

TO THE CITIZENS OF LONDON.

GENTLEMEN:—It is now some six months since I left your city, a portion of which I spent in England. On my return and settling in the City of Refuge, I heard with surprise that remarks had been made in London by parties who, had it not been for me, would not at present occupy the position they do.

Mr. Adams, himself, has made some assertions, which are entirely false, to my brother in England, on the receipt of which I shall take other steps. Gentlemen, you perhaps would scarcely believe that honest Edward gave my brother's reply to a certain distinguished young clerk to show around your city, which no gentleman, calling himself such, would think of doing. His case must be bad to resort to *colored influence* to give it a fair appearance.

I believe I can say, without fear of contradiction, that during the six years I was in Mr. Adams' employ, that I was the means of making his business what it was, but now sadly reversed. Had it been my own, I could not have worked more faithful; how well I have been paid for the same you shall see.

When I purchased the stock of Mr. James Oliver, he proposed to give me goods at *cost and charges*, with seven and a half per cent. added; but I was to buy all my goods from him. I agreed to do so; at the same time I wished to open a banking account. He said No, pay me all; it will make my account look much larger, all for self. Time passed on; one evening he called on me, and, as he expressed it, his business was going to the devil, which was true. He offered to take me in as partner, and give me a fair share of his profits, provided I could sell my stock to some party who would pay £500 bonus, *and agree to purchase all his goods from us*. No such fool came along; he thought he had one in Hamilton, with cash, but in this he failed.

That I have been Mr. Adams' dupe for the last four or five years, can be proved very easily. Not only did he keep me signing and endorsing for himself and Mr. F. Westlake's accommodation notes, but which I call flying kites (for they were nothing else), but he coolly charges me with some as cash—April 2, 1855, £120, and March 4, 1856, £213 10s 9d—and only when the error was pointed out was it rectified. So much for your director B. B. N. A., whose discounts, by his own words, was a *little too much*—how much you may guess, it was more than many fair traders could have.

Again, Mr. Adams has hitherto had the name of being a great financier, second to none; the base disclosures of his directorship in the way of two and a half per cent. thirty days, shows he has improved rapidly since in office, so I find in the prototype of your city, he has done to Mr. B. McKenzie; could any thing be more disgraceful for a man in such a position. Poor Nigger Brady, who once aspired to the Civic Chair, would never have condescended to do the same.

But now to show how very correct Mr. Adams keeps his cash account—these are facts, he cannot deny if he is honest. In about six months I paid him nearly a thousand dollars more than he has given me credit for, in my account current, which was made up to the end of June, 1856. To show you I am prepared to prove what I assert, I give you the date of some, and which is mostly in his own writing £68 15s perhaps has gone some where, but my cash-book shows the receiver: In April, 1854, £46; May, £25; August, £27; September, £68 15s; October, £46; December, £20; March, 1855, £4; October, £2; these facts and my account are with Mr. J. Hale, who will show them to any one but Mr. Adams. How he made his cash to balance I cannot say, as I never saw a cash-book in his office during the six years I was in his employ.

When Mr. Adams was in Detroit wanting me to make an assignment, which I would not do, I asked him if he had not told his clerks to send me all the broken packages of every kind—gentlemen, he was honest for *one breath*—he said he had; nor can he deny charging me forty-six gallons of syrup, when the barrel only contained twenty-three; so I was to struggle against all this, and make profit. He never, during the five years, sent me one invoice of cost (cost price was only given verbal), and the only account I ever got was made up to the end of June, 1856. Here was his policy to prevent me having any check; and I now say that I will challenge him to show his invoices, and prove that he has done as agreed, to give me goods at cost and charges, seven and a half per cent. added. Let him accept the challenge. I have my books here which shall be forthcoming. If he knew he had acted honest, why does he not give me my account from June, 1856? *No honest merchant* would refuse giving a debtor his account. Perhaps he feels conscious of having obtained possession of my store by a bogus operation is the reason; but he may rely that before he gets through, he may find it worse than being carpeted at the Bank on the thirty per cent. shave.

I suppose, because I am in Detroit, he thinks he is all safe. One thing is sure—my friends will see to my affairs, and from my London correspondent's letter, likely the Sheriff his. Should it so happen he should find it necessary for a change of air, he shall not stop or get a situation here (his own words against me), for the reason that I could not, in any justice to myself, give him a good character.

Yours, respectfully,

WILLIAM J. FULLER.