

Highland Messenger.

A Weekly Family Newspaper: Devoted to Politics, Literature, Temperance, Education, Agriculture and General Intelligence.

VOL. IV—NO. 23.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY 19, 1844.

WHOLE NO. 179.

BY McKEE & ATKIN.

FRISKS:

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Miscellaneous.

Short Patent Sermon.

BY DOW, JR.

The words of my life may be found in the writings of Thomas Moore, Esq., as follows:

When I remember all
The friends so linked together,
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!

My hearers—when, with the telescope of Memory we take a survey of the scenes of our childhood, and endeavor to look after the companions of our youth, once so firmly knit together by the needles of friendship, and see how sadly Time has unravelled the whole beautiful fabric, we cannot but feel as wet and soggy about the heart as a water-soaked log. No matter how far away we may have been borne upon the rail-road car of Time, or in whatever remote parts we may be, Memory will stick as close to the home of our childhood and the companions of our youth as a sheep-tick to the wool. It fills me with the sour milk of melancholy to recall to mind the once bright chain of former friends, and to reflect that I must now be numbered among its broken links. I feel, in truth, like one who treads alone some banquet hall deserted—whose lights are fled, whose garlands are dead, whose corners are filled with spider's webs—and where a few moaning, half-starved echoes alone remain. You may let the colt of fancy loose, and it will gallop, kick up its heels, and cut capers all over the green pastures of idealism; but Memory trots as steadily home to earlier scenes as a stray sucking pig to the sow—returning soon, however, sick, pale, tired, and spirit-worn.

My friends—call over the list of those who joined you in the sports of childhood, and see how many respond to the summons. Where are they? Echo answers "Don't know." Aye, they are among the missing. Some of them are sleeping in their graves, unmindful of the jar and tumult of a noisy world, mingling mortality with its native mould—some have wandered like stray lambs away from the parental fold, and are scattered over the broad face of the earth, never more to meet again in the warm glow of youth: some, perchance, may cling around those neglected bowers which they once built together in friendship, love and harmony; but the green wreaths of childhood no longer are entwined upon their brows, the frosts of age are settling on their heads; and their fire of youthful enthusiasm has long since become extinct. For the most part, they are scattered hither and thither, and you cannot call them together any more than you can go into the woods in November, and replace each fallen and wind-driven leaf upon its own parent tree. Separated as we all are, from our former friends, our thoughts are often brought to a focus at that "greenest spot on Memory's waste," where the happiest moments of our lives were passed; and where with this adieu met that fancy knits, we drag each other in to join us in a repetition of those childish sports, which crowned our earliest days with the diadem of happiness.

My dear hearers—there is a bewitching, an enchantment, connected with early associations, that is difficult to overcome. Images of the past, dressed in lovely, and yet soul-adorning habiliments, will rise up before us in almost every step we take on our journey to the tomb. While we sigh over the sepulchre of by-gone joys, and mourn for the loss of absent friends, we feel for the moment as though the surfs of sorrow were about to sweep over the soul, and carry away our strongest bulwarks of christian fortitude; and then we eat, drink, frisk, and frolic with our companions *pro tem.*, as though we had none to remember, or to be remembered by. This is a curious world in which we live; and I yet, if I had the power and the privilege, I doubt whether I could make a better one. It is a world full of vicissitude, villainy, and variation. The scenes that occurred yesterday do not happen to-day, and what happens to-day can never take place to-morrow. What is past is past—what is present we realize—and what is to come must come. Therefore repine ye not for former joys, now for ever swallowed in the vortex of time—lament ye not that old associates have wandered away from the fold of paternal friendship: because all these things must be. To think otherwise, you might as well suppose that you can go a-board of a steamboat here at New York, and arrive in Boston without leaving Hell Gate or Buttermilk Channel behind you. Time unsaddles the firmest fastenings of affection. When I consider how many pretty girls I have loved with a "perfect

looseness," and reflect upon what a splendid chance I had for either one or the other of them, I feel as if I had not done my duty to my God, to myself, and to the female sex in general. But, thank Heaven! there is time enough yet; and although my fourth or fifth love may not be equal in caloric to the first, still there is just heat enough left in the oven of my bosom to bake without burning, consuetudinally speaking. First love, former friendship, and future glory, are all tempered by time. The day will shortly come, when most or all of you, my young friends, will look back upon the original objects of your affections, and the first friends that you had on earth, with a wan and melancholy vision, and feel as if you had "alone some banquet hall deserted."

My friends—waste not your tears around the monuments of the past, nor gather fuel from the uncertain future to build a brush-wood fire of enthusiasm upon the altars of your hearts; but provide for the present. Those companions of old who have been compelled to forsake, or be forsaken, can never again participate with you in the rich enjoyments of youth; and as for relying upon the future to bring you new and more beloved associates, you might as well depend on prayer for a pocket full of eagles. Be contented with your lots—lead moral and industrious lives—dwell neither upon the past nor the future, but push ahead for to-day, and you will soon find that you are not quite such miserable mortals as you might make yourselves. So mote it be!

Dow, Jr.

Progress of Science.

There is an onward course in the progress of human affairs, and the path for one great discovery is, to a greater or less degree, laid open by the events preceding it. This is true of almost every great inventive effort of the human intellect, but does not lessen the claims which such efforts have on us either for gratitude or admiration. Let us take a few examples.

Harvey secured to himself an undying reputation by the discovery of the circulation of the blood. Yet so plainly is it alluded to in the works of earlier writers, that some have been led to contest the justice of the decision which awards to him so high an honor. The name of Columbus will go down to posterity, surrounded by a halo of glory, which will glow with increasing brightness, as the great result of his discovery opens on our view. Yet when we look back to the time in which he lived, and to those immediately preceding his birth, we cannot resist the conviction, that the decision to which he came, was the one of all others, most likely to be forged on an individual of powerful intellect, bold, and ardent and poetic temperament. The improvement of the compass—the application of the astrolabe to the purposes of navigation—and the invention of printing—all seemed as heralds of the mightier discovery which was destined soon to follow. These, and the singular enthusiasm which was evinced on the subject of geographical discoveries—together with the appearance of sundry articles drifting along the stream, evidently the production of some unknown region—and the two dead bodies of copper color, found in a canoe, and floating from the west—all seemed to point to the sublime conjecture of Columbus, which reason so strongly fortified, and really so triumphantly sustained. The reformation of Luther was one of the most important events recorded on the page of history. It was one of those mighty heavings of the ocean of mind, which sends its undulations over the entire surface of the condition of man, and whose results are beyond all human calculation. Yet to such an extent was he indebted to the labors of a converted Jew of Normandy, a Nicholas de Lyra, and so many objections did he borrow from his writings against the Church of Rome that it has been said,

Si Lyra non lyraasset,
Lutheran non lyraasset.

If Lyra had not harped on profanation,
Luther had not planned the reformation.

And, although this may not be true to the extent here intimated, it is certain that without some previous efforts of the kind which Lyra made, those of Luther would have been comparatively ineffectual, because unprepared for.

Such examples—and they might readily be multiplied—show conclusively, that if no individual stands alone, the same remark is true of ages and generations. Each one is interlinked with those which precede, as well as of those which follow it, and the influence of a single mind may extend, in fact, to periods far beyond the limits which even imagination would assign to it.

Education.—Every boy should have his head, his heart, and his hand educated; let this truth never be forgotten. 1st. By the proper education of his head he will be taught what is good and what is evil, what is wise and what is foolish, what is right, and what is wrong. 2d. By the proper education of his heart, he will be taught to love what is good, wise, and right; and to hate what is evil, foolish and wrong; and 3d. By the proper education of his hand, he will be enabled to supply his wants to add to his comforts, and to assist those that are around him.

The highest objects of a good education are to reverence and obey God, and to love, and serve mankind, everything that helps us in attaining these objects is of great value, and every thing that hinders us is, comparatively, worthless.

When wisdom reigns in the head, and love in the heart, the hand is ever ready to do good; order and peace smile around, and sin and sorrow are almost unknown.

Remedy for Bessons.—Set up in bed all night with a lamp in your hand, and when you see one of these midnight marauders crawling up the blanket, burn his snuffers for him.

Our Country.

The following is a part of an oration delivered in South Carolina by THOMAS GRIMKE. It is a beautiful extract, and we commend it to the attention of our readers:

"Our country! our whole country! how affecting are the ties which bind us to thee; how venerable is thy claim to our faithful services, to our purest affections! What, indeed, is our country but a parent; by obligations the most sacred and sublime; by associations the most delicate and comprehensive; by prospects the most animating and delightful! In our American creed, what article then is of higher authority, of deeper interest, of more enduring value, than the precept which commands us to reverence and love our country? Are we bound to father and mother, by relations which God himself has ordained and enforced? So are we to our country. Are we bound to our parents by all the sanctions of civil society, coeval with its origin, expanding in its progress, and destined to endure? Are we bound to father and mother by all those natural affections which make them the most venerable of human beings, and home the happiest spot upon earth? So are we to our country. The parents whom nature has given us, die, and are laid in the earth by the hands of their children; but our Father-land protects us in life and hallows our graves. Our parents' country still survives, her children. She is immortal. Shall we not, then, in the spirit of gratitude, reverence our country; engrave on our hearts some maxim not less beautiful in its moral, if we regard our duty, than eminent for its wisdom and truth, if we consult only our interest?—And where shall we find a precept more venerable for its antiquity, more commanding in authority than the inscription on the table of stone? 'Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.' Our country is indeed a father, to be revered in the authority which commands our obedience; and a mother, to be loved with all the enthusiasm of gratitude and affection. No voice from Heaven has indeed proclaimed, amidst the thunders and lightning, and clouds of another Sinai, 'Honor thy country, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.' No miraculous hand-writing has denounced against us the sentence of destruction for unfaithfulness to her commands, for hypocrisy in our affections.—No prophet or apostle has recorded with the pen of inspired truth, 'Thy country is thy parent—by all that is most solemn and binding in duty, by all that is most eloquent and holy in love.' But the voice of nature and the testimony of all experience, the brightest and darkest pages of history, the wisdom of philosophy, the energy of eloquence, and the enthusiasm of poetry, all, all attest the truth, 'Thy country is thy parent.'"

The end of "Great Men."

Happening to cast my eyes upon some miniature portraits, I perceived that the four personages who occupied the most conspicuous places were Alexander, Hannibal, Caesar, and Bonaparte. I had seen the same unnumbered times before, but never did the same sensation arise in my bosom, as my mind hastily glanced over their several histories.

Alexander, after having climbed the dizzy heights of ambition, and with his temple bound with chaplets dipped in the blood of countless nations, looked down upon a conquered world and wept that there was not another world to conquer,—set a city on fire, and died in a scene of debauch.

Hannibal, after having put to the astonishment and consternation of Rome, passed the Alps—after having put to flight the armies of this "mistress of the world," and stripped three bushels of golden rings from the fingers of her slaughtered knights, and made her very foundation quake—was hated by those who once exultingly united his name to that of their god, and called him "Hanni Baal," and died at last by poison administered by his own hand, unlamented and unwept in a foreign land.

Cesar, after having conquered eight hundred cities and dyed his garments in the blood of one million of his foes, after having pursued to death the only rival he had on earth, was miserably assassinated by those he considered his nearest friends, and at the very place, the attainment of which had been the greatest of his ambitions.

Bonaparte, whose mandate Kings and Princes obeyed, after having filled the earth with the terror of his name, after having deluged Europe with tears and blood, and clothed the world in sackcloth—closed his days in lonely banishment, almost literally exiled from the world, yet where he could sometimes see his country's banner waving o'er the deep, but which would not, or could not bring him aid.

Thus those four men, who, from the peculiar situation of their portraits, seemed to stand as representatives of all those whom the world calls "great"—those four who severally made the earth tremble to its centre, severally died—one by intoxication, the second by suicide, the third by assassination, and the last in lonely exile!

"How are the mighty fallen!"

CHALMERS.

WANTS FOR THE YEAR 1844.—More industry and less idleness; more economy, and less extravagance; more honest men than rogues; more morality than credit; more shirts than ruffles; more modesty than gauds; more mechanics than dandies; more stocking yarn than street yarn; more stability than excitability; more education than ignorance; more laborers than loungers.

Use of the Beard.

A writer in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal says:

By recurring to the customs of the ancients, both previous and for a long period subsequent to the time of our Saviour, it will be seen that it was customary to wear the hair and beard long. We also learn from the best authorities that diseases of the throat and chest, as well as scurvy and analogous complaints, were of very rare occurrence among them. Indeed we believe it to be a fact which cannot be controverted, that, with those nations where the hair and beard are worn long, the people are more hardy and robust, and much less subject to diseases, particularly of a pulmonary character, than those who shave. The Turk, the Russ, the Greenland, the Persian, &c., have been nearly exempt from bronchial and lung complaints, in comparison with the European and American. Nor can this be attributed to any climate influence, for no people are more exposed to atmospheric changes than the inhabitants of those northern regions.

The fashion of shaving the beard, like many other foolish and injurious customs of civilized life, has often originated from absurd and ridiculous causes. Among the first who practised shaving the beard were the soldiers of Alexander the Great, who were commanded to remove their beards in order that they might not serve as handles to their enemies in battle. When Louis XIII ascended the throne of France, in 1656, it was the custom of the inhabitants to allow their faces to remain as their Creator made them. This monarch, however, was a beardless youth, and thus, in order to ape royalty, was shaving introduced, and beards proscribed. In Spain, also, was the fashion introduced in a similar manner. Philip V. was a beardless boy, and therefore, for fashion's sake, did his subjects, hitherto noble and manly in appearance, reduce themselves to this unnatural and childish state.

The hair being a bad conductor of caloric, is admirably calculated to retain the heat of those parts which it covers, and to protect the important organs within from the effects of cold and the constant atmospheric vicissitudes to which man must be exposed. The importance of this protective agent will be appreciated when it is borne in mind how many inflammatory attacks are induced by the sudden application of cold, and by suppressing that function so necessary to health, the perspiration. With a long and heavy beard a man can brave the "peltings of the pitiless storm," with impunity, and bid defiance to the cold winds of winter, while a shaven and unguarded throat must succumb to the piercing blast.

A Story of Crime and Misfortune.

The Troy Post furnishes us with the sad tale of a once lovely and interesting girl, well known in Albany. Her name is Ellen Turner. It appears that about two weeks since she put up at Wells Beddings, in Troy, and said she was a stranger from the west, and arrived in the cars, that her husband was in New York, and wanted to stay a few days till she could write and hear from him. As she looked rather forlorn and decent withal, Mrs. Bedding kindly took her in; next evening about 6 o'clock she left, and took along one brocha shawl and other articles; a warrant was issued and the lady was found and arrested by Trueworthy, at Cohoes. The goods were found with her and she acknowledged her guilt, and said her name was Ellen Turner, has a mother living in Rochester, was sent to Albany to school, and went to a select school in Broadway, became acquainted with Abram Whipple, son of Lansing Whipple, of Bern, Albany county, was seduced by said Abram, and has a child ten weeks old by him, &c.; she is cast off by all her natural protectors. Ellen was tried by a court of special sessions, found guilty, and was sentenced to pay \$5 or be imprisoned ten days.

The villain who wrought this moral ruin walks the earth proudly, a gentleman, mingles freely in fashionable society, is smiled on by the fair and virtuous, (in the world's eye), and may choose a wife from among them at his leisure; he has broken no law of the State; but the victim is driven from society, and even from her own family, a wandering fugitive and felon, with the jail her refuge and suicide her only hope! Is there any wonder that Millerism finds converts?—N. Y. Tribune.

God of heaven, is it possible for such a man to escape thy avenging wrath?

"Oh! is there not in heaven's some chosen creature; Some thunderbolt, red with uncommon wrath, To blast the wretch who impiously Tamper with female virtue?"

DIAGNOSIS.—The Upper Marlboro' (Md.) Gazette says that, there were probably one thousand persons present in that village to witness the execution of negro Daniel, and that in less than two hours after the criminal was executed one fourth of that number were intoxicated, and behaved in a beastly and disgraceful manner. Some of the spectators were fighting, and cursing and swearing in the most profane manner, while the corpse was suspended on the gallows.

The new Lord Mayor of London is a paper maker.—Gazette.

This is not the first instance, neighbor, where in a man has risen from rags to an enviable position in society.—St. Louis Dem.

HINTS ON CONVERSATION.—Many men of talent forget that the object of conversation is to entertain and amuse, and that society, to be agreeable, must never be made the arena of dispute. Some persons spoil every party they join by making it their only object to prove that every one present is in the wrong but themselves.

Political.

Remarks of Mr. Clingman.

On Abolition Petitions, in the House of Representatives, January 5th, 1844.

Mr. CLINGMAN having succeeded in obtaining the floor, observed, in the opening of his remarks, that it might be supposed, from the anxiety he had manifested to get the floor, that he considered himself as having something very important to say.—If such was the expectation of any, they would be disappointed; he had but little to say, and in saying it he should not detain the House long. But it has so happened, said Mr. C., that, on the second day of the session, when the gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. Adams) made his motion to strike out the 24th rule, [formerly the famous 21st rule,] excluding abolition petitions, I voted with him; nor could I act differently, as I had long entertained a decided opinion on this point; yet it did so happen that I was the only man south of the Potomac who so voted. I have been censured for that vote in some of the papers opposed to me politically, and denounced as a renegade to the cause of the South. Some of that sort of slang in which too many of our papers abound has been directed against me. To that, however, I attach no weight; but, that the reasons which governed my vote on that occasion may be clearly understood, I wish to address a few words to the House by way of explanation and vindication.

I have for a long time been of the opinion that we of the South have been, on this subject, pursuing a wrong course; and the more I see of its consequences, the more I am confirmed in that opinion. The 21st rule is, as all concede, a restriction of the right of petition. But it is attempted to be supported on the ground that Congress, acting in this matter as the local Legislature of the District of Columbia, should not receive petitions of this character, coming from the inhabitants of the states of this Union. Were this position true, which for reasons that I shall presently advert to I do not admit, it would not support the justice or propriety of this rule, because its prohibition prevents the people of the District from petitioning on this subject as much as it does all others. None surely will deny that the people of this District have a direct interest in the matter, and of course ought to possess the right to have their petitions presented, should they ever think proper to offer them.

I am told that in this country there exists no right of petition, though it exists under all other Governments and in all other countries in the world. Yet it does not exist in this country, because the people are sovereign, and have a right to command. This doctrine has been advanced by men of high standing at the south; but, sir, it seems scarcely to merit a reply.—What can be so absurd as to insist that the major proposition does not include the minor? That because the citizens of this republic have greater privileges they are thereby deprived of smaller ones? But, supposing this were true, how does it affect the present question? I would like to know what sovereign right it is which the people of this District possess? They cannot vote for the election of a President, nor for a member of Congress; their only political right is this right of petition. Yet of this you deprive them, and trample on the only political right they possess. And still I am told by some gentlemen that the people of the District do not desire to present any petitions of this kind, and so no practical wrong is done by refusing them. This is a bad, a very bad, argument for the abolitionists, who, as we all know, are charged with being very fond of abstractions.—What becomes of the abstract right of petition, although they may not choose to exercise it? If they come here with their petitions, they must be rejected. And the argument that applies to the District will apply with equal force to the Territories; they are in a like condition.

But I do not assent at all to the position taken by the gentleman from New York, (Mr. Beardsley,) that when the people pray for objects in themselves unconstitutional they have no right to be heard. How can you ascertain that their prayer is unconstitutional till you receive it? They come and present their requests at your door; you may reject their prayer if you please, but surely you ought to receive their petition, so as to ascertain for what object it is presented. The right to petition the Government exists in all countries. It exists unquestionably in England, where all the subjects have a right to petition Parliament and to petition the Crown, and where their right to do the one is as much admitted as to do the other. The liberal party have ever stood on this ground in that country.—I remember that one of the most eloquent speeches ever delivered by the great debater and statesman, Mr. Fox, was on this subject. Not on the proposition to receive petitions. Oh, no; nobody disputed that; but against a law which prevented large assemblies for the purpose of petitioning Parliament, because it might interfere with the universal right of petition. In the bill of rights of North Carolina the right of petition for a redress of grievances is declared to be the inalienable right of the people. But what are their grievances?—Are not they to judge? It is said that the continuance of slavery is no grievance, and so they have no right to petition against it. But if the Government is to be the judge of what is and what is not a griev-

ance, it may, on that ground, refuse to receive any petition whatever. All it has to do is to decide that the thing complained of is no grievance, and refuse thereupon to receive the petition. As to what is a grievance, the petitioner ought to be allowed to judge for himself: it is enough for us, if we possess the right, to reject the prayer of his petition. If we esteem the matter he complains of no grievance, it is an easy thing to refuse his petition.

Is it not a reproach that the right of petition, a right so sacred and so important, should nowhere be restricted but in this fair republic? The right of petition should everywhere be as free, in my view, as the right of all created beings to petition the Supreme Ruler of the Universe. If the petitioner thinks he is aggrieved, that is enough to entitle him to a hearing.

There is another point I wish to touch. It does seem to me that these abolition petitions are poor contemptible things; in themselves they never can hurt any body; they are mere *bruta fulmina*; what harm can they possibly do if they shall be referred? Should even a bill be reported in conformity with their request, cannot this House reject it? You have no rule of order to prevent the introduction of a bill.—The member from Massachusetts, or any other gentleman, might at any time introduce a bill to abolish slavery; just as any other bill is introduced. You have no rule against this, which might really be dangerous. But the petitions, harmless and contemptible as they are, you are careful to exclude. Do not gentlemen see that if the object of the petitioners once becomes the choice of a majority here, that majority can set aside this rule? It has done us no good at all. It is a mere fair-weather rule.—The moment a majority is in favor of these petitions it will be abolished. If such a majority should ever be found here in favor of a bill to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, they will have power to repeal this rule. Why then be so adverse to the reception of abolition petitions? The House can reject any bill it does not choose to pass, and so it can reject any petition it does not see fit to grant. Until a majority is in favor of the object prayed for, I care not how many petitions are presented for it. And when that day shall come that a majority is in its favor, the rule will then fail you, and this Union will then be at an end. I do not, however, apprehend any such result, in my day at least. I believe there is too much good sense at the north to give up this glorious Union for the sake of abolishing slavery in these ten miles square.

By pursuing the course we have, we have given the abolitionists too much consequence. We make them look too strong. Nearly one half the House voted in favor of abolishing the rule: were they all abolitionists? No, sir; most if not all of that number were their allies, acting by their side merely out of regard to the right of petition; thus we have given them a show of strength not their own. I am opposed to this way of conducting the contest; we have continued this sort of bush-fight too long; it is time all should come out and show their hands. The gentleman from Maine (Mr. Hamlin) begs us in the strongest language to be allowed to get at the real question, in order that he may show his devotion to the Constitution and his regard for the rights of the south; so does the gentleman from New York, (Mr. Beardsley.) Now, I submit to gentlemen from the south whether it is a fair thing to keep gentlemen in this false, this painful position? To compel them to keep company with abolitionists whether they will or no? No; let a committee report, and if they shall introduce a bill, then we shall see who are our friends. The gentleman from New York (Mr. Beardsley) told us there are nineteen out of every twenty men at the north against the abolitionists; and I have no doubt of it. I believe we could get nearly a unanimous vote in this Hall against such a bill. A vote like that would have an immense moral effect—an effect far greater than a hundred years struggle about the right of petition. Some persons at the south have insisted that the entire north is unsound on the subject of southern rights; others hold a very different language. I am for giving that question a fair trial, so that we may know the actual condition of things. I believe the north is as sound as the gentleman from Maine (Mr. Hamlin) represents it to be. But, if Massachusetts is indeed opposed to the Constitution as it now exists—if, indeed, we have come to that pass that she cannot stand where Hancock and Adams met Washington and Madison, on the compromise of the Constitution, it is time we knew it. Let us understand the state of the fact. Whenever a large portion of the north should determine that they can no longer abide in the present form of the Constitution in this respect, of course the Union must be dissolved. This, however, cannot take place till there is an entire change of sentiment, as I believe, at the north. But be assured you cannot retard the coming of this state of things by any rules and orders of this House. If the people of these states are against the continuance of the Union, be very sure it is not to be held together by rules of order.

But many southern gentlemen say because we have taken this position we must adhere to it, even though it be wrong to have taken it originally. They tell us we must never retreat in the face of any enemy. Now, in regard to military tactics, I confess myself to be no better informed