness," then, in you, to contemplate leading, for a time, the life of an author. I know of no man, of your age, who has been a greater laborer in those fields of literature, which you think of

now specially cultivating and adorning. Why, then, should *you* not engage in the work? It *will* be one of love to you—I trust it may prove to be one of profit, also.

I should regret to see you and family leave Tennessee; yet, as it will be but for a time—but a few years, I hope—and as you can more successfully and satisfactorily do what you desire in the East, than here, I could not say ought against your going. If you do, I trust your sojourn will be most pleasant—not so much so, however, as to wean you from *Greenwood*.*

I fear there is too much ground for the opinion you express, that “most of the copies” of Perry’s Expedition were sold by members of Congress. It is a shame upon the nation, that there should be *any* ground for such a suspicion. Where members of Congress have so acted, they deserve to be publicly exposed, and then expelled the House.

I was gratified at the handsome manner in which Mr. Ward† referred, in his paper, to your letter to Dr. Worcester. He is an accomplished gentleman, and very clever fellow—clever, both in its American and English senses.

*“ We give the following extract from a communication written by a recent visitor to Greenwood, to a Tennessee paper:—“ Who has not heard of Greenwood, the home of Tennessee’s gifted scholar, Dr. N. Lawrence Lindsley? If there be one who knows not this beautiful resort of the *litterati*, let him read and be proud when he knows that amid the cedar-crowned heights of ‘old Wilson,’ there is a shrine erected to literature, where the sacred flame still brightly burns, even though war’s rude alarms have been charging around its temple. Dr. Lindsley is a son of the late distinguished Dr. Phillip Lindsley, President of the University of Nashville, and author of a series of incomparable essays upon Theology, Education and Government.

“ Four miles from Lebanon, at the base of a semi-circle of lofty, craggy heights, covered with a verdure of matted cedars, is the beautiful home most appropriately called ‘Greenwood.’ The grounds are laid out on the good old English plan—house off the road, with a winding carriage-way leading to it. In the language of its hospitable lord, ‘Greenwood was built for the accommodation of myself, my family, and my friends, and not for the passing public to gaze upon.’ Concealed amid beauties, natural and artificial, is an ideal home, just such a cozy, quiet home, as a man of cultivated refinement might picture. The surrounding scenery is varied, comprehending both the grand and picturesque—the wild beauties of untrained nature, and the improvement of art and cultivation. A bright, sparkling stream winds its joyous, laughing length through the grounds, making music with its ripples, as it goes ‘on to the sea.’ But away with the picture, for the beauties external are by far exceeded by ‘the feast of reason and flow of soul’ which awaits him who bears a card of invitation to Greenwood.”

† Rev. W. E. Ward, then editor of the *Banner of Peace*, Nashville, said:—“ It is the expression of one of the most accomplished scholars, of this country; one in love with

With the letter itself, too, I was much pleased. Wish that the scholars of our country would all agree with you in opinion on the subject, and then *act*.

For the kind and friendly sentiments contained in your note, I am sincerely obliged to you. Hope the day may arrive when it may be in my power amply to requite all the obligations which I feel myself under to you. I regard you as one of my *truest friends*—have for years, so regarded you. What I feel toward such men, it is hardly necessary to express.

Yours truly,

R. HATTON.

To N. Lawrence Lindsley, Esq.

Mr. Hatton was now to enter a new field, a wider domain, for the display of his oratory, political acumen, great acquirements and skill in parliamentary affairs. Hitherto he had achieved only a State reputation, but the time had now come when he must enter the great national arena, the Congress of the United States, to do battle with the giants. Would he sustain himself? was the question. That he had confidence in his own ability, there is no doubt; that he would do so, in the opinion of those who knew him well, is equally true. But it may be, that there were those who had their doubts—time would, and did tell.

As a politician, or statesman, Mr. Hatton was eminently conservative; was sound on all the great questions or measures advocated by his party, and was especially orthodox on the then paramount subject of African slavery—the absorbing question of the day, and the test of Southern loyalty and fidelity. Upon this latter question, he would be above suspicion, and any insinuation as to his want of fidelity to the South, or that he had

and deeply versed in, the rich literature of his mother tongue, as well as the dead, and other living languages.

“And with great propriety it is addressed to Dr. Worcester, no less a *savant*, equally with Professor Lindsley, a patient student, and an incomparable expounder of the English tongue.

“The desire here expressed to *appreciate* our own tongue; to assign it no second place; to make it among tongues, what Achilles was among the Greeks—“the Chief of All”—meets our cordial approbation. And we agree with Professor Lindsley that the CHAIR OF PHILOLOGY should be one of the most conspicuous in our literary Institutions.”

Black Republican proclivities, was certain to call forth his displeasure and heavy denunciations upon him who dared to make such. A case is in point: Just after his election to Congress, a report reached his ear, to the effect, that a certain member elect, of the State Senate, had said, that he, (Hatton,) was, perhaps, wanting in fidelity to the South, and that, in his (the Senator's) opinion, he had Black Republican proclivities. Mr. Hatton was indignant, and denounced the author in very severe terms, saying, he "was guilty of falsehood in his throat, and was a coward and a craven," and that if he had any friends present, they would inform the gentleman of "what he had said of him."

This was pretty severe, and among gentlemen who settle such difficulties according to the "code of honor," was likely to bring about serious consequences. No doubt Mr. Hatton expected such a result. A few days afterwards, a friend of the Senator called on Mr. Hatton, informing him that the Senator was in town, and desired to know if it was to him that his (Hatton's) language was addressed. Mr. Hatton replied by note, in the affirmative. So soon as the note had been dispatched, Mr. Hatton wrote the following note—may be, as he thought, the last—to his wife:

LEBANON, *September 13, 1859.*

MY DEAR WIFE:—

There is a prospect of my having, this evening, a difficulty, which may prove fatal to me. I would have spoken to you about it, at dinner, but did not want to cause you pain. Excuse me for not doing it. Few things of any moment, in my little history, have been concealed from you, since our marriage.

Let me say to you—it may be the last time—that you are as dear to me as my own blood—our children even as dear as the ruddy drops that course my veins. Should I not live to aid you in raising our dear babes, I have the *greatest confidence* in your faithfulness and fondness, as well as in your discretion, as a mother. Let them not forget their father.

The cause of the difficulty will be explained to you. The remarks made by me were but what was due my honor, *your*

honor, our children's honor. My honor, your honor, and their honor, are, each, dearer to me than life. Hence, my course.

Kiss our dear children, for pa, and tell them how much I loved them. You will never doubt my love for you; it will be the *last impulse of my heart*.

Your affectionate husband,

ROBERT HATTON.

To Sophie K. Hatton.

But, fortunately, the affair was amicably adjusted. The said Senator disclaimed "any such language—that he had never charged him with disloyalty to the South," etc. Here, the matter dropped. We have referred to it, merely to show to what lengths he would go, in vindication of what he deemed his *honor*. We will close our remarks upon this subject, by saying, we are inclined to think, that in the affair above mentioned, Mr. Hatton was a little too sensitive, and acted somewhat rashly. He had, however, just been elected to Congress, and wished to go before that body, and the nation, upon the test question—slavery—as Cæsar would have his wife, *above suspicion*.

Mr. Hatton left Lebanon, for Washington, about the 25th of November, going *via* Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Harrisburg, and Baltimore. From Cincinnati he wrote to his wife. He shall tell much of his own story, from this on. The following is the letter:

"BURNET HOUSE," CINCINNATI,

November 26, 1859.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

I got to this place, to-day, and am compelled to stay here until to-morrow night—no train leaving for Pittsburgh until then. Am vexed, sorely vexed; but, it is folly to fret. One advantage, I get to write to you, a day sooner. Could not get off from Nashville, Friday morning; had some business to attend to, which made it necessary for me to stay until evening. Will get to Pittsburgh, Monday, after dinner.

Well, my dear Sophie, we are separated by many long miles; you, in our little home—our sweet little home—and I, in the

midst of a crowd, on my way, still farther off. My very heart was *sick* at leaving you and our sweet little children. I felt as I had not felt before—sad, gloomy, to an extent painful in the extreme. Took my seat, up by the driver, where I remained until near Nashville, when the rain drove me inside the coach. Did not speak—did not want to—for miles, thinking of you, as I last saw you, seated by the window, as I left home. Oh, Sophie, you will—you never *can*—know how sad was my heart; *it felt as lead in my breast*. And *now*, whilst I write, I see you in our room, seated by the hearth, alone, thinking of—what? Of me? I believe you are, *this moment*, thinking of me. It is half past eight o'clock, P. M. Tell me, when you answer this, what you are now at—of what you are thinking—*what* you are doing. Would that I could but look in upon you—see you, and our sweet little ones. About Reilly, I am absolutely superstitious. I fear something may happen to him. He is almost constantly in my mind. When I pressed the little fellow to my breast, on leaving, it did seem that my heart would break. God bless you and them, our babes, and keep you harmless, until we meet again. Say to Reilly and Many, that pa *never* wanted to see them so much as *now*; that they must be good, mind their ma, and be good children, every way. Kiss them for me, till you get tired.

Saw Sister Mary, at Nashville. She was looking much better than when I last saw her. Told her about matters and things, Balie, etc., which, I think, pleased her. Hope she will consent to give up teaching, next session, and stay with you.

* * * * *

Tell the negroes, howdy, for me, and say to them that I want them to be smart and obedient; that, if they will, they shall have, each, a nice present. Tell Anderson that he must haul the corn from Col. Hamilton's, very soon, lest it is all sold; also, to pile up the shingles, and fix the loft where he keeps his corn.

Now, my darling, don't suffer yourself to be gloomy and unhappy. Take the world more easily than you have been in the habit of doing. Look on the bright side of the picture. Make Balie and Johnnie read to you, and write for you. Keep up your music; visit your friends; in short, strive to be happy.

Take constant care of yourself. Of attention to the children I need not speak; you are as attentive as I would have you.

I am very well, indeed. The travel agrees with me. The young ladies with me, get along pretty much on their own hook—are not much trouble. Brother Sehon has, pretty much, relieved me of trouble, on their account, so far. I want to write another letter, in time for the mail. So, good-bye, 'till I get to Pittsburgh. Love to mother. God bless you.

Your affectionate husband,

R. HATTON.

The following letter was written from the residence of his sister, in Pittsburgh, Pa.:

“MAG'S HOUSE,”

November 29, 1849.

DEAR SOPHIE:—

I am about to be off for Washington—go on this evening's train, through Harrisburg and Baltimore. Miss Mc. and Miss M. are here, to dinner; came over at eleven o'clock, and stay until time to go by the hotel, to the cars.

We stayed at Cincinnati until eleven o'clock, Sunday night. Sunday, went to church twice. Heard the celebrated Dr. Goddard (Episcopal) twice. He is a great man—very. Was introduced to him, and he promised to send me a copy of one of his sermons, which was reported for the city papers. I will send it to you, and Johnnie will read it for you. 'Twill please him—parts of it. Saw, at Cincinnati, after dinner, the dedication of the Boatmen's Bethel—a meeting-house for river men. So, you see, I spent the first Sabbath from home, very profitably. If you, and our sweet little ones, had but been along with me, for Washington, I felt that it would have been a happy day. You may make up your mind to come to Washington. I'm going to have it so. Bless your dear heart, this is no world to me, without you—none. Care but little for the world, outside of those whom I regard as a part of myself.

Was called on, yesterday, by Mr. McKnight, the member from this District. He takes his family to Washington, and

will keep house. Morehead, the member from the City, takes part of his family. Why can't I? Have not as much money as they, but have enough—plenty. I have dreamed of you, repeatedly, already; have generally had pleasant dreams, too. Have waked up, and *hurried* to get asleep again, hoping to get my glimpse of home again. I am unhappy; have been moody, ever since I left home. Have *tried* to be pleasant, but it has been a *labor* to me.

Mag and Mr. Riddle and children, are all well. Mag is very nicely fixed, indeed, as nicely as we will be, years to come. Her house is large and roomy—handsomely furnished. Mr. R. is an exceedingly pleasant man, at home. I am greatly pleased with him. Wish I could stay longer, but cannot.

Did I say, in my letter from Cincinnati, anything about the corn? I want Anderson to haul it, at once, lest it be all taken off. The balance of the pork is to be brought in by a Mr. Carson. Tell Johnnie to see to it.

Have had the locket fixed, and have also had Mag's picture of you copied, beautifully, for myself. It is a beautiful picture—just as you were when first you owned you loved me. I have kissed it, over and over again. Will, if I live, kiss it *thousands* of times more.

Kiss our dear children for me a dozen times a day, and teach them to pray for their absent father. Bless their dear little souls, I am just finding out *how much* I love them. Have seen no such children since I left. Mag's are *exceedingly* smart, but they do not look so sweet—so noble as ours. Whose children do? Don't spoil the baby—(what shall it be called?)—and wear yourself out. Remember that you have a husband in whose eyes you are fair, and he wants you to continue so. Mag is too much of a slave to her children. Don't now, be foolish, and just weary the flesh into premature old age. Keep cheerful—don't let anything trouble you. Determine to be cheerful and happy.

Tell mother that I see *nothing* here that I recognize. Don't like the smoke and dust, but Pittsburg is a *great* city in trade and manufacturing.

I am staying away too long from Mag. So good bye, my darling wife, until I get to Washington, when I will write you

again. My love to father, mother, John and the children. For yourself, receive again assurances of my truest and most faithful love.

Your affectionate husband,
R. HATTON.

As he had expected, Mr. Hatton arrived safely in Washington, on Thursday, Dec. 1, 1859. According to the request of his wife, Mr. Hatton kept a Diary while in Congress, in which he noted many important and interesting things and events. We shall copy it in regular order. Here follows the first day's record:—

Thursday, Dec. 1, 1859.—Arrived in Washington to-day, from Baltimore, and put up at Brown's Hotel. Found, on my arrival, a letter awaiting me from Sophie, which I have read over and over again. All well except my dog, Prince. He, poor fellow, seems to have been badly treated. Took room 97, until I can look around me—find it small and unpleasant—will get another. Found large number of the members of Congress here—all caucusing—each party seemingly anxious for a trade, to secure a portion of the spoils to their friends. Read the first three chapters of Genesis, and am going to bed at 12 o'clock, praying God to guide me and to guard and protect my dear wife and children, who are far away from me.

The following is the first letter to his wife from the Capital of the nation. In his remarks about his little son's dog, and the similarity between himself and Mr. Clay, as well as hundreds of other matters in the letters introduced by us, the reader will bear in mind that they were written only for his family and relations. For purity of thought and expression, for modesty in referring to himself, and for affection for his family, Mr. Hatton's letters to his wife, will compare well with the private correspondence of any one, especially when it is remembered they were never expected to be read by any one outside of his family circle, much less to be published and presented to the public:

BROWN'S HOTEL, WASHINGTON CITY,
December 2, 1859.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

You can form but little idea of the pleasure I enjoyed in reading over and over again your letter of last Sunday. I got it here last night, upon my arrival. Bless your dear, good heart, you were so kind in writing to me so promptly. It was handed me immediately upon my registering my name. I was surrounded by a number of gentlemen, who wanted to talk to me, but I excused myself and stepped into a private parlor, and read it twice; kissed the name "Sophie," then placed it *carefully* (how tender even—that is the word—are we of a letter from one whom we love) in my side pocket, and went to tell some of my friends of Prince's misfortunes. Poor fellow, I was truly sorry to hear of his misfortune. Tell Reilly to see to it that full particulars are given me, as to how the thing was done, by what dog, &c. Take good care of him; see that he is kept fat, and in cold, bad weather, is not left out of doors. You did right in letting him stay in your room. He is devoted to our children. This is enough to make me devoted to his comfort, at least. By the way, I have just been edifying a couple of members with a statement of Prince's virtues, showing them my picture, in which he is so prominent a character.

I wrote you from Pittsburg, about getting Mag's likeness of you copied. It is very fine. Mr. Quarles, to whom I showed it, said, "Hatton, she is, I know, from this face, a good woman." I was stooping over my trunk, at the moment, and the tears ran out of my eyes, down on to my shirts in the trunk. You have been the kindest of wives to me. Can I repay you? How can I? It shall be done, if in my power. You said nothing particularly about your health. Have you been very well? I was afraid you would weary yourself to exhaustion, and to a spell of sickness by over-exertion with the baby. How has it been getting along at night? Better, I hope, than before I left. You *must not* work so much with it at night.

There is an immense crowd in Washington. Office seekers by the hundreds. The city is apparently full of life, but it but

saddens me to see the crowd. Have not seen a man here with his child or wife, without feeling unhappy. Why should we not be together? Why you and I, not as others? Etheridge has his little daughter with him. A number of the members have their wives. Saw Mr. Wright, of Tenn., at the table at dinner to-day. I thought of you and our little ones far away—lost my appetite, got up and left the table—so sad and *lonely, in a vast crowd*, did I feel.

I shall stay for the present at Brown's Hotel. Quarles, Etheridge, Stokes, Wright and myself, of Tennessee, are here. Have to-day been introduced to a number of the stars of the city. Find myself much better known than I had supposed. Am said to be a very ugly man, but one thing must be so; there is something about me that suggests the face of Mr. Clay, as at least half a dozen have, to-day, said I was singularly like him. One man—a Kentuckian, too—approached me this morning, and was about speaking to me, when he stepped back and said he was mistaken. He was afterwards introduced to me, and said he took me for Jim Clay, Henry Clay's son—that I was certainly like him, though more like his father. To be thought like Jim, did not please me, as I have great dislike to him. In the *Banner* of the 29th of Nov., you will see a letter taken from a St. Louis paper, or a part of one, in which the writer thinks I am not unlike Mr. Clay. So you see, Sophie, that if you have got the ugliest husband in Wilson, he is like one who was great and good.

Has my mare been sent to the country? If not, let Anderson take her out to Mottley's—Dick's. See that Anderson keeps plenty of wood, cut and ready for you. Keep bright fires—they conspire to cheerfulness. Give my love to mother and the children and John. Say to John to keep things straight. Write to me just as often as you can, my darling wife.

Your affectionate husband,

R. HATTON.

CHAPTER VII.

1859. First Session of the Thirty-sixth Congress—Great Delay in the Organization of the House of Representatives—Two months elapse before the Election of a Speaker—Diary from 2d December, 1859, to 1st day of Feb., 1860—Incidents, Observations and Facts, noted therein—Speech of Mr. Hatton upon the Organization of the House—Letters to his Wife—Observations and Sentiments, as expressed therein—Of Washington City Life—Its mixed Society, Customs, Vanities, and Demoralizing Associations—The Thirty-sixth Congress but little better than a Mob—Destitute of Dignity and Decorum—Mr. Hatton declines invitations to Parties, to Drink, to Smoke, to call on Ladies, etc. 1860.

IN the following chapters of the biography of Mr. Hatton, we shall do little more than transcribe his letters and the daily records of his diary, in their regular order, as they will show to the reader the private as well as his public sentiments concerning measures and men. We shall, of course, introduce his Congressional speeches, in the order of time in which they were delivered, adding, now and then, such other matters as we may deem proper and interesting. Here follows the second days' record, as given in his diary:

December 2, 1859.—Slept late this morning, having slept but little on my route. Found everybody like myself, however, the *crowd* not eating before 10 o'clock. Was called on to-day by a large number of the members, and in return, called on several. The twenty-three Southern Opposition men are all here, and a fine looking and gallant set of fellows I take them to be. Went in company with Mr. Anderson, of Ky., to the Capitol, and selected my seat and a drawer. Was not at all pleased with the arrangement of the Hall; the arrangement of the seats is wretched—will be changed, I trust. Have been invited to drink about a dozen times, to day—did not, of course, do it. Wrote to Sophie. Read 4th, 5th and 6th chs. of Genesis, before retiring.

The first day in Washington, he is invited to drink, a dozen times! And did not do it!! This is an excellent temperance lecture—remember it, young man, and do likewise. What a pity all the Representatives in Congress don't pursue a similar course.

December 3, 1859.—Woke up to find it raining, this morning. Got breakfast, and went to attend caucus of Southern Oppositionists. Resolved to vote for one of our own number, for Speaker, opposing the plurality rule. Went to *Intelligencer* office, to subscribe for two copies of the weekly—one for Hibbits, and the other for Frazer. Became acquainted with Mr. Seaton, one of the proprietors. Came home, and wrote to Turner Vaughn, Jerry Frazer, and D. C. Hibbits. After supper, went again to caucus, and simply undid what we did in the morning meeting. Came to my room; read the *Herald*. Showed my pictures to little Emma Etheridge, who admired them greatly; then took her to her pa's room, and had her put to bed. Read the 8th and 9th chapters of Genesis, before retiring.

December 4, 1859.—Still raining, this morning. Dressed, and eat breakfast, pretty early. Saw Mr. Taylor, of East Tennessee, and agreed to go to the Southern Methodist Church. Did go, in the rain. Heard a plain, sensible sermon, upon the 2nd verse of the 6th chapter of Paul to the Ephesians. Got my dinner, and went to my room, spending the evening writing some letters. Wrote to H. K. Walker, about public printing; to McLemore, about list of names, etc., and to Northcott, on same subject. Then read several chapters in the Psalms, and went down to go to church, again; but, found it raining, and dark, and did not go. Returned to my room, and wrote a letter to Sophie. Then read the papers, and the 10th, 11th and 12th chapters of Genesis, and went to bed, at twelve o'clock.

Here follows the letter, written to his wife:

WASHINGTON CITY,

December 4, 1859.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

Your note, enclosing Mr. Riddle's letter, etc., was received, last night. Don't let N's foolish, little articles annoy you. Everybody knows he is my *devoted* friend, and that he is but amusing himself and his readers, by his jokes, at my expense I will try and profit by your suggestions, however.

To-day, I attended church, at the Southern Methodist meeting-house; heard a sensible, but a very plain, discourse, from a very young man. The congregation was quite small. As it had been raining all the morning, and had no appearance of stopping, I suppose the number out was no indication of the number usually in attendance. The text was the 2nd verse of the 6th chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians. After church, I came to the hotel, and wrote three letters to some of my Tennessee friends. Was this wrong? I thought it better than sitting about, talking about elections, Black Republicans, etc. I have read a number of chapters in the Bible. Will, I think, easily master the reading of all of it, before getting home. After supper, as it is still raining, I shall stay in doors, and read some more.

I find that a great part of my time is to be devoted to answering letters, which have already begun to flow in on me, by wholesale. Will trouble me, greatly. Have determined to try to answer all of them, lest I may give offense.

To-day has been a most gloomy one to me—dark, raining and cold—too cold for comfort, out-doors. Then, I was away from my wife and children—hundreds of miles—days of travel, by railway. A part of the time, I have been sitting alone, trying to imagine how you all were situated, how seated, how dressed, what you were talking and thinking about. So vivid were my sort of half-dreams, of what was passing at home, that my heart beat convulsively—could not keep my seat, but strode the floor, 'till wearied of walking. What have you all been at, to-day? Has it been a pleasant one to you? Hope it

has been pleasant and profitable. Was it raining at home, to-day? God bless your dear hearts, I have not known what it was, before, to feel anxious about your comfort and happiness. Take good care of your dear self, Sophie, and of our bright little ones. I will, of myself, for your and their sakes, be extremely cautious.

* * * * *

Father will, I hope, stay as much as possible with you, during the Winter. You will be company for each other. I have taken up with Etheridge's little girl,* for much of my company. She is a sprightly, but very quiet and modest little child, and is very interesting to me. She has asked me a hundred questions about you and the children. Was in my room, an hour, last night, looking at the pictures of you, and the horse-picture, and asking about each, over and over again. Are you surprised that I did not get tired answering her questions? I did not. *They were about you and the children.* Have showed them to all my visitors. They have, too, been greatly admired—yours, in particular. Have also showed my Bible and note-book, and what you wrote in them. Bless your heart, I want to talk about you, all the time. Give my love to mother and father, and tell them to take good care of you. Tell father that I saw, the other day, Judge Thompson, Supreme Judge of Pennsylvania, who told me he knew father, in the Erie country. Told me to ask him if he remembered Billy Emelly.

Tell Reilly and Many that pa thinks of, and prays for them, every night, before going to bed, and that they must not forget pa. You must name the baby, my darling; will be pleased with any name you give it; prefer it should not be called Maggie, as I don't like the name.

Your affectionate husband,

R. HATTON.

December 5, 1859.—Rose about sunrise, this morning, and went around to see some of our Southern Opposition men, about a meeting, this morning, before assembling at the Capitol; suc-

* Wonder if somebody else hasn't "taken up" with Miss Emma, by this time!

ceeded in getting it up. Met, and agreed on our line of action, in the election of Speaker, which was to scatter our vote. The Clerk of the last Congress announced, at 12 o'clock, M., that the time had arrived for the meeting of the Thirty-sixth Congress, and proceeded to call the roll. Nominations were then made, but no elections had. After a stormy session of two hours, the House adjourned until to-morrow, at 12 o'clock, M. Had another caucus of the Southern Opposition, to-night, and determined to vote for Gilmer to-morrow. Read 13th, 14th and 15th chapters of Genesis, and went to bed, first writing to W. Hy. Smith, and others.

December 6, 1859.—To-day was a most stormy one, in the House. It was taken up in Buncombe speeches—some of them of a most disgraceful character, full of low and vulgar personalities, resulting in the utter confusion of the House. I said nothing, myself; sat quietly, and surveyed the scene—astonished—disgusted. An adjournment was effected about 4:30 o'clock, P. M. Came to my room; backed and mailed some documents; wrote to Sophie; read the city and New York papers for the day; read the 16th, 17th and 18th chapters of Genesis, praying to God to take care of the dear ones at home. Went to bed, 11:30 o'clock, P. M.

WASHINGTON CITY,

December 6, 1859.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

I was disappointed in not getting a letter from you, yesterday or to-day. Never knew what it was to feel anxious about home, before. Do make Johnnie—if you can't, yourself—write for you, and frequently.

Two days of the session are gone, and no organization of the House. To-day has been spent in a most angry debate, about the negro question. "Most disgusting" exhibitions were made by a number of members; and, in the evening, there came near being a regular fight between some Democrats and Republicans. The thing was, however, quieted down, and the House adjourned. I assure you, I was thoroughly disgusted at the scenes I witnessed. You will see a report, in the papers, of proceedings.

It has been raining, ever since Saturday night, hardly stopping at all. The streets are exceedingly sloppy. I have had to spend fifty cents for hack hire—all I have paid that way, yet. The House galleries have been crowded, all the time—the women taking an active part in applauding or hissing, as they happened to be pleased, or not. I forgot to say that I landed my girls safely at W—; have not seen or heard of them, since.

Tell Reilly and Many not to forget their pa; that he will see them, he hopes, before a great while. Our children, are, I know, dear to you. You are one of the best and kindest of mothers; but do you really think—as you sometimes have said—that I do not think as much of them as you do? If so, you *must* be mistaken. I do not see a little boy or girl, that I do not at once think of, and if I have a chance, talk of Reilly, and Many, and the baby. Avery and Wright, of our delegation, have their wives with them, and are staying at this house. When I see them with their wives, I am almost angry at coming off without you. A large number of the Southern members have got their wives here. I am a stray sheep, without a shepherdess. Will you permit it to go on so? Eh? Think not.

Mr. Barksdale, of Mississippi, says he remembers you, distinctly. He was educated at Jackson College. He has his family here—the ugliest wife in Washington. (Private.) Write to me, Sophie, *often* as you can, without pain to your eyes. Love to mother and all.

Your affectionate husband,

R. HATTON.

December 7, 1859.—Still raining. Got up early this morning; read the papers; wrote to T. B., about Harrington matter, and went to the Capitol. The session continued from twelve o'clock until after dark, and was principally consumed in the delivery of some most inflammable and ridiculous speeches, from the Democracy. Mr. Nelson, of Tennessee, made an admirable speech, in which he gave to Mr. Roger A. Pryor, a perfect quietus. A vote was taken, before adjournment, for Speaker, but resulted in no election—Sherman getting 107 votes, when

116 were necessary to a choice. Read the 19th, 20th and 21st chapters of Genesis, and retired to bed at twelve o'clock.

December 8, 1859.—Found the tops of the houses covered with snow, this morning, and the weather very cold. After breakfast, went out in the city on some business, and then went to the House.

The principal source of interest was the speech of Thomas Corwin. He was eloquent, at times, and full of wit and humor. He was conservative, and tried to make it appear that his party were. No election of Speaker; one ballot taken, resulting about as former ones. House adjourned about one hour after dark. Wrote to Sophie and others; read 22d, 23d and 24th chs. of Genesis, and went to bed at quarter past eleven o'clock.

December 9, 1859.—Still very cold this morning. Read morning papers, and went to the Capitol; wrote to John B. Payton, Jesse E. Payton, of Philadelphia, and to J. W. Davidson; went into the Supreme Court room—it is the most dignified body I ever saw; was delighted at their mode of doing business; House met at 12 o'clock; soon got up a fierce debate—Kellog and Logan being the speakers; both from Illinois; wanted to fight; did not; had two ballots for Speaker; result as former ones; adjourned at 5 P. M.; wrote to Sophie, after the fire; (the Hotel caught fire to-night;) read 25th, 26th and 27th chs. of Genesis, and went to bed at 1 o'clock, A. M.

December 10, 1859.—Went to House at 11 o'clock; wrote to John Marshall, of Franklin, Gov. Campbell, Northcott, and Beaumont, in reference to condition of things here. The day was consumed in speaking, and in calling the roll on motions to adjourn; nothing accomplished; came home, and wrote to G. W. Simpson, in reference to his land warrant, and to John Bell, on matters at Washington. Was called on to-day by Matthew F. Maury, of the Observatory, but was out, and did not see him; regret it, as he is one of the few men here whom I desire to know intimately. Wrote to Sophie, and read 28th, 29th and 30th chs. of Genesis, and went to bed at 12 o'clock.

December 11, 1859.—Got up and read morning papers; went to church and heard an excellent sermon from Dr. Sehon; came home and wrote to Sophie—God bless her; read 31st, 32d, 33d, 34th and 35th chs. of Genesis, then ate dinner, and came to my room, and sat until church time entertaining some friends. Went to hear a Mr. Patterson, of Philadelphia, preach to-night; he was dull and tedious, though a good man, doubtless. Since church I have written to the editor of the *Franklin Review*, ordering the paper here, and giving the news of the day here; also wrote to B. D. Mottley, on a matter of business, in which he is much interested. Read some of Proverbs, also 36th, 37th, and 38th chs. of Genesis, and went to bed at 12 o'clock.

WASHINGTON CITY,

December 11, 1859.

DEAR WIFE:—

Have just returned from church; Dr. Sehon preached at the Southern Methodist Church—preached, too, a most excellent sermon—plain, strong, pathetic—made me cry. He is a good-hearted, christian gentleman; he introduced me to Judge McLean, of the Supreme Court of the United States, who is a noble-looking old man; he invited me kindly to visit him, which I think I will do; he is, you know, an active member of the Methodist Church—has been for more than forty years—may be, fifty. Lieut. Maury called to see me yesterday; I was out at the time, and did not get to see him—was sorry, as he is one of the few men, here, whom I am desirous to know.

What have you been at to day? write and tell me. To-night I intend going again to church. Mr. McGavock, of Nashville, has just been in to see me; I showed him my pictures, and the first side of this letter; also, my Bible, pointing his attention to what you wrote inside. Bless your dear heart, I have read it, and re-read it over and over again, until every mark, and dot, letter and word, is as familiar to me, as is your own dear face. Kiss and squeeze our sweet little ones for pa, and give them, for me, a father's blessing.

My love to father and mother, the boys and the children, and believe me,

Your affectionate husband,

R. HATTON.

December 12, 1859.—Went this morning to the Land Office, on business, for G. W. Simpson, of Williamson County; went up into the Patent Office and spent half-an-hour; went to the Capitol at 12 o'clock, then to the folding room, and ordered some public documents to be sent to my room; was sent for by some Tennessee ladies to show them the Capitol; did so. The House adjourned at about 5 o'clock, after there had been three or four very violent speeches made. Came to my room, wrote to Dr. Elmore Douglass, of Gallatin; wrote also to Neal; then directed some eighty or one hundred public documents to certain of my constituents; read 39th, 40th, 41st, and 42d chs. of Genesis, and retired at 12 o'clock.

December 13, 1859.—To-day was spent in reading newspapers, writing letters, and listening to the speeches of certain excitable gentlemen on the floor of the House; I wrote to Neal and Spillers, and to Col. Hamilton, of Sumner County. Mr. McRae, of Mississippi, spoke to-day; was—his friends said—drunk; certainly made a donkey of himself. Mr. Sickles also spoke; I was sorry for the creature, though I felt a contempt for him; came home at half-past five, to dinner; came to my room—was disappointed in not getting a letter from home. Read the 43d, 44th, 45th and 46th chs. of Genesis, and went to bed at half-past 12 o'clock.

December 14, 1859.—To-day has been exceedingly unpleasant—sleeting and snowing. Went to the Capitol early, and wrote a number of letters before the meeting of the House; wrote to D. B. Mottley, Jim Rains, Spickard, and others; the session was consumed by conclusion of McRae's speech, and by speeches from Carter and Vallandigham. Voted once for Speaker—same result as former ballotings; did not adjourn until after 6 o'clock, so missed our dinner entirely; went up to McNeil's to see about Mrs. Settle's furs. Read 47th, 48th, 49th and 50th chs. of Genesis, and went to bed at 12 o'clock.

December 15, 1859.—Ground was covered with snow this morning—cold out doors; read papers; was again disappointed

in not getting word from home—in not getting a letter from Sophie. Did get a letter from B., about Mrs. Shepherd's law suit, in which he said my family were "*well*;" House in usual confusion to-day; speeches as usual; had two ballots for Speaker, resulting as before; it was thought to-day that Sherman would ultimately get help enough to be elected. No letter from home to-night. Read the 1st, 2d and 3d chs. of Exodus, and retired at 1 o'clock, A. M.

December 16, 1859.—Got a letter from Sophie this morning, which did me a great deal of good; have read it until I almost know it by heart; sat down and wrote her a long letter, thanking her for it. Received letters from Barry, Wm. Hy Smith, and Dr. Wilkerson, each of which I answered. Gave Smith a letter in relation to the contest for Speaker, stating the vote of Gilmer, which was such as to have elected him, if the Democrats had united on him. Their refusal demonstrated that they were for the triumph of Democracy, and not to defeat Sherman, but the twenty-three Southern Opposition men. Read the 4th, 5th and 6th chs. of Exodus, and went to bed at 12 o'clock.

HALL HOUSE REPRESENTATIVES,
Washington City, Dec. 16, 1859.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

I have just read your letter of the 11th. Thank you, darling, for the kindness that prompted it. I had got absolutely sick at waiting for a word from you; 'twas "hope deferred" with me. Do not let it be long again between letters; I believe you will not.

This is our bridal day. Seven years ago our fortunes were united; we were made one—one flesh, one in heart, I trust—believe. Have just spoken to Etheridge about it—of your letter, of our marriage, of you, of our bright babes, of home, and how I longed once again to pass its threshold. God bless and guard you. You have heard a great deal of Washington and its vices; and yet, I know no more about them than when I got here. Have been invited to drink a hundred times; this is all the temptation I've had, and that has really

been to me no temptation at all, as my purpose was *fixed* on this subject, before leaving home. I have not touched or tasted one drop of any kind of spirits since I saw you—*do not intend to during my absence from home*, though I am the only one, so far as I know, the only Member of Congress, except Etheridge, that does not drink.

Was invited to a party a few nights since; did not go; had no thought of going; remained in my room, franking public documents to my constituents, and thinking of home. In all frankness, however, all my thoughts of home were not pleasant, and why? Because I had, as it seemed to me, not been written to as often as was reasonable.

On yesterday I was called upon"—here the letter ends, the balance having been torn off.

December 17, 1859.—Got another letter from Sophie—a good long one, too. Have read it over, as if it was the only one I had gotten for a month. All were well but Many, who had been sick, but she was much better. Expected to have gone to the Smithsonian Institute, but did not, on account of the weather. House met at 12 o'clock, and adjourned at 3½ o'clock. Had one ballot for Speaker—no election. Wrote to A. A. Hall and others, on condition of things here. Read newspapers, and backed 200 of Nelson's speeches to my constituents. Read 7th, 8th and 9th chapters of Exodus, and went to bed at 1 o'clock, A. M.

December 18, 1859.—Got up and found the Sun shining out beautifully. Got breakfast, read my letters, and went to church—to the Southern Methodist church. Heard a very good practical sermon from the 7th verse of the 4th ch. of Paul to the Corinthians—2d Epistle: "But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us." After preaching, subscribed \$25 towards paying the preacher. After dinner, had company until time for church. Went again to the same church, and heard a continuation of the same subject. Came home and read the 10th, 11th and 12th chs. of Exodus, and retired at 12 o'clock.

December 19, 1859.—Received by mail this morning, letter from Geo. W. Allen, on the subject of pension for old man Bear-den. Sent it to Commissioner of Pensions for inspection and report. Wrote to Allen. Got letter from John B. Peyton and answered it, and sent copies of Everett's, Lincoln's and Cushing's speeches, to his father. Got, also, letter from John Martin, of Kansas, and answered it, advising to go ahead and not be discouraged. House met at usual hour, and held until 5—no Speaker elected. Bocock withdrew his name, and the Democracy split up their vote among half-a-dozen. Got large number of letters this evening, approving of the position assumed by the Southern Opposition. Read the 13th, 14th and 15th chs. of Exodus; and retired at 1 o'clock.

December 20.—Went to the Capitol at 10 o'clock, and wrote to H. K. Walker, Jno. Spinks, T—— B——, and Ira P. Jones. Sent Rules of House to Jno. Spinks, and copy of Patent Office reports (m.) to Mr. Marshall, at Middleton. Sent list of members of House to all the newspapers in my District. Wrote to Balie; also sent a number of papers off—one to Mr. Riddle. The House met at 12 o'clock and adjourned at 4½ o'clock, P. M. The session was taken up in foolish speaking, and ineffectual voting for Speaker. Boteler got as high as 43 votes to-day—23 Opposition and the balance Democrats. Went to Opposition caucus to-night. Met Mr. Conrad, of La., Mr. A. H. H. Stewart, of Va., Erastus Brooks, of N. Y., and other distinguished men, there. Read 16th, 17th and 18th chs. of Exodus, and retired.

December 21, 1859.—Wrote to-day to mother, to Jno. Harlan, of Sumner Co., sending him the Globe; also wrote to Don Cameron, in referenee to the Speakership.

To-day there was a split in our little camp—some of our party going over to the Democratic candidate, who was put in nomination by one of our own men, Mr. Boteler, of Va. A heated and angry debate was carried on between Burnett, of Ky., and Etheridge, Hill and Anderson. Only one ballot was had for Speaker, which resulted in no election. There is great feeling

among our friends. To-morrow I trust they will all unite again on one of our own men. Read 19th, 20th and 21st chs. of Exodus, and retired at 1 o'clock, A. M."

December 22, 1859.—Wrote to mother this morning. Sent papers to John Peyton, Mr. Riddle, Tarver, Gen. Anderson and others. No election of Speaker yet. Gilmer got 36 votes to-day, our entire vote going to him, and some eleven or twelve of the Northern Opposition. The Democrats did not give him a vote, demonstrating that they prefer a Republican to one of our men. There was the greatest excitement among the Democrats, when they discovered that we could get votes enough from the North to elect Gilmer, with their vote. They saw the light in which a refusal then to vote for him, would place them. Wrote to Neal and Hy. Smith. I spent this evening at the residence of Henry Winter Davis, of Maryland, where I met a number of friends. He and lady are accomplished and elegant people. He is the greatest man in Congress. Read 22d, 23d and 24th chs. of Exodus, and retired at 1 o'clock.

December 23, 1859.—Wrote to sister Mary, from whom I got a letter this morning. Also sent her some papers. Wrote to Sophie and sent some papers to Johnnie. Also wrote to Dr. Kingston Goddard, of Cincinnati. Sent a number of Globes to persons in my District. The session of the House was prolonged to a late hour, most of the time being consumed in a discussion between Farnsworth, of Ill., and others, in which he made a great fool of himself. Mr. Nelson denounced the Editors of the *States* as guilty of falsehood, &c. Was called on to-day by Harrison, of Nashville, to whom I intrusted the attention of some business at Nashville. Read the 25th, 26th and 27th chs. of Exodus, and retired at 12½ o'clock.

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.,

December 23, 1859.

DEAR WIFE:—

I have now spent several days without writing to you—satisfying myself with writing to Balie and mother. Can't keep from talking to *you* directly. I am suffering under the strong-

est and most violent attack of "Home-sick." Am tired of this city—heartily tired of it. Want to be away. Have been invited out several times. Went last night with Harris, of Maryland, Stokes, and Gov. Gilmer, to the residence of Henry Winter Davis, the member from Baltimore. He is living in most elegant style. Is very wealthy, and spends his money freely, in having around him the luxuries of high life. Saw Mrs. Davis and the wife of Mr. Harris, of Md. Sat in the drawing-room with the ladies an hour, when, according to what seems to be a fashion in Washington, we retired to a room where wines and cigars were supplied in abundance. I sat with them, but, of course, did not smoke or drink. The only exception in the company. *Never* expect to taste any kind of spiritous liquors. I can see that there is imminent danger in it—no good in it. It is the principal business of many men here.

When are you going to write again to me? After what I have written already, it is unnecessary to add more. Bless your dear hearts, you are my constant thought—morning, night and day. My heart is not in Washington, hence I cannot be content here. Tell Reilly and Many that pa would give anything to spend the Christmas with them. * * * * *

Will write again to-morrow.

Your affectionate husband,

R. HATTON.

December 24, 1859.—House met at the usual hour, and its time spent, as usual, in foolish speeches, made for home consumption. Got a letter from Mr. Riddle, informing me that Mag had sent me a *robe-de-chambre*, by Adams Express. Delighted at the news, as I needed it. Called at Express office, but it had not come to hand; get it to-morrow. Wrote to Sophie, and sent some pictures of the public buildings, here, to Reilly and Many, for a Christmas present. This evening—Christmas Eve—I have spent in franking documents; hard work. Oh, that I was at home, with the dear ones, there! It is fated otherwise. Well, it shall not be long so. Read 28th, 29th and 30th chapters of Exodus, and retired at 1 o'clock.

December 25.—Christmas—1859. This has been a quiet Christmas, to me—the most quiet of my life—at least, since I have been old enough to know what Christmas was. It has been so exceedingly cold, that I did not go out to church at all. Have spent all day in my room, writing, and reading, and talking. Got a long letter from Sophie, this morning, which was a most welcome present. I have read it over until I almost see every line of it, so familiar to my mind are its contents. I wrote a letter to her, in answer, eight pages long. Wrote to Gov. Campbell, H. B. Vaughn, W. H. Wise, *Nashville News*. Franked a speech, of Nelson, to some of my friends. For last hour have been sitting alone, thinking of *Home!* Read 31st, 32d and 33d chapters of Exodus, and went to bed at 12:30 o'clock.

Here follows his Christmas letter to his wife:

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.,
Christmas Day, 1859.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

Thank you, darling, for the present received from you, this morning—a long and affectionate letter. I went into the breakfast room, and sent the servant down for my mail. He brought me, with a bundle of others, your kind letter. Coffee and bread were pushed aside, and I read it over—part of it, twice, before eating another bite. Never did I so highly prize a Christmas present. Thank you, Sophie.

You speak of not having received a letter from me, for a week. This is singular. No *two* days have passed—consecutive days—since I got here, without my writing to you, until the days on which I wrote to Balie and to mother. Presume the stray letters will come up, yet. In all frankness, I have felt badly at your not writing to me more frequently. John has acted *badly*, in not writing to me. He has not so much as acknowledged the reception of papers and documents sent to him.

That part of your letter, in which you spoke of Reilly and Many talking of their pa, made me cry; with my napkin I

wiped my moistened eyes, and as *fervently as did ever any one, at any time*, in my heart, say, "God bless and preserve my wife and babes." I mailed to the children, on yesterday, some prints (pictures), which I bought of a boy at the Capitol, of the several public buildings here; hope they will please them. The prints are exceedingly correct and striking representations of the buildings and grounds about them. Will continue to send the sweet little fellows such things as I imagine will please them. From what I can gather, they think more of me than any one else does. How does Reilly come on, learning? Tell him he must learn "a heap," by the time he sees pa. Can he and Many say their prayers, yet?

You need have no fears of my getting into a difficulty; have no occasion for difficulties with any one; all sides are courting us. One of the Mississippi members was, a few days ago, reported as having denounced our party; but, on our calling on him, he promptly repudiated the sentiments attributed to him—stating, on the floor of the House, that he regarded our party just as patriotic, and as true to the South, as his own. The only class that is in any danger of difficulties, is that class who drink whisky. Unfortunately, this class is a good large one. I have nothing to do with these men.

I will look up the pieces of music that Many wants, and send them to her. Hope she may manifest the same taste for music that Reilly exhibits. Since writing the last sentence, I have been wretchedly bored by some members, who had nothing on hand but idle trash. They were taking Christmas, they said. I have not been out of the house to-day. It is so cold, that I fear the wind, which, I learn, is piercing. Washington is the windiest place I ever saw—blowing almost the whole time. I have written a number of letters, to-day, to Tennessee. Received one, this morning, from Gov. Campbell, in which he spoke very approvingly of the course pursued by the Southern Opposition, in the Speaker contest, in the House. My correspondence is getting burdensome to me. Have to write, often, as many as ten and fifteen letters a day. And now, if after doing all this, I write every other day to you, have I not a right to expect frequent letters from home? I have not gone into

society, yet, except to take tea at Mrs. McNeal's. Got out of going with the girls to the Smithsonian Institute, by pleading business; am not clear out.

Last night, there was great visiting and drinking of wine, among the guests in the hotel, here. As I am not a ladies' man, I was not "in." Have been invited by Wright and Avery (Tennessee members) to go into the parlor, and see their wives, but have not done so. Have not been in the parlors since I came here; *have* no disposition to go. Of one thing I am satisfied—there is no necessity for one's being a fool, and flying about any more, here, than at any other place. Etheridge and I are just across a passage, from each other, and neither of us go out of the house, save on business. Stokes is pretty much the same way. I like Stokes better than any of my colleagues. He is a *true* man—reliable. Many men are not, whom the world so regard.

I was glad to hear that you had gotten the Beckwith money, as I was getting uneasy lest you were needy, and I had none to send you. Cannot get a cent, until the organization of the House; and, when that will be, no man can conjecture. Do not think, however, of sending money to me. I will get along, without difficulty. I will continue at this hotel. It is the most private place one can get, unless they go out of the way, into the suburbs of the city. It costs, too, just about the same.

Tell all the negroes, howdy, for me. Was sorry to hear Ann was suffering so much, with her leg. Will feel much relieved when I hear that Aunt Rachel is at home, with you, to relieve you of the labor of nursing, so constantly. Why don't you make Ann help you more? Tell John I am much obliged to him, for reading to you, even if he won't write to me. Say to Balie, that I will expect frequent letters from him. Mother's letter was a treat to me. When I got it, I had not heard from home, for a week. Tell father that I have directed some documents to him, at Gallatin. Tell him to write to me, and tell me what the people around his circuit say of our doings, here. Kiss the children for me, and believe me,

Your affectionate husband,

R. HATTON.

December 26, 1859.—Went by Express office, this morning, and found my *robe*, from Mag. It is a most elegant and excellent one. Went to the Capitol, and sent off a number of papers. Wrote to the Post-Office Department, about the appointment of W. H. Wise; also, sent Barry's papers to Mr. Edwards, of this city, for inspection. Sent off five hundred copies of Gilmer's speech, to-day. House sat until about 4 o'clock, and adjourned, without a ballot—Gov. Smith still holding on to the floor; he began on Friday. Wrote a long letter to Mag, thanking her for her handsome present. Wrote to Pennebaker, about Jerry, and to W. T. Byrn, about *Congressional Globe*, agreeing to send it to him. Read 34th, 35th and 36th chapters of Exodus, and retired at 12:30 o'clock, A. M.

December 27, 1859.—Went to Capitol early and wrote to H. K. Walker, and to W. H. Dismukes, both of Davidson county. Franked a number of documents and speeches. House adjourned without a ballot, at 4½ o'clock. Came home and franked a number of Patent Office Reports—some Agricultural, and some Mechanical. Wrote to Northcott and W. L. McLemore, asking the names of men to send the Mechanical part of Patent Office Report to, in their counties. Wrote a letter of eight pages to Sophie, giving her some idea of Washington life—its follies and its vanities. Went down stairs to put my letter in the mail, and met a U. S. Senator *drunk!* Read last 4 chs. of Exodus, and retired at 1 o'clock, A. M.

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.,
December 27, 1859.

MY DEAR SOPHIE:—

It is 12 o'clock. Before retiring for the night, however, I must say a word to you. I am well—very well. Am heavier by 3 pounds than I was the day I left home. Have been troubled a little with a pain in my left breast; not much, however. Eat quite heartily—as much as usual. Am exceedingly cautious of myself—have *never* yet gone out but once without my overcoat. The weather has not been any colder here, than in Tennessee. Indeed, I doubt whether it has been as cold.

My greatest difficulty is, a want of exercise. I rarely go out of the hotel, except to go to the Capitol. So much, Sophie, for my health and habits, of which you desired I should speak.

I got a letter from Pennebaker, about Jerry. I wrote to him that he could not get him for less than \$150 for the year, and from the way he wrote, he will be unwilling to give that sum. So Jerry will stay at home. Let him and Anderson cut and get up enough wood to do all winter; then go to hauling brick.

* * * I received yesterday a *beautiful* present from Mag in the shape of a *robe de chambre*. It is exceedingly comfortable, and the handsomest thing of the kind, I have seen. It came in good time. I needed one very much. It is all of woolen material—very fine, and *elegantly finished*. I wrote a long letter thanking her for it.

I have to-night finished Exodus. Have regularly read every verse from the 1st of Genesis to the end of Exodus. I read at least 3 chs. every day, or night before going to bed. Am trying to do the best I can. To-day, at dinner, two U. S. Senators sent to my seat a bottle of wine with their compliments, requesting me to "join them." I quietly declined, thanking them, and saying, I did not drink any kind of spirits. This is a daily thing. They will soon all find out that I do not drink, and then I will be freed from any annoyance. One of those Senators who sent his wine to me to-day, when I refused, begged my pardon, saying he then remembered I had told him I did not drink anything. Two-thirds of the members drink wine at every dinner. Yesterday I was completely disgusted at their drinking, during the session of the House. A large number of them were *drunk* and acting the fool completely. Gov. Smith, of Va., who consumed the day in a long speech, drank three tumblers of egg-nog, while speaking, taking from the hands of the page, and drinking it in presence of the House. A pretty spectacle!

I have been invited into the parlors repeatedly by members to see their families. Have not been in at all. Don't expect to be soon. Received a card inviting me to the residence of one of the members this evening. Did not go. Stayed at home, and have spent the time in writing letters and franking documents. This latter business is exceedingly hard work—no end to it

Have franked already more than 1200. Have never worked more constantly than since I have been here. *To do* all that my constituents and *others* want done, keeps me constantly engaged. I have promptly answered every letter I have received since I have been here. Now, havn't I given you enough of myself to-night? Kiss our dear sweet babes for pa, and tell them he thinks of them a thousand times a day. Will send them something for New Year's present. Did their pictures come safely to hand? My love to mother, father, John and Balie, and say to them, that I suppose they will write to me when they get in the notion. I wrote to Mary last week, in answer to a letter I received from her.

Good night, and may God guard you and ours, is the earnest prayer of

Your affectionate husband,

R. HATTON.

December 28, 1859.—Got up and found the ground covered with snow this morning—the wind blowing cold. Went to Capitol—read my mail. Letter from Balie, one from Tim Williams, one from Col. McCullough in reference to Nelson's speech. Wrote to Swaney, of Sumner county, in reference to Mrs. Vincent's application for Land Warrant. Also, wrote to the Land Office on same subject. In the House our party were taken by surprise by an ill advised move of Mr. Brabson, nominating Horace Maynard, who could not get one vote, much less a sufficient Democratic vote to elect him. Read first three chapters of Leviticus, and retired at 12 o'clock.

December 29, 1859.—Wrote to Balie this morning in answer to his letter received yesterday. Ordered Globe and Appendix to be sent to Byrn, of Sumner county. Wrote to G. W. Allen, of Gallatin, enclosing letter from Commissioner of Patents, in relation to the application of Beason for pension. Also, wrote to W. H. Wise, and to Thos. Watson in regard to Postmaster at Saundersville, enclosing letter from 1st Ass't. P. M. G. Hot words passed between Grow, of Pa., and Branch of N. C., in

the House to-day, which, I learn, has resulted in B's challenging Grow. Result not known yet. Wrote to John to-night, besides franking some 300 speeches. Read 4th, 5th, and 6th chapters of Leviticus, and retired at 12½ o'clock.

December 30, 1859.—To-day was spent in the House, in a debate between the Pennsylvania members about the Tariff of 1846, and in a profitless discussion about an adjournment until Tuesday-week. Wrote a number of letters to persons in my District; wrote to Mary, also to Johnnie, from both of whom I received letters this morning. House adjourned at 4 o'clock, until Tuesday, at 12 o'clock. Came home and spent the evening and night in reading papers, and writing. At half-past 12 o'clock went to bed, having first read the 7th, 8th and 9th chs. of Leviticus. My head was aching, from effects of a bad cold, with which I have been troubled four days.

December 31, 1859.—Spent to day in my room, there being no session of the House. Franked a number of documents to persons in my District. Wrote N. D. Cross and H. H. Harrison, of Nashville, in relation to the Barry suit. Among my visitors at my room to-day, was Lieut. Matthew F. Maury, who sat an-hour-and-a-half with me; he is exceedingly modest and quiet, but pleasant and entertaining. Was invited out to dine to-day—declined to go, because I *didn't want* to go; to-night I have been reading, and have written a letter ten pages long to Sophie. Read the 10th, 11th and 12 chs. of Leviticus, and went to bed at 1 o'clock, A. M., tired and half sick with cold.

January 1, 1860.—Went to Southern Methodist Church, to-day, and heard the regular minister—Mr. Proctor—preach. He is a plain, earnest man, who seems to be trying to do good, rather than make a show in the pulpit. It was very cold; I really suffered, in going to, and returning from, meeting. Sat by Senator Tombs, of Georgia; he is a profane, wicked man, yet has great apparent respect for the Church. He was a most attentive listener, during the whole sermon. After my return home, I read several chapters in the Bible; wrote to Reilly, and

sent him a picture-book. Oh, how I wish I was at home, with the dear ones, there! Read 13th, 14th and 15th chapters in Leviticus, and retired at 12 o'clock.

January 2, 1860.—It is very cold—has been, all day. Wrote to Mr. Bell, in answer to his letter of the 27th of December. Enclosed to mother, the New York *Mentor* containing Irving's article, from the *Srcap Book*, on the wife; also, enclosed in same wrapper, the Carrier's Address for the *Intelligencer*. Sent Reilly some pictures. Wrote to J. Y. Blythe, in reference to tea plant, to politics, and religion; also, sent him a paper, with a piece of poetry marked, for himself, and an article in prose, for Mrs. Blythe—Irving's "Picture of the True Wife." A fashionable "hop," here, at Brown's Hotel, to-night; great crowd of gay people, I learn, are in the parlors. At 1 o'clock, they are still going ahead. Read 16th, 17th and 18th chapters of Leviticus.

January 3, 1860.—Still exceedingly cold. The ground is covered with snow, some six inches deep. The pavements are, however, cleared off, and the walking is good. Mr. Cox, of Ohio, made a speech to-day, in the course of which he said, if it had not been for John Brown's raid, the Southern Opposition and Republican parties would have been, before then, united on that floor. I rose, and told him it was false. He attempted to explain out of it, but failed—took the lie, and seated himself. He is a dirty dog—destitute of principle and courage. Read the 19th, 20th and 21st chapters of Leviticus, and retired at 12 o'clock.

January 4, 1860.—Still very cold; find it severe on me, when out-doors, though it does not injure my health, which is very fine, indeed, as compared with what I might expect in such a climate. In looking at the *Globe*, this morning, I discovered that Mr. Cox had so altered the notes of the reporters, as to almost entirely alter the sense of what he said. His purpose was, to cover up his disgrace, in submitting to the charge of

falsehood. He is a poor scrub. Read the 22d, 23d and 24th chapters of Leviticus, and retired at 1 o'clock, A. M.

January 5, 1860.—To-day, I have spent in writing letters, and listening to dull speeches—dull, not for want of fire, but for want of the right sort of fire. The Helper book, and John Brown's raid, are still the burden of nearly all the speeches. Wrote to Esq. McClain in relation to the brick; and, also, wrote to father, giving him the condition of things, here. To-night has been spent in the company of Balie Peyton, Mr. Harvey, and others, in my room. The subjects were, politics, the election of Speaker, John Bell, etc. Read 25th, 26th and 27th chapters of Leviticus, and retired at 12:30 o'clock.

January 6, 1860.—Franked fifty numbers of the *Congressional Globe*, to persons in my District. Wrote to Sophie, giving form of my address. The day was taken up, as usual, in a foolish debate upon the negro question—old extracts from newspapers and books of Helper, and others, repeated over, for the fiftieth time. No advance toward an organization. Balie Peyton still here; goes, to-morrow, to Philadelphia, with Jesse Peyton, to remain until the 14th—the day of the Peyton dinner, there. Read 1st and 2d chapters of Numbers.

January 7, 1860.—Sent off, to-day, a number of Haskins' speech; also, wrote to A. J. Swaney, of Sumner county, informing him of the success of Mrs. Winston's petition for land warrant. Wrote to Richard Beard, Jr., in relation to appointment at West Point. Wrote to Balie Peyton, Jr., in reference to law books. The session of the House was consumed, pretty much, by a speech by Stokes. He did very well—made a good impression. Davis, of Indiana, nominated Mr. Hamilton, of Texas, who got 89 votes; Sherman, 103; Gilmer, 14; balance, scattering. Read 3d, 4th and 5th chapters of Numbers.

January 8, 1860.—To-day, I have not been well—bad headache, and pain in my limbs. Did not go to church, but stayed in my room, lying about on my bed, reading and sleeping.

Thought of home, more than ever, since I have been here. Read 6th, 7th and 8th chapters of Numbers.

January 9, 1860.—Am still feeling badly, from severe cold. Do nothing but lie about—barely able to be up. Read no chapter at all.

January 10, 1860.—Wright spoke to-day. Made a good electioneering speech; but it was low, and unworthy of a member of Congress, showing more of the demagogue than of the statesman. Have a notion to reply to him, as he did Stokes injustice. Read 9th, 10th and 11th chapters of Numbers.

January 11, 1860.—Wright's speech did not appear in the *Globe*, this morning. He is remodeling, or, as I am informed, re-writing it—will be out to-morrow. He has asked me not to reply to it 'till I see it revised. Will not, as he wants to alter it. Read 12th, 13th and 14th chapters of Numbers.

January 12, 1860.—Saw Wright's speech, to-day, but could not secure the floor. Will get it to-morrow, and notice it briefly, and the condition of the contest going on in the House. Will show up the thing in its true light. Read 15th, 16th and 17th chapters of Numbers.

January 13, 1860.—Spoke to-day, in the House; was on the floor for two hours. Much of the time was consumed, however, in colloquies with members, on side issues. Spoke without preparation, and consequently, did not do myself justice. Read 18th, 19th and 20th chapters of Numbers.

We here introduce the speech of Mr. Hatton, in order that the reader may judge for himself, as to whether Mr. H. did himself justice. It is as follows:

ORGANIZATION OF THE HOUSE.

SPEECH OF THE HON. ROB'T HATTON,
OF TENNESSEE.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, JANUARY 13, 1860.

Mr. HATTON. Believing, sir, that the discussion which has been progressing in this House for nearly six weeks, has been, so far as an organization is concerned, wholly profitless, it has been my fixed purpose not to participate in it. This purpose has been well known to gentlemen upon this side of the House, and was not changed until after I heard the speech of my colleague, Mr. Wright.] I think proper now to submit a few remarks to the House.

Who is responsible for the delay in the organization of this body? I am not. The party with which it is my pride and pleasure here to act, is not. Those gentlemen, or a number of them, who have undertaken to speak for the Democratic party, have roundly asserted that their party was not responsible for it. The distinguished gentleman from Mississippi, [Mr. McRea,] struck the key-note, and it has been caught up by other gentlemen, and two of my colleagues have repeated it. Distinguishing, Mr. Clerk, between the arguments of these gentlemen and the gentlemen themselves, I am sure they will not consider me discourteous when I say that their reasoning has scarcely risen above respectable sophistry.

What is the object which they claim to be so anxious to attain? The defeat of Mr. Sherman. That, they would have the country to understand, is the paramount consideration with them. Their denunciations of his party and its policy, have been bitter. In the contemplation of his election they have grown indignant and eloquent. The triumph of Republicanism in his election, will, they say, put in peril the lives and property of our constituencies. The rights and honor of the South, they declare, must be vindicated by his defeat.

Now, if they desire to accomplish this great end; if the defeat of the Republican party is their great object; I submit it to them that they should adopt the means by which that object can be effected. In the common affairs of life, when men decline to do the only thing by which they can attain a given end, the world is apt to think that they *do not want to accomplish it*.

Now, Mr. Clerk, can Mr. Sherman be defeated? If he can, is there more than one way by which that can be done? If there be but one way, and Democrats decline to follow in that track, the country will say that they are not much in earnest. Can any regular Democrat—one of the ninety on this side of the House—be elected? It is admitted in argument that the votes of the regular Democracy and of the Southern Opposition party cannot elect.

Mr. Smith, of Va. I desire to say that the Southern Opposition and the

Democratic party proper, combined, do not constitute a majority of the House; but if they unite, we will be certain to get enough from the other small party to elect.

Mr. Hatton. Aha! [Laughter.] Meaning no disrespect to the distinguished gentleman from Virginia, I repeat "aha!" He indorses what I have said, that the regular Democracy and the Southern Opposition party cannot elect. The gentleman from Mississippi, [Mr. McRae,] in his argument, addressed to the House some weeks ago, stated such to be the case. But he said that, if the friends of the South would join their shields with the regular Democracy, some refractory members of the Democratic party would be brought into position. I do not intend to make any remarks that will render it necessary for any one of the anti-Lecompton Democrats to interrupt me; but I will suggest that, when the gentleman from Mississippi, [Mr. Davis,] rose in his place the other day, and said that, so soon as the Southern Opposition party took position with the regular Democracy, those anti-Lecompton men would come instantly and take their position with us, and make an election, one of those gentlemen got up and said:

"Without meaning any disrespect to the gentleman, he is assuming what he has no right to assume."

The House will recollect that.

I wish to make another suggestion. When the gentleman from Virginia, [Mr. Boteler,] nominated his colleague, [Mr. Millson,] it was supposed by many members that there was about to be a union of the regular Democracy and the Southern Opposition party. It was then announced by one of the anti-Lecompton Democrats, [Mr. Clark, of New York,] that an election could not be had on that gentleman. Now, I say to the honorable gentleman from Mississippi, that he must excuse us from going into a series of experiments on members of his own party, to ascertain how they will vote. When some gentleman of that party can rise in his place and say, *by authority*, that he can promise votes enough, with ours, to elect a Democrat, then, *and not till then*, can there be any propriety in the invitation which they extend to us to join our votes to theirs.

Now, Mr. Clerk, there cannot be an election by the union of the Southern Opposition and the regular Democracy; and so far as our going to the Democracy is concerned, until there can be an election by their party on receiving our votes, for my single self, meaning no unkindness to anybody, I decline to vote with them. I have reasons which are satisfactory to myself, for this course, with which, for the present, it is unnecessary to trouble this House.

The Southern Opposition cannot elect a regular Democrat if they give him their entire vote. This is a fact, about which there is no necessity of argument. But is there any way by which Mr. Sherman, the candidate of the Republican party, *can be defeated*? There is no way except for "Southern and national men to rise in their majesty," as a Democratic member has told us

to do, and, disregarding petty political distinctions, to unite upon Mr. Gilmer, or some one of the Southern Opposition party. Now, when a man comes to me, as many have done, and says, "we are all Southern men; between us there is but a slight difference of opinion, and that upon immaterial questions," I meet him kindly; but when it is announced in argument, that it will not do to elect a Southern Know-Nothing, to use the courteous and elegant phraseology of my colleague, I doubt very much—

Mr. Wright. I want to know of my colleague if his party in Tennessee are not known by that more than by any other name?

Mr. Hatton. It was stated to my colleague the other day, that we ignored that expression, and that the name we have applied to ourselves, is the Southern Opposition. Now, your party is sometimes called the Locofoco party, but I do not, on this floor, choose to so characterize it.

Mr. Wright. I ask my colleague if, before his party made the last change of name, it was not known as the Know-Nothing party?

Mr. Hatton. I will have no argument with my colleague about the expression to which I have made reference. I alluded in pleasantry to the name he chose to give me; I care nothing about it; I certainly have no feeling about it; and if he will just keep quiet, I will proceed with my remarks.

Mr. Wright. I desire simply to say that in terming my colleague's party with the Know-Nothing party, I meant no disrespect at all, either to him or to any member of his party; and I interrupted him now only because I thought he did not treat me with proper courtesy in referring to what he termed my elegant and courteous phrase, in a sneering way.

Mr. Hatton. Very well, I hope the gentleman will, in future, class us as the Southern Opposition. Now, sir, to return to the argument, which has been slightly broken in upon by my colleague's interruptions. I repeat that there is no mode but one by which any member in this body can be elected over Mr. Sherman. I propose to show that on three several occasions this could have been done, had the Democratic party given us their votes. Upon the 16th day of December there was a ballot, in which were cast two hundred and twenty-seven votes; one hundred and fourteen were necessary to elect, of which Mr. Gilmer, of the State of North Carolina, received thirty-six votes; Mr. Bocock received eighty-six votes, making in all one hundred and twenty-two—eight more than was necessary for an election. Upon the 22d day of the same month, a ballot was had, in which two hundred and twenty-three votes were cast—one hundred and twelve necessary to a choice. Mr. Millson received seventy-nine, and Mr. Gilmer received thirty-six, and there were five scattering Democratic votes, making in all, one hundred and twenty-eight more than was necessary to an election. Upon the 9th day of the present month, a ballot was had, in which two hundred and nineteen votes were cast; one hundred and ten being necessary to an election. Mr. Hamilton received eighty-eight, Mr. Gilmer twenty-two, Mr. Stokes one; in all, one hundred and eleven—one more than was necessary to elect. Mr.

Gilmer, on these ballotings, was receiving the votes of members from New Jersey and Pennsylvania, putting it in the power of the Democracy to elect him if they had felt disposed.

Mr. Smith, of Virginia. The gentleman will permit me to remark right here, that if Mr. Gilmer's vote on that last ballot had been cast for Mr. Hamilton, he would now have been Speaker of this House.

Mr. Hatton. I thank the gentleman very much for the interruption, because it enables me to make a remark in relation to a statement made the other day, by the gentleman from Alabama, [Mr. Houston,] which I might otherwise have forgotten. The gentleman stated that, upon this ballot, those who voted for Mr. Gilmer, could have come within one vote of electing Mr. Hamilton. But the gentleman did not take into consideration the fact that the votes of Mr. Nixon, of New Jersey, and Mr. Morris, of Pennsylvania, were included in Mr. Gilmer's vote, and that those gentlemen do not belong to the Southern Opposition.

Mr. Houston. I am sure the gentleman would not misrepresent me.

Mr. Hatton. Certainly not.

Mr. Houston. Then I will correct the gentleman, by saying that the vote to which I referred was on Saturday; and that upon that vote Mr. Nixon and Mr. Morris did not vote for Mr. Gilmer.

Mr. Hatton. Then I beg the gentleman's pardon. He has set himself right. But on the ballot to which he refers, the vote of Mr. Gilmer would not have elected Mr. Hamilton, falling short one vote.

Mr. Logan. I desire to say a single word.

Mr. Hatton. I do hope, Mr. Clerk, that unless I misstate the position of gentlemen, or unless I misstate the facts, I shall not be interrupted.

Mr. Logan. If the gentleman will allow me to explain, I will not detain him but a minute.

Mr. Hatton. If I have misstated any fact, I will allow the gentleman to correct me; but, sir, I have not interrupted any gentleman during this discussion, and I do not like to be interrupted, unless I misstate facts.

Mr. Logan. I will not interrupt the gentleman; but I desire to say in explanation—

Mr. Hatton. *I want no explanation.*

Mr. Logan. What I desired to refer to was the position of the Democratic party in the North-west, and particularly in the State from which I come.

Mr. Hatton. I do not want to discuss the politics of the gentleman's district or State. *It has nothing to do with my argument*; and the gentleman will excuse me if I decline to be interrupted. I do not mean to be unkind to the gentleman, with whom I have not the honor of an acquaintance.

Now, Mr. Clerk, it is demonstrated that the united vote cast for the Democratic candidate, and the vote cast for the candidate of the Southern Opposition, would have elected a Southern man over John Sherman. Here is a point in my argument where I choose to rest for one moment. I submit to

Democrats whether it is possible that the great Democratic party, (which to use the language of its prophets and apostles, is the only hope of the South, of the Union, and of the Constitution,) is indifferent between the election of John Sherman and a Southern man, Mr. Gilmer, who has been declared by gentlemen of the Democratic party in all his personal relations of life, to be above reproach; who is distinguished for his high moral and social qualities; and who is, I understand, the largest slaveholder in this body. Is it possible, sir, that this great Democratic party is indifferent between his election and the election of Mr. Sherman, "the indorser," as they style him, "of the Helper book"—a book in which our Democratic friends say, and I agree with them, there are doctrines at war with the Union, the Constitution, and the rights and honor of the South?

My colleague, [Mr. Avery,] in the argument he addressed to the House some ten days ago, suggested a reason why he did not feel disposed to cast his vote for Mr. Gilmer. Another colleague, [Mr. Wright,] has suggested other reasons which occur to him why he ought not to vote for Mr. Gilmer. Other reasons have been assigned upon the floor, and I desire to make a hasty reference to some of them.

But first, a suggestion. It has been stated by the friends of this Administration that they are in a minority, and that it is impossible for the Administration party to organize the House. They have admitted that for an organization they will have to look outside of the Administration forces; that they cannot make fealty to the Administration a test, because that would lead to inevitable defeat. What do they do? They admit that an organization must be secured upon some other basis, and propose to make the slavery issue the great absorbing question of concern, and that on *that*, a union must be made. Then, why do gentlemen confine themselves to their own party? The gentleman from South Carolina, [Mr. Keitt,] in an eloquent appeal which he made to men of all parties opposed to the Republican party, said:

"We are a great opposition party; there are one hundred and twenty men upon this floor at war with the Republican party, and in antagonism to that party we are a unit."

If that be true, does it matter whether Mr. Gilmer belongs to the ninety, or the six, or the twenty-four? He is one of the one hundred and twenty. I submit it to gentlemen, that if there is *anything in their argument* upon this slavery issue—if that is to be made the vital question, why they do not act consistently; why it is that whilst they make in one moment such appeals to us, the very next moment their action is in utter disregard of their own teaching?

A reason has been assigned—especially by my colleague, [Mr. Wright]—for not voting for Mr. Gilmer. "Mr. Gilmer had received three Republican votes"—Ah! sir; yes, he has been voted for by certain men of the North—"I must, therefore, be excused." He referred to a resolution passed by the Legislature of our State, in which he imagines he finds a sufficient justification for his course. What is it? I will read it:

“Resolved, That it is the duty of our Representatives in Congress to recognize as enemies to the Union, and especially to the slave States, all who in any way favor or affiliate with this sectional Black Republican party; and that any action on their part which favors a co-operation with the Black Republicans in organizing the House, and thus placing the officers and important committees of that body, under their control, would be false to the sentiments of the people of Tennessee, an insult to their constituents, and disgraceful to themselves.”

My colleague says that he understands that our General Assembly have said this to him: “If any considerable portion of men from the North vote even for Mr. Bocoock, the candidate for your party, it is your duty to abandon him.” He would feel, he says, compelled, in deference to these resolutions, to withdraw his support from Mr. Bocoock.

Mr. Wright. I stated that if any considerable number of the Black Republicans would vote for Mr. Bocoock, thereby indicating he was less objectionable, and more acceptable to them than any other member of the Democratic party, or any other party outside of them, I would not co-operate with them in electing him Speaker; but I would withdraw my vote for him and vote for some one else.

Mr. Hatton. That is what I said was the gentleman's position. *What does this resolution mean?* That the Legislature of Tennessee is not willing that the Representatives of that State in this Hall, shall co-operate with the Republican party in producing a certain result. What is that result? The placing of the offices and important committees of this House under the control of the Republican party. I ask my colleague, if the voting of twelve Republicans for Mr. Bocoock, electing him Speaker, would place the officers and important committees of this body under the control of the Republican party?

I submit the question to my colleague. He, I know, if he will respond at all, will say what the gentleman from Virginia, [Mr. Millson,] said—what the gentleman from South Carolina, [Mr. Keitt,] said, what the gentleman from Alabama, [Mr. Cobb,] said: *that it would have no effect whatever upon Mr. Bocoock.* The Speakership would not be under Republican control, nor would the important committees. I understand the resolution very differently from my colleague. That I am correct and he in error, I have the authority of the *Union and American*, the organ of his party, at Nashville. In an article in reference to this very resolution, it states its substance and purport to be “the duty of our Representatives in Congress to avoid any steps which would aid in placing the officers and important committees of Congress under their (Republican) control.”

I would, myself, have no doubt about this being the meaning of those who passed that resolution, even if its language did not furnish its own unmistakable construction. Co-operation with men of ultra-anti-slavery sentiments is something to which Tennessee Democrats do not object, if to the *Democracy it yields the spoils.* My colleague and his party co-operated in 1852

with Free-Soilers in the North, in the election of Mr. Pierce. He did it, too, with his eyes open, for the metropolitan organ of his party, the *Washington Union* used this language during that canvass:

"The Free Soil Democratic leaders of the North, are a regular portion of the Democratic party, and General Pierce, if elected, will make no distinction between them and the Democracy in the distribution of official patronage, and in the selection of agents for administering the Government."

My colleague is not so much opposed to such co-operation, as some might imagine from his speech, provided it would give somebody inside of the Democratic party the offices and their perquisites. So much, Mr. Clerk, for this reason assigned by my colleague for not voting for Mr. Gilmer. But, he says the *status* of Mr. Gilmer is well known to the country. What does he mean by that? It means something or nothing. My colleague says he has a high regard for Mr. Gilmer, personally; if so, then, of course, he has reference to his political *status*. I ask my colleague what that is? I ask him, if he desires the opportunity to tell the House and the country what it is that Mr. Gilmer has done which fixes this political *status*, which he would intimate as bad, and which prevents his voting for him? He declines to do it. The only thing Mr. Gilmer has done, as I understand from Democrats themselves, is, that he voted against the Lecompton Constitution.

Mr. Etheridge. With the permission of my colleague, I desire to correct the impression that Mr. Gilmer voted against the Lecompton Constitution. I say to my colleague that Mr. Gilmer opposed and voted against the Senate Bill, or rather, he voted for the Crittenden-Montgomery amendment, which was substituted for the Senate Bill; and finally he voted with the Administration party in this House for the English Bill, which passed this House and the Senate, and received the approval of the President, and was pronounced by distinguished members of that party, *a better Bill than the Senate Bill itself*. So he stands in the same position, in regard to the English Bill, and the final action of Congress upon the admission of Kansas, as the great body of the Democratic party themselves.

Mr. Hatton. Yes, sir; he voted against the Senate Bill for the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution, and subsequently voted for the English Bill, with the Democratic party. But this constitutes no reason why Democrats should not cast their votes for him. My colleague, [Mr. Avery,] furnished me with an answer to this objection, when, in his place, he announced to the House, "that it was not patriotic to be making points upon Lecompton, or anti-Lecompton, when the rights and interests of the South were at stake, and the Union in peril."

More than that, Mr. Clerk—when Mr. Gilmer cast that vote, he did what many Southern gentlemen, whose integrity to the South has not been questioned, have said, *he ought to have done*. Senator Hammond, of South Carolina, said to the people of that State, in reference to that bill, that—

"*It was steeped in fraud, outrage and blood, and Southern men would have done well to have kicked it out of Congress.*"

And Mr. Forsyth, of Alabama, in a recent letter to Mr. Sampford, in speaking of this language of Senator Hammond's, indorsed it as "well said."

So much for that objection to the gentleman from North Carolina. But he introduced some resolutions, said the honorable gentleman from Virginia, [Mr. Smith,] this morning. This is a difficulty in the way of my colleague, [Mr. Avery,] who said those resolutions were calculated, if not intended, to have the effect of conducting off from the head of Mr. Sherman the thunderbolt that had been forged by the Democrats for his destruction. My colleague's imagination is excited; he is profuse in his figures, and they are charged with electricity. Now, with a view of quieting my friend, I will tell him, (and I speak for myself and the honorable gentleman from North Carolina,) that that resolution was intended to have *no such effect*, nor could it have answered *any such purpose*. It was not intended to shield anybody, but to strike all of every section who were stirring up sectional strife, or who were attempting to agitate the slavery question for party purposes. I speak for Mr. Gilmer and for myself, when I say that no language can *too strongly* characterize the infamy of that Helper book, or that of the man who approves of its abominable doctrines.

Mr. Etheridge. As I do not propose to occupy the floor at any time, at length, in regard to the resolutions passed by the Tennessee Legislature, and which have been this morning referred to, or in regard to any of the various subjects discussed in this preliminary struggle for Speaker, I will, however, by my colleague's permission, say a few words just here, in regard to the resolutions sent to us from the Tennessee Legislature. For a good many of the members of that body, I have some respect; for a portion of them, I have, of course, no ill-will, because I do not personally know them. But, sir, for the object which, in fact, controlled the party majority of that body, or a portion of it, in the passage of the resolutions referred to by my colleague, I have nothing but contempt. The Democratic members of that Legislature, or a portion of them, politically hate me, I am sure, and the sentiment is no doubt mutual; for, politically, I loathe and despise them. I say, to-day, that I have no more respect for those resolutions than I would have for a private letter written and signed by fifty or sixty or a hundred gentlemen anywhere in the State. They have no right to instruct me. A portion of the Democrats who voted for those resolutions, followed me through my District, in the last canvass—followed me like the cuttle-fish, (I believe that is the name,) listening to what I said; but their political opinions—I may say, their importance—was engulfed and swallowed up in the interest that my canvass elicited in that District. The people of my District, (and I say it, I trust, with becoming modesty,) of all parties, have tenfold more respect to-day, for my judgment, for my willingness and disposition to do just what is right, and best for my whole country, than they have for many of those, who, without authority, attempt to dictate my public conduct. So far as I am concerned, I intend to be governed by what I conceive to be my duty; and, so far as these reso-

lutions are concerned, I repudiate the right of the Legislature of Tennessee to instruct me to do what I am not pledged to do, or anything which my judgment does not approve. While I will not say that their conduct has been impertinent, I will say that I shall treat those resolves with no more consideration than I would attach to a request made by an equal number of my respectable fellow-citizens anywhere in my State—no more and no less.

Mr. Hatton. When I was interrupted by my colleague, I was remarking on the resolution introduced by the gentleman from North Carolina. So far from the object of that resolution being to shield anybody, I repeat, that it was the purpose of the gentleman who introduced it, to strike, not only at such as approve of Helper's book, but all dangerous agitators of the subject of slavery.

But there is another difficulty. "Mr. Gilmer is an *American*." How strangely such an objection sounds to the ears of a man who is proud of being an American! The same objection is made to the members of the Southern Opposition. After Mr. Gilmer had received thirty-six votes, yet, when it was supposed he was not likely to receive the Democratic vote, he withdrew his own name, and nominated the honorable gentleman from Virginia, [Mr. Boteler,] a man who was known to be *sound*, whose devotion to Southern interests was above suspicion.

Mr. Boteler is a Southern man, the Representative of the Harper's Ferry District of Virginia, and a gentleman, I repeat, whose fidelity to the South is beyond question. *He* was a candidate before the House, and *he might have been elected*, but our Democratic friends declined to unite on him to do it.

Mr. Moore, of Alabama. Did the gentleman's own party support Mr. Boteler?

Mr. Hatton. I do not remember distinctly, but I believe that he got all the votes but one.

Mr. Moore, of Alabama. My recollection is not that way.

Mr. Hatton. It is certain that he could get them all, whenever there is any probability of electing him.

Mr. Moore, of Alabama. The gentleman has stated that Mr. Boteler was nominated before the withdrawal of Mr. Boccock.

Mr. Hatton. I did not state that.

Mr. Moore, of Alabama. I took the responsibility of putting Mr. Boteler in nomination, and I did so without the dictation of any caucus, or because of any consultation with my own party as a party. I nominated Mr. Boteler, because I had then, as I have now, confidence in him as a true Southern man. But, sir, I want it to be understood that the nomination of Mr. Boteler was not made until after Mr. Boccock had withdrawn from the contest.

Mr. Hatton. I have been noticing some of the alleged difficulties stated by gentlemen to be in the way of giving their support to Mr. Gilmer, of North Carolina. Among other things, he is an American. The point I desire to make here, is, that the same objection was made to the gentleman from Vir-

ginia, Mr. Boteler.] He is a good and true man, but for the Democracy to elect him—to vote for one of the American party—would be to make “this House a slaughter-house of North-western Democracy.” This was the language of a Democrat. Again, sir, it was said by the gentleman from Mississippi, [Mr. McRae,] in his argument, that it was unreasonable to expect that eighty-eight regular Democrats would go over to a party that could command only twenty-three votes. Another reason he assigned was, that the American party had not the control of a single State Government. With all deference to the gentleman, I will say that I think that has no legitimate connection with the argument which we are addressing to each other, as Southern gentlemen. If Mr. Gilmer is one of the South, in the language of the honorable gentleman from South Carolina, [Mr. Keitt,] “if he is one of the one hundred and twenty that stand upon this floor, in opposition to the Republican party,” I do not think there is then any great weight in the suggestion of the gentleman from Mississippi.

Now, sir, because I happen to be one of the twenty-three, and he happens to be one of the eighty-eight, is no reason, as I understand it, why my position as a Southern man, should not be quite as good as his. With all kindness to the gentleman, I suggest that I represent quite as many people, as much of intelligence and virtue, as he; and, perhaps, of property. Yes, sir, my District is quite as large, and quite as important as the one he so ably represents, and as Southern Representatives, our positions are the same. Then why, in view of his argument, any distinctions between us in determining the claims of the one or the other to a given office?

But he says we are to go over to him *to unite the South*. I have great respect for the opinion of that distinguished gentleman, [Mr. McRae,] but I submit to him, if there is any thing to be accomplished by a union of the South—whether that object could not quite as well be attained by the Democrats uniting with the Southern Opposition, especially when the union of the Democrats with the Opposition, *will make a Southern man Speaker*; while our union with them in a united vote, will be but an empty parade, having no practical result following it.

My object is to set the party with which I am acting, right, before the House and the country. Now, sir, my colleague, [Mr. Wright,] the other day, in his reply to the speech of his colleague, [Mr. Stokes,] said that he was astonished, that, in the arguments addressed to the House by the Southern Opposition party, no war had been made upon the Republican party, but that all our shafts had been directed at the men of the Democratic party. My colleague did not listen to the speeches of his colleagues, nor read them, or certainly he would not have made that statement. Mr. Nelson, in his speech, did make war upon the Republican party. He said they had avowed certain doctrines which he did not indorse, but which he repudiated, and most decidedly condemned. Such, also, was the character of the remarks of Mr. Stokes. I assure my colleague, [Mr. Wright,] that he is doing those gen-

tleman and my party, injustice, in endeavoring to create the impression that there is no antagonism between those colleagues of his, and the Republican party. He asks, why are we attacking the Democratic party? Now, I desire the attention of the House a moment, in this connection. When we assembled here, the purpose of those with whom I act, was to take no part in any discussion between parties in this House, but, if possible, to go practically to work, and secure an organization. What was done? Why, gentlemen upon this side of the House, rose at once, and in their arguments, said to us, "you ought to unite with us; you are but a fragment; we are a great party; you are doing yourselves injustice, and doing the South injustice in not taking a position at once with us." The newspapers printed in this city also commenced their assaults upon us, when we had made no attack upon anybody.

The *States and Union* of this city, on the 19th of December, used this language:

"THE CRISIS.—The honor of the Democratic party imperatively demands that its Representatives in the House shall carefully avoid the advancement to the Speakership of any member of that body who is imbued with Know-Nothing proclivities.

"The honor of the Democratic party imperatively demands that its Representatives in the House shall exert all their influence to prevent the elevation of any member of that body who affiliates with Know-Nothingism to, a position from which it is possible for him to be translated, in virtue of such position, to the Presidency of the United States.

"The honor of the Democratic party imperatively demands that its Representatives in the House shall adhere faithfully to the end—whatever the end—to the uncompromising hostility which animated it in the Congressional elections of the present and last years, against the demoralizing and *disunionizing tendencies of Know-Nothingism* in the South, and abolitionism of the North."

Again, on the 20th of December, the same paper, speaking of the Republican and American parties, says:

"There is no good in either. If they were put into 'a bag, and severely shaken,' no mortal could tell; 'which would come out first.' They are alike the enemies of the State, and both must be *politically crushed*, if that invincible Democracy which has imparted to the State all the honor and glory which it enjoys in its prosperity and greatness—if the State is to be preserved in its pristine integrity.

"For the Democracy to coalesce with either, as a measure of expediency, would be to get a grease spot upon its unsullied garments—would signify in all coming time that it had been in shabby company."

Mr. Reagan. With the permission of the gentleman, Mr. Clerk, I desire to say that I think the action of Democratic members upon this floor ought to be better evidence to the gentleman of the manner in which his party is

regarded by the Democracy, than any editorial of any newspaper. I think their action here a more legitimate exposition of their aims than anything coming from outside this House.

Mr. Hatton. I thank the gentleman for what he has said, as it suggests to me a remark I might otherwise have omitted to make. I appreciate the kindness extended to my party by certain Democratic members upon this floor. But I say this: as a party, they have given no indication of a purpose to unite, in any event, upon our candidate; so far from that, it has been announced by Democrats upon this floor, that *to unite in the election of a Know-Nothing or American* would be—*what?* The *utter destruction* of their party *at home*; a sacrifice they did not feel disposed to make.

Mr. Smith, of Virginia, made a remark which was inaudible to the reporters.

Mr. Hatton. Such a union, I have shown the Democratic press, has declared would be—so far as the Democratic party is concerned—“to get a grease spot upon its unsullied garments.”

Mr. Clerk, my colleague, [Mr. Wright,] has complained of his colleague, [Mr. Stokes,] for making war upon the Democracy. Neither he nor I are making war on anybody, but simply repelling the attack made upon us. No one will deny that the party with which it is my pride to act here, has been traduced and villified most shamefully by the party press of this city. I know that many of our Democratic friends repudiate and condemn what these papers have said; but, still, honorable gentlemen will excuse us if we do not quietly and patiently remain in our seats, day after day, and week after week, submitting to these indignities without indicating some feeling of resentment. A gentleman may be persuaded; he cannot be driven by a lash.

Now, Mr. Clerk, it has been said that our party is not a national party, and this has been assigned as one of the reasons why the Democrats could not unite on one of our men. I do not propose to discuss its doctrines. It is a party in favor of the Union and Constitution, and of the enforcement of the laws enacted by Congress, so long as they remain on the statute-book, or until they have been declared, by the Federal Judiciary, unconstitutional and void.

Mr. Wright. Will my colleague allow me a word here? He says his party is a national party—

Mr. Hatton. I intend to be just as courteous as I know how; but I can anticipate the character of my colleague's question, and I do not think it pertinent to my argument.

Mr. Wright. Let me ask it first, and then you can decide whether you will answer it.

Mr. Hatton. Well, go ahead.

Mr. Wright. My colleague says his party is a national party, and yet he insisted a few minutes ago that his party should be called by its proper

name—The Southern Opposition party. Now, I want my colleague to tell me how it is that a Northern man could belong to a party that is the Southern Opposition; and how that can be a national party?

Mr. Hatton. My party is national in its views. It is national in the position that it occupies. It is national in the *comprehensiveness of its doctrines*—of its principles, which are broad enough for all conservative, national men, in whatever section of the country, they may live. It stands here to-day in antagonism both to the Republican and to the Democratic parties. With the Republican party, with its platform of principles, it can have neither sympathy nor association. To the Democratic party, as it stands before the country, it is also in antagonism. We are at arms-length towards both, regarding neither as national, but both as sectional. We have been taken to task for not making war upon the Republicans, and my colleague, (Mr. Wright,) seems to think it very strange that his colleague, [Mr. Stokes,] did not devote himself to an argument to demonstrate to the country that he stands in opposition to the Republican party. His opposition could not be misapprehended, and no denunciation was necessary to show that he was opposed to it. He characterized it as sectional, and avowed his purpose to have nothing to do with any sectional party. Without he desired to rival others in the mere bitterness of denunciation, more was wholly unnecessary.

Now, sir, if I were disposed to engage with my colleague in an argument in regard to the respective positions occupied by his party and mine, I might *demonstrate* that upon *no single question* of public policy, upon *no single issue* of legislation, is his party national, not one.

I have an editorial in my hand, written by a member of this House, for whose talents I have much esteem, in which he declares *that the Democratic party is not agreed upon any single question of national politics.*

A Member. Who is he?

Mr. Hatton. The gentleman from Virginia, Mr. Pryor. Yes, sir, in making a survey of the antagonistic positions occupied by the different elements of what once constituted the Democratic party, he comes to the conclusion, and so declares, that there is no such party as the Democratic party, that it has disintegrated, is demoralized, has ceased as a party, to exist.

Now, Mr. Clerk, without proposing to make war upon the Democratic party, or any body else, I wish to take a position in reference to a question that has been matter of much discussion here: the question of the Union. I ask the attention of my honorable colleagues from Tennessee while I read from a document which I hold in my hand, in reference to the Union:

“Because we cannot get our constitutional rights, I do not intend to be one of those who will violate the Constitution.” *

I ask my Democratic colleagues, whether they indorse or repudiate that sen-

* Speech of the Hon. Andrew Johnson, delivered in the Senate, on the 12th of December, 1859.

timent. I desire a response. I have reasons for putting the interrogatory to my colleagues, and hope they will reply to it. They decline. My colleague, [Mr. Nelson,] for declaring on this floor, his allegiance to the Union and the Constitution, has been censured, and had his fidelity to the South questioned. I desire, therefore, to understand what is the attitude occupied by my Democratic colleagues, on this floor; and, I repeat, do you indorse or repudiate the sentiment I have read? I want a reply. They decline to state. Well, sir, I call their attention while I read another passage from the same document:

“I intend to stand by the Constitution and its guarantees, as the ark of our safety, as the palladium of our civil and religious liberty. I intend to cling to-it, as the shipwrecked mariner clings to the last plank, when night and tempest close around him.”

Do these lines express the opinions and sentiments of my Democratic colleagues, or not? I submit it to them whether they ought not to take a position on that subject, especially when they have been questioning the attitude of their colleagues on this floor? I say to those gentlemen, *you know what are your views*; you know where you stand; and I *ask you* whether you indorse either of the sentiments I have quoted, or not? Sir, I indorse the paragraph last read, expressing, for the present, no position at all, in reference to the first. My colleague, Mr. Wright, took exception, as I understood him, to the speech of my colleague, Mr. Nelson, upon the subject of the Union; and I now ask him to state, what single sentiment, upon the subject of the Union, declared by Mr. Nelson, does he not indorse?

Mr. Wright. I simply desire to say to my colleague, that if he will read my speech, he will find that I made no war on the speech of my colleague, Mr. Nelson.

Mr. Hatton. I am glad that my colleague indorses the speech of Mr. Nelson; for I understand that to be his response; but I wish to ask him, particularly, whether he indorses Mr. Nelson, *upon the subject of the Union*. Will the gentleman be kind enough to give me a response of indorsement or repudiation?

Mr. Wright. Of the whole speech?

Mr. Hatton. Yes, sir.

Mr. Wright. I shall have to read it again, before I can express my indorsement.

Mr. Hatton. Do you remember any *single sentence* that you would not indorse?

Mr. Wright. If my colleague desires to know what my position is, I refer him to my speech, and I believe that he has a copy of it before him.

Mr. Hatton. Well, sir, I refer my colleague to the speech of Mr. Nelson. He has read it—has commented on it—and I desire him to say whether he indorses it, or not. I do not wish to place him in any false position; *but I do* desire to *know* whether any of the Democratic members of this House, from

the State of Tennessee, stand in antagonism with my colleague, Mr. Nelson, on the question of the preservation of this Union.

Mr. Avery. In a very few words, I can state my position. I said, the other day, in a word or two I submitted to this House, that I came from a State, and represented, in part, a people, who were loyal, and ever have been loyal and devoted to this Union. I said that they were also devoted to the Constitution under which this Union was formed. I said, further, however, that whenever the compacts, which were guaranteed to my people, under the Constitution, were violated, this Union was then no longer a blessing, but a curse. That is what I said, and what I say now. [Applause on the Democratic side, and in the galleries.]

Mr. Hatton. But, still, I have no response to the interrogatory kindly submitted to my colleague, as to whether he indorses or repudiates the speech of Mr. Nelson.

Mr. Avery. If my distinguished colleague [Mr. Nelson] differs with me, in the sentiments I have just uttered, then I disagree with him; and if he is with me in those sentiments, I am with him.

Mr. Hatton. Still, that is no response. I submit it to the fairness of my colleague.

Mr. Barksdale. Does the gentleman indorse the speech made by his colleague, [Mr. Avery,] or not?

Mr. Avery. I thank the gentleman from Mississippi.

Mr. Hatton. "I think there be six Richmonds in the field." [Laughter and applause.]

Mr. Avery. You appealed to the whole Democratic party, as well as my colleague, whether or not they indorsed the speech of Mr. Nelson, and how they stood upon the Union question.

Mr. Barksdale. I ask my friend, from Tennessee, again, whether he indorses or repudiates the remarks made by his colleague? If the Constitution should be violated and trampled in the dust, by the North, would the Union then be a blessing or a curse?

Mr. Hatton. I reply with pleasure. The question does not, to me, present the slightest embarrassment. Whenever, by the reckless fanaticism of the North—of the Republican party, or any other party—the state of things contemplated in the question of the gentleman, shall be brought upon our country, *then* there will be no Union to love, and no Constitution to cherish. [Applause in the galleries.] *Then*, sir, I will become a *sectional* man, and I will pray to the God of battles that these slender arms of mine shall be made

"Hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve,"

that I may, if necessary, strike for the protection of the rights of Tennessee—of the South. [Renewed applause.]

Mr. Leake, of Virginia. I want to ask my friend, who shall judge of the rights of the States, the infraction of them, and the remedies for that infraction?

Mr. Hatton. I could not hear all the gentleman from Virginia has said, but suppose I have understood enough to get his point. There is a co-ordinate branch of this Government—the Supreme Court—one of the special offices of which, is, to pass upon the constitutionality of all Congressional enactments. Whenever a law has been enacted, that seriously infringes upon the rights of my section, that “tramples upon rights,” certainly given it under the Constitution, and the courts fail or refuse to interpose for our protection, or interposing, prove unable to furnish a shield to us, and the wrong is persisted in, *then* the Constitution and the Union shall have, I repeat, ceased to exist; the machinery of the Government will then have, simply, *destroyed itself*.

Mr. Hill. Do I understand my friend to say, that, upon any infraction of the Constitution, anywhere, the extremity is to take place, that he announces?

Mr. Hatton. I did not say that.

Mr. Barksdale. I ask the gentleman from Tennessee, entertaining the views he has just expressed here, why does he not join us, the Democratic party, upon this floor, in resisting the aggressions of the other side of the House?

Mr. Hatton. Have I not stood side by side with Southern men, in voting against the Republican party, since this House commenced its session? I will continue to stand in opposition to that party, as long as it may deny to my section, what I regard as its essential rights, under the Constitution. In my canvass in Tennessee, I told my competitor that if he would name to me a man, whose position upon the subject of slavery was higher than my own, I would abandon the canvass, and give him a clear track.

Mr. Barksdale. I ask the gentleman, whether, since the commencement of this session, he has cast a vote for any man upon this side of the House?

Mr. Hatton. I have not cast a vote since the opening of the session, for any one except a member of my own party. That is plain.

Mr. Leach. Do you ever mean to do it?

Mr. Hatton. There has been no time when my vote would have elected any member of the Democratic party; but I submit it to the gentleman, that *there has been a time when the vote of his party, that stands here claiming to be, par excellence, the defender of the rights of the South, could have secured a triumph over Mr. Sherman, and elected a true Southern man.* [Applause in the galleries.]

Mr. Barksdale. A Southern man, acceptable to a portion of the Black Republican party, upon this floor.

Mr. Hatton. My distinguished friend, from Mississippi, so far from denying the correctness of the announcement I made, has said, himself, that they could have elected our man; but that he would have been a man for whom some Northern votes had been cast. If this, to him, is a satisfactory ground of action, I have no right to complain; but I imagine that the country from which I come would not be satisfied with such reasoning.

Mr. Barksdale. I desire to say, that, so far as I am concerned, I will not vote for Mr. Gilmer. I have not voted for him, and I do not intend to vote for him. My reasons are satisfactory to myself. I have not thought proper, heretofore, to give them; but, if I shall be successful in obtaining the floor, when the gentleman from Tennessee has concluded his speech, I will give the reasons why I have not voted for Mr. Gilmer, and why I will never vote for him.

Mr. Hatton. I will now proceed with my argument, not attempting to anticipate the gentleman from Mississippi, in any reasons he may present to the House, when I am done. I asked my colleague [Mr. Wright] what was the particular feature in what he styles the *status* of Mr. Gilmer, that he felt excused for not voting for him? *I received no response.* I stated, that, so far as my information extended, it consisted, simply, in having voted against the admission of Kansas, under the Lecompton Constitution. Yes, sir—

“The very head and front of his offending,
Hath *this* extent, and *no more.*”

Mr. Leake. Will my friend permit me to correct him?

Mr. Hatton. I cannot. I have already consumed much more time than I intended; but for such frequent interruptions, I would have been done, long since. Mr. Gilmer is a Southern man, reared in the South, and is a large slaveholder—the largest, I am told, in this House. His entire interest is in the South. Until he voted against the admission of Kansas, under the Lecompton Constitution, I understand that at home, he occupied the position of an extreme Southern man, having been denounced at the North, in public placards, for having, a few years ago, prosecuted certain Abolitionists; and *driven* them out, *by force*, from the limits of his State. Now, I know that it is very difficult for the little party to which I belong to find a man free from objection, upon this question of slavery, the Democratic party being judges. According to their declarations, Harrison was an Abolitionist; Mr. Clay, the “great commoner” of America, was an Abolitionist, they said. Yes, sir, that noble spirit, in whom were rarely blended all those high qualities of head and heart that endear a man to a generous people, was charged, upon the stump, in Tennessee, as an Abolitionist. Now that he is dead, “when treason has done its worst on him,” they rival each other in the extravagance of their eulogiums upon him. “Their tears are the tears of the crocodile.” Yes, sir, they now praise him. In life,

“You did not so, when your vile daggers
Hacked one another, in his sides.”

Mr. Avery. Mr. Clay said, that whenever the party to which he belonged became a miserable sectional party, he would renounce it forever, and unite with that party, he cared not what its name was, that stood by the Constitution and the Union, and repelled all aggressions upon Southern rights. Will my colleague do that? Why does not my colleague do that?

Mr. Hatton. I hope my colleague will make himself just as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. I have *no* desire to distress him. [Laughter.] Now, Mr. Clerk, I said Mr. Clay was charged with Abolitionism. General Taylor, who had a sugar plantation in Louisiana, and owned one hundred slaves, was, according to the Democratic party, not to be trusted, when Southern rights are concerned. In 1852, General Scott, who had headed our troops upon a hundred fields, whose deeds of arms had given to the soldier of America, immortality, the son of Virginia, was charged with being an Abolitionist. In 1856, Mr. Fillmore, who, as President of these States, had so worthily demeaned himself in his high office as to bring upon him the encomiums of men of every section, and of all parties, was denounced as an Abolitionist. And, *to-day*, when my honorable friend, Mr. Gilmer, is presented to this House, as a candidate for the Speakership, his integrity to the South is to have suspicion cast on it, because certain gentlemen from the North have chosen to cast their votes for him.

I repeat what I before said, that the party to which I belong have expressed the opinions, in their resolutions, that a war of words upon the slavery question, upon this floor, can do no good. We have no disposition to engage in it. When hireling scribblers from the North, demagogues of that section, choose to indulge in billingsgate upon me, or the institutions of the South, I will not compromise my dignity, or ideas of propriety, by retorting their scurrility with congenial ribaldry. No, sir, I believe what was taught me when quite a youth, that gasconading defiance, and truckling servility, are equally remote from true dignity.

The sentiments, upon the Union, which have been announced by my colleague [Mr. Nelson] in the speech which he delivered upon this floor, are the sentiments of the people of the State of Tennessee. When I say this, I do not want any Southern gentleman, upon this floor, to conclude that the people of my State are less sensitive to the appreciation of their rights, or less determined to maintain them, than the people of any other State in this Union.

I will institute no comparison. I will indulge in no encomium on the men of Tennessee. They need none. At the battle of King's Mountain, the Horse Shoe, Talladega, New Orleans, Monterey, Cerro Gordo, and the battles of the Valley of Mexico, they gave to the world some indications of the mettle of which they are made. And if ever a sectional war is forced upon them, I say to the House, without boasting, that they will not suffer by comparing their actions with those of the people of other States, whose Representatives, on this floor, have expressed themselves so ready for the struggle. For their country and a glorious fame, they have shown themselves ready to lay down their lives. In the destruction of the Union, they can see neither profit nor honor. In its wilful dismemberment, they behold only the folly of the drunken suicide, who falls not upon the weapon of his foe, but upon his own dagger. For the lessons of Washington, who taught them to "cher-

ish a cordial, habitual, immovable attachment to the Union," they have not lost all respect. For the the teachings of Jackson, who said "it must be preserved," they have quite as much regard as for the advice of those who seem careless of its glory, and stand ready to surrender it.

Mr. Miles. I ask the gentleman from Tennessee, whether he will suspend his remarks, for the present, in order to move to proceed to a ballot, with the understanding that he will be subsequently entitled to the floor.

Mr. Burnett. I object to that. There are other gentlemen who desire the floor; and I hope the gentleman will proceed with his remarks. I understand he has nearly concluded.

Mr. Hatton. I have said, already, that I did not want to interrupt the action of the House; and if it be the desire of the House to ballot, now, I will certainly yield, for that purpose.

Mr. Burnett. I object to that. If the gentleman yield the floor, he must yield it entirely. I want it, myself.

Mr. Barksdale. I understand, from the gentleman from Tennessee, that he has almost concluded his speech. There are several gentlemen, who desire to speak. I shall seek the floor when he has finished speaking; and I hope he will go on, now, without any opposition, on the part of gentlemen on this side of the House.

Mr. Hatton. There are conflicting requests made of me, by different gentlemen on the floor; and, as I cannot accommodate them all, I choose to give way for a ballot, and then I will finish the remarks which I intended to make.

The Clerk. The gentleman from Tennessee will take notice that objections are made, by several gentlemen, to his yielding the floor, for that purpose.

Mr. Crawford. And it can only be done by unanimous consent.

The Clerk. Unless it is done by unanimous consent, the gentleman will not be entitled to the floor again, when the House resumes the discussion.

Mr. McRae. With the permission of the gentleman from Tennessee, I want to make a single remark. It is well known that I never interrupt gentlemen who are speaking; and I do not now rise to interrupt the gentleman, as there is a recess in his remarks. The gentleman has done me the honor to compliment me by referring, at some length, to a speech which I made, in regard to the organization of the House; and I wish to say that I shall seek an opportunity, at another time, to pay him the same compliment. I see a number of gentlemen, who have not spoken, who desire to obtain the floor. I think, as I said, yesterday, I will be able to convince the gentleman from North Carolina [Mr. Gilmer] that Democrats could not support him; and I think I will prove that, also, to the satisfaction of the gentleman from Tennessee.

Mr. Hatton. I am always open to conviction, and have a high estimate of the gentleman's ability to "make the bad appear the better part;" but, still, I am quite incredulous.

Mr. Clerk, when interrupted by the honorable gentleman from South Carolina, I was just concluding what I had to say, in connection with the question of the Union. As perilous as some gentlemen seem, at this day, to regard the announcement by a Southern man, I desire to make it, and have it put unmistakably upon the record, that I am for the maintenance of this Union. There are those who say, "mark the man who sings hallelujahs to the Union." I have no hallelujahs to sing, no eulogiums to pronounce; but I have a sentiment to offer—it was the sentiment of Washington: "The Union—the palladium of your liberties; never surrender it."

And, now, sir, if there be one of this corps of self constituted markers present, let him fix his brand on my humble brow. I will bear it as an honorable scar received in my early manhood; not in a factious opposition to the Government of my country, but in an honest vindication of its unity and its integrity. And, now, sir, in order that we may have a ballot, I yield the floor.

The following is the first letter to his wife, after making his first speech in Congress. If he could do so well with a "few little notes," what would he have done with a prepared, or, as sometimes called, "a cut-and-dried" one? Doubtless, Mr. Hatton had listened to the great herd of speakers in the House. until he felt that he was master of the occasion—was equal to the emergency. Is it not a little singular that he did not prepare his *first speech* for the Congress of the United States? Perhaps it was prepared; that is, that Mr. Hatton was prepared? We think so. We don't wish to be understood as supposing that the speech was written out, not at all. We merely wish to say, that he was a speaker, and could make speeches—that he was master of the situation:

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.,

January 13, 1860.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

I received this morning your kind letter of the 8th inst. The reading of it gave me great pleasure and pain—pain, that you should be—with your robust health—thinking of shattered nerves, and of short life. When I left you, I thought you were looking better than I had ever seen you, and I thought bid as fair for a long life, as any lady in Lebanon. God bless you, Sophie. May you live to see our children's children—to a happy and peaceful old age. I was glad to hear that you had

got out to church again—that you felt lonely that I was not with you. I long for the quiet of a life at home.

I got into a debate in the House to-day, and was on the floor some two hours. Could not make anything like a systematic speech—did not want to—was after the Democracy for refusing to elect our man Speaker. Will send you the Globe containing what I said. I spoke without any preparation, at all, except a few little notes. Had the attention of the whole House during the entire time, and made, as you will see, the Democracy very restive—though they received my speech with the greatest respect, and treated me, personally, with the utmost kindness. The interruptions were such, that I did not get to what was, in my estimation, the best part of my speech; but having been up so long, I quit, before getting through.

Am getting, day by day, more and more, disgusted with Washington—its customs, its people, especially, its Congress, which is but a mob—one, too, over which, unfortunately, the police has no control! We are no nearer to an organization than we were this time last month. Really doubt whether we will organize at all.

I sent Reilly a picture paper yesterday. Will send Mary one in a few days. There is company in my room, which is likely to remain some time, so I quit to put my letter in the office.

Give my love to all hands at home. Kiss the children for me, and be careful of your own dear self, until we meet. Good-bye, my darling.

Your affectionate husband,
R. HATTON.

We copy again from his Diary :

January 14, 1860.—Spent most of to-day in looking over notes of the reports of my speech in the House on yesterday. Threw away about seventy pages of the manuscript, as trash, and arranged the balance for the Globe—will be printed for Monday. Regret that I permitted myself to be dragged into the discussion without proper preparation. Am determined to prepare for my next attempt on the floor. I accomplished, however, all I sought to do, namely, to present the Democracy to

the country, as they really were—a set of insincere demagogues, who were pretending to be fighting for the South, when all they cared anything about, was, Democracy. Read 21st and 23d chapters of Numbers.”

January 15, 1860.—To-day, Mr. Underwood, of Ga., spoke, occupying the floor about four hours, in a rambling, scattering speech, which from his continued reference to members of the Southern Opposition party, was frequently interrupted. He is a great demagogue, without the redeeming quality in some of that class, of shrewdness. I wrote a number of letters, after coming to my room. Met some friends—then went with Etheridge to see one of his District friends, Mr. Moore, where we found quite a crowd, and in it I saw the *disgusting* sight of a woman intoxicated. Read 23d and 24th chapters of Numbers.

January 16, 1860.—To-day spent most of my time writing letters. Wrote to J. R. Davis, J. J. Green, Alex. P. McClaren, D. R. Fakes, Bob. White, Geo. C. Cole. Also, franked to friends in Tennessee, a number of speeches made by Haskins, of New York. The debate to-day was violent in the extreme, the word falsehood being employed three several times—once by McClernard, of Ill., and twice by Pryor, of Va. Hickman of Pa., was the man at whom it was thrown. No advance toward an election of Speaker. Sent Mayy, Frank Leslie. Read 25th chapter of Numbers.

We feel confident our readers will be pleased at reading the following letter. Pity we have not more of such men as Hatton and Etheridge. The more we learn about them, the better we are pleased with them. But read the letter:

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
January 16, 1860.

DEAR WIFE:—

Your sweet little letter for Reilly, received last night, afforded me real pleasure. I read it over and over again, to myself, then got Etheridge's little girl, and read it to her. Bless the dear hearts of all of you, what would or could I do without you? I would want to do nothing.

Yesterday—Sunday—I spent in my room, it being very damp and foggy—just the worst weather for me. It was a long and lonesome day. I read and wrote, but did more of quiet thinking—my heels up over the grate. I thought of home, of you and the children; of what I supposed or imagined you were doing, how you looked and what you said. Like a revolving panorama the scene passed before me. When passed, wanting to see the picture again, I would shut my eyes, and look in upon the camera of the brain, where you were all as plainly imaged, as if before me in life. I got down my hymn-book. I bought one some time since, just to see and read some of the hymns you have been in the habit of singing to me on Sunday evenings—and read and tried to sing “Jesus, I my cross have taken,” “Be thou, O God!” &c., &c., &c. Etheridge came in and took the hymn-book and read beautifully a number of hymns. He is no churchman, but really a religious man. Sat down and talked to me of *his* wife, of home, of how I would feel were I *then* to get a letter announcing the death of my wife, as *he* did once; when the big tears stood in his bright grey eyes. I cried as a child. He got up and went to his room. I thought my own room was a sweet and holy spot. I locked the door, and walked the floor for an hour or two. Went after Etheridge’s little girl, and took her to dinner, where she and I talked of *her* little brother, her grandma, and of you and the children, she asking me many innocent questions, which I as innocently answered. She is the only female in the city to whom I more than barely speak. Have not gotten into the parlors yet. Have no intention of appearing there, though the invitations are daily. I told Wright and Avery the other day, who board at Brown’s, that they had very often invited me to call on their wives, but, that while I was much obliged to them, I would have to decline—that I was no woman’s man. With the children about the house I am a great favorite. They afford me much pleasure, by reminding me vividly of the prattle of Reilly and Many.

Tell Reilly to tell uncle Anderson to keep him straight—not to let him burn up or break up the shingles. Tell him to take good care of Prince—to see that he is well fed and has a good

bed to lie on. Bless his little soul, Keep his shoulders up. See that he does not get cold, and he will get over his hump-back. My love to all, to yourself, dear wife, *especially*.

Your affectionate husband,

R. HATTON.

January 17, 1860.—To-day has been almost a blank to me; have not felt well, and a good part of the day I have been lying down on a sofa in one of the cloak rooms. Wrote to the Post-office Department in regard to change of route in Wilson County; also wrote to A. J. Swaney, enclosing Land Warrant for Mrs. —, of Castilian Springs. The debate to-day has been but a ridiculous hurrah, having neither dignity nor ability in it. Was called on to-night by Mr. Lucas, of West Tennessee. Read the 26th ch. of Numbers.

January 18, 1860.—Went to Globe office this morning, and corrected proof of my remarks on Tuesday, not printed until this morning. Went to the Capitol and wrote to the Post-Master-General about change of name of Post-office at Huddleston's Cross-roads; also, wrote to G. W. Simpson, in reference to mail route. Wrote to Sophie and sister Mary; also, to Prof. Stewart and R. Spillers; sent off number of copies of Globe—one hundred numbers—containing my speech. The House was in a *row*, as usual, to day; no improvement in the manners of members; old members say no such proceedings were ever before witnessed in the House. Read 27th and 28th chs. of Numbers.

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.,

January 18, 1860.

MY DEAR SOPHIE:—

I am sitting at my drawer, while a most ridiculous scramble is going on upon the floor—half-a-dozen trying to get the floor to speak; never have I been in so disorderly a body. There is but little more respect for the rules of deliberative bodies, than would be shown by a crowd on Broad Street, at Nashville. I need not repeat what I have before said, that I am disgusted with this body, and with Washington.

Night before last, at the earnest request of Etheridge, I went with him to see one of his friends from the District, who had invited me to see him. I went along, and remained about one hour; found a room full of company—members of Congress, etc. Among the crowd, I saw a woman intoxicated; so much so, that it was manifest to everybody. *At her request*, I was introduced to her; a moment satisfied me she was drunk, when I deliberately walked away from her, without stopping to inquire whether it pleased or offended her. In five minutes after, I was walking home. So much for my first adventure in Washington society; 'twill be some time before I try it again.

Your letter, sending Reilly's thanks for the two papers, was received last night. Your account of Many's pout amused me very much. Before I got your letter I had sent her a paper, with her name on it. Tell her that pa *will* send her papers as well as Reilly. Tell them both to study their books well; kiss the children for pa, and tell them that he asks God to bless them every night; that they must be good, mind their ma, and study hard. My love to mother and the boys; ask them if they are done writing to me? Write to me, Sophie, as often as you can without injuring yourself, as the reading of your letters is about *my only source* of pleasure in Washington. Good-bye, my dear wife.

Your affectionate husband,
ROBERT HATTON.

P. S.—I enclose to you a slip from the *New York Times*, taking me off—written by a gentleman who is burlesquing the House generally. He is *hard* on many of the members, but has let me off very easily for the present.* R. H.

* The following is the paragraph referred to:—"ROBERT HATTON, of Tennessee, then obtained the floor for a set speech, and at once commanded attention. He is rather tall, rather thin, with a large head and long face, made longer by a profusion of orange chin-beard, harmonizing well with pink cheeks, a large, fair forehead, high and expansive; blue eyes, set wide apart on each side of a small, irregular nose, high cheek bones, and a great quantity of thick brown hair, rather inclined to curl, but hardly having length sufficient to indulge its propensity. Decidedly, Mr. Hatton has more of the studied graces of an orator than any member yet seen upon the floor. His gestures are full, round, and appropriate—seldom violent—never grotesque, but always emphatic, and with an inclination to the florid order. His head shows imagination, and the perceptives largely developed—the qualities of causality and caution, however, not being visible from this gallery—if at all existing. His

We copy again from the Diary :

January 19, 1860.—Went to-day to Brady's portrait gallery. at his request, and had my likeness taken for his gallery ; he is making a collection of the likenesses of members of the present Congress. Wrote a long letter to Reilly and Many about being good, and obeying their dear ma ; sent them five pictures—painted photographs—of the Senate Chamber, Hall of House of Representatives, etc., etc. ; Hindman spoke to-day, declaring that the Northern Democrats could not be expected to vote for an American, etc. ; rest of the day taken up in the *usual* wrangle ; no ballot for Speaker. "A hop " on hand here at Brown's, to-night ; great crowd ; did not go down ; stayed in my room, and franke done hundred speeches. Read—nothing but a Psalm.

January 20, 1860.—Went up to call on Mrs. John Bell, at Willard's, this morning ; found her as agreeable, though as ugly as ever ; sat an hour ; did not call for her daughters. Went on foot to the Capitol ; felt sick ; took a chill, which lasted two hours ; lay in the anti-room ; came home and went to bed, where I am still, with a high fever, and severe headache. Read no chapter.

January 21, 1860.—In bed, sick—too sick to write ; high fever still ; afraid of a spell of fever ; wish I was at home with Sophie ; God bless her and the children. Amen ! No chapter.

January 22, 1860.—In bed sick ; high fever still ; am taking some vegetable medicines ; afraid of mercury ; Oh, what a gloomy day this has been ; God bless my family ; have written to Sophie a short letter—best I could do. No chapter.

Here follows the letter, but he does not say a word about being sick ; don't wish to cause his family unnecessary anxiety :

voice is musical and full of the church-organ tone ; and he speaks with the deliberativeness of a man determined to say nothing in support of which he is not willing to stand a pistol shot. Belonging to the Southern Opposition, he soon gets into a jangle with his colleague, John V. Wright, previously described, in reference to the term " Know-Nothing," as applied to the party which has this militant creed-confessor. He also refuses to be interrupted on personal explanations in reply to John A. Logan, of Illinois ; and rather succeeds in backing down all disputants by the force and determination with which he asserts his right to be heard to the bitter end."

WASHINGTON D. C.,
January 22, 1860.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

I have received no word from home now, for five days; a long time to be without a word from all we hold dear on earth—isn't it?

The last three days have been beautiful; the sun shining out brightly, and the air being soft and warm. I have not been out, however, to enjoy it much; have no disposition to go out, not even for a walk. Yesterday, we had no session of the House, and I did not leave the Hotel, though the members were making a gala-day of it, visiting and drinking. I am satisfied of one thing:—that there is not a more perfect old foggy in Congress, than I am—not one that goes out to visit so little as I have done. Some of our Tennesseans are distinguishing themselves in the elegant circles—dancing with Miss Lane, and the wives of Senators and Ministers—going to parties nearly every night. It is soon found out here who are fond of company and parties, by their acceptance or non-acceptance of invitations. Those that take the start, are kept in the whirl; those, who, at first, keep out, are afterwards overlooked. This is getting to be my case, to a considerable extent already, and I am glad of it, as it relieves me of all trouble in sending excuses. I received a letter from Judge Robert Caruthers, yesterday, containing, among other things, some excellent advice, about keeping out of the fashion and vices of Washington. *I am in less danger than I have been for ten years.* The devil has but to be *met*, and he flees from you. Say to Johnnie that I will answer his very excellent letter in a few days. It was what Mag calls a "very satisfactory letter," giving me a great deal of news of home, etc. * * * * *
No prospect of an organization yet; can't even guess when there will be one. Write to me about your money matters; I have some notes that I can send you to collect money on; can't write to you much for a few days—have six thousand speeches to frank. Kiss the children for me; give my love to all, and believe me, as ever,

Yours affectionately,
R. HATTON.

January 23, 1860.—Got up to-day at 11½ o'clock, and went in a hack to the Capitol. Felt very weak and badly, but determined to be at my post. Lay down most of the day. Wrote to Sophie a short letter. Came home and eat my first meal since Friday. Read 29th and 30th chapters of Numbers, and went to bed, thanking God for his mercy to me.

January 24, 1860.—Went to Capitol again to-day. Walked, which worried me too much. Lay about on the sofas, and came home after adjournment, tired and disgusted. Got something to eat, and after reading the 31st and 32d chapters of Numbers, I then went to bed, asking God to take care of the dear ones at home.

Having recovered from his "spell" of sickness, Mr. Hatton proceeds to inform his wife, as follows:

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.,
January 11, 1860.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

No letter from home now, for one week! Long time. The best you can do? You *might* do better, and it would afford me great pleasure. Let me tell you, now that I am very well, my letter to you on Sunday night, was written partly in bed—partly at my table, being as I was unable to sit up. Was taken with a chill at the Capitol, on Friday morning, suffering extremely with a burning fever and head-ache. Could not walk to my bell rope, but had to have a string tied into it, reaching to my bed, so as I could lie and pull it. Now, in the midst of it, rather than fail to write as usual, on Sunday, I did it, writing awhile and resting 'till I got through. Now, if you at home *wanted to*, couldn't you write a little oftener? Don't let me make you uneasy about my health, by telling you that I was sick. It was but a sort of acclimating process I was taken through. Have been to the House both yesterday and to-day, and to-night feel entirely well. I merely wanted to let you see that I would write, sick or well. Mr. Corwin delivered a *great* speech in the House to-day. To me it was the greatest treat I have had in the city. He was humorous, witty, sarcastic, pa-

thetic, eloquent—in argument, overwhelming. He is the greatest man in Washington city. A man of a good heart, a big and well filled head—one of the few that can so far tear loose from the contracted views of the partizan demagogue, to rise to the real dignity of an argument. I will send you copies of the speech, which Johnnie must read to you all. If it reads as it was delivered—but this is not possible, as he is superior to any body in manner—it will be a treat to you. You will be struck with one feature in it—the frequent illustrations drawn from the Bible. I wish you could all have been present to hear it.

No speaker yet—no prospect of one. The Democracy are *mad* for the spoils—they look and *care for* nothing else. This is the plain truth. This being so, they will not agree to the election of any one, except one of their own number. Will prevent any other election, if possible. * * * *
Take good care of your dear self, and of the children, and rest assured I am well, or I would not have alluded to having been sick. My love to all.

Yours, affectionately,

R. HATTON,

January 25, 1860.—Wrote to Sophie this morning, made a short speech in the House, correcting report in the Globe of the 4th inst., showing that Mr. Cox, of Ohio, had altered the notes of the reporter in a colloquy between myself and him on the day previous. He is a dirty, low character, destitute of spirit and principle. Mr. Keitt, made an attempt at a reply, to Mr. Corwin's speech of yesterday. His speech was respectable, but fell far short of Corwin, in every quality of a good speech. Put my frank on one thousand of my speeches to-night, and read 33d and 34th chapters of Numbers.

January 26, 1860.—Went by Globe office this morning and corrected proof of my remarks on yesterday. Went to Capitol, and wrote to A. A. Lovell, of Massachusetts, W. Z. Neal, of Lebanon, J. G. Frazier, of Wilson county, and S. S. Bush, of Louisville, Ky. Franked a number of Globes. Ordered the

Congressional Globe and Appendix, to be sent to the *Review*, at Franklin; *Telegraph*, at Murfreesboro'; *Herald*, at Lebanon; and *Courier and Enquirer*, Gallatin. The session to-day was rather dull—devoted to voting for Speaker. No election. Put my frank to-night on 1025 of my speeches. Read 35th and 36th chapters of Numbers.

January 27, 1860.—To-day there was a great excitement over a ballot for Speaker—Smith of N. C., received 112 votes—within two of enough to elect. Did receive, in fact, two more than enough to elect, but the votes received from the Pa. and N. J. men, were withdrawn, leaving 112. Sherman voted for Corwin. Three Democrats, Davis and Holman, of Indiana, and Allen, of Ohio, refused to vote for Smith. Now thought we will elect somebody on Monday. Adjourned over to Monday. Great excitement about the Hotels to-night; caucusing going on extensively. Wrote to sister Mary to-night, in answer to letter received from her this morning. Read.

January 28, 1860.—Went, this morning, to the Post-office Department. Got office established at Walter's Hill, and Tilford appointed Post-Master. Got office established, also, at College Grove, Williamson county, and had Post-Master appointed. Made application for mail route, from Murfreesboro' to Liberty. Went to Land Office, to see about land grants, for Mrs. Martin and John D. Owen. Inquired for Marshall's Straw-cutter, but did not find it. Went to the Smithsonian Institute; looked at the curiosities. Saw Prof. Henry, a mild, quiet man, of plain, unpretending manners. He was in his Laboratory. Wrote to Tilford, Wynne, Vaughn, Sophie, Jones, and franked a large number of documents. Read.

January 29, 1860. Rose early, this morning—read my letters—looked over the papers—eat breakfast, and went round to the Southern Methodist Church, with General Davis, of Mississippi. Heard the singing in the Sunday School—then heard a very excellent sermon, from these words: "Serve the Lord, with fear; rejoice, with trembling."—2d Psalm, 11. Came home, and wrote some letters—one, to Rev. T. C. Blake, and

one to Rev. W. C. Johnson. Then went out, for the second time since I have been in the city, walking. Called on Quarles and Brabson. Came back, and sat down to read my Bible. Read several chapters; also read before retiring.

January 30, 1860.—Took a long walk up the Avenue, this morning. Stopped in at Mr. Somebody's gallery, and had my photograph taken, at his request, for his book of portraits. Went from there to the Capitol, and found it literally crowded, galleries and floor—ladies sitting on seats in the Hall, cloak rooms, etc. Great excitement prevailed, before the balloting began, and throughout the entire session. Sherman withdrew his name, and voted for Pennington, of New Jersey, as did his entire party—giving 115 votes, 117 being necessary to a choice. Smith, of North Carolina, received 113 votes, four of the anti-Lecompton Democrats refusing to vote for him, throwing their votes away. Adjourned in this state. Read.

January 31, 1860.—To-day has been one of great excitement in the House—Pennington receiving 116 votes, for Speaker; McClernon, some 90, and the balance scattering. One hundred and seventeen would have elected. It is thought Pennington will be elected on the first ballot, on to-morrow. After one ballot, the House adjourned at 5 o'clock. Wrote to George W. Allen, W. H. Tilford, E. L. Jordan, Jr., and sent off some papers, speeches, etc. To-night there has been great caucusing going on—all to no purpose; all the object in it is, if possible, to put the Southern Opposition in a false light. Read.

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.,
January 30, 1860.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

This has been a most exciting day in the House—more so than any day of the session—it being thought, on each ballot, that there would be an election of Speaker. But there was not—our man coming within four votes of an election, and the Republican candidate within one vote, of an election. It is

thought that to-morrow will decide it. I think a Republican will be elected—Mr. Pennington, of New Jersey.

Yesterday, I was at church. It was a bright, clear day—a little cold. Had a good sermon. Thought of you and the little ones. Saw a boy that reminded me, strikingly, of Reilly. I do want to see the little rascals, so badly. I see them by day and by night—awake, and in dream-land. God bless them. Saw the *Herald*, yesterday—gives some news of Wilson. * *

Stokes and the Tennessee Legislature have been up to Louisville. You will see an account of it in the *Intelligencer*—make John read it to you. It made me cry. I love this Union—its glories and its greatness; the blessings it secures to me, I would see transmitted by it to my children. For those who are careless of its prosperity, I have neither love nor respect. Madness rules the hour. What will be the result, no man can tell. I believe this Union will last one hundred years, *at least*. The honest people will take care of it—running over and trampling under foot, those who lay upon it their sacrilegious hands.

My health is very good—better than before my little spell. It did me good, though it was quite severe.

Had another photograph taken this morning. Did not see it. The artist is getting up a book, and will have all the members in it. *May* get you one, if it suits. The one taken last week is said to be excellent. Is as large as the picture of Washington, in our room—the size they are all taken at that gallery.

Wrote to Mary, yesterday, in answer to letter from her. She is doing finely in writing to me. Had read my speech, and was much pleased at it, *she said*. *I was not*—the difference between us.

My love to all at home; kiss the children for pa, until they beg you to quit. God bless and take care of you, my dear Sophie.

Your affectionate husband,

R. HATTON.

February 1, 1860.—Mr. Pennington, of New Jersey, was elected Speaker to-day, receiving 117 votes—Briggs, of New York, and Davis, of Maryland, voting for him. The excite-

ment was intense—some applauding, others hissing. On being conducted to the chair, he made a very appropriate address—full of patriotic sentiments. Everybody seemed pleased with it, even the fire-eaters. After some exhibitions of bad manners, by a number of Democrats, the House adjourned. Read.

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.,
February 2, 1860.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

Your letter, of the 27th of January, was received this morning. Was gratified that you were pleased at my little speech. It pretended to *nothing*, and as I said to you before, could not, consequently, have been a *great failure*. I trust I may never do *anything* that will cause you to feel ashamed of me.

The great hurrah over the election of Speaker is ended, and *everybody* is relieved, though some were greatly displeased at the result. Who Mr. Pennington is, you will see from the papers. He is a very fine-looking man—about father's age and size—a good and true man, whose only sin is his concert with the Republicans, in whose doctrines and views he *does* not sympathize.

A bit of news to you. Last night, I went out to a party! Was invited by Mr. Hardeman, of Georgia, to go with him and wife, in their hack; concluded, as we had elected a Speaker, and many, if not most, of the members were getting drunk over it, that I might at least go to a party—if I behaved. Went at 10 o'clock, and returned at 11:30 o'clock, Hardeman and wife being sensible people. Some five hundred were there—of all sorts and sizes, and, as I said to Mrs. H., as we came back, more ugly women than I ever before saw together, according to the number. I was the only man there that I saw refuse to drink. So much for my advent into society. Was invited to a party, to-night, but have had enough to do me, for the present.

What you wrote me about the children, delighted me. Bless their dear little hearts, I *know* they love their pa, and will rejoice at his return. Tell them pa will continue to send them

pictures, etc., and they must be good, and study their books, and learn to read the papers I send them. Do they study well? Tell them pa hopes they do.

I *do* "remember" that your eyes are very weak. Think *daily* of it; for, if they were not, you could write to me daily, and long letters, too. I am just *the* one that does *not* forget it. Would, for your own dear sake, and for my sake, your eyes were well. Do just the best you can, and I will be thankful. Tell John that he has, I suppose, seen my correction of Mr. Cox's remarks, to which I made some reply, a week or two ago. I made it for the reason which I stated. I have no fears about my temper. Never did unnecessarily offend anybody. Would not, without cause, wound a dog—much less, any rational being. So to do, is *criminal*, in my opinion. I have, myself, been treated with entire respect, by all sides of the House.

* * * * *

I enclose you a piece of poetry, given me by General Reuben Davis, of Mississippi, written by his wife. He is quite friendly with me, and thinks a great deal of his wife. Say something about it, that I can show him. Love to all.

Your affectionate husband,

R. HATTON.



CHAPTER VIII.

1860. Continuation of his Diary—From February 2d to the arrival of Mrs. Hatton in Washington, May 14, 1860—Letters to his Wife—Letters to his Children, Reilly and Many—Letter to his Sister, Mrs. Mary E. Peyton—His Views, Remarks and Observations on Men and Things—Visit to Mount Vernon—To Annapolis—To Georgetown—To Baltimore—Dines with Lieut. M. F. Maury—Meets with Lord Lyons, British Minister to the United States—His estimate of him and Maury—Introduction and Interviews with other distinguished persons—Regular attendant at Church—Chairman of the House Committee on Naval Expeditures—Corruptions in the Navy Department—His Speech—1860.

WE continue to copy from Mr. Hatton's Diary, and to introduce his letters, believing they will be far more interesting to the reader than anything that we could say, or might be able to accomplish, by way of condensation. Very few of his notes or letters, are without interest, and the careful reader will, we doubt not, feel that he has been amply repaid for his labor of perusal.

February 2, 1860.—It is bitter cold out-doors—has been all day. As there was no session of the House, I have not been out of doors to-day. Have written a number of letters—one to Sophie, and one to M. S. Gunter, in regard to Dr. News' son. Read.

February 3, 1860.—To-day, John W. Forney was elected Clerk, and Mr. Hoffman Sergeant-at-Arms; one an anti-Lecompton Democrat, and the other an American. Both received the Republican vote, and a part of the anti-Lecompton Democrats and Americans. After these elections, the House adjourned until Monday. Came home, and wrote to Johnnie, President T. C. Anderson, and to T. J. Finnie, of Memphis; got a letter from mother, in which she gives me some news about John, that displeases me. Saw Lafayette Beech and his brother Alden, on their way to New York. Read.

February 4, 1860.—No session of the House to-day; went up

to the Hall to try and arrange to get some drafts on New York, but failed to do it, every thing being in confusion in the office of Sergeant-at-Arms. Sat for my picture at one of the fashionable galleries, at request of Artist; went to see Mrs. Bell and daughters at Willard's; found company in, and stayed but a few minutes. Came home with cold feet and bad tooth-ache; have been trying to doctor my tooth with chloroform, etc., but it still aches. Read. I am going to lie down, not to sleep much, I fear.

February 5, 1860.—Have had tooth-ache all day—not been out, except to Dentist's; went to Dr. Humphrey's to get tooth pulled; he could not get into his office, to his instruments, and I came off with my tooth. Don't hurt much now. Read.

February 6, 1860.—House met to-day, and elected Door-keeper and Post-Master; both elected by Republicans, one was an anti-Lecompton-Democrat, and the other a Fillmore-Whig. It is singular, but true, that the Republicans have elected no one of their own regular partizans yet. Two or three of the Southern Opposition voted for Marston, who was elected Door-keeper. I did not—voting for a man of my own party in all the elections. Read.

February 7, 1860.—No session of the House to-day; have spent it in attending to business at the Departments—Interior, and Post-office. Came back and wrote some letters, and read some papers; and after reading, am going to bed at 12 o'clock.

February 8, 1860.—To-day there was no session of the House; stayed in my room, writing and reading until 3½ o'clock; wrote to Wm. L. Martin, at Nashville, and to W. D. Martin, at Lebanon, and to various others. At 3½ o'clock went out by special invitation, to Lieut. M. F. Maury's, to dine. Maynard went with me; we met only one other person besides the family; that was Lord Lyons, the present Minister of England, to the United States. Spent the evening delightfully—both Maury and Lord Lyons being most agreeable persons—exceedingly plain, and free of pretension; easy and entertaining in manner and conversation. Read on my return.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
February 8, 1860.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

I mailed a letter to you this morning, enclosing draft for \$150 on New York; also, two notes, one from Prentice, and the other from Lieut. Maury. This ought to satisfy *me* with writing to you, for to-day (?) Ought it not? It does not. *No* time is so pleasantly spent by me, as when writing to my wife. It is *hard work* for you Lebanonites to write—hence, a great deal is not rightfully to be expected of you. As it is my chief source of pleasure, you will, some of you, complain at my imposing the reading of so many letters on you!

Etheridge has just left my room; we have had one of our family talks, of which we are equally fond, and hence, have them quite frequently; he has been to see his little girl, who is out at school, and had a great deal to say to me of her, of his boy, and wife. If he was a woman, you would be certain we were dead in love with each other; we eat together, walk to and from the Capitol together, sit in the House together, room by each other, are alike in politics, in religion, and our feelings and sympathies; hence, are *interested* in each other, and—seemingly, in *nobody else*. Don't get jealous of him, and I will not of Miss Mag Norman, who is so much with you.

Well, I went to Lieut. M. F. Maury's to dinner; dined at 4½ o'clock; Maynard came by, and went with me. Said Lieut. M. met him at the President's Levee last night, and requested him to meet me at his house for dinner. We met only one person outside the family, and he was no less a person, than a live English lord—Lord Lyons, the British Minister. He is a fine, hearty-looking Englishman, of easy and agreeable manners, *very* polite and defferential to others; is about forty-five years old, dresses with extreme plainness—not more showy than 'Squire McClain, and has not a bit more of pretension about him. Our conversation was in reference to national customs, institutions of learning, languages, etc. He said the Americans *spoke* the English language better than the English—did not write it so correctly. Our books were well written; our

newspaper literature, defective in style, etc. Was full of good humor, saying some spicy things. So much for Lord Lyons, of whom, I am willing to see more, as an agreeable person, in whose society there is edification.

Lieut. Maury is, at home, easy and graceful; as easy as—who? Anybody. Full of conversation on all character of topics; any thing, that seems to interest his company. We did not see Mrs. Maury, she being in bed, sick; this I regretted; I wanted to see her; she is a sister of Lieut. Herndon, who was lost on the *George Law*. [Was it not the *Central America*? DRAKE.] She sent in her regrets; hoped to see us frequently at her house, etc. The children—four in number—were in the parlor, modest, and well behaved. At dinner, they were seated with us; the oldest, a girl of about sixteen, presiding in place of her mother. Before sitting down to the table, a beautiful “blessing” was repeated by the youngest child—a little girl, who did it as naturally and as quietly—with as much self-possession—as father could have done it. This, I suppose, is an Episcopalian custom. Don’t know, however. It is evidently something to which his children are accustomed, neither of them seeming to regard it as at all unusual.

The dinner was excellent—bountiful and rich; not, however, foolishly extravagant. Not a bit finer than you get up for a Methodist preacher. No parade; nothing fashionable in the courses; one change of plates, just as at your table; but one servant—a yellow man—was seen in the room. He did not speak, nor was he spoken to, during the dinner. *This* pleased me; no fuss, no excitement, nobody in a hurry, as is so often the case at a Tennessee dinner. Maury is a Churchman—no doubt a very pious one. What an argument for the truth of the Bible—of revealed religion! The man, above all others in science, now alive, a meek and humble worshipper! What a rebuke to the empty-headed upstart, who curls up his lip, as I have seen them do, and speaks contemptuously of religion, as something beneath his mighty powers! But I am not writing on religion—at least, did not start to write on that subject.

After dinner, we sat an hour-and-a-half, and expressing our pleasure at the agreeable evening’s entertainment, bade the

family good evening, and retired ; receiving a cordial invitation to visit them often.

Came home—no, not *home*, but to my room ; read the evening papers ; was broken in upon by Etheridge ; disposed of him, and began to write this letter, which is too long for sore eyes to read ; so it is time it was ended.

Wrote to father to-day, in answer to the two letters he has written to me. * * * * * Will send you another draft in a few days ; pay up every thing you can find we owe. I have the money, and want every thing paid up squarely.

My love to all hands—nigs and Prince, included. Kiss the children for me until they and you are all tired ; be good and happy ; may God bless and guard you all, is my prayer.

Your affectionate husband,

R. HATTON.

Mr. Hatton wrote occasionally to his children, the eldest not being six years old. We have omitted to introduce some of his letters, heretofore, that were interesting and pleasing to them ; but will hereafter copy a few of them, as illustrative of the man, and showing his great affection for his children.

The following is briefer than usual :

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

February 8, 1860.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:—

Pa has taken off his coat and boots to go to bed, but before he lies down, he wants to tell you how much he loves you, and how much he desires you to be good children. He loves you better than any body in the world loves you, except ma. She and pa love you just alike. He prays God, before he goes to bed, to bless his sweet little children at home, and take care of them, and make them good children to mind their ma, not to tell stories, or be wicked any way.

I sent you, yesterday, another picture paper. It was printed in London, across the ocean. Pa gave 25 cents for it, and told some Congressmen, who were with him, that he was going to

send it to you. I told them you were pretty and good children. Kiss and hug your ma for me. Good night, and may God bless you.

Your affectionate father,
R. HATTON.

February 9, 1860.—To-day, called with Etheridge and Quarles, on Mr. Gilmer's family, as we were going to the House. In the House, nothing was done. An attempt was made to go into the election of Public Printer, but it failed. Came home and wrote a number of letters; went down to a "hop," in the parlor, where there was a great crowd of fashionable people—stayed but a little while. Read.

February 10, 1860.—To-day, I have done little but write letters. Wrote to Ira P. Jones, E. I. Golladay, Tom. Barry, and Sophie. Franked a number of speeches, &c. A violent free-soil speech was made by a Connecticut man, which produced much bad feeling. Nothing of business was accomplished. The Post-office Deficiency bill was returned to the House, from the Senate, with an amendment, abolishing the franking privilege. Read.

February 11, 1860.—Went early to the Capitol. Wrote Jas. M. King, of Triune; McDonough, of Murfreesboro, and John H. Martin, of same place. Sent some speeches to all the papers in my district, and also to some of my leading friends. The session was spent in Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, considering the Senate's amendment to the Post-office bill. Result of amendment abolishing franking privilege, doubtful. Memorial of certain citizens of Philadelphia, in regard to the Navy Yard there, received and referred to my committee. It alleges gross frauds on the government there. Read.

February 12, 1860.—Went to the Southern Methodist Church, and heard an excellent sermon from the regular pastor, Mr. Proctor. After dinner, went with Etheridge after his little daughter, and we took a long walk through the city, going

through the grounds of the Smithsonian Institute, the Washington Monument, &c., &c. Were gone two or three hours—the longest walk, by far, I have taken since I have been in the city. Came home and took tea, wrote a number of letters, and read a number of chapters in Psalms, Proverbs, &c.

February 13, 1860.—To-day we had quite an exciting time in the House over the election of Public Printer. DeFrees, of Indiana, being the Republican nominee, and Glassbrenner, being the Democratic nominee, he being in combination with certain Southern American printers, thereby securing the votes of most of the Southern Opposition men. I voted for him on that ground. Wrote to a number of my constituents, and franked a number of documents. Read.

February 14, 1860.—To-day's session of the House was consumed in Committee of the Whole, considering the Post-office bill. The Senate's amendment, abolishing the franking privilege, was disagreed to, and the bill goes back to the Senate. The vote in the House, on this amendment was, 60 for it, and 112 against it. This vote settles the question for this Congress. Wrote to Thos. H. Bostick, Dr. J. B. Richmond, to the Post-office Department, to Pension-office, to Dr. G. W. C. Bonds, and to Sophie. Read.

February 15, 1860.—Good part of to-day was spent in balloting for Public Printer. No election—DeFrees getting 90 votes—91 being necessary to an election. Wrote to Wilcher, of Cannon, A. M. Flowers, Turner Vaughn, Secretary of War, Rolfe Saunders, and Hon. Jerre Clemons; also to Daniel R. Fakes, of Wilson; franked some speeches to Woodbury, and to Wilson county. Sent *News* to Sophie, and some fancy pictures to Reilly and Many. Got no letter from home, as I expected. Was much disappointed, as I was confidently looking for one. Read.

February 16, 1860.—To-day, the session of the House was consumed in calling on the States and Territories for bills, resolutions, petitions, &c. A very large number were introduced.

A number of resolutions, &c., were referred to the Committee on Expenses in the Navy Department. Sent to my district, a number of pamphlet copies of the lists of committees. Wrote a long letter to Sophie. Got none to-day from her. Read.

February 17, 1860.—Nothing of any importance, done in the House to-day, though the session was a protracted one. The election of Public Printer was postponed until Monday. Got no letter still from home. Am really out of patience. Shall I quit writing? That would not be returning good for evil. Wrote a long letter to Beaumont, one to Campbell and McEwen, and one to Dr. Jas. S. Dyer. Sent copy of Army Regulations to Wm. Hy. Smith, and franked some hundred speeches to Wilson county. Read.

February 18, 1860.—No session of the House to-day. At an early hour went to the Post-office Department on business. From there went to the Capitol, to see Sergeant-at-Arms. Drew \$1,300 in form of draft on New York, which I indorsed to Thos. H. Bostick, with directions by letter, enclosing the draft, to deposit the proceeds in the Bank of Middle Tennessee, subject to the order of Sophie, or Johnnie Peyton. Wrote to Johnnie, to Sophie, to Neal, to G. W. Simpson, McLean, of Murfreesboro', to Drs. New & Gunter, of Woodbury, and to Judge R. L. Caruthers. Sent Gunter the notice of young News' appointment as Cadet at West Point. Read.

February 19, 1860.—To-day have stayed in my room most of the time. Have not been out of the hotel since I came from the Capitol yesterday. Received a large number of letters by morning's mail, which I read and re-read, some of them—it being so cold and snowy as to confine me to the house. Wrote to Mr. J. M. Blalock, of Sumner county; to Allbright, of same; and to Baxter Smith, of same. After dinner, had company, Etheridge, Brabson, Stokes, and Hon. J. S. Carlyle, of Va.; and consumed the evening in conversation on law, religion and politics—unprofitably! Read.

February 20, 1860.—Nothing of interest or importance done

in the House to-day. A resolution, in favor of restoring the writing desks to the Hall, was passed; but the resolution giving time to the workmen to remove the present seats, and put in the desks, failed. To-night, at the special invitation of Mr. Gilmer, I went to a party at his hotel. It was to me—as such places usually are—stupid. Spent most of my time with Mr. Gilmer, in his room talking politics. Read.

February 21, 1860.—Mr. Davis, of Md., made a most splendid display of wit, humor, sarcasm, and argument, in a speech on the floor of the House, to-day. He was reviewing the action of the Maryland Legislature, in its censure of his vote for Pennington for Speaker. His manner is very superior. In short, he is, in my opinion, decidedly the man, not only of the House of Representatives, but of this Congress. Those of his party, who have been denouncing him, must have felt thoroughly ashamed of themselves. Read.

February 22, 1860.—The Equestrian Statue of Washington was inaugurated here to-day, Mr. Boccock, of Va., playing the orator of the occasion. He is said to have sustained himself very well. The military were in full force, there being six or seven hundred of the New York Regiment here in full uniform, with some half dozen bands of music. Virginia and Maryland troops were also here. The procession was a most imposing one. The weather was bad, and I did not go out; stayed in my room and wrote to Battle, of Triune; Blake, McDonald, P. M. General, Tilford, Sophie, and franked a number of speeches. Read.

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.,

February 22, 1860.

MY DEAR SOPHIE:—

This has been a great day in Washington. The Statue of Washington was inaugurated to-day, and an immense crowd was here. Some 500 or 600 in a regiment from the city of New York, a number from Virginia and Maryland, and a vast crowd of other strangers. The ceremonies were said to be most grand and imposing. Mr. Boccock delivered the principal

address, which is represented as very appropriate, &c. Old Buck also had something to say. The procession was indeed splendid, consisting of the military—infantry, cavalry, and artillery—and orders, and citizens—men, women and children; private carriages, and hacks innumerable. The finest, and to me the most attractive feature of the procession, was the music—some eight or ten splendid bands—one containing some fifty musicians. I had a fine view of them from the hotel window. Did not go out to the grounds; stayed in my room, and felt very much at home—for once, I had quiet—no body being left in the house, scarcely, it seemed, but me. So much for the great day of the inauguration of the Statue of Washington, which has cost to-day, not less than \$30,000. The Government appropriated for, in part, defraying the expense of the parade, \$10,000. Thought it was foolish, but cared nothing about it. Didn't cost me even hack-hire.

I got father's letter this morning. It afforded me great pleasure, as he said you were all getting on pleasantly. * *

The weather is now warm here, quite so. * * My love to all. Kiss the children for pa, and tell them he wants to see them "mighty bad."

Your affectionate husband,

R. HATTON.

February 23, 1860.---Went up early, to-day, 11 o'clock, to see the President review the New York Regiment, which consisted in his walking in the street, with his hat in his hand, in front of the troops, drawn up in line, in the street in front of the White House. He was accompanied by the Secretary of War, his private Secretary, and three other gentlemen, two of whom were members of the House of Representatives. Contest for Public Printer continued to-day. No election—Ball, of Ohio, coming within one vote of an election. The thing will be wound up to-morrow. Read.

February 24, 1860.—Had several ballots for Printer to-day, but without election. Both the Democrats and Republicans seemed to abandon hope of success. Seaton, of the *Intelli-*

gencer, received, on the first ballot, 16 votes, and some hopes are entertained that he may be elected. I hope so, as he is an honest and capable man, in whose election there would be an unmistakable guarantee that no injustice would be done the Government. Adjourned, after having two set speeches from Republican side. Read.

February 25, 1860.—Went to the Land Office early, to-day, on business; from there to the Post-office Department; thence, home. The day is delightful, the sun shining out brightly, and the air being soft and balmy. Wrote to John Peyton, General McCoy, Sophie, John DeFrees, and to D. C. White. Read over speech of Henry Winter Davis, in the *Globe*. It is poorly reported. Such a speech *cannot*, however, be reported. The splendid action, and superior emphasis of the speaker, as well as his peculiarities of expression, are lost. Read.

February 26, 1860.—Went to the Southern Methodist Church, and heard a plain, sensible discourse, by the regular pastor, Mr. Proctor. Small congregation, though the day was beautiful. Came home, and ate dinner at the early dinner hour. Lay down, and went to sleep, and slept until quite late in the evening. Rose; wrote a number of letters; read some; got supper; wrote letters again. Read.

February 27, 1860.—Went up to Willard's Hotel, this morning, to call on Dr. Schon, but did not see him. He had gone to New York. On my return, called to see a gallery of paintings. Got to the Capitol at 12 o'clock. Found young Brewer, of Kentucky, there, just on his way home from Europe. He is a fool about his travels; is badly spoiled. Dangerous thing, for young men to go to Europe. Ford, of Ohio, was elected Printer, to-day, by one vote. Glad the foolish contest is ended. Read.

February 28, 1860.—Went to the Capitol, this morning, early, and wrote to Johnnie Peyton and Mr. Joseph S. Fowler, of Gallatin. Sent draft on New York, for \$115.66, to John, in the letter to him, being sum received by me from W. B. Green, of

Petersburg, Va., for services as a lawyer, in 1854. The session of the House was spent in an effort to pass a bill reducing the mileage of members. Bill was tabled, though it had a decided majority in its favor. Came home, and wrote to Sophie, and to Charles Lanman. Read the newspapers and the Bible.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
February 28, 1869.

DEAR SOPHIE:—

I got your letter, enclosing one from Philadelphia, etc.

* * * * *

Told one of the "short-hand men" about what Reilly said about his having his scratching read; it tickled him, mightily.

* * * * *

Went to Sunday School last Sunday morning. Small concern, even as compared with ours. Heard a good, plain sermon.

Have written something in my common-place book, or Diary, for every day since I have been here, and read an average of about two and a half chapters of the Bible

Took a long walk, with Stokes and Etheridge, yesterday evening. Weighed myself, while out. Weighed 136 pounds—more than I ever weighed before, by two and a half pounds. Getting fat, am I not? You are, too, I learn. Will make a respectable couple, yet. Was prevented by company, from beginning this letter until it was almost mail time. Stop to mail it. Will write to-morrow. Kiss the children for pa. Love to all.

Your affectionate husband,
R. HATTON.

February 29, 1860.—Mr. Seward spoke in the Senate to-day. Occupied the floor for more than two hours. He is an unpleasant speaker, his voice being husky and unpleasant. He is, however, a very great man—cautious, yet bold, when he feels that his position has been taken. He is a most ingenious man. Douglas made a short reply to him, in which he exhibited his usual qualities of boldness and consummate demagoguery. His

delivery is much better than Seward's. Wrote to W. G. McAdo, W. Z. Neal, and to Dr. Dismukes. Read.

March 1, 1860.—Nothing of interest or importance transpired in the House to-day. Mr. Ashmore made a speech, defending his vote for McClernard, for Speaker, in which he referred to Buchanan's record on slavery, as compared with McClernard's. Wrote a number of letters—one to Sophie. Took a long walk, after dinner, on Seventh street, toward the river. Delightful weather. Came back, and wrote to Mr. Elliott. Got two letters from Sophie, one from Bostick, and one from Mary. Read.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

March 1, 1860.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

This is a lovely morning—one of the loveliest I ever beheld. The sun is shining brightly; the air is soft and balmy; the birds are singing merrily, in the trees; in the language of the song, "the face of all nature looks gay;" yet I am sad. I walked out in the grounds surrounding the Capitol, as I came from my hotel, and sat down on one of the hundred seats scattered about under the trees. A vagrant organ-grinder being in sight, I called him to me, and told him to give me all the music in his box. He put down his organ, and began. The third piece was "Home." Need I say that it brought tears into my eyes? The organist was, of course, a foreigner. I asked him where he was from. "From Italy." "Any family in this country?" "No." "Where are your folks?" "Old country." "Want to see them?" He looked out from under his heavy, dark brows, as much as to say, who is it that asks me if I want to see *my* folks? not saying a word, for several seconds. I repeated the question. His large, black Italian eyes blazing with feeling, he at last said: "I do; want to see them very bad." "You live here?" I said, "No." "Where are you from?" I told him, Tennessee. Taking courage by my kind manner, he rested his elbow on the corner of his organ, and asked me if my folks were in Tennessee. I told him, yes, that I had not seen them for *three* months. He said: "It has been *three years* since

I saw my people." I watched his eyes, closely, and they were filling with tears. I then told him to play, over again, all the pieces—which he did. I gave him a quarter, and asked him if he was going to stay in Washington. He said: "Yes, for two months." I told him to come into the grounds, often—that I wanted him to play "Home." He said: "I will, sir; thank you," taking off his hat. I left, and came into the Hall, and sat down to write to "loved ones at home." The Speaker calls the House to order at 12 o'clock, M. The minister who prayed, prayed for the families of members, absent from them—the second time that it has been done during the session.

I have got no letters from home, now for four days. Will certainly get one to-night, or in the morning. Want one, badly. Would that I were with you all, this bright day. There is a probability that the House will adjourn, a week or ten days, about the middle of next month. If so, I will certainly go to Lebanon. Oh, the folly of human ambition! It has driven me away from home—made me, much of my life, miserable. Still, without it, I would have been, to-day, a country plowman, in Long Hollow. Would I have been less happy? Certainly not less contented than I *now* am.

Dr. Sehon and daughters were here, last week. He *annoyed* me with his extreme kindness. * * * * *

Miss ——— wrote to me, yesterday, for *ten* dollars, and requested that I should go down on the boat, with her and others, to Mount Vernon. I replied that I could not go. Will be gratified when the city is relieved of a portion of its visitors. Has ——— paid you the \$—? ——— has acted badly, very meanly; so with the world; a very hard one, isn't it? ——— have been a nuisance to me, here.

I heard Mr. Seward and Mr. Douglas speak, on yesterday. They are great men, but neither is superior as a speaker. But *few* really great thinkers, have been accomplished declaimers.

I sent Many's music, yesterday. Hope it will arrive safe. Kiss the children for me, a dozen times, and give my love to all.

Your affectionate husband,

R. HATTON.

March 2, 1860.—Ford, of Ohio, was again elected Printer, to-day. Hardly set this election aside, as his majority was clear and decided. He (Ford) is kindly spoken of; but I do not like his looks, at all,—bad countenance. A great deal of business was transacted—mostly, business on the private Calendar. Wrote a long letter to Mary, in answer to hers, received yesterday. Came home, got dinner, and with Etheridge, took a long walk. Came back; read papers; wrote to Sophie, and Solomon, of Gallatin. Read.

March 3, 1860.—Went up to the Capitol, this morning, and had my committee room fitted up. Went to the hot-house, and looked at a splendid variety of tropical flowers and shrubs. Then came to my room, and wrote some letters. Had a conference with Mr. Sherman, in reference to the business of the Committee on Expenses in the Navy. Went out on the Avenue; met Mr. McKnight's little girl, and gave her a Canary bird and cage, which cost me four dollars—the only piece of extravagance of which I've been guilty, since I left home. Read.

March 4, 1860.—Walked up to Willard's Hotel this morning, the wind blowing almost a hurricane; hat blew off, and had to run at full speed, two hundred yards, to catch it. Went to Willard's, to see David Spence and family. They had gone out to church. Went, then, to the Episcopal Church, and heard Dr. Butler, a very superior man, indeed. The audience was very large and fashionable. Got tired of the lengthy opening ceremony. It is, in some respects, beautiful and solemn. Too much of *form* in it, however, and not enough spirituality. Read.

March 5, 1860.—To-day, had a great hurrah over the passage of a resolution to elect a Chaplain to the House of Representatives. It at length passed, and the election was appointed for to-morrow, at 11 o'clock. Nothing else of much interest done. Read.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
March 4, 1860.

DEAR SOPHIE:—

I went to the great church of the city, to day—the “Trinity” of Washington—the Episcopal—where old Buck, and all the fashionables, attend. The congregation was very large, and evidently fashionable—elegantly dressed men, women and children. I stopped at the door, to watch for the Sexton, to show me to a seat; asked a gentleman who was passing in with his family, where he was. He very politely invited me to go and sit with him and family, which, as his was the handsomest lady I have seen in Washington, of course, I at once accepted. So, down the long aisle I walked, and was ushered into an elegant pew, by the side of the lady, who handed me her gold-clasped prayer-book, and leaned her head down on the bench before her, to—pray (?) Of the book, I could make no use; didn’t catch the “hang” of the service, though I *pretended* to be going through with it. Was this right? I was disposed to observe, respectfully, the usages of the church. Have you ever been much in an Episcopal church? I became wearied at the length of the opening service; consumed, at least, one hour, during which, I kneeled five times. How much better the simplicity of a Methodist church! One thing, however, about it, I did like—the fact, that nearly every one, even the children, were constantly engaged in the exercises, and not gazing about the church. They really *looked devout*, whether they were or not. The sermon was a good one, upon the efficacy and character of prayer. Never saw an apparently more attentive audience.

Mr. David Spence, of Murfreesboro’, has just left my room. He and his wife and sisters, are here, just from New York. Will call to see them to-morrow. It is said, that Mr. Ruffin, one of the members of the House, from North Carolina, is engaged to the younger Miss S.—don’t know about it. He has been to Tennessee, to see her during the session. They stop at Willard’s Hotel—remain until Wednesday—the girls, perhaps longer. Spence is the first one of my constituents that I

have seen since I left Tennessee. He is a good friend of mine, and I was glad to see him.

* * * * *

Yesterday was a lovely day—one of the most beautiful I ever saw, and there being no session of the House, I strolled out to the Capitol grounds and visited the Hot House, where I saw a wonderful variety of tropical flowers, and shrubbery. I had no idea of the extent of the collection. Was really more interested in what I saw there, than at any other place I have visited in the city. In the evening I was called upon by Mr. Sherman,— [here the letter closed abruptly, the second sheet being gone.]

March 6, 1860.—Mr. Stockton, of Philadelphia, was elected Chaplain, to-day. Said to be a very superior man and minister. The scene during the progress of the balloting was disgraceful, an effort being made by many members, to give to the election a sectional bearing. This was a Southern man, and that one from the North. I have great contempt for all such foolery. The bill reducing the mileage of members to 20 cents, per mile, calculated on an air line from their residence to Washington, was passed to-day by a very decided vote—only about 40 votes against it. Read.

March 7, 1860.—By invitation of the Managers of the Mount Vernon Association, a large number of the members of Congress went down, to-day, to Mt. Vernon. Went on board of steamboat "Colyer." The "Marine Band" was on board, and discoursed, during the trip, thrilling strains of martial music. Found the houses, fencing—everything, indeed, about the place, in sad condition—shameful state of dilapidation. The tomb of Washington was in but little better condition—looking more like an old Dutch bake-oven, than the last resting place of earth's greatest man. Left the place sad and thoughtful. Would that we had now a second Washington! Read.

March 8, 1860.—Nothing of special importance done in the House to-day—dull session. Wrote to Sophie, John J. Critten-

den and R. G. Dun, &c. Received letters from Sophie, in which she recounts a singular dream, &c. Also got a letter from John in regard to my McClain check, which was rejected at the Treasury, on account of variance between his indorsement and ordinary hand-writing. Two of my constituents—the Misses Spence, are here at Brown's—going to spend some time. Read.

March 9, 1860.—To-day passed off without anything occurring worthy of a note, except it be, that the exhibitions of the follies of the demagogue, were more strikingly illustrated than usual. Burnett, of Ky.; Smith, of Va.; and Houston, of Ala.: taking the lead in the most ridiculous exhibitions, on the floor. Came by the Botanic Garden, and ordered some plants for Sophie—principally shrubs. Will send them to her by Adams' Express. Read.

March 10, 1860.—To-day there was no session of the House. Have spent the day in my room, reading and writing. Wrote a number of letters and franked a number of speeches. Read.

March 11, 1860.—Got up this morning rather late. Found letter from Sophie—two of them—one from Balie, one from sister Mary, also a paper from Sophie, enclosing some pressed flowers. Bless her dear heart for her kind letters and her pressed flowers. Took them, (the letters,) to my room and had a perfect treat reading them. At 11 o'clock, started to church, but was met by a telegraphic dispatch, that required attention. so did not go to church. To-night it was so unpleasant, that I did not go out to meeting. Read.

March 12, 1860.—The "Homestead Bill," giving 160 acres of the public lands to certain persons, aliens being embraced, if they have declared the intention of becoming citizens, was passed, to-day, by a decidedly large vote in the House. It was voted for by but one Southern man—Craig, of Mo. It will hardly get through the Senate. Wrote to Balie Peyton, Ira P. Jones, Mrs. Patton, of Bradyville, and to Sophie, and sent Patent Office Report to Mr. Clark, of Murfreesboro'. Read.

March 13, 1860.—Nothing transpired of interest in the House to-day. The subject of Post-office expenses consumed most of the day. Went to the Botanic Garden to see about some flowers, &c., for Sophie. Too cold to send them, and ordered them put up as soon as it was warm enough. Read.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

March 12, 1860.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

I received this morning, your letter of seven pages; also your note enclosed, with copy of Brownlow, and the flowers. Thank you, Sophie, for your long letter—a real treat to me—full as it was, of a natural and easy account of matters and things transpiring at home. Thank you for the note, and flowers, “to show that I (you) am not sick.” I have put them carefully away, to look at and think, “these flowers were plucked and handled by Sophie.” In this letter I will enclose to you, a couple of pieces of cedar, which I got off of a tree in the yard at Mt. Vernon. One piece for Reilly, and one for Many. Have a little rose root, that I got there, that I am trying to make grow, and which, if I can keep it alive, I will bring home to you. * * * I also got your note enclosed about negro Sunday Schools. Totally opposed to it. Would be glad to gratify the negroes, but no good, and much evil, will result from it. So, my positive order to them is, stay away. Judge Caruthers is right about it. It is all wrong; ought not to be allowed. * * My love to the children and all hands at home.

Affectionately,

R. HATTON.

March 14, 1860.—To day was almost a blank in the House. Some little speaking, and some pretty good. Curry made a good speech, skinning Douglas. He made decided character. Vance spoke, rivaling the Southern Fire-eaters, in his position.

March 15, 1860.—To-day there was a great war over a report on the rules of the House. Etheridge made an admirable speech, taking off the nuisances of the House, viz: Houston, Burnett, &c. Wrote a long letter to Sophie, one to Col. M. A. Price, enclosing him a draft.

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.,

March 15, 1860.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

Your sweet little letter, enclosing Reilly's flowers, "gathered out in the frost," was received last night. It was not long, but really, as Mag would say, was very satisfactory,—affording me great pleasure. Father's letter enclosing a lock of the baby's hair, came by the same mail. I have showed all, hair and flowers, to a number of my friends; among others, to the Misses Spence, and their *Chaperon*, Mrs. Singleton, of Mississippi. All say, "beautiful." Reilly's talk about pa was handsomely, graphically given. Could see the little fellow as plainly, and hear him as distinctly, as if I had been with you, seeing and hearing him in person.

By-the-bye, I did not say, in my last letter that I *was* coming home, did I? I intended to say, that if the House adjourned, long enough to allow it, I would avail myself of the opportunity. It is thought the House will adjourn long enough for me to do that. I need not say, I suppose, but that I hope so. By coming by what is called the Alexander road, I can run to Nashville now in about 52 hours. Will, however, if I come home—how strange to me the words, "come home"—I will not go to Nashville, but come from Gallatin, or Murfreesboro', saving time and distance.

Last night, I took Etheridge into the parlor, and introduced him to the Misses Spence. * * * Mrs. John Bell and daughter left here last Monday for New Jersey. She has been here, seeing about her husband's prospects for the Presidency. She is very shrewd. Too jealous of the position, and chances of other men for office.

I sent you a box of shrubs by Adams' Express, last night. Sent to care of Allison & Anderson, Nashville. They were put up for me by the keeper of the Botanic Garden; and are valuable—at least would be so regarded by those who have a fancy for such things. * * * I do wish you could see the garden from which this box comes. It is a perfect fairy garden; oriental scene of beauty and splendor. When we get

*rich, we will have one of our own. I am fond of such things; of seeing them at least. * * * Say to father, that I will answer his letter very soon. Will also write to mother and the boys. My love to all the family. Kisses to the children.*

Affectionately, your husband,

R. HATTON.

March 16, 1860.—To-day, I sat for another picture at Brady's, at his request. Went with Henry McEwen to Smithsonian Institute. The discussion in the House, on the Rules, was continued. Got a long letter from Sophie, which I answered with a long reply; her letter was nine pages long, and one of the best she has written to me during the session. To-night, I attended a conversational lecture by Mr. Wood, of New York, on the Pacific Railroad; a learned and interesting man. Spent balance of night, writing. Read.

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.,

March 16, 1860.

DEAR SOPHIE:—

Thank you, my dear wife, for your long letter of the 11th inst; got it at the breakfast table, this morning, and I assure you, my eggs (I get them here) got cold, and coffee, too, while I read it over *twice*. Just as I was finishing the letter, Miss Sue Spence sent a servant down to my seat, with a request that I should come up to where she was breakfasting; I did so; ordering some hot coffee at my new seat. She said, "I sent for you, to let Mr. R— and daughter *see* me do it. I was here last Winter; since then, they and our family have split, and they and I are having nothing to do with each other—they basing their hostility to us, on our—or David's friendship for you." Mr. R— and daughter were sitting about twelve feet from us. They looked daggers at her. Mr. R— came here some five days ago, stayed a day or two, went to Patapsco, and brought his daughter and Miss Winchester, of Sumner, to the city. He and I have met and spoken—nothing passing, however, beyond the merest formalities.

But, "back," as you say. Your letter—I said about your letter, only what I thought—not intending to be complimentary. You greatly underrate your capacity in writing letters. The one received from you this morning is a No. 1 letter, in any country—full of news, sense, affection.

Your account of the visit of the relations (?) from Georgia, amused me; but how foolish to let such things trouble anybody. Was astonished to hear that mother, father, Carry, etc., acted as they did. Say to them for me, "Did you ever have a near relation, who stopped in with his kin, and *stayed* more than a night?" I do not fancy certain things more than they, still I make it a point to act for what I regard the best—which is to try to make everybody about me comfortable and happy. No matter if it does put us to a little trouble. * * *

As the weather grows warmer, I will go out more. Stokes and I took a long walk last evening; we spent most of the time during the walk, in conversing about home and families. Both concluded that the life we are leading, is anything but desirable; at least, to those situated as we are. Can hardly take your advice, about going off to speak, lecture, etc. Have been invited, at least, a dozen times to do so, but have never so much as written an answer. Neither want to be humbugged, or to humbug.

You must not get out of the notion of our building; won't do to stop now. If you had had a house when the relations (?) came in, you would not have been at all embarrassed in their entertainment, nor would mother or father have been troubled.

Don't make the children think that I am *certainly* coming; do not want them disappointed, as they would be, if I don't get home. Love to all, especially to the children.

Yours affectionately,

R. HATTON.

March 17, 1860.—Spent most of the day in my room, entertaining company, there being no session of the House; wrote a number of letters; one to Sophie. At night, I went down with Etheridge and Brabson, to a caucus of our party. Did nothing. Read.

March 18, 1860.—Went to the Hall of the House to hear preaching; heard a most excellent sermon from the Chaplain of the House, Mr. Stockton. He is, indeed, a very eloquent man, evidently in *real earnest* in the ministry. The Hall was full of persons, a large number of the members being present. This evening, I wrote a long letter to Sophie, giving her an account of the sermon. Read.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

March 18, 1860.

MY DEAR SOPHIE:—

I've just got in from meeting, at the Hall of the House of Representatives. Service by Rev. Mr. Stockton, Chaplain to the House. Did not get in until he had progressed some time in his subject; regret it very much, as what I did hear, was so very interesting and impressive, that I felt I had really lost much, in what I did not hear. He is only fifty-one years of age, but looks like he was sixty-five; his hair as white as wool, long and flowing down his shoulders and over his temples, just about like Mr. Clay used to wear his hair. He is exceedingly frail, looking quite like a corpse. I have not seen so grave and serious a countenance—a man so etherealized, one whom I could regard with more respect and confidence, whilst officiating in the holy office of the ministry.

His subject was suggested by these words, frequently repeated by him:—"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away." His mode of treating it, was novel and striking; toward the close, by way of illustration, he said: "Twenty-six years ago, when I was just twenty-five years old, I was Chaplain to this House; continued such, during four sessions of Congress. What changes have since occurred! We have a new Hall of Representatives, a new Senate House, but the men of that day, are gone—buried under the earth. 'After life's fitful fever,' they are sleeping. Scarcely one of those whose voice echoed in the Senate, upon whose words of wisdom and patriotism, a listening House hung silently, are upon the earth. The tall and gallant form of the noble Clay, eloquent, and patriotic, and bold; the person of Webster, whose

massive brow, and more massive mind, *were without their like*; the frail, yet always erect body of the virtuous and pure-minded statesman and scholar, Calhoun, *are not here. They are not!* ‘Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return.’ It is thus written, and who shall gainsay it.” For some twenty minutes he kept up this train of thought; I need hardly tell *you* how it affected *me*. It is enough to say, that as I rose to leave the Hall—a place daily desecrated by the unprincipled and vulgar demagogue—for once, I felt that “it was good to be there.” Shall go to hear Mr. S. often, as he is of just the class of ministers whom I *love* to hear. Their words of wisdom, spoken in humility, sink deep into my heart; I look upon them, *feeling* that I am looking upon “a chosen vessel” of the Lord. So much for the first sermon of our Chaplain.

Your letter of the 12th, was received this morning; will answer it to-morrow; wrote to you yesterday, in answer to yours of the 10th inst. May God, in his goodness, guard and guide us, and bring us, at last, to dwell with him—a family in heaven.

Your husband,

R. HATTON.

March 19, 1860.—To-day the House was again engaged in consideration of the report of Committee on Rules, which was disposed of. Wrote to Sophie; also, to John Peyton; wrote to M. A. Price, enclosing check for \$162.99. Read.

March 20, 1860.—To-day, case of Williamson, contestant of seat of Daniel E. Sickles, was considered, but not determined. Wrote to W. E. Nash; received letter from Sophie. Went to the President’s reception at night.

March 21, 1860.—The argument on the contested election of Sickles, was concluded to-day, and a vote had on the resolution, authorizing the contestant, Williamson, to take proof. The resolution was adopted. The vote was almost a party one. How singular! That on a question of *law*, the opinions of men should be formed upon a partizan bias. A very shame upon the character of the men who constitute the leaders of parties in Congress. Wrote a long letter to Cameron, of the *Daily News*,

on political topics. To-night have read and re-read some of Sophie's letters.

March 22, 1860.—To-day, the case of Howard vs. Cooper, contested election from Michigan, was before the House, and was debated all day. Cooper was asking further time to take proof; it was not allowed him. One thing was observable in the vote—the Democrats and Republicans just changed front upon the ground taken yesterday, in the Sickles case. Wrote to Sophie, Mr. Cass, Mr. Lackey, and sent Sophie a newspaper containing some beautiful verses on home. Read.

March 23, 1860.—Met Mr. Elliott, of Murfreesboro', at breakfast, this morning; also, Mr. Valiant, an acquaintance from Mississippi; took them to the Capitol, and gave them seats on the floor; also, went with Valiant to the Supreme Court room, and remained witnessing the proceedings for half-an-hour. A most august tribunal. This evening, went on a long walk with Elliott, around the President's grounds. Came home, and spent the evening reading debates of yesterday, in the Senate, on the Homestead Bill. Wrote to Judge Caruthers. Read.

March 24, 1860.—Spent the morning in my room; no session of the House to-day; have written letters; wrote to Sophie a long letter, in answer to one received from her this morning; wrote to Stokes, and sent him a copy of the Wigfall Pacific Railroad Bill, then went to the Post-office Department, and succeeded in getting the establishment of a Post-office at Richland Station; went to Patent Office, to inspect the model of Hatcher, for Straw Cutter, but could do nothing for him. Received a card from Mr. John Bell, announcing his arrival in the city. Read.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

March 24, 1860.

DEAR SOPHIE:—

Received your letter of the 20th inst., this morning. Glad to hear that the box of flowers, &c., had arrived safely, and that you and the children were pleased with the gift. May the

evergreens referred to, be but emblematical of an unchanging and ever continuing affection between us. The sending of them afforded *me* much pleasure. That their reception was gratifying to *you*, is a new source of enjoyment to me. Plant and care for them, and may our love grow with them.

You ought not to confine Reilly during the day. Let him run. Teach him to *work*, to perform physical labor, even though he should seem averse to it. The more indisposed he may be, the greater the necessity for requiring it of him. *Work* out of doors, will develop his physical constitution, and at the same time, develop an essential quality of moral character—will, resolution, capacity, to do what is opposed to our indolent nature. It is *indispensable* to success in any pursuit in life, to do many things which we do not want to do, and from the performance of which, we would like to excuse ourselves. Hence, I regard it as a misfortune, absolute misfortune, for a boy to be so circumstanced in life, as not to be forced to *work* with *his hands*; *work hard, late and early*. So begin early with our dear little boy. See to it, that he is taught that it is not only respectable, but necessary for every body to work. John and Balie are not being trained properly in this respect. Say to them, for me, that they must work some at something; learn to submit to it, or they will be of little account in life; must learn to *overcome* our universally lazy nature. Tell them to read this twice. Reilly has plenty of mind; hope he may prove to have a sufficiently vigorous physical constitution. Fowler said, you remember, that he would have large powers of imitation, &c. Hence how important that the examples before him, should be, in all respects, *good*. * * * *

[Part of this letter gone also, the signature with it.]

March 25, 1860.—Went to the Hall of the House of Representatives, to-day, at 11 o'clock, expecting to hear Rev. Mr. Stockton. Was disappointed. Dr. Gurley, Chaplain to the Senate, preached from 37th verse of the 6th chapter of John: "And him that cometh to me, I will, in no wise, cast out." The discourse was exceedingly prosy—not a new thought in it. His opening prayer was some 25 minutes long! Went to the Hall with

Miss Sue Spence, who agreed with me as to the merits of the discourse. This evening called with Stokes and Etheridge, on Mr. Bell, at Willard's, and spent an hour. Read.

March 26, 1860.—To-day, a most ridiculous resolution was introduced into the House, by a member from Ohio, proposing an inquiry into the expediency of abolishing slavery everywhere. Vote on it, 60 affirmative, and 109 negative. A most ultra and violent speech was made by Sedgewick, of New York. To-night, met Mr. Bell at Stoke's room. He is *anxious* about his prospects of a nomination at Baltimore. Leaves for Tennessee in the morning. Read.

March 27, 1860.—Nothing of interest occurred to-day. Wrote a long letter to Balie; also wrote to Sophie. Wrote to P. M. General, and to Patent Office, and Commissioner of Land Office. Read.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

March 28, 1860.

DEAR SOPHIE:—

This is, indeed, a lovely morning. The wind, which, for some days, has been blowing almost constantly, has subsided, making it very pleasant. The grass in the public grounds is fresh, and growing rapidly. There is one singular thing, which I have observed—there are but very few, if any, birds in the grounds. When the leaves come out, I suppose they will make their appearance. I am fond of them—if not caged. My organ-grinder has disappeared, much to my regret. His music was really excellent, the air, "Home," especially. Is that not the most beautiful air in the world? Practice it, occasionally, will you? And think of me while singing it. When I get home, we will hear it—sing it together. Think I can carry the air, myself. Speaking of coming home, you say I must not disappoint you. Fear I shall have to do so. The disposition to adjourn seems to have died out. It is still, however, possible that we may have an adjournment. If so, I will, of course, come home. If we do not adjourn, I do not see how I

can come home. Brabson and Quarles, and fifty others, of the House, have been home. They, however, belong to a scattering class of men, who attach but little importance to the performance of duty—are sometimes anxious to avoid the responsibility of performing it. The families of Brabson and Quarles were sick, they said. By having it understood that sickness exists in their families, they save expense, or rather, loss, of *per diem*. There is a great deal of this done. Can't you get sick? Seriously, the extent of this species of imposition upon the Government, is disgraceful. If there is an adjournment, for even a week, I shall try to get home, but apprehend they will not even do this.

My friend, Murdock, is going to "read" Shakspeare, at the Smithsonian Institute, on Friday night. Think I shall go, as I have not been to the theatre. This reading is intended for the class who do not attend the theatre. Think it likely I shall take a lady with me! What do *you* say to it? Have not seen Murdock yet. Miss Patti is creating a sensation amongst the fashionables. Have been *invited*, several times, to *accompany* parties to hear her. Have been *too busy* each time. Have no fancy, you know, for fancy, operatic singing, especially when it costs too much.

Before getting up, this morning, I heard a little boy running by my door, hallooing and rollicking at a great rate; and his voice was so much like Reilly's, that I bounced out of bed, and ran to the door, and looking down the passage, saw the little fellow. Called him to me, and took him into my room. He was the son of a transient visitor of the house, from the East. He was very much like Reilly in appearance, also. I took the little fellow up in my lap, and had a long talk with him. Dressed myself, and went to breakfast, telling the little fellow to come back to see me. Went out, and got him some candy, and took it to him, feeling that I was indebted to him for pleasant thoughts and reflections. My love to all. The usual kisses, and an extra dozen to the children.

Affectionately,

R. HATTON.

March 28, 1860.—Debate on the Army Appropriation bill, to-day, consumed the session. Met Burch, of the *Union and American*, in the House. He is a pleasant gentleman. Here triggering for "Andy" Johnson. Wrote to Sophie. Read.

March 29, 1860.—To-day, a message was received from the President of the United States, reflecting upon the House of Representatives, for proposing an investigation of certain charges *vs.* him. A remarkable document. Montgomery, of Pa., made a strong Douglas speech—very severe on Carry & Co. Read.

March 30, 1860.—Literally nothing done to-day, but fillibuster in the House. Went to-night to hear Murdock read Hamlet at Smithsonian Institute. His reading was indeed very superior; a treat. Read.

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.,
March 30, 1860.

DEAR SOPHIE:—

Your letter, written last Sunday, came to hand this morning. Do not propose now to answer it, but simply to thank you for it, and to enclose a letter to you, which I received here, also, this morning. Expect it is from your old teacher, Mrs. Sims. She supposes you are here with me, and where you *ought to be, my darling.*

Say to Miss Mary Campbell, that I read what you said of her and Reilly to one of my unmarried friends, this morning at breakfast, and added some remarks of my own, about her many rare and excellent qualities, which interested him so much, that he said he would not be satisfied until he saw her; that if she was what I described her to be, it would be worth a trip of a thousand miles to see her. Tell her, she will lose nothing by her kindness to my boy. * * * *

Have you received only forty-five letters from me since I have been here? Have certainly written at least seventy-five. Do not understand this at all. Count again.

Tell Reilly, he got John on the chicken question, badly. If

I was there he should have the white of the chicken, without any negotiation or begging. He is about 2-0 right in wishing I had been beat; then I *would* have been at home with him.

But, as I said, I did not propose to answer your letter now, I will stop.

Yours, affectionately,
R. HATTON.

March 31, 1860.—To-night, I have spent in letter-writing to Mrs. Sarah Howard, describing my visit to-day to George, at Annapolis, where he is attending the Naval School. Was delighted with my trip, with the school, with the old town of Annapolis, and was gratified at the standing of my Tennessee boys in the School, which I found to be excellent. Went down this morning and returned this evening. Gave Mrs. Howard a full account in a letter of twelve pages, of George, his school, &c. Read.

April 1, 1860.—Heard Rev. Mr. Stockton at the Hall of the House of Representatives, to-day. His discourse was earnest, and truly eloquent. Wrote a long letter to Sophie to-night, in answer to a long and excellent one received from her this morning. Read.

April 2, 1860.—Nelson's bill, to punish polygamy in the Territories, was before the House, to-day, and several speeches were made on it; one by Etheridge, full of wit and humor, but not of *sound* argument. Wrote again to Sophie to-day. Read.

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.,
April 2, 1860.

MY DEAR SOPHIE:—

Got Reilly's letter this morning. Tell him pa was delighted with it; read it over five or six times; read it once, to Mr. Etheridge, who said it was an excellent letter. He does not want to see me half as badly as I want to see him. Bless his little heart, what would I not give to have him here with me. Tell him, if pa does come home, he will let him know when he will get there, so that he may be *wide awake*. I want that

frolic on the lounge myself. You remember, that I spent my last evening at home, in a frolic with him on the lounge. Have thought of it hundreds of times since. Tell him he need not be saving the eggs just yet, as they will get old by being kept so long; to let Aunt Rachel have her way, as she is an old darkey, and he is so young a boy.

Saturday, I went down to the Naval Academy, at Annapolis, and spent the day. It is a most lovely place; have rarely seen so lovely a one. Went down to see George Howard, and to visit the School, and old town. He, (G.), is a fine looking fellow—has grown a good deal in height. I was very glad to see him. We spent most of the time, (4½ hours,) together, walking over the grounds, witnessing the drills and gun exercises of the boys—all of which was quite interesting to me. * *

I was proud of my Tennessee representatives in the School.

While at Annapolis, we went into the old hall, in which the Congress was assembled when Washington resigned his commission at the close of the war. It is a fine old room, neat and tasteful, though quite small, when compared with similar halls of recent construction. The town has a number of old houses in it, built during the period of the Colonial Governments, of brick brought over from Europe. Some of them are very fine houses yet. The house occupied by the Governor, is one of them—a noble old house it is, too.

Our party consisted of some ten or twelve members of the House. Also, some others, their friends, ladies and gentlemen. We got dinner at the residence of Capt. Blake, Superintendent of the School, where I was introduced to his wife, a most motherly and kind lady, who fed us bountifully.

Yesterday we had another sermon from our Chaplain. It was a real, earnest, religious discourse—beginning with these words: "Many of you do not live in Washington—when are you going home, and what would you like to take with you?" He concluded with the same words. You see, his subject suggested in the words. "You may take home with you, if you will, a pure heart, a claim to an inheritance eternal in the Heavens." It was one of the most feeling, and eloquent sermons, I have ever heard. He is a good man, *devoted to the Lord and his gospel.*

I wrote, Saturday night, a long letter to Mrs. Sarah Howard, about George; my visit to the School at Annapolis, &c. Thought it would gratify one, whom, I believe, is amongst the best of mothers. Mrs. H., you know, is a great woman, in my estimation. Love to all—kisses to the children.

Affectionately,

R. HATTON.

April 3, 1860.—Discussion, on the bill to punish polygamy continued to-day. Speeches by Lamar and others, *pro* and *con*. Interesting and spicy discussion. Eli Thayer, of Mass., made an argumentative, and most humorous speech. Wrote to Sophie to-night. Read.

April 4, 1860. Same discussion continued during the entire session, to-day. Had meeting of my committee, to-day. I was directed by it to have certain correspondence with the Secretary of the Navy. Have written to-night to him. Wrote to Sophie and to Mary. Read.

April 5, 1860.—The Utah bill was passed to-day, by a large vote. I voted against it, believing that the enforcement of the law, if passed, would inflict cruel punishment on helpless children. Would like to see the crime of polygamy wiped from off the earth. Read.

April 6, 1860.—This was private bill day, and a large amount of business was done. Wrote a number of letters, and franked one hundred of Mr. Pennington's [Stockton's] sermons to my constituents. Wrote, to-night, a letter of ten pages to Sophie. Read.

WASHINGTON D. C.,

April 6, 1860.

MY DEAR SOPHIE:—

Your letter, written on Saturday, was received this morning. When you spoke of the rainy Sunday—all quiet at home—oh, how I longed to be there with the children, in their innocent glee—which, to me, you know, is amongst the greatest

attractions of home—with my wife, around our own hearthstone! Sunday was a clear day here, at least until evening. As I wrote you, I went to the Capitol, to hear Mr. Stockton, on Sunday, and heard a most eloquent and impressive discourse. Wished much that you could have enjoyed it with me, and the vast crowd present. By-the-by, I mailed to you, and to a number of the Lebanon ladies, the first sermon he preached here. Read it? I read it last night. It reads well, but loses half of its interest in your not seeing the venerable, white-haired, feeble man who delivered it. He is the most *saintly*-looking man I ever saw.

Your suggestions, in regard to habits—dangers of retrogression from right to wrong—are proper—very. I am prone to evil, continually; and grace, much of it, is necessary to restrain me. I see so much to disgust and irritate, that, sometimes it seems impossible to keep cool, and be civil. Yesterday, we had a ridiculous row in the House. Lovejoy, of Illinois, an Abolitionist, was speaking most offensively, in reference to the South, when a parcel of Southern Democrats interrupted him, denouncing him as a liar, thief, etc. He persisted in speaking, and in denouncing those who were denouncing him; and so it went on, for ten or fifteen minutes, looking more like a crowd of rowdies, around a grocery, than the Representatives of a free and civilized people.

The bill against polygamy, in the Territories, was passed yesterday, in the House. I voted against it, though all my party friends, except one, were supporting it, and though it was the bill reported by my colleague, Mr. Nelson. Its operation, if enforced, would be, to turn loose to the mercy of the winds, thousands of women and children, which, however much I may desire to destroy the institution of polygamy, I could not assist in doing. If they had made it prospective in its operation, so as to permit the raising of children by their parents, I could have voted for it. Did I do right? There was much feeling about it, here; and my tearing loose from *all* my Tennessee friends, was remarked and commented on. I generally do as I please—except, always, you know, when *you* and I differ, and then I give in to your views. No man controls my

action or opinions. First, I try to find out what is right—what I ought to do; then, I want no farther counsel, but go right ahead, and *do it*, leaving consequences to take care of themselves. I mail you the *Globe*, giving the vote, and a remark that I made in casting my vote.* * * * *

The weather is fine here, just now, though, during much of this week, it has been chilly and windy. This is the greatest place for dust and wind, I have ever seen.

Tell John I received, a few days ago, a long letter from Mr. G. W. Winchester, thanking me, in his own name, and in the name of his wife, for my kind attentions to his little daughter, when in Washington, and wishing me all success in my future aspirations, etc. He (John) will see that we lose nothing by respectful attentions to those that may have opposed us. Tell the children that pa is almost distracted, to see them standing up strait, and speaking out plain, the Commandments and the Catechism, etc. Tell them he will be at home, after a while, and then he will hear and see them. Bless their little hearts, it will make pa so proud to hear them repeating God's words, and the words of good men. Tell them pa is trying to be good, as that is the *only* way to be really happy. Bad people cannot be really happy—are not—ought not to be.

Mother will please bear with me, in my delay in writing to her. As all hands read all my letters, any how, I should be indulged a little. If you all had one-fortieth of what I have to do, *I would* be reasonable, and blame none of you, if you did one-tenth as well as I am doing. Don't suppose there is another member that writes *half* as frequently as I do. Am now in the midst of my committee duties; am sorely troubled. Wrote a long and intricate letter, last night, to the Secretary of the

* The vote upon the passage of the bill against polygamy in Utah, was: Yeas, 149; nays, 60—Mr. Hatton voting in the negative, for the reason given in the above letter. Here is the remark of Mr. Hatton, upon casting his vote: "Mr. Speaker, the bill is obnoxious to one objection, which, with me, is insuperable; and an objection which my colleague, [Mr. Nelson,] who reported the bill, was anxious to remove by an amendment, but was not permitted to do so. However much I might otherwise be disposed to support the measure, the objection I have referred to, but which, under the rules of the House, I am not permitted to state, constitutes a sufficient reason with me, for voting in the negative."

Navy, calling on him for information, etc. Am after him with a long pole. Good night, my darling.

Truly,

R. HATTON.

April 7, 1860.—Private bills were considered again, to-day, consuming the entire session. Decidedly the most business sitting of the session. Received a letter from John, to-night. Wrote to Horace Smith. Read.

April 8, 1860.—Went to the Southern Methodist Church, to-day, and heard an interesting discourse, upon the 23d Psalm. Have rarely listened to a more beautiful or more impressive sermon. This evening, walked over the "Long Bridge," and saw the fishermen hauling their nets, catching herring. Read.

April 9, 1860.—To-day was the day for reports from committees. The report of the Judiciary Committee, on President's Message, was read. It is an able paper, and severe on the President. Taylor and Houston presented minority reports. Wrote to Sophie. Read.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

April 9, 1860.

MY DEAR SOPHIE:—

Yesterday I went to the Southern Methodist Church, and heard a new man—the Chaplain from Virginia University. He preached a beautiful sermon, upon the 23d Psalm—full of earnestness and force. After returning from church to the hotel, one of my friends proposed a walk, as the weather was fine. We walked across the city, to the "Long Bridge" across the Potomac. As it was so bright and warm, we walked across the bridge, which is one mile long. When we got over, we sat down and rested; then walked along the Virginia shore, which was thronged with persons out for pleasure walks. A crowd of fishermen—some forty or fifty—were engaged in drawing the seine for shad. Will tell you and the boys all about it, when I come home. They catch a great many, with which they supply the markets at Washington and Baltimore. They pay no attention to the Sabbath—a set of heathens in sight of the capital.

We returned to dinner—half after 3 o'clock—very tired—so much so, that I could not enjoy my dinner, or get out to church after tea, or write to you, as I usually do, Sunday evening. Though fleshier than usual, I take so little exercise that a small amount of walking tires me. I weigh 136 pounds—more than I ever weighed before coming to this city. My health is, indeed, excellent. I have great cause to be thankful to the Giver of all Good for His mercies to me. Do not feel any uneasiness about the chest, and have had scarcely a cough during the session.

* * * The Spring seems, this morning, to be fully opened, the grass being green, and the weather soft and balmy.

A paper is being read, that I must hear. So good-by, for the present. Love to all.

Your affectionate husband,

ROBERT HATTON.

April 10, 1860.—Bill for the admission of Kansas, was considered to-day. Several speeches made—one, by Mr. Parrot, the Delegate from Kansas—of marked ability. No vote was had. Wrote to Ira P. Jones and Mrs. W. L. Martin. Got letter from Sophie, stating all were very well. Read.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

April 10, 1860.

DEAR SOPHIE:—

Have just got up from dinner. Came from the House at 5:30 o'clock—the session being prolonged by the action of the House on the bill admitting Kansas. The bill passed, by a large majority. I, and all the balance of the Tennessee delegation, voted against it, except Etheridge. It produced a good deal of feeling.

To-day looks like Spring—the grass growing very rapidly, and looking beautiful. A few birds have appeared in the trees around the Capitol.

Last evening, the Misses Spence returned from Pennsylvania. I met them, and spent part of the evening with them, in the parlor. They were very much delighted with their trip, and

had much to say about it. Was introduced to Mrs. Clopton and Mrs. McQueen, wives of members of the House; also, to a Mrs. Butterfield, wife of a ship-owner, splurging at Washington. So, you see, I've turned out, in good earnest, to be ladies' man. What do you say to it? Let me know, as may-be it is best to check me up suddenly, before I get interested in such things. Sent you and John some papers to-day. Also, sent Reilly and Many, *Nick-Nax*. Read it to them, and show them the pictures, and tell them, when pa comes home, we will have a good time laughing at them.

Affectionately,
R. HATTON.

April 11, 1860.—Debate to-day on the admission of Kansas. Vote taken, 135 to 73, for it—every Northern man but one, voting for it. Pryor, of Va.; and Potter, of Wisconsin; had a colloquy, at the conclusion of which, Pryor intimated, he would challenge Potter. Rumor, says he has. Read.

April 12, 1860.—City has been all excitement, to-day, in regard to a duel supposed to be on hand, between Pryor and Potter—Can't get the truth of the affair. Pryor has certainly challenged Potter, and the challenge has been accepted. Read nothing.

April 13, 1860.—To-day was private bill day, and a large amount of business was transacted. The duel has all blowed over, and no blood. Potter proposed to fight with bowie-knives, and Pryor did not fancy the weapon.

April 14, 1860.—Have spent most of to-day in running around with some of my constitutents, looking at the curiosities of the city—a very dull business, after a person has been to see all so often. Miss Sallie Spence, left for home this evening—saw her to the boat. Read.

April 15, 1860.—Heard Dr. Stockton to-day, at 11 o'clock, and Father McGuire, at 3½ o'clock. Both discourses were entertaining—instructive. Father McGuire is a very superior man, intellectually. Read.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
April 15, 1867.

DEAR SOPHIE:—

Your letter, dated the 9th, but not mailed until the 11th, was received last night. To-night, I received one from father. Both were very short, but still they were very welcome. * *

To-day, I went up to the Capitol, and heard Mr. Stockton preach. The text was 23d verse of 5th chapter, of 2nd Corinthians. The sermon was exceedingly fine, but much spoiled by being too long. The galleries and floors of the House were literally packed.

This evening, after dinner, I went with one of my constituents, Mr. Pugh, of Murfreesboro', to the Catholic Church. Heard a very learned and really interesting argument, by "Father McGuire,"—a priest of about forty-five years of age. He spoke extemporaneously, and with great ease and power. The quire in this church is said to be equal to, if not the best in the United States. The organ is one of the finest in the Union. The church building is, indeed, magnificent, large, in elegant taste, and splendidly ornamented, with paintings, &c. Everything was done in such perfect order, with so much of solemnity, and appearant earnestness, that I could but be much interested. Though the exercises continued for some two hours, I was not at all wearied. Much of the elite of the city, regularly attend this church. I had a seat in the pew of a noted banker of this city, who is a member of the church. So much for to-day.

Yesterday there was no session of the House—the members, nearly all, going either to Mt. Vernon, or to the Falls of the Potomac, some twelve miles above this place. I did not feel like going out, so stayed at home; not to be at rest, however; for I met some constituents from Cannon County, Tennessee, whom I had to Cicerone through the city, and show them all its wonders, walking myself down at it. In the evening, I had to see Miss Spence off. She went home with the Cannon county gentlemen—leaving Miss Sue here. Don't — [here the letter stops—balance wanting.]

April 16, 1860.—But little of interest occurred to-day, being suspension day; many new moves were made, none of much importance, however. Both Prior and Potter were in their seats, as if nothing had occurred. Great crowd of Charleston delegates here now, *en route* for Charleston. Read.

April 17, 1860.—The House, by a decided vote, determined not to adjourn over for the Charleston Convention. This kills off all my hopes of a trip home. The announcement of the vote almost made me sick—so much was my heart set upon going to see Sophie and the children. Well, two months more will wind up the session, in all probability, and then away, as the children say, “for good.” Mr. Conkling, of New York, made a strong speech to-day, on the powers of the three co-ordinate branches of the government. Read.

April 18, 1860.—The Military Academy bill, amended by the Senate, authorizing the President to raise a regiment of Cavalry for Texas, was discussed to-day. No vote. Wrote for Jim Rains, to Dr. Thompson, Sam A. Pointer, Thos. Bond, Dr. Core, Alex. Wynne, Jno. N. House, Ran. Barry, R. E. Douglass, John Clendening, Col. Hamilton, Hub. Saunders, and Dr. Pur-sley. Received letter from Sophie, and answered it. Read.

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.,
April 18, 1860.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

To-day, the House, by a very decided vote, determined that it would not adjourn for the Charleston Convention. This puts an end to my visit home. As it was distinctly announced on the floor, that the adjournment was to accommodate the gentlemen who wanted to go to Charleston, I was, myself forced to vote against it, yet, the announcement of the result of the vote, almost made me sick—so much was my heart set upon going home. Many others were evidently in my fix—voting, from necessity, against their wishes.

Sherman, chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, says we will get away from here about the middle of June—two months yet! A long time *to me*. How does it look to you? Understand one thing as fixed. If *you* do not come to Wash-

ington, with me, next Winter, *I will not come*. There is no jest in this. None! So make all your calculations accordingly. There is no reason why you should not be here, as well as other wives. You can get along with your children here, as the rest do. Tell mother, she may arrange to keep house for us in our absence.

The city is full of delegates, bound for Charleston. A hard looking set of fellows they are, too. The friends of the various aspirants are pressing their real or supposed claims with most indecent pertinacity. At the table, on the streets, at the Capitol—everywhere you go—this is *the* topic. I am heartily sick of it.

I will go down to Baltimore, to our Convention. Can go there, from this city, in two hours. What is going to be done at these Conventions, is very questionable—doubtful what *ought to be done*.

To-day was very warm in the sun, at least warm for the latitude—the first day that has really looked like Spring. The streets were filled with gadding pedestrians, of both sexes. Pennsylvania Avenue is a wonderful thoroughfare—the grand city promenade. Walked up it a little piece this evening after dinner, but soon got tired of working my way through a crowd, and turned back to my room. As the weather grows more pleasant, it will be more difficult for me to be contented in my lonely room—bad enough in mid-Winter.

Met Miss Spence at tea, and was invited to accompany her to the President's Levee, which, as I was "very busy," I declined most respectfully. Tired of the show—have seen the elephant once—quite sufficient for one of my limited curiosity. * *

I weighed 137 lbs. yesterday—still increasing in weight. Sent the children a *London News*, to-day. Tell them to think of pa when they see its pictures.

Affectionately,

R. HATTON.

April 19, 1860.—Wrote to Dr. B. H. Paschal, William Burns, Dr. Wm. T. Bennett, Dr. Hightower, G. W. Simpson, Wat Owen, Charley Williams, Dr. T. S. Richardson, Jno. N. House,

Jno. Marshall, Ed. Cook, R. H. Beale, and John Tullers, for Jim Rains, urging them to work for him, &c. Read.

April 20, 1860.—Wrote to Dr. H. Winstead, Park Street, Jno. Collett, Dr. M. E. Scales, S. C. King, J. A. Bostick, Wm. De-mumbre, Wm. Givens, and H. C. Ellis, for Rains, pressing them to secure his election for Attorney General. Wrote to Sophie and to Mag. Read.

April 21, 1860.—Spent good part of to-day in visit to Congressional burying ground. Took a sketch of Dr. Peyton's cenotaph. To-night have written to sister Mary, and to Sophie, enclosing to each, a description of the grounds, and sketch of the cenotaph. Read.

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.,

April 21, 1860.

MY DEAR SOPHIE:—

Thank you for your long letter, received last night—nine pages. Have read it some five or six times. You are indeed, very kind. Can I repay you?

This morning being very bright and warm, I went out to the Congressional burying ground, and spent a couple of hours in walking through it, reading inscriptions, &c., &c. The special object of my visit was, to see the cenotaph of Dr. Peyton, in order, that I might give sister Mary a description of it. Wanted to see it myself, and knew she would like to have some definite idea of its appearance, &c. Have written to her, giving her a sketch of it with my pen. I enclose you one. It is of a species of marble, or fine granite. The base is about six feet square. As I give the proportions correctly, you will have an idea of its size, &c. It is just like all the rest—there being, no difference in them. It stands in the most beautiful spot in the enclosure, surrounded by flowers, and some handsome shade trees, a number of which, are evergreens.

Whilst sitting on a stone by it, reading over and over again, the inscription on it, I had some sad, yet some pleasant reflections. I could see his noble form—his face; hear him talk. So palpable to my mental eye was the vision, that it, at times,

almost startled me. He was a model gentleman. Distinguished for his sobriety, his unbending, uncompromising integrity, his amiable and soft manners, his dignity and superior mental ability, it was natural that his character made a decided impression on me. It did. To his example, as I wrote Mary to-day, am I much indebted for my little success in life. He advised me, always freely, decidedly, sometimes sternly, I thought. My respect for his judgment, and confidence in his kindness to me, always made me ready and willing to receive it, and be governed by it. Gentle and quiet as a woman, yet, decided and brave as a Roman; full of intelligence and energy; what an impression would he have made, could he have lived. He would have been loved and respected by the people of his State, as but few, if any, have been. But he is gone. "He sleeps well." The Providence which took him so early in life—now inscrutable—will be, one day, revealed. What an example is set in his life and death, to his boys! May they not prove unworthy of such a father, but prove to be deserving of his name—fitly representing him.

Say to my friend, Mrs. Owen, that I have not turned preacher; this is a poor place for one to get into the notion of "taking orders;" though, really, it is not the place I expected to find it. I have not lived a more quiet life than here.

Read Mrs. Cossitt's note; was amused and complimented. Am glad to hear that my letter to Mrs. Howard afforded her pleasure; that was my object in writing it. Have just got Balie's letter of the 18th inst.; thank him for me.

Kiss the children for me, and tell them, in two months, pa will be at home! Love to all.

Affectionately yours,
R. HATTON.

We introduce the letter to his sister, Mrs. Peyton, alluded to in the preceding letter to his wife:

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.,
April 21, 1860.

DEAR SISTER:—

I read your last letter over and over again; it made me sad, yet I loved to read it; I saw in it the true woman—the

woman who had mind and heart sufficient to be the true wife and mother; the woman whom I love, and of whom I am proud, as a sister. Your references to your marriage, and early prospects of pleasure in the society of him whom you loved and honored for his many rare and noble qualities; and the change caused by—death, caused me to weep. *It is a sad world; full of woe. Life is a pilgrimage of pain; yet it has its pleasures—many of them; then, let us make the most of them—rob the picture of our travails, of its dark shading.*

I have delayed answering your letter until I could go out and see the Congressional burying-ground, and, especially, Dr. Peyton's cenotaph. I went to-day, and spent more than two hours in walking round, reading inscriptions, etc. Saw the cenotaphs; the one in honor of your husband, stands in the most beautiful spot in the whole grounds, surrounded by flowers, and some fine shade trees. The grass, too, is growing most luxuriantly about it; it is shaped, as I will represent it, in a diagram. Am a poor hand to draw, but I can give you an exact idea of its proportions and general appearance. [Here he gave the diagram.] The base is about six feet square; this gives you an idea of all the other dimensions, as I have quite accurately represented the proportions.

You may imagine my reflections whilst reading the inscription: "The Honorable Joseph H. Peyton, Representative from Tennessee, aged — years." I could see his person and his face, his eyes, and nose, and mouth, and black, glossy, and luxuriant growth of hair; could hear him speak, and laugh, and see him walk. He was a noble man. To his example, too, Mary, am I indebted for much, very much, of my little success in life. He gave me good advice; but it was not what he said to me, so much as what I saw him do, *and not do*, that influenced my actions, and fashioned my character. He was a real Peyton in many respects—yet different from all of them, in several important elements of character, in which he was their superior. Could he have lived, he would, no doubt, have made a decided impression upon the world. But, it is all well—no doubt of it—for him, for you, for his boys; yet, we can not see it. This but proves our blindness; 'twill be revealed "in the Great Day."

The flowers, etc., enclosed, I pulled near the cenotaph of Dr. Peyton. Know you will prize them. May God bless you, my dear sister, and may you be reconciled "to all His ways."

Affectionately, your brother,
ROBERT HATTON.

April 22, 1860.—Went to Methodist church, and heard a long and rather prosy discourse, on a worn out subject. It being very unpleasant, I stayed in doors rest of day. To-night wrote to Reilly and Many. Read.

April 23, 1860.—To-day was spent in speaking in the House; four regular hour-speeches having been made on political topics. Met and had an hour's conversation with Gov. Wise, to-day; like him very much. I spent most of my time in writing letters, and franking papers to my constituents. Read.

April 24, 1860.—Six hour-speeches were delivered in the House to-day—the session being entirely consumed in that business, and continuing to a very late hour. Democracy, are, to-night, greatly excited on subject of their Convention; all in doubt as to what will be done. Read nothing.

Tuesday, April 24, 1860.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

I enclose a word to you in my letter, to the children; I could not resist my desire to write to them this evening; so I went out and got a sheet of paper with a picture on it, to please them; the idea that it would please them, pleased me. Is this not the case with us always, when we do any thing with a view to the comfort, advantage—gratification of others?

Nothing has happened since I wrote you, of special interest. We have barely a quorum in the House, but sat to-day until 5½ o'clock—the time used up in speech making.

At about the adjourning hour, a Mrs. Howard, and some of her lady friends, from Virginia, came up to the House. She is the wife of one of the members of the House, and I went up into the gallery to see them. Sat a while, and then went down with them, and walked through the Capitol grounds; from there

to the Botanic Garden; and thence to their hotel. Pretty well done for your green husband! She is the handsomest woman, *so said*, in the city, and she says I am a decided *favorite* of hers. Ahem! She has the most beautiful boy I ever saw, which, she says, she wants to have my girl—"knows they will suit." What do you say to such proceedings? Any alarm?

Again. An evening or so ago, I went with Miss Sue Spence, to the parlor, where I was introduced to a Mrs. Semple, daughter of ex-President Tyler, and spent the evening with her in a very spirited conversation. She is noted for her superior conversational talent, and deserves certainly to be, as I have rarely met, if at all, her superior, in that respect. Her husband, who was present most of the time, is a quiet fellow—an officer in the Navy—so, she and I had an open field. Discussed law, literature, religion and politics; compared Virginia to Tennessee; the old world with the new; ourselves with other folks; concluded that the old world was inferior to the new; Tennessee and Virginia, the greatest of the States; decided that foreigners have too much power in this country; that politics is a humbug; religion grossly abused; the law not understood, and literature not much cultivated, now-a-days; and concluded, at her suggestion, when we meet at breakfast, to renew the discussion. This was done, at the appointed hour, Miss Spence being one of the party. She left that evening, or the conversation might have been indefinitely prolonged.

Again. Yesterday, I met, and had an hour's conversation with Gov. Wise, of Va. He is a wonderful man; brilliant; full of wit, humor and anecdote; fuller of *facts*. Was delighted with his conversation; he had a great deal to say of Balie Peyton, whom he heard, he said, make the most eloquent and effective speech that *ever was* made in Congress. He said, "if Peyton had only even read any thing," he would have made one of the greatest men that ever figured in this country. "As it is, he has few superiors." Told me a number of amusing anecdotes of Peyton. Now this is my journal, since I last wrote, of all that I suppose that would interest you. Made a pretty bold start among the ladies, havn't I? Following the advice of your recent letter on the subject—might get fond of it.

My love to all, and kisses to the children. Am exceedingly well, eating heartily, and looking stouter than I have for a great while.

Your affectionate husband,
R. HATTON.

We present herewith, the letter to the children, mentioned in the above.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
April 24, 1860.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:—

I wrote to you, only a few days ago; but, as I am so much disappointed in not getting to see you, about this time, as I expected to do, I will talk to you, on paper, a little, before I go to bed. Stand up by your ma, whilst she reads to you what I say. Did you notice the picture, on the other side of this sheet of paper? That is a picture of a part of the city of Washington, where I am staying. That big house, close to you, is the Capitol, the same house, the picture of which was on the letter I sent you the other day. There is where I stay, 'most all day. Do you see that little, long ink-mark, made with a pen, away down the street, from the Capitol? That ink-mark is in front of the hotel where I eat and sleep. You can't see the house, very plainly; but you know how it looks, for you saw its picture on the envelopes of ma's letters, long ago. Ma will point out to you, the streets, the canal, the Monument, the Smithsonian Institute, the Observatory, etc. It is a great city, containing about 80,000 people. Don't you wish you were here, to go about over it, with pa, and see all the houses and strange things? Pa wishes you were here. Wants to see you more than he ever did in his life. Has it not been a *long* time since pa went off on the stage? He has not forgot how you both looked, that day. He felt so bad, as the stage started off, that he could not keep from crying—not out loud, you know, but tears came in pa's eyes. Did you see them? Pa felt like he never wanted to go away from Lebanon, any more. Don't think he will go away much, after this, unless you are along with him.

I want you to be good children. Mind what your ma and your grandma say to you. Never tell stories, or impose on each other, or the little negroes. You won't do these ugly things, will you? Now, are you going to get some of the folks, at home, to answer this letter for you? You must do it. Kiss ma for pa.

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT HATTON.

April 25, 1860.—Day spent in Buncombe speeches—some five or six being delivered. News from Charleston exciting—some probability of a break-up; so say the dispatches. Wrote to Sophie, in answer to letter received from her. Read.

April 26, 1860.—Six speeches were gotten off, in the House, to-day—discussing the slavery question. Reports from Charleston still indicate stormy conclusion of their labors. Result beyond human ken to see. Read.

April 27, 1860.—Stupid session of five hours—consumed in delivery of set speeches, on negro question and the tariff bill. Telegraph says Douglas will be nominated at Charleston. Doubtful? Wrote to Sphie, long letter.

April 28, 1860.—Went, to-day, to Georgetown; went over in in an omnibus. Found it a fine, old town. From its "Heights" had a splendid view of the Potomac, and the country beyond. Visited its Cemetery, where I remained about two hours. The most beautiful I have seen. Read.

April 29, 1860.—Went to church, to hear Rev. Dr. Early, a distinguished Roman Catholic, preach. He was interesting his discourse being a dissertation on good morals, and not characterized by any illiberality. Read.

April 30, 1860.—House met to-day, and consumed its sitting in Buncombe speaking. But few members present. Excitement in regard to the doings of the Charleston Convention, very great, and increasing. Read nothing.

May 1, 1860.—Session, to-day, devoted, as on yesterday, to speaking. Democracy in great confusion—the secession of a portion of the delegates, creating much feeling. Read.

May 2, 1860.—A quorum was present to-day. Nothing of importance done. It is thought, to-day, that Guthrie, of Kentucky, will be nominated for the Presidency, at Charleston. Very doubtful. Excitement intense.

May 3, 1860.—Convention at Charleston certainly divided. Nearly all the delegates from the Southern States have seceded, and are holding a separate Convention. Hurrah for—their utter annihilation! Read nothing.

May 4, 1860.—Both branches of the Democracy, at Charleston, have adjourned—no nomination by either. The seceders are again to meet at Richmond, and the others at Baltimore. Great excitement among all classes.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

May 4, 1860.

DEAR SOPHIE:—

Got your letter of Saturday, last night. Oh, that I could have been with you and the children, in your walk to the woods, garden, and around the yard! But I console myself with the idea, that, before many days, we will walk together around the walks and grounds of Washington—not equal to a walk at home; still, it will be a walk together. When your letter suggested the idea of your coming with Col. Stokes, I could not understand why it had not occurred to me. My hope is, that by the time this letter gets to Lebanon, you may be here—acting on his suggestion of bundling up and coming along with him. Indeed, so confident am I of seeing you here, that I feel but little interest in writing to you, as I feel that the letter will, likely, not be read.

Mr. Brazelton and lady, and her sister, of East Tennessee, are here, on their way to Baltimore. The ladies are very handsome and pleasant, and I have been playing the agreeable, to the best of my ability. Annoyed Mrs. B. a good deal, by

my references to her husband's attention to Mary Campbell. Tell Miss Mary Campbell that the young man, of whom I was writing, is married. * * * * *

The Democracy are in utter dismay, here—don't know what to do or say—dumb-founded, perfectly. Our party are delighted at their discomfiture, whether they can make anything of it, or not. Our Convention will be largely attended. But you will not get this; so, I've written enough. Love to all.

Yours affectionately,

R. HATTON.

May 5, 1860.—Some thirty Tennesseans here; most of them on their way to Baltimore, to the Union Convention. For superior worth, and high talent, no such a delegation has ever before gone to a Convention from Tennessee.

May 6, 1860.—Went with number of friends, to hear Dr. Stockton preach at Hall of the House of Representatives. They were, as I always am, delighted with him. This evening, went with several of them to the Catholic Church. Read.

May 7, 1860.—Got a letter from Sophie this morning, from which I infer she is about ready to start for Washington. It seems like years, rather than months, that I have been separated from her and the children. Spirited debate in the Senate to-day—war on Douglas.

May 8, 1860.—Discussion in the Senate on Davis' resolutions, continued—Clingman, Benjamin, Johnson, of Tenn.; Davis, and Douglas, participating. Some are striving for harmony in the Democratic ranks; some are for making the breach wider. My feelings are with the latter.

May 9, 1860.—Went to Baltimore, to attend the Convention of the Union party. Found it composed of the finest body of men I ever saw assembled together. Bell's prospects for the nomination, are best. No Bible in my room.

May 10, 1860.—Attended Convention to-day. Its session

was most harmonious. The platform adopted was: "The Union, the Constitution, and the enforcement of the Laws." Bell was nominated on 2d ballot, for the Presidency, and Everett, by acclamation, for the Vice Presidency.

May 11, 1860.—Returned from Baltimore; was three and a half hours in coming, the storm having seriously injured the track of the road. Found on return that our nominations were well received by the decent men of all parties. Read nothing.

May 12, 1860.—To-day was consumed in transaction of Territorial business. Resolution was adopted to attend the landing of the embassy from Japan. Got letter from father. Read.

May 13, 1860.—Went to the Southern Methodist Church, to-day, and heard a discourse on the present condition of society in U. S. The afternoon has been spent in reading. To-night, got a letter from Sophie. Read.

Monday, May 14, 1860.—The arrival of my wife in Washington, put an end to my keeping up my Diary. It was kept for her eye. Her presence here, did away with its necessity.

The arrival of Mrs. Hatton in Washington, closed, not only the Diary, but the correspondence also, so far as she was concerned.

As has already been seen, Mr. Hatton was Chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs. Here he was prompt and faithful, as usual. He was quick to examine into, and detect fraud in the transactions of the Secretary of the Navy, and others. On the 19th of February, 1860, the following resolutions were offered in the House of Representatives :

CENSURE OF THE PRESIDENT AND SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Navy has, with the sanction of the President, abused his discretionary power in the selection of a coal agent, and in the purchase of fuel for the Government.

Resolved, That the contract made by the Secretary of the Navy, under date of September 23, 1858, with William C. N. Swift, for the delivery of

live oak timber, was made in violation of law, and in a manner unusual, improper, and injurious to the public service.

Resolved, That the distribution, by the Secretary of the Navy, of the patronage in the navy-yards among members of Congress, was destructive of discipline, corrupting in its influences, and highly injurious to the public service.

Resolved, That the President, and Secretary of the Navy, by receiving and considering the party relations of bidders for contracts with the United States, and the effect of awarding contracts, upon pending elections, have set an example dangerous to the public safety, and deserving the reproof of this House.

Resolved, That the appointment, by the Secretary of the Navy, of Daniel B. Martin, chief engineer, as a member of a board of engineers, to report upon proposals for constructing machinery for the United States, the said Martin, at the time, being pecuniarily interested in some of said proposals, is hereby censured by this House.

The Nashville *Patriot*, of June, 1860, speaks thus of the resolutions, and furnishes the subjoined classification of the votes on the same:

“These resolutions were referred to the Committee on Expenditures in the Navy Department, of which, Hon. Robert Hatton, of this State, is Chairman, who reported them back on the 11th inst., with a recommendation that they be adopted. They were made the special order of the 13th inst., and having been taken up, Mr. Boccock moved to lay them on the table. This motion was rejected—ayes 65; noes 120.

<i>Ayes</i> :—All Democrats.....	65
<i>Noes</i> :—Republicans.....	97
Southern Opposition	21
Democrats.....	2—120

The two Democrats who voted in the negative, were Davis, of Iowa, and Morris, of Illinois.

Each resolution was then taken up, and voted upon separately.

The first resolution was adopted without a count on either side.

The second resolution was adopted—ayes 119; noes 60.

<i>Ayes</i> :—Republicans	96
Southern Opposition.....	21
Democrats	2—119
<i>Noes</i> :—All Democrats.....	60

Messrs. Davis, of Iowa, and Morris, of Illinois, again voted with the opponents of the Administration.

The third resolution was adopted—ayes 123; noes 61.

<i>Ayes</i> :—Republicans.....	99
Southern Opposition	21
Democrats	3—123
<i>Noes</i> :—All Democrats.....	61

The Democrats voting in the affirmative, were Messrs. Davis, of Iowa; Morris, of Illinois; Pryor, of Virginia.

The fourth resolution was adopted—ayes 106; noes 61

<i>Ayes</i> :—Republicans	87
Southern Opposition	17
Democrats	2—106
<i>Noes</i> :—Democrats.....	59
Republicans.....	2— 61

The Democrats voting in the affirmative, were, Messrs. Davis, of Iowa, and Morris, of Illinois. The Republicans voting in the negative, were, Messrs. Adams, of Massachusetts, and Clark, of New York.

The fifth resolution was adopted—ayes 90; noes 39.

<i>Ayes</i> :—Republicans.....	72
Southern Opposition.....	17
Democrats.....	1—90
<i>Noes</i> :—All Democrats.....	39

The Democrat voting in the affirmative, was, Mr. Pryor, of Virginia. Messrs. Davis, of Iowa, and Morris, of Illinois, were not present."

Just before the question was taken on the resolution, Mr. Hatton addressed the House in support of them. His speech, which we append, will give the reader a proper understanding of the subject.

SPEECH OF HON. ROBERT HATTON.

The purpose, Mr. Speaker, of most of what we have heard from the Administration benches upon the subject before us, has been to show that this House, whatever may have been the conduct of the President, or his Secretary of the Navy, can give no expression of disapprobation of either, without being guilty of an infringement upon Executive prerogative. The Hon-

orable Secretary of the Navy, himself, modestly says as much, in his communication addressed to me, two days since, which has been printed by order of the House, and handed to members this morning.

Now, sir, I have no argument with the Secretary, nor with those who are of counsel for him, upon this nicely-drawn plea, in [abatement to the jurisdiction of this House. I am not to be diverted from the legitimate subject of discussion by this "tub to the whale."

That we possess the constitutional power to adopt these resolutions, I have no doubt. The Committee of this House, upon the Judiciary, at the present session, have considered this question, and have so decided, and the House, by an overwhelming majority—a majority composed of members of all parties represented here—indorsed their decision.

That the existence of such a power should be denied to this body, will be, to those versed in legislative history and constitutional law, matter of much surprise. It is a power which the legislative assemblies of monarchical, and even semi-despotic Governments, have not hesitated to exercise in reference to the highest executive functionaries. And in this free Government of ours, a characterizing feature of which, is the strict accountability to the people, to which public officers are intended to be held, shall this power in us, their immediate representatives, be questioned?

The Secretary of the Navy—a Secretary at the head of a Department, "from all the avenues of which," according to high Democratic authority, "proceeds an insufferable stench"—a Secretary at the head of a Department in which it is conceded, by men of all parties upon the floor, there is the greatest misrule and corruption; that Secretary gravely announced to this House, in a communication to the chairman of one of its committees, that if you attempt to exercise this power, by an expression of your disapprobation, you infringe upon the high prerogative of the executive department of the Government!

Mr. Speaker, we are called upon to vote millions of dollars each session of Congress, to be expended in this Department; and when we have examined into the manner of its expenditure, and would express an opinion to the country as to whether it was done properly or not, we are met by a protest from the Secretary, denying to us the power, and reading to us a lecture for an attempt at its usurpation, and impertinently reminding us of our oaths of office, which he would intimate, we are in danger of violating. That we have the power to impeach him, the Honorable Secretary graciously informs us, but assumes we have no such intention. His assumption is without authority. We determine our own action without consulting the Secretary; choosing our own mode of procedure, feeling assured, if we have the power to impeach and put upon trial, we possess the lesser power to censure. Sir, does not the same power which authorizes me, as an individual member of this body, to express my opinion, whether of censure or commendation, of the Secretary, enable the members of the House to record their united judg-

ment upon his acts? Does not the argument which denies the power to the House, seal my lips, and render any declaration of opinion on my part, as a Representative, an infraction of the Secretary's high prerogative? How long will it be, sir, before we will be receiving from the hands of Departments, communications instructing us as to the extent they will permit us to speak of their public acts, and warning us, upon the penalty of their displeasure, against transcending the limits they may assign to us?

I desire to refer to the authority cited by the honorable gentleman from Virginia, [Mr. Boccock,] in support of the position of the Secretary—the protest message which General Jackson addressed to the Senate of the United States, in the year 1834, when certain resolutions were passed by that body, reflecting upon his conduct. Now, sir, I submit to that gentleman, that he has misconceived the position assumed by President Jackson, in that message. I have sent for it, and have it before me, and so far from denying this power to this House, he conceded it. He says:

“His conduct [the President's] may come under review in either branch of the Legislature,” and “so far as the executive or legislative proceedings of these bodies may require it, it may be examined by them.”

Yet, as in the event of an impeachment, the members of the Senate were to constitute his judges, he objected to a pre-judgment of the case by *their* adoption of a resolution of censure, declaring that “the Constitution made the *House of Representatives* the exclusive judges, in the first instance, of the question whether the President had committed an impeachable offense.” So much, Mr. Speaker, for this, the only authority relied on by the gentleman.

Not to prolong this argument, which I intended to have passed over more briefly when I rose, I will suggest to the gentleman that “the three great men”—Clay, Calhoun, and Webster—were all decided in their opinion, that not only this House, but also the Senate, possessed the power in question. That such was their belief, they evidenced to the country in the most solemn manner, by a united vote in the Senate, on the 28th of March, 1834. These men thought we had the power. General Jackson conceded it. I am ready to exercise it. If in error, my responsibility is to my constituents. I owe it to them to perform fearlessly the duties they commissioned me to discharge; and amongst the most important of these duties, I recognize that of detecting and exposing to the country, the frauds and the corruptions of those in power. *No protest from the Secretary shall deter me.*

The real question before us, is, have the President and Secretary done wrong? and, if so, should we not say so by the adoption of these resolutions? Would their adoption do injustice to these officials? If so, we should, as honorable men, stop right here. I would scorn myself, and feel that I was unworthy the association of gentlemen, if I were capable, through party prejudices, of doing any man injustice, whether he be the President or his lowest menial. I would no less despise myself if I should shrink from the performance of a duty I owe to those whom I represent, because it involved

an exposure and condemnation of the President and a Cabinet officer. I say to honorable gentlemen of all parties: "You have to vote on these resolutions; if you do not, leave your seats, and go from the Hall; you have to vote 'aye' or 'no,' and it is due to yourselves, and due to the officials involved, that you should comprehend the facts on which you are called to pass." Are the allegations in the resolutions true or false?

I announced the other day, to the honorable and distinguished gentleman from Virginia, that I was perfectly willing, in any argument we might have upon these resolutions, to *confine myself strictly to the facts set forth in his own report*, to sustain every position I should assume. This is certainly as much as he and his party friends could ask. The statements of facts are much fuller in my own report; still, that there may be no ground for complaint, I shall not refer to it, but confine myself to that of the gentleman from Virginia; and, in view of the facts set forth in that report, I challenge him to vote against these resolutions.

The fact charged in the first resolution, is, "that the Secretary of the Navy, with the sanction of the President, abused his discretionary power in the selection of a coal agent, and in the purchase of fuel for the Government." The law under which this agency is created, requires the Secretary of the Navy to make the appointment. It gives no such power to the President. Who made the appointment of Dr. Hunter? The President of the United States made it—and why? Because, as the Secretary of the Navy said, it was a Pennsylvania appointment, and because Dr. Hunter was recommended as "a sound, active, and influential Democrat." The Secretary of the Navy, not so jealous as now, of his prerogatives, surrendered his power of the appointment into the hands of the President, in order that he might reward a political partizan. Is that, or is it not, an abuse of discretion? I submit that it is. And who was Dr. Hunter, the man thus appointed? The gentleman from Virginia said that there was, in the hands of the Secretary of the Navy, and of the President, evidence, that this man Hunter was "eminently qualified for the position." He is mistaken. There was no such evidence before the President. There was a certificate containing this phraseology I have quoted, and saying he was competent, and that his appointment would be highly gratifying to the Democracy of his county. This certificate was signed, amongst others, by one who was to be a partner with Dr. Hunter, if he got the contract. And that he was to be a partner, was known to the President and Secretary of the Navy. That is the character of Dr. Hunter's recommendation.

Now, Mr. Speaker, we have shown that the Secretary violated his trust, in surrendering to the President, the power to make this appointment, which the law required him to make. We have shown the grounds upon which he was appointed. The next question is, was it a proper and fit appointment to be made? Let the gentleman from Virginia, [Mr. Boccock,] answer. He in his report, says that Hunter, who was then, and is still, a practicing physician

in Reading, Pennsylvania, was "utterly worthless as an agent," and that his partner was but *little, if any*, better. The whole business of the agency was surrendered by Hunter into the hands of Stone, Tyler & Co. This firm, furnished the coal—were the parties that sold the coal to the Government. They filled the double office of salesmen to the Government and agent for the Government, without any one to see whether they acted fairly or corruptly. Was that an abuse?

Again, Mr. Speaker, I submit that in this report, made by the Honorable gentleman from Virginia, there is proof that the Government of the United States paid exorbitant prices for this coal—the amount charged by Stone, Tyler & Co., these *venders to*, and, at the same time, *agents for*, the Government, charging largely more than the price at which other responsible parties proposed to furnish it.

Again, it is in proof in the gentleman's report, that Dr. Hunter, *performed no service*; that his partner, Mr. Smith, performed but little, if any; that they were absolutely "useless as agents;" yet it is in proof, that they were paid by the Government at the rate of \$14,000 per annum. Was that right or was it wrong? Honorable gentlemen are to vote on this resolution. Let them decide whether it was an abuse or not.

The next resolution declares:

"That the contract made by the Secretary with William C. N. Swift, for the delivery of live oak, was made in violation of law, and in a manner unusual, improper and injurious to the public service."

Before I determined upon the report which I have made, I examined critically the phraseology of every line of every one of these resolutions, to see whether it was justified by the proof, and I now wish to show you that the evidence contained in the report of the honorable member from Virginia, [Mr. Boccock,] justifies me in saying, that this contract with Swift, was in "violation of law;" that it was "unusual;" that it was "improper;" and that it was "injurious to the public service." Was it "in violation of law?" I say it was properly so, and I challenge the honorable gentleman from Virginia, to confront me now with a denial, if he does not admit my proposition.

The law requires that all timber be bought by what is called "open purchase," or by advertisement for bids. Was it purchased by open contract? No. The Secretary told Swift, that he had no right to purchase it in that way; there being no such necessity for the timber as would justify him in purchasing without advertisement.

Did he conform to the law relating to purchases by advertisement? What is that? Advertisements shall be made for bids, and the contract given to the lowest bidder. Was Swift the lowest bidder? He was not. A number of parties underbid him. These parties, however, failed to comply with their contracts for want of time. Under the law, what then was to be done? This is the statute:

"In case the lowest bidder shall fail to enter into such contract and give such security within a reasonable time, to be fixed in such advertisement, then the contract shall be given to the next lowest bidder, who shall enter into such contract and give such security.—*Brightly*, p. 677.

Now, did the Secretary give the contract to the next lowest bidder? *He did not? But in violation of law, without any notice whatever, to the other bidders, he summarily annulled the contracts he had made, and gave them to Swift.*—Again, the contract made with Swift was dated the 23d of September, 1858; *twenty-two days before the contract to deliver it was made!* There was no pretense, then—none whatever—that the contract made with Swift was in accordance with the advertisement; for the time for the delivery of the timber had actually passed before the contract was entered into. Then it was made without reference to any advertisement. But he admitted he had no right to purchase without it; and, of course, when he did it, it was done in violation of law.

Was there any thing unusual in this contract? The honorable member from Virginia, [Mr. Boccock,] in his report, (p. 32,) states that—

"The usual time allowed contractors for live-oak, is one and two years, because, unlike other timber, it is rarely kept on hand by lumbermen, and generally has to be cut near the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, after the contracts were made; and being esteemed more valuable when cut between the 1st of November and 1st of March, one Winter season, at least, is allowed for that purpose."

What time was, by the advertisement, allowed for the fulfillment of *this* contract? It was to be delivered on the 1st of September—half of it—to quote the language of the report of the gentleman from Virginia, [Mr. Boccock,]—"about twenty days after the contracts were completed." Yes, sir, instead of one and two years being allowed, as *was usual*, in this instance, for the filling of half of the contract, *twenty days* only were allowed.

Was there anything "improper" in the manner in which this contract was made? Facts stated in the report of the gentleman from Virginia [Mr. Boccock,] shall furnish my answer. In that report it is stated that Swift & Bigler had a large quantity of timber at certain of the navy-yards, which was unusually small in size, and of such character that they have not been able to dispose of it. Swift had the largest quantity. They saw the Secretary of the Navy, and tried to get him to buy it at open purchase without advertisement. He said he could not do that, there being no pressing necessity for the timber to justify him. It was, however, *agreed between them* that an advertisement should be made for one hundred and fifty thousand feet of the very kind of timber that Swift & Bigler had at the yards, and that the time should be made so short *that no one could compete with them*—they being, as the Secretary knew, the only persons who had any of this description of timber at the yards. It was agreed that Swift should put in a bid, at which the timber was to be bought, and that Bigler should bid also, but at higher

figures. The contract was to be given to Swift, and he was to take all of Bigler's timber, and put it in with his, and at the same price. It is admitted that the quantity of timber bought of Swift was not needed, and that a great part of it is still lying in the yards, untouched. It is stated further, in the report of the gentleman, [Mr. Boccock,] (p. 33,) by way of explanation of the Secretary's extraordinary conduct in awarding this contract to Swift in the manner he did, that—

“Swift was an ardent friend of the present Administration, and had expended his money freely, (more than ten thousand dollars,) to aid the election of Mr. Buchanan. It was known to the Secretary, that he had been liberal, as proved by George Plitt, and it was natural he should have a kind regard for him.”

Now, sir, in conclusion, upon this point, I state that the report of the gentleman from Virginia, contains proof, *beyond controversy or cavil*, that there was a glaring and corrupt collusion and combination between the Secretary and Swift—this “ardent friend of the Administration”—which prevented all competition for the contract for this timber, and that it was entered into by the Secretary to prevent competition, and to secure, regardless of the public interest, the contract to Swift as compensation for partisan services. Was that proper or “improper?” Gentlemen who have to vote upon the resolutions must decide.

Was this contract “injurious to the public service?” It is in proof, by Mr. Lenthall, Chief of the Bureau of Construction, that the shortness of the time allowed to contractors in the advertisement, made to secure the contract to Swift, caused the bids to be some fifteen per cent. higher than they otherwise would have been, resulting in a loss to the Government of some \$25,000. Was not this contract, then, sir, “made in violation of law, and in a manner unusual, improper, and injurious to the public service?”

I call the attention of this House to the third resolution:

“*Resolved*, That the distribution, by the Secretary of the Navy, of the patronage in the navy-yards among members of Congress, was destructive of discipline, corrupting in its influence, and highly injurious to the public service.”

I ask the special attention of the honorable gentleman from Virginia to what I have to say upon this resolution, and *I challenge him to deny, what I now allege*, that *each specific allegation* in this resolution is *fully warranted* by evidence furnished by *his own report*.

The first allegation is, that the distribution of patronage in the navy-yards among members of Congress, was “destructive of discipline.” The gentleman from Virginia, upon the 6th and 7th pages of his report, says expressly, that this distribution of patronage in the navy-yards, has resulted in idleness, in disregard of duty, and in general, in insubordination. I take it for granted that he knew what he was saying; that he meant precisely what he deliberately penned in his report.

"Was it corrupting in its influence?" On the 6th page of the gentleman's report will be found the evidence that it was, where he states that "men have been appointed, under this system, without due regard to their qualifications, and retained sometimes after they had shown themselves unworthy. They learned to rely, in part, on a strong friend to retain them." instead of relying on "meritorious services." Again, on the same page, he says:

"The system of appointing and retaining men in the yard, upon political influence, works great evil."

The last allegation in this resolution is, "that it was injurious to the public service." The honorable gentleman from Virginia, on pages 6 and 8, of his report, furnishes abundant proof that it was highly injurious to the public service; and himself admits the fact. Then, sir, I submit, without additional argument, that I have the honorable gentleman from Virginia standing side by side with me, in saying that each and every one of these allegations are true; and I leave it with gentlemen to say, whether, with these facts staring them in the face, they can vote "no," upon the resolution. *How can the gentleman from Virginia vote, "no?"*

Upon the facts, he cannot. And this being so, we can understand why it is, that technical objections are thrown in our way. First, comes the Secretary and the gentleman from Virginia, [Mr. Boccock,] the recognized leader of his party on this floor, with a plea in abatement to the jurisdiction of this body, denying that we have any right to consider these propositions, much less to pass upon them by a vote. Then, the gentleman who immediately preceded me—the honorable gentleman from Virginia, [Mr. Milson,]—a gentleman, permit me to say, for whose distinguished ability and personal worth, I entertain the highest respect—rises in his place, and files a regular plea of the statute of limitations, declaring that "the time has passed," and that we cannot properly act upon any proof taken at the last Congress, affecting the character of the Secretary. The point is so nice, it is difficult of comprehension. The admitted reasoning capacity of the gentleman has not enabled him to make an argument in its support, even plausible in its character. Very certain I feel, that, had the Honorable Secretary and his friends not regarded his case as a desperate one, no such plea would have been filed, and relied upon in argument.

But those who may suppose there is more weight in this suggestion than I have been disposed to give to it, I refer to a case directly in point, occurring in the Senate of the United States, in 1852-53: By resolution of the 6th of August, 1852, a committee was raised to investigate certain abuses in various departments of the Government. A large amount of testimony was taken, involving serious charges of malfeasance in office; but the session of Congress closed before the committee reported. At the next session—a session, too, of a new Congress—a report was made, and without objection, upon the testimony taken during the past Congress.

The fourth resolution is as follows:

“Resolved, That the President, and Secretary of the Navy, by receiving and considering the party relations of bidders, for contracts with the United States, and the effect of awarding contracts upon pending elections, have set an example dangerous to the public safety, and deserving the reproof of this House.”

Can the language of this resolution be justified by anything in the report of the gentleman from Virginia? In that report I find a letter from W. C. Patterson, of Philadelphia, addressed to Mr. Buchanan, asking that the contract for the machinery of a sloop, building at the Navy Yard at Philadelphia, may be awarded to Merrick & Sons, from which I read the following:

“Theirs (Merrick & Sons) is the only establishment in the First District that employs a large number of mechanics—at this time, three hundred and ninety; when in full blast, four hundred and fifty.

“The managing partners (Mr. M., Sr., being absent in bad health) are full of energy, straining every nerve to keep their force during this depression; and, in so far as I know, the only Old Whigs of any influence, in that District, who are in favor of the re-election of Col. Florence.

“I know, from former experience, the value of that influence, and feel persuaded that it is the interest of the Democratic party to increase it.

“The First District, will, I hope, be carried, in any event; but, with that shop at work, full-handed, two weeks prior to the election, the result would, I think, be placed beyond all doubt.

“With much respect,

“W. C. PATTERSON.

“The President.”

Upon the letter is the following indorsement, written, as the gentleman's report shows, by the President himself:

“September 15, 1858.

“The enclosed letter from Col. Patterson, of Philadelphia, is submitted to the attention of the Secretary of the Navy. J. B.”

The gentleman, in the report, says, the writing of such a letter “cannot be too strongly condemned;” but, he asks, shall the President and Secretary be blamed for the act of Col. Patterson? and insists that there is no proof that they were influenced by it to give the contract to Merrick & Sons. Sir, it is not for receiving this letter that I blame the President, but for the consideration he gave it, and for submitting it to the Secretary of the Navy, with an indorsement, in his own handwriting, calling the attention of the Secretary to it.

What is the proposition contained in the letter? It is to bribe the President, and to bribe the Secretary of the Navy, to give the contract to Merrick & Sons—the consideration being, the procurement of votes, to secure the election to this House, of a friend of the Administration. The Secretary of the Navy stood at the head of his Department, as a judge, to decide between

these bidders for the contract—to determine, on his oath, as a judicial officer, to whom—looking exclusively to the public good—the contract should be given. What does the President do? He deliberately sits down, and by an indorsement, in his own handwriting, in which he speaks familiarly of “Col. Patterson, of Philadelphia,” calls the attention of the Secretary of the Navy to a letter, in which it is stated, that, if the contract is given to Merrick & Sons, they will control the vote of their establishment for Col. Florence, a friend of the President, and certainly secure his election to Congress.

Who got the contract? Merrick & Sons. Were they the lowest bidders? They were not. The Novelty Iron Works, the largest establishment of the kind in the United States, proposed to do the work for \$4,000 less. Was Col. Florence elected? He sits on my left, here; whether elected by Merrick & Sons, I am not certainly informed.

The fact of the President receiving this letter—of his considering it—and of his indorsing it with his own hand, calling to it the attention of the Secretary of the Navy, has been made the subject of free comment and debate upon the other side of the Atlantic. The fact was stated, and elaborately commented on, by Earl Gray, in an argument upon the Reform Bill, delivered in the House of Lords, on the 19th of April, of this year. Comparing the character of the British Government with that of our own, he says, in speaking of the United States:

“There has been an inquiry into the state of the Navy of the United States, and the result of that inquiry has been the publication of a mass of documents, which, I am sure, no man can read without the greatest astonishment. Contracts are proved to have been habitually and avowedly made, to promote, not the interest of the public, but of the individual. A physician is shown to have been appointed to be agent for the purchase of coal, who knew nothing about coal—who never did anything in the purchase of coal but sign the certificates brought to him, and who received the appointment in order to share with others, the profits of the contract. More than this—we have letters addressed to the highest officers of the Government, calling on them to grant contracts to particular individuals, for electioneering purposes.”

I call attention to what he says of this Patterson letter. When I first read it my cheeks burned with shame and indignation:

“One letter is addressed to Mr. Buchanan himself, urging him, in the strongest manner, to have the contract for the machinery of a steam sloop assigned to a particular house in Philadelphia, with a view to the election. There is no disguise. It is put, openly, that it is of importance, in the then state of the election, that the contract should be given to this particular house. I appeal to your lordships, whether, if a letter were addressed to a First Lord of the Admiralty, making a demand of that kind, and it were proved that he had listened to it, *for a moment*, he would not, by the universal indignation of *all parties, in Parliament and out of it*, be driven from the

councils of the State. [Cheers.] But the letter to which I have referred, bore this indorsement: 'The enclosed letter from Col. Patterson, of Philadelphia, is submitted to the attention of the Secretary of the Navy.—J. B.' [Laughter.] Such corruption produces its natural effects upon every interest in the country."

This learned and justly distinguished statesman announces that such a flagrant exhibition of corruption and wrong was indicated by the reception and consideration of this letter by the President and his Secretary, that had it occurred in the British Government, it would have resulted in a summary and indignant dismissal from office of the party implicated. Yet, we hear gentlemen upon this floor, announcing that they attach very little importance to this matter. I, sir, regard this conduct of the President and Secretary of the Navy, as a deliberate insult to the American character; an insult to each individual voter in this country. The President was entertaining a proposition for what? To dispose of, at wholesale, the suffrages of freemen. The proposition was nothing more or less than an offer to the President for the sale and delivery of a sufficient number of votes to secure the election of one of his partisans. That it was not instantly repelled by the President, and that its reference to the Secretary was not indignantly resented by that officer as an insult to him, is something to be set down to their common shame.

I wish, in this connection, to refer to the report of the member from Virginia in support of this resolution. On pages 50 and 51, I find the following:

"Your committee are aware of the very general practice which has long prevailed of addressing, by letter, and verbally, to the officers of the Government, recommendations based in whole or in part, upon political considerations. The practice cannot be too strongly condemned, especially so, where it is resorted to with a view to affect the award of contracts."

The case under consideration was one where this "practice" was "resorted to," for the exclusive and especial purpose of securing a contract. Instead of being rebuked by the President, it was encouraged by him—the contract being awarded according to the prayer of the letter. The argument of your report, [pointing to Mr. Boccock] is, that this practice and such conduct is dangerous, and "cannot be too strongly *condemned*;" yet, in your speech to-day, the purpose of your reasoning, is to prove that it ought not to be condemned.

By way of an attempt at an explanation of the conduct of the President it has been said, in connection with the Patterson letter, that it was the habit of the President to submit all letters addressed to him to his Secretaries, as the business referred to in the letter, might appertain to the transactions of the one or other of the Departments; and that it was natural for Mr. Buchanan to refer this letter, like others, to his Secretary. The Committee called one of the private Secretaries of the President to give evidence in reference to what was the habit of the President. What did that witness say?

'Question. I would like to ask you whether the President, no matter

what may be the character of the letters, destroys them, or is it his practice to send them to his different Departments?

“*Answer.* Yes, sir; he sends every letter to the Departments, unless it is a silly letter or a crazy letter.”

But, if it happens to be a letter which would tamper with the honor of the highest officers of the Government; if it proposes to sell out the sovereignty of the people at the ballot-box, if it proposes, in a doubtful district, to elect a Democrat to Congress; if it proposes, in exchange for a profitable contract, to give votes to build up and sustain the Administration, then it is not regarded as either silly or crazy, but it is esteemed very proper to be, *and is*, submitted to the consideration of the Secretary of the Navy. I submit that, if there is any character of communication which should be torn up and spit upon, it is one which proposes to bribe the highest officer of the Government.

I would like to dwell longer upon this resolution. It is one that demands the consideration of this House, because, as was wisely said by Washington, “the ballot-box is our *palladium*.” Whenever *that* becomes corrupted; whenever the elective franchise of the citizen comes to be lightly regarded; whenever the right to vote is made a matter of barter, then, “Ichabod” may be written upon the walls of our National Capitol; for, as a nation, our glory shall have departed.

The last resolution is:

“That the appointment by the Secretary of the Navy of Daniel B. Martin, chief Engineer, as a member of the Board of Engineers, to report upon proposals for constructing machinery for the United States, the said Martin, at the time, being pecuniarily interested in some of said proposals, is hereby censured by this House.”

Now, Mr. Speaker, I call the attention of the House to what my colleague on this committee, [Mr. Boccock,] says in his report about the matter involved in this resolution. His statement of the facts is an admission that this man Martin was interested in the contracts awarded; that this interested party was placed on a Board of Engineers to determine to whom these contracts should be given. Though he cannot find any fault with the contracts themselves, he says, “it would have been more proper and satisfactory if another person than Mr. Martin had been selected.” Why? Because he was interested in the contracts on which he was called to pass. I ask the gentleman from Virginia how it is, that he can admit, in his report, that it was wrong, yet, by his course on the resolutions, seem to deny that it was wrong? I cannot reconcile these conflicting positions of the honorable member.

I am making no reflections on him, but simply referring to facts to sustain my own report. His argument is, that although it was improper, although it ought to have been otherwise, yet he does not think it resulted in any harm to the country. *That is not the question, Mr. Speaker.* It is whether what we

say in this resolution is true or not. Was it improper for the Secretary to appoint a man on the board, to determine between contractors, who was himself interested in the awards to be made, and who, the Secretary of the Navy had been expressly informed, was thus interested? I submit it to gentlemen on the floor, without reference to party, whether that was not wrong? If wrong, shall we not say so when we come to vote, "ay" or "no," on the proposition?

I have now referred to each of these resolutions, and to the particular phraseology of each, and have referred to the report of the honorable member from Virginia, as furnishing authority for the declarations which constitute the very substance of the resolutions themselves. The report which I have made recommends their adoption. I do not ask that any weight be given to our recommendation, especially as the Secretary of the Navy, and his friend, the gentleman from Virginia, [Mr. Boccock,] have both expressed dissatisfaction at its organization. The gentleman from Virginia, thinks it strange that the member from Ohio [Mr. Sherman] should be on it, as he is upon another important committee. Is it less singular that the member himself should be on it? The acknowledged leaders of their respective parties in this Hall; alike distinguished for their ability; their connection with the committee, furnished ample security against the party friends of either suffering for want of proper representation. But it is the Secretary of the Navy who seems most disturbed at the arrangement of this committee. In his letter to me, of the 11th inst., he manifests evident dissatisfaction at the fact that the member from Ohio [Mr. Sherman] was put by you, upon this committee. He would have arranged it differently. That the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee should be at the foot of this, disturbs him, and he declares his displeasure to me, as chairman of the committee. I have no doubt, sir, he dislikes it, and I am not astonished that he does. At the head of a Department, in which, according to the statements of the friends, as well as the foes of the Administration, there is the grossest corruption, he is naturally anxious about the character of those whose duty it may be to examine into its condition. The language of Cæsar, in speaking to Antony about Cassius, has, to him, at this time, much significance:

"Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' night;
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men.
Such men are dangerous."

So thinks the honorable Secretary; and hence his objection to your appointment of the member from Ohio, upon this committee. That member is not only not "fat," but he "thinks much;" and, as the Secretary has discovered, is disposed to "look quite through the deeds of men," and to one in the Secretary's condition, this "is dangerous."

Just here, Mr. Speaker, I would state that the present is the first instance in the history of this Government, where the head of one of the Departments either expressed any objection to the organization of a committee, or protested against an investigation of, and judgment upon, his official conduct. Instances have occurred where investigation was courted by the heads of Departments. Now, we have one saying to us, you have no power to pass in judgment upon my actions; you violate my prerogative, when you attempt it. May I, an humble Representative of the people, ask:

“ Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he has grown so great?”

I again repeat, that I do not ask members to attach any weight to our commendation, as a committee. With confidence I refer to the *evidence*, and, acting upon that, I challenge them to oppose the adoption of these resolutions.

In conclusion, Mr. Speaker, I remark, an issue is directly made up with this House by the honorable Secretary. Whatever may have been his conduct, he says to us: “You have no power to declare your disapprobation, except by an impeachment.” In the few minutes of my time unexpired, I shall not renew my argument upon this question. I claim for this House only such powers as Jackson, and Clay, and Calhoun, and Webster, believed it possessed—such as have been exercised by the Parliament of England, as every intelligent man knows, since the days of the Stuarts. An English King, who is supposed to rule “by divine right,”—who, according to a fiction of their laws, “can do no wrong,”—is still, in the acts of his administration, the subject of censure by the Parliament. And the popular branch of that body, upon which this House is modeled, does not hesitate to pass judgment upon the conduct, even of the House of Lords. A proposition of this kind is now pending in the House of Commons, condemning the House of Lords, for their action in regard to a revenue bill. And, in that Government, where the opinions of the people are not supposed to have as much weight as in our own, whenever, even the policy of the Cabinet, much less its official integrity, is unfavorably passed upon by the Representatives of the people, a dissolution of the Cabinet, and the formation of a new one, is the immediate result. The British Cabinet officer is sensitively alive to the estimate in which his administration is held by the Commons. He makes no protest when they would disapprove. Not so with our Secretary of the Navy. In that same spirit which gave birth to the alien and sedition laws of 1798, he comes here with a protest, pleading his prerogative as a branch of the Executive Department of the Government, and denying to us any *right* to disapprove his conduct. And with a freedom from nice sensibility which we might excuse in an arraigned criminal in one of the courts of this district, but which could hardly have been expected in a Cabinet officer, he insists that this Congress cannot base an expression of opinion of his acts, upon proof taken during the last Congress.

Yes, sir, pleas in abatement, and statutes of limitation, are now resorted to by the head of a Department, and his friends on this floor; and the question as to whether he has acted badly and wronged the country, is now forbidden to be inquired into.

It is further intimated by the Secretary, that the finding of our committee is based upon *ex parte* proof, and that he has not had full opportunity to defend himself. Were this statement true, then the Secretary has been wronged. But it is most erroneous. So far from its being true, it is a fact that he was represented, and most ably, at the taking of the proof. It was all furnished him as it was taken, and full liberty given him to cross-examine, and to introduce his own witnesses. When the resolutions were referred to our committee, at the opening of this session, I addressed a letter to the Secretary, telling him that the resolutions were before us for consideration; that we would hear any suggestion, or receive any evidence he desired to present, that would throw any light on the propriety of adopting or rejecting the resolutions; but he did not answer us. I then saw him in person, and in substance repeated what I had written, and assured him of our disposition to give him the fullest opportunity of vindicating himself. Although he communicated with us on other subjects, it was not until after I had made my report to the House that this letter from the Secretary made its appearance, and we were told that we were transcending the limits of the law, in attempting the adoption of these resolutions.

Now, sir, so far as I am individually concerned, I care not whether these resolutions are adopted or not; but I want to see which one of the Representatives of the people, upon this floor, is unwilling that Congress shall hold to a proper accountability, the executive officers of this Government. I hope I properly respect the office of the President and of his Secretary; I hope I so respect myself as to be unwilling to do either injustice; but when the one or the other overleaps the bounds of propriety, as well as the law, and undertakes to indicate to me how I shall perform the offices which I was sent here to discharge, I tell him that it is not to him that I am responsible, but to my constituents; and if I decline to be controlled by his instructions, he must pardon me

In conclusion, Mr. Speaker, I desire to say, that, if it is decided by this vote that we cannot express our disapprobation of the Secretary—that, as he insists, all we can do is to impeach, the time may shortly come when such a thing as an impeachment may be heard of in the American Congress.

CHAPTER IX.

1860. Mr. Hatton returns home with his family, from Washington—Supports Bell and Everett for the Presidency—Second Session of the Thirty-sixth Congress—His arrival in Washington—Doubtful Forebodings—Letters to his Wife—Diary to the last night of 1860—His Prediction, as then Recorded—New Year's Day—Adventure in the City—Calls on Mr. Crittenden and Lady, Mr. Douglas and Lady, and Mr. Hill's family—A Member of the Border State Committee—Most ardently desires an honorable adjustment of the difficulty, and the Restoration of Peace to the Country—Solicits Mr. Fillmore to address the South in behalf of the Union—Mr. Fillmore's Letter to Mr. Hatton—His Speech on the "State of the Union"—Ceremony of Opening and Counting Votes for President and Vice-President—The Peace Commissioners in Washington—Arrival of Mr. Lincoln in Washington, unexpected—Letter to Dr. Lindsley, foreshadowing his course—Return Home—Speech at Lebanon—His Course approved by the Union Men—Recommended for Re-election—Southern Feeling growing rapidly—Burnt in Effigy—1861.

MR. HATTON'S family having gone to Washington in May, remained there until the close of the session, when he returned with them to Lebanon. During his stay at home, this Summer, and part of the Fall, was pending the Presidential Election, there being four distinct parties—two national, and two sectional. The two national parties were the Conservative-Democratic party, and the Union party. Of the former, Messrs. Douglas and Johnson, were the nominees for President and Vice-President; of the latter, Messrs. Bell and Everett, were the nominees. The two sectional parties were the Abolition, or Black Republican party, of the North, and the Secession party of the South. Of the former, Messrs. Lincoln and Hamlin were the nominees for President and Vice-President; of the latter, Messrs. Breckenridge and Lane. Mr. Hatton supported the nominees of the Union party—Bell and Everett. The result of the election is well known—is impressed upon the mind, not only of the nation, but of the age. Mr. Hatton returned to Washington, with doubtful forebodings for the future. He writes, as follows, to his wife:—

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
December 2, 1860.

DEAR SOPHIE:—

I got here at 6 o'clock, this morning. Left Nashville Friday morning, at 2 o'clock—fifty-two hours out. Weather rather cold, on route, but I suffered but little, as the cars were comfortable. Snow was four inches deep on the mountain, where we crossed—none on either side. Met with but two members of Congress on the way—one from Missouri, and the other from Illinois. Nearly all the members are here; havn't heard enough to form any opinion, as to what will be done. There will be a meeting of Southern members to-morrow night, to consult; that will indicate a good deal. Northern members are understood to be disposed to be reasonable; have heard but little from them myself, however. Stokes and I are at Brown's; Etheridge is at Willard's. All Tennessee members here, but Wright and Brabson.

I am very well, indeed—my trip improving my health; am a little dull, for want of sleep; am in my old room, No. 139, where you found me when you came on to Washington. The servants all the same, but Mary, who has married the boy you laughed at her about. Saw him this morning; he said she was very anxious to see you; that you were a great favorite of hers. * * * * *

Tell Reilly and Many that pa is in the same room; has his picture—picture of horse and dog and them—hanging in same place. Tell them that I want them to write some in your letters to me—Reilly to write me himself.

My love to mother and father, the children and darkies, and believe me, *as ever*, yours, in haste.

Affectionately,
R. HATTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
December 5, 1860.

DEAR SOPHIE:—

Your letter of the 1st inst., has been received; was affected to tears by your picture of Reilly and Many. Say to them, that I was thinking of them a great deal. Was cold

some on the way, but not much; talked of them a great deal to my friends, as I came along. Bless their little hearts; pa does love them, most dearly; always, too, the more when separated from them. Can it be that separation from those we love, is sometimes productive of good? Certain it is, that with me, it has the effect of warming and intensifying my feelings of devotion. When you spoke of Reilly's notion of his *superior* claim upon my love, I involuntarily said, "God bless the little rascal." Tell him, pa says he is a "blather-skite."

You spoke of feeling sad when the stage drove off; you did not feel more so than I did; I was leaving behind me *all* that was dear to me—looked forward to a separation of months, under circumstances peculiarly gloomy—full of trouble. Got on top of the stage, to get away from those to whom I feared I would be forced to talk. Sat quietly, and thought of home, of the past—future. Never left home *so sad*, so blue. Felt, when I got to Nashville, that I had no heart to do any thing. * * Drinking was the order all the route—is the chief business here now. When coolness and moderation should prevail, men are besotting themselves with mean whisky. But to return to what I was saying: I looked into my trunk on getting here; it was full of articles reminding me of you; I did not shut it, but looked again and again at the various articles, the pin-cushion, the needle-case, etc.

Now that I am here, my worst anticipations are more than realized. Disunion is *inevitable*. What will follow, *God only* knows. Have, to-day, listened to furious speeches from Wigfall, of Texas; Iverson, of Georgia; and Brown, of Mississippi. Go out of the Union, their States are determined to. So, with South Carolina, Louisiana, Florida, and perhaps others. There is not wisdom or patriotism enough in the land to save it. A leading Republican told me to-day, that they could make no concessions, to save the country; if they did, the Democrats would beat them next election. Poor, base creature! My prayer to God, is, "Save us in this our day of trouble."—[here the letter ends—balance wanting.]

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.,
December 7, 1860.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

I received your letter of Sunday evening, last night. Read it, and re-read it, until I can repeat it almost from one end to the other. When you were writing, I was settled down in Washington, in my old room, thinking of home—of those dear to me as life—far away. Does it seem strange to you, that I should be, as you say, “domesticated” in Washington, ’midst a world of careless strangers? It does seem strange to me; have not become used to it, yet. Say to Reilly that pa misses him more, if possible, than he ever did before. Bless his little heart, he is dear to pa. Tell him and Many to study hard, to see which can beat, by the time I get home. I will try to bring them some nice presents when I come. * * * * * I do not, as you can, lie down in “contentment;” we are on the eve of a revolution; it may be a bloodless one, but what is to be the result of it, is beyond human ken to tell. Had I more “goodness,” possibly I could lie down, relying upon Providence—feeling contentment.

Glad to hear that there is a point where great sermons are being preached to listening people—that godliness has not entirely deserted the land. I have not been to a communion table for more than twelve months. Have been present twice in that time, on such occasions; did not feel worthy to commune—hence, did not. Glad to hear you did. Your ideas about the subtile approaches of the Arch-enemy, are certainly correct. I know what you say is true. Judge Green, is, to me, an interesting and instructive man. He promised to write to me; hope he will; he is right about our house, if we can get it finished; times promise, however, to be such, that it will likely be a long while before it is done. Had this break-up in the Government not taken place—but it is foolish to be grieving over it. We will have the old one, and a little more, and in this we will have to be content. * * * Am so completely taken up with the wrangle going on here, as not to have time for my private business. Have not thought of

scarcely, such a thing as company, since I came here. Have not been in the parlor, nor do I expect to be, during the session. Have spoken to Mrs. Fitzpatrick and Mrs. Hardeman, at the breakfast table. This is the extent of my attentions to my lady friends. Mrs. Fitzpatrick told me to send you her love. Said to me, that you were, in her opinion, "a perfect little jewel of a woman." I thanked her for her kind opinion, and told her if she could see more of you, her opinion of you would not be lessened. Her husband is turning fire-eater; so is she. Regret it.

Hope father will not be too much troubled with my business. Dislike to impose it upon him, but can not well avoid it.

Don't trouble yourself too much about business. Do go out visiting; see all your friends, and be cheerful. Be happy, and you will add to my enjoyment, or rather, lessen my trouble. There is no enjoyment *here*. Kiss the children for pa, and tell them to pray for him; he prays for them. Good-bye.

Affectionately yours,

R. HATTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

December 8, 1860.

MY DEAR SOPHIE:—

Thank you for your kind letter of Monday—the third I have received. You are very kind, indeed, in writing to me thus frequently. Will try to repay you. Will certainly write letter for letter, if that constitutes pay. Have never felt a greater anxiety to get word from home, than during my present absence—want to get away and be at home. * *

Read the portion of Scripture referred to in your letter. Have not been keeping up my Diary. Intended doing it, but have been so completely bewildered by the occurrences of the times, that I have neglected it, and my Bible, too, I must confess to a great extent. "Will try to do better." Your efforts to make the children love the Bible, will be blessed. They will bless you, and it will bless them. I do believe, that if you will "train up a child in the way he should go," when he is old, he will not depart from it." Continue to pray, and teach the

children to pray for me. I need your prayers. May God guide me through the dark cloud which now envelops us here at Washington; and may He keep me from harm and sin, until I am returned to the dear ones I love so well.

If you insist on it, I will burn up your letters—some of them. Will save some of them, and the envelopes of all. *Must* I do it—burn up the letters? * * * Love to father and mother, and kisses to the children.

Affectionately yours,
R. HATTON.

We begin to quote again, from the Diary :

December 8, 1860.—Received a letter from my wife to-night, asking if I was keeping up my Diary. She desires me to do it. Her wish is my wish, or better to express the idea, what she wishes, for her sake, I desire to be done.

What shall I write? That the government is upon the eve of disruption. *It is.* The indications to-day, are, that before the 4th day of March, five or six of the Southern States will secede. The probabilities are, that all the other Southern States will follow, and very soon. The folly of mankind has never been greater than is now being exhibited by the politicians of the South, and the North. Disunion is ruin to both sections. Read 6th chapter of Genesis, and went to bed, with prayer for the safety of my dear ones at home.

December 9, 1860.—Bright and pleasant day. Went up to the House of Representatives to hear the Chaplain, Dr. Stockton. His discourse was beautiful—full of rich and novel thought. A lecture on government, rather than a gospel sermon. Some remarks in his introduction gave offense to some of the very sensitive members of the South. The foolery of these men is without parallel. Went to-night to my own church. Heard a stranger preach. Did not learn his name. The text was: "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Good text, but poor sermon. Read.

December 10, 1860.—To-day, a debate took place in the House upon the question of the day—Disunion. No harm done, I

trust; no good, I fear. In the Senate a better spirit was manifested, giving a gleam of hope, that things may be yet adjusted. God deliver us from the perils that beset us. May the God of our fathers be our God, in this the day of our extremity. Wrote to Sophie, and to some ten others. Am wearied extensively. Got letter from Sophie—all well at home, thank God. May He continue to guard my little home, and the dear ones there, and keep them safe from all harm, is my prayer. Read.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
December 10, 1860.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

I wish you could see my unenviable surroundings. Rain "without," and no "children within." No Reilly calling out, as though he thought me deaf, "what does this word spell," etc. After the bustle and excitement of the day, I am alone in my room—the hotel quiet—every body, almost, in bed. Have been thinking of home. Got out your letter, received this morning, from which the above quotations are taken, and read it over again. The part about Reilly, two or three times. Folded it up, put my feet up over the grate, and looked in upon you and the children. Saw all, as plainly as if I'd been in your midst—longed to be there. Pressed my eye-balls 'till they pained me; looked up from my reverie, turned to my table to talk to you. Bless you all. May God guard you; keep you safe from all harm; preserve you in health and happiness, until we meet again.

Was at church twice yesterday—once at the Capitol, and once at my own church. Read my Bible, and began writing in my Diary. Effect of your letter received on Saturday. Congregation, at our Church, greatly increased since last Winter—decidedly more fashionable. Accession from the Northern Methodist Church here, during the Summer. Went by myself, and came away alone, speaking to no one there, and feeling quite lonely. Saw a boy who reminded me of Reilly. Spent much of the time looking at him, and thinking of home. Sermon was dull in extreme—so at least it seemed to me.

Glad to hear of your revival at Lebanon. God knows the world needs "bettering."

Got a letter from President Anderson, to-day, in which he speaks of the revival; mentions Mrs. Howard's conversion. She has been inquired for by several of those who saw her when here. Is spoken of as handsome and superior in manners. She is—in *my* opinion. Have had nothing to do with society here. Was pressed to go into the parlors to-night, to see some Louisville ladies. Thought it foolish—declined, feigning an excuse to their friend. Am under no obligation to entertain people here. Mrs. McQueen is here. Bowed to her a few days ago in dining room. Did not go to speak with her. Quite a number of wives of members here. Dress in most showy and extravagant style—more so than last session. Was invited, to-day, to call on two of them. Said, "will be glad to call, thank you." Good manners? All I'll do. * * * *

Am besieged with business letters to an unprecedented extent, and with letters asking about what is going on here politically. Each one expects an answer—will be offended if it is not written. Have written, to-day, ten letters, averaging three pages. My fingers themselves get wearied.

Love to father and mother, and *many* kisses to the children, with assurances that it *will* be "agreeable" for you to continue the use of the "new broom," of which you speak. Your letters are my greatest comfort here. In great haste.

I am, yours, affectionately,

R. HATTON.

December 11, 1860.—Was astonished at the reception, to-day, of a dispatch from Tennessee, enquiring if I had been engaged in a difficulty here, and if so, the result. Have not had even an unpleasant word since I got here, much less any difficulty. Heard Iverson in the Senate to-day. Made a most foolish and ridiculous speech. Played the part of a mere brawler, and bully. Douglas and Pugh replied to him most successfully. Wrote to Sophie in the morning, and again in the evening, after hearing of the dispatch. Read.

December 12, 1860.—Nothing of importance transpired to-day, except that there was an exciting and most intemperate

speech made in the Senate, by Wigfall, of Texas. A madman. Such men are a *curse* to a country. Read.

Here follows a letter to his son :

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
December 12, 1860.

MY DEAR SON:—

I got your sweet little letter, last night, and you do not know, Reilly, how glad pa was to get it. You asked me not to show your writing to anybody; but I was so proud to get a letter from my dear boy, that I could not help showing it to some of my friends. Bless your dear little heart, it was very well done—very well. Not many boys of your age, who can beat it. If you will continue to practice, you will soon learn to write finely. * * * * *

When I read about your praying for pa, before going to bed, I could hardly keep from crying. Then, I was glad to hear that you were committing to memory verses from the Testament. That is right. See how many you can get, by the time I get home.

I wish I could see you, as you are going to the Post-office, with your satchel, for papers and letters. Do you stop much on the way? Don't have anything to do with the bad boys on the way, who say bad words, and fight and quarrel. So soon as you get the mail, run right home to ma. When your tooth gets loose enough, get grandpa to pull it out for you. If you let it stay in too long, it may make the new one crooked. Take good care of old Mule. She ought not to have run away; still, she is a good cow, and has given me and you many a rich glass of milk. How does your young Muscovy duck come on? It looked badly, you know, when I left home. Who puts on your boots for you, since I left? Do you recollect how red it made my fingers to pull them on? How do you like the picture (of the House of Representatives—interior) on the first page? It is a picture of the house where I go every day. Want to know where I sit? [Indicates, by a mark in the picture.] Do you see that little boy, in the picture, just in front of my seat? He

is one of the pages. He runs about the Hall, waiting on the members of the House. He is dressed in uniform—blue cloth clothes—bright brass buttons on them. He makes two dollars every day. A good deal for a little boy, is it not? The man sitting up on the stand—looks like a pulpit, don't it?—is the Speaker. Those men right in front of him are the clerks, and the four men writing, still in front of them, are the men who write down on paper, what the members say when they are speaking. See that *little bit of a fellow*, sitting down on the steps by them? He is another page. He isn't much larger than you are.

Are you tired? Pa could talk to you a great deal longer—loves to talk to his boy, but don't want to make him tired. Kiss your ma and little sisters for me; be good. Remember *never* to tell a *story*, about *anything*, to *anybody*; mind your ma and grandparents; don't forget me; and when I come home, I will bring Reilly and his sisters something nice.

Affectionately,

ROBERT HATTON.

December 13, 1860.—A large number of resolutions were introduced in the House, to-day, upon the subject of the present distracted state of the country. All referred to the Committee of Thirty-Three. Johnson, of Tennessee, submitted resolutions in the Senate. Read.

December 14, 1860.—No meeting of the House to-day. Went to the Departments, on business—Post-office and Interior. Spent most of the day in franking books and writing letters. Am tired—going to bed worn out. Read.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

December 14, 1860.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

We are still in the midst of great confusion and great excitement. No one seems to have any definite idea of what is daily transpiring at the Capitol, here. *Disunion*, and disgrace to us as a nation, *I* am quite confident, will be the result. Can see *no possible* chance to avoid disunion. That, I am quite cer-

tain, will be followed by war—bloody and most cruel war. *God* may avert it; *man* will not.

But enough of this. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." * * * * *

It is very cold here, now, but clear. Mr. Cass' resignation is producing a great deal of talk. My love to all at home.

Your affectionate husband,

R. HATTON.

December 15, 1860.—Found the housetops covered with snow, on getting up this morning; has continued to snow all day, covering the ground, I learn, some six inches deep. Sleigh-bells were ringing merrily, this evening. Wrote to Balie Peyton, a long letter, on condition of public affairs. Wrote, also, some business letters. Franked some two hundred books to my District; read the papers, and am now ready for bed. Will read some in my Bible, and retire. Read.

December 16, 1860.—Went, to-day, with several members of Congress, to the residence of Senator Douglas, where we met Senator Crittenden, of Kentucky. The object of the meeting was, to consult upon existing troubles, and, if possible, devise means of settlement. Spent some three or four hours in the Library—a cozy little room, large enough for our number—six—to occupy pleasantly. Left, impressed with the idea that Crittenden and Douglas were both good and great men. Mr. Crittenden will present, in the Senate, a plan of adjustment. Do not feel that the Sabbath could have been better kept—for the country—its salvation.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

December 16, 1860.

MY DEAR SOPHIE:—

Your letter, of the 11th inst., was received this morning.

* * * * *

To-day is the Sabbath. Did not go to church. Did what I believe my duty. Spent good part of the day with Mr. Crittenden and three members of our House, with Mr. Douglas,

deliberating upon the state of the country, and advising as to the course best to be pursued, in order, if possible, to save it. Crittenden and Douglas are now the only men who can command the attention of the nation, and do anything materially to check the folly and madness that is driving us "headlong down the hill, into the sea." They will do *all they can do*—are patriotic and bold—willing to hazard their all, upon a struggle for the salvation of their country. Though I may, and *do*, forget or neglect to pray, oftentimes for myself, I do pray, and earnestly pray, for my distracted and unhappy country. To rescue it from the perils that now beset it—as much as I love life, and family, and friends—I could, this evening, quietly lay down my life—would feel that "'tis *sweet* to die for one's country." Its rich and manifold blessings, I have enjoyed for a season. I want my children to enjoy them, after me.

Am going to church, to-night; and as it is now time to be there, I stop, with my love to the children, and father and mother, and, last and most, to yourself.

Affectionately,

ROBERT HATTON.

December 17, 1860.—To-day, Wade, of Ohio, made a violent speech in the Senate—calculated to do great harm, and render the prospect of any adjustment, remote. In the House, I refused to vote for or against resolutions of Morris, of Illinois, about the Union, etc.—believing them to be ill-timed, at this juncture—improper to be introduced. The result of the day's work affords no additional hope for the Union. Fear it is gone! House spent to-night in meeting of gentlemen—lasting to 2:30 o'clock, A. M. (Tuesday morning.) Am going to bed at 3 o'clock, A. M., *tired*, but not to sleep!

December 18, 1860.—Wrote to Sophie and father, to-day, in answer to letters from them. Andrew Johnson spoke to-day, in Senate—made a Union speech—decided. Was much pleased with what I heard of it. Everything still dark as night.

December 19, 1860.—Johnson's speech, of yesterday, is bitterly spoken of to-day, by the Secessionists. Pugh, of Ohio, replied

to it to-day, greatly pleasing the fire-eaters. Committee of Thirty-Three have done nothing yet; do not think they will do any thing.

December 20, 1860.—Bill for the construction of Railroad to the Pacific, passed the House to day, by a majority of 27. I voted against the bill, believing that it is a swindle. I did not record my vote, but was paired off with Mr. Alley, of Mass., who was for the bill.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
December 20, 1860.

DEAR SOPHIE:—

Got your "note," as you call it, of the 15th, last night.

* * * * *

I enclose to you, a letter received, this morning from ex-President Fillmore. I wrote to him a short note, at the request of one of his Buffalo friends, hoping to bring him out on the crisis. It is worth keeping—as a letter from one of the best of living statesmen.

Quit to go to the Senate. Love to all.

Affectionately,
R. HATTON.

As the letter of Mr. Fillmore, above referred to, is characteristic of the man—a good letter, indeed, we copy it, as follows:

BUFFALO, *December 18, 1860.*

HON. ROBERT HATTON:—

Sir:—I have your letter of the 13th, and have reflected seriously, on your suggestion, that I should address a letter to my Southern friends, against Secession, and in favor of the Union; and have come to the conclusion that it could do no good. If arguments could avail, they have been presented in a much more forcible manner than I could hope to present them. I could say nothing but what has been said before. If my mere opinion be worth any thing, that they have, in my action, in the discharge of the highest official duties.

In 1850, I approved and executed the Fugitive Slave Law, because I thought the Constitution required it, and, that it was necessary to restore peace to the country. I am happy to say,

that it had that effect. The consequence, however, was, that I was sacrificed at the North, and not sustained by the South. But for this, I have no regrets. I find my reward in the consciousness that I did my duty, and at the close of my Administration, left the country in peace and prosperity.

In 1856, I saw the gathering storm, and did what I could to allay it. Without the least prospect of benefit to myself, I stood between the contending factions, North and South, and received the poisoned shafts of both: but, I believe, very few thanked me for that. Nevertheless, it was an evidence of my devotion to the Union, more decided and convincing than anything I could now say.

While, therefore, I decline to write anything for publication, I must say, that I look with horror upon the approaching conflict. It will be terrible for us at the North, but more terrible for you in the South. Ours will be a civil war; but the horrors of a servile war will probably be added to our brethren in the South; and the last hope of human freedom will perish with our institutions. May God avert this terrible calamity. I write in haste, but am,

Truly yours,

MILLARD FILLMORE.

December 21, 1860.—No session of the House to-day. The Senate took up its session in considering a railroad bill. Committee of Thirty-Three adjourned until Thursday next. Senate Committee of Thirteen had a meeting, but did nothing. Don't believe they will do anything to quiet the country.

We give the following, for the benefit of members of Congress—may be, it will be a warning to some bores:

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

December 21, 1860.

DEAR SOPHIE:—

Am very well this morning. Had a good sleep last night, retiring at 12 o'clock. Am tired to (nearly?) death writing letters. Every fool (?) in my District, and many out of it, is writing long and boring letters to me, and requesting lengthy reply upon condition of the country. A letter from

friend—a man of sense—I am always delighted to get, but many that I get, are not from either. Hence my impatience.

* * * Love to all.

Affectionately,

R. HATTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

December 21, 1860.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

Got your letter of Tuesday, this evening—only three days on the route. Have never gotten one in so short a time before. It finds me well, as you say it left you and the children.

Am provoked exceedingly, at the circulation of the story, that I “had been killed,” etc. Well, I hope no one was glad to hear it. People pretend often to grieve, you know, when they really rejoice. I have some—many—friends, who were really troubled at hearing it. To my real friends, I am *devoted*—towards the pretended, or Sunday friends, I feel entire indifference. “The women” of town, are at least, indebted to me for — something to talk about.

I received a long letter from old Judge Green, to-night, full of practical good sense. Feel much obliged to him for it, and will reply to him, so soon as I can get time.

The excitement here is unprecedented—wild. My hopes of saving the Government are nearly, if not quite, gone. The news received to-night from Mississippi, of the election there, on yesterday, *rejoices* the disunionists, and sends *pangs* to my heart. I have just come up stairs, passing the area on the second floor, surrounded by sofas. It was filled with excited men—members from S. C., Ala., Miss., Ga., etc., laughing and rejoicing, joking and congratulating each other upon “the glorious news from Mississippi.” The secession of all the Southern States, they now regard as certain. Their laughs, in my ear, sound like music from the infernal regions.

Soon, oh! how soon, are good men to shed the last tear, perform the last rites, over a once glorious, but now departed free Constitution!

Well, the Northern intermeddler, the miserable, hypocritical nigger-worshiper, who refuses to grant to the South, the protection to her peculiar institutions, now demanded; and the fool, hot-headed fire-eater—these men will have a responsibility for war—bloody, murderous war, which will not be upon my head. It can never be said of me, that I did it, or *aided* in doing it; my hands are clean. God grant that there may be no blood on any man's hands. *I believe there will be*—and soon. Civil war is inevitable, if the North does not, at once, step forward and propose to settle the matter by granting liberal concessions to the South. Nothing less will appease the inflamed Southern mind, and prevent revolution, with all the horrors of civil war. I do not, to-night entertain a hope, that they will do it. They are stubborn, stupid, blind. With the impudence characteristic of the Northern men, they will still stick their noses in your face, and propose to show you that slavery is a great wrong, and that they cannot agree to tolerate it. They believe, too, or affect to believe, that it is all stuff, that there is no danger of disunion, when the poor stupid donkeys are standing in the very midst of disunion; actual, positive, *present* disunion. They will wake up when it is too late.

You need not speak of my despair out of the family. It can do no good. Prepare your mind for the worst. Husband all your little means! Our children may want bread, before we emerge from the terrible scenes that await us. Oh, that our house had not been commenced, and that the money in it was in my pocket. My love to father and mother, and the children.

Affectionately yours,

R. HATTON.

December 22, 1860.—Have spent to-day—most of it—in writing and reading papers. Excitement in the city is intense, the Secessionists being delighted by the news from Mississippi elections, which favor the immediate secession of that State. Wrote to Sophie, and to a number of persons on business, at home.

December 23, 1860.—Went to the S. Methodist Church, this

morning and heard Mr. Proctor. His sermon was dull, very, not by any means edifying. Came home to meet a number of Tennesseans with whom I spent good part of the remainder of the day. Intended going to church to-night, but permitted myself to be detained in my room by company, until it was too late. Wrote a long letter to Sophie, and one to Judge Green. Read some 10 or 12 chapters of 1st Kings, and went to bed.

December 24, 1860.—Friends of the Union, are “down in the mouth” to-night. Occurrences of Saturday and to-day, have done much to drive off all hope of the adjustment of difficulties. Mr. Nicholson, made a short speech, taking grounds against coercion, of South Carolina. Wrote to Sophie to-night.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

December 24, 1860.

DEAR WIFE:—

It is just 12 o'clock, midnight—Christmas Eve. Christmas gift! to all of you. I got my slippers this morning. They are very nice, and fit me exactly. Have had them on ever since I came from the House to-day. Showed them to Thompson, Wright and Avery. All said they were very nice. Will take Balie's to him when I go down to Annapolis. Thank you, my darling, for both slippers and Watch-holder. * * I got your letter speaking about the slippers—have read it over twice—will read it over again before retiring.

Hope you went to Miss Annie's wedding. Did you? You spoke of going, in the note received this morning. Remember me kindly to her, if she is not gone before you get this. Ben-Dick is one of my best friends. It was kind in him to give you so special an invitation. When you see him, give him my kindest regards, and tell him I would be glad to hear from him.

Was sorry to hear of Ben. Decherd's illness. Remember me to him, and tell him I regretted not seeing him before I left. He was once my most intimate friend in College, rooming just by me. I felt a little mean at coming off without seeing him. Express to him my regrets.

The excitement in the city to-day, is very great—defalcations,

robberies, secession, coercion, force, war, blood, Southern Confederacies, &c., &c. The gloomiest Christmas Eve, of my life—ininitely so. May the next not be worse, darker, sadder—in a ruined, desolated country. Good men are more desponding to-day, than they have yet been. Scarcely a vestige of hope. Had a long conversation to-day with Judge McLean, of the U. S. Supreme Court. He said he saw nothing to hope for—all seemed lost. He is a good and wise man.

Tell the children that pa wishes he could get to see their stockings in the morning. Hope old Kris Kringle, [Santa Claus,] will fill them well. God bless them and all of you, and keep you from all harm, is my prayer.

Affectionately,

R. HATTON.

December 25, Christmas, 1860.—No session of the House to-day; have spent it in my room, reading and writing. The weather is very inclement, the ground being covered with snow and sleet. The report of resistance of an attempt to ship cannon from Pittsburgh, by the citizens of that place, produces great excitement here. The mob are represented as determined, and the probabilities are, the President will revoke the order of shipment. The people of Pittsburgh believe the arms are being shipped South, in order that they may fall into the hands of Southern men. Read three chapters in the Bible, and went to bed.

December 26, 1860.—Went to the Treasury to-day, and got balance of pay due me; sent check to father, for \$1200, directing the disposition of proceeds; paid my board up to date, the charges being the same as they were last session. Received a number of letters from my District, all expressing great anxiety in reference to the condition of public affairs; all anxious that the Union may be saved, and the calamities of civil war averted. Signed a paper addressed to the Border Slave States, recommending that a conference of delegates of said States, be held in February. I signed it, hoping that it might result in doing something to secure delay, and save the Union. God grant it may.

December 27, 1860.—House met to-day; nothing of importance done; the excitement, in regard to affairs at Fort Moultrie, high; Major Anderson severely censured by the fire-eaters, for leaving Fort Moultrie, and going to, and taking possession of, Fort Sumter. I think he did what any prudent, discreet man would have done, under the circumstances. He can not be driven from his present position by the whole of South Carolina. The Commissioners—Orr, Barnwell, and Adams—from South Carolina, are here, to treat with our Government!

December 28, 1860.—Went to-day, to Annapolis, to visit my nephew, Balie Peyton; found him well, and quite satisfied; got there at 10 o'clock, A. M., and left at 3 o'clock, P. M. Great excitement in town, in reference to troubles in the Cabinet. Thought that Floyd will resign.

December 29, 1860.—Spent most of the day in my room, writing and reading. Wrote a long letter to Sophie. Got one from her to-night, stating that all were well at home. I thank God for it, and pray that he will continue his goodness to them.

December 30, 1860.—This has been an exceedingly unpleasant day, out-doors; raining when I got up, and is still raining—not stopping during the day. Have not been out of my hotel, during the day. Got a letter from Golladay, in reference to the Harsh case; we gained it. Good!

December 31, 1860.—House met to-day, but transacted no business of importance. In the Senate, Mr. Benjamin made a strong speech in support of the right and policy of Secession, concluding with a defiant address to the North. A bad tempered speech, intended to inflame the Southern mind. Mr. B. is a foreigner by birth; should he not be modest, as such, and not be so ready to counsel the destruction of the Government? Wrote a long letter to Sophie, and a number on business to my constituents. *I bid good-bye to the old year, with gloomy forebodings as to the future! As a Nation, we are gone!*

Thus closes his Diary, on the last night of 1860; he continued it no longer. From this on, through the session, we will rely on his letters to his wife, which will generally speak of all important occurrences, as connected with the Government at Washington.

Here follows the last letter, of 1860, to Mrs. Hatton:

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.,
December 31, 1860.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

Got your letter containing account of Kriss Kringle's visit to the children and darkies, and your visit to Col. S's. Was much interested with the accounts; gratified to see that all pleasure and gayety has not fled the land. God grant that for years to come, such may be the case in our usually quiet and happy little town. *Here*, all is gloom, so far as I can see or hear. The daily talk—on the street, in the hotels, and in the rooms of the few members I visit; every where I go, is of revolution, war, the camp, fife and drum, insurrections, extermination of our servile population, etc. Most of it is *gas-talk!* mere talk, without thought. All thought of any thing like a party, here, is absolutely abandoned. The "Hop," at Brown's, Christmas night, I learn, was like a dance at a funeral; so, be merry while you can. Want to hear of you and others, enjoying yourselves, if it is denied to the Washingtonians, just now.

* * * * *

Great excitement has just been produced, by the announcement in the House, that General Scott has been made Secretary of War. If it is so, it will be taken as an indication on the part of the President, to put South Carolina through. Thomas and Thompson, two more of the Cabinet, are just this moment reported as having quit the Cabinet. It really looks as if the Government was done for! Am satisfied that it is folly longer to hope for peace. Madmen—drunken madmen—have control of the popular mind; are carrying it like the whirlwind to ruin. I will not be responsible for it; have done *all* in my power, to stay the storm. Kiss and hug the children for me, and give my love to father and mother.

Yours truly,
R. HATTON.

The following is the first letter, of 1861, to his wife; a New Year's greeting to his family. Rather hard for a member of Congress to be without money, two weeks, especially in Washington, during Christmas week:

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
January 1, 1861.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

Another year is begun. The sky is dark, politically—dark as midnight. The day is bright, cheerful; may it be typical of the future. Fear it is not.

Got up later than usual, this morning; having sat up late last night, franking documents. Ate breakfast, came to my room, and went to work, franking again. At 12 o'clock, was called on by Etheridge, who stayed an hour; wrote, then, an hour-and-a-half, when Mr. Maynard called, and insisted on my calling on Mr. Crittenden, with him. As there was no session of the House, I had not anticipated going out of my hotel; but as I had never called on Mr. Crittenden, I agreed to go; so got up, put on a clean collar, washed my face, and started out. Did not find Mr. C. at home; found Mrs. Crittenden, who was very polite and agreeable. Went from there, to see Mr. Nelson; he proposed going to see Douglas and wife; I agreed; went—found a large crowd there; met Mrs. Douglas, who is a beautiful and well behaved woman; had considerable talk with her; stayed half-an-hour, and retired; came by Mr. Hill's, of Ga.; stopped a few minutes; found them drinking and eating here, as at all the other places; was pressed to drink at each of the places, and great astonishment expressed at my refusal; I am determined *never to touch* a drop in Washington; have *no* trouble in resisting importunities; from Hill's, I came to my room; have just returned from dinner, and sit down to write you.

Hope, Sophie, that you all have had a more cheerful day in Lebanon, than we have had here. The company I met, seemed all constrained and awkward—nothing approaching to pleasantry or gayety. The absorbing topic of conversation, was, the *crisis*. What is to be done? How long before the war will

begin, etc., etc. Mrs. Hill asked very kindly for you; she seems to be a pleasant little woman, full of talk. Is ugly enough to justify any amount of gab; ugly people, you know, have a right to talk their faces *out of sight*, if they can. So much for my new year's adventure. Did very well, except, that it cost me one dollar hack hire—all I have spent in that way, since I have been here, excepting one half dollar; have consented to foot it—most of the time have been compelled to do it; did not have the money; went two weeks without money to buy an evening paper! Hard road to hoe, this! I write on foolscap; have had no other sort in my room, for a week. Have *you* nothing but scraps and half sheets?

Wishing all hands at home a happy New Year, and asking God for his guidance and guardianship in coming days, I am, with love and kisses to the children,

Yours truly,
R. HATTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
January 3, 1861.

MY DEAR SOPHIE:—

Have received no letter from home, for four days; hope no one there is sick. * * * All gloom here still. The Committee of the Border States, fourteen in number, in which I represent Tennessee, met this morning. A very conservative spirit was manifested; and hopes were expressed, that we might, possibly, agree to some plan of adjustment, to be reported to the House. Mr. Crittenden is the Chairman of the Committee; he is a noble old patriot—kind-hearted, conservative, wise.

The Northern men, on the Committee, seem disposed to compromise. The fiery men say it is no use; nothing we can do, will save the country. * * * *

News has just been received, that firing on Fort Sumter has begun. I doubt it. Too much excitement to write now. So, love to all.

Affectionately,
R. HATTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
January 4, 1861.

MY DEAR SOPHIE:—

Still no letter from you since the one dated the 26th of December. * * * * *

This is Fast-day. No session of the House or Senate; business houses all closed; I did not go out to meeting; had some other matters to attend to; went to see Mr. Crittenden early, to-day; met his wife; was introduced, by her, to Mrs. Bass, a widow, formerly of Sumner County, but now of Mississippi. She is an exceedingly showy woman; is here spending the session in Washington, with her two daughters, one son, and two brothers; quite a family of them. She and Mrs. Crittenden, and Mrs. Douglas, are the only ladies to whom I have been introduced, during the session. Presume, without an accident, they will be the last. Mrs. C. inquired very specially for you, seeming to remember you very well, and to think exceedingly kindly of you, for which, I thanked her. What a pity that so superior a woman as she certainly is, should spoil it by the tawdry dress and ornament of a girl—an ambitious girl, without taste. Enough of her! * * * * *

Affectionately,
R. HATTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
January 8, 1861.

MY DEAR SOPHIE:—

We are not in session to-day—8th of January! Cannon are booming on the hills around the city, celebrating General Jackson's victory at New Orleans. The probabilities are, that cannon are *now* booming off Charleston, in a conflict between citizens of a common country—brother shedding blood of brother. It is thought the ship carrying arms and munitions of war to Major Anderson, at Fort Sumter, will certainly be attacked as it passes Fort Moultrie; if so, Anderson will certainly fire on Fort Moultrie, and terrible results will follow. My hope of compromise and settlement is almost *clean* gone. Believe in a few weeks, we will be in the midst of a

bloody civil war; I can see no chance to avoid it, now. The North are becoming more and more stubborn—more and more impudent and offensive. This being so, all chance of adjustment seems at an end. * * * * *

Affectionately,

R. HATTON.

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.,

January 11, 1861.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

* * * No new developments here, for last few days. Seward will speak on to-morrow. This speech will indicate what we are to expect of the Republicans. I hope it may be on the side of adjustment and speedy settlement. *Think it will.* He can greatly aid, *if he will*, the cause of the Union.

* * * My love to all.

Affectionately,

R. HATTON.

We introduce here, another letter, addressed by Mr. Hatton to his tried and special friend, Dr. N. Lawrence Lindsley, in answer to one received by him but a short time previous, of which he says, in a letter to his wife: "Got a letter from Prof. Lindsley, yesterday. *Full of politics—fiery, too!* Will answer him—when I get time." The following is the answer:

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

January 13, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR:—

Your letter of the 3d inst., "Memoir of Prof. Lindsley,"* and extract from Oration delivered by him in 1832, have all been received. I thank you for them. Your letter, the extract, and most of the "Memoir," have been read, with pleasure. The extract is full of beauty and wisdom.

The sentiments of your letter are, in the main, my own. Demagogues have taken possession of the Government—North and South—and are leading the people to a common ruin. Rea-

* Late President of the University of Nashville, whose complete "Life and Works" have just been issued, in three elegant octavo volumes, from the press of J. B. Lipincott & Co., Philadelphia.

son and patriotism are overrun by passion and selfishness. Extreme men, in both sections, are doing all within their power, to prevent any adjustment of our difficulties. Their efforts, I fear, will be but too successful. Good men—of the free and slave States—are working, day and night, to bring about a fair and honorable settlement. The obstructions in their way are numerous and formidable. Their hearts are, however, strong. God help them! Their battle, they feel, is fought in “Heaven’s approving sight.” To them, “the smile of God is victory.”

My dear friend, if the Union we cannot preserve, the *dream* of the Revolution is over, and the melancholy fact (?) will have to be announced to the world, that a truly free government is *too good* for mankind. To preserve it, with its blessings, to my children, and your children—the children of the generous men who sent me here—I feel that I could, this night, *cheerfully* lay down my life. If it cannot be preserved—if the North will not yield to us what are our rights—will not guarantee to us those rights—destroy the Union, by the destruction of what it was intended to secure and establish—*then*, we will have no alternative but to look to ourselves—rely upon our own strength for security. May that hour not come.

Remember me kindly to my friend, Mrs. Lindsley.

Your friend,

ROBERT HATTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

January 14, 1860.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

This morning’s mail brought me Reilly’s letter. Bless his little heart, I wish he was able to write to me, himself.

* * * * *

It is very cold here. Ground covered with ice and snow. Everything looks exceedingly gloomy. I am heartily *sick* of this city. Am, as the women say, “dying” to get away from it. Never was I *half* so sick of a place. The Alabama, Mississippi, South Carolina, Florida, and most of the Georgia, members, have left our hotel—gone home. This makes our house comparatively quiet—a great relief to me. I had become thoroughly

disgusted with their foolery—sick of hearing them blow and gas. Speaking—regular buncombe speaking—began in the House, to-day. It will continue for some days. I have no idea of engaging in it. It is simply intended to afford members an opportunity to speak to their constituents. It is not expected to do any public good. God save the land from demagogues. Love to all.

Affectionately,

R. HATTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

January 15, 1861.

DEAR SOPHIE:—

I am exceedingly blue. All my letters from Tennessee indicate that the feeling for secession is growing, daily and rapidly. I fear it will sweep the State. What madness and folly! Unequaled in the history of mankind! Well, it was not I that did it, or aided to do it. My voice has been raised, continually, against it. That it has not been heeded, is no fault of mine. So, if dismemberment—war and ruin—come upon my constituents, they shall not have it to say, that their sentinel was unfaithful. I have warned them of approaching danger. What pains me, is, that the good and the unoffending will have to suffer, indiscriminately, with the wicked and the guilty.

My Nashville papers come so irregularly, that I have seen but little of the doings of the Legislature. Stokes, I see, made a strong appeal, in the name of the people, for the Union. *He is a great man*—an eloquent advocate, and a patriot. God help him, in his manly efforts to save his country from disaster and shame.

To-night, commence the President's series of levees. Shall not attend any of them. Have never gone to but one. That satisfied me, fully.

I mailed a letter to you, this morning. So, I cut this short. Kiss the children for me. My love to father and mother.

Affectionately,

R. HATTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
January 21, 1861.

DEAR SOPHIE:—

No word from home yet. * * * Ten days have passed, and no letter.

Corwin and Wilson, spoke to-day, in the House. Both made conservative Union speeches. Fear they will do *no good*—*fear* our country is beyond all hope. God knows I've done *all* in my power to avert the storm that threatens to destroy us.

After dinner, to-day, I walked—have just got in from my walk—up to Willard's, and back. Met thousands of gay and showy men and women—all gadding to be seen! Oh, the folly and foolery of this world! Wonder when I shall get another letter.

Affectionately,
R. HATTON.

WASHINGTON D. C.,
January 24, 1860.

DEAR WIFE:—

Have just come up from dinner; couldn't eat—did not feel like it, though quite well. I am sick and tired of the city, my life in a hotel—every thing here. Do you want to know just how I feel? If you ever saw a child away from home, who was crying to get back, saying, "I want to go home," you can form, from that, some idea.

I enclose you our bill of fare of to-day, on which, for Reilly's benefit, I mark what I eat for my dinner, thus—"soup, fish, and apple pie." Ask him if he would not like a little of all on the bill? I eat my breakfast at our old hour; and dinner—when I can get it—usually at 4½ o'clock. Rarely eat any supper, at all. * * * * *

Wrote *twenty* letters yesterday—eleven to-day. So don't any of you expect too much of me.

Affectionately,
R. HATTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
January 30, 1861.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

Am worn out writing. Am franking and directing documents, speeches, etc., to Tennessee, hoping to influence our election for members of the Convention. Have only time to say, I am well—very well. The prospect of an adjournment, is, I think, brightening. God help the few who are still on “the side of our country.” * * * * *

Since writing the last line, Mr. Adams, of Mass., has made an admirable speech. Will do great good. House is adjourning. Love to all.

Affectionately,
 R. HATTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
January 31, 1860.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

Your letter and Reilly's, were both received on yesterday. * * * Have been in the parlor, at Brown's at last. Went in a few days since to be presented to ex-President Tyler. No lady was present, however. * *

Will try to take your advice in reference to quiet life—letting things drift, without too much troubling myself about them.

My love to father and mother, and the children.

Affectionately,
 R. HATTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
February 1, 1861.

DEAR WIFE:—

I received two letters from you last night; one a good long one. Thank you. Your account of the movement in politics interests me greatly. Pained to hear of any of my old friends going off from the Union army, but I cannot help it. I shall be true to myself and my country. Let others do as they may. God and right, are with me. Results must take care of themselves. I wrote to Gov. Campbell, yesterday. He

is making a gallant stand. Worthy of the royal blood whence he sprang. There may be another King's Mountain, in our history. Miss Mary is a "noble woman." Give her my love, and tell her to continue to talk for the Union. * *

Thank God, the women have showed their spirit by returning that vile incendiary sheet, the *Christian Advocate*, to the office. Love to all.

Affectionately,

R. HATTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

February 5, 1861.

DEAR WIFE:—

The news received this morning, from the Virginia election, is cheering to the friends of the Union. I trust it may continue to be in favor of our friends. If so, it will decide the contest in Tennessee, against secession. So may it be. * *

There is a great gathering of great men here now—Commissioners to the "Convention upon the Crisis." Ex-President Tyler is stopping at my hotel. His young wife, formerly Miss Gardner, a New York belle, sat opposite to me at table this morning. She is about twenty-eight years old. He is over seventy. She has a bright boy with her. Was elaborately dressed, and seemed well contented with herself, and her position in the world.

If I can get the floor, to-morrow, I will have something to say upon matters pending here. One object I have in view, is, to define my position. The higher one is, if possible, to do some good to the country.

Our Tennessee Commissioners have not arrived here yet—are expected to-day. Hope Judge Caruthers will be here. * *

Taylor, of Louisiana, is now making his valedictory to the House. I must hear him.

Affectionately,

R. HATTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
February 8, 1861.

DEAR WIFE:—

I made my speech to-day. Did my best, and my friends say I did very well. Do not think myself, that I did much; so struck me. You will see it, and form your opinion. One thing is certain, I spoke my honestly entertained opinions, leaving consequences to follow and take care of themselves. I believe it will not be well received at home. It is too strongly for the Union, to suit just now.

I have more hope of some adjustment, than I have had during the session, but still, doubt hangs like a dark pall over us. Kellog, of Illinois, is making a good compromise speech now. He is a leading Republican in the House, and if we could get enough of them to take his ground, all would soon be settled. Love to all.

Affectionately,
R. HATTON.

The following is the speech referred to in the preceding letter. Let the reader, read and judge for himself:

SPEECH OF THE HON. ROBERT HATTON,
OF TENNESSEE.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, FEBRUARY 8, 1861,

ON THE STATE OF THE UNION.

The House having under consideration the report from the Select Committee of Thirty-Three—

MR. HATTON said: *Mr. Speaker*: The honorable gentleman from New York, [Mr. Sedgwick,] who addressed the House last upon yesterday, prefaced his speech with the remark—which has constituted the opening of almost every other speech during this session—that “we are in the midst of revolution.”

Six States, Mr. Speaker—among them two of the original thirteen—have, within the last forty days, violently torn themselves loose from the Federal Government, and proclaimed themselves separate and independent States. Others are preparing to follow their example. Our country, until recently so peaceful and quiet, is being rapidly changed into a great camp of armed men. War, civil war, with all its train of attendant furies, is *imminent*.

Can nothing be done to stay this revolution? If not, it will sweep us all to a common ruin. Can nothing be done to save the Government from utter destruction? I address this question especially to the Republican party. Your leader upon this floor, [Mr. Sherman,] in this debate remarked, a few days since, that if it was not done, and "this Republic fell, liberty would die." Cannot the curse of civil war be averted? If not, as that distinguished gentleman on the same occasion, said, "the condition of our country North, South, East and West, will be worse than that of Mexico;" our fair land scourged and blighted as by the hand of an angry God, will be divided into fragments, in which "military despotisms will be substituted for the will of the people."

Mr. Speaker, that gentleman earnestly appealed to members from the border slave States to arrest this storm, and give "time for peace and conciliation." Sir, I appeal to him, and to his party upon this floor, for the means by which its arrest may be made possible. You have the power. It is in your hands. Shall we have it; or will you refuse it? The struggle between those who would hastily dissolve the Government and those who would preserve it, is going on before you. Six engagements between these forces, the first in South Carolina, and the last in Louisiana, have been fought. In every instance, our friends have been borne down. Are you indifferent as to the result of those still in progress? If you are not, I ask you to place in our hands, the weapons of conciliation and concession, with which we may cleave the armor of our adversaries. Then, ours will be the certain and peaceful triumph—the triumph of the Union and the law. Give us that which will enable us certainly to assure the people of our State of your purpose to deal fairly and justly with them. Then, you may reasonably appeal to us to stay the storm. Do that, and we will, with alacrity, buoyant with hope and confident of victory, spring to the contest. Then, you may expect, not only that further efforts at a secession will be stopped, but that even those States which have so abruptly withdrawn from us may return to the sisterhood of States.

But, Mr. Speaker, I am met here, by Republicans, with the oft-repeated question: "What do you want us to do?" I answer you, gentlemen of the North, we demand nothing that it is unfair to ask—that would be dishonorable in you to grant.

I desire, Mr. Speaker, at the outset of what I have to say in this connection, to express my sincere gratification at the movement already made in Legislatures of a number of the Northern States, to repeal what are called, their personal liberty laws laws which, without profit to the North, are offensive to the South, and are fruitful only of discord and alienation between the two sections.

Some of you have said: "Would you have our people repeal those laws under threats?" I say, no, gentlemen; I would not have you do anything under threats. I would, however, have you repeal them under your own sense

of what is right; under your own sense of the sacredness of compacts; under your own consciousness of the necessity of domestic peace and tranquillity, which these laws are so well calculated to disturb. Let these laws be speedily repealed, and it will go very far in allaying the excitement of our people. The adoption of the resolution upon this subject, recommended in the report under consideration, will facilitate this end.

There are other causes of disturbance between the North and South. It has been alleged by men high in position in the South, and by a large portion of the Southern people, it is believed—with what degree of reason, I will not stop to inquire—that the ultimate purpose of the Republican party, is, to destroy the institution of slavery in the States,

I am glad to know that it has been proposed by that party, that, by an amendment of the Constitution, this source of apprehension and irritation shall be put forever at rest. The proposition of the distinguished gentleman from Massachusetts, [Mr. Adams,] reported by the Committee of Thirty-Three, would, if adopted, effectually do this.* It is not pretended that, under the Constitution, as it is, Congress has any right to disturb slavery in the States. The proposed amendment to the Constitution is simply to put it out of the power of the North ever to acquire such right, by an amendment, by them, of the Constitution.

The questions of slavery in the District of Columbia, in the dock-yards and arsenals, and of the inter-State slave trade, have been subjects of much discussion. It is confidently asserted in the South, that the Republican party, so soon as it shall have the power, will abolish slavery in this District, in the dock-yards and arsenals, and prohibit the inter-State slave trade. The exercise of such a power, if you had it, much more its usurpation, would be regarded by the whole South as a flagrant wrong on that section. You say you have no intention of exercising any such power, if you had it. In the debate last night, the gentleman from Pennsylvania, [Mr. Junkin,] disclaimed for his party any such intention. This disclaimer has often been made during this debate. The Committee of Thirty-Three say, in the report before us that there is no proposition, from any quarter, claiming or proposing the exercise of such a right. Still, gentlemen, if you have no such purpose, would

* Joint resolution to amend the Constitution of the United States, reported by Mr. Corwin, from the Committee of Thirty-Three:

“Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, (two-thirds of both Houses concurring,) That the following Article be proposed to the Legislatures of the several States, as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which, when ratified by three-fourths of said Legislatures, shall be valid, to all intents and purposes, as part of the said Constitution:

ARTICLE 12. No amendment of this Constitution, having for its object any interference, within the States, with the relation between their citizens and those described in Section second of the first Article of the Constitution as “all other persons,” shall originate with any State that does not recognize that relation within its own limits, or shall be valid without the assent of every one of the States composing the Union.

it harm you to place in the Constitution, an amendment that would free our people from any such apprehension? In doing it, you would surrender no right, which, you say, you intend or desire to exercise.

But, Mr. Speaker, the most serious ground of difficulty—at least, the one which seems to be the most difficult to adjust—is, the subject of slavery in the Territories. Not that it is the most important. No, sir. *Practically*, so far as any Territory we now possess is concerned, there is *literally nothing in it*. But the politicians of both sections have so long and so angrily quarreled over it, that the people have got it into their heads that there is something vitally concerning them in it. Hence, they are obdurately tenacious of their respective views.

Gentlemen of the Republican party have said to us: Would you have us surrender our principles? I reply, must we abandon ours? You say you are right; may you not be in error? You say that we are wrong; may we not be in the right? Suppose, then, that this question, as to the power and duty of Congress in the Territories, was an open one—I ask you, ought you not to defer, to some extent, to our opinions? But we say it is not an open question. We say that it has been adjudicated by a competent tribunal that we are right, and that you are in error.

You say, the opinion of the Court to which I refer, was a mere *obiter dictum*, and consequently, has none of the weight of the judgment of a Court. For the sake of argument, let us grant it. Still, you must confess that seven out of nine of the Judges of the Supreme Court, have, in elaborate opinions, declared that we were right, and that you were wrong. This being the *status* of the legal argument between us, I submit to you, gentlemen, whether the proposition which we make to you is not a fair one—that we compromise our difficulties by an amendment to the Constitution, providing—what? That in all the territory of the United States, north of 36 deg. 30 min., North latitude, your theory shall be recognized, and be put into practical operation, and that in all the territory South of that line, our theory shall practically prevail.

Certain gentlemen of the Republican party have said, in answer to this view of the subject, and by way of apology for their obstinate refusal to counsel concession and compromise, that they are but following in the footsteps of Washington and Jefferson, and other distinguished men of the South, who, at an early day, expressed opinions unfavorable to the extension of slavery. Mr. Speaker, if this argument were not otherwise unsound, its fallacy would be made apparent by the fact, that, I might refer, not only to what distinguished men of the North, at an early day, said, but what they *did*, to prove, not only that African slavery was right, but that the foreign slave trade was a traffic to be fostered and protected. Your ancestors held slaves so long as they were profitable, and insisted on the right of carrying on the slave trade for twenty-one years after the adoption of the Constitution. The most rigorous fugitive slave law ever in existence on the American

continent was enacted by the ancestry of the gentlemen of New England, by which fugitive slaves were captured and returned to their masters, at the public expense, and with as little reference to the formalities of the law as are observed, to-day, in my State, in the case of a horse posted as an estray.

Now, Mr. Speaker, with all deference and kindness to gentlemen, whether of the North or South—separating the arguments of gentlemen from the gentlemen themselves—I will be excused for saying, that all such reasoning, as to what is now expedient and proper to be done, predicated on any such facts, is shallow and dangerous sophistry. If persisted in by gentlemen, and made the basis of their action, amidst the complications that surround us, all hope of restoring harmony and good fellowship between the sections will prove illusory.

The brief hour allowed me, will not permit me to dwell longer here. I have merely glanced at some of the most prominent sources of difference between the North and the South. There are other causes of disagreement, but they are such as I believe can be easily adjusted. Cannot these likewise be arranged? If we are not recreant to the holy trust imposed on us by our fathers, they can be, and *will* be, arranged, and that, too, without further delay.

Suppose, Mr. Speaker, that you and I are traveling in opposite directions, along a narrow pathway, crossing a fearful chasm. By care and mutual assistance, we may pass each other. Shall each insist that he is entitled to the whole space, and determine to drive the other back? And that, if we cannot do this, we will engage in a struggle that will precipitate us both into the depths below? If we are irreconcilable and deadly enemies, we may. We will not, if we are friends, sincerely anxious for each other's good.

Then, Mr. Speaker, I again ask gentlemen on my right, whether this exciting and dangerous, though empty quarrel about slavery in the Territories, shall not, in a spirit of fairness and friendship, be set forever at rest?

Among the youngest members of the House, it would ill-become me to make any reflection on the manner in which gentlemen on this floor perform their duties to the country. I must be pardoned for saying, however, that I have been pained, from the first day of the session, till the present time, at the seeming indifference of Representatives, from both North and South, in regard to propositions which vitally concern the very existence of the Government.

Gentlemen from the North, say: "What have we done to bring about this angry and dangerous excitement in the country, that we should now be expected to come forward with sacrifices to allay it?" Gentlemen, there are those—and I am among them—who think you have largely contributed to create it. There are those who charge that you are responsible for it all; how this is, it is not essential to my argument, to inquire.

Three of you reside beneath the same roof; the building is on fire; reposing in it are your wives and children; it contains valuable stores belonging to you; the flames are rapidly spreading; if not speedily stayed, the whole will be burned to the ground, your property destroyed, and the lives of your families put in jeopardy. Which of you will quietly fold your arms, and refuse to make an effort to extinguish the flames, satisfying himself by declaring to others, that the fire did not originate in his part of the house? You, Mr. Speaker, and I, your constituents, and my constituents, your family and my family, are the peaceful dwellers in the fairest fabric of Government that was ever devised by man. In it are deposited our ancestral glory, our peace and security for the present, our most cherished hopes of peace, and of prosperity, and of honor, in the future. It is on fire. Flames, fierce as hell, are consuming it. Men of the North, would you prevent its destruction? You have it in your power; without risk, without sacrifice, without dishonor, you can do it; you have but to speak, and it is done. In the name of those by whose blood it was cemented; in the name, not of Tennessee, but of a common humanity; *in the name of the people of these States*, whose servants you are, I demand to know if you will longer stand indifferently by, and see it tumble in ruins before you?

In the debate on yesterday, it was remarked by a distinguished gentleman that if the concessions now asked for by the South, were granted by the North, it would mar the beauty of our Government, and injuriously affect its character for usefulness and stability. Mr. Speaker, I do not believe such would be the case. I totally dissent from any such opinion. But suppose he is right; still, would he be justified in his purpose to refuse terms of concession and adjustment? No, sir. Your house is on fire; will you say to the firemen, "do not cast water upon my dwelling, you will injure the furniture within?" Such conduct, Mr. Speaker, were arrant madness. Yet, sir, in all kindness to gentlemen, let me say, if they will sit by and see this Government destroyed, lest, perchance, in their effort to save it, some feature they may admire, or think material in its structure, should be injured or destroyed, their conduct will have still less of reason in it.

But there are those here, from the South, who, I fear, instead of being disposed to cast water upon the fire, are industriously adding fuel to the flames. With such gentlemen, I would earnestly remonstrate. Gentlemen, in the name of God, I ask you to stop and consider. What are your constituents—whose rights and whose interests you are bound, by every obligation of honor, jealously and fearlessly to guard—what are they to gain, what may they not lose, by your hasty destruction of the Government? The dissolution of this Union! Will it remedy a single evil? Will it not aggravate those now complained of, and to their number, add thousands, which, in the Union, can never exist?

We complain of the personal liberty laws—will our withdrawal from the Union, repeal them? Will it not add to their number others more injurious and offensive?

We complain that our slaves escape to the free States, and that the laws of Congress intended for their recapture, are not faithfully executed. Will a dissolution of the Union restrain them from escaping? Will the *abrogation* of the laws—consequent upon disunion—intended to return them to us, cause these laws to be *faithfully enforced*?

We complain that our slaves escape *through* the Free States to Canada, whence we have no hope of getting them back. Will our condition be improved when the Free States, shall, by our act, be converted into another Canada, differing only from the other, in that it will be immediately upon our borders, and to reach it, the slave will have no need of the underground railway?

We complain that we have not the right of transit through, and temporary residence in, the Free States, with our slaves. One Northern State now gives to us these rights. Others, we have reason to hope, may follow her example. One thing is manifest, we are not more likely to get them out of, than in, the Union, as it is a privilege granted us by no foreign State.

We complain that the soil of one of our States has been invaded by armed men, whose fiendish purpose was to incite insurrection among our slaves. When Virginia shall constitute a portion of a Southern Confederacy, will the danger of a repetition of this mad and most wicked undertaking be lessened? By whom were Brown and his fellow-conspirators captured and placed in the hands of the law, that they might expiate upon the gallows, the guilt of their most unnatural crimes? By the forces of the Federal Government. Will these forces prove more efficacious for our protection when we shall have renounced all allegiance to the Government, and forfeited all claim to its interposition? Shall the hordes of Northern fanatics, whose impudent interference with what does not in the least concern them, we so justly complain of, and from whom is our only danger of invasion to be apprehended—shall they be restrained by the strong arm of the States united, or shall they be let loose upon us, as were the Goths and Vandals upon Southern Europe?*

We complain that Northern Governors refuse to promptly deliver up, as they should, fugitives from justice—persons who have stolen our slaves, for example. When the North shall become, to us, a foreign nation, we will not have, in such a case, under any extradition treaty we will be able to make, even a pretext to demand such fugitive. We have reference made in the papers of this morning to a case now pending in Canada, where a fugitive slave, who slew a man in Missouri who was attempting to capture him, has been demanded. And, although the authorities of Canada were disposed to surrender the murderer, so fanatical are the English people in their hatred

* The adoption of the following resolution is recommended by the committee of Thirty-Three.

“*Resolved*, That each State be also respectfully requested to enact such laws as will prevent and punish any attempt whatever, in such State, to recognize or set on foot the lawless invasion of any other State or Territory.”

to slavery, a writ of *habeas corpus* has been issued by the British courts to remove him to England, in order that he may be discharged.

We complain that equal and exact justice is not done us in the Territories; at least, that there is a powerful party in the North, that have declared their intention to prevent us carrying our slaves there.

The adjudication of the Supreme Court, in the Dred Scott case, has put it out of the power of that party to do this, if they would. But if such a power existed and was exercised, I submit to gentlemen from the South, if a remedy for this flagrant injustice to us is to be found in the absolute surrender of the Territories, for every purpose, to the North? Would this repair the wrong, or heal our wounded honor?

A leading journalist of Virginia, in an elaborate article—marked and sent to my address—urging the immediate secession of his State, because, as he says, “the North has deliberately, unjustly, and tyrannically driven us from the Territories,” concludes one of his paragraphs with this heroic announcement.

“We go forth with only the soil beneath our feet for our inheritance, asking but to be let alone by those who have proved themselves our enemies, and determined to fight if we are not let alone.”

Is this the spirit of “the Old Dominion?” Certainly it is not. It is not the spirit of the men whom I represent. They are not prepared to retreat and surrender to the North our vast public domain, purchased with their blood and treasure. I do not comprehend, sir, that character of chivalry, which, in one breath, recommends the breaking up of the Government, because of an *apprehended* denial to the people of the South of the right to carry slaves to the Territories; and in the next, announces its readiness to timidly abandon every character of right in and to such Territories, because, as the writer just referred to, says, “the North have decided against slavery at the ballot-box.”

If our connection with the Government is broken, Tennesseans will feel that they have brought humiliation and not honor upon themselves, if their interests in the Territories are thus to be surrendered to the North.

But does any advocate of secession say, We will have a part of the Territories, if need be, by force? What becomes, in that event, of the feast to which you invite my people, of a “peaceable secession.”

The truth is—and I want my people to know it—the purpose of the leaders of secession, who would seem to imagine that they had exclusive custody of Southern rights and Southern honor, is to *shamefully surrender all the Territories to the North*. There is neither honor or profit, in such a course. As the Representative of a people who have made as great sacrifices and shed as much blood in the acquirement of these Territories, as any in the Union, I protest against it.

What do they promise us in lieu of the vast domain thus given up? The privilege, sir, of getting, if we can, portions of Mexico and Central America.

How it is to be done, has not been explained. By force, and without provocation? If so—were it practical—I denounce it as unworthy of a civilized people. Shall we imitate the example of the bandit and savage, who fight for plunder and not for glory or honor? I repeat, how is it to be done? By purchase? We have neither money or credit to buy. Sir, it is childish fatuity to dream of our getting it, either by force, or with money. The British Government, whose recognition the seceding States are now so earnestly seeking, and without whose aid they cannot hope to maintain themselves, will never permit it. That Government is, of all others, the most fanatical in its opposition to African slavery. She exercises sovereignty over the greater portion of Central America; and upon Mexico, in which Government she is known to have procured the abolition of slavery, her citizens hold a debt of over two hundred million dollars. She will never permit us to touch one foot of it.

Is it not, then, your duty to stay your hands, and see whether the evils complained of may not be remedied in the Union, and those which will certainly be consequent upon dismemberment, avoided?

Appeals are addressed to us in soft and winning phrase about "our sister States of the South." Eulogies are pronounced upon the glorious little South Carolina; and we are asked if we can hesitate to follow "her noble example."

Mr. Speaker, I have nothing unkind to say of South Carolina. No one of her sons is here to speak for her, to-day. Within her borders, under the lead of Marion and Sumter, my ancestry suffered and sacrificed much that she might be free. Her soil was wet with their blood, and in it, to-day, repose the bones of those who fell in her service. Her commercial metropolis was the birth-place and early home of my father. Let no hostility to her people be attributed to me. Though she has acted most precipitously, wronged the Government, and injured my people, still, my wish is, whether united or not, with Tennessee, that "length of days may be in her right hand, and in her left, riches and honor; may her ways be ways of pleasantness, and all her paths be peace."

But, whatever may be my feelings, personally, to her people, I owe it to the generous men who sent me here, to warn them against the folly of being controlled by her mad counsels, or in the least influenced by her example of weakness and wickedness. She advises rebellion against the best Government on earth—I say, rebellion, for that is the true and manly word.

The doctrine of peaceable secession, I utterly repudiate. As a remedy, under the Constitution, I believe it to be wholly without warrant. We have, however, reserved to us the great inherent right, that overrides all constitutions—of revolution. When it is no longer tolerable for Tennessee to remain in the Union, I trust they will boldly proclaim themselves in rebellion, and meet its responsibilities like men. The right and the duty of rebellion usually go together. Government is instituted for the benefit of the gov-

erned. When so perverted, that the aggregate good is more than overbalanced by the injuries it inflicts, it is the right, and generally, *then* it becomes the *duty*, of the people to throw off such government. This is, however, a question which it is unprofitable to discuss. Whether the withdrawal of a State is called secession or revolution, is now unimportant. The practical question is, "what profit" shall we have in doing what South Carolina advises?

Let us hear one of her own citizens, upon the subject of secession:

"It is no redress for the past; it is no security for the future. It is only a magnificent sacrifice of the present, without in any wise gaining in the future. Such is the intensity of my conviction on the subject, that if secession should take place—and of which I have no idea, for I cannot believe in such STUPENDOUS MADNESS—I shall consider the institution of slavery as doomed, and that the great God, in our blindness, has made us the instrument of its destruction."

This is the language of Mr. Boyce, late a Representative, upon this floor, from South Carolina, in an address, but a few years since, to the people of his State, who were then threatening secession.

He thought it "stupendous madness"—"only a magnificent sacrifice of the present, without in any wise gaining in the future." If it took place, he said, he would "consider the institution of slavery doomed, and that the great God, in their blindness, had made them the instruments of its destruction."

The idea of making a nation out of South Carolina seemed to strike him as absurd. In the same address, he said:

"South Carolina cannot become a nation. God makes nations—not man. You cannot extemporize a nation out of South Carolina. It is simply impossible; we have not the resources. We could exist by tolerance; and what that tolerance would be, when we consider the present hostile spirit of the age to the institution of slavery, all may readily imagine. I hope we may never have to look upon the painful and humiliating spectacle. From the weakness of our national government, a feeling of insecurity would arise, and capital would take the alarm, and leave us. But it may be said, 'Let capital go.' To this I reply, that capital is the life-blood of a modern community; and in losing it, you lose the vitality of the State."

He could see no profit in secession—nothing but ruin.

The leaders in this movement, in the cotton States, and others who are aspiring to position with them, tell us that they "loved the Union as our fathers made it." What is it now? Just what our fathers made it. If not, in what has it been changed? We have the same Constitution. There is not a law—not one—upon our Federal statute-book, of which we complain. The adjudications of the Supreme Court, upon all questions affecting Southern institutions, are precisely as we would have them. The statesmen of the South have dictated the entire policy of the Federal Government, upon

slavery, since the formation of the Constitution. If there is an exception to this rule, I would ask to be informed of it. *There is none, sir.* What, then, becomes of this twaddle of gentlemen, about their love of "the Union as it came from our fathers?"

As I have said before, there are serious grounds of complaint, on our part, against the North. *No one of them*, however, has its origin in the Constitution, in the Union, or in any law enacted by Congress. Most of them—all that are serious—may be remedied in the Union. All of them, more effectually in it, than out of it.

But, as a reason for our hurrying out of the Union, we are told by the leaders in South Carolina, and other cotton States, that we are "oppressed, and have been, for years"—that "the yoke of bondage must be thrown off"—"that we must be free." We, of the border States, have not been aware of our sad condition. Men of all parties—in Tennessee, at least—have innocently been of the opinion that they were "free." Until this storm of disunion broke over their heads, they were certainly happy and prosperous—as contented with their Government as any people on earth. But, it seems our contentment was the result of our ignorance and stupidity.

The chivalry of the cotton States have kindly stepped forward, and informed us that we had not the sensibility to feel an insult, nor the sense to know when we are wronged. They have generously assumed, gentlemen of the border States, the guardianship, both of our interests and our honor; and, for the protection of the one, and the vindication of the other, they counsel that we put in jeopardy our every material interest, and then—commit suicide! How, Mr. Speaker, shall we, of the border States, ever be able to repay our Southern brethren for this unselfish and considerate advice? Should we, after respectful consideration of their counsels, inform them that the remedies proposed are worse than the evils complained of, and beg to be permitted to choose our own mode and measure of redress of all grievances, and "to regulate our own domestic concerns in our own way," I trust we will be pardoned.

Mr. Speaker, I do not think I have mistaken the motives of South Carolina. Her purpose has not been the redress of Southern grievances, but the total and final destruction of the Union, and the establishment of a government, the policy of which she expects to control. Disunion, which has, in the language of Mr. Rhett, been "a matter which has been gathering head for thirty years;" disunion for the purpose of re-opening the African slave trade, or some other imagined advantage to herself, having been determined on, her policy was to secure the speedy co-operation of the other cotton States, and then *coerce* the border States to follow, by forcing upon them, in the language of Governor Gist, the alternative of "emancipating their slaves or going into the Southern Confederacy," a confederacy, in which, her favorite theory of free trade and direct taxation will be put into practical operation. Sir, *Tennesseans cannot be driven.* As my colleague, [Mr. Nelson,]

said most truthfully, a few days since, "Tennessee will never be *coerced* by men North or South." She will do what she believes best to comport with her dignity and honor, and most affectually protect the interests of her citizens. As one of her Representatives upon this floor, I protest against all attempts to bully her into terms, come from what quarter they may.

Without assuming to have a monopoly of all the courage and sensibility in the land, her people have a just appreciation of all that concerns either her rights or her honor; and should the evil day come, when a resort to arms shall be necessary to the vindication of either, "my head upon it," sir, her sons will prove quite as fearless, and as ready for the conflict as those who, of late, have been so profuse in the praises of their own courage.

Mr. Speaker, the great question the people of the border States have to consider, is: will they take their own interests into their own hands, and *dare* to defend them from attack from every quarter; or shall they permit themselves to be brow-beaten into submission to the schemes of the selfish and ambitious leaders of a disastrous revolution: whether they shall take time to ascertain what guarantees they can secure for their safety and for the full enjoyment of their rights in the Union, or whether they will tamely submit to be dragged—inconsiderately *dragged*—without the remotest possibility of advantage to themselves, into a cotton confederacy, in which they are to constitute the exposed frontier? I say, without the remotest possibility of advantage, sir, for the reason, that not even the veriest Utopian projector of a Southern Confederacy, has ever yet had the ingenuity to suggest any possible good that will accrue to us, in any degree compensating for the almost innumerable ills that every informed and reflecting man knows will inevitably follow upon our separation from the Union.

It is my opinion this day—and if, for any consideration, I should fail to express it, I would be guilty of unfaithfulness to my people—that the leaders of the disunionists of the cotton States, in their reckless selfishness, their utter disregard of what may be essential to our interests and safety, are *practically* our enemies, as truly as are the most unprincipled fanatics of the North. Already they have reduced the value of our property more than all the efforts of abolitionism combined; and it is now for us to determine whether we will permit them to consummate our ruin.

Mr. Speaker, the suggestion has been made, that, as Southern Representatives, it is unwise in us, in the hearing of men from the North, to speak of our apprehensions of evil in the event of disunion. I confess, sir, to the weakness of having too long acted upon such considerations. As sentinels, we are false to our duty if we fail to apprise those we represent of dangers, which, if seen, may be avoided. It is folly in us, anyhow, to delude ourselves with the idea that the Abolitionist of the North does not comprehend fully, what will be the effect of disunion upon the whole South, especially upon us of the border States. Hear Lloyd Garrison:

"At last the covenant with death is annulled, and the agreement with hell

broken, by the action of South Carolina herself, and ere long by all the slaveholding States, for their doom is one. Hail the approaching jubilee, ye millions who are wearing the galling chains of slavery, for assuredly the day of your redemption draws nigh, bringing liberty to you and salvation to the whole land."

Phillips prays for the utter destruction of the Union, in order that its restraints may be got rid of, and that the protection it affords to slavery may be withdrawn. He says :

"All hail, disunion! Sacrifice everything for the Union? God forbid! Sacrifice everything to keep South Carolina in it? Rather build a bridge of gold, and pay her toll over it. Let her march off with banners and trumpets, and we will speed the parting guest. Let her not stand upon the order of her going, but go at once. Give her the forts and arsenals and sub-treasuries, and lend her jewels of silver and gold, and Egypt will rejoice that she has departed."

Again : in the same harrangue, he declares :

"We are disunionists, not from any love of separate confederacies, or as ignorant of the thousand evils that spring from neighboring and quarrelsome States; but we would get rid of this Union, to get rid of slavery."

Sir, the Garrisons and Giddingses, the Yanceys and Rhett, are practically conniving together in a wicked conspiracy, to result in the ruin of the most vital interests of my State. Shall I applaud it? No. Should I condemn and denounce it? I should. *I do.*

Mr. Speaker, among the many cunning devices resorted to by "the precipitators" of the day to accomplish their ends, the employment of the term submissionist is becoming quite common. "Shall Tennessee submit to be ruled over by Lincoln?" Sir, no President has ever yet ruled over Tennessee. Our Presidents are not the rulers, but the servants of the people.

Elected according to all the required forms of law, it is but a sickly and disgusting affectation of sensibility and spirit, for any man to assume that there will be humiliation or dishonor to any State, in the rightful performance by Mr. Lincoln, of all the functions of the Presidency. I submit to the high sanctions of a most solemn oath, administered to me at that desk, to support it—yes, sir, *support* it, not *destroy* it. *Is there one here who would more lightly estimate the obligations of his oath?*

"If any, speak;
For him have I offended."

Mr. Speaker, I am determined not to be driven from the faithful performance of what I conceive my duty, by the mad cry of crazy enthusiasts; nor shall I be seduced from its discharge, by the artful appliances of unscrupulous and interested disturbers of the public tranquility.

On walking with a friend through the Rotunda this morning, looking upon the magnificent paintings that adorn its walls, illustrative of scenes in the

early history of our country—its battles, its sacrifices, and its victories—and thinking of its present greatness, my heart swelled with patriotic emotion; and as I gazed into the majestic face of that god-like man—our Washington—a vow leaped unbidden from my heart to my lips—may it stand recorded in Heaven!—that never, so long as I was permitted to live upon the earth, would I do one act, or utter one sentiment, intended to alienate the feelings of one section of my country from the other, or to weaken the sacred bonds which bind together its various parts! If there be those upon this floor who think that the expression of such feelings and sentiments is evidence of disloyalty to the South, I can afford to despise their opinions. If there be one here who can look upon such scenes, and in their presence contemplate the present disastrous condition of the country unmoved, without pain, mark him well ‘ ‘ he is fit for treason.’ ’

“ Let no such man be trusted.”

[Applause.]

I shall not follow the example of gentlemen in making protestations of my devotion to the South, or to my State. If my home, my wife, my children, my property, my honor—all I most love and most prize—if these are deemed insufficient guarantees of my loyalty to Tennessee, and of my willingness to share whatever of burdens or dangers may be in store for her people, no empty declamation in which I might indulge here, would be more satisfactory.

I will not say that I am wholly free from that shameful weakness which leads mankind to watch and follow the popular breeze. No, sir, but if, at this time, with my convictions of duty, I should bend before the angry storm that is sweeping over my State, I would despise myself, and bring dishonor upon my children. *I will not do it.* I may be overwhelmed; such is the probable result; be it so; the cause is worthy of sacrifice. In no event, however, though those whose approbation and good opinion I should regret to lose, shall, upon my return to them, frown upon me; in no event, I repeat, can I be robbed of that richest of earthly blessings—the consciousness of having done what my carefully informed judgment told me was right.

Mr. Speaker, the voice of passion is not always the voice of duty, and the public good is often sacrificed to an unreasoning impulse. During the second term of George Washington, as President, you remember that the French Government declared war against England, and it became her undisguised purpose to draw us into an alliance with her in her stupendous schemes of revolution. The popular mind became excited; sympathy for France was enthusiastic, and threatened to sweep to destruction every opposing sentiment, and to immolate upon the altar of popular vengeance, all who dared to pause, ere they yielded their plaudits to the bloody actors in that tragedy of mankind.

Washington stood almost alone, yet he stood firmly. His cool penetration detected the true character of the sanguinary assassins of France. Rebuking

faction from his presence, spurning from him its venom and its vengeance, enthroned in virtue and conscious rectitude, he breasted and weathered out the storm, emphatically stood in the breach, and saved his country from the curse of a wanton war with England, alike securing the peace and safety, and maintaining the dignity and good faith of the nation. When passion had subsided, the whole American people commended his course.

Mr. Speaker, because General Scott has refused to give countenance to what his judgment condemns, men who were

“Mewling and puking in the nurse’s arms,”

when he, amidst showers of bullets, led our forces to victory at Chippewa and Lundy’s Lane—yes, political fledglings, who were not born for a score of years afterward, are now perverting his language, ascribing to him opinions and purposes which he has emphatically disclaimed, and denouncing him as “a traitor to the South.”

As an American, having a property in the riches of this old soldier’s glory, I thank God, that, as in physical stature, like Saul of old, he towers above any of the people “from his shoulders and upward,” so in the attributes of virtue, and integrity, and patriotism, he rises so inconceivably above his silly and malicious revilers, their poisoned arrows fall harmlessly at his feet.

But my time is nearly exhausted; I have spoken freely, candidly—I will not say boldly—my honest convictions. It has been my purpose, if possible, to throw into this great argument some word or thought—in the same spirit in which the widow cast her single mite into the treasury—that perchance might result in good to my country.

Convinced that anything like a reconstruction of the Government, if the further progress of dissolution is not checked, is impossible, my object has been to implore Representatives from all sections, on this floor, to moderation and liberality, forbearance and justice.

To my ardent and excited friends of the South, let me say, in conclusion, as the liberties and free institutions which we have so highly prized, were acquired by one Revolution, they may be lost by another.

To the men of the North, let me say, if you intend conciliations and compromise with your brethren of the South, leave no room to reproach yourselves for hesitation or reluctance. If the Government is to be subverted, see to it that its destruction is not attributable to your unreasonable and criminal obstinacy.

To members of all parties, and from all sections, in this House, let me say: Shall we not, in this hour of our country’s peril, lift ourselves high above that narrow view, bounded by the contracted horizon of self, of party, or of section, and thereby preserve to mankind the only example of well-regulated liberty in the world? Or shall we—indifferent to all the memories of the past—heedless to the claims of humanity—wrapped in a stolid selfishness—see the glory of our fathers sink into their children’s shame? I beseech you,

brethren, to consider well the momentous issues before us; act upon them, justly, firmly, as becometh men, to whose keeping have been intrusted the highest privileges ever given to man, and who are responsible to posterity and to God, for their transmission, unimpaired, to those who are to come after us.

When before Milan, Napoleon I., in addressing his army, drawn up around him, told them that, when they returned to their homes in France, their countrymen, pointing to them, would say: "He belonged to the army in Italy."

Mr. Speaker, if, on account of our wicked perverseness and want of patriotism, our country is not saved, and revolution and civil war ensue—when the youth of the country shall have been cut down like grass—our cities and villages burned, and our fields laid waste—when our ears shall be greeted by the weeping of widows and wailing of their children—with merited scorn and maledictions, we will be pointed at by our fellow-citizens, who will say, as in shame we avert our faces: "He was a member of the Thirty-Sixth Congress!"*

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
February 12, 1861.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

* * * Have been out to a fashionable dinner-party, at Henry Winter Davis'. Dined at 6:30 o'clock. Twelve gentlemen present—of all political parties—Republicans, Democrats, and Union men. Mrs. Davis was the only lady present. She is elegant and agreeable—presides at table with great ease and grace. I sat on her right hand, and soon got into a spirited colloquy with her, which greatly amused, if it did not edify, the company. She is full of wit and good humor, though ordinarily disposed to be extremely dignified.

The table was sumptuous—twelve courses!—soup, fish, fowl and beast, etc. The wine flowed freely, I being the only person present who did not drink it. Mrs. D., who sipped a little,

* The *Memphis Bulletin*, in speaking of this speech, says: "We have read, with the greatest pleasure, the late noble and eloquent speech of the gallant Hatton, delivered in the House of Representatives, on the 8th inst. It was one of the very best speeches that has been made in Congress, this session. It is a bold, eloquent, manly and patriotic effort, worthy alike its gifted author and the gallant people which he so faithfully and truly represents. Mr. Hatton has taken a deservedly high position in Congress. He is bold, eloquent and fearless, and one of the truest patriots in that body. Tennessee may well feel proud of so true and worthy a Representative. We will furnish our readers with copious extracts from his speech, and only regret that we have not the space to publish it entire."

with her guests, laughed at me, and some of my remarks about drinking, heartily. Her husband never drinks, except on some such occasion. The dinner lasted two hours and a half—Mrs. D. retiring from the dining-hall at a little after 9 o'clock, P. M. This was the last we saw of her. English custom. The gentlemen are left by the ladies, to get high over wine and cigars, if they choose. Love to all.

Affectionately,

ROBERT HATTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

February 14, 1861.

DEAR SOPHIE:—

I met Judge Caruthers, just now. He was in on the floor of the House, and sat with us for an hour. He is very well, you may tell Mrs. C., and spending the time, I trust, pleasantly. He and Judge Totten were both astonished and amused at the confusion that prevails in the House.

In my letter, yesterday, I omitted to give you any account of the ceremony of opening and counting the votes for President and Vice-President, which came off in the Hall of the House of Representatives, on yesterday. It was, really, an imposing scene. The Senators, headed by the Vice-President, Mr. Breckenridge, came, two and two, from the Senate Chamber to the House. Were received by the members of the House, standing. Two Senators and three members of the House sat in front of the Speaker's chair, and read out the votes of the States, as they were read by Mr. Breckenridge; and, when all were examined, the result was announced by the Vice-President, declaring Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin duly and constitutionally elected President and Vice-President of the United States. The Senators then withdrew. The galleries were densely crowded with ladies—never saw them so crowded, before. In haste.

Affectionately,

R. HATTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
February 17, 1861.

DEAR SOPHIE:—

Your second letter, of Tuesday, was received, this morning. * * * * *

My expenses for documents, have been heavy. Paid out, this morning, \$37.25, for speeches. Have ordered \$50 worth of my own speech, \$15 of Stokes', and \$10 and \$20 of a dozen others. So, the painting must be "tabled," for the present. Told Etheridge what you said of Miss Sue. Pleased him, very much. Did you get his letter? You must answer it; but don't appear too much pleased at anything he said of you. He read it to me.

I send, by to-day's mail, a picture paper for the children. I am really fond of such things, myself. Shall expect a great deal, of the children, when I get home. Tell Reilly, I expect him to read to me, in his "Reader," and be able to make me a good Union speech. Tell him to give the fire-eaters fits. Bless his little heart, I want him reared to love the Union.

* * * * *

I am very well, but tired out. Have, in ten days past, sent off some twelve thousand speeches! Am anxious to get away from here. Did not go to church, to-day. Snowing. Weather has been much worse, this Winter, than last.

I am rejoiced at the result, in Tennessee. [The vote against a Convention.] It has given to the Union men, new life and hope. Received a letter from Campbell, on yesterday. He is severe on some of our good people. They deserve all he gives them, no doubt.

* * * * *

Affectionately,

R. HATTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
February 18, 1861.

DEAR SOPHIE:—

I saw Judge Caruthers, this morning, at his hotel. He was very well, and seemed in good spirits. I delivered your

message to him, and told him of your seeing Mrs. C. at work in her garden. The Commissioners seem to be spending their time pleasantly. Trust they will do good service to our distracted country. It is, indeed, a most superior body of men.

* * * * *

The weather is pleasant, this morning—the sun shining out beautifully. It affects my spirits, most sensibly. I wrote, on yesterday, fifteen letters. So, you see that I am kept busy. Am getting off about fifteen hundred speeches per day. This is no place for fun—at least, in the year 1861. The time, I learn, has been, when a member of Congress had some pleasure here. It has gone!

The Flying Artillery paraded through Pennsylvania Avenue, to-day. They made a great display. My love to father and mother, and the children.

Affectionately,
R. HATTON.

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.,
February 23, 1861.

DEAR WIFE:—

Received two letters from you this morning. Also, received the speech. You will hardly expect me to read it, unless Miss Campell desires my opinion of it. The surfeit I have here of speaking, is quite enough for me. Still, I thank you for the speech—the trouble of sending it.

There will be no difficulty here, on the 4th of March—none! Do not know certainly whether I will leave on the 4th of the month or not. I am urged to remain here until the 5th, to attend to some matters, in which some of my constituents are interested. May do it. * * * * *

I received another letter from Gov. Campbell this morning. He is working like a Trojan for Union and peace.

I cannot say, to-day, what our prospect of adjustment is. Am a little discouraged just now. A foolish and dangerous debate is now progressing, doing great harm. Thank the children for the flowers. My love to all.

Affectionately,
R. HATTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
February 23, 1861.

DEAR WIFE:—

Yesterday was a great day in Washington. Some 2,000 men were out in military dress, parading the streets—part of them the regular forces, and part volunteers of the city. The display was very fine. I witnessed it, however, with but little pleasure. Could not free myself from the thought that there was great probability of their being engaged soon, not in a mere gaily display, but in a sanguinary conflict, in the streets of our cities. But I trust we will have peace and quiet.

Mr. Lincoln arrived here this morning—no body knowing any thing about his coming, until after he was here. Hope he will go to work now, and help us get up measures of adjustment.

* * * Have not determined whether I will go home by the Northern or Southern route. Most likely by the Southern route. * * * Love to all.

Affectionately,
R. HATTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
March 1, 1861.

DEAR WIFE:—

Your long and interesting letter of Sunday evening, was received this morning. I took time to read it twice, though it came in company with some twenty other letters. I expect to get one or two others from you before leaving for home. Will write one more to you, I suppose. Went this morning, by the Public Garden, and ordered a box of flower roots, &c. Also, some evergreens from the propagating garden. Will ship them to-morrow. Hope they will prove more rare and valuable, than what I sent home last year.

We are getting along badly with our work of compromise—badly! Will break up, I apprehend, without any thing being done. God will hold some men to a fearful responsibility. My heart is sick. May be, the cloud will part.

Affectionately,
R. HATTON.

To Mrs. S. K. Hatton, Lebanon, Tenn.

Thus closes Mr. Hatton's Washington correspondence with his wife. He returned home, early in March, deprecating the turn which public sentiment was then evidently taking in Tennessee. But a short time after his arrival at home, he addressed the people of his own town and county. His speech is thus noticed by the Lebanon *Herald*:

"He occupied the stand for two hours and a half, and was listened to with fine attention. He gave a full account of his stewardship whilst in Washington, and also a full history of the wrongs of the disunionists, North and South, to prevent a compromise. He argued and proved to the satisfaction of every unprejudiced mind, that the legislation of the last Congress—while it was not everything he wanted—placed slavery upon higher ground than it had occupied in the past twelve years; that Congress had passed a resolution—to be inserted as a part of the Constitution—that the Federal Government never should possess the power to interfere or meddle with slavery in the States where it exists, and that it had organized three Territories, leaving the people of the South perfectly free to carry their slave property therein, North as well as South of the line of 36:30, and be protected in the enjoyment of the same. His speech throughout was able and statesmanlike, and opened the eyes of many who have been duped and deceived by designing demagogues on this everlasting negro question.

"Col. Hatton, at the conclusion of his speech, stated that if the people desired his services, for another term, and would manifest that desire in an unmistakable manner, he would probably be a candidate. Otherwise, he would not. He had no disposition to thrust himself upon the people against their wishes.

"So far as we are informed, the people desire and expect him to be a candidate. Nobody else is talked of for the position he has so ably and faithfully filled for the past two sessions."

Mr. Hatton's speech was not only acceptable, but highly pleasing to the Union men of his District, but there was a considerable secession element present, especially of young men and boys, from the Southern States, in attendance at the Uni-

versity, whose intense Southern feeling, rendered Mr. Hatton inimical, and his speech obnoxious. Some of them even hissed at him while delivering his speech. He rebuked them in a most withering manner. What followed, is thus related by the *Gallatin Courier*:

“This evening (Tuesday) we were informed by a gentleman in this vicinity, just from Lebanon, of a most disgraceful occurrence in that place on Monday night. During the day, Hon. Rob't Hatton addressed a meeting of Union men of Wilson county at the Court-House, when, for the expression of his Union sentiments, he was hissed by some persons in the audience, whom he then and there rebuked in a becoming manner. At night, at about 11 o'clock, when his family had retired to rest, Col. Hatton was aroused from slumber by the beating of tin pans, and savage-like whooping by some twenty individuals who had gathered around his house, thus to disturb the peace of his family. Col. Hatton arose, and in his sleeping attire, went out in front of his dwelling, and fired a pistol into the midst of the ruffian gang. His fire was returned by about a half dozen shots, but, fortunately, he escaped injury. The disturbers then fled. In the mean time, about a quarter of a mile from Lebanon, he was burned in effigy. We learn that investigation will be energetically made to ascertain the names of those who were engaged in this dirty work, and, when found out, they will be expelled from the otherwise peaceful community of Lebanon.”

On the same day, April 1st, that he was hissed in Lebanon, a public meeting was held in Sumner County, by the Union men, indorsing his course in Congress. The *Courier* says:—

“On Monday, the 1st inst., the Union men of Sumner County, indorsed the course of Hon. Robert Hatton, as the Representative of the Fifth Congressional District, and recommended his re-election to Congress. Wherever public meetings of a similar character have been held in the District, the same sentiment has been expressed, and we believe it is the universal desire of the Unionists that Col. Hatton shall again represent them in

Congress. This is a richly deserved compliment—not more richly deserved by any man in Tennessee.

“Robert Hatton holds an exalted position in the affections of all lovers of the Stars and Stripes. He has thus far discharged his public duties in the spirit of true manliness and patriotism, as well as with marked ability.”

His course in Congress had been approved by the majority of the press, in his District, as well as by hundreds of private letters, addressed to him by prominent constituents; hence, his astonishment at the great change in public feeling. Although he had been led, through the tone of the Southern press, and by the course of many of his friends, to anticipate some change in public sentiment—a radical difference of opinion—still, he had not given up all hope of a final adjustment of the difficulty—of the “sober second thought” of the people, and the return of peace and harmony to the nation. The Shelbyville *Expositor*, reviewing the course of Mr. Hatton, says:—

“His career in the Congress just adjourned, we have watched with more of interest than ordinary. Boldness of speech, when speech was called for; boldness of silence, when speech was out of place; the safe side of questions of doubtful expediency, on which he was compelled to vote, such as the anti-polygamy bill, and some of the appropriation bills, loaded down as they were, with unconstitutional Senate amendments; very punctual attendance on the sessions of the House, and a display of all he said or did of a patriotic devotion to the whole country, without regard to “sections;” sometimes voting with a small Southern minority against some foolish Northern bill; sometimes co-operating with the North against the same Southern minority—these features in the first pages of his “*Record*,” indicate the character of the man—bold, yet prudent and cautious, thoughtful, patient, and determined; conservative, yet sound on questions peculiarly affecting the South, and patriotic to consider as a legislator, that the interests of his whole country demanded his attention. We need honest men in Congress—men who will vote as a carefully informed judgment will dictate to

be right, without any reference to the law question—*can I survive this vote?* The history of Henry Clay demonstrates that the American people will honor the honest politician, even though he sometimes commit a blunder or mistake. But the time-servers and trimmers in periods like these, are “not in the books” of the enlightened voters of this country. *The Republic has no use for men who think more of themselves than they do of her.*

But the events that distinguish Mr. Hatton's brief career, are his support of the Covode Committee, and his Report of “Corruptions in the Navy Department.” Mr. Ready, his predecessor, had helped to white-wash this Democratic Administration by a Report which this Congress have voted, facts do not warrant. Mr. Hatton charged it upon him in the canvass, and defeated him by a majority significantly overwhelming. Mr. Ready predicted, that although Mr. Hatton was at the head of the Committee on Expenditures in the Navy, “he would never make a report—never.” But he *did* report—and the resolutions passed by majorities that have goaded the Administration into a fury that finds vent in invectives, railings, and vain denunciations. No old sea captain ever displayed more collected fairness and calmness in a storm, than did young Robert Hatton, while Mr. Boccock was endeavoring to defeat these resolutions. When he had fumed and raged through his hour, Mr. Hatton said, “*Let him have another hour!*” He met the leader of the Administration forces, and carried the resolutions on the showing of Mr. Boccock himself. They passed by a majority that shows this Administration to be the most odious and unpopular that ever held power in America.”

We might multiply almost indefinitely the number of notices by the press, but the above is sufficient, expressing the sentiment of nearly all.

CHAPTER X.

1861. A Union man in Congress—Joins the Confederate Army—Reasons for so doing—Elected Captain of a Company—Letters to his wife—Organization of the 7th Tennessee Vols—Elected Colonel—Letters to his wife—Doings in Camp—His feelings, thoughts and reflections—Drill and equipment of his regiment at Camp Trousdale—Ordered to Va.—Campaigns in North-Western Virginia—His great care for his men—incidents of the Campaigns under Stonewall Jackson—in camp near Yorktown—Allusion to the capture of Cornwallis by Washington—Ordered to the Chicahominy—supports Stewart's Cavalry—the Confederate Army retires from the Peninsula—Gen. Hatton brings up the rear of the army, developing the strength of the enemy—In camp near Richmond—Ordered to prepare to march, *en route* for the battle-field of "Seven Pines"—Last letter to his wife—Notes to his mother and father—Goes into battle on the 31st—Is Killed—Is not forgotten—His family—Lamented by friends—1862.

We come now not only to a new chapter in the life of Mr. Hatton, but also, to a new phase in his political history. Hitherto he has been represented, and truly too, according to his own letters and speeches, as a most unyielding, uncompromising Union man—one whose fondly cherished hopes, and highest earthly ambition, clustered about, and centered in the political fabric of our fathers, the Constitution and government of the United States. When in 1860-1, the great agitation, consequent upon the election of Mr. Lincoln, threatened the destruction of the Union, and the utter overthrow of the Government, culminating in the late unhappy civil war, Mr. Hatton, as a member of the American Congress, stood firm and unmoved, amid the fiery and incoherent elements about him, counseling his Southern brethren to moderation and forbearance, and his Northern friends to compromise and conciliation. It was but his duty to do this. It was right; it was natural. From infancy he had been taught to love the American Republic; from youth to mature manhood he had paid homage to the government established by Washington and his compatriots; the Union he cherished as the very palladium of our liberties. Hence, he would raise his warning voice in behalf of his country.

But in vain were his counsels given. In vain did he exhort the American people to forbearance and compromise. In vain did he warn them, both North and South, "that while we obtained our liberties in one revolution, we may lose them in another." Reason was unthroned, and passion ruled the hour. The Border State Committee of Thirteen, the Committee of Thirty-Three, Peace Commissioners, all had labored in vain. Ten of the Southern States had already seceded. The 36th Congress had adjourned, having accomplished nothing towards an adjustment of the difficulties and the restoration of peace. The Union seemed in the very last throes of dissolution, and the midnight of despair brooding over the nation. Under this state of circumstances, Mr. Hatton returned to his constituents, with a sad heart and fearful forebodings for the future. Already had he caught the drift of public sentiment. With sorrow and mortification, he discovered that the *hearts*, as well as the *heads*, of the people were fast turning towards the great maelstrom of secession. In his great speech at Lebanon, unpreserved, except in the memories of those who heard it, he gave a faithful account of his stewardship, while in Congress; "and, also, a full history of the disunionists, North and South, to prevent a compromise." He stated, "that the legislation of the 36th Congress, (whilst it was not every thing he wanted,) placed slavery upon higher ground than it had occupied for the previous twelve years; that Congress had passed a resolution, to be inserted as a part of the Constitution, that the Federal Government never should possess the power to interfere or meddle with slavery in the States, and that it had organized three Territories, leaving the people of the South perfectly free to carry their slave property therein, North, as well as South of the line of 36:30, and be protected in the enjoyment of the same." This speech was listened to with marked attention, and received the hearty approval of the *Union men*; but *they* did not now constitute all of his audience, much less, of his constituency. By others it was hissed at, whilst others still, received it with significant indifference. Well might he have exclaimed, "when the rabble hisses, the patriot may tremble." It was now that Mr. Hatton felt, that "the last link was broken." It was now that

he felt his worst fears realized. It was now that he felt, that the oft-repeated couplet—symbol of strength and durability—

“A union of hearts and a union of hands,
A Union that time can not sever,”—

was a delusive hope, but as “sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal,” pleasing to the ear, but false to the heart. It was now that he felt impressed, that the great Government founded by Washington and the patriots of '76, around which, cluster so many memories of the Revolution, had ceased to be; that it was numbered among the things that were; that the Constitution of the United States had been tossed among the arcana of the past, as but a curiosity for the future antiquary and the historian; that the American Union—the mere mention of which name, was formerly greeted with applause, but was now become a hiss and a by-word with Americans—had been indeed, dissolved, and forever!

Thus impressed, and thus circumstanced, Mr. Hatton's course had been foreshadowed in his last letter from Washington, to his former preceptor and friend, Dr. Lindsley.* He was no negative character; although he had despaired of the Union, and the Government of our fathers, still he would make an effort to preserve the liberties of the people. The Northern States were responding to the Proclamation of Mr. Lincoln, calling for troops to suppress the rebellion, while the seceded States were preparing to repel coercion—a doctrine, to the South, as obnoxious, in fact, as it is false in theory. Being a Southern man, by education, by association, by feeling; and having been often honored and trusted by Southern people; his family, his home, his all, being in the South, it was but natural that he would cast his influence and fortunes with the people of the South. He did so. From this time forth, he ceases to speak, except by action. Being solicited to make a speech, he replied, “now 'is the time for action; the time for speaking has passed.”

* See letter to Dr. Lindsley, chapter VIII, page 319; also, reply, in his speech, on the organization of the House, to interrogatory of Hon. William H. Barksdale, of Mississippi, chapter VII, page 210; and speech “On the state of the Union,” chapter IX, page 333.

Having resolved upon his course, he went to work in earnest. He called for volunteers, and they responded promptly. Enlisting a company, he was elected its Captain; but a short time elapsed, until Capt. Hatton, with his company, marched to Camp Trousdale, Sumner County. Here, on the organization of the Seventh Tennessee Regiment, he was elected its Colonel.* From the 26th of May, until about the middle of July, Colonel Hatton was busily engaged in arming, equipping, drilling, and otherwise preparing for the service. From this time on, we shall let him tell most of the story, as expressed in his letters to his wife, remarking, that some few very interesting letters have been misplaced, and can not now be produced. The following is the first of the series of army letters:

NASHVILLE, TENN.,
May 21, 1861.

MY DEAR SOPHIE:—

I drop you a line, simply to say, that I am very well. Stayed with my boys at the Fair Ground, last night; felt very well this morning; think it will agree with me. Saw Balie this morning; he is very well. Came from Sumner this morning. Will go up to Lebanon soon.

Sophie, I *never* knew what it was to feel *badly*, until yesterday morning. God bless you and the dear, sweet children, at home. We go to the Sumner Camp, this evening—suits us, exactly. Can't write more.

Yours, truly,
 R. HATTON.

CAMP TROUSDALE,
May 23, 1861.

MY DEAR SOPHIE—

I received your letter, of the 21st inst., the same day it was written. Though wearied, nearly to death, I opened it at once, saying to one of my officers: "You must attend to mat-

* John F. Goodner, Lieut.-Colonel; John K. Howard, Major; B. C. Wright, Captain Co. A; John A. Fite, Captain Co. B; James Baber, Captain Co. C; Monroe Anderson, Captain Co. D; Clint Douglas, Captain Co. E; Nathan Oakley, Captain Co. F; Samuel G. Sheperd, Captain Co. G; Wm. H. Williamson, Captain Co. H; Dr. Anthony, Captain Co. I; Thomas H. Bostick, Captain Co. K.

ters, until I read my letter. I read part of it to my boys, which seemed greatly to please them. Sophie, it did me great good—comforted and quieted me. As I started off, I *pressed* it, over and over again, to my lips, and said, God bless her, and our dear ones at home. We were only one night in Nashville—was glad of it, though I felt sad at leaving home and friends. Mary, and Mrs. Frazer and children, came out to see us, on Tuesday—the only time I saw her. She looked cheerful, and seemed in good health. * * * We changed our camping ground, to-day. Are encamped—one thousand men—our regiment—on high ground, near plenty of water. Have plenty to eat. Our men are comfortably clothed. A noble set of fellows, too, are they. My company is conceded to be the best in the crowd. They are perfectly *devoted* to me, seeming to have a real affection for me—treat me as a father. I will be *true* to them. Will act on your suggestions.

I will be Colonel of the regiment; so the boys say. I don't know. Am not doing *one* thing to secure it. Going to see what will be done. H. and G. are both aspirants, and *striving* to get the place. Can beat both.

Say to father and mother, that I am going to be quiet and steady, and will strive to return home, free from all the vices of camp life. Your idea of the kind of conversation becoming me is excellent—is being practiced on. Write often to me.

Kiss the dear children for pa, and believe me, as ever,

Yours, etc.,

R. HATTON.

NASHVILLE, *May* 28, 1861.

DEAR WIFE:—

Came here last night, for arms for my regiment, and have nearly run my feet off, to-day. Will not get away before morning, General Anderson says. We are now under strict military law; and, in all my movements, I am subject to the commands of my General, just as my officers are subject to me.

My election was unanimous. The regiment seem delighted

with their Colonel—say so, any how. My friends, here, are much pleased at my promotion, in a military line.*

If I can, I will visit Lebanon, before we leave our camp. You will come to the camp, with the other ladies? Love and kisses to the children.

God bless you, my wife.

R. HATTON.

“ST. CLOUD,” NASHVILLE,

May 29, 1861.

DEAR WIFE:—

Have just stepped in to dinner. Avail myself a moments' rest, to say, God bless “the dear ones at home.” I trust you are still all well. I am well, but more nearly worn down than even in the worst period of my Gubernatorial canvass. Have slept, until last night, scarcely any, since I left Lebanon. Last night, I came in to supper, a few minutes before the gong rang; went into my room, to rest a moment, and lay down, with cap, boots and all, on; dropped asleep, and did not wake up until 12 o'clock—midnight! So, I got some sleep by accident. Am still working hard, getting up my arms, which General Anderson is leaving to myself. I send out muskets first, but am to have rifles, in a few days. Am collecting them as fast as possible. General Anderson says I must not leave until I have them all fixed up.

I wanted to go up home.; but they would not hear to my going—seem to think I am the whole dependence of the regi-

* The following paragraph is from the *LaGrange (Texas) True Issue*, of June, 1861, then conducted by the writer hereof:

“HON. ROBERT HATTON.—We learn, from private correspondence, that this gentleman, late a member of the United States Congress from Tennessee, and who was, not long since, burnt in effigy, at Lebanon, for his extreme ‘Union’ proclivities, has lately been elected Colonel of a regiment of Volunteers, from Middle Tennessee, and is now on camp service, with his men, at Camp Trousdale, on or near the line between that State and Kentucky. We predict for Col. Hatton, a glorious career in battling for the rights of the South, and especially for his adopted State. We are well acquainted with him and the officers, and many of the men under his command, and feel confident that a more gallant and chivalric body of men, never battled for the cause of human freedom. We wish them a triumphant victory in every engagement, and all the glory that entwines about the brows of the brave, when the battle is over.”

ment. Am complimented by what they say, but find it wearisome to the flesh, to do all expected of me.

When am I to see you, and our children? God bless and guard you all, is my prayer, morning, noon and night.

Yours, affectionately,

R. HATTON.

NASHVILLE,

May 31, 5 o'clock, P. M.

DEAR WIFE:—

Am just off for camp—tired, nearly out of my life. Am getting my boys well armed with Mississippi rifles—the best gun in the service. Am very well, eat hearty, and sleep sound. May God bless you, my dear wife, and keep you and ours from all harm; and may we live to spend years of quiet life, in Lebanon.

Affectionately,

R. HATTON.

Oh! could he have looked down the vista of the future, just *one year and two hours* from the hour the above note was written! The sanguinary field of the Seven Pines, counted among the slain, him who breathed the above prayer, but who was doomed to see wife and home, no more!

CAMP TROUSDALE,

June 2, 1861.

DEAR WIFE:—

Got here, Friday night just before day, from Nashville. Found Reilly—God bless his sweet little heart—sleeping soundly in Bostick's tent. He waked up, and seemed delighted to see me. Said the men were mighty kind to him, etc. He is a great pet with the men—all of them paying him great attention. I think he is very happy. Said, to-day, he wanted to see ma, mighty bad. Will be willing to go home, in a short time.

I go this evening, again, to Nashville, to see about getting up my guns. I am terribly troubled about it. Am made Agent-General, for all the regiment. Will be back at camp, to-morrow,

I trust. When will you come up here? Come over, and make Em. Peyton come along with you. My duties keep me continually engaged—hardly time to eat. Got my supper, last night, at 10 o'clock. Have time to write no more. Love to all.

Affectionately, your husband,

R. HATTON.

NASHVILLE, *June 3, 1861.*

DEAR WIFE:—

Came here, last night, at 9:30 o'clock. Am on a gun hunt—have not completed the arming of my regiment. Will do so, I trust, to-day and to-morrow. Left Reilly at camp, under care of the *whole* regiment, Jerry, Mr. Bostick, and Capt. Baber, in particular. He promised me to be a good boy, and say his prayers before he went to bed, and be particular about interfering with anybody's camp, etc. He is a noble little fellow, and would soon become a perfect regiment pet—all hands, officers and men, being exceedingly kind to him.

Have got no horse, beside the black mare, yet. Fear I shall be troubled in getting one. She is now in fine condition, and is being used by General Zollicoffer.

I thank you, my dear wife, for your many long and kind letters. I have never read letters from you—since our courting days—with more interest and pleasure. * * * *

Affectionately, your husband,

R. HATTON.

CAMP TROUSDALE,

June 6, 1861.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

My engagements here seem to multiply, rather than diminish. I have, really, *no* time for myself—somebody or something, all the time, demanding my attention. I have not known, before, what it was to be really *worked down*. Here in camps, a dozen things at a time, seem to require my attention. The time I have spent at Nashville afforded me scarcely more of rest. Enough of my labors. I mention them, simply, as in some sort, an apology for my failure to promptly answer your

many kind and interesting letters. *I'll do the best I can.* You have been, Sophie, exceedingly kind in writing to me. Never have your letters been read with so much interest. I am thankful to you for them. I was glad to hear that your sick were getting better. Hope Judy may not continue sick on your hands. Bettie, poor thing, I suppose, will not last long.

Reilly is doing finely—in good health, and seemingly delighted with the life he leads here. He sleeps like a log. He willingly obeys all I say to him. He knelt down, night-before-last, by me, to say his prayers; and, as the sweet little fellow's voice fell on my ear, home, wife—all that is nearest and dearest to me on earth, was, in imagination, before me. I pressed my hand on his head, and blessed him, the tears running over and down my face.

God bless and preserve you.

Yours affectionately,
R. HATTON.

HEAD-QUARTERS, CAMP TROUSDALE,
June 12, 1861.

DEAR WIFE:—

I saw Mr. Barry, this morning; and he said Reilly and Balie had been at his house, four days. I was astonished to hear it, and fear you have been uneasy about him.

I am "busy as a bee," from day to night—most of the time, from night to day. It is however, agreeing with me very well, as my appetite is good, and I sleep—while at it—soundly.

Crowds, from Wilson, visit our camp, almost daily. Almost everybody, it seems, has been here—everybody, except my wife. It *may* be best for you not to come; but it is hard that every one should see their folks, but me. *Many* have gone home, neglecting—some of them—their duty here. *Hundreds* are begging, daily, *to go*, and I am forced to refuse them. Hence, I cannot go off, except on business, strictly of the regiment, without great complaint. So long as *I* stay away from home, I can, in some measure, control the men. I have not, before, in my life, known what care and labor was. Am now responsible for the order and exercises of sixty companies—six thousand men—having entire command of Camp Trousdale.

My position is that of Senior Colonel, which, in General Zollcoffer's absence, makes me Commander, in his place. I bear the honor as quietly and as modestly as possible. * * * I am going to guard my mind and heart, if possible, to return better than I left you. May your prayers aid me, my wife.

My regiment is improving in health—doing well. A nobler set of fellows are not anywhere to be found. Am greatly attached to them—think most of them are, to me. Shall strive to deserve their respect and confidence.

I sent the candy by Green White. Hope it went safely.

* * * * *

Love to all. In haste.

Affectionately,

R. HATTON.

CAMP TROUSDALE,

June 14, 1861.

MY DEAR WIFE :—

11 o'clock, P. M.—Thomas Norman is going home in the morning, and I avail myself of the opportunity to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, giving account of Reilly's arrival in Lebanon. What does Reilly say about coming back to camp? He was a great favorite, here; his presence afforded me great pleasure; God bless his little heart! what would I not give to have him lying in my tent, now. Tell him, pa has two large tents to himself, now; sleeps in one by himself; have a cot that makes me quite comfortable. I invite none of the numerous visitors to our encampment, to sleep in my tent; have to be alone, in order to attend to my business.

My regiment was ordered, yesterday, to be ready to march at a moment's warning, with forty-eight hours' provisions cooked, and in our haversacks. The order created a great stir amongst the boys; nearly all of them seemed delighted at the prospect of active service. Our preparations were all made, for marching, when General Anderson, by special messenger, informed me, that he would not move us just now—countermanding the marching orders. We are doing, now, very well, the health of the regiment being greatly improved since we got

to the new encampment. My own health is excellent—better than usual; eat heartily, and sleep soundly—when I get a chance to sleep at all. My duties are new and onerous; am at the head of the largest military force ever assembled in Tennessee; you can well imagine the sense of responsibility I experience. Am doing my duty without fear or affection—determined to let consequences take care of themselves, so that *duty* is discharged.

Mrs. P—— was here to day; returned by the evening train to Gallatin; she gave me a good deal of Lebanon news. From all accounts, you are having any amount of spirited discussion and gossip in our town. Don't permit any ill-natured thing you may hear of me, trouble you. The disappointed and envious *will* talk. There are such people in Lebanon!

Am not reading up to the task I had assigned to myself—the number of chapters in the Bible, I mean. Have really been so completely worn out, that I could not. It is now late; the camp is almost as quiet as a grave-yard. Good-night, my dear wife; may God guard and protect you, and our dear ones at home.

Affectionately,
R. HATTON.

HEAD-QUARTERS, CAMP TROUSDALE,
June 15, 1861.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

Major Howard and Captain Williamson are going to Lebanon, this evening. I drop a line to acknowledge receipt of yours of the —, in which you give me, among other things, an account of Mrs. — & Co's doings. All right; you are acting just as you should. Don't appear to notice their conduct; pity them, as I do, for their weakness and folly, and pass it all over. By so doing, you will preserve your dignity, and administer to them a wholesome rebuke. *Don't* let them see that you notice but what all is right. * * * * *

I am very well—as well as I have been for ten years; I thank God that he is thus kind to me, for the sake of those I love; that I may yet do some good for my country and species.

For the pictures sent me, I thank you. Was expecting the "group;" can't you send it to me? You cannot know, unless you were situated as I am, how to value such things.

Good-bye, and may God bless *you* and *ours*.

Affectionately,

R. HATTON.

HEAD-QUARTERS, CAMP TROUSDALE,

June 18, 1861.

DEAR WIFE:—

Wrote you yesterday—say "howdy" this evening. Am very well; every thing getting on well—very well. Boys drilling finely; a nobler set of fellows never set their tents; my officers are gentlemen, with whom I have most friendly, social intercourse. The air is really cold—so cold, that I hastened out of my cot, at daylight, to go out to a log-fire in the rear of my tent.

May God, in his tender mercies, bless and guard you and ours, and may we again be gathered safely into the family group.

Affectionately,

R. HATTON.

CAMP TROUSDALE,

June 21, 1861.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

Got my pocket-book yesterday evening; also the clipping from the *Bulletin*. Return the clipping to you; thank you.

Father left last evening; he was not at all well, and, I fear, did not enjoy his visit to camp; he looked sick. Having slept but little the night before, I was particularly dull myself; so, I fear, his impressions were not favorable. Was very glad to see him; he told me a good deal about home, etc., which was very interesting to me. * * * Circumstances will not justify any but *necessary* expenses; I will *certainly* have to pay the whole of the Barry debt. So far from his having any means out of which to pay me, he will not be able to pay for the land at all. Hard, but can't be helped.

We are getting on very well; except for the measles and

mumps, our men would be in fine health. So far as my regiment is concerned, there is perfect order and discipline. Generally, too, the men are cheerful and happy; some men would complain anywhere, and under any circumstances. * * *

Was greatly relieved to hear that the children were all well once more. Kiss them for pa a dozen times apiece; take good care of yourself; be happy and cheerful. May God bless and preserve you all, is my prayer.

Affectionately,
R. HATTON.

CAMP TROUSDALE,
June 30, 1861.

DEAR SOPHIE:—

I am about starting for Nashville; go by order of General Zollicoffer, to procure Ordnance Stores, and to make some arrangement for the more complete outfit of my regiment. The probabilities are, that it will be moved to some point, East or West, at an early day, and the General wants it thoroughly furnished in every respect; hence, his order to me, to repair to the city, and attend, in person, to its equipment. He paid me a great compliment, for what he characterized as my zeal and ability in the drill and general government of my regiment, and said he looked exclusively to me, to see that my men were completely furnished. To avoid going to Nashville, last week, I got him to send Lieut.-Col. Goodner. * * *

If I had known that I was to go to Nashville, on yesterday, I would have sent you word to have met me there. I go this evening, to return, perhaps, to-morrow evening. Am ordered to return as soon as I am furnished with the articles for which I go. Think it possible I will go and come back, to return towards the last of the week. If so, I will write you to come down. Will you? Of course you will.

I got your long and interesting letter, sent by Mart. Cartmell, last evening, while at dress parade. Stood still, in front of it, and read it through. Your account of Reilly's adventures with the chickens and the calf's tail, his sore foot, covering potato plants, etc., interested me greatly. Love to all.

Affectionately,
R. HATTON.

CAMP TROUSDALE,
July 8, 1861.

DEAR WIFE:—

Am just starting to Nashville; ordered there by General Zollicoffer, on business of our brigade.* Was apprised that I was to go, only just a few minutes since. Will be there most likely, until day after to-morrow morning, 9 o'clock, at which hour, the cars start for this place. I will send this by some of the Wilson people, who go home this evening. My particular object in this, is, to say, come down to Nashville, to-morrow, to see me; we can spend a few hours together. Fear that I shall not be able to get to Lebanon soon; so you must not fail to come to Nashville, to-morrow; stop at the St. Cloud Hotel; I may not stop there, myself, but will keep a watch out for you, and will come there on your arrival. I suppose you will not be able to get down more comfortably, than in the stage. *Don't* fail, darling, to come. Can write no more; in great haste.

Affectionately,
R. HATTON.

NASHVILLE, July 8, 1861.

DEAR SOPHIE:—

I wrote the enclosed before leaving the camp, hoping that I would certainly have an opportunity to send it to you. I failed, there being for the first time, for weeks, no one going across to Lebanon. One of the boys leave in the morning, on the stage. I write by him, to urge you not to fail to get ready, *at once*, and come to-morrow evening, as I will not be able to stay here longer than to-morrow—possibly, next day.

I will be at the St. Cloud, waiting for you, when the stage arrives. The driver has promised me—have just been on hunt of him—to stop, as he goes in to-morrow morning, and see this delivered.

It is probable that I will not be here again for a long time—perhaps, not at all, before going away. *So, come, certainly.*

* First Tennessee Brigade, comprising the First, Colonel Maney's; the Seventh, Colonel Hatton's, and the Fourteenth, Colonel Forbes' Tennessee Regiments. General S. R. Anderson, of Nashville, commanded the brigade, until succeeded by General Hatton.

Had you not better bring all the children? I think so; never wanted to see them more. Love to all; in haste.

Affectionately,

R. HATTON.

NASHVILLE, 11 o'clock, P. M.,

July 9, 1861.

DEAR SOPHIE:—

I have not, in my life, felt more disappointed, than I was this evening, when the stage drove up to the St. Cloud, and you were not in it. I had not even considered of the possibility of your not coming. Though I put up at the Commercial Hotel, I went at dinner, to-day, to the St. Cloud, and engaged rooms for you, telling the Proprietor you would be down in the evening stage. Half-an-hour before sun-set, I went round to the St. Cloud, and seated myself on the pavement, to watch for the stage, telling a number of gentlemen who were seated there, that my wife *was coming* down on the stage. When it came in sight, I jumped up, and stood on the corner of the pavement, to get a glimpse of you and the children, as you came up, to be ready to welcome you. Imagine, Sophie, my disappointment! I asked the driver, where you were, not thinking but that you *had* come. He said, "she didn't come," and turned away, to scold at his horses. Some fellow in the stage, whom I didn't know, pulled out your note to the stage-driver, and handed it to me. I opened and read it—"say to Mr. Hatton, I got his letter too late to go down to day. All well at home. Respectfully, S. K. Hatton." I turned off to attempt to explain to my companions why you didn't come. The fools laughed at my evident chagrin; those more polite, expressed regret at my disappointment.

Sophie, *why* didn't you come? I impressed it upon the bearer of my note, to be certain and stop the stage, and deliver it, as he went in, that you might get it, not "too late" for you to fix and come down, by to-day's stage. Saw the driver of the stage, and made him promise to stop, and see that my note was certainly delivered. Wasn't it? Am afraid that no other opportunity so good, will present itself. Part of my

business here (this is private, and not to be repeated—a military secret,) was, to confer about the condition of our forces, and as to the propriety of doing certain things—whether we should be moved off, etc. My conference was not concluded until to-night. Have been with the Major-General, since supper, until a half hour ago. The probabilities *all* are, that my regiment will be moved *very* shortly. (This you are to keep to yourself.) Harris and Anderson are both in favor of sending me off; and this being so, I will be pretty certain to go. It may be, in three days. It will certainly be determined to-morrow. You can imagine, then, my feelings at your not coming. From, perhaps, too great a desire to fully discharge the duties of my station, I have stuck to my camp like a slave, *never* leaving it, except when I left by *order* of my commanding General, on business. Hence, I have not been to Lebanon. Had I gone, hundreds of others, who could not get permission to leave, and who have submitted to their confinement with comparative cheerfulness, would have been dissatisfied and insubordinate. I have had *all* to do in the discipline and drill of my regiment. Have had a painful and responsible duty upon me. Have *tried* to rise equal to the station—overcome those difficulties in my way—anticipate and prevent others. Have succeeded beyond my expectations. In doing it, have I created the impression on your mind, that I have stayed away, when I might have gone to Lebanon? I *might* have gone—every week. Would it have been best? If so, I regret that I did not, as it has deprived me of much pleasure, and increased the sum of labors performed.

The general order now, is, that *no* officer or man, shall, except for sickness, on the recommendation of the Surgeon, go from camps, unless sent by the Commander of the Encampment, on business thereof. I *can't*, then, for the present, go to Lebanon, without running off. Was tempted to get a buggy, and go to-night. But it would have been in violation of orders. Hence, I did not. Had business, on which I could have stayed to-morrow, had you come down. As you did not, I asked, and got orders to return to camps in the morning. I go on the morning train. Go, blue—with heavy heart. Well, I, no doubt, deserve to be so. Have had too smooth and pleasant a path—too much sun-

shine. We see best, when the sun is not too bright. As with the eye, so with the mind and heart. Well.

Love and kisses to the dear little children. May God, in His infinite mercy and goodness, guard and bless you and our children, and all our relations and friends. May we be spared to meet again.

Affectionately,
R. HATTON.

Mrs. S. K. Hatton.

But a few days elapsed, after the writing of this letter, until Col. Hatton's regiment received orders to march. Leaving Camp Trousdale, it proceeded to Virginia, *via* Nashville, Chattanooga, Knoxville, etc. From Chattanooga, Col. Hatton wrote one letter home; from Knoxville, he wrote two or three; all of which have been mislaid, and cannot now be produced. The next letter we have, is from Virginia. It is as follows:

BRISTOL, VA., *July 22, 1861.*

DEAR SOPHIE:—

Am on the eve of starting, with my regiment, for Lynchburg, *en route* for—don't know certainly, where—Manassas or Winchester. Winchester is high up in the State, near to Maryland and Pennsylvania, where Johnston is in command. We will be stopped at Manassas, if needed there. If not, will be sent on to Winchester. The news by telegraph, this evening, is, that our forces are triumphant at Manassas—the Federal troops routed completely. Our boys are, generally, well—some cases of measles still making their appearance. John and I are both well. John ate a big dinner at the hotel, here, to-day. Seemed to enjoy it hugely. Jerry is doing finely—is the best nigger in camps. Does all I would have him to do, and that without telling. Nathan, I fear, is taking measles—is complaining. Horses doing well. The black mare, a regiment pet.

Wrote you, yesterday, from Knoxville; also, day before. Have no time to write more.

God bless you, my wife. Kiss our babies for pa, and say to

them, be good and be happy. Love to father, and mother, and Mary, and Balie, and all.

Affectionately, your husband,

R. HATTON.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.,

July 24, 1861.

DEAR WIFE:—

Got here, this morning, from Lynchburg, on our way to Staunton. Our destination has been changed since yesterday. The rout of the Federal forces at Manassas, turns us off toward Monterey, Va., toward which McClellan's forces seem to be advancing. Don't believe it. Think *he* will retreat precipitately, toward the Ohio river. To go after him, is now the only chance for a fight, in Virginia. Our boys are greatly distressed that they missed the fight at Manassas. *I am*. We see a great number of the sick and wounded, from Manassas, here—some dead. Almost every house in the place is full of sick or wounded. The defeat of Lincoln's men has been *utter*—a most brilliant victory for our forces.

The health of my men is good—very few sick. Are eager to see service. Will have to foot it from Staunton. This will quiet them.

My regiment is going on ahead of the balance of the brigade. Brigadier and all are behind us. Are taking care of ourselves, the best we can. General Anderson, Cols. Maney and Forbes, will follow, in a few days.

The train is ready to go. Good-bye, and may God bless and guard you, my dear wife and children, and all.

R. HATTON.

STAUNTON, VA., July 30, 1861.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

I got your long letter, of the 23d, enclosing one from mother, last night. They both afforded me much pleasure. Thank you, Sophie, for your kindness. Jerry and I, after reading the letters, had a long talk about home and home folks. He affords me great amusement with his talk. He is a great

favorite in the regiment. Is really as good a servant as ever was. Has more sense than any negro in the regiment—there are some forty—and is as faithful to me as ever one person could be to another. Nathan is getting well of the measles. Was not very sick. John is very well. He and I had a talk of home, last evening—good for us both. He is taking things very quietly. Have not known a boy possessed of so much philosophy. Is remarkable for his cleanliness. Beats the Colonel of his regiment. I am getting quite indifferent about my dress. My clothes are, necessarily, much abused. Jerry does a good deal of brushing. Still, they keep dirty.

The filly—black mare—is doing finely. Stands the trip better than any of the horses—much better. Is fat and sleek. The boys all seem attached to her, and call her all sorts of pet names. My ball horse is a fine and spirited animal, but has not the stamina of the mare.

Reilly had better not join the company for the present, 'till pa gets home. One out of the family is enough to bear arms, especially as he is not ten years old yet. Am obliged to him for his good opinion of my military qualities. He will no doubt beat me, when he gets up to manhood. Bless his little soul, he is much of an idol with me. "Many" must come "next time," tell her. Em. next. You speak only of my letter from Chattanooga. I wrote to you three times, from Knoxville, once from Bristol, once from Lynchburg, and once from Charlottesville. Hope you may receive them.

We go on the train to Millboro' in a few minutes; thence to Huntersville. Gen. Lee, (Maj Gen. R. E. Lee,) is here going on to take charge of the expedition. Our command will consist of some twenty to twenty-five thousand men. It is reported this morning, that Gov. Wise is retreating in this direction. We will stop him, and put him to going forward again. Lee says, we will run Lincoln's men into the Ohio. Have no uneasiness about me more than you can avoid. For the sake of those who have claims, high and sacred, upon me, I shall take all possible precaution to avoid unnecessary exposure, trusting to good luck to get me safely to the end of the service. Your picture and the children's is kept on top in the trunk, where I,

John and Jerry have a good chance at them. I think they are excellent. Now, love to you all once more. May God bless and guard you, and keep you as in the hollow of his hand.

Your affectionate husband,

R. HATTON.

Mrs. S. K. Hatton, Lebanon, Tenn.

WARM SPRINGS, Va., August 1, 1861.

DEAR SOPHIE:—

On yesterday, my regiment moved from Millboro', in direction of this place, and camped on the side of the mountain. The baggage was carried in waggons, the men traveling on foot. For the first time, I slept *out doors*, without even a tent. Laid down under a tree and slept until about 3½ o'clock this morning, when I was awakened by the rain falling in my face. Got up, and halloed to the boys to get up and prepare for rain. Some of them pulled their tents out of their wagons and set them. Others concluded, as I did, to take it. It rained for two and a half hours as hard as I ever saw it—perfect torrents running through our encampment, sweeping tin pans, cups, etc., into the river below. The boys bore it cheerfully; laughing and shouting, said they would “not longer be troubled with dust.” In the midst of a thunder storm they buckled on their knapsacks, shouldered their guns and took to the road. We got to this point at from 12 m. to 2½ o'clock, P. M., the train being a long one. Our road led over Warm Spring mountain—one of the Alleghanies—a distance of some six miles from one foot of the mountain to the other. I walked over, giving my horse to a man who carried the guns of several of the boys. The road was good enough, except for the mud which made it heavy. The scenery was truly sublime—have seen none to compare to it. This is among the celebrated Summer resorts of Virginia. The water is said to be superior in medicinal properties. The baths are splendid—temperature 98° Far. The boys have been luxuriating for two hours. Two hundred of them ate a late dinner at the hotel,—which is large and elegant—handsomely and fashionably furnished. To-morrow we go from this resort of fashion, across another mountain toward Huntersville. We

are seeing in all its reality, the life of a soldier. The baggage is cut down so, that a single wagon carries all belonging to a whole company. Meat and bread, pickled pork and bread, coffee and sugar, is our ration. More of this again.

The Federalists are said to be falling back. We will join Col. Lee, of N. C., at Elk Mountain. Thence we will go towards Grafton. *We will drive* them out of Western Virginia.

John is very well. I took his gun from him and brought it all the way over the mountain. I am well. Shall sleep soundly to-night. Love to all. God bless you.

Affectionately,
R. HATTON.

BIG SPRING, VA., *August 12, 1861.*

DEAR SOPHIE:—

A messenger from Gen. Loring, on his way from the top of the mountain to Huntersville, has just rode up and informed me he would carry anything I desired to send to the office. He is eating supper, and I am at my tent door, to say I am well. Regret to say, however that our men are suffering to-day more than for a month past. Have on sick list this evening, over seventy cases of sickness. Three days ago, your morning report showed only ten unfit for duty. It is caused by excessive, continued rains, flooding our camp, wetting the men and every thing in their tents. Another cause is, they are fed almost exclusively, on fresh beef, and that with not half enough salt. I pray God to preserve my boys, with more earnestness than I ever prayed for anything. From my inmost heart I pity the poor fellows who are subjects of disease in camps. I trust all will be better again in a few days.

John is in perfect health; Jerry is well, and most all the Lebanon companies. The messenger is waiting. Good bye. God bless you.

R. HATTON.

BIG SPRING, Va., *August 14, 1861.*

MY DEAR WIFE:—

We have Winter on us, this morning. The rain has ceased, at least, temporarily, and the wind is blowing as cold as is

usual in Tennessee in November. Have not known a more sudden change in temperature. Yesterday, it was raining and warm. In the evening, growing cold, but continuing to rain; by midnight, it was so cold that I got up and piled on top of my cot, all my coats and pants, to keep from getting cold. Am, however, not distressed at the change. If it will only not rain again for two weeks, we will get along pretty well. The cold is hard on us at night, but not so bad as the protracted rains that we have had now for two weeks.

I wrote you a line, last night, by Gen. Loring's messenger. He was so hurried, however, I could only say; I was getting along as usual—John and I well. I said the Lebanon boys, most of them, were well. On reflection, there is not a sick one among them, either officers or men. I have been singularly blessed with health. Have not missed a moment's duty on account of sickness, since I left home. Scarcely any man in the regiment has been half as much exposed—been so continually employed—none have enjoyed better health. John, too, has done remarkably well. Has not missed scarcely an hour's duty—is rosy and cheerful—spent a good part of yesterday, reading a novel in my tent. Is as quiet as ever. No better boy, or soldier on the continent. Jerry is as careful to take care of his things, as if they were his own. Talks to me often about "Massa Johny;" says he "thinks as much of him as if he was kin" to him. Jerry himself, is the most faithful creature I have ever known. Have not spoken unkindly or sharply to him twice since we left home—not at all, I believe—have had no occasion to do so. Occasionally I praise and compliment him, which makes him show his ivories, and spring with additional cheerfulness to his work. Had a long talk with him last night, after I came in to retire, about home, &c. He interests me greatly. Nathan is well again. Has had a hard time of it. He is a better servant than I thought him. Jerry superintends him and keeps him in the traces. He requests me to send his best wishes "to all the folks at home," and to say howdy to Reilly.

I thought I would have time to write you at length this morning, but am interrupted by a call requiring my immediate attention. And as a wagoner is going off this morning, I will

close, and take the chances for another opportunity to continue my letter. God bless and preserve you all.

Affectionately,

R. HATTON.

BIG SPRING, VA., August 16, 1861

DEAR SOPHIE:—

Have just been looking at my pictures. The sun has, at last, again appeared. In order to dry the ground under my tent, I struck it to-day, opened my trunks and box, took out my clothes and spread them upon the ground to air. Some of them were moulded, and needed airing. For an hour or more, after dinner, I have been sitting down on my tent cloth, in the sun, looking over letters, etc. My pictures were before me, and have been looked at twice—the last time, for a half hour. Looked at them until I could see myself at home again, in the midst of those dearer to me than life, surrounded by warm hearts and loving eyes. Closed my eyes that the vision might not be broken. *Looked*, until I rose to get my pen and paper to write again. I wrote yesterday, and the five preceding days, to you, although, as I wrote, I have not heard from home, except through letters received by others, since 27th of July. Have concluded it is best to keep writing, and perchance, some of my letters may get to you, and be answered. Reilly and Many—say to them—are neglecting pa, in not writing to him. Neither has written to me since I left home. Aunt Mary would do the writing for them, wouldn't she? Father, mother, and sister Mary, and Balie could, together, write a letter occasionally. Couldn't they? I am not scolding at all; not a bit of it. Only asking a question. Enough of this.

Gen. Anderson is absent, to-day, and has left the camp in my charge, as Brigadier. Since finishing the opposite page, I have written a dispatch to Gen. Loring, in answer to one from him, assuring him that our Brigade would be ready to move at any moment it receives the word from Head-quarters. Our only trouble is, want of provisions. Without provisions, our Generals are afraid to go forward. The roads are so bad it is

nearly impossible to get along in many places, with even an empty wagon.

Gen. Lee has a son encamped with our Brigade. He is Major of Cavalry. A fine looking, and spirited man. Looks nearly as old as his father. Not so fine looking as his father, however. Has spent part of to-day at my tent. Is highly educated; full of Virginia pride—a Virginian in manner, and bearing. Gen. Lee, is, you know, the son of "Lightfoot Harry Lee," Washington's pet, in the Revolution. His family, therefore, is of royal extraction, and hence, my particularity in references to them. Characters of historic interest. The mother of this Major, was the granddaughter of Mrs. George Washington.

Do you think me wanting in something to write about? Have not been before more scarce of material. Indeed, when one has written so often as I have, not getting a letter in return, the writing spirit is gone. Just here, then, give me credit for an honest effort to do the best possible, I can, under the circumstances. * * * * * His, (John's,) mess have been blessed with health. There is no better mess in the army—temperate, spirited, noble fellows. One great matter is, they are careful to keep clean. I had a fine joke on John and Zack Thompson, a day or two since. Will not tell on them now. Zack has done as well as any boy in the regiment. Has scarcely missed a drill, or failed in the performance of any duty. His mother manifested great anxiety about him, while at Camp Trousdale. Say to her, he will take care of himself, notwithstanding his youth. Wharton, of the same mess, I have made my Orderly. Does my writing, making reports, etc. Andrew Allison is really fat—a fine looking, and as good a soldier, as the regiment has. Leroy Settle takes to all the labors of the camp most kindly, making a number one soldier. He and Johnnie are as fond of reading as ever. Are quite alike in several respects. Have spoken thus particularly of John's mess, for his mother's benefit. Her boy is most pleasantly and fortunately situated. * * * * *

Would that I could look in upon you all, assembled—father mother, Mary, Balie—you and the children, Reilly, Many, and

the baby—around the table, or seated around the fire. Fire? Yes, that's what I've written. Did it most naturally, too. How? I'll explain. We are on the most elevated section of Va. Not on top of the mountain, but the plane on which we are encamped is, itself, above the tops of part of the Alleghany Mountain. We have not descended scarcely at all, since we came up the Alleghany range. At least, have ascended, as much as we have descended, or nearly so. The wind blows like winter. Ice was abundant yesterday morning, a large frost covering the ground. To keep at all comfortable, we have had to build large log fires, and keep close to them, morning and evening. It is now 10 o'clock, A. M., and I still have my heavy over-coat on. The idea of your getting about the fire was, then natural. We have had nothing like floors in our tents since we left Camp Trousdale. Take it on the ground. The water has, several times, run through my tent—once, to the depth of six inches. Will all be nothing when we get used to it. Trust it may not be with any of us, as it was with the man who taught his horse to do without eating. I wrote this to be sent by our Commissary, who goes to Huntersville this morning, for provisions. He will mail it there. It leaves me sitting in my tent door, looking at the boys drill their companies on the hill-side. At least, while I write they are at it in full view of me. My letter is called for. My love to all the family—children, darkies and all. Jerry and Nathan say, send their "respects to all the folks." Good bye, and may God guard you and ours, from all harm.

Affectionately,
R. HATTON.

BIG SPRING, VA.,
August 18, 1861.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

I have got a letter from home at last. Yours of the 4th inst., was received yesterday evening. To-morrow, "Like" Stewart, (he is connected with Gen. Anderson's Staff,) starts for Nashville. Will send this by him. * * *

We are all—Lebanon boys—well. In our regiment, there is

a good deal of sickness. To-day, has been exceedingly wet again—has rained all day, making the roads worse and worse. It is a hard case on us, indeed. Cannot be helped, though 'tis hard. It blocks our enterprise terribly. Men, we *can* overrun and overcome. "The elements are hard to conquer." We are waiting for better roads, to go forward. *We must not stay here.* Would rather risk a dozen battles with my boys, than have them lie here to take fever, and die of frost and ice, in Winter. Have not been more restive in my life. Are in the most out-of-the-way portion of Virginia—"in the mountains," beyond the reach of newspapers and post-offices. We have to send a letter to Huntersville—25 miles—to mail it, and then it is out of the world," with small chances of getting into it. The mountains about us are full of bear, deer, panthers, etc. Panthers have been heard, and bear and deer seen, almost in sight of our tents. One of the boys shot a deer yesterday, close by us. Two days ago, Clint Douglass shot two large bucks in half a mile of us. The boys are out of tobacco, and a number of articles—not to mention whisky—which are essential to their comfort. Such a thing as a store has not been known in this region. In short, "Big Spring" is a hard place, and from, and to it, there is a "hard road to travel." Could not have been made to believe, that "the Old Dominion" contained such a region—so wild and unsettled. May we be delivered from it speedily.

We had a sad accident yesterday. Wm. Bruce—one of Capt. Anderson's company—was shot by accident, by one of Col. Maney's men. He lived some five or six hours, when he died without a struggle. He was a spirited and active young man—as good a soldier as we had. He was buried with the honors of war, to-day, on the side of the mountain, in a hard rain. We followed him to his lonely home, with heavy hearts. As the echo of the guns that were fired over his grave, died away among the mountain gorges above us, my mind ran off home, to those I love; and the thought occurred to me: "To die on the battle-field, is glorious. To die, away from all the comforts and endearments of home, on the ground, in a wilderness, and be buried alone, without a stone to mark our resting-place, is

pitiable." I wrote to the mother of young Bruce, this evening. Wished, if possible, to say something that might give her some comfort, in her sad bereavement.

Was exceedingly interested and amused, at your account of Reilly's and Many's performance at "the party." Say to Reilly, not to make any definite matrimonial arrangements, before my return—at least without consulting me. The little rascal never got his self-possession, or his boldness in company, from me. Tell Many not to get to dancing, until, as Reilly says, she "knows how."

Your account of eating fruit, out at father's, seemed like a dream. I have not seen *even* a peach, cucumber or water-melon, this year—much less, eat any of either. Have not seen a peach tree, that I remember, in Virginia, this side of Staunton. We eat beef, and bread, and coffee—and coffee, and bread, and beef—occasionally, a little rice and a mess of potatoes.

* * * * *

Affectionately,

R. HATTON.

BIG SPRING, VA.,

August 23, 1861.

MY DEAR SOPHIE:—

I have just returned from a ride, in search of another camping ground for our regiment. Where we are, is so flooded with water, and so muddy, as to make it impossible for us to stand it longer. A Tennessee hog pen would scarcely be more uncomfortable, as a location. As all such things as plank floors to our tents have disappeared, since we left Tennessee, we take it—in the mud. I found, however, this morning, a place, where we can be comparatively comfortable—for a short time, at least. It is about one mile up the mountain road. There, material for mud—water and proper kind of soil—is abundant; *but it is not made up*. We will move, this evening, if it will but stop raining long enough. For the last three weeks, we have had only three days without rain. It is raining now—has been, ever since daylight. When it will cease, there is no calculating. Our men—officers and all—are blue at the

balk in our enterprise, occasioned by the rain. Had it not been for excessive wet weather, we would have tried, before this, the pluck of the Yankees. They are so near us, that it would require but a short march to encounter them. One of them, who strayed off too far from their camp, was taken up, and brought into our quarters, yesterday. He was a real 'live Yankee. Looked surprised and alarmed; but, as no one tried to hurt him, he got quiet, and seemed content with his lot. Said he was *forced* into it—didn't *want* to fight us.

Have received no more letters from you. Have got *four*, and *only four*, from you, since I left Camp Trousdale. I have written, not less than twenty, to you. * * * * *

Have made an important purchase, to-day—a pair of shoes. Gave two dollars for them—a real negro shoe. All, and the best, I could do.

Mr. John Champ, who takes this, is waiting. So, good-bye; and may God bless and guard you all. This leaves me well, and John sleeping soundly on my bed. He sleeps, now, in my tent, Jerry waiting on him, like a child. Again, God bless you.

Affectionately,

R. HATTON.

HEAD-QUARTERS 7TH REG'T TENN. VOLS.,

Big Spring, Va., August 24, 1861.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

The above "heading" was written, for the purpose of inditing, below it, a regimental order. Necessity for the order having passed, I will spend a leisure moment in filling up the sheet, to you. This is a bright, clear day. There was a heavy fog—as heavy as I ever saw—this morning. It has cleared away, and the sun is shining out, beautifully—something so unusual in this region, that we feel singularly pleasant. Yesterday evening, I ordered a portion of my regiment to move forward, up the mountain. Four companies got off, and located themselves, before dark, very comfortably. I moved, myself, with them, leaving Col. Goodner and Maj. Howard with the other companies. They are moving up, now, and will be up in a few hours. Our present camping ground is the best we

have had, since we left Tennessee—high, and as dry as ground can be, in this region. Trust that the change may be of service to our men.

If the weather should remain dry, the roads will soon be in condition for us to go toward Cheat Mountain, where General Reynolds' force is stationed. Rosecrans is beyond, with other portions of his command. All are extremely anxious to get on; want to do what is to be done, before the snow catches us.

One of the Virginia regiments is encamped with us. In it, is Capt. Martin, who was in Congress with me. He represented the Abingdon District. He plays the Captain, very well. I was passing along the road, a few days since, on the filly, as this Virginia regiment was just getting in from below. As I rode along, in the mud, some one on the side of the road, halloed, "How are you, Hatton?" I looked 'round, and saw Martin, sitting on the ground, resting. He had walked some ten miles, through the mud, that day, with his company, and was tired and wet, and as muddy as a man could well be, who had not been *wallowed* in the mud. He jumped up, and shook me cordially by the hand, saying he was delighted to meet me. I was really much gratified to meet him. We were good friends, at Washington, though we differed in politics, greatly—he being a decided Democrat. Am glad to have him along. We passed a very pleasant hour together, to-day, talking over the occurrences of the last Congress. When I first saw him sitting by the roadside, I was much struck with the change in his appearance, since I had last seen him. *Then*, he was a dressy and dashing young Congressman, full of pride, and fondness for display, frequenting places of fashionable resort, in the Federal Capital—the attendant of gay and *splurging* belles. He had now gotten off his finery—was dressed in plain soldier's garb, tired, wet, dirty; was sitting on the wet ground, to rest his wearied— [Here the letter stops—balance wanting.]

VALLEY MOUNTAIN, VA.,

August 30, 1861.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

I've written you, almost every day, for the past twenty days; but, fearing that many of my letters may have met the fate that all of yours to me, have met with, I write you a note, by your old friend, Dr. Hayes, of Columbia, who is here, visiting the army. He is here, at our tent, now, on his way from General Lee's Head-quarters to Staunton.

The sun is out, shining brightly, this morning. A general inspection of our arms takes place, this evening, preparatory to our advance, which, it is thought, will take place to-morrow or next day. Our scouts are now meeting, almost every day. Yesterday, Capt. Fields, of Col. Maney's regiment, killed three of the Yankees—shot them with a Colt's revolving rifle.

We have *no* doubt of our success in the advance we will make. Our forces *will not be turned back*. Our way may be barricaded; but it will be cleaned out, and traveled over, with but little halting, when we start.

The health of our regiment is much improved this morning, although there are a few very sick men; two or three, I fear, will die.

Don't believe any of the thousand-and-one foolish reports flying about the country, about battles, killed, wounded, etc. Wait until you hear authentically before you believe any thing. * * * * *

The package is being tied up. Good-bye, and may God bless you all.

Affectionately,

R. HATTON.

GREENBRIER BRIDGE, VA.,

October 28, 1861.

To Reilly and Mary Hatton,

MY DEAR CHILDREN:—

Here I am, away up in the mountains of Virginia, sitting in front of my tent, by the fire. My dear children, at home, in Tennessee; I would not have you here, with me;

you would be less comfortable, than where you are. If my duty did not require my presence here, I should like to be in Lebanon with you. As this cannot be, we must be content and cheerful, waiting with all possible patience, until we *can* meet.

From your own and your mother's letters, I am glad to know you are comfortable and happy—spending your time pleasantly in your innocent sports, and in the performance of the little duties and tasks assigned you. To know, my dear children, that those I love, are comfortable and happy, is my own highest source of happiness. If they are not always well provided for, cheerful and joyful—free from pain and trouble—it is because it is beyond my power to have it so. May God, whom we should love and fear, throw about you the arms of his tender mercy, and keep you from all evil—shield you from sickness and death. May you not forget that you are dependent upon him for all you eat and wear; the shelter that protects you from the heat and the cold; for the bed upon which you lie at night. I want you to pray to Him to make you good, obedient children, and save you from sin. You are still very young, yet, both of you are quite old enough to know the right, from what is wrong. “Shun the wrong—the right pursue.” Be kind to each other, and to your little sister; affectionate and obedient to your mother, who loves you most tenderly; never be rough or cruel to your associates, but treat them softly and generously; “do as you would be done by.” Above all things, never conceal from your mother, what you have done, that you believe wrong, but tell her all, and ask to be forgiven. *In no event, under no circumstances, ever suffer yourself to utter an untruth.* God *despises* a liar; so does your father; so does your mother; so does your grandpa; indeed, so does *everybody*, even those that are guilty of the contemptible habit of telling falsehoods themselves. Don't be selfish; divide with each other, your playmates, and the little negroes, whatever you may get that is good, and the possession of which, you think would please or gratify them. It is difficult for a person to be selfish, and, at the same time, honest. Remember, each of you, if you would be *happy yourself*, you must *try* to make those about you happy.

Now, my little darlings, I've given you advice enough for one letter; I'll tell you something about things up here.

Well, uncle Jerry, who has been quite sick, has gotten better, and is "up and about," as he calls it, doing what he can. He is now standing by me, with a long stick in his hand, stirring some coffee in an oven. He says he will do as you request him, and take good care of me. He is as kind a servant as lives—as much devoted to me as I could wish him to be; does all in his power for my comfort. You must not forget to fulfill your part of the contract, to be kind to Jerry's children; he says he knows you will be. I do not doubt it. Nathan is well and hearty—is growing to be a large and very stout man. Has gone off, to-day, into the country, to try to get some meal. He and Jerry both talk a great deal about all of you, at home, and, I think, would like exceedingly to be in Lebanon. Jerry says, now: "Tell 'em all howdy, for me, and let 'em know I am gittin' along very well. It's a purty hard place, here, where we is, to git pervisions—'specially for de horses, but, notwid-standin' that, folks has bin worse off than we is."

The black mare, Mary, as Jerry calls her, is doing, at present, pretty well. Has, now, some corn to eat, which helps her very much. Her hair is very long—her fetlocks down nearly to the ground; this is a peculiarity of the Canadian horse. She is a great favorite amongst the soldiers, many of them often giving her corn and hay, when they get hold of it. Several times, have seen them give her bread, when they thought she was suffering, and they had plenty. If she can ever be got home, we will take good care of her—won't you? If I can't be there to do it, you will, Reilly, I know.* My large bay horse, is the best traveler I've seen in the army, but is greatly worsted by want of food, and hard riding. I believe neither of you saw him before I left Tennessee. Will take as good care of him as I can, and if I ever get home with him, he shall be your horse, Reilly. You, Many, I suppose, will have to claim "the filly." Jerry has a grey horse along, that he claims. I took him from a Yankee soldier, on Cheat Mountain, and we have had him

* The "little black mare" was brought home, and has, now, 1867, a likely colt.

since, in the wagon that hauls our things—Jerry always calling him "*my grey horse*." He is an excellent animal, full of activity and spirit, and Jerry is quite proud of him.

Reilly, how is Tiger, and your chickens? I learn that you ride very well, and are hardly surpassed as a chicken-raiser. Would like to see you ride Tiger, and to—would you object?—eat some of your chickens.

Am glad to hear that "old Prince" is in good health; he is a most affectionate dog, and faithful watch. Keep him *fat*, and see that he has a dry, warm place to sleep.

Many, I hope your nice little bag of salt, (sewed up for pa,) may get here safely; I thank you for it, my little, darling daughter.

Love to all. Good-bye, and may God bless and guard you from all evil.

Affectionately, your father,

R. HATTON.

P. S.—Continue to write to me. Your letters afford me great pleasure. Thank the kind young ladies who write for you, and tell them I feel obliged to them.

The above letter, to the children, is excellent; good in its precepts, and interesting in its details, especially to those for whom it was intended.

The following birth-day review will repay the reader:

GREENBRIER BRIDGE, VA.,

November 2, 1861.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

I'm getting old; thirty-five! this day. Did not think of it until I was dating my letter. My first impulse of feeling, was, the expression, "would I were a boy again." On a little reflection, I doubt whether—were it possible—I would wish to go over my life again. I do not complain at my lot; no doubt, it has been better than I deserved. Still, it has been *full* of anxiety, of labor, exhausting and harrassing toil and trouble. No doubt, my life could be greatly, very greatly, improved

upon by somebody else. I believe, upon a calm and honest review of my little career, that I have done about *all—and done it as well, as I had capacity given me to do*. That I erred, blundered egregiously and sinfully, and often, *I know*. But that I would do better in any respect, is doubtful; so, I'm content. Will try to do better, if possible, in the future. The Future! What joy—how much of sorrow, has it in store for our people! May God, who rules and shapes the destinies of man, and of nations, be our friend, guarding us from sin, stimulating us to virtuous and noble actions, and making us a free and happy people. I feel confident *He is* on our side, upholding our arms; and if we but go forward, acknowledging his power and goodness, asking his aid, a most glorious triumph awaits us, over our cruel and unreasonable enemies. But I did not sit down to write about—anything, of which I've, thus far, written.

It is raining. Rained all last night. Wind blew hard. Threw Jerry's tent down on him twice. As he was quite sick it troubled him a good deal. I think he is better this morning, though he thinks not. He has pneumonia. Nathan is well. My own health, perfect. I weigh fifteen pounds more than usual. Am even stouter, than when my photograph was taken at Washington, by a good deal. If you were but in good health and the children free from their frequent attacks of cholic, etc., I would feel quite comfortable. There can be, however, no contentment or ease, when one is either sick himself, or has members of his own family, sick. * * * I pray God to keep you all free from disease and death. * * *

We know nothing, as yet, as to what is to become of us, during the Winter. Our commanding General knows nothing. All are waiting for word from Richmond. There is a general apprehension that we are locked up in Western Virginia, for the Winter. I hope a better fate awaits our boys, but still am afraid such will be the case. It will be cold and disagreeable here, and there will be no hope of any service—will lie up and try to keep warm.

The regiment is improving in health. We have between seven and eight hundred in camps with us—better than we have done for some time. I am pained to say, that we have

lost another boy—young Freeman, of Capt. Anderson's company, from Lebanon. He was a handsome and spirited young man, and a first rate soldier. I sympathise most sincerely with his mother and friends at home. Say to his mother, her son was as well cared for as if he had been at home, except he did not have the attentions of a mother. He had a good room and mattress, and kind and attentive nurses. Poor boys, that they should lie down for their last sleep, so far from home, is hard indeed. It is the fate of "those who go to war." All must be resigned to it. Over 5,000 are now sick, in the Hospitals of Western Virginia. It is a terrible wreck, this Western army. My regiment has been, comparatively speaking, blessed, having fewer sick, and fewer deaths, than any other regiment in Virginia, that I have heard of. I thank God for his mercy.

Kisses to the children, and love to all the family. May God guard and bless you.

Affectionately,
R. HATTON.

GREENBRIER BRIDGE, VA.,
November 7, 1861.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

I wrote to you day before yesterday, acknowledging the receipt of clothes, &c., from Tennessee. * * *

Write this morning by Mr. Blythe, who starts to Tennessee, to-day.

I received yesterday evening, your two letters of 30th and 31st Oct., giving an account of the illness of the children. Was distressed that they were so sick as to require a doctor. You *know* my horror of medicine. Right here, lest I omit it, I want to make one request, and I trust it may not be disregarded. Do not, on any account, permit my boy, Reilly, to be dosed by a doctor. If he is, the chances are all against his life—against his being any account, if he is not *killed*. * *

You referred me to 34th chapter Psalms. Read it last night. It is a favorite chapter of mine. I read it often. If a person felt a constant sense of purity and uprightness of life, it would be a most consoling one. How few have any such conscious-

ness! I pray God to keep me from sin, that I may have *some* of the comforts of the good. God bless and guard you all.

Affectionately,

R. HATTON.

WARM SPRINGS, VA.,

November 14, 1861.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

* * We got here last evening, and are encamped in the edge of the little town, known as Bath Court-House, or Warm Springs. The place is a very small one, consisting, principally of the buildings of the hotel, or hotels, intended for the accommodation of visitors to the Springs. The main hotel is a very large one, capable of entertaining 300 persons. In addition to this, are a number of smaller ones, some of them mere private boarding houses. The springs are very celebrated for their medicinal qualities—the baths luxurious and spacious. The distance from here to Millboro',—the nearest point on the railroad—is fifteen miles, the road crossing one mountain, and furnishing the finest view in Western Virginia, that I have seen. All things considered—houses, improved grounds, walks, baths, etc.,—it is a most desirable place. Have thus particularly spoken of it, for the reason, that it is possible we may winter here, and if we do, the regiment will be quartered in the houses, building no huts. This will enable them to be entirely comfortable, as we will have wagons to do all our hauling, getting wood, etc. It will put all the sick we may have, where they can be as well cared for, as it is possible to care for men, in the absence of their wives, mothers, and sisters.

If we do not stay here, we will, in all probability, be ordered to the assistance of Gen. Jackson's command in the region between Winchester and Leesburg. Most of our officers and men, would be pleased at this, as it would most likely afford them an opportunity for active service—some fighting during the Winter. They, very naturally, are anxious to see what they can do, before their term of service expires. As desirous as I am for their safety and comfort, I am, myself, extremely solicitous that they have a chance at the enemy. If they do, I

know they will do themselves great credit. I have done all I could to promote their comfort, and secure their lives; at the same time, I have spared no effort to keep them in such positions, as would secure them a participation in any fighting that might be done. They have always been ready and anxious, but have not been gratified with a trial of their mettle. A day or two will decide what is to become of us. Will then write you on the subject * * * * *

The health of our regiment is now better than it has been since we came to Virginia. God bless you and ours.

Affectionately,

R. HATTON.

WARM SPRINGS, VA.,

November 22, 1861.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

* * * The War Department has ordered my regiment to Staunton, for further orders. Loring is suspending the order, unwilling to let us go out of his command. Is acting very singularly—very. Is doing my men gross injustice, in my opinion.

* * * * *
 We have lost three men since we got here. One of Captain Baber's company, one of Capt. Anderson's—George Hearn; and one of Capt. Anthony's—a young Laine; more than we lost the first three months of the service! Fear, if things go, as they have, we will lose many more. I thank God that he still spares, in a wonderful manner, my health. I still lie in my tent—never leave camp at night—whilst a large portion of the officers, and many of the men, stay at the hotels, where they have warm rooms, but not as good health as I have. * *
 My love to all—children and parents.

Affectionately,

R. HATTON.

WARM SPRINGS, VA.,
November 27, 1861.

DEAR WIFE:—

We are in the midst of real Winter, here—snow, frosts, and ice in abundance. Our men are being housed in the buildings here, except one company, which is to go to Hot Springs, as a guard, etc. Never have the men been busier than now, fixing up against this rigorous climate. They will be comparatively comfortable.

I did not begin to write a letter, but simply to send my request to you, that, if not too great a tax on your strength, I should be delighted to have you here, this Winter, with me. I presume others will come—why should not the Colonel's wife? I could fix you, quite comfortably. I send, enclosed, two hundred dollars.

This letter will be carried by Davy K. Donnell, who goes home, discharged. He is a clever old fellow—treat him kindly. Love to all.

Affectionately, your husband,
R. HATTON.

WARM SPRINGS, VA.,
November 29, 1861.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

Am sitting up to write this. Have been quite ill, since the 22d. Am, this morning, decidedly, manifestly better. Doctor says, and I think—no mean doctor, myself—I will be well, in a few days.

I am most elegantly fixed, occupying the old family room, in the residence of a Mrs. Richards, near the Springs. Could get no other place. Could not get another so good. The family is as nice as can be found in the State of "First Families." The old lady, with heavy bordered cap, visits me, often, offering every kind attention. Jerry is here, and Wharton, Dr. Robinson, or some of the boys, all the time. Robinson says I had better not write more at present. Love to all.

Have *no* uneasiness about me. Am in no danger—none. Got whole lot of things from you, yesterday. Thank you.

Most affectionately,

R. HATTON.

WARM SPRINGS, VA.,

December 6, 1861.

DEAR WIFE:—

I write, simply, to inform you that I am still on the rise. My fever has given way, and I hope soon to be up. My strength comes to me very slowly. Am as weak as most attacks of a month would have left me. I took my bed, just two weeks ago, to-day. Have had a regular attack of camp fever. Am taking, of course, every precaution; and, God willing it, I shall soon again be with my boys. My love to all. God bless and preserve you from all harm.

R. HATTON.

WARM SPRINGS, VA.,

December 10, 1861.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

I write to let you all know that I am still “on the mend.” Sit up a good deal of the time. Sat up, yesterday, several hours. My attack of fever was a most violent one, affecting my head to such an extent as to prevent my sleeping a minute, for near eight days. Took one dose of morphine, which but added to the already excited state of my brain. So, we had to give up to it, and let it wear itself out. I took only one dose of strong medicine—three Cook’s pills—the day I was taken sick. Dr. Robinson—who has attended me like a brother—did not want to give me strong medicines; so, he and I agreed finely, on the treatment. He (Dr. R.) is still here. Will wait, and go with me to the regiment. I hope to get off, now, in a few days. Mr. Wharton left, yesterday, for Staunton, I having no further need for him. He is a good boy. He was quite attentive to me, whilst I was sick. Now that he is gone, I am quite lonely, Jerry being my only companion, except when the Doctor comes down to see me. He is attending our sick, left here in the Hospital.

The family where I stay, have been in a gloomy mood, since I came. A daughter—married lady—married, last May—died, here, Saturday night, of consumption. She is still lying in the house, a corpse, waiting a metallic coffin, from Richmond. A gloomy place, this, for a convalescent. Have not heard a laugh in or about the house, since I came here. Want to get away, though every comfort that an elegant and refined family can furnish, is afforded me. The old lady comes in, daily, to see that I am properly cared for, in my room—which, by-the-bye, is her own room, kindly given up to me, as the most convenient and comfortable about the house. Am sitting, now, in her chair—a most spacious and elegant one, brought from England by her grandfather, who was an importing ship-merchant previous to the Revolution. She is a most kind-hearted and motherly old lady—full, however, of the weakness so common to the Virginia character, of desiring it to be understood that her ancestry were the “first,” in the old Commonwealth. “Vanity! vanity! all is vanity, sayeth the preacher.”

Since my brain has got quiet, I have had much time and opportunity for reflection. Trust it may not be unprofitable to me. The result of my reflections has been, to confirm me in my purpose to continue, during my term of service, to do *just what I think is right*, letting consequences take care of themselves. I have a high, and as I regard it, a sacred obligation imposed upon me. I shall not disgrace myself, in my own judgment, by shrinking from the *decided* discharge of a single duty. In pursuing this course, I have incurred the ill-will of some of my officers and men, whom I have *compelled* to do what they did not want to do, or *restrained* from a license hurtful to them and the service. I have an utter contempt for the officer, who would prostitute his office into an electioneering machine. Some have not an idea higher than this. They have their reward—the *favor* of the unthinking, the *contempt* of the *true* and discerning. * * * * *

Am fatigued. Must quit, for to-day. This will be carried by young Mr. Lain, who goes home, to take the corpse of his brother-in-law, Mr. Chapman, one of my best soldiers. He died, poor fellow, in the hospital, here, last night. Give my

best love to all the family—children and all. May God, in His great mercy, guard and protect you all.

Affectionately,

R. HATTON.

STAUNTON, VA.,

December 16, 1861.

DEAR WIFE:—

I arrived here, by the train from Millboro', this morning. Go on with the regiment, to-morrow morning. It left here, to-day, and will go out five miles, to-night. I want to get some things for the men, here, and secure transportation for some Quartermaster's Stores, before leaving. Dr. Robinson is still with me, and will go on with me to Winchester. He has been exceedingly kind to me; and, by being with me, in my convalescence, has hastened my recovery. I rode horseback, to Bath-Alum Springs, first day, and next—yesterday—to Millboro', without inconvenience or injury. The weather is bright and warm, just now, which is exceedingly favorable to me. My appetite is good, and I am indulging it, pretty freely, which is strengthening me, rapidly. Will *soon*, I trust, be fully at myself, again. The regiment, I find in a very good condition, as to health—quite as good as it has been, for some time. I was pained, on my arrival at Millboro', to find Capt. Baber, of my regiment, a corpse. Poor fellow, he is gone! Died of erysipelas. Was sick some twelve days. He was as true and gallant a man as there was in the Confederate army—devoted to his company, his regiment, and the cause of the South. "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well. Treason nor cares can harm him more." My heart bleeds, at the death of the noble boys of my command. May the arm of the Lord be circled about them, to shield them from disease, that they may be spared to their country and friends. If they *must* die, may it be on the battlefield, where their lives may be dearly sold, and *where there is consolation in death.* * * * * *

We go to Winchester. Trust it is all-wise, and for the best. Yet, I tremble for its effects on the boys. They may see some service there, that will compensate for the frosts and snows they

will have to be chilled by. As I said, in speaking of staying at Huntersville, I can put up, myself, with anything; but, to have my boys dealt with, as it appears to me, unfeelingly and unfairly, frets me to anger. There is much more of folly and stupidity, as well as inhumanity, amongst mankind, than I once supposed there was. Burns was quite as much of a philosopher, as a poet. A life of close observation, and profound reflection, resulted in the celebrated declaration, in verse:

"Man's inhumanity to man,
Makes countless thousands mourn."

Men, far removed from the common soldier, seated, perhaps, in luxuriantly furnished offices and chambers, *know* but little—*care* but little—for his privations and exposure—order him "from post to pillar," as unfeelingly as they would turn the crank of a machine. Thank God, I am well, again; and, one thing I intend to do—to let the "powers that be" know what I think due my gallant boys, and to see to it, as far as my efforts can secure it, that they have it. Loring's, with the whole of Anderson's brigade, Gilham's, Burke's and Campbell's Virginia regiments, from Monterey, with all of our artillery, go to Winchester, or Strasburgh, which is the terminus of the railroad, nearest Winchester. Do not know whether we will stay at Strasburgh, or go on to Winchester. Our orders are, now, only to Strasburgh—seventy-six miles from this point. Another long walk for our boys.

Give my best love to the children, and all the family.

Affectionately, your husband,

R. HATTON.

STAUNTON, VA.,

December 17, 1861. .

DEAR WIFE:—

It is now 11 o'clock, P. M., and I am still at Staunton. Go to-morrow morning with a number of gentlemen, *en route* for my regiment. Found, that after getting done with my business, here, it was so late, that, on consultation, we concluded to stay over night, and go in the morning.

I got new tents for the regiment, to-day, and some other

things, that will add to their comfort. Our old tents are almost wholly worn out.

Another thing that occurred to-day, worthy of mention. You will regard it as communicated in strict confidence. I arrived here, as I wrote you, on yesterday, from Millboro'; stopped at the American Hotel, a spacious and fashionably furnished house; the proprietor told me to go into the parlor, and sit until the fire in my room could warm it up. I did so; seated myself in an easy chair, by the fire. In a few minutes, an elegantly dressed and handsome lady, of about twenty-one or two years of age, came in from the street. She took a seat at the window, some distance from me, commanding a view of some troops out on the Square. After sitting some time, she asked me some questions about the troops, which led to some conversation, after which, she retired. In a few minutes, she returned again, when I invited her to be seated near the fire. She sat down opposite me, when our conversation was renewed, and lasted some time, when she retired again. Fearing my room was still not warm, I remained in the parlor, Dr. Robinson also advising me to remain. To my surprise (?) she returned again, begging pardon, as she sat down in a soft chair, for "so often intruding," but, saying, she wished to inquire of me, when I would join my regiment, etc. I told her, I thought I would get off "in the morning"—that is, to-day. After rather a more interesting and lengthy conversation than on the two former occasions, she again retired. This morning, she called for me at the parlors, but as I was out, and she could not see me, she left, to be handed me, when I came in, a package, which proved to be a letter from her, and her photograph, in a handsome case.

What is to be done? Throw them away, or send them back to her? She is a young married lady, of superior accomplishments, and of the most reputable and wealthy family. As I shall not see her again before I can hear from you, your advice is earnestly requested. I have shown the picture to Dr. Robinson. Quite an adventure, ain't it, for a Western Virginia Colonel? * * * * *

Will give you further particulars, of the picture-case, in my

next letter; until which, perhaps, you had best not advise me. Kiss the dear children for pa, and give my love to all the family.

Affectionately, your husband,
R. HATTON.

STAUNTON, VA.,
December 18, 1861.

DEAR WIFE:—

You see I am still in Staunton. Expected to have gone, certainly, on yesterday, but a terrible fire occurred night-before-last, which burned up a large number of horses, among them, those that were to haul our baggage, etc.; so the Quartermaster, here, said he could do nothing for us until to-day. We go in a few minutes; will catch up with the regiment before it reaches Strasburgh. Am quite bright and clear about the head, this morning, and hope I will soon be as stout as before my illness. * * * * *

Just received a letter from the War Department, that pleased me. They promise to have a fine sabre bayonet on all of my rifles, in about three weeks from this time. This done, I will have the best armed regiment in the Confederacy.

Want an explanation to that photograph, eh? Well, the lady was from near Abingdon, Va.; is the wife of one of the Forty-eighth Virginia Regiment. She had come to Staunton, expecting to meet her husband here, as it was understood the regiment was ordered here, as it was. But, before it got here, it was stopped, and ordered off to Winchester, across the country. She did not know of this, until she asked me—seeing I was a soldier—if I knew what time the Forty-eighth would get into town. I told her it was not coming at all; that it was *gone* to Winchester. *Then* she left, no doubt to cry it out, as she began before she could get out of the room. Her return, was to ask where he could be gotten to soonest. She thought of going on—her father was with her—to see him. I told her I could not inform her where, as they were footing it, and could not tell what time they would make. *Then* she left again, returning to ask me—I having told her I was going on to where her hus-

band was—if I would be so kind as to deliver him a little package. I said, certainly. It turned out to be a letter for *her husband*, and her photograph. Satisfactory? Ha! ha! Fact! Dr. Robinson, and others, are my witnesses. I failed to state, he was present at all our talks. Good-bye, and may God bless and guard you all.

Affectionately,
R. HATTON.

Pretty good joke that, for Col. Hatton.

STRASBURGH, VA.,
December 24, 1861.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

I am with my regiment again, after being absent from them four weeks. Got into camp, yesterday, at 1 o'clock, P. M. Have not been more gratified, in my life, at a reception, than I was at that of yesterday, by my men. Their *heartly* cheers, as I rode into the encampment, assured me that they were not unmindful of my devotion to them. I can but regard them as a band of my brothers, and feel toward them very much as I would feel toward brothers by the blood. They are now, by every body, conceded to be the finest body of men that have been in this portion of Virginia. All along the road, from Staunton to this place, their praises were in the mouth of every one I spoke to.

My ride from Staunton, here, did me great good. General Loring, the Doctor, and most of my friends said I could not ride on horseback, so far, and urged me to stay, and go 'round by rail. I thought differently, and determined to try it. The first day, I had to ride in a very slow walk, my head being still so much out of fix. Each day, however, I so rapidly improved, that when I got here, yesterday, I could have set my horse, with ease, in a quarter race. The ride was through one of the most beautiful and highly improved valleys I have ever seen. We stopped at private houses, every night, but one; were most kindly entertained—part of the time not being permitted to pay any bill. The night before getting here, we stayed at the residence of a gentleman, formerly of Baltimore,

who settled in the valley, six years ago. As I rode off, I said to myself, "I will make a note of my stay there, in my next letter home."

The house was an elegant one, in modern style, fashionably and luxuriently furnished. The lady—about thirty or thirty-five, was a most accomplished person. She received us most kindly, seemingly as anxious for our comfort as if we had been brothers, returning from the wars. Had a sofa rolled near the fire, brought a couple of pillows, and put on it, and made me lie down to rest. Her husband, she said, had gone into town, and would be back very soon. He returned, before dark, and came in to where we were. Was a fashionably dressed, city-looking gentleman; was most cordial in his greeting, was "glad to see us at his house," etc. Saw his wife's face redden up, and very soon she retired, excusing herself. He was "merry"—nearly drunk! As it was cold, he thought more liquor was needed; he took it, and freely. By the time we were invited to supper, he *was* drunk, and his wife knew it. She asked me—her face red to crimson, with mortification—to sit at the head of the table, her husband hardly able to get to it. She attempted to rally, handed us our coffee, begged us "to feel at home," and retired. The gentleman husband was now the besotted fool. She could not remain in the presence of strangers, where he was, and ran off, no doubt, to cry off her mortification. Poor woman, thought I, you deserve a better fate. The man who could thus treat such a wife, should be "bucked," and kept bucked until he was disposed to properly respect her feelings. He came with us into the sitting-room, and tried to entertain us. Finally, the lady came in, and attempted to engage in conversation; was now, however, cramped and embarrassed in her manner, cringing, evidently, lest he, each moment, would say something ridiculous, as he several times did. Getting sleepy, he, at last, concluded he would go to bed, but insisted on showing me the room and bed where I was to sleep. His wife tried to look him out of it, but he was not to be put off. So, I followed him to a handsomely furnished apartment, and a spacious bed, upon the excellencies of which, he discoursed, until I left him, with the assurance—which seemed to be satisfactory, that "all was right."

On my return, with tears in her eyes, she begged that we would "pardon" her husband; that he was "subject" to such "sprees," but, that, if we could know him well, we would like him; that he was generous and liberal—"an educated and refined gentleman." Wringing her hands unconsciously, she said, "Oh, if he would never touch the accursed stuff again." Wishing us a pleasant night's rest, she left the room. She did not appear at breakfast. Came into the room just before we left, when I was trying to pay our host for the night's lodging. Although not still at himself, he had politely, but positively refused taking anything, saying, a soldier could never pay for shelter and food in his house. She joined and said, "do not press him, or we will take it as unkind; we are glad and proud of every opportunity we have to add to a soldier's comfort." "Sir," addressing me, "my only brother is a soldier, could we charge his comrades?" We thanked them, over and over again, for the elegant entertainment they had afforded us—it was *elegant*—and left. Just as I passed out, in an under tone, she said, "Dont think hard, or strange of my husband." When we first saw her, she was bright and cheerful—full of animation and spirit. Now, her eyes were *red* with weeping, and her dress and whole demeanor so changed, one would hardly have known her. *Poor, broken-hearted woman!* Yours is, indeed, a hard lot. How many such! Whiskey is the *king* of curses to our poor fallen race. *

Will write you again to-morrow. Love to all.

Affectionately,

R. HATTON.

STRASBURG, VA.,

December 25, 1861.

DEAR SOPHIE:—

Christmas gift! to all of you at home. The sun is out in his brightness this morning. Yesterday, and night before last, the weather was terrible; now, the air is greatly warmer, and I trust we will have some better weather. Our regiment is just moving out of its encampment, on its way to Winchester; so I cannot write a letter. Am feeling very well this morning.

Am in Lieut. Powell's room. He has been quite sick. Is now better, and will go home to recruit. I send you by him \$100. Love to all—a merry and happy Christmas to you. Write to Winchester—care of Gen. S. R. Anderson. In haste.

Affectionately,

R. HATTON.

NEAR WINCHESTER, VA.,

December 27, 1861.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

We got here, in good condition, yesterday evening. Passed through Winchester and encamped on the Romney road, three miles from town. The weather, during most of our march from Staunton, was good, and the boys marched in fine style. We are encamped in a fine forest, near the turnpike road, where there is fine water, and abundance of wood; and were it not for the wind, which has been blowing almost a hurricane, since last night, the men would be pretty comfortable.

Winchester is quite a town, containing from five to seven thousand inhabitants. The country surrounding it, and that along up the valley, in the direction of Staunton, is as fine as any I ever saw. It is old and somewhat worn, but it is certainly most beautiful. The farm houses, and all the improvements about them, are elegant as well as substantial. Near Strasburgh, I stayed over night in a house, which had been built seventy-five years. It was one of the most spacious and stylish buildings of the kind I was ever in. The lady of the house—about 70 years old—was born in it, was married in it, and was now surrounded with her grand children, in it. The night before getting here, (the Doctor still unwilling for me to risk a night on the ground,) I stayed, by invitation, at the house of a nephew of Chief Justice Marshall, who occupies another of those fine old dwellings, filled with what, in its day, was fashionable, and is still, handsome and elegant furniture, and all kinds of paintings and articles—mementoes of a past generation—such as the stirrups in which Gen. Washington rode during the Revolutionary War, etc., etc. The family were exceedingly kind to me; the lady hearing I was sick sent

her carriage to the camp for me. I went, however, on Ball, not willing to acknowledge myself an invalid any longer.

We can't tell where we will go from here, or whether we will go any where. Think it possible we will stay here. One thing is certain; we are to feel a good deal of frost, if we remain in this latitude. The men are generally in pretty good condition. We have had three deaths very recently—young Lester, Kirkpatrick and Harrison—all fine boys. Lester was a son of H. D. Lester, and Harrison, son of Ainsworth Harrison, living down by Green Hill. He boarded at Esq. McClain's three or four years. He was shot by accident by a drunken Irishman.

I was much distressed when I heard of father's illness. I heard, however, through Capt. Bostick's letter, that on the 17th he was regarded as out of all danger. I hardly knew how much I thought of him, until I heard of his extreme illness. There never was a kinder father, and I don't think there ever was a boy who thought more of a father, than I do of him. Was glad to hear, through Miss Em. Norman's letter, that all the rest of you were so well.

May God, in his mercy, guard and keep you from all harm. Love to the children, and all the family.

Affectionately, your husband,

R. HATTON.

WINCHESTER, VA.,

December 31, 1861.

DEAR SOPHIE:—

We go to Romney to-morrow—the whole of Jackson's command—13,000 men. The Federalists are in some force—don't know how much—there. It is thought they will retire upon our advance, and that there will be no fight. Our boys say they "look for no better fate." Expect only to be marched and marched, and not be permitted to try their hands on the enemy. The regiment is in excellent condition, still numbering more than any other in the command. If they could get a chance, I have no doubt about their performance. A braver, better band of men were never mustered.

To-day has been spent unpleasantly. Gen. Loring, against

my wishes, made me President of a General Court Martial; and this morning, we took up the case of a soldier, charged with murder—killing his officer. The responsibility of passing on the fate of a fellow-being—a fellow-soldier—is painful, when your decision may destroy life, or seriously damage the service. I had no discretion in the matter—consequences, whatever they may be, must not be regarded. “Duty must be discharged.” We have a number of other cases, of a serious character, yet to try. Have not more dreaded any duty of my life. I shall, however, turn, neither to the right hand, nor the left.

* * * * *

Have received no letter from home since Reilly's, written by Miss Em. Norman. Heard of the convalescence of father through the letters of others. * * * Bless his dear old heart, he has been the most loving of fathers. I feel that I am a most loving son. Tell Reilly he must wait on grandpa, now that he is sick. Mother is, I am glad to hear, in fine health. Love to the children. Tell Reilly and Many they must write to pa.

Affectionately,
R. HATTON.

MORGAN COUNTY, VA.,
January 10, 1862.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

* * * I wrote to you, on the day before we moved from Winchester. Since then, we have made a very heavy and wearisome march, up to the Potomac, at Hancock, *via* Bath, at which point the enemy were posted, with their artillery, and a considerable force of cavalry and infantry. They were driven back over the Potomac, into Maryland. The part assigned in the attack on Bath, to the Seventh Regiment, was, to capture the battery of the enemy, posted on the point of a mountain commanding the road. The army was halted, to await the result of our approach along the top of the mountain, which we had ascended; and we marched forward, confident of a spirited resistance. In this, however, we were disappointed,

as the Lincolmites abandoned their position, before we were in reach of them, and fled, when the cavalry down in the road charged after them, pursuing them until they had crossed the river. The larger portion of our force followed on to Hancock, or to this side of the river next to Hancock, where our artillery was put in battery, and played on the batteries of the enemy, for an hour or two. As it was late at night, and exceedingly cold, we were ordered to bivouac in the open fields near the river. The ground being covered with a thick coating of snow, our beds were not as comfortable as some I have tried—especially, as all our blankets were behind in the wagons. As I had not slept any for two or three nights, I felt drowsy; so much so, that the report of the enemy's cannon, which were spitting away at us, across the Potomac, did not prevent my taking quite a sleep upon some very *soft* rails, which were *smoothly* laid beside each other, before a small fire.

I have been astonished at the manner in which I have stood this trip. For a week past, I have, each night, cleared away a place in the snow, to lie down, and, when not prevented by some business of the regiment, have slept pretty well—sometimes, as soundly as I *ever* slept; and am now nearly as stout as before I was taken sick. God has been kind to me; and He knows I am deeply grateful for His mercy unto me.

We will go from here to Romney, having accomplished all we could, by shooting at the Yankees, in the mountains around Hancock, before returning to this point. We are, emphatically, the Wandering Brigade. Have marched more than any two others in the Confederate service.

Tell Reilly, I have got for him, or Capt. Douglas has, for me, a shell, thrown from the enemy's battery at us. It fell near me, and was picked up by one of the boys. Love to all—kisses to the children.

Affectionately,
R. HATTON.

CAMP POTOMAC, HAMPSHIRE Co., VA.,

January 29, 1862.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

I wrote you, the day after we left Romney, acknowledging yours, of the 13th inst. * * * * *

We have just heard of Zollicoffer's fight and defeat, in Kentucky. It is represented as having resulted most disastrously to our side—that Zollicoffer, himself, was killed, and a large number of his officers killed and wounded. Amongst those mentioned as killed, is Balie Peyton, Jr. *I do hope the account is untrue.* It certainly cannot be so bad as now reported; though I fear we have suffered a heavy loss in men and officers. I have long been fearful that Zollicoffer was getting his command into a position, from which it would be difficult to extricate it. Consummate generalship is demanded, for a campaign, in such a country as that he was in. The *great* difficulty he labored under, was the hostility of a large portion of the population, where he was operating, to his cause. Our army, in this portion of Virginia, has been subject to the same evil; and we have found it a most serious one. We will look, with intense anxiety, for the particulars of the late fight. The greater part of the army, on our side, was from Tennessee—made up of our friends and intimate acquaintances. I will be distressed to hear the report of Balie's death confirmed. Do hope it may not be. Brave and high-spirited, he would hazard much. This makes me the more apprehensive that he was injured, if not killed.

We are stationed—I suppose, permanently, for the balance of the Winter—on the banks of the Potomac, our regiment being about three miles in advance of the other two regiments from Tennessee. The balance of Loring's army is in and about Romney, seven miles in our rear. My pickets are two and a half miles in front of our camp, across the river, in direction of Springfield, where a considerable Yankee force has been posted, most of the Fall and Winter. They retired, on our approach, falling back to Frankfort and the mouth of Patterson's Creek, where there are now some 7,000 or 8,000 of them. Our orders are, to "hold this position," which commands the "Valley of

Virginia." I do not fear but that we can do it. It will take five thousand to drive my regiment from its present location. If needed, the whole brigade can be brought here, when none but a very large force could move us from it. * * *

General Joseph E. Johnston is looked for, here, to-morrow. As he is a military celebrity, I have some curiosity to meet him. He comes to view things in this region, and pass upon the propriety of our holding this part of the State—remaining quiet, during the rest of the Winter—or attempting forward movements from this point. There is *no* present prospect of getting out of these mountains, this Winter. Received a letter—two of them—from Richmond, to-day, which *satisfies* me of this, *beyond question*. So, if not *driven* out by the enemy, we are fixtures here. Our Generals seem, now, to believe we will be attacked here. Loring has thought so, for a week—ever since we got to Romney. Johnston's coming up here, indicates apprehension, on his part. They may be right. I doubt it greatly. We will, doubtless, be annoyed, by their scouting and foraging parties; but I do not believe their present purpose is, to attack us in force, at this point.

Your letter, of the 19th inst., was handed me, since writing the last paragraph; also, a paper, containing the report of Zolcoffer's defeat and death, and also, the death of Balie. It is, to me, distressing, beyond expression. The defeat is a calamity to our cause. Two braver, truer men were not in our army, than General Zollicoffer, and his aid, Balie Peyton, Jr. General Z. was my valued friend. In the death of Balie, I really feel as if I had lost a loved brother. Poor fellow. Have no heart to write more, now. Kiss the dear children, for pa, and give my love to all the family.

Affectionately, your husband,

R. HATTON

P. S.—If I could say a word, to console Balie's father, sister and brother—his family—I would write it. But what can I say? He was noble, and brave, and generous. *This* makes his death but the more cruel loss. He died bravely, battling in defense of his home—died like a true soldier. *This is all*. All

I could say to them, would be, that they have my sincere, my *heart-felt* sympathies.

R. H.

CAMP OF THE POTOMAC, HAMPSHIRE CO., VA.,

February 1, 1861.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

We are living here, in the midst of excitement, if not of pleasure. Just as I finished the last sentence, the firing of guns, across the river, was heard, evidently at our picket post. I ordered my horse, to see what was the matter. Before he was ready, a courier rode up, at full speed, informing me that the enemy were "approaching, as from Springfield," and that the town was "full of them."

The long roll was beat, and the regiment on its way to the bank of the river, in a few minutes, all thinking the fight was, at last, certainly upon them. I rode over to the picket post. The outer pickets had fallen back, to ambush the enemy, if they approached the bridge. The cavalry of the enemy had halted in a lane, standing in open order, on the sides of the road, a half mile beyond them, seemingly waiting for orders, or for the arrival of additional force. In a short time, however, they formed, and started toward town, where they remained for a few minutes, and then put off for their encampment. There were just eighty-three of the cavalry on the road. What other force was in town, or beyond, we could not ascertain. The "town=full," reported by our Virginia courier—one of the "Stonewall Brigade," on furlough here—I think, was made up of his excited imagination. A lady—one of our friends, whose husband is at Manassas—came out of town, and was passed to this side of the river, soon after the Yankees left. She had come from the vicinity of Cumberland, avoiding their pickets, since morning, in order to inform us of their movements. She said it was their purpose to have attacked us, the other morning, when they advanced; but that the rise in the river, rendering some fords impassable, and the storm, prevented it. Their force, she says, between here and Cumberland, along the rail, is (20,000) twenty thousand.

The weather is cold—the ground being covered with an additional coat of snow, since last night. Our men are wearied almost to death, with necessary duties—duties, which they have to perform, in the worst of weather—duties, which, though exposed, as they are, here, cannot be neglected, except at the hazard of the whole command. *They have never before* seen as hard and trying times, as now. God knows I pity them, from my very heart. * * * * *

My love to the children and family.

Affectionately, your husband,

R. HATTON.

CAMP NEAR WINCHESTER, VA.,

February 7, 1862.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

I received two letters from home to-day—one of them from you,—the other, written by you, for Reilly. Thank you for both. Say to Reilly, I will write to him very soon.

We arrived here from Romney, yesterday—the men, greatly delighted to get this far out of the mountains. We were moved from Romney, by order of the Secretary of War, the reason assigned, being, that it was not possible to provision the troops at that point. The roads were getting so near impassable that it would have been certainly difficult, if not impossible, to have fed them there. Our brigade was not expecting to get away so soon—were told that they had been located for the Winter. Some of the boys had built them huts, and were, really comfortably fixed.

The enemy made no attempt at an attack upon us, after the date of my last letter; nor do I believe they would have done so, for some time, if at all.

Before leaving our camps, Sunday night, by order of Gen. Loring, my pickets, as they retired over the river, put fire to the bridge, arranging so as not to entirely destroy it, but to injure it so that it could not be used by the enemy, without repairing. Our wagon train went out twelve hours ahead of us, so that we did not get up with it for 36 hours, and had to lie out on the ground—rather on the snow, for the ground was covered with it to the depth of eight or ten inches. For reasons wholly unknown to me, we were ordered to march after

1 o'clock, in the afternoon, a distance of twenty miles before we bivouacked. The men were more fatigued than I have seen them, many of them having their feet nearly frozen. Poor fellows, my heart bled to see them wading streams filled with ice, and climbing the mountain road, in many places, so slick with ice, as to render an ascent almost impossible. When told, at 12 o'clock, that they might stop and rest, they tumbled down on the snow, and slept until day-light, as quietly, if not as comfortably, as if they had been on beds of feathers.

When we left our encampment, it was ordered by the General, that all the baggage we could not carry on our wagons, should be burned. My regiment being seven miles beyond Romney, and over from the road, between two mountains, I told the General we could not haul more than half of what we ordinarily did; that double teams had been given us to go into the place, and it should be furnished us to get out. He said, it was impossible, and that we must burn our tents, and whatever else we could not haul. No alternative but to obey, was left, and we had to comply with the order, to the extent of burning more than half of our tents, and throwing away part of the cooking utensils. It went much against the grain with us all, but, we had to obey. To-day, we got a new supply of tents, and will be able to enjoy the comforts of a house of domestic again.

We are encamped about two, or two-and-a-half miles from Winchester, on the Romney road. How long we will remain here, no one here has any idea. Some, think for the balance of the Winter, others say, for only a few days. I have no opinion about it. For myself, care not a fig how long or short a time we stay. It would be best for the men, to lie here until they could recruit. Many of them, poor fellows, are in a poor plight for traveling. Many of them, very sick too. We lost a fine boy to-day, Johnny Chambers, of Capt. Anderson's company. I feared, some time ago, he could not stand it, and told him he had better be discharged. He was a spirited man, however, and preferred to hang on and try it. He is gone! His mess-mates, his officers, his company, his regiment, will know him no more. Oh! *how many* of the noble youths of our land are falling—falling “like leaves in Autumn weather.”

The *confirmation* of Balie Peyton's death pains me beyond expression. Oh, what an affliction to father, sister, brother, and friends. How hard that such a man, just in the morning of manhood, full of life, and noble spirit; gallant, generous, and honorable, should be thus cut down. The papers state, that his body has been recovered. This is some consolation. It can rest by the side of his kindred. Over his tomb, the hand of affection can plant flowers, the eye of sympathy shed tears.

The assurance that father's health is quite restored, gives me great pleasure. His ill-health has given me much uneasiness. mother, too, from accounts, is unusually blessed with health. I thank God, that the old people are so spared. I hope yet to spend with them years of quiet life, where the pleasures of home will be enjoyed by us all, free from the troubles and anxieties incident to such times as the present.

My own health is still pretty good. So many of the men were worn out, as we come back from Romney, that I had to give up my horses and walk nearly all the way. Yesterday, as I was crossing a large stream, I fell into the water over my boots, and got very wet, remained wet until after night. This has given me a slight cold. Hope it may not last but a short time. John is very well. I furnish him a horse to ride all the time, and in camps he has nothing to do, so he is getting along finely; is fat and hearty. Jerry rides the mare most of the time, being unwell. He is now better.

Lieut. Powell is here, looking, I am glad to see, very well. Hope he may continue to improve. Capts. Bostick, Williamson, and Fry, who were all on the sick list here in Winchester, were to see us to-day, looking quite improved. Capt. Oakly had returned to his company, before we got here. My best love to the dear children, and all the family.

Affectionately,

R. HATTON.

WINCHESTER, VA.,

February 10, 1862.

MY DEAR SON:—

I am so much engaged, this morning, that I cannot write more than a few lines; but I want to say, my dear boy, that I thank you for that long letter of yours, which was brought by Mr. Powell. Your ma was very kind, wasn't she? both to you and to me, to write for you so good and so long a letter.

I am delighted, my son, that you have taken to your books so kindly. You are now quite old enough to commence trying, in good earnest, to learn. I know you can learn rapidly, by a little effort. That you will make it, Reilly, I must not doubt. By the time I get home, I shall expect to find you, not only reading *well*, but writing legibly. I would be so delighted, darling, if I could hear you reading your verses in the Bible, to-night. This is a fine idea of your mother's. When I get home, you will read for me. Won't you? I want you not only to read the Bible, but in your very childhood, to learn to be governed by its precepts. Do this, and you will be happy, as a boy, and happy, as well as honored and beloved, as a man. The way of life is filled with thorns as well as flowers. The flowers we may gather, the thorns we may avoid. How to gather the sweetest flowers, and avoid the sharpest thorns, is best learned from the book of God, the Bible. What I mean by this, if you do not understand me, your mother will explain. Ask her to talk to you about it. When she does, ask your sister to listen with you, and then see which of you best comprehend it. Can Many read any? She will, before I get home, no doubt.

Do you go to grandpa's often, now? Grandma has fine suppers, don't she? When the war is over, you and I will ride out there on our horses, very often, and eat with her. Won't we? But is it to get good dinners and suppers, that you most like to go out there? I trust not. Grandpa and grandma are so good and kind, love you so well, that is the reason, is it not?

Give my love to all at home. Don't forget to read and be

governed by the teachings of the Bible. Then, God will love you more, even, than do your parents.

Your affectionate father,

R. HATTON.

To Master Reilly Hatton.

CAMP NEAR WINCHESTER, VA.,

February 12, 1862.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

This is a bright, clear, cold morning. The sky is without a cloud. The snow, which covers the ground reflects back the sun's rays so dazzlingly, that it is painful to the eyes to look out upon it. All nature here seems quiet, still, strangely so. The men are seated around their camp fires, discussing the weather, the war, home, etc. Most of them seem cheerful, and happy, are resting from their labors, and are freed from the hardships incident to a march. They have had much severe service of late—suffered terribly. Now, they are located in a fine forest, furnishing abundance of good wood; have excellent water, and plenty to eat. Their domestic houses are, indeed, frail concerns, yet, they do pretty well. If they could remain quietly where they are, for a few weeks, they would be greatly improved in condition.

There is a heavy gloom hanging over the minds and hearts of our officers, who see, or imagine they see, ill fortune for us, in the occurrences of the last few weeks, the last week especially. The enemy are making heavy inroads upon us; have gained some decided advantages over us. Still, I do not despair; nor shall I, believing that we shall triumph over all difficulties, overcome all obstacles; believing that truth and God are upon our side. He being with us, shall the enemy triumph over us? No! The clouds will yet all drift away, and all will be well with us, if we do right, rely upon Him, who is the friend to the right, the enemy of wrong. The weak and timid, the faint-hearted, are always doubting, fearing, ready to anticipate evil, disaster. Should disaster and utter defeat be our fortune, evil stars shine upon us, when there is *no ground to stand upon—no hope*, then, and not 'till then, shall I ever give expression to the

opinion, that we are not to be successful in this war. Those who are at it now, are, in my estimation, unfit for the camps—should go home and raise corn for those not so easily dispirited, so quick to take and spread alarm.

One thing has disgustéd me. Men, who were, not long since, most eager, seemingly, for war, most full of their boasts of nerve and spirit, are now the first and most shameless croakers. Poor boasters, poor cowards! The days are dawning that “try men’s souls.” The dross shall disappear from the pure metal; the true from the false-hearted.

General Loring has been made a Major General. This, I presume, is well enough. He is a pretty good man, quite an average among our Generals. What he will do, or where he may go, or want to go, I don’t know. What will become of us is equally uncertain. It is thought there is a probability of the enemy’s advancing upon this point—Bank’s and Landers’ divisions. This may keep us here. Otherwise, we would most likely go in direction of Tennessee. The recent advances of the Lincolnites toward our homes, has made us, extremely anxious to be ordered away from here, in order that we may share in the defense of our hearths and families.

John is writing home to-day. He is looking as well as I ever saw him. Jerry is also well. Am well myself, for which I am grateful to God. My cold is almost entirely gone. I believe I told you in my last letter, that I had been suffering from a bad cold. * * * This will be handed you by Dr. Robinson. He goes home, and will hand it to you in person. His health is not good. Hope he may recruit during his stay at home.

Oh, when will it be my lot to go *home!* The word almost startles me. Home! Yes, I’ve got a home—loved ones there. A fate, seemingly cruel, separates me from all, most near and dear. How long, oh, how long, shall this be? Always? God grant it may not. My duty calls me here. My heart is far away—away with loved ones at home. I shall go where duty calls me, though it be with a bleeding heart. When duty shall permit me to go *home*, I’ll leap, and shout, and fly to that blest

spot. Until then, may a merciful God guard those, so dear to my heart, from all evil. May He bless you all. Good bye.

Affectionately, your husband,

R. HATTON.

WINCHESTER, VA.,

February 21, 1862.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

We received a new marching order to-day, directing me to move my regiment "to Manassas, by road," which means, to march the men there. Day-before-yesterday, an order was issued, directing me to go by railroad *via* Strasburgh to Fredericksburgh. As it is seventy miles to the junction, and a bad road, it will be a heavy march on us. It seems that "the powers that be," are determined to fully try the bottom of our boys, if it be at the expense of many of their lives. The health of the men is now somewhat improved, by the short rest given them here. Dr. Fite told me, to-day, that there was no case at all dangerous. * * * * *

What will ultimately become of us, no one here can tell. I can get no reply to my application, from Richmond; our representative, there, must be slow, somehow. They might, at least, let me know what they have done, or tried to do. As nothing, so far, has been accomplished toward getting us to Tennessee, I fear we have no longer any chance. I have done my utmost, can do no more. Did try yesterday, to obtain leave of absence, to go to Richmond, myself, and try, in person, if I could not do something with the Secretary of War. General Jackson, however, was unwilling for me to leave my command. This was my first and only application for a leave of absence from my regiment, since it was formed; shall hardly make another.

If we do not remain at Manassas, we shall probably go to Fredericksburgh or to Evansport—one of the two places, pretty certainly. General Holmes, to whose division we are to be attached, telegraphed for us, on yesterday. Do not know the cause of his hurry; getting apprehensive, I suppose, of the enemy, in his quarter. The Fourteenth Tennessee Regiment will

follow after me, in a few days; the Third Arkansas Regiment is also ordered to report to General Holmes. It will start, the day after to-morrow.

The news from Tennessee, has greatly troubled me. Our arms are seeing sad reverses, indeed; the enemy growing bold and confident. He must be met with "a will to triumph or die," by our men. Thus only, can he be checked, and driven back; that he *will be thus met*, I shall not permit myself to doubt. Our news is most vague and unsatisfactory; still, enough is known, to satisfy us that our friends have had to yield, where we had hoped they could sustain themselves.

Say to father and mother, that I will expect you all to get together, and either go off, or remain at one house, if the Yankees get in our county. What do you desire? Are you afraid? If so, I want you all to do just what you desire, yourselves, in the event referred to—the near approach of the enemy—go South, or remain. You could go to some point in the interior of the State of Alabama, or Mississippi, and be out of reach of annoyance, from the enemy. You must not *think of the cost*; your comfort, and that of those so dear to me, at home, must be the only consideration.

The conversation you detail, of Reilly and Many, touched me greatly. Reilly did me justice, when he said, "pa would come, if he could." God knows, my heart runs off, this evening, to good old Lebanon—to my dear ones there. Could start there, now, and foot it, cheerfully, the whole distance, did not obedience to orders of my superiors, keep me in Virginia.

I *trust* it may yet appear for the best, to let us go to Tennessee. If not, I can but submit to rightful authority, and discharge such duties as are assigned me. This I have faithfully striven to do since I entered the service. My conscience is clear, before God; shall do my utmost in the cause in which I am enlisted. Whatever may be the result of my efforts, I shall have the satisfaction of having *endeavored well*. Love to all; kisses to the dear children.

Affectionately, your husband,

R. HATTON.

RICHMOND, VA.,
March 5, 1862.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

Since I last wrote to you, my regiment has moved from Manassas to Evansport, on the Potomac. I am here on business, pertaining to my command; leave on the morning train, for camp. Gen. Anderson, Col. Smith, Maj. Howard, and Capt. Bostick, are here; all, except Capt. B., go with me, to Evansport, to-morrow.

Our location is not a pleasant one, being low and muddy, the air damp and cold. Have made every effort, consistent with propriety and soldierly bearing, to get my regiment ordered to Tennessee; have entirely failed—the President preferring to retain us here, whilst others are sent there. His decision may be wise; certainly, it is most distasteful to us all, officers and men.

Now that our own homes are invaded, we feel that we should be sent there. That we should feel so, is most natural; that our wishes should be disregarded, just now, I regard as something unfortunate.

You can form, Sophie, no adequate conception of the anxiety, the pain, that I have experienced, in the thought that my home is now within the lines of the enemy; that my wife and children are within their reach, in their power—and I remote from them, separated by many cruel miles, from all I most love—barred away by the arms of an invading soldiery! How long shall this be thus? God alone knows. I devotedly pray to Him that the period may not be protracted. At the end of our time of enlistment, I had promised myself so much pleasure in seeing loved ones at home; that the toils and hardships of a soldier's life, were submitted to, with cheerfulness; every burden lightened by the thought, "soon I'll see home, and the dear ones there." Now a dark cloud has drifted across my sky, and when a bright ray will again meet my anxious eye, can only be conjectured.

We may never meet! This thought I've had before, when away from you. Have never before thought it probable that

our final parting had been given. *Now it is probable, and the fact that it is so, startles me. Oh, God! and can it be? "Thy will, not mine, be done."* If not permitted to meet again on earth, we may meet in heaven. Cannot a soldier's spirit ascend unto God? It may, if he falls, even on the field of strife, provided he is pure in heart; feels, that in bearing arms, he is fighting for the right, for justice—not for ambition, for what he believes is wrong. Before the Lord, my wife, I believe our cause is that of right, not of wrong. With a clear conscience, I can lead my men to the conflict. If I fall, I shall feel that my life has been given to my country. My spirit, I commend to the God who gave it.

Whether it will be possible to get this letter to you, is doubtful. Have some hope that you will get it. Trust you may.

Kiss and bless the dear children, for me. Tell them to be *good*, and they will certainly be happy. If they are thoughtless, disobedient, wicked, they will as certainly be miserable. Nor forget my dear old father and mother, sister Mary, and Balie, and all the servants. My love to all of them.

Now, good-bye, and may God bless you, and keep you, as beneath the hollow of His hand, shielding you from all harm. Again, good-bye.

"If we meet again, we'll smile;
If not, this parting has been well."

Affectionately, your husband,
R. HATTON.

IN CAMPS, NEAR FREDERICKSBURGH, VA.,
March 18, 1862.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

Lieut. Ben. Powell leaves us, to-day. Has resigned, on account of ill-health. He may be able to get to Lebanon; if not, at least to get letters through to that point.

We are encamped in vicinity of Fredericksburgh. How long we will remain here, cannot be known. John, Jerry, and I, are all well. The health of the regiment, generally, is good. None of our Lebanon boys sick. A few of the Wilson men are quite

ill, left behind us at Strasburgh; among them, Henry Blair, who, I fear, will die, though I hope not.

Many weary, weary months, have passed, since the day we parted. How many are to pass, before we meet? God *only* knows. That my home—all that is dearest to me, on earth—should be in the hands of the enemy, I can scarcely realize. It is so! How long, oh, how long, shall this be? My blood leaps and boils, at the thought. Providence may have some wise end in so ordering it. May-be, we are never again to meet, at least on earth. If not, shall we, in another and a better world? My earnest prayer to God is, that we may—that, “with parents and children, we *there* shall meet—meet, to part no more.” Say this to my dear old father and mother, to sister, and to the children—that, as I sit by my camp fire, on the shores of the Rappahannock, my earnest petition to God, is, that He may be merciful and kind unto you, my wife, and unto them, during your stay in this world, and that you all may then find a home—“a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.”

Say to the children, that, if I never again write to them, my last and earnest counsel to them, is, to “remember their Creator, in the days of their youth”—to be truthful, just, kind. Then, will they certainly have the love and favor of God, if not of the world. May God bless and care for you, sustain you in all trials, and save you in heaven, where there shall be neither pain nor death.

Affectionately, your husband,

ROBERT HATTON.

P. S.—I need not ask you to write to me as opportunity may offer. I know you do it.

Am more closely employed, now, day and night, than ever before.

R. H.

IN CAMP, NEAR YORKTOWN, VA,

April 30, 1862.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

Young Floyd, one of our regiment, starts home, this morning. At least, he is discharged from service, and says he will go home, if practicable. Hoping that, by possibility, he

may get through, I write a word by him. None of those by whom I have, of late, sent letters to you, have gotten them through to you. Hence, I am not encouraged to write, now, more than to say I am very well, and getting along, as usual. Johnnie, who has been, until the last few days, in most excellent health, is complaining a little. Fearing lest he might have a spell of sickness, if he remained in camp, I sent him up to Williamsburgh, to stay, until he gets well. He went, day-before-yesterday; Jerry went with him. He got into a good house, and was made very comfortable. Heard from him, last night. He was much better. Look for him back again, in a day or two. He will continue in my mess. Has a good horse to ride; has had, ever since his return from Tennessee, and gets along finely.

Of our surroundings, here, it is not proper for me to speak. We came here, on foot, from Fredericksburgh—a long and heavy march. Are now encamped near where Washington and his compatriots triumphed over the English, under Cornwallis.

My regiment is in fine condition, still maintaining its reputation as one of the very best in the Confederacy. I was re-elected, without any opposition. Col. Goodner and Maj. Howard were also re-elected. Only four of our old Captains were re-elected. Several of them were not candidates.

Quite a number of the Lieutenants were superseded. Most of the officers not retained in their places, have gone to Richmond. Most of them will go to Tennessee. Some of the changes made in officers may be for the best; most of them, I much regret.

And the Yankees are at Lebanon? My house surrounded by a hostile foe! Middle Tennessee given up to Lincoln!

Are we not even to hear from each other, now? I was greatly disappointed at not getting a letter from you, by the same hands who brought *long ones*, dated 13th inst., to Maj. Howard, and a number of others in the regiment. Mrs. Armfield wrote that you were well, when she passed through Lebanon. Mrs. Howard, and several of the other ladies, wrote by her, giving a good deal of news of the doings of the Federals

at Lebanon. Was pained and disgusted at part of what I heard. These are strange times, giving rise to strange things. May God, in His mercy, shield *me* from the shame and mortification, worse than death, of ever hearing that any of *my* relations have bent before the storm. Should any of them do it, I would *never* want to see them again. Some *have* this shame to bear. From my heart, I pity them. How those who have relatives and friends in the army of the South, can give comfort or countenance to the men who would destroy them, is beyond comprehension. Some are born to baseness. Such are they who can have fellowship with the enemies of their nearest relatives, their best friends. A day of retribution *will* come. All shall receive their reward—those who have done well, and “those who have done evil.”

How are the dear children? May God protect the dear ones from disease and death—shield them and their mother from all harm, and keep them as in the hollow of His hand. May He be to them, a Father, and to you, a Husband, during the absence of him who may never again see home or family. If my life is spared, I trust the time is not far distant when we shall see each other. Oh, the very thought thrills my soul! Since we parted, it seems like many years. Since then, what events have occurred, to mark the world's history. How many hearts have bled—how many homes made desolate! God will have vengeance, yet, and full and terrible vengeance, on the wicked and selfish, the base and ungenerous men, who, impelled by unhallowed and contemptible purposes, seek the ruin and destruction of those, in all respects, better than themselves. My views and purposes have, however, been recently so fully given you, in my letters, that all I could say would be little more than repetition.

The young man is waiting to start for the boat, and fears he will be too late. Did not know, until this morning, he was going to leave, to-day; and, since then, I have had to review, inspect and muster my regiment, which has consumed the day. Others, who have had more time, have written, I suppose, fully.

Give my best love to father, and mother, and sister, and Balie,

and remember me kindly to my friends in Wilson. Say to them, their boys in the army will never disgrace them. Some of the officers may get within the lines, and reach home. If so, from them you will learn what I have not time to write.

And now, dear Sophie, good-bye; may the very God of mercy guard you, and our dear children, who are so far from me. May we meet again. If this is not granted on earth, *it will* be, if we are not sinful, in heaven. Again, love to all.

Affectionately,

R. HATTON.

CHICKAHOMINY RIVER, 12 MLS. FROM RICHMOND, VA.,

May 21, 1862.

MY DEAR WIFE:—

Mr. — starts to-day, in the direction of Tennessee. Thinks he can get a note to you, anyhow, so I write a word. Intended writing you a long letter, by him, but was called off from our camp, which is within some six or seven miles of Richmond, yesterday morning, and have not been back since. He has kindly rode out to see me, before starting, and given me the piece of paper to write on.

I am here with the First Tennessee Regiment, Col. Turney, to support Gen. Stewart's cavalry, in guarding the crossing at Bottom Bridge. Our pickets have just brought in a Yankee Sergeant, caught over the river; he says they are in large force, within two-and-a-half miles of us. They were there, however, yesterday morning, and what they intend doing, we can only conjecture. The Seventh and Fourteenth Regiments, and our battery, are back at our camps. John and Jerry are well—were on yesterday. John has gotten quite well again; my own health—thanks to the goodness of God, is very good. Of events transpiring, and about to transpire, here, I can say but little. You will hear many exaggerated and false reports about all our movements. Believe nothing, Sophie, that does not come in the most direct manner, and through entirely reliable sources. We cannot tell what to credit, of what is reported to us, as occurring in our very midst. I go along, and do what I conceive to be my duty, and trouble myself but little about

anything taking place around me. My only trouble, my dear wife, is, in reference to the dear ones at home. That my wife and children should be surrounded by the enemy, and that a fight should have taken place in sight of where they are domiciled, pains me, Sophie, beyond expression. We have just received the account of Morgan's surprise and defeat, in Lebanon. Oh, how you must have been alarmed, and the dear children, too. May your trust in God be strong, and may He shield you, as beneath the shadow of His wing, and keep you and the children from all harm. Be brave-hearted; don't be low-spirited; never despair, but what all will be right, yet. Don't doubt but that God will do all things well. Let us strive to love the Lord, and keep His commandments, and whatever fate may then betide us, we may trust Him, assured of His love and protection. * * * * *

My hope has been, for months, that something would occur, to enable me to see you soon. So far, all has been disappointment; still, I hope, Sophie, that the time is not far distant, when I shall see you and the children. It would be but a weakly and sickly expression of my feelings, if I were to say, that I have *never* felt such anxiety to see you, and those so dear to us. It has now been *so many* long, long, *wearry* months since we parted, that it seems as if years had passed during the period. The continued anxiety I have felt, on account of those at home, has made the time doubly long. If I could only feel that you are all safe and happy, then I could have some comfort, myself; then, with cheerfulness could I endure all the toils—submit to all the dangers and hardships of a soldier's life. May a gracious God bless you, and all our dear ones—parents and children—with health, and make you happy and cheerful; may He keep you all from every harm, and grant unto us—if to Him it seems best—a speedy and joyous meeting.

Mr. Tarver is waiting; he goes to Richmond, this evening; so I must bid you, my dear wife, adieu. Oh, may the very God of all mercy, guard and bless you! Kiss the dear children for me; tell them to be good and happy. Love to father, mother, sister, Balie. Remember me kindly to the servants,

and tell them to be good. Jerry says he wants to see you all very much; he is a faithful servant.

Again, may God bless you all, is my earnest prayer.

Affectionately, your husband,

R. HATTON.

Mrs. S. K. Hatton, Lebanon, Tenn.

THE LAST LETTER TO HIS WIFE.

CAMP OF TENNESSEE BRIGADE,
NEAR RICHMOND, VA.,
6½ o'clock, P. M., May 28, 1861. }

MY DEAR WIFE:—

My brigade will move in an hour from its encampment, *en route* for Meadow Bridge, on the Chickahominy. We go to attack the enemy on to-morrow, beyond the river. A *general* engagement between our, and the enemy's forces, all along our entire line, is expected to ensue. May the God of Right and Justice smile upon us, in the hour of conflict. The struggle, will, no doubt, be bloody; that we will triumph, and that gloriously, I am confident. Would that I might bind to my heart, before the battle, my wife and children. That pleasure may never again be granted me. If so, *farewell*; and may the God of all mercy be to you and ours, a guardian and friend.

"If we meet again, we'll smile;
If not, this parting has been well."

Affectionately, your husband,

R. HATTON.

Mrs. S. K. Hatton, Lebanon, Tenn.

P. S.—Johnnie and Jerry are well; Howard, Bostick, Goodner, and most of the Lebanon men, are in good health. Have not written you anything about my promotion. It was all done without my knowledge, by Generals Anderson, Smith, and Johnston, upon whose recommendation, I was appointed.

Again, good-bye.

R. H.

LAST "WORDS" TO HIS FATHER AND MOTHER.

A WORD TO MY DEAR MOTHER:—

I go early, to-morrow, mother, *en route* for the field of battle. A terrible and bloody fight is promised us. In the midst of the confusion of getting ready, I sit down, to say to you, dear mother, God bless you. You have been to me, *all* a mother ever was to a man—loving, kind, unremitting in your efforts for my comfort and happiness. If I should not return, be a mother to my wife and children. God bless you, my own dear old mother.

Affectionately,
R. HATTON.

A WORD TO MY DEAR OLD FATHER:—

God bless you, my dear father. A tenderer, more loving father, never lived; to me, you have been the best of fathers. If I never return, let *all* your affection lavished in the past, upon me, be transferred to Sophie and her children. Let her never be left alone, but be comforted and cheered by the company of my parents.

Affectionately,
R. HATTON.

Thus closed the correspondence of General Hatton with his wife, mother and father. To them, he wrote not again. The presentiment, which seems to have fastened itself upon his mind, and, to which, occasional reference is made in the preceding letters, was soon to be sadly, painfully verified. Who can fully describe the emotions that swelled his bosom, while he penned the "farewell" letter to his wife and children, and the last "words" to his venerable parents, impressed with the idea, that he would see them no more on earth! To one of his temperament, one who loved family and friends as ardently and devotedly as he, it was painful in the extreme. But he trusted

in God, and with becoming resignation, calmly and heroically met the fate that awaited him.

The following communication, from an eye-witness, Captain Andrew B. Martin, of General Hatton's staff, will give the reader an idea of the movements of the Tennessee Brigade, as commanded by General Hatton, up to the evening of the 31st of May:

LEBANON, TENNESSEE,

May 31, 1867.

MR. J. V. DRAKE:—

Dear Sir:

That portion of Gen. Hatton's life, to which you direct my attention, is comprised in the brief space of *eight days*.

His commission as Brigadier General, in the Provisional Army of the Confederate States, which lies before me now, stained with the blood of his heart, bears date the 23d May, 1862. He reported immediately for duty, to Gen. Jos. E. Johnston, and was at once placed in command of the Fifth Brigade, of the First Division, First Corps, Army of Virginia, comprising three Tennessee Regiments,—Turney's, first, the seventh and fourteenth. He accepted the position with reluctance, and with a profound sense of its responsibilities. And while his comrades gathered around him to offer their congratulations, he alone, seemed oppressed with doubt and apprehension. A sense of duty to his country and to the soldiers who had followed him, however, prevailed over other considerations, and he entered, with characteristic earnestness, upon the discharge of his new duties.

Our army was retiring from the Peninsula, in the direction of Richmond, and was, already, within fifteen miles of the city.

Gen. Hatton was directed to bring up the rear of the army upon the Bottom Bridge road, with special instructions to develop the strength of the enemy at all available points. The importance of the work assigned him, and the difficulty of satisfactorily executing such orders, all soldiers will readily appreciate. Daily skirmishing with a superior enemy, before

whom you are retreating, necessitates the rapid movement and disposition of your forces, and taxes, perhaps, as much as anything else, the skill and address of an officer. And yet, this duty was not only performed satisfactorily by Gen. Hatton, but in such a manner as to attract the attention, and commendation of his superior officers, and upon reaching the lines about Richmond, he was able to make an accurate and reliable report of the strength that was in front of him.

On the 28th May, Gen. Hatton's command was retired behind the lines, and bivouacked in the suburbs of Richmond, with the announcement, that when it marched again, it would be to battle.

The quick march to and fro of heavy battallions, the occasional boom of artillery, the general animation which always pervades large armies upon the eve of battle, the great stake which hung upon the issue here, the Capital of the Confederacy, were incontrovertible evidences that the great historic shock of the revolution was at hand. Gen. Hatton, sleepless and vigilant, and as I have frequently thought, impressed with his impending death, moved through the ranks of his men in careful inspection of their readiness for the conflict, confirming their confidence, and dissipating doubt wherever he went. At this distance, the contemplation of the last eight days of General Hatton's life, leaves the impression upon the mind, that he was struggling to compress, within that period, the energies and efforts of a life-time.

At 2 o'clock, on the morning of the 31st of May, under orders from Maj.-Gen. Gustavus W. Smith, Gen. Hatton's command was accoutered for the march, and at dawn, it moved for the battlefield of "Seven Pines." At an early hour in the day, he was halted in the reserve line, upon the brow of a hill which overlooked the scene of the conflict, where he remained until 6 o'clock of the afternoon. The battle opened at noon, or shortly after. Gen. Hatton exhibited, during the day, considerable impatience to engage his troops, who fired by the example of their leader, became as eager as he, for the fray. At the hour of 6 o'clock P. M., his brigade was called for, and at a double quick, in column of fours, it moved in the direction of the heaviest

firing. In a little field, that will be remembered by every member of his brigade, it was halted, and the line formed under the immediate eye of Gens. Johnson and Lee, and President Davis, also, who was upon the field.

Gen. Hatton was mounted upon his favorite bay horse, which had borne him faithfully in the severe campaigns of North-Western Virginia, over the Cheat Mountain, and Sewell Mountain, and throughout the celebrated campaign to Bath, Hancock, and Romney, under Stonewall Jackson. He reined the splendid and impatient animal in front of his brigade, and rode from one end of it to the other, cheering his men, admonishing them to bear themselves like soldiers under the eye of their beloved President, and to preserve unsullied, their own honor, and the prestige of Tennessee soldiery. His face was flushed with excitement, his eye gleamed with a strange light, and his upright and unyielding form, presented in the uncertain light of the evening, and the heavy smoke and gloom of the battlefield, the impersonation of military glory. I felt, at the time, that there never was seen a nobler specimen of a soldier, and that the fatal bullet would never bleed a braver heart. A deafening fire was going on just in his front, and the minnie balls were hissing over the heads of his brigade, and through the ranks. It was just at this moment that Gen. Jos. E. Johnston, was struck with a ball, receiving a wound which relieved him of the command of the Army of Virginia, in which he was succeeded, in a few days, permanently by that great man, Gen. Lee. Gen. Johnston, was taken to the rear, at once, but his bearing was so gallant that it extracted a cheer from Hatton's brigade, which the General acknowledged, by raising his hat. Gen. Gustavus W. Smith, who, temporarily succeeded to the command of the army, in person, directed Gen. Hatton to move forward with his brigade, and attack the enemy. Immediately, the clear sounding voice, of General Hatton, was heard commanding, "Attention, forward, quick-step, march!"

The result, of this gallant and devoted charge, is already a part of the written history of the great struggle from which we have just emerged. Pressing on, under the noble example of a fearless leader, the enemy's works were gained, only to be

abandoned. With thinned and bleeding ranks, and bearing the dead body of its General, the brigade retired under a merciless fire, to the point where its line was originally formed for the charge, and there, in the long chilly darkness of that night, no surviving member of the old brigade has forgotten the deeper darkness that settled in inconsolable grief upon his heart.

Thus closed the occurrences of this day, five years ago, and thus closed the career of a man, the influence of whose example, for good, will be felt in this country long after the men who knew him have passed off the stage, and are, themselves, forgotten. A christian gentleman, a warm friend, a tender and affectionate husband and father, a valuable citizen, a brave and devoted patriot and soldier, he sleeps now, a dead hero of the revolution. Self-sacrifice, and the fearless discharge of every duty characterized his career as a soldier, and upon the illustrated page of his country's struggle, he will be found in the picture, near the flashing of the cannon. He fell beneath the muzzle of hostile guns, and the roar of musketry and shrieking shell, mingled with the shout of a momentary victory which his own intrepidity had won, were the last sounds that fell upon his ear. If we are permitted to take with us to the other world, the last impressions of this, the brave veterans of the old brigade who have survived the bloody struggle, will hardly wish to call their General back, for *his banner never went down*, and the cause to him was never lost. * * * *

I am, your friend and obedient servant,

ANDREW B. MARTIN.

Of the many notices of General Hatton's death, we present the following, by Lieut.-Col. John K. Howard, as published in a Richmond paper:

THE LATE GENERAL ROBERT HATTON.

"The Richmond *Dispatch*, of Saturday morning, 31st of May, announced, in befitting terms, the appointment of Col. Robert Hatton, as a Brigadier-General, in the Army of the Confederate States. At sunset, the same day, he died in battle, heroically

discharging his duty. General Hatton was a native of Ohio, and citizen of Tennessee. His father (yet living) is the Rev. R. C. Hatton, a widely-known Methodist Minister, of great purity of character. General Hatton was thirty-six years of age. At an early age, he entered the Cumberland University, at Lebanon, Tenn. Not born in affluence, he lacked means to complete his collegiate education. Money was tendered him by many friends; but, with the sturdy independence, which was the marked feature of his character, he declined all offers, and, by teaching school, he soon acquired means, and graduated with distinction. At once, he was appointed Tutor, and at the end of a year, entered the Law School of the University, again graduating with distinction. At the bar, he soon assumed a first position; he was an able, energetic and successful lawyer. His client's cause was always his own cause. In 1855, he represented the county of Wilson in the General Assembly of Tennessee. In 1856, he was on the Fillmore and Donelson electoral ticket, and made a brilliant canvass. In 1857, he was the candidate of his party for Governor of Tennessee. In 1859, he was elected to the House of Representatives of the United States Congress. Up to the publication of Lincoln's infamous proclamation, General Hatton was a decided Union man. He at once saw there was no hope for the South, but in resistance. He soon raised a fine company, and at the organization of the Seventh Tennessee Regiment, on the 27th of May, 1861, he was elected Colonel. He has not since seen his once pleasant, but now desolate, home. General Hatton was a military man, by instinct; and he had studied hard, to make himself master of the details of his new profession. Rigid and energetic in his discipline, he was yet greatly beloved and respected by his soldiers. In his high courage, incorruptible integrity, and fine judgment, they had unbounded confidence. The last time the writer of this saw him, he was in the charge, waving his hat. Even in the midst of the roar of arms, his voice was heard, cheering his men.

In a few moments, his favorite horse, "Ball," was killed under him. He extricated himself from his horse, and dashed for-

ward. He had hardly gone thirty steps, when he fell, pierced by a Minnie ball, and died without a struggle.

In the noble army now assembled around the Capital, there is not a truer, braver, more gallant spirit, than Robert Hatton. He was a Christian soldier, and had long been a devout member of the Methodist Church.

General Hatton leaves a wife and three young children. When the news of the battle of Saturday reaches Lebanon, there will be deep grief. A whole community will assemble around the stricken widow of our General; and the mothers of the noble boys who fell by his side, will mingle their tears with hers. General Hatton's remains will be removed to Tennessee. When independence and peace is restored to this now distracted land, his soldiers will see to it that his grave is marked by a stone, which shall commemorate the noble and manly virtues of his heroic character.

J. K. H.

THE VICTIMS OF THE WAR.—A Tennessee correspondent of the *Louisville Journal* laments over the loss of life among the rising generation, of its most generous spirits: "Take, for example," says he, "a few of the young men of my acquaintance, in this State. There was Robert Hatton, formerly a member of Congress from Tennessee, who fell at the great battle of Seven Pines, leading a desperate charge. He was, at the time, a Brigadier-General. He was a brave and gallant officer. A young man of splendid talents, finished education, a mind richly stored with the political history of the country, and fired with a laudable ambition, he was fast winning his way to an honorable and lasting fame. Few public men, in our country, have rose more rapidly to positions of honor and distinction; and few, indeed, had a brighter prospect in the future, than Robert Hatton. He was one of the purest, noblest and best men whose public life and services have ever adorned the annals of Tennessee. His noble character, his kind and genial heart, his open, frank and manly nature, made him a favorite, wherever known, and bound around him troops of such friends as alone clung to the fortunes of his great exemplar, Henry Clay!

“There are others—a long list, of whose virtues and noble qualities of mind and heart, I would like to dwell; but space forbids. There is Col. John K. Howard, of Lebanon, a young man of genius, and great promise; Col. C. H. Williams, of Memphis, (son of the late Hon. C. H. Williams, of Tennessee,) who, had he lived, would have, doubtless, ranked second to but few of the eminent jurists of the State; Brigadier-General James E. Raines, of Nashville, a child of genius, and a favorite, wherever known; Capt. Balie Peyton, Jr.; Col. Alfred Robb, of Clarksville; Maj. John F. Henry; Capt. James Hamilton, and W. E. Webber, of Memphis; and that genial gentleman, the gallant, accomplished and noble-hearted Andrew J. Polk, of Maury county. These, and hundreds of other familiar names, among the rising young men of Tennessee, not to speak of the lamented Zollicoffer, and Preston Smith, are the victims of this cruel, unnecessary and wicked war.

“Here are some of the evil fruits, just in one State. These are some of the precious and priceless jewels, which this war has cost a small portion of this great country. And what part of the nation has not suffered a like sacrifice? and who cannot recall equally as large a number of young men of promise, who have been slaughtered in this war, concocted by demagogues, and thrust upon the people by unprincipled tricksters of party?”

GENERAL HATTON'S FAMILY.

General Hatton leaves a wife and three children—a son and two daughters. Who can imagine the depth of the sorrow and anguish, that filled their hearts, upon the reception of the sad news of his death? The bright dream of long life and happiness, in the society of him who was the family idol, had now vanished. He, upon whom their hearts and hopes were fondly placed, had been suddenly cut down, to rise no more! Oh, God, wilt Thou not remember the widow and the orphans,

the mother and sisters, to comfort them in their day of affliction and sorrow? May they remember Thy promises—which fail not to the faithful—that Thou wilt be a husband to the widow, and a Father to the fatherless. May they be enabled to understand the philosophy of being, and to appropriate and comprehend, in some degree, the language of the poet:

“ In a trial world, like this,
Where all that comes is sent,
Learn how divine a thing 'tis,
To smile and be content.”

Of him whom they mourn, it may be truly said:

“ None knew him but to love him,
Nor named him, but to praise.”

The remembrance of Robert Hatton has penetrated an innumerable host of friends, who weep bitter tears of anguish over his sad and untimely death, and will ever fondly cherish his memory within their “heart of hearts.” In the bloom and full vigor of glorious manhood, was he stricken down. A career, already brilliant, and crowned with many acts that will hand down his name to posterity—a career, had it been unchecked, that would have placed his name first among the honored sons of Tennessee, and made her future annals radiant with his achievements—has been cut short by the stern, inexorable hand of death. Many an eye has, and long will, moisten with the tender and endearing recollections of the man, and a just appreciation of his high and noble character. Brave, generous, gallant Robert Hatton! Thy pure spirit has departed from the walks of men, but the sad and dear remembrance of thee will endure—fresh and vivid, forever!



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APPENDIX.

I.—My Imprefions of the late Gen. Hatton.

N. LAWRENCE LINDSLEY, L. L. D.

II.—Imprefions of the late Gen. Robert Hatton.

Gen. ALRX. P. STEWART.

III.—Gen. Hatton's efforts to preserve the health of
his men.

Dr. J. L. FITE.

IV.—Sketch of his Life and Character.

ROLFE S. SAUNDERS.

V.—Funeral Ceremonies.

By the ODD FELLOWS AND CITIZENS.

VI.—Extract of Oration.

By Adjutant G. A. HOWARD.

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A P P E N D I X.

THE following tribute to the memory of Gen. Hatton is from the pen of his preceptor in languages, Dr. N. Lawrence Lindsay, formerly Professor of Languages in Cumberland University, but now, Principal of that model school for young ladies, "Greenwood Seminary."

GREENWOOD, NEAR LEBANON, TENN.,

March 29, 1867.

MY DEAR SIR:—

You wish me, if I mistake not, to communicate my impressions of the late Gen. Hatton, as spontaneously formed during the period of my personal intercourse with him in Cumberland University, and since.

In his various College performances, Gen. Hatton satisfied every expectation, and daily grew in general esteem. None questioned his sincerity and uprightness, and his personal bearing was, in a rare degree, chivalrous and noble. He was an indefatigable student; and, notwithstanding his early disadvantages, and defective preparation for the class into which he was admitted, he achieved high distinction in mathematics and languages, and was regarded *primus inter pares* in the literature, science, philosophy, and politics, of ancient and modern times. He was familiar, not merely with the mechanism and grammar of the Greek and Latin tongues, [always giving 'τὰ ὄντα ὡς ὄντα καὶ τὰ μὴ ὄντα ὡς οὐκ ὄντα,'] but was deeply imbued with the spirit of the great authors. No student worked harder, or better deserved his diploma.

Throughout his brief but brilliant career, as lawyer, states-

man and soldier, Gen. Hatton never remitted his studies; consecrating, as he did, every leisure moment to professional and general literature. In a friendly correspondence, continued to the close of his life, he favored me, *inter alia*, with notes in Latin, and others in which his Hellenic zeal was strikingly exhibited in citations, from favorite authors, gracefully penned in Greek characters. In these languages, as in English, he was a first rate prosodist.

Gen. Hatton was a great and good man. Always the Christian gentleman, his person, presence and carriage were so remarkable that he seldom entered the church, or walked the streets, or appeared in any company, without arresting attention, or creating a sensation, not of surprise or wonder, but of admiration—a tribute as cordially yielded as it was richly deserved.

But it was in social intercourse, and in the relations of private and domestic life, that the crowning virtues in General Hatton's career, were fully displayed. He was animated by the loftiest sense of personal honor, and, with characteristic magnanimity, he considered wealth to be valuable, only as a powerful instrument of doing good. His liberality went to the extent of his means. He honored his parents; he cherished kinsman, friend and neighbor; he loved brother and sister, and wife and child, and cultivated all the other gentle humanities, with a steadiness and warmth of soul that signally endeared him to the people among whom he dwelt. He had such acquaintance with the standard writers of our language, especially the historians and poets, as enabled him to adorn his conversation with the most apposite illustrations. Possessing colloquial powers of rare order, and a flow of unstudied eloquence seldom surpassed, all admired and enjoyed the enthusiasm of a mind so rich, cultivated, practical and sincere.

When a character, like Hatton, arises, the world *will* believe that truth, patriotism and heroism are living, real things, and not names, as the dying martyr of Philippi pronounced them. His early struggles and experience in the State schools, combined with later observation of their failure to confer upon the people, the blessings of education, led him, in common with

other enlightened observers, to realize the necessity of some specific preliminary preparation for the office of teacher. To afford this instruction, is the object of Normal Schools—the name *normal* being derived from a Latin word, signifying a rule, standard, or law. General Hatton availed himself of the first opportunity, in the Legislature of which he was a distinguished member, to introduce a bill for the establishment of a Normal School, which he advocated, in a speech of remarkable force, and earnest eloquence, that testified to the intense interest he felt in the success of the measure. Notwithstanding the unanswerable manner in which he discussed the claims of Education as a science, and Teaching as an art; despite the overwhelming arguments attesting the necessity of the professional education of Teachers, and of institutions specially devoted to this object; and in spite of statistics proclaiming the transcendent benefits, resulting, during the last fourth of a century, from similar establishments in other lands, on both sides of the Atlantic, the patriotic and gifted speaker was doomed to disappointment; though the change of a single vote, on the final reading, would have turned defeat into victory. To his successors, in the Congress of the State, this great enterprise remains, being one of unabated and ever-urgent interest. For, if the lamp of Education be quenched,

“ I know not where is that Promethean heat,
That can its light relume.”

With this brief testimonial to the exalted worth of him, whose biography engages your pen, I have the pleasure to remain,

Very sincerely,

N. LAWRENCE LINDSLEY.

J. V. Drake, Esq.

Lieut.-Gen. A. P. Stewart, late of the C. S. Army, and now Professor of Mathematics, in Cumberland University, speaks thus of his friend and pupil:

MEMPHIS, TENN.,
May 13, 1867.

MR. J. V. DRAKE,

Dear Sir:—

Your letter of April 15th, was received some time since. A reply would have been sent sooner, but for want of leisure to make a suitable one. Even now, after so long an interval, I find myself very imperfectly prepared to give a correct and detailed account of my impressions of the late General Robert Hatton.

My acquaintance with him, began when he entered Cumberland University, as a student, which must have been in 1846-'7. Though not thoroughly prepared, he was admitted to one of the regular classes, and graduated with high distinction. The class was small, and composed of young men of fine promise, whose subsequent careers have more than justified the high expectations then formed of them. Notwithstanding his inadequate preparation, Hatton sustained himself with great credit, and soon became, perhaps, *primus inter pares*. From the commencement of his collegiate life, he displayed those qualities of mind and character which so thoroughly marked him to the close of his brief, but glorious career. He was always punctual, and well-prepared for recitation; carefully observant of all College regulations, and an advocate of good order and subordination to proper authority. The fine intellect, the lofty ambition, the lion-like courage, the chivalric spirit, the nobleness of nature, that made him incapable of a meanness, all these distinguishing traits shone in him while still a youth at College.

For a time, he filled the office of Tutor in the College, and, I believe, discharged his duties with fidelity and skill, and to the entire satisfaction of the Faculty.

Of his life, after leaving College, it is not necessary for me to speak, as you will, doubtless, do ample justice to that portion of his history. He seemed to me well calculated to shine, both in the Senate and the camp; and, had his life been prolonged, he would have played a conspicuous part in the late war. I know

he was attached to the Union; and believe his course, in regard to the war, was prompted by a sense of duty. Doubtless, he saw, as many others did, that, the war having commenced, the only alternatives for the South, were, *independence*, or—*subjugation*.

He fell early, but gloriously, at the head of his brigade; and of the many noble victims sacrificed by the South, on the altar of Constitutional Liberty, there was not one more noble than Robert Hatton.

Can it be that the blood of such men has been shed in vain? and that the result of such costly sacrifices will be the final step from anarchy to absolute power?

Very respectfully, yours,

ALEX. P. STEWART.

TESTIMONY OF ASSISTANT-SURGEON J. L. FITE.

LEBANON, TENN.,

May 24, 1867.

MR. J. V. DRAKE,

Dear Sir:—

I take pleasure in responding to your request for a short sketch, containing something relative to the connection and dealings of the lamented General Robert Hatton, with the Medical Department of his command, during his short but brilliant career, as Colonel and Brigadier-General in the Confederate Army.

The mistaken idea prevailed, during the early months of the war, that the Regimental Surgeon, alone, was responsible for the health of the troops, and that it was a subject of minor importance.

The forethought and prudence, so absolutely essential in the characters of military commanders, to enable them to enter into, and carefully consider, the minor details so necessary for the preservation and efficiency of their men, were considered,

by most volunteer officers, as derogatory to their official duties. The result of this ignorance and neglect was plainly perceivable, before the close of the first year of the war, in the frightful mortality lists of nearly all the Confederate regiments.

The actual strength and efficiency of an army, depends, as much upon the physical development and health of the men, as upon the number of enlistments. Therefore, the hygiene of camps, and the constant susceptibility of the soldier to disease, were subjects of such vast importance, that they required the especial attention of military officers. The radical change of life, with volunteers, from the ordinary civil pursuits, to military life, with its fatigue, privation, exposure, and rigid discipline, produced a physical revolution in the soldier, that disposed his system to diseases, which differed, in many respects, from the common forms of sickness, observed in the routine of civil practice. The number of killed, in the army, was small, when compared with the victims of disease; and particularly was this the case, whenever the claims of hygiene were not duly considered, and their actual necessities acknowledged by the commanding officer. Many of the causes of disease were counteracted by the efficient police regulations of the camp.

The inevitable accumulations of poisonous matter, resulting from the growing infection of the soil, with its insalubrious emanations in camps, where police duty was neglected by the commanding officer, produced a variety of diseases, that could not be successfully combated by the most skillful medical men. Unless the Regimental Surgeon was assisted and sustained by the hearty co-operation of his Commander, he generally worked to little purpose.

Col. Hatton, as is well known, entered the Camp of Instruction—undrilled, himself—in command of a regiment of raw, undisciplined volunteers, ignorant of the duties of soldiers, and unused to discipline of any kind. The duties devolving upon the commander of such a regiment would have taxed, to their utmost, the energy and skill of a veteran West Pointer. He had first to learn his own duties, and then teach his regiment, and, at the same time, to keep himself familiar with the duties and dealings of his regimental officers.

Notwithstanding these various and pressing demands upon his time and talents, Col. Hatton never lost sight of the fact, that the efficiency of his regiment depended, very materially, upon the rigid enforcement of all-important sanitary regulations. The police of Quarters and Hospital, attention to cleanliness of person and clothes; and, in fact, everything that pertained to the comfort, convenience and health of his command, were, at all times, under his searching eye, and made particular objects of his careful inspection.

While onerously taxed with drill, discipline and camp regulations, he found time to advise with, and means to supply the demands of, his Regimental Surgeon; and thus enabled him to exercise his skill and energy, in the best possible direction, for the comfort and good of the sick. The result of this combined effort, on the part of the Regimental Commander, with the Surgeon, was, that, while other regiments had their grave-yards at Camp Trousdale, the Seventh Tennessee, numbering nearly a thousand men, remained in camp about two months, and then moved, by rail and foot, six or seven hundred miles—part of the way over mountains of West Virginia—without losing a man from disease. Our first grave-yard was made on Valley Mountain.

Not only did Col. Hatton's laudable ambition, to excel as a military man, prompt him to labor for the discipline and health of his command, but his kind heart moved him to acts of gentleness and familiar intercourse with the sick, that was unusual with officers of his rank.

Late at night, long after the camp was hushed in repose, this zealous, kind hearted, christian officer, would make his visits to the Hospital, to see that nurses were on post, and that the medical officer had made the proper disposition for the comfort of the sick during the night, and, if he thought it necessary, he would call up a medical man, at such hour, and require him to visit the Hospital.

His visits to the Hospital, with words of comfort to the sick, and cheer for the convalescents, as well as the social intercourse with his regiment, were such, that, while he was respected and admired for his soldierly qualities, each man regarded him as his particular friend.

Most of our Confederate commanders paid especial attention to the sick department early in the war, when soldiering was a new thing, and popular favor was at a premium. Some of them did their duty, nobly, bravely, during their whole career, but, with a few exceptions, their care for the hygiene of the camp, and attention to the requirements of the sick, did not last as long as the tinsel on their new uniforms. If the Surgeon was a sober, industrious, conscientious man, he did his duty as best he could, under the circumstances. If he neglected his duty, he did it with impunity, as the Colonels in most regiments paid no attention to the regulations of the Medical Department.

The disgraceful revels of regimental and medical officers of the Confederate Army, over the poor pittance of alcoholic stimulants issued by the Government, for the use of the sick, was the rule, and not the exception.

Thousands of soldiers died from want of proper medical attention. Many of them died for want of stimulants, while the Surgeon, the Colonel and his Staff, were drinking up the hospital whisky over a game of poker. Not so, however, with the lamented Hatton. When the show and frolic of the first few months of camp life was changed into war with its sad realities, its increase of duties and responsibilities, whether on the march, in camp, or tentless bivouac, manaced by danger, suffering from cold or hunger, he was, under all circumstances, and at all times, the same indefatigable, zealous soldier and christian gentleman, with the good of his country and the welfare of his men, constantly at heart.

Thus it was throughtout his whole career as a Confederate officer. No task was too arduous, no sacrifice of personal comfort too great, to be made for his country, or his men.

One of the first objects of his attention, after his promotion to the rank of Brigadier-General, was the proper organization and equipment of the Medical Department. The Senior Surgeon of the brigade was required to procure ambulances and medical supplies, and to equip and prepare his department for the terrible campaign, that was about to open on us. No brigade in the army of Northern Virginia was better supplied with medicines, or in any respect, better prepared to take care of the

sick and wounded, than the Tennessee Brigade, during the short time it was under command of General Hatton. Much of that preparation was due to his co-operation with the Senior Surgeon of the brigade.

The few gallant men of the Tennessee Brigade who survived the war, will sustain me in saying, that the loss of General Hatton, was to us, irreparable. The day that lost to us and to his country, the services of our gallant chieftain and friend, with many others of Tennessee's noblest and bravest sons, was one of the saddest I have ever witnessed.

His acts of kindness and generosity, and his care for the sick soldier, as well as his deeds of gallantry and daring, will ever be remembered and cherished by the survivors of his brigade.

Very respectfully, &c.

J. L. FITE.

The following sketch from the pen of an intimate and valued friend, is added :

THE LATE GENERAL ROBERT HATTON. *

[THE following article, on the late lamented General HATTON, was written by his life-long and bosom friend, Rolfe S. Saunders, Esq., at the time, one of the Editors and Proprietors of "The Memphis Daily Commercial," and published in that journal on the 19th November, 1865.—THE AUTHOR.]

"Brief, brave, and gallant, was his young career!"

Amid the countless number of brave and gallant spirits who fell in the gigantic struggle through which we have so recently passed—a contest that startled the civilized world, shocked humanity, convulsed the nation, and filled the land with mourning and desolation and ruin,—but few, indeed, caused a deeper thrill of anguish and regret to flow through the whole vast extent of his acquaintance and friends, than the death of the

* The subject of this sketch, was the early companion and bosom friend of one of the Editors of *The Commercial*, who, whilst he offers this humble tribute to his memory, believes it will be as acceptable to the public as it is gratifying to him in offering it, only regretting the tribute is not more worthy of the subject.—EDITORS COMMERCIAL.

gifted, gallant, and lamented General Robert Hatton. This sad event cast a gloom over his native and loved Tennessee,—and throughout the wide expanse of his acquaintance elsewhere,—which caused a spontaneous wail of sorrow to flow from thousands of hearts who loved him as a man, and had watched, with an abiding interest, the rapid advancements he had made in the pathway to honor and distinction.

Now that the strife is over, and the issues forever set at rest by the arbitrament of the sword, and the result acquiesced in by all the good and true men of the country, no one can justly look with disfavor upon an humble tribute to the noble worth—to the lofty qualities of mind and heart, of Robert Hatton; for, of him, truly may it be said,

"None knew him but to love him,
Nor named him but to praise."

Like nearly all of the public men of this country, who have made their impress upon the times, Robert Hatton was born of humble parentage. His father was a Methodist preacher—a man of strong, good sense, high character as a minister, and of eminent usefulness in the church; but like most men of that calling, he was in humble circumstances in life, and consequently, his son had to battle his way through the world. As thus with most men who rise to distinction, was developed that self-reliance, nervous energy and dauntless intrepidity of purpose, which, in after life, distinguished him. By close application to study, and untiring energy, he made himself a thorough scholar, for one of his years, teaching school at intervals, to procure the necessary means, and after graduating with the first honors at Cumberland University, was, for several sessions, Tutor in that institution. He then entered the Law Department of the same University, founded by that great legal mind of the South, Hon. Ab. Caruthers, and graduated, again bearing off the first honors; after which he located permanently in Lebanon, and chose it as the field in which to try his fortunes in the legal profession. The bar at this place, at that time, was composed of some of the first lawyers in the country. Robert L. Caruthers, who enjoyed a national reputation as a statesman and a jurist, and whose splendid talent and genius,

and great moral worth, shone with undiminished luster in the council halls of the nation, in the palmy days of the Republic, and adorned the Supreme Bench of Tennessee, when the judiciary of our State commanded the first order of ability, was then at the head of the bar with a full practice. Judge John S. Brien, Hon. Jordan Stokes, Hon. William L. Martin, Judge Jo. C. Guild, Hon. Charles Ready, and Col. John K. Howard—bright galaxy in the legal sky of Tennessee—were all practicing at the same bar. But nothing daunted, young Hatton launched his untried bark in this sea of strife, where he would have to encounter the first legal talent in the State, and braved that theatre of action for success. Young as he was, and adverse as were the circumstances against which, as a poor, unknown youth, he had to contend, his ability, diligence and attainments, soon obtained for him an extensive practice; and within a few brief years, in a large circuit of counties in which he attended court, he was engaged on one side of nearly every important case. Nothing short of merit, both moral and intellectual, of a high order, could have won this brilliant and almost unparalleled success. The older lawyers of the bar, all respected and esteemed him, while the young members, his compeers, cherished for him the sincerest affection and regard.

Early in life, General Hatton took a deep interest in political affairs, and engaged actively in the discussions of the day. He was a Whig of the Henry Clay school, and was a most devoted follower, of that illustrious statesman. He took him for a model, and in a number of respects, possessed many of his characteristics. He had the happy faculty Mr. Clay possessed to such an eminent degree, of binding men around him who clung to him with an affection which no disaster could thwart or circumstance change.

In 1852, he was a sub-Elector for his Congressional District, on the Scott-Graham ticket, and made considerable character as a public speaker.

In 1855, he was elected to the Legislature from Wilson county, by the largest majority ever given in that county for any man, for that position. In the Legislature, though one of

the youngest members, and in a body remarkable for the men of ability who composed it, he took a stand in the front ranks, and was regarded as one of the most prominent, influential, and useful members. At the organization of the House of Representatives, his name was presented by his friends and against his remonstrance, as a candidate for Speaker; and in the caucus, was only defeated a few votes, by Gov. Neill S. Brown.

In 1856, he was unanimously nominated as Elector on the Fillmore-Donelson ticket, for his district, and made a most vigorous, able, and successful canvass, it being the only district in the State where the strength of the party was maintained. To his efforts in that great contest, was this result chiefly attributable. He was an ardent admirer of Mr. Fillmore and a warm personal friend of Major Donelson, and he entered the contest with an energy, zeal, and determination, bent on success; and had the same canvass been made in the other portions of the State, the probability is, Mr. Fillmore would have received a decided majority,

In 1857, he was nominated unanimously, by a State Convention of his party, as a candidate for Governor. The party were largely in the minority at the time, and he was defeated. He was only a little past thirty-one years old, when he received this nomination—an honor never conferred in this State, upon any man, of that age, except in the single instance of the lamented James C. Jones. General Hatton made a thorough canvass of the State, and achieved the reputation of a well informed politician, a quick and ready debater, and a most courteous and eloquent speaker. He surpassed the expectation of his friends, and by his bold, eloquent and manly speeches, won the respect and admiration of his political opponents.

In 1859, he was unanimously nominated for Congress, against Hon. Charles Ready, who had been elected and re-elected by overwhelming majorities. In that canvass, General Hatton displayed such masterly ability and energy, and inspired his friends with such enthusiasm, that he was elected by near *two thousand majority!* It was, probably, the best contested race that had taken place in the district since the memorable canvass between John Bell, with Felix Grundy, and Robert M.

Burton. It was one of the greatest political victories ever won in a State memorable for its party conflicts; and it was such a contest as would necessarily mark the victor as a man of no inconsiderable merit or ordinary capacity.

In Congress, he took a high position for a young member; as an evidence of which he was placed by a Speaker opposed to him in politics, in the very important position of Chairman, of the Committee on Naval Affairs. He made a most useful and active member, looking vigilantly, after the interests of his constituents, and zealous and watchful of the cause of the Constitution and the Union, which were ever near and dear to his heart.

In the patriotic efforts of the union members to bring about an amicable adjustment of the sectional and political differences that were dividing and distracting the country, he acted a prominent and influential part. Resolutely, nobly and gallantly, to the very last hour of that turbulent session, did he, with President Johnson, then in the Senate, Crittenden, Douglass, Etheridge, Nelson, and others, struggle to effect this great consummation, and give peace to the nation, stability to the Constitution, and perpetuity to the Union.

The speech delivered by him in Congress during that session, abounded in the strongest appeals to the better judgment and nature of men, and in withering reproach of the actors and measures which he believed dangerous to the best interests of the common country. At the close of this session he returned home, and addressed his constituents, who were eager to listen to his counsels and advice in that dark hour of our country's gloom. It was about the last union speech made in his district, preceding the breaking out of the war. He dearly loved the Union, and gloried in the extent, progress, power, and majesty of the American nation; and he inspired his constituents with the same patriotic sentiment and wish that sectionalism might be crushed, our national troubles averted, and the Union, in all of its parts, preserved unimpaired, forever. He was among the last of the union men in the border States, to give up the hope that the strife of sections and conflict of factions, would pass away, civil war be averted, and the country

saved. With resolution, and all the power and energy he possessed, did he steadfastly oppose every measure and movement looking to a divided country; with a hopeful heart and eloquent voice, did he labor and plead for a policy that would avert the horrors and devastations of civil war, and preserve peace. He had never been a sectional man. No man abhorred sectionalism more than he did. No man loved the Union of our fathers with purer or truer devotion; but when this struggle came—when the first blow was struck, he believed it severed the Union forever; and in his opinion, honestly entertained, however mistaken in judgment, he was,—he believed, the best and only hope of the South, and the whole country, was, to select a choice of the evils presented, and separate with as little difficulty as possible, and become two great nations instead of risk the chances of an annihilated and ruined country, rent with feuds—distracted and divided into petty governments, of which Mexico furnishes the mournful example. He believed, with Senator Douglas, that “*war was disunion*,” and after it had once been commenced,—however much he deprecated the state of affairs,—he did not believe the Union could survive the contest and the American people ever become reconciled to live together again in peace and unity. He looked at the facts as he believed them to exist—not as he would have them; and, however great his mistake, as subsequent events have developed, his opinions were honestly entertained; and carrying them out, he was actuated by the highest impulses of patriotism and principle. And in entertaining this opinion, he was not alone; for many of the ablest statesmen in the North and South, whose love and devotion to the Union were not to be questioned, believed as he did; and at that early hour of the great struggle could not see a ray of hope to light up the impenetrable gloom that hung as a pall of destruction over our beloved country. But when the great conflict came; when his predictions seemed to fail; his hopes appear blasted; and the country was “precipitated” by the demons of sectionalism, and the eternal enemies of liberty, law and order, into the bloody whirlpool of civil strife, he joined his fortunes with his people of the South, and raised one of the finest regiments in either service.

By close attention to military tactics, he soon made himself an efficient officer, and brought his command to excellent discipline. He was soon called with his command to Virginia, where they passed through some of the most eventful scenes of the war, and endured hardships and privations of the most fearful character. It was, during these scenes and trials, that Gen. Hatton gained the deep love which his men cherished for him. He forgot his own personal comfort and safety in promoting theirs. For his intrepid valor, he was promoted, on the field of battle, to a Brigadier General's command; but they lost him long before their trials and troubles were over. At the ever-memorable and hard-fought battle of Seven Pines, May 31st, 1862, he was killed instantly, by a shell, while gallantly leading such a charge as would have added luster to the fame of Marshal Ney. A distinguished officer was present and witnessed the scene, and pronounced him "*the bravest man he had ever seen in battle.*" Thus fell, in the prime of life and full vigor of glorious manhood, one of the foremost young men of the nation, mourned and lamented and honored, as few of his age have been, in this, or in any other age, or country.

Few public men in this country rose so rapidly to positions of honor and distinction, and few, indeed, had so bright a prospect in the future. He had set his mark high, and with a brave, stout heart, and noble resolve, which no obstacle could thwart, or misfortune dampen, he was rapidly working up to the goal of his ambition; and had he lived, the great contest, in which he had given all his energies of mind and soul, would doubtless have furnished the theatre where history would have crowned him among the brightest heroes of the great struggle; and the future annals of the country, have been radiant with his splendid achievements in the council halls of the nation. His noble character, his kind and generous heart, his open, frank and manly nature,

"— a soul of courage all compact,"

made him a favorite wherever known, and bound around him troops of friends who loved him with an affection and remembrance, never to be diminished or forgotten.

Brave, gallant, generous, noble Robert Hatton! Thy pure

spirit hath departed from the walks of men, and been wafted on high to the bosom of thy God; but the tender and endearing recollection of thee, will remain fresh and green forever, and thy name will live and be cherished,

“ When marble moulders, and when records fail !”

The following report of the proceedings had, on the occasion of the burial of General Hatton, is from the *Lebanon Herald*, of the 24th March, 1866 :

BURIAL OF GENERAL ROBERT HATTON.

IMPOSING CEREMONIES.

Yesterday was a day that will long be remembered by the citizens, young and old, of Lebanon. It was the occasion of the burial of all that was mortal, of General Robert Hatton, the statesman, patriot and hero.

General Hatton was killed in the memorable charge, on the Nine Mile Road, at the battle of Seven Pines, on the 31st day of May, 1862, while gallantly leading the Tennessee Brigade. Perhaps no man in the Confederacy had so endeared himself to his command; and, as will be readily supposed, his loss was almost irreparable.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, yesterday, crowds, from all parts of the county, began to collect, at an early hour. We also noticed a great many persons, from other parts of General Hatton's district.

The Odd Fellows, of which Order General Hatton was a Past Grand Master, conducted the funeral service, in their usual impressive and solemn manner. A large delegation from all the Lodges in Nashville accompanied the remains to this place; among them, we noticed the following officers of the Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment.

Most Worthy Grand Master, O. F. Prescott, of Memphis.
 Most Worthy Grand Patriarch, J. L. Weakley, of Nashville.
 Most Worthy Grand Secretary, R. H. Barry, of Nashville.
 Most Worthy Grand Treasurer, R. Thompson, of Nashville.
 Most Worthy Grand Marshal, Jas. H. Collins, of Nashville.
 Most Worthy Grand Guardian, George Seiferle, of Nashville.
 Right Worthy Grand Junior Warden, George F. Fuller; and
 many other distinguished gentlemen.

The following gentlemen acted as Pall-Bearers:

Past Grand Patriarch, Robert Thompson.

Past Grand Patriarch, James T. Bell.

Most Worthy Grand Patriarch, Jo. L. Weakley.

Chief Patriarch, H. W. Burtoff.

P. G. John F. Hide,

“ T. J. Hopkins,

“ Stephen Dubler,

“ F. A. Faller,

“ Frank Ateiner,

“ W. P. Phillips,

“ R. T. Fleming,

P. G. George F. Fuller,

“ W. C. Turner,

“ Charles Arthur,

“ J. W. Gleaves,

“ F. Harmon,

“ John H. Burke,

“ John H. Currey.

J. H. Collins, Esq., of Nashville, Grand Marshal, assisted by
 I. P. Cox and J. H. Martin, of this place, officiated as Marshals
 of the Day.

At 10 o'clock, the body was conveyed from his late residence,
 on West street, to the Methodist Church, where an eloquent
 and powerful funeral oration was delivered by Rev. Dr. Baldwin.

After the funeral oration, the body was again placed in the
 hearse, and followed by a large concourse of citizens to the
 grave-yard; and buried by his brethren, of the mystic-tie.
Requiescat in pace.”

We find the following graphic description of the ceremonies
 had on the occasion of the final interment of the mortal re-
 mains of the late General Hatton, at Lebanon, in the Nashville
Republican Banner, of the 27th of March, 1866, by its young
 and gifted correspondent, Dr. R. L. C. White:

Funeral Obsequies of Robert Hatton—An Affecting Incident—The Eulogy—The Grave—The Concourse of Citizens, etc., etc.

LEBANON, TENN.,

March 25, 1866.

Friday was a day long to be remembered by the people of Wilson county. On that day, the mortal remains of her favorite son, whom, five years before, she sent forth to battle, at the head of a thousand of her bravest and best, were consigned to their last repose, within her borders. How sad the contrast—five years ago, on a beautiful morning in May, his lithe form, erect and manly, and his noble countenance radiant with animation and high resolve, while the sound of martial music swelled upon the air, and the loved ones left behind, amid mingled smiles and tears, waved a fond farewell to him and his comrades—Robert Hatton left his home. To-day, while the tear-stained cheek of woman, and the saddened countenance of the sterner sex, bespoke the grief which was too deep for words, and the heavens, clad in sable, seemed to weep in union, amid the solemn tolling of funeral bells, and the melancholy sound of muffled drums, all that is mortal of Robert Hatton, was laid beneath the sod. And now, alas!

“His share of the pomp that fills
The circuit of his native hills,
Is, that his grave is there!”

The remains of General Hatton, which were exhumed and transported to Nashville, under the immediate supervision of Maj. T. H. Bostick, formerly of his Staff, reached that city on the 22d. After lying in state at Odd Fellows' Hall, they were conveyed to Lebanon, on the 23d, accompanied by a delegation from each of the different Lodges of Odd Fellows, in Nashville, General Hatton having been a member of that Fraternity. The funeral *cortege* was escorted to the edge of the city, by a large concourse of citizens, in addition to the Odd Fellows, who were present in a body.

When the procession reached Lebanon, it halted at the outer edge of the town, for the purpose of forming. Just here, a

very pathetic and affecting incident occurred. A bright-eyed little boy, about five years old, the son of a Confederate officer who was killed at Franklin, and whose widowed mother resides near the spot where the *cortege* had stopped, ran up to the hearse, and, with the big tears rolling down his cheeks, exclaimed: "Let me see my pa! Oh, please let me see my pa!" When this incident was related by the Minister, during the services at the church, on Friday, there was scarcely an eye in the house unwet with tears.

At an early hour on Friday, although the weather was exceedingly disagreeable, the town began filling rapidly with people, from the surrounding country. Many persons, including even women, were observed, who had evidently walked miles through the mud, to be present at the ceremonies. To one who knew Bob Hatton, and knew how the people of Wilson county worshiped him, it was not a matter of surprise that no inclemency of the weather could deter them from coming to pay the last sad tribute of respect to the memory of the man they loved so well. Among them, were the grey-haired men and women, who had known Bob Hatton, in his boyhood—had loved him, in his youth, and honored him, in his riper manhood; while here and there, were those whose war-scarred forms and empty sleeves, spoke with silent eloquence of the many fields, on which they had followed where he led.

The Methodist church, at which the services, on Friday morning, were held, was filled to its utmost capacity. Every seat was occupied, and the galleries and vestibule were crowded. The services there were beautiful, appropriate, and very impressive. After a suitable hymn, by the congregation, and an introductory prayer, by Dr. Kelley—which for pathos and beauty, I have never heard excelled—the funeral discourse (from Micah vii: 8, 9, 10,) was delivered by Rev. S. D. Baldwin, D. D., of Nashville. To those who have heard the eloquence of this Boanerges, it is unnecessary to say more than that the sermon delivered on this occasion was worthy, alike of its distinguished author and of its illustrious subject. This sermon, in connection with the eloquent eulogy pronounced on the same subject, in this place, some weeks since, form Hatton's most fit-

ting epitaph; his noblest cenotaph is the hearts that enshrine his memory.

After the ceremonies of the Church were concluded, the procession was re-formed, and the remains were escorted to the Cemetery, one mile from town. Notwithstanding the fact that the ground was so wet and muddy as to render walking exceedingly disagreeable, and a cold March rain fell continuously, the funeral *cortege* was the largest ever witnessed in Lebanon. Citizens of all classes, without regard to political opinions, seemed to vie with each other in paying every mark of respect to the memory of the illustrious dead, and to testify their appreciation of the virtues and noble qualities which rendered Bob Hatton "the most popular man that ever lived in Wilson county."

An interesting feature of the procession was the little black mare of General Hatton, led by Jerry, the faithful negro who had been his servant in the army. As the beautiful animal was led slowly along, she seemed almost conscious of the solemnity of the occasion, and to feel the loss of the gallant form which she used to bear so proudly in the field.

At the Cemetery, the ceremonies, which were conducted by the Odd Fellows, in accordance with the prescribed ceremonials of that Fraternity, were beautiful and impressive. At least, one thousand persons were present at the interment; and the decorous and respectful manner in which they witnessed the ceremonies, gave unmistakable evidence of the esteem and affection with which they regarded him whose mortal remains were being consigned to the earth.

Among all those, whom the red hand of death has taken from our midst, within the past five years, none held a dearer place in our hearts, than Robert Hatton. The State, which gave him birth, and which he loved and served so faithfully—the county, whose political idol he was—the community, of which he was one of the most valuable citizens—the Church, of which he was a faithful and consistent member—his friends, of whom those who knew him best loved him most—will ever cherish the memory of Robert Hatton, with fondest and tenderest recollections.

The proceedings had in the Lebanon Lodge of I. O. O. F., on 31st March, 1866, and of which General Hatton was a member, are as follows :

At a meeting of Magnolia Lodge, No. 30, I. O. O. F., at Lebanon, Tennessee, a committee was appointed, composed of Thos. H. Bostick, E. G. Seawell, and B. J. Tarver, to prepare, for the Lodge, a suitable expression of its appreciation of our late worthy brother and Past Grand Master, Robt. Hatton, and, thereupon, the following was submitted and adopted :

A good and great man has fallen, and our brotherhood has lost one of its brightest ornaments. We will not complain at the rulings of Providence. Our brother has gone upward to a higher Lodge than this, where peace and goodness and charity prevail forever ; but he has left to us his noble example of fidelity to the great object of our fraternity, and of christian charity and benevolence to all the world. Upright and just to all men, ingenuous and full of truth, his escutcheon here is as fair as the spotless badge he wore with such distinguished honor. A shadow has fallen upon us, and deep sadness represses the utterance of our lips ; but we know that, beyond shadows and sadness, our brother has passed from Master here, to the presence of the Most High. May the mantle of his exalted purity of character descend upon us ; and may the spirit of our brother, that hath inspired us here, and like a ministering angel borne the burthen of us all, hover over us still. His mortal remains have just reached their last home under the immediate direction of our Fraternity ; and while we have around his grave given him the honors of our brotherhood, it is proper that we shall declare to the world that he was eminently devoted to the great purposes of our Order—that he was noble and virtuous—true to his friends ; that he was brave as he was chivalrous ; that he was a hero in the cause of truth ; a friend to the oppressed everywhere, and a lover of his country.

To the Church and State a bright light is gone forever, and a life of high achievements is ended, the exalted virtues of which are worthy of commemoration in the hearts of all his countrymen. To the friends and relations who mourn him ; to

the wife of his bosom and the children of his love, we offer the sympathy of all our hearts.

Upon motion it was

Resolved, That Magnolia Lodge tender to the Most Worthy Grand Master of the State, and the other visiting bretheren, who assisted in the obsequies of our late brother Robt. Hatton, the warm thanks of the Lodge, and of all the friends of the deceased, for their friendly offices.

Resolved, That our thanks are due also to the agents of the Southern Express Company at Knoxville, and of the Adams Express Company, at Nashville, for the liberality evinced by them in forwarding, free of charge, the remains of our deceased brother over the East Tennessee and Nashville & Chattanooga Railroads.

And be it further resolved, That the foregoing tribute of respect, together with these resolutions, be published in the Lebanon and Nashville papers; and that a copy of the same be furnished the widow of the deceased, and spread upon the minutes of the Lodge.

J. T. Cox, *Secretary*.

N. TOLLIVER, N. G.

We conclude with the following extract from an Oration by Geo. A. Howard, Adjutant of the 7th Tennessee Regiment, delivered at Lebanon, January 24, 1866:

And now begins what may be regarded as the most distinguished portion of the career of this remarkable man; from the halls of the American Congress he stepped into the arena of the sword, distinguishing himself no less in the one than in the other. The session of the 36th Congress was in a day of wild political excitement, which has left a memory that will not soon be forgotten by even the younger members of this assemblage.

The undefined rumor of war was abroad in the land, defiance and hate were hurled from one end of the Union to the other, while the dream of blood brooded in the hearts of men.

The minds of all men were unquiet in that fearful transition. The great problem of self-government was again about to be submitted to the severest test. The engendered hate of three-quarters of a century of conflicting interests and opinions, was fast culminating into an open conflict between a people who had inherited a common glory from the past, and who had ere while, basked in the sunshine of a prosperity which they but little appreciated. Brought up in the school of true conservatism, with a mind highly trained for one so young, Gen. Hatton saw, with astonishment, in the beginning of his Congressional career, the madness of the maturer men, who were plotting on either side, to destroy from the very foundation, the inherent rights of thirty millions of happy and prosperous people. Naturally of an ardent and impulsive temperament, many were surprised that they did not lead him to espouse the cause of the extremists of his own section, but the severe lessons of his early manhood had so tempered these qualities of his mind, that he stood there, amid older men, calm, temperate, deliberate, a historical picture of noble courage and wisdom, worthy of a place along side the greatest men of any age.

In vain he counseled forbearance and magnanimity on the part of the party then in power; in vain he urged his brethren of the extreme South to cling, in that hour of peril, to their chartered rights; in vain he called upon the men of his own views and opinions to stand between the mad parties who were already combatants. The waters were out, and the floods were fast washing away the crumbling foundation on which he stood. In the agony of his great heart he reminded them "that while we obtained our liberties in one revolution we may lose them in another." Full well he knew that we were few in number and must stand alone; full well he knew that the promised aid from other peoples would never come; full well he knew that the country of his own people would be the arena for contending armies; that her plains would be desolate, her towns and villages sacked and given to the flames; and that mourning

and sorrow would be in our land. Had these counsels prevailed, and our noble Representative had governed and controlled the destinies of this nation in that hour of peril, how many are there now who would rise up to bless him in these evil times. One of his last letters from Washington, addressed to his former preceptor, that distinguished gentleman and scholar, Dr. N. Lawrence Lindsley, deprecated the impending struggle, but even then foreshadowed the course that he would pursue when the storm broke upon our land. He had made his last effort in behalf of conciliation and compromise. He had fulfilled the high trust committed to him; and returning to his constituents, he told them that the fair temple which had been the theme of story and of song, and the admiration of the world, was fast crumbling to decay. The conflict had already begun—his comrades who had so generously supported him were stripping for the fight; with him blood was thicker than water, and he declared that the strength of his own right arm should be given to his people. No fine-spun theories nor hesitating doubts, nor sense of personal danger, curbed his fiery soul; in the hour of their danger he stepped boldly forward to be their leader still. He was born a soldier and heaven had marked him for command. Delicate in his physical proportions, his spirit made him capable of the greatest endurance; his impulsive nature, he subjected to the severest discipline; strictly obedient to the orders of his own superiors, it was an example which no man could disregard. Many feared that he would be rash in action, but in an emergency of the greatest danger, and peril, he was so calm and deliberate, that even the tones of his voice were as sweet and low as a woman's, but determined, without a tremor, and full of inspiration. The history of his Company, his Regiment, his Brigade, is well known to you all. They were composed of your sons and brothers, and how anxiously did you watch their every step, through all the struggles of our great revolution; from the morning of the twentieth of May, 1861, when they left you with buoyant hearts, and noble emulation, until the day, that, with ranks thinned by more than thirty pitched battles, they stood a devoted band, by our noble

chieftain, Gen. Lee, when his little army was overpowered by the combined legions of our enemies.

I feel that abler hands than mine could not do justice to Gen. Hatton's history as a soldier. His spirit and courage belonged to the age of chivalry. The survivors of his old regiment all well remember the speech he made us at Huntersville, Va., at the commencement of our first campaign, in which he said that he would rather that his bones should bleach upon the mountain sides, at whose base he stood, than ever return to his home with the slightest stain upon his honor, or the slightest blemish upon his escutcheon. His first campaign was the ever memorable one in the mountains of Western Virginia. Gen. Lee, was in command, and a warm friendship, soon arose, between these noble christian soldiers. He next followed the fortunes of our glorious Stonewall Jackson, in his celebrated expeditions to Bath and Romney. It was in the dead of Winter, but his spirit never, for an instant, flagged; and on a bleak, cold night, in the month of January, he led his men to the banks of the Potomac—the stream filled with floating ice—and but awaited the command to march through it, and attack the enemy upon their own soil.

Wherever he was placed, Hatton was known to his leaders; and whenever courage, energy and celerity of movement were requisite, Hatton was called for. He first joined the Army of Northern Virginia at Yorktown, just before General Johnston retired upon Richmond. In that celebrated movement, for the first time in command of a brigade, he was assigned to the post of honor; and so satisfactorily did he perform his duty, that ere we had reached the vicinity of the Capital, the President had tendered him the appointment of Brigadier-General. He received his commission in May, 1862; and at sunset, upon the last day of that month, he fell, while heroically discharging his duty, in his first great battle.

“It is proper that such a mind should thus glide from these scenes of worldly trouble. It is just that a bright exhalation, which has shone so brilliantly, should disappear thus suddenly, ere it begins to fade—that the fire of so noble an intelligence should not diminish, and gradually and slowly go out, amid de-

crepitude and physical decay; but that, like the meteor shooting across the heavens, illuminating the earth, it should sink, suddenly and forever, into the earth from which it sprung." Eminent, as a lawyer, a statesman, and a soldier, we now come to view him—a hero still—in the last grand tragedy that closed his life. The rains had descended like a flood upon the earth, and dark clouds obscured the sun that ushered in the day upon which he died.

The treacherous Chickahominy, suddenly swollen, spurned its banks, and sent its angry waters through field and forest; but their roar was unheard and lost, in the great din of that conflict which was staining its waters with blood, and ushering many a noble soul into the presence of its God. Until a late hour, Hatton's brigade was held in reserve; and only when the fortunes of the day were most doubtful, was he ordered to the front. President Davis, General Lee, and noble Joe Johnston, were together, on the field; in their immediate presence, General Hatton formed his line, while they anxiously awaited the result of his expected charge. Mounted upon a splendid horse, which seemed almost inspired with the spirit of his rider, he passed along his line, encouraging the weak, and securing the confidence of the most intrepid. In the uncertain light of that closing day and smoking field, his gray gabardine and gleaming sword marked the way for the line that followed him; while, loud upon the gathering gloom of his last hour, sounded the full, round tones of his voice: "Forward, my brave boys, forward!" The little field was crossed; and, struggling through a marsh, amongst fallen trees and rank grass, that devoted line passed from the view of our noble President and Glorious Chieftans—passed, many of them, alas! from the high achievement of a soldier's life to a soldier's glorious grave.

And it would be unjust, upon this occasion, while we express our veneration for him who is the immediate subject of these remarks, to omit a most affectionate and grateful mention of the brave boys who stood with him, and who, with the same devotion, the same spirit, offered up their lives in the cause which they had so heroically espoused. Buford and Beard, the brave Mitchell Anderson and Asa Hill, Rufus Doak, Wilnoth, and a

hundred others, whose memories will be forever green within our hearts, sleep with Hatton. Their graves are scattered from the green mountains of Western Virginia to the sands of the Peninsula. Undisturbed they rest upon the banks of the Rapidan and Rappahannock, and amid the swamps of the Chickahominy; and in the fields of the dead, around our devoted city of Richmond, there sleeps many a one of that old Brigade. "Gloriously did they die, those who rendered up their souls in battle—they fulfilled the highest duty mankind owes to this world—they died for their country. They fell upon stricken fields, that their own valor had already half won—the earthquake voice of victory was in their ears—I speak the history of the battles of Northern Virginia—and their dying gaze was proudly turned upon their triumphant flag. Honor, eternal, immortal honor, to the brave, who baptised their patriotism with their blood."

Let us now return to the central figure in that fearful battle scene. The life that we have traced by the flashing lights of honor, which emblazon its every page, now nears its glorious climax and its close. Dashing and fearless as was ever mortal man, he rides before his men, and cheers them on. His horse is slain, and on foot he presses forward. The mystic light of evening is lurid with the flash of hostile guns, and the multitudinous messengers of death are thicker than rain-drops in tropic showers. Amid that storm, bathed in that lurid light, his slender form sublimely moves, a moment towers among, then sinks between, the surging waves of fire. Upon the glorious field of Seven Pines, the patriot hero dies, while his eagle spirit mounts the dun clouds of war, to meet the Patriot's God, in peace. Oh, how happy, thus to die upon the field of honor—thus to have escaped the doubts and troubles of these evil and unsettled times. Shrined in a thousand loving hearts, he rests in peace. Generation after generation, shall revere his memory, and honor his proud name. In happier years to come, his grave shall be the Mecca of young ambition and of patriot love; but still, we mourn our dead—we mourn our dead. And though his open, manly brow is radiant beneath a halo of eternal sunshine; yet, still, our sad hearts wreath his memory with myrtle,

and laurel, and cypress, intermingled. And though we rejoice in the purity of his exalted fame, and deem him happier far; yet, still, we mourn our dead—we can but mourn our dead.

“ May the night-dew which falls, though in silence it weeps,
Ever brighten with verdure, the spot where he sleeps;
For the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.”

THE END.