

MR. CLAY'S ADDRESS CONCLUDED.

I am not aware that this defence of himself was rendered necessary by any charges brought forward against the General. Certainly I never made any such charges against him. I will not suppose that in the passages cited, he intended to impute to me the misconduct which he describes; and yet, taking the context of his letter together, and coupling it with Mr. Kremer's address, it cannot be disguised that others may suppose he intended to refer to me. I am quite sure that if he did, he could not have formed those unfavorable opinions of me upon any personal observations of my conduct made by himself; for, a supposition that they were founded upon his own knowledge, would imply that my lodgings and my person had been subjected to a system of espionage, wholly incompatible with the open, manly, and honorable conduct of a gallant soldier. If he designed any insinuations against me, I must believe that he made them upon the information of others, of whom I can only say, that they have deceived his credulity, and are entirely unworthy of all credit. I entered into no cabals; I held no secret conclaves; I noticed no man to violate pledges given or instructions received. The members from Ohio and from the other Western States, with whom I voted, were all of them as competent as I was to form an opinion on the pending election. The Messrs. Arthurs and the Metcalfes, and the other gentlemen from the West (some of whom have, if I have not, bravely "made an effort to repel an invading foe") are as incapable of dishonor as any men breathing; as disinterested, as unambitious, as exclusively devoted to the best interests of the country. It was quite as likely that I should be influenced by them, as that I could control their votes. Our object was not to impair, but to preserve from all danger the purity of our republican institutions. And how I proscribed the maxim which maintains the supremacy of the people's will, I am entirely at a loss to comprehend. The illusions of the General's imagination deceive him. The people of the U. States had never decided the election in his favor. If the people had willed his election, he would have been elected. It was because they had not willed his election, nor that of any other candidate, that the duty of making a choice devolved upon the House of Representatives.

The General remarks: "Mr. Clay has never yet risked himself for his country. He has never sacrificed his repose, nor made an effort to repel an invading foe; of course, his conscience assured him it was altogether wrong in any other man to lead his countrymen to battle and victory."—The logic of this conclusion is not very striking. Gen. Jackson fights better than he reasons. When have I failed to concur in awarding appropriate honors to those who on the sea or on the land have sustained the glory of our arms, if I could not always approve of the acts of some of them? It is true, that it has been my misfortune never to have repelled an invading foe, nor to have led my countrymen to victory. If I had, I should have left it to others to proclaim and appreciate the deed. The General's destiny and mine have led us in different directions. In the civil employments of my country, to which I have been confined, I regret that the little service which I have been able to render it, falls far short of my wishes. But why this denunciation of those who have not repelled an invading foe, or led our armies to victory? At the very moment when he is inveighing against an objection to the election to the Presidency, founded upon the exclusive military nature of his merits, does he not perceive that he is establishing its validity by proscribing every man who has not successfully fought the public enemy? And that, by such a general proscription, and the requirement of successful military service as the only condition of civil preferment, the inevitable effect would be the ultimate establishment of a Military Government?

If the contents of the letter to Mr. Swartwout were such as justly to excite surprise, there were other circumstances not calculated to diminish it. Of all the citizens of the United States, that gentleman is one of the last to whom it was necessary to address any vindication of Gen. Jackson. He had given abundant evidence of his entire devotion to the cause of the General. He was here after the election, and was one of a committee who invited the General to a public dinner proposed to be given to him in this place. My letter to Judge Brooke was published in the papers of this City on the 12th of February. The General's note declining the invitation of Mr. Swartwout and others, was published on the 14th in the National Journal. The probability therefore is, that he did not leave this City until after he had a full opportunity to receive, in a personal interview with the General, any verbal observations upon it which he might have thought proper to make. The letter to Mr. Swartwout bears date the 23d of February. If received by him in New-York, it must have reached him, in the ordinary course of the mail, on the 25th or 26th. Whether intended or not as a "private communication," and not as a "public eye," as alleged by him, there is much probability in believing that its publica-

tion in New-York, on the 4th March, was then made, like Mr. Kremer's address, with the view to its arrival in this City in time to effect my nomination to the Senate. In point of fact, it reached here the day before the Senate acted on that nomination.

Fellow-citizens, I am sensible that generally a public officer had better abstain from any vindication of his conduct, and leave it to the candor and justice of his countrymen, under all its attending circumstances. Such has been the course which I have heretofore prescribed for myself. This is the first, and I hope the last occasion of my thus appearing before you. The separation which has just taken place between us, and the venom, if not the vigor of the late onsets, upon my public conduct, will, I hope, be allowed in this instance to form an adequate apology. It has been upwards of twenty years since I first entered the public service. Nearly three-fourths of that time, with some intermissions, I have represented the same district in Congress, with but little variation in its form. During that long period you have beheld our country passing through scenes of peace and war, of prosperity and adversity, and of party divisions, local and general, often greatly exasperated against each other. I have been an actor in most of these scenes. Throughout the whole of them you have clung to me with an affectionate confidence which has never been surpassed. I have found in your attachment, in every embarrassment in your public career, the greatest consolation, and the most encouraging support. I should regard the loss of it as one of the most afflictive public misfortunes which could befall me. That I have often misconceived your true interests is highly probable. That I have ever sacrificed them to the object of personal aggrandizement, I utterly deny. And for the purity of my motives, however in other respects I may be unworthy to approach the Throne of Grace and Mercy, I appeal to the justice of my God, with all the confidence which can flow from a consciousness of perfect rectitude.

Your obedient servant,

H. CLAY.

Washington, March 29, 1825.

BATTLE OF BUNKER'S HILL.

From Cooper's new work—Lionel Lincoln.

[CONCLUDED.]

While this trifling by-play was enacted, the great drama of the day was not at a stand. The smoky veil which clung around the brow of the eminence was lifted by the air and sailed heavily away to the south-west, leaving the scene of the bloody struggle again open to the view. Lionel witnessed the grave and meaning glances which the two lieutenants of the king exchanged as they simultaneously turned their glasses from the fatal spot, and taking the one proffered by Burgoyne, he read their explanation in the numbers of the dead that lay profusely scattered in front of the redoubt. At this instant, an officer from the field held an earnest communication with the two leaders, when, having delivered his orders, he hastened back to his boat, like one who felt himself employed in matters of life and death.

"It shall be done, sir," repeated Clinton, as the other departed, his own honest brow sternly knit under high martial excitement—"The artillery have their orders, and the work will be accomplished without delay."

"This, major Lincoln," cried his more sophisticated companion, "this is one of the trying duties of the soldier! To fight, to bleed, or even to die for his prince, is his happy privilege; but it is sometimes his unfortunate lot to be the instrument of vengeance."

Lionel waited but a moment for an explanation—the flaming balls were soon seen taking their wide circuit in the air, and carrying their desolation among the close and inflammable roofs of the opposite town. In a very few minutes a dense black smoke arose from the deserted dwellings, and forked flames played actively along the heated shingles, as though rioting in their unmoistened possession of the place. He regarded the gathering destruction in painful silence, and on bending his looks towards his companions, he fancied, notwithstanding the language of the other, that he read the deepest regret in the averted eyes of him who had so unhesitatingly issued the fatal mandate to destroy.

In scenes like these we are attempting to describe, hours appear to be minutes, and time flies as imperceptibly as life slides from beneath the feet of age. The disordered ranks of the British had been arrested at the base of the hill, and were again forming under the eyes of their leaders with admirable discipline and extraordinary care. Fresh battalions from Boston marched with high military pride into the lines, and every thing betokened that a second assault was at hand. When the moment of stupor of amazement which succeeded the retreat of the royal troops had passed, the

batteries poured out their wrath with tenfold fury on their enemies. Shot were incessantly glancing up the gentle acclivity, madly plunging across the grassy surface, while black and threatening shells appeared to hover above the work like the monsters of the air about to stoop upon their prey.

Still all lay quiet and immovable within the low mounds of earth, as if none there had a stake in the issue of the bloody day. For a few moments only, the tall figure of an aged man was seen slowly moving along the summit of the rampart, calmly regarding the dispositions of the English general in the more distant part of his line, and after exchanging a few words with a gentleman who joined him in his dangerous look-out, they disappeared together behind the grassy banks. Lionel soon discovered the name of Prescott, of Pepperell, passing through the crowd in low murmurs, and his glass did not deceive him when he thought, in the smaller of the two, he had himself descried the graceful form of the unknown leader of the "caucus." [Gen. Warren.]

All eyes were now watching the advance of the battalions, which once more drew nigh. The right of the British once more disappeared in the orchard, and the columns in front of the redoubt again opened with all the imposing exactness of their high discipline. Their arms were already glittering in a line with the green faces of the mound, and Lionel heard the experienced warrior at his side, murmuring to himself, "Let him hold his fire, and he will go in at the point of the bayonet."

But the trial was too great for even the practised courage of the royal troops. Volley succeeded volley, and in a few minutes they had again curtained their ranks behind the misty screen produced by their own fire. Then came the terrible flash from the redoubt, and the eddying volumes from the adverse hosts rolled into one cloud, enveloping the combatants in its folds, as if to conceal their bloody work from the spectators. Twenty times in the short space of as many minutes, major Lincoln fancied he heard the incessant roll of the American musketry die away before the heavy and regular volleys of the troops, and then he thought the sounds of the latter grew more faint, and were given at longer intervals.

The result, however, was soon known. The heavy black smoke which now even clung along the ground, was broken in fifty places, and the disordered masses of the British were seen driven before their deliberate foes in wild confusion.—The flashing swords of the officers in vain attempted to resist the torrent, nor did the flight cease with many of the regiments until they had even reached their boats. At this moment a hum was heard in Boston like the sudden rush of wind, and men gazed in each other's faces with unguessed amazement. Here and there a low sound of exultation escaped some unguarded lip, and many an eye gleamed with a triumph that could no longer be suppressed. Until this moment the feelings of Lionel had vacillated between the pride of country and his military spirit, but losing all other feelings in the latter sensation, he now looked fiercely about him, as if he would seek the man who dare exult in the repulse of his comrades.—The poetick chieftain was still at his side, biting his nether lip in vexation; but his more tried companion had suddenly disappeared. Another quick glance fell upon his missing form in the act of entering a boat at the foot of the hill. Quicker than thought Lionel was on the shore, crying as he flew to the water's edge:

"Hold, for God's sake, hold! Remember that the 47th is in the field, and that I am its major."

"Receive him," said Clinton, with that grim satisfaction with which men acknowledge a valuable friend in moments of trial; "and then row for your lives, or what is of more value, for the honour of the British name."

The brain of Lionel whirled as the boat shot along its watery bed, but before it had gained the middle of the stream he had time to consider the whole of the appalling scene. The fire had spread from house to house, and the whole village of Charlestown, with its four hundred buildings, was just bursting into flames. The air seemed filled with whistling balls, as they hurtled above his head, and the black sides of the ships of war were vomiting their sheets of flame with unwearied industry. Amid this tumult the English general and his companions sprung to land. The former rushed into the disordered ranks, and by his presence and voice recalled the men of one regiment to their duty. But long and loud appeals to their spirit and their ancient fame were necessary to restore a moiety of their former con-

science to men who had been thus rudely repulsed, and who now looked along their thinned and exhausted ranks, missing in many instances more than half of the well-known countenances of their fellows. In the midst of their faltering troops stood their stern and unbending chief, but of all those gay and gallant youths who had followed him in his train from the Province-house that morning, not one remained but in his blood. He alone seemed undisturbed in that disordered crowd; and his mandates went forth as usual, calm and determined. At length the panic in some degree subsided, and order was restored as the high-spirited and mortified gentlemen of the detachment regained their lost authority.

The leaders consulted together, apart, and the dispositions were immediately renewed for the assault. Military show was no longer affected, but the soldiers laid down all the useless implements of their trade, and many even cast aside their outer garments, under the heat of the broiling sun, added to the heat of the conflagration, which began to diffuse itself along the extremity of the peninsula. Fresh companies were placed in the columns, and most of the troops were withdrawn from the meadows, leaving merely a few skirmishers to amuse the Americans who lay behind the fence. When each disposition was completed, the final signal was given to advance.

Lionel had taken post in his regiment, but marching on the skirt of the column, he commanded a view of most of the scene of battle. In his front moved a battalion reduced to a handful of men in the previous assaults. Behind these came a party of the marine guards from the shipping, led by their own veteran major; and next followed the dejected Nesbit and his corps, among whom Lionel looked in vain for the features of the good natured Polwarth. Similar columns marched on their right and left, encircling three sides of the redoubt by their battalions.

A few moments brought him in full view of that humble and unfinished mound of earth, for the possession of which so much blood had that day been spilt in vain. It lay, as before, still as if none breathed within its bosom, though a terrific row of dark tubes were arrayed along its top, following the movements of the approaching columns, as the eyes of the imaginary charmers of our own wilderness are said to watch their victims. As the uproar of the artillery again grew fainter, the crash of falling streets, and the appalling sounds of the conflagration, on their left, became more audible. Immense volumes of black smoke issued from the mouldering ruins, and belying outward, fold beyond fold, it overhung the work in a hideous cloud, casting its gloomy shadow across the place of blood.

A strong column was now seen ascending, as if from out the burning town, and the advance of the whole became quick and spirited. A low call ran through the platoons, to note the naked weapons of their adversaries, and it was followed by the cry of "to the bayonet! to the bayonet!"

"Hurrah! for the Royal Irish!" shouted M'Fuse, at the head of the dark column from the conflagration.

"Hurrah!" echoed a well-known voice from the silent mound; "let them come on to Breed's; the people will teach 'em the law!"

Men think at such moments with the rapidity of lightning, and Lionel had even fancied his comrades in possession of the work, when the terrible stream of fire flashed in the faces of the men in front.

"Push on with the—th," cried the veteran Major of marines—"push on or the 18th will get the honour of the day!"

"We cannot," murmured the soldiers of the—th: their fire is too heavy!"

"Then break, and let the marines pass through you!"

The feeble battalion melted away, and the warriors of the deep trained to conflicts hand to hand, sprang forward, with a loud shout, in their places. The Americans, exhausted of their ammunition, now sunk sullenly back, a few hurling stones at their foes, in desperate indignation. The cannon of the British had been brought to enfilade their short breast work, which was no longer tenable; and as the columns approached closer to the low rampart, it became a mutual protection to the adverse parties.

"Hurrah! for the Royal Irish!" again shouted M'Fuse, rushing up the trifling ascent, which was but little more than his own height.

"Hurrah!" repeated Pitcairn waving his sword on another angle of the work—"the day's our own!"

One more sheet of flame issued out of the bosom of the work, and all those brave men who had emulated the examples of their officers, were swept away, as though a whirlwind had passed along. The grenadier gave his war-cry once more before he pitched headlong among his enemies, while Pitcairn fell back into the arms of his own child. The cry of "forward 47th," rung through their ranks, and in their turn this veteran battalion gallantly mounted the ramparts. In the shallow ditch Lionel passed the dying marine, and caught the dying and despairing look from his eyes, and in another instant he found himself in the presence of his foes. A company followed company into the defenceless redoubt, the Americans sullenly retired by its rear, keeping the bayonets of the soldiers at bay with clubbed muskets and sinewy arms. When the whole issued upon the open ground, the husbandmen received a close and fatal fire from the battalions which were now gathering around them on three sides. A scene of wild and savage confusion then succeeded to the order of the fight, and many fatal blows were given and taken, the *melee* rendering the use of fire arms nearly impossible for several minutes.

Lionel continued in advance, pressing on the footsteps of the retiring foe, stepping over many a lifeless body in his difficult progress. Notwithstanding the hurry and vast disorder of the fray, his eye fell on the form of the graceful stranger, stretched lifeless on the parched grass, which had greedily drunk his blood. Amid the ferocious cries, and fiercer passions of the moment, the young man paused, and glanced his eyes around him with an expression that said, he thought the work of death should cease. At this moment the trappings of his attire caught the glaring eye-balls of a dying yeoman, who exerted his wasting strength to sacrifice one more worthy victim to the manes of his countrymen. The whole of the tumultuous scene vanished from the senses of Lionel at the flash of the musket of this man, and he sunk beneath the feet of the combatants, insensible of further triumph and of every danger.

The fall of a single officer in such a contest, was a circumstance not to be regarded, and regiments passed over him, without a single man stopping to inquire into his fate. When the Americans had disengaged themselves from the troops, they descended into the hollow between the two hills, swiftly, and like a disordered crowd, bearing off most of their wounded, and leaving but few prisoners in the hands of their foes. The formation of the ground favored their retreat, as hundreds of bullets whistled harmlessly above their heads; and by the time they gained the acclivity of Bunker's, distance was added to their security. Finding the field lost, the men at the fence broke away in a body, from their position, and abandoned the meadows; the whole moving in confused masses behind the crest of the adjacent height. The shouting soldiery followed in their footsteps, pouring in fruitless and distant volleys; but on the summit of Bunker their tired platoons were halted, and they beheld the throng move fearlessly through the tremendous fire that enfiladed the low pass, as little injured as though most of them bore charmed lives.

The day was now drawing to a close. With the disappearance of their enemies, the ships and batteries ceased their cannonade, and presently not a musket was heard in that place where so fierce a contest had so long raged. The troops commenced fortifying the outward eminence on which they rested, in order to maintain their barren conquest, and nothing further remained for the achievement of the royal lieutenants but to go and mourn over their victory.

[The loss of the British in this action amounted to 1200 men—the American loss about 500, including prisoners.]

THE REV. MR. FLETCHER.

Mr. Fletcher preaching on Noah as a type of Christ, he was in the midst of a most animated description of the terrible day of the Lord, when he suddenly paused, every feature of his expressive countenance was marked with painful feelings, and striking his forehead with the palm of his hand, he exclaimed, "Wretched man that I am! beloved brethren, it cuts me to the soul, as it does at this moment, to reflect that while I have been endeavoring by the force of truth, by the beauty of holiness, and even by the terms of the Lord, to beg of you to walk in the peaceable paths of righteousness, I am, in respect to many of you who reject the gospel, only tying millstones round your necks, to sink you deeper in perdition—The whole church was electrified, and it was some time before he could recover his subject."