

# THE LAND WE LOVE.

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## THE LAND WE LOVE.

DEDICATED TO GENERAL D. H. HILL.

The land we love—a queen of lands,  
No prouder one the world has known,  
Though now uncrowned, upon her throne  
She sits with fetters on her hands.

True royalty is sterling worth,  
And noble deeds the right divine ;  
Her empire sways from clime to clime  
Wherever manly thought has birth !

And through all coming ages sure  
Her honor, founded on the rock  
Of truth, shall grandly bear the shock  
Of malice, and undimmed endure.

Man did not conquer her, but God,  
For some wise purpose of his own,  
Withdrew his arm ; she, left alone,  
Sank down resistless 'neath his rod.

God chastens most whom he loves best,  
And scourges whom he will receive ;  
The land we love may cease to grieve,  
And on his gracious promise rest !

Nestling her children to her side,  
She fought to make those children free ;  
And when, by heaven's supreme decree,  
Her last fond hope of freedom died,

She nobly yielded to its might,  
Gasping amid her fiercest pain :  
“ God's way !—and he will make it plain—  
“ His evening-time will bring us light !”

already in North-Carolina, and give immediate battle to Sherman, which could be done with almost certain decisive success. After which the whole army should be hastened back to Virginia to raise the siege of Richmond.

Present events tending to force the evacuation of Richmond, it would seem a necessary part of the strategy of the campaign that the Confederate States Government should be previously removed to some point that

would free the army from the necessity of protecting it, and thus, at the same time, diminish the importance which the enemy attaches to Richmond as the capital of the Confederate States.

Respectfully submitted.

Charlotte, N. C., March 1, 1865.

(Signed) G. T. BEAUREGARD,

General.

To Gen. JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON,

Commanding Dept., etc., etc.,

Charlotte, N. C.

#### CONCERNING CONCEIT.

PRIDE may be called the *Proteus* of the whole brood of evil passions. Many would not be slow also to declare it the parent of them all. Some divines have regarded it as man's original sin; and Milton is very well satisfied that it was the root of evil in Satan's case. It may be defined to be the feeling which is aroused by the perception of some supposed advantage or superiority over others. Pride, therefore, implies comparison. One could no more be proud without reference to another whom he apprehended to be inferior, than he could be taller without reference to another who was shorter. But its manifestations are diverse. One proud man is prompted to evince the comparative feeling which possesses him, by depreciating his fellow who is the object of the comparison, and thus his pride becomes haughtiness. Another, of a different temperament, evinces the same feeling by attempting to display his own superiority, instead of degrading his rival; and then we call his pride vanity or conceit. In one man, pride is suspicious, envious, and ready to take the alarm, at the appearance of competition; in another it is so happily confirmed, that it reposes good-naturedly in the sense of its unapproachable superiority, and is condescendingly kind to the rest of mortals.

As pride is the feeling which arises

upon the apprehension of some superiority in self, and as self-love is universal, it would appear evident that all men must be sensible to this pleasure. In other words, every body has his conceit. And it is the prerogative of this foible to bid defiance to right reason, in the wisest as well as the weakest of mankind. Greatness is no guarantee against the indulgence of conceit, about things of which, even though pride were proper in other excellencies, it is preposterous to be proud. How often is the statesman, whose skill in arts or arms is admired and envied by all the world, more gratified by his dexterity in some game of chance? It is said that Alexander the Great plumed himself upon his ability to hold more wine than any other mortal; that Cicero was especially vain of his readiness at puns; that the great Napoleon was vain of a beautiful hand; and that even the lofty Washington was conceited about his horsemanship. Moralists are much given to a species of grave amusement, which consists in bringing the vagaries of the human heart to the measuring-rod of reason, in order that the absurdity of their form may be made evident. There is no feeling which offers a better subject for this than conceit. The multitudes, who plume themselves upon their family descent, are gravely asked,

whether they suppose the merit of the qualities which distinguished their ancestors, is heritable, like their lands and bullocks, and are reminded that if they have not similar personal merits of their own, the distinction of their race is only a pedestal, upon which their defect is elevated that it may be more extensively despised. The purse-proud are reminded that money just as often represents the fraud, stinginess, and sordid meannesses by which it has been acquired, as any admirable quality. Cowper skillfully analyzes the illusion by which the inflated squire expands his personality, in a certain sense, over his possessions, and arrogates excellence to himself from the superior fatness of his clods, the bigness of his bullock and swine, and the fleetness of his horse and dog; and very faithfully exhorts him upon this sort of petit-larceny of merits:

"Leave Ringwood's praise alone;  
The hound, more honest, envies not thine own."  
For which virtuous interposition honest Ringwood was doubtless duly grateful, unless, indeed, his dogship took this not unnatural view of the matter, that the proper business of the master, who could speak, was to sound the praises of the dog, who could not—an arrangement which made the beast the important character, and the man his lackey. But the best butt of all is the vanity of the male or female fopling. How unworthy, that a creature whose prime distinction is his rationality, should neglect the graces of the soul, to adorn the part which allies him with beasts and reptiles! That he who is, in his own resources, the most naked and helpless of bipeds, should ruffle so conceitedly in the borrowed spoils of birds, sheep, and silkworms! That the breast should be filled and the cheek be flushed with as proud a glow, for the newly discovered color of a ribbon, the unprecedented involutions of a bow, or the placing of a button where a button was never placed before, as that which might thrill the heart of the patriot who is

hailed as the Father of his country! But the most biting part of the jest is, that the high immortal, in this his chosen competition with the lowly animal, should always be surpassed by his irrational rivals; being outdone in gracefulness by a cat, in sleekness by a snake, in swiftness by a fox, and in strength by an ass.

This satire has too its sacred part; for conceit has not hesitated in its *protean* changes to assume the guise of sanctity. Divines find their subject of similar rebuke, in "spiritual pride;" that preposterous inflation, which presumes upon its possession of much Christianity, forgetting that this is professedly a religion for spiritual paupers, the foundation of which is laid in the doctrine of total and original depravity, whose prime exercises are confessing and begging, whose scheme God devised expressly to "exclude boasting," and whose most appropriate grace is humility. But nevertheless does conceit make a pretext of this religion, to say: "Stand by thyself; come not nigh me; I am holier than thou." Does the victim of this pride detect it, and cast it out by the door? It returns by the window, for forthwith his heart begins to whisper, with new pride: "Soul, how lovely is thy humility!" Does he now perceive that he is vain of his very lowliness? Then his heart whispers still another cause of self-gratulation: "Soul, how keen thy perspicacity! Thou canst analyse thyself with lightning clearness. Thou art not, like duller mortals, the victim of self-ignorance and unconscious delusions!"

Suppose, reader, that you should hear the retort made upon the critic himself: "And is not thine likewise a conceit, which prompts thee to probe so keenly the conceit of others? Is not satire also the language of pride and arrogance?" Let us suppose that an application should be made to him, of the fable of Diogenes and Alexander the Great, which relates that the cynic philosopher, entering the presence of the king with disrespectful indifference, said, "I

trample on the pride of Alexander;" when the latter answered: "Yes, and with greater pride." Still, Diogenes will reply, that, if he is himself convicted of the universal malady, it is only another evidence of the proposition which he set out to illustrate; which was, its universality. And Diogenes's conceit will teach him to urge this as an argument *à fortiori*; how subtle must the *Proteus* be, if he reduces even the acute cynic to his herd?

Conceit, however, manifestly afflicts its victims unequally. Some nations betray a much stronger proclivity to it than others. The Continentals think that, in its haughtier forms, it is peculiarly prominent in John Bull, who is religiously persuaded that Britannia rules the waves; that her queen is the first of queens; that her capital is the biggest of cities; that the British Parliament is the wisest of legislatures; that Bull himself is right by prescription in all his opinions; that his social state and wealth are so enviable in the eyes of the less fortunate remainder of mortals, that every one he meets is, of course, scheming to intrude into their enjoyment by some illicit means; and that London fog, beef-steak, and brown-stout are unquestionably superior to those institutions in any other land.

But the acute biographer of Captain Sam Slick has propounded the opinion that the conceit of the "universal Yankee nation" is far superior, and confessedly "beats creation;" an opinion in which not only the British people, but mankind in general, are now almost unanimously agreed. And, as it is the established doctrine with the American people, that the majority must always be right, this conclusion must be accepted as indisputable, that we *are* the most conceited people in the world. Should the reader happen to bring together the beginning and end of this portion of our essay, thus getting the initial and concluding facts into juxtaposition, that, according to Milton, sin first began in Satan's pride, and that the Yankee is the most conceited of

men, we caution him to remember, that the inference thereby suggested is not ours, but Milton's—and the majority's. And it was a Yankee (not we) who was heard arguing from this trait of his compatriots, most ingeniously, as follows: "The Yankee can not go to heaven; proof—those who go there will be satisfied there. But the Yankee is so thoroughly convinced that he is 'cuter' than every body else, that no one can 'fix' things so well, but that he will see a way to 'improve' them, and itch to do it. But things in heaven are unchangeable, and so can not be improved." Q. E. D.

But, more seriously, conceit is undoubtedly the fruitful mother of speculative error. The pert and vain understanding is determined to utter something notable; and so, rather than win a true distinction by the only honest mode, ("to scorn delights and live laborious days,") it affects the skeptic or transcendentalist. Hence this age, like most others, swarms with a race of half-fledged mystics, pantheists, and unbelievers, who are heretical in theology and philosophy from sheer affectation and vanity; who go about retailing the cant of their heresiarchs, and uttering obscure novelties, (old errors revived,) as a sort of cheap substitute for profundity. They tell us with a sigh, that they can no longer be satisfied (they wish they could!) with the views of philosophy and theology which satisfied a Gasendi, a Bacon, a Newton, a Clarke, and a Butler. They have dived deeper into the abysses of the "intentional consciousness," and have gained a clearer insight into truth. Sometimes they are heard, with a conceit still more affected, professing a wish that they could believe as their fathers did. They really admire Jesus of Nazareth; indeed, they are quite disposed to patronize him. They are willing, at least, to give him one niche in their gallery of heroes, along with a Zoroaster, a Woden, a Socrates, a Mohammed, a Napoleon, and a Kant. They avow that this

thing the Christians call faith, would be very pleasing; it is so child-like, so composing, so beautiful. But, alas! they must pay the penalty of their greater wisdom; their superior light must needs dissipate those graceful and venerable myths which at once awed and fascinated the ruder minds we have mentioned, and so they are compelled to relinquish the pleasing puerilities of the Bible, although it is done quite sadly.

Now what is all this but mere conceit? which rather than permit its authors to pass along in that obscure mediocrity which is their due, will be singular by being erroneous; which prefers to be cheated, rather than to be insignificant. And what is the true motive of the species of diction which they affect, where perspicuous simplicity is carefully shunned, where new or perverted terms are employed to express old ideas, in order that the unsubstantial character of the thought may be concealed by the tinsel of seeming novelty, and where speculations are obtruded, not because they are seen to be true, but because they are believed to be ingenious? So, much of the maudlin profundities of transcendentalism is but a trick of its teachers to flatter themselves and their pupils into a belief of their own intellectual greatness. It is thus the plan works: Let the author fill his pages with a flood of strange, long, hard terms, which shall be sufficiently unintelligible, and yet tease the reader's mind with the phantom of a resemblance to sense and solid reason, and let him make himself, by some artifice, "the fashion" in the literary clique which he affects. As the pupil fares along through his lucubrations, like Milton's Satan through Chaos, "nigh fondered, treading the crude consistence half on foot, half flying," his mental vanity very surely furnishes the desired inference. Says the reader: "If these speculations are thus obscure to my acute discrimination, (his possession of which is self-evident,) how grandly profound must be the mind which could pro-

duce them all!" So likewise the master provides for the scholar a ready recompense for this tribute of adulation, in a cognate deduction. It is this: "But I also comprehend and love, at least, much of this high mystery, which to the baser many is a sealed book. Am I not also entitled to call myself of the esoteric circle?" So, conceit spurs on the reader to applaud and ape his Coryphæus, to echo his muddy dicta, and to attempt to babble in his pedantic gibberish. The writers and the readers of this species of philosophy, falsely so-called, form a species of "mutual admiration society."

Intellectual vanity has done yet wider mischief in another way, which, if less criminal and disreputable, has been more general. This foible perpetually betrays men into an overweening confidence in the certainty of the deductions of reason, and a disregard for its proper limitations. Men speculate as boldly as though a thousand errors had not evinced the liability of their understandings to error; and when once their darling speculations are published, conceit forbids that they should be questioned. It is not pleasant to him whose trade is philosophizing, to remember how often the current and general opinions of ages have been found at fault; how not only propositions which were believed to be the clearest deductions of science have been exploded, but dogmas held for necessary axioms have been shown to be not even truths, and much less self-evident truths; for how many generations the Ptolemaic system of the skies was held, and how, after Galileo had seen its undoubted falsity in the first revelations of his rude telescopes, the logicians both of Rome and Geneva continued to prove by rule and figure of logic, that it was undoubtedly true; how the scholastic ages founded their systems of pneumatics and hydrostatics upon the axiom that "nature abhors vacuum," until Torricelli showed that this abhorrence only extended to the height of thirty-three feet, over an

inclosed column of water; how even *Des Cartes* was governed in his theory of the movements of the universe by the old maxim "that no body can act where it is not," while *Newton* showed that every instance of planetary attraction, that great law which binds the worlds in order, was an example of a body exerting its force beyond the limits of its own existence; and above all, how the Scriptures, in teaching us that God made the world out of nothing, exploded that proposition, which the whole ancient world had held as self-evident, that eternal, self-existent matter was as necessary to the creative act as an eternal, self-existent Creator. Were the wise men of olden times fools, as compared with us? Should we conclude them so, this would be the best proof that we are the fools above all predecessors. They were *men*; and the proper inference to be drawn from their persistent errors, is that the human understanding, though a precious instrument when guided by caution, humility and diligence, is an instrument at best feeble and imperfect.

It had been well for man, also, if he had exercised lowliness enough to acknowledge what the human mind can not compass, and to recognize its proper limitations. Most speculative errors may be traced to an unwillingness to acquiesce in inscrutable mystery as one of their sources. Men have been like *Milton's* evil angels, who sought to beguile the pains of their remorse:

"Reasoning high

Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,  
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,  
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost."

Thus have they been ever beating against the walls of the incomprehensible. As the crowning absurdity of this intellectual conceit stands the axiom that nothing can be believed which is not also intelligible. Men forget that while the evidence on which we believe must be intelligible, in order to produce rational belief, the proposition evidenced may

be in large part unintelligible, and yet be most manifestly true. Indeed, by this arrogant rule we could believe nothing, for there is nothing so familiarly known that it does not involve an incomprehensible mystery. When man has learned the highest wisdom of his race, every blade of grass which he crushes beneath his feet involves a mystery which he can not solve, and an organism whose construction he can not imitate. Does he study himself, the knowing, intelligent subject? He does not know what is the tie which connects the conscious spirit with the corporeal senses through which alone he studies and observes. Does he speculate about the organic world, and display his learning about all trees, from the cedar of *Lebanon* even unto the *hyssop* that springeth out of the wall. He can not define that vegetable life which gives character to them all, nor tell what he means by the vitality which distinguishes a plant from a stone, or that which separates a man from a plant.

It is a familiar and just trope which represents intellection by vision, truth by light, and ignorance by darkness. The limited domain of any finite mind may therefore be aptly compared to a circle of light bounded by darkness. The circle of light possessed by the learned is wider than that beheld by the unlearned—both alike have their circumferences of darkness. There is no line of light radiating from the centre, or crossing the illuminated disk as a chord, which does not gradually hide its ends in thick night. Let man increase his knowledge, and thereby extend his circle of light—still he has only pushed off a little farther the dark boundary of the unknown; and he has increased also the length of that circumference of ignorance by which his knowledge is bounded. He has just so much multiplied the points at which his knowledge terminates in the unknown. He, therefore, who knows most is most conscious of ignorance. The greater his knowledge, the more numerous the

points at which he feels himself arrested by his own ignorance.

Hence it follows that the wisest are ever the most humble. It is the sciolist who is puffed up by his scanty acquisitions. "With the lowly is wisdom." It follows equally that with the increase of knowledge, humility of mind becomes more and more necessary. As the points are multiplied where knowledge is arrested by the unknown, more frequent and larger demands are made upon the submissive spirit, to own its weakness, and pause in its inquiries. This will be true even in heaven; for as man can never become omniscient, one effect of the increase of his powers and knowledge will be to extend the length of that boundary of darkness by which his vision will still be embraced. As questions are solved which are now mysteries to us, new mysteries will emerge, grander, more profound, more numerous, of whose existence our feeble minds are now unconscious. The new truths acquired will doubtless explain many things now inexplicable, in the relations of the truths we now hold; but those new truths will also doubtless unfold novel and grand relations between themselves, disclosing the existence of still higher mysteries, before which the soul must still bow. So that by the very reason more is comprehended, more things must be believed which can not be comprehended.

Pride and conceit are aspiring; and yet it is demonstrable that their whole brood are debasing to the soul in which they harbor, while humility is elevating. Pride and humility imply a comparison between him who feels them and some other. The proud man is proud because he fancies himself superior in something to the person with whom he compares himself. The humble man is humble, because he sees himself below the standard of his comparison. In the numerous gradations of wisdom and excellence, any person who is neither in the lowest place of all nor in the seat of divine perfection has

both superiors and inferiors. He might, therefore, either feel pride as he compared himself with those below him, or humility as he measured himself with those above him. This, then, is the character of pride and conceit, to look habitually downward at the inferiority and defects beneath them. But the trait of the humble man is, that he contemplates, and aspires after the excellence that is above him. He is humble, because he looks ever above him, at a standard of excellence which attracts and elevates, while it rebukes him. Which, then, is the ennobling habit of soul? It is humility which sets the soul in the path of ascending excellence; while pride, looking at the abject things beneath itself, places it in the indolent and vile descent toward those groveling things with which alone its selfishness will permit comparison.

These diverse influences are propagated in two ways. The sense of defect is the *stimulus* to effort. He who looks above and is perpetually humbled by his sense of inferiority, finds in the habitual objects of his comparison at once the spur to nobler exertions, and the model for his self-improvement. But he who only gratifies his self-love by comparisons which may minister arguments for self-gratulation, is attracted away from consciousness of defect, and consequently makes no effort to rise. Second, the character is always assimilated to the objects with which it is most familiar. And with what object can the soul be so truly said to converse as with those by which it habitually measures itself? Since it is the nature of humility to measure itself by things nobler than itself, and of pride to compare itself only with the viler, humility is the ennobling, aspiring temper, and pride the abject and degrading. Pride is the vulture, which fancies that it is soaring at a lofty height as it prowls on level wing above the tree-tops, because its eyes are ever bent downward to the garbage on which it battens. Humility is the eagle, which,

as she soars beyond mortal ken toward the sun, says not that she is high, because her eye is filled with the glories of the Empyrean to which she mounts.

It may now be comprehended why profound humility is the characteris-

tic of the noblest natures. And it may be justly concluded of every system of education, or of social or religious institutions, that just in proportion as they generate conceit, they are mischievous and corrupting.

#### THE LION AND OTHER BEASTS.

THE hyena complained to the leopards that the lion was growing lordly and haughty, and lay snoring in his den, surrounded by his lioness and cubs, while the poor jackal had to hunt for him, bring in the prey, and divide it with the idle pack. A pleasant-looking leopard, whose white spots shone brightly on a ground of copper, replied that the Great Spirit had given the jackal an instinct to hunt for the lion, and that he had never been known to hunt for himself without the supervision of the beast which protected him. "But," answered the hyena, "the old jackal-driver is saucy as well as lazy, and growls contemptuously at his betters, who hunt and kill their own lambs in an honest way." Thereupon a howl was raised, and the beasts all resolved to go to the lion's den and chastise him for his insolence. And the fox made them a song for their march about the wrongs and ill-treatment of the jackal. But when they came to march, the orator and the poet and the benevolent leopard all hung back. The hyena said that he had to stay behind to attend to the national interests of the beasts, that his hatred of the lion was well known, and that the recusant leopard should be forced to go, since his friendship for the lion was notorious.

The fox said he must stay with his foxess, who was in a delicate way, and one of the little ones had been out too late at a hen-roost, and had caught a very bad cold. "But," he added, looking at the lagging leopard, "I hate all who are skulking behind

through friendship for the wicked old jackal-driver."

So the kind leopard was forced to join the army, and his friends were so pleased with his conduct that they gave him the post of honor and of danger.

On reaching the lion's den, and making known their message to the savage tyrant, he roared terribly and sprang upon his old friend and mangled him in a very unfriendly way. So the beasts marched back to their own country and held a grand pow-wow. The mangled leopard wanted the hyena to take his place, but the hyena said that he was needed "to stir the great heart of the nation" at home, and suggested that the Bengal tiger be sent for.

The fox said that though the health of the foxess was not yet restored, and though his unfortunate son was still suffering from a cold, he was willing to make sacrifices for the good of the common cause, and would take any profitable contract for sharpening the claws and whetting the teeth of the warriors in the field. Unhappy fox that he was, he could not give his services for nothing, since he wanted a little jewelry and a few delicacies for his afflicted dame. So the Bengal tiger was sent for, and told of all the sins of the atrocious despot. The fox sharpened his claws and whetted his teeth, and sung him the song, "'Tis sweet and glorious to die for one's country." "What are ye after paying?" replied the tiger. The hyena patted him on the shoulder, called him a fine fellow, and said