EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS PERPETUAL VIGILANCE."

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POETRY.

(*From Blackwood's Magazine.*)

THE SONG OF THE WEAVER'S WIFE.

AIR—"*The Boatie Rows.*"

Oh! weel befa' the busy loom
That plies the hole day long;
And, clicking briskly, fills the room
Wi' sic cheery sang.
Oh! weel befa' the edient han'
That cleeds us great an' sma',
And blessings on the kind gudeman
That dearly lo'es us a'.

Our purse is low, our lot is mean,
But waur it well mught be;
Our house is canty aye and clean,
Our hearts frae kauker free.
We fa' h wi'nae ambitious scheme,
Nor heed affairs o' state;
We dinna strive against the stream,
Or murmur at our fate.

Oh! meikle is the wealth that springs
Frae industry and peace
Where nae reproach o' conscience stings,
And a' repinin's case.
The heart will loath the richest meat,
If nae kind blessin's sent;
The coarsest morsel will be sweet
When kitchen'd wi' content.

Oh! wad the Power that rules o'er life
Impart some gracious charm,
To keep me still a happy wife,
And shield the house frae harm.
Instead of wealth and growing care,
Ask but health an' and tear,
I [illegible] application to
Th[illegible] have mine,
I [illegible] me my own;
bairns the comfort o' our heart,
Oh may they long be spared
We'll try by them to do our part,
And hope a sure reward.
What better to cher can we gi'e
Than just a taste for hame?
What better heirship when we die,
Than just an honest name?

PORTRAIT OF THE WIDOW:

(*From Sheridan Knowles' new Comedy.*)

How young she looks. What life is in her eyes
What ease is in her gait while, as she walks,
Her waist, still tapering, takes it pliantly
How lollingly she bears her head withal:
On this side now—now that. When enters she
A drawing room, what worlds of gracious things
Her courtesy says—she sinks with such a sway,
Greeting on either hand the company,
Then slowly rises to her state again.
She is the empress of the card table.
Her hand and arm—Gods, did you see her deal—
With curv'd and pliant wrist dispense the pack,
Which, at touch of her fair fingers, fly;
How soft she speaks—how very soft. Her voice
Comes melting from her round and swelling throat
Reminding you of sweetest, mellowest, things—
Plums, peaches, apricots and nectarines—
Whose bloom is poor to paint her cheeks and lips
By Jove, I'll marry.

LADY LUCY'S PETITION.

A Tale founded on Facts.

'And is my dear papa shut up in this dismal place, to which you are taking me, nurse?' asked the Lady Lucy Preston, raising her eyes fearfully to the tower of London as the coach in which she was seated with Amy Gradwell, her nurse, drove under the gateway. She trembled and hid her face in Amy's cloak, when they alighted, and she saw the soldiers on guard, and the sentinels, with their crossed partizans, before the portals of that part of the fortress where the prisoners of State were confined, and where her own father, Lord Preston, of whom she was come to take her last farewell, was then confined under sentence of death.

'Yes, my dear child,' returned Amy, sorrowfully; 'my Lord, your father, is indeed within these sad walls. You are now going to visit him. Shall you be afraid of entering this place, my dear?'

'No,' replied Lady Lucy, resolutely; 'I am not afraid of going to any place where my dear papa is.'

Yet she clung closer to the arms of her attendant, as they were admitted into the gloomy precincts of the buildings, and her little heart fluttered fearfully as she glanced around her, and she whispered to her nurse:—Was it not here that the two young princes, Edward the Fifth and his brother Richard, Duke of York, were murdered by their cruel uncle Richard, Duke of Gloucester?'

'Yes, my love, it was; but do not be alarmed on that account, for no one will hurt you,' said old Amy, in an encouraging tone.

'And was not good King Henry the Sixth murdered here also by that same wicked Richard?' continued the little girl, whose imagination was full of the records of deeds of blood that had been perpetrated in this fatally celebrated place, many of which had been related to her by Bridget Holdworth, the housekeeper, since her father had been imprisoned in the tower, on charge of high treason.

'But do you think they will murder papa, nurse?' pursued the child, as they ascended the stairs leading to the apartment in which the unfortunate nobleman was confined.

'Hush! hush! my dear, you must not talk of these things here,' said Amy, 'or they will shut us both up in a room with bolts nd bars, instead of admitting us to see my Lord, your father."

Lady Lucy pressed closer to her nurse's side, and was silent till they were ushered into the room where her father was confined, when, forgetting every thing else in her joy at seeing him again, she sprang into his arms, and almost stifled him with her kisses. Lord Preston was greatly affected at the sight of his little daughter, and, overcome by her passionate demonstrations of fondness, his own anguish at the thought of his approaching separation from her, and the idea o leaving her an orphan at her tender age, (for she had only just completed her ninth year, & had lost her mother,) he clasped her to his bosom, and bedewed her innocent face with his tears.

'Why do you cry, dear papa?' asked the innocent child, who was herself weeping at the sight of his distress. 'And why will you not leave this gloomy place and come home to your own hall again.'

'Attend to me, Lucy, and I will tell you the cause of my grief,' said her father, seating the little girl on his knee: 'I shall never come again, for I have been condemned to die for high treason, which means an offence against the King, and I shall not leave this place till they bring me forth on the Tower hill, where they will cut off my head with a sharp axe, and set it up afterwards over Temple bar, or London bridge.

At this terrible intelligence, Lady Lucy screamed aloud, and hid her face in her father's bosom, which she wetted with her tears.

'Be composed, my dear child,' said Lord Preston, 'for I have much to say to you, and we may never meet again on this side of the grave.'

'No! no, dear papa,' cried she,' they shall not kill you, for I will cling so fast to your neck, that they will not be able to cut your head off; and I will tell them all how good and kind you are, and then they will not want to kill you.

'My dearest love this is all simple talking,' said Lord Preston. 'I have offended against the law as it is at present established, by trying to have my old master, King James restored to his throne, and therefore I must die. Do you remember, Lucy, I took you once to Whitehall to see King James, and how kindly he spoke to you?'

'Oh, yes, papa! and I recollect he laid his hand on my head, and said I was like what his daughter, the Princess of Orange, was at my age,' replied Lady Lucy, with great anima-

by my child, very shortly after you saw [illegible] at Whitehall, the Prince of Orange, family [illegible] his daughter, came over to [illegible] per[illegible] and drove King James out of his palace, [illegible] kingdom, and the people made him and the Princess of Orange king and queen in his stead?

'But was it not very wicked of the Princess of Orange to join with her husband to take her father's kingdom from him? I am very sorry King James thought me like her,' said Lady Lucy earnestly.

'Hush, hush! my love, you must not talk so of the Princess of Orange, for perhaps she considered she was doing right in depriving her father of his kingdom, because he had embraced the Catholic religion, and it is against the law for a king of England to be a Catholic. Yet I confess I do not believe she would have consented to sign the death warrants of so many of her father's old servants, only on account of their faithful attachment to him,' said Lord Preston, with a sigh.

'I have heard that the Princess of Orange is a merciful disposition,' said old Amy Gradwell, advancing towards her master, 'and perhaps she might be induced to spare your life, my Lord, if your pardon was very earnestly entreated of her by some of your friends.'

'Alas! my good Amy, I have no one who will undertake the perilous office of soliciting the royal grace for an attainted traitor, lest they should be suspected of favoring the cause of King James.'

'Dear papa! let me go to the Queen, and beg for your pardon,' cried Lady Lucy, with a crimsoned cheek and a sparkling eye. 'I will beg and so pray her to spare your life, dear papa, that she will not have the heart to deny me.'

'Simple child!' exclaimed her father, 'what should you be able to say to the Queen that would be of any avail?'

'God would teach me what to say, and he has power also to touch her heart with pity for a child's distress, and to open her ear to my earnest petition.'

Her father clasped her to his bosom and said, 'Thou wouldst be afraid of speaking to the Queen, even if thou shouldst be admitted to her presence my child.'

'Why would I be afraid of speaking to the Queen, papa? for even if she would be angry with me, and answer harshly, I should be thinking too much of you, father to mind it; or if she were to send me to the tower and cut off my head, she could only kill my body, but would have no power at all to hurt my soul, which is under the protection of *One*, who is greater than any King or queen upon the earth.'

'You are right, my child, to fear God, and to have no other fear,' said her father. 'It is He who hath, perhaps, put it into your heart to plead with the Queen for my life; which, if it be his pleasure to grant, I shall feel it indeed a happiness for my child to be made the instrument of my deliverance from the perils of death, which now encompass me; but if it should be otherwise, his will be done. He hath promised to be a father to the fatherless, and he will not forsake my good and dutiful child, when I am low in the dust.'

'But how will Lady Lucy gain admittance to the Queen's presence, my lord,' asked old Amy, who had been a weeping spectator of the scene between the father and child.

'I will write a letter to her godmother, the Lady Clarendon, requesting her to accomplish the matter.'

He then wrote a few hasty lines to that lady, which he gave to his daughter, telling her she was to go the next day to Hampton Court, properly attended, and to obtain a sight of Lady Clarendon, who was there in waiting upon the Queen, and deliver that letter to her with her own hand. He then kissed his child tenderly, and bade her farewell. Though the little child wept at parting with her father, yet she left the tower with a far more composed mind than she entered it; for she had formed her resolution, and her young heart was full of hope. She had silently committed her cause to God, and she trusted that He would dispose the event prosperously for her.

The next morning before the lark sung her matins, Lady Lucy was up and dressed in a suit of deep mourning, which Amy had provided as the most suitable garb for a daughter whose only surviving parent was under sentence of death. The servants, who had been informed of their young lady's intention to solicit the Queen for her father's freedom, were assembled in the entrance hall to see her depart; and as she passed through them, leaning on her nurse's arm, and attended by her father's confidential secretary, and the old butler, they shed tears, and bade God bless her, and prosper her in her design.

Lady Lucy, arrived at Hampton Court, was introduced into the Countess of Clarendon's apartments before her ladyship was out of bed, and having told her artless tale with great earnestness, delivered her father's letter. Lady Clarendon, who was wife to the Queen's uncle, was very kind to her young goddaughter, but plainly told her she must not reckon on her influence with the Queen, because the Earl of Clarendon was in disgrace on account of being suspected of carrying on a correspondence with King James, his brother-in-law; therefore she dared not solicit the Queen on behalf of her friend, Lord Preston, against whom her majesty was so deeply exasperated that she had declared she would not show him any mercy.

'Oh!' said the little girl, 'if I could only see the Queen myself, I would not wish any one to speak for me, for I *should* plead so earnestly to her for my dear papa's life that she could not refuse me, I'm sure.

'Poor child, what could you say to the Queen!' asked the Countess, compassionately.

'Only let me see her and you shall hear,' rejoined Lady Lucy.

'Well, my love, it were a pity but what you then should have an opportunity, said Lady Clarendon; 'but much I fear thy little heart will fail thee, and when thou seest the Queen face to face, thou wilt not be able to utter a syllable.'

'God will direct the words of my lips,' said the little girl, with tears in her eyes.

The Countess was impressed with the piety and filial tenderness of her little goddaughter; and she hastened to rise and dress, that she might conduct the child into the palace gallery, where the Queen usually passed an hour in walking, after her return from chapel, which she attended every morning. Her majesty had not left the chapel when Lady Clarendon & Lady Lucy entered the gallery; and her ladyship endeavored to direct the anxious impatience of her little friend, by pointing out to her the portraits with which it was adorned

'I know that gentleman well,' said the child, pointing to a noble whole length portrait of James the Second. 'That is the portrait of the deposed King James, Queen Mary's father,' observed the Countess, sighing; 'and a very striking likeness it is of that unfortunate monarch—but hark, here comes the Queen, with her chamberlain and ladies from chapel; now, Lucy, is the time. I will step into the recess yonder, but you must remain alone, standing where you are, and when her majesty approaches near enough, kneel down on one knee before her, and present your father's petition. She who walks a little in advance of the other ladies is the Queen. Be of good courage, and address yourself to her.'

Lady Clarendon then made a hasty retreat. Lucy's heart fluttered violently when she found herself alone, but her resolution did not fail her; and while her lips moved violently in fervent prayer to the Almighty for his assistance in this trying moment, she stood with folded hands, pale, composed, and motionless as a statue, awaiting the Queen's approach: and when her majesty drew near the spot, she advanced a step forward, knelt and presented the petition.

The extreme beauty of the child, her deep mourning, the touching sadness of her look and manners, and above all, the streaming tears which bedewed her face, excited the Queen's attention and interest; she paused, spoke kindly to her, and took the offered paper; but when she saw the name of Lord Preston her color rose. She frowned, cast the petition from her, and would have passed on but Lucy, who had watched her countenance with a degree of anxious interest that amounted to agony, losing all awe of royalty in her fears for her father, put forth her hand, and grasping the Queen's robe, cried in an imploring tone, 'Spare my father—my dear, dear father, royal lady!' Lucy had meant to say many persuasive things, but forgot them all in her sore distress, and could only repeat the words 'mercy, mercy, for my father, gracious Queen!' till her vehement emotion choked her voice; and throwing her arms around the Queen's neck, she laned her head against her majesty's person for support, and sobbed aloud.

The intense sorrow of a child is always peculiarly touching; but the circumstances under which Lucy appeared were more than commonly affecting. It was a daughter, not beyond the season of infancy, overmastering the timidity of that tender age to become the suppliant to an offended sovereign for the life of a father. Queen Mary pitied the distress of her young petitioner, but she considered the death of Lord Preston as a matter of political necessity; she therefore told Lucy mildly, but firmly, that she could not grant her request.

'But he is good and kind to every one" said Lucy, raising her blue eyes, which were swimming with tears, to the face of the Queen.

'He may be so to you, child,' returned her majesty, 'but he has broken the law of the country, and therefore must die.

But you can pardon him if you choose to do so; madam,' replied Lucy; 'and I have read that God is well pleased with those who forgive; for he has said 'Blesed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.'

'It does not become a little girl like you to attempt to instruct me,' replied the Queen, gravely; 'I am acquainted with my duty; and as it is my place to administer justice impartially, it is not possible for me to pardon your farther, however painful it may be for me to deny the request of so dutiful a child

Lucy did not reply; she only raised her eyes with an appealing look to the Queen, and then turned them expressly on the portrait of King James, opposite to which her majesty was then standing. There was something in that look that bore no common meaning, and the Queen whose curiosity was excited by the peculiarly emphatic manner of the child, could not refrain from asking wherefore she gazed so earnestly upon that picture; 'I was thinking,' replied Lady Lucy, 'how strange it was that you should wish to kill my father, only because he loved yours so faithfully!'

This wise but artless reproof from the lips of infant innocence, went to the heart of the Queen; she raised her eyes to the once dear and honored countenance of a parent, who, whatever were his political errors as a king, or his offences against others, had ever been the tenderest of parents to her and the remembrance that he was an exile in a foreign land, relying on the bounty of strangers for his daily bread, while she and her husband were invested with the legal inheritance of which he had been deprived, pressed upon her the thought of the contrast of her conduct as a daughter, when compared with the filial piety of the child before her whom a sentence of hers was about to render an orphan.

'Rise, dear child' she said 'thou hast prevailed—thy father shall not die I grant his pardon at thy entreaty—Thy filial love hath saved him.'

On Reading Lady Lucy's Petition.

It must have been a lovely sight, to view that sinless child,
On whose young timid check and brow such fascination smiled;
The quivering lip—the upraised eye—the soul-beseeching glance,
Which speaks to every feeling heart with nature's eloquence.
Oh! young patrician, after years might give the wealth and power,
But could they e'er bestow on thee a feeling like that hour,
When that so dreaded voice bestowed thy fond heart's first sire
And yielded to thy prayers and tears the pardon of thy desire
Thy sex, sweet girl, has often been the saviour of man's life:
The mind has suffered for her love, and for her spouse the wife;
But there's no feeling of the heart so pure and undefiled,
As that which for a father fills the bosom of his child.
There's something so unselfish and so holy in the name;
There love's indeed no counterfeit,' it is a sacred flame—
It is an emanation caught from radiance ever bright,
A heavenly flame from him who is the Father of all Light.

D. L. S.

VISIT TO THE HERMITAGE.

The following letter was written to T. A. S. Doniphan, esq, of Natchez, by one of the editors of the "Columbus Democrat," and published in a recent number of the Free Trader.

Nashville, Tenn Oct. 16, 1837.

Friend D.—I arrived in this town a few days since. It is situated on the Cumberland river, which is navigable half the year for the largest class of steamboats. The place is healthy, and all the comforts of life, and its luxuries too, can be obtained for about one half what they cost in Mississippi Middle Tennessee is the garden of the south western country.

In company with J. O. Bradford, esq, the talented and accomplished editor of the Nashville Union, I visited the Hermitage, which you know is the residence of the most distinguished American of the age. He lives about ten miles from the town, entirely free from the noise and bustle incident to a city life. The house is perhaps half a mile from the main road—a gate opens to a private avenue which leads to the dwelling of the retired soldier and statesman, who, Cincinnatus like, has gladly embraced the quiet of a rural life, after having long and successfully served his country. The house has nothing remarkable about it—there are several in your town more gaudy in their exterior and interior. A portico or gallery extend the length of the house both front and rear each supported by six stately pillars. A beautiful yard gently elevated. extends for some distance in front. The grounds are tastefully ornamented with shrubbery.

General JACKSON was in the main hall when we rode up—he met us at the door, after cordially saluting my estimable friend B I was introduced. Gen. Jackson's manner is so easy and familiar, that every body is perfectly at home in his company. We found him in fine spirits—his mind appears to have lost none of its youthful vigor, although time is gently making inroads upon his noble and commanding person—a very good idea of the general contour of his face and head is conveyed in the various likenesses with which we frequently meet. He is inclined to stoop a little, when walking, yet steps with all the firmness and activity of a man at the age of thirty. His memory appears to be remarkably retentive; he recited incidents of the revolutionary struggle, of the late war, and of the Creek and Seminole campaigns which were listened to with great curiosity and interest. Do you know the origin of his cognomen of "Old Hickory?" After the battle of New Orleans, when he was returning with the Kentucky and Tennessee volunteers, he loaned his horse to a sick soldier in the neighborhood of Natchez; then the General fell in the rear of the army, and pursued his way on foot.—After he had marched some twenty or thirty miles, one of the soldiers observed to his comrade that "the General would break down." "No," observed his companion, "he as tough as hickory."—Ever since the occurrence of the anecdote in 1815, he has borne the title.

He recollects men and incidents with great accuracy; he is a living history of the age.—The politics of the day formed a prominent topic of the conversation. Those who have called him an "*ignorant*" man, and stigmatized him with other epithets which I will not repeat, must have had a "beam in their eye."—He has the history of banking at his tongue's end; he shed a mass of light upon that subject, as well as upon all others of which he spoke that could not fail to instruct and improve.—He deprecates the circulation of change bills. Shortly after he was first elected President of the United States, some of the poor market women came to him with a complaint that they were seriously imposed upon by being compelled to receive the depreciated paper which was then issued by the corporations of Washington, Georgetown and Alexandria, in payment of their produce. They lost twenty-five cents on the dollar in getting them changed into specie. Gen. Jackson told his humble petitioners that he "had no power over the matter, but they had; to-morrow morning just form a resolution among yourselves not to take a cent of it from one end of market to the other." They did so, and in three days the corporations called in their unlawful issues, and specie circulated in abundance.

The General has a very fine garden; I culled some choice seeds, which I will divide with you the first opportunity. The garden is tastefully laid off in plats, ornamented with various kinds of flowers and shrubbery. The tomb of his lamented lady is in one corner of the garden, but a short distance from his dwelling. It is surrounded by rose bushes, and the weeping willow, and covered by a plain summer house. The inscription upon the tomb was written by Major Lee. She died in 1828, aged 61. After speaking of her unbounded benevolence and fervent piety, it concludes thus: "A being so gentle yet so virtuous, slander might wound, but could not dishonor.—Even death, when he tore her from the arms of her husband, could but transport her to the bosom of her God" You recollect the foul slanders which were heaped upon General Jackson, and his lady too, during the first canvass. Shame! shame upon their heartless authors! Although female delicacy sunk under them the brave and the good old man yet survives to receive the blessings of grateful millions. Long may it be before he shall occupy the little tenement prepared by the side of his deceased wife!

The carriage made of the live oak of the frigate Constitution is looked upon with peculiar interest by all his visitors; it is indeed a beautiful specimen of American mechanism. The associations connected with it are peculiarly interesting

The hall of the General's dwelling is quite elevated. A beautiful painting decorates one of the walls, representing the attack made upon the Americans and others in Mexico, by the degraded and illiterate population of that ancient and beautiful city. Mr. Poinsett, the American Minister, walks out upon the balcony of his residence, accompanied by a high spirited young Virginian, by the name of Mason, and unfurled the flag of his country. The stars and stripes of "our loved land" had a wonderful effect in allaying the feelings of the excited populace. A hundred well aimed muskets were diverted from the mark; and that furious people retired before that irresistible appeal. That was an instance of the power of the American flag. A bust of Mr. Livingston and Mr. Woodbury are kept in the [illegible] hall. In the parlor is a very good likeness of Mrs. Jackson and Mr. Van Buren.

The dinner was plain and substantial [illegible] past. Previous to retiring, the General proposed a toast. "Our absent friends," which was drunk by all. Andrew Jackson, Jr. and his intelligent lady, and Col. Earll, one of the most accomplished gentlemen in America, are of the General's household.

No one can visit the Hermitage, without being pleased. Every thing is calculated to make the stay of those who call, agreeable and pleasant. There is no display, no ostentation; you are at home and welcome. The Hermitage is almost constantly thronged with company, and will be, so long as its distinguished owner sojourns among the living. And when he has been gathered to his fathers, thousands will make a pilgrimage to his tomb, and bear away some relic in memory of one of the purest patriots that ever lived.

N. L.

To T. A. S. DONIPHAN.

MOST HORRIBLE.

We learn from a source which we have no reason to doubt that a horrible murder was committed, during last week, at a house a short distance this side of Springfield, in this State. We have the name of the person who lived in the house, but, until the facts are fully ascertained by a regular investigation, we do not consider it our duty to mention it. The circumstances were as follows: A poor woman, with two children, was travelling to Springfield, when night overtook her, just as she reached the above-named house, where she applied for lodgings until morning, which request was readily granted A short time after, a gentleman on horseback arrived, and likewise asked permission to stay all night. After supper, the lady was showed to her chamber, where, being wearied with travel, she soon fell asleep. She was aroused in the night by a noise which she thought resembled a person strangling and immediately after she imagined that she heard blood running on the floor. Her terror was great, but doubly increased when she heard some one in the adjoining room ask, "What shall we do with the old lady?" "Murder her, to be sure." replied a second voice. "But the children?" inquired the first speaker; "it will be hard to kill them." "Well then," said the second, "we will ascertain if she is asleep, and if so, we will let her go in the morning, but if not, she must die." The lady had sufficient fortitude and presence of mind to appear to the murderers, when they entered her room to be in a sound sleep. In the morning they gave her her breakfast, and suffered her to depart with her children. She had not gone far until she met a man on foot, who stopped her and inquired, where she had stayed the previous night She replied, at the first house. What kind of people live there? asked the man. They were very kind and good to me, she replied. The stranger passed on, and she had not proceeded far before a second man accosted her with "where she stayed last night?" By this time her suspicions were aroused, and she answered him in the same strain as she had replied to the first. He passed on, and she was met by a third, who proposed similar questions, and received similar answers. At length she arrived at Springfield and lost no time in informing the proper authorities all that she had seen and heard. A body of men were procured, and proceeded to the house designated, the murderers were taken by surprise, and all secured. The house was then searched, and the body of a murdered man found in the cellar, and also the sum of $13,000 was found, supposed to be the property of the victim. By next week, we will probably learn further particulars, and the name of the unfortunate man.—*Quincy (Ohio) Argus.*

From the National Intelligencer.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 21, 1837.

Messrs. GALES & SEATON: On my way to this place, I saw, for the first time, at Petersburg, Virginia, in the Intelligencer of that place the following article, which I would be obliged to you to insert in your paper to morrow, or next day, with my remarks that follow. With respect,

J. C. CALHOUN.

Mr. Calhoun's late summerset, it would seem, was as sudden as it was unexpected. We invite attention to the following apparently well authenticated facts, which we find narrated in the last Salisbury (N. C.) Watchman—*Lynchburg Virg.*

"We made some remarks not long since on the awkward predicament in which Mr. Calhoun had placed many of his admirers by the sub-Treasury scheme. There are many gentlemen who say they heard Mr. Calhoun denounce that scheme as he went on to Washington city last August. At Charlotte, in particular, the judge then holding the superior court, with several gentlemen of the bar, also a number of intelligent citizens of Charlotte, called on Mr. Calhoun, and they concur in saying that he then disapproved of the sub-Treasury plan: that he spoke freely and unreservedly on the subject, and at considerable length. These gentlemen had mentioned Mr. Calhoun's conversation before his change of opinion was ever spoken of, and when that was first suggested, some of his friends denied the fact, and adverted to this interview to disprove what was then regarded as a most pitiful slander.

"But this is not the only sudden turn over of Mr. Calhoun's. His vote to withhold the 4th instalment of the surplus revenue from the States was more pointedly inconsistent with his recent opinions. On the same trip to Washington, in company with several members of the House of Representatives, he deprecated the proposal in the most emphatic terms, declared that the Opposition ought to insist on the execution of the deposite law *if we had to take the money in rags.* Mr. Thompson, of South Carolina, and Mr. A. H. Shepperd, of our own State, heard him make this declaration frequently, and if any one doubts it, he can not only get the testimony of these gentlemen, but that of several private individuals, who are near at hand, but who are averse to have their names drawn into a political controversy unless it be necessary. So that Mr. Calhoun has not only placed his friends in an awkward predicament, but himself in a more awkward one"

It has been a rule with me, from which I have rarely departed, to pass in silence the misrepresentations to which I have been subject, in the discharge of my public duties; leaving it to my after conduct to stamp the charge [illegible] on them. The above I regard [illegible] exception [illegible] justice [illegible]

On motion of Mr. [illegible] the resolution was [illegible] a table without [illegible] notice [illegible] might [illegible] obscurity in its truth.

I am charged with holding conversation on my way to Washington, inconsistent with my course in relation to the currency and the fourth instalment under the deposite act, with the express view of fixing on me a change of opinion after my arrival here, with all the imputations to which such a sudden change would justly expose me. I repel the charge directly and fully. I never uttered a sentence on my way here, or at any time, inconsistent with my course in relation to either subjects.

In regard to the first, my course may be comprised under the four heads: opposition to a national bank, opposition to a re-union with the State banks; support of a total separation of State and banks, and the support of a reorganization of the Treasury Department, so as to enable it to perform the duties which the separation necessarily devolved on it, or what is usually called the Sub-Treasury. It is impossible for me to remember, or to repeat, all that I said at Charlotte. I arrived there in the stage late in the evening, and many of the respectable citizens called on me. The conversation was free, and turned on the subjects for which it was supposed Congress was called. But I do know, that I could not have said any thing, fairly understood, inconsistent with my course on the currency. I had made up my mind unchangeably before I left home against a national bank and a re-union with the State banks, and for a separation of Government and banks, and, of course, the re-organization of the Treasury, or the sub-Treasury, as several of my friends know, and, among others, Mr. McDuffie, who will excuse me for using his name to put down all cavil, where so much industry has been employed to misrepresent me Having made up my mind thus far, in conformity to principles long entertained and publicly expressed in debate on the removal of the deposites, it is impossible that I could have been guilty of the folly or profligacy of saying any thing to the contrary, and which I should be compelled to contradict by my acts in a short time.

As to my alleged denunciation of the sub-Treasury, I have only to say, that I have always regarded it merely as the *consequence of* the separation of the Government and the banks—a mere question of detail, the merit or demerit of which must be determined by the particular plan proposed; and, as such, have attributed but little importance to it, either in debate or conversation.

I had no conception, in conversing freely with gentlemen who sought my opinion, that what I said should be made the subject of newspaper remarks; but since it has, I release all present, as far as I am concerned, from the implied obligations, which regulate the laws of social intercourse in such cases among gentlemen, and without the observance of which conversation must lose all its freedom and pleasure. They have my full assent to state all I said; not a word of which, it fairly understood, will be found in conflict with my course.

I repel the charge of inconsistency, as to the fourth instalment, with equal directness and fullness. It turned out that there was no available surplus in the Treasury; and that, instead of depositing money with the States, we had to borrow to meet the current expenses. The alternative presented in the Senate was between the postponement of the fourth instalment or borrowing money to make the deposits. I voted for the former, and could not have done otherwise, without a gross contradiction of all my principles, and the whole of my past course in relation to the subject.

But it seems that Gen. Thompson, of South

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