

"The Editor of the Southern Whig."

From the great length of time which the Editor of the "Whig" devoted to the concoction of his reply to our notices of him in November and December last, and which made its debut last week, the public will not be much surprised at the beautiful *polish*, the exquisite *finish*, and the surpassing *splendor* of the performance.

If there is one portion of that master piece of news, paper slangwhangery, which deserves a greater degree of admiration than another, it is the self complacency—the *non chalance* with which the performer touches off his own elevation of feeling, and dignity of character, as chief conductor of a southern "Wiggery." He condescend to read so vulgar and insignificant a sheet as the Southern Banner? He descend from the lofty engagements of his "Wiggery"? He spare time from the dignified employments which daily absorb his attention? He leave, for a moment, the venerable and sage circle of seniors, among whom his time is employed in the discussion of subjects too mighty to be approached by mere mortals, without *fear and trembling*? He who, in his glorious aspirations after fame, might even dare "to pluck bright honor from the pale faced moon?" He stoop to search out the contents of so small an affair as the "Southern Banner?" No! spirit of the mighty universe forbid! Yet it seems he has friends around him who search those vulgar pages for him, and dare occasionally to insult his honorable ears with things upon which he would disdain to look.— At least we would suppose so from the fact, that although he professes to be but little in the habit of perusing the "Banner," he is yet marvelously well acquainted with its contents. Perhaps we can account for this seeming paradox in another way. He has always at his elbow a critter which we may well denominate Jones's *little genius*—sometimes known as *little Bob Short of Athens*, of "gnat and elephant" memory, one of the poor relations of big Bob of Augusta—sometimes as *little "Paul Pry,"* son of a flying political Mercury &c. &c., who saves the trouble of so vulgar a business as newspaper reading, by kindly informing him of the progress of matters and affairs connected with them. We incline to the last opinion; and cannot but congratulate our friend of the "Wiggery," as one of the most fortunate of wights, in having in his employ, so *calculating* a little "Puck." Yet we would advise our friend of a fact with regard to those *little geniuses*, which he may not be aware of—they cannot always be depended upon. The "Puck," gay and sanguine, will sometimes lie from sheer love of fun and frolick—your bilious "Puck" always from malice; and hence their whisperings should be received by those who employ them with great caution.

That the "Oberon" of the "Wiggery" has been most shamefully deceived by his "Puck" in many matters and things touching ourselves, will be shown bye and bye.

With regard to the nonsensical sarago of our dignified knight of the quill, about the "Tom Thumbs" of the Banner having Judge Longstreet, (the "Red Cow" we suppose of that dignified work) on the hip—*little Bob Short's little* story about a *little "gnat"* and a great big "Elephant," and Sterne's oft abused tale of the "fly"—we must pass them by as matters worthy alone the *elevated* mind and the *dignified* character of Wm. E. Jones, Esquire, a "native Georgian" and "graduate of Franklin College," with a single passing remark. If we had boasted, as is insinuated by our editor, of "prostrating" Judge Longstreet "at our feet" and holding him "at our mercy" with "a rod in terrorem" over him, then his impotent sarcasm would have had a point; but this not being the case, it is entirely pointless, unless, indeed, it be at the expense of the Judge. For it is evident, the Whig must have either based his attempt at sarcasm either on our assumption of superiority over the Judge, or on its own convictions of the fact, founded on the merits of our controversies with that gentleman. We did express on one occasion, it is true, the opinion, that we had the advantage of Judge Longstreet—*we refer to our controversy on the subject of the College*, which we think was not only warranted by facts, but has been verified by results. The present unprecedented prosperity of the College, in despite of the efforts of Judge L. and his "Equal Rights" friends, proves at least, that we had the advantage as regarded the subject *matter* in controversy, if we accomplished nothing by our manner of handling it.

The prodigious rate at which the editor rants and scolds at us for not having long since abandoned our opinions and grounded our arms before his "powerful arguments"—"triumphant refutations"—"truths omnipotent," &c. &c. is perfectly ridiculous, and convinces us that his "Puck" must have *blarried* as well as *deceived* him. Review them all, friend Jones, with care and attention, then if you are not lost to all sense and decency, you will not only blush for your consummate vanity—but feel the force of your own sentiments when you say, "to enter into a political argument with these editors, [the editors of the Banner] we have long since ascertained to be a most nonsensical waste of time." Yes, your time had better be spent in "leading Apes," or darting intraws at the moon.

We have thus far treated the reply of the "Whig" editor in that way alone which the matters touched on deserved, viz. with ridicule. We now come, however, to some things which deserve to be han-

ded with a little more seriousness. It will be re- collected, that last summer, just before Judge Clayton returned from Washington city, he attempted, by a publication over his own name on the subject of the "Gold Bill," to pave the way for a fair weather reception among his constituents, whose rights and opinions he had so shamefully outraged by his course on the subject of the United States Bank. This Federal anti-Federal, Democratic anti-Democratic, Clark anti-Clark, Troup anti-Troup, United States Bank anti-Bank, State Bank anti-State Bank, removal of the deposits anti-do., Nullifying anti-Nullifying—in a word, this double refined and spiritualized Vicar of Bray politician, concluded that as he had often before gulled his constituents, they were always to remain gullible—that by a little palayering on the subject of a bill in which he knew them to be deeply interested, he could soften down their resentment against him for his last grand somerset into the ranks of the "Bank Wigs." For once in his life, he found himself mistaken. His object in publishing his account of the Gold Bill (a favorite measure of the administration) was too obvious—the people would not swallow the bait. If the Judge had, however, confined himself to facts in his publication, we should have allowed him to enjoy, uninterrupted, his little scheme of cunning and trickery; but in announcing the passage of the aforesaid bill, for reasons which are obvious, he stated that it would have the effect to raise the value of gold considerably higher than the provisions of the bill would possibly warrant. For the benefit of those who were liable to be deceived by the statement of Judge Clayton, we gave a fair exposition of the matter, and for this the editor of the "Whig" denounces us as detractors of the well earned (Heaven save the mark) reputation of Judge Clayton! However this may be, the present prices of gold prove that *we were right and Judge Clayton wrong.* And as names may have more authority with the Whig, than facts, however well authenticated, we point him to an editorial article on the subject in a late number of Mr. Condy Raguet's Examiner, who, however wild and chimerical as a politician, is always good authority on commercial and financial subjects, in which he notices and copies our article alluded to by the "Whig" (as evidence of our "envious and jealous" disposition towards Judge Clayton) and gives to it the sanction of his own great name by *asserting its correctness!*

But we are not yet through on this subject. The "Whig" says, that in a few days after our article contradicting Judge Clayton's statement appeared, we, "for the low purpose of glorifying Jackson, actually undertook to prove, that the increase in the value of gold was greater than the Judge had stated it to be." We are never disposed to be personal towards our contemporaries when we can help it; but there is a hardihood and an effrontery in this assertion, which compels us to meet it as it deserves—the statement is *false!* Does the editor of the "Whig" understand this language? If he does, and has any regard for his reputation, for truth, for morality of religious consistency, we advise him to wipe off the imputation of his falsehood, being wilful and malignant, by doing us justice in his next. We will assist him and his little genius, by giving them free access to our files, and if they can find therein contained, any thing to sustain the charge, then we will be willing to acknowledge ourselves false, and the editor of the "Whig" entirely above such aspersions.

The lame and puerile attempt of the "Whig" to impose upon its readers, by asserting that the nullifiers in South Carolina did not "back out" from the position they assumed in the Legislature on the subject of the "Test Oath," scarcely deserves serious attention. As the Whig appears to be so much in the dark on this subject, we will endeavor hereafter to enlighten it.

Perhaps the most irresistibly ludicrous charge of the Whig against us is, that we have been in the habit of denouncing a majority of the Senate of the United States, as a "star chamber of corruption."— Things have come to a pretty pass when the editor of the "Whig" feels himself called upon to defend from our charges the corruption of a branch of a government, which he looks upon as a foreign one—that is, if he is sincere in his political professions, and true to the party with which he acts. The bill defining treason, lately introduced into the Legislature of South Carolina, recognizes all governments as foreign to the government of South Carolina. Mr. Pemberton declares he knows no country as his but Georgia, and the fundamental doctrine of the "Whig," viz., absolute State Sovereignty, amounts to the same. Then why should the editor of the "Whig" call us to task for speculating upon the character of a government thus recognized as a foreign one by his faction? We shall expect next to be arraigned for doubting the purity of the government of the well beloved and natural allies of the Whig party, the British! The "Whig" villifies and abuses the character of the only government on earth to which he acknowledges allegiance, the government of Georgia, and then falls upon us without mercy for daring to doubt the purity of a Senate, which is, if the doctrines which he advocates be true, as foreign as the House of Lords of Great Britain! Marvellous consistency—unheard of patriotism—the very quintessence of chivalry!

It seems by the closing apostrophe of the "Whig," it has made the grand discovery that we, "gnat," "fly," "Tom Thumb" editors of the Banner, have not only brought the great "Elephant" of the State Rights Sentinel at our feet, but that we are "wits" of the first order—that we sparkle in this way "like diamonds in an Ethiop's ear," &c.

If we indeed possess this valuable commodity, we have, we fear, been so unconscious of our wealth, as occasionally to cast "our pearls before swine."— The *granting* of the "Whig editor" has brought the divine injunction on this subject to our minds, and we will endeavor hereafter to keep it irrecollection, and to treasure up our "diamonds" for proper and legitimate uses.

We will now leave the "Whig" editor, if not "alone in his glory," alone in his Wiggery with his little genius, who will, we hope, contrive to spirit him out, as he has spirited him into, those bogs and morasses which surround the path of the most dignified, as well as the most trifling of our fraternity.

☐ We owe an apology to the editor of the "Whig" for having paid our respects to him occasionally when he "was absent." In order to prevent a repetition of conduct so uncourteous, we would suggest the idea of his sending us daily bulletins, or report to us through his little genius as often, on the subject of his locomotive propensities; otherwise we will have to attach to our establishment a super-

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