

# THE NORTH-CAROLINA MINERVA.

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FROM THE NEW-ENGLAND PALLADIUM.

## TO OUR READERS.

ANOTHER year has elapsed, & the Editors of the *Palladium* are expected to ask its readers, and the readers will be sometimes inclined to ask one another, What has been the merit and what the success of our labours. In the usual strain of self-praise, we ought to reply to this question before it is put, we have done amazingly well, and the Jacobins are conquered. It would be very gratifying to our pride and patriotism if we could appropriate to ourselves one-half of this elogium.

As to our merits. There is indeed no subject that might be expected to naturally make us eloquent. It is common for the dull to be roused when they talk about themselves.—It is the very subject to make us sad.

We expect, and we had, we thought, a right to expect, that the wife and virtuous would see their own danger, and would indulge their zeal, and spread it, in order to prevent the revolution which we are manifestly copying from France. *Lescentiousness* has taken the name of Liberty, and is busy, and has been busy for two years, storing the cellar under her temple with gunpowder. Yet the wife and virtuous, knowing the fact, or having opportunity enough to know it, are walking the floor with folded arms, and very much at their ease, over the vault where the explosion is preparing. They see the powder barrels, they see, or may see, the train laid, and the portfires and matches skilfully laid up in the jacobin laboratory. They have remarked here, as in France, that the passions of the people are often excited, and their prejudices always addressed, as the impelling power and chief resource of the ruling jacobins. Justice lies flat on her back; a victim bound for the sacrifice on her own altar. Right is openly violated.—The internal taxes, solemnly pledged under the plighted faith of government, for the security of the public debt, are repeated, without necessity or pretext, without a substitute, or so much as the mockery of a justification. The judges are openly and avowedly made dependent on the despotic caprice of a majority of BISHOPS, and VARNUMS, and LYONS. It is not a form of government that is attacked—it is not merely the dignity of rulers that is degraded—the Magistrate is nothing, the Demagogue is more than a Magistrate.—No, the mischief stops not at such formidable extremes. It goes further; it seeks in the lowest deep of confusion a lower deep, and assails the fundamental principles of liberty, society, and property. Instead of checking, like King JOHN's barons, the dangerous powers of Executive, and ordaining that justice shall be free, impartial and immutable, it ordains that the Chief Magistrate shall be a Demagogue, and rule by the popular passions, and those passions, while they dictate every law, shall be controlled by none. If they require sacrifices, the Demagogues will consider them cheap. In the first steps of a revolution, it costs nothing to please the rabble by the destruction of right and property, because the men who ask, and the leaders who effect the destruction, have no respect for right and no interest in property. Every Demagogue is sure to destroy property. In our country, it is openly threatened, and the preliminary steps to invade it: have been taken with less disguise and less delay than they were in the two first years of the French revolution. We are certainly as FAR ON as the French were in January, 1790.

The Constitution, too, is in the hands of its old implacable foes, and

the measures of their hostility are announced by Mr. EPPS, and THOMAS PAIN, and by MAZZANI's friend, in a manner that one would suppose folly could not mistake, nor the torpid and callous fortitude of Federalism endure. Yet folly does mistake, and Federalism sits like a Turk benumbed with opium, a careless looker-on, or perhaps is amused to observe the ingenuity of the work of its own destruction.

We did expect, and we are sick and ashamed of our sanguine presumption that we did expect, the able men would come forward when the public liberty was so manifestly in danger. We did expect, that danger would produce fear, and that fear would inspire zeal. We did expect, that instead of leaving the vindication of principles to needy editors, badly educated to understand, and less qualified or at leisure to assert them, they would assume the pen, & devote to TRUTH and LIBERTY the sort of talents, and the sort of zeal in the display of them, that would be worthy of a CRISIS which is to decide a NATION'S FATE.—We called on such men; we exhorted them to snatch the quill from feeble and unskilful hands.—We have called the deaf. Our merits consist in this, that we did call; and if we had been heard, if the able Federalists had done a tenth part of what they could easily do, towards exposing jacobin fallhoods and popular errors, if they had furnished of the wit and learning one thousandth part of the surplus that they possess more than all the jacobins of this and all other countries, THE PALLADIUM would not have struggled for patronage? it would have commanded it. Jacobinism would have been banished from all circles where people appear with whole clothes. The ragged members of the Democratic Societies would, as formerly, sneak to their club-rooms in the dark. Instead of this easy and certain success of truth, behold Jacobinism in power, grown as familiar with shame as with vice, boasting of its victories, and rich already by the computation of its plunder. When the vice of a country reigns and is active, and its talents are supine, depend upon it, that country will be ruined.

Such is our merit.—Such our success! The able men will not exert themselves, except occasionally; never on plan, and in concert. Unless they do, our revolution will proceed, as it did in France. The able men there were intimidated or duped by the specious lies of the Demagogues.—The Federalists will, in like manner, take warning by no disasters but their own, and then too late. They will believe that the last extremes are not intended to be produced. They did not believe in 1800, that half as much would be done towards destroying the work of WASHINGTON and ADAMS, as they have seen done. The instruments, and the agents, and plan of our ruin are all prepared and in operation. Yes they foolishly expect the violent will be moderate & the profligate act on principle. They fancy the Jacobins have hunted for the pleasure of the chase, not for the riotous feasts upon their prey. The shallow Democrats say nothing need be done. The Federalists say nothing can be done, the managers of the passions of a rabble have a force that they can always command. But the Federalists depend on the slow perceptions of the understanding, which often looks back with astonishment, but is always without forecast.

Talents among us are employed only to get riches, and wealth is used only to buy distinction and pleasure. When property is threatened,

its possessors are impatient to enjoy the present moment, and careless of futurity. What if the funds are invaded, I can sell out in season, says DIVES. The evil happens without warning and without remedy. The Federalists want zeal, want plan, want union—they will soon want a hiding place.

If a single writer, chiefly distinguished for his assiduous labors and his fervid zeal, sounds the alarm, he disturbs the quiet of the sleepers. They complain of the intrusion and impertinence of his fears. They ascribe his efforts to the hypochondriac irritation of his nerves, or to the hunger of his vanity for literary praise. All blame none aid him, and few understand. The Federalists make almost no defence of the cause of ORDER, LAW and PROPERTY. The fortress of the public liberty is in danger of being abandoned before it is stormed. Our very camp will be taken, not by the grenadiers, but by the sutlers and strollers, the DUANES & CHEATERS of the enemy.

It is far otherwise with the Jacobins. They do not mind a sprinkling of rain: They are used to wade in mire and in iniquity. They are a party or rather a faction; they cling together with the closest union. They stimulate all the wretched talents of their clan into exercise. Even "Old-Souls," whom they cannot read, is to be glorious in binding, and to sleep on a shelf after having slept among waste paper in the pantry. They never cease to make efforts.—All with them is action.

To the wife and the worthy, therefore, we again make our appeal.—The public cause will be lost, unless it shall be more ably asserted. We ask them to consider how feeble and inefficient all our efforts must be, unless they will supply our columns and make the *Palladium* brilliant and useful.—They know the importance of newspapers. If they will rife in their might, and use the weapons of argument, wit and ridicule, the Jacobins will be kept enough in restraint to prevent the ruin of the Constitution, of Liberty, and of Property. The pen will govern till the sword governs, and when that is resorted to, no matter by what party, the sword will be the only instrument of government.—The laws will be silent. Before this dreadful catastrophe, in which liberty will perish, let the virtue and the talent of our nation be put in requisition, and of course, Federalism will be safe if not triumphant. What but speedy ruin can be expected when the worst men rule and the best men sleep.

FROM THE ALBANY CENTINEL.

The Wasp is a small paper printed at Hudson, by HARRY CROSWELL, one of the Editors of the Balance. Its object appears to have principally been to amuse by placing the follies of democratic demagogues in a judicious point of view by pointing the sting of satire at their vices and absurdities, and although it never was supposed that it would produce in the object attacked, any thing beyond a bare swelling; yet the Editor is, by some, supposed to have been disappointed in regard to its effects on the public prosecutor. Whether his constitution partakes more of the inflammable, or whether the possession of power has called his latent virtues into exercise, seems doubtful. It is indeed scarcely credible that any other than a most passionate and ungovernable temper could have been inflamed at what was directed against his high mightiness in the Wasp. It seems that the Mayor of Hudson, and a Common Council of the same "city," had petitioned for, and obtained from the Legislature

power to tax the citizens a certain sum for the purpose of building a new market, and they were particularly charged with keeping the application secret. What truth was in this charge we know not: The Mayor's Council, however, was turned out.—Soon after this, Charles Holt's Bill was to appear, and upon this occasion a song was published in the Wasp, hinting at the boasts of the democrats: among others, that they will

Have the Mayor's Council in  
Soon's ever they can work it,  
And then they'll lay a city tax  
To build another market;  
And Holt shall write his paper full  
To justify the measure,  
And Ambrose spit his venom here  
Whenever he has leisure."

Possibly the Attorney-General might have been unlucky enough to suppose that the *Ambrose* was meant for him—but how he could for a moment suppose that any body could dream that he was venomous, or revengeful, or deficient in the virtues of benevolence, charity and forgiveness, will appear wonderful to those who know him well. It is however stated, on pretty strong authority, that such was his belief. If this is really so, it could not have been *salve* to his wounds to read the story of the Attorney-General, and a dirty fellow, after the manner of Peter Pinjar, this story, which we assure the reader is not without characteristic point, we should lay before him, were it not that it might be considered libellous and sensitive to relate how the Editor of the Wasp had played the fool with the Attorney-General. Upon the whole we must confess our disinclination to determine whether personal pique against the Wasp induced him to poke his head into its nest, or whether, in commencing the prosecution against Croswell, the natural gentleness, sweetness, and tenderness of his nature, yielded to the solemn and imperious call of his country.—Much may be said on both sides, & probably we shall be quite explicit now; but if we would be indicted by a democratic Grand Jury, summoned by a democratic Sheriff, we could not give the truth of the facts we might state in evidence to justify ourselves. It is best therefore, to keep our hands out of the Lyon's mouth; and if hereafter we should venture to communicate to the public any true information, we must beg of them not to blame us if they do not entirely comprehend us; for we cannot know when it will be our turn to be subjected to punishment for printing truth.

We will return to the principal object of this article. At the general Sessions of the Peace in Columbia last week, two indictments were found against Mr. Croswell—one for charging the President with having paid Callender fifty dollars for libelling Washington and Adams, (in support of which we would say much, if the truth might be given in evidence. We are wary, however, for the scourge of persecution is brandished—the reign of terror has commenced.) The other is for charging the president with expending money upon the French corvette *Berceau* without authority. After Mr. Croswell had traversed these indictments, his counsel requested a postponement until next term; to which the Attorney-General most strenuously objected, on the ground that a postponement could not enable Mr. Croswell to gain the attend.

\* On Friday last, we stated, according to the information we then had, that the Attorney-General pressed hard to have the matter tried the second day in court; but as we are now informed, he opposed the motion for an adjournment, instead of moving for a trial.