

CONVENTION QUESTION.

From the Farmers' Reporter.  
Messrs. Editors: When, a few days ago, the friends of Stokes County, living in the vicinity of Salem, met at the polls according to the proposition of our last Legislature, in order to signify whether it was their will that, in the course of the present summer, a Convention should meet, for the purpose of framing a new State Constitution, under such restrictions as it has pleased the Legislature to prescribe to their constituents, it was with lively feelings of mortification and regret that I perceived how the motives of the few citizens, as voted against such Convention, were either altogether unknown, or, when known, that they were misconstrued and assailed. It falling to my humble lot to belong to the minority, that could not give their consent to such a Convention, it will, I trust, not be deemed impertinent, when in your columns I communicate to my fellow-citizens the motives by which myself with a few friends were actuated, when recording our votes against the proposed Convention.  
When, in the year '70, soon after our Declaration of Independence, our present State Constitution was framed, it will be generally known, that the present western part of North Carolina was settled very thinly, constituting almost a wilderness, dotted only here and there by the habitations of a few farmers and hunters. Even the present State of Tennessee at that time belonged to the chartered limits of our State, though I presume entirely unexplored by civilized man, and containing only the wigwags of a few savages and the haunts of wild beasts. The limits of the western counties were, in consequence, extremely extensive, two or three, perhaps more, of the present counties constituting at that time a single one. Now it happened, that since that time the free population in the western counties increased in a much more rapid ratio than in the eastern counties, which was owing, I presume, to the fact, that the number of slaves in the west is comparably small to what it is in the east, where chiefly the descendants of the first settlers of the State own, in many cases, immense tracts of land, and hundreds of slaves to cultivate them, of which we in the west are fortunately but very few instances among us. Our landed property is much more equally divided; it is chiefly, (would to God we could say sincerely) cultivated by free men; bodily labor, or the earning of our bread by the sweat of the brow, is not considered disgraceful or degrading among us, as it is frequently in places where almost exclusively slaves are employed.  
This rapid increase of population in the west, rendered it from time to time necessary to divide our counties, which so frequently occurring, occasioned our eastern brethren to take umbrage at our growing prosperity; they grew jealous under the well-grounded apprehensions, that the predominant power to regulate the concerns of the State according to their fancy, hitherto exclusively enjoyed by the east, might gradually slip into the hands of the west,—absolutely disregarding the principle, on which alone a republican government can continue to exist any length of time, viz: Equality of Representation. Our eastern brethren blushed not, when consenting reluctantly to a division of some western counties, containing, in some instances, thousands of freeholders, to insist on the division of some considerable eastern county, containing perhaps only a few hundred freeholders. This power, at once possessed by the east and exercised with ruthless severity, has at last become such a monstrous crying evil, that the taxes paid into the State Treasury by some of the eastern counties are even not sufficient to defray the daily pay of the members sent by those counties to the Legislature. Even the expenses of their Superior Courts, I apprehend, stand under the same predicament. It was mainly this intolerable grievance, viz: the preponderating influence of the east in our Legislature, justly acquired about sixty years ago, but since most unjustly maintained when the free population of the west far exceeds the free population of the east, and some other minor details, discovered by the experience of time in our Constitution, which roused in the people of the west the conviction of the necessity of a Convention, for the purpose of amending our Constitution, in which conviction I fully and unreservedly participate with my western brethren.—But the Convention, to which I conscientiously can give my humble consent, must be an unrestricted one, untrammelled, unshackled by limitations, concocted by a set of men who cannot even produce the shadow of the authority under which they act, when they pretended to prescribe to the sovereign people, to be assembled by their delegates in convention, on what subjects they have gracious leave to deliberate, and on what others they are imperiously commanded to keep silence. How men, emerging fresh from the ranks of a free people, ejected, I hope, on account of their superior learning, intelligence, and sagacity, invested barely with the authority to enact laws, in order to carry on the current business of the State Government; men, who themselves, in their restriction act, acknowledge the right of the people to declare by their vote, whether any convention is to meet or not, how these men, almost in the same breath, afterwards could muster up the courageous assurance, to prescribe to the people in convention assembled, what they are allowed to speak, is utterly incomprehensible to my weak understanding. It certainly, these few years past, has become much more fashionable than formerly among our public men, to flatter the people with their unalienable rights and reserved privileges. Popular sentiment, the will of the people, the sovereignty of the States, have been the fruitful themes on which serious innumerable have been delivered in stentorian tone, and homilies been sung in the highest strain. And this has been done by none more loudly than by very men who, either themselves committed violent encroachments on the liberties of their fellow-citizens, or defended similar encroachments committed by others, whom they considered their superiors. And this charge, I apprehend, is exactly applicable to most of the wise men of our last Legislature, who either framed or even consented to that odious convention law. Whoever recollects that most, if not all, the restrictions contained in the said law, were proposed by the eastern members for the avowed, undisguised purpose of retaining, even in the proposed convention, the undue weight enjoyed hitherto by them in the Legislature; whoever will undertake the trouble of comparing the population of our 83 counties, according to the last census, with the limited number of 120, as designated by the restriction law, must irresistibly become convinced that, by a convention limited in such a manner, the west can gain but very little, if any thing. But it has been alledged by some friends of the convention, that we cannot lose any

thing, and that, what little we perhaps may gain, must be accepted with gratitude. A spirit of compromise, it is said, must animate the western as well as the eastern members of the convention. I willingly agree, that a compromising spirit in private as well as in public life is sometimes a very desirable and amiable virtue. But, I trust, it will be generally admitted, that in morals as well as in politics, there are some principles on which no compromise ought to take place. One of these principles, I hope, is equality of representation; another one is the confining strictly the powers of our public men within the sphere described by law, which both principles in the present case appear to be intimately blended together. Confidence continually reposed in public men, is certainly no republican virtue; and it behoves a people, wishing to continue to enjoy freedom, to watch public men invested with temporary power, with a jealous eye, and to check them immediately, whenever they transgress their proper limits; we know it by our own experience, that as frail, proud, and vicious beings, we are only too apt to abuse power entrusted to us, when we find it uncontrolled.  
A Convention, in order to be an efficient one, and able to give the least satisfaction to the west, must be invested with the right to choose one of two alternatives: either, to allow to each county such an additional number of representatives as it may be entitled to by its population, which would give to some of the western counties from 5 to 9 delegates, and, consequently, would increase the number of legislators to a very inconvenient size, besides rendering the legislature still more expensive; or the other alternative, which consists in undoing the wrong committed now for years past by our legislators; a number of eastern counties ought consequently to be again condensed into a single one, so as to equalize in some degree the large western counties in population. But the application of both these remedies, which alone could cure the evil radically, is rendered impossible by the restriction law, which insists on every county, even the most inconsiderable one, retaining one representative, and limiting the whole number to 120.  
Were the proposed convention even endowed with superhuman wisdom, and animated generally and individually with the most fervent wish to redress every grievance, we must expect of course, that limited and bound as they must remain by the law, that after a painful labor, the constitution which they will usher into the world, cannot but be a rickety, miserable, and sickly creature, which, if the people can be gulled into its acceptance, may perhaps be carressed and fondled a short time, but which certainly, sooner or later, when its internal defects and real deformity become generally known, will be rejected with scorn and detestation. The new constitution will not, cannot, ought not to satisfy the west; the injustice of the east will continue to be felt, complaints and recriminations will not cease, as the main grievance must be left without redress; we shall, before many years elapse, insist on another convention, in order to frame a new constitution, and the good people of North Carolina will present to the other members of our Union, the curious unenviable spectacle of framing, in the course of a few years, at least two, perhaps more new constitutions, or playing with constitutions like children with their baubles. A constitution, I should suppose, constitutes the fundamental law of the State, which every officer, the highest as well as the lowest, is compelled by his oath to support; even our legislators, when framing new laws, are imperiously bound by the principles laid down in our constitution. It is consequently our duty to regard it with feelings of profound respect, and solemn awe, to manage it, when requiring alterations, with tender circumspection, and not to undertake any alterations without the most urgent necessity. Any law, by being often changed, loses with every change, even by a trifling one, some of its moral force, which it ought to possess over the community, and its enactments justify the suspicion of fickleness, levity, and weakness of mind.  
If, therefore, we are to have a new constitution, let it be such a perfect one as can possibly be devised by the concentrated wisdom of the State; let us not be satisfied with some miserable patchwork, which in a short time must be torn in pieces and then be remodelled again. A convention, in order to frame only a tolerable constitution, must not be prevented by any means to apply boldly the pruning knife to every defect, which is an acknowledged evil.  
But what are we to do; what will the gentle meek advocates of compromise say, if the east is not willing to do us full justice? The remedy is a very simple one, and can be pointed out in a few words.—Let us separate. Let us imitate the example of Tennessee, which upwards of forty years ago, actuated by certain grievances, the exact specification of which is unknown to me, separated from North Carolina, and declared itself an independent State. Why cannot we form the State of West Carolina? It is only a peremptory declaration of this import, which in my opinion will bring our eastern brethren to their proper senses, and render them willing to grant us the long denied justice.  
I have already hinted somewhat at another defect in our system of government, which in my humble opinion ought to be remedied, viz: the representation of slaves, which, by the regulations of the last Legislature, is now it appears, to be formally engrained on our State Constitution. It may flatter the pride and presumption of a slaveholder to know, that three fifths of his slaves are to be represented in the State legislature, as they are most unreasonably in Congress; though but even few intelligent slave-holders will be found willing to defend, by serious arguments, the justice of the representation of slaves. But certainly every free man, not owning slaves, must deeply feel interested in the non-representation of slaves. Never ought he to cease to protest, both by words and deeds, against that enormous anomaly in our Federal Government, which presumes to represent, in an assembly of free men, slaves, considered as property in law.  
Finally, I deem it necessary to mention another point, which seems to me to demand imperiously the attention of a free, unrestricted Convention, viz: the gradual abolition of slavery. Whoever considers seriously the fact, that in a few years slaves will cease to exist in the British West Indies, and in consequence, almost certainly in the French, Danish and Spanish I-Land too; whoever is acquainted with the geographical situation of the West Indies, and their near vicinity to our most southern shores, must come to the irresistible conclusion, that this cessation of slavery in the West Indies must exercise a powerful influence on our slaves. If no prospect, are held out to them for their gradual relaxation and final removal of their chains, we certainly, in times not very remote, shall have our slave-wards,

as well as the Romans and Sicilians had theirs.—The examples of Spartacus and Adonius will be imitated by some coloured leader, and the fairest portion of the Union will be devastated with fire and sword.  
I forbear to extend my remarks, by speaking diffusely on the unseasonable time for holding the Convention, when the violence of party spirit has reached its utmost height, which violence certainly incapacitates men of different political parties to examine the fundamental deficiencies of their constitution, in a calm, dispassionate manner.  
These, Messrs. Editors, are the principal reasons which induced me to vote against the restricted convention proposed to us, and they are herewith submitted to the candid and indulgent judgment of your readers. ASCLEPIADES.  
**SELECT MISCELLANY.**  
**COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE OF WASHINGTON, IN 1759.**  
From the life of Mrs. Martha Washington, by George Washington P. Custis, Esq., of Arlington.  
It was in 1758 that an officer, attired in a military uniform, and attended by a body servant, tall and military as his chief, crossed the ferry called William's, over the Pamunkey, a branch of the York river. On the boat touching the southern or New Kent side, the soldier's progress was arrested by one of those personages, who give the beau ideal of the Virginia gentleman of the old regime, till the very soul of kindness and hospitality. It was in vain the soldier urged his business at Williamsburg, important communications to the governor, &c. Mr. Chamberlayne, on whose dominion the militia had just landed, would hear of no excuse. Col. Washington was a name and character so dear to all the Virginians, that his passing by one of the old castles of Virginia, without calling and partaking of the hospitalities of the host, was entirely out of the question. The Colonel, however, did not surrender at discretion, but stoutly maintained his ground, till Chamberlayne, bringing up his reserve, in the intimidation that he would introduce his friend to a young and charming widow, then beneath his roof; the soldier capitulated, on condition that he should dine, only dine, and then, by pressing his charger and borrowing of the night, he would reach Williamsburg before his excellency could shake off his morning slumbers.—Orders were accordingly issued to Bishop, the Colonel's body servant, and faithful follower, who, together with the fine English charger, had been besought by the dying Braddock to Major Washington, on the famed and fatal field of the Monongahela. Bishop, bred in the school of European discipline, raised his hand to his cap, as much as to say, "Your honor's orders shall be obeyed."  
The Colonel now proceeded to the mansion, and was introduced to various guests, (for when was a Virginia domicil of the olden time without guests!) and above all, to the charming widow. Tradition relates that they were mutually pleased on this first interview;—nor is it remarkable; they were of an age when impressions are strongest. The lady was fair to behold, of fascinating manners, and splendidly endowed with worldly benefits. The hero, fresh from his early fields, redolent of fame, and with a form on which "every God did seem to set his seal, to give the world assurance of a man."  
The morning passed pleasantly away, evening came, with Bishop, true to his orders and firm at his post, holding the favorite charger with the one hand, while the other was waiting to offer the ready stirrup. The sun sunk in the horizon, and yet the Colonel appeared not. And then the old soldier marvelled at his chief's delay. "Twas strange, 'twas passing strange"—surely he was not wont to be a single moment behind his appointments, for he was the most punctual of all men. Meantime, the host enjoyed the scene of the veteran on duty at the gate, while the Colonel was so agreeably employed in the parlor; and proclaiming that no guest ever left his house at sunset, his military visitor was without much difficulty, persuaded to order Bishop to put up the horses for the night. The sun rode high in the heavens the ensuing day, when the colonel-soldier appeared with his spur his charger's side, and speeded on his way to the seat of government, where, having dispatched his public business, he retraced his steps, and at the White House, the engagement took place, with preparations for the marriage.  
And much hath the biographer heard of that marriage from grey-haired domestics, who waited at the board where love made the feast and Washington was the guest.—And rare and high was the royalty at that pearly period of Virginia's festal age; for many were gathered to that marriage, of the good, the great, and the gifted, while Virginia, with joyous acclamation, hailed in her youthful bride a prosperous and happy bridegroom.  
"And so you remember when Colonel Washington came a courting of your mistress?" said the biographer to old Cully, in his hundredth year.—"Aye, master, that I do," replied this ancient family servant, who had lived to see five generations: "great times, sir, great times! Shall never see the like again!" And Washington looked something like a man, a proper man, a proper man, hey, Cully!" "Never seed the like, sir; never the like of him, though I have seen many in my day; so tall, so straight! Ah, sir, he was like no one else! Many at the wedding—but none looked like the man himself!"—Strong, indeed, must have been the impressions which the person and manner of Washington made upon the rude, "untutored mind" of this poor negro, since the lapse of three quarters of a century had not sufficed to efface them.  
The precise date of the marriage the biographer has been unable to discover, having in vain searched among the records of the vestry of St. Peter's Church, New Kent, of which the Rev. Mr. Munson, a Cambridge scholar, was the Rector, and performed the ceremony, it is believed, about 1759. A short time after their marriage, Colonel and Mrs. Washington removed to Mount Vernon, on the Potomac, and permanently settled there.

From the Philadelphia Sportsman.  
A QUEER CUSTOMER.  
"It is most astonishing," said Richard Mervyn, as he relinquished the attempt to rise from the gutter at the corner of Sixth and Front streets—"it is really astonishing how soon this dreadful climate of America brings on old age. I shall never survive to get home and write a book about the place—never. Here am I, six feet two, without my stockings, sprawling in a dirty republican gutter, without being able to help myself out of it. There's a lamp winking and blinking in my face, as if it wants to laugh, and would, if it had a mouth; and a big brute of a dog just now nosed me to see whether I was good to eat. What a country! what gutters! and what liquor! I only took nine swallows of whiskey, and what that with, and the premature old age, I verily believe I'm assassinated—I'm a gosh chicken!"  
Mr. Mervyn now clamored so loudly that assistance soon came.  
"Silence there! What's the matter?"  
"Matter yourself—I'm being done, or as some people say, I'm doing. The march of mind has tripped, and Richard Mervyn is too deep for himself. Help me out—gently—there. Ain't I in a pretty pickle! This is what the doctors call *gutta serena*, isn't it?"  
"When I was at school, the boys would have called you a gutter!"  
"They would! I have known much grammar, if they did. I'm a liquid—see me drip."  
"Oh! ho!" said the watch, "dout try to be funny. I know you well enough, now you've wiped your face. You're the chap that locked me up in your box once, and when I burst open the door, you knocked me heels over head, and legged it!"  
"That's me. I did that thing. How do you like the ups and downs of public life! Isn't variety charming?"  
"If it wasn't that I'm a public functionary, and mustn't give way to my feelings, I'd crack your cocoa, and ease my mind by doing as I was done by. I'll make an example of you, however. You are my prisoner. *Hully coosh!* to the watch 'us. That's the Dutch for being tuck up."  
"Well, give us your arm. Don't be afraid of the mud. Gutter mud is very wholesome. Look at the pigs, how fat it makes 'em; and if you like fat pork, why shouldn't you like what makes pork fat? So—so—steady. Now I'll tell you all about to-night. I was passing your box in a friendly, promiscuous sort of a way, I thought you were asleep, or had run down, and I turned the key to wind you up. If a watch ain't wound up, it can't enter keep good time, or even go."  
"Well, what else?"  
"Why, then I watched the box, and when you came out, I boxed the watch. That's all. It grew out of my obliging disposition."  
"Ha! very obliging. Now it's my turn to wind you up, and to do it in the same way, I'll take you before the watch-maker, to be cleaned and regulated. You go too fast, but he'll put a spoke in your wheel; he'll set you by the State House, and make you keep good time."  
"Why, watchy, you're a wag. Why don't you say that I was a horizontal, and that you lifted up like a patent lever? You're wide awake now; but that night you weren't up to trap, or you would have caught me. I caught myself asleep that time—I put fresh salt on you for once."  
To add one more to his vagaries, Mervyn now refused to walk a step further, and, sitting down on a step, loudly avowed his resolution, declaring his name was not Walker.  
"Whether your name is Walker or not, you must go."  
"Not without a go cart—you can't force me to go—I'm a legal tender, and you must take me.—Havn't I got an office, or at least a public situation, here on the steps, Mr. Charley Rattletrap's? If I must go, it shall be on the Yankee principle of rotation—bring a wheel-barrow. Reform me out regularly."  
Persuasion being useless, the officer procured assistance and a wheel-barrow, in which Mervyn was placed.—Away they went.  
"So we go," said Mervyn.—"Charley's making a barrow-night of me. Gently over the stones, I don't like bumpers, except when I get them of port. This is the way to Wheeling—hurra! cart before the horse!"  
When arrived at the watch-house, Mervyn insisted upon being wheeled up stairs, and stiled the place a *barrow-nial castle*.  
"I'm a modest man," said he, "and no stainer.—If I can't have a ride up, I think myself entitled to draw back."  
So saying, he attempted to escape, but not being so nimble with his feet as with his tongue, he was soon caught, and luggage back, being, as he said, like goldsmith's work, beautifully chased. Willing hands make short work, and in consequence, the unsavory punster was soon carried up aloft, and next morning, sober and penitent, paid his tipsy fine, and his carriage hire with a doleful countenance.  
True, every word.—If you want to make a sober man a drunkard, give him a wife who will scold every time he comes home—then storms at her son Bill—knock Tom over the skillet handle—dabs Nan in the mouth, and then drives them all into the kitchen with a broom stick.  
If you want to render your husband unhappy, blame him for every thing he does, right or wrong, scold him for doing this or that, before you know whether he did it.  
If you wish your sons to become tipplers and toppers, make it a point to use ardent spirits in the morning—before dinner—and when cold and wet—and also when heated or fatigued, and occasionally recommended its use in your presence.  
And, finally: If you would always have a clear conscience, be an honest man and a Christian; and if you would not be everlastingly damned—PAY THE PRINTERS.  
**OUR ABIDING PLACE.**  
When we cast our eye upon the countless multitude of youth who are daily sporting in the sunshine of levity, and feasting upon the luxuries and vanities of this sublunary existence, we are ready to enquire, is this their "continuing city?" When we behold the female, gay with the bloom of youth, and arrayed in the costly habitments of earthly grandeur, gliding with cheerful countenance and noiseless step, through the giddy mazes of the dance, we are anxious to know if one reflection is ever directed to that bright world, beyond the grave. The youth of both sexes are so generally addicted to the concerns of the present life, that death—pale and sickly death—seldom occupies a passing thought.—"Think not, O youth! that your days will continue forever, while surrounding objects daily fade, and

wither, and die. While you this day sport and revel, and mingle in the scenes of a busy world, death may be extending toward you his icy hands. To-day your cheek may be warm with the glow of youth—your eye burn and sparkle with intelligence—your limbs may possess the vigor and activity of the Antelope, as he bounds from cliff to crag. To-morrow, the glow upon your cheek may be displaced by the pallid hue of death—your eye may be closed—and your limbs cold, and stiff, and straightened for the grave. 'Tis with the rapidity of the lightning's flash that death can work. Then let us be prepared for every change—let our thoughts be engaged by objects beyond the vision of mortal man, and thus be ready to meet undismayed, that great change, which is the lot of all.  
**Early arrival of the Sea Serpent.**—Our eastern amateurs have commenced their summer amusements a month or two earlier than usual, as we learn from the Boston papers, that their standing lion, the Sea Serpent, has already made his advent, and his first appearance for the season, on the Gloucester boards, was regularly announced some days since. Captain Shibles, of the brig Mohegan, having "distinctly seen" him on Saturday last, about ten miles from Race Point. The Captain and crew are quite certain that it was the veritable Sea Serpent, and there is nothing lacking but the usual affidavits to satisfy his "admiring fellow citizens" that he has actually arrived, in good faith. His old friends in different parts of the country will be gratified to learn that he has grown very considerably since his last visit—being at present from 200 to 250 feet long. He appears, too, to be in "excellent ware," as they say at the Opera, for, say the "affiliates," every time he put his head above water he made a noise like a steam engine.  
**A deaf and dumb Office-seeker.**—J. Jacobus Flouray has issued an address to the voters of Clark county, Geo., asking them for their suffrages. He is desirous of representing that county in the State Legislature, and, according to the endorsement of the Hartford Times, in which paper we find the address, he ought by all means to be elected; for the Times tells us that he is a gentleman, not only deaf and dumb, but an ardent admirer of Geo. Jackson—as the editor knows from having been a fellow boarder with the candidate while he was at the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, at Hartford. The circumstance, that he is deprived of speech and hearing, qualifies him peculiarly, we think, for the arduous responsibility of acting as a Jackson representative; and if he had happened to have been born blind we should wonder still less at his partiality for the hero and his acts; since, as would, in that case, have more excuse than most of the brethren for overlooking the mad acts of our "republican" despotism. It has been matter of astonishment for a long time, how it was possible for any individual, not absolutely deaf, dumb, and blind, to feel ought but disgust for the present party in power; Flouray has great claims, and it must be acknowledged that he urges them with singular power. He says: "I offer myself by medium of a free American unshackled Press, for the independent and conscientious suffrage of all who can see, though 'deaf as a white oak post,' also in a good cause, inflexible like that same oak, at the period of acute hearing, and fit to tell in Milledgeville what is good for Clark, and ought to be done in Georgia." He declares that he is "ambitious only to do good.—None, then, can extraordinary prize me, but the embittered just-apostrophized parties, or the impudent converted undertaker of the pious, for only poverty's sake.—Let Mr. Flouray be elected." He certainly seems to have a good deal of Benton eloquence about him, and we do not but can make as good an extempore speech; if you come to that, as the Hon. Isaac Hill, of New Hampshire.  
— *Cour. and Eng.*  
*From the New York Daily Advertiser.*  
**MAJOR DOWNING.**  
We have been much gratified at receiving the following letter from Major Downing's friend, Capt. Jumper, of the Two Polities; and we give it to our readers with as little delay as may be.  
LEETLEBEG HARBOUR, March 20, 1835.  
MR. DWIGHT: I put in here yesterday, and I suppose if there's been one, there's been fifty, and I might say nigher a hundred persons on board the Two Polities, inquiring of me if it was really true that I took out Major Downing to Paris.—'Twas lucky for me that the Major, on leaving the Two Polities, gave me a parting letter, which I framed, and hung up, the transmigrator, and, says I, there, gentlemen, look and satisfy yourselves; I can't stop to answer every body's questions. But this I will say, before the Major's face, and behind his back, a more agreeable up and down sort of a man I never broke a biscuit with—I've log'd a good many yarns of his 'em, but as he spun 'em out to me in confidence like, I don't mean to tell any of 'em, unless he comes out with some of mine. He seemed to be a little hip'd once or twice on the passage, and says he to me—"Captain, if I should not live to see home again, I should like to have you see Mr. Dwight, and give him this bundle, it contains very important papers, which are not to be made public as long as I live." If you should hear that the Major has done otherways than well, let me know, and I will perform my promise.  
I hope, sir, it won't be considered out of the way or vain in me, if I should ask you to put in your paper the Major's letter to me above mentioned.  
Your friend,  
SOLOMON JUMPER.  
**Here's the Copy.**  
**HAVERTYGRAM IN FRANCE, JAN. 30, 1835.**  
"DEAR CAPTAIN: I shall leave you before day-light to-morrow morning, for reasons best known to myself; but I hope I'm not the man to sneak off, and not say I thank you for favors received. I never palavoured nobody, but, Captain, if I know what's what, you're the man, of all others, and the Two Polities, the vessel of all craft, which I shall always like to cross the ocean with; and whether the General sends out old Iron-sides or not, if you happen to be here when I'm ready, you shall have the refusal of me.  
"J. DOWNING."  
**Resignation.**—Mr. —, a covetous man, lost his only son, an event which overwhelmed him with sorrow. The minister came to comfort him, and, in the course of conversation, remarked that such chastisements of Providence were *merces in disguise*—that, although in the death of his son, he had suffered a severe and irreparable misfortune, yet undoubtedly his own reflections had already suggested to him some sources of consolation.—"Yes," exclaimed the weeping father, "James was a monstrous eater!"