

THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

BRUNER & JAMES,
Editors & Proprietors.

"KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR
IS SAFE."



RULERS. DO THIS, AND LIBERTY
Gen'l. Harrison.

NEW SERIES,
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A GARRISON SCENE IN RUSSIA.

Translated for the National Intelligencer,
From an article in the Gazette des Tribunaux,
as copied into the Courrier des
Etais Unis.

The following picture has neither been
altered in any of its details nor exaggerated
in its catastrophe. We give it exactly
as it was described to us on the spot by
an eye-witness. We may add that the
facts which it discloses are to be charged
much less to the barbarity of the society
than to the bosom of which they took place,
than to the savage character of the institutions
and laws under which society exists.

On the 22d May, 1841, one of the battalions
composing the military colony which the
Russian Government had recently established
at Novgorod, and which, in the singularity
of its organization, very nearly resembled
the Prussian Landwehr, had met upon the
parade-ground adjoining the vast barracks
which had been constructed a few years
before in the solitary and most ancient part
of the city, not far from the church of
Saint Sophia.

In front of the line, formed with that
mechanical regularity, that minute precision,
which makes such admirable automata
of the Russian infantry, stood General
L—eff. He was a man of fifty years,
remarkable for his stiff bearing, his thinness,
his swathy complexion, his large gray
eyes, always in motion. This officer was
throughout the whole army for his bravery,
brilliant proofs of which he had given
during the campaigns in Persia and in
Turkey; but whether, as was generally
thought, the bitter remembrance of domestic
misfortunes had irritated a temper naturally
energetic, or whether his heart had been
hardened by the inexorable necessities
of a discipline degrading in its principle,
and too often monstrous in its effects,
General L—eff had become an object
of dread to the soldiers, and there seldom
passed a day that his authority was not
signaled by the acts of such severity
that they might be justly taxed with
ferocity.

This man, nevertheless, was known to
entertain profound and tender attachment
for the daughter of an old companion in
arms who had been killed in the late war
in Poland. He had taken the young orphan,
and brought her up affectionately, and
never suffered her to be separated from
him. Although full of gratitude for the
generous tenderness of the General,
this young lady, to whom the soldiers of
the battalion had given the sweet name
of Solowiova, [Nightingale,] on account of
the charming grace with which she sang
the old melancholy Slavonian ballads,
nevertheless experienced in his presence
that invincible constraint which his abrupt
speech, his imperious look, and his cold,
gloomy aspect inspired in all who
approached him.

The day on which the incidents which
we are about to relate took place, Solowiova,
who, to please the General, was a regular
attendant at all the exercises and all the
parades, was seated before a window of
the barracks on a level with the ground;
she threw a long look over the square,
and her face was covered with a deep
suffusion on meeting the eyes of a young
Surgeon-Major called Ivan Polovoi, who
had on the simple uniform of his grade,
which he wore with a rare taste and
elegance.

General L—eff had already passed several
times up and down in front of the
barracks, without uttering a word, but his
frowning brow and angry features showed
that he had noticed the absence of certain
men at roll-call; when suddenly the
low and muffled sound of a drum was
heard, and at the extremity of the parade-
ground a company of soldiers was seen
advancing, each carrying in his hand one
of those long switches still used in the
Russian army for the purpose of inflicting
the most diabolical punishments; the
General, astonished at the sight, turned to
one of his aids-de-camp and demanded
in a voice of thunder who had given such
an order, and what victim it was intended
for?

A Sergeant, remarkable for his livid
scarred face, sprang towards the General,
snatched his sword from him, gave him a
glance on the face, and coolly answered:
"Thyself!"

At these words an electric shock seemed
to run along the line of the battalion,
and the spark of hatred lit up every face,
usually so impassible. By a spontaneous
movement the officers quitted the line to
offer assistance to their chief; but in an
instant they were all seized, thrown upon
the ground, and held there by the point
of the bayonet.

Ivan, the Surgeon-Major, was the only
one spared; for he had made himself,

thanks to his humanity and gentleness, a
friend of every soldier. A grenadier, who
stood near him, had contented himself
with stooping to his ear and whispering
in a mysterious tone: "Let the Nightingale
sing or not, do not budge. Not a gesture,
not a cry, or you are a dead man!"

Recovering from his amazement, General
L—eff had seized with both hands the
bayonets pointed at his breast, had
driven them from him by a violent effort,
and, casting a withering look upon the
battalion, called out to them:

"On your knees! vile brutes, on your
knees! and ask pardon with your heads
in the dust, or you shall not have skin
enough left upon your backs to expiate your
rebellion!"

These words were received with a wild
laugh, and the Sergeant, with that terrible
calmness which characterizes an unalterable
resolution, replied to him:

"Every one of us knows the fate which
awaits him, and is willing to sacrifice his
life; when the sentence given against
these shall have been executed, we shall go
to Gen. Suroff, Governor of Novgorod;
we shall put into his hands thy sword, thy
sash, thy decorations, and what may be
left of thy dead body, and say to him:—
General L—eff was a tiger, we have killed
him: here are our arms, we await our
punishment."

Thus speaking, the Sergeant tore the
epaulets from the General, and cast them
at his feet, saying:

"These marks of honor did not belong
to thee: the knot is enough for an executioner
to carry. Remember the soldier
Betskoff, scourged with rods for having
been too slow in carrying arms to thee.—
Remember that old sub-officer, whom, because
he had a stain upon his uniform, thou
didst order out of the ranks and beat
with thy sword until the blood streamed
from his forehead, cheeks, and lips. The
wretched man, pale with shame, repulsed
the ferocious hand that insulted him; he
was condemned to run the gauntlet, and
was sent, crippled and dying, into Siberia."
* * *

The Sergeant, as he spoke, continued
with terrific coolness to strip the General
of his sash, his coat, and his shirt—

"That sub-officer's name, like mine,
was Guedenoff; we were born in the same
cabin; he was my brother."

In spite of his indomitable firmness,
the General could not help shivering as he
heard this accusing voice, so eloquent in
its simplicity, so calm, and so measured
in its anger. As to Solowiova, she had
attended at first without well comprehending
the strange scene which was passing
before her eyes; but when she saw the
General's sword taken from him, his uniform
torn off, and his shoulders stripped
naked: when she was able to comprehend
that they were going to subject her adoptive
father to the odious punishment that he
had himself so often ordered to be inflicted
on others, seized with horror, she
sprang up, and, joining her hands together
in a convulsive transport, she uttered the
most piercing shrieks.

Ivan, who, until then made no attempt
to move, could not remain insensible to
the despair of the young creature whom
he had loved for two years: he forgot the
state of ferocious excitement of the soldiers,
the perils and the utility of his devotion,
and sprang forward; but the report of a
musket almost instantly followed: the
Surgeon stopped short, stretched his
arms wildly in the air, whirled around
upon his heels as if his limbs had been
moved by a spring, and then fell with his
face to the ground. The ball had pierced
his heart.

In every Russian regiment there is a
sort of buffoon, who fills a place somewhat
analogous to that formerly held in the
German army by soldiers known under
the significant name of *Lustig*, (a droll.)
These men were particularly distinguished
for the singular monotony of their chant,
their panther-like agility, their sparkling
eyes and wild gaiety. Their dance resembles
that of the Fakrys in its phrensy.—
They begin by chanting certain verses of a
strangely mournful import, then lowering
their voice they squat down; in the next
moment they bound up with a sudden
spring, and skip and jump, their voice
at the same time rising to a pitch of fury,
while, by way of accompaniment, they
knock together two small instruments of
wood.

One of these men attached to the
battalion of Novgorod, saw the Surgeon-
Major fall, went dancing up to the body,
took it in his robust arms, carried it to
the window before which Solowiova stood,

and, holding it out to her, said "Here
Douchinka, this belongs to thee."

White as marble, her hair standing on
end with affright, Solowiova looked at the
body thrown at her feet, stooped over it,
wiped the bloody face with her handkerchief,
and recognizing the features of Ivan
Polovoi, uttered a hoarse cry, impossible
to be described, and fell down inanimate.

In the mean time General L—eff had
been bound to a trundle, and, as he was
dragged along the line, had received the
gauntlet, a torture which, though horrible
enough, was but the commencement of
his agony. In fact, he had scarcely reached
the extremity of the line, when a loud
voice cried out: "To the ovens!"

The General, though already broken
down by pain, heard the words, understood
their meaning, and threw around him
looks of terror and supplication.

"To the ovens!" a hundred voices repeated.

The features of the General assumed a
cadaverous hue; his pride gave way; he
groaned with pain, and begged for mercy.

But the shouts of the battalion drowned
his voice, and Sergeant Guedenoff, approaching
his victim, said to him in a stern
voice: "I, too, begged for mercy when
my brother fell expiring under the
scourge." * * *

We will not dwell upon this horrible
scene, unhappily but too true, leaving to
the imagination of the reader to conceive
what our pen dare not undertake to depict.
Suffice it to say that General L—eff
and the superior officers of the battalion
were shut up in the ovens, which, to prolong
their misery, had been but slightly
heated, and were there literally roasted
alive.*

There was a frightful originality in this
mode of execution, which, in that respect
at least, must have been fully equal to
the revenge sought. A *Feldjager* † carried
the news to the Emperor, who just then
happened to be passing towards Novgorod,
and eight days afterwards several
companies of artillery, hastily called from
Twer and Vyshnei-Voloshok, entered in
to the former capital of ancient Russia.
A Major General, who since the last campaign
in Poland had been known only under
the name of executioner of Varsovia,
preceded the entrance of the troops. One
of his aids-de-camp repaired to the quarters
of the mutinous battalion, and bore an
order for their assembling on the morrow,
in undress and without arms, in the narrow
lane at the western extremity of the
city called the Tartar Camp. The soldiers
replied to this mysterious order by their
Karacha. ‡ They dressed themselves in
their long gray cloaks and round hats,
greased their moustaches as if they had
been going upon a simple parade, and
then in profound silence, their lips whitened
with emotion, in their usual admirable
regularity, they traversed the city through
a triple line of Cossacs, and followed by
the silent looks of the population. Arrived
at the place, they ranged themselves together
there without confusion and without
noise.

At this moment the drums beat; the
bells of the numerous Greek churches of
Novgorod began to ring; several batteries
planted at the entrance of five long
avenues opening upon the narrow square
were suddenly unmasked, and the lan-
grage began to do its work of extermination.
At every discharge loud groans
were heard mingled with the wild song
of many of the soldiers who felt that their
honor was concerned in dying bravely.—
For three hours the firing continued to
pick and choose and decimate its victims,
and in the evening, when the executioners
of this terrible sentence went upon
the spot, they waded through a lake of
blood and stumbled against blackened
undistinguished heaps of limbs. Five
soldiers only, who had made for themselves
a sort of pedestal of the dead bodies of
their companions, had been miraculously
preserved; among the number was
Sergeant Guedenoff. They expired under
the knot. The sergeant evinced a most
extraordinary firmness to the last moment.
Stretched upon the fatal plank, he seemed
not to feel the lash as its keen thongs
tore his shoulders, nor to see the blood
which streamed from them; and, addressing
himself to the executioner, he asked if his
turn would come soon. "Why, it is over,"
said the latter. "So much the better,"
replied the sergeant, "for I am very hungry!"

Solowiova, the adopted
daughter of General L—eff, was received
by the Empress, and, under favor of that
august patronage, was admitted into the

community of noble ladies established at
Smolnoi.

NOTES—BY THE FRENCH EDITOR.

* Such things often occur in Russia: they
seem rare only because they remain undivulged.
In 1825, Colonel Sturmer, of German origin,
was subjected to the gauntlet at St. Petersburg
itself, in the barrack yard, by the soldiers
of the regiment of Lemenowski, who afterwards
marched in full uniform, but without arms,
to the fortress, in order to deliver themselves
up as prisoners; but the Governor refused
to receive them. The Emperor, when informed
of it, ordered that every tenth man should
run the gauntlet. Many were sent to
Siberia, and others to serve in the Caucasus.

† A courier of the crown.
‡ *Karacha*, very well. *Karacha* and *had ni-
bud* (what does it signify?) are two expressions
heard on all occasions from the Russian people,
and nothing could more exactly characterize
their indifference and their servility.

§ This impossibility, this truly stoical indifference
to pain, is often found to a remarkable
degree among the Russians of all classes.—
Some of our readers may remember the saying
of Colonel Mouravieff, the chief instigator
of the insurrection of 1825, who was hanged
a few months afterwards upon the glacis of the
citadel of St. Petersburg. The rope by which
he was suspended broke, and the Colonel, turning
to his companions in misfortune, said, with
a smile upon his lips, while they were adjusting
a stronger cord around his neck, "What a
country! The brutes do not know even how to
hang one."

¶ An establishment founded in 1704, comprising
at first fifty ladies of noble birth, and afterwards
sixty of the peasantry. Under the present
Empress the number has been raised to
720 of both classes, 500 of whom are at the
expense of the Government, and 200 are boarders.
The latter are educated there for the most
part by the munificence of the Imperial family.

DISTINGUISHED FARMERS.

In the July number of the *Cultivator*, we
had the pleasure of directing the reader's
attention to an account published in that
paper, of the farm and the extraordinary
management of Mr. Calhoun. We beg
leave now to remind the reader of that
account, and to request him to read, in
connection with it, the accounts which we
hereunto subjoin, of the farms of Mr. Van
Buren, and Mr. Clay.

"We copy, (says the New York Farmer)
the following 'Personal Sketches' from
the Burlington Gazette, presuming that
our agricultural readers are always
interested with what evidently tends to
elevate the scale and heighten the pursuits
of the agriculturist, and we take great
pleasure in holding up as model farmers,
those who, after having presided in the
halls of the legislature, and occupied some
of the highest places in their country's
trust, have retired from the bustle and
excitement of political life, and as farmers
and agriculturists, doubtless enjoy more
happiness than their elevated offices ever
afforded them."—

There is nothing more instructive and
salutary than the spectacle afforded to our
young men, of those who have been eminent
at the Bar, and in the Cabinet, who have
passed years in the midst of the fierce
contests and engrossing excitements of
political life, taking an active and prominent
part in the improvement of agriculture
and the useful arts, and exhibiting the
spectacle of dignified retirement and
enjoyment of the simple pleasures
of rural and domestic life. Our country
now enjoys many such examples. Mr.
Clay's farm is one of the best managed in
Kentucky, and he has done very much for
the general advancement of agriculture
in the West, by introducing improved
breeds of cattle, modes of cultivation, &c.
Mr. Webster's farm is smaller and less
fertile, but is worth seeing. Jesse Buel,
a printer by profession, after being for
many years a leading political editor at
Albany, became the model farmer and
teacher of agriculture for an extensive
region around him. And we are happy to
learn, from the following article, that Mr.
Van Buren is now pursuing the same
path prosperously and happily. The following
is from the Albany Cultivator:

Visit to Lindenwald.—We lately passed
a beautiful summer's day in the vicinity
of Kinderhook. Among other places of
interest, we visited Lindenwald, the seat
of ex-President Van Buren.

We found Mr. Van Buren at home, and
accompanied him in a walk over his farm.
When he entered on the occupancy of his
place, on his retirement from the Presidency,
it was much out of order; the land
having been rented for twenty years, and
been under cultivation for the period of
160 years. Several of the buildings had
become poor, the fences were old and
were rotting down, and bushes and grass
of wild growth had taken possession of
the farm. During the short time it has
been under Mr. Van Buren's management,
the place has been greatly improved, and
a course is now fairly begun by which
a handsome income may be derived from
it. The garden and pleasure grounds have
been enlarged and newly laid out—hot
houses have been erected—and a large
number of fruit and ornamental trees,
shrubbery, &c. have been planted. The
green-house contains a collection of exotic
fruits and plants, among which were
some fine grapes, just ripening. In the
garden we noticed some fine samples of
all the fruits of the season, and some of

the finest mellons we have ever seen (so
early in the year) in this latitude.

Among the objects which give beauty
and interest to the grounds, are two artificial
ponds in the garden. They were
easily made by constructing dams across
a little brook originating from springs on
the premises. Soon after they were made
(three years ago) some fish were put into
them, and they are now so well stocked
with trout, pickerel and perch, that Mr.
Van Buren assures us they will afford an
abundant supply for his table. This is a
matter well worthy of consideration.—
There are many situations where such
ponds may be made; and with trifling
expense, the luxury of catching and eating
a fine trout or pickerel, may be had at
any time.

Several of the fields have been enclosed
with new fences, and several buildings erected
among which is a very tasty farmhouse,
and a barn calculated for storing
150 tons of hay after being pressed.

But perhaps the most important improvements
which have taken place on the farm,
have been made on a tract of bog land,
thirteen acres of which have been
thoroughly reclaimed and are covered
with luxuriant crops of grass or oats.
Three years ago this land was worthless.
It was first drained by ditches; the stumps
and bushes were then cut out and burned,
and the ashes spread on the land. It was
afterwards sown to grass—using a mixture
of timothy and red top seed—3 pecks
to the acre. The whole cost of reclaiming
was \$34 per acre, and the land will
now pay the interest of a hundred to a
hundred and fifty dollars per acre. In
this Mr. Van Buren has set a good example,
which we hope will be followed by
other farmers in the neighborhood who
have land similarly situated.

The potato crop is one of considerable
consequence on his farm, as well as on
others in the vicinity. Mr. Van Buren
raises the variety called Cartars, produced
from the ball a few years ago by the
Shakers. He considers these by far the most
profitable kind known. They yield well,
and their quality is thought equal to any.
Mr. Van Buren assured us that all which
could be raised would readily command
fifty cents per bushel by the quantity in
New York. All the crops appear to be
well managed, are promising. Leached
ashes were tried here last season with
excellent success. Great benefit has also
been found from plowing in clover.

Mr. Van Buren keeps but little stock,
a considerable object being the sale of hay.
The management of the farm is under the
immediate supervision of Mr. Van Buren,
who finds in it a salutary exercise for the
faculties of the mind and body—such a
state as to be highly enjoyed. In his rural
retreat, removed from the care of state,
and turmoil of political wars, he
Now drinks the pure pleasure of a rural life.

THE OREGON QUESTION.

The language of the Government paper on
the subject of the Oregon, (says the Baltimore
American,) is becoming more and more
explicit and direct. It denies that there will
be any connection between that question and
our commercial relations with England. Further
we are given to understand that at the session
of the next Congress our *clear right* in relation
to the Oregon will embody itself in *positive law*;
that our claim extends to the whole territory;
and the inference is plainly implied that an
immediate and final settlement of the whole
question will be had upon the indispensable basis
of our exclusive right and the withdrawal of
all British pretensions.

"On this great subject," let us hear the
Union speak in its own words:

"Within the last three or four years, public
sentiment has ripened fast. In the judgment
of a vast majority of this nation, the time is
rapidly approaching—or say rather, has now
come—when *clear right* in relation to this
territory should embody itself in *positive law*.
For more than twenty years, the people of the
U. States have seen what they regard as their
indisputable title to this immense Territory
swamped in negotiation. It was to be expected
from the wisdom and true policy of the British
Government, that this negotiation, so barren
heretofore of good result, when entered upon
with a new administration, which, in its
identity of opinion on this subject, is as one
man, and which is sustained in that opinion
by an overwhelming mass and mastery of
public sentiment—it was justly to be
hoped of the wisdom of England, that the
new negotiation, under such auspices, and in
such hands, would, ere long, begin at least
to secure, instead of defeating, as in past
years it has defeated, the great ends of
international justice.

"But, however this may be, whether the
negotiations succeed or fail, there can be no
doubt that the democratic Congress now
about to assemble will have a great duty to
do in relation to Oregon; and we believe that,
coming to Washington fresh from conference
with their constituents, they will come together
resolved to do it. With the strong resolutions
of the Baltimore convention, and the manly
and patriotic inaugural words of the President
yet vivid in our memory, we cannot doubt
that the Administration is fully prepared to
perform with firmness its constitutional duty
of recommending to Congress all such
measures as may be deemed essential to the
full and efficient protection of all our
rights over every rod of that great domain,
on the shore of the Pacific, which is, by
an accumulated mass of title, the rightful
property of the United States."

That there may be no mistake as to the
extent of our claims to the Oregon, the Union
gives a

geographical outline of the country describing
it as reaching from the forty second degree
of latitude to the line of 54° 40' north, and
says, in its own *italics*—"The American people
claim, against all other nations, this whole
domain as a part of their own soil."

The intimation which we published in
Saturday's *American*, from the Washington
correspondence of the New York Journal of
Commerce, to the effect that the British
Government was willing to leave the whole
territory for 20 years under the joint protection
of the two countries, and that at the end
of that time the inhabitants should attach
themselves to either according to their
preference, or establish an independent
government for themselves if they should
prefer that—this intimation gives no
countenance from the language of the
official paper. It speaks on the other
hand of the operations of the Hudson Bay
Company and asks, "Does this country—
does Congress—wish to know how it will
work in the West, in Oregon, if we only
sit quietly by as spectators, and let it
alone? The problem is easily solved. We
have only to turn to the lives of Robert
Clive and Warren Hastings, and read the
pages which tell of their doings in Madras
and Bombay!"

There can be no mistaking the purport
of words like these. They can have but
one meaning. If the Administration acts
up to the intimation here given the Oregon
question can be peacefully settled on the
condition of an entire surrender by England
of all her claims upon the territory. This
is manifest. Add in view of the alternative
which presents itself on this momentous
subject we have only to express the hope,
as we have taken occasion to do before,
that Congress will weigh well the responsibility
of its actions and prepare for consequences.
It is hardly to be supposed that the
British Government will recede from the
position announced by Sir Robert Peel in
the House of Commons in relation to the
Oregon, however unwilling that Govern-
ment may be to go to war on such a
question. Will our Government indulge
in the vain expectation that the British
Cabinet will find some pretext for
withdrawing from its position without a
loss of dignity, without a fatal wound to
its honor? And in this expectation will
the Government rush into extreme
measures, thinking that no crisis of
difficulty will follow? There should be
no mistake on this point; it might prove
to be a dangerous one.

The New York Commercial Advertiser of
Friday afternoon has the following:

The Oregon Question.—The Express of
this morning asserts, on what it is pleased
to call good information, that the Great
Western brought out a new proposition,
from the British Government, as follows:

"Great Britain now proposes to leave
Oregon in the joint occupancy of the
American and British authorities for
fifteen years, and after the expiration
of that time, to submit the question
of Government to the inhabitants, leaving
them to be American or British as they
choose, or to be independent, and to form
a Government of their own."

The Journal of Commerce also mentions
this new proposition, only as a rumor.
The Express is utterly mis-informed.
No such proposition has come from
the British Government; though it is true
that the arrangement has been talked
of at Washington, unofficially and
perhaps officially. We are not at liberty
to tell all we know upon the subject,
and have known for some days, but we
can assert positively, that all which
has yet been said or written, in reference
to the proposed arrangement, has been
said or written on this side of the water
only. So far as is known, or there is
any reason to believe the British
Government is as yet wholly unadvised
of the matter. It stands merely in
the form of a suggestion, originating
here, which may possibly meet the
views of the British Cabinet.

A Good Sign.—We have received the
specimen number of a new paper which
it is proposed to publish in Charleston
S. Carolina, under the title of "The
Charleston Mirror." In declaring its
creed, it acknowledges itself to be in
favor of a well-devised and skillfully-
regulated system of manufactures,
believing it is calculated to restore,
in a measure, the fallen fortunes of
that section of the Union, "by opening
new avenues of advancement to the
vast numbers who now through the
public thoroughfares, seeking in vain
the attainment of steady and profitable
occupation." Extracts from Mr. Gregg's
essay on the subject of Manufactures in
S. Carolina are published in the
Mirror.—This gentleman, as many of
our readers know, takes the ground
that the commerce and trade of that
State would at once receive a new
impulse, and every class of her
inhabitants be benefited, if her
men of capital would engage in
manufacturing.—*Connecticut Courant.*

In the late Message of Gov. Jones,
to the Tennessee Legislature, we find
the following excellent paragraph. He
considers that among the first and
most efficient auxiliaries in the
accomplishment of the object of a
well-regulated system of self-govern-
ment, is a perfect and enlarged
system of education:

"I have no confidence in man's capacity
for self-government only as it is predicated
on virtue and intelligence. Millions of
public treasure are annually consumed
in giving strength and security to our
government, by raising armies, fitting
out fleets, and building fortifications,
and scarcely a thought is bestowed on
the far more reliable safe-guards of
liberty, *virtue and intelligence*. The
policy of the government seems to
be, millions for an army or navy,
not one for education, not one
incentive to virtue. As a means of
giving strength and permanence
to our institutions, the influence that
emanates from your schools, colleges,
and academies, are far more to be
relied on than all the armies and
navies that the government can
command."