

the mistake or want of judgment in others; and when none of these things happen—when a victory is achieved, most important in its consequences, by restoring peace to an extensive frontier, it is discovered that the plan of an action has nothing to do with its success, but that the execution is every thing. If this is correct in relation to minor events, and an unpretending individual, it must be right as it regards the splendid achievements which we have been accustomed to admire, and *history must be corrected*. The name of Lælius must be substituted for that of Scipio Africanus, Libignus for Julius Caesar, Scinditz and Zeithen for Frederick, Murat and Uxbridge for Napoleon and Wellington.

Assaulted as I have been and still am by every species of calumny and detraction, I have a right to avail myself of every honorable defense. Reported, then, by the opinion of Governor Shelby, I may claim for the *play* of the battle of the Thames some merit, totally independent of its operation upon the enemy, and refer to it not only as a positive gain from the loss of the enemy, but one (if I may so express myself) of a negative character, by preventing loss to ourselves.

The plan, as you know, gentlemen, was that of refusing one wing by throwing it back, and operating upon the enemy exclusively with the other.

In a general order, issued at Portage River, the order of march and battle were prescribed, and confidentially communicated to the general officers, and to *none others*. The singular uniformity in the character of the country, as well as the improvements, enabled me to lay down a plan for both, which would answer with a trifling alteration for my position in which the enemy might be found. The roads in that country are invariably, you know, upon the bank of some stream or lake—a strip of dry ground of more or less width extending from it, (generally in cultivation,) and a swamp beyond it. No one, with any knowledge of the composition of the enemy's army, could doubt that the regular troops would always occupy the dry ground, and the Indians be posted in the swamp; and such proved to be the fact. The order of battle was therefore predicated upon that assumption.

When it was shown to Governor Shelby, it did not appear to meet his approbation. After some hesitation, however, and some further explanation from me, he returned the order, with the declaration, made in the presence of the staff, amongst which was his son-in-law, Colonel Todd—that he did not come there to dictate to, or advise me, but to obey my orders—that all he wished was to know what was required of him, and if he did not execute it, he considered himself as liable to arrest and punishment as any other officer.

At Detroit, after the action, the Governor, referring to the order of battle, candidly admitted that if our army had been drawn up in a line parallel to that of the enemy, and extending into the swamp as far as the Indians extended, as he admitted he would have done, “al-

though,” said he, “my Kentuckians would have beaten them, it would have been at a great expense of valuable lives, as was evident from the loss sustained by the part of the line that came in contact with them.” He refers to this opinion afterwards in a letter since published, in which he asserts that our army, drawn up in that way, could not have been defeated by double our numbers.

You have, gentlemen, referred to the difficulty of my situation as the commander of the Northwestern Army; and you have been pleased to add, that I passed through the hardships, privations, and dangers of a wilderness war, in common with the whole army. In the command of *such an army*, I should have blushed to think I had used the privileges of my rank to indulge in repose whilst they labored—that I feasted when they were starving—that I was in safety when they were in danger—but permit me, gentlemen, to add, that there were sufferings peculiar to my situation. Relieved from their occasional tours of duty, the subordinate Generals and all other officers and soldiers retire to their quarters, freed from care, and with a consciousness of having faithfully performed their duty, seek that repose so delicious and refreshing under such circumstances. This is an indulgence which the commander of an army, on an active campaign, seldom or never enjoys. His duty never ends. He retires, as others do, to his quarters, but rarely to rest. Some one or more of his complicated duties present themselves to his mind. Has every thing been done that might have been done? He sees, or fancies that he sees, in an arrangement he has made, some error, too late to be corrected. He expects information as to the movements of a part of his force, some time due, upon the character of which his own main reliance depends. He is aware his position is in some respects faulty, and he is fearful that the remedy he has been enabled to apply may be ineffectual. Sleep, under such circumstances, is impossible; it “flies from care,” and not until exhausted nature can no longer sustain him, can it be indulged. Gentlemen, this is not a picture of fancy.

I am conscious, gentlemen, that I have addressed you in a manner that can only be justified by the situation we have once occupied in relation to each other. I can never relinquish the idea that there is a tie of mutual obligation subsisting between those who were engaged in the arduous service of the Northwestern Army in the late war, and I have every reason to believe that it is as strongly felt by ourselves.

I must conclude by offering you a toast. I wish it to be tribute to the memory of one of our departed associates. Having lately sent to the celebration at New York the name of him who, amongst the volunteers, was “the first in office as the first in fame”—and, not wishing to select one from the galaxy of heroes who follow him in rank, I shall offer the name of one of our brethren, who ardently seeking a soldier's death in the field, was doomed to suffer one of barbarous torture, to the eternal disgrace of the British name. I give to the eternal

#### The memory of Captain Pascal Hickman.

I beg you to believe that if my person is absent, my heart will be with you at your celebration, and that I am, with affectionate regard, your fellow-citizen,

W. H. HARRISON.

Leslie Combs, Henry Daniel, Charles G. Moore, Charles Carr, James E. Davis, Thomas H. Findell, Richard H. Chinn, Benjamin Warfield, Thomas H. Bradford, and Robert M. Ewing, Committee of Invitation.

Premium for U. S. Bank Notes.—We begin already to experience the effects of that derangement of the currency which will surely follow the withdrawal of the U. S. Bank. We understand that considerable amounts of U. S. Bank Notes have been sold in this place within a week past at 1 per cent premium; and that in other parts of the State a higher premium has been paid.—*Pay. Ob.*

#### From the Georgia Journal.

##### THE SKY IS CLEARING.

Can the Rueckering process make a President of these United States? We think not. Led by habitual confidence to think the best of our plan of Government, we have clung to the belief that no person could by any such means be foisted into the Chief Magistracy. It has always seemed to us to be extremely difficult, if not utterly impossible, for any affiliated class of interested persons to pack all the rest of the people as they would pack a jury, and so obtain a formal but illegitimate verdict to suit their own particular purposes.

The man, and indeed the only obstacle to a due action of the public mind, has been the dispersed situation of those who still prefer the old way to the new; and hence the difficulty, supposed by some to be insurmountable, of bringing so many interests and preferences into unity of action. But we have never dismissed the hope that means might be found of uniting all who are opposed to the back-door-succession, in whatever part of the Union they might happen to dwell. That hope is daily strengthening.

How has the case stood thus far? Some forty or fifty thousand trusty agents of one central directing power, dispersed throughout every quarter, with their espionage and feelers in every village, hamlet, neighborhood, and family in the United States, have carried forward their plans with a concentrated unity of movement and with the systematic vigor of any other monarchy; while the friends of free government, disjoined and broken up into minute fragments, have some of them wasted their strength against one another, and others have sat down in hopeless despondency.

The names of Clay, Calhoun, McLean, Webster, White, and Harrison, have been at different times held out to the hopes of some, and to the prejudices of others; presenting a prospect of irreconcilable rivalry; and we have therupon been told that we must either vote for Van Buren, or see the election of a resident devolve on the House of Representa-

tives. Now this threat of the House of Representatives, on being interpreted into plain English, is in effect and substance as follows, to wit: “You, the opposers of the succession, are in the first place so scattered that you can never have mutual communication. But if you could, you are destitute of that ligature of perdurable toughness, the office-tree, to bind you together; and hence, each will run off after his own fancies or idle imaginations; and so you never can co-operate to a common end or purpose;—while we the elect being fed, or our leaders being fed, clothed, and commanded by the Supreme head, can march in solid column upon the high road through thick and thin to any point we choose. We of the household know one another as far as we can see, by our spruce uniforms; while you, *patriots*, as you call yourselves, tagged, drugged, and many colored, are driven to hunt out one another in the bye-paths, with hardly the possibility of finding a general rendezvous.—Our essential fundamental doctrine is spelled F., E., L., E., S., P., O., T.; which all can understand: Yours is a mere idea, which you call *principle* or *freedom*, or something else, on which each puts his own construction.—While you are disputing about your famous *principles* on which you will never agree, we have only to see which side of the breed is blotted; a point easily settled by each man for himself. We have one supreme leader, at whose roll-call we all fall in and no questions asked: you are so wedded, each to his own favorite, that he will sink his country rather than support another who has a single butler more or less upon his coat. Hence we are united—you never can be—and hence you must go with us, or the House of Representatives must determine between us.”

All this is founded on the degrading supposition that there can be no union on any other but a self-sacrificing basis; that the people are too blind or feeble or self-willed to view the ground broadly, or to act liberally by surrendering particular preferences for the general good.

The result may show the mistake. It is now pretty well ascertained that neither Clay nor Calhoun will come forward, lest their doing so might embarrass the public choice. Mr. McLean, after having been brought forward, has distinctly withdrawn on very ground, giving that for his reason. Webster has never been taken seriously at all out of the New England States, and but by part of them. The voice in his behalf is so feeble, that his friends must drop him, and will fall in somewhere, probably for Van Buren. White and Harrison are therefore the only two names now remaining before the whole Whig population of the United States. On one or the other of them, or both, will be united all the real consistent advocates of strict construction carried out and effectually applied, nearly all the anti-abolition interest of the South and West, and the anti-tariff people in the middle and East. They will be joined by the friends of State Rights, the sound old-fashioned republicans of the Union everywhere. In fact, all who are opposed to those doctrines which Van Buren threatens to “carry out,” and to that system of intrigue which he has engrafted upon it, will unite on White and Harrison. On the other side will stand opposed to them the old and new Federalists, the Blue-lights, the Hightorities, and Hartford-Conventionists, the Force-bill, and Proclamation, and all sorts of strong government men, most of the abolitionists, and those who go for the amalgamation of all colors, filling the rear, throwing up caps, and shouting the praises of Van Buren and Johnson. This will be something like the composition of the two great parties respectively, in the coming Presidential contest; and it must be at least some satisfaction to most people to see them so directly and plainly contrasted on principle.

#### From the Raleigh Star.

##### MR. VAN BUREN'S LETTER.

In this production, we have another specimen of Mr. Van Buren's non-committal system. He and his friends also saw that their party was vulnerable in one point at least, and that they must have a coat of mail for it. Mr. Van Buren has attempted to furnish it; but it is not impenetrable. After the customary exordium, he admits that the “views and opinions” of the abolitionists “are justly obnoxious” to the South; but does he disown all kindred sentiments? Were not his opinions on the Missouri question also “justly obnoxious” to the South? and yet did he not persevere in them, by giving to the great restorationist, Rufus King, his most zealous and hearty support? Were not his untiring exertions in opposition to the last war, also “justly obnoxious” to the South? and did he not maintain one role of them until the course of events con-

vinced him that he was on the unpopular side of the question? And were not his votes in the State Convention of New York, extending the right of suffrage to the free negroes, also “justly obnoxious” to the South? What cares Mr. Van Buren whether his opinions are obnoxious to the South or not, if he can secure its vote upon deceptive pretences? It is true he declares that the meeting at Albany expressed sentiments in which he fully concurred. We do not pretend to doubt it; but they furnish no evidence that he will not hereafter sanction an attempt to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia and in the Territories—a species of abolitionism equally abhorrent to the feelings and interests of the South. That he is in favor of restricting the Territories, is a fact which he and his friends cannot, dare not deny. It is proved, not by his support of Mr. King, but by his vote in the Senate of New York, in 1820, in favor of a resolution instructing the Senators of that State to “oppose the admission of any Territory, as a State, into the Union, without making the PROHIBITION OF SLAVERY THEREIN AN INDISPENSABLE CONDITION OF ADMISSION.” This vote, having never been *expunged*, now stands on record in the Journals of the N. Y. Legislature.

But Mr. Van Buren no doubt deprecates, as he professes to do, the conduct of the *immediate abolitionists*. He is opposed to their plan of proceeding, as must be every intelligent man, who is not an unfeeling knave or wild fanatic; and he saw, moreover, with alarm, that it was making a sad havoc in his ranks, and that something must be done to stop the ruinous course of his prospects.—Therefore “he took an early occasion to advise the call” of the Albany meeting; and who attended it? The Regency and its satellites, who, after all, deplored slavery as much as the abolitionists themselves, but did not advocate their plan of abolishing it. There was no decisive stand taken to put down the fanatics—no legislative action recommended. The whole affair was “sound and fury, signifying nothing”—except the interest of Mr. Van Buren. Even now the Editor of the Albany Argus, who acted a conspicuous part in that meeting, has opened his batteries upon the Evening Star, for proposing a bill on the subject for the consideration of the next Legislature. The truth is, there is too much reason to suspect that the majority of the northern people think and feel towards the South pretty much in unison with the abolitionists; and the signs of the times clearly indicate that the Northern States, with the exception of the “key-stone State,” whose great meeting at Philadelphia doubtless endears her to the South, will ultimately unite on Mr. Van Buren for President. Let the South, then, also unite on Judge White, and then “the hardest find off.”

#### From the Columbia Times.

##### THE PRESIDENCY.

We take it as a happy omen, that the friends of Judge White make no hesitation in expressing their approbation of General Harrison. We believe there are few of his friends, who would not cheerfully support Gen. Harrison in case Judge White should withdraw, or consent to be placed on the ticket for Vice President. The following is from the *Richmond Whig*.

We are not many degrees moved from the persuasion that the Presidential election is even now decided; for if Pennsylvania voted on Tuesday as was generally expected, the success of Gen. Harrison becomes extremely probable. The causes that carried her people so unanimously for General Jackson—causes inherent in the mass of mankind, and of invincible strength, particularly with the German population of this country, are now enlisted for General Harrison. He, too, is a victorious General, and as such his name is familiar to the lowest ignorance. It is to be deplored that, despising the lessons of history, Republicans should persist in regarding military achievements as the highest qualification for civil rule; but in the instance of Gen. Harrison, it is a subject for congratulation that he is devoid of the headstrong and self-willed qualities that render military chieftainship dangerous; that he is an educated and enlightened civilian, as well as a successful General; that he is moderate in temper and principles, experienced in public affairs, and will prove a safe law and constitution respecting President. He is not the man whom we prefer, but he is the man in whom we would gladly acquiesce, and whose election would be followed by less party turbulence, heat, and resentment, than probably any other.

The office-holders and place-hunters—the pap fed and the pap desiring tribes—the Albany Regency, and their satrapies, aspiring to universal dominion, would indeed be in a rage; but the *people* in every quarter would be acquiescent if not pleased, and would repose a secure confidence in having a plain, moderate, and unencroaching Administration. We really believe that for the Union and its stability, the election of Gen. Harrison would be the happiest circumstance that could befall. The election of Martin Van Buren would be attended and followed with commotion, apprehension, and danger. There is a very large party, particularly in the South, who would regard that even as establishing a system of Government influence and interference which nothing in future could resist; as transferring the elective power of the People to organized Juntoes of Office-holders; and as passing their necks under the abiding yoke of an ambitious Oligarchy at Albany, with branches at the various seats of the State Governments. The Union, already shaken in the affections of so many, would more likely become the desolation than the love of men determined to live and die free.

#### From the Charleston Mercury.

##### NORTHERN SENTIMENT.

We published, some time since, a letter vindicating Mr. Napier of this city from the foul charge of being an Abolitionist. As a sign of the times, we note the manner in which that letter has been received in Northampton, Massachusetts. “The Hampshire Gazette” quotes the letter from the Mercury and introduces it with the following comment:

##### MR. NAPIER'S LETTER.

The following letter from one of our very respectable citizens appears in the Mercury printed at Charleston, S. C. We regret that such a letter should have been written anywhere at the North, and above all at Northampton. So far as Mr. Napier was like to suffer in body or estate at Charleston by false representations, it was fair that he should correct them. But we are astonished that he should consider it a duty to his God—to himself—friends, &c., to denounce every principle of abolitionism.—One leading principle of abolitionism is

that slavery is an evil—a sin—that man has no property in man—and the sentiment advanced by Mr. N., that a man who advocates their principles is the worst enemy of man, and destitute of every christian principle, even though he should have seen what he himself has seen, *will find a response in no New England bosom*. *Knowing, as we do, Mr. Napier's own kind feelings*, and unwillingness to injure those of others, we cannot believe that he has sufficiently weighed the import of his language.

On the margin of the paper, which we received, is written with a pen the following note, referring to the above language of the Editor:

“This is the universal feeling here. There are not a great many ‘immediate abolitionists,’ but *all are abolitionists*. The question is only as to the time and manner, not as to fact; but Mr. N. must know that to be in favor of slavery here is as much as his reputation is worth. There are not five persons in town in favor of slavery, if it is to be perpetual.”

It will be perceived, too, that the Editor speaks not only for Northampton, but for all New England.

#### From the Western Weekly Review.

##### THE EXPUNGING RESOLUTIONS—AGAIN.

The Van Buren politicians are anxiously endeavoring to make the vote on these resolutions a test of each member's Jacksonism. But the patriotic and intelligence of Tennesseeans will neither sanction the making of so false an issue, nor sustain their representatives in voting for instructions so palpably in violation of the spirit and letter of the constitution. Smooth words and winning smiles are lavished in abundance on the weak minded; direct appeals are made to the hopes and fears of the wavering; and promises of forgiveness from the party to those who, worse than weak, have not the moral courage to withstand the ‘magic of a name.’ And all this to sustain ‘the party,’ and gain votes to resolutions instructing our Senators in Congress to destroy that sacred charter which our fathers established by their blood, and which our representatives are solemnly sworn to preserve inviolate and unimpaired. The Murfreesboro Monitor, one of the party's echoes, says, ‘it ought to be a matter of rejoicing to those who stand in doubtful relations to the administration,’ that is, who support Judge White in preference to Martin Van Buren, that they now have an opportunity to do away all doubts, and become true democrats dyed in the wool, by voting for these EXPUNGING RESOLUTIONS. What royal clemency is here displayed! only vote for the EXPUNGING RESOLUTIONS and all crimes—all errors—all sins against ‘the party’ are forgotten and forgiven. And who so base among the ranks of White men, as thus to make his peace with those whom his many independence as an American freeman has so mortally offended. None! we trust in God there are none!

George the 3d, after having hunted our brave old fathers from their peaceful homes, to the stormy uproar of the battle field, and from thence to their blood stained sepulchres; in like manner offered peace and pardon to the survivors, who, by throwing off his yoke, had placed themselves “in doubtful relations” to his administration. But the noble-hearted old heroes scorned his promises, and spurned contemptuously at his kingly offers of mercy and forgiveness—preferring death before a surrender of their independence. The sons of men like these will never dishonor their example.

Fellow citizens! when the tyrant sovereign of the British Isles had sent his hirsling soldiery, with sword and bayonet to dig a bloody grave for the infant freedom of the colonies; when spear, and flame, and trampling steed, urged onward by the breath of despotism, were sweeping like a death storm over all the land; desolating the homes and thinning the ranks of our revolutionary sires,—did he do more to EXPUNGE those liberties which then had no shield but their defenceless hearts, than is attempted by these resolutions against the same liberties, which we have since committed to the keeping of the Constitution?

Forget not, that when the legislative assembly of any State shall pass resolutions instructing its Senators to vote for destroying the constitutional records of the Republic, a blow will be given, which will shake the lofty and magnificent fabric of our freedom to its innermost centre.

*Trial of G. W. Woodward.*—This individual, who was tried last Spring, in this County, where the crime was committed, for kidnapping, and acquitted, was removed to Hartford county, to be again put on trial for the same offence, this being the county in which he was arrested with the negroes in his possession. At that Court, which was held week before last, he had his trial moved to the county of Cheshire; and, during the present week, was put on trial in that county, and found guilty. J. L. Baily for the State, and C. R. Kimball and Augustus Moore for the prisoner. When our informant left Edenton, the awful sentence of the law, (which, in this State is death,) had not been pronounced upon the criminal.

Here is another instance which should deeply impress upon our Legislature the absolute necessity and importance of a Penitentiary in this State. There are but few crimes, in our opinion, to justify the taking away life, and this is by no means one. Solitary confinement and hard labor would have the effect to punish and often reform the convict; and, instead of being an expense, a Penitentiary, world, if properly managed, become a source of Revenue to this State, as they have done in most other states, where they exist. We cannot conceive how our legislators reconcile it to themselves to permit laws to exist which will deprive a man of life for the crime of kidnapping, larceny, &c., when crimes of the deepest dye, such as murder, rape, &c., can be punished with nothing more severe. We do hope our next Legislature will act on this subject; for we consider it a stain upon the State which ought to be wiped away forthwith.

*Eliz. City Star.*

#### THE MARKETS.

*The Columbia Times*, of the 30th ultimo, says: “Cotton.—Since our last notices, 1,933 bales have been sold in this market, making in all this season, 10,618 bales. We quoted, last week, at 14½ to 15 cents, as the prices of the 23d. The unfavorable news from Europe by the mails of the morning of the 23d, (the date of our last paper,) caused a sudden fall of half a cent. Since that change, the prices have ranged from 14 to 14½. We quote today at 14½ to 14¾; some few bales are selling as low as 14.”

The Camden Journal, of the 31st ultimo, says: “Cotton.—This article has declined considerably in our market since the beginning of last week.—The quality of which is now coming in, is said

to be generally fine, and consequently the range of prices is but little. We quote sales made yesterday at 13½ to 13¾.

Country Flour is still in demand at our quota tion.”