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POLITICAL.

From the Newbern Sentinel.

THE PRESIDENCY, No. II.

Audire est operis premium.—HORACE.

When we first determined to express our thoughts upon the presidential question, we intended to confine that expression to, at most, two numbers, but circumstances since developed, compel us to extend our limits; for which we intend to make no apology, unless it be to the Editors, for troubling them with our lucubrations, in which they are very unlikely to find either fame or emolument. And the only apology we shall make to them is, "such as I have, give I unto thee."

Having advanced our opinions, and vented our honest indignation against the corruptive principle of Congressional caucusing, and lent our weight of argument against the greatest political gangrene, that ever assisted to undermine the foundation of a republican government, which, once injured, the superstructure must fall; with the same freedom we shall proceed to remark upon the candidates for the high office which has elicited our cogitations.

Do we take the choosing of the President of these United States as a mere matter of every day business; as if, knowing the Constitution calls for a Chief Magistrate, we must elect one, and no matter who? In a public eye, and in an individual, point of view, this is a question which should come closely home to every man's consideration. Let us, for a few moments, consider the responsibility of the office.—The President is the commander in chief of the army and navy,—he has, under the advice of the senate, the appointment to all offices connected with the general government, which includes almost an unlimited power of patronage in one way or other; he has the conducting of all our foreign relations; he can refuse treaties without laying them before the senate—an awful responsibility!—and he can remove, at will, whoever, in his estimation is worthy of removal, without appeal, except the Judiciary. To all this, he adds the responsibility of recommending measures to Congress, which is a powerful instrument, when we consider the deference which people pay to the opinions of a Chief Magistrate. He is elected for four years, without removal, except by impeachment. We do not object to the power he enjoys, but it makes it necessary for us to consider carefully the quantity of good or evil such an officer can administer, and make our selection with due discretion.

Who, then, of the prominent candidates is the most worthy? We have said, Mr. JOHN C. CALHOUN, and we have every day more reason to believe firmly what we have asserted. We are perfectly aware that some good natured friend will say—"Here's another engine set to work, a very weak one though, to assist in Mr. CALHOUN'S elevation." We acknowledge our weakness, but deny our being set to work by any one! Our observations are the spontaneous effusions of honest feeling and principle, though Mr. Noah says, that "interest and ambition are (in the presidential election,) united against principle." We wonder if he speaks feelingly? For ourselves, we know that we act from principle, and no other motive.

If the President is to be chosen upon the assumption that he who has been the longest in public employment, should have the preference in the choice;—if we are to be guided by the imbecile hope of what the candidate we espouse may achieve after his election, and not by the retortive view of what he has already done; if we are to be directed by the unblushing forwardness of low intrigue, not by the modest diffidence of retiring merit;—if we are to yield our elective franchise to the dictation of hungry demagogues, who hope to bask in the sunshine of presidential favor, and fatten on the spoils of the people, till their appetites are cloyed, and not to the unbiased dictation of our own judgments;—if, we say, the Chief Magistrate is to be thus elected, Mr. JOHN C. CALHOUN'S chance for the honorable office is slender indeed!

But it is not the length of a man's service that makes him honest, nor his promises for the future, that can enhance his merits; from what has been, we may

judge of what will be, and from what a man has done, we should form our opinions of what he may do. This won't hold good without exception, for we know that *geese* once saved the Roman Capitol, but it does not thence follow that we must have geese to protect ours. We have no personal allusion; but let us guard against the admission of folly or crime into the executive of our government.

All who, from the conscious feeling of what will be for the benefit of their country, have advocated the claims of Mr. CALHOUN to the Presidency, have been accused, by a still decaying minority, of forwardness and pertness, of being the abettors of your ill pretension, to the neglect of those who had long been in public employment, (forgetting however, that they have thence reaped their harvest,) and as persons who are endeavoring to distract the public mind on the important question, that an enemy to representative democracy may thereby creep into the shortly to be vacated seat. We would ask if it were length of employment, or the hereditary right of age to command, that achieved the victories of the last war, on ocean, land and lake? Or whether the imbecility of age did not cause, all the disasters we experienced? Such assertions are the feeble ebullitions of disappointed, promised, crammed, intriguers; or the wild declamations of unprincipled cupidity.

Some of the advocates of Mr. CRAWFORD are doubtless actuated by honest intentions: some, like Mr. Ritchie, advocate him because Mr. R. says he's "the best of the bunch"—(bad's the best then, say we)—but those who lead the race, who hold the master keys that can unlock secrets, the atmosphere from which, like the Batavian Uvas, would strike honesty dead; those who leave no personal exertions untried to secure Mr. CRAWFORD'S election, and the fry is as numerous as he can afford, are actuated solely by piance, purchased by promised elevation, or a less honorable traffic. One would hardly believe that a disinterested man could coolly and deliberately draw a comparison between Mr. CALHOUN and Mr. CRAWFORD, and retain a predilection for the latter, as a public character. The latter is evidently a designing man, who has hunted after the Presidency, with all the watchful assiduity that a well trained falcon bestows upon the quarry. The former has never, even by his political enemies, been charged with such conduct. Those who have accused Mr. CALHOUN'S friends, as stated before, have refrained from inculpating him in their unfounded asseverations; because, having searched every document to which they could gain access; having contorted every incident that happened;—having suppressed truth on one side, and promulgated misrepresentation on the other, and finding his political purity gave "no loop or hinge to hang a doubt on," they were obliged to remain silent, or dart their venom against his advocates. These, it appears, are too numerous to be converted without more aid, and so a patronage of two hundred subscribers has been offered to obtain it.

It has been said that all the experience Mr. CALHOUN has obtained, was gained in the army department; Mr. CRAWFORD, we expect, obtained some of his experience in the treasury, and that's by far the snuggest birth of the two. If Mr. CALHOUN obtained his knowledge of the science of government in the army, he has been a very apt scholar, and has displayed a rapidity of acquirement, a solidity of character, and a capacity of judging a coup d'oeil for the benefit of his country, that we look for in vain in Mr. CRAWFORD.

In that stormy period when the tempest of European aggression had compelled our administration to seek shelter in abject submission to foreign dictation, or, under the banner of war, to look for redress: When a national vessel had been violated, and a Pierce lay bleeding beneath the turpitude of supposed naval superiority; when a billingsgate Parliament were endeavoring to shut us from the ocean, and erase our names from the schedule of nations; when domestic faction and extrinsic influence, were attempting so to paralyze the arm of government, that avoiding Scylla seemed plunging into Charybdis;—In this tempestuous hour, Mr. CALHOUN came into public life as a legislator, and into executive confidence as a patriot. His legislative popularity never waned, because his efforts were directed by wisdom, and executive confidence has never been withdrawn; because it has never been abused. Can the advocates of Mr. CRAWFORD say as much?

Firm and undeviating, amid the shocks of ambition and the tricks of intrigue, Mr. CALHOUN sustained the administration in the prosecution of the war of 1812—every energy of his mind

was devoted to its glorious termination; and when the arrogance of the British Lion was strangled by the noble daring of the soaring Eagle, he was called into the Executive Council. War he thought inevitable, and advocated it, as preferable to national disgrace, though he courted peace, like the lamb that would fain lie down with the lion.—Once declared, that war found in him an energetic supporter, in all measures for its happy termination that came within his control; and the nation owes to his great assiduity, equally as much as his elevation to the presidential chair can repay, and no more; for honor and confidence are all that honorable and patriotic men are willing to accept! Can the advocates of Mr. Crawford say this?

Will they deny that the federalist of '98 was the zealous opponent of the administration of the venerable JAMES MADISON? he who advised a war, which at comparatively a trifling expense of blood and treasure, has elevated our country, till she has become the admiration of the civilized world, and the terror of the barbarous! Which developed our resources; renewed the noble ardour of '76, and muffled the link-stocks of foreign violence, to remain unmuffled, we trust, till the deadly influence of domestic corruption shall render us the unresisting victims to the first genius that can take advantage of concurring circumstances. This corruption that destroys all governments, particularly republican governments.—Till Greece became corrupted by personal ambition, and the bribery of intrigue.—Till an Areopagus could be purchased, the millions of Xerxes, and the cunning of Philip, were unavailing in their attempts upon the congregated states.

Let us, then, be directed by the experience of ages that have preceded us, and elect the man who has never intrigued, who disdains the idea of trafficking for an office, who has proved himself a disinterested patriot, who shuns the approach of corruption, as he would that of the Lernean serpent, who bestows patronage only upon merit, and who does not seek, but accepts an office, only for the good of his country.

Craven county, Sept. 23.

From the New-York Statesman.

JOHN C. CALHOUN.—No. I.

A writer in the Richmond Enquirer, who assumes the signature of "Henry," has commenced a violent, declamatory, and unwarrantable attack on Mr. Calhoun, because a vast portion of the American people prefer him to any other person for President of the United States. Can such writers expect to convince a free and enlightened people by sweeping charges without proof, or by ranting declamation, without truth to sustain, or genius to recomend it? Can such writers expect to come forth, wield their gilded weapons in the air, and, with a few arrogant flourishes, prostrate one of the finest men and one of the finest statesmen that this country has ever produced? Is Mr. Crawford, the radical candidate, to be carried into the executive chair, over the heads of the people, in this way?

The writer in the Richmond Enquirer is so destitute of system, as well as of truth, candor, and justice, that it seems almost impossible to follow him. Argument, he has none; facts he disregards; and even a regular chain in his rapid and arrogant assertions he has totally avoided. We may however gather from his scattering allegations, that he means to assert: First, that Mr. Calhoun is destitute of talent; secondly, that he did nothing worthy of praise during the late war; thirdly, that he is a fair candidate for those who advocate standing armies; fourthly, that he has formed a coalition with John Q. Adams; fifthly, that he is an enemy to the constitution. These indeed are heavy charges and serious criminations; and from one circumstance we might naturally suppose that the Virginia writer had so considered them, for they are so grave and formidable that he has not been able to produce a particle of proof, not a solitary meagre fact, to sustain his unblushing, shameless calumnies. And although his allegations are entitled to contempt, still they deserve to be noticed, that they may be made an example to deter profligate adventurers from trading virtue, genius, faithful public services, and inflexible republican principles, to advance the interests of a hopeless cause.

Before I notice the aspersions of the Richmond writer in his order, let me say a word or two to Mr. Ritchie, the editor of the Enquirer. And, pray Mr. Ritchie, how long is it since you ascertained that John C. Calhoun was not a man of splendid talents? How long is it since you closed the evenings to your memory, and forgot the sanctity of your commendations? Look back to the Richmond Enquirer; turn over your files until you come to the period when Mr. Calhoun was the antagonist of Mr. Randolph during the late war; you will then find his fame recorded with a pen of fire. You will there find him classed by yourself, with such men as Pitt, Fox, and Burke! Alas! Mr. Ritchie, you were then a Republican; you had not then plunged into the Radical ranks; you had not fastened yourself to the car of Mr. Crawford's ambition; you had not then leagued yourself with a man who joined John Adams in '78, who mounted a black cockade in the dark crisis that threatened to consign our country to lasting ruin, and Thomas Jefferson to eternal obscurity, and perhaps to the scaffold. You had not then incautiously joined the fortunes of a man, who, in the United States Senate, in 1807, voted with Timothy Pickens & Co. against

the leading measure of Mr. Jefferson's administration at that time. You had not then so far forgotten the republican creed as to become identified with a man, who in the same distinguished public body linked himself with a little faction to thwart the measures of Mr. Madison's administration. There was a day, Mr. Ritchie, when you carried along the Republican Standard with a firm grasp, a bold step, and a defying eye. When you went over to Mr. Crawford, you put the seal of inconsistency and contradiction to your former principles and declarations. You, sir, should have been the last man to have afforded a flippant slanderer an opportunity of denying those talents to John C. Calhoun, which you once proclaimed to the American people, with a clasp that still sounds in our ears. Other men have recollections, and other men have fidelity to former faith, and former opinions, if Mr. Ritchie has forgotten his eulogiums, or departed from convictions without cause.

But to return to "Henry" in the Enquirer.—Mr. Calhoun then has no talents! Mr. Calhoun is not a statesman of the first order! We Republicans at the North think very differently. We have known Mr. Calhoun for twenty years, and long before Mr. Ritchie of the Enquirer placed him in the first rank of statesmen and parliamentary orators, we knew his genius and his firm and deep rooted republican principles. He was educated at Yale College, where the venerable Dr. Dwight, that great and celebrated man, pronounced him to possess the most rare mental resources. Mr. Calhoun was nearly, if not the only Democrat in his class. This Dr. Dwight and his associate instructors condemned; but the talents of Mr. Calhoun they admired, praised, and rewarded. By his whole class he was esteemed a genius of the first order.

From New-Haven, Mr. Calhoun went to the Law Institution at Litchfield. Ask the venerable Tappan Reeves, ask that profound and accomplished jurist, Judge Gould, what were the talents of John C. Calhoun; they will tell you, second to no man's that they ever cultivated in the shades of their seminary. From the north Mr. Calhoun went to South Carolina. He finished his education among us. He carried to the theatre of his early political fame, pure moral habits, sound maxims of private and public conduct, a love of ardent indefatigable industry, a noble and virtuous ambition, inflexible political principles, and a profound admiration of our republican system of government.

Mr. Calhoun then entered the legislature of South Carolina. Having the honor of an acquaintance with Mr. Cheves, whom I admire and esteem, and having been favored with an acquaintance with Mr. Lowndes, that man who was the pride and ornament of South Carolina, as well as of the American nation, I have heard them again and again speak of Mr. Calhoun. These three men entered into public life about the same period, and Mr. Cheves, as well as Mr. Lowndes, appeared to take pride in bestowing on Mr. Calhoun the praises of a warm heart, a pure love of country, and rare and peculiar talents. They knew their own powers; but they also knew that God had permitted others to be highly gifted, and in this number they nominally classed John C. Calhoun. I now remember one subject to which they referred, and in which Mr. Calhoun evinced the distinguished powers which he has since displayed on the floor of Congress: it was the proposition to extend the right of universal suffrage in South Carolina. It was here that the men whom the Enquirer traduces, displayed those striking powers of reason and investigation which have since been admired and acknowledged in every quarter of the American Union.

But why go back? Let us go to the floor of Congress. During the late war, the legislature of the nation presented a gallery of great men. We had sound heads, bold hearts, and eloquent tongues. We presented such men as Clay, Lowndes, Oakley, Cheves, Webster, Gaston, Grosvener, Johnson, Hanson, and Randolph. Am I told that among these men John C. Calhoun did not hold a primary rank? Day after day, week after week, and I may say, year after year, did I not see John C. Calhoun lead the debates, and stand forth the champion of the administration? John C. Calhoun reported the declaration of war itself; and if the writer in the Richmond Enquirer will open to his speeches on the propriety of declaring war; on the loan bill; on the embargo, as a measure; on the proposition to repeal the non-intercourse act; and after the war, his speeches on the treaty-making power; on the constitutionality of internal improvements; on the propriety of encouraging domestic manufactures, he will be satisfied.—These speeches would do honor to any American statesman, that ever stood up in our national senate. These speeches speak for themselves: let them be read by the American people, and I am satisfied.

I cannot forbear to mention one or two facts in this place. The writer in the Richmond Enquirer attempts to contrast Mr. Clay with Mr. Calhoun. No man can deny the superior talents, and the elevated sentiments of Henry Clay. He is great, frank, and liberal. As a proof of this, I refer to his unqualified praises of Mr. Calhoun. One striking instance of this will be found in the discussion on the bonus bill. Mr. Calhoun led the debate; when Mr. Clay rose, he paid him a tribute of admiration, that would have honored the talents of Fox, from the mouth of Sheridan or Burke. No man can deny the talents, sagacity, and independence, of the late William Pinckney. He died at the head of the American bar, and in the first rank of our ablest statesmen. When he commenced his famous speech on the treaty-making power, he followed Mr. Calhoun. He commenced by saying that Mr. Calhoun had exhausted every argument in relation to the great constitutional question; a singular remark to make, if the denial of talents to Mr. Calhoun be true and correct. The writer in the Enquirer makes frequent mention of Gen. Jackson, in his slander on Mr. Calhoun. Does "Henry" know the opinion of Gen. Jackson in this matter? Does he know that Gen. Jackson is in the daily habit of speaking of Mr. Calhoun as one of the ablest statesmen and purest patriots that the country has ever produced? Does he remember Gen.

"Can "Henry," in the Richmond Enquirer, be the man who abused, and endeavored to disgrace and destroy Gen. Jackson, in 1819, in the same paper, under the signature of Aggeron Sidney?"

Jackson's toast at Nashville.—John C. Calhoun, an honest man's the noblest work of God.

I have not room here to speak of the talents evinced by Mr. Calhoun since he was Secretary of War. He has re-organized the whole department. He found a chaos, he has created order, despatch, fidelity, harmony, and promptness. He has placed our little army on a new foundation. The Engineer department, the pay-master's department, the Medical department, and the Academy of West Point, have all been organized anew, and placed on a basis that will endure for generations. Mr. Calhoun's Report to Congress, immediately after his appointment as Secretary of War, has been the key to the whole system. His plans of national defence—the accountability of minor officers—the rigid manner in which all disbursements of public money connected with the War department are now made, evince comprehensive talents, method, industry, and promptness, which the American people well know how to appreciate.

If Mr. Calhoun has no talents, why does Mr. Monroe, the President of the United States, give him his unlimited confidence? Why place the greatest reliance on his political sagacity? Why pronounce him a man of clear mind, enlightened views, sound policy, and decision of character? Why does Mr. Calhoun receive the eulogiums of such men as Judge Thompson, Mr. Wirt, the Attorney General of the United States, Mr. Malone, the Postmaster General, and of Mr. Adams, the Secretary of State, who has too much magnanimity, and too much nobleness of soul, to deny a rival candidate the proud attributes which he possesses? Has John C. Calhoun not talents of the highest order? Can the friends of Mr. Crawford make the American people believe that the sun does not send forth light and heat—that the earth is not fertile in the comforts of human existence, and that the seasons do not roll on, guided by the beneficent hand of the Creator? STARK.

COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE STAR.

Messrs. Editors.—What a politician has appeared in the Register in the character of "A Citizen!" what a prodigy! Who ever met with his equal? Who does not marvel at his sagacity; his penetrating glance into future events; his skill in tracing cause and effect? How thankful should be the friends of Mr. Crawford, that this mighty Solomon has taken the sceptre and points it to Mr. Calhoun's faults. He has wrought wonders for his champion; prostrated Mr. Calhoun's fairest hopes, by unfolding his wicked disposition; and shewing, in the most indisputable manner, that all the horrors of war are entirely within his jurisdiction. Alack-a-day! what a discovery! Who ever heard the like? No one has any thing to do with the directions and government of the army but the Secretary at War! Woe to the President of the United States, the captain general and commander in chief, one of his heretofore exercised attributes is denied him; his voice is hushed whenever the Secretary at War says march! Congress, too, one of its fairest blossoms of power is nipped in the bud; for to Mr. Calhoun's military commands they must yield their passive obedience; he is the Secretary of War, "and controls and directs all the movements of the army." Let no one dare gainsay this, for "A Citizen," mighty in mind, asserts it.

What perverseness in Mr. Calhoun to go on with his Yellow Stone expedition, notwithstanding he was admonished to desist—"was told it would be productive of Indian wars!" Alas! that such sage counsel should be disregarded! Why, why did he not hearken to the warning voice which proclaimed to him, "send no armed force among the Indians, and there will be no war?" Had he obeyed this sage counsel, these fearful Indians would have had no one to kill; but the unresisting inhabitants; their tomahawks would only have been buried in the brains of our helpless women and children; and their scalping knives employed in gathering "grey trophies" from the heads of the old and infirm, whose foolish cries on their country for assistance would be lost, long ere they reached the portals of the War Office; while our armed forces would have been sheltered from the storm of Indian war, by being safely quartered far from the red men of the forest; and then too Mr. Crawford's favorite scheme, of intermarrying with the Indians, would not have received a shock, by exasperating his beloved red brethren. And now that Mr. Calhoun, in the plenitude of his power, in direct opposition to this sage advice, and the dreadful event of making the Indians fight, which it foretold, has persevered with his Yellow Stone expedition, which has fought and defeated the Indians, Mr. Crawford is to be blamed for it! How ungrateful! What a pity that he should be censured, when instead of aiding the project, he and his whole host of Radical adherents used every exertion to prevent it; and so far succeeded, that they left but a mere shred of the originally contemplated expedition to test its efficacy. One question of some difficulty presents itself to my mind, however, which I beg leave to propose