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VOLUME 2. DARLINGTON, S. C., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 26, 1870. NO. 14.

The Democrat.

PUBLISHED
EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,

TERMS:—$2.50 per annum in advance.

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One Square, first insertion $1.50
One Square, second insertion 1.00
Every subsequent insertion 50

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REVIEW OF EX-GOV. PERRY'S SKETCH OF John C. Calhoun.

When I read in the contents of the March number of "The Land W. Love," John C. Calhoun, by Ex.Governor Perry, of South Carolina, I felt very much as I should have felt had I found in the place "George Washington," by Lord North, Ex-Premier of Great Britain. I turned to the article, expecting to find in it nothing laudatory, and much defametory, of the great Carolinian.

I was but a little disappointed. I found in it some cleverer things said of him at home—his hospitality, urbanity, instructive conversation, and skill as a planter. This is all the good and great that Mr. Perry could find in Mr. Calhoun's character, worth noticing. The question then naturally occurs: What could have tempted such a man to put himself forward as the biographer of John C. Calhoun? The careful reader will find the answer on every page of the sketch. He will be forced to my conclusion, that the whole article is the offspring of undying spleen, collected nearly forty years ago, and now poured out upon the grave of a man, when, so far as Mr. Perry knew, perhaps believed that there was not another man living, fully competent to neutralize its baneful effects; and that the complimentary passages in the sketch were only a little cheap, spicery, mingled with the poison, to make it palatable, This is confirmed by the remarkable fact, that Gov. Perry does not drop even a hint of the noblest, the sublimest trait of Mr. Calhoun's character. I allude to his high-toned morals, preserved pure and spotless for forty years amidst all the temptations and damning sins of that modern Sodom, Washington City. Who ever heard him speak disrespectfully of the Christian religion? Who ever heard him utter a profane word? Nay, whoever heard of his taking one "deep drink of brandy and water," in all his life? Who ever saw him at one of the gambling hells, or houses of ill-fame in the rotten capital? Who ever heard him retail an indecent or defamatory anecdote?—Who ever saw him cast a forbidden glance at woman? Who ever heard of his fobbing a dime of the public money? Who ever heard of his advocating a claim in Congress for pay? Who ever heard him apply an abusive epithet to any opponent who met him in debate? Who ever heard of his letting himself down, even for the instant, from the the dignity which should characterize every senator of the United States?

You have written harsh things upon the tomb of this great man, Mr. Perry. You would have done yourself more credit if, in the place of them, you had inscribed upon it, in plain English, Burns' epithet on "Willie," with a change of names, under your own sign-manual:

"Beneath these stones
Lies Calhoun's bones,
Whom canting wretches blame,
With such as he
Where'er he be,
May I be saved or damned."

There is more poetry than piety in this, but more piety than there is in Mr. Perry, backwards.

"In Mr. Calhoun's last moments," says the Ex-Governor, "he said nothing about religion, and I mentioned the fact to Gov. Orr, who was with him when he died in Washington. The governor said Mr. Calhoun had no idea of dying, and had not even given up at that time the hope of being President of the United States."

The ex-governor should have remembered that the *ex*-governor of the (reconstructed) State, was an incompetent witness of the fact to which he here testifies. I am disposed to give to these cosey governors all the credit due to them, when they spake of things knowable by man, but when they speak of the unknowable, as known to them I think they should offer an apology to the world for their utterances, rather than claim credit for them. Mr. Calhoun's last speech in Congress was read for him by a friend, because he was too feeble to deliver it; and among his last words were, "Oh that I could live to deliver one more speech in the Senate."

From these facts I infer that Gov. Orr peered into Mr. Calhoun's thoughts and aspirations with judicial vision, and delivered his oracles with a careless tongue.

Mr. Perry continues: "The governor told me that Mr. Calhoun was a Unitarian in religion. But Major Samuel A. Towns, who was very intimate with Mr. William Calhoun, the brother of John C. Calhoun, once informed me, that in a conversation with his brother, who was a great heretic in religion himself, he inquired what the religious opinions of John C. Calhoun were. Mr. William Calhoun replied: "John has the reputation of being a great man, and he is too prudent to offend the religious world by the avowal of infidel notions, but I know that he thinks with me in regard to religion." This gives a broad hint of how much Mr. Perry knew of the Calhouns generally. What he knew of John in particular, we will deduce from his own confessions presently.

Samuel Towns married Lucretia, the daughter of William Calhoun; of course "he was very intimate with him," With Mr. Towns I never became acquainted, but his wife I knew in her early childhood, and held a sort of of father-and-daughter-like correspondence with her for some time during her widowhood. I boarded with William C. Calhoun for about two years, while I went to school at Abbeville, and as I had something to do with the adoption of McDuffie by the brothers John, James, and William Calhoun, and as I was always as closely knit with their foster son as David was to Jonathan, their hearts and houses was ever as open to me as to their own children. I am therefore, a great deal better posted upon their public and private history than Gov. Perry possibly can be. William Calhoun while I lived with him, was as reticent of his religious opinions as his brother John; and through life, I believe, he was as free from gross vices as John, but there was this difference between them: you might live with John twenty years and never discover from his walk and conversation, that he was not a scrupulously devout man; but you could not live with William six months without discovering in his manner and conversation a number of little half-concealed signs that he was not a christian—such as sly flings at this and that frail member of the church, chuckling ot the exposure of their secret faults, retailing funny anecdotes of ignorant preachers,—in short, those signs which all irreligious men of respectable standing in the community are constantly showing forth of opposition to the Church and its members. Thousands of these are infidels at heart, and William Salhoun may have been one of them. I was one of them myself in my younger days. But I never heard William Calhoun openly avow infidel sentiments in all my life, and I will venture to say, that in all his life, he never tried to make one proselyte to the infidel school. Now if Wm. Calhoun made the communication just quoted, to his son-in-law, he made it in the confidence of the family circle, or with intent that Mr. Towns should use it at discretion, or with intent to unmask his brother to the world through the agency of his son-in-law.

The first supposition is the most charitable to Mr. Towns, for though it makes him a betrayer of a family secret, it still depends upon the manner in which he revealed it to Mr. Perry, whether he was a pardonable or unpardonable betrayer. If he revealed it in confidence to Gov. Perry, why then he was only unfortunate in the selection of his confidant, and is pardonable, and Gov. Perry must answer for his treachery. But if he revealed it to Mr. Perry as the known political enemy of his wife's uncle, why then he is unpardonable, and to such a degree that he is not a trustworthy witness against his uncle.

The second supposition makes M. Towns marvellously indiscreet, and his father-in-law marvellously ignorant of his indiscretion. But Mr. Perry is not to be blamed for these family weaknesses. He is to be blamed, however, for concealing them in his own bosom while the parties implicated could speak in their defence, and exposing them to the world after Death had set his seal upon their lips for a decade of years or more.

The last supposition is the most reasonable from the text, but it is indignantly forbidden by every law of justice, humanity, charity, prudence, sympathy, and self-interest, for it makes Wm. Calhoun a new-featured devil, his son-in-law a base-born imp in his own likeness, and Mr. Perry, the fabled ghoul. Look at it reader! Mr. Wm, Calhoun has a brother who is the glory of his State, and the admiration of the whole world. Th two have adopted son, hardly inferior to his matchless patron in anything. All of them have offspring with heart united by bonds stronger than nature's, and with a pride of lineage that Victoria's children might envy, for what is the heritage of blood, compared with the heritage of mind in its noblest manifestations. Thus stood the family when W. Calhoun, with the confession on his lips that he knew that his brother did not wish his religious opinions made known to the world, resolved that the world should know them. Finding his son-in-law curious to know what they were, he first informs him that he himself is a great heretic in religion' * and then adds that herein John is just like him. The son (let us call him) is delighted with these revelations, and of course, a little infidel himself,) and deeming it more honorable to all parties that they should be made known than kept secret, he communicates them to John's bitterest political enemy, as the most likely to give them broad and rapid currency through the world. But lo! the enemy disappoints William and his son, and fulfilled John's wishes to the letter, so long as he lived.

Had he buried his secret with the man that it most concerned, he would have honored himself. But he divulges it many long years after that man had slumbered in his grave, and in such a way as to prove that he himself had rather raven upon the reputation of the dead than of the living! Verily South Carolinina has given birth to two prodigies, both well worthy to lead their respective tribes.

Mr. Perry proceeds:

"General Thompson has told me that he was at Mr. Calhoun's house with an ignorant and rude Baptist Clergyman, to whom Mr. Calhoun was explaining the doctrines of nullification. The clergyman stopped him, and said, "I would much rather have your views upon the subject of the christian religion." Mr. Calhoun evaded the question, and the direct inquiry was made of him if he believed in the christian religion. The question was not answered."

This *ignorant, rude* Baptist elargyman" was Johnathan Davis, brother of Isaac N. Davis, a respectable member of the bar, first of Georgia and then of Mississippi, a trustee of the university of this State, and in other creditable respects a man of note. Jonathan and Isaac were full cousins of Reuben Davis, ex-judge of the Supreme Court of Mississippi, ex-member of the United States Congress and *ex*-member of the Confederate Congress so long as it lived. *Prima facie*, then, Jonathan was neither ignorant nor rude; nor did General Thompson so represent him to be, when in repeating the same anecdote to me, he named him. Jonathan had hardly reached the age of manhood when he entered the ministry; and for years he had no superiot of his age, as a sermonizer, in the Baptist Church of Georgia. He was a very ardeut, zealous, laborious; active, free-spoken, *self-confident* member of the church; consequently, when Thompson told me his anecdote, in his own peculiar laughable way of giving point to his stories by his manner of telling them, it was so precisely in character with the statesman and preacher as I knew them, that I relished it I am sure, more than any other man he ever told it to. Thus I received it: "I was once at Mr. Calhoun's house in company with a Baptist preacher from Georgia by the name of Davis. Mr. Calhoun entertained his guest at some length with an exposition of nullification. Davis heard him patiently through, and when he concluded, Mr. Calhoun said: "Davis, what do you think of the *C*hristian religion?' Mr. Calhoun, after a moment's pause, replied, '*I am a believer in the Christian religion, Mr. Davis.*'" Who, but one ever disposed to seek gall among sweetmeats, would have thought of adducing this anecdote in proof of Mr. Calhoun's infidelity, even if he had not responded to Davis's question? Thompson never told it to disparage Calhoun. It was not his wish to do so. Pay, the highest compliment that ever was paid to Mr. Calhoun fell from the lips of Waddy Thompson when he was at the boiling point of his opposition to Mr. Calhoun. It was addressed to my ears as we came out of the capitol at the conclusion of a great debate between Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Clay, and soon after he changed his allegiance from the one to the other. "Judge," said he, you know my feelings towards Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Clay at this time, but they do not corrupt my judgment; Mr. Clay is but a child in Calhoun's hand." Returning to the anecdote. Ninety out of a hundred readers of this day will wonder what either of us saw in it to impress it upon our memories for a week. It is due to myself that I explain how it came to be so refreshing to me. My imagination, with very little stretching, fillen out the picture. Nullification was at the time making rapid progress in Georgia. *M*r. Calhoun had before him a popular young preacher of the Baptist church of that State, the largest church numerically in the State, save one. *M*r. Calhoun saw that this young man might exert a great influence in winning over his brethren to the State Rights doctrine, from which nullification flowed as a necessary consequence, and he concluded to arm him invincibly fort he contest then raging in Georgia. But in that day Southern preachers generally, and Baptist and *M*ethodist preachers in particular, eschewed politics scrupulously, and looked upon them rather in the light of temptations of the devil than as things to be studied.—Jonathan, therefore, was in a delicate position. Mr. Calhoun's subject had no attractions for him, perhaps was offensive to him; but he could not tell him so in his own house, so he must needs hear Mr. Calhoun through as gracefully as he could.

Having heard him with true christian resignation through all the evidences of nullification, Jonathan felt himself in perfect order, if not under obligation, to invite Mr. C., to the consideration of his favorite theme.—*Prima facie* Mr. C was an infidel in Jonathan's eyes, (*vide supra*,) and a very dangerous one to boot. He, therefore, stood ready, Mr. C. acknowledged the fact, to demonstrate to him that the evidences of christianity were to the evidences of nullification as the stars of Orion or to the Pleiades. But Mr. C. acknowledged himself a believr and Jonathan was comforted. Both were disappointed, and Jonathan got the best of it, for Mr. C. had expened (as he saw) a whole caisson of ammunition in a bootless experiment, and Jonathan had saved all his for future uses. Thus my fancy pictured the scene, and my moral texture made it rich to me. Never did I dream, never did Thompson dream, that this harmless little anecdote would ever be brought before the world distorted, stuffed, and perverted, mutulated, with all the sense and spirit sucked out of it, to prove that John C. Calhoun was an infidel. I believe that he regarded the government of the children of Israel in the wilderness, the most perfect that ever existed on earth. Be that as it may, he called my attention to it more than once as exactly the government ours ought to be, or was intended to be. "There," said he, "each tribe had its place on the march and in the camp, each managed its own concerns in its own way, neither interferred, in the slightest degree, with the private affairs of another, nor did their common head interfere with any of them in any matters save such as were of equal interest to all, but unmanageable by them as distinct and independent communities." Mr. Calhoun certainly "believed in Moses," whether he did in the prophets" or not.

So much for Mr. Perry's expose of Mr. Calhoun's religious opinions; let us hear him on his political opinions. Upon his head Mr. Perry is impotent. What Mr. Calhoun was as a statesman and politician is known and read of all men, and a half a century hence will be admired of all men. All that is wanting to place him above William Pitt, or any other premier who has lived before or since his day, is for a race to rise up in this country who can acknowledge his greatness without disgracing themselves. If Mr. Perry saw himself as I see him, he would rejoice in the assurance that when that day comes he will be forgotten, for there is a heavy judgment in reserve for his masters—the Hamiltons, the Marshalls, the Websters, the Storys, the Kents, the Everetts and the Curtises of our time. These are the men who, by false teaching, have demolished the most perfect and blissful government that God ever vouchsafed to man. These are the gentry who set the creature above its creators turned trustees of a sacred deposit into tyrants, extortioners, spendthrifts and fratricides, reduced States to counties, made slaves freemen and freemen slaves, and put the bright Caucasian under the stupid African, clothed the negro with all the privileges that Washington enjoyed, and denied the white man the poor privilege of of casting a vote! Enough, half told, and not the worst told.

There is a day of reckoning for the authors of these things, and when it comes then will John C. Calhoun stand forth in all the majesty of his mental and moral character:—as the man whose teaching if followed, would have glorified the republic, and made it as lasting as the pyramids; who took from those free constructionists and bold destructionists even the plea of ignorance for their political sins; who first vanquished them in argument and then forewarned them of the ruin that their doctrines would bring upon the country with such vividness of detail and accuracy of forecast, that had his prophesies from 1833 to 1852 been placed on canvas, the picture would have been a daguerreotype likeness of the county from 1860 to 1869. But all this was sin in the sight of his opponents, in expiation of which they exacted the blood and freedom of his people, and the destruction of her beautiful capital by fire. And this brings me back to Mr. Perry, who rose a phœnix from he ashes, and borne on Northern breezes, perched himself proudly upon the dead palmetto.

Mr. Perrry is kind enough or careless enough to disclose to us in his sketch, that he knew salittle of Mr. Calhoun's private character as any man of his standing in South Carolina. "The first time that he ever had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Calhoun" was at a public dinner in 1825. He was then a student at law. "The next time he saw him was at Pendleton Court, and it was the last time he spoke to him for many years." The inference is, that between these two interviews he had stood his examination for admission to the bar, got admitted, and had some practice. About three years then we guess intervene I between the casual meetings. Thenceforward "he never spoke to Mr. C. for many years." He furnishes us data from which we can come pretty near his age at this time. In 1822 he was at school in Asheville, N. C., and in 1825 he was a law student. The probability is that in 1822 he was about seventeen years old, but as he was writing for newspepers at this period, we will say eighteen. He was, therefore, just twenty-one when he first saw Mr. C., and with many, dined with him.—Three years afterwards, the said Perry being now twenty-four pears of age, saw Mr. C., a second time and "spoke to him," a condescension shown to Mr. C. which he did not repeat for many years," how many he does not tell us in this place, but he leaks it out in another and the number was a just a round seventeen. What Mr. C., said or did to offend him, he does not inform us. He tells us that in 1832 (he having now reached the advanced age of twenty-eight) "he became very strongly prejudiced against Mr. Calhoun," and he assigns his reasons for it; but he cut Mr. C's acquaintance four years before; and was it liberal, was it magnanimous, was it humane, was it courteous to leave Mr. Calhoun to mourn four long years over the loss of so dear a friend, without offering to him one short word of explanation or consolation? Four years did I say? Twenty-one; four without reason, and seventeen with.—Four for no sin at all, and seventeen for sins purely political! Did poor Calhoun deserve such treatment?

The third time they met was at the meeting of an Agricultural Society, near Mr. Cs.' residence, in 1845. Mr. Perry was orator of the day; and at the conclusion of his address, Mr. Calhoun "came up and complimented the effort." Mr. Calhoun was then stating to Alabama, says Mr. P. "to look after his planting interest in that State, and expressed his regret at not being able to have me at his house." This flattering and generous conduct of Mr. C. brought Mr. P. back to speaking terms with him. The next year (1846) Mr. P. "had the pleasure of hearing him address the Senate for the first time, and of dining with him for the first time, and (after the adjournment of Congress) of riding to the Springs with him." Some years after this Mr. C. became a candidate for Congress against Governor Orr, and "in his electioneering tour he visited Mr. Calhoun twice." Hitherto all the advances had been made on Mr. Calhoun's side; but now, for reasons unexplained, they were all on Mr. P.'s side.—There was a manifest interregnum of his prejudices during the canvass, for in these visits he found Mr. C. perfectly enhancing. Orr defeated him, the chronic ailment returned, and the intimacy between Calhoun and Perry ended forever. Thus it appears that five brief interviews, scattered through the space of about twenty-four years, was the capital stock on which he wrote his biographical sketch of J. C, Calhoun.

In 1832, says Mr. P., I became very strongly prejudiced against Mr. Calnoun, and it was not in my nature to seek the company of those I did not like. The total abandondonment of his early national principles, and and zealous espousal of what he once repudiated as the 'Virginia abstractions,' shook my confidence in his wisdom and steadfastness of purpose in politics. I did not see how a great statesman could radically change his political principles and be both wise and sincere."

The strength of Mr. P.'s prejudices no one will dispute. Thirty-seven years cannot relax them, nor the death of the man who excites them, remove them. But I must really be permitted to call in question his competency, at the age of twenty-eight, to speak advisedly of Mr. C.'s early national principles." He, of course, here alludes to Mr. Calhoun's speeches as recorded on the floor of Congress. We I [illegible] of all political principles thus [illegible] ed, "early," [illegible] they were avowed within the six, eight or ten years of his congressional life. Mr. C. entered congress in 1811, (Mr. P. then being seven years old,) and served ten years in that body before Mr. P. reached his eighteenth year, when he was yet pursuing his academic studies in the retired village of Asheville. N. C. At that age I went to school to Mr. Calhoun's brother-in-law, the Rev. Moses Waddel, D. D., and (as already stated) boarded with his brother. He invariably attended our annual examinations and exhibitions, and through his hands invariably went to the victors in composition and oratory, but I knew nothing of his politics, further than that he was a republican—a term to which I attached very vague ideas. Mr. Perry was more fortunate, or rather unfortunate; for though he informs us that he was a great admirer of Mr. C., when at school, he must, from what he here tells us, have began to feel the *Calhoun-pains* even at this "early" date. He continues: "The total abandonment by Mr. calhoun of his early national principles." This is simply false, and remarkable only for its brass and suicidal recoil. The sense of it (if it has any sense in it at all) that all the political principles which Mr Calhoun avowed in his early life, he disavowed and opposed in his later life. monstrous! And his zealous espousal of what he had once repudiated as "the Virginia abstractions." By the quotation marks, he represents the words "*Virginia abstractions*" as coming from Mr. C.'s own lips, but he very kindly to himself and very unkindly to his readers, keeps out of sight the doctrines which Mr. C. once repudiated and afterwards so zealously espoused. Now I am perfectly confident that Mr. P. here puts words in Mr. Calhoun's mouth which he never uttered, or that he applies them to doctrines which Mr. C. never repudiated and afterwards warmly espoused. The only *Virginia* doctrines that he ever zealously espoused were those of the far famed resolutions of 1798-'9, with Madison's masterly vindication of them; and will Gov. Perry say, will he *dare* to say, that Mr. C. ever repudiated these as Virginia abstractions? When a man quotes another's words he is presumed to know when, where, and upon what occasion they were uttered; if they be of record, he is presumed to have the record in possession or within easy reach. Then give us the proof Mr. P., or take consequences. So much for the first political sin that ruined Mr. Calhoun in Gov. P.'s estimation, and shocked his moral sensibilities to such a degree that "he could not see how the author of it could be a wise or sincere man." I have, therefore, dwelt upon it to an unreasonable length. The children of this great sin are many, and as it would require a volume to pay my respects to them all individually, I will group them up and dispose of them in a lump. Mr. Calhoun was an "egotist." "He thought and reasoned so rapidly and directly, and was so absorbed by the one *subject* for the time being, that he pursued the argument without considering how the question would affect something else. This was too much his character to be a wise statesman or a safe counsellor. Whilst the advocate of a great system of internal improvement, he thought of nothing but the social and commercial blessings it bestows upon the country: He did not stop to consider, or turn to the right or left to see how such a system would strengthen the powers of the national government and crush those of the States. When he became an advocate of a tariff for protection, he thought only of building up our national independence and encouraging American labor. He did not reflect upon its sectional bearing, ect. When he became the champion of nullification, if not its author, he saw nothing more than a remedy for getting of the onerous exactions of the tariff system for protection—did not consider whether or not it would make our national Union a rope of sand."

As all these failings are admitted to be the results of an unfortunate mental infirmity, to wit: that Mr. Calhoun could not think of but one subject at a time, Mr. P. ought to have thrown the veil of charity over them, and not to have coupled them with the wilful sins of Mr. calhoun's lucid intervals, and publish them to the world as *par ignobile fratrum*; but if he must publish them, he should not have magnified them by misrepresentation. Mr. Calhoun never *advocated* the great system of internal improvements, Congress having the power to "establish postoffices and postroads." Mr. Calhoun believed that this grant of power involved the right of Congress to open postroads through the States. In the latter part of his life he acknowledged the right (I don't know that he ever asserted it in Congress) of that body to opening and improving the navigation of the Mississippi river. This great bed of waters, he said, navigable by ships of all burdens and boats of all sizes, with its vast commerce should be regarded as an inland sea rather than a river.

And here we have the begining and the end of Mr. Calhoun's advocacp of the "great system of internal improvements." To be sure, Mr. Calhoun, who always looked at things with one eye shut, did not see that he was "strengthening the national government and crushing the State" by those concessions; and I am quite sure that Mr. Perry, with all the eyes of Argus and Lord Ross's telescope to help him, would not have seen them, for they have not yet become visible. Mr. Calhoun never did *advocate* a protective tariff. He voted for the first in mercy to those Northern men who invested their capital in manufactures during the war, and were doomed to hopless ruin without it, and never voted for another. Mr. Webster voted against this, and never voted against another. The manufacturies asked protection for only a few years when, they could do without it; but, so profitable was their business, that multitudes rushed into it, so that, in about six years, they become the bitch of the fable, that asked the lone of the sow's bed only during the period of her confindment and till her childdend's eyes were opened. The sow consented, but never got back her bed. The manufacturers got the majority of Congress in their power, and changed from beggars to dictators.

Mr. Calhoun was not the author of nullification, he borrowed his ideas of it from Mr. Jefferson; but he did zealously espouse it, and but for the politicians of the Porry school, he would have successfully practised it. McDuffie kept me thoroughly acquainted with every step of the progress of nullification in his State, from its inception. He was very sanguine when he saw his people rushing to the standard of nullification in such numbers that he flattered himself there would be no division on it. But when it reached the maximum of its popularity, and he saw that there was still a strong minority in the State immovably opposed to it, his spirits sunk; his hopes languished, and he said to me "Longstreet, we shall fail. If our people were a unit upon it we would succeed; but there is a strong minority against us who are becoming desperate, and encouraged as they are by the whole North, this thing will end in civil war." The result is known. But was Mr. McDuffie right in ascribing the failure to the Perry party, and is it true that nullification, if successful, would "make our national Union a rope of sand?" Let us see. Before Massachusetts, by a thousand agencies had brought her people to one voice and one sentiment in regard to slavery and the rendition laws. These laws were confessedly constitutional and yet she nullified them effectually within her borders. Still she remained in the Union to suck it, and to curse it, and to torment it, and to disgrace it, without incurring the displeasure of even Mr. Perry. (I venture this statement because he seems never to have noticed it.) So far from its making the national Union a rope of sand, it has proved itself to be a rope of *hemp*. Messers. Vallandigham, Voorhees and Corry, congratulate yourselves that this rope of sand did not get round your necks, for the crime of *sympathy*.*)

Mr. Perry gives us a whole batch of political sins for which *Mr.* Clahoun, and not Nature, is responsible. But I have extended this article so far that, in mercy to my publisher and my readers, I must bring it to a close without examining them in detail. A few remarks upon the ugliest of them, and I have done.

Mr. C. was ever "jumping from one extreme to another in politics; that he advocated a national bank and opposed a national bank; that at one time generanl Jackson was in his opinion a great patriot and an incorruptible man; then he was a great tayrant, and utterly corrupt. At one time he advocated war; at another peace. At one time he become a Whig party, and because Colonel Preston and General Thompson would not do so, he drove one from the Senate, and took the stump against the other."

Mr. Calhoun did vote for the United States Bank, and he has signed his reason for it in these words substantially, if not literally: "I vote for this measure because a bank will be a great auxiliary to the government in carrying on the war; if news of peace should reach us to-morrow I would oppose it." Mr. C. had a fixed rule for interpreting the constitution, which, though not infallible, was certainly the wisest, soundest and safest that ever was adopted by an expounder of that instrument. It was this: *Wherever the constitution confers a power on Congress which it expressly interdicts to the States, such as making war, coining money, etc., there it is to be contrued liberally; but where it confers a power to be exercised concurrently with the States, until Congress assumes the exercise of it, there is to be construed strictly.* He was the friend of Jackson until Jackson become his bitterest enemy. "Never," said Dixon H. Lewis to me, "did John C. Calhoun appear to me in such moral grandeur as when, with a full knowledge that General Jackson, clothed with dictatorial power was threatening to have him arrested and tried for treason. Nothing but the most earnest persuasions, remonstrances, appeals and arguments of Jackson's best friends prevented him from so doing. For three days did Jackson cling to his purpose in spite of all opposition. C[illegible]houn knew all this, and yet witho[illegible] any fear or anger, in or out of the c[illegible]itol, he vindicated his principles, boldly but calmly opposed General Jack[illegible] misdoings and usurpations." He [illegible] he was thus opposing General Jackson [illegible] Clay and Webster *joined him* for very different reasons, namely, Jackson's avowed purpose to prevent the renewal of the United States Bank charter, and his removal of the public deposits from it, and scattering them all over the country among his pet banks.—Calhoun joined the other two in opposition to this last measure, * but he never dropped a word in advocacy of a renewal of the charter. The temporary union of the three great men brought all their friends together in close sympathy. General Jackson retired, and Martin Van Buren was put in his place. He had hardly got quietly seated when lo, all of a sudden, Calhoun forsook his allies and joined the Democratic party. This sudden, change of front startled and provoked many of his warmest friends, me among the rest. Happening in Washington soon after, I visited him and asked an explanation of his strange conduct, and his reply was on this wise: "Judge Longstreet, we cannot link ourselves to the Whig party. We hold no principles in common with them now. The Democratic party profess our principles at least, and will practice them as heretofore, when their local interests do not sway them; and shall we throw the weight of our power in the scale of the Whigs, and thus, perhaps put government into their hands? What should we gain by that? It would be ruinous to us, and the sooner we break from them the better." Hear his own words, uttered when he was in the closest fellowship with those men, and right in their presence: "I am the partisan of no class, nor, let me add, *of any political party*. I am neither of the opposition, nor of the administration. If I act with the former in any instance, it is because I approve of their course on the particular occasion; and I shall always be happy to act with them when I do approve. If I oppose the administration, if I desire to see power change hands, it is because I disapprove of the general course of those in authority, because they have departed from the principles on which they came into office; because instead of using the immense power and patronage put into their hands to secure the liberty of the country and advance the public good, they have perverted them into party instruments for personal objects. But it has not been, nor will it be, a systematic opposition. Whatever measure of theirs I may deem right, I shall cheerfully support, and I only desire that they shall afford me more frequent occasions for support, and fewer for opposition than they have hitherto." Thus he spoke in [illegible] 34. In 1835 he made the great Perry-shocking leap. Clay took him to task in the Senate for it. In reply he had the paragraph just quoted read.

At the conclusion he said, "Such, [illegible] my are recorded sentiments in 1834 [illegible] full and explicit upon all the [illegible]

* As this charge stands in the extract, it might be understood as made upon Mr. Perry's own responsibility, but I am very sure that he did not intend that it should be so understood.

* Vallandigham was exiled, Voorhees was threatened with death, and Corry—well, he began to publish a speech. His press was *expressed*, his speech was *suppressed*, and he was *de*pressed. All for *sympathy*.

* It was here that Forsythe immortalized himself in the defence of the old general. He whipped the whole of them in debate.

[CONCLUDED ON THIRD PAGE.]