

APRIL 10, 1837.

To the Hon. A. H. Sevier, Wm. S. Fulton and Archibald Vell.

Gentlemen—The young man born to rank and fortune, and inheriting that from his ancestors which other men are compelled to obtain by arduous exertion and intrinsic merit, often becomes, ere the epoch of manhood arrives, a spendthrift and a profligate. In like manner, men advanced, suddenly and to their own surprise, to eminent honor and dignified station, by the mere influence of personal favoritism, or the momentary predominance of a petty and unprincipled local party, are generally seen to sink, as suddenly as they had arisen, into pitiable disgrace and irrevocable ignominy. Shut fitfully up into the gloom of the political atmosphere, they glare for a moment and are extinguished, leaving not the slightest trace to remind a busy world of their evanescent existence. Without pretending to the gift of prophecy, I may safely aver that none ever bid fairer to arrive at such a conclusion than yourselves.

I indicated in my last number to what extent I intended to hold you responsible to this people. I hold you answerable for your own acts, and, by endorsement, as well for the acts as for the sins of neglect or omission of the administration party. You promised the people that your elevation to office should be followed by signal advantages to be conferred upon, and singular privileges to be enjoyed by, the State of Arkansas. Have these promises been performed? You vouched to the people that the new administration and its supporters were the only true friends of the west end of Arkansas, while no passing scruple of conscience, waking for a moment from a long lethargy into a sickening existence, deterred you from averring that the opposition were to a man, the aristocrats, the federalists, and the nullifiers of the country—enemies of the west and foe-men of this State. Do the deeds of your party, as recorded upon the journals of the late Congress, bear you out in these averments? I put you to the bar for your trial, and call upon you to make answer.

Perhaps you are ready to complain that the ground I occupy is too broad and comprehensive. You may allege that I am disposed to exact too much. Yet, if callow and inexperienced politicians were simple enough to imagine themselves over-matches for older and more aged, though I shall not presume to say, more willing professors of the Machiavellian school of political craft and cunning, to encounter and cope with whom they rushed panting and eager from their nests in Arkansas, the super-eminent folly of the pretension, and the extravagant absurdity of the undertaking, deserve the utmost castigation which scornful commiseration and pitying contempt can condescend to inflict. To plead that you were outwitted and over-reached will be no justification. Rather it should aggravate the offence. The public should be the more indignant for having been cajoled by those who in their turn became so easily the dupes of others.

I will not rebuke you for the purely partisan votes you gave at the late session. You held your offices by a tenure—and it was your duty to perform certain service and render certain homage to the Lords Paramount. I will not even allude to the expunging vote, which you had previously instructed the legislature to instruct you to give. You required that instruction, I presume, to shield you from the future odium and ignominy which it needed but little foresight to see, must at no distant period follow and attach to that half-erected half-tragedy, which, invading a sacred record, has published to the world a lie, by striking from existence the registry of an act and a vote of the Senate of the United States. It now only remains to publish to the world the amended copy of the journals of that Senate, leaving out, of course, the resolution of censure which has ceased to have a legal existence, and thus directly and deliberately to say, to an astonished and admiring earth, that no such resolution ever passed the Senate. I have not purposed to myself at present to speak of these things. At some future time I may elect to do so, or I may not, as it shall suit my convenience. During eight years we have struggled manfully against usurpation, and done continual battle for the rights of the people. The fanatical devotion of the populace to the late President, formed the main current of the stream of his power and influence. That devotion was honest, though ill-judged and misguided—but interest, ambition, corruption, craft, intrigue, and villainy, have been the ten thousand tributaries that have swelled the rivulet to a broad and overwhelming river. The tide of usurpation has been flowing steadily onward, increasing in depth and volume, until it has burst over the constitutional dikes raised providently by our forefathers as barriers to its encroachments, and is pouring over the whole land. By bold yet cunning assumptions of power, professedly made for the good of the people—by latitudinarian constructions of the constitution in exposition of the powers of the executive, and a construction to the letter in defining the powers of the co-ordinate branches of the government—the barbaric fabric of executive influence and power has been reared high upon, and flows in ominous darkness above the ruins of that simple yet majestic edifice built to guarantee our rights, and baptized with the blood of thousands of freemen. Yet I name you not to reproach you with these things. You have been but bubbles upon the surface of an insignificant branch meandering into the great and broad stream of popular error, delusion, and madness. You have floated with, yet not possessed the power to direct, the current. If, at any future time, I shall discuss the merits of the deceased administration, the philippic will pass harmlessly over your heads. For the present, it is enough that I find you and your party in power. At the late session of Congress, you had a large majority in the Senate, a still larger one in the House of Representatives. There was nothing to check or thwart the wishes and will of the administration. Most signally had you conquered us at home—we had capitulated, and marched off the field with all the honors of war.—I repeat again, we hold you liable for all sins, as well of action as of omission, on the part of yourselves and the party, and you will in vain, with a writhing uneasiness, attempt to evade the responsibility.

I arraign you first to answer for the sins of the party. What have you effected, with your majority in both houses of congress, at the late session? Has your party fully satisfied your expectations—or has the bold and blustering tone which you assumed during the contest here, while vouching for the policy of the new administration, been exchanged for complaint, menace, and no very equivocal warning of an intention to revolt from the party banner? Pledges have been spoken of; Mr. Van Buren has been broadly denounced, and even in the House a little whispering voice has been heard to insinuate that, perchance, you might not always continue loyal and true to your allegiance. What has been done for the west? With a decided and drilled majority in both houses of congress, have you passed any permanent or even temporary law, guaranteeing to the poor man the right of pre-emption? Have you secured to the poor settler, the peculiar object of your solicitude and care during po-

litical contests and canvassings, the right of living, in defiance of the grasping avariciousness of the speculator, upon the little improvement made by the labor of his own hands, in the bosom of the dense forest?—Have you yet managed to secure to him ground enough to serve him for his burial place, unless at the charity of the general government? Have you provided for reducing the price of the public lands, and restricting their sales to the actual settler? Have you advanced a step towards a cession of them to the several States? Have you provided for the defence of our western frontier, for increasing the regular army, and placing upon our exposed border a force adequate to our protection against the hordes of savages on the west? Have you obtained an extension of the Cumberland Road through Arkansas? These things, and more, the people were taught by you to expect, should they vote for Van Buren, and elect you to the offices you now occupy.

I ask again—the question will be reiterated, and an answer to it imperatively demanded by every poor man in Arkansas—Have you, with your decided majority in both houses of congress, obtained a general and permanent, or even a temporary pre-emption law? You have not. Monstrous absurdity and preposterous paradox as it is—the honest settler is still forbidden by law and under heavy penalties, to trespass—in other words, to settle upon and cultivate any portion of the public domain—so that an act in truth most meritorious, and to the country at large of incalculable benefit—the settlement of the frontier—is still an offence against the letter of the law. It behoves you to cast about for sufficient reasons why this should continue to be the case.

The people of Arkansas have abundantly suffered from the avaricious and liberal policy of the general government, and are weary of exposure to the rapacity of the greedy speculator and an uncertain dependence upon his tender mercies. The temporary pre-emption laws, from time to time wrung from a reluctant congress, have been but momentary antidotes. Partial and unequal in their operations, they have been unjust, because they gave to one man a privilege which they denied to another equally deserving. The poor man who cultivated his little spot of land in 1825 and 1830 is as well entitled to the benefits of such a law as he who did so in '33 and '34—and no law is just, proper, or politic, which gives to one man, what, under the same circumstances, it denies to another. You have claimed for your party exclusively the generic term, "Democratic"—and a word so sonorous and imposing has had its due effect. The people were taught to expect that a new era had arrived, to be hereafter recorded as the golden age of our republic. The contest for power between the two great parties in this nation was over—and every where triumphant, no co-ordinate branch of the government remained to thwart the will of the executive. The potent alchemy of self-interest had transmuted all the baser metals into gold. The deserters from all parties had flocked into the camp of the conqueror—the proselytes from every political sect had embraced the creed of despotic power. The banner of Jacksonism, raised first amid the jeers and scoffs of the New York and Virginia legitimists, in defence of the rights of the people against caucus and convention—waving at first over those who aimed at the curtailment of executive influence, a reduction of the expenses of the government, and a wending out of corruption in high places, soon gathered around it the large mass of the people. As it became the object of popular worship, the base and unprincipled hirelings of every party flocked in and claimed to be enrolled as leaders. Then that banner ceased to be the rallying point for principle, and Jacksonism was substituted for Democracy. Yet has gone on conquering and to conquer—and it at length waves in triumph over the citadel of the Senate, that last and staunchest barrier against executive usurpation. When Rome was in her most palmy days of glory, her eagles were borne to victory, and the swords by which she carved out her conquests flashed in the hands of her own noble sons—but as she sunk into degeneracy, although still increasing in power, hirelings and mercenaries swelled her armies, and whole legions of foreign soldiery fought her battles. So with the party to which you claim to belong. The Pretorian cohorts of the administration are officered by deserters and apostates from every party—and though the people are deserting the banner, the carrion fides of party still brood about the palace, and stoop greedily upon the offals thrown to them by the hand of power. Thus it was at the commencement of the late session of congress—though Van Buren had failed in obtaining a majority of the popular vote for President, yet you had a majority in each house of congress, and every officer of every department at Washington was the friend of the administration. Senators from Ohio, Tennessee, and Georgia, recreant to their duty and willful violators of the will of their constituents, were found corrupt enough to swell your ranks in that body. Lavish of protestations and empty of performance, vaunting their independence and hourly going to the extreme horizon of political falsehood, craft, and over-reaching, they were the last men on earth to be trusted, and partisan effrontery and hardness shrunk from vouching either for their intentions or their acts. I shall not ask you to excuse this digression. It is within the legitimate scope of my purpose. It was for the acts of such men you vouched to this people during the contest here, and they have given the lie to your avowment.

I return to the consideration of what your party has done for Arkansas. At the late session, a bill was introduced into the Senate to regulate the sales of public lands, to grant pre-emptions, and to reduce, in a uniform method, the price of the public domain.—Highly objectionable as it was, from the restrictions and other odious provisions it contained, the bantling seemed still to be dear to your party. Parents often dote most upon the deformed and idiotic among their children. Some such bill was demanded by the west, and yet it was highly problematical whether it would not be better to pass by the subject altogether, than to pass a bill so imperfect and so monstrous in its deformity as the one in question. In this dilemma, who among your "democratic" friends stepped forward and moved to amend the bill? What amendment for the better was adopted by your administration majority? None! Judge White offered an amendment, by which were guaranteed and granted to us the three great principles of pre-emption, graduation, and restriction; and although one of you urged strongly upon the Senate the propriety of its adoption, it was lost by an overwhelming vote. Next came Mr. Calhoun's amendment, proposing to give the lands to the several new States, upon certain conditions. This, too, was warmly advocated by one of your number, and what was its fate in the democratic Senate? It was rejected. Offered again as a substantive bill, it was in like manner rejected—and yet so measure ever more fully tallied with the wishes and desires of the west. Long and anxiously have we looked for such a consummation, and when at length it is offered us, by whose hands is the full chalice dashed from our lips? By those of a democratic Senate—by the vote of one of our own del-

egation. The bill finally passed the Senate, amended to more than its original deformity, and in the democratic House of Representatives it died without a struggle. The hardy pioneer must still tremble as the speculator approaches his quiet home, or sink deeper into the recesses of the forest to avoid him—for you have passed no law for his benefit.

The treasury circular—so universally and so justly complained of—still broods with its incubus influence upon the country, paralyzing the best efforts of the industrious, and debarring the poor citizen from using even the slender means which his industry has enabled him to collect together. The bill to rescind it passed the Senate by a vote of 41 to 5, and was sent to the House of Representatives only enough in the session to have been passed, even without the approval of the President. Yet, through democratic neglect, it did not pass till at the heel of the session, when by a vote of 143 to 59 it was sent to Gen. Jackson. Yet it has not become a law—and the poor man must still buy his gold and silver at a premium, or give up his land to the speculator. The President neither approved nor vetoed it. Well knowing that if he returned it with his objections, it would become a law by the constitutional majority, he withheld it from congress in absolute, unqualified, and daring defiance of the desires of the people, and the express will of the people's representatives, upon the ground that he could not precisely understand it, and that its provisions might hereafter be a matter of doubt. Determined to play the bravo to the last moment of his political existence, he retired from office, performing, with cool hardness, as he left the chair of state, an act undeniably hostile to the will of the people, insulting to congress and the nation, and unworthy the chief magistrate of a republic. Had the House passed the bill in proper season, the haughty servant of the people could not so have abused the power delegated to him. Yet, have you murmured against this bold and daring act of unqualified despotism? Have you raised your voices in reprehension, or have you not rather lain prostrate in the dust, and, crawling to the foot of the throne, poured forth your sycophantic adulation in loyal farewell to him who had just opposed the fiat of his absolutism to the express wishes of every constituent you represent? Why this silence? Did you approve the act—or had you other duties, springing from your allegiance to him, paramount to those you owe your own State and the people you pretend to represent?

To point to all that your party have failed to do, would be an endless and Herculean task. I ask you what it has accomplished. The loss of the fortification bill, providing for the common annual appropriations for works now begun and already in progress, brings to my recollection the profligate and bombastic Senator from Missouri, in whose train one of you has uniformly been found voting. He is the very last man to whom a sound judgment would look as a repository of constitutional law—the very last whom it would regard as capable of aiding or understanding improvement in any constitution on earth—and yet the very party who were willing to follow him in a midnight assault upon the constitution, when but two years since he declared to put three millions of money at the disposal of the executive, under the pretext of a fear of French invasion; and when, more recently, he proposed to expend the whole surplus revenue in fortifying the seacoast, have now failed, by a disagreement between the Senate and the House, to make the common annual appropriation. I leave, to another occasion, any comment upon your peculiar share in bringing about this untoward event.

Nor have you passed any bill for reducing the duties and diminishing the receipts of the treasury. There must be a large surplus revenue in the treasury on the first of January next, and yet you have refused to divide that surplus among the States. Permit me again to depart from the plan I had resolved upon, and to demand of you the reasons for your vote against a distribution. Grant that it is improper to levy more taxes, either directly or indirectly, than are required for the wants of the government. Grant that it is unconstitutional to raise a revenue for the purpose of distributing it. So far we all agree. Yet there was reduced to an absolute certainty, that the surplus in the treasury next January would be nearly, if not quite, as large as that of which Arkansas is still receiving her share. The only question before you was, what should be done with a surplus which could not fall to remain in the treasury. There were but two methods—to divide it among the States, or to place it in the deposite banks. There was not even the most remote prospect of a possible contingency in which the money would be needed. Yet you all voted against the distribution. I commend you to a prudent management of all the means, and a careful husbandry of all the resources offered you by the situations you now occupy. Assuredly, if you often vote in so direct opposition to the interest and wishes of the people, your opportunities may soon cease.

The bill for increasing the military establishment has also failed. Our frontier is therefore to be left still defenceless—and when the savage nuts in his knife and tomahawk to the rich and ripe harvest of death in Arkansas, the general government may recollect that the democratic majority in congress and our own members there left us unprotected. Doubtless there may be something in a pure and devoted loyalty like yours, to ally the horrors of such a catastrophe—and while the life blood was ebbing from your bosom, while the keen axe sunk deep in the heads of your wives, and the knife passed to the hearts of your children, you might forget that your party had refused to Arkansas a sufficient defence upon her frontier—and loyal to the last gasp, you might die amid the desolation around you, with the cry of "Vive le President!" upon your lips.

Another bill which was lost by the neglect of your democratic friends was that authorizing the relinquishment of the sixteenth sections granted for the use of schools, and the entry of other lands instead—the bill for the general adjustment of land claims in Louisiana and Arkansas—and others which it is not necessary to mention. It may suffice to say, that one hundred and twenty bills which had passed one House, were not acted upon in the other, and that during thirty years, no Session of Congress has produced so little benefit to the country at large.

So far I have written to sustain the first count in the indictment preferred against you. I defer to my next number a consideration of the facts which support the second. You have identified yourselves with the administration and its friends, and pledged yourselves to this people for the course they would pursue, you have avowed yourselves willing to sink or swim with the party in power, and you cannot now complain that the responsibility of their misdeeds attaches itself to you. I speak to you with a feeling of pity. Subsidaries of the party, you are chained to the chariot wheels of power, and must hurry onward with it wherever it is driven in its rapid and reckless course. Whether its relentless wheels rush over the prostrate spirit of the Constitution or merely over the rights and interests, the wishes and demands of the people of Ar-

kanens, you are the slaves of the lamp, and must obey the bidding of the magician, or you yourselves will be crushed into annihilation beneath them. Fettered by bonds stronger than adamant, you have lost the power to resist. There is no tyrant like party—there are no slaves so submissive in their obedience as its underlings. Imperious in its exactions, it demands the most implicit compliance with its behests; and relentless in its vengeance, it pursues with unquenchable animosity and a tiger-like fierceness even the most impotent who venture to disobey. Nor, constituted as you are, could you desert from the party in power. Were the star of the administration waning, instinct might teach you to transfer your allegiance—but while it remains in the ascendant, it would be singular indeed, if met whose whole life has been marked only by an unqualified and unconditional submission to the party in power, an unscrupulous approval of all its acts and a loyal admiration of all its opinions, no matter how contradictory or absurd; by a curious faculty of recanting just at the moment when what had for a time been held as orthodoxy was changing to political heresy; and by a no less enviable facility for transferring their affections from the rising to the setting sun, should at this late day begin the practice of independence, through motives of patriotism. I ask of you no such self-sacrifice—and when at length, maddened and with her timbers riven and shattered, she plunges, with you on board, into the deep waters whereon she sails, the toment of your political decrease will be far more honorable than any portion of your political existence. CASCA.

More Failures in New York.—A correspondent of the U. S. Gazette, writes from New York, under the date of the 19th ult. as follows: "There have been numerous rumors of failures, but I can only trace five to authentic sources. I will not mention names, as we New Yorkers have a dislike of seeing such things in print where it can be avoided. The stoppages, however, include a heavy Wall street stock broker; a goods importing house as heavy as any in the city; a Pearl street dry goods jobbing house, heretofore second to none in point of character; a Wall street importing house of watches, clocks, &c. and a shipping merchant of some note."

Pretty much of an Irish Bull.—The New York Express, in speaking of the fall of the Messrs. Joseph Banking House, says, with great propriety: "It was raining hard at the time, and very dark, so that we could not see but from appearances we should judge that about half the building at least was in ruins." Cin. Whig.

ROBBERY.

On the 23d inst. the steward of the Paul Jones, a colored man, named Joseph Preston, was taken up on a charge of robbing, and upon searching his house an extensive assortment of plunder was discovered, sufficient in quantity and variety to furnish a small jewelry store. Among the articles are fourteen trunks, one of which is marked "J. B. L." upon the bottom of it.—Wearing apparel, China, Cut Glass, gold Watches, different kinds of Preserves, Loaf Sugar, Abolition Prints, together with a variety of other articles, "too tedious to mention" as old advertisements used to have it, were also brought to light.

The "deposits" were removed by the police men, and the man who "took the responsibility" of abstracting them from their lawful location safely lodged where he will have leisure to come to the conclusion that "honesty is the best policy." Cin. Whig.

EDITORIAL CONVENTIONS.—These are becoming quite the rage among the gentlemen of the quill and scissors. One was recently held in this State; and Ohio, Indiana, and Tennessee, are about having theirs. May they do much good. Lon. Gaz.

The Wines we Drink.—A late foreign paper says that no less than fifty thousand bottles of spurious Champaign will be exported from Dresden the present year. Lon. Gaz.

Another Daniel has certainly come to judgment in New York. An article on the genius of Mrs. Hemans, well written and remarkably just in its views, which appeared in the March number of the American Monthly Magazine, is thus referred to by a writer in the New York Courier:—"As for Mrs. Hemans and Genius, it is a total misapplication of terms to apply the word to her. She should, in this vast exaggeration of her merits, be left to that feminine praise, which mistakes the poetical vocabulary for Poetry. The writer, to be sure, invites us, in order to do her justice, 'to project ourselves into the far future, and anticipate the judgment of posterity;' and though he assures us, in another place, that 'she was not one whose spirit would effloresce under suffering,' we find ourselves totally inadequate either to turning projectile or to receiving of the efflorescence of Mrs. Hemans. All we can do in such a matter, is most heartily to acquit the editors of such fantastic talk, and to wish them saner contributors."—Oh Jeffrey! Lon. Gaz.

New York, March 15.

We are in the commencement of a fresh panic. The only question is, "How long will it last, Joel?" Stocks yesterday fell—every stock in the list came tumbling down like Joseph's new banking house—some one story—some two—some three—some four—some five—some six—some seven—some eight—some nine. Haarlem fell the farthest—nine per cent—probably from an apprehension that the magnificent tunnel might fall in to-morrow or next week—who knows? There is, also, a great pressure in the money market.

Correspondence of the Philadelphia Commercial Herald.

New York, March 24, 1837.

At the Board to-day every thing commenced badly, probably on account of the news from your city, but the news by the Utica, from Havre, bringing late intelligence from London, of the rise of cotton and the comparative easiness of the money market there, produced a favorable change before the sales closed. This will produce some relief, doubtless.

We hear of the arrival out of two of the Havre packets, and one at Liverpool.

The President, packet for London, sails to-morrow. She will not carry out more than \$200,000 in specie. The Banks pay in gold, not silver, and the difference in exchange renders this mode of exporting specie impossible to the merchant.

The severe snow storm at Savannah on Inauguration Day, 4th March, called forth the following jeu-d'esprit in the Savannah Republican:

"Hallo," says Snooks, "a stormy day!

Van Buren's prospect's bright—

"By jing," says Holl, "yet you must say

"That Georgia's still for White!"

Governor Edward Everett said the other day very truly, "If we retrench the wages of the schoolmaster, we must raise the wages of the recruiting sergeant." N. Y. Et. Star.