

CONSCIENCE.

BY THE REV. GEORGE COLLY.

Where is the king, with all his purple pomp—
Where is the warrior, with his armor'd sword—
With all his insolent plumes—where the leader—
Where all his power, his might, his glory—
That can, for all his frowning, send an eye
An inch within his bosom?

There's my rock,
My castle, my sealed fountain's sacred court,
That shuts man out. There holy Conscience sits,
Judging more keenly than the cruel judge,
Smiling more deeply than the warrior's sword—
More mighty than the sceptre. There my deeds,
My hopes, fears, vanities, wild follies, shame,
Are all arraigned. So Heaven be merciful.
The man acquitted at that fearful bar
Holds the first prize the world would have to give—
'Tis like Heaven's sunshine—priceless. For all else,
The praise of others is as virgin gold,
The richest offering, to be sought with pain,
Yet not to be desired. 'Tis the prize,
Not as our breath of breath, our life of life,
The flowing river of our inward peace,
The noble confidence, that bids man look
His fellow man in the face, and be the thing,
Fearless and upward eyed, that God has made him,

GIBBON'S EARLY LOVE.

Many of our readers have probably never read Gibbon's memoirs of his own life; and those who have might be less generally employed than in reading the following extract again. I hesitate, from the apprehension of ridicule, when I approach the delicate subject of my early love. By this I do not mean the polite attention, the gallantry, without hope or design, which has originated in the spirit of chivalry, and is interwoven with the texture of French manners. I understand by this passion the union of friendship and tenderness, which is inflamed by a single female, which prefers her to the rest of her sex, and which seeks her possession as the supreme or the sole happiness of our being. I need not blush at recollecting the object of my choice; and though my love was disappointed of success, I am rather proud that I was once capable of feeling such a pure and exalted sentiment. The personal attractions of Mademoiselle Susan Church were embellished by the virtues and talents of the mind. Her fortune was humble, but her family was respectable. Her mother, a native of France, had preferred her religion to her country.—The profession of her father did not extinguish the moderation and philosophy of his temper, and he lived content with a small salary and laborious duty, in the obscure lot of minister of Crassy, in the mountains that separate the Pays de Vaud from the county of Burgundy. In the solitude of a sequestered village he bestowed a liberal and even learned education on his only daughter. She surpassed his hopes by her proficiency in science and languages; and in her short visit to some relations at Lausanne, the wit, the beauty, and erudition, of Mademoiselle Church were the theme of universal applause. The report of such a prodigy awakened my curiosity; I saw, and loved. I found her learned without pedantry, lively in conversation, pure in sentiment, and elegant in manners, and the first sudden emotion was fortified by the habits and knowledge of a more familiar acquaintance. She permitted me to make her two or three visits at her father's house. I passed some happy days there, in the mountains of Burgundy, and her parents honorably encouraged the connexion.—In a calm retirement, the gray vanity of youth no longer fluttered in her bosom; she listened to the voice of truth and feeling; and I might presume to hope that I had made some impression on a virtuous heart. At Crassy and Lausanne I indulged my dream of felicity; but on my return to England, I soon discovered that my father would not hear of this strange alliance; and that without his consent I was myself destitute and helpless. After a painful struggle, I yielded to my fate. I sighed as a lover; I obeyed as a son; my wound was insensibly healed by time, absence, and the habits of a new life. My cure was accelerated by a faithful report of the tranquillity and cheerfulness of the lady herself; and my love subsided into friendship and esteem. The minister of Crassy soon afterwards died; his stipend died with him; his daughter retired to Geneva, where, by teaching young ladies, she earned a hard subsistence for herself and mother; but in her lowest distress she maintained a spotless reputation and a dignified behaviour. A rich banker of Paris, a citizen of Geneva, had the good fortune and good sense to discover and possess this inestimable treasure; and in the capital of taste and luxury, she resisted the temptations of wealth, as she had sustained the hardships of indigence. The genius of her husband had exalted him to the most conspicuous station in Europe. In every change of prosperity and disgrace he had remained on the bosom of a faithful friend; and Mademoiselle Church is now the wife of M. Necker, the minister and perhaps the legislator of the French monarchy.

Autobiography.

From the U. S. Gazette.

A mother's sorrows cannot be felt by a mother—none can guess them. Ye who have children only know her weakness—ye who have lost them, or who fear to lose, can only feel her pang.

We have, as often as we have passed the excavations near Fair Mount, felt apprehensions for the safety of those who were employed in loading the carts with sand and gravel beneath the proclivities that threaten them with untimely burial; and accidents of this kind have been so frequently recorded, that hopes might be entertained of some particular caution on the part of the laborers.

On Saturday morning, between seven and eight o'clock, we noticed among the many men usually assembled near Fair Mount, a considerable number of women. As this was not customary, we repaired to the place, and learned that a large quantity of earth had just fallen upon and crushed a young man—He was dug out, but the weight of the soil, and a want of air, had extinguished life, and he was laid out upon a little eminence, cold and senseless, among a crowd, with whom, a few minutes previous he was railing in the business of life, and lightening toil by youthful gaiety, the repartee, and harmless joke.

One whose hands & garb bespoke toil, leaned by the side of the body, and as he spread over its face an outer garment, he dropped a tear upon the unconscious and clayey hand. "The lad," said he, "was only too good for this world; I, who could do no as well, may say, that when the bottle passed with the freedom of water, he was not the one to take too much—You might have provoked him to anger, but not to a lie." A general sigh responded to this testimony of the lad's sobriety and truth.

A female then knelt beside the corpse, and removed the cover from the face, and gazed intently upon the marred features, and at length with a sigh, drew down the covering and rose. "Ah, poor fellow!" sighed she, "how will his mother bear the loss?" This was a chord that was sure to vibrate in a woman's heart—high or low—rich or poor. The father leads forth the child in health—shares, perhaps, in its past time, or corrects its faults—but does sickness come? the boy is laid upon his mother's knees even until he dies—long watching wearies her her affections, and the failure of one means of relief but instigates to the use of another. Surely then, when life goes out—when the eyes of affection no more open, and when the last repetition of "mother" dies away upon the lips—then may grief be excused, and even its clamors plead for sympathy—but we felt what was due to the afflicted parent, as turning away from the outstretched body we discovered a female at a distance approaching the place, with cries and gestures that belong only to a mother.

We passed the woman at a distance from the scene of her son's death, towards which she was hastening. She had left her house on the first intimation of her bereavement, and regardless of the notice which she might attract, pursued her way distracted with grief, and conscious only of her deprivation. As she hastened along, her hair streamed out upon the wind, and her voice was raised in a piercing shrillness—now calling on heaven for aid in her suffering and now invoking the name of her son. It was in vain that

some one who knew her sought to repress her clamour—it was a mother weeping for her child, and refusing to be comforted. "Oh my boy, my boy," cried the agonised and distracted woman, "you'll not again call me mother—I shall not hear you again—no not your last blessing." The wind then blew stronger, and raised into sight the white sheet that had just been spread over her son—she saw it at a distance, and rushed forward with the screams of a maniac. Grief bathed his dignity, but it is when time hath mitigated its force—the refinement of education and polished society may teach us to smother expressions of mental sufferings; but in all estates the mother's fondness for a living son, and a mother's anguish for him dead, are hers alone; and those who would blame even these calamorous expressions, have known but little of the human heart, and are untaught in the school of sympathy.

THE FIREMAN.

Talk of the courage of cavaliers and warriors—it is all well enough, and it arises from very strong causes—fame, admiration, fortune, promotion and renown are before the soldier, and he would be a mere clown, were not his shout "onward." His exploits are the admiration of the beautiful and theme of the sons of song—his name goes abroad in the world, and his life forms a portion of history. Human existence being no great affair, it is no wonder that man should risk it under such powerful inducements. But look at the intrepidity of the fireman—night after night rushing to scenes of danger and alarm; mounting the blazing pile, and groping through the dense smoke; every step uncertain, and every motion perilous! And all this, too, in darkness and solitude, for his companions are too busy in the same duty to admire his exploits and applaud his heroism. He may walk along the verge of the burning roof, and plunge amidst the flames, to save helpless women and children—he may exhibit the self-possession of a Caesar, the impetuous heroism of a Ulysses, or the humanity of a Bayard, and yet the world knows nothing about it. The next day finds him engaged in his ordinary business, and as he walks along he is not pointed out and admired by the crowd—the "monstrous digito" appertains not to him; and yet, who can there be more worthy of admiration? Worldly renown and worldly promotion do not follow in consequence of his intrepidity—he is not lauded in the gazettes of the day, nor is his name recorded in history—even emolument, the most paltry of all rewards, is not awarded to his services. And yet, where shall we look for more generous self-devotion, more manly perseverance, more exalted courage? Not in the battle-field, or on the ocean—not in the storming of a fortress, nor in the struggle with a tempest—and where else can we look for the parallel?

An honest Dutchman, on his return from the Pennsylvania Legislature, was accused by one of his neighbors, "well Mr. —, what have you all done this time in the Legislature?" Mr. —, "O be sure I know not what I do, I make two hundred dollars."

ABSENTEEISM.—The following is the last and best that we have heard of the above named gentleman: A lady went to the Doctor in great distress of mind, and stated to him that, by a strange accident, she had swallowed a live spider. At first, his only reply was "behold what you have done!" a sort of internal whistling sound, intended to be indicative of surprise and contempt. But his anxious patient was not so easily to be repulsed; she became every moment more and more urgent for some means of relief from the dreadful effect of the strange accident she had committed. He at last, when, at last, looking round upon her, he put up his hand and caught a fly—"There, Ma'am," he said, "I've got a remedy for you. Open your mouth, and as soon as I put this fly into it shut it close again, and the moment the spider hears the fly, buzzing about, up he'll come, and then you can spit them both out together."

The following statement shows the amount of money expended in each State and Territory of the United States, upon Works of Internal Improvement, from the adoption of the Federal Constitution to the first day of October, 1828:

Maine,	\$11,724 22	Tennessee,	\$4,200 00
Massachusetts,	104,042 45	Ohio,	39,450 03
Connecticut,	2,069 97	Indiana,	105,623 28
Rhode Island,	195 19	Illinois,	49,335 52
New York,	65,743 45	Missouri,	8,000 00
Pennsylvania,	29,232 32	Alabama,	81,762 78
Delaware,	307,104 01	Arkansas,	22,702 24
Maryland,	10,080 00	Michigan,	44,890 74
Virginia,	150,000 00	Florida,	43,607 85
North Carolina,	1,000 00		79,902 42
Kentucky,	89,000 00		
Road from Cumberland to the Ohio,	\$1,892,245 75		
Continuation of the Cumberland,			
Repairs of the Cumberland road,	453,447 33		
Road from Nashville to Natchez,	55,510 00		
Road from Wheeling to the Mississippi river,	2,000 00		
Road from Missouri to New Mexico,	33,000 00		
Road from Mississippi to the State of Ohio,	5,530 35		
Road from Georgia to New Orleans,	4,480 74		
Roads in Tennessee, Louisiana and Georgia,	5,590 00		
Road from Nashville to New Orleans,	15,000 00		
Surveys, maps and charts of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers,	7,930 00		
Improving the navigation of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers,	4,186 24		
Military roads,	103,490 72		
Survey of the water courses of the Mississippi river,	10,213 43		
Road through the Creek Nation,	11,123 05		
Opening the old Natchez road,	8,621 01		
Breakwater at the mouth of Delaware bay,	5,000 00		
	5,000 00		
Total,	\$4,179,543 06		

A number of citizens of Tuscaloosa, Alabama, have had a public meeting, for the laudable purpose of putting down the practice of treating with whiskey. Sec. at elections. The following resolutions were adopted, and the members of the association severally subscribed their names to them, binding themselves to conform to their provision.

Whereas, the practice of electioneering is deemed by the undersigned extremely demoralizing, they mutually and solemnly pledge themselves to each other, and to the community at large, not to vote for any person, for any office in this country, who will ride over the country for election, or who will treat with spirituous liquors, or otherwise, to procure votes. And we further pledge ourselves to use all laudable means to prevent the election of any person or persons that will be guilty, either directly or indirectly, of any such immoral practices.

Editorial pensions.—President Jackson has already distributed among ten influential editors and contributors to newspapers engaged in his service the moderate sum of \$99,000, to be annually paid to said editors. This is by no means to be construed into subsidizing the press though it was a most outrageous piece of bribery for Mr. Clay to take the publication of the laws from six newspapers and give this patronage amounting to \$600, to his partisans.

SUGARS.

10 Hids St Croix sugars, landing from Sch. Hornet, for sale by DAVENPORT, ALLEN & CO.

BRAHMIN WINE.

A FEW dozen bottles of this rich and highly flavored Madeira Wine, which has had the benefit of voyages to the East and West Indies, also a few dozen bottles of Madeira grape juice, without brandy, of peculiar delicacy of flavor and of delicious taste of the fruit—packed in boxes of two dozen each, just received and for sale by

C. & A. WARWICK,

London porter and brown stout, in pint and quart bottles. Crates of earthen ware, well assorted for the country trade. 84 wrought nails, patent shot, crates of bottles. Tin plate in boxes, and braziers' copper. German and British ornamental. Port wine in casks of 3 dozen bottles each. English white lead. Madeira wine in pipes, half pipes and quinzler casks. April 21—2aw5

Correspondence between Mr. VAN BUREN, Secretary of State, and Mr. SLADE, late a Clerk in that Department.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE.

April 28, 1829.

Sir: You will please to consider your employment as a Clerk in this Department as terminating with the present month. It is left optional with you to continue in it until that period or not; my object in giving you this early notice being merely to render the change resulting from an unpleasant duty on my part, as little disagreeable to you as possible.

With the best wishes for your future welfare, I am your obedient and humble servant,

MR. WILLIAM SLADE.

M. VAN BUREN.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE.

Washington, April 29, 1829.

Sir: I have received your note of yesterday's date. It announces to me that my employment as a Clerk in your Department will terminate with the present month—assigns as a reason for giving me "this early notice" of it a desire to render the change, resulting from an "unpleasant duty" on your part, as little disagreeable to me as possible, and closes with an expression of your "best wishes for my future welfare."

To the contents of your note, I have given the most attentive consideration, and cannot resist the conviction that justice to myself demands of me more than a silent compliance with its mandate.—To that mandate, indeed, as in duty bound, I submit. But, Sir, your note implicitly calls upon me to submit to something more than a simple decree of exclusion from the public service. It speaks with some emphasis of an "unpleasant duty" on your part, and makes my exclusion the result of that duty.

With the standard by which you estimate your duty, I do not profess, Sir, to be acquainted; but I would hope that I am not mistaken in supposing to be that which should regulate the conduct of a statesman who would prize himself worthy of the age, and of the country which he lives—the standard of fair, impartial justice—justice to the public, whose servant you are, and justice to your fellow-servants.

Can I, then, suppose this to be the rule of that "duty" which enjoins my exclusion from the public service, without feeling myself called upon, in submitting to its operation, to submit, at the same time, to the imputation of incompetency or unfaithfulness in that service? You will, I am sure, hardly allow me to suppose that you could, suddenly, deprive a public servant, who happens to be placed within your power, of the means which might constitute his only reliance for the support of a dependent family, upon any slight grounds than those I have suggested; or that you would, either expressly, or by application, charge him with incompetency or unfaithfulness, but upon the most clear and satisfactory testimony.

Allow me, then, respectfully, to ask you—where have you found the evidence of my inability to discharge the appropriate duties of my station, or my unwillingness to perform those duties with fidelity, as well to yourself as to the public?

I have been in your department more than five years. For a large portion of that time, my situation has been a prominent and highly responsible one, necessarily subjecting me to public scrutiny, and furnishing the most ample opportunity of detecting whatever might justly expose me to censure. And can I be mistaken, Sir, in supposing that when you entered upon the duties of the Head of this Department, you bestowed some of your first thoughts upon the enquiry, from whom in it you might expect a faithful and efficient co-operation in the discharge of those duties? Have you not asked whether the gentleman whom you found employed here were "capable," or "honest," or "faithful?" And will you allow me to ask, whether, to either of these enquiries, in regard to myself, you have received from any human being a negative answer?

I put these questions, Sir, in sober earnestness; not that I ask, or expect, or desire, a reversal of the sentence of exclusion; but because I have a reputation which I value, and which I would preserve free from the imputation involved in your rule of "duty" with regard to my removal, or rather in the only rule which I have felt myself at liberty to suppose you could adopt.

Daily appreciating the motive of the seasonableness of your communication to me, as well as the polite terms in which it has been made, I beg leave to assure you that your "best wishes" for my future welfare shall, on no occasion, be permitted to exceed the measure of mine for yours.

I am, very respectfully, Sir, your obedient servant,

HON. M. VAN BUREN.

W. SLADE.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE.

May 1, 1829.

Mr. Van Buren presents his respects to Mr. Slade, and informs him, in reply to his letter of last evening, that the note addressed by Mr. Van Buren to Mr. Slade, was written to apprise him of Mr. Van Buren's intention to discontinue his services in the Department, without designing to convey the imputation Mr. S. refers to, or any other, or to make any explanations, except so far as related to the time selected for the notice.

WASHINGTON, May 5th, 1829.

Sir: The note which you did me the honor to address to me on the 1st instant, has been received. Connected with the explicit enquiries in mine of the 29th ultimo, to which it is a reply, I regard it, as I presume you intended I should, as exonerating me from the imputation of incompetency or unfaithfulness from which you have honored me with a removal. Satisfactory, however, as your note is on this point, it, nevertheless, leaves yet unexplained the "duty" by which, in your note of dismission, you represent yourself to have been impelled to that act. I am bound to presume, Sir, that you do not use words without meaning; and, in a case so deeply affects myself, I must be excused if I press the enquiry with some earnestness—what considerations in the absence of incompetency, or unfaithfulness, can exist of sufficient magnitude to dignify with the appellation of duty the sudden expulsion of a public officer from service?

I am aware, Sir, that the principle of rotation in office is sometimes alluded to, and, indeed, of late, almost exclusively relied on (since certain other reasons have been found not to bear examination) as justifying the system of proscription which I have been made a victim. But I can hardly persuade myself that your good sense will allow you to attempt such a justification. The great principle which lies at the bottom of this subject, but which, unfortunately, seems in the late dispensations of "rewards" and "punishments" to have been quite overlooked, is, that the various offices of the government are instituted, not for the benefit of those who seek for, and obtain them, nor may be entrusted with the duty of filling them, but for the benefit of the nation. That is, beyond all question, as far as practicable, with experience. This is what is due to the public.

But there is something also due to competent and faithful officers—I mean particularly to those, the proper discharge of whose official duties necessarily, or most usually, prevents from resorting to any other means of support. Such, Sir, you will know to be the case with all the offices connected with the Government of the United States in this city. And you are well aware too, that the salaries allowed to most, if not all of them, are but barely sufficient to furnish in this city a decent support to the incumbents and their families. They have, moreover, by a service of any considerable duration, necessarily rendered a return to former parents, or a resort to new employments, extremely difficult, if not impracticable; difficult and impracticable in a degree proportioned to the exclusiveness and fidelity of their devotion to the duties of their stations.

Imagine then, Sir, the condition of such a man, with a family, perhaps a large one, suddenly arrested in his course, with scarce a moment's warning, and coolly told, without conceding to assign a reason for the act, that the Government has no further need of his services—and ask yourself if there is nothing in his case which makes an appeal to your justice, as well as to the finer feelings of your nature.—I have seen that man—He was my friend—I witnessed the tear starting in his eye—I went with him to his home, and heard him, in the bitterness of indignant anguish, announce to his wife and children that they were "made beggars!"

It was your act—yes Sir, it was your act! But there is no need, I am sure, to spend a moment upon the impropriety of applying the principle of rotation to the cases in question. The hypocrisy, (I would not use the word, if I believed you capable of attempting to justify the removals upon such ground) the hypocrisy, I say, of this plea is altogether apparent when it is perceived that the removals, without an exception thus far in this city, and it is believed with scarce an exception any where, have been confined, exclusively, to the friends of the late Administration.

The principle of rotation, to whatever cases it may be applicable, being thus, manifestly, inapplicable to my case, as well as to most of those in which the power of removal has been exercised, there would seem to remain but one other ground of the "duty" which you have deemed yourself called upon to perform. It is, that I have been a frank and decided friend of the late administration, and as frankly and decidedly opposed to the election of Gen. Jackson; and that my removal has therefore been required by him at your hands. Who has required it of him—honestly preferring his illustrious competitor to himself, and as honestly deprecating his election as a "curse to the country," you will, I think, be at no loss to determine when you consider what I will now state.

In the United States Telegraph of the 3d of November last, you will find the following language: "We know not what line of policy Gen. Jackson will adopt. We take it for granted, however, that 'he will reward his friends and punish his enemies.'"

You will remember, I doubt not, the burst of indignation which this declaration of the Impudent Dictator produced through the country, and from many, too, of the friends of Gen. Jackson, who considered him foully slandered by thus imputing to him a willingness to be influenced in his official conduct by vindictive passions, and to become the President of a party, and not of the nation. In reply to a just animadversion upon its audacity, the Telegraph rises in its tones of impudence, and after declaring that it expected the country to "punish Messrs. Clay, Rush, Southard, Porter, Wirt," and others closes by saying—"We expect him to punish C. J. Norcross, Slade, Kendall, T. L. McKenney, Handy, and a host of other 'subordinate clerks,' by appointing as their superiors, 'honorable men, who will discharge their duty to him (the public) by their immediate removal.'"

And lest this impudent menace should fail of its execution upon the "subordinate libellers," its author takes care directly to remind you of it in his paper of the 19th of March, in the following pregnant language:—"The President does not appoint the clerks or subordinates 'officers in any of the Departments. But if any chief of any Department appoints to office an unfaithful or unworthy clerk, and refuses to remove him, upon the suggestion of the President, the President is vested by the law, with power to remove the head, and place 'some person who will enforce his views, by removing the obnoxious subordinate.'"

Can I, after this, remain in doubt as to the grounds, or the author, of my removal, or the process by which it has been effected? Can I, to be plain, regard you in any other light than as the executioner of the vindictive purpose of Gen. Jackson, excited and directed to its object by the artful malice of this modern Robespierre?

I regret exceedingly, Sir, to be obliged to say that I consider this as a just and true exposition of the "duty" which has impelled you to sacrifice a public officer, against whose capacity or fidelity you have nothing to allege.

Leaving the examination of the "duty" which you have thought proper to make the ground of my removal, and to which you would attach a graver importance, by representing it as "unpleasant" to you, I will, if you please, dwell a few moments on the character and consequences of the system of proscription under which I have been doomed to suffer.

No one, it seems to me, can seriously contemplate this subject for a moment, without a deep and painful conviction of the violence done to the constitution in the first acts of this Administration. I need not point out to you how directly and daringly the right of "freedom of speech and of the press" is assailed by subjecting to censorship every word that may be uttered by a public officer, and visiting upon him the pains and penalties of proscription. I cannot tell you, if I would, how strongly my spirit revolts at this usurpation of power. Whether in or out of office, I can never cease to regard myself as invested with all the rights of a freeman. For the discharge of my official duties I am responsible indeed to the power that appoints me. But for what I speak or write, I hold myself accountable only to God and the laws of my country. And Sir, the man, whoever he may be, who attempts in any manner to restrain or controul this privilege, is a Tyrant. It is a privilege which I claim as my birthright, and which I will never surrender but with my life.

You have heard, Sir, of the "gag law" of '98; and, if I am not mistaken, you have had some knowledge of the visitation of its odium, during the last four or five years, upon an innocent descendant of its reputed author. But unjust as it was, its severest operation was mercy compared with the star-chamber system of which I am made a victim. That law defined the offence which I undertook to punish. My offence is undefined and undefinable. That law required the proof of falsehood and malice, in order to a conviction. Under this system, truth and sincerity furnish no protection. That gave the accused the benefit of a public trial, agreeably to the known and established usages of law. Under this, I am tried without a hearing, and doomed to a sentence of no common severity without the privilege allowed the common malefactor, of saying why it should not be pronounced against me!

And may I ask you, Sir, what crime I have committed that I should be thus "punished?" Is it a crime to have yielded a cordial and honest, and even zealous support to a wise and patriotic Administration? Is it a crime to have withheld the homage of a blind and infatuated devotion from Gen. Jackson? Is it not rather an outrage upon the feelings of every freeman in the country, so much as to intimate that he may be in any manner "punished" for the free exercise of his opinions?

Was it to have been believed that General Jackson, who, even at the expense of shocking the feelings of three quarters of the nation, charged his excellent predecessor, in his inaugural address, with having "brought the patronage of the Government into conflict with the freedom of elections," should so soon have gone about to wield the whole of that immense patronage upon a principle which aims a fatal blow at that very freedom? Was it to have been believed that, having, in that address, expressly predicated the work of "reform" upon the assumption that the "course of appointment" had "placed or continued power in unfaithful or incompetent hands," he should have openly disregarded the principle thus laid down by himself, by removing men from office, not only without charging them with unfaithfulness or incompetency, but at the moment of exonerating them from every such imputation? Was it to have been believed that, after commending "diligence" and "talents" and "integrity" as qualifications for office, he should, as if to make an experiment upon the credulity and devotion of his countrymen, instantly blot these words from his address, regard every man as his "enemy" who had dared to oppose his elevation; and make devotion to himself the sine qua non of exemption from "punishment" and enjoyments of favor?

Is it possible not to perceive in all this the beginning of a "curse" which you, Sir, and many others who are now reaping "rewards," are considered would result from the elevation of General Jackson to the Chief Magistracy of the country? Does not the very act under which I now suffer (and my case is far from being one of the greatest hardship on the list of proscriptions) furnish one among the many justifications of my opposition to his election? Think you, Sir, that a majority of the people of these United States would have consented to elevate him to the Presidency, had they foreseen the events that are now transpiring? Could they have been made to believe that their faithful servants were to become the victims of a relentless and exterminating proscription? Could they have imagined that, within one short month after the elevation of their favorite, the mask would be thrown off, and the country doomed to suffer the degradation of beholding its Chief Magistracy openly prostituting the power with which the constitution has invested him for the public good, to the "unworthy purpose" of "rewarding his friends and punishing his enemies?"

Pardon me, Sir, if I bestow a moment's attention upon another view of this subject. To justify the use which the Administration is making of the power of appointment, it is announced, more than a month ago, by one of the Editors who has been "rewarded" with a highly lucrative appointment, that "the work (which was represented as 'going forward') of removing from office the friends of Mr. Adams, and the appointment of the friends of General Jackson, indicates firmness, and obedience to the public will, and will give permanency to any Administration." The sentiment thus uttered has been adopted by the leading Administration papers through the country, and is unobscuredly acted on by the Administration itself. The point of it is, that this, and every Administration must, and can, only, be sustained upon party grounds. It becomes, therefore, no part of its business to inquire how, in the adoption of its measures, it shall best commend itself to the good sense and patriotism of the country; nor, in its appointments to office, whether the applicants are "capable," or "honest," or "faithful." Recommendations are no longer to turn upon solid merit, as generally constituted, but upon party attachments, and the old fashioned testimonials of the standing of the applicant for his talents, his probity, his integrity, his uprightness, and the purity of his moral character, come to be regarded as of little consequence compared with high wrought descriptions of services rendered to some object of party hostility. The strengthening of "the party" becomes the leading motive in all the operations of the government, and intemperate partisan zeal the only sure passport to Executive favor.

Under such a course of Administration, how long will it be, before the love of country will become completely merged and lost in the love of party? How long before solid talents, conscientious integrity, and unobtrusive merit, will be forced to retire from the public councils, and from every public employment, and the sacred trust of preserving, protecting, and defending the constitution, will be committed, in hopeless perpetuity, to the vacillating control of successively victorious and vindictive party leaders?

What can furnish more just ground of alarm for the safety of our institutions than to find a doctrine openly avowed and acted on, which leads directly to such results as these? Instead of regarding the people as the legitimate source of power, it establishes, in effect, a government of office holders over the people themselves. Acting under the strong impulse of hope of "reward" or fear of "punishment," the vast array of remote or immediate expectations of, or dependents on Executive favor, will be perverted to their own ends, to mislead or control the public sentiment,—relying for success, every political contest, upon trick, chicanery and falsehood, aided by the endlessly diversified operations of party machinery, rather than upon simple, straight forward appeals to the virtue and intelligence of the people. The voice of reason will thus cease to be regarded, the suggestions of patriotism be made in vain—and delusion and imposture usurp their undivided empire over the destinies of our country!

There is, however, in the midst of the gloom of this portentous scene, a ray of hope springing even from the "curse" itself. It is, that the virtue and integrity of the people of this United States will be aroused to effort by the early history of the principles and purposes of the men in power, and the daring recklessness with which those principles and purposes are carried into execution.

It is delightful to turn from the contemplation of General Jackson's Administration—which, thus far, exhibits the strong characteristic features which mark his military career—to the virtuous, peaceful, prosperous, unpretending Administration of his immediate predecessor—an Administration which, as the generation of peace away, shall receive, as it deserves, the cordial approbation of the great body of the American people.

That Administration, indeed, has been recorded: The Great and Good Man who stood at the head of it has been given from the post he occupied, with so much credit to himself and benefit to his country, the retirement of private life—and you, Sir, know something of the retirement of private life, and how effectual—but though politically dead, he yet lives in the affectionate confidence of millions; and notwithstanding the attempt of his successor, and of his successor's Prime Minister, to blot his name from the history of the American people, the history of that Administration will form one of the brightest pages in the history of the Republic.

And who would not rejoice in being accounted worthy to suffer with such a man, and in such a cause? If I knew that I should be forced to beg my way to the grave, I would rejoice still; for, however long may be this reign of delusion—however unrelenting its persecutions—and however severe and enduring my own sufferings under them, I should yet feel the sustaining consolation that I suffer in a righteous cause.

You have indeed taken from me the office I have held; the immediate consequences of which to myself and to those whom Providence has committed to my protection, I forbear to describe—but after all, Sir, it is but a little that he can do. You cannot subdue my spirit—you cannot deprive me of the conviction that I have faithfully discharged my duty in the public service—you cannot take from me the consciousness of having acted uprightly and sincerely; nor can you make the strong confidence I feel when I commit to the care of an overruling Providence my own destiny and that of my beloved country.

I am, with great respect, Sir, your obedient servant.