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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



1857

GREATNESS REVIEWED,

OR

THE RISE OF THE SOUTH;

WITH A

SOUTHERN NATIONAL AIR,

THE SONG OF THE CUBA INVADERS,

AND

A PROSE ESSAY ON GOVERNMENT.

A POEM

BY

CUYLER W. YOUNG.

SAVANNAH:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.
1857.

from W. Carter



GREATNESS REVIEWED.

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THE RISE OF THE SOUTH;

WITH A

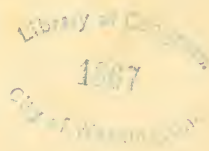
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PROLOGUE.

What constitutes the greatness of a State?
Not peace alone, if it dishonored be,
By tame submission to inglorious fate,
And harrowing fears in wishing to be free.
Not puff-cheeked wealth, of ease and luxury proud;
Not fruitful fields, in smiling harvests dressed,
Nor lengthy rail-roads, rolling thoughtless crowds
From busy marts, to regions sore oppress'd.
Not factious jades, who after spoils have ran,
And who by mobs are deified as Gods,
When fifty thousand would not make one man,
To charm our eyes by his most sapient nods.
Not pusillanimous, time-honor'd boors,
Who, at the sound of danger, quickly rise,
And run in haste to 'scape through the back doors,
And patch their courage then by looking wise.*
Not mousing, oily, slipp'ry demagogues,
Making their bargains o'er a glass of brandy; †
Or bellowing, croaking, like a pond of frogs,
About mileage, banks, and Uncle Sam's pay. ‡
No? men, upright, honorable, and brave,
Whose noble souls are by true glory stirred,
And who 'mid dangers rush, their land to save,
And who by all their country's foes are feared.

* They run out at the back door when they hear the British Lion roar, or when John Bull enters our Congress.

† Talking of the offices and mileage, while John Bull is murdering our citizens.

‡ While England is sending troops to defend McCleod.

No; Patriotism, causing hearts to beat
 With true devotion, for their country's weal;
 Noble justice, with visage stern and sweet,
 And lion-courage, charging against steel.

Georgia!

Nor peace or plenty wilt thou long possess,
 Nor pride of luxury or freedom's boon;
 Nor freeborn babes, nor beauty's smile to bless,
 If thy good people do not rally soon.*

War always has been and will always be:
 The blood of millions reddens Europe's soil—
 Despots to govern, people to be free,
 Are struggling bravely in the dread turmoil.
 By blackest clouds our skies are overcast;
 At home divided, and abroad contemned,
 We're trembling, shiv'ring, crouching 'mid the blast,
 Of evil storms that o'er our peace impend.

"Prepare!" seems whispered by the mourning winds—

"Danger!" by thunder's voice is sounded back—

"Huzzah!" shouts Faction—Fanaticism finds

A worshipper in every party hack.

Ye freemen of this hapless State, awake!

Arise! "prepare!"—and make a noble stand,

For safety and your dear children's sake—

For honor, virtue, and for your native land!†

* I don't mean to rally to the polls to vote for a Congressman.

† Such dangers as these: Suppose England should claim Savannah, the Government would give it up to John Bull; suppose she claim all Georgia South of 34° of latitude, Webster, Everett and Fillmore would give it up; suppose England order the City Council to repeal its laws—suppose the negroes should rise and revolt—in all these cases, Georgia, having no army and navy, could not defend herself, and the General Government would not defend her, because it has failed repeatedly to defend her against English aggression. The virtue of the Republic is lost and gone. The ways of reformation are threefold: 1st, Change the Constitution; 2d, Reform Congress and the Press; 3d, Dissolve the Union, and thereby dissolve the cause of Vice. The first is difficult, the second is impossible, and the third requires the union and courage of a single State,

A WORD ON CHARITY.

“Charity,” saith the apostle Paul, “suffereth long;” so have the people suffered long. “Charity envieth not,” neither do I envy—God forbid it! “It rejoiceth in the truth;” so do I rejoice in it. To prove that I am charitable, all men are quite welcome to employ toward me, my Poem, and my Criticism, what epithets soever they may wish to use. I have examined the merits of “Greatness,” but I have not judged any man. At last, Truth is the most infallible judge of all human words and actions. Paul saith: “Ye are bought with a price; be not the servants of men.” “What say I then? Is that which is offered in sacrifice to idols any thing?” Yes, O wise Paul! that which is offered in sacrifice to idols by the followers of the Arch Fiend of Party in this Country, is Truth, Justice, Virtue, and Valor. These are laid upon the altar of the Arch Fiend; and I say, in the language of Paul, “that the things which the political Gentiles sacrifice, they sacrifice to devils and not to God.” Public men have sacrificed Virtue to Vanity, and to their party ambition, instead of promoting the honor and glory of the Country; and by having made vanity and party ambition *their* idols, they have made themselves to be the idols of factious mobs. They have preferred idolatry to national honor. To have done their duty without noise or ostentation, they would have lost their customary meed of *deification*, yet posterity might remember them with respect and with gratitude; but, without looking an inch beyond the ends of their noses, and without caring a straw for posterity, or its opinion, they have drifted carelessly down the current of corruption. That we are all great sinners, personally, is admitted. I have written of no man personally—I have written of their political and moral

malpractices. This was my privilege, for Solomon saith: "If a ruler hearken to lies, all of his servants are wicked;" and, therefore, I will conclude in the language of Ezekiel, by saying to those rulers and their followers, "Repent, and turn yourselves from your idols; and turn away your faces from all your abominations."—Hez. c. xiv; verse 6.

GREATNESS REVIEWED.

Ye Pagan Gods! if ye still living be,
Or o'er the earth or o'er the raging sea,
Descend upon this Union, and with shame
Disown your titles and abjure your fame.
This Union's deities with wonder see,
And bend the oily pivots of the knee.
Thus, when the Godlike Webster opes his mouth,*
To blow his wisdom on the North and South,
Trembling for fear and reverence ye shall stand,
And see a human God of Yankee land.

*At the North, I have frequently heard him called "the god-like Webster." But if I repeat this offensive sobriquet, with a view of preventing its future abuse, I shall not be censured by christians or gentlemen. The following verse of poetry, written in defence of Webster, by "Fi Ho," I extract from the Commercial Advertiser of 1846:

"Not even he, whose 'god-like' fame
Is stamped upon our history's page,
Could save his great and noble name
From foul defiler's hate and rage;
But when his manly soul was stirr'd
To crush the Jacks that round him brayed,
Derision pointed to the herd,
And cast them in oblivion's shade."

With this factious servility, compare Churchhill Independence. Churchhill was an English poet.

"And are there bards who on creations file,
Stand rank'd as men, who breathe in this fair isle
The air of freedom, with so little gall,
So low a spirit, prostrate thus to fall
Before these idols, and without a groan
Bear wrongs might call forth murmurs from a stone?"

But ere ye come, by Hercules, I charge thee
 To free the spirits of Thermopyle,
 That they who formed that gallant Spartan band,
 May gaze upon the new Gods of Northland.

When A. McCleod burnt the Caroline,
 And play'd fell havoc with on yon frontier line—
 For which high crimes at Lockport he was tried,
 And at the bar of justice almost fried;
 Then John Bull's agent, H. S. Fox, bawled out,*
 Turn loose this British subject, or I'll route
 With British soldiers every Yankee file
 Who guards McCleod in his durance vile.

That sapient Dan, with mock discretion, then
 Despatched to Lockport J. J. Crittenden,
 Who, with instructions from that Marshfield sage,
 Dismissed the culprit from the felon's stage.†
 O, glorious Fame! with laurels crown the brow
 Of this great Daniel, come to judgment now;

*The precise language used by Mr. Fox, is as follows: "And the undersigned is now instructed again to demand of the Government of the United States, formally, and in the name of the British Government, the immediate release of Mr. Alexander McCleod." See his letter of March 12, 1831. In the papers of that year may be found the intelligence that the squadron engaged on the coast of Syria was ordered to America, to support the remonstrance of the British Minister, Mr. Fox, "against (what the English said) the judicial murder of Mr. McCleod." Three battalions had also been put under orders for Halifax. Refer to the London Times of 1841, and other papers.

† Mr. McCleod was acquitted by the connivance of Daniel Webster. All have admitted that he did commit a high crime. The proofs are, the admission of Mr. Fox and the British Government. (see Peel's and Daniel O'Connell's speeches in Parliament,) and the published evidence. I charge, that Webster despatched Crittenden to Lockport—that is, he wrote C. "instructions" to defend Mr. McCleod. Whence, it is to be presumed that Webster procured his acquittal. And I charge, that McCleod, although guilty of these high crimes, has never been punished for them. Such an act might well be supposed to dastardize a whole people.

Let him outlive the Pagan Gods of Greece,
For giving to his glorious Union Peace! *

When afterwards he trod the British Isles,
And was rewarded with fond woman's smiles;
When he was pleased stump-speeches there to peddle,
Deserved he not for them a leather medal?
He was well paid by the Boston pollers
With the sum of fifty thousand dollars.

If Hermodorus, that Ephesian rake,
Who helped the Romans their sage laws to make,
Was honored with a statue for his manes,
Why not raise one to Webster for his pains?
And though that Daniel knows not English grammar, †

* "Because, even because they have seduced my people, saying Peace, and there was no Peace; and one built up a wall, and lo, others daubed it with untempered mortar."—Ezekiel, chap. 13, verse 10. Yes; the wall which Washington built up has been daubed by Messrs. Webster, Clay, and others, who, while deceiving the people by the cry of peace, peace, will not let the people have any peace. During twenty years, they have shouted for banks and tariffs, crying "shake off your dew drops, and pick up your flints;" and having infused into the masses, by their speeches on commonplace topics, the Spirit of Faction, that spirit now seizes hold on sectional questions: But, after provoking the people to this phrenzy, they assume the garb of patriots and shout aloud in the high places hush! hush! in order to stop that self-same spirit which Clay and Webster originally stirred up.

† Many persons whose minds are too much clouded with human deification to imagine that Daniel Webster may be a fallible man, will be astonished by this announcement. Though the author claims a very small share of astuteness, he will venture, at the hazard of being pronounced the greatest knave and fool that ever lived, to point out a few grammatical blunders and rhetorical fooleries. And this I do that the rising generation of Georgia may be able to think for themselves about the merits of these modern Gods. From a speech delivered by him at Albany, N. Y., where he was introduced to the crowd by a Mr. James, I extract the following: "This was the state of things, to *remedy* which entered into the conception and purpose of the wise men of those days, and they intended to accomplish that purpose." Again: "That was the judgment of Mr. Polk's Carolinian friends on the subject of a judicious tariff; and I am '*hugely*' of the opinion that it is his judgment also."

He can upon protective tariffs hammer,
And at a dinner to Miss Vespucci say,

From his speech "on the purpose of the Monument on Bunker Hill," I make the following extract:

"We know that if we could cause this structure to ascend, not only till it reached the skies but till it pierced them, its broad surface could still contain but part of that, which in an age of knowledge hath already been spread over the earth, and which history charges *herself* with making known to all future times. If there is any meaning in the above passage, I would be glad to have it pointed out. Does he mean that the higher the structure arises the more it contains? What is intended by the phrase, "but part of that," which history charges herself with making known to all future times? All that I can understand of this rhetoric is, that if the structure should pierce to an infinite distance above the skies, it *might* contain "a part" of that which history transmits to posterity; but what that "part" is, he has left us to conjecture; for history charges herself with making known to all future times, not only virtue and glory but vice and shame. In one word the sentence is unintelligible. And so is the sentence immediately following the above: "We know that no inscriptions on entablatures less broad than the earth itself, can carry information of the events we commemorate where it has not already gone; and that no structure which shall not outlive the duration of letters and knowledge among men can prolong the memorial." The above sentence is very obscure. Again, in the same oration, he says: "Human beings are composed, not of reason only but of imagination also, and sentiment." If poor, fallible mortality may be allowed to correct the above passage, I would suggest that it would be better thus: "Human beings are composed not of reason alone, but of imagination and sentiment." Again in the same speech: We wish that desponding patriotism may turn its eye hither, &c." Here, though patriotism is personified, the neuter pronoun *its* is used. Strange he should prefix "she" to history, and its to a desponding virtue. Lovell's U. S. Speaker, p. 56. In his reply to Hayne, he says: "Was it not much better and 'kindlier' both to sleep upon them myself, and to allow others also the pleasure of sleeping upon them." The word "kindlier," in the above sentence, is not considered fitting to be used. It is not to be found in Todd's, Johnson's, or Walker's dictionary, nor is it ever used by good writers and speakers. The words "more kindly" would have been proper. "It is quite possible that, in this respect, I possess some advantage *over* the honorable member, *attributable* doubtless to a cooler temperament on my part." This sentence is both commonplace and obscure. "Sir, I answered the gentleman's speech, because I happened to hear it, and because, also, I chose to give an answer to that speech, 'which,' if unanswered, I thought most likely to produce injurious impressions," *ib.* In the above sentence, the word "*which*" has no verb to be in the nominative case to, and "to produce" being a verb in the infinitive

“Can you, dear madam, parlez-vous francais?”

And when that foreign damsel answered yea,

He ceased in French his compliments to pay.

mood, which can have no nominative, therefore the sentence, is ungrammatical. “*Him,*” whose honored name the gentleman himself bears, does he suppose me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism,” &c. Lovell’s Speaker, 99. The word “him,” in the above sentence, stands alone and is not governed by any other word. “Unkind feeling, if it exist, alienation and distrust, are the growth, unnatural to such evils, of false principles since sown.” The above sentence is destitute of sense or grammar. What word governs “feelings?” “And, sir, where American liberty raised *its* first voice, and where *its* youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of *its* manhood, and full of *its* original spirit.” Throughout the above sentence “*its*” is applied to the masculine gender. “That name was of power to rally a nation in the hour of thick-thronging disasters and calamities; that name shone amid the storm of war, a beacon light to cheer and guide the country’s friends; it *flamed* too like a meteor to repel her foes.” Lovell’s Speaker, 77. “Like a meteor to repel her foes,” is a strong comparison. The glory of a name may shine, but how a name can “flame like a meteor to repel her foes,” is what I have yet to learn. From “Lovell’s Speaker” I extract the following, headed “Not strength enough in the bow.” “When the debate, sir, was to be resumed, on Thursday morning, it so happened that it would have been convenient for me to be elsewhere.” Quere? Did he go elsewhere or not, for the above is all the explanation given.

Thus these speeches abounding in bad grammar, and in worse principles, are covered with beautiful, costly binding, and used in every Southern school-house; and I regret to say, that the influence of faction has been such on the human mind, in persuading it that what is “notorious,” or what is beautifully bound in a school-book must be right and proper, that there has never been a single individual, as far as I can learn, who has attempted to criticise the demerits of these speeches and school books. Nay, the impression is that these speeches are great efforts of eloquence; and there are many persons who would think it profanity to doubt their perfectibility by a single word of criticism or dispraise. When I was a boy I learned these speeches by heart, and thought their author was the greatest of living orators. In no school-house in Europe would such ungrammatical, affected, clumsy speeches find admittance. Statesmen there in general, can speak and write most of the languages of Europe, besides possessing a thorough knowledge of the history of the world. But here is a gentleman who, without a knowledge of his mother tongue, and whose historical researches have never gone beyond the landing of the Pilgrims, has controlled as it were with despotic power the diplomacy and the public sentiment of this country for nearly forty years. And the most of his speeches, delivered in that interval, pertain to every

The greatest, wisest, noblest, and the best
 Of human Gods, is Harry of the West;
 Who for his diplomatic skill at Ghent,
 Excels the wise men in the testament;
 Who, as a leader of a factious mob,
 Has kept this Union always in agog,
 And who, by faction is believed more fit
 To be immortal than Henry and Pitt.*

Next comes the human God of war and gold,
 With his huge belly, and his face so bold—

subject, except the subject of government. They are in general homilies on banks, tariffs, internal improvements and Bunker Hill Monument. About the great questions of War and Peace, of Virtue, Education, &c. he has spoken little; and what has been said or done by him on these subjects has either recommended, or furnished an example of national pusillanimity. He may not, personally, have more or greater faults than other men; and he is a good lawyer. But to consider him a great man, capable of directing the morals of a numerous people, would be to indulge in the wildest hallucinations; and by indulging it, to do irreparable injury to our posterity. His discourse "on the character of true eloquence" which may be found in any school-book, or school-house, is but a lame apology for his own ignorance.

*The writer himself has been one of Mr. Clay's warmest political friends—the President of a Clay Club; and he urged his nomination for the Presidency with all his zeal, both in Georgia and Philadelphia. He still cherishes a warm personal regard for that gentleman. But the time is come when patriotism requires that I should speak of him as he is, without malice and without extenuation. Then it is my humble opinion that his personal character is excellent, and I believe that he has been prompted by good intentions and affections; but I think that he has politically, unintentionally inflicted many and serious evils on this country, by his pertinacious agitation of the Spirit of Party. I believe, also, that he has been treated with great ingratitude by Factions. Nevertheless, I am not prepared to acquiesce, at my time of life, in the over-rated estimate which parties are disposed to make of his greatness. Mr. Clay is a clever speaker—is certainly Webster's superior, since he commits no grammatical blunders, (however deficient his speeches may otherwise be;) but neither Mr. Clay nor Mr. Webster can be said to be great men. For wherein does their greatness consist? What have they done? They have been Factionists; and accordingly history will say "Mr. Clay or Mr. Webster was Secretary of State, or introduced a bill," but it will not say "this extraordinary man."

Who many a foe has sent to his long home,
 And cried aloud, "Let the *assassin* come!"
 He peeps when he harangues through an eye-glass,
 To quicken the vision of a clever ***;
 And in the days of his long pilgrimage,
Gold he has cried for, *Gold* has been his rage.
 Let his tall statue stand among the crags,
 Marked on its back, "A foe to Paper Rags!"

Lo, on the Senate pours New Hampshire's hail,
 And 'midst the storm the southrons turn quite pale!
 So strong he swells, so boist'rous is his tone,
 That you might fear he'd break some vein or bone;
 And when the state's old ship falls fast to leeward,
 This valiant Falstaff leaves the helm to Seward,
 Who pops his head up when he begins to talk
 Like some good hen when watching for a hawk;
 Or like the buzzard, when he an eagle views,
 He flies on faster and still faster *****.

Ye worshippers of man! defend your turf
 Against the slanders of each foreign serf—
 Venerate the deities of Northland;
 Repel each insult from each foreign band.
 As anciently, before the Delphic shrine,
 Knelt great Pausanias, that he might divine
 The fate of Greece in Platea's great fight,
 And charge the foe with more heroic might;
 So, Yankees, we must humbly bow our heads
 To these new Gods of the Democrats and Feds—
 With meek orisons, beg to know the fate
 Of Banks and Tariffs, and of our ship of state.

When Robert Peel declared he was for war—*

*Lord John Russell commented strongly on President Polk's message.
 "Our title," said the President, "to the whole country of Oregon is clear and

And up from Parliament went a huzza—
 Should he not get to Oregon his right,
 Voices for fifty-four forty or fight,
 Were dumb as an oyster, in the Senate hall—
 We'll take what we can get, declared they all.*

unquestionable, and already are our people preparing to perfect that title by occupying it with their wives and children." Lord John Russell called this "a blustering announcement," and having given a history of the negotiations, left the matter in the hands of the government. Sir Robert Peel in the course of his remarks, said: "We trust still to arrive at an amicable adjustment; we desire to effect an amicable adjustment of our claim; but, having exhausted every effort to effect that settlement, if our rights shall be invaded, we are resolved—and we are prepared to maintain them. (Loud and continued cheers from both sides of the House.) See Parliamentary Debates, 4th April.

*When the Senate read the high tone of the British government, and saw that war would likely ensue by insisting on 54° 40', they agreed to accept the line of 49°. This fact was announced in the House of Commons by Sir Robert Peel, as follows: "Sir, the President of the United States, whatever might have been the expressions heretofore used by him, and however strongly he might have been personally committed to the adoption of a different course, has wisely and patriotically determined at once to refer our proposals to the Senate—that authority of the United States whose consent is requisite for the termination of any negotiations of this kind; and the Senate again acting in the same spirit, has, I have the heartfelt satisfaction to state, at once advised the terms *we* offered them." (Loud Cheers.)

Ye once great Senate of these States, for shame,
 Blush at these blotches upon your fair name!

Would Great Britain in the days of Madison or Jackson have dared to dictate to this Union? No! And who and what have made this Union inferior to a nation which our ancestors twice vanquished both on land and sea? I answer, Clay, Webster, Choate, and other American Englishmen. Such men have truckled to Great Britain in order to ally that country with the North against Southern slavery; and in order to dastardize the South by a long peace, and causing her, during that peace, to neglect her own defences against those secret and combined foes. Whilst the South, instead of looking to her own valor, and to the strong and disciplined arms of her people, are vainly looking to England, to France, to the North, and to all other enemies: while to recommend them to look at their own defence is deemed treasonable. There is Abbot Lawrence, and Daniel Webster, and Choate, and Edward Everett; a clique of the best friends that England has, and the worst enemies to the South that the sun ever shone upon. These men have doubtless entered into secret intrigues with England to enslave the South. Have they not directed

To prove to John Bull that these lads could fight
 As bravely then as any others might,
 They all declared *pro bono publico*
 A war against chivalric Mexico.*

the arms of England against South Carolina, and compelled that State to repeal a local law? Have they not induced England to offer to the South her West India Islands, for your negroes to be sent to? Do not all the English papers war against your slavery? In this connection, however, justice requires that I should state that there were many good patriots who both spoke and voted against that infamous transaction. But no party deserves credit for those votes. Break up the fetters of party; for to belong to a party—that is to Whig or Democratic parties—is an admission that these abuses ought to continue, and that every Southern freeman is bound to go to the polls to vote for some demagogue, because a clique of office-seekers and a newspaper may call him a patriot. What good can be wrought by sending a member to Congress? He is in a minority, and you but dastardize the people for the sake of gratifying the vanity of a few men! While Choate, in the Oregon debate, cried out war, bloody, dreadful war with England—"Mr. Hannegan showed that the Senator from Massachusetts admitted the right of this government to the territory, yet fears that the simple act of asserting that right will bring down upon us the power of England. Strange inconsistency of assertion! If a British peer had been admitted into that chamber, and employed such language, he should not have been surprised. If they yielded to the demands of England, the object could only be to purchase a peace. He asked what was the worth of a purchased peace? He appealed to history, and called on that Senator to show that a peace thus obtained ever profited a nation. Any nation that acquired peace by such means was on the rapid road to destruction; for, after it, nothing remained but to wear an easy yoke. He viewed this question as one which involved national honor or national shame. See Hannegan's reply to Choate, and the votes on the question.

*Had this war arisen in the heat of national passion, and been begun and prosecuted without regard to foreign powers, it would have been as just as all other wars. But this government did not annex Texas till it had first received assurances from both France and England that those nations would not interrupt us, or "take a hostile attitude in reference to annexation." And I believe that war would never have been declared against Mexico, if England or France had objected. From an official letter from the Department of State to Mr. Howard, dated Washington, Sept. 10, 1844, I extract: "I enclose a copy of a despatch to our minister at Paris, which you may show to President Houston and the Secretary of State. It will doubtless be satisfactory to them to learn that *France is not disposed*, in any event, to take a *hostile attitude in reference to annexation*. A despatch of a subsequent date to the one to which

Then ev'ry corp'ral's guard produced a hero
 Greater than Prince Eugene or King Hero:
 Captains, Majors, and Colonels of that band,
 Greater heroes were than were in Sparta's land,
 And Generals greater were than Tamerlane,*
 Who marched from China to the Ukraine,†
 And who, when Alexander wept because
 There was no world on which to lay his paws,
 Plunged in the desert and conquered Hindostan,
 And hastened back and Europe overran,
 And placed Bajazet in an iron cage,
 And kept him there until he ceased to rage.
 Sound Fame's timbrel, and let all nations know
 That Yankee rulers greatest are below:
 For when the British, on Brazila's coast,
 Handcuff'd George Atwood, and tried him to roast
 'Midst the hot fires of a torrid sun,

the enclosed is an answer, gives a conversation between M. Guizot and our Minister, equally as satisfactory as that with the king." See Packingham's proceedings. See files of English and American papers, and Debates in Parliament. Thus it is come to pass that "we will take what we can get" from England, or make war on the weak if she will grant her permission. O mighty Union, and mighty Men!

*I have no wish to detract from the reputation of our officers and soldiers in the Mexican war. On the contrary, I feel bound to say that no soldiers in Sparta were better or braver than the South Carolinians, Mississippians, Kentuckians, &c. But it happens, that whilst these brave men did the hardest fighting, the Generals are taking all the credit to themselves, and are making profit on their reputations, to the manifest injury of this country. Look at the men and measures which brought out Gen. Taylor for the Presidency. See the proceedings of a dinner to Clayton, in Delaware, where he nominates Gen. Scott in precisely the style that he brought out Gen. Taylor. Well, you elect Gen. Scott; and Clayton, under the usual rules of "log-rolling," must be Secretary of State. He goes into office—crouches to England—sends her against South Carolina, makes an ass of himself, while the crowd shout "hurrah for Clayton! hurrah for Scott.

†Not from China—from Samarcand.

Made him half crazy and brought on the death *
 Of niece and nephew, and wife Elizabeth ;
 The slippery Clayton was too busy then
 In pondering the rights of greater men,
 To give attention to the obscure squalls
 Of any persons out of Congress halls.
 In vain the Consul at Maguayez wrote
 That he was treated worse than a cut-throat ;
 In vain petitions flowed from ev'ry where,
 For justice on John Bull, the Corsair.
 Our wise diplomatists, immortal be,
 For holding up their princely dignity ;
 For their preferring the honors of free-soil,
 And for causing the party pot to boil,
 To rectifying each squealing, dying wight,
 Who goes abroad and gets in a sad plight.

*George W. Atwood was a respectable merchant of New York, who removed to London to carry on there the commercial business in connection with friends in this country. In July, 1849, he embarked for California with his wife, niece, and nephew, and with a quantity of merchandize, on an English vessel, the cutter Louisa. Entering the Bay of San Catharina, on the eastern coast of South America, the Captain and twenty-four English passengers, owing to some misunderstanding, or to national prejudice, seized Atwood, bound him in irons, and cast him upon the main hatch of the cutter, exposed to the inclemency of a rainy night. In this situation he was at intervals cursed by the drunken captain, who, with a cocked pistol in his hand, denounced the unfortunate man as "a damned bloody thief of a yankee scoundrel!" Mr. Hudson, British minister at Rio, despatched a Lieutenant Tomlinson to St. Catharines, and had the Louisa and crew carried into Rio. In that city this man was robbed, yes robbed, of all that he possessed by English arbitrators. He appealed in vain to Mr. Tod, the American minister for justice. That minister (the same who had disgraced the Union by apologising to the Brazillian government for the rash conduct of Henry A. Wise) declined to interfere officially in Atwood's behalf. Meanwhile the yellow fever broke out in Rio, and swept from the earth first Mrs. Atwood, then Miss Mary Atwood, and lastly Robert Atwood ; the wife, niece and nephew to George W. Atwood. The unhappy survivor, robbed of all that he prized most dearly in this life, bewailed his miserable lot. Failing to obtain any justice at Rio de Janeiro. while in Washington in the Spring of 1850, being unable to see Clayton on the

Bull's blackamore was placed in Charleston jail,
 And lodged therein a while ere he set sail.
 When he got home, he went and told the queen,
 That in the jail at Charleston he had been.
 Her Majesty gave heed to Cuffee's tale,
 And sneezed and snorted till she turned quite pale,
 And rang the bell and for her Council sent,
 "To tell the wrongs which Cuffee underwent."
 By the first ocean mail to Washington,
 Orders were sent to John M. Clayton,
 That horrid law 'gainst Cuffee to repeal,
 Or he the vengeance of her guns would feel.
 Unopened or unread the letters were,
 From groaning citizens in Rio or in Ver;
 For that said Clayton hurried to apprise
 Her Majesty Britannic, that the wise
 Men of this Union had left the little State
 Of Carolina exposed to Cuffee's hate;
 And that Cuffee and the Queen both must appeal
 To Carolina for that law's repeal.*

Hail this Union! sound the trump of Fame!
 Behold thy glory and old England's shame!
 Thy Websters, Claytons, Bentons, Hales and all,
 While bellowing loudly in Congress hall,
 On banks, and tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee,
 Can well maintain their princely dignity,
 By scorning to espouse the obscure cases

subject, I called Ewing's attention to the case, and he promised to attend to it, But no justice has been as yet got by Atwood as far as I can learn. I will swear to the above facts, and for their further correctness, refer to Governor Edward Kent of Maine.

*The reference of this affair by Clayton to South Carolina, instead of simply saying that the law could not be repealed, is in thorough keeping with the timid shuffling of a party hack, whose mind is enfeebled by a long probation in Faction's littleness. Arguments, words, and equivocation, by such men are substituted for true virtue and courage.

Of our poor people, robb'd by foreign races,
 Or iron-bound and beat in barb'rous style,
 Or murdered foul and placed in durance vile,
 While *meanly* will old England stoop to gibber,
 And threaten us to justify a "Nigger."

When all of India English pirates took,
 From Adam's Peak to Bengal's northern nook;
 Where she in all her pride of might controls,
 A hundred and thirty millions human souls;
 She deemed the measure of her glory full,
 And felt a thrill in being called John Bull.
 Warren Hastings, India's Governor then,
 Was charged with the deep guilt of wronging men;
 The immortal Burke fully proved the crimes,
 And made the greatest speech in modern times.
 So potent was his eloquence, it seems,
 That when he closed, the sounds of female screams
 And manly sobbings, well nigh rent each wall
 Of old and glorious Parliament hall,
Almost as good a speech he made that day,
 As the smallest effort of "*great*" Henry Clay:
 Almost as good a speech, I ween, he made,
 As the "god-like" Dan e'er on paper laid,
 When Tariffs high he made its firm basis,
 And aped severely old King Amasis;
 Or when standing firmly upon his knees,
 He tries to speak like old Polycrates—
 Like him Dan thinks, but truly like the ***,
 When he is playing with a piece of tape.
 But when the culprit Hastings stood erect,
 And gazed around so bold and circumspect,
 The thought upon each face produced a glow—
 For England's glory shouted high and low,
 And Hastings, the spoiler, with a gentle bow,
 Left that vast concourse with a lofty brow.

Thus treats Britain her glorious pirates.
 How do *we* treat our pirates in these States?
 When these were heard to be on Cuba's land,
 Ev'ry soul was roused of this Union band.

SONG.

Frightened and angry, and out of their wits,
 They rent their apparel and counted their bits—
 "Good gracious!" one cried, "what danger there's o'er us,
 With ten thousand cannon Great Britain will bore us."
 A second cried out, "Good heavens! old Spain
 Will with us in peace no longer remain."
 "War," cried a third, "will defeat all our schemes,
 And leave us poor de'ls to live on our dreams."
 "More slavery is coming," shouted a fourth,
 "And against this fresh sin I'll now take my oath."
 All at once shouted out, "haste, run, fly, despatch
 Our war ships to John Bull's Potatoe Patch;*
 And stop, catch, capture those vile freebooters,
 Who are dabbling about like so many 'cooters.'
 The people will not for this act deem us cowards,
 But think in our veins runs the blood of the Howards:
 They'll say that we once gained the victory
 Over John Bull, and our nation set free"—
 Forgetting most strangely, that *we* did not,
 At that time, live or fight a single jot;
 And that of those who fought "in the last war,"
 The few who linger are in death's car.
 Colonels and Generals, and sprigs of the bar;
 Seward and Hale, and the "tall God of War;"
 Fillmore, the noble, and Giddings, the strong;
 All hurried to stop that terrible wrong.

* John Bull's potatoe patch is what the common people in England call the Ocean.

Fast ran to Sir Bulwer the "god-like" Dan,
 To prove that for Britain he was the man,
 And to tease the old Lion and tickle his hair,
 And keep him from bounding out of his lair.
 To the Spanish Minister another went,
 And told that worthy that ships had been sent
 To Mexico's Gulf to take the pirates,
 And hang them all in the United States—
 And Hale, and Giddings, and Seward all swore,
 That if not taken, peace was no more.

The pirates!—to this glorious Union thanks!—
 Were captured soon and brought back to our ranks,
 Save some on whom the Cubans threw their noose,
 And placed for safety in their Calaboose.
 To magnify the glory of this deed—
 To gain the smiles of Spain and England's meed—
 A soldier and an honest man was dragg'd
 From his sweet home, and by the law was hagg'd—
 Torn from his gubernatorial chair,
 And tried at Orleans as a vile corsair.

Mars, Venus, Neptune, and old John of Gaunt,
 And other Pagan Gods and men, avaunt!
 Make way for the statues of the modern Gods,
 And let them hang as thick as pepper pods!
 Make way for Clayton, Giddings, and Fillmore,
 And every other modern ape and boor.
 Did Duty's sense these women onward spur,
 To fix upon historic page this blur?
 Aye, aye, if such affrighted maids can feel.
 Duty's impulse for the public weal.
 May-be they were drove on in their career
 By that soft passion which the world calls *fear*:—
 Mayhap Free-soilers all most truly hate,
 That Cuba's isle should be a Southern State.

Were they *more* bound by duty to have slain
 These horrid pirates, than England or Spain?
 Had they been English or Russian pirates,
 They would have been untouched by these magnates.
 But each pirate was an American,
 And dared to show the courage of a man.
 And had these Gods not caught that daring host,
 The *honor* of the deed they would have lost.*
 Then Honor, Fame and Glory be their meed,
 For their performance of that valiant deed;
 Let their statues, like tags of whitest moss,
 Be hung from the oak at Charring-Cross,
 Or tied by apron strings to trees at Madrid,
 To show the Spaniels what these ladies did. †

Though Britain robb'd our ship near Sísal's bar, ‡
 And spurns our rights in distant Nicaragua;
 What though she crows and brays on Brazil's coast,
 And in the torrid rays our people roast;

* The Cabinet and their advisers actually vied with each other to gain the approbation of Spain and England. Now, whilst I am the last to justify piracy, I am bound to consider the Cabinet as pusillanimous simpletons. If they were pirates, why not let them alone to be treated as pirates, by England and Spain?

† What was the law of "*neutrality*" when organized bands of American citizens rushed to the aid of the Texans against Mexico, before the union of Texas with this country? The President of Mexico addressed to this government a letter, demanding that these bands of armed men from the United States, should be prevented from aiding the Texans. Our Executive department replied, that it was not in the power of this government to stop these hostile associations, and that our people might go whithersoever they pleased. Not thus they spake when the Cuban invaders banded together.—O! this was a violation of "*neutrality*." Why did the Cabinet refuse to interfere in one case, and take the most active steps in the other? Because in the case of Mexico, there was no *danger*; but in the case of Cuba, our Cabinet feared England and Spain; and in the case of Cuba they were expressly *ordered* by these foreign powers to stop the invasion.

‡ In the Fall of 1849.

What though her Lion guards old Castle Moro,
 And scares these crows and puts them all in sorrow ; *
 What though the criminal McCleod goes
 Free, and laughs in derision at his foes ;
 What though the British may delight each giggler,
 When they have 'pealed the law against that "nigger ;"
 Yet, that these patriots might fight first rate,
 I'll briefly now proceed to demonstrate :
 Did they not, in a manner truly funny,
 Compel *Great Hayti!* to pay a sum of money ?
 Did they not threaten strongly to bombard
Great Portugal! that hadn't a corp'ral's guard,
 Much less an army or a naval show,
 To raise the thunder above Oporto ?
 Aye, nobler deeds than this are in the list—
 Each knock'd the other down with his clench'd fist :
 By Borland, Foote was fell'd upon the sand,
 And Foote brought Benton to a deadly stand.
 If knights like these can love such serious fun,
 Might they not eas'ly vanquish Wellington ?
 Or run from battle-field Napoleon ?
 Or in their valorous desperation, make
 The British Lion in his jungle quake ?

* During several centuries past, Great Britain has had an itching palm for Cuba. On the 30th July, 1763, an armament under Lord Albemarle, stormed the Moro Castle, put 400 Spainards to the sword, and turned the guns of the Castle on the city, which soon surrendered. I would recommend to the pirates to read in history the account of how the Castle was taken. That is the best way to take Cuba. England at the Treaty of Paris, foolishly resigned Cuba to Spain in exchange for other possessions. But this caused great discontent in England ; and Russell the historian remarks that "no human consideration should have induced the English to give up Cuba." "We ought not to have left the French or Spanish in possession of a single island in the West Indies." 2 Russell's History Modern Europe, 578. I may therefore truly say that England guards "Old Castle Moro."

Like that bridegroom's minister, old Phranza,
 Who had more wisdom than Sancho Panza;
 And who went to Treb'zond for Constantine*
 And got for him a Georgian valentine, †
 Why did not Dan, with words of cream and jelly
 Visit England and marry Abby Kelly
 To some great lord, the friend of abolition,
 And by that act improve his State's condition,
 And old England in her high station cause,
 To have *some* mercy on our men and laws?
 For "mercy is a quality" saith Shakspear
 "That is not strained" by either hope or fear;
 "It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the earth beneath" that God hath given.
 "It is twice bless'd; it blesseth him that gives
 And him that takes," and lets all live.
 'Twill prompt Britania not to crush the weak
 When'er these 'gods' its crystal drops shall seek.
 They've shown their greatness in another case
 Which gives their union a most war-like face,
 And therefore when our consul with a smack
 Settled his cowlhide on an English back,
 And whipt him bravely without gun or knife
 For a base insult on our consul's wife,
 Whose society John Bull coarsely swore
 Was for *his* wife not fit on any floor;
 Then did these 'gods' with rancor rip and blow
 And call poor Potter from Valparaiso,
 For doing his duty in this case fully
 And well-cowhiding an English bully.

"O, where since eighteen hundred and fifteen
 Bewails the Southron, 'has our glory been?'"

* Constantine Paleologus.

† A wife.

He rents his clothes and tears his tangled hair,
 And bounds like a lion from his sleeping lair:
 His body burns this blackest shame to view
 And he's prepared for a Bartholamew.
 "Great God! is this *this* Union's history?
 Is this our (*once*) Union's boasted glory?
 Shall it to my posterity be told
 That we were ruled by men of *fear* and *gold*?
 Forbid it heaven—forbid it common sense!
 That longer governed, we shall be by *pence*;
 Or like a flock of timid sheep be driven
 From every noble impulse under heaven!
 That our State shall in the Treasury place
 Billions of gold, to pay for this disgrace!
 Webster, Clay and Hale to call men wise,
 When thus they strive my sons to dastardize!
 The '*martial spirit*' of my sons to quench
 And make each one as timid as a wench! *
 To ope his eyes and stare in great dismay
 When Clay and Webster in the Senate bray?
 Or call some Southern swell, a monster gun
 For lect'ring his neighbors in the way to run?
 To think him equal with a man of soul
 Because forsooth he's drawn his party toll—
 And mixed in Congress his noisy slob'ring
 With those old turkies who're always gobbling?
 While honor's blood courses through these veins,
 My sons shall never wear these slavish chains!
 Free rather let them ever be and brave
 Than muster round the polls and vote a slave!" †

* History considers it to be the duty of great statesmen to encourage and keep alive "the martial spirit"—of course the smaller fry statesmen can't comprehend such a principle. As to the decline and the subsequent revival of the martial spirit in England see "Modern Europe," II, p. 481.

† To be dragged to the polls by committees and newspapers to vote for a Congressman who can do nothing to reform these evils, is to vote for their continuance.

The mobs loud shout, is not the voice of fame,
 Nor can it immortalize a human name :—
 History brings the names from long past ages
 Of warriors, statesmen, goodmen, sages ;
 Or of the greatest fool, as we may term it,
 Like old Xerxes, or Peter the Hermit :
 But such immortal fools have done more good
 Than our ' gods ' ever understood.
 Great virtues and great vices always live,
 And to each age a gloom or lustre give.
 Moses, Aristotle, Alexander,
 Creon, Solon, Lycurgus, Lysander,
 Pitt, Peel, Calhoun, Adams and Washington,
 Lamartine, Mirabeau and Wellington—
 And Jefferson and many other men
 Of that class, who've caused great things to happen,
 Or men who have left great books like Bacon,
 Locke, Plato, Gibbon, Brougham and Lacon ;
 The light of whose wisdom shines on the world
 Wherever liberty's banner 's unfurl'd—
 Great men like these go down from age to age
 And live always on the historic page.
 But contemptible persons (or actions)
 Who fool, and hag, and worry the factions ;
 Who are freely led on by their noses
 Like Guelphs, and Ghibbeline's and the Roses,
 Perish fore'er in oblivion's vale,
 And subsequent ages know not the tale.
 These Jacks, Jack Falstaffs, Clays, Websters and all,
 Will all in the ditch of obscurity fall,
 Unless valor, or virtue, or wisdom shall move them
 To prompt old history hereafter to love them.

Manworship, faction and fanaticism,
 Superstition and ev'ry evil schism ;

National cowardice and the faith of man
 In the powers that be, when they have ran
 The race of vice and folly, till at last
 Each crime is lost 'mid the shadowy past—
 These things have long enslaved our hapless race,
 And oft have swept them from every place—
 These have oft blinded them to the ways and means
 Of their self-preservation, when the screams
 Of liberty could not be heard by one
 O multitudes, who after fools have run.

What are the main designs of Government ?
 To *guard* mankind, and make mankind content.
Patriotism, which makes each heart to move
 With strong emotions of the purest love
 For kin and country ;—disciplined valor,
 Whose stern, unyielding face, shows no pallor ;
 And justice, between rulers and the ruled—
 Justice, that can't by evil men be fool'd.
 Where dwell these virtues, there wisdom also dwells,
 Whether in cities, or in rural dells :
 And where these dwell, calm is the social sea.
 Each husbandman walks gladly o'er the lea
 And gladly views his harvest, which he hopes
 Will be abundant. To him the future opes
 A thousand social joys—his babes, his wife,
 His countrymen—none fear expected strife :
 For ev'ry yeoman is a soldier drilled,
 Unawed if blood on war-ground must be spill'd.
 Mechanic and merchant, rich and poor,
 All are soldiers, fearless of death's wide door,
 If honor, duty, country, call to arms,
 Merchants, yeomen, all, leave stores and farms.
 Their rights all know, and them will dare maintain,
 If human blood must redden ev'ry plain.
 For in *that* nation equal are the means

To all freemen of viewing virtue's scenes
 And knowing virtue's principle. All
 Well knowing virtue will obey her call,
 And do their duty, not by habit led,
 But by the cool perceptions of the head.
 That government is potent to do right—
 To punish and reward—to make men fight,
 But powerless to do wrong, or tyrannize
 By faction o'er the State—or dastardize
 The people. For bad rulers will repent
 Where their crimes all know, and know the punishment;
 Or there's no repentance, since all fear to sin
 And men the ways of virtue follow in.
 If Nero or Caligula to day
 Were President of France, would they dare play
 The game they played in Rome? Afraid they'd be
 Of the vengeance of a people, strong and free.
 Would Clay and Webster a century hence
 Presume to govern us by pounds and pence?
 Would they dare tread down a rightful power
 And speak in Congress o'er a half an hour,*

* Since the beginning of the world, no legislative assembly except Congress has dared to sit eight months in time of peace, and excite the popular zeal and phrenzy, by long and violent speeches on questions of internal police and economy. In this Union the States have retained many governmental powers for the management of their legislatures; yet Congress (save the mark!) sits eight months to discuss abolition and pecuniary matters. There were no wars, famine or other great events, nevertheless these knaves will stick, like leeches, to the Capitol for the sake of mileage and speech-making. In the meanwhile, the mails are filled with their venal and inflammatory harangues; these are read by the people who afterwards begin to clamor about the nonsense that is taking place at Washington. It was thus that one of Cromwell's Parliament became contemptible and odious to the English people, and he found it necessary to dissolve it. He entered the House and said "Get you gone, and give place to honester men—you are no longer a Parliament." After having one fellow thrown out of the window, the rest all left, and Cromwell locked the door and put the key in his pocket. He summoned another parliament, which turned out as useless as the first. He sent one of his officers to dissolve

On war and peace and on our State's glory
 And on treaties and deeds of history.
 About Freesoil they'd dare not say a word,
 And would not be on banks and mileage heard;*
 Banks, tariffs, improvement, and all the list †
 Of common place topics, of which consist.
 Their speeches, blown through the vale of years,
 Would drive away the crowds or cause the sneers
 Of such as might remain to hear the croak
 Of ancient frogs, who've made these subjects smoke.‡
 He's no patriot, but a demagogue
 Who keeps his country always in a fog,
 About internal questions of police,
 Or as to who shall share the largest fleece.

The wheels of an upright government,
 Are always to the goal of virtue lent;

it, who entering the house asked what were they doing there. "We are seeking the Lord," said one fellow. "Then, you can go elsewhere," said the officer, "to seek him; for to my certain knowledge he has not been here these many days." Our Congress is about like Barebones' Parliament. Notwithstanding the English Parliament makes all local and general laws, it does not sit as long as this Congress.

* The writer is by no means opposed to good banks; he is only opposed to the thunder.

† What gentlemen! is it to be said that because there is a party desirous of peace, the force of the country is lost? Is such language to be tolerated?—Really, gentlemen, one would suppose from this that questions of war and peace had never been discussed in legislative assemblies, and divided the opinion of statesmen; yet we know that the reverse has been the case in all great nations. There is nothing more proper than to advise war when it is necessary, useful and honorable.—M. GUIZOT.

‡ In 1848, these Congressional Documents had fallen into such contempt, that the Inferior Court of Lee County, in Georgia, passed an order "That the sheriff of this county do take the aforesaid papers, and in a fire to be made for that purpose on the public square, that he burn and consume the same utterly and entirely; and that copies of this order be sent to Amos Kendal, Ex-Postmaster General." If all the speeches on these small subjects were made a bonfire of, they would cast a much brighter light over the Union than they cast over it by being read.

And they roll onward, noiselessly and sure
 To destiny and virtue's fountains pure.
 No "foul discussion" wakes each Senate grave
 Nor discord stirs the multitude's great wave;
 But virtues ways are ways of pleasantness
 And all her paths are paths of happiness.
 But if assailed that nation's Honor be
 By foreign serfdoms, o'er the land or sea,
 Or if the weak are press'd down by the strong;
 Or if the poor experience dearth or wrong,
 Then burning words of eloquence conspire,
 To light each ruler's soul with freedom's fire.
 Then to each poor man is his Tully dear,
 And every eye holds virtue's chrystal tear;
 Then like the tiger bounding from his den
 From ev'ry town and hamlet gather men,
 Whose visages both love and valor blend
 And show that they their country will defend.*
 High waves each banner, loudly beats each drum,
 And fame and glory join the martial hum.
 The bayonets above each martial corps
 Whilst it is marching over plain or moor
 Rise and fall with so much regularity;
 That one might deem the scene a rarity:
 And all the horses are so matched in gait,
 That they all seem to tramp at the same rate;
 And when the order for the charge is given
 The mighty din of battle flies to heaven.

* "Freedom with virtue takes her seat;
 Her proper place, her only scene
 Is in the golden mean."—*Cowley*.
 "Who shall awake the Sparian's wife,
 And call in solemn sounds to life
 The youths whose locks divinely spreading,
 Like vernal hyacinths, in sullen hue,
 At once the breath of Fear and Virtue shedding,
 Applauding Freedom lov'd of old to view."—*Collins*.

Line faces line, and foemen, foemen meet
 And combat hand to hand, and feet to feet ;
 And like the famous battles in Poland
 The bayonets din above each warring band
 Stills and drown's the artillery's loud roar,
 So strongly clash the bayonets that field o'er.
 Or like Thermopylæ's immortal band
 When every weapon falls from ev'ry hand
 Rather than freedom looses or glory's wreath,
 Each soldier fights on with his hands and teeth.*

But when the olive branch waves o'er the free,
 Then all is stillness and humility.
 Each soldier brave who fell not on the field
 Pours out to family, joys long concealed ;
 And on monuments the names of those who died
 Are by surviving patriot's inscribed.
 Discipline is not stopp'd ; the reg'lar drill
 Takes place, of the citizens on plain and hill,
 And thus they keep alive the martial spirit,
 That their posterity may it inherit,
 And that they may not ever be tame slaves
 Of ign'rance or faction, of fools or knaves,
 Or of the foreign despotisms that wait
 But for occasion to destroy their State.
 Then neighborhoods in peace and quiet move
 And talk and sing of charity and love ;
 Or how their children shall be rais'd to know
 The ways of virtue in this world below. †

* Having repassed their intrenchments, they posted themselves, all except the Thebans, in a compact body upon a hill which is at the entrance of the straits, and where a lion of stone has been erected in honor of Leonidas. In this situation, they who had swords left used them against the enemy, the rest exerted themselves with their hands and teeth.—*Herodotus' Polymnia.*

Sparta contained only 30,000 inhabitants; Athens 21,000; and the State of Georgia 1,000,000.

† "They shall dwell safely, and none shall make them afraid.—*Ezekiel c.*

Good school-houses in every precinct stand
 And ev'ry child goes there that's in the land;
 Anxious and willing parents are to send
 Their children to these schools—if they object
 The laws mild penalty they may expect,*
 Grave Senators and Representatives,
 Find war and education their incentives
 To short speeches, beforehand conn'd and writ
 And abounding in eloquence and wit, †
 There being no war, famine or great event
 For them to talk of for the State's content,
 They stay in session only a few weeks,
 And go back home and kiss their fam'ly's cheeks.
 School-houses, poor-houses, prisons are clean,
 And that dear land presents a lovely scene.
 Equal education, makes equal laws,
 And equal virtue, equal love;—because
 Where the same means of wisdom all possess,
 All labor each other in their lives to bless.

34, v. 28. Powerful nations are eagles watching for weaker prey. Preserve military discipline.

* In Prussia the compulsory system is carried out, and all children are obliged to attend the public schools. It has proven itself a better plan than the voluntary systems in Scotland and New England. In 1834, (and since that year,) efforts were made in England to introduce the compulsory system. Edinburgh review says it will have to be adopted.—*Vol. LVIII.* *Faction* has murdered education in the South. In 1849, there were 30,000 poor persons in Virginia, above 25 years old, who could not read or write. That State has never produced an author except Jefferson. On this subject see 1 *Blackstone's Com.* 451; *Chitty's Medical Jurisprudence* 364; see "*England in 1835,*" by *Von Raumer.*

† When the Prince de Joinville presented the body of Napoleon, he said "Sire, I present the body of the Emperor Napoleon." The King replied "I receive it in the name of France." How long would Messrs. Benton or Webster have spoken on such an important occasion? We may presume, at least, twelve hours. Cæsar's letter was *Veni vidi vici*—our great men's letters fill up a whole newspaper. When Mr. Buchanan, while Secretary of State, wrote four columns to the British Minister to prove our title to Oregon, the Minister treated it with contempt in his letter of reply.

I mean a *possible equality* *
 In which condition mankind are most free.
 Yet learning is not wisdom, and the arts
 Which bless a country, and adorn its marts
 Are feeble guards of innocence and truth.
 Or of the tenets of our virtuous youth.
 With arts and science and Homeric verse
 Greece was reduced to slavery, or worse;
 And Rome, whose strong arm broke the pow'r of Greece,
 By her vile cowardice lost all her peace. †
 Superstition the child of fear misled
 The trusting masses, who like a horse well-fed
 That thinks he sees a de'il in ev'ry shade
 Went on thoughtless till their graves were made.
 Where superstition is, man worships man, ‡

* When I say complete equality, I dont mean, because I know it is impossible to have a literal equality in every particular. Here, as in matters of more sacred import, it may be that 'the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.' I speak of the spirit and not of the letter, in which our legislation should be conducted."—*Robert Peel*

Equality is the equal means of knowing and loving virtue, and the equal power of doing good. "Good laws," says an eminent historian, "are essential to good government; arts and sciences to the prosperity of a nation; and learning and politeness to the perfection of the human character." These are indispensable advantages; but, *quid legis sine moribus vaniæ proficiunt?* Without good morals, without an intelligent love of *Virtue*, without wisdom unclouded by faction, fanaticism, manorship, and avarice, and, above all, without *national valor* and *national justice*,

"Low brow'd baseness will bear perfume to pride,"

And lofty steeples will look down on slaves.

† "No, Freedom, no, I will not tell

How Rome, before thy weeping face,

With heaviest sound, a giant statue, fell.—*Collins*.

‡ I have been informed that a prominent member of a certain Cabinet is a firm believer in fortune-telling. That, on consulting a fortune teller, he was told to sleep with a certain white horse's hair under his pillow, and his dreams would come to pass. He did so, and dreamed he was an animal with long ears; that he was grazing on the grass, and was in that situation so roughly curried by a gentleman with a silver curry-comb, that he brayed loudly, and

And Grecians worshipp'd men as well as Pan,
 Until their race of glory was through ran.
 And where superstition is, her daughter, *fear*
 Prompts man to move and act in ev'ry sphere,
 Not from *honor* or from virtuous love,
 But from the vilest feelings that can move.
 But where republic's walk in virtue's ways
 The vice of party spirit has small sway.*
 And superstition places not her chains
 On man's right reason in those good domains.
 Brief is *discussion*, and the justest laws
 Without a hiss are passed, without applause;
 And courts of justice, judges wise and just
 Rightly decide, and rightly do their trust.

woke up. On the 26th of January, 1851, several persons assembled at the house of a Mr. Gardner, on Ann Street, Fall River, to witness the "tippings" of a table. One Baylies Staples rushed amidst the crowd, and while breaking a table, fell dead. See Rochester Rappings, the Freaks of Millerism, Mormonism. I have heard of a simple Yankee who prayed to Webster morning and evening to give peace and prosperity to the country. I have seen a graduate (Northern) of Brown University, who believed in the Rochester Rappings.

* Throughout the whole of history we may trace the connection between superstition and faction. As fear is the mother of superstition, so ignorance, hope and hatred are the parents of faction. The one runs to Joe Miller to escape from the devil, the other *deifies* Clay, Webster, and others, through the darkness of the understanding. The spirit of both is a species of insanity which blinds man to the truth. An enthusiast or partisan would burn at the stake like a Hussite, and yet he is a coward; he knows no moral or military discipline; his leaders are his gods, and anarchy his element. "It opens the door," says Washington in his farewell address, "to foreign influence and corruption, which finds access to the Government through the channels of party passion. Thus the policy and will of one country are subjected to the policy and will of another." "A party man," says the Reverend Mr. Beecher, "will oppose fraud by craft; lie by lie; slander by slander."—*Beecher's Lect. to Young Men*. Read the history of the Guelds and Gibbelines, of the Roses, and the Whigs and Torys in England.—See *Chesterfield on Party Spirit*.

No party tool, attempts by speeches loud
 To stir contentious clamor in the crowd ;
 And if o'er it, he tries his zeal to blow
 He's spurned and jeered as a Monte Christo.
 For the outpouring of the human soul
 In floods of zeal, that man cannot control ;—
 Unless it flow out in a noble cause,
 Or in obedience to nature's laws—
 Is basest slavery and insanity
 And a foul outrage on humanity.
 And e'en if zeal be carried to extremes,
 For virtue it becomes a vice, and creams
 And mantles on the public countenance
 Like dust that gathers o'er a nest of ants.
 Such are the virtues of a glorious state,
 And such the vices which her people hate.
 What is the truth about our State's condition ?
 To glory does she run ? or to perdition !
 What has been done in six and twenty years
 To *guard* our lives and dissipate our fears ?
 What has been said or done in that long time
 To rouse the valor of this western clime ?
 Where are the virtue's of the olden time !
 Where are our Tullys, Pranklins, Henrys, Pitts,
 And men not governed by fippenny bits ?
 Where are our Solomons and Lamartines
 Whose mighty wisdom frightens kings and queens ?
 Where are our statesmen, who like William Pitt,
 Have uttered eloquence and charming wit
 To persuade mankind virtue to adore
 Or soothe the feelings of the humble poor ! *

* During Mr. Pitt's administration, he scorned all party distinctions ; and the very names of Whig and Tory were lost in the blaze of his popularity.—Reposing on the affections of his country, the strength and the resources of which he better understood than any other man, he employed men of all parties, and found all alike faithful. This great man would soon have done away all local and party distinctions, had he not so suddenly resigned.—*Mod.*

Or who like Pitt, jealous of foreign power
Closely observe their secret plots each hour,

Europe, 575. On one occasion before the Privy Council, he arose quickly and with sparkling eyes and animated features, he said "This is the time for humbling the whole house of Bourbon." Compare his extraordinary sagacity and courage with the dullness and timidity of Clayton and Webster. And let the reader peruse the following remarks of the great Robert Peel, and compare their classic purity and manly sentiments to the stale and soulless verbiage of some of our modern "gods."

"I shall," said this truly great man, in his farewell address, "I shall leave a name, I fear, severely censured by many honorable gentlemen, who, on public principle, deeply regret the severance of party ties—who deeply regret that severance not from any interested or personal motives, but because they believe that fidelity to party engagements—the existence and maintenance of a great party—to constitute a powerful instrument of government. I shall surrender power severely censured again, by many honorable gentlemen who, from no interested motives, have adhered to the principle of protection as important to the interests and welfare of the country; I shall leave a name execrated by every monopolist [loud cheering] who from less honorable motives maintains protection for his own individual benefit; [continuous cheering;] but it may be that I shall leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of good will in those places which are the abode of men whose lot it is to labor and to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow—a name remembered with expressions of good will, when they shall recreate their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because it is no longer leavened by a sense of injustice." The very portrait and soul of the man shines through the above passage. Again, "Sir, I trust also that the stability of our Indian empire has not been weakened by the policy we have pursued, [cheers,] and that the *glory* and *honor* of the British arms, both by sea and land, in every part of the world, have been maintained, not through our exertions, but through the devoted gallantry of the soldiers and sailors of this country."—*Peel*. Again, "Sir, although there have been considerable reductions made in the public burdens, yet I have the satisfaction of stating to the House that the *national defences* of the country have been improved both by *sea* and *land*, and that the *army* and *navy* are in a most efficient state."—*Ibid*. Thus speaks a *great* statesman. Says Webster, (Speech at Albany,) "A party speaks through its leaders. What folly it is to say that this is not my opinion," &c. "Such is the judgment of Mr. Polk's Carolina friends on the subject of a judicious tariff, and I am '*hugely*' of the opinion that it is his judgment also." Hear Mr. Clay, "Whigs! shake off the dew-drops which glitter on your garments," &c. Again, "Slavery may be terminated in different modes. It may be by law, it may be by the sword." &c. Compare the men!

And when the justest cause of war is seen,
 Sound the loud tocsin, *honor* to redeem!
 What Union man has glorified our name,
 By lighting in the Senate valor's flame?
 Have we not pressed and warred against the weak
 Not for true *glory*, or revenge to wreak
 But for gold? and whilst thus the weak we slew
 Did not the strong our citizens pursue? *
 Though nat'ral was that war and might be just,
 Wars of honor should have been fought first.
 For when old Rome her Punic wars began,
 Then the knell sounded for the fall of man.
 And that once great nation bow'd her head in shame,
 Before the glory of Alaric's name.
 And bought with gold a short lived liberty,
 By begging a barbarian's charity!
 Where's *our* Navy, bought with Southern Cotton—
 'Twill not be ours, whether sound or rotten:
 While in the Union 't will fight the weak for money,
 But n'er will fight for us, for love or honey:
 If we for *honor* say a single word
 They'll say like Falstaff, *honor's* but a word.†

* For a full account of the tyranny of England over us, and her total disregard of our rights, see the history of the Northeastern Boundary, of the case of the *Creole*, a brig seized by a gang of slaves and carried into New Providence. See Also the case of the *Amistead*. For some account of the atrocities, see *Savannah Republican*, of December 16th, 1841. That paper of that date remarked concerning these cases, that "It is a disgrace to any government to declare principles of morality and justice, which it has the power, but not liberality and pride to sustain." A sentiment worthy of the editor of that paper.

† 'Tis admitted by all that this Union *may be* dissolved at *some* day, evidence exists of hostile feelings between the North and the South; all know that the North in case of disunion, will hold fast to the Navy, bought with the duties paid on merchandize exchanged for our cotton. And would it be credited in Turkey, Germany, or France, that the South, thus exposed to a *foe* who insists on union for self-interest, cares not for the future, and fears no *danger*

We know that Calhoun eighteen years ago
 Foretold these evils which we should all know.*
 Did not he then these factious tribes expose
 And plainly prove to us they were our foes?
 Have we forgot how Jackson named Van Buren
 To succeed him, and bring this land to ruin? †
 Say Southrons, was not this *deification*
 That one brave man should thus mislead this nation?
 If this did hap' who will lift up his hand
 And say, "*manworship*" has not stained this land!
 If this did hap' may we not safely say,
 That many a man thus worships Henry Clay?

because the *danger* does not burn their skins? or because the evil has not actually come to pass?

* We may learn from Mr. Calhoun's speeches that these corruptions in our Government commenced under Gen. Jackson, "Other administrations," said he in a speech then delivered "may exceed this in talents, patriotism and honesty; but certainly in audacity, in effrontery, it stands without a parallel. *Register of Debates, vol. x, p. 213.* There is no mock modesty in the above passage, but it strikes at the root of the evil. Again "The actors in our case are of a different character—artful, cunning, and corrupt politicians, and not fearless warriors. They have entered the Treasury not sword in hand, as public plunderers, but with the false keys of sophistry, as pilferers, under the silence of midnight."—*Ibid.* Again, "I believe that such is the hold which corruption has in this Government, that any man who shall undertake to *reform* it will not be sustained."—*Ibid.* Aye, he lived to see these corruptions dastardize and "dollar-ize" the Union, and to destroy the affections and valor which formerly preserved it. Will any venal politician taunt good men by charging South Carolina with "*deifying*" Calhoun? I answer that it is not the man that's "*deified*," but it is his incorruptible *patriotism*. Pickens also denounced Gen. Jackson's administration "as the vilest and the most lawless crew that were ever raised up under the dispensations of Providence to scourge a degenerate and ungrateful people." "Sycophancy and servility have taken the place of all the heroic and manly virtues. The rooks as well as the obscene birds have placed themselves in the high places of the land, and we sit daily surrounded with their filth and putrified corruption.—*Register of Debates, vol. XII, p. 241.* When did Clay, Webster, Lawrence, Everet, Benton, &c., ever declaim against these party vices? Never.

† Van Buren was overthrown for recommending the Standing Militia Bill—the only useful measure he ever devised or recommended.

And would he not like New York's fair misses
 O'erwhelm his face with a thousand kisses? *
 Slaves! who like Helots could thus deify
 A mortal man, when God is in the sky!
 Slaves! who could thus reb by party spirit
 Your children of that boon they should inherit.
 'Tis man that's worshipp'd not this Union's fame
 Or glory past, or Washington's great name!
 'Tis not the mem'ry of the famous past
 That to the Union makes some held so fast.
 But 'tis some "god-like" Dan, or "Henry Clay,"
 Or god-like pettifogger on his way—
 Or on the highway where the roads do cross
 And where the grog-man books his gain and loss:—
 There meet the host to hear that smaller god
 And watch the wisdom of his pregnant nod.

O freedom of the Press! that vaunted phrase
 Of factious demagogues in modern days!
 "Heavens! exclaims the stranger that comes here
 From foreign climes and reads their words severe—
 The American Press prints what it pleases
 And don't care who it tickles—who it teases;
 All editors may write what they desire,
 And freeze the world, or set the world on fire!"
 O! that for Freedom's sake this were the truth,
 And then some virtue would remain, forsooth!
 But then, alas! and men this truth has shocked—
 The minds and mouths of editors are locked
 As fast as a jail-door by some party boor,
 Who has, perhaps, a seat on Congress floor,

* When Henry Clay was nominated by Watkins Leigh at the Baltimore Convention, the papers of that time inform us that "a hundred thousand voices sounded almost a thousand times *Amen—Amen* accompanied by such cheers and clapping of hands as the world never heard before." Not many years ago, at a certain town in Georgia, a politician was pulled to the hustings in his coach by a team of men.

And comprehends the rudiments of grammar,
 And speaks of mileage in a yelling manner.*
 O'er the land the paper circulates
 And gulls the people of the Union States.
 And this is what they call good government,
 Whilst Dan or the gazette is what is meant;
 Or may be editors have got some letters
 From men in Congress, whom they deem their betters;
 Or many bushels of public documents
 Float o'er the land to banish common sense.
 And thus the mass is duped by knavery,
 Or by some boor oppo'sed to slavery,
 Or by some fool whose name is in the papers,
 Praised and flattered for his party capers.
 The people, God bless them! will soon be able
 To comprehend these fictions which disable
 The largest numbers in their sovereign might,
 To vaunt their power and proclaim their right.
 And when the scales of party superstition
 Fall from man's eyes, he'll see his true condition;
 And none will longer love to *deify*
 A human "god" instead of God on high.
 Then female kisses will be placed upon
 The faces of such men as Washington—
 Not given freely to some party hack,
 Whose pride is heated by each gentle smack,
 And who, henceforth, will on the tariff speak
 With loud grandiloquence from week to week,
 Filling the land with paper, as he bawls,
 To serve each loafer's most imperious calls.
 Then education will lift up her head
 And humanize our sons, when we are dead;
 And sterling courage and morality
 Will give our statesmen immortality.
 Then literature will kiss, with her sweet mouth,
 The sons and daughters of the sunny South!

* Exceptions of course.

Southron awake! O! for some poet's art
 To rouse the feelings of each manly heart!
 O! break the gordian knot that spoils your fame,
 And makes your honored sons look down in shame!
 That evil spell, that locks our chains, dissolve,
 And by Jehovah! let us all resolve
 That virtue, valor, *honor* we will save
 Or sleep with honor in the patriot's grave!

Or will ye be the slaves of men who've sinn'd
 By worshipping the songstress Jenny Lind?
 O Venus! in the nineteenth century,
 In New-Orleans, a Yankee preacher's knee
 Was bent in prayer for safety of Miss Lind
 From raging billows and the stormy wind.
 He was quite right to pray for her salvation,
 And for her safe return back to this nation;
 But when that prayer was published in a paper
 That seemed much like an idol'trous caper;
 And there must have been in his dim eye a moat
 Thus soon to *deify* a petticoat.*
 And when this vestal virgin goes on to charm 'em,
 A crowd of asses will shout out Barnum!
 Barnum! Barnum! Barnum! come out, Barnum!
 And let us see your nose and lengthy arm!
 Hurrah for Barnum! hurrah for Jenny!
 Shouts a crowd whose soul is worth a penny;†
 A crowd who'll bellow at these pretty tunes,
 And care for nothing else but picayunes;

* I allude to the Reverend Mr. H****, a Northern divine, who is paid \$6,000 a year for his preaching. The reader can refer to his published letter.

† Is such a crowd moved by sincere love for this Union? Let the Reverend Mr. Beecher, himself a Yankee, answer: "We can pay Elssler hundreds of thousands. We can pay vagabond fiddlers, strumpet dancers, and boxing men! —but to pay honest debts, indeed, indeed we have honorable scruples of conscience about that."

O, save each state and each honorable court
 From anything a Yankee ever wrote!*

And who, for *gold* are for this glorious Union.
 But who for *love* will hold no "communion"
 "With slave breeders, who have no common schools
 Or literature to civilize their fools."
 "Shakspear's immoral—Bryant is the man,
 And Willis is soft and sweet as a fan;
 And Beecher is sweeter, and Smith is devout,
 And Williams is a quaker out and out,
 And sweetly describes the right of submission
 By every man in every condition."
 Some little girl by some Onderdonk's side,†
 With Bible in hand o'er the waters wide,
 From drowning is saved by that bishop serene,
 And this is of some great poet! the theme.
 Some novelist shows how a worthy quaker
 Is saved from the knife of an Indian Fakir,
 Not by courage at all or fighting his foe,
 But by kissing the nail of his great toe.
 "The Bible explained"—"New Pslams for the Flock,"
 Or old worn out yarns of Plymouth rock;

* Reverend Mr. Beecher says: "The Ten Plagues have visited our literature; water is turned to blood; frogs and lice creep and hop over our most familiar things—the couch, the cradle and the bread-trough; locust, murrain and fire are smiting every green thing.—*Beecher's Lect. to Young Men. p. 212.* If this is your Northern literature, Mr. Beecher, the Lord deliver us from it.

† From *Lovell's U. S. Speaker*, page 214, I extract the following:

"TO A CHILD—*Yankee.*

Things of high import sound I in thine ears,
 Dear child, though now thou mayst not feel their power,
 But hoard them up, and in thy coming years
 Forget them not, and when tempests lower,
 A talisman unto thee they shall be,
 To give thy weak arm strength—to make thy dim eye see."

Such is the production of one of their most eminent poets. It is thrust into a book, and without comment the book is allowed to be used in our schools.

The life of John Smith with the author's portrait,
 Or the tears and the sighings of poor little Kate,
 Who loved a parson and knelt down with him,
 For the forgiveness of their mutual sin.*

Such is the boasted Northern literature,
 And such the litter that can well inure
 A herd of pedlars, quacks, and factious jades,
 To dastardize the men and spoil the maids.†
 Then the itin'rant Yankee pedler comes
 And whines his nasal speech about your homes,
 And humbly begs you, as a little toady,
 To subscribe for the book of Louis A Godey.
 You take the book—your daughter reads the stories,
 And feels delighted with its Yankee glories;
 And when you're least suspecting any medler,
 You find your daughter stolen by a pedler.

“Breathes there a man of you with soul so dead,
 Who ever to himself alone hath said”—
 Let six and twenty by-gone years return,
 And with their glories let my bosom burn?
 Let me see kitchen cabinets, and cliques
 Of party toadies and notorious sneaks?
 Let the vile slanders of a party press
 Call Tyler traitor and some Polk distress?‡

* Mr. Beecher says “We shudder and pray for the shrieking victim of the inquisition; but who would spare the hoary inquisitor, before whose shrivelled form the piteous maid implores relief in vain?”—*Beecher*, p. 150.

† Many pretty girls are spoiled by reading such trash as the Yankee's publish.

‡ I extract from old papers, the following slanders to show the spirit of these corruptions: Old Zuke Polk, James K.'s grand-father. Mr. Venable admits the Toryism of Ezekiel Polk. “I admit the Toryism of Ezekiel Polk, John Tyler, and Benedict Arnold.” “The Arch-Traitor.” Hard money for the office-holder, and direct taxation for the people.” This headed the columns of the *National Intelligencer*: “The Northern Man with Southern Principles— a pamphlet of forty pages, prepared by the Republican Committee of 76:

Let cider-barrels, Polk-stalks, and coon-skins
 Place in the land the devil and his sins!
 That Southerners shall bear the foul disgrace
 Of "Yankee cowards" in each foreign place
 Because some knaves are self-styled men of peace,
 And fly from Britain like a flock of geese!
 Wish ye to see these knaves by bargain make
 Some General President, who'll let 'em take
 What'er they please?—who'll let them nominate
 Foreign consuls to represent your state? *
 Some foreigner who tramples on your flag
 And whistles as he calls it a vile rag? †
 Or let them send as Charge a drunken neaf
 Who'll call the hostess of his house a thief? ‡

South-Carolina!

"On Georgia's shore and thy devoted coasts
 When ev'ry strait is filled with naval hosts,
 When hostile bands inspired with frantic hope,
 In Charleston, give wide-wasting fury scope,
 Then shall the youthful son of Federal pride
 The vengeance of celestial wrath abide,
 Fierce though he be and confident of power,
 For arms with arms shall clash and blood shall shower
 O'er all the sea, while peace and liberty
 From Jove and victory descend on thee,"

contents: Slavery; Negro Testimony; The Missouri Question; Abolitionism; White Slavery; The Tariff; Federalism; the Militia Bill; National Bank, and Sub-Treasury." Glorious Union! Away with these foul slanders and factious rascalities. Then comes Crockett's Life of Van Buren, and Clay's and Webster's everlasting speeches, and thousands of bushels of public documents.

* It has been the practice of the Cabinet at Washington, for many years, to secure foreign votes by appointing foreigners to consulates. Infamous scoundrels are often preferred to American citizens. Clay's and Cass' sons were appointed to get their father's support; and King was sent to California to secure the Northern vote.

† An Englishman was appointed at Bahia, who trampled on our flag—proof, Captain William Norville, of Baltimore.

‡ Charge deAffaires to one of the South American States. For the honor of the South I will not disclose his name, as he is a Southern man.



A NATIONAL AIR FOR THE SOUTH.

O, we will sing of native clime,
Of our own Southern homes,
Where bravely in the olden time,
Our fathers laid their bones,
O, 'tis the land our fathers won
By war and victory ;
When lived and fought great Washington
Among the brave and free.

Altho' we armies have not
Nor navies on the sea ;
Yet each of us good lads has got
A heart that's bold and free ;
And as we have fair maids to cheer
We'll mount the bounding steed,
And hurl with strength the glitt'ring spear,
And will no danger heed.

And with yon giant live-oak,
That groweth near the strand,
We'll build us many a staunch bark
To guard our native land.
O, do you see yon lofty trees
The Cypress, Oak, and Pine ?
That waive their foliage o'er the leas,
And shade the sweet woodbine ?

Full many a year they've cast their shades
 O'er the palmetto grove;
And yet they stand above the glades—
 Memorials of our love.
O, may the glory of our land
 Endure as long as they;
And cheer each future warring band
 That goes in the forray.

Repeat: O may the glory of our land, &c.

SONG OF THE CUBA INVADERS.

Come all ye brave lads, and let us once more
Our bright standards plant on Cuba's bold shore ;—
'Tis the fairest island that's under the sky,
And for it we'll fight and conquer or die.

We'll care not for Webster, or Hale, or Fillmore,
When we shall have landed on that lovely shore ;
At the roll of the drum and the sound of the fife,
For conquest and glory we'll charge in the strife.

Old England once conquered that island, they say,
And sorry she was that she gave it away ;
'Tis the key of the Gulf, and guards its broad mouth,
And she wants it to injure the rights of the South.

But with our brave lads from the mountain and plain,
From Marion's fields, and the great Southern main,
And with lasses to cheer us and sweeten our mouth,
We'll strike for true glory and the rights of the South.

Ye chivalric sons of the mountain and valley,
Round Cuba's bright banner will ye not rally ?
O, we'll rally, we'll rally in liberty's name—
We'll rally for Cuba, for glory and fame.

* I am by no means in favor, at present, of the acquisition of Cuba; though I do not object to the singing of a song by her piratical bands.

APPENDIX

TO THE SOUTHERN MARITIME STATES

THE EVIL AND THE REMEDY.

A gleam of truth seems to shine through the darkness of the past twenty-seven years of our history. Out of the manifold errors and dangers which involve us, let us endeavor to discover some general principle which shall dispel from our minds the gloom of present doubts and fears, and excite hopes of future safety and happiness. Wherefore are Southerners and Georgians ignorant of their native land? Why does one party proclaim the Union as their fatherland, and deny their own State and why does the opposing party proclaim their State and deny the Union? Are all ignorant of the ties of natural allegiance? The native country of Frenchmen and Englishmen is in the hearts of all Frenchmen and Englishmen; but our native land appears to be neither in our heads or hearts. Indeed, there are many of us who know not what it is, nor where it is; but our understandings are as dark as midnight—our hearts are void of natal love, and we are as pusillanimous as lambs. We want a country to love and a country to defend. We want a country that shall be the pride, the hope, and the glory of our posterity. Strange ignorance and strange want! yet it is true that the community feel at heart an aching void. We are not satisfied.—The instincts of our nature warn us of errors and dangers. A

has not gone right in the country. Why are both Georgia and the Union hated instead of loved? The answer to this question is a general principle that may guide us to future safety—the answer is because that this federal Union has destroyed the virtue of patriotism, the only true foundation of democratical sovereignty.

All experience hath shown that a Federal Union of sovereign States, under a general government exercising sovereign powers, is destructive of human happiness. Since the beginning of the world, no more than three regular forms of civil government have successfully prevailed among men, viz: first a Democracy, when the sovereign power is lodged in all the citizens of a community; the second an Aristocracy, when it is lodged in a council of select members; the last a Monarchy, when it is entrusted in the hands of a single person. These are the only forms of government calculated to protect nations; and Tacitus treats the notion of a mixed government, formed out of them all, and partaking of the advantages of each, as a visionary whim, and one that, if effected, could never be lasting or secure. And Gibbon, Hume, Locke, Montesquieu, and other eminent men, have demonstrated the impossibility of governing a large region under a Democracy. They have shown the tendency of that form of government in a *large* State is to degenerate into despotism. Yet it should be confessed that it would be much easier to extend a Democratical government over a large scope of country by erecting one consolidated State than it would be to extend over several States the government of a Federal Union. And here I will remark an error which a great many well-meaning men have imbibed, namely, that of supposing that the government established by our constitution is a Democracy. It is not a Democracy, because the laws are not enacted by all our citizens in primary assemblies; but it is a government in which sovereignty has been delegated by nations or States to a general and select council. I say delegated, but it was only an *attempt* at delegation, inasmuch as sovereignty cannot be delegated or alienated by a State. This system resembles more an Aristoc-

eracy than a Monarchy or a Democracy. The only changes, indeed, which our ancestors effected by the American revolution were the substitution of a president for a king, the abolition of the fictions of kingly prerogatives, the disjunction of church and state, and the right of the people to be taxed by their *immediate* representatives. They adopted, and they bequeathed us the English laws.

Nevertheless, this system, thus partaking of Aristocracy and of Monarchy, has been erroneously styled the great experiment of self-government; and the impression pretty generally obtains that it is a Democracy, and the *only* Democracy that has ever existed over men; whereas, the Democracies of Greece and Rome, of Venice, San Marino, Switzerland, and many others, had prevailed long centuries before our constitution was conceived.

Our government is of that mixed kind formed out of the three systems—it is precisely that form of government which Tacitus, Gibbon, and the most distinguished historians and philosophers have pronounced to be visionary and impracticable. It is a federal union of sovereign States. It is an experiment to divide sovereignty between equal governments. It is an attempt to divide patriotism or the local affections of the human heart. It is an attempt to divide the ties of natural allegiance. In short, it is an attempt to change human nature and to effect impossibilities; whereas, sovereignty, natural allegiance, and patriotism (which last consists of love, justice and courage) are respectively indivisible and unalienable. Sovereignty or the right of making laws is the unalienable right of a nation or state, in the same manner as natural liberty is the unalienable right of individuals. I will not discuss the question whether a nation might rightfully cede away its sovereignty, destroy its nationality, and become subject to the government of another nation. Sovereignty, being the consent and wishes of every individual, delegated to a few agents, is inalienable because the agent cannot alien or transfer the natural liberties of the people. A state is a nation, and a nation must make war and peace, and collect the revenues; and to deem that region of country a state which is destitute of rev-

enues, and of armies to defend its rights against invasion, is the extreme of stupidity.

Among the errors of this age and nation, the most remarkable is that of a Federal Union of States. The notion of a Congress of Nations to collect and disburse the revenues of the world; the impression that large territories, instead of public virtue, constitute national greatness and safety; and that a common government might embrace the whole of North and South America, are, to say the least of them mere fallacies and hallucinations. We might with equal reason attempt to bring France, England and Russia under a Federal Union, and permit Nova Zembla to collect and disburse their revenues, and to make wars and peace for them. We might maintain a Congress of Nations just as easily, as we might maintain this Federal Union of Sovereign States, with a central despotism to misapply the revenues and oppress the people; and as it would be unnatural and impossible for Nova Zembla to manage the revenues and wars of all Europe, so it will be impossible for this Federal government to manage the wars and revenues of thirty or forty American Nations or States. Since the Christian era, the limits of nations have diminished instead of increasing. Nature divided the Roman Empire. The subject tribes of Spain, Gaul, Britain, and those of Asia and Africa receded within those natural boundaries which nature's God had carved out for each state. The Spanish dominions in America first revolted and afterwards divided. Look at the Federal Union of German States—has it not suffered the miseries of anarchy, confusion and war? "Those communities of citizens," says the historian "so proud of their independence, those vigilant and undaunted defenders of municipal rights; those members of the empire who were zealously engaged in efforts to ennoble their condition, are lost amidst the crowd of warlike princes."

The three forms of government before-mentioned are all presumed to be administered for the same two-fold purposes; first, of affording protection to the whole nation or state against foreign enemies; and second, protection for the natural liber-

ties of life, limb, property and security, through the agencies of good laws and courts of judicature. The duties of all civil governments are therefore, first, to afford adequate protection against foreign enemies; second to enact good laws for the protection of private and natural rights; and third, to abstain from exceeding these purposes; that is, the agent is bound to pursue the strict letter of his authority, and not to exceed it. The duty of the people is that of allegiance to the Supreme Government. The unalienable rights of the people are, first, the right of governmental protection against foreign enemies; and second, the right of protection of their natural liberties by good laws and courts of judicature.

When our ancestors declared, therefore, that they ordained the Constitution "in order to form a more perfect union, ensure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty," they intended nothing more than that "the General Government" should protect the Union against foreign invasion or domestic insurrection, and protect by good laws the natural liberties of the people. And as they erroneously attempted to divide sovereignty, a new duty arose, namely, that of complying with the strict letter of governmental authority. And if any government fail to fulfil these purposes, or if it invade popular rights, it becomes destructive of human felicity, and ought to be changed. In such a case, its total abolition might be the sole method of *Reformation*.

Now, the foundations of our government were unhappily laid in error. Our ancestors and the immortal Washington, in believing and hoping that the duties of protection and allegiance might be performed, and that popular rights might be protected under a federal union of sovereign States, trusted with too much faith in the self-denial of mankind. Washington has said in his Farewell Address, that "there is not a doubt that a common government might embrace so large a sphere." "Let experience solve it," is his language. Historical experience was against it, and, to extend it over many sovereign States, it

was necessary first to change the nature of man. For by nature his passions cling to those State boundaries which long years previously had been designated by the first pilgrims who landed on this continent. Attached to those ancient boundaries, it was afterwards, not without a struggle, that the people of the thirteen States could be induced to violate their duty by surrendering the powers of war, peace and the revenue to "a General Government." Nothing but a sense of their extreme weakness and the urgent persuasions of Washington could induce them to give up their revenues to Congress.

Confiding in the virtues of posterity, Washington thought that a federal union of States might fulfil the purposes and duties of civil government; and accordingly he has advised his people to cultivate religion, morality, and patriotism, and to abstain from the indulgence of sectional prejudice and party spirit. Upon a presumption of human perfection, he erected a union of virtuous men, and implored his countrymen to consider a union of virtue as the palladium of their future safety and happiness. He seems to have entertained the belief and the hope that public virtue would in time conquer the *antagonism* of sections and parties. The great principle that sovereignty is *indivisible*, appears not to have been understood at that time. Such was his magnanimity, that he could not believe that *local* passions might make rulers unwise, pusillanimous or parasitical. He could not possibly foresee that *sectionalism* would, in time, wholly destroy *patriotism* and weaken the sentiment of attachment both to the States and to the Union. He has, therefore, left us unadvised concerning what plan of reformation ought to be executed in case the Union be destroyed by the attempt to divide sovereignty, by the *antagonism* of sections, or by the evil ways of evil men.

The presumption of human self-denial was erroneous, and the ancient principle still remains in full force, that a federal union of States with a central government to control the revenues, is unnatural and impracticable. Human nature has not changed. Man is the same being always and everywhere. He

is by nature vengeful and rapacious, and language, interest and sectional prejudice will continue to form the boundaries of nations. The antagonism of sections and interests, and the attempt to partition sovereignty between two separate governments have tended, in a great degree, to extinguish the sentiment of patriotism—and when this virtue is destroyed, the vices of local and factious hatred, cowardice and injustice, take its place, and the capacity for self-government is destroyed. Nationality is destroyed. That odious ignorance is spread abroad which has enslaved or assassinated mankind in all ages and nations—the ignorance of the means of their self-preservation, the ignorance of reformation. Such is our present condition. There is so little patriotism—otherwise love, courage, and justice, that it has come to be a disputed point what and where is one's native country. Surely, where men don't know their country, they are scarcely adequate to the duty of defending that which others may tell them is their native country. If that native country can find no abiding-place in the hearts of citizens, it is little to be expected that it can find an abode in their clouded understandings. In such a condition, no mind recognizes truth, no heart thrills with patriotic devotion, no insult or injury can rouse the feelings of resentment, and no disciplined arm, nerved by patriotism, is lifted to strike down oppression. But the slavery of party has disseminated controversial ignorance, and dastardized the people. There is no true devoted love and valor, neither for this country nor for that; neither for Georgia nor for the Union. The decline of manners and literature must arouse the serious apprehensions of every patriot. Manworship or the deification of party leaders has darkened the human understanding, and disqualified the masses for the duties of self-government. The public press has become an irresistible engine of controversial ignorance, cowardice and falsehood.—It is destitute of all moral courage whatever, and dares not gainsay the dictation of a Congressman or a petty, dastardly clique of party toad-eaters, who would sell their country for the small gains of office. If it ventures to oppose the immorality

of national parties it is proscribed. It falls a victim to the hatred of party cliques; subscribers stop their papers; merchants cease advertising, and the arch fiend of evil consigns it to the oblivion of hell. Or if it pretends to be an independent journal, its editor becomes a sort of cameleon, and by flattering both parties, becomes an unprincipled minion. National parties have corrupted public virtue, and defeated the ends of civil government. Agents of government have exceeded the purpose and limit of political authority. By means of excessive federal legislation on property and money, a federal despotism has been set up; legislators have descended to be the propagators of ignorance and vice; rich and poor have alike been demoralized, and robbed of education and virtue; the army and navy have been neglected, and by long sessions of a Rump Congress, the natural liberties of mankind have been invaded. The martial spirit has declined, and whatever is glorious in the human character has given place to whatever is contemptible and base.— Cowardice is extolled under the name of discretion. Superstition and her mother *fear*, have clouded the human mind, and poisoned the fountains of virtue in the human heart. Honor, courage and justice have been banished by demagogueism.— And what is passing strange, is that the idea of reformation never once occurs to anybody. In England there is what is called the Reform of Parliament—in this country, a proposition by a candidate for Congress to reform that body, would blast his temporal hopes. To these national parties men look for reform: as well might they look to the devil himself to become an angel of light. The leopard cannot change his spots. Reform out of Congress, or reform in and by Congress, is the question. Both appear at present to be impossible. Does the North reproach the South that the latter is enfeebled and disgraced by Negro slavery? The South replies, Our Negroes are not slaves, but happy bondsmen only; but ye are slaves—slaves of Daniel Webster, Fanny Ellsler, Jenny Lind—ye are slaves of avarice and superstition. Does the South reproach the North? The South claiming to have state rights and separate nationalities,

and with a Governor "Who shall" in the language of a mock constitution, "be commander-in-chief of the army and navy of said State" have neither revenues, nor armies, nor navies to enforce or defend those rights when invaded; who, manacled by party chains, continue to drag on an existence of perpetual doubt and fears, ignorant of native land, and of the virtuous emotions which the bare mention of its name ought to inspire; and who have neither wisdom or moral courage to execute any rational plan of reform for your self-preservation. Where patriotism ought to dwell, there is a *vacuum* in the public heart.—The people of the State are divided among themselves into two factions. One of these affects to love the Union, and denounces the other as traitors for contemning it; the other swears by its God that it loves the Union of Washington as sincerely as it despises the present Union or combination of knaves. In this way both the Union and the State have become odious, and the people are disqualified to govern. Thus circumstanced, without a country to love, and without men to defend it, we are exposed to most imminent dangers. There is no safety neither for ourselves nor our posterity under such a government.

Such was the slavery of the Romans under the empire. On account of this mental slavery, Israel divided and fell. Thus fell the ancient kingdoms of Egypt and Assyria, and relapsed into the torpor of barbaric slavery. Mahomet II. could never have overthrown the great city of Constantinople, had not this species of slavery extinguished the martial spirit of the Greeks and caused them to prefer senseless arguments to the *lance* and *catapult*. In order to harmonize *sectionalism*, and to make homogeneous States and men, who were by natural boundaries and various interests, different and dissimilar, this Federal Union has by party spirit well-nigh destroyed the knowledge of the means of human self-preservation, and has disseminated the most odious ignorance. For as knowledge is the clear perception of virtue, so ignorance is the blindness of the understanding to virtue. Ignorance is doubt, superstition, mental slavery and anarchy. Faith takes the place of reason, the connection between

the physical and moral world is lost sight of, and in trying to account for our political origin and destiny, we are ready to believe rather than investigate. We seem to forget that a benignant Providence hath so ordered it, that virtue alone is permanent, and that vice and its train of miseries must of necessity terminate. Morality, the foundation of all governments, is unknown and unmentioned. Our ignorance of the purposes and ends of all governments inclines us to trust in every rumor, to believe every demagogue, and to shape our conduct, not by well-understood general principles, but by news-papers, public documents, and by factious demagogues. Yet, in the midst of our national littleness, our vanity prompts us to boast of national greatness. We have degenerated from the virtues and the valor of our ancestors. We boast of great men, they are contemptible and unknown beyond the limits of the Union; or if known, their names are merely mentioned without exciting admiration or reverence. We imagine that all Europe is transported with admiration by our governmental proceedings—we are ridiculed by all civilized nations. They laugh at us, because they see in the proceedings of Congress what is calculated to excite laughter. Let us not suppose that Frenchmen and Englishmen are so inhuman as to laugh at true glory, greatness and wisdom. These qualities will excite admiration in all quarters of the globe; but eight months session of Congress, the eloquence of Hale, Webster and others, is not calculated to surprise men who have heard Lamartine, Ledru Rollin, Robert Peel and Brougham.—The Federal Union and sectionalism have extinguished the virtues of a Democracy, the fires of eloquence, and the spirit of greatness. They have destroyed nationality.

Thus, in attempting to carry out a form of government unknown to the ancients, and which had proven a signal failure in Germany—and thus, by attempting permanently to alienate and partition the sovereignty of States, it hath fallen to our painful lot to witness the downfall of the Union of Washington, and the erection upon its ruins of a combination of the most vicious men and damnable vices that have ever stained the character of

humanity. The whole machine in its present form is a conspiracy against public virtue. It is hostile to a democracy. I make these assertions in the fullest confidence that time will establish the truth of them. A foreign war might put off the revolution a few years, but this great change in our system must and will soon happen. The system has not only wholly failed to fulfil the purpose of its establishment, but it has made aggressions upon the unalienable rights of independent States.

I. It has failed to protect the whole Union against foreign foes, whereby each State might be said to have been less safe in it than out of it. This will fully appear by reading the debates on Jay's Treaty, and by reading the diplomatic correspondence since the year 1825. The history of the Oregon question, of the North-eastern Boundary, of the Annexation of Texas, and of the Creole and Armstead cases, is the history of the disgrace of every State, because every State is supposed to form part of the Union. If this be true, it will follow that the Union has been less potent since 1824 to defend all the confederated States, than each State would have been if an independent republic; because (particularly the maritime Southern States,) had each State collected its revenues, its military defences would have been stronger than at present. Had Georgia collected her own duties on merchandize during twenty-seven years past, she might have built a fort on every island and river on her coast, and her Governor might have been in fact, not merely in name, "*commander-in-chief of the army and navy of said State.*" By attempting permanently to alienate her sovereign powers to a Federal Government, she has suffered herself to be filched of her *revenues* by the Federal Government. Millions of her money have been paid away to it. This money has built up a Northern navy. That navy will naturally at some day be brought against Georgia if she dare to carry out the absolute right of collecting her own revenues. Certainly, the collection of its own revenue is the absolute right of every State, of France as well as Georgia. It was nothing but the sense of imminent danger, and the strong persuasions of Washington,

that induced the delegates of the thirteen original nations or state to lend these revenues to a general government. Now, if danger exist of foreign or domestic wars, the history of that government proves that it is incompetent to manage these revenues for the safety of the States. True, it did manage them in the last war with England, but it is notorious that there was a powerful party opposed to that war, and that the liberties of the States were imperiled by the dillatory proceedings of Congress. Besides that war was waged to defend Northern Commerce. Georgia pays her revenues to the General Government to strengthen the *defences* and to erect improvements at the North; and such is the nature of cupidity, that the North, mistaking or affecting to mistake that these revenues were designed to defend every State, now clutch them with avaricious eagerness, and threaten that if Georgia or South Carolina shall lay claim to them, they may expect to be bombarded by those ships which our monies constructed to defend us against foreign enemies. With our revenues, venal Congressmen sitting in session seven months are paid to discuss abolition, tariffs, banks and other subjects unconnected with civilized governments. In return for millions of money paid to the Northern Government, Georgia has received a small fort and a custom house at Savannah, and forty thousand dollars to remove obstructions from the Savannah river. This is the insignificant sum received in return for millions. Never, in a single instance, has Georgia received an *military* protection from the Federal Union.

II. As to the second great principle of government, the protection of natural rights by good laws, and by pursuing the strict letter of its authority, it is to be observed, that this duty was reserved to the States, but its performance has been defeated by reason of official federal agents exceeding the purpose of their authority.

III. The Union has not only failed to protect all the States, but it has made direct aggressions upon particular States. This in the first place, it has done by expensive legislation on banks, tariffs, improvements, the abolition of slavery, and by partial c

unnecessary appropriations. Look over Georgia and behold the rich fruits of all this legislation—nothing can be seen—no school-houses, or poor-houses, or fortifications. Where, when and how has the Government benefitted Georgia? The Post Office is all that we have. Where is the man, office holder excepted, who can draw from his purse a dollar that he has been assisted to make by the legislation of Congress? Then, the truth is, Congress is of no use to this State. Is it not an expense? Has it not been an expense for more than twenty-seven years? Has she not paid millions to weaken her military strength, to endanger her liberty, and to fill the land with immorality?—She has paid far more than all this; she has paid the Government to threaten her with war and bloodshed. In her early struggles against the savage tribes of Creek Indians, the Federal Government instead of protecting her against these savages, ordered Gen. Gains to protect the savages. An infamous treaty was made, appropriating over three hundred thousand dollars to these Indians. Against this treaty, the Georgia delegation in Congress unanimously protested. The next aggression was the Proclamation and Force Bill of Gen. Jackson. Following this came the Abolition epoch, and the inhibition to Southern people to carry their servants to California. Along with this last act, was the blow aimed at the morality of Texas, by an immense bribe to that State. It has likewise directed the arms of Great Britain to repeal a local law of South Carolina, respecting negro mariners. Its officers at Fort Moultrie have even refused to let the people of South Carolina worthily celebrate the victories of their ancestors on one of their own battle grounds.

Dastardized by a long and familiar acquaintance with these evils and by party slavery, the press amuses itself by unravelling points which, whether admitted or denied, amount to nothing; the conventions of the people threaten (though with less feeling now than in the times of Nullification) that if any more encroachments or wrongs be committed upon the unalienable right of State sovereignty, that they will resist even at the hazard of disunion; though to appease the wrath of the Federal

Government, they appeal to the people of Boston to remember the glories of Faneuil Hall. Destitute of disciplined valor, or of an "army and navy" for their Governor to be "commander-in-chief" of, they study to employ the smoothest, mildest language in advocating the right of *secession*, as it is called. If some Anglo Northerner residing amongst us, or some native union man assume a stern countenance, and ask "Sir, are you for disunion?" the fellow's heart sinks within him, and amidst his doubts as to the consequences of his answer, he ejaculates "No!" The struggle being over, he breathes more freely, congratulates himself at his narrow escape, and vows to be a union man ever afterwards. Fear with many, well-meaning ignorance with others, and the want of an "army and navy," and of valor withal, have placed many of our good people in a sad state of apathy. Meanwhile, Wall-street capitalists, Northern newspapers, and office seekers, are not idle. The minions of the federal despotism, conscious of this state of things, and that we have no disciplined army, commanded by a Governor, reproach us "that we are an imbecile set of slave-breeders, sunk in effeminacy and sensuality, and without courage or military power to execute our threat of disunion." "Your threats," say they, "are gasconade—you are destitute of valor—have we not your revenues? We are the Federal Government—we dare and defy you."

The Union has failed. The people must and will build upon a new foundation, and adopt new guards for their future security. The event may be postponed by a foreign war, but it is inevitable. The maratime States cannot exist in such a union. The struggle between consolidated monarchy and State independency must soon be decided.

The natural condition of each of the Southern States is that of a separate and independent republic, exercising full sovereignty, but united with other States by friendly alliances.—The god Terminus travels up the Savannah River, crosses the country to its Northwestern boundary, passes down the Chattahoochie River, and thence back to the mouth of the Savannah

casting a jealous eye on the adjoining States. This boundary has been marked by the natural fears and local prejudices of the people inhabiting within our borders. What causes this nationality? I answer—*Almighty God*. He has written national prejudices and fears in the human heart. These feelings were first transplanted here by Oglethorpe, and by those of our ancestors who laid out the boundaries of Georgia. Among the nations of antiquity, these boundaries were esteemed sacred.—They were consecrated to the gods by the ceremony of ploughing a furrow around the spots intended for cities. Our English ancestors were the authors of State boundaries and State rights, and I cannot consider him a patriot, who would erase these boundaries from the human heart. Within them Georgians were born, here they sucked their mother's milk, and were nurtured by parental affection; here the soil produces the grain and meat that sustain their lives; here are the pledges of affection, and of pleasurable memory. A nation, a state, Georgia is the fountain of honor, of office, of justice—protects the lives, the liberties, and the property of the people. She punishes and she rewards. She cannot be punished agreeably to the laws of nature. Thus natural patriotism guards these boundaries. The instincts of nature will prompt the cock to defend his own dunghill, and will even rouse the courage of wild beasts to defend their dens. The boundaries of Maine and California, under such a corrupt government are too remote to arouse these feelings. Patriotism is the parent of sovereignty, and the parent of natural allegiance. Hence the word alien, *alienagena*, is derived from the Latin word *aliegenus*, and signifies one born in a strange country, under the obedience of a strange Prince, or out of the *legiance* of the State. This natural allegiance is due from every natural born citizen to his government. But what is his government, or his native country, whose boundaries are written in his heart? Is it the General Government? If it be, State boundaries ought to be destroyed, since it is a source of misery to call that a State which is only a province. Is it the Government of Georgia? If it be so, Georgia has the unalienable right to

collect her own revenues, and if they are collected by any other power or authority, that power violates the unalienable rights of the citizens of Georgia. Is your allegiance divided between two governments? Do you love both with equal ardor? No—it is impossible! You cannot serve both God and Mammon. You cannot love both. The errors of a Federal despotism, and its vile factions have made you ignorant of native land. The Union is hated—Georgia is hated—the North is hated, and the South is hated. Parties have erased native country from your hearts, and filled them with intense hatred.

Sovereignty, or the power of making laws, is *indivisible* and *unalienable*. The power of making war and peace, of collecting the revenues and of administering justice is *indivisible*—a *unity*. That government to which we are bound by the strongest ties of gratitude, should collect the revenues and make wars. Allegiance, or the duty of obedience to the State, being a debt of gratitude, is unalienable. As a Frenchman cannot love both England and France, and perform allegiance to both; so neither can Georgians alienate or transfer their allegiance to the General Government; that is, they cannot perform the duties of allegiance to both, such a divided allegiance being contrary to the laws of nature. Allegiance is naturally due to the State of Georgia. The people of a State are bound by the laws of nature to defend it against all enemies whatsoever. If this *be* true, it is a species of State insanity to refuse to demand these revenues, which it is our unalienable right to collect and manage, and without which we have not power to defend ourselves. In the early periods of nations, under the feudal system, the tenant swore to bear faith to his sovereign lord in opposition to all men, without any saving or exception; *contra omnes homines fidelitatum fecit.*”

It follows, that if allegiance and the sovereignty of a State be indivisible and unalienable, our ancestors committed an error in attempting to alienate these obligations and powers through the Federal Constitution. Our natural allegiance being due to Georgia, we the people of Georgia have the natural and un-

alienable right to the *protection* of the armies and navies of Georgia. The people of Georgia have, therefore, the natural and unalienable right to collect all revenues and taxes within her boundaries; since without these revenues and taxes, they have not power to do their duty of natural allegiance, and their *right of protection* is exposed to the invasion of foreign enemies. The right of the people to be taxed, or to have duties imposed by their immediate representatives, has been acknowledged and carried out since the reign of William the Conqueror. The denial of this right by King Charles brought his head to the block. It is also the unalienable right of the people to have their revenues disbursed by their immediate representatives in their State legislatures. Representatives in Congress are not *immediate* representatives of the people of Georgia, since a majority in Congress, and not Georgia's representatives, govern.—Our representatives, and not the majority in Congress, have the right to manage our revenues. But it was not the intention of our ancestors that these revenues should be permanently alienated to Congress, because we cannot suppose they intended a thing so unnatural and impossible. They intended that the loan or alienation should be temporary. They found themselves compelled to promise or reserve to the States the right of withdrawing these revenues from the government—without this promise and reservation, it is a notorious part of history that the original States never would have consented to lend them to the Government. Even the surrender upon this favorable condition did well-nigh cause a revolution in 1787. “The people,” says the historian Botta, “considered this revenue dangerous to liberty. They contended the particular States alone, not the Congress, should have the authority to impose taxes or duties. One State refused absolutely to surrender her revenues to Congress.” Suppose our ancestors could have foreseen that Congress would usurp power and become so insolent as to insist upon retaining these revenues as a matter of right—and suppose they could have foreseen that the States would eventually be so in-

timidated as not to demand them; does any one imagine they would have consented to grant the revenues to Congress—No!

The General Government has proved itself to be totally disqualified to manage these revenues. Granted for the protection of the States, they have been applied to endanger the safety and happiness of the States. Granted to repel foreign foes, they have been used to place us at the mercy of foreign foes.—Formed for the safety and happiness of ourselves and our posterity, the Government has become the enemy of ourselves and our posterity.

Lastly—the Plan of Reformation.—The agreement of all the States to recall these revenues, appears to be impossible.—Therefore, a convention of all the States, it is to be feared, would be unnecessary. If they would all agree in such a convention to reclaim these revenues, or, at least, to surrender them to such of the States as might demand them, such a convention might be highly useful. Such a convention, after returning the revenue power to the States, might form a Union of Honor, all the States pledging themselves to grant money and men to aid the others in time of war. Should any State refuse to fulfil its pledges, that refusal would be the unalienable right of such State, because a State is omnipotent and can do everything.—The separate legislatures could raise armies just as expeditiously as Congress, if we review our history this will appear. Let a board of commissioners be appointed to regulate alliances and business inter-communication. Of course, these commissioners should have no sovereign powers, because these powers by nature belong to the States in their several capacities, and can not be delegated by a State. Every citizen in a State gives his consent to laws and constitution—this is sovereignty. The members of the legislature being agents only of the people, cannot delegate an unalienable sovereignty delegated to them. Who is such an unreclaimable fool as to believe for a moment that Wm. Few and Abraham Baldwin could possibly have delegated to the Federal Government the unalienable rights of the people of Georgia? But, having *attempted* to delegate the revenues of

the *State* and the war power to Congress, can any one be so extremely credulous and unthinking as to believe that the unnatural attempt of these two men should now be binding and obligatory upon one million of citizens? Each State might defray the expenses of this board by a small direct tax. Of course, these commissioners would have no power whatever—they would only be allowed to communicate the written instructions of their respective legislatures. These commissioners would stand in the place of the present expensive, burdensome, and ignorant Congress. They would have no power whatever to debate abolition, banks, tariffs, improvement or how the revenues should be applied; because were they allowed these powers, they would at once imagine themselves the rulers of the Union, and render themselves as odious and tyrannical as the present Congress. The State legislatures should rule the country—not commissioners or Congressmen; but these commissioners might communicate the written instructions of the States. In this way, we should have a Union of independent Democracies, bound to each other by honor, safety, and interest. This is the plan, if it might be effected.

If on the contrary, there be no possibility of effecting this desirable revolution peaceably, or by a convention of all the States, pursuant to the invitation of any one State, then any State may demand from the General Government its unalienable rights. Let that State desiring to exercise complete sovereignty appoint a commissioner, not a member of Congress, to demand in writing from the Secretary of State of the United States, the surrender of the sovereignty of that State demanding it.—The Secretary would lay the matter before the President, and the President would communicate the *demand* and its nature to Congress, and Congress would either grant it or refuse it. If Congress should refuse to accede to the State's demand for its sovereignty, the State would, of course, make an open and public declaration of its rights—*indivisible* and *unalienable* rights, and appeal to God and the civilized world to bear witness that those rights of war and revenue are unalienable indivisible;

that the General Government, formed for our safety and happiness, has involved us in danger and misery ; and that our State deems it due to itself and to posterity to build upon a new foundation of government, and to provide new guaranties for our future security.

Each State has sufficient wealth and population to form a Democracy or Republic. It is a historical principle that the smaller the State, if a Democracy, the more favorable to liberty. An extremely *large* State under a Democracy is a Despotism, according to the best writers on this subject. A divided allegiance cannot be extended over the United States—one consolidated government like the present form cannot govern State boundaries, sectional antagonism, and party spirit. Ancient Sparta contained only 39,000 inhabitants, and Athens only 21,000. Yet they routed the hosts of Persia. Look at Venice, San Marino and Switzerland. The principle is, there must be high-minded, patriotic men, otherwise one hundred millions might be as easily conquered as the hundred millions of Hindoos with their Elephants were conquered by the English.

Self-preservation requires that Georgia should resume her revenues and power of war and peace. However, if she believe that slavery is the best condition for a State or nation, let her tamely submit. To South Carolina every patriot looks with hope.

Your Obt. Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

POSTSCRIPT.

Are the people of the South capable of freedom or self-government?

Patriots will be better qualified to decide this question after pondering the following disclosures: In a certain part of Georgia, on the 4th of July, 1851, a large and respectable portion of the citizens of _____ county convened at _____, and declared the Rights of State as follows:

1. Sovereignty, or the power of making laws, is the aggregate will and consent of the people of a *State*, delegated to their *immediate* representatives through a constitution. It is unalienable and indivisible.

2. Our gratitude and natural, exclusive allegiance are due to the State of Georgia, and no other State or nation; and to require us to transfer our allegiance to any other authority, is repugnant to the laws of nature as written in our hearts by the pen of God.

3. We declare our unalienable and indivisible right to the protection of the army and navy of Georgia—of which “army and navy,” our Governor is declared to be the commander-in-chief by our State constitution.

4. We declare the unalienable right of Georgia to collect all revenues, taxes, or duties arising within her legiance and jurisdiction. These revenues are necessary to enable us to do and perform our allegiance to the State of Georgia. They are also necessary to enable the State to fulfil our right of State protection—an unalienable right.

5. We declare it is the unalienable right of the people of Georgia to be taxed, and to collect all revenues by her *immediate* representatives in her legislature. We disown and repudiate Congressional representatives, because they cannot be our immediate representatives; and if they could be, our wishes and

instructions are continually defeated by a dominant majority in Congress.

Danger, apprehended from England and France, prompted the signers of the Federal Constitution to *attempt* to *alienate* the above mentioned unalienable State rights; and on account of the danger our ancestors were persuaded to forego a general rebellion against the *attempted* alienation of the natural, unalienable rights of their respective States. They were persuaded by the advocates of the constitution that the *attempted* transfer was only intended to be temporary, subject to be demanded back by each State attempting to *alienate*.

Formed for our own safety and happiness, the Federal Government has become our enemy, and Georgia has neither armies, navies or revenues to protect her people against Federal or foreign foes. The Government now denies all pretences of State rights, and declares that State rights are not only transferable, but that after being transferred or *attempted* to be alienated, States have lost all rights, and it is treasonable to assert or demand State rights; It has threatened to visit war and bloodshed on any State that shall attempt secession, or the declaration of her unalienable rights—rights which in an hour of danger were attempted to be alienated from the States contrary to the natural desires of the people of the States. It imperils our very existence, and has stabbed the public heart by its poisoned dagger of doubt, ignorance and fear, and spilled the blood of patriotism. The States have lost all power of reformation on Congress. It has erected itself into a great, consolidated monarchy, ruled by the arch fiend of party. No State, no set of men has any power or check on Congress; but secure in its iniquities, powerless to defend the nation, but all powerful to crush it, the arch fiend that rules it, bids defiance to the spirit of virtue, and yet with all the cunning of the original serpent that seduced our mother Eve, it seduces the people with the bribes of office, and persuades them to look to *it* for reformation. We spurn the slavery of fear and ignorance, that can submit to these oppressions; therefore

Be it Resolved, That we hereby demand of the Federal Government, the full acknowledgement and retrocession of the unalienable rights of Georgia, in order to enable the State to protect us against foreign enemies.

Resolved, That a copy of this preamble and resolutions be forwarded to his Excellency Millard Fillmore, with the request that he lay the subject before Congress at its next session.

Resolved, That we desire the decision of Congress on these rights.

Resolved, That these proceedings be published in ——— and ———.

The foregoing preamble and resolutions were passed in full county meeting of citizens, and were forwarded for publication. The papers, notwithstanding the number and respectability of the meeting, refused to publish its proceedings. One urged that the declaration was erroneous; another that it might injure parties, and a third gave no reason at all. Some gentlemen then resolved themselves into a committee, and wrote to the said editors that their object was to stifle truth, and by a course of tweedledum party hackery, to make the people as great dastards as themselves. They also added, that they apprehended no difficulty or danger whatever from men who were so grossly ignorant as to make State rights a mere matter of controversy, and so dastardly as to fear to publish what God and nature instructed every dunghill cock or wild beast were their unalienable rights. As a matter of course, the affront was not resented—and no traitor to his State is capable of maintaining his personal honor. Meanwhile Daniel Webster, well paid by Boston and New-York, delivers a sermon at the capitol on the glories of the Union, and tried to prove that the Union made all the telegraphs and rail roads. This speech is published in every paper and lauded to the skies. Every mail comes flooded with International magazines, Sartian's, Godey's and pictorial papers; but if a book is published by a Georgian, prejudice is at once excited against it, and it is proscribed. The cry of "humbug" is raised against it, and Yankee teachers will soundly thrash

their scholars for bringing it to school. The post-office (the only thing the government has given us,) is used and abused to promote the circulation of the wretched publications of the North. Our booksellers laud these magazines and papers in our newspapers; but in my humble efforts to revive the morals and liberties of my native State, I have encountered almost insuperable difficulties. Others of a nobler disposition have appeared more charitable. And if I thought it had less merit than Northern literature, I would consign it to the flames; but believing that the poem possesses at least equal merit with Northern literature, I consign its sentiments to my country, and to posterity.

In conclusion, I am asked if I hate Yankees? God forbid! I have eat at their tables, and rejoiced by their fire-sides. I give them my hand of fellowship and fraternity, and I say to them, come brothers amongst us—abide with us—and be as one of us; but shall I therefore, basely yield up the unalienable rights of my native State? May I perish first. I say also to the noble sons of Erin, come, brothers, and find an asylum in Georgia! O give me the hand of an Irishman! In his humble cottage you will find an honest welcome and hospitality.—To the German, Scott, Englishman, Frenchman, and Pole, I would say, enter within the sacred boundaries of Georgia, and find a home and liberty. Here, if Georgia is true to herself, you will hereafter find *protection*. And I invoke the blessings of God on all the people of the United States; and may He *save* and bless Georgia!*

* "Greatness Reviewed, or the Rise of South" was generally announced to the public before its appearance from the press. The maledictions which it called forth from certain quarters and from certain persons, might seem to prove that those persons don't desire the rise of the South. Happily for posterity, the people of Georgia do not hate the South; and it is with pleasure that I announce the unbounded success of my humble labors. They have succeeded in spite of booksellers, editors, Louis A. Godey, Sartain, party pusillanity, and Congressional documents.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

SOUTHERN NATIONAL REVIEW.

The Review will contain about Seventy-five pages, and will be published in Savannah or Charleston, as the friends of the enterprise may determine. It will be published Monthly, at \$5 per annum, payable on the delivery of the first number—which will be issued on the first of December next. In the meanwhile, the most active efforts will be made to obtain a large subscription list, and also to secure the literary services of the best writers in the South.— Its design will be the maintenance of Southern Nationality, and the necessity of State Armies and Navys, whether there be disunion or not—to defend each Southern State against European or American enemies, in case the General Government should neglect or refuse to defend the lives and liberties of Southern people. This measure will be in full accordance with both the General and the State Constitutions, as the Governor is “commander-in-chief of the army and navy of each State.” It will defend religion and morality against the vices of parties, and to that purpose it will maintain the true destiny of the South. Virtue, valor, and discipline as opposed to cunning, treachery and penny-serving. It will promote the purpose of general education. It will maintain the standard of a pure Southern taste, founded upon European literature, and the Greek and Roman classics. It will endeavor to clear our garden of literature of those noxious caterpillars of Northern magazines, which have well-nigh eat up our literary herbage and plants, and which, while they adopt “an imitative mock-modesty” for *taste*, poison the fountains of religion and morality, of all true honor and manliness of soul, of patriotism.— It will be the pride and the pleasure, the ambition and the labor of the editor and his friends to make this Review superior to any Northern publication for politeness and dignity, for literature and refined taste, for knowledge, morality and independence. To enable the editor to carry out this enterprise, those wishing to subscribe will please address him, immediately, postpaid, Halcyondale, Scriven County, Georgia.

CUYLER W. YOUNG.

N. B.—Agents wanted to canvass the Southern States.

* * * Editors of papers generally requested to copy this prospectus.

July, 1851.





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