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The poem which follows is taken from the January number of Graham's Magazine:

The Ladder of St. Augustine.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Saint Augustine! well hast thou said
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

All common things—each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end.
Our pleasures and our discontents
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire—the base design,
That makes another's virtues less;
The revel of the giddy wine,
And all occasions of excess!

The longing for ignoble things,
The strife for triumph more than truth,
The hardening of the heart, that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth!

All thoughts of ill—all evil deeds,
That have their root in thought of ill,
Whoever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will!

All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain,
In the bright field of Fair Renown,
The right of eminent domain!

We have not wings—we cannot soar—
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees—by more and more—
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen, and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear
Their frowning foreheads to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights of great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before—
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past,
As wholly wasted—wholly vain—
If rising on its wrecks at last,
To something nobler we attain.

SPEECH OF HON. A. G. BROWN.

Delivered at Eldwood Springs, near Port Gibson, Mississippi, on the 2d day of November, 1850, and published by order of the Committee.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—I shall speak to you to-day, not as Whigs, not as Democrats, but as citizens of a common country having a common interest, and a common destiny.

The events of the last ten months have precipitated a crisis in our public affairs which many of the wisest and sagest among us have fondly hoped was yet distant many long years.

It is not my purpose to enter upon a critical review of the late most extraordinary conduct of the President and of Congress. I am not at liberty to suppose, that a people whose dearest rights have been the object of attack for ten months and more, have failed to keep themselves informed of the more prominent events as they have transpired. We ought, to-day, to inquire what is to be done in the future, rather than what has been done in the past.

I confess my inability to counsel a great people as to the best mode of proceeding in an emergency like the present. Instead of imparting advice to others, I feel myself greatly in need of instruction. But, I will not on this account refuse to contribute an expression of my own best reflections, when, as in this instance, I am called upon to do so.

To the end that you may now clearly understand my conclusions, it will be necessary for me to present a brief summary of the events which have brought us to our present perilous condition. To go no further back than the last year, we shall find that in Mississippi, at least, the great body of the people were aroused to a sense of the impending danger, at a meeting assembled in the town of Jackson early in the last year: both Whigs and Democrats united in an address to the country, giving assurance that the time had come for action.

Gentlemen of high character, of great popularity, and merited influence, headed this meeting; a convention of the State was recommended, and every indication was given to the country that, in the judgment of these gentlemen, the time had actually come for bold and decisive action. This movement was seconded in almost every county in the State; and wherever the people assembled, delegates were appointed to a general State convention; and in every instance, so far as I am informed, these delegates were chosen from the two great political parties, one-half Whigs and the other half Democrats. The contemplated convention assembled at Jackson, in October, and recommended a convention of the Southern States, to assemble at Nashville, at some future day, to be agreed upon among the States. The Mississippi movement was responded to with great unanimity in several of our sister States—in Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Florida. There seemed to be for a time, a very general and united sentiment in favor of the proposed convention at Nashville. The scheme was not without warm and influential friends in North Carolina, Tennessee, Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas. The other slaveholding States, to wit, Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri, gave little or no indication of a disposition to favor it. Early in the autumn of 1849 some of the first friends of the Southern movement began to falter; and, as time advanced, they continued to recede from their bold stand in defence of the South. The secret influences which were at work to produce these unhappy results, will be found, I apprehend, elsewhere than in the places now pointed out. We are now told by some, that they discovered a better state of feeling at the North toward the South. Others pretend to have been convinced that the movement was premature, and calculated to embarrass the action of Congress; whilst a much more numerous, and a much more dishonest class, pretend to have discovered that this convention was to be nothing less than an assemblage of conspirators, treasonably bent on the destruction of the Union.

Whilst all this was going on, the sagacious politician and the man of thought did not fail to see the true reasons for all this infidelity to a once cherished and favorite measure. The truth was, that ambitious aspiring politicians had discovered that the Southern movement was distasteful to General Taylor, General Cass, and other distinguished gentlemen, then high in the confidence of their respective party friends.—The movements in California began to develope the true policy of General Taylor, and the "Nicholson letter" had received a new reading from General Cass. It became apparent that the South must be sacrificed, or party leaders repudiated, and party ties obliterated, and politicians had begun to take sides accordingly, when Congress assembled in December. Up to this time, however, there remained enough of Southern influence to keep a powerful phalanx of Southern men and closely allied for common defence. The effort to organize the House of Representatives, made it manifest, that the South meant something more than an idle bravado in the course she had taken. For almost an entire month, the first successful step in the election of a speaker had not been taken; and at last, when Mr. Cobb was chosen, it was by a plurality, and not as usual by a majority of the votes given. At this time, there was manifested the most determined spirit in defence of the rights of the South. Still, the close observer could not fail to see that the insiduous spirit of party was busy at work.

President Taylor transmitted his annual message to Congress, and Gen. Cass treated us to another reading of the "Nicholson letter." The President's message did not lift the curtain high enough to exhibit all that had been done in California. He gave us a bird's eye view, and told us to go it blind for the balance. He intimated that he had very little to do with the proceedings in California; yet he presented a paper which he denominated the constitution of California; and in two several communications, he pressed the consideration of that paper upon Congress, and he earnestly recommended the admission of the State of California into the Union at an early day.

These proceedings, and these earnest recommendations, could not fail to elicit a searching investigation on the part of Southern members. It became a matter of interesting inquiry, as to who made the pretended constitution; how the people came to be assembled for that purpose; who appointed the time for holding the elections; who decided on the qualification of voters; who decided that California had the requisite population to entitle her to one or more representatives in Congress, without which she could not be a State. It was known that Congress had never so much as taken legal possession of the country, and it became a subject of anxious inquiry to know who it was that had kindly performed all the functions usually devolved on Congress; who it was, that in aid of the legislative power of the country, had taken the census to ascertain the population; had passed upon the qualification of voters; had appointed the time, place, and manner of holding elections; who it was, in short, that had done all that had usually been required preparatory to the admission of a new State into the Union.

It was seen at once, that no census had been taken, and although the Constitution required that the representatives should be apportioned among the States according to population, no steps had been taken to ascertain whether California had the requisite population to entitle her to one member, whereas, she was claiming two. It was seen that the time, place, and manner of holding the elections, had all been arranged by a military commander, notwithstanding the Constitution required that this should be done by law. It was seen, and admitted on all hands, that California was asking admission on terms wholly and entirely different from those on which other States had made similar applications. Gentlemen favoring her admission, were wont to answer our objections with a shrug of the shoulders, and a lamb-like declaration that "there had been some irregularity." Irregularities, fellow citizens! Shall conduct like this, pass with that simple and mild expression that it was "irregular?" Was it nothing more than irregular to dispense entirely with taking a census? Was it only a little irregular to permit everybody to vote—white, black, and red; citizens, strangers, and foreigners? Was it simply irregular for Gen. Riley, by a military proclamation, to decide the time, place, and manner of holding the elections? Was it, I ask you, fellow citizens, nothing more than an irregular proceeding, for a military commander to dispense entirely with the authority of Congress, the law-making power, and of his own will to set up a government hostile to the interests and rights of the Southern States of this Union? If the rights and interests of all the States had been respected, and all had concurred in the opinion that the proceeding had only been a little irregular, it might have been passed over with a mental protest against a recurrence of its like in future.

But when it is seen that these "*irregularities*" amount to a positive outrage upon fourteen States of the Union, an outrage against which these States earnestly protested, it becomes us to inquire more seriously into the causes which led to their perpetration, and to take such decisive measures as shall protect us against like "irregularities" in future. Does any man doubt that slavery prohibition lay at the bottom of all the "irregularities" in California?

Does not every one know, that but for the question of slavery, these unprecedented outrages would never have been perpetrated. Is there a gentleman outside of a lunatic asylum who does not know that if California had framed a pro-slavery, instead of an anti-slavery constitution, her application for admission into the Union would have been instantaneously rejected? And yet, in view of all these and a thousand other pregnant facts, we are expected to content ourselves with a simple declaration that "the proceeding was a little *irregular*, but it was the best that could be done." What, fellow-citizens, does this whole matter amount to, as it now presents itself? The Southern people joined heart and hand in the acquisition of territory—shed their blood—laid down their lives—expended their treasure in making the acquisition, and forthwith the federal authority was employed to exclude them from all participation in the common gain. The threat was uttered, and kept constantly hanging over them, that if they dared enter those territories with their slave property, it would be taken from them. Thus were they intimidated and kept out of the country; no slave-owner would start to California with his slave-property, when Congress was day by day threatening to emancipate his negroes, if he dared to introduce them into that country. Not content with thus intimidating Southern property, the federal power was employed in instigating an unauthorised people to do that which the Congress of the United States had not the power to do, to wit, to pass the "Wilmot Proviso."

It is well known that the California constitution contains the "Wilmot Proviso" in terms. It is equally well known that this proviso has been sanctioned by Congress, and that the sanction of Congress imparts to it its only vitality. Without that sanction, it is a nullity, a dead letter, an absolute nought. Who, then, is responsible for it but Congress—the Congress which gave to it its sanction, and thereby imparted to it vitality, and moved it into action? Here another Congress, we are told, could not, and dared not pass the proviso; but the people of California could propose it, and Congress could sanction it, and thereby give it existence. The people of Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, and other States, might ask Congress to pass the "Wilmot Proviso," but Congress dare not do it, because there was no power under the Constitution to authorize it; but if the people of California asked it, then it was a very different question—then Congress had all the constitutional power which the case required. Let the truth be told. The Wilmot Proviso was an old question; it had been discussed—its enormity had been exposed, and the mind of the South was firmly and fixedly made up not to submit to its passage. It was necessary, therefore, to take this new track, and before the South could recover from her surprise, pass the odious proviso, and then present the naked issue of a humiliating submission on the one side, or disunion on the other.

Who, fellow-citizens, were these people of California, whose voice has been so potential in the work of your exclusion, your humiliation, and your disgrace; were they American citizens? No sir, no! they were adventurers from all parts of the world. From a blood bought country may have been found the Sandwich Islander, the Chinese, the European of every kingdom and country. That there were many American citizens in the country, is most true; but the whole were mixed up together, and all voted in the work of your exclusion. How humiliating to a Southron, to see his own government thus taking sides against him, and standing guard, while foreign adventurers vote to take from him his rights, and then to see that government seizing hold of such a vote and holding it up as a justification of the final act of his ignominious exclusion. Can any true son of the once proud and noble South witness these things without a blast? Does patriotism require us to hug these outrages to our bosom? Must we forget our natural interests, and kiss the hand that inflicts these cruel blows? Have we sunk so low that we dare not complain of wrongs like these, lest the cry of disunion shall be rung in our ears?

It would have been some consolation to have known that the framers of this California constitution meant to live under it themselves.—Even this little boon is denied us. We all know that the men who have gone to California are mere sojourners there; they mean to stay a little while and then return to their homes in other parts of the world. Hundreds and thousands have already left the country, and others will follow their example. Not one-half of the persons who aided in the formation of the so-called constitution of California are there now; and in a year or two more the population will have undergone an entire revolution.

We have heard that there were many hundred thousand people in California. The number in the country at the time the constitution was framed has been estimated at two hundred thousand or more, and this has been constantly urged in excuse for their assumption of the right to make a constitution and set up an independent State government.

When asked by what authority a few interlopers from abroad undertook to snatch from the rightful owners the rich gold mines on the Pacific, and to appropriate to free soil all that vast territory lying between the thirty-second and forty-second degrees of north latitude—embracing an area larger than the States of Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee, and Alabama—we have been told they were a great and growing people, that there were a quarter of a million of inhabitants in the country, and hundreds of thousands on their way there. Let us examine the truth of these bold assertions. If there is any country on earth where there are no women and children, where the whole population consists of full-grown men, that country is California. We all know that the emigration has been confined to the adult male population, who have gone on a visit of observation, leaving their families and friends behind, and intending to return. We all know that in the matter of voting there was no restriction; every male inhabitant over the age of twenty-one years was allowed to vote, and on the important question of adopting a State constitution, the poll-books showed less than thirteen thousand voters. If there was a quarter of a million of people in the country, how shall we account for this meagre vote? The fact is, this is but another link in the great chain of deception and fraud by which we have been denied our rights in the country—by which we and our posterity have been cheated out of the most valuable property on earth—by which we have been reduced to the sad alternative of submitting to the most humiliating deprivation of our rights, or driven to a severance of the bonds which unite us to the North.

If the gross injustice, the deep injury and wrong which we are called upon to suffer, had ceased with the consummation of this California fraud, we might have bent our heads in humiliation and in sorrow, and without daring to complain of the tyranny of our oppressors, have borne it in silence. But it did not stop here. The cup of our degradation was not quite full to overflowing; and it was determined to wrest from the slaveholding State of Texas, one-third of her rightful territory. In the perpetration of this fraud the North had two powerful allies, and both, I am pained to say, furnished by the South. One was the ten millions of dollars taken from a common treasury, and the other the vote of one-half the Southern delegation in Congress.

I hold in my hand a map of Texas. It speaks more eloquently in defence of Texas than the ablest orator has ever yet spoken. Here on this map is the boundary of Texas, as marked first by her sword and then made legible by the act of her legislature in December, 1836. See, it extends from the mouth of the Rio Grande to the source of that river, and it reaches to the 42d degree of north latitude. Here, too, is marked on this map the "Clay Compromise Line," and the "line of *adjustment*," as laid down in the final act of dismemberment, commonly known as Pearce's bill. Keep these lines in your memory, fellow-citizens, while we recur for one moment to the history of the re-annexation of Texas to the United States.

What is that history? I need not relate the whole of it. I need not say how like an ardent lover we wooed and won this fair daughter of the Saxon blood. Texas was young, blooming and independent; we wooed her as the lover wooes his mistress. She fell into our arms, and with rapturous hearts we took her for better or for worse. Fathers Clay and Van Buren forbade the banns; but the people cried, with a loud voice, "let the marriage go on." It did go on; Texas merged her separate independence into that of the United States, and here in my hands is the marriage contract. Here is the treaty, here the resolution of annexation. It will be seen that we took her just as she was—just as she presented herself. We took that Texas which lay east of the Rio Grande, and all along that river from its mouth to its source, and South of the 42d parallel of latitude north. We took the Texas which was defined by the act of December, 1836; we took the Texas marked on this map, I hold it up before you. It is a portrait of the fair damsel as she was, before her limbs were amputated by the Northern doctors, aided by surgeons Clay, Pearce, Foote and others from the South.

Turn to the resolutions of annexation. I hold them here; without pausing to read them I will state what no man can deny. They expressly stipulate, that all that part of Texas lying south of the parallel of 36 degrees and 30 minutes north latitude, shall remain slave territory; and all north shall be free territory after its admission into the Union as States. With this written agreement between the high contracting parties, how can any man come forward and say that Texas never extended to the parallel of 36½ degrees? How dare any man pretend that Texas did not extend north of that line and up to 42 degrees? I will not insult your understanding by debating so palpable a proposition before you. It is as clear as the sun in yonder heavens, that at the period of annexation, the whole country supposed we were acquiring all the territory east of the Rio Grande, and up to 42 degrees. The only party on earth who expressed a doubt on this point, was Mexico, and for acting on her expressed doubts, we went to war with her, all parties in this country at least uniting in the war; and when we had whipped her, and obtained not only her recognition of the Texas boundary, but a cession of New Mexico and California, into the bargain, what do we hear? Why, that Texas never owned one foot of territory north of 36½ degrees. Though we agreed that all of Texas south of 36½ should be slave territory, and all north of that line free territory; in truth and in fact, Texas only extended to some undetermined point between 32 and 34 degrees of latitude north. Why do men thus stultify themselves? Why do men speak and attempt to reason for the purpose of throwing a cloud over the title of Texas to this territory? Need I tell you, fellow citizens, that slavery! slavery!! slavery, and nothing but slavery, is at the bottom of all this business.

Take the question of domestic slavery out of the way, and this whole dispute about the true boundary of Texas could and would have been settled in nine hours, and in a manner most satisfactory to all parties. It was precisely because Texas was a slave-holding State, and her soil slave soil, beyond all cavil or dispute, that it was defined important by the North to cut these ninety-three thousand sections off and attach them to New Mexico. As a part of Texas it was secure to the South, as a part of New Mexico the North had the power and the will to make it Free-soil. If Texas and New Mexico had both been free or both slave States, there would have been little or no dispute about the true boundary between them. Texas is and must ever remain a slave-holding State; New Mexico, if not already Free-soil, is under the dominion of Northern power, and will be made so in due season. In these facts will be found the only reason for the nine months struggle in Congress, on the question of boundary. The Northern mind is fully made up that no more slave States shall be added to the Union. This is more distinctly announced than any other article in their political creed. We all know this. And let me ask you, fellow-citizens, if there is one man among you all, who supposes that Northern politicians, resolved as they all are to limit the slave States to their present number, would be so ridiculously silly as to cut off nearly 93,000 square miles of slaveholding Texas for the purpose of making of it one or two additional slave States? The North has the power to do as she pleases, and no man in this country doubts that she will please to make free territory of these 93,000 square miles which she has wrested from Texas, with the aid of ten millions of dollars and a large number of Southern votes.

I shall never forget the hour when this measure of gross iniquity to the South passed the House of Representatives. On Wednesday we defeated it by forty four majority; on Thursday we defeated it again by eight majority; on Friday they carried it over us by ten votes; and when the result was announced, then went up from the lobbies, from the galleries, and from the floor of the Hall of Representatives one long, loud, wild, maniac yell of unbridled rejoicing—the South was prostrate and free soil rejoiced. The South was degraded, fallen, and her enemies rioted. Ten millions of dollars had been flung to the hungry pack who hang like wolves around the treasury, and there was frantic joy in all their hearts and upon all their tongues. They assembled on the banks of the Potomac and in utter defiance of every decent regard for the Farther of his country—they assembled under the very shade of the Washington Monument, and there fired a hundred guns. Thus did they, in manifestation of their wild rejoicing over the prostrate South, and their own clutching of the ten millions of dollars. Nor did they pause here, but with drums beating, fifes blowing, and banners streaming, they paraded the streets of Washington—they called out Mr. Clay, and he spoke to them—they called out Mr. Cobb, Mr. Douglas, Mr. Foote, and I know not who else, and they all spoke to them. It was a night of riot and revelry. The foul deed had been done, and when there should have been sorrow and mourning, there was ecstasy and the wild notes of untamed rejoicing.

I left the street, filled as it was with this motley crew of free negroes and half-clad boys, bankers, brokers, barbers, beggars, Northern Free-soilers, and Southern *patriots*—aye, Southern patriots—patriots whose affections had outgrown their country, and who had taken "all the world and the rest of mankind" into their tender keeping—I left it and them, and retired to my private chamber, there to brood over the sorrows of my stricken and fallen country. But I was not long left to myself and the sorrows of my country. We were summoned to yet another sacrifice. The South no longer had the power of resistance, and a generous foe would not have stricken her again. But the Northern wolf had tasted blood. The Southern shepherd was unfaithful to his flock, and another lamb was taken.

The slave trade in the District of Columbia was abolished. It was by this name they called the deed. It was more than this. It was an act to punish the intentions of masters and to emancipate their slaves. The bill declares that if slaves are brought to the District of Columbia for the PURPOSE of being sold in said District or anywhere else, they shall be free. The law does not punish the act of selling or offering to sell, but it punishes the *intention* to sell; and how, pray? Not by fining the master, or by sending him to prison, but by emancipating his slave.—How this law is to operate in practice I need not say. It is to all intents and purposes an act of abolition Under it, men's intentions will be judged of by swift juries, by abolition juries, and their slaves set at liberty. Does any man doubt that abolition juries will be found in the District of Columbia, and in the city of Washington? There are in the District *sixteen thousand* free negroes, and *twenty three hundred* slaves. Slavery is wearing out there, and to day, fellow citizens, I would as soon risk a New York or Philadelphia jury on a question involving slavery, as a Washington city jury. The people there are growing more and more hostile to this species of property every day, and I pity the master who has his *intentions* tried before a jury taken from among them.

These, fellow-citizens, are the healing measures—the measures of peace. This the vaunted adjustment of which so much has been said, and for the passage of which the cannon has been fired, the drums beat, fifes blown, banners displayed, and all the evidences of national rejoicing exhibited.

I cannot believe in the sincerity of these singular demonstrations. I cannot think that our ignominious exclusion from California affords cause for joy. I cannot believe that the bill to punish a master's intention, by emancipating his slave, has sent joy to Southern hearts I do not believe that the dismemberment of Texas has filled the South with rejoicing. Men make up their minds to submit to wrong, and pride induces them to put the best possible face upon it. Men whose hearts are wrung with agony will smile because they are too proud to weep. Men, like boys, may whistle to keep their courage up. But when causes like these exist for mourning, it is useless to tell me that men with Southern hearts rejoice—the thing is impossible.

I am told that Texas has not been dismembered. That, in the kindest spirit, the United States has proposed to pay her ten millions of dollars, to relinquish her claim to the territory which has been annexed to New Mexico. Let us examine the sincerity of this statement. The United States, speaking through the Executive, and through Congress, says to Texas: "We want this country, and we mean to have it; you are weak and we are strong. Give up the country quietly and we will pay you ten millions of dollars; refuse, and here is the army, the navy and the militia." Look at the power of the United States; look at the threat of the President to reduce Texas to submission. Look at the conduct of Southern Senators and Representatives. Look at all this, and then turn your eyes towards Texas; see her feeble and weak, without money, without arms; in debt and without credit, and tell me if it is left to her free choice to determine whether she will accept or reject this proposition? The overgrown bully approaches a weak and feeble man, without friends and without the means of defence, and says, "I want your land; give it up quietly and I will pay you for it, and if you refuse, bear in mind, I am stronger than you, and here are my guns, here my daggers, and there my armed servants to do my bidding. Choose what you will do." Will not every man's sense of justice revolt at conduct like this? Is the man thus treated, a free agent? In thus taking his property, has not an outrageous wrong, a positive robbery, been perpetrated? I leave it to the good sense of this audience to give the answer.

But we are told that Texas is to be liberally paid, and therefore, if she accepts the proposition and gives up the land, we have no just cause of complaint. I do not know what sum of money would be liberal compensation to a sovereign State for being despoiled of one-third of her territory. For myself, I would not consent to sell the poorest county in Mississippi to the Free-soil party for all the gold on this side of the Atlantic. But when I hear of the liberality of this proposition, it leads me to inquire who pays the money. We can all afford to be liberal at the expense of other people. Do the Free-soilers pay this ten millions of dollars? Not at all; they get the land, that's clear, and that we pay the greater part of the money is equally clear. The money is to be paid from the national Treasury. I am not about to launch into any discussion of the finances, but I want to show who it is that must pay this ten millions of dollars to Texas. We derive our national revenue chiefly from a duty levied on goods imported into the country. Now it will not be denied that these imports are nothing else than the proceeds of the exports. It is perfectly clear that if we cut off the exports, we suspend the imports. If we have nothing to sell, we shall have nothing to buy with, and consequently imports must cease; and if imports cease, revenue will cease. We shall export this year, in cotton alone, near one hundred millions of dollars in value; this will form the basis of one hundred millions of dollars in goods imported.

If the Government levies a duty of thirty-five per cent. on these, her revenue from this source alone will be thirty-five millions of dollars. Now, suppose we abstract this cotton from the exports, do we not see that we cut off the imports to a like extent, and in cutting off the imports that we likewise cut off the revenue? But seeing all this, says one, I do not yet perceive that you have shown how it is that the cotton grower pays the revenue. Go with me, if you please, a little farther. Suppose my friend who sits before me, and who raises 500 bales of cotton, shall ship that cotton, and himself dispose of it in Liverpool for twenty-five thousand dollars. Suppose he invests the money in merchandize and lands in New Orleans. The Government charges him a duty of 35 per cent., for the privilege of landing his goods. Now answer me this question, would it have been any worse for my friend to have been charged 35 per cent. on the value of his cotton as he went out, with the privilege of bringing back his goods free of duty, than it would be to let him take his cotton free of charge and tax him 35 per cent. duty on the return cargo? For myself, I cannot see that it would make the least difference whether he paid as he went out, or as he came in. But I am told the planter does not bring back the proceeds of his cotton. He sells it, and the importing merchant brings back the proceeds and pays the duty. Let it be borne in mind that every man who handles the cotton, from the moment it leaves the planter until it comes back in the form of merchandize, handles it on speculation; and I should like to know which one of these speculators it is that loses the 35 per cent. which the Government collects. The treasury receives the money; somebody pays it; and in my judgment, that somebody is the planter. The slave-holding States furnish two-thirds of our entire exports, and if I am right in this theory, they pay two-thirds of the revenue, and consequently will pay two-thirds, or nearly seven millions of the ten millions of dollars given to Texas for the territory of which she has been so unjustly despoiled.

I beg pardon for this digression, and shall return at once to the subject before us.

What compensation has been offered the South for her interest in all the vast territories derived from Mexico, for this spoliation of Texas, and the emancipation act in the District of Columbia? We are told that the North gave us the Fugitive slave law. This, fellow-citizens, was our right under the Constitution. It could not be refused. No man who had sworn to support the Constitution could refuse to vote for an efficient law for the surrender of fugitive slaves, unless he was willing to commit wilful and deliberate perjury. I do not thank the North for passing the Fugitive slave law. I will not thank any man or any power for dealing out to me my constitutional rights. If the North will *execute* the law in good faith, I shall think better of them as brethren and friends than I now do. Time will determine whether they will do this.

These acts have passed. They are now on the statute books, and the question arises—shall we tamely submit to their operation, and if we resist, in what manner, and to what extent shall we carry that resistance?

I am not appalled by the cry of disunion, so often and so foolishly raised, whenever resistance is spoken of. There are things more terrible to me than the phantom of disunion, and one of these is tame submission to outrageous wrong.—If it has really come to this, that the Southern States dare not assert and maintain their equal position in the Union, for fear of dissolving the Union, then I am free to say that the Union ought to be dissolved. If the noble edifice, erected by our fathers, has become so ricketty, worm-eaten, and decayed, that it is in danger of falling every time the Southern States assemble to ask for justice, then the sooner it is pulled down the better. I am not so wedded to the name of Union as to remain in it until it shall fall and crush me.

I have great confidence that the Government may be brought back to its original purity. I have great confidence that the Government will again be administered in subordination to the Constitution; that we shall be restored to our equal position in the Confederacy, and that our rights will again be respected as they were from 1783 to 1819. This being done, I shall be satisfied—nothing short of this will satisfy me. I can never consent to take a subordinate position. By no act or word of mine shall the South ever be reduced to a state of dependence on the North. I will cling to the Union, and utter its praises with my last breath, but it must be a Union of equals; it must be a Union in which my State and my section is equal in rights to any other section or State. I will not consent that the South shall become the Ireland of this country. Better, far, that we dissolve our political connexion with the North than live connected with her as her slaves or vassals. The fathers of the Republic counselled us to live together in peace and concord, but these venerable sages and patriots never counselled us to surrender our equal position in the Union. By their lives, they gave us lessons in the horn-book of freedom. If Washington could speak to us to-day from the tomb, he would counsel us against submission. He resisted less flagrant acts of usurpation and tyranny, and took up arms against his King. The flatterers of royalty called this treason. If we resist the greater outrages, can we hope to escape the name of traitor?

Let me say to you, in all sincerity, fellow-citizens, that I am no disunionist. If I know my own heart, I am more concerned about the means of preserving the Union than I am about the means of destroying it. The danger is not that we shall dissolve the Union, by a bold and manly vindication of our rights; but rather that we shall, in abandoning our rights, abandon the Union also. So help me God, I believe the submissionists are the very worst enemies of the Union. There is certainly some point beyond which the most abject will refuse to submit. If we yield now, how long do you suppose it will be before we shall be called upon to submit again? And does not every human experience admonish us that the more we yield, the greater will become the exaction of the aggressors? To the man who thinks and says that we have been wronged, and yet submits in sullen silence, I can only say, you reason badly for the Union. But to the man who rejoices in the late action of Congress, who fires cannon, beats drums, and unfurls banners with motions of joy written on them—to such a man I can say, with a heart filled with sorrow, however well meant these acts may be, they invite aggression on our rights, and will lead to certain and inevitable disunion.

The best friend of the Union is he who stands boldly up and demands equal justice for every State and for all sections. If I have demanded more than this, convince me, and I will withdraw the demand. But I shall stand unawed by fear and unmoved by flattery in demanding for Mississippi the same justice that is meted out to the greatest and proudest State in the confederacy.

If the Union cannot yield to this demand, I am against the Union. If the Constitution does not secure it, I am against the Constitution. I am for equal and exact justice, and against anything and everything which denies it.

This justice was denied us in the "adjustment bills" which passed Congress. But we are not to infer that the fault was either in the Union or in the Constitution. The Union is strength, and if not wickedly diverted from its purposes, will secure us that justice and that domestic tranquility which is our birthright. The Constitution is our shield and our buckler, and needs only to be fairly administered to dispense equal and exact justice to all parts of this grand Confederacy.

Has the South had justice in California? Have her rights been respected in any part of the territories? Has she been fairly dealt with in the matter of the Texas boundary? Was good faith observed in the passage of the anti-slavery bill for the District of Columbia? Does the North exhibit a spirit of love, charity, good neighborhood and brotherly kindness in the perpetual warfare which she wages on our property? Is the Union now what it was in 1783? Did our fathers frame a constitution and enter into a union which gave the right of aggression to one-half the States and obliged the other half to submit without a murmur. Would Washington, and Jefferson, and Madison, have entered into such a union with Adams, and Hancock, and Jay? To all these questions there can be but one answer, we all know. Every thinking, reasoning man knows, that in the war upon slavery, the Constitution and the Union have been diverted from their original purposes. Instead of being shields against lawless tyranny, they have been made engines of oppression to the South. And am I, a Southern citizen, to be deterred from saying so by this senseless cry of disunion? Am I to see my dearest rights taken from me, and my countrymen denied all participation in, or enjoyment of the common property, and be afraid to speak? Must I witness the dismemberment of a Southern State and a whole catalogue of wrongs, and fail to speak, lest the Union shall crumble and fall about my ears? I hope the Union is made of sterner stuff, but I am free to say, if the Union cannot withstand a demand for justice, I shall rejoice to see it fall.

I will demand my rights and the rights of my section, be the consequences what they may. It is the imperative duty of every good citizen to maintain and defend the Constitution and the Union, and this can only be done by demanding and enforcing justice. Let us make this demand and let us enforce it, and let the consequences rest on the heads of those who violate the Constitution and subvert the Union in this war upon justice, equality and right.

We are told that our difficulties are at an end; that unjust as we all know the late action of Congress to have been, it is better to submit, and especially is it better, since this is to be the end of the slavery agitation. If this were the end, fellow citizens, I might debate the question as to whether submission would not be the better policy. Such is my love of peace, such my almost superstitious reverence for the Union, that I might be willing to submit, if this was to be the end of our troubles. But I know it is not to be the end. I know it has not been the end thus far. What have we seen? On the passage of all these bills through Congress, the North stood shocked and overawed at the enormity of the wrong done the South; but Washington city rejoiced, Baltimore rejoiced, Richmond rejoiced. Instead of the thunder notes of resistance coming back upon the capitol, we were greeted with songs and shouts, and the merry peals of hearts filled with joy. Seward, the abolition senator from New York, encouraged by these indications, introduced a bill to *abolish slavery* in the District of Columbia. It got only five votes. The North had not yet recovered from the shock which a glance at her own bold work had inflicted on her. After a few more days, the news of rejoicing at Louisville, at Augusta and Nashville, came rolling back upon the wings of the lightning, and Seward asked another vote, and the result was nine in the affirmative. The cautious Dayton, and the still more cunning Winthrop, and men of that class, all the while protesting that it was yet *too soon* to urge that measure. They saw and knew full well that the firing of cannon and beating of drums were empty signs. They judged, rightly, that no people rejoice in heart at their own degraded action. But this rejoicing still went on; they fired the cannon, and beat the drums, and flung out their banners all over the South—at Natchez and New Orleans—at Mobile, and at Jackson, at Memphis and Montgomery. Not only were the Giddings, and the Seward's, the Chases, Hales and Kings, and all the enemies of the South, thus assured that there would be no resistance, but, in the echo of the booming cannon and in the shrill notes of the merry fife, they were assured that the South was filled with rejoicings and merry songs. What was the effect of all this? Why, fellow-citizens, the vote was taken in the House on the bill to abolish slavery out-and-out in the District of Columbia, and it got fifty-two votes, and there were twenty-nine of its friends absent—the largest vote ever given in Congress on the direct proposition. Look at these things. Look to the Fugitive slave law in New York, Massachusetts, Ohio and elsewhere. Look to the late extraordinary triumph of Seward in New York. Look to the success of the Free-soilers in the late elections. Listen to the notes of preparation everywhere in the Northern States, and tell me if men do not wilfully deceive you when they say that the slavery agitation is over. I tell you, fellow-citizens, it is not over. It never will be over so long as you continue to recede before the pressure of Northern power. You cannot secure your rights; you cannot save the Union or the Constitution, by following the timid counsels of the submissionists. Pursue these counsels, and they will lead to a sacrifice of all that we hold dear—of life, liberty, property, and the Union itself. By submission you may secure, not a Union, but a *connexion* with the North. It will be such a connexion as exists between Ireland and England, Poland and Russia, Hungary and Austria. It will not, it cannot be the union of our fathers—it cannot be a union of equals.

You can save the Union, fellow-citizens, and you can do it by a stern resistance to wrong.

I have seen the Free-soil elephant of the North. He is governed by the instincts of his species. He never crosses a bridge without first pressing it with his foot to see if it will sustain his ponderous frame. Make the bridge strong, and he will cross, but let it be weak, and he will stay on his own side. If you want this Free-soil elephant among you, make the bridge strong, *give him assurance of submission*, convince him that he may pass the gulf that divides you in safety, and he will come among you and destroy you. If you would keep him out, show him the yawning chasm, and convince him that if he attempts to cross he will be precipitated to the bottom, and, my life upon it, he will be content to remain at home.

The North will inflict all that the South will bear, even to a final emancipation of the negro race. She will inflict nothing that you will not bear.

I am detaining you, fellow citizens, beyond the time which I allotted to myself; allow me to bring these remarks to a close.

I am for resistance. I am for that sort of resistance which shall be effective and final. Speaking to you as a private citizens, I shall not hesitate to express my individual opinions freely and fearlessly as to the best mode of resistance. I do not ask—I do not expect any one to adopt my opinions. They are the result of my own best reflections, and they will not be abandoned, except to embrace others more likely to prove effective in practice.

I approve of the Governor's convocation of the legislature. The measure was called for by the emergencies of the hour, aud was, in my judgment, eminently wise and proper.

I trust the legislature will order a convention of the State. Give the people a chance to speak. Let the voice of the sovereign State be heard speaking through a regularly organized convention, and it will command respect. Our bane has been our divisions. We never can unite as one man—our people are too much imbued with the early prejudices of their native homes. Congregated from all the States of the Union and from many foreign countries, they never can unite on one common platform. But the majority can speak, and if that majority speaks through a convention legally elected, its voice will silence dissension. It will be the voice of sovereignty—it will command respect.

What if three-fourth of the people of Mississippi are for resistance, the other fourth makes as loud a noise, and their voice sounds as large in New York or Massachusetts. What if five-sixths of your delegation in Congress have spoken the sentiment of the State, the other sixth has protested that he speaks the voice of the State. Let the people speak! Let them speak through the ballot box. Let a convention be called, and, through that convention, let us speak the sentiments of the sovereign State.

I should hope that such a movement in Mississippi would be responded to in most, if not all the Southern States. I should have great confidence that South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Florida, would meet us on a common platform, and resolve with us to stand or fall together.

I speak with great deference, but with the utmost freedom as to what course Mississippi and the other States should pursue. I speak for myself alone, and no man or party is in any way responsible for what I say.

We should demand a restoration of the laws of Texas in *hæc verba* over the country which has been taken from her and added to New Mexico. In other words, we should demand the clear and undisputed right to carry our slave property to that country and have it protected and secured to us after we get it there; and we should demand a continuation of this right and of this security and protection.

We should demand the same right to go into all the territories with our slave property, that citizens of the free States have to go with any species of property, and we should demand for our property the same protection that is given to the property of our Northern brethren. No more, nor less.

We should demand that Congress abstain from all interference with slavery in the territories, in the District of Columbia, in the States, on the high seas or any where else, except to give it protection, and this protection should be the same that is given to other property.

We should demand a continuation of the present Fugitive slave law, or some other law which should be effective in carrying out the mandate of the Constitution for the delivery of fugitive slaves.

We should demand that no State be denied admission into the Union, because her Constitution tolerated slavery.

In all this we should ask nothing but meagre justice; and a refusal to grant such reasonable demands would show a fixed and settled purpose in the North to oppress and finally destroy the Southern States. If the demands here set forth, and such others as would most effectually secure the South against farther disturbance should be denied, and that denial should be manifested by any act of the Federal Government, we ought forthwith to dissolve all political connexion with the Northern States.

If the Southern States, in convention, will lay down this or some other platform equally broad and substantial, and plant themselves upon it, I know there are hundreds and thousands of good men and true at the North, who will take positions with them, and stand by them to the last. In the present condition of our counsels, we can never expect support from the North. Distracted and divided at home and in Congress, those at the North who are disposed to aid us, are left in doubt as to which is the true Southern side of the question. Suppose Mr. Dallas, Mr. Paulding, or some other friend of the South, should undertake our defence, would he not be met with language like this, "look at Clay, look at Benton, look at Houston, look at hundreds in the South—listen to the roar of their cannon and the music of their drums, and do you, sir, pretend to know more of Southern rights than the South knows of her own rights." What could our Northern friends say to a speech like this? No fellow citizens, no! Do not place your friends at the North in this condition. Erect a platform on which they may stand and fight your battles for you. When the Free-soiler points to the Clays, the Bentons, the Houstons, and others, enable your friends to point to Mississippi and Georgia, and Alabama, and South Carolina, assembled in conventions. And when the Free-soiler appeals to the cannon roaring and the drums beating, let your friends appeal to the voice of sovereign States demanding justice, equality and liberty on the one side or disunion on the other.

If I hesitate to embrace the doctrine of disunion, it is because the North has, to some extent, been inveigled into her present hostile position towards the South by our own unfaithful representatives, and encouraged to persevere in the mad policy by the ill-advised conduct of some of our own people. A portion of the Southern senators and representatives voted for the admission of California, and large numbers sustained the Texas spoliation bill. The whole advantages of these measures enured to the benefit of the North, and we could not reasonably expect Northern men to do more for us than our own representatives. We have great reason to complain of the North, but we have much greater reason to complain of our own unfaithful servants. The North is deceived as to the true condition of Southern sentiment, but they have been deceived by our own people. Let us undeceive them. Let us prepare to strike for justice, equality, liberty. But let us first give fair warning, and let that warning be given in an authentic and authoritative form. Let us do this, and if then we are forced to strike, we shall be sustained by all good men, we shall be sustained by God, and our own clear consciences.

These are my opinions, fellow-citizens, freely expressed. I do not ask you to sanction them or to adopt them as your own, unless you approve them. I have but one motive, and that is to serve my afflicted country. Wholly and entirely Southern in my sentiments and feelings, I have never debated with myself what course it were best for me to pursue. Ambition might have led me to the North, but as I loved the land of my birth more than the honors and emoluments of power and of place, I have taken sides with the South. Her destiny shall be my destiny. If she stands, I will stand with her, and if she falls, I will fall with her.

THROUGH LINE TO CALIFORNIA.

FOR CHAGRES, DIRECT, via HAVANA.

THE United States Mail Steamship Company will despatch as above, the splendid double engine steamship

FALCON,

H. J. Harstein, U. S. Navy, commander, on Thursday, December 26th, at 3 o'clock, P. M., from the pier foot of Warren street, North river.

Freight to Chagres 70 cents per cubic foot, prepaid.

PASSAGE TO CHAGRES.

Cabin	$100	Steerage	$50

TO HAVANA.

Cabin	$70	Steerage	$25

The Falcon will connect with one of the Pacific steamers of this line, and passengers having through tickets will not be delayed at Panama beyond the usual stay at that port.

PASSAGE FROM PANAMA TO SAN FRANCISCO.

Cabin	$300	Steerage	$150

The Falcon has just been thoroughly overhauled; she is furnished with new boilers, and has a new saloon and state-room deck; her cabins are newly furnished throughout, and her accommodations for passengers are now equal to those of any other steamer afloat.

For freight or passage, apply at the office of the company, 177 West street, corner of Warren st., to M. O. ROBERTS.

Dec. 23—128

AT ODD FELLOWS' HALL.

WHIPPLE'S GRAND ORIGINAL EXHIBITION OF THE DISSOLVING VIEWS,

As Exhibited in the cities of Boston, Philadelphia, and elsewhere.

REPRESENTATIONS of the most beautiful Scenery of all parts of the world, with a great variety of Ancient and Modern Structures, Ruins, Cities, Castles, &c., which are produced in a truly wonderful manner. The most beautiful scenes grow into proportion and again disappear, but so sudden and mysterious is the transition that it can only be compared to the magic of a dream seen by the eye.

Commencing Tuesday evening the 24th instant, also every successive evening through the week; and Wednesday and Saturday afternoon, commencing at 3 o'clock.

A splendid Series of Views, among which several represeentations of White Mountain Scenery in New Hampshire.

After which the
OXYHYDROGEN MICROSCOPE!
Will be applied, revealing the Wonders of the Animalcular World.

Followed by European Views, among which is a View of Rome, the Coliseum, the Castle of St. Angelo at night, illuminated by Fireworks.
The Swiss Cottage—The Snow Storm.
City of Constantinople.
The Lake of Killarney, City of Lisbon, City and Bay of Naples.
Eruption of Mount Vesuvius!
And many others of the most sublime and beautiful scenes in Europe.

The whole enlivened with music, and concluding with a brilliant display of
PYRAMIC FIRES!
Interspersed with a variety of Beautiful Scenes, among which is an equestrian likeness of Gen. Taylor on parade.
A correct likeness of Jenny Lind, acknowledged by all to be perfect, taken by the aid of daguerreotype instruments, from the Swedish Nightingale in person.
Marine View of Ships in actual motion.
A Californian's Dream, and many others of matchless beauty.

Doors open at half-past 6; exhibition commences at half-past 7 o'clock.

Tickets 25 cents; children half-price. Reductions made for schools. dec 23

WM. HOWLAND,

Importer and Dealer in Dry Goods, in CHARLESTON, S. C.

WOULD call the attention of *planters visiting Charleston* for their supplies, to his stock of Dry Goods, which is kept constantly full, and embraces a complete assortment for families and plantation wear; and, in Dress Goods, from the low-priced, to the richest, latest, and most fashionable.

As a large part of his stock is of *his own importation*, he is enabled to compete with any Dry Goods establishment in the United States, either in price or variety.

All Goods of *Southern manufacture*, he will particularly keep.

No. 224, bend of King st., Charleston.

dec 4—2atMa

Smithsonian Lectures.

DR. COX, of Brooklyn, N. Y., will continue his Lectures on the evenings of Monday, Tuesday and Thursday of this week, at 7½ o'clock, P. M. The closing lecture will be delivered on Friday. Subject "Poetry."

A plank walk has been constructed directly west from the building to the brick pavement on 12th street, where a lamp will be placed at the gate.—Persons coming in this direction, will enter the lecture room through the north-east tower.

Dec. 21-4t-d

PARKER'S CHRISTMAS opening takes place this day and will continue through the Christmas and New Year Holidays. He respectfully invites his friends and strangers to call at his new store under the National Hotel, and look through his selection of beautiful fancy articles suitable for Presents for all ages.

PARKER'S
Fancy and Perfumery Store, under the National Hotel. Dec. 2

THE Subscriber returns his thanks to the public and the old customers of SIMMS & SON, and informs them that THE GROCERY AND WINE BUSINESS heretofore carried on by them, is contiued by EDWARD SIMMS; he has added a full and fresh supply of the finest TEAS, BLACK AND GREEN, FRESH GROCERIES, &c., and has also on hand a full assortment of the finest WINE, and will be sold at the lowest rates, amongst which will be found 100 baskets of the choicest brands of Champagne, Hock, and Claret Wines, of the purest kinds.

EDWARD SIMMS.