STAR, AND NORTH CAROLINA STATE GAZETTE.

NO. 45 RALEIGH, N. C. NOVEMBER 8, 1827. VOL. XVIII

THE STAR,
And North-Carolian State Gazette,
Published, weekly, by
LAWRENCE & LEMAY.

TERMS. *Subscription*, three dollars per annum. No paper will be sent without at least one year is paid in advance, and no paper discontinued, but at the option of the Editors, unless all arrearages are paid. *Advertisements*, not exceeding fifteen lines, inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each continuance.—All letters to the editors must be *post paid*.

To Journeymen Tailors.

Two or three first rate workmen will find constant employment, by applying to
FRED. C. ELLIS & CO.
Raleigh.
October 18. 43-4w

Sheriff's Sale.

Will be sold, on the third Monday in November next, at the court house in Smithville, (Brunswick county,) as much of the following Lands as will be sufficient to pay the taxes for the year 1825, and cost of valuing, advertising, &c.

530 acres on Hood's Creek, belonging to the estate of James Mills.

200 acres on Livingston Creek, belonging to the estate of Hooper.

640 acres on Town Creek and Cape Fear, belonging to John I. Green.

25 acres on Governor's Creek, given in by James Devane.

50 acres on a branch of Big Shallotte, given in by Samuel Hewitt.

A. GALLOWAY, Sheriff.
October 3, 1827 43-5w

Notice.

The subscribers are authorised by the Rev. Robert T. Daniel to sell a four acre lot of ground in the south east part of Raleigh. The situation of the lot and the quality of the soil render it valuable for Agricultural purposes. The lot is enclosed by a ditch. Negotiable paper at the Newbern Bank at Raleigh will be received in payment.

In the absence of the subscribers, apply to Sherwood Haywood, Esq. for terms.

WILLIAM DANIEL,
J. W. BYNUM.
Sept. 18, 1827. 39-tf

Jailor's Notice.

Was committed to this Jail, on the 27th inst. a negro man (as a runaway,) who says he belongs to Thomas Barbain, of Wake county, N. C. and that his name is LUNNON. He is about twenty-six years of age, six feet high, slim made, black complexion, and by trade a Blacksmith and Shoemaker. He had in his possession a paper, purporting to be a certificate of his free parentage, and that he was a free and honest man. The owner of said slave is required to come forward, prove his property, pay charges and take him away; otherwise he will be dealt with according to law.

JAMES CLANCY, Jailor.
Oct. 29, 1827. 43-3tp

Jailor's Notice.

Was committed to the Jail of this place, on yesterday, the 9th, a runaway negro, who says his name is JOHN; that about 18 months ago he was sold by John Jones, of Beaufort, in this State, to Wm. Judd, who took him to Columbia, where Judd was taken sick, and John left him. John is a likely young fellow, tall and well formed. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges, and take him away, or he will be dealt with as the law directs.

J. T. C. WIATT, Jailor.
Raleigh, Wake county, July 10, 1827. 29-6m

From the Liverpool Albion.

CONFESSIONS OF AN UNEXECUTED FEMICIDE.

[CONCLUDED.]

"I stood for a moment terrified at the deed I had done: but every instant was hazardous: and, throwing the bloody weapon into the stream, I rushed with headlong violence through the plantation, and gained the public road. From that moment horror seized upon me. The night, which had been hitherto calm and clear, became suddenly overcast with clouds. A vapour passed before the moon, as if to hide from the face of nature such consummate wickedness: the silence of creation was disturbed, and a sullen moan, like that of the angel of death, seemed to fill the air. The winds began to swell on every side, while the trees nodded mournfully to the blast that swept through them with low and melancholy murmur. A clap of thunder burst above my head like the sound of the last trumpet, and a flash of lightning followed. As I hurried distractedly along, a thousand phantoms and forms of darkness seemed to dance before my eyes. I was pursued with unutterable despair, while a voice like that of my murdered victim rung incessantly in my ears. 'Spare me—spare my unborn babe!—pity, pity, pity.' I stopped them, but in vain: the same sound, the same agonizing voice pursued my footsteps wherever I went.

"I reached at last my door: it was closed, & all the inmates had gone to rest. I knocked, and the old house-keeper opened it; but on seeing me, she started back with affright. 'Goodness, Mr. William, what have you been doing? You are deadly pale, and there is blood on your hands & forehead.' I mustered strength to tell her that I had been attacked on the high way, and knocked down. She brought me water, and I washed myself; but when the signs of my recent guilt were cleansed away, there was no mark of injury: I thought then I could perceive suspicion settle upon her countenance.

"I went to bed, but for my eyes there was no rest. The night was horrible—inexpressibly horrible. The torments of hell took possession of me, and I rolled and tossed about in delirious agony. A vision came before me—it was the pale spirit of Mary—the same which has nightly haunted me since that awful hour. She did not come in wrath, or like an angel of vengeance to punish. No—anger never had its abode in that gentle bosom. She still wore the beauty and mild melancholy of her living hours. Her eye was soft, and rolled upon me with a look of compassion and love; and had her face been less pale, and her garments unstained with blood, I should have supposed that she inherited life! 'Repent' was the only word she uttered. It came from her lips with an aerial softness, such as we may suppose to clothe the language of spirits. Though scarcely audible, it thrilled through my soul and overcame it. I uttered a loud cry, and fell into a trance.

"How long I remained in this swoon I know not. When I awoke from it, I beheld a lovely female hanging over me in an attitude of pity and affection—it was my sister. She had heard my voice, and risen to give me assistance. Tears streamed from her beautiful eyes; but there was a shudder from her frame. I had unknown to myself, muttered something of the dreadful truth, and she had heard it.

"Next day the body of Mary Ellison was found, and the news spread like a whirlwind over the country. They reached Eliza's ears, confirming the awful ideas she began to entertain. I passed the time in a state of mind which no language can depict. It was not fear of punishment which distressed me so bitterly, but the terrors of an awakened conscience. Two days passed on, but nothing was elicited to throw light on the transaction. On the third day my house was entered by the officers of justice, and I was hurried to the prison of Stirling. It were in vain to attempt to relate my sufferings during my confinement in the felon's cell. I had no consolation—no comfort. I saw an ignominious death before me. I saw the gallows with all its dreadful accompaniments. I had already heard, in dreams, the sentence of the judge pronounced upon my guilty head. I felt myself led out to execution amid the execrations of the multitude. In perspective I beheld my form hung in chains, like the pirate's upon the shore, and saw the passers-by point frightfully at my withered bones, saying, 'Behold the murderer!' And to increase my horrors, the phantom would not stay away. Nightly she came before me as at first, and gazed upon me with her dark and melancholy eyes. It was in vain to try to forget her. That dreadful monitor refreshed my memory with ten fold force, and drew up anew what I would have given the universe to plunge into eternal forgetfulness. 'Repent! repent! repent!'—the same words swept forever over my imagination. They were the only sounds that came from her lips, and a thousand echoes gave them back unto my ears.

"My trial came on, and the evidence adduced was most condemning. My housekeeper and one of my servants saved my life. They swore an *alibi* in my favour, declaring, in the face of irresistible facts, that I was in bed at the time the murder was alledged to have taken place. Never was perjury so grossly criminal. Poor wretches! it was love to my sister which made them guilty of so dreadful a step, and they risked their eternal souls to save one whose crimes deserved a thousand deaths!

"I was discharged; but never did criminal come out of court with a blacker character. By the verdict of the jury, and the admonition of the judge, the mark of Cain was virtually set upon my forehead.

"My life has been marked with desolation; and another being was soon doomed to feel the effects of its fatal career—it was my sister. My crime, discharged as I was by the laws of the country, was too evidently to admit of doubt in any mind. She knew this, and her heart was convulsed, no less at the thought of my guilt, than at the loss of her friend, and the ruined honor of our family. She faded away like a flower beneath some pestilential vapour. She felt that she was kin and blood to a murderer, and shuddered at the thought. Still she did not hate me nor shun me: but as she herself drew nearer to the grave, she seemed to cling with greater ardour to the last and worthless remnant of our line. She died, and her last words to me were to seek repentance.

"I never knew my sister's value till I had lost her: I never loved her till now. As I looked on her form, beautiful even in death, I remembered what she had been to me, and recalled from other years the image of my mother. 'Yes, poor Eliza! I shall do my last and duty to thee at least with a sincere heart. I shall perform thy mournful wake alone. I shall weep in atonement and repentance for what I have done to thy gentle bosom. None shall hear me, unless, perchance, thy spirit, hovering nigh, may catch the tones of remorse and affliction from thy wretched brother."

"Such were my thoughts, and I burst into tears—the first that had watered my eyes since childhood. I felt desolate, companionless, and hated upon earth; and the fountains of sorrow now broke forth at this sad spectacle of the only one who loved me, so bitterly taken away.

"It was the fatal hour, and I remarked it not, so utterly was I occupied with my own meditations; but it passed not by undistinguished. It was the hour of ten, to me so full of sorrow and of crime. I heard it strike, and when looking intently on the body of my sister, I saw—no, it was a phantom of imagination—I saw the pale and bleeding form of Mary. She was still the same as she had hitherto appeard to my eyes; but her visit seemed not to be for me, but for the corpse of her friend. She looked with unspeakable affection over it, and kissed it again and again. I was transfixed with fear and astonishment. I tried to weep; but I could not. I tried to speak; but my tongue was tied. I tried to move; but I remained stupified and bound to my seat, as if by enchantment. Then the form threw her arms around my sister, who got up to receive her embraces. The pale cheeks of the latter became flushed with primeval beauty—her eyes were animated and sparkled as bright as ever—her lips burst the silence which had enchained them—she spoke and smiled delighted, while she returned with ardour the embraces of her friend. I could stand at no longer: my heart was overwhelmed with joy, and started up to clasp Eliza to my bosom. I threw my arms around her, and kissed her; but horror-struck, I shrunk back. My lips were laid upon her frozen cheeks—I had laid hold of her corpse. She lay stretched out in the shroud. The candle was fading in its socket, and the chamber of death, faintly illuminated by its expiring glow, was more ghastly than ever. Where was the phantom? She had fled, and left no token of her presence behind, save the cry of 'Repent,' the echo of which, like a knell of the dead, still rung in my ears!

"My sister was interred by the side of her parents in the cemetry of the parish church. I invited all with whom we had previously been on the footing of friends to the funeral, and they all attended. I did not expect this, and flattered myself that I would not be utterly deserted by the world. I was disappointed. They came to honour and pay their last respects to her ashes; but not to favor me. When the coffin was deposited in the earth, and the turf laid over it, each separated in silence and in sadness. None spoke to me. I was shunned like a scorpion, and returned alone and unpitied to my desolate mansion.

"The spirit of Mary haunts me still. Wherever I go, she comes at the fatal hour—at all seasons, and in all places. To get rid of this nightly visitor, I have tried every scheme. I have gone to foreign lands, and plunged headlong into society. I have joined in the dance and the masquerade; but it is the same. As the destined hour approaches, lo! she appears, and the unvarying word comes from her mouth—'Repent!' I have remarked, however, that her aspect changes in proportion as my soul is gay or melancholy.—When I mingle with mirth, and try to drown my sorrow in forgetfulness, she seems more sad and afflicted, and stands longer by me, and utters her admonition in more impassioned language. When, however, my heart is subdued with a sense of its crime, and calmly awaits the trials that attend upon it, her melancholy is ringed with a sort of placid delight—her black eye rolls more softly upon me—she lingers but a moment—and the warning, as it flows from her lips, comes upon my ear like a stream of not unpleasant music!

"But lately, and I went to my sister's tomb.—I threw myself on my knees before it, and wept at the recollection of former days, and the deeds I had done. My heart was melted. I felt the bitterness of remorse, and raised my hands to heaven, while I entreated forgiveness in the language of agony. Suddenly the clock of the church struck ten, and Mary stood before me. I never saw her look so beautiful. She was melancholy; but a smile sat upon her lips, and she regarded me with a look of divine satisfaction. My heart leaped with joy, for I found what I had done was good. She vanished away in the darkness of the night; but the admonition with which she had hitherto charged me, followed not, and I drew from it an omen that my repentance had truly begun.

"I need not pursue this subject farther. I am an altered man. The blood of a fellow creature still cries against me; but a contrite heart may do much to silence its voice."

From the Frankfort Argus.

LETTER II.

TO HENRY CLAY,

Secretary of State of the United States.

SIR—Additional information and other circumstances induce me to continue my remarks relative to your understanding with Mr. Adams. I shall give you a catalogue of facts and inferences, taking care to state nothing as fact which cannot be substantially proved, and nothing as inference which is not authorised by your own conduct and that of your friends.

All will remember the attitude in which you were placed in the fall of 1824. Yourself and your friends had lost all hope of your election to the Presidency by the electoral colleges, and every effort was made to place you among the three highest candidates, with a hope that your influence and popularity would secure your election by the House of Representatives. But your conduct, as proved by your own admissions and the declarations of others, proves that you had but faint hopes of being returned to the House of Representatives, and before you left Kentucky, in the fall of that year, were already making arrangements to turn the event of your exclusion to the best advantage.

The feelings excited towards you in the breast of General Jackson by your conduct towards him in relation to the Seminole War, were doubtless of the most indignant kind. Of this you had the strongest evidence. You met the General at Lebanon in this state on his return from a visit to Kentucky in company with President Monroe, and approached him with a friendly salutation, when he turned on his heel and left you in silent scorn.

Yet, in the fall of 1824, you wrote a friendly letter to him to accompany you on your journey to Washington. This I know from the information of three gentlemen to whom you so stated. The object of so palpable an advance under such circumstances, could not be mistaken. About the same time, your friends stated in conversation, and your Editor, Charles Hammond, in his newspaper, that the difference between you and General Jackson were reconciled; that the friends of both had similar objects and ought to act together.

At the same time you told some of your confidential friends in Kentucky, as proved by your own admissions and their statements, that in the event of a contest in Congress between Adams and Jackson, you should vote for the former. This declaration of your intentions was made, not publicly to your immediate constituents or the people of Kentucky whose vote you were to give, but to two or three confidential friends. If your determination was final, why that secrecy? Had it any other object than to provide yourself with an apology for what you thought it might become your interest to do? Would the public ever have heard of these declarations, had you finally voted for Jackson?

At the same time, you made *personal* efforts to prevent any movement in the General Assembly of Kentucky on the subject of the Presidential election, in case it should come into Congress, the object of which was to leave you wholly untrammelled by any expression of the public preference. This was done by direct application to an individual or individuals.

From the speech made by George Robertson upon the resolutions which were subsequently offered, I infer that you had communicated your views to him also. He was for leaving you untrammelled, and said the resolutions would "cast you upon the electioneering arena in Congress completely handcuffed."

Having attempted to conciliate Jackson, provided an apology for voting for Adams, and taken steps to have yourself left at liberty to vote for either, you quitted Kentucky for Washington.

It is a fact, that on the arrival of the Kentucky delegation at Washington, you personally waited on some of them and desired them to remain uncommitted, representing that they could vote for Jackson or Adams with perfect propriety and safety, and saying that the western representation ought to act together and with effect.

It has been asserted as susceptible of proof, that on the arrival of General Jackson in the City, you met him with the utmost cordiality, congratulated him on his honorable electoral vote, and expressed the opinion that he would be elected by the House of Representatives. The statement of Major Eaton proves, that your manner was the reverse of cool towards the General, until after the determination of yourself and friends to support Mr. Adams.

During the month of December, 1824, and more than half of January 1825, you remained perfectly silent as to the man for whom you intended to vote, and apparently [illegible] knew the secret resolutions of your [illegible] except a very few confidential friends in Kentucky.

I am authorised to state, that during this interval you said in substance to a friend of Mr. Crawford, that *when you took up the pretensions of Mr. Adams and weighed them, and then laid them down, and took up those of Gen. Jackson, you had never been so puzzled in your life as you were to decide between them.*

In your letter to Judge Brooke, written in January, and in your subsequent address to your constituents, you speak of consulting your conscience and weighing the pretensions of the two candidates.

Yet, you have attempted to prove, that you had determined to vote for Adams before you left Kentucky; and in your speech at Noble's, you assert, in substance, that you had never hesitated between them!

The month of December was passing away.—Your advances to General Jackson had been met with cool civility; but you could draw nothing from him indicating what reward might be expected in consideration of your support. I am told, and believe the fact to be, that when last in Ken. you said you recollected one conversation between Mr. Buchanan and yourself, on the subject of the Presidential election, which took place in the room of Mr. Letcher. Mr. Buchanan remarked, as you stated, that if General Jackson were elected, he would not go out of that room for his Secretary of State; that you replied in substance, "you must mean yourself, Buck;" that he negatived your reply, and indicated distinctly that he meant you.

As Mr. Buchanan was known to be the warm and active friend of Jackson, it was very natural that you should mistake his remark for an advance on the part of the General. That you did so understand him, I believe to be a fact, from the remarks made by [illegible] and friends in Lexington, before [illegible] Mr. Buchanan's statement; and I [illegible]son to believe, that preparations were [illegible] to attack Mr. Buchanan on account of that conversation, had he sustained General Jackson's inference.

Perhaps this hint from Mr. Buchanan explained the movement which has been made the subject of the Beverly letters, and the consequent documents. Taking it as an advance from General Jackson, you may have wanted only a direct, or at least an intelligible confirmation from him, to decide your vote and influence in his favor. Mr. Markley now appears upon the stage.—That he was considered your friend, is substantially asserted by Mr. Buchanan, and that he was so in fact, is proved by his receiving an office from your administration, said to be worth $3,000 per year, when all enemies and neutrals are alike proscribed. He tells Mr. Francks that General Jackson might to make you his Secretary of State, and wishes Mr. Francks or Mr. Eaton to get in such a promise. Meeting with a refusal, he talks with Mr. Buchanan and urges him to see General Jackson, and get him to promise, at least, that he will not make Mr. Adams Secretary of State, which you and your friends might understand as an indication that he would appoint you to that office. What is the inference? Why, that when you caught the hint thrown out by Mr. Buchanan and mistook it for an advance on the part of Jackson, you set means on foot to get the thing confirmed by an assurance from Jackson himself, and Markley's conversation with Buchanan, and Buchanan's interview with Gen. Jackson were the result. Those blasted all your hopes from that quarter.

In the mean time, ideas were held out by some of the friends of Mr. Adams, that if he were elected you might expect the office of Secretary of State, while the rumor was industriously disseminated that Jackson, if elected, would continue Mr. Adams in that office. Here was hope, if not assurance, on the one side, and discouragement on the other. By the result of Mr. Buchanan's interview with Jackson on the 30th December, it was distinctly ascertained that he would promise nothing, directly or indirectly. From that moment, it was apparent that your only certain chance of placing yourself in the line of 'safe precedent,' was to vote for Mr. Adams and carry over to him the support of the West.

Facts now disclosed, prove that the understanding between you and Mr. Adams was complete about the first of January, but you still preserved a mysterious silence. Arrangements were to be made for the transfer of the necessary number of States. Many members were committed in favor of Jackson, and it would take time and management to bring them wholly into your views.

It has been supposed by most persons, that the understanding between yourself and Mr. Adams was rather implied than express. I believe no such thing. The first advances may have been indefinite and indirect; but in the sequel, I believe you had personal interviews and consultations, as well in relation to the approaching election as to the means of sustaining your coalition administration. Mr. Adams was to throw off his reserve about the Tariff and Internal Improvements and mount the "American System," behind you, as a hobby. On this you expected to ride over Jackson 'rough shod,' in Pennsylvania and the middle States. The same hobby, with the aid of your personal influence and the dispensation of public patronage, it was expected would secure all the Western States above Tennessee, while Mr. Adams, with the aid of Webster and his other managers, was to bring New England into the same combination. I have the authority of the Focus and your speech at Pittsburg, in proof that you understood fully the course Mr. Adams would take in relation to the 'American System,' and the rest I infer from the Harrisburg Convention, the simultaneous attack of all your devoted presses upon Pennsylvania, from the falsehoods circulated relative to Jackson's opinions upon the Tariff and Internal Improvements, and from other events which attended and succeeded the Presidential election.

The arrangement having been completed, it was now necessary to carry it into effect by the most efficient means. The public at Washington were entirely ignorant of your intentions, and as yet every operation was secret. Either yourself or son friend, early in January, communicated information of your prospects from Mr. Adams to one or two individuals in Frankfort, who gave the information to others, for the purpose of securing the vote from this Congressional district.—Probably, similar steps were taken in other districts.

But the principal scene of operations was at Washington City. Notwithstanding your advice to the Kentucky delegation, to remain uncommitted, a majority of them had expressed their predilection for Jackson, in accordance with the known will of their constituents. One, if not more of them, had declared that they would vote for the man who would do the most for Kentucky, or would make you Secretary of State. By degrees a majority was brought to the same conclusion.

While this process was going on, a member who controlled the vote of a State and had declared in favor of Jackson, was understood to have gone over to Adams. On being asked by a friend whether it was a fact, he replied that it was, and gave his reasons, which were in substance, that "you were to be Secretary of State, and he believed the friends of Adams and Clay united, with the influence of the administration, would sustain him at home."

I am authorised to state, that another member, on whom depended the vote of a State, after having declared in favor of Jackson, went over to Adams, and gave the following, in substance, as his reason: "He said, he had waited on Mr. Adams in person, and told him that the Presidential election was approaching: that the friends of Mr Clay controlled from four to six states, and that they wished to know before they gave their votes what would be done for their favorite; or, in other words, whether he would be made Secretary of State." He said Mr. Adams replied, "that the west was an important section of the Union, and that if elected President he should feel it his duty to give a citizen of the west a prominent station in his cabinet. Upon receiving this answer, in substance, the member alluded to determined to support Mr. Adams, because he understood it as a promise to make you Secretary of State.

This, sir, can be proved, and will be proved, if you seek an investigation by Congress; but it was rather the effect than the origin of the understanding between you and Mr Adams. You understood each other perfectly well before that dialogue took place, and this [illegible] but the means of securing the [illegible]

[illegible] preparations were finally completed, and a meeting of a portion of the Kentucky delegation was held, to determine in concert upon their final course. By Major Eaton's statement and the evidence adduced by him, it appears that this meeting was held on the evening of the 22d of January, 1825, "three weeks after the understanding must have taken place between you and Mr. Adams!" At this meeting you were present, and assured your friends, in substance, "that in case General Jackson should be elected, you believed the administration, with its weight, would be opposed to you, to prostrate you; that should Mr. Adams be elected, you felt satisfied it would not be so, but that you hoped no personal consideration for you would induce them to act contrary to their desire." Upon this information they resolved to give the vote of Kentucky to Mr. Adams—some, merely to promote your elevation—others, because they thought that by placing you in the office of Secretary of State, which they well understood would be the result of their vote for Mr. Adams, they should best promote the wishes of Kentucky and the interests of the Western States.

This meeting was not a preliminary to your understanding with Mr. Adams, but was a consequence of that event. Your own language to your assembled friends proves it. You knew more about it than they did, and hence they sought information from you. They did not tell you that Gen. Jackson would be hostile to you, and Mr. Adams the reverse, but you communicated this intelligence to them. How did you know so much more about this matter than they did? You knew what advances you had made to General Jackson, and with what coolness they had been received.—You knew that his own friend, Mr. Buchanan, could not obtain from him a hint in the least encouraging to your ambitious aspirations. But how did you know, or how were you *satisfied*, that with Mr. Adams "*it would not be so?*" From all the circumstances of the case, I infer that you knew it directly from himself. He had *satisfied* you in private interviews. You do not appear at this meeting in the attitude of receiving information from your friends, but you communicate to them the expectations you are authorised to entertain from the election of the one and the other.—You appear, not as the passive recipient of information, but as the active agent between your friends on the one side and Mr. Adams on the other. After your friends had met, they sent for you, they sought information from you as to your expectations from the several candidates, and they received it.

This fact satisfies me further, that as you were the source of the knowledge possessed by your friends at Washington of Mr. Adams' friendly disposition to you, so you were also the source of the intelligence given, either by yourself or others, to your friends in Frankfort, that if Mr. Adams were made President you would be Secretary of State. You were the "master spirit" and active agent in this whole business, putting your friends in motion instead of waiting to receive the second office in the government from their unsolicited and disinterested exertions.

Nearly all the Kentucky delegation declared, after their return home, that they voted for Mr. Adams because it was well ascertained that he would appoint you Secretary of State. David Trimble so asserted in a public speech at Lewis Court House and his printed Circular stated the same thing in substance, though not in language so explicit. How was this *"ascertained?"*—From yourself, at this meeting as well as in private conversations. You may not have used the words, "Mr. Adams will appoint me Secretary of State," but you used those which were just as well understood. How could you have given them this information, unless you had it from Mr. Adams?

The election approached, and the rumour prevailed that you and your friends were to elect Mr. Adams, and he was to make you Secretary of State. Through Mr. Kremer's letter it found its way into the Newspapers. With characteristic boldness, you determined to meet it and bully it out of countenance. Hence your Card, in which you pronounced the charge false and promised to fight the author. But Mr. Kremer was too plain a man to be treated in this *gentlemanly* manner. Having got his name, you demanded an investigation before the House. The bargain was not then executed, Mr. Adams was not elected, and you had not received the promised office; the principal evidences of the arrangement were in your own bosoms and among your own friends, inaccessable to your accuser. He therefore prudently declined the investigation, leaving you to execute your bargain, and trusting to time and circumstances to disclose the truth to the people. On your part, this was a piece of that bold management of which you are a perfect master.

This charge was measurably put down, and you were left in the quiet enjoyment of the object of your ambition. But time has disclosed many circumstances, and a conviction was extending in the country, that the election of Mr. Adams had been carried by means approaching to corruption. On your way to Kentucky last summer, you found occasion for another piece of management. At Wheeling you learnt that a letter was in town from General Jackson detailing an interview between him and Mr. Buchanan, and drawing the inference that Mr. Buchanan had acted with direct authority from you or your friends. You knew the whole history of the transaction better than General Jackson did, and you knew, that Mr. Buchanan would not support that inference. You, therefore, determined to make a desperate effort to rest the controversy on that single point. You took means to procure a copy of Gen. Jackson's letter without the leave of writer or receiver, threw it before the public, asserted that Jackson had charged you with being privy to the communication from Buchanan, which he never did, called him your public accuser, which he never was, and denied the whole bargain in phrases as comprehensive as ingenuity could frame.—You turned public accuser and public abuser of the General, and made him the burden of many dinner speeches, violent enough to shame the most indiscreet act ever attributed to him.

To all this, the General replied, with as much coolness as he would have done to a summons for the surrender of New Orleans. Mr. Buchanan immediately rejoined, and although he substantially confirmed every material point which Jackson had asserted as fact, he negatived his inference, precisely as you anticipated. Instantly, as if by concert, your devoted presses throughout the nation, shout your acquittal, and declare on the authority of this slight circumstance, that you are proved to be innocent, not only of making a proposition to General Jackson, but of *making a bargain with Mr Adams!* I admit, that it proves you did not make a *direct* proposition to Gen. Jackson through Mr. Buchanan, but it no more exculpates you from making a direct bargain with Mr. Adams, than it proves Thomas Jefferson to have been friendly to your administration.

Your bold denial and cunning effort to rest the whole cause on General Jackson's inference, was, I admit, a piece of adroit management. But, Sir, the very boldness of your denial and your notorious injustice to the General, have excited a spirit of investigation and kindled a flame which will consume you. Facts which would forever have slept, have been brought before the public, and the volume of evidence is daily enlarging and becoming more conclusive.

What was your motive for writing to Jackson *at such a time*, after having been treated by him with pointed scorn?

Why did you try to prevent any movement in the Kentucky Legislature, which might interfere with your designs at Washington?

Why did you not publicly avow for whom you intended to vote before you left Kentucky, instead of saying to two or three confidential friends that you should vote for Mr. Adams?

Why did you conceal your determination for seven weeks after your arrival at Washington city?

Why did you urge your friends to remain uncommitted, and tell them they could with propriety vote for either candidate, as circumstances might require?

How came you to say, you were puzzled to decide between the pretentions of Mr. Adams and General Jackson?

How came your friends in Frankfort to have information about the middle of January, that if Mr. Adams were elected you would be Secretary of State?

How came Mr. Adams to give a member of Congress, a devoted friend of yours, on whom the vote of a state depended, to understand that if he were elected you would receive a prominent station in his cabinet?

How came another, having like power and like attachments to give as a reason for changing his vote, that Mr. Adams, if elected, would make you Secretary of State?

How happened it that your friends to give as a reason for their votes, after the election, that it was well ascertained, that if Mr. Adams were elected, he would make you Secretary of State?

How happened it that you and Mr. Adams, ancient and inveterate enemies, became mutual friends just at the moment you could profit yourselves by a reconciliation?

How happened it, that you voted for Mr. Adams and he made you Secretary of State, precisely as Mr Kremer had predicted?

Could all these coincidences, with many more, have occured, if, as you say, there was neither understanding nor expectation that you were to receive the office of Secretary of State through the election of Mr. Adams?

Impossible! As well might you tell me, that the separate but harmonious motions of the sun, moon, earth and planets, are not dependent on the same first cause and subservient to the same great end.

The facts I have stated, and I believe much more can be proved before a committee of Congress authorised to send for persons and papers, and *before that tribunal I invite you.* If it be innocence, which, on your late excursion to Kentucky, armed your tongue with boldness, you will not shrink from a test, which will place that innocence on high in robes of white.

AMOS KENDALL.

P. S. I understand your friends, especially at Lexington, in their conversations, denounce me in the most violent terms. Why is this? Do they doubt the truth of my statements? Not at all. The knowing ones among them believe as I do. It is not truth they want. If it were, they would instantly apply to you to call out your friends, to whom I have alluded, and let the world see how false are my assertions and how unfounded is my belief. But they fear the result. They *dare not* urge you to make the call, lest all I have said and surmised be *more than confirmed.* But if *they* do not urge you to make the call, I do. If you are innocent, you cannot hesitate for one moment; if guilty, why, then you are right to remain silent. You may as well be convicted by standing mute, as by calling forth the proofs of your guilt. But, sir, if a committee of Congress shall be raised and properly empowered, by your appeal or by any other means, I will save you the trouble of calling forth your friends. I wish to know the truth, whatever may be the feelings of yourself and friends. I wish to shew the world whether I have done you any injustice by my suspicions or not. If I have, I will recall them; if not, truth and justice will be vindicated. Let your friends, therefore, cease their denunciations of me and *petition Congress* for an investigation of this subject. It is demanded by the honor of the country and of those to whom its destinies are entrusted. Let them aid in securing you an other "*triumph of truth,*" and enable you again to say "*public justice is certain.*"

I perceive the alarm of your editor, Mr. Smith. But neither of the gentlemen to whom I have alluded, is to be induced to utter falsehood for your benefit, by being patted on the back and called a clever fellow.

Since the above was written, I have met with the following in the N. Journal, confirming my inference that you did understand Mr. Buchanan's remark in Mr. Letcher's room, as an advance on the part of General Jackson. Among "*those present*" was *yourself*, and the Journal says "*those present*" understood from his remark, that "if General Jackson was elected Kentucky would be provided for, and that *he was authorized to say so!*"

"It is stated by a correspondent of the Philadelphia Democratic Press, among the rumors of the day, that Mr. Buchanan, when at Washington, previous to the last presidential election, "undertook, to a personal friend of Mr. Clay's, at Mrs. Davis' boarding house, where Mr. Clay boarded, and in his hearing, to hold language to this effect, if not in these words:

"I believe it is now pretty well ascertained that General Jackson will be elected President; and in that event, he will have a stronger Cabinet than any of his predecessors have had."

"Pray, who," said one of the Kentucky delegation, "will be Secretary of State?"

Mr. Buchanan is said to have answered, "with a tone of confidence and triumph," in the following words—"The distinguished, patriotic and experienced statesman now in the room," directing his attention to Mr. Clay.

It is further said, that from the "manner," as well as the "words" of Mr. Buchanan, the general impression of those present was, that if General Jackson was elected, Kentucky would be provided for, and that he was authorized to say so."

From the Baltimore Republican.

The Secretary of War.—We publish to-day an interesting correspondence between Gen. Duff Green and the *Secretary at War*, on the subject of the "Six Militia Men."—General Green has very adroitly wormed the truth out of the Secretary, and we are not surprised that Mr. Barbour was so loth to speak out, for he stands now convicted of having circulated for political effect, that which he knew not to be true. Yes, *James Barbour*, SECRETARY AT WAR, now certifies, that the Militia to which the six who were executed, belonged, *were mustered into service and paid for SIX months*, and the same *James Barbour*, did, during the last summer, circulate with his own hands, *Binns's villainous Pamphlet*, in which it is stated, that the six militia men were mustered for only *THREE months*, and that they had a right to quit the camp when they did, and that Gen. Jackson was their MURDERER. That the Secretary at War did circulate those foul and false Pamphlets, is a fact which will be put beyond all question, if he dare deny it.

What will, what must a virtuous people think of an Administration, one