

"Tho' British armies could not here prevail,
 Yet British politics shall turn the scale.
 In five short years of freedom weary grown
 We quit our plain republics for a throne.
 Congress and President full proof shall bring,
 A mere disguise for Parliament and King.

"A standing army! — curse the plan so base;
 A despot's safety, — Liberty's disgrace. —
 Who saved these realms from Britain's bloody hand,
 Who, but the generous rustics of the land.
 That free-born race inured to every toil,
 Who tame the ocean and subdue the soil;
 Who, tyrants banished from this injured shore,
 Domestic traitors may expel once more.

"Ye, who have bled in Freedom's sacred cause,
 Ah, why desert her maxims and her laws?
 When *thirteen* States are moulded into one,
 Your rights are vanished and your honors gone.
 The form of Freedom shall alone remain
 As Rome had senators when she hugged the chain.

"Sent to revise your systems — not to change —
 Sages have done what Reason deems most strange!
 Some alterations in our fabric we
 Calmly propos'd and hoped to see.
 Ah, now deceived, those heroes in renown
 Scheme for themselves — and pull the fabric down —
 Bid in its place Columbia's tombstone rise
 Inscrib'd with these sad words — Here Freedom lies."¹

After reading this, we are not greatly surprised to note, Carnes of the up-country, two years later, alluding to Charleston as the home of the "opulent"² and as a capital less well suited to "those who are styled of a Plebeian race"; for Charleston and the low-country, almost to a man, had been for ratification.

But leaving these contentions, let us glance at the condition of

¹ *So. Ca. Gazette*, Jan. 26, 1788.

² *City Gazette*, May 26, 1790.