

Milton Gazette & Roanoke Advertiser.

VOL. VII. NO. 17.

MILTON, NORTH CAROLINA, AUGUST 28, 1825.

WHOLE NO. 329

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN CAMPBELL, JR.

CONDITIONS
The Gazette will be printed every Thursday morning at three Dollars per annum, payable in advance in even installments. No paper to be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor; and a failure to notify a discontinuance will be considered a new engagement. Advertisements, making a square or less, inserted the first time for fifty cents, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion, to be continued until otherwise ordered, and charged accordingly. Longer ones in proportion. Letters to the Editor must be post paid.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

AUG. 1825.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	MOON'S PHASE.
28 Thursday	5 30	6 30	1st
29 Friday	5 31	6 29	2d
30 Saturday	5 33	6 27	3d
31 Sunday	5 34	6 26	4th
1 Monday	5 35	6 25	5th
2 Tuesday	5 36	6 24	6th
3 Wednesday	5 37	6 23	7th

THE NATURAL BRIDGE.

The Natural Bridge is of solid limestone, and connects two huge mountains together by a most beautiful arch, over which there is a great wagon road. Its length from one mountain to the other is nearly 80 feet, its width about 35, its thickness about 45, and its perpendicular height over the water is not far from 220 feet. A few bushes grow on its top, by which the traveller may hold himself as he looks over. On each side of the stream, and near the bridge, are rocks projecting ten or fifteen feet over the water, and from two hundred to three hundred feet from its surface, all of limestone. The visitor cannot give so good a description of this bridge as he can of his feeling at the time. He softly creeps out on a shaggy projecting rock, and looking down a chasm of from forty to sixty feet wide, he sees nearly three hundred feet below, a wild stream dashing against the rocks beneath, as if terrified at the rocks above. The stream is called Cedar Creek. The visitor here sees trees under the arch, whose height is seventy feet, and yet to look down upon them, they appear like small bushes of perhaps two or three feet in height. I saw several birds fly under the arch, and they looked like insects. I threw down a stone, and counted thirty-four before it reached the water. All hear of height but they here see what is high, and they tremble, and feel it deep. The awful rocks present their everlasting abundance, the water murmurs and foams far below, and the two mountains rear their proud heads on each side, separated by a channel of sublimity. Those who view the sun, the moon, and the stars, and allow that none but God could make them, will here be impressed that none but Almighty God could build such a bridge like this.

The view of the bridge from below is pleasing as the top is awful. The arch from beneath would seem to be about two feet in thickness. Some idea of the distance from the top to the bottom may be formed from the fact, that when I stood on the bridge, and my companion beneath, neither of us could speak with sufficient loudness to be heard by the other. A man from either view does not appear more than four or five inches in height.

As we stood under the beautiful arch we saw the place where visitors have often taken the pains to engrave their names upon the rock. Here Washington climbed up twenty-five feet, and carved his own name where it still remains. Some wishing to immortalize their names, have engraved them deep and large, while others have tried to climb up and insert their high in the book of fame.

A few years since a young man, being ambitious to place his name above all others, came very near losing his life, in the attempt. After much fatigue he climbed up as high as possible, but the person that had before occupied his place was taller than himself, and consequently had

placed his name above his reach. But he was not thus to be discouraged. He opened a large jack-knife, and, in the soft lime-stone, began to cut places for his hands and feet. With much patience and difficulty, he worked his way upwards, and succeeded in carving his name higher than the most ambitious had done before him. He could now triumph, but his triumph was short: for he was placed in such a situation that it was impossible to descend, unless he fell upon the rugged rocks beneath him. There was no house near from which his companions could get assistance. He could not remain in this condition, and what was worse his friends were too much frightened, to do any thing for his relief. They looked upon him as already dead, expecting every moment to see him precipitated upon the rocks below; and dashed into pieces. Not so with himself. He determined to ascend. Accordingly he plied himself with his knife, cutting places for his hands and feet, and gradually ascending with incredible labor. He exerted every muscle. His life was at stake, and all the terrors of death rose before him. He dared not look downwards, lest his head should become dizzy; and perhaps on this circumstance his life depended. His companions stood at the top of the rock, exhorting and encouraging him. His strength was almost exhausted; but a bare possibility of saving his life still remained; and hope, the last friend of the distressed, had not forsaken him. His course upwards was rather oblique than perpendicular. His most critical moment had now arrived. He had ascended more than two hundred feet, and had still further to rise, when he felt himself fast growing weak. He thought of his friends and all his earthly joys, and he could not leave them. He thought of the grave, and dared not meet it. He now made his last effort, and succeeded. He had cut his way not far from two hundred and fifty feet from the water, in a course almost perpendicular; and in little less than two hours his anxious companions reached him a pole from the top, and drew him up. They received him with shouts of joy; but he himself was completely exhausted. He immediately fainted away on reaching the spot, and it was sometime before he could be recovered.

It was interesting to see the path up these awful rocks, and follow, in imagination, this bold youth as he thus saved his life. His name stands far above all the rest, a monument of hardihood, of rashness, and of folly.

THE BARGAIN: MESSRS ADAMS AND CLAY CONVICTED.

(Extracts from Mr. Kendall's publication concluded.)

It is of no avail to say that your letter to Mr. Blair does not mention the office of Secretary of State, or say in so many words that an understanding existed between you and Mr. Adams. The manner in which it was understood and the purpose for which it was written, fully explains its meaning. But if we had to rely on the words of the letter alone for the motive by which you were then actuated, it would be difficult to imagine sentences conveying a more direct inference that you and your friends were actuated with a view to your own personal aggrandizement. Though you and your friends have endeavored to make an impression upon the public mind, that Gen. Jackson's friends appealed to your interest for the purpose of securing your support, it is remarkable, that by this confidential letter it appears, that such appeals, were made only by the friends of Mr. Adams. You represent Gen. Jackson's friends as appealing to you through the hopes of the West, & Mr. Crawford through the hopes of the republican party. They give no assurance of respect & admiration from their respective leaders—no declarations of your fitness for any station—no predictions that

you will in future profit by your course. But the friends of Mr. Adams are all flattery and promise. Scarcely does 'public good' find a place in all they say, and then only that the appeal to 'your own future interests may not be too abrupt.' 'Mr. Adams has always had the greatest respect for you and the highest admiration of your talents; there is no station to which you are not equal.' What does he mean, but that Mr. Adams will bestow on you the first office in his gift? 'You were undoubtedly the second choice of New England.' What does this mean but that New England desires to see you in the second office now, and will support you for the first when Mr. Adams has served out his eight years! 'I pray you to consider, whether the public good and your own future interests, do not distinctly point you to the course you ought to pursue.' What is this, but saying that your future interests will be promoted by supporting Mr. Adams—we will make you Secretary of State and then President?—These appeals touched the sensitive chord and roused in your bosom the fluttering of hope and ambition. You understood them; your friends understood them; they saw how their 'kind wishes' towards you were to be accomplished; they made Mr. Adams President, and he made you Secretary of State.

But you protest that you were governed by the public good alone. I understand you. In your letter to me, dated 16th April, 1820, after detailing the means resorted to by 'every pretender to the Presidency,' to impede your progress, you say:—'Now it may be very good for them to do so; but is it for the good people of the United States?' You think the public good requires that Henry Clay shall be President; and hence in every step taken to secure his elevation, you are governed 'by the public good alone!' Why, sir, no tyrant ever usurped the liberties of a deceived people without finding an apology for his usurpation in his notions of the 'public good.' For the public good, Caesar suppressed the factions which distracted Rome, and with them extinguished Roman liberty; for the public good, Cromwell dispersed his Rump Parliament, and assumed dictatorial powers; for the public good, Napoleon overturned the blood bought liberties of France and made himself Emperor. It is not, therefore, surprising, that you should find, in the public good, an apology for violating the will of the people, abandoning the principles of your whole life, and by the patronage, corruption, threats, and violence, seek to make yourself President.

In your letter to me, dated 8th January, 1820, speaking of the Florida treaty, you say, 'At the commencement of the session I do not believe there were ten members who concurred in the recommendation of the President. Even yet I do not believe the numbers to be great. Still, the influence of the executive is almost irresistible, and it is possible it may ultimately persuade a majority to believe that the treaty is justifying, and even that it is for our interest to execute it.' At the same time, you and all your friends were denouncing the Secretary's succession as dangerous to liberty. You were then attempting to organize an opposition to Mr. Monroe's administration, for the purpose of beating Mr. Adams in the next contest for the Presidency. In all your efforts you were met only by mortification and defeat. Despairing of being able to storm the citadel of power by the unbiased suffrages of the people, you determined to make a lodgment on its ramparts, and turn upon the people that 'almost irresistible influence which you could not overcome. You leagued with your old enemy, agreed to enter the fortress with him, to fight under his command, to support and be supported, to pronounce 'dangerous examples' a 'safe precedent,' and 'by power and patronage make yourselves popular.'

It is remarkable that in your letter to Mr. Blair the 'American System,' which has since cut such a conspicuous figure among your reasons for preferring Mr. Adams to Gen. Jackson, is it not so much as mentioned! Not only have you failed to notice this principal ground of defence, since assumed by all our western friends who voted for Mr. Adams, but you have killed dead, not only that, but all their other arguments which you have been at so much trouble and expense to collect and embody in your addresses, by declaring that they were influenced by 'their kind wishes towards you.' What are all the long letters of your Metcalles, your Trumbles and your Johnsons worth now? We have your confidential declaration early in January, 1825, not that they had determined to vote for Mr. Adams on account of his friendship for the 'American System,' but to accomplish their 'kind wishes' towards you.

Sir, I have now fully exposed your duplicity and a portion of your intrigues. If I have misrepresented your letter to Mr. Blair, it has been unintentional, and because I could not procure a copy for publication. If I have attributed to it, effects which sprung from other causes, it is easy for you to rectify the error. I am not sure, that I have even yet probed this thing to the bottom. You have copies of Mr. Blair's letters, and he has consented to their publication. Let us have all the correspondence which passed between you during the month of January, 1825. I doubt not, it will give a full and true account of the whole transaction. Call on Mr. Blair to give all this to the public, with all necessary explanations to lay bare the whole truth. I ask no more.

I look upon my former support of you with shame and contrition. I am ashamed that I adhered to you for one moment after you came out in the National Intelligencer, in November, 1822, and declared that Mr. Adams' errors at Ghent were 'no doubt unintentional,' although you had for months, perhaps years, engaged in disseminating the idea that they were wilful, and of an atrocious character. For lending the slightest agency to effect the coalition between you and Mr. Adams, I sincerely ask pardon of my God and my Country. Next to 'war, pestilence and famine,' are the evils which that disastrous event has brought upon the American people. I know not of which to think the worst, Mr. Adams or yourself. Had both or either of you been good men, you could never have come together. It was the union of ancient enemies, in whose breast mutual distrust and hatred ranked deep. With no bond of union but common interest; with no principle but to get power and keep it; every effort of your administration has been directed to secure the reelection of Mr. Adams, and make you his successor. The public patronage is bestowed with a professed view to political support; the money of the people is used to corrupt them; the streams of public information are poisoned at their fountains; a deadly blow is aimed at the usefulness of the press, by filling the newspapers with known falsehoods, while those which pay any regard to truth, are lied into discredit; mutineers & deserters, infamous rogues and savage murderers, justly executed for their crimes, have been transformed into martyrs; glorious victories bought with American blood, have been pronounced cold blooded massacres; patriotism and self devotion are proscribed; an unspotted life cannot shield even female virtue; and the brightest glories of our history are blotted from its pages. Our public functionaries roam rife mad men through the land, neglecting their public duties, raving at dinners and public meetings, and invoking from heaven, 'war, pestilence and famine,' in preference to the defeat of their ambition. Such are the facts and materials of the administration which

now scourges our country with its whip of scorpions.

I have endeavored, as some atonement for the trifling agency I had in forming it, to expose its misrule and corruption. In doing this, I have incurred hatred, deep and malignant. Sometimes I hear of threats towards my office or my person. I do not regard them. 'What is a public man—what is any man worth, who will not hazard himself for the good of his country?' I will not withhold one truth which may be necessary to cut short the reign of intrigue, necessary to cut short the reign of intrigue, corruption and terror, though I may know that the next hour the bludgeon may be aimed at my head or the dagger at my heart.

If a man who has purchased the Secretaryship of State with his vote and influence, can, with the power and patronage thus acquired, conquer the public will, force a re-election of the President he has made, and secure to himself the succession, then does American liberty exist no longer. We are degraded to the level of the degenerate Romans, when the imperial purple was bought and sold with a sum of money paid to the prætorian legion.

This is the 4th of July. I hear the rolling of the drum and the thunder of the cannon. I see citizen soldiers arranging themselves under their country's banner, to celebrate the birth of American liberty. It is by such men and such means—by the citizen soldier, the musket and the cannon—that liberty was won and must be defended. These thoughts and this scene cheer me with the hope, that in calling to the Presidency the farmer soldier, from the banks of the Cumberland, the people will soon cut short the career of profligacy and corruption, and prove to aspiring politicians, that they are not to be deceived by falsehoods, bought by patronage, nor intimidated by power.

Col. Wm. Polk, of Raleigh, was present as an invited guest at a public dinner in Nashville, Tenn. on the 4th ult. One of the toasts on the occasion was:

Our distinguished guest, Col. Wm. Polk: one of the memorable band of Patriots of the Revolution. May he long live to enjoy the blessings won by their valor.

Col. Polk being called on for a toast, gave the following:

Gen. Andrew Jackson: Nature having made him great, he has made himself good; a politician whose integrity never was suspected; a practical jurist and statesman; a chieftain who has received the plaudits of millions; May he, like his great preceptor, Washington, after retiring from the toils of war to domestic life, be called to fill the first office in the gift of a free people.

A London paper observes of Turkey, 'That by fair fighting, she can repel the march of an invader with 300,000 well trained soldiers to support him, no friend or 'ancient ally' of Turkey seems now to have a serious expectation. The probability is described to be, that the Porte after making a trial of a certain degree of obstinacy, in hopes of other powers interposing to protect her from absolute dismemberment, will strike her flag before a shot is fired, and yield to all demands of Nicholas for indemnity, security, and every other form of concession.'

Considerable excitement was lately occasioned at Washington, in this state, in consequence of the communication of some circumstance calculated to excite a suspicion that some violence was meditated by the slaves against the whites.

Mr. Roberts has been fined \$150 for flogging Mr. Noah, Editor of N. York Enquirer.

The Dengue has appeared at Savannah, Geo.