G. C. Mendenhall.

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

BY HAMILTON C. JONES. SALISBURY, N. C. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1837. VOL. VI—NO. 12.—WHOLE NO. 272.

TERMS.

The WATCHMAN may hereafter be had for two Dollars and Fifty Cents per year.

A Class of FOUR new subscribers who will pay in advance the whole sum at one payment, shall have the paper for one year at Two Dollars each, and as long as the same class shall continue thus to pay in advance the sum of Eight Dollars the same terms shall continue, otherwise they will be charged as other subscribers.

Subscribers who do not pay during the year will be charged three Dollars in all cases.

No subscription will be received for less than one year.

No paper will be discontinued but at the option of the Editor, unless all arrearges are paid up.

☞ All letters to the Editor must be *post paid*; otherwise they will certainly not be attended to.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING—*Sixty two & a half Cents per square for the first insertion, and 31¼ Cents per square for each insertion afterwards.*

No advertisement will be inserted for less than ONE DOLLAR.

Advertisements will be continued until orders are received to stop them, where no directions are previously given.

Advertisements by the year or six months will be made at a Dollar per month for each square with the privilege of changing the *form* every quarter.

MARKETS.

SALISBURY,

Beeswax per lb. 18 a 20 cts.; Brandy, Apple per gal. 45 a 50 cts; Cotton per lb. (in seed) 8 cts; Cotton bagging per yd. 20 25 cts.; Coffee per lb. 16 a 18 cts; Castings per lb. 4 a 5 cts; Cotton yarn, from No. 6 to No 11, $1 75 a 2 00 cts; Feathers per lb; 35 cts; Flour pr bl. $6 00; Wheat pr bush. $1 00 1 25; Oats pr bushel 30 cts; Corn pr bush 65 cts; Iron per lb. 6 a cts; Lead per lb. 8 a 10 cts; Molasses per gal. 62½ cts; Nails per lb 9 a 10 cts; Beef per lb 0 a 0 cts; Bacon per lb 12½ cts, Butter per lb 12½ cts; Lard per lb 15 cts; Salt per bushel $1 25 1 50 cts; Steel, American blister, per lb. 10 cts; English do. per lb 20 cts; Cast do. per lb 25 a 30 cts; Sugar per lb. 12½ a 15 cts; Rum (Jamaica) per gal; $2; Yankee do. $1; Wool (clean) per lb 30 cts; Tallow per lb. 10 12½ cts; Tow-linen pr yd. 16 a 20 cts; Wine (Teneriffe) per gal. $1 50. Portugal do. $1 50 a $1 7 cts; Claret do per gal. $1 3 a 1 75 cts; Malaga, (sweet) per gal. $1; Whiskey per gal. 45 a 50 cts.

CHERAW.

Beef in market per lb 4 a 6 cts.; Bacon per 00 a 12½ cts; Hams do. 00 00 cts; Beeswax per lb 18 a 20 cts; Bagging per yard 18 a 25 cts; Bale rope per lb a 12 13 cts; Coffee pr. lb 12½ a 16 cts; Cotton per 100 lbs $6 2 00a 00 00; Corn per bushel 1 000 a cts; Flour from wagons per brl $6 7 000, from stores per brl. $10 a 12½; Iron per 100 lbs $5 6¼ a 6; Molasses, per gal 40 50 a cts; Nails cut assorted per lb 8 1 2 a 9 cts; Wrought do. per lb. 20 Pork per lb 8 0 a 0 0; Rice per lb 4 4½ a 5 sack $3 3 25; Salt per bushel 87½ $1 cts; Steel American blister pr lb 10 16 cts; Tallow per lb 10 a 12½ cts; Tea Imperial per lb $1 25 a 1 37½ cts; Hyson do. pr lb $1 a 1 25 cts; Tobacco manufactured per lb 10 a 15 cts.

FAYETTEVILLE

Brandy, peach 75 a 80; Do. Apple, 60 a 70 Bacon pr lb 11 15 a 00; Cotton pr lb 8 a 8½ cts Coffee pr lb 12 a 13½; Flour bbl. 0 6 a 7 Flaxseed pr bush 75 $1 a ; Feathers pr lb 35 a 40 Corn pr bush 1 15 a 1 25; Iron pr lb 5½ a 6; Molasses pr gal 35 40 a 00; Nails cut 7½ a ; Salt pr bush 55 a 85; Sugar pr lb 7 a 11; Tobacco; leaf 2 a 3; Wheat pr bush $1 1 15; Whiskey pr gal. 60 65, Beeswax 22 a 00

BEEF! BEEF!!

THE Subscribers will furnish Beef in Market, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings.

MOSES L. BROWN.
HUGH CULBERHOUSE.

N. B. Those having good Beeves on hand, would do well to give us a call, as we are wanting to purchase a quantity, for which liberal prices will be given in *Cash*

B. & C.

Salisbury, Sept. 16, 1837—3w9

Washington Press, 22 1-2 by 32 1-2.

TO PRINTERS.

FOR SALE, a first-rate Washington Press the platen 22 1 2 by 32 1-2 inches, and will work a form the size of the largest papers in North Carolina—it has the best improvements of the Pattentee—it has been in use a short time, and is as good as new. Any persen requiring a Press of this size, cannot be better supplied than by the purchase of this. The original cost delivered in Danville, was about $300: It will be sold together with the Type on which the Danville Observer was printed, low for Cash, or on a short credit. The Type have only been in use about two years and one half worn. A copy of the Danville Observer printed on the type, can be seen by any one desiring to purchase. As the Establishment is wholly useless to the subscriber, it can be bought very cheap. Apply by letter.

THOMAS A TERRY.

Danville, Va, Aug. 24, 1837—8w7

ESTABLISHMENT OF THE JOURNAL OFFICE FOR SALE.

OWING to the intended removal of one of the Editors and the wish of the other to devote himself more exclusively to the duties of his profession, the undersigned offer for sale the establishment of the North Carolina Journal Office. The Office is well found in Job, newspaper and ornamental type, the list of subscribers is tolerably large, and they doubt not might be greatly augmented by a little exertion. To any person desirous of embarking in the business it offers inducements not inferior to any in this State, but to a practical printer they know of no investment he could make of his money that would yield him a more profitable return.

HYBART & STRANGE.

Fayetteville 20th May 1837.

POETRY.

THE WIDOW AND HER CHILD

BY MRS. ABDY.

'Oh! mother, dear mother, what dreams of delight
Have brightened and gladened my slumbers to night!
Methought at the kind father we mourn for as dead,
Had returned to our dwelling and stood by my bed.

'He questioned me much on the paths I had trod,
Of affection to you, and obedience to God;
My answers he seemed quite rejoiced to obtain,
And said, 'Soon, dearest boy, I shall meet you again.'

The mother felt faint and desponding at heart;
She looked on the child, and she knew they must part,
For the flush on his cheek, and the light on his eye,
Foretold that her sweet one was destined to die.

One murmuring thought on her trial she cast,
But she sunk on her knees—the temptation had past,
And she sobbed forth while clasping the hand of her son,
'Thy will of our gracious Creator be done!'

Night came—the fair boy was reposing in sleep,
His mother sat near him to watch and to weep;
The volume of life her sad vigils beguiled,
And she turned o'er its pages, and looked on her child.

On his red lip a smile now appeared to arise,
And he suddenly opened his dark radiant eyes,
He stretched forth his arms, as though called to his home,
And softly he murmured 'Dear father, I come?'

Life fled in that moment—all cares were in vain,
Friends came at the tidings, a sorrowing train;
They wept for the sweet playful child they had known,
But more for the widow deserted and lone.

Yet not without hope her affliction deplore,
For the God who has taken can alone also restore;
And the desolate widow has trust in His love,
Who can call her to join her dear lost ones above.

PROSPECTUS OF THE *Southern Literary Messenger.*

THOS. W. WHITE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

THIS is a Monthly Magazine, devoted exclusively to Literature, but occasionally finding room for [illegible] scope or tasteful *selection*, though its matter has been, as it will continue to be, in the main *original*.

Party politics and controversal theology, as far as possible, are jealously excluded. They are sometimes so blended with discussions in literature or in moral science, otherwise unobjectionable, as to gain admittance for the sake of the more valuable matter to which they adhere; but whenever that happens, they are *incidental* only; not *primary*. They are dross, tolerated only because it cannot well be severed from the sterling ore wherewith it is incorporated.

Reviews and Critical Notices occupy their due space in the work; and it is the editor's aim that they should have a three fold tendency—to convey in a condensed form, such valuable truths or interesting incidents as are embodied in the works reviewed—to direct the reader's attention to books that deserve to be read—and to warn him against wasting time and money upon that large number, which merit only to be burned. In this age of publications, that by their variety and multitude distract and overwhelm every and undiscriminating student, impartial criticism, governed by the views just mentioned, is one of the most inestimable and indispensable of auxiliaries, to him who does wish to discriminate.

Essays and Tales, having in view utility or amusement, or both—Historical Sketches—and Reminiscences of events to minute for history, yet elucidating it and heightening its interest—may be regarded as forming the staple of the work And of indigenous poetry, enough is published—sometimes of no mean strain—to manifest and to cultivate the growing poetical taste and talents of our country.

The times appear, for several reasons, to demand such a work—and not one alone, but many. The public mind is feverish and irritated, still, from recent political strifes: The soft, assuasive, influence of literature is needed, to allay that fever, and soothe that irritation. Vice and folly are rioting abroad: They should be driven by indignant rebuke, or lashed by ridicule, into their fitting haunts. Ignorance lords it over an immense proportion of our people. Every spring should be set in motion, to arouse the enlightened, and to increase their number; so that the great enemy of popular government may no longer brood, like a portentous cloud, over the destinies of our country. And to accomplish all these ends, more powerful agent can be employed than a periodical, on the plan of the Messenger; if that plan be but carried out in practice.

The South peculiarly requires such an agent. In all the Union, south of Washington, there are but two literary periodicals! Northward of that city, there are probably at least twenty five or thirty! Is this contrast justified by the wealth, the leisure, the native talent, or the actual literary taste of the Southern people, compared with those of the Northern? No: for in wealth, talents, and taste, we may justly claim at least an equality with our brethren; & a domestic institution exclusively our own, beyond all doubt affords us, if we choose, twice the leisure for reading writing, which they enjoy.

It was from a deep sense of this local want, that the word SOUTHERN was engrafted on the name of this periodical; and not with any design to nourish local prejudices, or to advocate supposed local interests. Far from any such thought, it is the editor's fervent wish to see the North and South bound endearingly together forever, in the silkin bands of mutual kindness and affection. Far from meditating hostility to the North, he has already drawn, and he hopes hereafter to draw, much of his choicest matter thence; and happy indeed will he deem himself, should his pages, by making each region know the other better, contribute in any essential degree to dispel the lowering clouds that now threaten the peace of both, and brighten and strengthen the sacred ties of fraternal love.

The Southern Literary Messenger has reached the fifth No of its third volume. How far it has acted out the ideas here uttered, it is not for the editor to say. He believes, however, that he has not further short of them than human weakness usually makes practice fall short of theory.

The Messenger is issued monthly each number of the work contains 64 large super royal pages, printed in the very handsomest manner, on new type, and on paper equal at least to that which any other periodical is printed in this country.

No subscription will be received for less than a volume, & must commence with the current. The price is $5 per volume, which must be paid in all cases at the time of subscribing. This is particularly advertised to now to avoid misapprehension, or future misunderstanding—as no name will hereafter be attended to unless accompanied with the price of subscription.

The postage on the Messenger is six cents on the single No. for all distances under 100 miles—over 100 miles ten cents

All communications or letters, relative to the Messenger, must be addressed to

THOMAS W. WHITE.

Southern Literary Messenger Office, Richmond, Va.

From the New York Express.

MAJOR DOWNING—ON THE MESSAGE.

If the Major calls this 'ony taken the bark off on't,' we don't know what will be left of the *timber* by the time he has got the 'square on't'—but we will not, by any remarks of your own, detain our readers from *a production* the perfect good *temper* of which is only equalled by its true and unalloyed *patriotism*.

Nigh the wreck of the Two Pollies.
Rockaway, Sept. 11, 1837.

TO UNCLE SAM.

My Old Friend:—I have been reading the Message over from to top to bottom and from bottom to top—and from the middle on't both ways—and I roll it over jest as a carpenter does a log, and draw'd chalk lines to git the square on't, and sharpen'd my ax, and began to chop off. It is more than a day's job, and I don't know that I can promise, in this letter, to do more than git the bark off. It's a plagy long Message, seein it's got so many one matter—but this comes of [illegible] words, and stringin out [illegible] I remember, one day when I was at home, Uncle Joshua got a letter from Washington, from a friend of husin who had gone there to ask *the Gineral* to make Uncle Joshua Postmaster. He told a long story about delay—and that the Gineral was sick—and that the doctors said that he was *now* 'conwallesent'—Con what?' asked Aunt Nabby. 'Why conwallesent,' said Uncle Joshua, rubbin his spectacles—'What in natur is that *complaint* now,' ask'd Aunt Nabby again. 'I don't know,' says Uncle Joshua, 'but all I hope is it ain't the name of a *new party*—if it is one or tother, I am afraid—and if it is the latter, we must all brush round and turn 'Conwallesent' as soon as possible, or I shan't git my office, that's sarting'—and jest then I came in, and it was well I did, or Uncle Joshua would a had all Downingville call'd to a public meetin, and the hull Jackson party would have gone right over to the 'Conwallesent party' in no time. But as soon as I tell'd Uncle Joshua what the rale meanin of the word was—and that it was ony the *Doctor's way* of sayin the General was 'gittin better'—'Well,' says he, 'I'm glad it's no worse—for it's a hard matter, Major, to change the name of a party; but why in natur did'nt the man say so—'gittin better' is plain English, but 'Conwallesent' is jest no word at all.' 'I was afraid,' says Aunt Nabby, it 'was hidrafoby.' 'Hidra-fiddle-stick,' say Uncle Joshua, 'I know'd it warn't that—for a dog would jest as soon *dare* bite a hot pudding in as to bite the Gineral.' And so we all concluded the best way was to use plain language—and it has been a lesson to me ever since.

Now as to this message, every body thinks he knows what it means, and all that part on't that has any of the 'Conwallesent' natur about it is so sugar'd over, pritty much every body swallows it right down. But that ain't my way: I know there is always two sides to a pewter platter. If I have time, I mean to rub off all the sugar and gilding, and see what is left on't; and then if I find it the 'rale grit,' I'll *go it*, and advise every body to go it; but if on the contrary, I find it won't hold water & ain't sound doctrine, I won't *go it*, and no man in all Downingville will *go it*. Every body says, that I have hearn speak no't, (and every body is talkin of nothing else just now,) and there is 'no mistake' in that message. Now I think I see a good many *mistakes* about it. The first mistake is, it is too long at both eends, and not short enough in the middle,—seein now that the *Globe* folks have lost the printin on't, if you won't see so long a one agin in one spell, so long as them *Consarvatives* folks keep the printin. The next mistake is, it says a leetle too much about *separatin* 'The Government' from the generals consarns of *the people*, and as 'sass for the goose ought be sass for the gander,' Congress began right off to try *the Experiment*, first on the printin line and see how that will work, and the first thing we see is the *Globe* folks that haint been *separated* now for goin on over 8 years from a good $50,000 Tit a year of 'The Government,' round right off, an another pig has got holt. I don't like to see *a man* or *a pig* lose *his tit*, unless he desarves it, and if I can find out that the Globe folks dont desarve to lose theirs, they shall have the printin of all my letters yet awhile.

The next mistake is in talkin so severe-ly agin the Banks, and *separatin* all consarns of "the Government" from them, I should like to know now, who first ask'd to be *connected*—was it "the Government" or 'the Banks?' Mr. Kindle, perhaps can answer this, and tell us who sent him round among the banks—some 4 years ago. The banks, to be sure, have got a pritty bad name just now—& jest so the old quaker's dog got a bad character, Some one near the loss of his life by it; his master said he would not kill him, 'but I'll give thee a bad name,' Bad dog, bad dog,' says he and away went poor Towser, and afore he got round the corner, the boys all arter him—with sticks and stones—'mad mad dog; and the folks scampered, and the old women slam'd the doors shut; and it was high upon all over with poor Towser. If it had'nt been for his gittin to the river, and as soon as he took to the water and swim like a duck, every body stop'd and say, 'well that dog haint got the hidrafoby.' And jest so it will be with our Banks; they will git afloat to rights, and then a good many folks will say it was a great mistake to abuse em so. I dont think if Uncle Sam' cuts sich shines as he has of, late, that he will find *a bank* or 'a natural person' as Mr. Wright says, ready to take *him* as partner again on any day—especially he goes on the principles of 'separatin' himself jist when it suits him, without regardin his, agreement of copartnership,' as he did a spell ago, with the United States Bank.

The greatest mistake 'Uncle Sam' ever made is when he talks if *separatin* himself from any class or portion of the people—for if it warn't for 'the people' of all classes on whose earnins he lives—he would not have a shoe to his foot or a shirt to his back—who one airth is 'Uncle Sam' on his own hook—unless he means to put on a *cock'd hat* like *Bonapart*, or some sich kind of folks, and say he is 'The Government,' & his word is Law, & so fourth—& that he will keep *his own money*, and wont trust the people with it, or loan it to em, as other folks do, for general prosperity. The fact is, Uncle Sam is a consarn of a man, so long as he remembers that he is one of the *hull people* and not of a *party* only, and tho' he may cut a shine for a spell with what he call's *his party*—the nature of the great famdy of the people' is such, that as soon as *they* feel the reads on any of the toes they will grumble, and especially them folks that pay the taxes—*they* don't see why *they* who are call'd on because they have earn'd property to pay the taxes should also be held up as *enemies* of them folks as haint got any property *yet*—if this is the doctrine, then the best way is for no man to work.

A rich man now-a-days is talked on by some folks pretty much as the Quaker did of his dog. Now what on airth can a rich man do with his money in this country? Does he pile it up in gold and silver in his cellar! No! he, if he has got any mother-wit in him—he knows he did'nt make his money that way—no, no, he keeps it movin—he loans it out to them that have good characters and are industrious—he builds houses, takes, a share in rail roads and canals and banks, and you won't catch him doing any thing that will check prosperity, if he can help it, for he prospers by general prosperity—he don't very often want silver, and if he did he could'nt *buy* one, nor *title* neither.

The Message is partly full of the *causes* that brought us into our present troubles, and is only true on that point as far as it goes—but it don't tell the hull story. If I had tell'd that story of Zekel Biglow's watch 'wizzing' so—and beginnin jest arter it began to 'wiz,' folks would not know to this day what made it *wiz* so—but I begun at the beginnin on't, and tell'd *how* Zekel *twitched out the balance wheel* or *klicker*,' and then the old watch that had been goin as true as the tides for twenty years—went 'wiz' sure enuf, and soon went to smash—and jest so it was in England—they twitched out their 'klicker' just about the same time, and 'wiz'd' away jest as we did.

I'll tell more about this hereafter—and in my next too I'll try and explain *what* I consider another *mistake*, and a pretty important one too—and that is about 'private bankin' being consider'd *better* than *corporate banks*. It is a long story to show that 'bank bills' is a small part of Banking business—and that the most dangerous part is of a very different natur—and that all our Banks could yet git it along easy enuf, if it was ony their own *bank bills* they had to pay in specie—and all this I will try to show, and then see how it comes about that banks suspend paying specie and *yet* may be as sound as ever, and we shall then see, that if ony *one thing* more than any other thing brought about this state of things, it was 'over action' of *private bankers*. *Corporate bank bills*, now in the worst of times may not be worth as much as gold and silver—but the *hardest currency* I guess folks holds now-a-days, is the *currency* of private *bankers* at *home & abroad*. I don't know sartin, but that is my notion; and if so I think the 'Government' is mistaken in crackin up *private bankin* as the best, and I would advise you 'Uncle Sam,' to *separate* from all that kind of currency.

I have ony one word to say to Uncle Sam—and that is, not to let the Government talk too much of separatin;' it did wrong when it struck off 'E Pluribus Unum' from the new coin: I did not like that—but I thought it would stop there, and not try it in other matters. The fact is, 'the Government' aint 'Uncle Sam' *alone*, or 'Uncle Sam' and his party, *alone*—it is the people's property; and no matter how much 'Uncle Sam' try to separate himself, the people wont let him—for without 'the people, the hull people and nothing but the people,' they know that 'Uncle Sam' would soon become a poor and ragged old man, and have no money to pay his debts, and no one would take his note; therefore, I say, 'Uncle Sam,' don't say any thing more about *separatin*, but stick to the old sign board. 'E Pluribus Unum;' and if you want any further advice, git sich kind of folks about you, as you or any good citizen would like to appoint your executors, and guardians of your estate and children, and to take good care of your widow, if you left one; these kind of folks are *safest*, tho' they may not be as good *politicians*; and don't discard a man tho' he may own *house lots* or *new land*, and paid his neighbour too much for 'em—this business at home is better (as bad as it is called) that speculatin round Cape Horn, or any where abroad, for the 'profit and loss' is all *at home*. If A paid B too much, it is no matter, its all *at home*, and these mistakes soon cure themselves—and depend on't, a man who owns a leetle land, be it a *house lot* or *farm*, in a *new town* or on the skirts of an *old one*, won't give a worse vote for the best interest of his country, than if he lived on the pay of an office, or spent his earnins talkin politics and drinkin whiskey at an election. This is *sound doctrine*, 'Uncle Sam,' and if you don't find it so in practice—then I aint your friend.

J. DOWNING, Major.
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

From the New York Express

MAJOR DOWNING.

Nigh the Wreck of the two Pollies.
ROCKAWAY. L. I., Sept. 16. 1837

To the Editors of the New York Daily Express

I got one of your papers in which you printed my last letter to "Uncle Sam," and when readin on't it was fortunate for you that you was twenty miles off,—for I never did see such 'arnal work as you made of some parts of my letter. However, all I've got to say about it is, if folks who read my letters *in print*, find any thing in 'em [illegible] don't read smooth, and ain't correct as to dates and facts, they may set it down agin the *printers*. It was jest so in the Colonel's case, [illegible] He will a long letter about [illegible] folks by giving Calomel in doses *every* inches *very* mi- 'Calomel among the Pothecarys—and *down went* the poor sick folks. It warn't the Doctor's fault,—for it was all owin to the printers, and a little 'e.'

Now afore I trust you with other matters, I'll give you the printin of a story I've got to tell,—and you may stick as many E's and O's and I's in it as you please, and I don't care what you make on't so long as folks take the *mother wit* and barin on't. It is a story about *'Uncle Sam,'* and some of his capers among the women folks.

'Uncle Sam' you know, always was a *sociable* kind of critter, and from his first comin into life, never could git along well without havin his hull family about him, all on 'em givin him 'a boost up the tree,—but 'Uncle Sam' found, as most folks do, afore they git gray, that unless he took a wife to take care of his buttons and keep things shicked up about house—he would git into trouble and so forth. Well, after tryin various plans seein a good deal of trouble one way another, he took advice some twenty years ago, and got married to a smooth quiet quaker Lady, worth 28 millions of dollars—and as Uncle Sam was considerable *liberal* in his way he put into the family stock 7 millions of dollars; (not in the *rale grit*,' howsever, but what *he said then* was just as good as 'grit,') and so together they had 35 millions. Well, 35 millions was no trifle, and things went on smooth and slick for nigh upon 20 years, and every body said, at home and abroad, there never was a happier couple. Uncle Sam's wife did all a wife could do, and tho' Uncle Sam would once and a while, *swell up* and talk big, his wife said nothin, but kept stitchin up his breeches when he'd split 'em, and sew on button's when he 'twitch'd 'em off. But by and by 'Uncle Sam' got mixin up with odd company, and among other things, got a kink in his head out of Fanny Wright's doctrines, that a man of so much importance hadn't ought to stick to one wife, but have as many as the *great Mogul*. 'I swow,' says Uncle Sam, 'I'm a good mind to try it:' and so he talk'd to other folks about it, and to rights the galls got the notion too, and then 'Uncle Sam' got one Amos Kindle to go round and sound about, and see if the galls would stand the racket.—and he come back, and says he, 'Uncle Sam, there's no mistake about it; the galls are all ready, and more than you can shake a stick at;'—and sure enough, just then galls all havin got *the notion*, set to,—they praised up 'Uncle Sam,' and abused his good old quaker wife—O shocking! there's no tellin what they didn't say; and among other things they said, that 'Uncle Sam's wife was ——*——*——' —— Pshew!! you dont say so!! and —— *—— marcy on us!!! Well, the next thing we see of Uncle Sam was, he look'd as fine as a fiddle—ruffles round both eends of his shirt, and sich a caparin as he cut among his new wives for a spell, never was seen afore—and sich frolics!! and all his old cronies as busy as he was among 'em, till some folks begun to wink & whisper 'that Uncle Sam *was so liberal* he had wives enuf 'for himself and friends.' Things went on thus for about three years, when 'Uncle Sam' began (as most folks do, when they git too much of a good thing) to smell and feel trouble; and jest then I got back from foreign parts, and I met 'Uncle Sam,' and if it had not ben for his bein my own blood relation and known him and lovin him, in any shape, as I do my own father or mother, I never would have known him at all.—'Why,' says I, 'Uncle Sam, is this you?' says I. 'I don't know, Major,' says he; 'but why do you ask—don't I look as natral as ever?' says he. And there he stood—holding his breeches up with both hands, and his elbows both torn out and a dirty shirt sleeve peepin through, and holes in his stockins, and his *shins* all *plastered* over. 'Why,' says I, 'Uncle Sam, what on airth ails you? Come,' says I, 'give me your hand my old friend, and let us talk it all over together.' 'I am sorry, Major,' says he, 'I cant shake hands with you jest now—my hands are busy,' says he. 'What,' says I, 'holdin the money aye, Uncle Sam—both hands full, as usual,' says I. 'Not exactly, Major,' says he; and with that he cum up close to me, and whispered in my ear, 'I am in a bad box,' Major,' says he, 'I have got so many wives, I ain't got a button left for my suspenders—they are all off.' 'Do tell now,' says I, 'I want to know!!!' 'Its true says he, 'and you may see for yourself' and with that I look'd—and sure enuf, there never was a man in such a pickle.

Well, says I, 'Uncle Sam,' this comes from folks givin you bad advice—or rather by your not takin good advice. You forget, says I, one fact,—and that is, that it was intended that your family matters should be regelated on the same plan of every other well regelated family—and that tho' yours is the *Gen Government* family, it was intended to be regelated jest on the same plan as the family of the humblest of 'your *masters*,'—and there, says I, was the *mother wit* of the thing in the beginnin.'—What 'masters?' says he, spunken up and tryin to swell—(but takin care to hold 'on to his breeches)—'who are my 'masters?' says he—'Your masters?' says I—'Why *the people*'—and I am one on 'em Uncle Sam—and if you had stuck to the rule they made for the regelating of your family, you [illegible] your present condition.'

'Now [illegible]' Uncle Sam—there is —and that is for you to call all your can't have [illegible] husbands each in their own [illegible] and look'd confused. Uncle Sam shook his head and look'd [illegible] 'I am afraid Major' says he, 'I am afraid I shall git spank'd as [illegible] *one wife*, but to git rid of so [illegible] all at once, I am afraid I shall git spank'd as red as a cherry.' 'Never mind that,' says I, 'you'll git no more than you desarve if you do, folks that dance must pay the fiddler,' says I, 'Uncle Sam' 'But says he 'Major must I *divorce* them all?' 'No,' says I, 'there is no *divorce* in the matter, you can't do that unless you can prove crim. con.; that's the Law,' says I 'Well I can' says he, 'I can prove that the *Post Office*, the *Land Office*, and Amos ——,' 'Hush' says I, 'Uncle Sam, dont talk so, for it is an old story in all countries, that a man who has more than one wife, is a bigger fool than his friends, and has more *friends* than *buttons*. Now dont say any thing more about it. You have got in a scrape, and the best way is to git out on't. You'll find that your young wives will be as glad to git rid of you, as you will be to git rid of them. But you mus'nt talk of *divorce*, or they'll bring you to the proof, and show that you first came a courtin. And by the time you prove guilt 'on em, they'll git you 'on the hip' and keep you there too,' says I; 'Now look at your countin, and compare it with what it was—its a sad change,' says I, 'Uncle Sam, aint it?—how-ever,' says I, 'my old friend you have had a rare frolic, and this is the eend on't—and pritty much the eend of all frolics.'—Now' says I 'we must go and see what can be done with the old Wife—I'll be bound,' says I, 'she is as sound as ever she was, and not the worse for having shelter in her old native State of Pennsylvany I'll go on first.' says I, 'Uncle Sam, and tell her to git her *buttons* and *sope* ready for you, and if I don't miss my guess, you will in a few weeks look as chork agin as a boy; and as she is a good natur'd critter and likes to see all happy about her, she will do all she can to provide for the young women you have been galavantin with of late, for she thinks *you* more to blame than *they* be.' and then,' says, I 'Uncle Sam, when all gits slick'd up, & you git all your buttons sew'd on, you will have a spare hand always ready to welcome a friend or knock down an enemy At present,' says I, 'Uncle Sam, you are 'hum-bugg'd;'*——And with that Uncle Sam he twitch'd up his breeches, and spunk'd up considerable, and we moved on together.

I'll tell you the balance of this story another time.

Your friend,
J. DOWNING, Major
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade

*W never knew *exactly* before the *actual* meaning of that word 'Hum-bug'd.'—Eds.

Be just in all thy action, & if joined with those that are not, never change thy mind.