

A Card

Ed. Standard.

I have to day been informed that the Sentinel sometime since, contained an article, in reference to myself, said to have been upon the authority of one Geo Atkinson, sometime Mayor of Milton. I have never seen the article and do not care to. I do not consider Geo Atkinson or the journal in which his surprising revelations occur as worthy either of notice or credence by any person inquiring in respect. As however some of my friends desire that I should depart from my usual rule and dignify this article by a reply I have consented to do so.

I am informed that the chief gist of this article is, that Geo Atkinson aforesaid ^{boasts} boasts therein of having administered a severe personal castigation to me about two years since

Now Mr Editor, I do not profess remarkable physical prowess or extraordinary personal courage. I have had enough of the former to preserve me from untoward accident, and to subserve, as I believe all the legitimate purposes for which power of offence and defence were conferred. Of the latter I have had enough to carry

me with reasonable credit through some dozen or more rather memorable skirmishes during the late "Unpleasantness" must confess however, that had the entire ordering of events been in my hands alone and had I possessed the knowledge of the warmth of the days amusements on several occasions I should undoubtedly have detailed myself to service in the rear. I am not a stranger to fear, but believe myself capable of being as thoroughly "scared up" as a man need be. There is one thing peculiar however in my organization I never run unless there is danger in the rear nor from a man whom I know to be a greater coward than I could possibly become.

I never aspired to the reputation of a "bruiser", "duellist" or general "rowdy" as you'd the first as a brute, the second as a coward, the third as a union of both with a spice of fool thrown in. I have never considered it necessary to be a bully, from fear of being called a coward. I have thus far never attacked anyone for the sake of a fight and have rarely been tempted to strike a blackguard because his tongue was as filthy as his character. I have not

however, and never had, any scruples ~~regarding~~
 doing my "level best" in self defence or kicking
 when I am kicked. Besides this I have
 some physical pride. I have some gymnastic
 reputation and profess some knowledge of the
 glorious art of self defence. In short I
 am too good a muscular Christian to al-
 low another to cut do me in any physical
 exercise, ^{without strenuous exertion}. My health is usually most robust;
 I ~~can~~ ^{can} carry a "dummy" of seventy five or eighty
 pounds with ease; the dynamometer
 credits the extensors of my "left" with a good
 degree of vigor, and, though I might not
 rival a pikeman, or even one of his decen-
 dants of the half-blood, I know of no defect
 of my right limbs which should prevent
 my delivering an effective kick with pre-
 cision and despatch at any reasonable
 elevation. I therefore know of no reason
 why I should ever ^{have} allowed myself to be
 used as a football, by any such animated
 baby-jumper as Geo Atkinson.*

I remember most distinctly the peculiar
 sensations ^{resulting from} of sundry thorough drubbings be-
 stowed upon me in tender years by my loving
 parent on the father's side. Since assuming
 the civil toga, ^{however} I have been so entirely exempt
 from similar sensations, that I had al-
 most come to the belief that men possess

* I would as soon think of measuring a man's length as of measuring a man's strength.

ing the requisite capital of muscle, skill and endurance to administer successfully upon my corpse, are not so plentiful as Blackberris. However that may be I am not accustomed to find other men's hands inside of my "guard", and am so innocent of "ignoble attacks in the rear" that I have yet to learn the touch of ~~the~~ leather sole-leather. Gus may have followed me along the streets of Milton, and made motions at the ornamental buttons on my coat-tails, and afterwards so valorously convinced himself that he had kicked me. It would be about up to his capacity and in perfect harmony with his character. No doubt he would like to see me kicked and would be as ready to counsel it as others are to advise assassination.

But the fact is Gus Atkinson is a cowardly braggart. He might boldly strike a sick baby in its mother's absence, or stab a blind man in the dark, but he is necessarily and essentially a coward and for the following reasons—

1— He is a lazy, good for nothing, contemptible vagabond. With a mother and sisters in such straitened circumstances, as to demand every exertion from Gus and a younger brother

Adolphus — to keep the wolf from the door
 this puppy has not had pluck or manhood or
 decency enough to embrace any useful occu-
 pation, and contribute anything to the family
 support, but has lived like a leech upon
 his brother and sister, and the earnings of
 a negro concubine. His brother Solph is worth
 half a million like Gus. He will work and if
 he would let liquor alone, might make a man
 liquor can't hurt Gus.

2 There is a fact well known in the town of
 Milton and vicinity — and which I have
 heard him openly avow — that he has been
 living in open adultery with a colored woman,
 in that town, ever since she was fourteen years
 old, and he declared that he always intended
 to do so, law or no law. She parties have been
 once, and perhaps twice convicted of this of-
 fence, and an indictment is now pending
 against them for a repetition of the same.
 Gus also figures in several other cases upon
 the criminal docket and is, in conse-
 quence thereof, at present a wanderer from
 "his native heath" — and is likely to remain
 so for some time — unless compulsorily returned.

An open adulterer, and practical
 miscegenationist, who can sponge his living out
 of a younger brother, an old mother, two young
 sisters and a negro concubine, may make

a capital assassin, but he is unquestionably and of necessity a coward. He has not manhood enough to be brave. A man who has lived to thirty years or more without gaining the respect of a single human being, can be nothing less than a coward and a sneak. He might strike an unsuspecting enemy with knife or bludgeon, or shoot him in the back, but his valor will never reach beyond that point. The sayings of such a man are as unworthy of attention or denial as the babbling of a goose or the braying of asses —

It is in strict accordance with the general fitness of things that this practical miscreant and open adulterer should become the fidus Achates of the sentinel man and the favored nursery of that immaculate cheek. Like seeks like with a power that overcomes all obstacles.

A. W. Tourgee

Greenboro Nov. 12 1869.

Cassiana

Nov 12, 1869

J. Keatnel

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