

#### ANOTHER CONTROVERSY.

We were handed the following communication last week, but owing to the late hour at which it was received and the quantity of other work on hand, necessarily compelled us to defer its publication. It is directed to the Editors of the Lawrenceburg Statesman, and is at this time published by special request of the author. The letter of Mr. JOHN F. LANE, in reply, is also given; both of which were published in the Statesman of last week.

ELIZABETH TOWN, (O.) July 30, 1832.

*Mrs. Editors—*

The Statesman published on the 26th instant, containing Mr. Lane's address to the people of the 4th Congressional District, has just been placed in my hands for perusal; and much to my astonishment, I find Mr. Lane in that address, uses in relation to myself the following language. "Long since has Mr. Wallace endeavored to atone for his agency in the attack upon me in 1826. Two years ago he asked pardon of one of my children, and acknowledged the *injustice* of the decision against me," than which nothing can be more unfounded. I pronounce the whole statement to be utterly and absolutely false. I atone to Mr. Lane for my attack upon him in 1826. I ask pardon for my conduct of one of his children. I acknowledge the *injustice* of the decision against him? Why it is the most unparalleled piece of presumption I ever heard of; I never for a moment harbored such a thought, much less uttered them, at any time or upon any occasion. Indeed, I have yet to learn that I ever made an attack upon him. I surely never preferred any charges against him!—his accusers were Noah Noble and William Hamilton, and not David Wallace. If therefore, Mr. Lane has been *wronged*, they are the persons who wronged him, not I. It was upon *their testimony* and the *evidence they furnished* that Mr. Lane was convicted, not upon mine, for I neither gave or furnished any to my knowledge. Therefore, I pledge myself to Mr. L. that until I am convinced that it was wrong in me to appear as counsel for the prosecution, and that Noah Noble and William Hamilton *perjured* themselves, or gave false testimony on the trial, I have no *pardon* to ask either of him or any member of his family—no acknowledgements to make in regard to the justice of the decision against him. Thus much I have thought proper to say in justice to myself. I cannot consent that such statements should go forth to the world uncontradicted, or that by my silence I should tacitly acknowledge their truth.

I have again and again stated that I was no volunteer in that affair; that I had been applied to twice by Gov. Noble before I consented to appear for him; and then, not till he had threatened to publish the *bar* of the Circuit, if he could find none, who had moral courage enough as he insinuated, to step forward and conduct for him the prosecution. This I could not consent to; professional pride and honor forbade it; I accepted of his proffered fee; conscious at the same time, that by so doing, I could possibly do Mr. Lane no harm, if *he was innocent*; that if his enemies were slandering him—if the charges against him were false and unfounded, a public investigation would only make those manifest, and, at once, redeem him and his character from obliquity and disgrace.

I have been frequently told that in the speech I made upon the trial, that I was unusually severe upon Mr. Lane. This is probably the fact; at least, I know that at the time I intended so to be—but then I have always said that it was called from me by Mr. Lane's own conduct. I spoke in reply to him—and as a matter of course in reply to the extraordinary threats and abuse he poured out upon me in the course of his speech; and as counsel, are frequently in the habit of doing, I endeavored to balance with him and no more; whether I succeeded in this is certainly not for me to say here. That the trial should be conducted amicably, and as free as possible from personal remark or allusion; Mr. Morris, my associate counsel applied to Mr. Benham, who appeared for Mr. Lane [and as Mr. Morris afterwards informed me,] had it fairly understood, that no personalities were to be indulged in by the counsel for either of the parties; that in our respective arguments we were to confine ourselves to the testimony and not to depart from it; but, contrary to all expectation, Mr. Lane himself was the first to violate this arrangement; and leave us no alternative but to meet him upon his own ground—I make these statements, for the purpose of showing first that the counsel who conducted the prosecution entertained towards Mr. Lane at the time no personal ill-feeling—that they acted in their professional capacity and none other. And secondly that Mr. Lane and his friends may know who to attribute the prosecution to, and whom to hold responsible for it. It is due to Mr. Test to say, that so far as my knowledge extends, he neither aided, abetted, counselled, advised, or assisted in the prosecution; but, on the contrary kept aloof from any participation in it.

You will gentlemen, confer a favor on me by publishing this letter in your next paper. It can do no harm to any person. It contains a simple statement of facts as they came to my knowledge, and explains how I came to be concerned in the transaction.

Respectfully, in haste,

Your obedient servant,

DAVID WALLACE.

#### TO THE EDITORS OF THE STATESMAN.

Gentlemen.—The necessity of appearing in a newspaper is at all times unpleasant but especially so, when the controversy is of a personal character.

I have just learned from Mr. J. that the Hon. David Wallace read to him a communication intended for your next paper—which contains a *positive contradiction* of the following statement, extracted from a publication by A. Lane, Esq. "Long since has Mr. Wallace endeavored to atone for his agency in the attack upon me, in 1826. Two years ago, he asked pardon for his conduct of one of my children, and acknowledg-

ed the injustice of the decision against me." For the publication of this statement, I am not at all responsible. For *Yours TRUTH I AM.*

During the sitting of the Circuit Court at Lawrenceburg in the spring of 1831, I met Mr. Wallace. Having been absent for several years, I knew little that had occurred, except from the remarks casually made by my friends and acquaintances. By these, I learned something of the nature of the attack upon my Father, in 1826, and of the spirit with which it was conducted. I heard with regret as well as surprise that Mr. Wallace's course had been marked by bitter personal animosity—and his transient success when the decision against my Father was given—hailed by an insulting display of triumphant mirth. The high respect and kind feelings, I had previously felt for Mr. Wallace and the peculiar situation in which we stood to each other rendered me more sensitive to this unnecessary hostility. Unwilling to be involved in a personal quarrel with Mr. W. but still more unwilling to place our acquaintance on its former footing, I carefully avoided *all* intercourse with him. In the 2nd week of the court, while alone in my Father's office, Mr. Sullivan of Madison and another gentleman came in. It was not until I had taken the hand of the latter, that I recognised Mr. Wallace. Vexed by the circumstances my manner—as perhaps colder than in my father's house it should have been. Mr. Sullivan perceiving that there was something wrong, after a few minutes, left the office. Mr. W. was about to follow him, when I called him back. I told him frankly *why* I was unwilling to receive him as an old friend. From my Father's enemies such conduct might have been anticipated, but from him I had expected an honorable impartiality, if not a friendly support. Mr. Wallace said in reply "that he was happy to have an opportunity to explain his conduct" that "nothing but threats of being published as afraid of my Father could have induced him to engage in it" that he intended refraining from all personalities but my Father's sarcasm had excited him to answer in kind" that "he was very sorry he had indulged in any bitterness of remark &c." not only did he say "the decision was unjust" but "that every one acknowledged it." The judges themselves had already certified that "it was illegal and grossly unjust." He said further that "my father had only done what most Lawyers were in the habit of doing, and that none of the family should feel hurt, as the transactions had really done my Father good and increased his popularity." As to the decision, I distinctly remember, that he made a disrespectful allusion to the condition of one of the Associate judges, which enabled him to operate on his feelings. Much also was said and well said by Mr. Wallace of an apologetic character, he repeatedly declaring that he was *sorry* very sorry that he had *any thing to do with the case*, and hoped that the recollection of it would not prevent the friendly intercourse which he had so much desired to renew. He then spoke of his coming election, &c. My Father's entrance cut short our conversation which had lasted perhaps half an hour.

Mr. Wallace did not say, "I ask your pardon" but in different terms and more appropriate language expressed *deep* regret for his conduct, &c. I was a willing mediator between Mr. Wallace and my relations. Soon after our interview, I repeated to them his apology, and urged them as Mr. W. had said all that he could say, to receive him again as a friend, and as far as their political opinions might permit, to support him at the fall elections, what was my surprise to learn that Mr. Wallace's professions of friendship were sincere. I was unwilling to be convinced, but circumstances I had not before known, left me no room to doubt that Mr. W. only desired to make my good feeling for him, the means of obtaining the support or at least neutralising the opposition of my relations. Indignant at Mr. W.'s false professions of friendly feeling, I on our next meeting, declined his proffered civility and since then, we have had no intercourse. Having understood that the version of the trial Mr. W. gave to me did not agree with that given by Gov. Noble nor even with his own statements to others; I last winter endeavored through a mutual friend, H. H. Moore, Esq. to have an explanation of these contradictory statements. I now regret that this did not take place. It would have saved Mr. Wallace the degradation of a public exposure and relieved me from the unpleasant duty of making it.

It has occurred to me that Mr. Wallace regarded his conversation with me as confidential and has made his public disavowal in the hope that I would not gainsay it. I can only remark that his apology was mentioned by me to my friends with the best intention—to remove their prejudices *a* *inst* him. Its circulation was beyond my control. As it has been published and as Mr. Wallace has publicly declared it is *false* I am forced to appear over my own name to declare *its truth*.

I shall not presume to investigate Mr. Wallace's motives. The whole tenor of his denial proves that his intention in publishing it three days before the election was to injure Mr. A. Lane and benefit Mr. Test (his father in law.) The attempt to identify Gov. Noble's testimony which agrees in every important particular with the statement in Mr. Lane's Hand-Bill—with Mr. Hamilton's; which is contradicted by his own note and by the affidavits of *four* respectable citizens; illustrates too faithfully the rule which Mr. Wallace has apparently adopted "that all is fair in politics." The temptations of political success have been too strong for Mr. Wallace's integrity. At one period when himself a candidate, the hope of converting opponents into friends induces him to make an apology *unconditional and ample*. At a subsequent period when an opponent is to be injured and a relation to be benefited he has dared publicly to disavow his apology and to repeat the *very charge for countenancing which he had before apologised*. A lingering remnant of respect for Mr. Wallace and for the station which my fellow citizens have given him would fail me to make me hope that he will be able to explain his conduct satisfactorily. On my return from the south where my engagements now call me I shall take pleasure in doing Mr. Wallace ample justice for *any* explication he may offer.

Respectfully yours, J. F. LANE.

#### JOEL CLOUGH—THE EXECUTION.

Yesterday afternoon, at half past two o'clock, the sentence of the law was executed upon this unhappy young man. The spot selected was an open space, two miles this side of Mount Holly. The gallows was erected by the road side, precisely where the woman whose death was witnessed by Clough, was executed last July.

Upwards of twelve thousand persons were present. A hollow square was formed round the scaffold by a battalion of infantry. At half past one the miserable criminal appeared. He was seated in a dearborn, and was accompanied by the Sheriff, Bishop Doane, the Rev. Messrs. Wilmer, Moorhouse, Ashton, Budd, Shepherd, and other gentlemen; the whole under escort of a troop of cavalry.

Clough ascended the scaffold with a firm step arm in arm with the Bishop, and one of the Reverend gentlemen. At his request Mr. Doane read aloud his confession, of which so much has been said.

The confession was rather long, and touched upon many subjects; his desire to lead a moral though not a religious life, his false notions of honor and revenge; his early religious impressions and education effaced by contact with the pleasures and cares of the world, a sectarian denunciation, theatres, dissipation, &c.

His farewell letter to his bereft and aged mother was then read, and produced a powerful sensation. The awful scene, and the melting pathos of the epistle combined, brought tears into the eyes of many—an occurrence not frequent on the execution ground.

Religious exercises were continued at Clough's request, who ascertained that still a few minutes were left him. The clergy then shook hands with him, embraced him, and retired. The parting was painfully protracted. When they were gone, and the Sheriff came forward, Clough rallied; he was perfectly calm and collected; measured off with his arm the length of fall which he desired; examined the fastenings and had them altered; arranged the noose; and in fact directed the whole business. His hands were tied at the wrist, as he directed. The fatal cap was placed on his head and he was launched into eternity. The fall was so tremendous, that he died without a struggle—a slight shiver was all that marked the termination.

Thus ended the career of Joel Clough, by a sentence, the justice of which he repeatedly acknowledged in his confession.

*Philadelphia paper, July 27th.*

#### DANGERS OF MISTAKEN SYMPATHY.

A fellow who lately murdered his wife without the least provocation, being asked what could induce him to commit such an outrage, made the following remarkable reply:

"Why, the fact is, I am a very ambitious man; and having no opportunity to gain fame by fair means, I thought I would take this method; for I saw how the moment a man committed a murder, he became an object of public attention, the newspapers are full of him; his appearance and dress; the color of his eyes and hair, and the most insignificant particulars, were described, just as if he was a great hero and had saved his country. Then the ladies all ran after him, attended his trial, shed tears and fainted away; so that he had all the attentions and sympathies of a martyr. Besides all this, he was pretty sure of being converted at last, and dying a good Christian, which he very likely would not have done, had he been a moral, peaceable citizen: thus you see, that murder is the shortest cut to glory in this world, and salvation in the next!"

*Baltimore Courier.*

*WASHINGTON CITY, July 12, 1833.*

DEAR COUSIN JEREMY—May be you have been wonderin why I haint writ to you before now—but I guess you'll not think so no longer when I tell you what I've been about. We've had all sorts o' doin here I tell you. I reckon maybe you've seen my letters in the nuze papers; how me and the General have bin goin it down East, full chisel; how after we got to Downing we got short of change, and tacked about in less than no time—and here we are at Washington again.

But every thing haint turned up as well as you'd a thought. The General's Cabinet is a goin all to smash, less me and him makes up shortly; but that haint goin to be done so slick. I'll tell you how it come: well, you see just after me and the General got to Washington, we got to talkin about who's to be the next President. The General was as mad as a march hare about the leetle Dutchman's sawing off the sleeper of that are bridge at New York, and about that ternal trick he play'd me at the wharfe at Philadelphia, as you've seen in the nuze papers. Siz the General, 'Majur,' siz he, 'its my belief that you're the only man that's fit to be President arter me.' And with that I tho't I should go strate thru my shirt collar, I was so tickled to deth I didn't know what to do; siz I, 'I know it General,' siz I, and with that I went hum. Next morning, I jumped up in sich a nation flurry, that I bust my suspender buttons off; and seen as how Uncle Josh haint sent me nary nother pair, I had to stay and mend 'em.

Well, just as I got to the President's house who should I meet but Mr. Woodbury and that ternal Dutchman comin out. Siz I to myself, what's to pay now? If that are Van Buren has bin to see the General, I shant stand no more chanc than a cropped tail hoss in dog-days, and sure enuff I found it so arter awhile. But, siz I, I'm not afeard of that leetle Dutchman, no how; so in I goes, full drive. I found the General walkin up and down the room like mad. Siz I, 'Good mornin, Doctor.' Set down, Majur, siz he, with a nod of his head, but not so kind like as he used to. Howsomednever, I set down, and siz I, 'what's the nuze, General?'—'I've none,' siz he; 'have you any, Majur?' siz he. 'Yes,' siz I, 'I've found out all about Van Buren's sawin them are sleepers. The General roared right on eend; siz he, 'tis a ternal lie,' siz he, 'and I tell you what,' siz he, 'you musn't say anything about that again; and moreover, siz he, 'I shall make Martin Van Buren President arter all?' When he

said that I'd like to bust, 'And what for?' siz I.—'Why,' siz he, 'she'll run such a rumpus if I don't.'—'Well,' siz I, 'what if she would make a nation fuss about it? Didn't I stand by you when *he* sawed them are sleepers of that ternal York bridge? Didn't I help you to git thru that slick as ile, when President Quincy gun to spout his larned latin finge? Didn't I ride ahead to Downingville, like a blue streak, and git'em ready to receive you a leetle the slickest? Didn't I—but I seed the General was gittin toach'd, for he is mighty kind-hearted like, when you just stick up to him. So siz I, 'General, may be, after all, Van Buren didn't saw that are bridge; but, siz I, its a hard case, General, that I has stuck by you, thru thick and thin, ever since the Nullifiers first began to make a fuss, its a hard case, I say, that these are plaguey fellers wont let me and you go along as livin as two twin calves, but must be always startin up some 'sarned conflagration or other, that sets us a spluttering like a live ele dropped into a basin of greasy water. Its a ternal shame, so it is, siz I. 'So it is' siz he;—for you know the General has a lot of repeatin what I say, when he wants to make friends with me. 'Well, General,' siz I, 'there's more ways to kill a dog, than to choke him to death on butter,' siz I. That made the General snort right out: siz he, 'Majur, just wait a leetle, and I'll give you that place of Randolph's.' I started up as straight as a lightnin rod; 'Not I,' siz I, 'nothing less than the President's cheer,' siz I. The General gave me a look that would have split a bean pole. I seed what was comin again. So I tho't I'd best hawl in my horns, for the President's mighty obtruselous, and there's no known what he might do.—So siz I, 'General I thank you from the bottom of my sole; but you know my principles, General,' siz I. 'Well, Majur,' siz he, 'let us now part friends, siz he. 'Where'll you go, Majur,' siz he. 'Why right West,' siz I. 'Well that's right,' siz he; just watch them are folks out West, and speak a good word for me tu, and I'll frank all your letters, siz he. So you see as how Jerry, you needn't have to pay nothing for this letter, if they do charge you, just let me and the President know and, although we aint very good friends, yet, we don't let that interfere with the government of the nation; I say, if they dare for to do such a thing, me and the President will truss them up as soon as a musketeer would wink.

If I hadnt met Van Buren this mornin, I shouldnt know what to make of it, but its all as plain as daylite. The leetle Dutchman, wants to be President next time himself, and he's been purswadin the General that he had nothing to do with the sawin perfusion. May be he thinks he'll cut me out yet, but I tell you, what if Martin Van, says just as much as nothin to me, I'll send him higher than his boss did, when we'd got to Downingville. But you neednt say nothin about it, for it would sit the General stark mad, and, that's what I wouldnt do for all the galls in Downingville; for you see it would be a sorta ungrateful, bekaze he's lent me a shirt or two; then two that ternal Dutchman would git to be President, and I should be juked out of it as slick as goose grese. I'll take here of that, never mind. I'll take a tower out west, like Mr. Webster, and patronize the people like all nature, and then if Mr. Van Buren gits the President's cheer, I'll just make another, and bring up my rangers, and I'll roast him wuss than the Nullifiers would.

I suppose may be, Uncle Josh has got to your sity, and you'll may be se him before you git this letter.

But the mail will soon close, so no more at present from your lovin cousin.

#### MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

P. S. When I was at Downingville all the folks were quite spry, Sargent Joel sends his love as does Nance Bigelow the deacon's daughter what you us'd to cut around so. M. J. D.

#### STATISTICAL.

A friend has kindly favoured us with the following interesting paragraph.

People who are not in the habit of looking into statistics are not aware of the vast disproportion in the density of the population between the different sections of the United States. New England is far more densely settled than any other section of the country. In fact the population of Massachusetts, which in this respect exceeds that of the other New England States, presents a greater number to the square mile than many of the countries in Europe, even including some of those which have for centuries been considered populous kingdoms. Spain, for instance, has an average of but *sixty-three* individuals to the square mile, Scotland but *seventy-one*; Denmark but *seventy-six*; while Massachusetts has *seventy-eight*. We subjoin a list of the several States of the Union, with the number of inhabitants to the square mile in each respectively, viz:

Massachusetts,	78	Virginia,	17
Connecticut,	63	Tennessee,	16
Rhode Island,	62	Kentucky,	15
New York,	44	N. Carolina,	15
New Jersey,	38	Maine,	12
Delaware,	38	Indiana,	10
Maryland,	32	Georgia,	9
Pennsylvania,	29	Alabama,	6
New Hampshire,	28	Louisiana,	5
Vermont,	28	Illinois,	3
Ohio,	25	Mississippi,	2
South Carolina,	18	Missouri,	2

*Bost. Atlas.*

#### SOUTHERN CHIVALRY.</h