

and, if the incendiary Seward
or the gallant Sumner will,
as in older times, subject the
justice of their Cause to single
combat, or, what would be far
more appropriate, ^{to combat} between
the alleged oppressed and the
Chivalrous rescuer, I could desire
no better pastime than, at the head
of my regiments, to meet them
and their deluded followers;
under the knightly exclamation
of — "God protect the right!"

But, "suffice it for the day
is the evil thereof." So, I turn,
my old and natural friend, to a
more agreeable subject; and
that is your unchanged and un-
changeable self — a true son of
the Old Dominion.

It was just like you, to have
thought of going to me, at New-
York; and I assure you there is
no man living whom I should
have been more glad to see.

New-York,
Nov. 28, 1860.

My dear Monroe:

Your charac-
teristic and welcome letter
of the 29th ult. reached me
on the 8th Instant; and, ac-
cording to my expectations,
your apprehensions are
verified. The Representative
of Southern Rights; and accom-
plished Statesman & Gentle-
man; even Conservative
in his views, and occupying
the second place in
the gift of the people; has
been thrown aside by the worst
even people; under the influ-
ence of the arch-traitor Seward,
the cowardly Eric Sumner,
Dr. Fay and a low, ignorant
& obscure man; known only
as a "Rail-Splitter"; placed in

the Presidential Chair; for the
known purpose of waging
a war of extermination
against an Institution the
Protection & Representation of
which was made a Condition
precedent to the adoption of our
Federal Constitution, by the
Slaveholding States.

Under these Circumstan-
ces, my dear Marcus, I am
glad to say that the only
objection to immediate separa-
tion which now presents itself
to my mind is the certainty
in the present State of popular
feeling, of Civil War. I, there-
fore advocate deliberate and
united action by the Southern
States; (as you have noticed, in
the imperfect copy of my letter to
the K. Theta Beta, sent to
you some days ago) not only
as due to those on the border,

but as the only probable
mode of bringing those of the
North to a sense of justice.

Whilst sitting, alone, at the
breakfast table, a few mornings
since, I undertook to explain
to my Son-in-law, Frederick, the
nature of the difficulties now
pending between the North &
South; when he exclaimed, on
the mention of war, as the prob-
able result: "My God, master,
what will become of us?" and
when I assured him that I would
take care of him and the rest of
my negroes, he replied: "For
God's sake, my dear master,
stand by us." These are the
poor, oppressed Creatures, for
whose benefit this once great &
glorious Union is to be sundered;
and to whose protection I shall
entrust my wife & children,
when I shall be called away,
to repel invading Abolitionists;

the death of the wild Boar; and, addressing himself to Edward, at dinner, said: "Mr. Butler, I propose the health of your mother; & I ask that you will grant me the favour to report my toast to her".

I hear you exclaim: "those Boars are, evidently, the Coburns' red ink;" so, I will desist.

Mrs Butler unites with me in continued assurance of the most friendly regard, and affectionate regards for Mr. Robinson and his wife & poor little Betty's children; with friendly regards to Mr. Robinson. Remember me affectionately to William Saunders & Aleck, Seneca, and believe me, always & under all circumstances, my dear Ma'am,

Your devoted friend

G. W. Butler

Col. James Monroe,
City of New York.

P.S. 10th St. Road
often speaks kindly of you.

5. I so desired my friend, William Saunders, to say to you; and, lest he neglected to do so, and to explain why I did not look you up, during my passage to and from Knopok, I will remark that I remained in New York but a few hours, each time.

I passed some weeks at the Virginia Springs, among a most congenial people; and went to Knopok, in search of friends, whom I did not find; when, the season for sugar making being near at hand, I hurried home, by way of Niagara & the Mississippi river.

I was sorry you did not find out my youngest boy, Lawrence Lewis, on his return from Hadam, last Spring; as he is a charming fellow, and I am sure you would have been pleased with him.

He has gone to Shrewsbury, to
join his brother-in-law, George
Williamson, in the practice
of the Law — for, you must
know, I am opposed to what
are, sometimes, improperly
termed gentlemen — I mean
sojourners. Shrewsbury is the
focus of our Rail Road System,
and is, already, second only
in importance to New Orleans;
and, now that his partner,
Mr. Sanderson, has gone to Con-
gress, George is at the head of the
Shrewsbury Bar.

Edward, whom you know,
is still Sec. of Legation at Berlin,
and has so commended him-
self to the last & present Admin-
istration that, had Mr. Breckin-
ridge been elected, he would,
doubtless, have been promo-
ted to Minister at that Court;
but, now, of course, his di-
plomatic career must end
with Mr. Buchanan's Administration.

He has acquired a position
at the Prussian Court — both with
the Government, the Diplomatic
Corps, and the Royal Family —
never occupied by any diplomat,
of any grade. He, recently, ac-
companied the Prince Regent,
to his encampment; and, avail-
ing himself of the moment, when
the cavalry of his Guard, led by
his son, made a brilliant charge,
made a second unofficial appeal
in behalf of a naturalized German,
by saying: "may it please your
Royal Highness, it strikes me
that the Command of 180,000 such
troops has no necessity for the for-
ced services of an American natural-
ized Citizen." The Regent replied:
"Be content. If possible, Wolfram
shall be retained; as a personal
favor to you, Mr. Butler."

Prince Charles, Brother of the
Regent, has since invited him
to become a member of the Royal
Shooting Association; presented
him with the first leaf of the "Bush"; and