

had requested it, and that it was intended to meet certain drafts. Cox never made such a request, and thus did Mr. Adams's 4th Auditor apply to his own use \$500 more of the public money.

N. 7. *Fraud and abuse.*—On the 13th December, 1828, after the people had passed sentence on the late administration, Mr. Southard advanced to Dr. Watkins \$750 more, out of the Treasury, which was charged to Silas Butler, another Purser, then in the Mediterranean. Upon what representation this was done, does not appear. Mr. Butler never gave any authority for it, and of course refused to recognise the charge. Thus did Mr. Adams's 4th Auditor apply \$750 more of the public money to his own use.

Thus, in two years, did Mr. Adams's Fourth Auditor commit three deliberate frauds on the Treasury, appropriating to his own use, SEVEN THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS of the public money.

Thus did Mr. Adams's Secretary of the Navy most obligingly aid and enable Mr. Adams's 4th Auditor, and Mr. Clay's confidant, to pocket seven thousand three hundred dollars of the money given by Congress to support our glorious Navy.

This was all done under Mr. Adams's administration, and detected under Gen. Jackson's.

Yet, there are men who say that there was nothing to reform! and that this administration has done nothing for the country!!

The same men, when Dr. Watkins was apprehended, pronounced all the charges against him false and malignant. They then knew he was guilty as well as they do now. So firm was their conviction of his guilt, there was no man, or association of men, among them, worth \$5000, who would hazard it in being his bail. After making application to all those who had been his associates, ate his dinners, and drank his wine, he sent his son to one of the new cabinet, and, panting in pathetic terms the abandonment of all his old friends, besought that act of humanity from him. His request could not be granted. Yet the very men who knew this, who would not risk their money upon his appearance at Court, so firm was their conviction of his guilt, proclaimed, far and wide, that the innocent and high minded Watkins refused to have bail, so indignant was he at his oppressors! They attributed the whole to the malice and falsehood of the present 4th Auditor, and have not failed to pursue him with unrelenting abuse from that day to this.

TALK OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, Through the Secretary of War and General Coffee, to the Chickasaw Delegation at Franklin, Tenn. on the 23d August, 1830:

Friends and Brothers:—Your Great Father is rejoiced once again to meet, and shake you by the hand, and to have it in his power to assure you of his continued friendship and good will. He can cherish none but the best feelings for his red children, many of whom, during our late war, fought with him in defence of our country.

By a communication from your elder brethren and neighbors, the Choctaws, during the last winter, your Great Father learned that in consequence of the laws of Mississippi being extended over them, they were in great alarm; and of their own free will, and without any application from him, they asked to leave their country and retire across the Mississippi river. The treaty sent by them to him, was laid before the Senate of the United States, and they refused to approve it. Solicitous to avoid every act, the tendency of which might be to deceive or impose upon his red children, he laid the treaty, which was presented to him, before the Senate, with the protest which had been forwarded against it by the opposite party of the Choctaw nation, that all the circumstances might be fully known—it was rejected. Of these things, their confidential Agent, Major Haly was advised, and he was requested to make them known to the Choctaws. Understanding from him that they were desirous to see and converse with their Great Father, on this important subject, he agreed in accordance with that desire, to meet them at this place. With regret he now learns they have declined their engagement.

By an act of Congress it was placed in his power to extend justice to the Indians—to pay the expenses of their removal—to support them for twelve months, and to give them a grant for lands which should endure "as long as the grass grows or water runs." A determination was taken immediately to advise his red children of the means which were thus placed at his disposal to render them happy and preserve them as nations. It was for this, that he asked his Chickasaw and other friends to meet him here. You have come, and your Great Father rejoices to tell you, through his commissioners, the truth, and point you to a course

which cannot fail to make you a happy and prosperous people. Hear and deliberate well on what he shall say, and under the exercise of your own reason and matured judgment, determine what may appear to you best to be done for the benefit of yourselves and your children.

Brothers:—You have long dwelt upon the soil you occupy, and in early times before the white men kindled their fires too near to yours, and by settling around, narrowed down the limits of the chase you were though an uninstructed, yet a happy people. Now your white brothers are around you. States have been erected within your ancient limits, which claim a right to govern and control your people as they do their own citizens, and to make them answerable to their civil and criminal codes. Your Great Father has not the power to prevent this state of things; and he now asks if you are prepared and ready to submit yourselves to the laws of Mississippi, make a surrender of your ancient laws and customs, and peaceably and quietly live under those of the white man?

Brothers, listen:—The laws to which you must be subjected, are not oppressive, for they are those to which your white brothers conform, and are happy. Under them, you will not be permitted to seek private revenge, but in all cases where wrong may be done, you are through them to seek redress. No taxes upon your property or yourselves, except such as may be imposed upon a white brother, will be assessed against you. The courts will be open for the redress of wrongs; and bad men will be made answerable for whatever crimes or misde'mors may be committed by any of your people, or our own.

Brothers, listen:—To these laws where you are, you must submit;—there is no preventive—no other alternative.

Your Great Father cannot, nor can Congress, prevent it. The States only can. What then? Do you believe that you can live under those laws? That you can surrender all your ancient habits, and the forms by which you have been so long controlled? If so, your Great Father has nothing to say or to advise. He has only to express a hope, that you may find happiness in the determination you shall make, whatever it may be. His earnest desire is, that you may be perpetuated and preserved as a nation; and this he believes can only be done and secured by your consent to remove to a country beyond the Mississippi, which for the happiness of our red friends was laid out by the Government a long time since, and to which it was expected ere this they would have gone. Where you are, it is not possible you can live contented and happy. Besides the laws of Mississippi which must operate upon you, and which your Great Father cannot prevent, white men continually intruding are with difficulty kept off your lands, and difficulties continue to increase around you.

Brothers:—The law of Congress usually called the "Intercourse Act" has been resorted to, to afford relief, but in many instances has failed of success. Our white population has so extended around in every direction, that difficulties and trouble are to be expected. Cannot this state of things be prevented? Your firm determination can only do it.

Brothers, listen:—There is no unkindness in the offers made to you. No intention or wish is had to force you from your lands, but rather to intimate to you what is for your own interest. The attachment you feel for the soil which covers the bones of your ancestors is well known. Our forefathers had the same feeling when a long time ago, to obtain happiness, they left their lands beyond the great waters, and sought a new and quiet home in distant and unexplored regions. If they had not done so where would have been their children and the prosperity they now enjoy?

The old world would scarcely have afforded support for a people, who, by the change their fathers made, have become prosperous and happy. In future time so will it be with your children. Old men! Arise to energy and lead your children to a land of promise and of peace, before the Great Spirit shall call you to die. Young Chiefs! Forget the prejudices you feel for the soil of your birth, and go to a land where you can preserve your people as a nation. Peace invites you there—annoyance will be left behind—with in your limits no State or Territorial authority will be permitted. Intruders, trades, and above all, ardent spirits so destructive to health and morals, will be kept from among you, only as the laws and ordinances of your nation may sanction their admission. And that the weak may not be assailed by their stronger and more powerful neighbors, care shall be taken and stipulations made, that the United States, by arms if necessary, will preserve and maintain peace amongst the tribes, and guard them from the assaults of enemies of every kind, whether white or red.

Brothers, listen:—These things are

for your serious consideration, and it behoves you well to think of them. The present is the time you are asked to do so. Reject the opportunity which is now offered to obtain comfortable homes, and the time may soon pass away, when such advantages as are now within your reach may not again be presented. It from the course you now pursue this shall be the case, then call not upon your Great Father hereafter to relieve you of your troubles, but make up your minds conclusively to remain upon the lands you now occupy, and be subject to the laws of the State where you now reside to the same extent that her own citizens are. In a few years by becoming amalgamated with the whites, your national character will be lost, and then like other tribes who have gone before you, you must disappear and be forgotten.

Brothers:—If you are disposed to remove, say so, and state the terms you may consider just and equitable. Your Great Father is ready and has instructed his commissioners to admit such as shall be considered liberal, to the extent that he can calculate the Senate of the United States will sanction. Terms of any other character it would be useless for you to insist upon, as without their consent and approval no arrangement to be made could prove effectual. Should you determine to remain where you are, candidly say so, and let us be done with the subject, no more to be talked of again. But if disposed to consult your true interests and to remove, then present the terms on which you are willing to do so, to my friends, the Secretary of War and Gen. John Coffee, who are authorized to confer with you, and who in the arrangements to be made, will act candidly, fairly and liberally towards you.

ANDREW JACKSON.

WAR IN FRANCE.
By late arrivals at New-York, Havre and London papers to the 4th ult. have been received. The intelligence brought by these journals is in the highest degree interesting. They contain details of the great civil revolution which has lately taken place in France, and again deluged the streets of Paris with blood. The high handed and oppressive measures of the king and ministry in suspending the liberty of the press, dissolving the chambers of deputies, and the circumscribing the elective privilege, are given as the principal and accelerating causes.

It will be seen that the venerated patriarch general Lafayette has again drawn his sword in the cause of liberty, and holds the same honorable post, at the head of the National Guards, he occupied in 1790. This fact of itself, is well calculated to get a strong feeling of interest in this country in favor of the constitutional party; and it is to be hoped that their struggle may be attended with more happy results than those which brought Louis the 16th to the block, and gave heroic France nominal liberty under the bloody sway of Danton, Marat, and Robespierre.

The following details of the three days murderous struggle in Paris are from a correspondent of the London Morning Herald:

For ten hours the war raged incessantly. On every hand, without intermission, musketry rolled, cannons thundered, shouts and cries were heard. I proceeded to a remote quarter of the town, which I found quiet as on ordinary occasions; but the cruel certainty that death ensued among some of the combatants every instant, still more appalling doubt respecting the event, the dread of danger which menaced every man in Paris, and the doleful tolling of the tocsin, produced sensations, the nature of which may be conceived.

I had sat for two hours, at a window overlooking the city, with a colonel of the imperial old guard. His face was immovable, but he spoke not a word. His practised ear detected what I could not have discovered, for although a league and a half from the Hotel de Ville, the first words he uttered for two hours burst from his lips with a tone of triumph—"Nous avons un point d'appui la!"

The Hotel de Ville had surrendered, and the new sounds proceeded from the victors and the retreating enemy. The "line" (the regiments of the line) fired no shot during the day. The 53d refused to act. The cannoniers of the guard gave their pieces an angle of elevation which spared not them, for the intention was not ascertained.

The cavalry were cut up in a hundred charges.

The tri-colored flag soon floated on the tower of the Hotel de Ville, and on those of the Cathedral (Notre Dame.)

I am obliged to suspend details, and to be irregular from hurry.

On Tuesday night prince Polignac narrowly escaped being made prisoner. His house was roughly handled. On Wednesday night the celebrated Abbe de Fraysenous (bishop of Hermopolis) was arrested. I am assured. All the priests disappeared during the day.

The ministers all ran off, save Debelleme, who was thrown into prison for allowing some of the journals to be printed.

At ten o'clock the Tuilleries and Louvre still held out, but at that moment I saw march along the Boulevard part of a regiment of lancers, whose appear-

ance indicated extreme fatigue. They were quickly followed by a portion of a regiment of infantry of the guard. "These are new troops," I observed to a military gentleman of experience; "you know the regiments in the department have been called up to town." "Tis a retreat," said he, "they are in full deroute—mark how the drums, music, officers and soldiers are mingled, and behold, there is a wounded officer. They must be sorely pressed, for see how his leg bleeds, and is still unbound. Many of them are, moreover, without shoes!"

A regiment, or the remains of a regiment, of Cuirassiers, mixed up with gendarmes de chasse, next followed—the horses cut up, and the men fainting. Lastly, a portion of a regiment of the line followed with a melancholy air.—The remainder of the three regiments first mentioned were dead, and, as my friend guessed, the survivors, with some soldiers of a regiment of the line, were on their way to join the king at St. Cloud, where they arrived in a most confused state yesterday.

The attack on the Louvre and Tuilleries was renewed early yesterday, and with success, but great slaughter. The palace was pillaged. The different barracks of the unhappy Swiss guards were carried in the course of the day, and the Swiss (having refused to surrender) cut to pieces. A regiment of Hussars of the guard marched in from Orleans yesterday morning, but bearing of the retreat of those above mentioned, they halted in the Place Louis XVI, and in the course of that day retreated upon St. Cloud, receiving a heavy fire on their way. At 4 o'clock in the evening there was not a man in arms against the people in Paris. The tri-colored flag waved once more over all the public monuments. The joy was universal.

The appointment of general La Fayette to the command of the national guard was a happy circumstance: 80,000 will be organized to-night. At this instant the disarming of the rabble is in progress. There is a large boat at this moment receiving its melancholy freight of dead from the Palace of the Louvre.

The Duc d'Orleans will be king. His son is marching to Paris in aid of the Bourgeois at the head of his regiment of Hussars. Gen. Gerard is at the head of the armed force under La Fayette. The royal emblems and every mention of royalty have disappeared every where. The king of France, whoever he shall be, must be a very limited monarch to receive the approbation of the people.

Napoleon II, is in the mouths of the lower orders.

The newspaper will give you other particulars.

The troops are assembling in the Place du Carrousel, to march upon St. Cloud—but there will be little fighting.

At the moment I write, there are placards posted with these words—"No more Bourbons!"

July 31.—This is surely the most extraordinary nation on the face of the earth. The day before yesterday Paris was filled with 150,000 men engaged in mortal combat—its streets ran rivers of blood, and reverberated the thunder of artillery—the roll of musketry—the perpetual trapping of the *pas de charge*—the tolling of the organ—the cheers of the combatants—the shrieks and groans of the wounded and dying. Yesterday morning all was calm. The military service was performed with order and precision by 100,000 men, who never before now, figured as soldiers—under the influence of those heroic youths, the scholars of the Ecole Polytechnique, and the example of the national guards. A decent gravity reigned every where during the day. At every instant were to be met men carrying on biers such of the wounded as could be transported to the hospitals with safety; 1,500 of all parties are in the Hotel Dieu alone. While each of these unfortunate poor fellows passed, every man present spontaneously took off his hat. The dead were also honorably disposed of. The number in the Louvre were immense. Eighty were bore to a spot opposite the eastern gate of that building yesterday, and buried with military honors. Nearly as many were put on board a lighter, and brought down the Seine to the *Champ de Mars*, and there appropriately interred: A considerable number, among whom were four Englishmen, who fell on the preceding day, were buried in the *Marche des Innocents*.

The evening was, if possible, more interesting and imposing: Already had the principal portion of the garde nationale been reorganized, and with "the people," the persons dignified by the superior order as canaille, been put in possession of all the military posts of the metropolis, and occupied them with the air of veterans. Along the quays and streets the inhabitants were to be seen seated in groups preparing bandages and lint for the wounded. The passages (arcades) afforded striking instances of this benevolent disposition. All the milliners, and the shopwomen

and work women, were to be seen sitting outside their shops (because those being closed, afforded no light,) busily engaged in making lint.

Paris is so fortified internally that a million of men would hardly suffice to carry it. I forget how many thousand streets it contains, but every street of them is capable of long and protracted defence—the means for which however, I do not feel at liberty to describe.

The Ecole Militaire surrendered yesterday. The artillery from Vincennes marched up to St. Cloud. The fortress itself remains in possession of the king's troops. The Duc de Bordeaux is said to be there.—Poor child! I am sure he would not be molested. If menaced he would certainly be preserved by the Garde Nationale, at the expense of their lives—yea, even the commonest laborer would answer for his safety, if he were thrown upon him for protection. The priests have all disappeared, or, if visible, were disguised. The provisional government caused them to be informed that they were under the protection of the nation, & might resume their functions in security. They have in consequence, all returned to their churches. A large force has assembled at Versailles and St. Cloud, with the intention, it is said of remaining there. They do not intend attacking Paris, it is believed, but if attacked they will fight. They occupy Mendon and Mount Valerius (the heights to the right and left of St. Cloud.) Several hundred soldiers of the regiment of the Guard are said to have left their regiments within these two days, and are to be met with in Paris with their mustaches shaved off.

The number of men of arms this day is comparatively small. The chateau of the Tuilleries remains in the hands of the brave fellows who took it. If

this were a subject upon which one could be pleased, these extraordinary men would present ample materials; for as you may guess, their costume is various as their employments were from which they rushed into battle. They are principally of the working classes, and on Thursday night presented a most grotesque appearance.

The loss of both parties on Thursday (July 29th) was immense. It was evident to every man who saw them that the French troops were dejected. Some of them had not tasted food for 30 hours. They fought moreover against their own countrymen. The poor Swiss had more cause of dejection, for they apprehended that no quarter would be shown them. They were wrong, for the lives of all who surrendered were spared. The people fought like lions.

The manner in which the Swiss fought, and the nature of the engagement, may be taken from the following instances: A company of them defended one portion of the Rue St. Honore. They were reduced to 60 when I saw them, and fought in three lines of single files. The people occupied the whole breadth of the street in front of them. The foremost Swiss soldier would fire, or attempt to fire, and would fall pierced with balls before he could wheel to gain the rear. The same occurred to the next, and so on, until they had every one fallen.

The contest here, at the Louvre, the Tuilleries, and at the Place de Greve, was maintained with the most deadly obstinacy. The Rue St. Honore, for two days, was a perpetual slaughter. There may be counted in the front of a house which forms the corner of the streets de Rohan and St. Honore, five thousand shot holes. The Louvre, (except the Picture Gallery—what a nation!) was on all sides attacked and defended at the same moment, and for hours. In the Court of the Louvre a field piece was planted, which commanded the Pont des Arts, being exactly opposite the Institute. Here the fighting was so dreadful, and so maintained that the front of the Palace of the Institute is speckled with musket and grape shot. One cannon ball only appears to have been fired. It has smashed a portion of the wall, and from its elevation, must have caused dreadful execution in sweeping the bridge. The attack on the Tuilleries was not of so long a duration—it was over in two or three hours. A young fellow marched on with a tri-colored flag at the head of the attacking Bourgeois. A thousand balls fired from the front of the chateau, whistled by him without touching him. He continued to march with *sang froid*, but with, at the same time, an air of importance, up to the triumphal arch, and remained there until the end of the battle.

The neighborhood of the hotel de Ville was the theatre of a still more dreadful conflict. The people occupied the Quay Palleterre and the Place de Greve. After a most sanguinary struggle, they were slowly beaten from the Quay into the Place, which with the Hotel de Ville, they maintained against some of the finest troops in the universe throughout the day, and until those troops retreated.

The Lieutenant of the kingdom is