

and condemned her faults. He did not justify her conduct towards us. But he remembered that we were of the blood and bone of her children. He remembered that we spoke her language, and that we were connected with her by the strongest commercial ties and interests; that, though we had fought her through a long and bloody war, yet we had fought her by the light of her own principles; that her own great men had cheered us on in the fight; and that the body of the English nation were with us against a corrupt and venal ministry, when we took up arms against their and our tyrants. He remembered that from England we had inherited all the principles of liberty, which lie at the basis of our government—freedom of speech and of the press; the Habeas Corpus; trial by jury; representation *with* taxation; and the great body of our laws. He revered her for what she had done in the cause of human progress, and for the Protestant religion; for her achievements in arts and arms; for her lettered glory; for the light shed on the human mind by her master writers; for the blessings showered by her great philanthropists upon the world.

"He saw her in a new phase of character. Whatever was left of freedom in the old world, had taken shelter in that island, as man, during the deluge, in the ark.

"She opposed the only barrier now left to the sway of unlimited empire, by a despot, whom he detested as one of the most merciless and remorseless tyrants that ever scourged this planet. Deserted of all other men and nations, she was not dismayed. She did not even seek—such was the spirit of her prodigious pride—to avoid the issue. She defied it. She dared it—was eager—fevered—panting for it. She stood against the arch-conqueror's power, as her own sea-girt isle stands in the ocean—calm amidst the storm and the waves that blow and break harmlessly on the shore. She was largely indebted, but she poured out money like water. Her people were already heavily taxed, but she quadrupled the taxes. She taxed everything that supports or embellishes life, all the elements of nature, everything of human necessity or luxury, from the cradle to the coffin. The shock was about to come. The long guns of the cinque-ports were already loaded, and the matches blazing, to open upon the expectant enemy, as he descended upon her coasts. We came as a new enemy into the field. It was natural to expect her, in the face of the old foe, thought by so many to be himself an over-match for her, to hasten to make terms with us, rather than have another enemy upon her. No! She refused, in the agony and stress of danger, to do what she refused in other times. She turned to us the same look of resolute and imperturbable defiance—with some touch of friendly reluctance in it, it may be—which she had turned to her ancient foe. As she stood in her armour, glittering like a war-god, beneath the lion-banner, under which we had fought with her at the Long Meadows, at

Fort Du Quesne, and on the Heights of Abraham, Randolph could not—for his soul, he could not find it in his heart to strike her then."

LAIRD.—Eh, man, but that's fine! If ye ever hae occasion, Crabtree, to write to Maister Baldwin, be sure to say that should he ever visit Canada, I'll tak' it unkind if he doesna' mak' my bit shanty at Bonnie Braes his head quarters!

MAJOR.—Permit me to give you one quotation more. It has reference to the unswerving constancy with which Randolph adhered to the text which regulated his political curriculum:

"He preached State-Rights, as if his life had been consecrated to the ministry of those doctrines. Whenever he spoke—whatever he wrote—wherever he went—*State-Rights, State-Rights*—*STATE-RIGHTS* were the exhaustless themes of his discourse. Like Xavier, with his bell ringing before him, as he walked amidst strange cities, addressing the startled attention of the wayfarers, with the messages of salvation, and denouncing the coming wrath; Randolph came among men, the untiring apostle of his creed, ever raising his shrill voice, "against the alarming encroachments of the Federal Government."

"Nor was he without his reward. The distinctive doctrines of his school, in their fundamental and primitive purity, were well-nigh lost, after the era of the fusion of parties in Monroe's, if not, indeed, under the "silken Mansfieldism" of Madison's administration. The old knights and cavaliers of the South were living, indeed, but were torpid; like—as we have somewhere seen it quoted—the knightly horsemen, in the ENCHANTED CAVE, seated on their steeds with lances in rest and warlike port, but rider and horse spell-bound and senseless as marble, until the magician blew his horn, when, at the first blast, they quickened into life, and sprang forth again to deeds of chivalrous emprise; so Randolph's clarion tones waked the leaders of his party to battle for the cause of their order.

"But suppose he had no reward? Suppose all this labour and all this life were poured, like water, in the sand? Suppose he had followed, always, a losing banner? What then? Are we wasting ink and paper in recording the annals of such a warfare—the story of such a man? Are martyrs so common—is heroic constancy so frequent, and devotion to principle and love of truth such vulgar things, in this our age of political purity and sainted statesmanship, that a man, consecrating the noblest faculties to the service of his country, and following no meaner lights than the judgment and conscience God gave him, to guide his steps through a long road of trial and temptation, is unworthy of being held up for admiration and reverence?"

LAIRD.—That puts me in mind of the perti-