

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

VOL. XVI.—NO. 12.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, September 1, 1855.

Selected Poetry.

HEAVEN.

"By night I saw an angel in a dream,
And thus I questioned it concerning heaven."
Look down blest soul from thy realms of light,
And tell me how didst wing thy flight,
And to the world of soul, from the world of clay,
And say who called thee from earth away?
Was it a voice which said "Depart!"
While Death's cold hand was on thy heart?
Or didst thou go less suddenly,
To life and immortality?
What beings met thee on the road,
When thou didst wing thy way to God?
Did angels purr—did seraphs kneel,
Lead thee to heaven, that thou didst seek?
Did they deck thy bodiless form with a cloud?
Or with mist which encircled the moon as a shroud?
Or with the rainbow's fire,
To dazzle the stars with thy bright attire?
Did they greet thee with love? sweet spirit, say!
Or open in silence, the gates of day?
Did they hallow thee to rest, or wake thee to song,
When thou wert borne on their wings along?
While e'en in thy clayey form below,
Of heavenly glory what didst thou know?
But now thou art gone, angelic soul,
To the realms long sought—the wished-for goal,
I pray thee, speak softly in mine ear,
Oh, where is thy home in that radiant sphere?
Is it beneath the glorious throne,
Where thou didst sit night and day alone?
And there, and there, does it behoove
To sing His praise, and chant His love?
Or amongst the stars, art thou alone,
As one of them, or more divine?
With the sun's radiance dost thou dwell?
Or does a moonbeam cast thee well
To travel east, or to travel west,
As next seems a spirit's best?
To pierce the ocean—gaze beneath,
Or skin the snowy mountain's breath?
Or rather of the earth art thou;
A holy one, upon whose brow
Sits calm resolve and firm intent,
To do His will—His instrument—
One of those ministering spirits who
Can search all nature through and through?
"I am, I am," the angel said,
"And well thou hast my mission read.
But mortal question me no more;
What though my fervor spirit soar,
And thou wouldst fain inquire of me
Of all my spirit's ecstasy,
And where my heavenly home I keep;
Or in what realms of bliss I sleep,
My spirit's wing; enough to know
That heavenly voice which led me here,
Which called me from the earth away,
Is the same voice I now hear.
When first the blessed call I heard,
I felt as some deluged bird
Returning home, and now I fly
Through earth, through air, or through the sky;
And when is heard celestial sound,
The people of the skies look round,
With haste and speed to do His will;
Now rest on tardy wing until
All is fulfilled, and it is this
Obedience which with us is bliss;
It makes the heaven where we do dwell,
Nay it is place or magic spell,
Which is our happiness. Oh, no!
All places whereso'er we go,
Are full of God; may, everywhere
We feel His presence and His care;
And this is it which makes us blest,
For this is heaven, and this is rest!"

Selected Sketch.

[From the National Magazine for August.]

PETER CARTWRIGHT, THE BACKWOODS PREACHER.

We once gave a sketch of PETER CARTWRIGHT in these pages. It would be unpardonable to omit the adventures of such a character from this class of "jottings"; we must then call him again into your presence; "courtroom readers," even if we should repeat some of his stories already told.

He appears broken with years and labors, and you perceive some paralytic tremblings in his attitude and voice; but there is nevertheless a general aspect of strenuous vigor about him. He looks as if he might yet wrestle with bears and come off conqueror, as we learn he really has heretofore. He is war-worn and weather-beaten. His complexion is bilious, the wrinkles of his face wrinkled and tough, his eyes small and twinkling, and defended by a heavy pair of spectacles with green side glasses, large and round, his forehead deeply indented, and his hair—there is no description of that; it looks as if he had poked it into the bag of the Kilkenny cats, and had not had time to comb it since its extraction. And yet do not suppose there is any fierceness about his caput. Nay, verily; a face more finely characterized with good nature and gallant generosity is not to be seen. Should we attempt an intellectual portrait of Peter Cartwright, we should summarize say that he is characterized by good sense and good humor. We know not that we can better describe him. He strikes right at the object before him, and never fails to hit it; and he has that characteristic of the highest wisdom—brevity, sententiousness. We never knew him to speak in General Conference more than five minutes at once. His humor is always spontaneous—always ready. It sometimes cuts sharply, but is usually genial and generous, relieving rather than exasperating the case. Humor is a rare excellence, but it is not, like gems, valuable chiefly for its rareness; it is intrinsically valuable. It should not be too severely grained at, with elongated lines, in even ecclesiastical bodies; it often gleams like exhilarating sunlight among lowering clouds of discord, and sometimes dispels them, and does infinitely more than the strongest logic or the loudest rhetoric to remove objections to business. Still, a man of combined good sense and good humor is liable to suffer some disparagement. Our poor human nature has a sort of self-complimenting propensity to speak of a superior man with a qualify-

ing "but," the import of which is, that though he excels us in some things, we can see in him defects we have not ourselves. He has imagination, "but," he has not much sense; he has humor, "but," he has not much logic.—Much of this kind of twaddle is sheer fudge, and something worse. Peter Cartwright is not mere a man of humor, but of genuine sagacity; it were to him that attempts to circumvent him in debate. If some of his short sayings were divested of their humor, and spoken by a grave man; as they are, they pass for pertinent jokes—happy hits. Peter Cartwright is a "Doctor of Divinity." Good old George Pickering, when asked once if the Methodists had any Doctors of Divinity, replied, "No, sir, we don't need them; our divinity has not yet become sick."

Those thoughtful days seem, however, to have passed, if we may judge from the ample provisions made for theological medication among us now-a-days. Some college in the West deemed Peter Cartwright too knowing in the Matera Medica, or too skillful with the scalpel, to die untitled, and, therefore, dubbed him D. D. We know not that he pretends to encyclopedic erudition, or is more skillful than some other doctors we are acquainted with in the learned languages—a knowledge of which is usually presupposed in giving that title; the only learned quotation we ever heard from him was in respect to a matter of business, which seemed to be beyond the reach of his brethren; it was, said he, "in swamps non-comitibus." The learned doctors around him smiled very cognizantly, as they usually do at college commentaries, when a Latin phrase is quoted which, though unintelligible to the vulgar throng, is always remarkably striking to them.

His fellow-soldier in the West, James B. Finley, gives the following further account of him, of which we gave an extract once, but now give it fully:—

"Immense was the gathering at the Methodist camp-ground near Springfield, on the second Sunday of September, 1832. A powerful magnet had attracted this great mass of people from their homes in many counties a hundred miles round. The new presiding elder, a late arrival from Kentucky, an orator of widespread, wonderful renown, it was known, would thunder on that day. The prestige of his fame had lightened before him, and hence the universal eagerness to listen to one concerning whom rumor's trumpet-tongue discoursed so loudly.

Morning broke in the azure east, bright and beautiful as a dream of heaven; but the expelling had not made its advent. Eleven o'clock came—the regular hour of the detonation of the heavy gun of orthodoxy—and still there was no news of the clerical him. A common circuit preacher took his place, and sensible of the popular disappointment, increased it by nothing, a miserable failure. The vexed and restless crowd began to disperse, when an event happened to excite again their curiosity and concentrate them again denser than ever. A messenger rushed to the pulpit in hot haste, and presented a note, which was immediately read out to prevent the people from scattering. The following is a literal copy of that singular epistle:—

"DEAR BRETHREN: The devil has foundered my horse, which will detain me from reaching your tabernacle till evening. I might have performed the journey on foot; but I could not leave poor Paul, especially as he has never left Peter. Horses have no souls to save, and, therefore, it is all the more the duty of Christians to take care of their bodies. Watch and pray, and don't let the devil get among you on the sly before candle-light, when I shall be at my post. Your brother,

PETER CARTWRIGHT."

"At length the day closed. The purple curtain of night fell over the earth from the darkening sky. God's golden fire flashed out in heaven, and men below kindled their watch-fires. The encampment, a village of snowy tents, was illuminated with a brilliancy that caused every leaf to shine and sparkle as if all the trees were burnished with phosphorescent flame. It was like a theatre. It was a theatre in the open air, on the green sward, beneath the starry blue, incomparably more picturesque and gorgeous than any stage scenery, prepared within walls of brick or marble, where the *décor* of cities through to feast their eyes on beauty and their ears on music.

Presently a form arose in the pulpit, and commenced giving out a hymn, preliminary to the main exercises, and every eye became riveted to the person of the stranger. Indeed, as some one said of Burke, a single flash of the gaze's vision was enough to reveal the extraordinary man, although in the present case, it must, for the sake of truth, be acknowledged that the first impression was ambiguous, if not enigmatical and disagreeable. His figure was tall, burly, massive, and seemed even more gigantic than the reality from the crowning foliage of luxuriant, coal-black hair, wreathed into long, curling ringlets. Add a head that looked as large as a half-bushel; befitting brows, rough and craggy as fragmentary granite, irradiated at the base by eyes of dark fire; small and twinkling like diamonds in a sea—were diamonds of the soul, shining in a measureless sea of humor—a swarthy complexion, as if embrowned by a southern sun; rich, rosy lips, always slightly parted, as wearing a perpetual smile; and you have a life-like portrait of the far-famed backwoods preacher.

"Though I heard it all, from the text to the amen, I am forced to despair of any attempt to convey an accurate idea of either the substance or manner of the sermon which followed. There are different sorts of sermons—the argumentative, the dogmatic, the postulatory, the persuasive, the punitive, the combative, "in orthodox blows and knocks," the logical, and the poetic; but this specimen belonged to none of these categories. It was *sui generis*, and of a new species.

"He began with a loud and beautifully modulated tone, in a voice that rolled on the serene night-air like successive peals of thunder. Methodist ministers are celebrated for sonorous

voices; but his was matchless in sweetness as well as power. For the first ten minutes his remarks, being preparatory, were common-place and uninteresting; but then, all of a sudden, his face reddened, his eye brightened, his gestures grew animated as the waftures of a torch, and his whole countenance changed into an expression of inimitable humor; and now his wild, waggish, peculiar eloquence poured forth like a mountain torrent. Glancing arrows, with shafts of ridicule, bonnets, puns, and side-splitting anecdotes sparkled, flashed, and flew like hail till the vast auditory was convulsed with laughter. For a while the more ascetic strove to resist the current of their own spontaneous emotions. These, however, soon discovered that they had undertaken an impossible achievement in thinking to withstand his facile. His every sentence was like a warm finger, tickling the ribs of the hearer. His very looks incited to mirth far more than other people's jokes, so that the effort to maintain one's equilibrium only increased the disposition to burst into loud explosions, as every school-boy has verified in similar cases. At length the encampment was in a roar, the sternest features relaxed into smiles, and the coldest eyes melted into tears of irrepressible merriment.—This continued thirty minutes, while the orator painted the folly of the sinner, which was his theme. I looked on and laughed with the rest, but finally began to fear the result as to the speaker.

"How," I exclaimed, mentally, "will he ever be able to extricate his audience from that deep whirlpool of humor? If he ends thus, when the merry mood subsides, and calm reflection supervenes, will not the revulsion of feeling be deadly to his fame? Will not every hearer realize that he has been trifled with in matters of sacred and eternal interests? At all events, there is no prospect of a revival to-night; for though the orator were a magician, he could not change his subject now, and stem the torrent of head-long laughter."

"But the shaft of my inference fell short of the mark; and even then he commenced to change, not all at once but gradually, as the wind of a thunder-cloud. His features lost their comical tinge of pleasantry; his voice grew first earnest, and then solemn, and soon wailed out in the tones of deepest pathos; his eyes were shorn of their mild light, and yielded streams of tears, as the fountain of the hill yielded water. The effect was indescribable, and the rebound of feeling beyond all conception. He descended on the horrors of hell till every shuddering face was turned downward, as if expecting to see the solid globe rent asunder, and the faithless fiery gulf yawn from beneath. Brave men moaned, and fair, fashionable women, covered with silken drapery and bedight with gems, shrieked as if a knife were working among their heart-strings.

"Again he changed the theme; sketched the joys of a righteous death—its faith, its hope, its winged raptures, and angels attending the spirit to its starry home—with such force, great and evident belief, that all eyes were turned toward heaven, and the entire congregation started to their feet, as if the finger of the preacher seemed to be pointed, elevated as it was on high to the full length of his arm.

"He then made a call for mourners into the altar, and five hundred, many of them till that night infidels, rushed forward and prostrated themselves on their knees. The meeting was continued for two weeks, and more than a thousand converts were added to the church. From that time his success was unparalleled, and the fact is chiefly due to his inimitable wit and masterly eloquence; that Methodism is now the prevailing religion in Illinois.

"He was distinguished by one very unclerical peculiarity—combateness. His battles, although always apparently in the defensive, were as numerous as the celebrated Bowie. The only difference was this, that Bowie fought with deadly weapons, while the itinerant used but his enormous fist, which was as effective, however, in the speedy settlement of belligerent issues as any knife or pistol ever forged out of steel. Let the reader judge from the following anecdote:

"At the camp-meeting held at Alton, in the autumn of 1833, the worshippers were annoyed by a set of desperadoes from St. Louis, under the control of Mike Fink, a notorious bully, the triumphant hero of countless fights, in none of which he had ever met an equal, or even second. The coarse, drunken ruffians carried it with a high hand, outraged the men and insulted the women, so as to threaten the dissolution of all pious exercises; and yet such was the terror the name of their leader, Fink, inspired, that no one could be found brave enough to face his prowess.

"At last, one day, when Cartwright ascended the pulpit to hold forth, the desperadoes, on the outskirts of the encampment, raised a yell so deafening as to drown utterly every other sound. The preacher's dark eyes shot lightning. He deposited his Bible, drew off his coat, and remarked aloud:

"Wait for a few minutes, my brethren, while I go and make the devil pray!"

"He then proceeded with a smile on his lips to the focus of the tumult, and addressed the chief bully—

"Mr. Fink, I have come to make you pray."

"The desperado rubbed back the tangled festoons of his blood-red hair, arched his huge brows with a comical expression, and replied—

"By golly, I'd like to see you do it, old snorter."

"Very well," said Cartwright; "will these gentlemen, your courtious friends, agree not to show foul play?"

"In course they will. They're rare grit, and wouldn't do nothing" but the clear thing, so they won't," rejoined Fink, indignantly.

"Are you ready?" asked the preacher.

"Ready as a race-hoss with a light rider," answered Fink, squaring his ponderous person for the combat.

"The bully spoke too soon; for scarcely had the words left his lips when Cartwright made a prodigious bound towards his antagon-

ist, and accompanied it with a quick, shooting punch of his herculean fist, which fell, crashing the other's chin, and hurled him to the earth like lead. Then, even his intoxicated comrades, filled with involuntary admiration at the feat, gave a cheer. But Fink was up in a moment, and rushed upon his enemy, exclaiming:

"That warn't done fair, so it warn't."

"He aimed a ferocious stroke, which the preacher parried with his left hand, and, grasping his throat with the right, crushed him down as if he had been an infant. Fink struggled, squirmed, and writhed in the dust, but all to no purpose; for the strong, muscular fingers held his windpipe as in the jaws of an iron vice. When he began to turn purple in the face, and ceased to resist, Mr. Cartwright slackened his hold and inquired—

"Will you pray now?"

"I doesn't know a word how," gasped Fink.

"Repeat after me," answered Fink, "because you're the devil himself."

"The preacher then said over the Lord's prayer, line by line, and the conquered bully responded in the same way, when the victor permitted him to rise.

"At the consummation the rowdies roared three boisterous cheers, and Fink shook Cartwright by the hand, declaring—

"By golly, you're some beans in a bar-fight. I'd rather set to with an old he-bar in dog-days. You can pass this ere crowd of nose-smashers, blast your picture!"

"Afterward Fink's party behaved with extreme decorum and the preacher resumed the Bible and pulpit.

An odd scene that, certainly; and "not very apostolic," say you, sober reader. We join you in the remark but it is characteristic, as we said in another case.

We give it as a fact from old friend Finley—a fact that illustrates not only the character of the man, but of the country and its early times. "Circumstances alter cases," is a popular proverb in the West, as well as elsewhere; and even good men are heard, occasionally, to affirm out there, that Lynch law is better than no law.

Mr. Bungay, in his volume of "Off-hand Takings of Noticeable Men of our Age," says that he heard Peter, at Boston, during the last General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and thus describes the occasion: "The great western preacher has arrived, and is now searching the well-thumbed Bible for his text. Quite a number of distinguished divines are present. The preacher looks like a backwoodsman, whose face had been bronzed at the plough. His black hair, straggling seven ways for Sunday, is slightly tinged with the frost of age. A strip of black silk is twisted around his neck, and a shirt collar, sermapulously clean, is turned down over it. He is of ordinary size, dresses plainly, and looks like a man perfectly free from affectation. In a faltering voice he reads a hymn. The choir wed the words to sweet and solemn music—a fervent prayer goes up on the wings of faith—another hymn is read and sung—the 12th verse of the 11th chapter of Matthew is selected for his text. Now the old pioneer preacher, who has waded swamps, forded rivers, threaded forests, travelled with Indians, fought with bears and wolves, preached in the woods, and slept in the field or the prairie at night, is standing before us. Look at him, ye gentlemen with white neckcloths and black coats, who ride in carriages over smooth roads to supply churches with cushioned pews and soft benches to kneel on. How would you like to labor for nothing among wild beasts, and board yourselves, in a climate where the ague shakes the settlers over the grave two thirds of the year! Would you exchange your fat livings, and fine palaces, and unread libraries, for black bread and dry venison, a log hut and the society of bears and blue ragers? God bless the brave, wise and good men to whom we are so much indebted for the blessings we enjoy. He says he would make an apology if he thought it would enable him to preach better, for he is afflicted with a severe cold. "Some folks," said he, "say I am fifty years behind the age. God knows," he continued, "I am willing to be a thousand behind such an age. Religion is always of age, and can talk or run without stilts or silver slippers." He concluded an able and interesting discourse, which elicited undivided attention, with the following fact: "During a splendid revival of religion at the West, a young preacher, manufactured in one of the theological shops out here, came to lend a helping hand. I knew he could not handle Methodist's tools without cutting his fingers, but he was very odious. Well, we had a gale—a pentecostal gale—and sinners fell without looking for a soft place, and Christians fought the devil on their knees. Well, this little man would tell those who were growing under conviction to be composed. I stood this as long as I could, and finally sent him to speak with a great, stout, athletic man, who was following like a bull in a net, while I tried to undo the mischief he had done to others. He told this powerful man to be composed, but I told him to pray like thunder—just at that instant the grace of God shined in upon his soul, and he was so delirious with delight, he seized the little man in his hands, and holding him up, bounded like a buck through the congregation." It is impossible for the pen to do justice to this fact. The speaker moved us all to tears and smiles at the same moment, while he said what few men would venture to say.

While he was preaching, years ago, General Jackson entered the church, when a pastor seated in the pulpit gave his "brother Cartwright" a nudge, and whispered that the old hero had just come in—as much as to advise, "Now be particular in what you say." But Peter, to the great astonishment of every one, louder than ever, exclaimed—"Who cares for General Jackson? He'll go to hell as soon as anybody, if he doesn't repent!"

When the sermon—a home-made one—was ended, a friend asked the general what he thought of that rough old fellow, and received for answer, "Sir, give me twenty thousand of such men, and I'll whip the world, including the devil!"

It is quite possible, brother reader, that you and our notions might not quite agree with the generally, yet, neither of us can fail to see in this eccentric, but veteran evangelist, the man of his times and his circumstances. And you, dear sir, starched, and brushed and perfumed, who now recline in the stuffed arm-chair of your garished study, wondering why the world should take any interest in such a specimen of humanity—what would you have done in the rough battles through which this weather-worn but jolly-hearted old man has borne the standard of the cross—borne it with a bravery but ever faithful arm? God bless the old man, with all his oddities; and may he yet fight his way into heaven.

Peter Cartwright joined the "old Western Conference" in 1805, though he began to travel a year earlier, we believe. He was a young man—only about eighteen years old—when he entered the itinerant field, and he has been in its foremost struggles ever since. The "old Western Conference" was in that day the only one beyond the Alleghenies. It extended from Detroit to Natchez, and each of its districts comprised a territory about equal to two of the present conferences beyond the mountains—Those were the days of great moral battles in that vast field; and the men who fought them were made great, some of them gigantically so, by their circumstances. Among them were Young, Walker, Shinn, McKendree, Burke, Lakin, Blackman, Quinn, and similar mighty men. Cartwright began his regular travels with Lakin on Salt River Circuit—(save the name!) Most of his fellow-heroes have gone to their rest; but they gained the field, and fortified their cause all over it. They, in fact, laid the moral foundations of our ultra-montane States. The few remnants of the old corps should be cherished and honored by their Church.

COL. BENTON'S HISTORY.

THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH—COMPARATIVE PROSPERITY—SOUTHERN DISCONTENT—ITS TRUE CAUSE.

ANSO 1855—MR. VAN BUREN, PRESIDENT.

To show the working of the federal government is the design of this View—show how things are done under it and their effects—that the good may be approved and pursued, the evil condemned and avoided, and the machine of government be made to work equally for the benefit of the whole Union, according to the wise and beneficent intent of its founders. It thus becomes necessary to show its working in the two great Atlantic sections, originally sole parties to the Union—the North and the South—unequal and oppressive, and made so by a course of federal legislation at variance with the objects of the confederation and contrary to the intent of the words of the constitution.

The writer of this view sympathized with that complaint—believed it to be, to much extent, well-founded—saw with concern the corroding effect it had on the feelings of patriotic men of the South; and often had to lament that a sense of duty to his own constituents required him to give votes which his judgment disapproved and his feelings condemned. This complaint existed when he came into the Senate; it had in fact commenced in the first years of the federal government, at the time of the assumption of the state debts, the incorporation of the first national bank, and the adoption of the funding system—all of which drew capital from the South to North. It continued to increase; and, at the period to which this chapter relates, it had reached the stage of an organized sectional expression in a voluntary convention of the southern states.—It had often been expressed in Congress and in the state legislatures, and habitually in the discussion of the people; but now it took the more serious form of joint action, and exhibited the spectacle of a part of the states assembling sectionally to complain formally of the unequal, and to them, injurious operation of the common government, established by common consent for the common good; and now frustrating its objects by departing from the purposes of its creation. The convention was called commercial and properly, as the grievance complained of was in its root commercial and a remedy was proposed.

It met at Augusta, Georgia, and afterwards at Charleston, South Carolina, and the evil complained of, and the remedy proposed, were strongly set forth in the proceedings of the body, and in addresses to the people of the southern and southwestern states. The changed relative condition of the two sections of the country, before and since the Union, was shown in their general relative depression or prosperity since that event; and especially in the reversed condition of their respective foreign import trade. In the colonial condition the comparison was wholly in favor of the South; under the Union, wholly against it. Thus, in the year 1760—only sixteen years before the Declaration of Independence—the foreign imports into Virginia were £850,000 sterling, and into South Carolina £655,000; while into New York they were only £189,000; into Pennsylvania, £190,000 and into all the New England colonies collectively, only £561,000.

These figures exhibit an immense superiority of commercial prosperity on the side of the South in its colonial state, sadly contrasting with another set of figures exhibited by the convention to show its relative condition within a few years after the Union. Thus, in the year 1821, the imports into New York had risen to \$23,000,000, being about seventy times its colonial import at about an equal period before the adoption of the constitution; and those of South Carolina stood at \$5,000,000—which, for all practical purposes, may be considered the same that they were in 1760.

Such was the difference—the reversed conditions—of the two sections, worked between them in the brief space of two generations—within the actual lifetime of some who had seen their colonial conditions. The proceedings of the convention did not stop there, but brought down the comparison (under this commercial aspect) to near the period of its own

sitting—to the actual period of the highest manifestation of southern discontent in 1832, when it produced the enactment of the South Carolina nullifying ordinance. At that time all the disproportions between the foreign commerce of the two sections had inordinately increased. The New York imports (since 1821) had more than doubled; the Virginia had fallen off one-half; South Carolina two-thirds. The actual figures stood: New York, fifty-seven millions—Virginia half a million—South Carolina one million and a quarter.

This was a disheartening view, and rendered more grievous by the certainty of its continuation, the prospect of its aggravation, and the conviction that the South (in its great staples) furnished the basis for these imports, of which it received so small a share. To this loss of its import trade, and its transfer to the North, the convention attributed, as a primary cause, the reversed conditions of the two sections—the great advance of one in wealth and improvements—the slow progress, and even comparative decline of the other; and, with some allowance for the operation of natural or inherent causes, referred the effect to a course of federal legislation unwarranted by the terms of the constitution and the objects of the Union, which subtracted capital from one section and accumulated it in the other. Protective tariff, internal improvement, pensions, national debt, two national banks, the funding system and the paper system, the multiplication of offices, profuse and extravagant expenditures, the conversion of a limited into an almost unlimited government; and the substitution of power and splendor for what was intended to be a simple and economical administration of that part of their affairs which required a general hand.

These were the points of complaint, and which had led to the collection of an enormous revenue—chiefly levied on the products of one section of the Union, and mainly disbursed in another. So far as northern advantages were the result of fair legislation for the accomplishment of the objects of the Union, all discontent or complaint was disclaimed. All knew that the superior advantages of the North for navigation would give it the advantage in foreign commerce; but it was not expected that these advantages would operate a monopoly on one side and an extinction on the other; nor was that consequence allowed to be the effect of these advantages alone, but were charged to a course of legislation not warranted by the objects of the Union, or the terms of the constitution which created it. To this course of legislation was attributed the accumulation of capital in the North which had enabled that section to monopolize the foreign commerce which was founded upon southern exports—to cover one part with wealth while the other was impoverished—and to make the South tributaries to the North, and suppliant to it for a small part of the fruits of their own labor.

Unhappily, there was no foundation for this view of the case, and in this lies the root of the discontent of the South and its dissatisfaction with the Union, although it may break out upon another point. It is in this belief of an incompatibility of interest, from the perverted working of the federal government, that lies the root of southern discontent, and which constitutes the danger to the Union, and which statesmen should confront and grapple with; and not in any danger to slave property, which has continued to aggrandize in value during the whole period of the cry of danger, and is now of greater price than ever was known before, and such as our ancestors would have deemed fabulous. The sagacious Mr. Madison knew this—knew where the danger to the Union lay, when, in the 86th year of his age, and the last of his life, and under the anguish of painful misgivings he wrote, (what is more fearful set out in the previous volume of this work,) these portentous words:—

"The visible susceptibility to the contagion of nullification in the southern states—the sympathy arising from known causes—and the uncalculated impression of a permanent incompatibility of interest between the North and the South—may justly be in the power of popular leaders, aspiring to the highest stations, to unite the South on some critical occasion in some course of action of which nullification may be the first step, secession the second, and a farewell separation the last."

So viewed the evil, and in his last days, the great surviving founder of the Union, seeing as he did in this incalculable impression of a permanent incompatibility of interest between the two sections, the fulcrum or point of support on which disunion could rest its lever, and parried hands build its schemes. What has been published in the South, and adverted to in this view, goes to show that an incompatibility of interest between the two sections, though not inherent, has been produced by the working of the government—not its fair and legitimate, but its perverted and unequal working.

This is the evil which statesmen should see and provide against. Separation is no remedy. Exclusion of northern vessels from southern ports is no remedy, but is disunion itself, and upon the very point which caused the Union to be formed. Regulation of commerce between the states and with foreign nations was the cause of the formation of the Union.—Break that regulation, and the Union is broken, and the broken parts converted into antagonistic nations, with causes enough of disunion to engender perpetual wars and inflame incessant animosities. The remedy lies in the cessation of unequal legislation—in the reduction of the inordinate expenses of the government—in its return to the simple, limited and economical machine it was intended to be; and in the revival of fraternal feelings and respect for each other's rights and just complaints, which would return of themselves when the real cause of discontent was removed.

The conventions of Augusta and Charleston proposed their remedy for the southern depression and the comparative decay of which they complained; it was a fair and patriotic remedy—that of becoming their own exporters, and opening a direct trade in their own staples between southern and foreign ports. It was recommended—attempted—failed. Superior advantages for navigation in the North—greater aptitude of its people for commerce—established course of business—accumulated capital—