

immortal Washington, and such was ours. But we are told, the enunciation of the great and soul-stirring principles of Revolutionary patriots was a lie,—as a dog returns to his vomit we are to go back to the foul and cast-off rags of European tyranny to hide our nakedness; slavery, the most unmitigated, the lowest, basest that the world has seen, is to be substituted forever for our better, more glorious, holier aspirations,—the constitution is torn and trampled under foot, justice and good faith in a nation are derided, brute force is substituted in the place of high moral tone: all the great principles of national liberty, which we inherited from our British ancestry, are yielded up,—and we are left without God or hope in the world. When the great hearted of our land weep, and the man of reflection maddens in the contemplation of our national apostacy, there are men pursuing gain and pleasure, who smile with contempt and indifference at their appeals. But remember—you who dwell in marble palaces—that there are strong arms, and fiery hearts, and iron pikes in the streets, and panes of glass only between them and the silver plate on the board, and the smooth skinned woman on the ottoman. When you have mocked at virtue, denied the agency of God in the affairs of men, and made rapine your honied faith: tremble! for the day of retribution is at hand—and the masses will be avenged.”

After I had written this, a ride to the office caused a relapse. Whilst I lay prostrate with disease, it was told me, a few minutes before 3 o'clock, of the fourteenth day of August, that there was to be held, at that hour, a meeting of the citizens at the Court House, in Lexington, for the purpose of suppressing the True American. I immediately rose and dressed myself; and in opposition to the remonstrances of my family, and at the risk of my life from the exertion, I determined to confront my enemies face to face, and vindicate my cause at all hazards. At the Court House I found about thirty individuals, including a few who came in after I left; their names were taken down by a couple of friends, and are now in my possession. All these men had grown from political opponents to personal enemies, because of my devotion to the Whig cause, except two, “a Whig” and “Junius,” who were influenced no doubt by feelings of revenge, on account of the castigation which I had given them, in the first number of the True American, for their menace of the murderous infliction of Lynch law. After a silence of about half an hour, E. Q. Sayre said, he would speak