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People's Candidates.

FOR PRESIDENT,

ANDREW JACKSON.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

To be voted on Thursday, 13th November, 1828.

ELECTORAL TICKET OF N. CAROLINA.

Robert Love, of Haywood county,
Gilbert Stokes, of Wilkes,
Peter Forney, of Lincoln,
John Giles, of Rowan,
Abraham Phillips, of Rockingham,
John M. Morehead, of Guilford,
Walter F. Leak, of Richmond,
Willie P. Mangum, of Orange,
Rev. Josiah Crudup, of Wake,
John Hall, of Warren,
Joseph J. Williams, of Martin,
Kedar Ballard, of Gates,
Louis D. Wilson, of Edgecombe,
Richard D. Spaight, of Craven,
Edward B. Dudley, of New-Hanover.

"My friendship for General Jackson, and the proofs of confidence and regard I have from him, while President, forbids my taking part in the ensuing presidential election."—*Monroe.*

"The recollection of the public relations in which I stood to General Jackson, while President, and the proofs given to him, of the high esteem in which he was held by me," &c.—*Madison.*

"General Jackson is a clear-headed, strong-minded man, and has more of the Roman in him, than any man now living."—*Thomas Jefferson.*

"General Jackson justly enjoys in an eminent degree the public favour; and of his worth, talents and services, no one entertains a higher or more respectful opinion than myself."—*John Q. Adams.*

"An officer whose services entitle him to the first reward, and whose whole career has been signalized by the purest intentions and the most exalted purposes."—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, *Secretary of State, and the Defender of General Jackson.*

"Towards that distinguished Captain, (Andrew Jackson,) *who has shed so much* GLORY *on our country, whose renown constitutes so great a portion of its moral property*, I never had, I never can have, any other feelings than those of the *profound* RESPECT and of the *utmost kindness*."—HENRY CLAY.

FOR THE STAR.

TO MESSRS. JO. GALES & SON.

Gentlemen,—Public sentiment has long since bounds to political controversy, to violate which evinces a fearful expectation of defeat. Messrs. Gales & Son, have frequently, according to my humble judgment, overleaped those bounds, and passed into the arena of desperation; and therefore many of my neighbors and I have been led to the conclusion that you are not so well assured of the election of Mr. Adams as you pretend to be. Indeed, we believe, from the means you use to sustain his sinking cause, that you are much alarmed at his prospects, and begin to despair of his success. For evidence of this opinion, I will go no farther back than to the paper of the 9 instant. It is found in a pressing appeal to those who are yet doubting, or, as you express it, *"on the fence."* Here, you use very pretty language in urging them to *"to get off"* and help you, and to those who are not used to witness the tricks of the cunning and designing, all that you say would be thought very plausible. But those who are at all acquainted with the world, can readily see through the matter.

It must be encouraging to the friends of Jackson to see their opponents reduced so far as to be compelled to call in such a man as you, and on such characters (especially one you name by the Register,) for help. I mean those who have the littleness of soul to be "desirous of *voting with the major*" and have been "waiting to see which of the candidates would be most likely to succeed before they declared themselves for either." Is it come to this? Are you driven to the necessity of invoking to your aid such as these? Yes, and you attempt to gain their support by deception. You boldly assert that "it is now evident that Mr. Adams will easily receive a majority of the suffrages of the people, to continue to preside at the helm of government for another term of service." Is it so, Messrs Gales & Son? Where do you find the "indications" which furnish this "flattering unction?" In the west? Answer, no. The sky there is black and lowering, the signs plainly threaten inevitable destruction to the hopes of the Administration in that quarter. Kentucky has forsaken her favorite, and once darling son, the apostate Clay; Ohio is claimed with great confidence by the intelligent and patriotic supporters of Tennessee Farmer in that State; Louisiana will probably go for Jackson, and the late elections in Indiana, Illinois, Mississippi and Missouri, speak to the Administration in the voice of thunder, while they triumphantly claim success to Jackson. In the South? Georgia, South Carolina, No. Carolina and Virginia will certainly, by overwhelming majorities, support Jackson. In the North? Why no. The thunders are breaking around Quincy, Mr. Adams's native place. Even his own dear New England is thrown into commotion against him. We are assured by several highly respectable opposition prints in these States, that the cause of the wise, honest and patriotic Jackson has many intelligent and energetic advocates in that section, and in proportion as truth is disseminated, they continue to increase—every day swells their number. In New York it is impossible that Adams can get more than 12 votes; and Pennsylvania will as certainly vote for Jackson as Tennessee. Where then, Messrs. Gales & Son, are your favorable "indications?" In the East? Alas! should you get all the votes there, they could avail you nothing. But the friends of Jackson have almost positive assurance that he will get 6 votes in Maryland, and probably the State of Delaware.

Fie, fie, gentlemen, in your zeal to secure the help of those who are "desirous of voting with the majority," you show your cloven foot too much. Men who have such little principle as to be "desirous" of going with the current, "right or wrong," are too cunning to be decoyed by your favorable "indications." They are too much concerned for self not to watch the tide; and they see too clearly that the flood, in the majesty of its strength, is proudly bearing Jackson into the office which you seriously wish Mr. Adams could retain.

Again—In your appeal to those prudent and honorable minded men who have been "waiting to obtain all the information in their power, in relation to the merits of the two candidates, before they made up their minds on the subject," you make assertions which you cannot, for your lives, sustain.

1st. In relation to Mr. Adams. You say that he "has hitherto executed the duties of his high station in the most unexceptionable manner; that his talents and character are of the first order; that no one can, with truth, say a word to his disparagement." Now I deny that he has executed his duties in an unexceptionable manner. Do you ask for proof? It is abundant. At present, I will only refer you to his aristocratic principles, expressed in messages to Congress—such as the declaration that "the Representative should not be palmed by the will of his constituents," &c. to his assumption of power in relation to the Panama Mission; to his loss of the West India Trade, and to his unstatesman like conduct towards Georgia. These things have been duly considered, and the reading part of the community are sufficiently acquainted with them, to consider them very exceptionable. I further deny the truth of the assertion, "that no man can, with truth, say a word to his disparagement." Strong suspicion of his bargain with Mr. Clay rested on him when he first went into office. Subsequently, circumstance after circumstance has been developed, and proof piled upon proof, until no candid and impartial man can doubt the existence of that bargain, to which alone, and not to the sovereign people, he is indebted for his elevation to the Presidency. The Webster pledge is also so clearly proved, that no reasonable man, free from party prejudice, can disbelieve it. These, I think together with other petty electioneering tricks, which might be mentioned, furnish justifiable ground to disparage the *angelic* character of even Mr. Adams. In reference to this matter, the people have weighed him in the balance, and he is found wanting.

2d. You have made assertions concerning Jackson which are not true. You say, "in no civil office of importance has he found himself equal to the duties required of him." That this is untrue may be deduced from the fact that the people from whose authority he has held civil offices, have so far approved the manner in which he executed their important duties as to repeat the strongest assurances of their high regard for his talents, and their confidence in his virtue and patriotism, by continuing to call him from one office to another of higher importance, until he had served them in all the most important offices within their gift; and as an additional proof of their approbation of his civil administration, and of their confidence in his skill to execute the duties of the highest office in the nation, they now seek to make him President.

I could say much more on this part of my subject; but it is deemed unnecessary, and my communication has already grown to a greater length than I anticipated. I will therefore conclude by advising the Editors of the Register to try again. Their last essay wont move the neutrals

OFF THE FENCE.

Franklin Co. Sept. 13.

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE CAVE OF HAR HASSAN.

On the south-eastern coast of the island of Malta, there is a remarkable cave, rendered illustrious by the many traditions respecting its ancient inhabitant. It has always gone by the name of Hassan's Cave, from the person with whom it has generally been associated in local story. But the ingenuity and credulity of the people have assigned to him a greater share of renown than falls to the lot of ordinary heroes, and he has adorned the tale of beldame mothers with a fertility of interest which would incline one almost to doubt his identity. He is represented as a hermit, a pirate, a petty king, a chivalrous knight, a gigantic gubiin. He seems to have been mighty on land and water, over air and fire. But these accomplishments are not to be understood as being attributed to him *en masse* by any one of his glorifiers; they are so collected only upon comparison of the different versions; and if, when set together, they appear not overabundant for one man's share, why let us not smile at the feats of King Arthur or Jack the Giant Killer.

One of the most favourite records is that which enumerates his worthy deeds during a siege of the island by the Moslemites. He was himself a native of Barbary, and a votary of the creed professed by the besiegers. But for half a century he had found a sanctuary in the hollow rock, and he would not desert the kind mother who had fostered him. Accordingly, he garrisoned his cavern; and, from his commanding post, sorely distressed the enemy's fleet, which was necessarily exposed to his battery. The Water Nymphs alone can say in what numbers the turbanned sinners fell into their embraces, by the stratagems and daring of their great man.

But a more credible, because a more modest story, simply describes him as a recluse, who, disappointed in his own country, fled with an only daughter to this island. There he resided in honour amongst men, and devoted to the nurture of his beloved child, the sole prop of his infirm spirit. She was wooed by a prince of the country, and the smiles of the fair girl, and the ready sanction of her father, promised a happy consummation. But whilst affianced, she was seized with illness of a deadly character; her short race was run before men had time to take note of it, and the heart-broken Hassan fled from the haunts of men to this solitary place, where he lingered for some years in the loneliness of a grave.

These and other less probable traditions excited my curiosity to visit the habitation of so memorable a man. We left Valetta on donkeys, and sallied forth in the direction of the particular point of coast. We had an arduous expedition; for the natives, if aware of the existence, knew nothing as to the locality of the cave. Some volunteered to conduct us without errors but, after knocking down a dozen stone walls to facilitate our progress, and much scampering to and fro on the verge of a high precipitous rock, based by the sea, we found that in truth the place was unknown, save by conjecture. The *casals*, or villages, that lie within this district of the island, are not very many, contiguous, or thickly inhabited; the roads of communication, themselves unfrequented, reach within no practicable distance of the shore, and the incurious character of the peasants, beyond all other obstacles, concealed even from the neighbourhood that knowledge of which we then stood in need. We gazed down the rough side of the rocky eminence in every direction, vainly seeking the aperture, which, as we were told, at a middle height between our own level and that of the sea, led to the hermitage of Hassan. The sea was far below us, and stretching our view to the verge of its distant horizon, we sighed as though we could evoke the spirit of the recluse from the land of his forefathers But the sun was fast sinking to his bed, and the shadows from the insulated rock of Filfla already extended to the distant point of shore, above which we were standing. In despair, the donkeys' heads were turned homewards, the vexation of our party broke out in low English curses, which our Maltese *conducteur* vainly endeavoured to interpret; and, retracing out steps, we clambered diligently over the whole series of broken walls, which wese no longer a "neighbour's landmark."

"You might have gone by a nearer route, without doing all this mischief," cried some one close to us; and looking on the other side of a clump of stones that stood in the angle of the field, we saw a stout old man, leaning on a spade, and brushing away the heavy moisture which his then interrupted labour had collected on his brow. He had a benign expression of face, and in the tone of his reproof there was nothing of that moroseness which might have been expected from an owner of the demolished fences. Satisfied with this mild correction, he was resuming his work, when one of us ventured to ask, whether he had guessed our purpose in crossing his fields, that he could thus convict us of having taken a circuitous route?

"I conceive you were looking for the Cave of Har Hassan?"

"Yes, we went in search of it, but,"—

"You failed?—Of course you did; what do these simple fellows know of its situation?—and if they did, would they venture to be your pilot, think you, when not one of them would trust himself there for his life?—Do you still wish to see it?"

To this we replied, that we had hunted for it in every direction, and despaired of finding it; that it must be at some distance, and it was now too late to linger so far from the city, &c. He answered us with an assurance, that we were then not a hundred yards from the entrance, and that he had observed us, shortly before, standing directly over its mouth. If we had any wish, he would be happy to conduct us thither. This proposal was cheerfully assented to; and the courteous old man, laying aside his spade, and resuming an ancient coat, whose colour and shape indicated that it belonged to one of the clerical order, instantly set forward, and in a few minutes had advanced to the brink of the eminence, where we ourselves had been so recently. Here he raised a thin slab of stone, about two feet square, and discovered the commencement of a rude staircase, cut in the side of the rock, so narrow as scarcely to suffice for safe footing, and almost enclosed from above by the projection of rude masses of stone. This descent was almost indistinguishable from any point on the terra-firma where we had been standing, and fatally hazardous to any whose foot or hand could be shaken by the difficulties of its passage. The rocks below us, sometimes fell in a scarped, direct line to the surface of the water, sometimes jutted out in fantastic forms, but never swelling so gradually and obliquely as to allow any deviation from the path prescribed by the limits of the rude staircase. Occasionally the old priest gave his hand, for better security, to his immediate follower, when the projecting rocks above and around us were not sufficiently raged to be clasped as we advanced. And many were the distrustful doubts, as the ground became slippery from dew or sea spray, and the slight step wound about a turn in the rock, where a single unsteady look or movement might have been attended by fatal consequences. At last we were at the mouth of the cave. Its position had been well described as being midway between the base and the summit of the rock. The sea roared beneath us, perhaps imprisoned in some natural excavations like this one, whose floor might be the celing of another, still more awful and inaccessable. From the entrance, a vast number of gallaries, stretched away by different ramifications into the bosom of the earth. These were soon without a ray of light; and, for this reason, the central and principal one which we attempted to penetrate, became almost instantly impervious. Our guide took us along a side corridor, through which we groped our way in damp and darkness, till at a distance a fresh gleam of light assisted our progress to its further end. There we found a smaller mouth, fronting the sea on one side, and terminating on the other in a low arch, where are still to be seen the indications of a door with its hinges and fastenings. And this was the sanctuary of the recluse. Within were discernable the rude couch of stone, the lamp and its receptacle, with many other of those devices, which, though multiplied by wonder-workers till they are worthily deemed fabulous, existed certainly before us, as the ancient substitutes for more costly comforts, accommodated to the wants of the hermit. From the opening of the archway, a vast and glorious view of the Mediterranean presented itself, and no port could have been better chosen as the scene of romantic and superhuman adventures. As we loitered on this interesting ground, a thousand visions naturally occurred to us, as the probable incidents in the life of one who could so utterly cast off the world, and betake himself to a nook in the desolate rock, companioned only by the sea-gull. The very access to his abode was likely to have remained for ever unknown. The old priest himself had resided in the neighbourhood from the time of his childhood, and the secret which he had from his father, was now shared by few, if any. But the marvellous tales which threw a lustre on the fabulous character of him whose heroism and monument were now before us, seem to have no historical foundation. The true account is probably that which I have already quoted. Har Hassan is recorded as being the tenant of this cave, by the laborious historian Abela;* and it is justly inferred, that he was rather a man of sorrow than of blood, from a very singular tablet that was discovered not many years ago, and translated from the Coptic by a Frenchman, at the command of Buonaparte. I should not have deemed this little history of our pilgimage worth relating, had it not appeared a proper preface to this remarkable document. For its authenticity I have other warrant than that of the priest who first indulged me with an inspection of it. For, upon comparison with a different version, done in English by an officer of rank on the island, I find as near a concordance as the two languages will admit. Having thus vouched for its genuineness, I cannot think any comment necessary to advance its character for singularity and beauty. It ran as follows:—

"In the name of the compassionate and merciful God!—May God be propitious to the prophet Mahomet!

"Peace and blessing attend his family!

"God is supreme and eternal.

"All created beings pass away, and disappear, but you have the consolation of the prophet of God.

"Maimonna, daughter of Hussan, son of Ali El Hud, the son of Moaiz of Susa, whom God enlighten and bless, lies in this sepulchre, the prey of death. She ceased to live on Thursday, the 16th of the great month Sehaban, in the year of the Hegira 569. She professed that there was no God, but God alone without equal!"

"Oh! thou, who regardest this tomb! behold, I am betrothed to it as a bride! My eyelids are sealed with ashes! my attractions have passed away!

"Nevertheless, my mournful state of probation is transitory. In the hour of resurrection, when the Creator shall restore me to life, I shall once more joyfully behold my relatives, and exultingly reap the reward of my sorrows."

"The beautiful nature of your docile and uniformly serene mind, my Maimonna, shone in conflicting efforts—now in skilfully striving to repel death; and now in seeking to draw advantage from it.

"It is death itself that offers a transit to the state of celestial reward, where the abodes of the blessed are enjoyed in serenity amongst the shades of most delightful gardens, and the murmurs of the softest rivulets. For this reason we venerate the creed of our Fathers. But the faithless offenders, sprinkled with the waters of oblivion—they who have left no good works behind them—shall rise in condemnation, to suffer the most agonizing torments & everlasting punishments."

OYAH.

* Vide his learned work, "Malta Illustrata."

Signs of the Times.—In the city of Washington, on the 29th ult. the likeness of Mr. Clay, 14 by 20, in an elegant gilt frame, was offered for sale at public outcry—three cents were offered; but as no higher bidder appeared, the print was not sold. *Mark the contrast!*—A likeness of Jackson, 8 by 10, in a plain black frame, was put up, and immediately struck off at $1 37½. The reason, as an honest Hibernian said at the sale was, "*had Jackson been at Bladensburg, he would have stopped the races.*"—*N. Y. Enq.*

Stick to your candidate!—A Jackson and an Adams man met the other day—"Hurra for *Jackson*," said the first, "Hurra for the *Devil*," said the spunky coalitionist"—"Very well," retorned the Jacksonian, "you stick to your candidate and I'll stick to mine."

Irish paper.

Mr. Clay made no allusion, even in his speech at Cincinnati, to the *Kentucky Elections*. If they had gone to his favor, would he not, while he was talking about the "*Bargain*," have claimed it as a triumphant vindication of his conduct? *He knew they had gone against him.*—*Balt. Rep.*

Outrage.—Yesterday morning an outrageous attack was made on Lt. Col. Gamble, of the marine corps, by a man named Floyd, formerly a lieutenant of the corps. The attack was sudden, and made with a whip. Col. G. had only an umbrella, and received but little injury before the interference of others separated the parties. We understand, that the only possible cause for this outrage is the fact that Floyd, more than seven years ago, was suspended from his office by sentence of a court martial, on charges preferred by Col. G. in the line of his duty. The estimable character and disposition of Col. G. forbids the idea that he could have wronged this man.

Brooklyn Star.

The last accounts from New Orleans represent the city as free from the prevalence of any malignant fever. An epidemic called the *Dengue*, or Spanish fever, is raging there: it is supposed that from 10 to 15,000 persons have been affected with it at one time. It never terminates fatally, is cured by simple remedies, and continues from three hours to three days. We observe that it is also prevalent in some of the eastern cities.—*Western Balance.*

Westchester, Pa. Sept. 2.

Backing out by Wholesale.—In Ridgberry township, Bradford county, the whole Corresponding Committee, appointed by the Adams men, have come out, and declared that they "are in favor of the election of Andrew Jackson for President."—*Amer. Rep.*

FACTS AND ARGUMENT.

The Jackson Committee of Correspondence for Philadelphia have recently, in a series of numbers, addressed the citizens of Pennsylvania on the all-absorbing subject of the presidency. These essays are ably written, and are replete with facts and sound argument, which, at this crises, should claim the most serious consideration of the whole American people. We regret that our limits will not allow the publication of all these numbers. We shall, however, from time to time, lay such of them before our readers as we may deem of the most general importance. At present we would call their attention to the following:

LETTER III.

You have seen, gentlemen, that, in the letters signed "Wayne," written in the fall of 1822, under the direction of Mr. Clay, and printed partly at his expense, Mr. Adams was denounced, as a faithless agent, a bungling negociator, an artful sophist, a vindictive man, of narrow views, sectional feelings, ready to sacrifice the blood of the west to secure the fish of the east.

To prevent the election of such a man, the people's hopes, fears, and principles were all appealed to—it was represented that the elevation of an *eastern* candidate would be followed by the most mischievous consequences, whilst the election of a *western* candidate would have the most salutary effects.

Nor did Mr. Clay confine himself to assaults upon Mr. Adams, and appeals to the people *against an eastern*, and *for a western* president—in 1822, he took the solid ground of principle, as to the practice of cabinet successions—he and his friends so late as July, 1824, pronounced the elevation of presidents, from the cabinet, like popes from the cardinals, as *unsound in policy, mischievous in tendency*, and *violently hostile to republican principles!*—his friends besought the people, by every public and private consideration, not to sanction so odious and dangerous a precedent, by electing Mr. Adams! In Ohio, especially, it was proclaimed to be *the main object* of Mr. Clay's friends *to break up the cabinet succession!*

Thus, the parties stood, in relation to each other, until Mr. Clay reached Washington, after the election in November, 1824.

And, now we recur to the question—*Why*, on the 9th February, 1825, did Mr. Clay give the presidency—

To John Q. Adams, whom he had denounced, as a faithless minister, and vindictive man—an enemy of the west—a bungling ambassador—an artful sophist, &c.

To John Q. Adams, the *eastern* candidate—against whom he had so loudly protested—

To John Q. Adams, whose succession from the cabinet was so hostile to republican principles, and so pernicious as a precedent.

We ask you, gentlemen, *why* Mr. Clay elected him, whom he had for so many years sought to prostrate, for the good of his country, as he always professed, and to preserve republican principles as he always asserted?

Can you, can any honest man, upon honorable and fair principles, tell *why* he did so—That they were politically foes, and personally estranged, up to the winter of 1824, being admitted—then, we ask, *what it was*, that converted angry repulsion into sympathetic adhesion? The change must have been produced by *something*—to effect so marvellous and sudden a revolution, *something* must have been *said*, and *something* must have been *done*—now, what was that *something*, and when, *where*, and by *whom* was it said, and done? Men, who, with all their energies, labor to degrade each other on one day, do not spontaneously confer upon each other the most signal advantages on the next.

This enigma has not been solved by any of the parties. Mr. Adams has throughout maintained a sepulchral silence, strongly contrasted with his avidity to defend himself in 1822—he then leaped into print with all the army of rhetoric, and all the arts of diplomacy. If it shall be said, that *his* calmness is the token of conscious innocence, will it be allowed that Mr. *Clay's* fury is the indication of conscious guilt? Does the constitution, do the principles of honor, draw a line, between the obligations of a president, and those of a secretary of state, to be silent or to meet accusation?

Mr. Clay alone enters the arena! Let us hear him—what does he say? Does he tell us, that he elected Mr. Adams for his virtues? Does he tell us, that he elevated him as a friend to the west? Does he tell us, that he elected him because he was of the last cabinet? Does he tell us, that all he had published against him was false? Does he apologize for uncreating the minds of the western people against him? Does he say any thing about the suspended discussion about the Mississippi?

No! Not one word like this does Mr. Clay utter: what, then, does he say? he alleges—

1. That he had long intended to vote for Mr. Adams.
2. That, after censuring General Jackson, in the debate on the Seminole war, it would be inconsistent to vote for him,
3. That he would not, by voting for a military man, give an assurance that this republic would march in the road that had led all other republics to ruin.

These are the only apologies, that Mr. Clay has ever offered to the people, for voting *for* a candidate whom he had denounced—an *eastern* candidate, which he had deprecated—a *cabinet* candidate, obnoxious to sound republican principles; and for voting *against* a *western candidate*—the highest in the people's wishes—and recommended by the almost unanimous instruction of Kentucky!

Now, let us briefly enquire, whether the excuses, for this double outrage, are true and sound.

1. As to the *first*—We need not quote the able address of the Jackson Central Committee of Washington City, or the volume of testimony annexed to it; a few facts will suffice: Early in January, 1825, Mr. Clay told General Floyd, of Congress, that he never was was so much puzzled how to vote, as when he compared the pretensions of General Jackson with those of Mr. Adams: on the 8th of the same month, he wrote to Mr. Blair, in Kentucky, that he must "*now begin to consider for whom he would vote!*" on the 28th of the same month, he first, by a letter to Judge Brooke, announced his decision; he intimates hesitation until then, but states that, on consulting his conscience, he had concluded to vote for Mr. Adams! What, after this, shall we say of the *long determination?* What shall we say of Mr. Clay's declaration at Noble's Inn, July 12, 1827, that before he had left Kentucky in the fall of 1824, he had made known his *fixed determination*, not to vote for Gen. Jackson.

2. As to the *second*—Mr. Clay pretends, that he was apprehensive of censure, if he had voted for Gen. Jackson, after the part he had taken in the debate on the Seminole war! that is, Mr. Clay says, he wished to be consistent: let us see, then, whether there was so much cause for this apprehension: in his speech on the Seminole war, February, 1819, Mr. Clay said—

"Towards that distinguished Captain, (Gen. Jackson), who has shed so much glory on our country, and whose renown constitutes so large a portion of its moral property, I never had, I never can have, any other feelings than those of the most profound respect and of the utmost kindness: with him my acquaintance is very limited, but so far as it has extended, it has been of the most amiable kind."

Instead of Mr. Clay being inconsistent in voting for a man thus spoken of, one would suppose that the inconsistency would be in voting against him. But, the fallacy of this apology is shown in still stronger lights—Mr. Clay pretends, that he could not consistently vote for General Jackson, after censuring his conduct in the Seminole war; yet he voted for Mr. Adams, who had in his closet coolly considered and triumphantly defended every act of General Jackson, which Mr. Clay had censured. The grossness of such an excuse appears, besides, from the facts, which we have detailed as to Mr. Adams; Mr. Clay says, it would have been inconsistent, if he had voted for Gen. Jackson, after censuring him; yet he voted for Mr. Adams, after having assailed him in every way calculated to degrade him before the public! he voted for Mr. Adams, for whom he had not had respect or kindess, and against Gen. Jackson, for whom he had entertained, and ever would entertain both!

3. As to the *third* excuse—Mr. Clay says, he feared, the election of Gen. Jackson would be giving an assurance, that this republic would march in the