

*Bank of the United States.*—The counter reports emanating from the prolific brain of John Q. Adams and George McDuffie, have made their appearance in the public prints at Washington. They are long—frightfully so, and Heaven preserve us from the necessity of perusing them, at least until the weather becomes cooler. They have each submitted separate reports—Mr. Adams endorses for Mr. McDuffie, and Mr. Watmough for Adams, feeling no doubt conscious that their individual paper would not be *Bankable* at Washington, and hence the necessity of mutual accommodation. It would seem from the following, that Mr. Adams has gone out of his way for the purpose of venting his spleen against the chairman of the committee, Judge Clayton. The most of our readers we presume have read the celebrated essays of 1825, over the signature of Atticus, and will remember the ridiculous part Mr. Adams plays throughout them. It is not strange that the appearance of Atticus at Washington should throw the old gentleman into a fever—we would recommend him to keep cool—to place himself under the strict surveillance of his family physician, the cool-headed, plodding, calculating Webster, at least until the paroxysm subsides, which will just as assuredly take place when Atticus leaves Washington, as does the paroxysm of a patient suffering under an attack of Hydrophobia, when water is removed from his sight :

*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 labored 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.  
*National Intelligencer.*