EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS PERPETUAL VIGILANCE."

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POETRY.

From Mr. T. Hood's "Whims & Oddities."

FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY.

Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And us'd to war's alarms;
But a cannon ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms!

Now as they bore him off the field
Said he "Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-Second Foot."

The army-surgeons made him limbs;
Said he "They're only pegs;
But there are Wooden Members quite,
As represent my legs!

Now, Ben, he lov'd a prefty maid
Her name was Nelly Gray,
So he went to pay her his devoirs,
When he'd *devour'd his pay.*

But when he call'd on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to *take them off.*

"Oh, Nelly Gray! Oh, Nelly Gray!
Is this your love so warm?
The love that loves a scarlet coat,
Should be more *uniform.*"

Said she, "I lov'd a soldier once
For he was blithe and brave;
But I will never have a man
With both *legs in the grave!*

"Before you had those timbers,
Your love I did allow;
But, Sir you know, you stand upon
Another *footing now!*"

"Oh, Nelly Gray! Oh, Nelly Gray!
For all jeering speeches;
At duty's call I left my legs,
In Badajos' breaches."

"Why, then," says she, you've lost the feet
Of legs in war's alarms;
And now you cannot wear your shoes
Upon your *feats of arms.*"

"O, false and fickle Nelly Gray
I know why you refuse;
Though I've no feet, some other man
Is standing in *my shoes.*

"I wish I ne'er had seen your face,
But now a long farewell!
For you will be my death, alas!
You will not be my *Nell!*"

Now when he went from Nelly Gray,
His heart so heavy got
And life was such a burden grown,
It made him take a *Knot.*

So round his melancholy neck,
A rope he did entwine;
And for his second time in life,
Enlisted in the "*Line.*"

One end he tied around a beam,
And then remov'd his pegs;
And as his legs were off, of course
He soon was *off his legs.*

And there he hung till he was dead
As any nail in town;
For though distress had cut him up,
It could not *cut him down!*

Whig Boasting—An honest whig observed the other day, that the federal whigs had got the advantage of the *democrats* at last. They had obtained all the money and locked it up.—*Hemisphere.*

Business for Congress—The editor of the Whig has the effrontry to ask the Republican to give an opinion upon the following bright suggestion:

"Will not Congress pass a general bankrupt law for the relief of the Government?"

Our opinion is that the most salutary law which Congress can pass at this time, would be a *transportation* law. When about two-thirds of the noisy sapheads who conduct the whig papers of the country, are disposed of, there will be some peace in the nation, but not before.—

Centre Republican.

It is stated in the Richmond Compiler that Mr. ROBT. GREENHOUGH, Jr has passed through Richmond as a special messenger to Mexico, under appointment of Mr. Van Buren.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE VILLAGE PRIZE.

In one of the loveliest villages of old Virginia there lived, in the year 175—and odd an old man, whose daughter was declared, by universal consent, to be the lovliest maiden in all the country round. The veteran, in his youth, had been athletic and muscular above all his fellows; and his breast, where he always wore them, could show the adornment of three medals; received for his victories in gymnastic feats when a young man. His daughter was now eighteen, and had been sought in marriage by many suitors. One brought wealth—another, a fine person—another, this, and another that. But they were all refused by the old man, who became at last a by-word for his obstinacy among the young men of the village and neighborhood.

At length, the nineteenth birth-day of Annette, his charming daughter, who was as amiable and modest as she was beautiful, arrived. The morning of that day, her father invited all the youth of the country to a hay-making frolic. Seventeen handsome and industrious young men assembled. They came not only to make hay, but also to make love to the fair Annette. In three hours they had filled the father's barns with the newly dried grass, and their own hearts with love. Annette, by her father's command had brought the malt liquor of her own brewing, which she presented to each enamored swain with her own fair hands.

'Now my boys, said the old keeper of the jewel they all coveted, as leaning on their pitch-forks they assembled round his door in the cool of the evening. 'Now my lads, you have nearly all of you made proposals for my Annette. Now you see, I don't care any thing about money or talents, book larning nor soldier larning—I can do as well by my gal as any man in the country. But I want her to marry a man of my own gift. Now, you know, or ought to know, when I was a youngster, I could beat any thing in all Virginny in the way o' leaping. I got my old woman by beating the smartest man on the Eastern Shore, and I have took the oath and sworn it, that no man shall marry my daughter without jumping for it. You understand me boys. There's the green, and here's Annette,' he added taking his, daughter, who stood timidly behind him, by the hand, 'Now the one that jumps the furthest on a 'dead level,' shall marry Annette this very night.

This unique address was received by the young men with applause And many a youth as he bound gaily forward to the arena of trial, cast a glance of anticipated victory back upon the lovely object of village chivalry. The maidens left their looms and quilting frames, the children their noisy sports, the slaves their labors, and the old men their arm-chairs and long pipes, to witness and triumph in the success of the victor. All prophesied and many wished that it would be young Carroll. He was the handsomest and best tempered youth in the country, and all knew that a strong and mutual attachment existed between him and the fair Annette. Carroll had won the reputation of being the 'best leaper,' and in a country where such athletic achievements were the SINE QUA NON of a man's cleverness, this was no ordinary honor. In a contest like the present, he had therefore every advantage over his fellow *athletæ.*

The arena allotted for this hymeneal contest, was a level space in front of the village inn, and near the centre of a grass plat, reserved in the midst of the village, denominated the 'green.' The verdure was quite worn off at this place by previous exercises of a similar kind, and a hard surface of sand more befittingly for the purpose to which it was to be used supplied its place.

The father of the lovely, blushing, and withal HAPPY prize, (for she well knew who would win) with three other patriarchal villagers were the judges appointed to decide upon the claims of the several competitors. The last time Carroll tried his skill in this exercise, he 'cleared' to use the leaper's phraseology—twenty-one feet and one inch

The signal was given, and by lot the young men stepped into the arena.

'Edward Grayson, seventeen feet,' cried one of the judges. The youth had done his utmost. He was a pale, intellectual student. But what had intellect to do in such an arena? Without a look at the maiden he left the ground.

'Dick Boulden, nineteen feet' with a laugh turned away, and replaced his coat.

'Harry Preston, nineteen feet and three inches.'—'Well done Harry Preston, shouted the spectators, "you have tried hard for the acres and homestead.'

Harry also laughed and swore he only jumped for the fun of the thing.' Henry was a rattle-brained fellow, but never thought of matrimony. He loved to walk and talk, and romp with Annette, but sober marriage never came into his head. He only jumped for the fun of the thing.' He would not have said so, if he was sure of winning.

'Charley Simms, fifteen feet and a half 'Hurrah for Charley! Charley'll win!" cried the crowd good-humoredly. Charley Simms was the cleverest fellow in the world. His mother had advised him to stay at home, and told him if he ever won a wife, she would fall in love with his good temper, rather than his legs. Charley however made the trial of the latter's capabilities and lost. Many refused to enter the lists altogether. Others made the trial, and only one of the leapers had yet cleared twenty feet.

'Now,' cried the villagers, let's see Henry Carroll. He ought to beat this,' and every one appeared; as they called to mind the mutual love of the last competitor and the sweet Annette, as if they heartily wished his success.

Henry stepped to his post with a firm tread. His eye glanced with confidence around upon the villagers and rested, before he bounded forward, upon the face of Annette, as if to catch therefrom that spirit and assurance which the occasion called for. Returning the encouraging glance with which she met his own, with a proud smile upon his lip, he bounded forward.

'Twenty-one feet and a half!' shouted the multitude, repeating the announcement of one of the judges, "twenty-one feet and a half. Harry Carroll forever. Annette and Harry.' Hands, caps, and handkerchiefs waved over the heads of the spectators, and the eyes of the delighted Annette sparkled with joy.

When Harry Carroll moved to his station to strive for the prize, a tall, gentlemanly young man in a military undress frock-coat, who had rode up to the inn, dismounted and joined the spectators, unperceived, while the contest was going on, stepped suddenly forward, and with a knowing eye, measured deliberately the space accomplished by the last leaper. He was a stranger in the village. His handsome face and easy address attracted the eyes of the village maidens, and his manly and sinewy frame, in which symmetry and strength were happily united, called forth the admiration of the young men.

"Mayhap, sir stranger, you think you can beat that," said one of the bystanders, remarking the manner in which the eye of the stranger scanned the area. "If you can leap beyond Harry Carrol, you'll beat the best man in the colonies." The truth of this observation was assented to by a general murmur.

"Is it for mere amusement you are pursuing this pastime?" inquired the youthful stranger, or is there a prize for the winter?"

Annette, the loveliest and wealthiest of our village maidens, is to be the reward of the victor," cried one of our judges

"Are the lists open to all."

"All, young sir!" replied the father of Annette, with interest, his youthful ardour rising as he surveyed the proportions of the straight limbed young stranger. "She is the bride of him who out leaps Henry Carroll. If you will try you are free to do so. But let me tell you, Harry Carroll has no wife in Virginia. Here is my daughter sir, look at her and make your trial."

The young officer glanced upon the trembling maiden about to be offered on the altar of her father's unconquerable monomania with an admiring eye. The poor girl looked at Harry, who stood near with a troubled brow and angry eye, and then cast upon the new competitor an imploring glance.

Placing his coat in the hands of one of the judges, he drew a sash he wore beneath, tighter around his waist, and taking the appointed stand, made, apparently without effort, the bound that was to decide the happiness or misery of Henry and Annette.

"Twenty two feet one inch! shouted the judge. The announcement was repeated with surprise by the spectators, who crowded around the victor, filling the air with congratulations, not unmingled, however, with loud murmurs from those who were more nearly interested in the happiness of the lovers.

The old man approached, and grasping his hand exultingly, called him his son, and said he felt prouder of him than if he were a prince. Physical activity and strength were the old leaper's true patents of nobility.

Resuming his coat, the victor sought with his eye the fair prize he had, although nameless and unknown, so fairly won. She leaned upon her father's arm, pale and distressed.

Her lover stood aloof, gloomy and mortified, admiring the superiority of the stranger in an exercise in which he prided himself as unrivalled, while he hated him for his success.

Annette, my pretty prize said the victor, taking her passive hand—"I have won you fairly." Annette's cheek became paler than marble; she trembled like an aspen leaf, and clung closer to her father, while the drooping eye sought the form of her lover. His brow grew dark at the stranger's language

"I have won you my pretty flower, to wear you a bride!—tremble not so violently, I ask not myself, however proud I might be, to be aided with gallantry, "to wear so fair a flower next my heart perhaps," and he cast his eye round inquiringly, while the current of blood leaped joyfully to her brow, and a murmur of surprise ran through the crowd—"perhaps there is some favored youth among the competitors, who has a higher claim." "Young Sir," he continued, turning to the surprised Henry 'methinks you were victor in the lists before me.—I strove not for the maiden, though one could not well strive for a fairer—but from love for the manly sport in which I saw you engaged. You are the victor, and as such, with the permission of this worthy assembly, receive from my hand the prize you have so well and honorably won.'

The youth sprung forward and grasped his hand with gratitude; and the next moment, Annette was weeping from pure joy upon his shoulders. The welkin rung with the acclamations of the delighted vilagers, and amid the temporary excitement produced by this act, the stranger withdrew from the crowd, mounted his horse, and spurred at a brisk trot through the village

That night, Henry and Annette were married and the health of the mysterious and noble hoard stranger, was drunk in over flowing bumpers of rustic beverage.

In process of time, there were born unto the married pair, sons & daughters and Harry Carroll had become Colonel Henry Carroll, of the Revolutionary army.

One evening, having just returned home after a hard campaign, he was sitting with his family on the gallery of his handsome country-house, when an advance courier rode up and announced the approach of General Washington and suite informing that he should crave his hospitality for the night. The necessary directions were given in reference to the household preparations, and Col. Carroll, ordering his horse rode forward to meet and escort to his house the distinguished guest, whom he had never yet seen, although serving in the same widely-extended army.

'That evening at the table, Annette, now become the dignified, matronly and still handsome Mrs Carroll, could not keep her eyes from the face of her illustrious visitor. Every moment or two she would steal a glance at his commanding features, and half-doubtingly, half assuredly, shake her head and look again, to be still more puzzled. Her absence of mind and embarrassment at length became evident to her husband who, inquired affectionately if she were ill?'

'I suspect, Colonel, said the General who had been some time, with a quiet, meaning smile, observing the lady's curious and puzzled survey of his features—'that Mrs. Carroll thinks she recognizes in me an old acquaintance.' And he smiled with a mysterious air, as he gazed upon both alternately.

The Colonel stared, and a faint memory of the past seemed to be revived, as he gazed, while the lady rose impulsively from her chair, and bending eagerly forward over the tea-urn, with clasped hands and an eye of intense, eager inquiry, fixed full upon him, stood for a moment with her lips parted as if she would speak.

"Pardon me, my dear madam—pardon me Colonel, I must put an end to this scene. I have become, by dint of campfare and hard usage, too unwieldy to leap again twenty-two feet one inch, even for so fair a bride as one I wot of."

"The recognition, with the surprise, delight and happiness that followed, are left to the imagination of the reader.

Gen WASHINGTON was indeed the handsome young 'leaper' whose mysterious appearance and disappearance in the native village of the lovers, is still traditionary,—and whose claim to a substantial body of BONA FIDE flesh and blood, was stoutly contested by the village story tellers, until the happy DENOUEMENT which took place at the hospitable manison of Col. Carroll.

ROBERT WICKLIFFE.—The letters of this *gentleman*, slandering and vilifying the character of our most efficient public officers, are going the rounds of the Bank press. The Globe thus shows up this public slanderer:

"ROBERT WICKLIFFE, a man notorious for his want of veracity, to gratify an old grudge against Mr Kendall, has written a most abusive letter against him, which is going the rounds of the whig papers. While this libel was confined to Kentucky, it was a falsehood. Although Mr Wickliffe belongs to the whig school, not an individual even of that party will believe any thing he says, when he is known to have an interest to misrepresent facts. He was once publicly branded by Mr Clay himself, in the Fayette circuit, as a man capable of wilful falsehood.

We were familiar with the times, the history of which Mr Wickliffe undertakes to narrate, as connected with Mr Kendall's political career, and we positively declare, his tale is throughout a most shameful perversion of truth The influence which Mr Kendall's press maintained in Kentucky continued up to the hour he left it. The fact that he crushed Clay and this poor creature, Wickliffe, himself, who still hangs on Clay's cause for countenance, though he hates the man, amounted to a verdict of the people in favor of Mr Kendall, the issue then made by these same parties, and under the circumstances which Wickliffe again brings up, falsifies and misrepresents."

Great Performance.—Mr Mewkes of Oxford, England, laid a wager that he could ride from Oxford to London and back, (108 miles) in six hours and ten minutes, no limitation as to horses. He performed this feat on the 19th April, in five hours and fifty minutes.

"Honor to whom Honor," &c.—All the bills of the Brooklyn Bank presented for payment during the last fortnight, have been promptly met with specie; and at no time since the suspension of specie payments has the bank refused to exchange a five dollar bill. In many instances it has likewise exchanged specie for bills of the New York city banks.

REPLY OF MR. KENDALL TO MR. R. WICKLIFFE'S LETTER.

To the Editor of the Alexandria Gazette:

Having observed the tender of your columns as a medium of reply to the strictures of Mr. Robert Wickliffe on my character and conduct, when you gave insertion to his production, I determined at once to avail myself of the offer. Incessant official engagements have until this time prevented the accomplishment of that purpose.

Were the facts of the case, or the character of Robert Wickliffe for reckless mendacity, as well known to the people of the United States as they are to the people of Kentucky, I should deem it unnecessary to pay any attention to his malignant effusion. But as it suits the present objects of a party to circulate his libels where the author is unknown, and often with gratuitous attestations of their authenticity, it is due to myself to place the truth within the reach of those who honestly seek it.

If I could be flattered by falsehood, I might feel satisfied with the allegation that I have been for about twelve years *de facto* Governor of Kentucky, and about eight years President of the United States!—But conscious of never having possessed or aspired to the influence which has been attributed to me, the ascription of it can only impair my self-esteem, and teach me a lesson of humility.

"One will draw a parallel," says Mr. Wickliffe, between the misfortunes of Kentucky from 1817 to 1824, (the period when Amos held he conscience of our executives,) and the condition of the U. States since he has been conscience keeper of Presidents, may readily account for the alarming prospects which now threaten the loss of public credit, and the bankruptcy of thousands of our citizens."

The following facts will show how far I "held the conscience" of the Governors of Kentucky from 1817 to 1824:

I took up my residence in the capital of Kentucky in the fall of 1816 George Madison, who had been elected Governor in the preceding August, died a few days before, and Gabriel Slaughter, the Lieutenant Governor, had just entered upon the duties of the office A question between the absolute right of the Lieutenant Governor to hold the office for the whole term of four years, and the right of the people to elect a Governor at the next general election, immediately arose, and I maintained the rights of the people to a new election The consequence was, so great a degree of hostility between the Acting Governor and myself, *that we did not exchange words during more than three of the last years of his admistration.* No man knows the hostile relations which existed between Acting Governor Slaughter and myself better than Robert Wickliffe!

At the Gubernatorial election in 1820, the candidates were Gen. John Adair, William Logan, Esq., Gen. Joseph Desha, and Col. Anthony Butler. Butler was my first choice, Logan my second; and Adair my last. My paper was the chief organ of opposition to Gen. Adair, and he was elected. The hostile feelings generated in the contest were so strong, that it was two or three years before the Governor and myself exchanged common civilities, and never did he consult me upon any public measure or political movement during the whole of his administration. No man knows this general hostility between me and Gov. Adair better than Robert Wickliffe!

The administrations of Slaughter and Adair covered the whole period "from 1817 to 1824," during which, Mr. Wickliffe says, I "held the conscience" of the Governors of Kentucky!

Mr. Wickliffe is quite as unfortunate in his allegations with regard to my *support of measures* as to my *influence over men.* The following extract embraces the pith of his production on that point, viz:—

"When Amos Kendall became Governor, *de facto* of Xentucky, public credit was high, and the people were never more prosperous; the State had sustained her character and faith in contracts untarnished; her bank paper was equal to gold and silver; but this demagogue and speculator raised the cry against the Bank of Kentucky and its stockholders, arrayed the money borrowers and spendthrift speculators of the country against her labor and industry; and finally, at the head of the profligate and unprincipled, triumphed over public morals, the laws and the constitution The first act of his party was in 1817—18 to destroy the Bank of Kentucky, and to grant charters to forty odd spurious banks, with a view to flood the State with paper sufficient to meet the demands of himself and partizans This accomplished, in two short years this demagogue and his partizans reduced the labor and credit of the State to utter prostration. The whole departments of labor were visited by a wide-spread ruin; the banks bankrupted, and the means of paying destroyed. Amos's relief for all these mischiefs brought upon the country, was an open violation of public faith by a repeal of the charters of all the banks in existence—those that had faithfully redeemed their paper and fulfilled their corporate powers, sharing the common fate of those that had both cheated and swindled the country.

"This breach of faith and of the constitution, the first measure of relief for the disease created by Amos, and which he promised to cure, was found to increase rather than abate the malady. Amos then found out that the fault was in the courts, not in the banks of the State. His next prescription for relief against his own acts or evils brought upon the country, was replevin and property laws; and this failing also, he prescribed the plan for the explosion of a metallic currency, and the substitution, in its place, of paper through the Commonwealth's Bank. His party, still victorious followed this prescription also, but the disease got worse. The Courts of justice were not as faithless to the constitution as Amos and his partizans; and his laws of relief were declared to have violated both the constitution of Kentucky and that of the United States. This gave to Mr. Kendall and his party a new theme They inveighed against the Judges, and finally passed a law repealing them out of office and creating a court of appeals, filled with partisans pledged to carry Amos's relief laws into execution. Here the people rebuked the minion, his Governor, and the whole party, by repealing their reforming law and restoring the old court. The next and dying effort in Kentucky, was to persuade the people of the State to repeal their constitution, if they were not willing to break it. The people, however, preferred expelling Mr. Kendall and his creatures from office, and he then led his followers over to General Jackson in mass array."

I first became an Editor in 1815, and among my first essays, were spirited attacks on the Bank of Kentucky, not because her bank paper was equal to Gold and Silver, as Mr. Wickliffe now asserts, but because, having suspended specie payments during the war, and her notes being at a heavy discount, she was not, in my opinion, doing all in her power to resume payment. When she resumed, my opposition to her ceased, and my partner in business, William Gerard, Esq. was for some years a Director of that Bank. It was the Bank of the United States, and not the Relief Party, which destroyed the Bank of Kentucky by forcing her to a second suspension of Specie payments. The Branches of the former Bank in Kentucky were instructed to collect the specie of the West and remit it to the East as a means of saving from ruin the principal Bank, then reeling to its fall from the effects of gross mismanagement. The notes of the Bank of Kentucky were collected by the Branches and sent back upon her so rapidly, that after manfully struggling for a few months, and even bringing from the East several hundred thousand dollars of specie at a great expense, she was compelled to succumb to her inexorable foe and close her doors. From this blow she never recovered. Yet Mr. Wickliff, who knows all this, and who has himself always denounced the Bank of Kentucky as an unconstitutional Bank, now lauds that institution and charges its ruin upon me!

"The first act of his party," says Mr. Wickliffe, "was in 1817—18 to destroy the Bank of Kentucky and to grant charters to forty odd spurious banks," &c. Instead of being supported, these forty odd spurious banks were as strongly condemned by me as they ever were by Mr. Wickliffe. It was a project suddenly started in the Legislature and carried through, not by corruption, but by assiduous management and the delusive prospect that these Banks would enhance the value of property and sustain industry wherever they should be located. How far this project was intended to destroy the Bank of Kentucky may be inferred from the fact, that the notes of that Bank were made equivalent to specie as a capital for these new banks, which were authorised to commence operations as soon as a certain portion of their capital should be paid in notes of the Bank of Kentucky or specie! The people of the State, however, who thought their interests ought to have been more consulted in so important a matter, rose up against this monstrous abuse of legislative power, and returned to the legislature an overwhelming majority of members pledged to abolish the whole illegitimate brood of "spurious banks." Here Mr. Wickliffe and myself differed. He believed that the people had no remedy; that they had nothing to do, but to submit to a system which had been imposed upon them without their consent and contrary to their will, however fatal might be its effects; and he now denounces the abrogation of these "spurious banks" as a breach of faith and the constitution." On the contrary, I believed that the remedy remained in the hands of the people; that their legislature could not, whether their motives were founded in error or corruption, place the dearest interests of the people, the value of their property, their civil relations and their political rights, at the mercy of forty two petty corporations, whose sole motive was the interest of the stockholders, and whose sole object was speculation and gain. I therefore considered the act of the legislature which swept them all out of existence, a constitutional display of popular power, as just as it was signal.

"His next prescription for relief against his own acts or evils brought upon the country," says Mr. Wickliffe, "was property and replevin laws." The character of this assertion may be known by reference to the editorial columns of the Frank ort Argus, during the period when the cry of relief was resounding through Kentucky. They will be found filled with essays against both 'property and replevin laws," with statistics to show that such laws would in the end be more ruinous to the debtor than to the creditor, and were in every way repugnant to the best interests of the people. While this man and his associates were either swelling the cry of relief or standing with their arms folded, afraid to breast the approaching storm, resolutely and almost alone, I combatted the popular delusion and at the hazard of the office I held at the hands of the legislature exerted myself to prevent a resort to expedients which I believed would but prolong and aggravate the embarrassments and distress under which the State was groaning. No man knows all this better than Mr. Wickliffe!

But he continues—"And this failing also, he prescribed the plan for the explosion of a metallic currency and the substitution in its place of paper through the Commonwealth's Bank." "A metallic currency' was exploded before "the Commonwealth's Bank' was thought of, and the notes of the Bank of Kentucky were at a discount of about fifteen per cent. This project like that of the "forty odd spurious banks," was started suddenly in the legislature after the failure of an attempt to pass "property and replevin laws" as a means of relief. Its paternity has always been ascribed to a gentleman who has been for many years a political co-adjutor of Mr. Wickliffe. Certain it is, that so far from originating it or being consulted, I came out in opposition to it in the face of the legislature, upon whose votes I depended for continuance in office, but in vain. The act passed by a decided majority, and a replevin law of two years in case creditors refused to receive its paper, was afterwards passed to give it the desired effect.

From these facts you will perceive, that instead of being the author of the Kentucky relief measures, as Mr. Wickliffe now asserts, I was their active opponent as long as there was merit in opposition. Out of what, you will ask, is the tale of Mr. Wickliffe manufactured? I will will tell you. After the relief measures had been adopted, and the country was accomodating itself to their operation, a set of men, some of whom had silently witnessed the approach of the evil, and others actively promoted it, conspired to overthrow it and take from the people all power of mitigating legislation, by new and extraordinary construction of the federal constitution. They discovered that the Bank of the Commonwealth was a violation of that provision of the constitution which forbids the States to issue Bills of Credit; and that the replevin laws, which for varying terms, were in Virginia older than the constitution, violated that clause which prohibits to the states, the passage of any law impairing the obligation of contracts. Judges were found to espouse the new doctrine, and a latare and the Court of Appeals. In these questions I maintained the constitutionality of those acts whose policy I had condemned, and became in the representations of malevolence and the view of ignorance identified with the advocates of the Relief System. Mr. Wickliffe has not the plea of ignorance to screen him in the gross imposition he has attempted upon the American people.

The *constitutionality* of the Relief Laws is the only principle embraced in them of which I was ever the advocate. As to the constitutionality of the Commonwealth's Bank, I have lived to see my opinion confirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States; and I have no doubt the constitutionality of the replevin laws will be affirmed by the same tribunal, whenever the question shall be fairly presented and fully considered.

This course of denunciation, without regard to decency and truth, was introduced into the politics of Kentucky by Mr Wickliffe and his friends, during the controversy between the Old and New Courts in 1825. The silence which Mr. Wickliffe has observed for some years, led me to suppose that the serious consequence which had flowed from it, and the awful retribution which had overtaken him, had taught him some regard for the sacredness of truth and the decencies of civilized life. I shall content myself with a single illustration of this remark.

Late in 1824, a son of Governor Desha was charged with the murder of Baker and arrested. He applied to the Legislature at the next session for a change of venue, on the ground that he could not have a fair trial in the county where the offence was charged to have been committed Although the granting of such a request was always a matter of course in Kentucky, Robert Wickliffe, when the Bill was at its last reading, took occasion to pronounce a studied philippic against it, in which, without a shadow of reason or truth, he charged the unhappy Father with conspiracy and corruption to screen his son from punishment. Nor did he cease pursuing the object of his hatred with these imputations, in public and in private, during the whole course of his administration.

The situation of Governor Desha, than whom no State ever had a more honest Chief Magistrate, was such as to excite sympathy in every feeling heart. *The son* was charged and finally twice convicted of murder; *the father* held the pardoning power and believed him innocent. There were circumstances which justified a father in so believing. After the son had been a second time convicted and a new trial had been a second time granted, the whole of the second jury, as I understood, and a part of the first, petitioned for his pardon. The first conversation I ever had with the Governor upon the subject was introduced by him with a statement of these facts.

He proceeded to say, that his son had sent for him to the prison—had protested his innocence in the strongest terms—had declared his unalterable purpose not to live unless he were acquitted by a jury—and had told him that if he sent him a pardon he would the next hour put an end to his existence. It was found impossible to procure a third unbiased jury, and the wretched man remained in jail from term to term Finally, on that day of horrors, when Beauchamp was executed for the murder of Col. Sharp, after the suicide of his wife and his own unsuccessful attempt, young Desha cut his throat with a razor, severing the windpipe quite in two. In that awful moment when he believed himself en-

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