

The National Intelligencer of Wednesday morning contains the following card from Mr. Clayton, the chairman of the Bank Committee, intended as a motion in arrest of the judgment which the people will nevertheless pronounce in favor of the Bank:—

TO THE EDITORS OF THE INTELLIGENCER.

WASHINGTON, May 15th, 1832.

Prompted by a sense of self respect, as well as a due decorum for the House of which I am a member, it was my sincere desire to present a Report on the subject of the Bank free from all reflections upon the conduct and character of any individual whatever, and therefore in all matters of fact a plain narrative, without inference, was submitted. It was further my intention, and how far I have succeeded, is cheerfully submitted to the public, to produce a report, temperate, impartial, respectful, and consistent, but to this Report I find in the columns of your paper of to day, an answer, in the shape of a counter Report, from one of the Committee, Mr. ADAMS, so violative of all these particulars, that the matter now no longer belongs to the proceedings of the House, but has become personal, and will accordingly be so held and treated. It is my intention to reply to it at some future day, when my public engagements will allow the leisure necessary to the undertaking.

It is true the author has, in the close of his remarks, declared, that "he imputes no injustice of intention to any one, and that he does all possible justice to [my] intentions, yet, as the whole drift of his answer is a labor'd argument to falsify his own declaration, and well calculated to cast the imputation which he disclaims, I choose to answer his reasoning. In the mean time, catching something of the spirit of a production, that has more of *poetry* than *prose* in its composition, and, perhaps, in imitation of the flourish with which it concludes, I will say—

"A civil, sensible, and well bred man  
Will not asperse me—and no other can.

A. S. CLAYTON.

When Judge Clayton wrote the foregoing, he was in a passion, and doubtless thought it very *sharp*. But we venture to say, that when he read it over in print the next morning, he felt exceedingly *flat*.