

**Chapter 1 : Southern Literary Messenger - Wikipedia**

*Powered by DLXS To comment or inquire about content, contact moa-feedback@www.nxgvision.com To report errors, contact DLPS Help Reprint information for this collection.*

Thank you for your support! Books Is Davis a Traitor? Albert Taylor Bledsoe, author, Brion McClanahan and Mike Church, editors Published a year after the war, it provides the best argument every assembled in one book for the constitutional right of secession. Everyone interested in the overall design of the Constitution ratified by the several States in should read this book. Essays in Southern History and Culture Clyde Wilson A Collection of insightful essays on how Southerners think of themselves in the light of how they are perceived by outside cultural elites. The Enduring Relevance of Robert E. The Founding Fathers Guide to the Constitution Brion McClanahan An article by article and clause by clause analysis of the Constitution ratified by the founding generation of and , a Constitution quite different from what the political class in Washington understands. The Morality of Everyday Life: Rediscovering An Ancient Alternative to the Liberal Tradition Thomas Fleming Fleming editor of Chronicles, A Magazine of American Culture explains how the morality embedded in the ideology of liberalism leads to the decadence of morality in contemporary American society. In Search of the City on a Hill: The Making and Unmaking of an American Myth Richard Gamble A history of the "city on a hill" metaphor from its Puritan beginnings to its role in American "civil religion" today. How to Resist Federal Tyranny in the 21st Century Thomas Woods A readable, comprehensive treatment of the constitutionality of State interposition and nullification. Should be in the hands of every State legislator. A Constitutional History, James Madison and the Constitutionality of Nullification, W. And he explains how and why republicanism has been suppressed. Rethinking the American Union for the 21st Century Donald Livingston Essays raising the question of whether the United States has become simply too large for self-government and should be divided into a number of Unions of States as Jefferson thought it should. The book is signed by Livingston who wrote the "Introduction" and contributed an essay. Classically educated, deeply religious, and preparing for a career in medicine when his country was invaded, he reluctantly became a fierce warrior. He was wounded several times fighting from the very beginning to the end, in 71 battles. Smith Smith shows how Evangelical revivalism in the colonial South Carolina low country had origins in Roman Catholic mysticism, Huguenot Calvinists and German pietism. This disposition, usually identified only with Evangelicals, touched even high Anglicans and Catholics making possible a bond of low country patriotism in the Revolutionary era. The fiddler is a figure of the traditionalist southern-agrarian artist. DVDs Bourbon and Kentucky: Magnificent portraits and landscapes adorn the production. The hand-stitched silk flag with gold painted stars was borne by the Fifth Company of the Washington Artillery of New Orleans through the Battles of Shiloh and Perryville. The flag was designed and made for the army after the first battle of Manassas as a military necessity and wholly without the authority or even the knowledge of the Confederate government. Beauregard and Joseph E. An American President The first and definitive documentary film on the entire life of patriot and president, Jefferson Davis.

**Chapter 2 : Walt Whitman's Poetry in Periodicals (Poems in Periodicals) - The Walt Whitman Archive**

*Enter your mobile number or email address below and we'll send you a link to download the free Kindle App. Then you can start reading Kindle books on your smartphone, tablet, or computer - no Kindle device required.*

William Henry , Fistula in ano Pattison, William H. Monograph upon Polyporus officinalis and P. Monograph on Ustilago madis. Dynamics of the nervous system Colton, John. Consumption can be cured! Wilcox, Western Institute of Homoeopathy. Organization of the Western Institute of Homoeopathy. Shipman, William Sharp, J. Answers to questions concerning homoeopathy. Hoyne, Daniel Holt, Peter S. Introductory to the sixteenth annual course of lectures in the Homoeopathic Medical College of Pennsylvania. Introductory lecture to the class of the Homoeopathic Medical College of Pennsylvania. Valedictory address delivered at the second annual commencement of the Homoeopathic Medical College of Pennsylvania. Annual address to the Homoeopathic Medical Society of Pennsylvania. Valedictory address delivered at the annual commencement of the Hahnemann Medical College of Philadelphia. Valedictory address delivered at the seventh annual commencement of the Homoeopathic Medical College of Pennsylvania. Introduction and progress of homoeopathy in the United States. Bodily posture in gynecology. Hints to mothers Kennedy, Benjamin F. Joslin, Samuel Arthur Jones, C. Middleton, Bushrod Washington James, T. Two decades in medicine. Homoeopathy and its relation to the germ theory. Instructions to patients for communicating with physicians.

Chapter 3 : Poems. by William H. Holcombe, M. D. : William H (William Henry) Holcombe :

*Poems [WILLIAM H. HOLCOMBE] on www.nxgvision.com \*FREE\* shipping on qualifying offers. This is a reproduction of a book published before This book may have occasional imperfections such as missing or blurred pages.*

Holcombe was born at Lynchburg, Va. Holcombe was sent to the University of Pennsylvania, graduating in 1825. He removed to Cincinnati, and was there during a siege of Asiatic cholera, which caused him to become interested in homeopathy. Holcombe went to Natchez, Miss. Davis, were appointed physicians and surgeons to the Mississippi State hospital. Holcombe removed to New Orleans, where he made his home until his death, Nov. 1850. Published in 1851, by Century Historical Association. This essay was circulated in pamphlet form before it was published in the Southern Literary Messenger, Vol 32, pp 1-10 Feb 1851. My thanks to Justin Sanders for sending it to me. William Holcombe A sectional party, inimical to our institutions, and odious to our people, is about taking possession of the Federal Government. The seed sown by the early Abolitionists has yielded a luxurious harvest. When Lincoln is in place, Garrison will be in power. The Constitution, either openly violated or emasculated of its true meaning and spirit by the subtleties of New England logic, is powerless for protection. We are no longer partners to a federal compact, but the victims of a consolidated despotism. Opposition to slavery, to its existence, its extension and its perpetuation, is the sole cohesive element of the triumphant faction. It did not receive the countenance of a single vote in any one of the ten great cotton States of the South The question is at length plainly presented: The only alternative left us is this: He has not analyzed this subject aright nor probed it to the bottom, who supposes that the real quarrel between the North and the South is about the Territories, or the decision of the Supreme Court, or even the Constitution itself; and that, consequently, the issues may be stayed and the dangers arrested by the drawing of new lines and the signing of new compacts. The division is broader and deeper and more incurable than this. The antagonism is fundamental and ineradicable. The true secret of it lies in the total reversion of public opinion which has occurred in both sections of the country in the last quarter of a century on the subject of slavery. It has not been more than twenty-five years since Garrison was dragged through the streets of Boston with a rope around his neck, for uttering Abolition sentiments; and not thirty years since, the abolition of slavery was seriously debated in the Legislature of Virginia. Now, on the contrary, the radical opinions of Sumner, Emerson and Parker, and the assassination schemes of John Brown, are applauded in Fanueil Hall and the whole Southern mind with an unparalleled unanimity, regards the institution of slavery as righteous and just, ordained of God, and to be perpetuated by man. We do not propose to analyze the causes of this remarkable revolution, which will constitute one of the strangest chapters of history. The fact is unquestionable. To understand rationally the events which are transpiring, and to foresee their inevitable issue, it is necessary to examine this element of discord between the Northern and Southern people, to investigate its true nature and extent, and weigh carefully the prospect of its cure. The Northern mind has become thoroughly anti-slavery in sentiment. Even those who contend for our constitutional rights share in the universal opinion that slavery is a great moral and social evil. Those who have adopted the pro-slavery view are exceedingly few in numbers, and are regarded by the mass of Northern people as more fanatical than the most extreme Abolitionist. The press, the pulpit, the rostrum of the North are clamorous with declamation against us and our institutions. Slavery is considered not only immoral but debasing to both owner and owned. It is, they say, a relic of barbarism and a disgrace to an enlightened people. We are not regarded as equals but are merely tolerated, as persons whom they in their wisdom may possibly reform and improve. Churches refuse us participation in religious rites, and a baleful element of religious hate adds fuel to the fire of political dissension. From present appearances, the North will before very long be unanimous in opinion, and if it has the power or can invent the means, it will be ready to reduce the South to the condition of Hayti and Jamaica, and expect the approval of God upon the atrocity. It is unquestionably true, although it be upon false issues, that the sympathies of the civilized world are united against us. The name of slavery is hateful to the ears of freemen and of those who desire to be free. The wise and just subordination of an inferior to a superior race, is rashly confounded with the old systems of oppression and tyranny, which stain the pages of history and have excited the righteous indignation of the

world. We are supposed to have proved recreant to the great principles and examples of the liberators of mankind. It is almost impossible at present to disabuse the public mind of Europe and of the North of this shallow prejudice. In the meantime, whilst carrying out the designs of Providence in relation to the negro race, we must rest for a while under a cloud of obloquy and abuse. Let us be faithful to our sublime trust, and future ages will appreciate the grandeur and glory of our mission. The pro-slavery sentiment is of recent development. It is more recent than any of the great inventions which have created the distinctive forms of our modern civilization. It is more recent than many of the great innovations of thought which now agitate mankind. The great and good fathers of our Republic unquestionably entertained anti-slavery sentiments or predilections, and the flippant Abolitionist thinks he has silenced us forever by quoting the opinions of Washington and Jefferson and Madison on this subject. The anti-slavery sentiment of that era was partly derived from the radical influence of the French revolution, the mad frenzies of which fearful convulsion, the fanatics of the North may yet repeat in the Western hemisphere. It was partially also deduced from narrow, uncertain and sometimes false premises. The lapse of time has secured us a better stand-point. Africa has been explored and the African studied, anatomically, socially, morally, ethnologically and historically. Not only the physical science of man but the philosophy of history itself has been almost created since the days of the revolution. The question of slavery has been thoroughly sifted. The metaphysical and theological as well as the political bearings of the subject have been closely scrutinized. Liberia is before us with its feeble and precarious existence, with its little torch of civilization nearly extinguished by the foul atmosphere of surrounding heathenism. Domingo is before us with its bloody teachings, and Jamaica with its silent monitors of pauperism and decay. The meagre slave population of the last century has increased to four millions. Cotton and sugar have risen to an unparalleled political and industrial importance, so that the whole civilized world is deeply interested in its maintenance of African slavery. And lastly, though not leastly, the free negro settlements in the North and in Canada are social experiments for our analysis and instruction. This pro-slavery party includes, with insignificant exceptions, nine millions of people of Anglo-Saxon blood. It is diffused over territory sufficient for a mighty empire. It contends that its principles are based upon large and safe inductions, made from an immense accumulation of facts in natural science, political economy and social ethics. It holds the most prominent material interests, and thereby the peace of the world in its hands; a wise provision of Providence for its protection, since those who cannot be controlled by reason, may be withheld by fear. In opposition to the prevailing sentiment of the North, we believe that men are created neither free nor equal. They are born unequal in physical and mental endowments, and no possible circumstances or culture could ever raise the negro race to any genuine equality with the white. Man is born dependant, and the very first step in civilization was for one man to enslave another. A state of slavery has been a disciplinary ordeal to every people who have ever developed beyond the savage condition. Those who cannot be reduced to bondage, like the American Indian, perish in their isolated and defiant barbarism. Freedom is the last result, the crowning glory of the long and difficult evolution of human society. Few nations have yet attained to that lofty standard. Those who say that the French, the Italians or the Prussians, are not yet fit for freedom, and are still unable to appreciate the blessings of constitutional liberty, would thrust the splendid privilege of Anglo-Saxon superiority upon the semi-barbarous negro! What folly, what madness! Man has no "inalienable rights"-- not even those of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Instead of that "glittering generality," which might serve as a motto for the wildest anarchy, the truth is, that men and races of men have certain natural capacities and duties, and the right to use the one and discharge the other. That government is the best, and its people the happiest, not in which all are free and equal, but in which equal races are free, and the inferior race is wisely and humanely subordinated to the superior, whilst both are controlled by the sacred bonds of reciprocal duty. The negro is a permanent variety of the human race, inferior to almost all others in intellect, but possessing an emotional nature capable of the most beautiful cultivation. The greater part of this race, in its native Africa, is sunk in the deepest barbarism. What little civilization a few tribes may have, has been imposed upon them by Arabic and Moorish conquerors. Left to themselves, these poor people would no doubt remain barbarous forever; but when domesticated by the white man, they are elevated and Christianized. The transfer in their bondage, from black men to white men, by the slave trade, was the first dawn of promise

to the benighted children of Africa. It was permitted by God in order to teach us the way in which the dark races are to be elevated and civilized. Jamaica and Hayti have also been permitted, as timely and salutary warnings, not to desert the path which was marked out by Providence. African slavery is therefore a certain relation of capital and labour, in which capital owns its labour and is bound to maintain and protect it. It is only thus that an inferior race can exist in contact with a superior one. In the Sandwich Islands, in Australia, in New Zealand, the aborigines are passing away before the encroachments of English power and at the mere presence of English civilization. The free negroes of the North are dying out beneath the cold climate and the colder charities of that region. Freedom and competition with the white man would ultimately annihilate the negro race in the South. The only hope of the African is in his just subordination to the superior type. Certain physical and spiritual peculiarities of the negro necessitate his subjection to the white man. It is for his own good that he is subjected. As long as this was doubtful or not clearly seen, the South itself was opposed to slavery. It remonstrated with England for imposing the institution upon it, and with Massachusetts for insisting upon a continuance of the slave-trade for twenty years after the adoption of the federal compact. The South is now fully convinced of the benefits and blessings it is conferring upon the negro race. It is beginning to catch a glimpse of the true nature and extent of its mission in relation to this vast and growing institution. The government of the South is to protect it; the Church of the South is to Christianize it; the people of the South are to love it, and improve it and perfect it. God has lightened our task and secured its execution by making our interests happily coincide with our duty. We anticipate no terminus to the institution of slavery. It is the means whereby the whiteman is to subdue the tropics all around the globe to order and beauty, and to the wants and interests of an ever-expanding civilization. What may happen afar off in the periods of a millennial Christianity we cannot foresee. No doubt the Almighty, in His wisdom and mercy, has blessings in store for the poor negro, so that he will no longer envy the earlier and more imposing development and fortunes of his brethren.

Chapter 4 : William H. Holcombe Pamphlet

*Southern Voices: Poems by William H. Holcombe, M.D., copyright by J.B. Lippincott in Philadelphia. pages which all appear to be intact with no rips or tears; there is some writing inside the front cover, but overall in good condition for its age.*

An earlier version of this essay appeared in *American Periodicals* 14. For a description of the editorial rationale behind our treatment of the periodical poems, see our statement of editorial policy. Contributors to digital file: Ed Folsom and Kenneth M. Accessed 4 October. For many years before he published the first edition of *Leaves of Grass*, Whitman worked as an editor at a series of newspapers. He published a few poems in periodicals before *Leaves of Grass* appeared in , but he also published poems in periodicals during the years he was revising and expanding his major work. Altogether, he published about poems in 48 periodicals both magazines and newspapers from until his death in . A Descriptive Bibliography and *Leaves of Grass*: In this section of the Archive, we provide access to the poems in two ways. The first is through a list of all of the poems collected so far and the second is through a list of all of the periodicals in which Whitman published. Users may locate poems and information by using one or both lists. By clicking on the title of a poem, users can find an image of the poem as it appeared in the original periodical, a transcription, complete publication information, and an editorial note. Users can also click the name of the periodical and bring up a brief historical commentary about the periodical as well as a bibliographic list of any other poems Whitman published in that periodical. Indeed, the close examination of the poetry as it originally appeared in the magazines and newspapers themselves raises some important questions. How did the periodicals shape the writing and publication of the poems? How did those publications serve the various editions of *Leaves of Grass*? Click here to see the poem as it appeared in its original publication. As Emerson guessed in a famous letter following the appearance of *Leaves of Grass* in , Whitman "must have had a long foreground somewhere. During these years, he also published nearly two dozen poems and twenty-two short stories" as well as a novel, *Franklin Evans* "in a variety of periodicals. As Whitman recognized, periodicals were crucial to the development of an audience for American writers. Certainly his was an increasingly prominent voice in the chorus of writers calling for the development of a national literature. We have not enough confidence in our own judgment; we forget that God has given the American mind powers of analysis and acuteness superior to those possessed by any other nation on earth. In an unsigned article, "All about a Mocking-Bird," written for the *New-York Saturday Press* in , for example, Whitman urged Americans to compose "Our own song, free, joyous, and masterful," exhorting his countrymen to discover American writers: And ye future two hundred millions of bold Americans, can surely never live, for instance, entirely satisfied and grow to your full stature, on what the importations hither of foreign bards, dead or alive, provide" nor on what is echoing here the letter and spirit of the foreign bards. He wished for an audience for his own work, for acknowledgement that he was, as he proclaimed in one of his self-reviews of the first edition of *Leaves of Grass*, "An American bard at last! The editors of newspapers and magazines generally published poetry as well as many reviews of new books of poetry. As one example, *The Knickerbocker*, established in for the purpose of promoting American literature, published a variety of poets, including William Cullen Bryant and Lydia Sigourney, who by was regularly publishing in more than twenty periodicals. Langtree, printed a poem by Maria James. A note explains that James, who was born in Wales but raised in central New York, was a domestic servant. In the interest of the democratic principles of the journal, the editors of the magazine proposed to assist in the publication of a volume of her "fugitive poems. This pattern was typical: By October , Whitman, certainly one of the less-well-known names, had published ten poems in the *Long Island Democrat*, where he worked as a compositor and writer. Not as lucky as Maria James, Whitman remained unnoticed. In part, such publications were designed to illustrate the fact that conditions in the United States were not inimical to the development of an American literature. Why, America is all poetry. The pages of our Constitution," "the deeds of our patriot sires," "the deliberations of our sages and statesmen," "the civilization and progress of our people," "the wisdom of our laws," "the greatness of

our name, are all covered over with the living fire of poetry. By my count, in the four year period of over three hundred new books of American poetry were published. Some of these volumes even sold well: In the midst of this burgeoning marketplace, Whitman printed the first edition of *Leaves of Grass*. Eager to find an audience for his self-published book, Whitman also pressed hard to publish his poems in periodicals. Usually these publications were important to the ongoing revisions and additions that he made to *Leaves of Grass*. Whitman often published a new poem in a magazine or a newspaper and later incorporated it into *Leaves of Grass*. Many critics have been content to leave it at that—“not interested, perhaps, in what the further implications of the periodical publication might be. The titles and texts of the poems were often quite different from the versions that would be published in the various editions of *Leaves of Grass*. The poems Whitman published in periodicals before and just after the publication of the third edition of *Leaves of Grass* in offer an interesting glimpse into some partial answers to these questions. Whitman published nine new poems in three periodicals between December and June , a month after the third edition of *Leaves of Grass* appeared in May. As Jerome Loving has explained in his biography of Whitman, the Press published a total of seven poems that would be a part of the edition, including some of the Calamus poems. Few of these have been noted in bibliographies or studied in their original context. Finally, just after the edition appeared, he published "The Errand-Bearers," in the *New York Times*; he eventually revised the poem for inclusion in *Drum-Taps*. Publishing in these venues, especially the *Saturday Press* and the *Atlantic Monthly*, was something of a coup for Whitman—both were powerful literary magazines that published new American writers. Self-promotion was hardly unheard of in the s. Robert Bonner, the savvy editor of the *New York Ledger*, helped make Fanny Fern and the *Ledger* household names through relentless advertisement in his own newspaper as well as in the columns of others. Barnum, whom Whitman had interviewed in for an article in the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, published the first edition of his *Autobiography* in , primarily to promote himself and the *American Museum*. Although Whitman does not seem to have admired Barnum, the poet surely observed that self-promotion through frequent publication was effective. This strategy of self-promotion fit the rough and ready periodical marketplace very well. Whitman was also quite calculated about involving friends and sometimes enemies as unwitting participants in his publication plans. He knew very well that persistence paid off. Certainly his periodical publications demonstrate that he was deeply concerned with reaching the readers of periodicals and using such publications to attract a wider audience. The publication of the poem that became "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking" is a good case in point. Like the "*Leaves of Grass*," the purport of this wild and plaintive song, well-enveloped, and eluding definition, is positive and unquestionable, like the effect of music. The piece will bear reading many times—perhaps, indeed, only comes forth, as from recesses, by many repetitions. A few days later, the poem was attacked in the *Cincinnati Daily Commercial*. It is a shade less heavy and vulgar than the *Leaves of Grass*, whose unmitigated badness seemed to cap the climax of poetic nuisances. [Click here](#) for access to a larger page image and poem transcription. But the "original" column was not the only place in which Clapp published Whitman. So eager was Whitman for publication in the *Atlantic Monthly* that he allowed its editor, James Russell Lowell, to delete two lines from the fourth stanza of "Bardic Symbols. For the edition, however, Whitman promptly restored the lines and placed the poem as the first in a sequence of untitled poems, in a cluster he called "*Leaves of Grass*. Lowell, who had emphatically disliked the edition of *Leaves of Grass*, was cautiously prepared to try him again. Now he is in the *Atlantic*, with a poem more lawless, measureless, rhymeless and inscrutable than ever. In January , more than 60 Japanese officials traveled to the U. The treaty was signed on May 22, , and a huge parade was held in New York City to celebrate the ratification. Whitman, who attended the parade, immediately wrote "The Errand-Bearers," which was printed in the *Times* on June . Once again, the timing for the publication of a new poem, especially one that celebrated an almost universally approved event, worked well for Whitman. More than one month earlier, on May 19, , a negative review of the edition had appeared in the *Times*, castigating Whitman for his style and substance. Holcombe, and Edmund Clarence Stedman. Once again, Whitman managed to command considerable space in a periodical. Not only did the *New York Times* devote two columns to a review of *Leaves of Grass*, however negative it might have been, but it also published a long poem of over eighty lines one month later. To see the poem as it appeared in its original publication, [click here](#). The poems Whitman

published in periodicals from 1840 demonstrate the importance of a close examination of the periodical context for understanding how he negotiated and used magazines and newspapers to construct his image and develop his reputation. Finally, there is another contribution to be made by studying the periodicals. The issue included both prose and poetry by Whitman as well as a piece on the poet by Horace Traubel. Acknowledgments

Numerous libraries and collections have been involved in this part of the Archive. These estimates may change as this project develops. Joel Myerson, *Walt Whitman: A Descriptive Bibliography* Pittsburgh: University of Pittsburgh Press, 1967; *Leaves of Grass: Blodgett and Sculley Bradley* New York: New York University Press, 1967. We have also been helped by new information about first-printings of poems in Jerome Loving, *Walt Whitman: The Song of Himself* Berkeley: University of California Press, 1997; Rusk and Eleanor M. Columbia University Press, 1988; *Journalism and Imaginative Writing in America* Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1997; *The Journalist as Poet* Cambridge University Press, 1997; and David S. The *Journalism*, ed. Herbert Bergman, Douglas A.

Chapter 5 : Results for William-H-Holcombe | Book Depository

*The Paperback of the Our Children in Heaven by Wm H Holcombe, M D by William Henry Holcombe at Barnes & Noble. Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers and Other Poems by.*

Poems by William H. We hail this volume as a beautiful presage of the future of the South in the department of poetry. In saying that it is worthy of the author, who, for several years past, has been a brilliant star in the literary firmament of the South, we give it the highest praise. Holcombe, in a succession of psychological works, connecting in golden links the noblest and most attractive features of two worlds, has carried English prose style to a high degree of perfection. His mind is at once logical and creative; but, like all fine writers who have preceded him, he has evidently conformed to models upon models, and passed through stages of laborious training. All well-balanced minds familiarize themselves with the attainments of the past before they strike out new paths for themselves. In pursuing this course, Dr. Holcombe has only accommodated himself to those inevitable laws of mental and moral progress, the observance of which is sure to secure for the philosopher, the scholar, and the poet, the highest practicable triumphs. The intellect of the American people was, at that time, chiefly represented by members of Congress, who, so long as the government was constitutionally administered, performed dramas of the deepest interest on the theatre of public affairs, and became themselves the heroes of epics that have never yet been reduced to verse or rhyme. The Revolution itself constituted one of the greatest epics known to history. The judicial mind of Marshall and the critical grasp of Sparks were directed to this subject, to which they have done full justice. Their works, as well as the splendid histories of Ticknor and Prescott, have been read in England, and are not surpassed by the ponderous tomes of Hume, Gibbon, or Robertson. It is certain that Northern scholars appeared first in the field and reaped the earliest laurels, and the Southern States of the United States were regarded as unproductive of men of genius. The most ridiculous reasons have been assigned for this imagined inferiority, and, among others, the institution of slavery, and the influence of climate. The last quarter of a century has evinced the utter fallacy of these charges. No historian, in splendor of description, and the artistic grouping of incidents, has surpassed the history of Philip II of Spain, by Hon. Charles Guyarre, of New Orleans; no critic has equalled, in erudition and classical learning, the lamented Hugh L. Legare, of South Carolina; and no poet of the North has appeared upon the scene who has displayed the originality of Edgar A. Poe, of Virginia; while, in statesmanship and eloquence, the Senators and Representatives of the South are admitted, on all hands, to have taken the precedence, from the very origin of the government, over those from the colder regions of the country. If the scholars and writers of all classes of the South have been less numerous than those of the North, it is because the South has had fewer universities, fewer and smaller cities, and a sparser population than the North, and, literally, no publishing houses, which are always apt to encourage, if not to create, a literature where they exist. A temperate climate, like that of the South, is favorable to the production of artists and poets. Why, in a similar latitude, should not genius be equally creative and triumphant in the Southern States of North America, where, under the genial rays of Apollo, Diana sounds the tocsin to the chase, where the scenery of hill, dale, river, and forest, with rich and lustrous foliage, charms the eye and imagination of poet and painter; and sunsets, glowing with all the colors of the rainbow, kindle rapture in the breast of the beholder equally with those of Italy? Great intellectual results spring out of popular convulsions. When society is agitated to its centre, a quickening impulse is imparted to the faculties, of which the results are seen in the new tone given to literature. The effects of the Conquest of William of Normandy were felt for centuries in the radical changes that took place in the English language. The feudal system gave birth to the beautiful poetry of the mediæval ages, and the wars in Palestine, for the recovery of the Holy Land, to *The Jerusalem Delivered* of Tasso, and gradually prepared the way for the moral and intellectual revival in Europe that succeeded. We have scarcely begun to recover from the terrible shock of the political and military struggle through which we have recently passed in this country. It is doubtful, as yet, whether we shall be able to save our government and our free institutions. God only knows the future, and, from present appearances, we should tremble to lift the veil. Of the past and its memories, of the skill of our generals and the gallantry of our soldiers, displayed on many a

battle-field, nothing can deprive us. The history of our old homesteads, of the patriarchal relations that once subsisted between the master and his dependants, of the hospitality that characterized the Southern planter all the year round, of the sports of the chase, and the merriment of the Christmas holidays—this history still remains to us. The South is covered all over with vestiges of romance, which even the tread of the warrior, with garments dyed in blood, cannot obliterate. While the storm-cloud darkens the political heavens, we may turn to the past for consolation, for agreeable and heroic reminiscences. If we are mortified with the changes that have come over the face of American society; if we despair of reform, when the floodtide of corruption is sweeping over the land with a continually accumulating force; if the present terrifies and alarms us with its prognostications and omens of worse times to come, we may still turn with pride and pleasure to the past. People who feel that they have been deeply wronged never remain stationary. They gather strength from their very afflictions. Their intellectual power is quickened by the passions that agitate and the griefs that assail them, and the mind, in its effort to extricate itself from impending difficulties, strains every nerve, and strikes out new paths to distinction. So the deepest darkness precedes the dawn, and the blackest cloud covers the sun that shines behind it. The simile is an old one, but it inculcates a great lesson. Genius never sleeps when it sheds tears, but plumes itself for some lofty flight. Voices of the South is the offspring of the late war. Had our poets been silent on the occasion, the very stones would have cried out against them. The full soul is always eloquent. The voice pours itself forth in song when the heart remembers. The hand seizes hold of the harp to quiet the agitations of the spirit. A down-trodden people sometimes rises higher for its fall, and expresses itself in numbers. What though the verses of Dr. Holcombe, here and there, exhibit evidences of haste in composition? The man of impulse does not always measure his words with nice exactness. He does not write so much for the gratification of the mere critic as for the man of deep feeling, who ardently loves his country and sympathizes with her misfortunes. In the main, the poetry of our author bears evidence of artistic skill, and will pass successfully through the ordeal to which the most cynical reviewer may subject it. It comes from the heart, and speaks to the heart of the South, in truthful tones that linger pleasingly on the ear. We could wish, indeed, that some of his lines, and some of his stanzas, had been more elaborately wrought, but time waits for no man, least of all for the fastidious critic; and we may well pardon the venial errors of one who is at once a real poet and a busy physician, whose time does not belong to himself but to an exacting public, and who has no leisure to reexamine his own writings and adapt them to the varying caprices of judges, especially of those who never felt a single impulse of poetic inspiration, nor penned a single line of poetry. It should never be forgotten that gifted minds are allowed a certain license, and that the Muses themselves do not submit to arbitrary rules in all their eccentric flights. Even Byron and Scott, those undoubted sons of song, did not always do it. We shall, therefore, leave the spots on the sun of our rising poet unnoticed, leaving it to the carping critic to snarl over a halting foot in the rapid march of his muse, if he chance to find one. When the soul of the poet breathes through every line, we adopt the motto, *de minimis non est disputandum*. None can deny that Southern Voices are thoroughly Southern in feeling, while they are sufficiently natural and cosmopolitan. They are songs of brotherhood and peace, well adapted to soften the acerbities of a recently distracted country. The lyrics are connected by subtle threads of thought, representing almost every phase of Southern sentiment. Listen to the description of the South after the war: O face, whose twin roses with ashes are white! O dead golden hair, at whose far splendor stood Millions of true souls entranced with delight! While a nation weeps at the pall. The sunset at which we are weeping here Is a sunrise—hailed in heaven! But meekly, bravely do thy part, To speed the future coming. Our Christ-like yearnings are the powers Which sow the land with living flowers, And set the world a blooming. The tropic storms would cease to beat. And hear the angels singing. We cite, for example, the first of them: How many skeptical, dissatisfied spirits, all the world over, have propounded, unanswered, the following sad and perplexing queries: Why comes the spring with her childish mirth, And her fragrance, to such a world as this? Deeply wounded, and feeling profoundly himself, he grasps the hands of all sympathizers, and, leading them directly up to the portals of heaven, reveals the merciful designs of the great Creator: He has taken a dead soul—dead to all the great aims of life; he has found a dead man—dead to all the nobler impulses of humanity, and, with more than Promethean skill, breathes the spirit of immortal life into his bosom. We have not space—we wish we had

to insert the whole of this grand poem; but some extracts will suffice to unravel the mystery of a dead soul restored to life: The very angels who took it to heaven Must return to its cradle and weep. But exceeding all human grief Is the death of a soul that has died of sin Of evil and wrong and unbelief The victim of passion and doubt, Perhaps a marble of splendor without, And a reeking charnel within A spirit bereft of heavenly breath, A world in chaos, void of light, Something which angels cannot see From the lucid depths of their purity, But shudder as they strain their sight, Start back and call it nothing! And said I that the Soul was dead? That its vital spark had fled? That it could not live again? Oh, shallow, false, and vain 1 How could I lose the spiritual light That floods across my inner sight? Life is eternal; Love is supernal: Love and life beat in the heart of decay. In uttermost bitter there is sweet; In coldest crystals there is heat; In ebon blackness there is light, And a day-germ in the sunless night. No human power is adequate to the performance of such a miracle: We need not despair of the fortunes of the South, gloomy as they are at present, when a poet is found in her midst who can tune his lyre to such strains as these! If she has not political freedom and civil rights, she still has Christianity, and the strong faith and lofty expectations and sublime poetry it awakens. All the elements blended in it are of the human type. It is a story not of man, but of woman, rare in loveliness and beauty, fallen, through the wicked arts of man, the tempter man the demon: Something sweeter than life or love, That drew her down against her will! And there passed a gleam in the air above, And a plash beneath, and all was still! The arts employed by her base betrayer are but too faithfully unfolded: A skeleton oh, ghastly sight! And a sweet youth, who sleeping seemed. We sigh and sorrow for your sake. Your death we welcome everywhere, That sweet, sweet sleep from which you wake. He boldly comes to the conclusion that there is no such thing that Death, that annihilation, is a nonentity that the famed King of Terrors is not only without a crown, but that he is a pure myth: There is no Death! God, God alone, is Life; and all our life, And all the verging substance of the world, From Him derived, and vitalized by Him; And every change, which we ascribe to Death, Is but a change in form, or place, or state, Of something which can never cease to live. How could it be otherwise, indeed, under the dominion of a holy and just God?

**Chapter 6 : Poems. By William H. Holcombe, M. D. - CORE**

*Download PDF: Sorry, we are unable to provide the full text but you may find it at the following location(s): [www.nxgvision.com](http://www.nxgvision.com) (external link) [http](http://).*

Aphorisms of the New Life. Swedenborg Publishing Association, A Separate Nationality, or the Africanization of the South. Delta Manmoth Job Office, Condensed Thoughts About Christian Science. Diagnosis and Treatment of Diptheria. Diary and Autobiography, and The Historical Significance of Homeopathy: How I Became a Homeopath. Human Progress Since the Last Judgement, in The Influence of Fear on Disease. A Mystery of New Orleans: Solved By New Methods. Books For Libraries Press, Our Children in Heaven. Imprimerie du Propagateur Catholique, ?. Report on the Yellow Fever of The Scientific Basis of Homopathy. The Sexes, Here and Hereafter. Suggestions as to the Spiritual Philosophy of African Slavery. The Truth About Homopathy. Yellow Fever and Its Homopathic Treatment. Holcombe was born at Lynchburg, Va. Holcombe was sent to the University of Pennsylvania, graduating in He removed to Cincinnati, and was there during a siege of Asiatic cholera, which caused him to become interested in homeopathy. The great success he met with in his experiments induced him to devote himself to the new school of medicine, and he became one of its most talented disciples. Holcombe went to Natchez, Miss. Davis, were appointed physicians and surgeons to the Mississippi State hospital. Holcombe removed to New Orleans, where he made his home until his death, Nov. He was chairman of the Yellow Fever commission in , and published an excellent report of the work done during the epidemic of that year. For many years he was one of the editors of the North American Journal of Homeopathy, and president of the American Institute of Homeopathy in He was the author of several books and treatises, publishing, in , "The Scientific Basis of Homeopathy," and, in , "Yellow Fever, and its Homeopathie Treatment. Holcombe also wrote 2 volumes of poetry, and 8 religious works, embodying the doctrines of Swedenborg. His last literary composition, "The Truth About Homeopathy," was completed a few days before his death. Holcombe was a man of lofty and noble nature, and of tenderest charity, a true philanthropist, who won the respect and devotion of all who knew him. John Gayle Aiken received his education at Sewanee university, in Tennessee, graduating in After a residence of a few years in Mobile, Ala. Aiken came to New Orleans and entered Tulane university, from which he graduated in ; next going to Hahnemann Homeopathic college, Chicago, where he graduated in Returning to New Orleans, he began the practice of medicine in partnership with his father-in-law, Dr. Holcombe, and continued with him until Dr. Holcombe had occupied for many years, and which he purchased after Dr. Published in , by Century Historical Association. His father, from whom he inherits his proclivities for medicinal studies, was a popular and successful physician, a private pupil, and personal friend of the venerable Dr. His medical training had been, thus far, wholly allopathic, and his traditional sympathies were exclusively with that school. While in Cincinnati he married Miss Rebecca Palmer of that city. In , he removed to New Orleans. With great earnestness he has devoted himself exclusively to the duties of his profession, and although his practice is very large and laborious, he preserves his habits of study, and is able in the intervals of labor to write and publish numerous valuable papers and books. Holcombe has advanced an undulatory theory of cure, based upon the correspondence between the animal and the cosmic forces. The work is as remarkable for the ability which is every where apparent on its pages, as for the originality and beauty of the theory which it advocates. Davis and Holcombe were elected physicians and surgeons to the Mississippi State Hospital. A Swedenborgian in his religious sentiments, he has published four volumes explanatory of the Swedenborgian Theory of Spirit and Matter, in which he presents in lucid style the philosophy of that creed. They have passed through several editions in this country, have been reprinted in England, and two of them have been translated into German. Holcombe is a man of tireless energy.

**Chapter 7 : Holcombe, William H. (William Henry), | The Online Books Page**

*By Wm. H. Holcombe, M. D. Dr. William H. Holcombe was born at Lynchburg, Va., May 29, , of an old Virginia family; his*

*grandfather having served in the Continental army, and his father was a distinguished physician of the old school.*

**Chapter 8 : Southern Poetry | Abbeville Institute | Page 2**

*Discover Book Depository's huge selection of William-H-Holcombe books online. Free delivery worldwide on over 19 million titles.*

**Chapter 9 : Catalog Record: Poems | Hathi Trust Digital Library**

*Dr. William H. Holcombe was born at Lynchburg, Va., May 29, , of an old Virginia family; his grandfather having served in the Continental army, and his father was a distinguished physician of the old school.*