"Now we shall hear what inducements Mr. Clay secretly holds out to the Abolitionists—what he instructs Cassius to say to them *privately* of his feelings and intensions—how he instructs his less experienced relative to manage to secure the Abolition vote."—What must be his disappointment on reading it through to find nothing that he had expected or hoped to find—nothing but a simple expression of regret that he had been impelled by considerations of Truth and Duty to make a statement which might wound the feelings of a devoted relative and friend. If he had done less than this, he would not have been a man.—If he had given private assurances contrary to his public attitude, he would not have been Henry Clay. But no—writing to an Abolitionist, he declares he is *no* Abolitionist, any more than he is an ultra supporter of Slavery. In his most private confidential communications, he maintains precisely the ground which he has maintained through life—the only ground, in our judgment, which a candidate of the Whig party could maintain in good faith to the great body of his supporters. In that party there are thousands who conscientiously believe slavery if not abstractly right at least practically inevitable, in the present moral and social condition of the white and black races at the South. There are other thousands who believe Slavery all wrong, and that nothing but knowledge and the proper disposition is needed, to effect its peaceful, speedy, beneficent abolition. Each class has a perfect right to its opinions, and is in no way accountable for them to the other. The selection of a candidate who would, if elected, pervert the power of his station either to extend, perpetuate and fortify Slavery on the one hand, or to undermine and destroy it on the other, would be acting in bad faith, so long as the party is composed as it is. However, right or wrong Slavery may be, a President chosen by the votes of Northern and Southern States is under a plain obligation not to lend the influence of his position to Slavery fanaticism, any more than Anti-Slavery. The records of Mr. Clay's public life place him in a position eminently National on this and all other questions, and we rejoice that his enemies have by felony furnished undeniable proof that his public acts are ever dictated by and accordant with his private convictions.

We had resolved not to publish or speak farther of this letter until a week had been allowed our adversaries to spread it all over the country; for we wish their voters to see just where *their* testimony has placed Mr. Clay. If the Whig papers had refrained from publishing it, we hoped the Loco Foco would give it the widest circulation, now we apprehend they will be shy of it. But the Albany Evening Journal has appealed to us for the facts with regard to the loss of the letter, so we give them. And, as a report has been set afloat in this city that the letter to C. M. Clay was probably opened in this office, we shall take care to have the matter made the subject of a legal investigation at the earliest moment. We suspect the man who *picked it up* in Canal street will be able to recollect *who dropped it* when he has to choose between that and a term in the State Prison.

From the Richmond Whig.

MR. CLAY'S LETTER TO F. P. BLAIR.

The reader will be attracted to the perusal of these long talked of and foully misrepresented letters, and by the chaste and apposite introductory commentary of Mr. Leigh. For nineteen years they have been the basis of the most malignant calumnies upon Mr. Clay's public and private character. They are at length given up to public inspection, and now let the hardiest of the traducers—let Blair, Kendall or Ritchie, who from the middle period of life have advanced to old age in slandering Mr. Clay—let either of them come before the American People, and appealing to Heaven to witness his sincerity, say that he believes these letters of Mr. Clay contain one tittle of proof against his honor as a man, or his integrity as a Patriot!—Neither of the Triumvirate durst do it! We defy them to it!

And yet these men for nineteen years, fully aware of the true character of these letters, but relying upon Mr. Clay's continued refusal to publish them, for reasons the most honorable to his character, have persevered in representing them to contain damning proof of the "bargain," and have turned Mr. Clay's refusal to publish them, originating in the most pure and lofty motives, into admission of guilt! Partizans will possibly be found, ready to palliate this as they would any conduct conducive to the interests of their party; but all the rest of mankind can entertain but one opinion of its flagrant injustice and contemptible meanness and illiberality. Blair has had the letters in his possession for nineteen years. Kendall has had access to them, as his garbled extracts prove: The senior editor of the Enquirer, if he has not seen the letters, has at least had the opportunity of doing so, of which he refused to avail himself, while his slanders were continually repeated, and these letters appealed to as containing the evidence to establish them. He has been assured for seventeen years, by those who had read them, that they had no allusion to the "bargain;" he has been informed what constituted Mr. Clay's honorable objection to publish them; he has known that they were exhibited years ago in Kentucky, to whosoever wished to see them; and yet he has persisted for a whole generation, confiding still that they would not be published, in demanding their publication, and in deducing from Mr. Clay's refusal to publish, the consciousness and the confession of guilt! If the annals of party can produce an instance of more utter party depravity, than has been displayed towards Henry Clay in the long tract of nineteen years; by these three men, we knew not were to look for it.

Mr. Clay is not only right for departing *now*, from his original resolution of not publishing his letters to Blair, but he ought years ago to have surrendered that resolution; from the moment indeed that the real of private confidence was broken by Mr. Blair. As these letters were made the foundation of criminal charges against him, there was no mode of repelling these charges, and vindicating himself, but by the production of the letters. A correspondence is no longer confidential when one of the parties to it, has betrayed the trust reposed in him: nay to make it public is often, as in this case, the only means left of sustaining innocence, and holding treachery up to merited scorn. All will admire Mr. Clay's firmness and fortitude in bearing for nineteen years, the most injurious imputations upon his character, rather than clear himself by the commission of an act which he disapproved—that of being accessary to a violation of the confidence of private correspondence. This passive fortitude is more truly glorious and heroic than the insensibility to danger which leads the soldier to face the cannon's mouth. No man values an honest fame and the good opinion of his country more than Henry Clay, and yet with the power at any moment of repelling the slanders of his dastardly traducers, and of exhibiting them in the odious colours of libellers and columniators to the country, he has been content to suffer for nineteen years under foul and unfounded imputations, in preference, to transgressing what he deemed a proper social rule! When will the Triumvirate and their confederates imitate this magnanimity? When will they learn to understand and appreciate it?

And now let us see, and let the country *mark*, if they will publish these letters, which they have so often called for, and so audaciously garbled?

MR. CLAY'S LETTER TO MR. BLAIR.

To The Public.

Some time during the last summer, Mr. Clay sent me copies of his letters to Mr. Blair, written in January, 1825, and authorized me to show them to any one who might wish to see them. Finding that the charge of "Bargain and corruption," which was made at the time, and refuted, was revived, and was now seriously urged against Mr. Clay, that it was alleged to be susceptible of proof under his own hand, and that these letters were referred to as containing the proof, I caused a notice to be inserted in The Whig, that copies of the letters were in my hands, and that they were open to the inspection of any gentleman of either party. I thought it impossible, that any man could read the letters, without seeing and admitting, that they contain no evidence prejudicial to Mr. Clay—no evidence of any impropriety in thought, word or deed—no evidence of any selfish or personal feeling—no evidence of aught but patriotism; and that his bitterest foes would be compelled to acknowledge this, upon perusal of them.—Many of the friends of Mr. Clay have called upon me, and read these famous letters. Not one of his enemies has asked to see them, and I have shown them to but one, who did not ask to see them, they have either been unwilling to have any communication with ME on the subject, or perhaps, they wish to remain in ignorance.

If I am rightly informed, no application has ever been made directly to Mr. Clay, by Mr. Blair, or by Mr. Linn Boyd, or by any other of that party, to consent to the publication of these letters. Mr. Clay would doubtless have consented, if his consent had been asked by any of the leaders of the party hostile to him. They have imputed whatever sentiments it suited their purpose to impute to Mr. Clay, under the impression that he could not refute the imputations they made, without violating the sanctity of private correspondence under the seal of which the letters were written. Overcome by the earnest entreaties of his friends in Virginia, Mr. Clay has reluctantly consented to the publication [if they think it proper] of these letters, private and confidential as they are, and even playful and sportive in their character. That he is right in doing this, cannot be doubted, since the seal of private correspondence has in fact been broken; the letters have been seen by hundreds—by all indeed, who wished to see them, and the only question is, whether Mr. Clay ought to suffer all the evils of misconstruction, which a longer suppression of them might apparently warrant, and which a publication of them will refute. But the publication is now made by me—not without Mr. Clay being apprised of the purpose, nor without his acquiesence—but still, I take the responsibility of the publication. Knowing, as he must have known, that the publication could only be beneficial to him, he has yet patiently endured all the calumnies which have been founded on the letters. I now publish them, in order to put down, effectually and forever, a vile charge, which has been revived after having been completely refuted, and which has been revived here in Virginia, in the hope that the letters, after so long a delay, would not be published.

One word as to the authenticity of the copies which are now published. In 1827, Mr. Clay sent copies, certified by Mr. Blair to the late Col. John Harvie of Frankfort, Kentucky, and he put them in the hands of Col. Richard H. Taylor, also of Frankfort, for public inspection. They were examined by hundreds of persons of both parties, and were perfectly accessible to any person who wished to see them. It is confidently believed, that no one who has examined them, ever ventured to assert that they contained any thing prejudicial to Mr. Clay. There is, in truth, nothing in them, which is not substantially stated in Mr. Clay's letter to his constituents, of the 26th March, 1825, which was printed in Niles Register at the time, and which is republished in Mallory's life of Clay, Volume I, p. 486. The copies now sent for publication are copies of the copies certified by Mr. Blair, now in Col. Taylor's hands. It is not doubted that the copies are correct. But Mr. Blair is challenged to produce the originals, and, after showing them to any person acquainted with Mr. Clays hand-writing (for example, the Hon. Willis Green, or Mr. Gales, or Mr. Kendall), to publish them.

It may be proper to say, that the expression in the first letter — Next, a friend of Mr. Adams, comes *with tears in his eyes*" —is an allusion to a physical infirmity, to which Mr. Adams is, or was then, subject: his tears flow involuntarily. Such an allusion could only have been made in the most confidential letter.

It may be proper to remark further that the extract which Mr. Kendall is said to have published, as I have recently seen it republished, is to be found, in fact, in the first letter of Mr. Clay, but it is garbled (whether by design or accident, let others judge) so as to give a sense the reverse of that which the writer intended. The genuine letter reads:

Three of the four States favorable to Mr. Crawford, are believed to prefer Mr. Adams to the General (Jackson)—Virginia is one of them—I am inclined to think that nearly three-fourths of our delegation have yielded to the influence of these views and will vote for Mr. Adams. My friends entertain the belief, that their kind wishes towards me, will in the end be more likely to be accomplished by so bestowing their votes. *I have, however, most earnestly entreated them to throw me out of their consideration, in bringing their judgments to a final conclusion, and to look and be guided solely by the public good—If I know myself, that alone has determined me.* Your representative is inclined to concur with us in these sentiments and views, and if they should meet your approbation, as I know he has great respect for your opinions, I would be glad if you would, by the return mail, address a letter to him to strengthen him in his inclination. Be pleased to show this letter to Crittenden alone."

In the extract attributed to Mr. Kendall, which I have seen, the sentences in *italics* are omitted, and the words are given thus:—

"My friends entertain the belief, that that their kind wishes towards me, will, in the end, be more likely to be accomplished by bestowing their votes on Mr. Adams.—Your representative is inclined to concur with us in these sentiments and views, and if they should meet your approbation, as I know he has great respect for your opinions, I would be glad if you would, by the return mail, address a letter to him to strengthen him in his inclination. Be pleased to shew this letter to Crittenden alone."

Now according to this garbled extract, "the sentiments and views," in which Mr. Blair's Representative was inclined to concur," and as to which Mr. Clay desired Mr. Blair to write a letter to him "to strengthen him in his inclination," were the "kind wishes of Mr. Clay's friends towards him," which, they supposed "would be more likely to be accomplished" by the election of Mr. Adams. But read the whole, as Mr. Clay wrote it, and it will be apparent that the "sentiments and views" in which Mr. Clay supposed Mr. Blair's Representative was inclined to concur, and which he wished Mr. Blair to strengthen in him, were the sentiments and views stated in the letter which induced Mr. Clay, and the majority of the Kentuky delegation, to prefer Mr. Adams to Gen. Jackson, and that Mr. Clay disclaimed all personal views in the course he proposed to take.

I send the letters for publication.
October, , 1841. B. W. LEIGH.

(should be 1825.)

Washington, 8th January, 1824.

My dear Sir: I send you, by this day's mail, Lord Byron's Conversations, which, notwithstanding Mr. Walsh's unfavorable opinion of them I think you will find often piquant, and worth, upon the whole, an extensive perusal: Besides the literary and critical interest which they possess, they will have the effect of diminishing, though not entirely removing the odium which he brought upon himself by his conduct to his wife.

My position in relation to the friends of the three returned candidates is singular enough & often to me very amusing. In the first place, they all believe that my friends have the power of deciding the question; & then, that I have the power of controlling my friends! Acting upon this supposition, in the same hour, I am sometimes touched gently on the shoulder by a friend, (for example, of General Jackson,) who will thus address me: "My dear sir, all my dependence is upon you; don't disappoint us; you know our partiality was for you, next to the Hero, and how much we want a Western President!" Immediately after, a friend of Mr. Crawford will accost me—"The hopes of the Republican party are concentrated on you; for God's sake preserve it; if you had been returned, instead of Mr. Crawford, every man of us would have supported you to the last hour: We consider him and you as the only genuine Republican candidates!" Next, a friend of Mr. Adams comes with tears in his eyes—"Sir, Mr. Adams has always had the greatest respect for you, and admiration of your talents; there is no station to which you are not equal—most undoubtedly you were the second choice of New England, and I pray you to consider seriously whether the public good and your own future interests do not point most distinctly to the choice which you ought to make!" How can one withstand all this disinterested homage and kindness? Really, the friends of all the three gentlemen are so very courteous and affectionate, that I sometimes almost wish that it was in my power to accommodate each of them; but that being impossible, we are beginning to think seriously of the choice which we must finally make. I will tell you, then, that I believe the contest will be limited to Mr. Adams and General Jackson. Mr. Crawford's personal condition precludes the choice of him, if there were no other objection to his election. As the only alternative which is presented to us, it is sufficiently painful, and I consider whatever choice we may make, will be only a choice of evils. To both of those gentlemen there are strong personal objections. The principal differences between them is, that in the election of Mr. Adams we shall not, by the example, inflict any wound upon the character of our institutions; but I should much fear hereafter, if not during the present generation, that the election of the General would give to the military spirit a stimulous and a confidence that might lead to the most pernicious results. I shall therefore, with great regret, on account of the dilemma in which the people have placed us, support Mr. Adams. My friends are generally so enclined. What has great weight with me is the decided preference which a majority of the delegation from Ohio has for him over Gen. Jackson. If, therefore, Kentucky were to vote for the General, it would possible only have the effect of dividing our friends without defeating ultimately the election of Mr. Adams. Three of the four States favorable to Mr. Crawford, are believed to prefer Mr. Adams to the General. Virginia is one them. I am inclined to think that nearly three fourths of our delegation have yielded to the influence of these views, and will vote for Mr. Adams. My friends entertain the belief, that their kind wishes to me will, in the end, be more likely to be accomplished by so bestowing their votes. I have, however, most earnestly entreated them to throw me out of their consideration, in bringing their judgments to a final conclusion, and to look and be guided solely by the public good. If I know myself, that alone has determined me. Your Representative is inclined to concur with us in these sentiments and views; and, if they should meet your approbation, as I know he has great respect for your opinions would be glad if you would by the return mail, address a letter to him, to strengthen him in his inclination. Be pleased to show this letter to Crittenden alone.

I remain faithfully, your friend, H. CLAY.

F. P. Blair, Esq.

Washington, 29th January, 1825.

My Dear Blair:

I received this morning, your very agreeable favor of the 17th inst. A letter from you is always refreshing, and I wish that I could entitle myself to expect them more frequently, by more punctuality and diligence on my part, in our correspondence. My last letter informed you of the unction that was unceasingly applied to me by all the returned candidates for the Presidency—or rather their friends.—Since then, I have avowed my intention to support Mr. Adams, under actual circumstances, and there upon the oil has been instantly transformed into vinegar.—The friends of ————————, and the devil knows who else, for I think it he does not preside in their councils, he must be quite conversant with them, have turned upon me, and with the most amiable unanimity agree to vituperate me. I am a deserter from Democracy; a Giant at intrigue; have sold the west—sold myself—defeating Gen. Jackson's election to leave open the Western pretensions that I may hereafter fill them myself—blasting all my fair prospects, &c. &c. &c. To these are added a thousand other of the most gentle, and kind, and agreeable epithets and things in the world.

———————— who are themselves straining every nerve to elect Jackson, that the claims of the West may be satisfied, and I be thereby peremptorily, are accusing me of acting on their own principles. The knaves cannot comprehend how a man can be honest. They cannot conceive that I should have solemnly interrogated my conscience, and asked it to tell me seriously what I ought to do! That it should have enjoined me not to establish the dangerous precedent of elevating, in this early stage of the Republic, a military Chieftain merely because he has won a great victory! that it should have told me that a public man is undeserving his station, who will not regardless of aspersion and calumnies, risk himself for his country! I am afraid that you will think me moved by these abuses. Be not deceived, I assure you that I never, in my whole life, felt more perfect composure, more entire confidence in the resolutions of my judgment, and a more unshaken determination to march up to my duty. And my dear sir, is there an intelligent and unbiased man who must not, sooner or later concur with me? Mr. Adams, you know well, I should never have selected, if at liberty to draw from the whole mass of our citizens for a President. But there is no danger in his elevation, now, or in time to come. Not so of his competitor, of whom I cannot believe that killing 2500 Englishmen, at N. Orleans, qualifies for the various, difficult, and complicated duties of the Chief Magistracy. I perceive that I am unconsciously writing a sort of defiance, which you may probably think implies guilt. What will be the result?—You will ask with curiosity, if not anxiety. I think Mr. Adams must be elected; such is the prevailing opinion. Still I shall not consider the matter as certain, until the election is over. With my best respects to Mrs. Blair, & to Mr. Crittenden, remain truly

Your friend, H. CLAY.

MR. CLAY, GEN. JACKSON AND THE NULLIFIERS.

The following instructive anecdote we find in a speech by the Hon. James S. Rhett, at a mass convention at Macon, Georgia. This Mr. Rhett is not the agitating orator, R. Barnwelt Rhett, who is traversing South Carolina for the purpose of informing the people that they are dreadfully oppressed, although they do not know it. Mr. J. S. Rhett, from whom we quote, belonged to the Union party in South Carolina in 1832 and '33; he spoke as follows of an incident of that period:

"During the deepest period of our troubles, when the ordinance of Nullification was within a few days of its enforcement, I was sent by the Union party of South Carolina on a secret mission to President Jackson. I was directed to tell him, that whilst we were anxious to do our duty as good citizens of the Union, no Union man would commit treason against his native State: and that if he intended to coerce the State, he must make his arrangements with that understanding.

"Pointing to a drawer in his cabinet, he said he had documents there offering two hundred thousand volunteers for the suppression of the movement in Carolina, and added, 'Within three weeks, sir, after the first blow is struck, I will place fifty thousand troops in your State,' and as he spoke in the first person led me to infer that he should himself assume the command; he said that as to the position of the Union party, he should take care of it in the proclamation he was about to issue. Whilst he was speaking, Gen. Coffee entered the room, to whom he introduced me stating that that gentleman had volunteered to take command of the Western men. Judge then, my fellow citizens what must have been the feelings under which I returned to my native State. Her destruction seemed to be inevitable—against fifty thousand picked troops, commanded by the most consummate General on the American continent, and assisted by others second only to himself, what could South Carolina have done? She would have fought gallantly, no doubt but it seemed to me that her fall was certain. Under these gloomy apprehensions, great indeed, was my relief, when in a few days I heard of the Compromise."

Who can estimate the value of Mr. Clay's service in the Compromise Act.

Correspondence of the Baltimore Patriot.

BOSTON, Oct. 8, 1841.

Last evening the Tremont Temple was crowded to its utmost capacity, by people of all parties, anxious to hear the last words which were to fall at any political meeting, from the lips of the venerable *John Quincy Adams*. The conduct of this festival was discharged by the Young Men's Whig Club, whose president is the highly gifted son of the "old man eloquent." The capacious galleries were occupied by a large and brilliant assemblage of ladies, with their attendants, and the body of the house by the members of the Club, and the public generally. There must have been nearly three thousand persons present. A few minutes before half-past seven, the Chief Marshal, Mr. Frederick W. Lincoln, ushered upon the stage a number of venerable men, Abbott Lawrence, Josiah Quincy, Jr. Nathan Appleton, Judge Hoar, Stephen C. Phillips, and others, who were yet but boys when the orator of the evening attained what is generally called as the meridian of life.

Charles Francis Adams took the chair amid much applause, announced that a committee would now wait upon the speaker. Almost immediately *John Quincy Adams* ascended the stage with a firm step—the whole audience standing, and iterating a welcome that shook the building to its foundations.—The old statesman sat down, but cheering continued for several minutes. When it had ceased, the Chairman, remarking that it was hardly necessary for his son to introduce, to the people of Boston, *John Quincy Adams*, came forward with him to the desk provided for his use. The spectators expressed the most enthusiastic gratification. The most profound silence ensued, and as the old man stood erect before them, with fingers trembling over his manuscript, but his bright, black eye, unblenched as ever—a monument of past and present political greatness—a thrill of awe pervaded the whole assembly. His patriotic and illustrious descent—his early and important services in behalf of his country—his faithful discharge of eminent duties through his protracted and extraordinary life—the fire of genius burning unquenchable within him at his advanced age—all were calculated to make a deep impression upon the audience at that moment.

Mr. Adams spoke from his manuscript—using no glasses, though it was written in the smallest characters, and evincing no other sign of extreme age, except a very tremulous hand. He took for his text two letters, which, at his request, were read by Mr. N. W. Coffin—one from Mr. Robert Vaile Brown, the other from Gen. Andrew Jackson—both advocating the scheme of Annexation. He riddled these precious epistles with the keenest argument, and the most inimitable sarcasm. He held up Mr. Robert Vaile Brown, as it were, between his thumb and forefinger, to the scorn and laughter of his audience. He accused Gen. Jackson of making statements in this letter which were notoriously, scandalously, and wilfully false.—He held up to contempt the Hero's affected imitation of the Romans, and dwelt with the most intense sarcasm upon his assertion that the annexation of Texas would "enlarge the area of freedom." He alluded to the malignant attack once made by General Jackson upon his veracity in regard to the Texan boundary, and lashed, without mercy, not only wounding, but probing and tormenting the quivering flesh of his victim. He fully proved the "Hero of the Hermitage" guilty of misrepresentation. In his letter he had spoken of a Minister from the United States to Madrid, by the name of Erwin. We have never had a minister of that name. Mr. Adams then went into an elaborate consideration of the settlement of the Texan boundary, and the cession of the Floridas, at the time I believe when he was Secretary of State. His account contained a great deal of valuable information, and is an extraordinary document. In the course of his remarks, he read from the Diary, which he has kept all his life-time, the extracts which Gen. Jackson accused him of forging. He concluded with a powerful and impressive appeal to the Young Men of Boston, and sat down amid continued applause.

IMPORTANCE OF A SINGLE VOTE.

The Cincinnati Atlas publishes the following remarkable instances of the importance of a single vote:—

One vote in the city of New York returned republican member to the Assembly, which made a majority in the Legislature of that State for Thomas Jefferson, & gave him the vote of New York without which he could not have been elected. The whole policy of the United States during the Jefferson and Madison administration a period of 16 years, hung on that one vote.

One vote elected Marcus Morton Governor of Massachusetts, in an aggregate popular vote of nearly one hundred thousand.

One vote elected William Allen in the Chillicothe district to Congress, in 1834, and one vote subsequently made him United States Senator for six years afterwards.

One vote elected Mr. White to Congress from Vermont, in 1822, and a member was also chosen in 1824 by a single vote, in a canvass where about 6000 were polled.

The following case of the kind is still more remarkable.

In 1830, Dan Stone, of this city was a candidate for the State Legislature. Walking up Main street on the morning of the election, he overtook an acquaintance going to the polls, who intended to vote the opposite ticket. Stone solicited his vote. "We are old friends," said he, "and I know you will show a friend that mark of kindness." Party spirit was then comparatively quiet. The voter replied, "Well, Dan, you're a pretty clever fellow, I don't care if I do." That vote elected Stone, and gave a majority of one in the Legislature, which made Thomas Ewing United States Senator. Mr. Ewing's vote on the question of confirming the appointment of Martin Van Buren as Minister Plenipotentiary to Great Britian, enabled the Vice President to give the casting vote against it and recalled Mr. Van Buren home. That recall made Mr. Van Buren first Vice President, and then President, and determined the general policy of the Country for four years.

One vote accomplished all this.

TEXT.

To the Editors of the Nat. Intelligencer.

FREDERICK, (Md.) Oct. 9, 1841.

The Loco party in a certain part of our county took the ground at our late election that by the act of 1842 the tariff on such articles for clothing as are used by poor people was greater than that imposed on broadcloths, &c. used by what they term, gentleman, or *big bugs*. It did us great injury, and will do much more in November next, if not explained and counteracted. Now, I beg you to republish that law, with a few explanatory notes, so as to clear up this matter. It is right and proper it should be explained. Indeed, I think all the Whig editors should do so likewise.

COMMENT.

A brief recapitulation of the clauses of the Tariff which have relation to articles of clothing, or which are manufactured into such, will show how entirely without foundation is the charge referred to in the above note, it being but another proof of the reckleseness of our opponents in making use of any assertion or charge whatever which they think may temporarily advance their cause.

By the tariff of 1842—

Coarse woods are taxed 5 per cent. ad valorem; *other* woods 3 cents per lb. and 30 per cent. ad valorem.

As *coarse* woods make *coarse* cloths, and as *coarse* cloths will be generally worn by the poorer classes of society, are they not favored instead of being prejudiced by the tariff?

All manufactures of wool, except carpetings, flannels, baizes, blankets, ready-made clothing, hoisery, gloves, and caps, pay a duty of 40 per cent. ad valorem.

Is not this equal justice?—the imported articles being taxed according to its value. Do not the rich and poor contribute to the revenue exactly in proportion to what they purchase and use?

Carpets—Wilton and Saxony pay 65 cents per square yard; Brussels and Turkey pay 55 cents per square yard; Venitian, Ingrain, and all others, 30 cents per square yard.

Here, again, the user of the low priced article is taxed only in proportion to its value. Is not this at least even handed policy?

Blankets, low-priced ones, 15 per cent. ad valorem; higher priced ones, 25 per cent. ad valorem.

Here the poor man certainly has the advantage.

Hoisery, all sorts, 30 per cent. ad valorem.

Flannels, all sorts, 11 cents per square yard.

Ready-made clothing, except hoisery, hats bonnets and shoes, 40 and 50 per cent. ad valorem.

All manufactures of cotton, 30 per cent. ad valorem.

All manufactures of silk, $2,50 per. lb.

Straw hats and bonnets, 35 per cent. ad valorem.

Our opponents must be ingenious, indeed, if they can find any thing oppressive or injurious to the poor man in these imposts. If they can put there finger on *a single clause* of the tariff in which the article used by the poor man is taxed more oppressively than the corresponding article used by the rich man, they will at least have some show of argument on their side. Until they do this, their assertions are pronounced unfounded, and their arguments without weight.—*National Intelligencer.*

COUNTERFEIT GOLD COIN.—A

letter has been communicated to the Department of State, at Washington, from an intelligent gentleman of London, from which the following extract is published for the information of the public:

LONDON, Sept. 17, 1841.

"On Saturday last, the officers of the Mint brought me a false sovereign to examine & report its specific gravity; we found it to be 13,58, (with reference to distilled water as unity at 62 degs Fahrenheit,) which is about half the value of standard gold.—The imitation of the coin is so perfect as to have deceived the die sinker himself, and its execution altogether is of such a quality as to excite the most intense interest and anxiety in all who have seen it.—The impression of the sovereign imitated is that of Queen Victoria, and is so exquisitely done as to defy detection by comparison except in two or three very minute instances, the most obvious of which is the difference of the dotting of the ground or field, *or*, in that quarter of the shield containing the single lion; with the aid of a magnifying glass, the dots on the ground of the *field* will be found to be more