

[CONCLUDED FROM 26 PAGE.]

It is possible that he may urge, by way of excuse for what must be deemed his culpable concealment of meditated corruption, that he did not like to volunteer as a witness before the committee, or to transmit to it the name of his friend, the distinguished Member of the House of Representatives, although it is not very easy to discern any just reason for his volunteering now, which would not have applied with more force at that time. But what apology can be made for his failure to discharge his sacred duty as an American Senator? More than two months after the alleged overture, my nomination to the office which I now hold, was made to the Senate of the United States, of which General Jackson was then a sworn member. On that nomination, he had to deliberate and act in the most solemn manner. If I were privy to a corrupt proposal to Gen. Jackson, touching the recent election; if I had entered into a corrupt bargain with Mr. Adams to secure his elevation, I was unworthy the office to which I was nominated; and it was the duty of General Jackson, if he really possessed the information which he now puts forward, to have moved the Senate to a committee of enquiry, and by establishing my guilt, to have preserved the National Councils from an abominable contamination. As the conspiracy of George Kremer and Co. had a short time before, mealy shrunk from appearing before the committee of the House of Representatives, to make good their charges, I requested a Senator of the United States, when my nomination should be taken up, to ask of the Senate the appointment of a committee of inquiry, unless it should appear to him to be altogether unnecessary. One of our own Senators was compelled, by urgency of his private business, to leave Washington before my nomination was disposed of; and as I had but little confidence in the fidelity and professed friendship of the other, I was constrained to present my application to a Senator from another State. I was afterwards informed, that when it was acted upon, Gen. Jackson and every other Senator present was silent as to the imputations now made, no one presuming to question my honor or integrity. How can Gen. Jackson justify to his conscience or to his country this palpable breach of his public duty? It is in vain to say that he gave a silent negative vote. He was in possession of information which, if true, must have occasioned the rejection of my nomination. It does not appear that any other Senator possessed the same information. Investigation was alike due to the purity of the National Councils, to me, and, as an act of strict justice, to all the other parties implicated. It is impossible for him to escape from the dilemma that he has been faithless, as a Senator of the United States, or has lent himself to the circulation of an atrocious calumny.

After the election, General Jackson was among the first who eagerly pressed his congratulations upon his successful rival. If Mr. Adams had been guilty of the employment of impure means to effect his election, Gen. Jackson ought to have disdained to sully his own hands by touching those of his corrupt competitor.

On the 10th of February, 1825, the very next day after the election, Gen. Jackson was invited to a public dinner at Washington, by some of his friends. He expressed to them his wish that he might be excused from accepting the invitation, because, alluding to the recent election, he said "any evidence of kindness and regard, such as you propose, might, by many, be viewed as conveying with it exception, murmuring, and feelings of complaint, which I sincerely hope belong to none of my friends." More than one month after the corrupt proposal is pretended to have been received, and after, according to the insinuation of Gen. Jackson, a corrupt arrangement had been made between Mr. Adams and me—after the actual termination of an election, the issue of which was brought about, according to Gen. Jackson, by the basest of means, he was unwilling to accept the honors of a public dinner, lest it should imply even an exception against the result of the election.

Gen. Jackson professes in his letter of the 6th of June—I quote again his words, "to have always intended, should Mr. Clay come out over his own signature and deny having any knowledge of the communication made by his friends to my friends and to me, that I would give him the name of the gentleman through whom that communication came." He pretends never to have seen the Fayetteville letter; and yet the pretext of a denial under my signature is precisely that which had been urged by

the principal editors who sustain his cause. If this be an unconcerted, it is nevertheless a most wonderful coincidence. The General never communicated to me his professed intention, but left me in entire ignorance of his generous purpose; like the overture itself, it was profoundly concealed from me. There was an authorized denial from me, which went the circle of the public prints, immediately after the arrival at Washington of the Fayetteville letter. In that denial my words are given.—They were contained in a letter dated at Washington City on the 18th of April last, and are correctly stated to have been "that the statement that his (my) friends had made such a proposition as the letter describes, to the friends of General Jackson was, as far as he knew or believed, utterly destitute of foundation; that he was unwilling to believe that Gen. Jackson had made any such statement; but that no matter with whom it had originated, he was fully persuaded it was a gross fabrication, of the same calumnious character with the Kremer story, put forth for the double purpose of injuring his public character, and propping the cause of Gen. Jackson; and that for himself and for his friends, he defied the substantiation of the charge before any fair tribunal whatever."—Such were my own words transmitted in the form of a letter from a friend to a known person. Whereas the charge which they repelled was contained in a letter written by a person then unknown to some person also unknown. Did I not deny the charge under my own signature in my Card, of the 31st January, 1825, published in the National Intelligencer? Was not there a substantial denial of it in my letter to Judge Brooke, dated the 28th of the same month? In my Circular to my Constituents? In my Lewisburg Speech? And may I not add, in the whole tenor of my public life and conduct? If Gen. Jackson had offered to furnish me the name of a member of Congress, who was capable of advising his acceptance of a base and corrupt proposition, ought I to have resorted to his infamous and discredited witness?

It has been a thousand times asserted and repeated, that I violated instructions which I ought to have obeyed. I deny the charge; and I am happy to have this opportunity of denying it in the presence of my assembled Constituents. The General Assembly requested the Kentucky delegation to vote in a particular way. A majority of that delegation, including myself, voted in opposition to that request. The legislature did not intend to give an imperative instruction. The distinction between a request and an instruction was familiar to the legislature; and their rolls attest that the former is always addressed to the members of the House of Representatives, and the latter only to the Senators of the United States.

But I do not rely exclusively on this recognized distinction. I dispute at once the right of the legislature to issue a mandatory instruction to the Representatives of the people. Such a right has no foundation in the Constitution, in the reason or nature of things, nor in the usage of the Kentucky Legislature. Its exercise would be a manifest usurpation. The General Assembly has the incontrovertible right to express its opinion and to proclaim its wishes on any political subject whatever; and to such an expression great deference and respect are due; but it is not obligatory. The people, when, in August, 1824, they elected members to the General Assembly, did not invest them with any power to regulate or control the exercise of the discretion of the Kentucky delegation in the Congress of the United States. I put it to the candor of every elector present, if he intended to part with his own right, or anticipate the exertion of any such power by the legislature, when he gave his vote in August, 1824?

The only instruction which I received from a legitimate source, emanated from a respectable portion of my immediate constituents; and that directed me to exercise my own discretion, regardless of the will of the legislature. You subsequently ratified my vote by unequivocal demonstrations repeatedly given of your affectionate attachment and your unshaken confidence. You ratified it two years ago by the election of my personal and political friend (Judge Clarke) to succeed me in the House of Representatives, who had himself subscribed the only legitimate instruction which I received. You ratify it by the presence and the approbation of this vast and respectable assemblage.

I rejoice again and again, that the contest has at last assumed its present practical form. Heretofore, malignant whispers and dark surmises have been clandestinely circulated, or openly and unblushingly uttered by irresponsible

agents. They were borne upon the winds, and like them were invisible and intangible. No responsible man stood forward to sustain them, with his acknowledged authority. They have at last a local habitation and a name. General Jackson has now thrown off the mask, and comes confessedly forth from behind his concealed batteries, publicly to accuse and convict me. We stand confronted before the American people. Pronouncing the charges, as I again do, destitute of all foundation, and gross aspersions, whether clandestinely or openly issued from the halls of the Capitol, the saloons of the Hermitage, or by press, by pen, or by tongue; and safely resting on my conscious integrity, I demand the witness, and await the event with fearless confidence.

The issue is fairly joined. The imputed offence does not comprehend a single friend but the collective body of my friends in Congress; and it accuses them of offering, and me with sanctioning corrupt propositions, derogating from honor, and in violation of the most sacred of duties. The charge has been made after two years deliberation. Gen. Jackson has voluntarily taken his position, and without provocation. In voting against him as president of the United States, I gave him no just cause of offence. I exercised no more than my indisputable privilege, as, on a subsequent occasion, of which I have never complained, he exercised his in voting against me as Secretary of State. Had I voted for him, I must have gone counter to every fixed principle of my public life. I believed him incompetent, and his election fraught with danger. At this early period of the Republic, keeping steadily in view the dangers which had overturned every other Free State, I believed it to be essential to the lasting preservation of our liberties, that a man, devoid of civil talents, and offering no recommendation but one founded on military service, should not be selected to administer the Government. I believe so yet; and I shall consider the days of the Commonwealth numbered, when an opposite principle is established. I believed, and still believe, that now, when our institutions are in comparative infancy, is the time to establish the great principle, that military qualification alone is not a sufficient title to the Presidency. If we start right, we may run a long race of liberty, happiness, and glory. If we stumble in setting out, we shall fall as others have fallen before us, and fall without even a claim to the regrets or sympathies of mankind.

I have never done Gen. Jackson, knowingly, any injustice. I have taken pleasure, on every proper occasion, to bestow on him merited praise for the glorious issue of the battle of New Orleans. No American citizen enjoyed higher satisfaction than I did with the event. I heard it for the first time on the Boulevards of Paris; and I eagerly perused the details of the action, with the anxious hope that I should find that the gallant militia of my own State had avenged, on the banks of the Mississippi, the blood which they had so freely spilt on the disastrous field of Raisin. That hope was not then gratified; and although I had the mortification to read the official statement, that they had ingloriously fled, I was nevertheless thankful for the success of the arms of my country, and felt grateful to him who had most contributed to the ever memorable victory. This concession is not now made for the purpose of conciliating the favor or mitigating the wrath of Gen. Jackson. He has erected an impassable barrier between us, and I would scorn to accept any favor at his hands. I thank my God that He has endowed me with a soul incapable of apprehension from the anger of any being but himself.

I have, as your Representative, freely examined, and in my deliberate judgment, justly condemned the conduct of Gen. Jackson in some of our Indian wars. I believed, and yet believe him, to have trampled upon the Constitution of his country, and to have violated the principles of humanity. Entertaining these opinions, I did not and could not vote for him.

I owe you, my friends and fellow citizens, many apologies for this long interruption of the festivities of the day. I hope that my desire to vindicate their honored object, and to satisfy you that he is not altogether unworthy of them, will be deemed sufficient.

APHORISMS.

He that never changed any of his opinions, never corrected any of his errors. Those who are united by religion, should be united by charity. I have always found that those preachers have most commanded my heart, who have most illuminated my head. Anger.—To be angry is to revenge the faults of others upon ourselves.—Swift.

Variety.

RECOLLECTIONS OF PARIS. THE ROYAL FAMILY.

As I was passing one morning, through the Place du Carrousel in front of the Tuilleries, I was fortunate enough to get, by mere accident, a deliberate and satisfactory look, at the three principal personages of the Royal Family—King, Son, and Grand-Son—the very respectable firm that now preside over the operations, civil, military, and commercial, of France. Royalty in its three stages—incipient—unfledged—in the shell, as I may say, in the person of his Royal Highness, the Duke de Bordeaux; Royalty ripe, ready, and expectant, in the Dauphin, the "Hero of Trocadero;" and Royalty in possession; acting; flourishing in the full flow of dignity, and sanctity, and power, in the sacred form of his Most Christian Majesty Charles the Tenth. I had determined on passing the morning at the Louvre, and was just upon the point of entering the Gallery of Antiques, when my attention was attracted to a plain but handsome carriage and four, which was coming out from the Royal stables; it drew up before the door of the Dauphin's apartment, two avant couriers handsomely mounted, stationed themselves before it, and a company of the National Guard, with a military band, marched into the square, and formed at a little distance from the carriage.

In a few minutes the drums rolled—the soldiers presented, and a file of laquies in the Royal livery, with powdered heads and coats covered with silver lace, appeared from the palace, followed by a tall, thin man, of about forty-five, not very handsome or dignified in his appearance, and a lady, less good looking, and with a most unamiable and supercilious expression in her countenance.

These were the Duke and Duchess D'Angouleme. As soon as the Royal pair were seated, the carriage drove off "au grand galop;" and almost at the same instant two splendid carriages, with the arms of France blazoned upon the panels, and each drawn by eight superb horses, drove slowly up to the door of the King's apartments; a body of Swiss Guards marched up and formed in hollow square, enclosing the carriage; a troop of huzzars came thundering into the court; a long train of powdered servants in gorgeous liveries came out, and ranged themselves in a double line from the palace to the carriage door—and presently the King appeared with some noblemen of his household, and got into the first; the other was filled with officers of his suite. The drums rolled again, and away they went, followed by the cavalry, and preceded by a dozen avant couriers. By this time a numerous body of gazers had assembled, but they manifested no very great attachment for their monarch; a few took off their hats, but none cried "Vive le Roi."

The King is very tall, and a very thin man of 70, with white hair, and sharp black eyes; his face has but little of the Bourbon in it, but is strongly indicative of the weakness and timidity of his character. Its most prominent expression is fear—religious fear.—And it has a care worn, melancholy look about the mouth, which coincides with his well known anxiety and superstitious terrors concerning his future welfare. Both he and his son, the Dauphin, have a fidgetty, nervous affection in the muscles of the face and hands, which is unpleasant to look upon, and is totally incompatible with dignity of demeanor. The Duchess D'Angouleme looks like, and is, haughty, unforgiving woman, of considerable strength of character.

About an hour after the departure of these illustrious personages, another royal carriage, with six horses, drew up in the Square, and was entered by the Duke de Bordeaux, (the son of the Duke de Berry) and his Governor. The Duke is a pretty slender, delicate looking boy, of some 9 or 10 years of age, small for his years, and of a very pleasant countenance. He was dressed in a plain blue jacket and trowsers, without star or ornament of any kind, and had on a blue cloth foraging cap, which he touched occasionally with much condescension, in compliment to the spectators. He looked very like a King in miniature, and comforted himself very graciously, standing up at the windows of the carriage, and smiling, as if pleased with the attention of the people, who appeared to look upon him with much good will, particularly the women who were obviously charmed with his youth, and called him their "joli mignon."

There was a little policy displayed in the manner of his exit too, for the carriage was not hurried off like those of

the King and the Dauphin, but went out of the square, and along the street at a slow pace, as if to encourage the prepossession of the people, and please them, by granting them a good look at their future King.

BEWARE OF ASSASSINS!

A couple of desperadoes are traversing the United States, and are making dreadful havoc of the lives and property of old and young. They have already slain more of the inhabitants than were slain in the battles, and perished in prison ships, during the American war; and at the same time, they have wasted more substance than would pay the whole national debt.

Their strength is invincible. Their method of attack is to strike people on the head, then instantly trip up their heels, pick their pockets, and continue their blows on the head, till they have quite beaten out their brains. Though they infest public houses chiefly, they are also found lurking about in the closets of private houses, in the workshops of mechanics, and in the fields of farmers. In some instances, whole families have fallen victims to the murders; nay whole towns have been ruined by them. One poor man, here-about, that had formerly been an industrious thriving mechanic, has very lately been murdered by them in a manner too horrible to relate; and there are several others in the vicinity who have been daily attacked by them, robbed of their money, smitten to the brain-pan, knocked down, and in all respects so violently handled, that an alarming stupor has succeeded, and they are already brought to death's door. In a word, the country is in danger of a couple of outlandish miscreants, who mock at reason, trample upon the precious rights of man, and equally bid defiance both to law and gospel.

The names of those two ruffians are *Whiskey and Brandy!!!*

THE STREAM OF LIFE.—The following beautiful passage is from a sermon preached by Bishop Heber, to his parishioners, a short time before his departure for India, in 1823.

"Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurings of the little brook, and the windings of its grassy border. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us, but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty.

"Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry which passes before us; we are excited by some equally short-lived disappointment. But our energy and our dependence are both in vain. The stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs are alike left behind us; we may be shipwrecked, but we cannot anchor: our voyage may be hastened, but it cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home, till the roaring of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our keel, and the lands lessen from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and the earth loses sight of us, and we take our last leave of earth and its inhabitants, and of our further voyage there is no witness but the Infinite and the Eternal.

"And do we still take so much anxious thought for future days, when the days which have gone by have so strangely and uniformly deceived us? Can we still so set our hearts on the creatures of God, when we find by sad experience that the Creator only is permanent? Or shall we not rather lay aside every weight and every sin which doth most easily beset us, and think of ourselves henceforth as wayfaring persons only, who have no abiding inheritance, but in the hope of a better world, and to whom even that world would be worse than helpless, if it were not for our Lord Jesus Christ, and the interest we have obtained in his mercies."

LIFE.—"How fearful is the very life which we hold! We have our being beneath a cloud, and are a marvel even to ourselves. There is not a single thought which has its affixed limits. Like circles in the water our researches waken as they extend, and vanish at last into the immeasurable and unfathomable space of the vast unknown. We are like children in the dark; we tremble in a shadowy and terrible void, peopled with our fancies. Life is our real night, and the finest gleam of the morning, which brings us certainty, is death."

In the decline of life shame and grief are of short duration; whether it be that we bear easily what we have bore long, or, that age less regarded, we less regard others; or, that we look with slight regard upon afflictions, to which we know that the hand of death is about to put an end.