

MR. ADAMS'S COUNTER REPORT.—Few documents of a similar character, from the pens of any of our statesmen, will stand on record with so much credit to their authors, as the masterly production of which we concluded the publication on Thursday. The National Gazette observes with much propriety of language, that “in dialectic force, clear and vigorous diction, comprehensiveness of principles and details, intrepidity of censure and praise, high disdain of meanness, obliquity and fraud, and general victorious effect,—it equals at least his celebrated replies to Mr. Russell. There is all that the persons who have relied implicitly upon the strength, grasp, and discipline of his intellect—all that the friends of the Bank who desired most earnestly its complete vindication and the assertion of its national importance—could have anticipated or hoped. Never was a broader, more decisive and complete contrast afforded, than between this consummate work, and the sorry abortion of the three inquisitors. The conduct of those members of the committee is exhibited by Mr. Adams in its full deformity. He proves that they transcended the Resolution of the House from which they derived their powers, and that they violated the privileges and outraged the characters of citizens, in a degree, mode and spirit which it would seem incumbent upon the House to take into the most serious consideration, for the purpose of salutary and severe reproof.”

As for Messrs. Clayton and Cambreleng, the authors of the Report, and the instruments of the Executive in the illegal and extraordinary course pursued by the committee, they are completely *used up* by the veteran statesman into whose hands they have fallen. The condition of Mr. Cambreleng is really worthy of compassion. How ludicrously is he made to appear, with his one hundred and sixty-one queries! The small moral and political modicum that there was of him, has been demolished, and left an undetectable balance. He has been so effectually cut down, that like Falstaff's description of justice Shallow, he is so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight are invisible.” “You might truss him and his apparel in an eel-skin; the case of a treble haut-boy would be a mansion for him—a court.”