

COMMUNICATION.

FOR THE REGISTER.

NORTH-CAROLINA.

The FRIENDS OF TRUTH only, are here addressed. On you I call for a calm consideration of the whole matter. You have seen the newspapers literally filled, with essays, charges, specifications, abuse and vituperation. Not only have the characters of the Presidential candidates themselves, but even the friends of these, *en masse*, have been criminated; their motives impugned, their standing assailed, and all for what? The answer is this, for merely daring to think for themselves. The time however is now at hand, when every friend to his country, be he a friend of whichever of the Presidential candidates he may, must consider it his duty to support, in an honorable way, the principles he professes, and that candidate for President, whom he believes to be friendly to the public measures which he himself approves. He who addresses you is a native of North-Carolina; he has passed the meridian of the time usually allotted to man. In making the selection of a person for the next President, he has always had a view to the permanent establishment and lasting perpetuity of that liberty purchased by the blood of the Revolution, and guaranteed by our admirable constitution. Who then can we most confidently expect to pursue the general course of Jefferson, Madison and Monroe? If your views accord with mine, as to measures, we must unavoidably unite on the person; I have no hesitation in giving my decided approbation to William H. Crawford, and in doing so, my respect for his honorable opponents, remains undiminished. Far be it from me, in assigning my reasons for this predilection, to exert my feeble powers in abuse of the others. To say the least of such a course, it is calculated to inculcate abroad, a dreadful idea of the most honorable of our nation.

It may appear, now, to be useless to drag up the name of Calhoun, since it has been long since withdrawn from the list of candidates for the Presidency; but as his sentiments are believed to be represented in the man of his choice, I shall only say, I was opposed to his election, because to me he appeared wild, visionary, and extravagant in his views; profuse in public expenditures, splendid in military preparations, excited by military show, and prodigal in public appropriations, all which, while they were irrefragable proofs of talent; also furnished to my mind, undeniable evidence, that his talents were not more suitable for a President of the United States, than these same qualifications rendered Aaron Burr fitted for the same station.

I am opposed to Mr. Adams, for what all the world knows. He was a decier of Jefferson, and his republican administration. If we are to credit his father, he was the most sarcastic writer against those very men, with whom we see his name shortly enrolled in his votes as Senator from Massachusetts. He deserted his party without assigning a cause for the change. His mutability then is under his own entire control, and as he has once changed without a cause, he may do so again, when it suits his convenience. Again, I am opposed to Mr. Adams, because he belongs to the manufacturing part of our country, to which I wish all prosperity, not procured by injurious impositions on the farming interest. Mr. Adams' interest is identified with the Tariff—his sentiments declare him the supporter of the Tariff. He then, being the friend of a measure, which in all its consequences, is directly at war with the interests of the farmer, cannot have my support, while I own and cultivate an acre of land. Truth and candor here constrain me to add, I do think, that a man always engaged in stripes and quarrels and newspaper bickering, must want some of the essentials of an honorable President. I am sorry to say, that Mr. Adams' name has too often appeared in the way of allegations and defence.

Mr. Clay is a high-minded and honorable man, and I have no objection to him, only as the warm, and let me say, able, advocate of the tariff, a system of taxation in effect, which, while it makes the rich, richer, will surely make the poor farmer, poorer, by diminishing the value of all he makes for market.

I am opposed to General Jackson for President; not because his enemies say, he made a way with a man, that he might have his wife—not because Mr. Benton wrote a pamphlet in which he represents Jackson as a bad man; I act for myself. I am opposed to Gen. Jackson, first, because he voted for the tariff under its most maddening aspect, and because he had not sufficient political sagacity to consult the true interests of his country, while voting for the tariff. I am opposed to Jackson as President, because, in the several public stations which he has held, not a single qualification for President has been exhibited. We have seen him at the bar—on the Bench, as Judge. We have seen him once a Representative, and twice a Senator in Congress,

and in all these situations, what single proof has he shewn of that political information, to be sought after in a President? We lately saw him chairman of the Military Committee—and what did he there? I do not mean to insinuate that Jackson has not a good natural mind; but I do mean expressly to state, that his mind is too much in a state of nature to wield the destiny of the greatest nation in the world. I would invite you to an examination of Jackson's life—and what part requires of you to say, he is qualified for President? His most respectable friends claim the appointment for him, not on account of his fitness, but on account of his merits. I cannot support him for his merits alone. He was instrumental in preserving New-Orleans.—He has my thanks. He has received honor, rank and pay. The nation thank him for it. In consideration of his services, he had the offer from Mr. Monroe of the War Department. I believe he did not accept it, because he honestly believed he could not fill it. Indeed, he declined the offer, under such circumstances, that it could be made without the fear of acceptance. What more do we owe him? Will it be said by any considerate person, that his preservation of Orleans, or his defeat of Indians, entitle him to your support, unqualified as all must admit he is? Let me call your attention to the preservation, not only of our army during the American Revolution at West Point, but the preservation of our Washington—not only the preservation of these, but of liberty itself, by the detection and apprehension of Major Andre? Who would dare to assert that the merit of these two cases was even equal? Then surely, if Jackson at this day merits the Presidency, certainly the American people have been guilty of great ingratitude to those patriots who detected Andre, and discovered Arnold's treason. For nearly half a century has elapsed, and we have never made a President of either of them. A candid, honorable man, will never say that any person merits the Presidency, only as he is found to possess those attainments which qualify him for the appointment.

I have said I am decidedly in favor of Wm. H. Crawford; and here are my reasons: I am, and always, from my cradle, have been, a Republican. I was an advocate of Jefferson, of Madison, and Monroe. I have some personal knowledge of Crawford. I know, if elected, Crawford will, as far as belongs to the President, administer the government and continue the measures of his three illustrious predecessors. I will support him, because while every foul charge has been brought against him, the highest tribunals in the nation have declared him so pure, as to be above suspicion, and now so fully convinced of this are his enemies, that however regardless many of them have proven themselves, of truth, they have given their opposition to him another direction, and to aid their opposition, now resort to the unavailing subterfuge of misrepresentation of his political strength. That this is a subterfuge, a vain and imbecile subterfuge, expiring agony's last sad hope is apparent from the fact, that not one of the supporters of Mr. Crawford have deserted him for any other candidate. With what grace then say they (his opponents) that his cause is losing ground? I will support Mr. Crawford, because I believe, if elected, he will regard and cherish the foundation of the nation's happiness, the farming interest—because he ever has been, and will be opposed to the tariff, a measure calculated to make the farming interest dependent entirely on the New-England States. I prefer him, because he has, like our beloved Washington, kept aloof from entangling alliances. No union of interest with any other candidate, to break down the strength of his opponents. I prefer him because he stoops to no mean artifice to bolster his popularity. I prefer him, because nearly all the good old Republicans of the nation support him, among whom, we are well assured are Jefferson, Madison, Macon, &c. I prefer him, because he stands on his own intrinsic worth, a self-made man, who having, by his own labors and exertions raised himself, knows how to appreciate true merit, wherever found. I will support him, because I find arrayed against him, at least in N. Carolina, almost every man, whose political creed has been doubtful, almost every disappointed aspirant for popularity, and all those to whom this sentiment of Mr. Monroe, expressed in his letter to Gen. Jackson of Dec. 14th, 1816, applies, viz: "That some of the leaders of the Federal party, entertained principles unfriendly to our system of government. I have been thoroughly convinced, and that they meant to work a change in it, by taking advantage of favorable circumstances, I am equally satisfied." This description of character fondly hope, the auspicious moment has arrived. North Carolina has ever been Republican. The people are Republican. By dividing the Republicans, our enemies hope, at least, to neutralize and paralyze our Republican strength. Does this require proof? Ask almost any Federalist, in this State, "For whom do you vote?" The answer is, "For Gen. Jackson." Ask again,

"Who do you think will be President?" "Oh, I think Adams will be President." Now how do these answers arise? They have publicly admitted that Adams cannot get the vote of N. Carolina. Their great exertion then is to throw the vote of North-Carolina on Calhoun, or Jackson, or Ninian Edwards, or any other, except that man Crawford, whom the old well-tryed Republicans are willing to trust, who never was charged by the Republicans with Federalism—against whom this charge did come lately, like the cry of "stinking fish" from a certain description of fish-dealers in the fable.

And now, fellow-citizens, in proof of what I have here advanced, look back to the time of the last Legislature. Calhoun was the man against Crawford. In the whole Legislature, I understand not more than half a dozen members advocated Jackson. There was an ex-Senator and a quondam member of Congress, hanging around the boarding houses—both for Calhoun. The latter then saw no man in the nation less qualified than Jackson. Both, by the secret Committee of Raleigh (and as I believe, neither of them by the people) are designated Calhoun electors, where we yet find their honorable names.—Calhoun would not do to aid their friend Adams, and they desert him with as much facility as they were selected as electors. And Jackson, in whom were but just now no excellencies at all, they proclaim a man of all excellencies. Let these assertions be denied; they are susceptible of proof. Thus, then, a few individuals aim, in the fabrication of what they falsely call "The People's Ticket," to deprive North-Carolina of any part in electing the President. Crawford's enemies are now driven to their last shifts. See the forgery, where a fellow claims to be a "Citizen of Franklin," in a late Star.

Good people of North-Carolina, only act on your guard; make your selection according to your true interest as farmers, and your votes will declare, as they ever have done, that we are Republicans. On the Crawford ticket you find none but republicans, who, if elected claim not to barter their votes, but are pledged to vote for William H. Crawford. CAROLINA.

GENERAL LAFAYETTE.

Celebration at York-Town.

Early in the forenoon of the 18th inst. the Norfolk and Baltimore steam-boat Virginia went down from York-Town to the Spit, about 12 miles, to receive the distinguished guest. Messrs. Burwell Bassett, Benj. W. Leigh, Gen. Brodnax, Mr. Robt. G. Scott, Col. Jones, and a number of Ladies, accompanied by Chief Justice Marshall, Judge Brooke, Colonels M'Lane and Fish, went in her. He was in the boat Petersburg which conveyed him from Alexandria, accompanied by Colonels Harvie and Peyton, the Governor's aids.

As soon as the boats approached, Cols. Bassett and Jones put off in a barge, and conveyed the illustrious stranger to the Virginia—the Marine Band from Washington played Yankey Doodle. He was then introduced to the other three members of the Committee, when Mr. Leigh delivered an eloquent Address in the most touching manner; to which the Gen. made an appropriate reply.

The music of the fine Marine Band from Washington and repeated salutes from the approaching steam-boats, gave a fine effect to the water scene. A cold and sumptuous collation was served up to Gen. Lafayette and his companions. The water view soon became eminently picturesque. The beach, the heights, filled with anxious spectators—the near water animated by a variety of vessels, with streamers flying—while down the river appeared six steam-boats with their majestic fronts and their columns of smoke breaking gradually to the view. The anticipation was intense—the attention of the numerous spectators was solem and profound—until the steam-boats came opposite to the town.—The Governor and Council were stationed on the temporary wharf erected for the reception—in two lines; the Judiciary, the Revolutionary Patriots, officers of the Army invited Guests, and citizens, were arranged in the same manner; leaving an avenue open to the barouche which was destined to receive him. Capt. Elliot of the U. S. Navy commanded the Virginia and all the arrangements for the landing. A barge put off from the boat, with Col. Harvie to land the Marine Band, and to arrange for the General's landing. These being effected, the barge again put off, and soon brought back to the wharf "the observed of all observers," his hat off, and his countenance exhibiting the intensest interest. He landed with his companions, and passed from one end of the brigade to the other, supported on one side by Col. Harvie and Col. Bassett, and on the other by Col. Peyton and Col. Jones. He was then introduced to the Governor, who delivered an excellent Address in the most impressive style: to which the General, taking the Governor by the hand, responded in a very feeling manner.

The General was then successively introduced to the Councillors, the Judges, the Revolutionary Officers, and a number of citizens. The procession then advanced, (the general's head uncovered) amidst the salutes from the Artillery Company stationed on the heights and from the steam-boats and small craft—and amid the full swell of music. It passed through the long lines of citizens and old revolutionary soldiers arranged in two columns. It wound up the hill, and finally terminated at the General's quarters.—On entering the house (Gen. Nelson's house) he was cheered by a crowd of citizens.

The introduction of a number of ladies and citizens followed—receiving all with interest and the quiet dignity of a spirit at peace within itself and pleased with all the world. The most interesting of these interviews were with the soldiers of the Revolution. One of them, advancing, seized the General by the hand, exclaiming, "I was with you at York-Town. I entered yonder redoubt at your side. I too was at the side of the gallant De Kalb, your associate in arms, when he fell in the field."—The tears streamed from the veteran's eyes; and Lafayette showed by his countenance the sympathy he felt. "Yes, my brave soldier, I am happy to have lived, to meet you once more."

After a short time, Lafayette, respecting that inestimable spirit of equality which pervades over free institutions, went forth to salute the crowd of citizens who stood in the street. He was stationed at the gate and the long line of gratified spectators passed by him. Each person seized his hand as he passed him. To all Lafayette extended some mark of kindness and consideration. The spectacle was deeply impressive. The variety of manners in the different spectators was singularly striking. Some as they approached fixed their eyes on his face, and lingered after they had passed, as if to drink in the last expression of its countenance. Others advanced with the deepest feelings of awe with their eyes cast upon the earth.

On Monday, Lafayette dined with a select company.

A mark of respect was paid to Gen. Lafayette which, perhaps, was never extended to any other man in this country. His *Quarter Guard* was composed of about sixty commissioned officers, drawn from different parts of the state, and associated together for this purpose; not less than 50 of whom were full Colonels.

The 19th being the anniversary of the surrender of York, was celebrated with appropriate honors. If the civic reception was affecting, the military spectacle was brilliant and imposing.

Soon after breakfast, the General walked from his quarters, to the Tent of Washington, surrounded by the Committee of arrangements and others.—Numbers were then introduced to him—many ladies, the veteran soldiers of the Revolution, citizens from other States, & from all quarters of Va. Col. Wm. I. Lewis, of Campbell, on being introduced, addressed the General in behalf of himself and his Mountain brethren, at the conclusion of which the General grasped him with both hands, and in the most touching manner, begged him to convey to his mountain friends his most affectionate acknowledgments for this testimony of their kindness. He recounted the services which their gallantry had formerly rendered him, & dwelt with delight upon the interest they now manifested in his happiness.

About 11 o'clock the procession began to form for the Triumphal Arch erected on the ruins of the Rock Redoubt, standing within a yard of the river's bank. The ceremony of the reception at that most interesting point was pathetic beyond expression. The old General advanced up the hillock which leads to the Redoubt, limping and supported by the Governor with his aids and members of the Committee of Arrangements. A large column of officers and citizens followed them. When Lafayette had reached the Triumphal Arch, Gen. Taylor stepped from the semicircular group which was formed near the river's bank, saluted him with profound respect, and addressed him on behalf of himself and his comrades in arms, in the most eloquent and touching manner; to which the General replied in his customary appropriate and affecting style. When General T. had closed his address, he was about to fix a civic Wreath upon the General's head. But the considerate veteran, always himself, always attentive to the slightest proprieties of word and action, caught the hovering wreath as it approached his brow with his right hand, and respectfully bowing, dropt it to his side—then turned round and drew Col. Fish of New-York, who led the party that stormed the redoubt taken by the Americans in the early part of the siege, to the front: "Here (he exclaimed) half of this wreath belongs to you."—"No, sir, it is all your own."—"Then?" (said L. putting it into Col. F's hand) "take it and preserve it as our common property." This ceremony over, the grand review commenced. Lafayette stood near the Arch, and the Volunteer companies, and the U. S. troops passed him in regular succession, with flags

and music floating in the air. The troops then formed themselves in line, and Lafayette on foot, passed down the line. He was carried to the Obelisk, situated on the spot where Vimeon had stormed the second Redoubt.—The review over, and Lafayette having seen, and been seen by all the troops, he mounted his Barouche in company with the Governor, and was followed by the other carriages. The whole body of military and citizens then moved to the field, near to which the British troops had grounded their arms in '81. Between these, and the amphitheatre, where at least 1000 ladies sat, the barouche passed on near to the ladies, who continued to wave their white handkerchiefs as he slowly moved on. "Ladies, receive my warm thanks for your kind welcome," was constantly upon his lips.

The whole scene defies description. Here were the fields, which 43 years ago, had witnessed the tread of a conquered enemy! A thousand associations of this description rushed upon the mind. Now, filled with an animated and joyous throng of from 10 to 15000 persons. The spectacle surpassed all expectation; all expression.

Lafayette was then escorted to his quarters by all the troops; and the lower-rooms of the House were soon filled by a number of guests, who were invited to participate in the public dinner. Gen. Taylor presided, assisted by Generals Cocke and Brodnax, in the central portion of the marquee—and each table in the wings had its own presiding officers. Lafayette sat on the right hand of Gen. Taylor—the arrangement of the other guests, the manner of the entertainment, &c. are too uninteresting to relate. Our business is not with the etiquette of a table, the quantity of the food, or with the quality of the wines. No exertion had been spared to spread the tables; but it was the moral spectacle alone, which attracted and deserves attention. It was the effusion of the heart; the rapture which beamed from every eye, and rung through the spacious marquee. It was the voluntary and free oblation of a free people to their country's benefactor. The marquee was splendidly illuminated, and adorned with two handsome transparencies.

A number of patriotic Toasts were drank, and the whole company rose from the table at 9 o'clock, and many of them with hundreds of spectators, attended in the open fields east of the town, to witness the uncommonly fine fire-works which had been prepared at public expense for the general gratification. Lafayette was present, sitting on one of the old British embankments.

On the morning of the 20th, the officers and privates of the Volunteer companies, spread for the old General a military breakfast. No scene was better calculated to wind up the whole. A neat table was spread under the Tent of Washington, which was carried to the volunteer's encampment for the occasion. Nothing could have been happier than the manner of conducting the entertainment. Some of the troops were formed in two lines. As the General's Barouche approached the right wing of the first line, he alighted and walked down both lines; shaking every officer and man by the hand, and receiving their cordial congratulations.—The other companies who were not thus arranged, were put in motion and passed, the General standing to receive their hands. Lafayette was then conducted to the tent, where a plentiful repast was spread in soldier's style before him and the other guests.

On Wednesday Evening he left York, and at dusk he was received by the citizens of Williamsburg with open arms. The town was illuminated. He would spend Thursday at this celebrated spot, visit Greenspring the next day, and embark at James Town for Norfolk.

On his way from Alexandria to Yorktown, Lafayette landed at Mount Vernon, and remained there two hours. A studied privacy was observed. Lafayette approached the Vault, accompanied only by two of the Messrs. Lewises and one or two of the Messrs. Washingtons. He entered the vault with his hat in his hand, kissed the coffins of the venerable Washington and lady, and left the tomb with the deepest emotion.

It is a remarkable fact, but nevertheless true (says the Alexandria paper) that an Eagle flew from the Bluff, about two miles below this town, and hovered over the steam boat Petersburg which the General was on board of. It followed him to Mount Vernon—and, we are told, continued flying over the tomb of Washington, to which the General was devoting his soul with the holy feelings of grief. It seemed to have an inspiration in its actions. It would not quit the scene. It displayed those feelings which would seem to indicate that it was a special messenger, sent to welcome our illustrious guest on his visit to the sacred repose of the first of men—his friend and the friend of mankind. After the general had fulfilled his pious devotions, this bird, representing the gratitude of the nation and emblematically the spirit of Washington, took its final departure from that spot which contains the relics of Lafayette's dear companion.