

be able to help her, prevailed on Sister to visit Cousin Eugenia (Mrs. Octavius F. Folger) in Charleston. She consented to go, and, therefore, a few days after my arrival we carried her to ^{the} Steamboat for Charleston and my painful parting with her there was the last I saw of her in life. After three or four days of apparent improvement, a severe hemorrhage came on and her sweet spirit took its flight to the longed for Spirit home. We laid her by her mother's side, near by her father's still fresh grave.

My uncle kept me busy gathering up my father's cattle, and attending to plantation matters, for there was no under overseer on Limby plantation as on the others under my father's Superintendence, because it was his place of winter residence, and therefore, immediately under his personal oversight. About the first of December, Uncle Solomon came to visit Uncle James, and it was suggested that I go back ^{with him} to Williamsburg to visit my Grandmother and other kindred around the old home place.

My thoughtful Uncle no doubt saw that the household gloom was pressing heavily upon me and that this was ^a good way to give my spirit a chance to react, or at least to recover some of its normal tone.

You can readily understand, my dears, that every thing animate and inanimate about the house and

and the plantation had some association with one or both of the loved ones who had so recently left me.

It was a long journey of about eighty-five miles across the country. Uncle Solomon ^{rode} in his own buggy, and I in a new buggy he was taking ^{home} for ^{his} son, drawn by my own horse which I was to ride back after the visit. — I found my grand-mother to be a tall, rather spare old lady about Eighty years of age, still clear eyed, self-reliant and active. She lived on a small farm to which a grist mill was attached, and she had for a companion an old lady, who was called by everybody, Aunt Clarkie. I think she was my grandfather's widowed sister. Of course, Grand Mother was greatly affected on seeing me and had me tell her all about my father and sister. Every now then she would fix her clear blue grey ^{eyes} on my face and say, as if to herself, "And this ^{is} my dear boy, Jesse's child". She had not seen my father in several years, and his children she had never seen. I spent a week visiting among ~~among~~ my relatives and then set out alone on horseback for home. As my pony was strong, active and easy going, I ended my journey by mid-day the second day, and ~~that~~ During my absence my step-mother

and the servants and household belongings had been moved to Windsor plantation. This plantation had been owned and planted jointly by Uncle James and my father during the previous three or four years. The services of a Miss ^{Margaret} Martha Johnson of the neighborhood had been secured as nurse and companion; The overseer, an old white man, named Dannerly, had a shed-room in the house, where he slept and had his meals served to him. My step-mother was now confined to bed, and continued so for several weeks.

Uncle James who had taken letters of Administration for my father's estate and had been made guardian of James and myself, now expressed his preference for my completing my education at the Citadel, the Military College of the State, on account of its being located in Charleston, and of the practical character of its course of studies. That it was his wish and judgment was sufficient for me; boys of fifteen in those days had not advanced to the idea that their judgment was sounder than that of their elders.

He calculated that the wages of my share of slaves would be ample to defray my expenses

bawring reckless extravagance. - All the formalities
 for my admission as a pay cadet having been com-
 pleted, I presented myself as directed to the Super-
 intendent at the Citadel at 9 o'clock of the morning
 of January 1st, 1857. An outline of my experiences
 at the Citadel is given in an impersonal way in
 an article in the Sphinx, the Citadel Annual,
 of 1910, headed "Cadet Life at the Citadel before
 the War". For the sake of historical continuity, as
 Dr. Shepherd used to say, it would be well for
 you to read that article just here. Of course know-
 ing that it was written by me, you will have
 no difficulty in reading between the lines what
 relates to my personal experiences at the
 Citadel. (See Appendix). But there were some other
 experiences not common to all cadets of my
 class or time. I visited ad libitum on leave hours
 Cousin Eugenia's family, also that of Mr. Leman.
 At the latter I met the family of your grandfather,
 Mr. Andrew Blum, and received invitation to call
 upon ^{them} ~~them~~. As the daughters of this family were all music
 loving, I naturally found the Society quite congenial
 and spent ^{many} happy hours ~~there~~ in their company. The
 youngest daughter, two years younger than I, was

studying under private tutors in English studies, under Mr. Guinebault in French, and under the best teachers in vocal and instrumental music in the City. In going to the French and the vocal lessons she had to pass by, or through, the Citadel Green, now Marion Square, and I felt it incumbent on me to join her as far as my limits would allow. This practice did not long escape the observation of my Cadet cronies, who made it their business to notify me whenever the "little pink mantle" was in sight.

As she had become a member of the Philharmonic Society, I shortly after became a member also, and together we assisted in the chorus parts of such Oratorios, as Mendelssohn's "Spring", and "Athalia", Handel's "Messiah", Haydn's "Creation", Rossini's "Stabat Mater", and choruses of the most popular Operas of the day. The musical standard in Charleston was then very high, as was also its literary culture. It was the day of Sims, Grayson, Hayne, Pettigrew, Memminger, - of Mrs. King, Catherine Poyas and others. The decade from 1850 to 1860, was the brilliant, beautiful sunset that preceded the night of storms and

and overwhelming sorrows.

The "little pink mantle" came into the last two years of my cadet life. The first two years, my leave nights were usually spent in browsing in the Apprentice's Library, then kept on the ground floor of the Hibernian hall. I have often felt that this free, discursive reading ~~in~~ that library gave me, ^{quite} as valuable a scope of knowledge as my subsequent more formal studies. — In the *Sphinx* article you will note that the two events credited to my class are barely mentioned. This is due to the fact that the article had already exceeded the limit suggested by the Editor, and ~~the~~ propriety prompted the avoidance of personal allusion. The first event came about in this way: One afternoon in April Jenkins, Haskell, DeBosc and I were discussing Citadel affairs, especially the little information concerning it that was apparent throughout the State. I expressed the opinion that if the Board of Visitors would order us to make a moving or touring encampment through the State instead of giving us the usual holiday, it would give the people

Bd. of Vis., who was a man of prompt decision,
 sent his hearty approval and ordered the
 Superintendent to take at once all needed steps
 to carry out the scheme. About the 10th of May
 we took the train to Columbia where the Arsenal con-
 tingent would join us, and then we were to learn
 something of what real soldiery's means. We spent
 one day at the Arsenal in this already beautiful little ^{Columbia} City
 to make necessary arrangements and then took up
 the line of march for Winnsboro. We made the march
 in two days and in spite of blistered feet and
 sore muscles we spent a most enjoyable day there,
 for after a parade through the town we had
 a most beautiful al fresco feast, and wound
 up the day with an elaborate dress parade.
 From Winnsboro we marched in succession to Chester,
~~and~~ and to beautiful, restful, rose crowned Yorkville.
 Here we were also given an elaborate pic-nic, and
 a delightful dance. There was a female College here
 and it was a question with the cadets which were the
 more numerous and beautiful, the girls on the roses
 of Yorkville. At Lime Stone Springs, where there was
 another flourishing Female College, Dr. Curtis the
 President, "let down the bars" as he expressed ^{it}, and the

the girls became our entertainers. To Spartanburg
 next, and then ^{to} Greenville, Laurens ^{and} Newberry,
 everywhere, pic-nics, dances and Scriptural
 dinings, we were welcome guests. It is well
 that Mitchell's colored bands which we had brought
 with us from Charleston, gave us at least
 three times a day "The girl I left behind me";
 otherwise, many a cadet would have lost caste
 with the girls of Charleston. For my single
 self, the "little pink silk mantle" would always
~~flit~~ flit before my mental eye as a kind of
 shield and buckler, whenever sparkling eyes, ruby
 lips, rosy cheeks and sportive wit would threaten
 to overwhelm me. - I got a week's furlough
 at Newberry to spend with my room-mate
 H. F. Nance (Class 1855) and therefore, did not take
 the trip from Newberry back to Columbia and
 Charleston. - The beneficent effect of this tour
 can scarcely be overestimated. The Citadel and
 its work was made known and understood
 as it had never been before, and the Cadets
 had enjoyed the opportunity to test their physi-
 cal powers and endurance, to refine their
 social graces, and to feel the expansion

resulting from a wider acquaintance with people, places and conditions of the State. Work was resumed with energy.

Shortly after our return I was notified that I had been chosen to make the Fourth of July oration. With reluctance I consented to attempt the duty, and, at once proceeded to write it. After much brain sweat I concocted an elaborate allegorical and Sophomorical introduction to ^a somewhat tame and unimpressive ~~speech~~ thesis, and submitted the performance, as required by the Regulations of the Academy, to the professor of belles-lettres. It was returned to me the next day with the professor's characteristic curt remark endorsed: "The porch dwarfs the temple. Cut it out," and sure enough there were the condemnatory lines drawn from top to bottom of the first four or five pages. Of course, I was furious, "What, smother the offspring of so much mental travail?" - "It is brutality". "The man hasn't a poetical fibre in his body", etc. etc. - and such like exclamations broke from me as I threw the manuscript into my table-drawer. It was now the first day of July and there was no time for anybody to get up

a formal speech and have it criticized and memor-
 ized by the fourth. The next morning I took up
 the now hateful thing and soon recognized the
 justness of the criticism. It was a rather body-
 less head, - shaped like a tadpole, and this lack
 conceit made me laugh and I set to work to
 improve it so that it might pass the critic's caustic
 judgment. The "glorious Fourth" came on with full
 sunshine and all the ^{usual} concomitants of Cannon salutes,
 military sunrise parades, civic celebrations,
 ice-creams and lemonade stands at every street
 corner, and band music everywhere. At the
 appointed hour the Citadel quadrangle and
 the galleries were fairly well filled with demure
 muslim costumes. Our program went through
 without a hitch and I think I said my say
 without a break. Pink Mantel with mother and
 sister were there, and as soon as I left the plat-
 form I started to greet them, having in view
 an invitation to a Fourth of July dinner. But,
 alas, before I could reach them, two effusive ladies
 of my acquaintance caught me and began to
 congratulate ^{me} in their most effusive manner.
 Before I could decently disambarrass myself of them

and my class-mates that I would pass the final Examination with maximum marks, or otherwise refuse to accept a diploma. Under the impulse of this thing, I began the only hard studying of my life. From sixteen to eighteen hours a day found me poring over my books. I began by reviewing all the studies of the year already gone over and then attacked those outlined as the work that would be covered by the final Examinations. I had also two addresses to prepare, namely my academic graduating address and a valedictory address for the Collipean Society.

But "Yellow Jack", as the fever was called, and of which I had no dread, determined to accept his powers. Learning that Tom Carew, one of my boy friends in the city, had just died of the fever, I called at ~~the~~ his home; was admitted to the death chamber, and I placed my hand on his cold, yellow tinted forehead ^{in token of farewell}. Three or four days ^{there} after I was seized with a fierce fever, and Dr. Hume, the professor of Chemistry and Science, and then in charge of the Citadel, sent at once for Dr. Jervey who had attended me in the attack I had in 1850.

They visited me two or three times a day for several days and seemed quite solicitous while the fever was making its three or four day course. About the

fifth day, your grand-mother, Mrs. J. A. Blum, ^{having} heard
 of my illness and, ^{at} my rather forlorn condition with
 only a colored hospital servant to wait on me,
 visited me, and being well experienced in nursing,
 sent me every day such nourishment as was proper
 for me to take during convalescence. This attention
 touched me very deeply, for all through my Citadel
 life up to that time, I felt very much as a waif.

The closely occurring deaths of my father and sister
~~just before my coming to the Citadel,~~
 and, about two years later, of my dear Aunt Sarah,
 had seemed to cut loose all ties of ^{family} ~~kindred~~ interest
 and those coercive influences of ^{family} affections that
 guide and stimulate a youth in the development of
 his manhood. It is true, ^{there remained} ~~that~~ of my half-brother,
 James, but because he was over six years my junior,
 and I had seen but little of him, there ^{had} ~~was~~ not been
 an opportunity for the growth of ~~such~~ ^{any} companionship
 as ~~engenders~~ ^{engenders} brotherly affection. Of course, I was sensi-
 ble of my obligation to care for him, to be interested
 in his welfare; but it was not of such a nature as
 so to react upon me as to lift me to highest efforts
 for achievement for his sake, as would have proba-
 bly been the case if my father or my sister had
 spared. Innate pride and self-respect kept me from

degenerating; but the ambition to excel others never affected ^{me.} Failure at anything brought the sting of mortification, - a zero for a ~~lesson~~ ^{speculation} was to me the seal of a numbskull, and I scrupulously avoided it. I could never consent to stand at the foot of a class; but I never cared to be at the head of one, as there seemed to be nobody, but myself to ^{be} pleased; and I cared too little to take the trouble to excel. Your grandmother's unexpected kindness, therefore, gave me the idea that people outside of kindred bands might take an interest in me, and that I might put more ambition in my efforts of every kind in order to please them.

Having lost two weeks of study through my sickness, I began resolutely to prepare for graduation. I must say that for the first time in my life I felt a joy in studying.

By the first of November, I had thoroughly gone over all the work required, - and had even supplemented, or expanded some of them; so that I felt ready to challenge the most critical examination for graduation.

My graduation address, however, was the cause of much embarrassment to me through no fault of mine. I had been given the subject "Woman's Rights", and told

to write freely so as to allow for elision and compression, as the delivery must not exceed twelve minutes.

I had just completed the composition and ^{the} copying of it to submit for criticism, when Maj. Cappers made a visit of a few hours to the Citadel. On inquiring about my address I told him that I had it just then ready to send to Capt. Trow. He insisted on taking it home with him, to read, and that he would return it by mail or bring it back with him the next week.

I told him Capt. Trow had written the day before for me to forward it to him at once. His answer was "Make another copy to-night and send by mail tomorrow."

Well, this meant work all night; and by day-light I had it copied and ready for mailing. In a few days Captain Trow returned the speech with his remarks and condemnations. The pages were a sight to behold.

I had expected much elision and compression; but I found it almost impossible to tie together the fragments together so as to make a shapey whole.

However, I rewrote the speech the best I could, according to his direction and forwarded it for final approval. A day or two after this Maj. Cappers made another short visit to the Citadel and gave me the original speech with his advice as to cur-

sailment needed to bring it approximately to the time
 limit for delivery. By way of compliment he told that
 his father, the venerable Bishop MacCopus, to whom he read,
 it, had enjoyed it very much. I showed him Capt.
 Tew's criticisms and my effort to follow his directions.
 He said it would not do, and that I must prepare the
 speech as he, Maj. Capus, wanted it, and that he
 would make it right with Captain Tew. A day or two
 after our class returned to the Citadel, Capt. Tew
 called on me to rehearse the speech. Upon asking
 which speech he wished me to recite, he answered in a cold,
 precise and somewhat sarcastic manner, "I know of
 but one speech, and that is the one I approved and
 returned to you a week ago". Now was a predicament.
 Maj. Capus had failed to make things right. I could not
 brook a zero, or demerits for neglect of duty; so I started
 off the best I could. Alas, like Buttercup in Pinac-
 fore, "I mixed those babies up"; for though the two
 speeches had much in common, the differences in many
 passages completely changed their tone and general
 effect. I made at once a frank explanation of the cir-
 cumstances to Capt. Tew, and then had an interview with
 Maj. Capus, and begged him ^{to} exonerate me from any
 intentional or even seeming disrespect to Capt. Tew.

whom I sincerely admired. He acknowledged that in the
 press of affairs in getting the work ^{reworked} at the Citadel he
 had overlooked the matter, and he promised to attend to ^{it} ~~the~~
~~matter~~ that night. He told me to send him both speeches,
 and that he would return the one decided on the next
 morning. This he did, and it proved to be the one he preferred,
 changed only by a short paragraph interchanged. Naturally
 all this fuss took away all relish for ^{the} unfortunate's speech.

The second event mentioned in the Sphinx article
 had its origin in the following way. About a week
 after my class returned from the Arsenal, several of us
 were discussing our plans for the future. I spoke of
 that while I would enjoy the study of Medicine, I
 would not like the practice of it, and that I would
 probably take up the study of Law. But I thought
 that two or three years experience in teaching ⁱⁿ a school,
 while slowly taking up the professional studies, would
 be the ~~best~~ best thing a graduate could ^{do} ~~do~~ ^{for himself} for any
 experience in making a review of studies for the past
 year had convinced me that the larger part of a
 school-boy's life was wasted in going over lessons
 he ~~does~~ not thoroughly comprehend, and most of
 which he straightway forgets. Moreover, by introducing
 the features of military discipline and methods into the
 Schools

forcing military discipline without the machinery or authority of State law behind it, but ^{he} admitted that much could be done by force of character, earnestness and tact on the part of the teacher ~~or~~ principal. Of course, we thought we could bring all these to bear, for as Fénelon makes Mentor say to Telemachus, "La jeunesse est toujours présomptueuse; Elle se promet tout d'elle-même". When we left Capt. Tew, our minds were pretty well made up to undertake the scheme. After receiving approval and promises of cooperation from our home authorities, we had other interviews with Capt. Tew who gave us many practical suggestions that contributed largely towards the maturing of our plans. The pleasing impression made on us during our visit to Yorkville in May, its nearness to North Carolina and its accessibility by railway, determined the question of location for our enterprises. — And now the last week of November, bringing Commencement day, was at hand; and everything was a stir. An undefined sense of impending change came over me. ^{From} Every nook and corner of the old Citadel, from the balustrade of the flagstaff, from the ^{chapel, occupied} ~~several~~ ~~rooms~~; from the class-room in which, as Mr Gauthier's assistant, I

had guided the clumsy fingers of beginners in copying drawing models; - the Society halls where I had enjoyed intellectual competitive flights with my comrades; - Even from old Mattie's down and Mitchell's wife, came flocking associations, each one tugging at some fibre of my heart. I became haunted by the plaintive melody of "Eve's Lament" - "Must I leave thee. Must I leave thee, Paradise?"

While the Citadel was not exactly a Paradise, it had been my home for four years and I had grown to love it and to have a lively interest in its welfare.

The day after Commencement I would be outside its gates, seeking another home which I must build for myself.

Where, and when, shall I be at home again? This was the momentous question which only the Future could answer.

We went through all the usual graduation ceremonies, I said my speech, got a share of applause, and joined Pink Mantle and party in the lobby of Hibernian Hall. I was cordially ^{invited} to dinner ^{that day} and to stay with them until I left the City. I accepted very gratefully, but had to excuse myself from dinner as I had to hurry back to the Citadel to finish and memorize my valedictory address for the Calliopean Society and to pack up my belongings. The evening came at last, and with it came Pink Mantle and party.

I made the usual touching address to Class-mates, Comrades and Alma Mater, received my Society diploma, and with my two diplomas (Academic and Society) under one arm and the timid fingers of Pink Mantle ^{resting quietly} ~~on the other~~, I slowly walked away from the Citadel - my cadet life ended, - no other life yet begun. - The ^{emotions} ~~of~~ the day, the bright November Stars, the light hand resting on my arm, all conspired to shake off the trammels of prudence and bore me into the pleasant field of romantic sentiment. We were met at the house with the expressions - "We have been in the house a quarter of an hour" - "We were wondering what had become of you". I could only protest that we had come straight home. My coy companion and I know very well what had become of us; we had become - engaged. Yes, Pink Mantle had agreed to take me, waiting conditions and all. To her mother I made a clean breast of the matter, where upon she gave us a most solemn homily on the sacredness of a betrothal. If that homily could be rehearsed to all engaged couples and its wise principles conscientiously carried out, there would be but few broken engagements and fewer divorces heard about. I ^{carried} ~~went~~ to bed with me the dread of facing the

father next morning. I think he must have been
~~as~~ as uneasy about the interview as I was, for
 he slipped off from the breakfast table before the
 rest of us and was not seen on the premises until
 near dinner time. As soon as I met him alone in
 the parlor, I began ~~to~~ in a very hesitating way to
 get off my spiel; It was too much for the soft-
 hearted old gentleman, so gulping down his emotion
 he extended his hands, and I knew that it was all
 right with him. — There still remained the an-
 nouncement of my engagement to my guardian, Uncle
 James. I know he was fond of me, but I knew also his
 firmness and strong ^{practical} common sense; and I looked for-
 ward with some uneasiness to his view of the matter. As
 I had to ^{bring} ~~see~~ the perfect financial arrangements for our
 enterprise, I took the first steamer for Cooper River. I
 spent two whole days with him arranging all the details
 for money supplies &c. but kept shy of the important
 subject. On ^{the} third day he drove me to the steamboat
 landing himself and thus forced the opportunity.
 As soon as we cleared the avenue I began my ar-
 gument, detailing all the advantages of an early
 engagement to a young man at the outset of his
 career, dwelling upon his freedom from social

embarrassments; - upon his stimulation to highest endeavor, etc, etc. and after nearly an hour of continuous talking, I announced the fact of my engagement. Becoming conscious of a silence, he he looked seriously at me and said, "Well, Astbury, I have only one word to say, - Get your cage before you catch your birds". That was all, - my mountain of dread had disappeared, and I had now a clear atmosphere to work in.

As Jenkins had been called home by the sudden death of his father a few days before Commencement, and had to return to the Citadel in time to get his diploma, it was necessary for him to ^{go} back to his home on Edisto island, in order to arrange his affairs. I had to go at once to Yorkville to look after all matters preliminary to opening our school on the first of January. On arriving at Yorkville, I was most cordially met by Col. W. B. Wilson, and introduced by him to his brother-in-law, Dr. J. M. Lowry, Mr. John Starr Moore, Mr. W. R. Latta, Col. R. B. McLaw^{Mr. N. F. Adlected}, - in fact, to all the prominent and influential gentlemen of the town. There a lot of land containing about

nine and 7/8 acres was selected, as school ^{rooms} rented in the town, and boarding arrangements for ourselves and such pupils as we might bring with us, advertisements ordered in several newspapers, and a short prospectus printed for distribution, were the matters attended to. I then stopped in Columbia a week during the session of the Legislature, ostensibly to canvass for pupils, but in reality, doing nothing but watch ~~watch~~ the wheels of affairs "go round".

It was pleasant to go to Charleston, and to spend my last Christmas on Cooper River. - The first of January, 1855 found Jenkins and myself in Yorkville, ready to start our great scheme. We ~~started~~ ^{began} with twelve pupils - six or seven from abroad, the others, day pupils from the town, - a rather discouraging outlook, surely, but we started as earnestly as if we had forty. By the end of the first month our numbers reached twenty-seven or eight, and by the end of the first session, ^{of five months} we had forty-seven. The opening of the next session with some sixty pupils determined the success of the scheme and led us to plan for the erection of a building permanent in its character and sufficiently capacious for our purposes. Capt. Tew kindly sent to us a plan for

such a building, and I drew up another. Justin carried both plans to Columbia to submit to Mr. Ray, the architect of the State Capitol.

Considering the question of cost and other conditions Mr. Ray decided in favor of my plan, and he was engaged to make out all the working plans and specifications and to supervise the construction. As soon as the specifications were ^{in hand} bids were advertised for and the contract drawn.

As neither of us was of legal age, it became necessary for us to ^{have} guardians ad litem appointed in order to make valid contracts.

Col. Wilson, our legal adviser, and Dr. Lowry cheerfully consented to undertake this responsibility. So here we two infants in the eyes of the law ^{were} going like full grown men into a ten-thousand dollar contract. Oh, the audacity of self-confident youth! The contract was awarded to Messrs. Hare and Cranford of Yorkville, the former taking all the brick and stone masonry work, and the latter, all the wood work, and priming.

The second decade of my life ended Sept. 19th 1853. Before entering upon the occurrence,

The third decade of my life, it may not be amiss for
 me to say something of one phase of influences in the
 development of character that has not been specifically
 given thus far, and this by way of postscript, or
 inter-mezzo. — The objective influences that go to the
 making up of the individual man are generally
 observable and their effects more or less discern-
 able by himself and also by others. The subjective influences,
 however, are never seen by others, and are not always recog-
 nized or appreciated by himself. Intuition flashes breaks
 in upon the consciousness of the inner man which he
 can seldom analyze, or account for; ^{of them} some, lasting in
 effects, others merely evanescent. Sudden, unbidden im-
 pulses seize his will and set free the springs of
 action, and thus in a wayward, haphazard manner
 produce results that may be either good or bad.
 Again, unutterable, unprompted, unrelated yearnings
 come upon him; — he knows not whence they come,
 and yet, they somehow fascinate him and bring
 either pleasure or pain. Why do they come? We know
 not why, or whence. It may be that they are the
 means of soul-training; — the soul's opportunity for
 acquiring strength and growth, and fitness for
 its ~~ultimate~~ ^{ultimate} destiny. We will leave it at that.

Very early in my life, I might say in my babyhood, it was discovered that I was "possessed of a devil." Doubtless this statement will shock you; but it is liberally true. It was in the form of a paroxysm of Anger, sudden, overwhelming, quick as a flash of lightning and almost as destructive, which a sharp blow or hurtful ridicule would throw ^{into} me, and which, while it lasted, would blind me and render me savagely reckless as to consequences. Fortunately, these paroxysms were of short duration. While I was a little child I was too weak to injure others; but as I increased in age and strength, these fits gave much concern to my father and my sisters. They were constantly urging me to practice ~~the~~ self control. - A few instances that I now recall, will give you some idea of my infirmity. - When I was about four years old, I was trying to fix a little wagon with my sister's assistance and had great trouble with a little broken nail I was endeavoring to drive. After repeated failures, Sister warned me to desist. But the mischievous devil was in full possession. Seizing the nail with thumb and forefinger, I brought the hammer down with all my might. The nail dodged again and my thumb and finger caught the blow.

especially when the provocation could ^{be} anticipated; in many other cases it failed. In all boxing matches it always failed, because it was inapplicable, for to look anywhere except at your opponent would soon close both eyes so that they could not look at all. Consequently, after I entered the Citadel I had to "cut out" boxing altogether. About this time I read Poe's Ligeia in which he quotes from Joseph Glanvill the following:

"Man doth not yield himself unto the angels, nor unto death utterly save ^{only} through the weakness of his feeble will". This set me to pondering on the nature and the functions of the human Will.

I soon reasoned it out that the will could, and should, be trained so as to control absolutely all human actions, - even those movements of the body that are classified as involuntary. With my plan or expedient for checking my violent demon, the will had to direct the eyes and start the counting. Why not the will act directly and control the impulse? Does not a man's accountability rest ultimately and properly in his Will? Motivated by an enlightened conscience, his will should dominate his whole being. Thereafter, I gave thought to the training of my Will.

"Aha. I told you so" said my sister, and immediately she got a blow of the hammer on her forehead. Her piercing screams as she fell backwards, brought me to my senses, and brought Aunt Sarah to the scene. My Aunt brought with her the family regulator - a strap with five tails - but the regulator did not produce anything like ^{the pit} ~~the lecture~~ she gave me about Cain and his black mark. That black mark, though it was on my sister's forehead, haunted me for months - for years, but did not wholly cast out that devil. Often I would ^{run} a hundred or more yards to get an axe to destroy a nettle that had stung my bare feet, or a tree root that had scrubbed my toe. There would be nothing left of the nettle but a green stain on the sand, or, ^{for the root} not a chip left ^{large} ~~of the~~ enough to be hit with the axe. - I ^{well} mention only one more instance of this devil's manifestation, not because it was in anywise the last, but because it came within a half inch of firing the Cain brand on me for the rest of my life. Cousin Sam Sykes being on a visit to us, I banked him for a race in chopping through a log of firewood. My piece had a hard, black knot in it which so dived my axe, as to make it give me a fearful

whack on the side of my foot. With a yell I dropped
 the axe and grasped my foot with both hands. Sam
 laughed boisterously. Grabbing up the axe I started for
 him, and he, knowing my infirmity, started to run around the
 house. At the second corner, I swung the axe at his ^{neck} with
 all my might. ~~The edge~~ ^{it} missed his neck by a bare quarter
 of an inch, but clipped his coat collar and buried itself in the
 corner sheath of the house. Just then the brand of Cain
 came before my mind, ^{I dropped the axe} and ~~it~~ went in deep contrition
 to my room. — How could this thing be overcome
 I was now eleven or twelve years old, and ~~had~~ ^{had} physi-
 cal strength enough to do incalculable harm, — even to
 commit homicide. Shall I, with a disposition to love
 everybody, and even the animals, around me, consent
 to become an object of dread, and perhaps end my life
 as a convicted murderer? These thoughts gave me
 great distress, as you may readily conceive. I wrestled
 with it many days and finally resolved to try the
 following plan: — Whenever the provocation that
 would arouse the demon came, or threatened to come,
fix the eyes earnestly on some distant object and
count ten. Whether the plan was suggested by some-
 thing I had heard or read, or was self-evolved, I do
 not now recall. I know it seemed to work on