person, united a serenity of mind, a cool and collected wisdom, a cautious and deliberate judgment, a perfect command of the passions, and throughout his whole life, a familiarity and acquaintance with business and civil transactions, which rarely characterize any human being. No man was ever more deeply penetrated than he was, with profound respect for the safe and necessary principle of the entire subordination of the military to the civil authority. I hope I do no injustice to Gen. Jackson, when I say, that I could not recognize, in his public conduct, those attainments for both civil government and military command, which contemporaries and posterity have alike unanimously concurred in awarding as yet only to the father of his country. I was sensible of the gratitude which the people of this country justly feel towards Gen. Jackson for his brilliant military services. But the impulses of public gratitude should be controled, it appeared to me, by reason and discretion, and I was not prepared blindly to surrender myself to the hazardous indulgence of a feeling however amiable and excellent that feeling may be when properly directed. It did not seem to me to be wise or prudent, if, as I solemnly believed, Gen. Jackson's competency for the office was highly questionable, that he should be placed in a situation where neither his fame nor the public interests would be advanced.

General Jackson himself would be the last man to recommend or vote for any one for a place for which he thought him unfit. I felt myself sustained by his own reasoning, in his letter to Mr. Monroe, in which, speaking of the qualifications of our venerable Shelby for the Department of War, he remarked: 'I am compelled to say to you, that the acquirements of this worthy man are not competent to the discharge of the multiplied duties of this Department, I therefore hope he may not accept the appointment. I am fearful, if he does, he will not add much splendor to his present well earned standing as a public character.' Such was my opinion of General Jackson, in reference to the Presidency. His convictions of Governor Shelby's unfitness, by the habits of his life, for the appointment of Secretary of War, were not more honest nor stronger than mine were of his own want of experience, and the necessary civil qualifications to discharge the duties of a President of the United States. In his elevation to this office, too, I thought I perceived the establishment of a fearful precedent; and I am mistaken in all the warnings of instructive history, if I erred in my judgment. Undoubtedly there are other and many dangers to public liberty, besides that which proceeds from military idolatry, but I have yet to acquire the knowledge of it, if there be one more perilous or more frequent.

[*To be Continued.*]

HISTORY OF NAPOLEON.

A work has lately been published in Paris, by General Comte de Segur, entitled 'L'Histoire de Napoleon, et de Grande Armee, pendant l'Annee, 1812,' which is likely to attract general attention. A translation of it was making in London, and it was expected to appear in the beginning of March. In the last number of the London Magazine, we observe (says the N. Y. Evening Post,) an article on the subject, accompanied by several extracts from the work, which we have perused with deep interest. They relate chiefly to the battle of Moscow, previous to the conflagration of that capital, and are written with clearness and in a style and manner calculated to engage the attention of most readers. It would appear that Napoleon, at the time he entered on the Russian campaign, was greatly afflicted with a bodily disease; probably that which terminated his life. After giving an account of the battle of Moscow, which lasted from sunrise till 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the writer proceeds as follows:

'It was late in the day, the ammunition exhausted, and the battle over. It was only then that the emperor mounted his horse with difficulty, and rode slowly toward the heights of Semenoska. He found there a field of battle but incompletely gained, for the cannon balls and even the bullets of the enemy still disputed it with us. In the midst of these spirit-stirring sounds of war, and the still flaming ardour of Ney and Murat, Napoleon remained the same; his spirits sunk, his voice languishing, and addressing his victorious generals only to recommend prudence to them; after which he returned at a slow pace to his tent behind the battery, which had been carried two days before, and in front of which he had remained, since morning, an almost motionless spectator of all the vicissitudes of that terrible day.

'On entering his tent, he appeared not only enfeebled in body but prostrated in mind. The field of battle he had visited told him in more convincing terms than his generals, that this victory, so long pursued, so dearly purchased, was incomplete. Was it him, who was accustomed to follow up his success to the last possible results, that Fortune now found frigid and inactive when she offered him her best favours? For the loss was immense, and without proportionate result. Every one around the Emperor had to deplore the death of a friend or a relation, for the havoc had been great among the officers of high rank. Forty three generals had been killed or wounded. What mourning in Paris! What triumph for his enemies! What a dangerous subject of meditation for Germany! In his army, even in his tent, victory appeared silent, sombre, isolated, neglected even by the flatterers! Those whom he sent for, Dumas, Daru, &c. listened to him, but replied not: but their attitude, their downcast looks, their silence, was sufficiently intelligible.

At ten o'clock, Murat, whom 12 hours' fighting had not tired, came to ask for the cavalry of the guard. 'The enemy,' he said, 'were passing hastily, and in disorder, the Moscowa; and he wished to surprise and destroy them.' The Emperor repressed this sally of immoderate ardor, and then dictated the bulletin of the day.—He was pleased to inform Europe that neither himself nor his guard was exposed. Some attributed this to an excess of self-love. Others, better informed, judged differently, for they had never seen him exhibit gratuitous vanity: they thought, that distant as he was from France, and at the head of an army of foreigners, who could be kept together only by victory, he felt how indispensable it was to preserve untouched a chosen and devoted body of troops. Those who had not lost sight of Napoleon during the whole of the day, were convinced that this conqueror of so many nations was vanquished by a burning fever. They then called to mind what he himself had written down fifteen years before in Italy. 'Health is indispensable to a soldier; its place can be supplied by no other quality!' and also an expression, unfortunately but too prophetic, which the Emperor made use of on the field of Austerlitz, when he said, 'Oudinot is worn out; a man can make war but for a certain time; I myself shall be capable for six years more, after which I should stop.'

Of the scenes which occured during the campaign, and after Napoleon had left the army for Paris, we have this appalling description:

"The winter," says comte de Segur, 'now overtook us, and by filling up the measure of each individual's sufferings, put an end to that mutual support which had hitherto sustained us. Henceforward the scene presented only a multitude of isolated and individual struggles.—The best conducted no longer respected themselves—All fraternity of arms was forgotten, all the bonds of society were torn asunder—excess of misery had brutalized them. A devouring hunger had reduced these unfortunate wretches to the mere brutal instinct of self-preservation, to which they were ready to sacrifice every other consideration; the rude and barbarous climate seemed to have communicated its fury to them. Like the worst of savages, the strong fell upon the weak, and despoiled them; they eagerly surrounded the dying, and often even waited not for their last sigh before they stripped them. When a horse fell, they rushed upon it, tore it in pieces, & snatched the morsels from each other's mouths like a troop of famished wolves. However a considerable number still preserved enough of moral feeling not to seek their safety in the ruin of others, but this was the last effort of their virtue. If an officer or comrade fell alongside them, or under the wheels of the cannon, it was in vain that he implored them, by a common country, religion and cause, to succour him. He obtained not even a look: all the frozen inflexibility of the climate had passed into their hearts; its rigidity had contracted their sentiments as well as their features. All except a few chiefs, were absorbed by their own sufferings, and terror left no place for pity. Thus that egotism, which is often produced by excessive prosperity, results also from extreme adversity—but in which latter case it is more excusable: the former being voluntary, the latter forced; one a crime of the heart, the other an impulse of instinct and altogether physical; and indeed upon the occasion here alluded to, there was much of excuse, for to stop for a moment was to risk your own life. In this scene of universal destruction, to hold out your hand to your comrade or your sinking chief was an admirable effort of generosity. The slightest act of humanity was an instance of sublime devotion.

"When unable, from total exhaustion, to preceed, they halted for a moment. Winter, with his icy hands, seized upon them for his prey. It was then, that in vain, these unfortunate beings, feeling themselves benumbed, endeavoured to rouse themselves. Voiceless, insensible, and plunged in stupor, they moved forward a few paces, like automatons; but the blood already freezing in their veins, flowed languidly through their hearts, and, mounting to their heads, made them stagger like drunken men. From their eyes, become red and inflamed from the continual view of the dazzling snow, the want of sleep, and the smoke of the bivouacs, there burst forth real tears of blood, accompanied by profound sighs; they looked at the sky, at us, and upon the earth, with a fixed and haggard stare of consternation—this was their last farewell or rather reproach to that barbarous nature that tortured them. Thus dropping upon their knees, and afterwards upon their hands, their heads moving for an instant or two from right to left, while from their gasping lips escaped the most agonizing moans—at length, they fell prostrate upon the snow, staining it with a gush of living blood and all their miseries terminated. Their comrades passed over them without even stepping aside, dreading to lengthen their march by a single pace; they even turned not their heads to look at them, for the slightest motion of the head to the left or the right was attended with torture, the hair of their heads and beards being frozen into a solid mass.

Scenes of still greater horror took place in those immense log-houses, or sheds, which were found at certain intervals along the road. Into these, soldiers and officers rushed precipitately, and huddled together like so many cattle. The living, not having strength enough to remove those who had died close to the fire, sat down upon their bodies, until their own turn came to expire, when they also served as death-beds to other victims.—Sometimes the fire communicated itself to the wood of which these sheds were composed, and then all those within the walls, already half dead with cold, expired in the flames. At Joupranoui, the soldiers set fire to whole houses, in order to warm themselves for a few moments. The glare of these conflagrations attracted crowds of wretches, whom the intensity of the cold and of suffering had rendered delirious: these rushing forward like madmen, gnashing their teeth, and, with demoniac laughter, precipitated themselves into the midst of the flames, where they perished in horrible convulsions.—Their famished companions looked on without affright, and it is but too true that some of them drew the half roasted bodies from the flames, and ventured to carry to their lips the revolting food."

Easton Gazette.

EASTON, Md.

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 9.

From the Delaware Gazette.

A REWARD.

We were much amused at noticing a complaint made by our friend the Editor of the Easton Gazette, of his having lost some subscribers in consequence of the publication of an article in his paper, not entirely complimentary of Mr Adams.

There has been no Editor, perhaps, more inveterately hostile to Mr. Crawford, or more resolutely determined to support Mr. Adams, than Mr. Graham. Mr. Adams has been, with him, the very essence of perfection; but he has appeared to consider that the most venomous denunciations did not possess a sufficient portion of poison when applied to Mr. Crawford and his friends; and a continued torrent of abuse has been poured out upon them, notwithstanding he has admitted that some of his best friends were to be found among the friends of the gentleman to whom he was so rancorously opposed.

At length our friend has given place to an article containing a statement of the principal incidents of the life of Adams; drawing no conclusions but containing merely a statement of facts which no one, perhaps, will pretend to controvert; and presented to view in a plain, unvarnished manner. This article has been very unsavoury to the inveterate advocates of Mr. Adams, and although the Editor of the Easton Gazette has done as much for their cause as any reasonable man could hope for, they have, it seems, been so much dissatisfied with the smell of *truth*, that they have discontinued the paper, and are rewarding its Editor in his own coin.

Since he has taught them to look for nothing in his politics, but that which is like the handle of a jug, we cannot but consider him as unreasonable in expecting them to put up with *impartiality*, as they are in refusing it; and since he has been unwilling that any one should think ill of Mr. Adams, or well of Mr. Crawford, he should expect to find some others, following so bad an example. We hope the present instance will afford him instruction which will be of service to him in future.

When the Devil makes proselytes, they hate most, those they have deserted last.

The Delaware Gazette's editor has bestowed some remarks on this paper, as copied above, in which he shows great delight at the idea of our losing a subscriber, and to make out his witty paragraphs, abounding equally with maliciousness and false statement, he tells of what we never did, and thinks for us what common honesty would cause us to disdain to spend a thought on.

We did not *complain* of the loss of the subscriber, we held it up to view as one of those queer things that happen, in the same way we did the declaration of the Delaware Gazette that Mr. Crawford was the Federal Candidate for President.

We were never personally hostile to Mr. Crawford—we opposed his election because it was allied to the success of the Caucus Conspiracy and inseparable from it—because his success would have been the consummation of that conspiracy—The object of that conspiracy was the preservation of party, the keeping power in the hands of a few desperate intolerants, the eternal subjugation & exclusion of every man who had belonged to the old Federal Republican party. For these reasons we opposed the election of Mr. Crawford—Can you find a federal man in this nation of sense and character who would dare to approve of that Caucus? neither can we approve of those who were allied to that Caucus.

We never "*resolutely determined to support*" Mr. Adams, nor has he been with us "*the very essence of perfection*"—We used every exertion we could to bring the caucus and its objects into disrepute, indifferent whether Mr. Adams, Gen. Jackson or Mr. Clay might succeed—our maxim was, put down the caucus and its system, and elect whoever you please.

We never did utter "venomous denunciations *against Mr. Crawford*," but against the caucus and its objects and authors we did express ourselves freely and with all the force of opposition that we could, consistently with decorum. Neither are we aware that "some of our best friends were to be found among the friends of the gentleman to whom" we have been, falsely accused, of being "*rancorously* opposed"—We had kind and good subscribers among those who supported Mr. Crawford's election, and we had kind and good ones among those who did not, and we had others that were better than either, if the kind services they render us are to be the criterion. But why induce us to an expose? is it the object of the Delaware Gazette editor to try to embroil us with our subscribers under a hope that we may lose more? No man has ever subscribed to our paper under the hope of cramming his opinions down our throat—such a condition from subscribers would be illegal, because impossible—it would be degrading, because it would contain the surrender of the freedom of opinion and the freedom of the press. No man is more thankful for patronage than the editor of this paper, yet no man would more certainly incur the risk of starvation rather than become the tool of a non-descript, contriving political course.

We have published criticisms on Mr. Adams' political conduct and writings as often as they were handed to us, before the canvass, during its continuance, and since; nor did we ever refuse them *as some other editors did, when pieces were presented to them that bore hard upon Mr. Crawford.* "The smell of truth" (a scavenger like phrase) was never annoying to us or to our subscribers we believe, but we had rather truth should be always found in our paper as in a Lair, than hunted out through it by its scent—we never deal so ambiguously as to require beagles or fox-hounds to hunt out our object, nor will we ever fall so low as to be associated with scavengers and barrow-men. Our opinions are known, we make no secret of them; as the editor of a paper, the world have a right to know them. Yet we publish the opinions of others and often combat with them after they are published—our press is free, and public discussions upon public subjects tend to the public good.

The cross roads tavern smartness, which likens our political opinion to the "handle of a jug," is kindred with the scavenger phrase before alluded to, and savours of the stove pipe and the last dram of Corn Whiskey.

Do you mean Mr. Editor, that our political opinions are fixed and are on the same side they ever were, like the handle of the jug? if you do, your attempt at smartness has betrayed you into an act of justice, which, we presume, from the character of your remarks, you would never voluntarily have done us for our advantage.

Yes Sir, our opinions are unchanged, and although they were long decryed, experience and necessity and the test of wisdom and policy have all tended to restore them to influence and favour again—We never abandoned our principles because they were out of fashion, nor did we enter into the race of new projects and schemes to seek favour. When robbed and banished, we remained faithful to what had been proved to be good by our friends, and what the best lights of our understanding taught us to believe to be right. We recognise our principles and measures in the hands of others, and we rejoice that our country is again to have the benefit of them. It is a matter of no consequence to us who administers our government, provided it is done well—we do not support men for the sake of self aggrandizement, but we oppose principles and systems that are disorganizing and dangerous, and the men who advocate them.

We did not support Mr. Crawford, because we disdained to kiss the foot of the caucus which was avowedly lifted up to trample us—we resisted that attempt because it was pregnant with disaster to our country and with disgrace to ourselves. Should Mr. Adams' administration take the course we approve, we shall support it heartily; but we shall wait for the evidences and indications of that course before we enlist as his friends. We should be contrite indeed if our columns were ever to be stained with such ribaldry and billingsgate in advance, as we loathingly read in the pages of the Delaware Gazette upon the annunciation of Mr. Adams' election to the presidential chair—From a Gazette that was capable of issuing forth such noisome trash, even in a transport of rage and disappointment, we neither expect justice nor do we ask civility.

Our first object is to maintain the principles we think most wise and salutary, then to conciliate the great body of the people of the country one to another—to engage them in national sentiments and views—to break up factions that attempt by caucusses or other unconstitutional means to plant themselves in power over the people, and by thus softening prejudices, to place our people under the guidance of their own good sense and sound discretion, uninfluenced by passion and unclouded by artful delusions.

As your attack on this paper, Mr. Editor, is seen by all your subscribers, we could wish that you would give a place to this our answer in your paper, that it may be duly weighed by your readers—We shall pursue this course with your attack.

Mr. Clay's Address to his late Constituents is a manly and calm defence against the harsh insinuations that have been thrown out against him. As to Mr. Kremer and all his stuff, we presume that none but those who are trying to systematise an opposition against Mr. Adams' administration, whether it is good or bad, to answer their own personal and interested views, pay any respect to them. Mr. Kremer has prevaricated from the beginning—he has admitted that he is a tool in the hands of others, and is no more worthy of belief or regard.

We intermix so much passion and warmth of feeling always in politics, that we often do ourselves injustice and prejudice our own cause. To judge properly of Mr. Clay's reasons for preferring Mr. Adams, we ought to look fairly at the subject without partiality or prejudice—If we really can find no solution of the difficulty but a corrupt one, then we are justified in imputing corruption—but if we can with equal ease find an innocent and a corrupt cause to ascribe a man's conduct to, we are bound, upon the principle that every man is presumed innocent until convicted by proof, to assign the innocent cause as the reason of his conduct.

Mr. Clay was bound by his duty to select a president between Mr. Adams and General Jackson, for Mr. Crawford had been put down through the Caucus that had been put down by the people. Ever since the discussions on the questions arising out of the Seminole war it is known that there has been a complete estrangement between Mr. Clay and General Jackson—General Jackson took great exception to Mr. Clay's speeches on those subjects, and surely Mr. Clay was never more eminently great on the floor of Congress, both as to the correctness of his matter and the eloquence with which he treated it, than on those occasions. He spoke of General Jackson's military services with the highest eulogy—he represented him as a soldier and commander of the first order, and awarded to him his own and his country's gratitude—but when he spoke of his violations of law, and his usurpations of power, he spoke decorously but fearlessly, he spoke in a manner becoming a lofty statesman and a sound republican. Mr. Clay never could think that services however eminent could entitle any man to violate or usurp the law. And what reflecting man does not concur in the sentiment?

Between Mr. Adams and Mr. Clay there never was either intimacy or estrangement previous to their association at the Treaty of Ghent. During their mission they were upon terms of good understanding, although they differred in some points that were agitated—upon their return, Mr. Adams and Mr. Russell having a controversy upon the questions that arose in their negotiation abroad, in which Mr. Clay was employed with them, Mr. Clay objected to some statements and opinions of both those gentlemen, which he said he would at some future day make known. This occurring early in the Canvass for the Presidential Chair, and Mr. Adams having most dexterously and completely laid Mr. Russell and Gen. Smyth upon their backs, the taste of the American public got up for this sort of political rencounter, and as Mr. Adams had shown himself a champion so superior to those who had engaged with him, they desired to see the combat between him and Mr. Clay—being disappointed in this, they began to look about for reasons to show why they ought not to have been disappointed, and they left the subject under a falsely assumed opinion, that Mr. Adams and Mr. Clay were violently and personally hostile to each other—This was not the fact—there was no friendship no cordiality certainly, but it is equally true that there was no breach between them—for not long after this, Mr. Clay dined at Mr. Adams' house by invitation, with a large party, on the very codfish that was sent to Mr. Adams as a complimentary present from New England, on account of his able defence of the Fisheries. Now so far from personal hostility, this is proof of good humour; for if they had entertained personal resentment against each other, it would have been an indignity on the part of Mr. Adams to have sent the invitation on such an occasion to Mr. Clay, nor would Mr. Clay have put up with the insult—but on the contrary, it was all a matter of good humour and polite civility, and the codfish, the occasion, and good wine, gave a most lively turn to the conversations which made the day a delightful one.

Such are the real causes of the difference between Mr. Clay and General Jackson, and between Mr. Clay and Mr. Adams. To these however we must add the further cause of both Mr. Adams and General Jackson being competitors with Mr. Clay for the Presidency; and this we may suppose operated in an equal degree.

Mr. Clay not coming into the House of Representatives upon the electoral vote of the Colleges, it became his duty as a mem-

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