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LAWRENCE & LEMAY.

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#### SPEECH OF MR. M'QUEEN

the bill proposing the erection of a new county  
out of parts of Burke and Buncombe, delivered  
in the House of Commons of this State at the  
last Session.

MR. SPEAKER.—During the brief  
period in which I have served in a sphere  
public duty, I never have been more  
deeply penetrated by the responsibility  
which surround a scene of legisla-  
tion than on the present occasion; and I  
never have been more deeply  
impressed with the justice of any  
claim for relief, which has been offered  
in the consideration of the House than  
that claim which is embraced in the  
bill now upon your table. The con-  
scientious advocate is oppressed with  
the magnitude of the trust assigned him,  
when the defence of either the life, the  
property, or the character of a rational  
being is committed to his hands; and  
before he can venture to assume the  
responsibility, he must feel that he is  
defending the interest, the hopes, and the  
prospects of his client, by rearing in  
his defence a frail and unavailing for-  
tification. If then, sir, the defence of  
the rights of one human being is calcu-  
lated to excite distrust and agitation in  
feeling bosom, what trembling solicitude  
must be generated by the defence  
of this bill, in the hearts of its humble  
advocate?

This bill, sir, contains a proposition  
to relieve the exigencies, not of one citizen  
only, but those of hundreds, whose  
rights are animated by as pure and as  
truly established feelings of devotion  
to the weal of North Carolina as ever  
glowed in the mortal bosom—whose  
rights have been ever as open as the  
light of noon to make pecuniary contri-  
butions for the support of her govern-  
ment, and whose vital blood would  
flow as freely as water from the crys-  
tal fount for the preservation of public  
liberty in every shape and form. In  
that manner, sir, have the citizens of  
Buncombe county been required for  
their loyalty to the public interest?—  
Why, sir, without its blemishes, they  
have incurred the pains and the pen-  
alties of guilt. Year after year, for many  
years past, they have petitioned the  
Legislature for relief, and, without the  
least shadow of reason, their appeals  
have been met on this floor by an  
inflexible, and I am sorry to say, an  
unyielding spirit of opposition. Year after  
year your assistance has been implored  
on behalf of the citizens of Buncombe  
in tones of eloquence which would  
melt the coldest hearts; but you are informed  
by the petition now on your table, that  
these generous efforts of the human  
mind and heart have descended in futility  
and unproductive strains to the  
earth. I hope, sir, that this is the last  
petition which will be offered to the  
Legislature of North Carolina on this  
subject. I hope that public justice, after  
a long oblivious and sinful slumber,  
will arise from its couch, to administer  
the cup of relief to this suffering people.

It has been well said, Mr. Speaker,  
that the human heart is more sensibly  
and irresistibly affected by the sufferings  
of man in his individual than in his  
collective character. The story of  
some relentless Shylock, who had  
slandered his innocent and unprotected  
neighbor of his substance to satisfy a  
rilling debt, or of some dives of modern  
days, who had repelled a suppliant  
or charity from his glittering dome,  
could cloud every brow in this House  
with the frown of indignation. We  
recreate the false tongue which has  
successfully wielded the battery of  
slander against the reputation of the  
innocent; we dissolve all fellowship  
with the hand which has maimed a  
flow being; and we sanction every  
pith of contempt and disgrace which  
is bestowed upon an oppressive judge,  
or upon a jury which has pronounced a  
false verdict. These are all instances  
of individual falsity, of individual suf-  
fering, and of individual injustice.—  
But sir, distribute suffering or injustice  
among thousands of immortal beings,  
and our sympathy for their distress  
and our disapprobation of their iniquity  
is evidently weakened. We can hear  
the story of thousands, who, in the hour  
of peril and of conflict, have given  
their expiring breath to the listless  
winds, and their blood to the uncon-  
scious field of the slain, and nothing  
beyond a flush of sentimental sorrow  
lashes across the mind. We hear of  
thousands, who, upon the bosom of the  
ocean, have resigned their breath  
amidst the merciless waves, and without  
any other witnesses to their anguish  
but the stars of Heaven, and our im-  
pression of regret is as transient as the  
dew of morning. We hear of nations  
perishing beneath the pressure of scar-  
city, and others bleeding and smarting  
beneath the rod of oppression, and our

emotions of sorrow are similar to the  
inscriptions upon a sandy shore, which  
are obliterated by the first wave which  
passes over them. Thus it is in regard  
to your present applicants for relief.—  
The magnitude of individual suffering  
is concealed by the number of the suffer-  
ers, and the members of the Legisla-  
ture, in withholding relief, believe  
themselves to be delivered from the  
pain of public disapprobation by a di-  
vision of responsibilities. We thus prac-  
tise a species of injustice in our public  
capacity, for which we would blush as  
individuals.

Sir, it is a shame, without the least  
shade of extenuation, to withhold the  
required relief; for we should ever bear  
in remembrance one fact that is as im-  
moveable as the foundations of the  
Globe itself; which is, that the benefits  
we confer on the public in our Legisla-  
tive career may expire and disappear;  
but that the injuries we inflict will be  
as lasting as time. Yes, sir, they will  
be entailed in some form or other upon  
the latest posterity of those who suffer;  
& the recollection of these injuries will  
cleave to us like an arrow sticking fast.  
It will arise like a spectre to mar our  
felicity wherever we are and whither-  
soever we go. If we repair to the re-  
motest bounds of the earth, it will meet  
us there, to reproach us; and if we take  
the wings of the morning and dwell in  
the uttermost parts of the sea, it will  
accost us there, and arraign us at the  
bar of conscience.

Mr. Speaker, it has been frequently  
urged against this bill, that its real ob-  
ject was not the attainment of relief,  
but the addition of political strength to  
the West. This is not the fact. In  
praying for a new county in the West,  
the citizens of Buncombe are merely  
seeking a deliverance from grievan-  
ces which have long oppressed them,  
and an equal share of convenience  
with their neighbors who surround  
them. This question has nothing on  
earth to do with the enlargement of  
political power. When the enlarge-  
ment of political power is sought after,  
it will salute your vision in its proper  
form. It will not be bolstered up in  
any delusive guise. It will not be in  
form a request for one benefit, whilst  
it is in substance an effort to obtain an-  
other. When we ask you for a new  
county, the bill appears under its proper  
title. When we ask you for an ac-  
cession to our political strength, that  
request has been commonly denominated  
the Convention question.

And is it so? Is a high minded and  
virtuous portion of the yeomanry of  
North Carolina to be punished, op-  
pressed and restricted in the enjoyment  
of the blessing of common convenience,  
because, in obtaining that convenience,  
they will also obtain an accession to  
their political power, which is justly  
their due.

The Catholic emancipation in Ire-  
land was eagerly contended for not  
merely for the enlargement of political  
power. It was chiefly aspired to from  
that love of civil and religious liberty  
which has its abode in the heart of every  
rational being. But the attainment  
of civil and religious liberty necessarily  
involved the enlargement of political  
power for the Catholics. For the at-  
tainment of civil and religious liberty,  
the soil of Ireland has been crimsoned  
by the blood of thousands. Her gibbets  
were honored during the long sanguin-  
ary and painful effort by embracing in  
their cold and senseless grasp the life-  
less bodies of patriot after patriot. Her  
public sheets were again and again im-  
pressed with the most eloquent and  
convincing remonstrances on the sub-  
ject, and the legislative halls of Britain  
again and again resounded with the  
music of Irish eloquence. Well, sir, after  
a protracted series of fruitless and  
painful struggles, Ireland—devoted Ire-  
land was at last permitted to plant her  
feet upon the genial soil of political em-  
ancipation. Where was she greeted on  
this introduction by a more cordial  
salutation than in North Carolina?—  
Where was her deliverance hailed with  
a purer transport of joy than here?—  
Where did the public press announce  
that inspiring event in more animating  
strains than here? And where, I would  
ask, is the memory of her far famed  
and celebrated Emmet cherished with  
deeper reverence than here? The ro-  
mantic sentiments which he uttered in  
defence of the liberties of his country,  
when upon the verge of an unmerited  
grave, have purchased for his memory a  
residence in every liberal and virtuous  
heart, from which it will never be ousted  
as long as the tide of ages shall con-  
tinue to roll. Those sentiments have  
given, perhaps, the earliest impulse to  
the chivalry of many a generous youth  
who has bled for the blessing of liberty,  
and I am satisfied that the light of his  
glorious and undying example has pour-  
ed the balm of comfort upon the bleed-  
ing bosom of many an aged patriot who  
has sunk to the shades of death on the  
field of martial strife. I admire that  
elevation of soul which produces a ge-  
nerous sympathy for the sufferings of a  
foreign people. But whilst we are  
lending an enthusiastic and overflowing  
love to the liberty of another shore, will  
we close the portals of our hearts to  
the appeals of beings who are of the  
same fraternity with ourselves? Will  
you refuse a responsive pulse, and re-  
main as deaf as the grave to a note of  
suffering which bursts upon your hear-

ing from a circle endeared to you by  
the most sacred and indissoluble ties?  
This belief, though it is prohibited by  
past example, is certainly not prohibi-  
ted by that confidence which we may be  
allowed to repose in the awakened jus-  
tice of enlightened freemen—that sense  
of justice, when properly aroused, has  
never been appealed to in vain.

I would ask if there is no political  
injustice in compelling one class of citi-  
zens to travel twice as far to reap the  
benefit of public justice; to examine the  
public records, and to perform military  
duty, as another class of citizens?—  
Their corporeal fatigue is great in sub-  
mitting to this inconvenience; but there  
is also a loss of time and labor pro-  
duced by it, which is a loss of money.—  
The fountains of public justice are  
thrown open to these oppressed citizens;  
but there are such barriers thrown ac-  
cross the avenues to these fountains, as  
almost to render them inaccessible.—  
The citizens of Buncombe are subject-  
ed to a double tax. They are in the  
first place taxed to support the machi-  
nery of justice, and they are then taxed  
in availing themselves of the benefits of  
that machinery.

Why have so many small counties  
been laid off in the State of North Car-  
olina? It certainly was not for the  
purpose of increasing the representation  
of the State; for that was large enough  
already. Nor was it because the politi-  
cal rights of these masses of citizens  
were not sufficiently protected by the  
representation they formerly had.—  
Why, then, were so many small coun-  
ties laid off in the State? It was from  
a humane and politic regard to the con-  
venience of the citizen. Why make  
fish of one and flesh of another? Why  
dispense bread to one whilst you give  
a stone to another? Why extend to  
small masses of citizens in one quarter  
a measure of convenience which you  
refuse to large masses in another quar-  
ter?

These oppressions are inflicted, too,  
by the branch of a government which  
wears the holy appellation of Republic!  
This circumstance has a tendency to  
gild the bitter pill in such a manner as  
to render it in some degree palatable,  
and to disguise the odiousness of the  
injustice. If this measure of justice  
was withheld by a government profes-  
sedly despotic, it would be branded as  
the harshest extreme of tyranny. In  
estimating the value of governments,  
Mr. Speaker, I have generally assumed  
as the safest and best criterion the sub-  
stantial character of the fruits they  
bore, and not the loudness and the  
splendor of their professions.

Is this measure opposed because it  
will saddle the State with the encum-  
brance of a fresh tax? Will the State  
be compelled to pay for the erection of  
the buildings at the seat of county jus-  
tice? or will the public treasury incur  
any new charge to sustain the adminis-  
tration of justice in that county? The  
bitterest opponent of the measure has  
never professed to oppose it on that  
ground; for it is a well established fact  
that the county will be itself adequate  
to meet all the exigencies blended with  
its creation.

It is strictly within the scope of be-  
nevolent governments to expend their  
treasure freely to improve the happi-  
ness of their citizens. They lavish  
their treasure for the opening of can-  
als and public roads. This is all  
very good; but what do you acquire by  
this? You acquire the benefit of safe  
and easy transmission of the fruits of  
your labor to market; but as precious  
as are the facilities of commerce, are  
they at all comparable to the facilities  
of public duty, of public justice, and  
of personal protection? No, sir, they  
are like feathers when weighed against  
virgin gold. Mr. Chairman, how would  
a law appear in your statute book, pro-  
claiming in express terms that one class  
of citizens should travel three times  
as far to muster, and three times as  
far to the courts of justice as another  
class of citizens? Would any human  
being in North Carolina possess a bo-  
som so cold and dull as to submit to  
that law for a moment? Well, then,  
what is the case now? The law does  
not in terms proclaim that one depart-  
ment of our citizens shall travel thrice  
the distance that is travelled by other  
departments of our citizens, to perform  
their various public duties; but the  
fact is so; and those who are entrus-  
ted with the power of removing grievan-  
ces, have long and positively declar-  
ed that they will not enact a law to ab-  
olish that grievance. Is there any  
substantial difference between the in-  
fliction of a grievance and a stern re-  
fusal to remove that grievance, when  
both power and duty concur in admon-  
ishing us to do so? How much less  
culpable was he who passed by his poor  
neighbor who shivered in the cold, who  
implored his assistance in vain and  
perished, than the individual who  
thrust the poor sufferer in the cold?  
Well, then, how much less culpable  
would that government be, which  
should persevere in preserving an odious,  
grinding and oppressive law, than  
a preceding government which had en-  
acted that law?

Is the money expended in legislating  
on this subject each returning year of  
no avail to the State? I do not know  
how long this subject has been acted  
on by the Legislature. It is no doubt

a proposition which has been intro-  
duced in the Legislature every year for  
a long time past. It has cost the State  
something like five or six hundred dol-  
lars each time it was introduced; and  
as long as redress is withheld, the  
grievances of this county will prove  
an annual tax on the State. Here,  
then, are blended grievances which re-  
sult from withholding the inconsidera-  
ble boon which they claim at your hand.  
The citizens of Buncombe are encum-  
bered with grievances, for a deliverance  
from which they will ever contin-  
ue to pray; and the State of North  
Carolina is made to pay for what? If  
the State contributed an annual sum  
from the treasury to benefit the county  
of Buncombe beyond the proportional  
share of the citizens of that county in  
the funds of the State, other citizens  
of North Carolina would have a right  
to complain of such an invidious  
distribution of the public funds. How  
much more solid the ground for com-  
plaint, when, instead of accomplishing  
too much for their benefit, the State  
has fallen far short of rendering them  
their share of political justice? If, sir,  
you were to refuse the incorporation of  
an academy or the opening of a neces-  
sary road, in any county in the State  
of North Carolina, without just cause,  
the note of complaint would be sound-  
ed through our borders. How much  
more substantial is the cause for com-  
plaint when you have rendered the  
courts of justice and the places appoint-  
ed for muster hideous monsters to the  
people of Buncombe, from the immense  
distance they are compelled to travel  
in reaching them! And why protract  
the term of their sufferings? Relief  
will be ultimately obtained; for that  
spirit of reformation which is abroad o-  
ver the land will continue to enlarge  
its force and dominion until it shall fi-  
nally prove triumphant.

Is it a small matter, Mr. Speaker,  
to expatriate your citizens? The citi-  
zens of a country are retained within  
its borders by a liberal and benevolent  
system of policy; they are driven from  
it by a harsh and severe one. How far  
do the facts of this case go to establish  
the position? You are informed by the  
report on your table that the county of  
Buncombe is three or four times as large  
as many other counties in the State; that  
her soil is fertile; and that the increase  
of her population has been slow, when  
compared with that of Ashe county  
immediately adjoining her. Why this  
relative disparity? What does it re-  
sult from, other than the superior con-  
venience enjoyed by the citizens of  
Ashe county beyond those of Bun-  
combe? Are not the citizens of Bun-  
combe, who live near the line of Ashe,  
presented with strong inducements  
to remove to that county, where their  
convenience would be enlarged? And are  
not those of the citizens of Buncombe  
county, who live near the line of Ten-  
nessee, presented with inviting attrac-  
tions to remove to that State, where  
they would enjoy the genial rays of li-  
beral legislation? Sir, would not the  
citizens of Wake county have strong  
inducements to remove from it, if the  
courts of this county were held in  
Smithfield, instead of being held in  
Raleigh? Smithfield is about 32 miles  
from this place. You are informed by  
the report on your table that the citi-  
zens of Buncombe, in many instances,  
are compelled to travel 70 miles to  
court. If, sir, the citizens of Bun-  
combe now enjoy their full share of  
public convenience, and their full share  
of political weight in the councils of  
the State, then it is most certain that  
many of the smaller counties should  
either resign their corporate charters  
or pay an equivalent to the State for  
the retention of them; for if the citi-  
zens of Buncombe are invested with  
no less convenience and no less politi-  
cal power than they are justly entitled  
to, then the natural result must inevi-  
tably be, that many of the smaller coun-  
ties now possess greatly more than their  
proportional share, both of political  
power and public convenience.

Mr. Speaker, there is a poetical max-  
im that is as just as it is beautiful, which  
proclaims that the affections of the hu-  
man heart are prone to linger around  
that scene where the light of heaven  
first broke upon the vision, and which  
has been consecrated by the joys of in-  
fancy, by the vigilant care of a father,  
and by the doting tenderness of a mo-  
ther. This propensity, so amiable in  
its nature and so invincible in its force,  
whilst it operates with its accustomed  
force and power within the county of  
Ashe, has been rendered feeble and  
powerless in the county of Buncombe.  
In the one county, home is dear to the  
heart of the citizen, and engrosses his  
warmest predilections; in the other, its  
charms and attractions have withered  
and perished beneath a system of cold  
and blighting legislation. Whilst Ashe  
county has advanced in prosperity with  
a brisk and onward march, Buncombe,  
perhaps more kindly distinguished by  
the partial band of nature, has dwindle-  
d both in resources and in growth.  
It is the solemn duty of the Legisla-  
ture to brighten the aspect of the scene;  
and I fondly trust that it will grace the  
roll of its present performances by the  
passage of a law which has been long  
demanded by the most impressive obli-  
gations of justice.

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.  
*Letter from Washington Irving.*  
The friends of this distinguished writer  
will be well pleased to hear from him  
again, and still more to read the follow-  
ing sketch of his recent journeyings, a-  
mong the wild tribes beyond the verge  
of civilization; and we earnestly hope,  
that it will not be long before we have  
something more than a sketch of this in-  
teresting tour; although we believe he  
has as yet written nothing upon the sub-  
ject for the press. The letter before  
us, it will be perceived, was written to  
a friend in Europe, during Mr. Irving's  
recent sojourn in Washington. It  
reaches us through the medium of the  
London Athenaeum.

Washington City, Dec. 18, 1832.  
I arrived here a few days since, from  
a tour of several months, which carried  
me far to the West, beyond the bounds  
of civilization.

After I wrote to you in August, from  
my agreeable fellow travellers, Mr. L. and  
Mr. P. to Buffalo, and we embarked  
at Black Rock, on Lake Erie. On  
board of the steam boat was Mr. E. one  
of the commissioners appointed by go-  
vernment to superintend the settlement  
of the emigrant Indian tribes, to the  
west of the Mississippi. He was on  
his way to the place of rendezvous, and  
on his invitation, we agreed to accom-  
pany him in his expedition. The offer  
was too tempting to be resisted: I  
should have an opportunity of seeing  
the remnants of those great Indian  
tribes, which are now about to disap-  
pear as independent nations, or to be  
amalgamated under some new form of  
government. I should see those fine  
countries of the "far west," whilst still  
in a state of pristine wilderness, and  
behold herds of buffaloes scouring their  
native prairies, before they are driven  
beyond the reach of a civilized tour-  
ist.

We, accordingly, traversed the cen-  
tre of Ohio, and embarked in a steam  
boat at Cincinnati, for Louisville, in  
Kentucky, thence we descended the  
Ohio river in another steam boat, and  
ascended the Mississippi to St. Louis.  
Our voyage was prolonged by repeat-  
edly running aground, in consequence  
of the lowness of the waters, and on  
the first occasion we were nearly  
wrecked and sent to the bottom, by en-  
countered another steam boat, coming  
with all the impetus of a high pressure  
engine, and a rapid current. Fortu-  
nately we had time to shear little so as  
to receive the blow obliquely, which  
carried away part of a wheel, and all  
the upper works on one side of the boat.

From St. Louis I went to Fort Jef-  
ferson, about nine miles distant, to see  
Black Hawk, the Indian warrior, and  
his fellow prisoners—a forlorn crew,  
emaciated and dejected—the redoubtable  
chieftain himself, a meagre old man  
upwards of seventy. He has, however,  
a fine head, a Roman style of face, and  
a prepossessing countenance.

At St. Louis, we bought horses for  
ourselves, and a covered wagon for our  
baggage, tents, provisions, &c.; and  
travelled by land to Independence, a  
small frontier hamlet of log-houses, situ-  
ated between two and three hundred  
miles up the Missouri, on the utmost  
verge of civilization.

From Independence, we struck  
across the Indian country, along the  
line of the Indian missions; and  
arrived, on the 8th of October, after  
ten or eleven days' tramp, at Fort  
Gibson, a frontier fort in Arkansas.  
Our journey lay almost entirely  
through vast prairies, or open grassy  
plains, diversified occasionally by  
beautiful groves, and deep fertile bot-  
toms along the streams of water. We  
lived in frontier and almost Indian  
style, camping out at nights, except  
when we stopped at the Missions,  
scattered here and there in this vast  
wilderness. The weather was serene,  
and we encountered but one rainy  
night & one thunder storm, & I found  
sleeping in a tent a very sweet and  
healthy repose. It was now upwards  
of three weeks since I had left St.  
Louis and taken to travelling on horse-  
back, and it agreed with me admirably.

On arriving at Fort Gibson, we found  
that a mounted body of Rangers, nearly  
a hundred, had set off two days before  
to make a wide tour to the west and  
south, through the wild hunting coun-  
tries, by way of protecting the friendly  
Indians, who had gone to the buffalo  
hunting, and to overawe the Pawnees,  
who are the wandering Arabs of the  
West, and continually on the maraud  
We determined to proceed on the track  
of this party, escorted by a dozen or  
fourteen horsemen (that we might have  
nothing to apprehend from any strag-  
gling party of Pawnees,) and with three  
or four Indians as guides and interpre-  
ters, including a captive Pawnee wo-  
man. A couple of Creek Indians were  
despatched by the commander of the  
Fort to overtake the party of Rangers,  
and order them to await our coming up  
with them. We were now to travel in  
still simpler and rougher style, taking  
as little baggage as possible, and de-

\* Mr. Latrobe and Count Portalis. Mr. Irving  
had met with those gentlemen at Boston, in  
July, and had travelled together to the White  
Mountains of New Hampshire, through a country  
which he describes as beautiful, with a fine mix-  
ture of lakes and forests, and bright and pure  
running streams.

pending on our hunting for supplies;  
but were to go through a country a-  
bounding with game. The finest sport  
we had hitherto had, was an incidental  
wolf hunt, as we were traversing a  
prairie, which was very animated and  
picturesque. I felt now completely  
launched in a savage life, and extreme-  
ly excited and interested by this wild  
country, and the wild scenes and peo-  
ple by which I was surrounded. Our  
rangers were expert hunters, being  
mostly from Illinois, Tennessee, &c.

We overtook the exploring party of  
mounted Rangers in the course of three  
days, on the banks of the Arkansas; and  
the whole troop crossed that river on  
the 16th of October; some on rafts, some  
fording. Our own immediate party  
had a couple of half breed Indians as  
servants, who understood the Indian  
customs. They constructed a kind of  
boat or raft out of a buffalo skin, on  
which Mr. E. and myself crossed the  
river and its branches, at several times,  
on the top of about a hundred weight of  
baggage—an odd mode of crossing a  
river a quarter of a mile wide.

We now led a true hunting life,  
sleeping in the open air, and living up-  
on the produce of the chase, for we  
were three hundred miles beyond hu-  
man habitation, and part of the time,  
in a country hitherto unexplored.

We got to the region of buffaloes and  
wild horses; killed some of the former,  
and caught some of the latter. We  
were, moreover, on the hunting grounds  
of the Pawnees, the terror of that fran-  
tier race who scour the prairies on  
fleet horses, and are like the Tartars  
or roving Arabs.

We had to set guards round our  
camp, and tie up our horses for fear of  
surprise; but, though we had an occa-  
sional alarm, we passed through the  
country without seeing a single Pawnee.  
I brought off, however, the tongue of a  
buffalo, of my own shooting, as a tro-  
phy of my hunting, and am determined  
to rest my renown as a hunter, upon  
that exploit, and never to descend to  
smaller game. We returned to Fort  
Gibson, after a campaign of about thirty  
days, well seasoned by hunter's  
fare and hunter's life.

From Fort Gibson, I was about five  
days descending the Arkansas to the  
Mississippi, in a steam boat, a distance  
of several hundred miles. I then con-  
tinued down the latter river to New  
Orleans, where I passed some days  
very pleasantly.

New Orleans is one of the most  
motley and amusing places in the Uni-  
ted States; a mixture of America and  
Europe. The French part of the city  
is a counterpart of some French provin-  
cial towns; and the levee, or esplanade,  
along the river, presents the most  
whimsical group of people of all  
nations, castes, and colors; French,  
Spanish, Indian, Half-Breeds, Creoles,  
Mulattoes, Kentuckians, &c. I passed  
two days with M., on his sugar plan-  
tation, just at the time when they were  
making sugar.

From New Orleans I set off, on the  
mail stage, through Mobile, and pro-  
ceeded, on through Alabama, Georgia,  
South and North Carolina, and Virginia,  
to Washington, a long and rather a dreary  
journey, travelling frequently a day  
and night, and much of the road  
through pine forests, in the winter  
season.

At Columbia, the capital of South  
Carolina, I passed a day most cordially  
with our friend P. I dined also with  
G. H., whom I had known in N. York,  
when a young man, who is a perfect  
gentleman, though somewhat a Hottentot  
in politics. It is really lamentable to  
see so fine a set of gallant fellows, as  
the leading Nullifiers are, so sadly in  
the wrong.—They have just cause of  
complaint, and have been hardly dealt  
with, but they are putting themselves  
completely in the wrong, by the mode  
they take to redress themselves. As a  
committee of Congress is now occupied  
in the formation of a bill for the reduc-  
tion of the Tariff, I hope that such a bill  
may be devised and carried, as will  
satisfy the moderate part of the Nulli-  
fiers. But I grieve to see so many  
elements of national prejudice, hostility  
and selfishness, stirring and fermenting,  
with activity and acrimony.

I intended stopping but a few days  
at Washington; and then proceeding to  
New York; but I doubt now whether I  
shall not linger for some time. I am  
very pleasantly situated; I have a  
snug, cherry, cosy, little apartment  
in the immediate neighborhood of Mr.

—, and take my meals at his house,  
and, in fact, make it my home. I have  
thus the advantage of a family circle,  
and that a delightful one, and the pre-  
cious comfort of a little bachelor re-  
treat, and sanctum sanctorum, where I  
can be as lonely and independent as I  
please. Washington is an interesting  
place to see public characters, and this  
is an interesting crisis. Every body,  
too, is so much occupied with his own  
or the public business that, now that  
I have got through the formal visits, I can  
have the time pretty much to myself.

As to the kind of pledge I gave, you  
are correct in your opinion. It was  
given in the warmth and excitement  
of the moment—was from my lips be-  
fore I was aware of its unequalled ex-  
tent, and is to be taken cum grano salis.