

To the Editor of the Southern Banner.

DEAR SIR:—The Elder Clayton of Athens, travelling in Mr. Calhoun's neighborhood in South Carolina, was there detained a few days, by family affliction; and at a Dinner, then given him, (1832,) he gave the following Toast, against our party:

"When Southern interests and Southern rights are in danger, he that dallies is a dastard, and he that doubts is damned."

This toast excited the rebuke of even the more sensible Nullifiers;—and all alike of all parties, saw in it, a symbol too near to the Spanish Inquisition, on men's sentiments; which inculcated servile submission to abominable desecrations on true piety, without a particle of dalliance or doubt.

Anon, at the fourth July celebration at Watkinsville in the year 1835, this gentleman renewed his toast of 1832, with the tincture of double strength,—saying—"Like Cæsar stabbed to death, and then like Dives d—d!!" Again, when a few weeks ago, he unpremeditatedly insinuated against the harmless "Professor," he fondly displayed his toast, anew, before the world—"he that dallies is a dastard, he that doubts is damned."

I come now, to the decided conclusion, that Judge Clayton glories in this profane toast—that except he be put to shame by some able Union writer, he will ever keep dangling these abominable words before the Union's friends; and that as he implicates the Union Party, both individually and collectively, as unworthy of quiet tranquillity and happy peace, in their strenuous advocacy of principles inculcated by Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Adams, Hamilton, Ames, and Madison, who suffered and bled for the boon they bestowed on us, with admonitions, worthy of our faithful regards—so he that never bled for Liberty and insinuates the friends of Union as dastards and to be d—d, should receive at the hands of one of that Patriotic Party, of myself, arguments, strong enough, to make him forever consign his own toast to the "tomb of the Capulets." For this toast is dangerous to the Juvenile morals! In the eyes of our students, coming from one so conspicuous and great, as its author, they are apt, in their youthful pride and unfinished minds, to imbibe the words as martial music, and drink up the spirit of the thought as very ardent admirers. And what effects but future turbulence, will accrue from seeds thus planted—an unchristian germination, that ever yet hath the constant nurturement, of the author thereof? But the sad effects on the future generation, is not alone confined to them; its consequences are now doing mischief, even among the present people of the State and Union. Coming as it does, from one standing as a leading man, high in public view, and an Exemplar to thousands, it has an effect more stupendous, than ever could a thousand toasts of the like nature, emanating from little men, have upon the popular feelings. While it shames the Union man from a candid examination of his own motives for faithfully going after Washington's Farewell address—while it prevents his serious reflection on the course of policy and duty, he should pursue, by ringing "dastardment and damnation," in his ears—by pricking his heart with thoughts that then he is "dallying and doubting"—driving him in sheer ignorance, and for lack of moral courage and firmness, into the ranks of obstreperous nullification, by its very sound—its very "tinkling cymbalism;" it at the same time, while training our young men up to deeds of daring and bold defiance to our sacred social and Political Union, renders those, who are already

nullifiers, more determined never to doubt the propriety of Treason, and of Liberty destroying civil wars—wars that will terminate, as directed by insane human passions, into a state of things entirely different from good—into some despotism under some tyrannic Napoleon, or some successful Augustus—where, if even Nullifiers say “Nullification,” they will find themselves in an unwelcome quandary—and sadly, but hopelessly, lament the absence of that Union, which allowed them to huzza all daylong, and all yearlong, “Nullification!” and still returned them good for evil, under that multipotent assurance of Liberty, which she hath, like a kind parent, ever bestowed!

I charge Judge Clayton with a greivous inconsistency, on this incident: In the month of May, or of June, 1835, I paid him a social visit:—One conversation turning upon the Governatorial nominating Convention at Milledgeville, which nominated Judge Charles Dougherty as the Nullifying, or State Rights candidate, for that office, and which convention had just adjourned. I asked Judge Clayton what construction ought to be put upon the opening address of Roger L. Gamble, Esq. as to not enforcing the “Procrustean System?” The Judge told me by pencil inscription on paper, that it means the torturing bed of a king Procrustes, who on being told he could no more cause all men to think alike, than he could make their personal stature equal, procured a bed of his own length, and stretched the short to his length, and hewed off the limbs of the tall to make them match equally: and that Col. Gamble referring to this torture, advised the meeting to go contrary to the Procrustean System:—Or in other words to tolerate difference of opinion in either their convention, or in the Union men—Taking philosophically into view, that the explanation was given to an Union man of indubitable mould, and of main strength—the venerable Judge said, “we must not do so”—his countenance showing all the gravity of an English Chancery Magistrate. Here then is a private sentiment from him that the Nullifiers should not enforce towards us, the systematic Machinery of the fabled Procrustes! Mr. George R. Clayton, was present, and an unerring witness of the precious admonition. But Lo! one or two months more, and he was seen at the celebration table, to give a more than Procrustean denunciation against the Union men, for dallying on Nullification and doubling its conservability!!!

Ah, the poor Union men of weak nerves, and little wisdom! they cannot stand so much thunder! and are all, perhaps especially the weakest portion, frightened into the pen by the thunder and afraid of an empty word, are ready to be incisioned upon by less feared vulgar instruments.

This toast so favorite with its respectable author—so oft quoted wide and far—so kept in the public view by its thunderer, (whom no matter for his occasional party bigotry, I respect, and against whom I feel no malice,) is not within the received limits of honorable controversy; is not within the circle of argumentative urbanity, and is withal repulsive to all profound thinking, and a stranger to all genuine wisdom; that however much I respect the feelings of an able man, and a standard leader to so many, my greater love to my country, and that solicitude for her prosperity, not more in wealth than in Gospel morals, and which incessant care, will only leave me when my bones are at rest in the tomb, and myself, perhaps, forgotten by the children of men, that I may well overlook private feelings to serve a public utility, as in this instance, where however keeping to sober truth, and facts universally known, I incur no legal accountability. This is a political defence of my party, and of the orthodox tenets of that party, and no personality on the venerable gentleman. His private life, as I opine, is spotless; but I cannot affirm that so has been at all times his public career. This favorite toast of his, as his maxim, is one glaring token of his public influence, that has not always been right! It accrued from a deep knowledge of the human emotions, and was given to paralyze some of the most sacred chords of the heart, on which subtends or suspends, the conservation of the weal of all society. It is a word that compels the most worthy members of society to delve to an abhorred political heterodoxy—as the word empty and foolish in itself of “Coward,” would by its very influence and satanic charm over the nobler passions of man, cause some of the meekest and mildest of Society’s noblest peace inculcating Exemplars, to draw the sword, or to stand up for a target to the malicious or mistaken, whose life that man now a target, has no design to take—as did Alexander Hamilton to Aaron Burr, and John Randolph to Henry Clay! Few men can stand being dubbed a coward, by even the base!—still fewer to have that word applied by the high talented and respected! Look at that “coward” Washington! He alone in early life in an age of Duels,—and when honor was a word of unbounded enthusiasm—had the moral sense and moral resolution to frown upon, what did ill become his noble mind, that afterwards stood himself exposed to the whole ire of Britain, and to the hazard of all her cannon and the terror of all her gallows. This early “coward” has by saving his life from the trifling and fatal prostitution to Duellism, stamped his great name imperishably upon this Continent, and made dim and dark, the name of every past conquerer, and every future Victor, who acted not, or may fail to act on his model. My countrymen—may the Godlike spirit of Washington be as an everlasting “living coal upon the altar” of your hearts,—may the resolution of him that was the bravest of the brave and yet then disdain- ed the ideal charge of cowardice, at a time when no other living man would have thus boldly pioneered a way for true benevolence, amid the scoff and scorn of the real vassals of cowardice, inspire you with the undaunted and unalterable determination, to hold to the Union of these States, tho’ aught is railed against you for dalliance and doubting—and your doom is called the desert of assassina-

tion and unearthly woe! Hold to your faith of keeping peace—and press on like vigorous tho' offenceless soldiers of the God of peace, to the high calling of his Son. Be utterly sightless of every thing but your duty, and dead to all feeling but that of lovely Liberty. Let us refrain from calling our brother opponents harsh names, and from insinuating any thing prejudicial to their secret motives—trusting to the Lord of Light and Goodness, that HE will bestow enough on us, to see our way clearly on the Earth—and trusting that since we can overcome our adversaries by argument and by exposing their errors, we shall be contented to go no farther than solid arguments. I rejoice that I can say, *there is no distinguished Union man, that has ever used a toast against the Nullifiers, half so unchristian and so heathenish, as that I now wish to submerge forever in the silent mausoleum!*

Mr. Editor: There are many ways of benevolence. But leaving charity altogether out of the question, that benevolence on which Bishop Porteus of England, bestowed so high and deserved an encomium—"the benevolence of abstinence from mischief," if prevalent every where will, by not creating human woe, leave the world so few objects for the bestowing of beneficence. The duty then of *refraining from harm*, is a benevolence of transcendent importance—and while it never hurts our means, or diminishes our purses, it covers the whole community with a natural prosperity, which renders the hand of charity almost useless; since it is to restore to the poor, what ruder men have dispossessed them of, that comprises charity. That then is a broader spirit of divine Benevolence, which dallying and doubting on the propriety of calling "Ato up hot from Hell;" and bidding "slip the dogs of war" on our fair country, in the uncivil and horrible strife of her own sons, refrains from the dire embassy of sailing in seas of blood, to go court to some unknown, indefinable good. There is no real philosophy in the expression, under consideration as christianity pure and undissembling is the best of all philosophy. For to "dally and doubt" when the crisis sought for is one of interminable fights, and the loss in these strifes of of all our present good, to seek some unknown benefit, but more likely the old system that our Fathers Revolutionized away, is the truest way a real Christian Philosopher would assume. Even the Gentiles, Socrates, Plato, Pythagores, Aristotle, Seneca and Cicero were full of dalliances and doubts. Of Philip of Macedon—Of Alexander, of Cæsar, of Seostris, of Nero of Tiberias, Commodus, Domitian; Severus—and coming to modern days of Robespierre, of Danton, of Murat, of Napoleon Bonaparte, Santa Anna, and John A. Murel, it cannot be said, *they dallied and doubted in their career of blood and crime.* J. J. FLOURNOY.

Athens, Sept. 1836.