

Western Carolinian.

It is even wise to abstain from laws, which however wise and good in themselves, have the semblance of inequality which find no response in the heart of the citizen, and which will be evaded with little remorse. The wisdom of legislation is especially seen in grafting laws on conscience.

[VOL. IV.] JOHN BEARD, JR.] SALISBURY, ROWAN COUNTY, N. C. MONDAY AUGUST 12, 1833. [VOL. IV.] NO. 688

TERMS
The WESTERN CAROLINIAN is published once a week at two dollars per annum, if paid within three months; or two dollars and fifty cents, if paid at any other time within the year. No Paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the Editor's discretion.—No subscription will be received for a less time than one year.
A failure to notify the Editor of a wish to discontinue, one month before the expiration of a year, will be considered as a tacit engagement.
Any person procuring six solvent subscribers to the Carolinian, shall have a year's paper gratis.—Advertising at the usual rates.
All letters addressed to the Editor must be post paid or they will not be attended to. These terms will be strictly adhered to.

From the NEW YORK COURIER. THE SOUTH.
Although not among those who believe there is any settled origin, on the part of the other, rational people of the non-slaveholding States, or their legislative bodies, to interfere, directly, with the rights of the southern planters, in relation to the extremely delicate subject of slavery, yet we cannot but think they have been unaccountably worried as well as insulted on various occasions. As holders of slaves, they have been perpetually stigmatized with injustice, tyranny, and cruelty; they have been placed, as it were, below the other citizens of the United States; their characters have been assailed, as buyers, sellers, and scourgers of their fellow creatures; their right to the possession of a large portion of their property, has been questioned as abstract principles of natural law; and they have been driven into sectional combinations, in defence of their rights, as if they were wrongdoers.

They have been indirectly charged with corruption, in arguments to show the demerits of slavery, and as patriotic, as well as humane, as high minded a race as this or any other country can boast, has been held up to the world, in the light of a delinquent caste, united with hereditary crime. We say, we do not believe there is any organized or meditated plan among the free, rational portion of our fellow citizens, or their legislative bodies, to interfere with the guaranteed rights of the planters of the south; but we should be kind to the indications which exhibit themselves almost every where, if we did not distinctly perceive that such a plan is cherished, not only in this country, but Great Britain, and is in quiet progress for its ultimate accomplishment. We see it in the force of the example presented by England in relation to her West India possessions; in the language of newspapers, pamphlets, public meetings, and in the organization of new societies for the purpose of influencing public opinion, and public action, on this most momentous subject. We say public action, because, in this country, if not every where else, opinion is the sovereign; and the report of the rifle follows the flash not more in instantaneousity, than does action, opening among a free and sovereign people. In the domain of laws protect and constitutional provisions guarantee rights and immunities; the moment public opinion ceases to sustain them, they fall to the ground and are trampled upon with impunity. The laws and the Constitution are but the creatures of the people's will, and they can stier as they made them.

Therefore, there is among a certain class of men, in our country, a design to force upon the world, to appropriate the slaves of this country, without regard to the laws of the land, or the rights of property, as we see in England; the mode adopted of sending, and warily proceeding to disseminate opinions, and habits of thinking, fit to bear to those purposes, is not only the most, but the shortest way, to bring about this result. We have lately seen it asserted in the Washington Globe, and in other quarters, that this design is only frustrated by enthusiasts and fanatics; that the sober, rational portion of the people not only have no participation in the project, but will oppose it to the extent of their numbers and their power. It may be so. But let us ask, what proportion of the sober and rational people of the United States bear to these enthusiasts and fanatics? Is it not the land overrun with the latter, and are they not increasing and multiplying every day, nay, every hour, and every moment of the day? Does not their wealth, their influence, and their power, increase in proportion not only to their numbers, but to the force of that spell which they throw over the minds, and that dominion they exercise over the thoughts and actions of their disciples?

The thoughtless and inexperienced may laugh at the efforts of fanaticism and enthusiasm; but it is only these that work miracles now-a-days; and however cheap we may hold the talents of a Walker or a Garrison, we will venture to say, that they sway the mind and express the opinion of more human beings in the United States, than all the philosophers and metaphysicians of the world put together. The wisest portion of mankind, indeed, will not be misled by the rash uncalculating enthusiasm of men who neither think nor reason; they seem to yield assent to any thing but the most conclusive logic, and despise the seductions of bad spelling, and bad grammar. They forget that these have often overturned systems and empires; and that the most powerful, the most irresistible of all agencies, except that of Omnipotence itself, is fanaticism operating on the passions of the people. All the first impulses which struck on the pulse of the Universe, and all the revolutions religious as well as political, that have happened in our age, proceeded from the ignorant, not from the wise, from the governed, and not from the governors.

In our opinion, therefore, the planters of the south have ample cause for apprehension on the subject of slavery. Already have their lives more than once been placed in jeopardy, by the persevering attempts of the followers of the new school of philanthropy, which holds it both religion and morality to interfere with the rights and safety of others, in the pursuit of a questionable good. We do not mean to blink this question, and, therefore, thank we have made a concession to the advocates of speedy and universal emancipation when we say a questionable good.—Where has the emancipation of the negro, as yet, operated to make him better or happier? We ask the question, where has human happiness been extended or increased by emancipation? Are the negroes of St. Domingo more enlightened, moral, religious, happy, or comfortable, than under their old masters? Does that island yield one tenth part of the fruits of cultivation, the means of existence, the blessings of life, it did in the hands of the whites? Are the free blacks of Philadelphia, New York, or Boston, more enlightened in mind, or moral in habits, or comfortable in circumstances, than the slaves in the south? Every body knows and sees they are not. The penitentiaries, the jails, the penitentiaries, the hospitals, the State prisons, the streets, distinctly prove they are one order more than the other. The records of crime, and the records of poverty, are decisive of the question.

So far, therefore, experience is against emancipation, unless some better means can be devised, for enabling the manumitted slave to benefit by their freedom, than have hitherto received the sanction of philanthropy. Yet, in the pursuit of this questionable good to others, who claim no kindred blood or kindred color with us, we are alienating the affections of a large portion of our fellow-citizens, weakening the bonds of our Union, and preparing the way for a series of consequences, at which the stoutest nerves will shiver in the contemplation.

The present and ultimate evils of this habitual interference with the relations of master and slave in the south, are sufficiently palpable; the means of preventing such interference are not equally so. The mischief is already done, so far as respects the success of the measures taken to render the slave discontented and dangerous. Embassies carrying with them and disseminating books, calling upon the slaves, in the name of their God, their Saviour, and their religion, to rise and return tenfold to their masters the wrongs they have suffered, have been lately busy amongst them, and prepared the way for such scenes as were witnessed but the other day in Lower Virginia. When the Governors of that State and of Georgia applied to the Chief Magistrates of Massachusetts and New York, whence it was ascertained these inflammatory books proceeded, by the former he was answered, that there was no law to reach the cause of the latter, no answer was given. Gov.throp, it seems, did not think it a matter deserving of notice.

What remains then, when the sister States refuse to aid in protecting, but that the south shall take upon itself its own protection, and act on the universal principle of self-defence? It is not only their right but their duty to do so, and if the other or ordinate members of the Union should resort to measures, to counteract, or interfere with, these indispensable precautions, then the people of the south must take care of themselves. The Union will then, indeed, become a mere name, instead of a blessing, and they will be justified in the eyes of Him who has ordained self-protection, the first law of nature, in a final separation from those, who, though they may not be active, are yet passive instruments, in undermining their interests, blasting their reputation, and placing in imminent peril the lives of their wives and children. This is no question of mere political expediency; no squabble of rival dogmas; no petty strife of temporary interests; but one of safety or peril—life or death. Here is the link in the chain of our Union that is weakest, and that will

first break. We owe it to the people of the south not to touch it; we owe it to the union and happiness of the States, not to touch it; we owe it to the great principle of doing as we would be done by, not to touch it; and we owe it to every feeling of kindred blood, and kindred interests, to check by every lawful means, the wild projects of fanaticism, whose steps in every age and nation of the world, have been marked like those of the murderer, with the blood of innocent victims. Fanaticism is the most dangerous, as well as remorseless principle of the human mind; it acknowledges no laws but of its own creation; it owns no tie of kindred, of nature, or humanity; it laughs at all the restraints of justice; and pleads the sanction of Heaven for the violation of every duty to its God, its country, and its fellow creatures.

The Richmond Whig has the following remarks upon the extract from the speech of Mr. Conrad of Philadelphia, delivered in the city on the fourth instant, and published a few days since, in the Telegraph.
"This is the language of an American Democrat—a friend of Union, and a friend of Liberty. How nobly it contrasts with the slavish and senseless outpouring of the Proclamations—who would sacrifice the essence of Liberty and all else the Union was designed to secure, to the mere name of Union, without any of its benefits, to a military despotism in fact. It is highly cheering to know that such sentiments are still entertained beyond the Potomac, and leads to the hope that, as man worship wanes, they will re-appear there, as they do among the democracy of the north. Then will affection and union be restored, and our institutions will work harmoniously. But so long as a non-comphaction of the people of these United States shall claim for the General Government, the sole power to construe the Constitution, and to enforce its decisions on the seceding States, at the point of the bayonet, the honor, affection, and union will continue dangerously attenuated; and, at the first attempt to carry out the doctrine into practice, they will snap asunder. All the sections and all the interests of this confederacy have entered the Union with the like warm affection, because they believed a sacred liberty and right, consequently, abated, and prosperity at home. But when the doctrine was set on that, by entering into the Union the States lost their sovereignty, and became to the Union what counties are to a State—that there was no check on the Federal Government but its own discretion, and that it was treason, in a sovereign State, to interpose its authority to arrest, within its jurisdiction, the operation of an unconstitutional and oppressive act of the General Government, will fight those who believed themselves free men, and were determined to be free, take the alarm. Should the Proclamations even succeed in persuading the majority of the people of every State that their instrument contains the true exposition of the nature of the federal compact, what do they hope to gain by it? Submission to that construction? If they do they are egregiously deceived. The majority who, for the time, may be benefited by acts of the General Government, will, doubtless, think it all very right; but the minority, who feel the oppression, will feel the Union to be a curse instead of a blessing, and will resist even unto death; and all the power of the General Government would be insufficient against the resistance of a solitary State, ever to restore union and harmony. It becomes the true friends of Union and Liberty, every where, to view this important subject calmly, deliberately, and intelligently; and we trust the old and young democracy will arrive at the conclusion, that the doctrines of Jefferson can only save, while those of the Proclamation would shipwreck these United States. That the former will preserve our liberties and rights, and bind us in a union of interest and affection, presenting these States to foreign nations as one nation, while they preserve among themselves, and to the world, the glory of being the protector of its own liberty—the judge for itself of infractions of the Constitution, and of the mode and measure of redress."
—U. S. Telegraph.

Major Jack Downing says that after the President received the degree of Doctor of Laws at Harvard University, some of the "shock looking fellows" offered to give him (Mr. Jack) a degree, while the President was drinking a mug of cider with Mr. Quincy, they took him into a little room and wrote some thing upon a sheet of pasteboard, just like the General's, and they set down and signed their names to it; they told him it was a degree of A. S. S. which stood for Amazing Smart Scholar. The Major says that the college fellows when they gave the General his pasteboard, jabbered away like all nature, in a gibberish worse than Black Hawk's; but the old General never let on, and held his head, as if he understood every word of it.

THE CAROLINIAN.

PLAT JENNIFER BEAT CORLE

SALISBURY

AUGUST 12, 1833

So much of our time, and of the time of our journey, has been necessarily given, this week, to printing circulars, & attending the two elections, that we have found it impracticable to fill our whole paper.—We hope, therefore, that our readers will be pleased to excuse our half-sheet; and as the contest, which was an animated one, is now over, we shall endeavor to make our paper more interesting; at all events, we shall have more leisure, and shall devote more time to the editorial columns, than we have been able to do, since the electioneering campaign opened.

ELECTION.

On Wednesday last an election was held in this Town for members to represent the Borough; and on Thursday the annual election took place throughout the County for a number of Congress, members of the Legislature and Clerks of the Courts. The following is the result:

- Congress.—A. Rencher, no opposition.
- Senate.—John Beard, Jr.
- Commons.—C. Fisher and J. Clements.
- Clerk of the County Court.—John Giles.
- Clerk of the Superior Court.—Hy. Giles.
- Borough of Salisbury.—R. H. Alexander.

The State of the Polls will be given in our next. We repeat the hope that our patrons will excuse our half sheet of this week; in addition to the apology which has been already given, we have to plead sickness in our family which has added no little to the unusual embarrassments of the week. We shall seize the first opportunity to make up the present deficiency by an extra sheet.

FEDERALISM & DEMOCRACY.

Our Jackson friends in this county have heretofore called themselves democrats or party men. Why, in all their recent calls for meetings have they dropped this part of their title? Has the proclamation frightened them? Whether so or not, it is undeniable, that the democratic party and their principles have been, (by General Jackson too) utterly annihilated. The nullifiers and secessionists are now your only democrats. The administration of General Jackson is, beyond all comparison, the most federal administration that the country has seen since the days of Washington. It has carried the principles of the old federal party farther than even John Adams did. We do not allege this to object to it. On the contrary, would not hesitate to say that, as the principles of the federal party are now almost universally allowed to be those upon which alone the Government can be successfully administered, General Jackson deserves praise rather than censure for conforming to them. Fred. Er.

LETTERS FROM MAJ. JACK DOWNING.

FROM THE PORTLAND COURIER.

Washington City, July 29th 33.
To my old friend, the Editor of the Portland Courier, in the State of Maine.
My dear old friend: I don't know but you might think strange, that I should be back here to Washington more than a fortnight, and not write to you. But I am afraid you are right. You need not be so afraid. We are very apt to forget our old friends; and you may depend upon it, that I never forgot the Editor of the Portland Courier any more than Andrew Jackson will forget Jack Downing. You was the first person that ever gave me a lift into public life, and you've been a boosting me along ever since. And just between you and me, I think I'm getting into a way now where I shall be able to do something to pay you for it. The reason that I haven't write to you before is, that we have had pretty serious business to attend to since we got back. But we've just got through with it, and Mr. Van Buren has cleared out and gone back about the quickest to New York, and I guess with a lead lag in his ear. Now just between you and me in confidence, I'll tell you how 'tis; but pray don't let on about it to any body else for the world. Didn't you think plaguesy strange what made us cut back so quick from Concord, without going to Portland, or Portsmouth, or Downingville? You know the papers have said it was because the President wa't every where, and the President had to make that excuse himself in some of his letters; but it was no such thing. The President just marched on for twenty miles a day

and, only let him been at the head of my Downingville company, and he'd made a whole British Regiment scamper like a flock of sheep.

But you see the trouble on't was, there was some difficulty between I and Mr. Van Buren. Somehow or other Mr. Van Buren always looked kind of jealous at me all the time after he met us at New York, and I couldnt' help minding every time the folk hollored "hoorah for Major Downing," he would turn as red as blazes. And wherever we stopped to take a bite or to have a chat, he would always work it, if he could, somehow or other, so as to crowd in between me and the President. Well ye see, I wouldn't mind much about it, but would just step round 'tother side. And though I say it myself, the folks would look at me, let me be on which side I would; and after they'd cried hoorah for the President, they'd most always sing out "hoorah for Major Downing." Mr. Van Buren kept growing more and more spiteful till we got to Concord. And there he had a room full of sturdy old democrats of New Hampshire, and after they had all flocked round the old President and shook hands with him, he happened to introduce me to some of 'em before he did Mr. Van Buren. At that the fat was still in the fire. Mr. Van Buren wheeled about and marched out of the room looking as though he could bite a nail off. The President had to send for him three times before he could get him back into the room again. And when he did come he didn't speak to me for the whole evening. However we kept it for the company pretty much; but when we came to go to bed that night, we had a real quarrel. It was nothing but jaw, jaw, the whole night. Mr. Woodbury and Mr. Cass tried to pacify us all they could, but it was all in vain. We didn't one of us get a wink of sleep, and shouldn't if the night had lasted a fortnight. Mr. Van Buren said the President had dishonored the country by placing a military Major on half pay, before the second officer of the Government. The President begged him to consider that I was a very particular friend of his; that I had been a great help to him at both ends of the country; that I had kept the British out of Madawaska away down in Maine, and had marched my company clear from Downingville to Washington, on my way to South Carolina to put down the nullifiers; and he thought I was entitled to as much respect as any man in the country.

This nettled Mr. Van Buren peevish. He said he thought it was a fine time of day, if a raw rascal from the obscure village away down east, just because he had a Major's commission, was going to throw the Vice President of the United States, and the Heads of Departments in the back ground. At this my dander began to rise, and I stepped right up to him; and says I, Mr. Van Buren, you are the last man that ought to call me jockey. And if you'll go to Downingville and stand up before my company with Sergeant Joel at their head, and call Downingville an obscure village, I'll let you use my head for a foot ball as long as you live afterwards. For if they wouldn't blow you into thousand atoms, I'll never guess again. We got so high at last that the old President hopt off the bed like a boy; for he had laid down to rest him, but it was near daylight, though he shouldn't get no sleep. And says he, Mr. Donaldson, set down and write Mr. Andrew at Portland, and my friend Joshua Downing at Downingville, that I can't room. I'm going to start for Washington this morning. What, says Mr. Cass, and not go to Portsmouth and Exeter and round there? I tell you, says the President, I'm going to start for Washington this morning, and in three days I'll be there. What, says Mr. Woodbury, and not go to Portland where they have spent so much money to get ready for us? I tell you, says the President, my foot is down; I go not a step further, but turn about this morning for Washington. What, says I; and not go to Downingville, what will uncle Joshua say? At this the President looked a little hurt; and says he, Major Downing, I can't help it. As for going any further with such a disturbance to my ears, I cannot and will not, and I am resolved not to budge another inch. And sure enough the President was as good as his word, and we were all packed up by sunrise, and in three days we were in Washington.

And here we've been ever since, battling the watch about the next Presidency. Mr. Van Buren says the President promised it to him, and now he charges me and the President with a plot to work myself into it and leave him out. Its true, I've been nominated in a good many papers, in the National Intelligencer, and in the North Carolina Courier, printed away in among the confidgers in Pennsylvania, and a good many more. And then are Pennsylvania chaps are real pealers for electing folks when they take hold; and that's what makes Mr. Van Buren so uneasy. The President tells him as he has promised to help him, he shall do what he can for him; but if the folks will vote for me he can't help it. Mr. Van Buren wanted I should come out in the National Intelligencer and resign, and so on put up for Vice President under him. But I told him no; he'd had good so far I wouldn't do nothing but if I hadn't asked for the office, and if the

folks had a mind to give it to me, I wouldn't refuse it. So after we had battled it about a fortnight, Mrs. Van Buren found it was no use to bother with me, and she cleared out and gone to New York to see what he can do there.

I never thought of getting in to be President so soon, though I've had a kind of hankering for it these two years. But now, seeing it's turned out as it has, I'm determined to make a bold push, and I'll bet my life by the free votes of the people I mean to. The President says he ought to should have it than any body else, and if he hadn't promised Mr. Van Buren to be Vice President, he would use his influence for me.

I remember when I was a boy about a dozen years old, there was an old woman came to our house to tell fortunes. And after she'd told the rest of 'em, father says he, here's Jack, you haven't told his fortune yet, and I don't see its worth a telling, for he's a real mutton headed boy. At that the old woman caught hold of my hair and pulled my head back and looked in my face, and I shall never forget how she looked right through me, as long as I live. At last says she, and she gin me a shove that sent me almost through the side of the house, Jack will beat the whole of you.—He'll be a famous lumber in his day, and whenever he sets out to climb, you may depend upon it he will go to the top of the ladder. Now putting all these things together, and the nominations in the papers, and "hoorahs for Major Downing," I don't know what it means, unless it means that I must be President.—So as I said afore, I'm determined to make a bold push. I've writ to Col. Crockett to see if I can get the support of the western States, and his reply was, "go ahead." I shall depend upon you and uncle Joshua to carry the State of Maine for me; and in order to secure the other States I spose it will be necessary to publish my life and writings. President Jackson had his life published before he was elected, and when Mr. Clay was a candidate he had his published.—I've talked with the President about it, and he says publish it by all means, and set the printer of the Portland Courier right about it.

So I want you to go to work as soon as you get this, and pick up my letter, and begin to print 'em in a book; & I'll set down & write a history of my life, to put in it, & send it along as fast as I can get it done. But I want you to be very careful not to get any of them ore-combanded counterfeited letters, that the rascally fellows have been sending to the printers, mixed in long with mine. It would be as bad as breaking a rotten egg in long with the good ones; it would spoil the whole pudding. You can tell all my letters, for they were all sent to you first. Except that I don't want to denb but that I did send one little letter to old Mr. Lane that print a the New York Gazette. And I don't know as it is any body's business if I did send one to him; for he's a fine old gentleman, and every time I've been in New York, he's always been very kind to me, and never charged me a cent for my keeping; and he always agrees with me in politics exactly. The President says I must have a picture of me to put into my book. He says he had one put into his. So I believe I shall write to Mr. Thatcher that print the little Journal; paper in Boston, and get him to go to some of the best picture makers there, and get them to do me up some as slick as they can. Those things you know will all help get the free votes of the people, and that's all I want. For I tell you now, right up and down, I never will take any office that does not come by the free votes of the people. I'm a genuine democratic republican, and always was, and so was my father before me, and Uncle Joshua besides. There's a few more things that I want to speak to you about in this letter, but I'm afraid it will get to be too lengthy. That was a story that they got in the newspaper about my being married in Philadelphia in all a hoax. I am married yet, nor I sbe't be till a little blue evel yet, that need to run about with me and go to the I and stink down in Downingville in the wife of President Downing. And that are ore story that the President give me a Commodore's commission just before we started down east, is not exactly true. The President did offer me one, but I thanked him and told him if he would excuse me, I should rather not take it, for I had always noticed that Major were more apt to rise in the world than Cornelius.

I wish you would take a little pain to send up to Downingville and get uncle Joshua to call a public meeting and have me nominated there. I'm so well known there it would have a great effect in other places. And I want to have it put in your understock, and stated in their resolutions, that I am the genuine democratic republican candidate. I know you will put your shoulder to the wheel for this business, and do all you can for me, for you was always a good friend to me, and just between you and me, when I get in to be President you may depend upon it you shall have as good an office as you want.

But I see it's time for me to end this letter. The President inquire comfortable, & says his son-in-law is a fine fellow. I have a remembrance of the old man. I didn't ask for the office, and if the

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I wish you would take a little pain to send up to Downingville and get uncle Joshua to call a public meeting and have me nominated there. I'm so well known there it would have a great effect in other places. And I want to have it put in your understock, and stated in their resolutions, that I am the genuine democratic republican candidate. I know you will put your shoulder to the wheel for this business, and do all you can for me, for you was always a good friend to me, and just between you and me, when I get in to be President you may depend upon it you shall have as good an office as you want.

But I see it's time for me to end this letter. The President inquire comfortable, & says his son-in-law is a fine fellow. I have a remembrance of the old man. I didn't ask for the office, and if the

folks had a mind to give it to me, I wouldn't refuse it. So after we had battled it about a fortnight, Mrs. Van Buren found it was no use to bother with me, and she cleared out and gone to New York to see what he can do there.

I never thought of getting in to be President so soon, though I've had a kind of hankering for it these two years. But now, seeing it's turned out as it has, I'm determined to make a bold push, and I'll bet my life by the free votes of the people I mean to. The President says he ought to should have it than any body else, and if he hadn't promised Mr. Van Buren to be Vice President, he would use his influence for me.

I remember when I was a boy about a dozen years old, there was an old woman came to our house to tell fortunes. And after she'd told the rest of 'em, father says he, here's Jack, you haven't told his fortune yet, and I don't see its worth a telling, for he's a real mutton headed boy. At that the old woman caught hold of my hair and pulled my head back and looked in my face, and I shall never forget how she looked right through me, as long as I live. At last says she, and she gin me a shove that sent me almost through the side of the house, Jack will beat the whole of you.—He'll be a famous lumber in his day, and whenever he sets out to climb, you may depend upon it he will go to the top of the ladder. Now putting all these things together, and the nominations in the papers, and "hoorahs for Major Downing," I don't know what it means, unless it means that I must be President.—So as I said afore, I'm determined to make a bold push. I've writ to Col. Crockett to see if I can get the support of the western States, and his reply was, "go ahead." I shall depend upon you and uncle Joshua to carry the State of Maine for me; and in order to secure the other States I spose it will be necessary to publish my life and writings. President Jackson had his life published before he was elected, and when Mr. Clay was a candidate he had his published.—I've talked with the President about it, and he says publish it by all means, and set the printer of the Portland Courier right about it.

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.