FROM THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

Mr. Crawford may be, and no doubt is, possessed of some qualities, natural and acquired, which would be capable of beneficial exertion, in the exalted station for which he is a competitor. The same admission may be made as to thousands of our citizens, who, in the most fantastic dreams of ambition, never yet aspired to the Chief Magistracy of the United States. A man truly worthy of the first office in the gift of the American people, should possess some positive recommendation to their favor. What are the pretensions of Mr. Crawford? He has been long before his countrymen, and has reached that period of life, when, according to prevalent notions, a man is supposed to possess the most ripened and energetic powers. In what display of senatorial eloquence or wisdom, in what trial of diplomatic learning and skill, in what official record of financial ability, are the American people to look for the proof of those powerful and versatile talents, which Mr. C. is alledged by his partizans to possess? He has discharged various offices, and he now occupies an elevated post in the government. This, we grant, is a proof that he is not without talents—but does it establish his claims to the Presidency? Is elevation always the reward of talents and virtues, unsupported by adventitious and other circumstances, of the influence of which in deciding the destinies of political men, we are daily presented with the most mortifying examples? Notwithstanding Mr. Crawford has been so long on the stage of action, with opportunities of exhibiting himself to advantage in the various walks of a Statesman, the interrogatory is still current in every section of the Republic, What has he either said or done, to entitle him to the illustrious honor which is now claimed for him at the hands of his countrymen?

[Rhode Island American.

There is so much injustice done to the character of Mr. Crawford, by articles like the above the substance of which, in different shapes, has of late frequently met our eyes, that we should be wanting, even in common candor, were we longer to remain silent observers of it. We are the less reluctant to break silence upon it, seeing that Mr. Crawford continues to be the mark at which the friends of the other candidates for the Presidency have drawn their sharpest arrows, and that he is the only candidate for the Presidency whose various merits have not been portrayed to the world in all the attractive hues of fancy, as well as the more sober and subdued tints of truth. Far be it from us to depreciate the real merits and acknowledged qualifications of either of the other candidates for the highest office in the government, or to question their claims to public favor. One only of them can gain the prize; but it is honor enough for any man to be publicly regarded as a fair candidate for the highest mark of confidence that ten millions of freemen can give. Of that honor, we rejoice that so many among us are considered worthy.

It is our opinion that no man ought to be placed at the head of this nation, to elevate whom it is necessary to depress or degrade other competitors. It is for this reason, and because we consider the reputation of our great men as public property, that we avoid any thing that shall have even the appearance of derogating from it.

"What," says the article before us, "are the pretensions of Mr. Crawford?" This inquiry, wherever made, argues an ignorance, on the part of the querest, of the incidents of the most interesting period of the history of his country. Nor is this surprising, when we look at the youthful age of some of those who most pertinaciously repeat this note, and at the fact that others of them have arrived in our country too recently to be expected to know much of its political history, or of the merits of our public men. In making this remark, of course we consider queries of this description not as indirect expressions of falsehood,* but as the expressions of an honest desire for the information they ask for. With as much directness and accuracy as a rapid pen and an indifferent memory will allow, we will endeavor to impart it to them.

From the first entry of William H. Crawford into public life, we have been near and close observers of his public career; and for some twelve years past we have considered him as a man marked out by Nature for eminence among a free People.

Scarcely had he set his foot in the Senate of the United States, in December, 1807, being his first appearance in the General Government, when he distinguished himself by the active and manly part which he took in its deliberations—by "Senatorial eloquence" and Senatorial "wisdom" too. The display of these gifts, with the qualities of stern integrity and fearless independence which are prevailing ingredients in his chater, commanded the respect and conciliated the confidence of the august body of which he was a Member. It was not a single flowery speech, a popular proposition, or a blind devotion to party, but a succession of evidences of the strength of his mind, the solidity of his judgment, and the propriety of his personal deportment, that secured for him a character, which no man who was then in the Councils of his country, or had an opportunity of watching them, will pretend to deny. If these traits have faded in the memory of some, or are new to others, it is because for the last nine or ten years (a third of the usual term of the life of man) he has been secluded from the view of his fellow citizens in the chambers of the Executive Offices, where he has labored in the public service with unostentatious zeal and untiring assiduity. Of the esteem in which he was held by his compeers in the Senate of the United States, a decisive evidence was afforded by his being selected to preside over the Senate in the year of the war, a few months before its declaration, when the Vice President, as is usual before the close of every Session, had retired for the purpose of allowing a temporary President to be chosen. This is an honor never inconsiderately or lightly bestowed. It never has been bestowed, we believe, except in the case of Mr. Crawford, on a man as young as he then was, and the selection was an incontestible tribute to unquestioned merit. As far as the mere honor goes, the chair of President of the Senate, and that of Speaker of the House of Representatives, are almost as enviable stations as that of President of the United States. To be held in high esteem by those who are themselves most esteemed among the People, is an object worthy of the ambition of a Republican.

We shall not now burthen our columns with quotations from the Speeches of Mr. Crawford at this period of his life. His reputation does not rest upon the turn of a period, or a figure of speech, nor can it fall by one.† It soars above such tests. But, if those who are curious in these matters will consult the files of the National Intelligencer from 1808 to 1812, inclusive, they may find some of his Speeches reported which did great honor to him at that time, and may be read with pleasure and improvement now, as examples at once of deep reflection, vigorous thought, and spirit-stirring eloquence.

Mr. C. was in Congress at the critical and momentous periods of the Embargo and the war of 1812. His enemies have objected to him that he was opposed to the first, and was not among the most hasty to embark in the latter. Firmness, not rashness, is the distinguishing characteristic of Mr. Crawford. Although he voted against the Embargo, because he thought the necessary time for deliberation upon it was refused, yet, when the Embargo was laid, he gave it his most efficient aid. We well remember the indignant strain in which he denounced its violators, and the energy with which he supported the measures for its enforcement. Of the War, he was one of the warmest and firmest supporters. He completely identified himself with the cause of his country, by his zeal and enthusiasm in its behalf. Of this, were such matter fit for the newspapers, we recollect at this moment several proofs, being incidents not in the Halls of Congress, but in the private walks of life, where enthusiasm has greater play than in grave legislative assemblies.

It was about this time that on the Department of War becoming vacant by the resignation of Mr. Eustis, the situation of Secretary of War was offered to Mr. Crawford by the President. This offer Mr. C. declined to accept, on the ground that the business of that office in time of war required an acquaintance with the Military Affairs which he did not possess, and he could not consent to jeopardize the public safety by taking upon himself the discharge of duties for which he felt that he was not qualified. Being, as we heard in the time of these occurrences, further urged, he peremptorily declined the office, on the same ground, adding, however, that, to shew his attachment to the public cause, and to the administration of Mr. Madison, there was no other duty to which he could be called, that he was not willing to undertake, where his services should be thought useful. Shortly afterwards, the mission to France became vacant, by the death of that Revolutionary Whig and consistent patriot Joel Barlow. It was necessary, at that crisis, to send to Europe some citizen, eminent in the national councils, who would truly, faithfully, and undauntedly represent the American character and interests in France, then the theatre of great events. This trust Mr. Madison devolved on Mr. Crawford, who, after what had passed, could not, if he would, have declined the acceptance of this second appeal from that virtuous and upright man. A more distinguished proof could hardly be afforded of the estimation in which Mr. C. was held by the first men and the purest politicians of the country, at that day, than these repeated marks of the confidence in him with which his public course had inspired Mr. Madison.

In the Spring of 1812, if we are right, Mr. Crawford, separating himself from his family and domestic concerns, and encountering the risk of capture by the enemy, passed over to Paris and there remained in the capacity of Minister of the United States, until after the termination of the war and the restoration of the Bourbons, when he returned to his country, bringing with him, as we have read, the respect and esteem of all who knew him there, but particularly of La Fayette, the almost only remaining Republican of France.

Never having enjoyed the advantage of intimacy with Mr. Crawford—our knowledge of him being chiefly confined to his public course—we cannot say what were his views in resigning his foreign mission. If his object was, as we believe it to have been, besides re-uniting himself to his family, to return to the profession, the pursuit of which had been interrupted, to the injury of his private fortune, by his public engagements, he was diverted from it by an invitation from Mr. Madison to enter his Cabinet, as the successor of Mr. Dallas, in the Department of War. Of his conduct in this station we never heard any thing but what was to his credit. He was the author of many measures for reforming the abuses which in time of war had crept into the military service, and for giving efficiency and character to the Army, which had then just been reduced to a Peace Establishment. The promptitude and decision of his character here found ample scope.

In the next year, Mr. Madison, having his confidence in Mr. Crawford increased by a nearer view of him, appointed him to the Treasury Department, when that office became vacant. For presiding over this Department, Mr. Crawford was particularly qualified by his strict notions of right, and his tenacity in adhering to them. [If he has a fault as a public man, it is, perhaps, the carrying these principles too far.] It was by his agency, principally, with the co-operation of Mr. Monroe and the other Cabinet Officers, that the Accounting Officers were re-modeled, to give them that efficiency which they now possess. The office of Secretary of the Treasury, in a settled government, in time of peace, affords little opportunity for display. Not like the field which is opened by the establishment of a new and untried system of government, in which a Hamilton gathered renown, or that of national embarrassment and temporary insolvency, where a Dallas earned the admiration of all who knew his situation, and saw his almost incredible exertion of talent & industry—the administration of the Treasury in time of peace is necessarily almost entirely barren of incident and attraction: it presents a dry routine of duties, which, however necessary to be performed, do not, when best executed, afford eclat, or elicit popular applause. A few reports, however, on general subjects, Mr. C. has had an opportunity of making since he has been in the Treasury Department, and those reports, as well as such of his official letters as we have seen, are characterized by the same strength of mind and originally of thought which are to be found in his reported Speeches to Congress.

When we say that Mr. Crawford was, in 1816, the only person thought worthy to compete with Mr. Monroe as a candidate for the Presidency;* that, though he then declined the competition, he received many votes in the Republican Meeting of Members of Congress, by which Mr. Monroe was nominated;† that he was, on the accession of Mr. Monroe, re-appointed to the head of the Treasury Department, and there yet remains; we speak of events and circumstances, within the knowledge of every reader, which bring down his History to the present day.

Will the Rhode Island American yet ask of us, what are the pretensions of Mr. Crawford? We add, to what we have already said, that he rose to his present eminence, by the power of his talents, from a humble rank in life; that, in his own State, he first acquired distinction by his hostility to, and denunciation of, the stupendous Yazoo fraud, of which we are sorry to be obliged to revive the odious recollection; that, though his march has been onward to distinction, he is, in public life, plain and open in his manners, and in private life of the most domestic habits, spending all his leisure in the bosom of his family.

This is a plain unvarnished account of the Life and Character of a Man, of whom it is seriously asked from his friends, what are *his* pretensions?

It has been said by some, in quaint allusion, we suppose, to his athletic frame, that Mr. Crawford is "*a giant* at intrigue." Nothing can be more untrue. No human being, if we rightly understand him, can be more free from deceit or duplicity. We believe, indeed, it has been thought by some who have had to do with him, that he is at times too frank. Where are the proofs of his intrigues? We ask any one, in the spirit of candor, whether, if such had been his character, he would not have secured, by his own blandishments, or the agency of his friends, as many *presses* in his favor as he could. Has he done so? No. If he had, we should not, at this time of day, have been under the necessity of answering the question as to his "pretensions." The welkin would have rung with them. We are proud, indeed, that our views are the same as those expressed by most of the old and uniform Republican presses in different parts of the country, but in mere numbers, we apprehend, there is a fearful odds against us. Great industry has been employed in making enemies to Mr. Crawford, but very little in making him friends. Lest *our* silence on the subject should be misconstrued, we have thought it proper to leave no reason to doubt of the sentiments which we entertain of the titles of this gentleman to the favor of his fellow-citizens, and, at the same time, to state the grounds of them.

In making this exposition of our views, we have carefully avoided any notice, by comparison or contrast, of the claims of other candidates for the Presidency. We speak only of the *positive* recommendations of Mr. Crawford to public favor, which we have been called upon so often to produce, that we could no longer resist the invitation. About the other candidates, we will only say, for the present, that we never have disparaged the merits of either of them, and with our present feelings towards them, we never shall.

It may perhaps not be amiss to show, that the views we now express are perfectly consistent with our course in opposing the claims, preferred by the friends of Mr. Crawford, eight years ago. We recur with pleasure to our files of that date, and shall content ourselves with giving to our readers a single extract, to show the ground on which we then stood. In the National Intelligencer of the 22d February, 1816, it was thus concisely but distinctly stated:

"It has been said, we understand, that we have shewn disrespect to Mr. Crawford, one of the gentlemen held up by his friends for the Presidency, by copying from a Northern print, some remarks on the Presidential Election, in which his name was mentioned. Far from us was such an intention. We pointedly disclaim it. We deem too highly of Mr. Crawford, to suppose that his mind is capable of such an impression. But, no room shall remain for those of a different disposition. *We have ever entertained for Mr. Crawford that sentiment which his stern principles and independent conduct are calculated to inspire; and we have seen nothing yet to weaken it.* It is no derogation from his merits to say, that James Monroe has, in our opinion, still stronger claims, at this time, on the national confidence and affection. He has been longer in the public eye."

FROM THE WASHINGTON REPUBLICAN.

THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT STATE OF AFFAIRS.

NO. II.

In the situation to which we have been brought by circumstances over which we could exercise no controul, and against which, no prudence, on the part of the government, could possibly guard us, it is of vital importance that the people of the United States should distinctly comprehend all the difficulties, and all the dangers, by which we are menaced. It is the dictate of folly to close our eyes against the hazards we are to encounter, and to rush blindfold into the conflict. All that we possess is threatened—all we enjoy is in jeopardy. The Holy Alliance have declared an eternal and irreconcileable war against all those principles upon which our institutions are founded, and threatened the extinction of that liberty which we have been accustomed to regard as that alone which makes life desirable.

So long as these monarchs confined their operations within their own limits, so long even as their views were limited to Europe, we remained interested, and anxious, but calm spectators. We rather stifled than yielded to, the impulses of our nation. We endeavored to crush all those apprehensions as to their ultimate designs, which might rationally have been deduced from the principles which they avowed. We felt no wish to precipitate the conflict. We were unwilling to raise an arm in vindication of a cause, which, so far as affected us, remained perfectly abstract. They violated no rights of ours—they menaced us with no immediate danger; and we were not sufficiently quixotic to anticipate evil, or to seek danger for danger's sake. We regarded their principles with horror and aversion; we earnestly prayed that their machinations might be defeated, and that their iniquitous designs would recoil upon their own heads. In thus acting, we were governed by that prudence which should ever be exercised; and in thus feeling, we were animated by that sympathy which every freeman ought to indulge in, in the cause of freedom.

Having accomplished their ostensible designs, they now threaten to pass the Rubicon. They now hold out the idea that the principles they have promulgated are not to be confined to Europe; but that America must submit to the same course of regimen, which has been found so efficacious, in expelling from the continent of Europe every free government—every liberal institution—every vestage of the rights of man. The principles against which they have thus declared war, lie at the foundation of all our institutions. Here they have been grown and expanded. Here they have been fondly nurtured, and here they have attained their maturity. From us they have been extending their roots throughout the world. This country is, however, their citadel and fortress.

It would be worse than idle, at this period, to believe for a moment, that the U. States is not the ultimate object of all their machinations and schemes. So long as our institutions retain their present vigour, so long are these tyrants unsafe, surrounded by their guards—so long are their measures openly canvassed, and their atrocities fearlessly exposed. While the United States remain under their present government, those who are expelled from Europe on account of their hostility to the legitimate order of things, those whose principles coincide with our own, may find a refuge on our shores from martyrdom, and an asylum from oppression. While we continue our prosperous career, a contrast is perpetually exhibited to their schemes of government, and a constant and irresistable proof afforded of the enormity and the falsehood of all their pretensions. A fountain remains, never to be exhausted, furnishing a copious stream of all that they abhor, and detest, and fear.

Under such circumstances, our destruction is to them an object of primary importance. In the subversion of our institutions rests their hope of safety and repose. In our extinction they will be able to strangle the hydra with more than an hundred heads. To this end, therefore, will they earnestly look; to accomplish it they will strain every nerve.

Are the people of the United States, then, patiently to submit, or shall they resist? Shall we tamely surrender our forms of government, abolish all our institutions, and crouch like supplicant slaves to the throne of a despot? Or shall we rouse all our faculties, call into action all our resourses to vindicate our country and its government—our domestic comforts—our fire-side enjoyments, from contumely, from outrage, and from destruction? To such questions but one answer can be given.

The next is, shall we meet the foe at a distance, or encounter him with accumulated strength, on our own shores, and in the very bosom of our families? Shall we meet him while comparative feeble, intercept him in his progress, or shall we, having delayed until our South American brethren shall have fallen beneath the attack, and Mexico yielded to his arm—until those, who should have been our auxiliaries in the contest, irritated by our dereliction of a common and righteous cause, lend their strength and their resources to the enemy, and then be compelled to encounter, within our own territory, this congregated force?

If the dictates of prudence, if the language of policy, if the sympathies of our nature retain their wonted influence, the language of the President expresses the feelings of the nation.—We must, and will, consider every attempt made by the coalition of European monarchs, upon any one of the American republic, as an attack upon all. We must form a Holy Alliance on this side of the Atlantic, holy in its principles and objects, prepared to encounter and able to defeat, the machinations of those whom we must, and shall, regard as the direst foes of all that we hold dear. "When the bad combine the good must unite."

CURTIUS.

FROM THE MILLEDGEVILLE RECORDER.

The following affecting sentence was passed by Judge Longstreet, on John M. Williams, convicted of the murder of his wife, at the late Superior Court in Jones County—which has been furnished for publication by the Judge, at the solicitation of the Bar and a number of citizens who attended the trial.

John M. Williams,

When I heard the history of your case from the lips of those who testified on your trial, I thought it was such an one as would reconcile me to the painful task I am about to perform. But all the disgust and horror which I then felt at the enormity of your crime, have now given way to a succession of kind but conflicting emotions, that almost overpower me, and I meet you upon this occasion, no better prepared to pronounce, than you are to hear, the awful sentence which awaits you. But it is in vain to shrink from a duty which the law compels me to perform.

Hear me then for a few moments, and forgive me for prolonging your suspense, while I once more rehearse the sad story of your guilt. Believe the piteous tale is not again repeated to shoot another pang in your agonized bosom. I would not wantonly sport with your feelings, or mock your calamity. It is directed to the throng which presses around you, to witness our last sad interview. By them it will be long remembered, and may hallow the rude and turbulent passions that would hurry them into crime, when the stern mandate of the law would be forgotten. Perhaps too, it may touch some tender chord of your own heart that remains yet unbroken, and awaken you to such a sense of your perilous situation, as will induce you to make a successful appeal to that Being, whose can snatch you from the ruin which threatens you.

It appears that, some years since you wooed and won the heart of an amiable, lovely, affectionate and fatherless female—you led her to the altar, and there, in the presence of that Being, before whom you must shortly appear—you interchanged with her the vows of perpetual love and fidelity. She kept her vow amidst the severest trials—she did not forget it—the marks of your brutal violence disclosed your cruelty to the world, before her own lips whispered it to her nearest friend. When her wounds awakened the sympathies of the only male connection she had on earth—and forced him to step forward in her defence—she interceded in your behalf, quelled the rage of her defender, palliated the offence of her husband, forgave him, and with manifestations of unabated love, again received him to her bosom. With each revolving month your cruelties were repeated, and as often as they were repeated, so often were they forgiven. At length your conduct assumed a more alarming character, and she foresaw the fell purpose you have now executed. She appealed to the laws of her country to avert the ruin which menaced her—but 'ere she could experience their efficacy, one kind word from you dissipated all her fears—she again relented, withdrew her 'plaint—again forgave, and again received you to her embrace. All this could not melt your locked and frozen heart—it served only to embolden you in iniquity. Her friends expostulated with you—she besought you; & her mother, trembling under the weight of years, implored you to deal more kindly with her daughter. That mother addressed herself to your feelings in language, that I should have thought even a demon could not resist. When she repeated it here, the sternest heart in this vast multitude could not withhold from her the tribute of a tear. Behold, said she, I am a weak and aged woman—I can neither protect nor defend my child—her father is dead, if you discard her, where is she to seek protection? This eloquent appeal could not find its way to your heart.

Your inhuman treatment continued, and was borne by your companion with unexampled fortitude more than five years; during which period, she presented you four children. It was the ninth day of the age of the youngest, and when its mother had not yet left the room of her confinement, you selected to execute your hellish purpose. Then, when she clasped to her bosom her helpless innocent, with this instrument (a knife) still covered with her blood, you commenced the work of death.—Nay, her life was not sufficient to appease your vengeance—her mangled corpse gave unequivocal proofs that many of her wounds could have been inflicted only to try the strength of her nerves. The keen edge of the knife made her forget her infant and her weakness; she fled; you pursued her and dealt to her a blow that arrested her feeble flight: you then dropped the knife, went to your trunk and drew from it this instrument, of keener edge, (a razor,) and with it, you severed her head from her body. For all this, what is your defence? A plea that would deprive her of all that she has left behind her, her reputation. Happily for her memory, this lies beyond the reach of your vengeance.—Your efforts to tarnish it, have only given to it additional lustre. If there was no one in the vast assembly who witnessed your trial, that harboured for a moment a suspicion dishonourable to her, his conscience now rebukes him for his cruelties.—After five months preparation; after having all her nearest friends before you; after producing the inmates of your family, you have not been able to extort from one, a single word that could alarm even jealousy itself.—All attest that she was constant, artless, meek submissive and kind. Oh, she would have been a prize to any man but you; had you permitted her to live, she would have been a blessing to your children. Poor helpless orphans, what now is to be their destiny; who is left to watch over their dawning intellect, to chasten their morals, to lead them to virtue's shrine. Father of Mercy, be thou their protector, guardian and friend.—Spirit of their murdered mother, hover over and direct them through the dangerous and devious windings of life.

Williams—I have now faintly sketched the picture of your guilt. If it be not faithful to the original, it is not only because the coloring is not deep enough. With all this weight of sin upon your head, you have but twenty days to live. The hour is at hand when you must leave us, and hasten into the presence of a Being, whose frown is far more dreadful than the sentence which now consigns you to the tomb—Are you prepared for the interview—or have you wrought yourself into the belief that there is no futurity? and will you rest satisfied in this belief, until you are roused from your torpor by the signal for your appearance at the bar of the Most High? Ah, sir, you are risking too much upon your opinion. Should you err in this particular, the anguish which now rends your bosom, is peace when compared to the misery which awaits you. When you reflect that the wisest, ablest and best of men are against you, does it not sometimes occur to you that you may be in error? When you open the sacred volume, are you not sometimes startled with the thought, that it may be true? If it be, how dreadful are its denunciations against you. But amidst it thunders, it breathes a whisper of consolation, even to the most hardened offender.

Yes, Williams, even you, all bloody as you are, may be yet within the reach of its kind promises.—Fly then, I beseech you, to the last stay of the sinner's hope for a happy eternity. You have nothing to bind you to this life—there is not a being upon earth whom you can call your friend—not one who would dare to acknowledge you as a friend. You have arrested the throbbings of the only bosom that could now beat in unison with your own—you have silenced the only lips that could speak a word of consolation to your drooping spirits.—But there is an all-ruling Power above who may not forsake you when your kinsmen and countrymen disown you. While light of life yet gleams upon your short and dreary path to the grave, catch the fleeting moment to bespeak the intercession of that Redeemer whose power is equal to your necessities. He may yet wash out the foul stain that renders you loathsome to the mansions of bliss where you may again be greeted, and once more be forgiven by the kind companion of your bosom.

Hear now the sentence of the law and then farewell forever.

You, John M. Williams, will be re conducted to the place whence you came, where you will be kept in close custody until Friday, the 17th day of November next, when you will be taken to some convenient place of execution, and there, between the hours of ten in the forenoon, and two in the afternoon, you will be suspended by the neck until you are dead. And may the Lord have mercy upon your soul.

FROM THE EVANSVILLE (KENTUCKY) GAZETTE.

The following copy of a letter from Dr. Thompson to general Evans, has been handed us for publication. We publish it in confirmation of the statement made by Gen. Evans in our last number. We have seen the bone enclosed in the subjoined letter; it is upwards of an inch in length, and one fourth of an inch thick in the thickest part.

Princeton, Nov. 19, 1823.

General Evans,

SIR—Enclosed you will find a piece of bone, the size of which will surprise you, when you are told that it made its appearance on the cheek of the girl you visited, under circumstances precisely similar to those you witnessed. It came out this morning, (Wednesday) and is the largest but very little, that has been discharged.—The number of pieces of bone which have been discharged since you saw her, I am unable to state, but I will say, unequivocally, they would fill two thirds of a common sized tea cup, independent of the lumps of flesh, &c. Other circumstances are precisely as when you saw her; no soreness, swelling or depression of the cheek. I have just returned from visiting her, and send you this in consequence of the extreme surprise and anxiety you evinced on the subject while here.

Yours, &c. T. B. THOMPSON.

Since receiving the above letter I am credibly informed that on the night of the 20th inst. the blood again commenced running from the face of the girl, & that a large quantity discharged; that no emissions of flesh or bone have since taken place, but that on the evening of the 19th, one or two large pieces of bone came out of the eye, below the eye ball—that they were seen coming, and their progress plainly marked until they came entirely out—that the girl complained of considerable pain while they were coming out; and that one piece of bone came out through the skin above the eye, and that the appearance was precisely similar to those that came out of the cheek; that no hole, opening or apperture, could at any time be discovered, and that the girl yet continues in perfect health, free from the most distant symptoms of pain or soreness. It may be conjectured by some who have not had ocular demonstration of the above facts, that it is all a farce; that it is effected by artifice or the slight of hand; but from the well known respectability of Mrs. Prince, and the residents in her family, as well as of many others who have witnessed the same, together with my own scrutinizing observations, I can protest, most equivocally, that such is not the case.

R. M. EVANS.

FROM THE NATITONAL GAZETTE.

The following is an authentic copy of an inedited letter of General Washington. It is interesting, as an evidence of the refinement of his feelings and theory concerning the incident of foraging, in war.

"*Head Quarters, Middle Brook, May 29th* 1779.

"Sir—I have received a copy of your letter of the 27th instant, to Major General Greene, Quarter Master General, upon the subject of Forage. Your representation upon this head is very distressing, and I scarcely know how to direct you upon the occasion. It is my wish that every possible respect should be paid, in all cases, to the laws of this and every other State, and a sacred regard to the property of each individual member, as far as can be done; but if necessity will not admit of this strict observance, it must justify a deviation, and such infringements as she compels. However, to prevent as much as possible, any just ground of complaint and the charge of a wanton exercise of power, you should use every practicable exertion to obtain forage in the ordinary way, and where this cannot be effected, wherever circumstances will permit, you should make written requisitions to the Magistrates for pasturage and meadows, and obtain them by their allotment.

If they will not permit, or the magistrates refuse to designate them or make a competent provision, the exigency of the public service must decide the conduct you are to pursue. I have mentioned those precautions, because (tho' all regulations must yield to necessity) the principle should be introduced with caution, and

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* We have not dwelt upon the magnanimity displayed by Mr. Crawford at that time, in withdrawing from competition with the last of the Revlouionary Worthies, but cannot help quoting from our files, to refresh the memory of our readers, the language of Mr. C. on that occasion, as stated by the late lamented Mr. Bibb, through the medium of the National Intelligencer:

"In consequence of repeated inquiries whether Mr. Crawford was to be considered among the competitors, accompanied with the desire that his views should be ascertained, I communicated to him what had passed. He replied, without reserve, that *he did not consider himself among the number of those from whom the selection ought to be made*, and that he was unwilling to be held up as a competitor for that office."

† Our friend Mr. Niles, is quite facetious and complimentary in his Weekly Register of Saturday, on the subject of this. He says the people of the U. States had no more idea of electing Mr. Crawford President, than they had of electing *him* or one of us to that office. If blushes could be transferred to paper the very ink we use would take its hue from our cheeks, at the unexpected honor of being placed on the same level, in popular estimation, with our worthy friend at Baltimore. But he is entirely too modest. We consider it by no means an impossible thing, nay, hardly an improbable one, that he may, at some future day, be proposed as a candidate for that high station. If he should succeed to it, he will put down all etiquette and ceremony, we warrant him. Every thing will be free and easy at the great house. We look to take him by the hand there.

* *Suppressio veri est expressio falsi*, as a venerable Member of the last Congress was wont to say.

† The greatet share of the conscientious opposition to Mr. Crawford, at this day, is attributed to a hasty phrase at the close of a Report, made by him to Congress, on the subject of the condition of the Indians, which has been twisted, by hypocrites, into every meaning but that which was intended.

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