

From the Wheeling Gazette.  
Hermione's little above Nashville, on  
the Cumberland River, among in  
the State of Tennessee, February  
26th, 1839.

To my old friend Dwight, of the New  
York Daily Advertiser.

As I expected when I write you my  
last letter, the river broke up in two or  
three days arter, and I left Wheeling  
in the steamboat Clarksville, Captain  
Irwin, bound to New Orleans. I got  
here a few days ago, found the General  
in tolerable health, though he is peckily  
out of yomour about the way they're go-  
ing on in Washington, you may depend.  
I think may be I'd better gin you a  
kind of outline of my journey from  
Wheeling, or as aunt Kezier used to  
call it, when she tuck her butter and  
cheese down to Portland, "a kinder  
journal of the trip-like." I left Wheel-  
ing on the new steamboat Clarksville,  
she is a new boat built at Wheeling, by  
Mr. Phillips. Captain Irwin was so  
well pleased with the way she was fin-  
ished that he got 'Square Phillips' port-  
rait painted, and put up in the main  
cabin, as a compliment to him. If I  
hadn't know'd better, I should have be-  
lieved that it was taken for uncle Josh,  
its the very image of him, when he gets  
on his Sunday sute, specs and all, and  
they say he's just about as hot a democ-  
rat. I do raly believe she is about  
the best water craft I have come acrost  
in all my travels, except the Two Pol-  
les.

Captain Irwin, too, is a very nice man  
as much like Captain Jumper as two  
peas, only he was sorter down hearted  
for a few days arter we left Wheeling.  
Howsomever, its my notion that some  
of them Wheeling gals have sarved  
him worse than the Lowell gals did  
me and General Jackson, when we was  
on our tour down east—they have not  
only robbed him of his heart but they  
have taken his gizzard too. Poor crit-  
ture, I did pity him. Says he to me  
one day—"Stranger, (for he did'n't  
know 'twas me,) "how long did you  
stop in Wheeling?" "About a week,"  
says I. "Did you become acquainted  
with any of the young ladies," says he.  
"No," says I, "I had'n't that pleasure."  
"Well, then," says he "a stranger you  
have missed a great treat, there is some  
of the sweetest gals there, that there is  
in any town on this drain from Pitts-  
burg to New Orleans. "You don't  
tell," says I captain! I see'd in a min-  
it he was a gone goslin, his eyes were  
set.

Nothing happened worth telling until  
we got to Sinsinnaty. As soon as we  
landed there was the darndest raft of  
people come down to the warf to see  
the boat, 'cause she was a kind of a  
crack boat I find out. Among the rest  
was my old friend Gen. Lytle. As soon  
as he stept his foot into the cabin he  
seen it was me, "Major Downing how  
do you do?" As soon as they seeed  
that, every body turned and started at  
me, instead of looking in at the boat,  
and the news soon spread through the  
city that I was on board the Clarksville.  
I do raly think that in about an  
hour arter, there warn't many people in  
Sinsinnaty but what was down on the  
warf. I guess Mr. Van Buren would  
feel pretty considerable down in the  
mouth if he could have seen and heard  
how the people hollowed and hooraw'd  
for Major Downing for the next  
President.

In a few minits I got an invitation  
from a committee on behalf of the democ-  
ratic party of Hamilton county, to par-  
take of a public dinner the next day;  
it was signed by a string of names as  
long as my sword; but I k ow'd it  
wouldn't do for me to begin that busi-  
ness, or I should have to eat dinners in  
every town I passed through. So I  
writ 'em a letter and sent up the fol-  
lowing toste: "The democratic of Hamil-  
ton county—Your stern and unyieldin  
opposition to bank corporations, and  
the ruffled shirt gentry, entitles you to  
just such a representative in Congress as  
you have got; his masculine frame and  
Herculean arm enables him to take  
more strong pins of any subjects than  
any other member." You'll see by the  
abus that I have adopted Mr. Van Bu-  
ren's plan of givin a tost, its a little  
on the non-committal order. When  
the committee went ashore and red my  
letter and tost to the people. I do ex-  
pect there haint been such a hoorawing  
as there was there since the day I and  
General Jackson arrived in Downin-  
ville in 1833.

Just then Captain Irwin came in; and  
says he "Major, are you going to Nash-  
ville?" "Yes," says I. "Well, then,"  
says he, "Major, the Gallitin is going  
rite there, she is a new boat, and will  
start in a few minits, and is now rite a  
long side of me; and 'twixen you and  
me," says he, "Major, I am raly 'fruid

my boat will be turned over, the people  
are so anxious to see you." "Well,"  
says I, "I'll jist step aboard the other  
boat then, and the people wont know  
where I am till I'm gone," and by that  
I stept out on the gerd of the Clarksville,  
and tuck off my hat and bowed  
to the people, jist as General Jackson  
youst to, then slipped into the Gallitin,  
and started. They were bowin and  
swingin their hats when we come out of  
site, I had a pleasant trip from there to  
here.

About the first man I met arter I got  
to Nashville was General Armstrong.—  
"Why, Major Downing," says he "aint  
you lost. Where in the world are you  
going?" "Why, I'm going to the Her-  
mitage to see General Jackson," says I.  
"The General is in town, and at my  
house," says he. "Come with me at  
once and see him." "Sartinly," says  
I. "How is he, is he as well as com-  
mon?" "Yes," says he, "only he is  
in a mity bad yomour with the court  
and lawyers about some of his niggers  
they're tryin for murder."

The General did'n't know me at first.  
But when I straitened up and looked  
kinder military, he know'd me in sec-  
ond. "God bless you Major Downing,  
is it possible this is you? I am so glad  
to see you once more." "Well," says  
I "General there is two of us so then."  
Well, when he had inquired arter all the  
Downingville folks, and aunt Nabby and  
aunt Kezier in particular, he says to Gen-  
eral Armstrong, "I'm off in the morn-  
ing for the Hermitage. I want you to  
gin them judges to understand in the  
mornin that them niggers are no more  
guilty than you or I am, and that the  
time haint come when a corrupt court  
can arrane, try, and condemn an inno-  
cent man with impunity, if he is a nig-  
ger." "Now Major," says he, "go to  
your lodgings. I'll send my carriage  
for you in the mornin." He is the  
same old Roman he was. When he  
was telling General Armstrong about  
this court, he looked exactly like he  
youst to when he talked about that re-  
fractory and corrupt United States Sen-  
ate.

We got to the Hermitage afore din-  
ner. Its almost the nicest place I ever  
saw in all my born days. Uncle Josh's  
farm aint a patchen to it. I do raly  
think too, there is more niggers, big and  
little, young and old about the planta-  
tion than there is gals and boys and  
children in one of our factories.

The General laid down to rest himself  
arter the ride, for you see he has faied  
shockingly since I saw him last. Says  
he, "Major amuso yourself while I  
sleep a little, when I get refreshed a-  
gain I want to have some talk with you  
about the way they're managin things  
in Washington." That was the fust  
word he'd spoke about politics arter I  
got there. Well, when he got up says  
he, "Major did you get my letter?"—  
Says I, "I did." "Well," says he,  
"want you a little surprised?" "No,"  
says I. "Why, Major," says he "want  
estonished to find out that Mr. Van Bu-  
ren should be leagued with Nick Bid-  
dle?" "No," says I, "General did'n't I  
always tell you how it would end if you  
got that New York Dutchman, in to fol-  
der in your footsteps?" "Well, Major,"  
says he, "I believe you did; but its  
done now and the next thing is to get  
him out and you in. I have the plan  
nearly all matured and will give you a  
full history of it afore you leave me.—  
I'm glad to see that one of my old  
friends remains true and firm, that is  
Kernel Benton. I see that he has got  
his graduation bill through the Senat."  
"Well, General," says I, "I don't like  
that any better than the rest of their do-  
ings." "Indeed, Major," says he,  
"what possible objections can you have  
to the bill?" "Why," says I, "its en-  
tirely too parshal to the new States. It  
seems to me that the representatives of  
the new states in Congress is actin jist  
like the widow Landaff did arter the  
old captin died. The old captin had  
a large family of boys, I b'leve thirteen.  
Well at a very arly day he moved  
from Exter up near the hed of Winni-  
pesocky lake, and settled rite in the woods;  
there warn't another white family in  
forty miles of his, and the whole country  
was full of Injins. The old captin was  
a maeter hand to manage the Injins,  
and was about the best hunter that ev-  
er trod shoe lether; he was surveyor  
and done a grist of surveying for the  
general court. Well he fought of the  
Injins, wolves, bears, panthers, and other  
wild varments, so other people want  
a-fraid to move in and settle. And for  
his services the gneral court gin him  
three hundred acres jost jinin his, and  
voted him about the slickest riffs that  
could be got in Bosting. About this  
time old Mr. Landaff tuck sick and  
died. And the captin married one  
Polly Funk, that warn't a bit older than  
John Landaff the old man's oldest son.

Well he had by his second wife a good  
many more sons, I b'leve twelve. The  
old man he died too. Well what do  
you think the young widder wanted the  
twelve young sons to share equal in the  
old homsted farm with the fust woman's  
children and then have the new land  
divided atween them, and not give the  
old boys, who had with their father  
fought of the Injins and wild varments  
any. There was some of the nabors  
too thought it was rite, 'cause most  
of the young boys lived on the new  
land." "Why," says the General, "that  
would have been doing rite robbery, the  
thing was too bare faced; there would  
have been no kind of justice in that."  
"Well, General," says I "there is no  
justice in the new States wantin all the  
lands in their limits. The Constitution  
says it belongs to the United States,  
and was laught for and won by the  
blood and treasure of the Union, and all  
the states and all the people ought to  
have a share in the benefit." "Major,"  
says the General, "don't say another  
word, I'm convinced. There warn't as  
much clear argument in Clay's grate  
speech on the land bill, as you have  
given in a few words," and he slapt me  
on the back. "Major," says he "you  
are the greatest statesman of the age,  
and the very man that ought to have  
been my successor." When the Gen-  
eral sed that, it made me feel pretty  
consideral big I tell you.

You stoop some days at Wheeling  
you sed, Major," says the General.—  
"Yes," says I "about a week." "Did  
you see my old friend S—d?" "Sartinly,"  
says I, "was at his house, and he  
treated me dreadful kind, and made  
me promis to stay all nite with him when  
I got back." The General smiled, says  
he "Major did he tell you how our ac-  
quaince begun?" "No," says I "he did n't."  
"Is it possible," says he, "why I expect  
you are about the fust man that ever  
was with him any length of time that  
he did'n't tell." "Maybe he had'n't time,"  
says I, "how was it any how General?"  
"Why, arter my Florida campaign, I  
used to be subject to billyes colick.—  
On my way to Washington, the next  
fall, I stopped at his house in the nite.  
I was taken sick with a very bad spell  
on't. There warn't any doctor near,  
so my old friend got some red pepper,  
garlic, ginger, and asifidity, and steeped  
all in whisky and gin me a strong  
dose, and it gin me relief in a few min-  
uts. So I've always stoop with him ev-  
er since.

He has been ever since that a warn  
supporter of mine. How you talk, Gen-  
eral says I, he sartinly ought to be called  
doctor. What a pity it is, we had'n't  
him long with us in our tour down east,  
President Quincy would have made him  
a doctor at the same time he did you.—  
When I sed that, the General haw hawed  
rite out, and sed "Major, you haint for-  
got your dry jokes yet."  
"I understand," says the General, "that  
L. the old gentleman's son is a candi-  
date for congress." Yes, says I, and he  
thinks he'll be elected too. Why they'er  
lectioneerin for him by tellin that you  
sed he was the most promisin young  
man on the continent. Now says I,  
General, did you say that? He gin me  
a kind of wind and says he "Major,  
haint you red Sam Slick, of Slickville?"  
The instant he said that, I seen in a  
minit the General had been pourin soft  
sawder in the old man's ears.

I shall be in Washington about the  
fust of April. I am invited by the democ-  
ratic party of Wheelin to partake of  
a public dinner, on my return; if I do  
I'll rite you from there.

Yours, forever,  
Maj. JACK DOWNING,  
Downingville Millitia,  
Second Brigade.

The largest Mistletoe story yet  
is told by the Bridgetown, New Jersey,  
Chronicle. A gentleman in Georgia,  
some five or six years since, obtained  
and planted a mulberry tree in his gar-  
den, where it had stood untouched till  
the past winter, when it attracted the  
attention of some one in the trade, who  
offered the owner three cents a bud for  
the top of it. The bargain was struck,  
and on cutting off the branches and  
counting the buds, they amounted to  
twelve hundred and fifty dollars, there  
being 41,661 buds on the tree.

NORTH CAROLINA MARBLE.  
We have seen a specimen of white  
or Hinton's Marble, brought here lately  
by Major Hinton, one of the Commis-  
sioners of the Cherokee country, who  
states that to all appearance there is an  
inexhaustible vein of it, which intersects  
the Cherokee country in North Caroli-  
na. Mr. Paton, our State Architect,  
has had it polished and tested, and pro-  
nounces it to be of a very superior qual-  
ity. We compared it this morning  
with a number of specimens sent from

the North to the Commissioners of State  
Capitol, and found it equal to any of  
them. Indeed, it bears a great resem-  
blance to the famous Carrara Saturday  
Marble, Italy, and when brought in con-  
trast proves to be of equal purity and  
texture.

We think that region well worthy of  
an accurate survey, that its minerals  
may be brought into Market, to compete  
at least with foreign importations.  
Raleigh Star.

By the two acts of 1837, and 1839,  
the Legislature of Virginia have au-  
thorized an addition to the Bank capital  
of the State of \$7,170,000, which will,  
of course, add many millions to the pa-  
per circulation of the Commonwealth.  
This is very well for a State in which  
the "hard money" dogma is held to be  
so orthodox. Politicians there, how-  
ever, as elsewhere, often preach one set  
of doctrines and practise another. The  
Bentonian theory may serve to delude  
the ignorant, although known to be false  
and impracticable by the demagogues  
who use it.—National Intelligencer.

## THE CITIZEN.

ASHEBORO N. C.  
FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 1839.

"Architectus," on the subject of  
building a new Court-House, shall ap-  
pear in our next.

SCHOOL MEETING.  
At the suggestion of Messrs. Redding,  
Rush and Lane, our members of the  
General Assembly, a public meeting  
is hereby announced to be held on Sat-  
urday, the 18th of May at Asheboro',  
for the purpose of considering and  
coming to a practical understanding of  
the Act passed by the last session of the  
Legislature for the establishment of  
Common Schools. All the citizens of  
the County of Randolph are respectfully  
invited to attend here on that day at 11  
o'clock, A. M.

WHO'S IN FAULT?  
Why such a lack of confidence in the  
administration of our Government?  
By the administration we here mean the  
manner in which the laws are made and  
administered for the people of these Uni-  
ted States. The universal cry is—"all's  
wrong and out of order." Is this really  
the case? or is public sentiment actually  
perverted, so that the people imagine  
their condition worse than it really is?  
There must be a fault somewhere—ei-  
ther in the Governors or the governed.  
Seldom, or perhaps never, has it hap-  
pened, since the formation of our Gov-  
ernment, that all were perfectly satis-  
fied: But at present all are dissatisfied.

The most devoted friends of the party  
in power see, feel, know and confess,  
that the operations of Government  
go on badly; but they attribute the mis-  
chief to the obstinacy of the Whigs, in  
their refusal to acquiesce in experiments  
that might possibly work well.

It now behooves every man, be his  
station or rank in society what it may,  
to consider candidly, laying aside all  
party prejudice—where is the mischief?  
who is to blame? And then, let all unite  
in restoring the functions of the Govern-  
ment, once more, to their proper and  
legitimate action. We say, *once more*,  
for there was a time when the machin-  
ery worked well; and all was prosperity  
and rational confidence.

It is idle and unavailing to complain,  
without pointing to the cause of com-  
plaint. And generally speaking, a Gov-  
ernment, like an individual, has no way  
so safe and so sure, to cure its errors, as  
to retrace its course, and commence a-  
right at the first false step. And if we  
can only discover where this *first false*  
*step* was taken, we shall be the better  
prepared to apply the proper remedy.

We, in common with a large portion  
of the country, have been complaining  
of many acts connected with the ad-  
ministration, as opposed to the spirit of  
the Constitution, and no less impolitic,  
unwise and grievously oppressive; but  
we think the great mischief may be

mainly comprehended under two par-  
ticulars of mischief: First, The destruc-  
tion of the currency; and secondly, the  
appointment to office of hungry groups  
of unprincipled, ignorant and corrupt  
men. No system of municipal govern-  
ment is so pure and so perfect, but that  
corrupt channels of administration will  
render it intolerable. Long were the  
people kept in ignorance, relying, as  
many did, implicitly on the flattering  
statements of the Executive messengers,  
as to the ability, skill and integrity of  
office holders. But this charm is at  
length happily broken. This fraudulent  
management could no longer be kept  
concealed. Its effects betrayed it.—  
The people discovered their money had  
been wasted, and they would enquire—  
where? how? and by whom? The re-  
sult has been such as this administration  
never can, never ought to recover from.  
The party see their error. They have  
awful forebodings of their fate. But  
their leaders are too proud to acknowl-  
edge their faults, and too ambitiously  
desperate to retrace their steps. This  
leaves us, the people, but one alternative  
—Deprive them of power. Destroy

those husbandmen, and give the vine-  
yard to others. Raise up an Executive  
administration that will regard merit,  
genuine merit alone, as the sole qualifi-  
cation for office; and repair the tar-  
tered condition of the currency, and  
soon shall we then begin rapidly to re-  
gain the substance, the respect, the confi-  
dence and the prosperity, which we, as  
a nation, have so unhappily lost by blind  
devotion to men without merit. Fortu-  
nately for our country, this work of re-  
form is in progress. And the sooner we  
complete it—the better—the less we  
have to do. So great mischiefs are not  
to be repaired in a day. It must neces-  
sarily require the progressive work of  
years. But firmness, and unyielding  
perseverance, must and will crown our  
patriotic efforts with ultimate success.

BETTER TIMES.  
The perceptible improvement in the  
exchanges and in the currency, without  
the aid of a United States Bank, has led  
some, even of the Whig party, to sup-  
pose we can get along pretty well, (bet-  
ter than they expected at least,) without  
that institution altogether. But this is a  
delusion. And in time, if trusted to too  
long, it will appear so to our sorrow.

It is a fact well known, that the hun-  
dreds and thousands of local banks  
which have sprung into existence in the  
several States do not, and never can  
furnish a currency so sound and uniform  
as a general Bank. But suppose they  
could, and suppose they were furnishing  
such a currency at this moment, (which  
they are not,) what security have we  
for the future? No one knows but to-  
morrow, next week or next year, these  
Banks may again, either from caprice  
or necessity, some or all of them, sus-  
pend, and leave us in the wretched pre-  
dicament so lately experienced from the  
same conduct. If it be said in reply  
that the United States Bank joined in  
the suspension of 1837, and therefore  
afforded no more security than a State

Bank, we rejoin, that the only U. S.  
Bank we had at that time was the U.  
States Bank of Pennsylvania. It was  
nothing but a State, or local institution  
like the rest, having lost all its national  
character. Had it then been what it was  
under the whig administration of Adams  
and Monroe, no suspension would have  
been necessary, or would have taken  
place with it or any other solvent Bank.

A general institution of this kind is  
the only thing that can afford steadiness  
and permanence to the exchanges and  
the currency; and at the same time af-  
ford security to the citizen that this  
steadiness and permanence will continue,  
and not be subject to change and fluctu-  
ate with every breeze of Executive ca-  
price and change of market. A United  
States Bank is emphatically the "great  
regulator," and the only regulator of the  
finances of the country, public and pri-  
vate. It is calculated too, no less to