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BY DAVID OVER.

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WOMAN'S LOVE.

Whom man is waxing frail,
And his hand is thin and weak,
And his lips are parched and pale,
And wan and white his cheek;
Oh then doth woman prove,
Her constancy and love!

She setteth by his chair,
And holds his feeble hand,
She watcheth ever there,
His wants to understand,
His yet unspoken will,
She hasteneth to fulfill.

She lead him when the moon
Is brighter over dale and hill,
And all things save the tune
Of the honey-bees are still,
Into the garden bowers,
To sit amidst herbs and flowers.

And when he goes not there,
To feed on breath and bloom,
She brings the pomegranate,
Into his darkened room;
And 'neath his weary head,
The pillow smooth doth spread.

Until the hour where death
His lamp of life doth dim,
She never wearieth him,
She never leaveth him
Still near his night and day,
She meets his eye always.

And when his trial's o'er
And the turf's on his breast,
Deep in her bosom's core
Lie sorrows unexpressed,
Her tears, her sighs are weak,
Her settled grief to speak.

And though they may arise
Balm for her spirit's pain,
And though her quiet eyes
May sometimes smile again,
Still, still, she must regret:
She never can forget!

I WOULD WED FOR TRUE LOVE.

BY THOS. F. FITZSIMMONS.

I would not wed for beauty,
For beauty will decay;
I would not wed for riches,
For riches waste away;
I would not wed for splendor,
For times may sadly change;
But I would wed for true love,
To soothe my aching pains.

Yes, I would wed for true love,
The joy of every heart—
It soothes the dying pillow—
When loved ones you must part.
It soothes the dying pillow—
When to rest with the lov'd ones you'd
Lain,
And breath a hope into the soul
In heaven to meet again.

Lady, 'tis not because thou'rt handsome
That I do love thee so,
But 'tis because thou'rt faithful
To the heart that's true to you;
And if my hopes upon this earth
Can never be realized,
A vision speaks that it will again
Beyond the deep blue skies.

Ethan Allen in Captivity.

Among the episodes of the Revolutionary war, none is more strange than that of the queer genius, Ethan Allen. In England, the event and the man being equally unknown, Allen seemed to have been a curious combination of a Hercules, a Joe Miller, a Bayard and a Meyer. He had a person like the Belgian giant, mountain music like a Swiss, and a heart plump as Cour de Lion's. Though born in New England, he exhibited no traces of his character, except that his heart beat wildly for his country's freedom. He was frank, bluff, companionable as a harvest.

For the most part Allen's manner while in England was scornful and ferocious in the last degree, although qualified at times by a heroic sort of levity. Aside from the inevitable egotism relatively pertaining to pine trees, spires and giants, there were, perhaps, two special, incidental reasons for the Titanic Vermonter's singular demeanor abroad. Taken captive while heading a forlorn hope before Montreal, he was treated with inexorable cruelty and indignity. Immediately upon his capture, he would have been deliberately butchered by the Indian allies in cold blood upon the spot, had he not with desperate intrepidity availed himself of his enormous physical strength by twitching a British officer and using him for a target, whirling him around and round against the murderous tomahawks of the savages. Shortly afterwards, led into the town, fenced about with the bayonets of the guard, the commander of the enemy, one Col. McClure, flourished his cane over his captive's head, with brutal insults, promising him a rebel's halter at Tyburn. During his passage to England in the same ship wherein went passenger Col. Guy Johnson, the implacable Tory, he was kept heavily ironed in the hold, and in all respects was treated like a madman; or it may be, rather as a lion of Asia, which, though caged, was too dreadful to behold without fear and

trembling. And no wonder, at least, for on one occasion, when chained hand and foot, he was insulted by an officer. With his teeth he twisted off the nail that went through the mortise of his handcuffs, and so having his arms at liberty, challenged the insult to mortal combat. Often when at Penicott castle, when no other revenge was at hand he would hurl on his foes such a howling tempest of anathemas as fairly shook them into retreat. Prompted by somewhat similar motives, both on shipboard and in England, he would often make the most vociferous allusions to Ticonderoga and the part he played in its capture, well knowing that of all the American names Ticonderoga was, at that period, by far the most famous and galling to the Englishmen.

Israel Potter, an exile American, while strolling around Penicott Castle, where Allen was confined, chanced to hear him in one of his outbursts of indignation and madness, of which the following is a specimen:

"Brag no more, old England; consider that you are only an island! Order back your broken battalions, and repent in ashes. Long enough have your hired Tories across the sea forgotten the Lord their God, and bowed down to Howe and Kniphausen—the Hessian. Hands off, redskin jackall!—Wearing the King's plate, as I do, (meaning, probably, certain manacles.) I have treasures of wrath against you British."

Then came a clanking as of chains, many vengeful sounds, all confusedly together. Then again the voice:

"Ye brought me out here, from my dungeon to this green, affronting yon Sabbath sun, to see how a rebel looks. But I'll show you how a true gentleman and christian can conduct himself in adversity.—'Back dogs' respect a gentleman and a christian though he be in rags and smell of bilgewater. Yes, shine on, glorious sun, it is the same that warms the hearts of your Green Mountain boys, and lights up with its rays the golden hills of Vermont."

Filled with astonishment at these words, which came from a massive wall, including what seemed an open parade space, Israel pressed forward, and soon came to a black archway leading within, underneath, to a grassy tract, through a tower. Like two bear's tusks two sentries stood at either side of the open jaws of the arch. Scrutinizing our adventurer a moment they signified him to enter.

Arriving at the end of the arched way—where the sun shone, Israel stood transfixed at the scene.

Like some baited bull in the ring, crouched the gigantic captive, handcuffed as before, the grass of the green trampled and gored up all about him, both by his own movements and those of the people around. Except some soldiers and sailors, these seemed mostly town's people, collected here out of curiosity. The stranger was outlandishly arrayed in the sorry remains of a half Indian half Canadian sort of a dress consisting of a fawn skin jacket—the fur outside ending hanging in ragged tufts—a half rotten belt of wampum, aged britches of sagally, the darned worsted stockings reaching to the knee, old moccasins, riddled with holes, their metal tags yellow with salt water rust, faded red wollen bonnet, not unlike a Russian nightcap, or a portonetto, ensanguined full moon, all soiled and stuck about rotten straw, unshaven beard, matted and profuse as a cornfield beaten down by hailstones. His whole marred aspect was that of a wild beast, but a royal sort and unsubdued by the cage.

"Aye, stare! stare! you but last night dragged me out of a ship's hold like a sunny tierce, and this morning out of your littered barracks there, like a murderer—for all that you may well stare at Ethan Ticonderoga Allen, the conquered soldier, by whom! You Turks never saw a Christian before. Stare on. I am he, who, when your Lord Howe wanted to bribe a patriot to fall down and worship him by an offer of a Major Generalship, and five thousand acres of choice land in old Vermont (ha! three times three for glorious Vermont and the Green Mountain Boys! hurrah! hurrah!) I am he, I say, who answered your Lord Howe: 'You offer our land? You are like the devil in Scripture, offering all the kingdoms in the world, when the cursed soul had not a corner lot on earth! Stare on, I say!'

"Look, you rebel you, you had best heed how you talk against General Lord Howe, here," said a thin, wasp waisted, epauletted officer of the castle, coming near and flourishing his sword about him like a school-master's ferrule. "General Lord Howe!—Heed how I talk of that toad-hearted king's lickspittle of a poltroon, the vilest wiggler in God's worn home below. I tell you the hoards of red-haired devils are impatiently shouting to ladle Lord Howe with his gang

—you included—into the scorching syrups of Tophet's hottest flames."

At this blast the wasp waisted officer was blown backwards as from the suddenly burst head of a steam boiler. Staggering away with a snapped spine, he muttered something about its being beneath his dignity to landy forth words with a low lived rebel.

"Come, Col. Allen," said a mild looking man, in a sort of clerical undress, "respect the day better than to talk thus of what lies beyond. Were you to die this hour, or what is more probable, be hung next week at Tower wharf, you know not what might become of yourself."

"Reverend sir," said Allen, with a mocking bow, "when no better employed than braiding my beard, I have dabbled a little in your theologies. And let me tell you, reverend sir, 'lowering and intensifying his voice, 'that as to the world of spirits of which you hint, though I know nothing of the mode or manner of that world more than you do, yet I expect, when I arrive there, to be treated as any other gentleman of my merit. That is to say, far better than you British know how to treat an honest man and a meek hearted christian captured in honorable war, by —! Every one tells me, as yourself just told me, as crossing the sea, every billow dinned in my ear, that I, Ethan Allen, am to be hung like a thief. If I am, the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress shall avenge me, while I, for my part, will show you, even on the tree, how a christian gentleman can die. Meantime, sir, if you are the clergyman you look, act your consolatory function by getting an unfortunate christian gentleman, about to die, a glass of punch."

The good natured stranger, not to have his religious courtesy appealed to in vain, immediately dispatched his servant, who stood by, to procure the beverage. At this juncture, a faint rustling sound, as if the advancing of an army with banners, was heard. Silks, scarfs and ribbons fluttered in the background. Presently a bright squadron of bright ladies drew nigh, escorted by certain out riding gallants of Falmouth.

"Ah," said a strange voice, "what a strange sash, and furled vest, and what leopard like teeth, and what flaxened hair, but all mill-dressed; is that he?"

"Yes it is, lovely charmer," said Allen, like an Ottoman, bowing over his broad brim, and breathing the words out, like a lute; it is he—Ethan Allen, the soldier; now, since ladies' visit him, made 'trebly a captive."

"Why, he talks like a bean in the parlor—this wild mossed American from the wood!" sighed another fair lady to her mate; but can this be he we came to see? I must have a look of his hair."

"It is he, adorable Delilah; and fear not, tho' excited by the foe, by clipping my lock to dwindle my strength. Give me your sword, man, turning to an officer—'ah, I'm fettered. Clip it yourself, lady."

"No, no, I am—"

"Afraid, would you say? Afraid of the sword—friend and champion of all the ladies, all round the world! Nay, nay, come hither."

The lady advanced, and soon overcoming her timidity, her white hand shone like whipcord foam among the waves of flaxen hair. "Ah, this is like clipping tangled tags of gold lace," she cried, "but see, it is half straw."

"But the wearer is no man of straw, lady; were I free, and you had ten thousand foes, horse foot and dragons—how like a frie I could fight for you. Come—you have robbed me of my hair, let me rob the dainty hand of its price. What, afraid again?"

"No, not that, but—"

"I see, lady, I may do it by your leave, but not by your word—the wonted way of all the ladies. There, it is done. Sweeter that kiss than the bitter heart of the cherry."

When at length this lady left, no small talk was had by her with her companions about relieving the lot of so knightly and unfortunate a man, whereupon a worthy, judicious gentleman of middle age, in attendance, suggested a bottle of wine every day, and clean linen every week. And these the English women—too polite and too good to be fastidious—did actually send to Ethan Allen, so long as he tarried a captive in their land.

The withdrawal of this company was followed by a different scene. A perching man in top boots, a riding whip in hand, and having the air of a prosperous farmer, brushed in like a stray bullock, among the rest, for a peep at the giant—having just entered through the arch as the ladies passed out.

"Morrow my brother will ride forty for the same purpose. So let me have the same look, sir," he continued, addressing the captive, "will you let me ask you a few questions, and be free with you?"

"Be free with me! With all my heart.—I love freedom above all things; I'm ready to die for freedom; I expect to. So be as free as you please. What is it?"

"Then, sir, permit me to ask what is your occupation in life? in time of peace, I mean."

"You talk like a tax gatherer," replied Allen, squinting diabolically at him. "What is my occupation in life? Why, in my younger days, I studied divinity, but at present I am a conjurer by profession."

Hereupon everybody laughed, as well at the manner as at the words, and the netted farmer retorted.

"Conjurer, eh? Well you conjured wrong that time you were taken."

"Not so wrong, though, as you British did, that time I took Ticonderoga my friend."

At this juncture the servant came in with a bowl of punch, which his master bade him give to the captive.

"No, give it to me, sir, with your own hands, and pledge me as a gentleman to a gentleman."

"I cannot pledge a state prisoner, Colonel Allen, but I will hand you the punch with my own hand, since you insist upon it."

"Spoken and done like a true gentleman; I am to you."

Then receiving the punch into his manacled hands, the iron ringing against the chain, he put the bowl to his lips, saying, "I hereby give the British nation credit for half a minute's good usage, and at one draught emptied it to the bottom."

"The rebel gulps it down like a swilling hog at the trough," here scoffed a lusty private of the guard off duty.

"Shame on you," cried the giver of the bowl.

"Nay, sir, his red coat is a blush to him, as it is to the whole British army. Then looking derisively at the private, "you object to my way of taking things, do you?—I fear I shall never be able to please you. You objected to the way, too, in which I took Ticonderoga, and the way I meant to take Montreal. Selah! but pray, now I look at you, are you not the hero I caught dodging around in his shirt, in the cattle pen inside the fort? It was the break of day, remember?"

"Come, Yankee, here swore the incensed private, 'sense this, or I'll tan your old fawn skin for ye with the flat of this sword for a specimen; laying it lashwise but not heavily across the captive's back."

Turning, like a tiger, the giant, catching the steel between his teeth, wrenched it from the private's grasp, and striking it with his manacles, sent it spinning like a juggler's dagger into the air, saying, "your dirty coward's iron on a tied gentleman again, and these lifting his handcuffed fists, 'shall be the beetle of mortality to you."

The now furious soldier would have struck him with all his force, but several men of the town interposing, reminded him that it was outrageous to attack a chained captive.

"Ah," said Allen, "I am accustomed to that, and therefore I am beforehand with you; and the extremity of what I say against Britain is not meant for you, kind friends, but for my insulters present and to come."

Then recognizing among the interposers the giver of the bowl, he turned with a courteous bow, saying, "Thank you again and again, my good sir; you may not be the worse for it; ours is an unstable world, so that one gentleman never knows when it may be his turn to be helped of another."

The soldier still making a riot and the confusion growing general, a superior officer stepped up, who determined the scene by removing the prisoner to the cell, dismissing the townspeople, with all strangers, Israel among the rest, and closing the castle after them.

ROMANISTS SWEARING.—In a late reply to a Roman Cholic, Brownlow, of the Knoxville Whig, has the following very significant paragraph:

"But one word more about swearing.—During our Circuit Court, some of your Catholic scavengers were brought into Court by Mr. MoAdoo, the Attorney General, to testify in cases of unlawful gaming and retailing of spirituous liquors—they were sworn upon our Protestant Scriptures, and every one of them swore lies, by testifying that they knew just nothing! The Attorney General then produced a Catholic Bible, with a cross on its back—made them examine it, swore them on that, and they disgorged more than it was supposed they knew! Can Protestants suffer such men to be called into one of our courts to give testimony against them? Never."

HENRY CLAY AND JAMES BUCHANAN.

In giving place to the subjoined article from the Louisville Journal, we think it proper to preface it with a narrative given us by a venerable citizen of this place, who at the time alluded to, was an active and earnest friend of Gen. Jackson, and a resident of Baltimore city. He says, that when a copy of Mr. Buchanan's letter in reply to Gen. Jackson's reference to him, as the witness to prove the charge of "Bargain and Intrigue" against Henry Clay, was received in Baltimore, a coterie of the leading men of the Jackson party had assembled at the office of the *Republican*, of which Dabney S. Carr was editor, to hear the letter read. Mr. Carr read it. A moment's pause ensued, which was interrupted by the remark from William Frick, Esq., that "Buchanan's letter don't sustain Gen. Jackson." Mr. Carr immediately rejoined: "By G—! gentleman, we must say it does sustain Gen. Jackson. Our success depends upon saying so. The *Washington Globe* will be here to-morrow, (this was before the railroad was constructed.) containing an editorial, in which it will be insisted that the letter fully sustains him, in every particular, and we must say so too. I shall say so, in my leader in to-morrow's *Republican*, simultaneously with the *Globe*." Our informant says, that after some further explanation, it was agreed to put the construction on Buchanan's letter, which the whole democratic party afterwards put on it, and which Mr. Buchanan suffered it to bear, to the political ruin of Henry Clay, for such a long series of years.

It will be observed that in Mr. Buchanan's letter to Mr. Letcher in 1844, he distinctly intimates that he did Mr. Clay "ample justice," in his letter in answer to Gen. Jackson," meaning that that letter did not sustain Gen. Jackson's charge, and yet by his silence for a quarter of a century, he permitted the injurious construction to operate against Mr. Clay. Out upon such hypocrisy and meanness!—*Frederick Examiner*.

[From the Louisville Journal.]

Henry Clay and James Buchanan.

We hope that what we are now about to write, will command the attention of all honest and honorable men and especially of old-line Whigs, the former supporters of Henry Clay and the present reverers of his memory. The boast has been made that the old line Whigs will as a general rule support Mr. Buchanan for the Presidency. We shall see.

All of our old politicians have a vivid recollection of the leading events of the election of President by the House of Representatives in the early part of 1825.—Mr. Clay was then a member of the House and he cast his vote and influence in favor of John Quincy Adams, who was elected over Gen. Jackson and Mr. Crawford.—Mr. Clay was subsequently selected by Mr. Adams as his Secretary of State. At a later period Mr. Clay was charged by his political enemies with having sold his vote to Mr. Adams for the Secretaryship, and we all know that this cruel and monstrous charge, though abundantly refuted in every form in which refutation was possible or conceivable, involved to a great extent, the ruin of Mr. Clay's political fortunes. But for that charge, he would afterwards have been elected President of the United States almost by acclamation.

Foremost among those who charged that Mr. Clay's vote was given to Mr. Adams on account of a promise of the Secretaryship of State was Gen. Jackson. The General gave the name of Mr. Buchanan as his authority for the truth of the charge.—Mr. Buchanan had held a private conversation with him on the subject, making such statements as left no doubt upon the subject in the General's mind. In fact the General did not hesitate to say, after that interview, that Mr. Buchanan had come to him with full authority from Mr. Clay or his friends to propose terms to him in relation to his votes: that is, to propose to vote for him for the Presidency, if he would promise office to Mr. Clay. Of course, Mr. Buchanan was called on to put into the form of a letter what he knew upon the subject, and what he had stated to Gen. Jackson. He accordingly wrote the letter which afterwards became famous in the controversy. The letter was most adroitly written, with a view to relieve the author from the excessively painful position in which he stood. He dared not say that he ever had any authority from Mr. Clay or his friends to propose terms to Gen. Jackson, yet he carefully so shaped his language as to afford Mr. Clay's political enemies a pretext for repeating the atrocious calumny against him. He expressed his own belief of the bargain and corruption story. He said:

"The facts are before the world that Mr.

Clay and his particular friends made Mr. Adams President, and Clay Secretary of State. The people will draw their own inference from such conduct and the circumstances connected with it. They will judge of the cause from the effect."

Mr. Clay and his friends regarded Mr. Buchanan's letter as exculpating him and them from the charge of having authorized Mr. B. to propose terms to Gen. Jackson in relation to their votes, and so indeed it did. And yet it was so cunningly written that the whole of Mr. Clay's political enemies throughout the nation considered it and treated it not as a vindication of the Kentucky statesman, but as "confirmation strong" of the truth of the accusation against him. Thus the whole calumny originated in Mr. Buchanan's statement to General Jackson, and when the author of the statement was required by Jackson or his organ to write it out in the shape of a letter, he so performed the appointed task, as while shrinking from any direct confirmation of the impression he had previously given to Gen. Jackson, to afford a pretext to the whole Jackson party to assail Mr. Clay as a traitor to his country, and there was not a Jackson newspaper or a Jackson politician in the nation that did not treat Mr. Buchanan's letter as evidence of bargain, intrigue, and corruption between Mr. Adams and Mr. Clay.

The specific charge, as already stated, which was made against Mr. Clay, and which Mr. Buchanan was cited as a witness to prove, was that Mr. C. had proposed to make Gen. Jackson President if he himself could be Secretary of State. This charge involving the inference that Mr. Clay did vote for Mr. Adams for the promise of the Secretaryship, the charge by means of which the party, that Mr. Buchanan then acted with and ever afterwards acted with, broke down the greatest and best man of his age. And now fellow-countrymen, we ask you to mark the final development of facts. The real truth is, that instead of Mr. Clay's suggesting to Mr. Buchanan during the pendency of the Presidential election in the House of Representatives in 1825 that he and his friends would support General Jackson if he could have the Secretaryship of State under him, Mr. Buchanan himself actually sought Mr. Clay, and in the presence of a third gentleman, explicitly declared to him, that in the event of his voting for Gen. Jackson and the election of the latter, he would have the Secretaryship. Mr. Clay's intimate personal friends often heard him make this statement in the after years of his life, and we, with half a dozen others, heard him say in the Presidential campaign of 1844 that he would not be willing to die without leaving it on record. And he did not die without leaving it on record. A few years ago Mr. Calvin Colton published the Life of Henry Clay, in the preparation of which he visited Ashland and had free access to many of Mr. Clay's private papers. He devoted a considerable portion of his book to the old bargain, intrigue and corruption story, and Mr. Clay wrote out one passage of it with his own hand. That passage was incorporated in the volume word for word as it came from the venerable statesman's pen. Let the American people read it and ponder upon it. Here it is:

"Some time in January, eighteen hundred and twenty-five, and not long before the election of President of the United States by the House of Representatives, the Hon. James Buchanan, then a member of the House, and afterwards many years a Senator of the United States from Pennsylvania, who had been a zealous and influential supporter of General Jackson in the preceding canvass, and was supposed to enjoy his unbounded confidence, called at the lodgings of Mr. Clay, in the city of Washington.—Mr. Clay was at the time in the room of his only messmate in the House, his intimate and confidential friend, the Hon. R. P. Letcher, since Governor of Kentucky, then also a member of the House. Shortly after Mr. Buchanan's entry into the room he introduced the subject of the approaching Presidential election, and spoke of the earnestness of his favorite, adding that he would form the most splendid cabinet that the country had ever had. Mr. Letcher asked, how could he have one more distinguished than that of Mr. Jefferson, in which were both Madison and Gallatin? Where would he be able to find quality eminent men? Mr. Buchanan replied, 'The men would not go out of the room for a Secretary of State,' looking at Mr. Clay. This gentleman (Mr. Clay) playfully remarked that he thought there was no timber there fit for a cabinet officer, unless it were Mr. Buchanan himself."

"Mr. Clay, while he was so hotly assailed with the charge of bargain, intrigue and corruption during the administration of Mr. Adams, notified Mr. Buchanan of his intention to publish the above occurrence, but by the earnest entreaties of that gentleman, he was induced to forbear doing so."

This passage, we repeat, was written by Mr. Clay's own hand. We learned the fact from Mr. Clay himself, from Mr. Colton, and from an eminently respected relative of Mr. Clay. The great Kentuckian, who had

borne the weight of bitter calumny for more than twenty years, and seen his highest political hopes crushed and blasted, by it, did not choose to submit to it longer out of tenderness to the reputation of an old political enemy; and the deepest regret felt by his best friends is, that he submitted to it so long. Mr. Buchanan it appears, might, when called on for his testimony in 1825, have testified that Mr. Clay, far from having signified that he would support General Jackson for the Presidency in consideration of the Secretaryship of State, had positively rejected such a bargain, proffered to him by Mr. Buchanan himself. Whatever of dishonor, whatever of infamy, there could be in bargain, intrigue, and corruption, attached to Mr. Buchanan. We do not believe that he had any authority from General Jackson to say what he said to Mr. Clay, yet he professed to utter fact and not opinion. He undertook to assert, as from authority, that Gen. Jackson would form the most splendid cabinet the country ever had, and that Mr. Clay, if he should support him, would be his Secretary of State.

Mr. Clay stated, in the passage he wrote out for Colton's biography of him, while he was so hotly assailed with the charge of bargain and corruption during the Adams administration, he notified Mr. Buchanan of his intention to publish the occurrence in question but was induced by that gentleman's earnest entreaties to forbear doing so. Mr. Colton said, in his biography, that he had understood that several times in later years Mr. Clay had intimated to Mr. Buchanan that it might be his duty to publish the facts, and that he was dissuaded from it by Mr. Buchanan. We also know that Mr. Clay often between 1825 and 1845, contemplated publishing the facts and was vehemently urged by his political friends to do so as a matter of justice not merely to his own fame but to his party, and that he was prevented only by Mr. Buchanan's entreaties. Gov. Letcher, who was present at the interview, in January, 1825, and heard all that passed, was always of opinion that Mr. Clay ought to make the publication, and told him so, but Mr. Clay was long suffering; and carried his generosity too far.

Mr. Letcher, it seems, after the interview of January, 1825, relieved Mr. Buchanan's apprehension by the assurance that he would not publish the facts of the interview without Mr. Buchanan's consent. But so strong and deep was Mr. Letcher's conviction that the facts ought to be published that he wrote to Mr. Buchanan upon the subject, during the great Presidential conflict of 1844, declaring, however, in his letter, that he would not violate the pledge he had originally given. Mr. Buchanan replied, deprecating the publication and requiring the observance of the pledge.—The reply was made with Mr. Buchanan's characteristic cunning, and we give it below, entire. One might think, from the language of his letter, that he had no distinct recollection of the conversation with Mr. Clay in Mr. Letcher's room, in January, 1825, and yet that very conversation, exceedingly emphatic as it was had been from the very first and though all the ensuing years, a matter of the deepest anxiety and even agitation to Mr. Buchanan, who, as Mr. Clay has testified under his own hand, had earnestly entreated that it might not be given to the world. Here is Mr. Buchanan's letter to Mr. Letcher:

Mr. Buchanan to R. P. Letcher.
LANCASTER, June 27, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR: I this moment received your very kind letter and hasten to give it an answer. I cannot perceive what good purpose it would subserv Mr. Clay to publish the private and unreserved conversation to which you refer. I was then his ardent friend and admirer; and much of this ancient feeling still survives, notwithstanding our political difference since. I did him ample justice but no more than justice, both in my speech on Chilton's resolutions and in my letter in answer to Gen. Jackson.

I have not myself any very distinct recollection of what transpired in your room nearly twenty years ago, but doubtless I expressed a strong wish to himself, as I had done a hundred times to others, that he might vote for Gen. Jackson; and if he desired it, become his Secretary of State.—Had voted for General in case of his election, I should most certainly have exercised any influence I might have possessed to accomplish this result; and this I should have done from the most disinterested, friendly and patriotic motives.

This conversation of mine, whatever it may have been, can never be brought home to Gen. Jackson. I never had but one conversation with him on the subject of the then pending election; and that upon the street, and the whole of it *verbatim et lit-*