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WILLIAM GARDNER.

Published by E. I. Carey & A. Hart Philadelphia

Respected by - G. Jerney Esq -
AN ACCOUNT

OF

COL. CROCKETT'S TOUR

TO THE

NORTH AND DOWN EAST,

IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED
AND THIRTY-FOUR.

HIS

OBJECT BEING TO EXAMINE THE GRAND MANUFACTURING ESTABLISHMENTS OF THE COUNTRY; AND ALSO TO FIND OUT THE CONDITION OF ITS LITERATURE AND MORALS, THE EXTENT OF ITS COMMERCE, AND THE PRACTICAL OPERATION

OF

“THE EXPERIMENT.”

“When thou dost read a book, do not turn the leaves only, but gather the fruit.”

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

PHILADELPHIA:

E. L. CAREY AND A. HART.

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1835.

ENTERED according to the act of Congress, in the year 1835, by
E. L. Carey and A. Hart,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of
Pennsylvania.

STEREOTYPED BY L. JOHNSON,
PHILADELPHIA.

INTRODUCTION.

SOMEBODY told me once of a member of Congress, I think from Philadelphia, who said he found an old scrap of paper, wrote by some old fellow that killed himself, or was hung, or died of starvation, or some such nonsense, and spun an Indian path story out of it.

Now, I don't like dead men's stories ; not even old Jefferson's, that raised the bristles of so many in North Carolina and elsewhere, who thought the old man was a good friend, until they found what he thought on paper.

Some persons tickle up their fancies to the scribbling point, and then their pen goes like a fidler's elbow. I like rale life, that makes a book jump out of the press

like a new dollar from a mint-hopper. Some likes to use up the big I's, and write all about themselves; and I reckon it isn't easy to quit that, particularly when one is uncommon hard pushed to come out a second time.

Now, this is just my case. If every one has not read my book, every one ought, which comes to the same thing.

Stepping into a tavern a short time ago, I met a friend, who said to me, "Crockett, my dear fellow, we are all as dull in this empty barn of a city, as a grog-shop without liquor; and unless you come out with another book, I do not know how we are to get along."

"Much obliged to you, major; but may be, if I do, you'll laugh at me, and not at my book."

"Trust me, colonel, you are mistaken: we are all looking to you for musick. Allow me to introduce to you my friend, Terrance O'Neal."

“Sir, I am happy to have the honor of an introduction to your friend.”

“By my sowl the honor’s done to me. I’m sinsare in declarin that; for minny’s the day I’ve long’d to hiv a wag of your bone. How are ye, my darling boy, member of Congress, speech-maker, book-maker, an all? Talkin o’ books, the divil a book hiv I read, at all, at all, clane thro’, since I quat the owld records in the middle of the Axes of the Aposels, barrin the life of your own dear self; an a purty book it is; wrote wid all the sperret of a man of honor, with all the sincerity of a man of truth, and in regard of the powers that be, widout even a touch of the blarney. Give us something more that’s new, by the powers, even if you write your own book over again.”

“Why sartin, Mr. O’Neal, your compliments are mighty plenty; and if I could shell out ideas as easy as you do words, I could soon write another book.”

“Idays! is that what you want? Well, how odd it is that things are so strangely managed in the makin of us up. My idays run through me like an hourglass that niver wants turnin; an if I only know’d how to scrawl the alphabet, I’d soon dress my idays in Sunday clothes: botheration to owld Jim Kelly, that chated me out of my printice suit, and night school into the bargain.”

“Colonel, excuse me for not sooner introducing my other friend, Monsieur Bonafice.”

“How are you, mounsheer?”

“Ah! monsieur Colonal, je suis very appy for de satisfaction of to say I am tres humble servant.”

“Well, mounsheer, where did you come up with that name of yours?”

“Sare, me—Bonafice?—from my fader, Jacques Bonafice de la Vendee.”

“Well, I don’t like it. It sounds so much like every thing here in Washington,

office, office; nothing goes down here but office."

"Ah, sare, pardon. It is not d'offeece pour moi—no sare. Guesta have tell to me he have offeece de cuisine in de maison national—but is too mush condam to congè—an not de good l'argent pour service. Moreover dan dis, Guesta is chef cuisinièr—mais but dey not give him d'honneur for sit as member of de cuisine—aha—kitchin cabinet. He is confine to de ragouts for de bellie, and not have de grand satisfaction for compound de grand buget; and so soon he make reclamation for dis—vite—de snap of de fingar, in de language of de grand Shakeyspeer—

'Otello' occupation, allez vous en.'

Pardon, sare, I hear from my fren you will to write one leetly book. C'est bon la—write him—a votre service—can I do something, notting for you?"

"Yes, mounsheer; you can buy and trans-

late it into your parley-vous, and then they will know me in France ; and"—

“ Colonel, excuse me ; but here is a third friend just stepped in. We’ll hear what he thinks, and if he agrees, there’s three to one, and you’ll have to write. This is Frederick Hummelshine, but we generally call him Old Fritz.”

“ Fitz, did you say ? He don’t look like he was kin to little Fitz, that I beat for Congress.”

“ No, no—Fritz ; that’s the short of Frederick.”

“ Well, how d’ye do, any how ? For Fitz has got to be a good friend of mine.”

“ So, so, mitlin. I’m as haaty as a puck, put I can’t jump jist so high.”

“ Well, Fritz, don’t you think the colonel ought to write a book ?”

“ Apout wat ?”

“ Why he has been travelling through the cities, and among them there Yankees, and saw a heap of things.”

“ Was he out on te Niagarey reever, unt seen te fals?”

“ No, I didn't get that far. But I seen a heap.”

“ Dem is all for no use. It is notting like te fals, see onct. Tis Ponyfeece un me we'll meet dare ; un I was so shtantin mit my pipe like, un could not feel myself a tinkin ; un tis Ponyfeece will cum up, un he sais to me, *Pong, pong*. Well, I tought he was a fool ; ten I schmoke akin, un den he'll come up, un dakes me py te arm, un sais, *say Pong la*. Well, I dakes mine pipe out of my mout, un said to dat leedle fellur, 'ko way mit you ; un if I couldn't say more as *Pong*, by te life, I'd say notding at all.' Oh, it's a cruel scarey blace dat ; un if you could hav said someding apout dat, it woult have peen so nice. Put every one can't too every ding ; so I expect you hat petter write, un let all de peoples hear what you dit see.”

“ I told you so, colonel. Three to one,

or as they say in Latin, 'Tria junctum in unum;' so we must have the book."

"Well, I'll tell you what, gentlemen. Now it is a pretty middling hard thing, this here writing of a book. A fellow sits down, as he supposes, with a bushel of nuts to crack; and before he goes far into the basket he finds the rest a'n't hulled; but keeping in full view my old saying, I'll

"GO AHEAD."

COL. CROCKETT'S TOUR.

How many excuses there are in these modern days for great men to travel !

Some do it to gain popularity and power, others to retain what they have ; some travel on the public purse ; others, like men, on their own.

Some go abroad to serve the republic ; others go to serve themselves.

Some ingloriously stay in their own part of the country ; others extend their views abroad, desirous to know and feel the multiplied blessings which are to be found in every part of this happy land.

This last object had great influence on my mind. I had braved the lonely forests of the West ; I had shouldered the warrior's rifle in the far South ; but the North and East I had never seen. I seemed to like members of Congress who came from these parts, and wished to know what kind of constitu-

ents they had. These considerations, in addition to my physician's advice to travel a little for my health, induced me to leave Washington on the 25th day of April, 1834, and steer for the North.

At this time the House of Representatives was engaged on the appropriation bills, and I knew they would consume some two or three weeks; and as I had determined and declared that I would not vote upon an appropriation bill, until I knew where the money was; and as it had been settled by the House that Andrew Jackson was the Government, and held the nation's money, I concluded that the same law which authorized him to seize the public treasure, and remove it from where the law of the land had placed it, would, by the same kind of forced construction, authorize him to distribute it at his will. It was of little consequence, therefore, for me to remain while those bills were under discussion.

Accordingly, I set out, and during my journey I was so agreeably disappointed in almost every thing I saw, that I thought my friends would be gratified in having a description of the same.

I arrived the same evening at Barnum's Hotel in Baltimore. Uncle Davy, as he is often called,

was right glad to see me, perhaps because we were namesakes ; or may be he always likes to see folks patronize his house. He has a pleasant face, any how, and his acts don't belie it. No one need look for better quarters : if they do, it will be because they don't know when they are satisfied.

Baltimore used to be called Mob-town ; but they have got a heap better now, and are more orderly than some of their neighbours. Jackson's experiment has worked wonders. His insolent answers to their respectable committees, and their nearness to Washington, which enables them to see the manœuvering of the big and little captains, has opened their eyes, and made clever fellows of them. I love them, for they are like myself. I worshiped the molten image a good while, but when he begun to cut his antics, I cut loose.

Stand your ground, my honest fellows. Your monuments mean something. Look at them inscriptions and memorials of your brothers who fell at North Point. It was not in man-worship they lost their lives. No, it was to defend our country when in danger. We are again in danger—not of bullets and cannon, but bribery and corruption. He who deserts their ranks, and withstands the reward, is twice a Hero. Look at the immortal Washington on that lofty pillar ; that

comes home good to me, and when I saw it, I could not for my life help thinking of Moses, when he hoisted up the golden serpent to cure the Israelites of the poison and venom driven into them by the reptiles that crawled among them. Look on him, and imitate again and again his powerful virtues.

Shortly after I arrived, I was called upon, and asked to eat supper with a number of gentlemen. I went, and passed the evening pleasantly with my friend Wilkes and others.

Early next morning I started for Philadelphia, a place where I had never been. I sort of felt lonesome as I went down to the steamboat. The idea of going among a new people, where there are tens of thousands who would pass me by, without knowing or caring who I was, who are all taken up with their own pleasures, or their own business, made me feel small : and indeed if any one who reads this book has a grand idea of his own importance, let him go to a big city, and he will find he is not higher valued than a coon skin.

The steamboat was the Carroll-of-Carrollton, a fine craft, with the rum old commodore Chaytor for head man. A good fellow he is—all sorts of a man—bowing and scraping to the ladies ; nodding to the gentlemen ; cursing the crew ; and his

right eye broad cast upon the "opposition line," all at the same time. "Let go!" said the old one, and off we walked in prime style.

We immediately came past Fort McHenry, justly celebrated for its gallant defence under Armistead, Stewart, Nicholson, Newcomb, and others, during the last war; and shortly after we passed North Point, where the British landed to make, what they never dared, an attack on Baltimore.

Our passage down the Chesapeake bay was very pleasant; and in a very short run we came to the place where we were to get on board of the railroad cars.

This was a clean new sight to me; about a dozen big stages hung on to one machine, and to start up hill. After a good deal of fuss we all got seated, and moved slowly off; the engine wheezing as if she had the tizzick. By-and-by she began to take short breaths, and away we went with a blue streak after us. The whole distance is seventeen miles, and it was run in fifty-five minutes.

While I was whizzing along, I burst out laughing. One of the passengers asked me what it was at. "Why," says I, "it's no wonder the fellow's horses run off." A Carolina waggoner had just crossed the rail-road, from Charleston to

Augusta, when the engine hove in sight with the cars attached. It was growing dark, and the sparks were flying in all directions. His horses ran off, broke his waggon, and smashed his combustibles into items. He run to a house for help, and when they asked him what scared his horses, he said he did not jist know, but it must be hell in harness.

At Delaware City I again embarked on board of a splendid steamboat, which ran to Philadelphia.

When dinner was ready, I sat down with the rest of the passengers ; among them was the Reverend O. B. Brown, of the Post Office Department, who sat near me. During dinner the parson called for a bottle of wine, and called on me for a toast. Not knowing whether he intended to compliment me, or abash me among so many strangers, or have some fun at my expense, I concluded to go ahead, and give him and his likes a blizzard. So our glasses being filled, the word went round, "a toast from Colonel Crockett." I gave it as follows : "Here's wishing the bones of tyrant kings may answer in hell, in place of gridirons, to roast the souls of Tories on." At this the parson appeared as if he was stump't. I said, "Never heed ; it was meant for where it belonged." He did not repeat his invitation, and I eat my dinner quietly.

After dinner I went up on the deck, and saw the captain hoisting three flags. Says I, "What does that mean?" He replied, that he was under promise to the citizens of Philadelphia, if I was on board, to hoist his flags, as a friend of mine had said he expected I would be along soon.

We went on till we came in sight of the city; and as we advanced towards the wharf, I saw the whole face of the earth covered with people, all anxiously looking on towards the boat. The captain and myself were standing on the bow-deck; he pointed his finger at me, and the people slung their hats, and huzzaed for Colonel Crockett. It struck me with astonishment to hear a strange people huzzaing for me, and made me feel sort of queer. It took me so uncommon unexpected, as I had no idea of attracting attention. But I had to meet it, and so I stepped on to the wharf, where the folks came crowding round, saying "Give me the hand of an honest man." I did not know what all this meant; but some gentlemen took hold of me, and pressing through the crowd, put me up into an elegant barouche, drawn by four fine horses; they then told me to bow to the people: I did so, and with much difficulty we moved off. The streets were crowded to a great distance, and the windows full of people, looking out, I supposed,

to see the wild man. I thought I had rather be in the wilderness with my gun and dogs, than to be attracting all that fuss. I had never seen the like before, and did not know exactly what to say or do. After some time we reached the United States Hotel in Chesnut street. I suppose they took me there because it was opposite to the robbed bank, and which the robbers called a "monster," so that the varmints might be near one another.

The crowd had followed me, filling up the street, and pressing into the house to shake hands. I was conducted up stairs, and walked out on a platform, drew off my hat, and bowed round to the people. They cried from all quarters, "A speech, a speech, Colonel Crockett."

After the noise had quit, so I could be heard, I said to them the following words.

"GENTLEMEN OF PHILADELPHIA,

"My visit to your city is rather accidental. I had no expectation of attracting any uncommon attention. I am travelling for my health, without the least wish of exciting the people in such times of high political feeling. I do not wish to encourage it. I am unable at this time to find language suitable to return my gratitude to the citizens of Philadelphia. However, I am almost induced to

believe it flattery—perhaps a burlesque. This is new to me, yet I see nothing but friendship in your faces; and if your curiosity is to hear the backwoodsman, I will assure you I am illy prepared to address this most enlightened people. However, gentlemen, if this is a curiosity to you, if you will meet me to-morrow, at one o'clock, I will endeavour to address you in my plain manner." So I made my obeisance to them, and retired into the house.

After night, when I could walk out unknown, I went up street or down, I don't know which, but took good care not to turn any corners, for fear I might get lost. I soon found that the streets were laid off square. This I thought was queer enough for a Quaker city, for they don't generally come up square to nothing: even their coats have a kind of slope, at least so they have cut Mister Penn's coat in the capitol. This may be wrong, too, for I was told that when the man who made him first knocked off "the kivers" of the house where he worked at him, he had cut out Mister Penn with a regular built continental cocked hat on; and it was so much laughed at, to see such a hat on a Quaker, that as soon as Congress rose, he cut off his head, and worked on a new one, with a rale sloped broad brim. Which is the honest George Fox hat, I

leave for Philadelphia lawyers and parsons to decide.

When I went to my room, and got to bed, I could not sleep, thinking over all that passed, and my promise also to speak next day : but at last I composed myself with the reflection that I had got through many a scrape before, as those who have read my other book well know,—and they ought not to read this till they go through t'other,—so I thought I'd trust again to good luck.

Next morning I had the honor of being called on by some old friends whom I knew at Washington—Judge Baldwin, Judge Hemphill, John Sargeant, and others, and I took it right kind in them to do so.

Early after breakfast I was taken to the Water-works, where I saw several of the gentlemen managers. This is a grand sight, and no wonder the Philadelphians ask every one that comes, “have you seen the Water-works?” Just think of a few wheels throwing up more water than two hundred thousand people can use : yes, and waste, too ; for such scrubbing of steps, and even the very pavements under your feet, I never saw. Indeed, I looked close, to see if the housemaids had not web-feet, they walked so well in water ; and as for a fire, it has no chance at all : they just screw

on a long hollow leather with a brass nose on it, dash up stairs, and seem to draw on Noah's flood.

The next place I visited was the Mint. Here I saw them coining gold and silver in abundance, and they were the rale "e pluribus unum;" not this electioneering trash, that they sent out to cheat the poor people, telling them they would all be paid in gold and silver, when the poor deceived creatures had nothing coming to them. A chip with a spit on the back of it, is as good currency as an eagle, provided you can't get the image of the bird. It's all nonsense. Andrew Jackson, both cabinets and Congress to boot, can't enact poor men into rich. Hard knocks, and plenty of them, can only build up a fellow's self. Look at my other book, and see how much of the curse of Adam's fall I bore, and tell me if I haven't a right to speak on this poor man subject.

I asked if the workmen never stole any of the coin. They said not: they got used to it. Well, I thought that was what my parson would call heterodox doctrine; that the longer a man was in temptation, the more he would not sin. But I let it pass, for I had heard that they had got "new lights" in this city, and of course, new and genuine doctrines—so that the Bible-doxo stood no chance. I could not help, barring the doctrine, giving these

honest men great credit; especially when I recollected an old sanctimoniouslyfied fellow, who made his negroes whistle while they were picking cherries, for fear they should eat some.

From the Mint I was taken to the Asylum for insane persons, went through different apartments, saw men and women, some quite distracted, others not so bad. This was a very unpleasant sight. I am not able, nor do I wish I was able, to describe it. I felt monstrous solemn, and could not help thanking God I was not one of them; and I felt grateful in their stead to that city for caring for those who could not take care of themselves, and feeding them that heeded not the hand and heart that provided for them.

On returning to the hotel, the hour had nearly arrived when I was to visit the Exchange. I asked Colonel Dorrance, the landlord, to go with me. He is a very clever man, and made me feel quite at home in his house. Whoever goes there once, will go back again. So he agreed, and off we started.

I had made set speeches in Congress, and especially on my Tennessee land bill, when all my colleagues were against me; now I believe they will all go for it, whether from the force of the arguments or the force of home opinions, I

leave them to decide. I had made stump speeches at home, in the face of all the little office yelpers who were opposed to me ; but, indeed, when I got within sight of the Exchange, and saw the streets crowded, I most wished to take back my promise ; but I was brought up by hearing a youngster say, as I passed by, "Go ahead, Davy Crockett." I said to myself, "I have faced the enemy ; these are friends. I have fronted the savage red man of the forest ; these are civilized. I'll keep cool, and let them have it."

I was conducted to the house of a Mr. Neil ; where I met several gentlemen, and took some refreshment, not passing by a little Dutch courage. Of the latter there was plenty ; and I observed the man of the house, when he asked me to drink, he didn't stand by to see what I took, but turned away, and told me to help myself. That's what I call genteel.

Arrived at the Exchange, I crowded through, went up to the second floor, and walked out on the porch, drew off my hat, and made my bow : speaking was out of the question, the huzzas for Crockett were so loud and so long.

The time had come when my promise must be kept. There must have been more than five thousand people, and they were still gathering from

all parts. I was now loudly called for from all quarters to begin. I could not help again thinking what a poor type I was to stand up before such an enlightened people ; but screwing up my fortitude, I commenced as follows.

“GENTLEMEN AND FELLOW CITIZENS OF
PHILADELPHIA,—

“I have no doubt I will owe you an apology before I am done, for this attempt. I make it in obedience to your call, and not from self-will.

“Having been cut out of my speech in Congress, by the ‘previous question,’ (which means leaving the question under debate, and jirking a fellow up to vote on he don’t know what, or leave to say why or wherefore, pro nor con, but keep your eye on the fogleman,) on the great subject that now agitates the nation, I have come to the conclusion,—wise or foolish it is not for me to say, my crows, of course, being as white as my neighbours,—I have come to the conclusion that I owe the country a speech, and no matter where I make it ; and as it is very probable I may not be ‘called to order’ here, I will try and give you my views upon the situation of our country ; and, in doing so, I hope the citizens of Philadelphia will appreciate my want of education to enable me to address you

in the language which is becoming a representative of this great nation. You shall have it in my own plain way ; and of one thing I assure you—you will be at no loss to understand me, if I understand myself : for of all the despicable creatures on the face of this here God's globe, I despise most your non-committal skulking politician, whether he be high, or low, or middle way. He a'n't worth the powder that would kill him, and he ought to be stoned to death, like a mischeivous stray.

“ In the first place, then, gentlemen, I will call your attention back to a period only nine months ago. We saw our country blessed with the best currency, the best circulating medium in the world ; our commerce flourishing, and our manufactories all prosperously engaged ; the labouring community receiving the rewards of their toil, from the humblest to the highest ; and the products of the earth bearing back a generous reward to the man who watered her dust with the sweat of his brow. View the present time ; make the comparison ; and you will see our circulating medium destroyed, our commerce blasted, and our whole manufacturing interest paralyzed ; and for what ? Just to gratify the ambition of one superannuated old man ; that he might wreak his vengeance upon the United

States Bank ; and for what? Just because it refused to lend its aid in upholding his corrupt party.

The truth is, I may have misunderstood this government, as I am from far back in the woods ; but agreeable to my understanding, it was to redeem us from the government of one man, that so many of our brave patriots perished before the British arms during our revolutionary war. They sacrificed their lives and fortunes in obtaining a constitution and government of laws. We did gain them, and have lived the most happy people under the sun for fifty years ; but, alas ! in 1834, we again see one man seize the sword in one hand, and the purse in the other, and saying, ‘I am the government—my will shall be the law of the land.’

“Sirs, what has he not done? Has he not seized upon the treasury of the nation, setting Congress and the people at defiance, and removed it from where the law had placed it, with violence and precipitancy, and yet with impunity? And what is worse, to see a set of hirelings sustaining him in his lawless act, is disheartening to every lover of his country.

“Let us go back, and review his pledges while he was seeking the office he now holds, and com-

pare them with his course since he has been in power, and see how they tally as to consistency.

“You have seen or heard of his famous letter to Mr. Munroe in 1823, when he said to him to destroy the monster party, and be the president of the people. From this the American people had a right to expect Andrew Jackson to destroy party and party feelings, as he had recommended ; but what did we see when he came into power ? His course was widely different. It blasted and cursed the country, and dried up the hopes of every liberal man. He drew his office sword, and the first inquiry was, who has had the audacity to vote against the ‘greatest and best.’ The man that has done so must go down ; he is not fit for office, his services are no longer wanted. The next was, who has huzzaed *loudest*, not *longest*—for he was even ungrateful to his old friends—for Andrew Jackson ; that man is qualified to fill any station in the government ; and we saw worthy men, who had grown grey in honorable service of their country, hurled from office to make way for one of these yelpers.

“Gentlemen, what kind of republicanism do you call this ? I had always thought that the true republicanism was, for every man in this boasted land of liberty to vote for whom he pleased, and

no man had a right to censure his motives. There is not the shadow of republicanism in sentiments or conduct different from this.

“Have you a government of laws, or have you the government of one man?—a unit—a solitary ‘responsibility;’ one who consults, but takes no advice; who calls his secretaries together for a sham, to make them think big of themselves, and the moment their backs are turned, are supplanted with the interested advice of one who, like Judas, stays behind to betray; or, having hid his dirty basket behind the curtains, only pulls out, when the others have gone, what offal he has scavengered during the day, sprinkled with the chloride of flattery and falsehood. Be him secretary, auditor, district attorney, or who he may, afraid of the light and of investigation, he lurks and prowls at night, in secret and alone, solely to save himself or hangers on, or to glut his vengeance on some one within whose atmosphere of patriotism and integrity he cannot breathe.

“Go down to Washington, gentlemen, not to seek office, but to be a calm observer of passing scenes, if you want to find out what Jacksonism is.

“Let there be any question to be decided, which the old fellow has set his heart on, and sworn by the Eternal how it should go, and you will see all

the small-fry as busy as pismires, and the big bugs drumming up the drones, and cursing them by their god, Andrew, if they don't do so and so. And then let this supposed measure be carried, and what a farce it is to see them pitch off to the white house, and praise themselves, not for the good they have done, but for maneuvering to bring about his high and mighty will!

“Many other like scenes might be witnessed, all going to convince you of the humbling truth, that if we have a government, Andrew Jackson is it.

“When Cæsar undertook to overthrow the Roman republic, he demanded the keys from the secretary; and he refused, and said that no person had a right to demand that except the Roman senate. Then Cæsar shook his finger at the secretary, and said, ‘Cæsar could as easy take your life, as he could will it.’ The secretary knew that if Cæsar was to take a sword, and sever his head from his body, the Roman people were so wrapped up in Cæsar, that they believed he could not err—just like the American people is wrapped up in Andrew Jackson. They believe he cannot err.

“Just view his course when he ordered William J. Duane to remove the deposits. He answered his conscience did not approve of it, nor did his

duty require it. In a few hours he got his walking ticket that his services were no longer wanted, and he was compelled to be off; with the frowns of a tyrant at his back, with all the litter of venomous pups barking at his heels. But he saw ahead of him the smiles and approving faces of honest men; and I warrant you he sleeps sounder than him who came in after him.

“Then Jackson took his Taney, and said, ‘I take the responsibility.’ Ah, gentlemen, that word ‘responsibility’ has but little terror on his mind, when he can uproot our best institutions, and hurl the best men in our country from office, at his will, for daring to do their duty, and exercise their liberty. Yet the people have said it is right—Jackson done it.

“Our forefathers’ toils and struggles are all forgotten, and we have returned to the good old days of ’76—to the government of one man.

“Upon this great question, gentlemen, I stand *alone* from my state in Congress; and I rejoice that I had fortitude to serve my country, instead of worshipping an idol. I would rather be politically damned than hypocritically immortalized.

“I have told my colleagues that the time and the questions would come when I would not stand

alone in opposition to Andrew Jackson. More than one of them has had reason to feel his venom ; and, if we live, we will see them at him, open mouthed, like my bear-dogs ; for there a'n't a bit of love between them.

“I was one of the first men that fired a gun under Andrew Jackson. I helped to throw around him that blaze of glory, that is blasting and blighting every thing it comes in contact with. I know I have equal rights with him, and so has every man that is not a slave ; and when he is violating the constitution and the laws, I will oppose him, let the consequences to me be what they may.

“Thank God, I have constituents who think I am honest in my opposition to the present proceedings. They know how to think for themselves, and scorn the dictation of any man, be him of high or low degree. I am willing to trust them ; and we will see whether I will not count my hundreds of majorities, where others, who feel as I do, but do not come out, will only boast of their tens.

“Gentlemen, the question is decided that the law of the land is Andrew Jackson's will, and when we are beaten, I suppose we must surrender ; but I still cling to one hope. It is said, and truly, that all power is in the people ; and if so, the time

is shortly coming when they must and will show their power, by sustaining the laws and the constitution. The stars and stripes must never give way to the shreds and patches of party.

“Gentlemen, I hope you will excuse my plain manner of speaking. I must close. I thank you for your patience and polite attention.”

Three times three cheers closed the concern, and I came down to the door, where it appeared as if all the world had a desire to shake hands with me. I stood on the door-step, and, as major Jack Downing said, shook hands as hard as I could spring for near an hour. After this I returned to the hotel, and remained until night, when I was asked to visit the theatre in Walnut street. The landlord, Dorrance, and others were to go with me, to see Jim Crow. While we were talking about it, one of them said he could go all over the world “*Tu crow juicy.*” Some laughed very hearty, and others did not. I was among the latter, for I considered it a dry joke, although there was something *juicy* in it. Some of them said it was Latin; and that proved to me the reason why I did not laugh—I was tired of the “old Roman.” But these Philadelphians are eternally cutting up jokes on words; so I puts a conundrum to them;

and says I, "Can you tell me why the sacking of Jerusalem was like a cider mill?" Well, they all were stumpt, and gave it up. "Because it made the Jews fly." Seeing them so much pleased with this, says I, "Why is a cow like a razor-grinder?" No one could answer. "Well," says I, "I thought you could find that out, for I don't know myself."

We started for the theatre, and found a very full house, and Jim a playing for the dear life. Jim makes as good a nigger as if he was clean black, except the bandy-legs.

Everybody seemed pleased, particularly when I laughed; they appeared to act as if I knew exactly when to laugh, and then they all followed.

What a pity it is that these theatres are not so contrived that everybody could go; but the fact is, backwoodsman as I am, I have heard some things in them that was a leetle too tough for good women and modest men; and that's a great pity, because there are thousands of scenes of real life that might be exhibited, both for amusement and edification, without offending. Folks pretend to say that high people don't mind these things. Well, it may be that they are better acquainted with vice than we plain folks; but I am yet to live and see a woman polished out of the natural feel-

ings, or two high not to do things that a'n't quite reputable in those of low degree.

Their fiddling was pretty good, considering every fellow played his own piece; and I would have known more about it, if they had played a tune, but it was all twee-wee-tadlum-tadlum-tumtum, tadle-leedle-tadle-leedle-lee. "The twenty-second of February," or the "Cuckoo's Nest," would have been a treat.

I do not think, however, from all I saw, that the people enjoyed themselves better than we do at a country frolic, where we dance till daylight, and pay off the score by giving one in our turn. It would do you good to see our boys and girls dancing. None of your stradling, mincing, sadying; but a regular sifter, cut-the-buckle, chicken-flutter set-to. It is good wholesome exercise; and when one of our boys puts his arm round his partner, it's a good hug, and no harm in it.

Next morning I was waited on by some gentlemen, who presented me with a seal for my watch-chain, which cost forty dollars. I told them I always accepted a present, as a testimony of friendship. The engraving on the stone represents the great match race, two horses in full speed, and over them the words "Go ahead." It is the

finest seal I ever saw; and when I returned to Washington, the members almost used it up, making copies to send all over the country.

I was hardly done making my bow to these gentlemen, before Mr. James M. Sanderson informed me that the young whigs of Philadelphia had a desire to present me with a fine rifle, and had chosen him to have her made agreeably to my wishes. I told him that was an article that I knew somewhat about, and gave him the size, weight, &c.

You can't imagine how I was crowded to get through every thing. Colonel Pulaski called to take me in his carriage to the Naval Hospital, where they stow away the old sailors on dry land, and a splendid building it is; all made of marble. I did not like the situation; but I suppose it was the best they could get, with so much ground to it.

From there we went to the Navy Yard, and examined the largest ship ever made in the United States. She was what they call "in the stocks," and I then thought we would never have any use for her. In this I may be mistaken. If Congress takes Andrew Jackson at his word, and lets him loose, God help the poor parley vous: he'd grin them to death while we were getting that big ship and all the little ones to rights.

I then surveyed the artillery, and the balance

of the shipping, not forgetting to pay my respects to the officers of the yard, and then returned home with the colonel, where I was kindly treated, both in eating and drinking; and so ended another day.

Next morning the land admiral, Colonel Reeside, asked me to call on him, and take a ride. I did so; and he carried me out to the rail-road and Schuylkill bridge. I found that the rail-road was finished near a hundred miles into the interior of the state, and is only one out of many; yet they make no fuss about it. I suppose it is because there is no speculating in the stocks; no regency banks, to hoist them up with one lie, and then sell out; and then turn round and knock them down with another, and all to buy in again. Never mind; God can't prosper the people that do so. What is got over the devil's back, is sure to be spent under his bellie.

We drove in past the Girard school—that old man that give so many millions to Philadelphia, and cut out his kin with a crumb. Well, thinks I, blood is thicker than water, and the remembrance of friends better than a big name. I'd have made them all rich, and give away the balance. But, maybe, French people don't think like me.

This being my last night in Philadelphia, Dorrance gave me what they call a "pick knick" sup-

per ; which means as much as me and all my company could eat and drink, and nothing to pay.

I forgot to say that I had spent part of the evening before this with Colonel Saint.

Next morning, Wednesday the 29th, I was invited by Captain Jenkins, of the steamboat New Philadelphia, to go on with him to New York. I accepted his offer, and started. I saw nothing very particular along the Delaware river, except the place where all the hard stone-coal comes to, from the interior of Pennsylvania ; where, I am told, they have mountains of it. After some time, we got upon a rail-road, where they say we run twenty-five miles to the hour. I can only judge of the speed by putting my head out to spit, which I did, and overtook it so quick, that it hit me smack in the face. We soon arrived at Amboy, and took the water again ; and soon came in sight of the great city of New York, and a bulger of a place it is. The number of the ships beat me all hollow, and looked for all the world like a big clearing in the West, with the dead trees all standing.

When we swung round to the wharf, it was covered with people, who inquired if I was on board ; and when the captain told them I was, they slung their hats, and gave three cheers.

Immediately a committee came on board, representing the young whigs, and informed me they were appointed to wait upon me, and invite me to the American Hotel. I accepted their offer, and went with them to the hotel, where I was friendly received; conducted to a large parlour, where I was introduced to a great many gentlemen.

I was invited to visit the new and elegant fire engine, and took some refreshment with the managers, and returned in time to visit the Park theatre, and see Miss Fanny Kemble play in grand style. The house was better filled, and the fixings looked nicer, than the one in Philadelphia; but any of them is good enough, if they have such pretty play-actors as Miss Kemble. In fact, she is like a handsome piece of changeable silk; first one colour, then another, but always the clean thing.

I returned home, as I am told all great folks do, after the lady actor was done; and, sitting with my friends, the cry of "fire, fire," struck my ear. I bounced from my chair, and ran for my hat. "Sit down, colonel," said one of the gentlemen, "it's not near us."—"A'n't you going to help to put it out?"—"No," said he, laughing, "we have fire companies here, and we leave it to them." Well, to me this seemed queer enough, for at home I would have jumped on the first horse at hand, and

rode full flight bare-backed, to help put out a fire.

I forgot that I was in a city where you may live, as they tell me, years, and not know who lives next door to you : still, I felt curious to see how they managed ; and Colonel Jackson went with me. As it was late, the engines were only assembling when we got there ; but when they began to spirt, they put out a four-story house that was all in a blaze, in less than no time. I asked the colonel where they got so much water from. He said it was raised by the Manhattan Bank, out of a charter got by Aaron Burr. I could not help thinking it was well the Regency did not get hold of such a monopoly, and put it down : but I recollected that same Burr was said to be kin, or sort a kin, of the "Magician ;" or, at all events, brung him up, and showed him all the tricks of the cards : and then I recollected in the Taney report, that this was a pet bank, and its cashier brother to a mighty clever member of Congress : so I just concluded in my own mind, that they kept up this water to squirt on people's houses, and the people let them manage the money as they pleased.

Next morning I was invited by Colonel Mapes to walk down to some of the newspaper offices. I

proposed to go to the Courier and Enquirer and Star offices : we did so. I like Webb, for he comes out plump with what he has to say. Mr. Noah has another way of using a fellow up : he holds him uneasy ; laughs at him, and makes other folks do so ; teazes him ; roasts him, until he don't know what ails him, nor what hurt him, but he can't help limping.

We went into Pearl street ; and I could not help wondering if they had as many boxes and bags and things inside of the houses as they had out. Elegant place for a lame man to walk, for every one is like him—first up, then down ; then one side, then another, like a pet in a squirrel box. Shortly we came to the Exchange—the place where the merchants assemble every day at one o'clock, to hear all they can, and tell as little as possible ; and where two lines from a knowing correspondent, prudently used, may make a fortune.

I had not been long here before I was surrounded, and called on for a speech. I made many apologies, but none seem'd to hit right ; and was so hard pressed, that I had no corner to get into : so, taking my stand upon the steps above them, I spoke as follows, to wit :

“GENTLEMEN,

“My object was not to attract attention ; I am travelling to see your country and improve my health, and had no wish to speak in this great city. New York is the London of America, the Big Prairie of the north, the Mississippi of commerce ; and I assure you my opportunities have not been such as should permit me to address such an enlightened audience of people as I suppose myself surrounded with. However, I find it would be hard to get off ; and as my motto is, ‘Go ahead,’ I will therefore give you my views upon the great question that has shook this once happy government to its centre.

“I see you all in a state of excitement ; and what is the cause of it ? We have had a government for fifty odd years, administered by a Washington, an elder Adams, a Jefferson, a Madison, a Monroe, a younger Adams, and a hero of two wars ; and I venture to say, that never was there a time when this country was in such excitement as at present. There must be something wrong in the political affairs of the nation : yes, gentlemen, and you are beginning to feel it here.

“I am truly sorry that my abilities are not such as enable me to explain this matter to my own satisfaction. One thing I will say, that our govern-

ment, that is, Andrew Jackson, has begun a change that has brought alarm upon our best men.

“It has been common to petition our legislative councils for relief; and some respect was paid to the voice of the people thus constitutionally expressed. But is this the case now? Have not the citizens of your country memorialized Congress for relief—and to what effect? None. Your petitions are unheard, or at least not attended to. Your petitions have been conveyed away to a committee-room, never again to be heard from. Even your bearers of petitions are forbid, as such, to enter the palace, or appear before his majesty's presence. Has this been usual? No, sirs; it is entirely new, and ought to be alarming to every lover of our republican government.

“We are completely under the government of one man. He wields both sword and purse; and yet a majority of the House of Representatives say Amen.

“I thank God for giving me fortitude enough to stand firm, and support the constitution and the laws. I stand alone from my state; but I glory in what they consider my sin and shame. I have been the true and honest supporter of Andrew Jackson. I have fought under him, and was proud that my statesman was the choice of the American

people to wield the destinies of this nation. I supported him because I liked his professed principles, not because his name was Andrew Jackson. Name is nothing but an empty sound. I have supported principles, and will stick to them: and when the best interests of my country is threatened, I will sound the alarm, be it in New York or elsewhere. This I consider to be the duty of a public servant; and this is what stimulates me to speak in your presence. I know I speak the truth; and you know it too. Is it come to this, that our happy country is to be destroyed, to gratify the ambition of one man? Has it come to this, that our legislative body shall be a nuisance, and the people cry Amen?

“Sirs, Andrew Jackson says that he will veto any law that passes Congress, and does not pass by two-thirds, and does not meet his notions. This is virtually saying, ‘My will shall be the law of the land; I care not what my predecessors have said or done; I care not what the supreme court has decided, if I don’t think so too.’

“It is not to be expected that we can get two-thirds of Congress to hardly any bill; and therefore, this power, thus construed by him, is almost unlimited.

“Gentlemen, I have said more than I intended,

and must close, thanking you for your polite attention to me, a stranger among you."

I returned to the hotel, where I found a great many gentlemen waiting to see the wild man from the far West. After spending some time with them, I was taken to Peale's museum. I shall not attempt to describe the curiosities here; it is above my bend. I could not help, however, thinking what pleasure or curiosity folks could take in sticking up whole rows of little bugs, and such like varmints. I saw a boy there that had been born without any hands or arms; and he took a pair of scissors in his toes, and cut his name in full, and gave it to me. This I called a miracle.

From thence I went to the City Hall, and was introduced to the mayor of the city and several of the aldermen. The mayor is a plain, common-sense-looking man. I was told he had been a tanner: that pleased me; for I thought both him and me had clum up a long way from where we started: and it is truly said, 'Honour and fame from no condition rise.' It's the grit of a fellow that makes the man.

On my return, I received an invitation from Colonel Draper to dine with him, informing me also, that the rale Major Jack Downing was ex-

pected to be there. When the hour arrived, I started to walk there, as it was but a short distance. On my way I saw a white man, who was in a great rage, cursing a white man-servant. I stopped, and said to him, "Hellow, mister! if you was to talk that way to a white man in my country, he'd give you first-rate hell." He looked at me, and said nothing, but walked off. Sure enough, when I got to Colonel Draper's, I was introduced to the major. We sat down to a splendid dinner, and amused ourselves with some good jokes. But as this was a private party, I don't think it gentlemanly to tell what was said at this time, and especially as this was not the only communication I had with the major. One observation, however, was made by him, and I gave him an answer which could not offend anybody. "Colonel," says he, "what d'ye sort o' think about ginerall matters and things in purticlur?" Knowing him to be a yankee, I tried to answer him in his own way. So, says I, "Major, the Ginneral's matters are all wrong; but some purticklar things are very well: such, for instance, as the honour I have in dining with you at Colonel Draper's."—"Good!" says the major, "and we'll talk about them there matters some other time."—"Agreed," says I, "major, always at your sarvice."

I found a large company waiting for me when I

got back to the hotel, and an invitation to sup with the young Whigs. Well, now, thinks I, they had better keep some of these things to eat for somebody else, for I'm sure I'm as full as a young cub. But right or wrong, I must go in. There I met the honourable Augustine S. Clayton, of Georgia, and was right glad to see him, for I knew I could get him to take some of the speaking off of me. He speaks prime, and is always ready, and never goes off half-cock.

Gulian C. Verplanck was also there—an honest man, that was badly treated; but I hope still he will be honoured as he deserves.

Upwards of one hundred sat down to supper. They were going to toast me, but I told some of them near me to toast Judge Clayton first; that there should be more rejoicing over one that was lost and found again, than over ninety-and-nine such as me, that had never strayed away. They did so: and he made a speech that fairly made the tumblers hop. He rowed the Tories up and over Salt river.

Then they toasted me as “the undeviating supporter of the constitution and laws.” I made a short speech, and concluded with the story of “the Red Cow,” which was, that as long as General Jackson went strait, I followed him; but when

he began to go this way, and that way, and every way, I wouldn't go after him: like the boy whose master ordered him to plough across the field to the red cow. Well, *he* began to plough, and *she* began to walk; and he ploughed all forenoon after her. So, when the master came, he swore at him for going so crooked. "Why, sir," said the boy, "you told me to plough to the red cow, and I kept after her, but she always kept moving."

Next morning, being the first day of May, I went to some of the newspaper offices, read the news, and returned to take a ride with Colonel S. D. Jackson, in an elegant barouche. We drove up the city, and took a view of the improvements and beautiful houses in the new part. By the time we returned down Broadway, it seemed to me that the city was flying before some awful calamity. "Why," said I, "colonel, what under heaven is the matter? Everybody appears to be pitching out their furniture, and packing it off." He laughed, and said this was the general "mooving day." Such a sight nobody ever saw, unless it was in this same city. It seemed a kind of frolic, as if they were changing houses just for fun. Every street was crowded with carts, drays, and people. So the world goes. It would take a good deal to get me

well; and that they would be quiet enough if it was not for the old woman in the opposite corner, and she took boarders, and they often made a noise. I believe it is true. What a miserable place a city is for poor people: they are half starved, poorly clothed, and perished for fire. I sometimes wonder they don't clear out to a new country, where every skin hangs by its own tail: but I suppose they think an hour's indulgence in vice is sweet enough for the bitter of the rest.

Coming home, I took notice that the rear of the City Hall was of brown stone, while the front and sides were of white marble. I asked the colonel why that was so. He said the Poor-house stood behind when they built the Hall. That is like many a great man: if he gets a fine breast to his jacket, he'll make the back of fustian—and like thousands of great people, who think that any thing will do for poor folks to look at, or eat, or wear. Another thing seemed queer to me, and that was a bell hanging outside of the steeple of the Hall. It was so big they could not get it in, and rather than lose the money, they hung it outside; never reflecting that even a backwoodsman must laugh at such a Dutch blunder.

On the same walk I was introduced to the honourable Albert Gallatin. He had an old straw

hat in his hand, and, like everybody else, was "mooving," and said he was sorry not to have more time to be acquainted with me. He pointed to the house he was leaving, and said it and several others were to be torn down to build a big tavern. It was a very fine house, fit for any man to live in; but in a few hours I saw men on top of it, and before the next evening, the daylight was through it. This tavern is to be near the park, and is building by John Jacob Astor. It is to cost seven hundred thousand dollars, and covers a whole square. Mr. Astor, I am told, begun business in New York as a dealer in furs, and is now worth millions. Lord help the beavers and otters! they must have most got used to getting skinned by this time. And what a meeting of friends and kin there must have been in his warehouse. "Farewell," said the otter to the beaver, "I never expect to see you again, my dear old friend." "Never mind, my dear fellow," said the beaver, "don't be too much distressed, we'll soon meet at the hatter's shop."

This day a new flag was to be hoisted, down on Battery, and I was invited to attend. The artillery, under command of General Morton, paraded; and he invited many of his friends to be present: among the rest, the mayor, Gideon Lee, was there, and addressed the people. Among other things,

he told them that that flag-staff was placed where the old one stood when the British evacuated New York; that they left the flag flying, and greased the pole, so that it could not be clim up; but at last a sailor got up and tore it down, and hoisted the American flag in its place; and when he came down, the people filled his hat with money.

General Morton is a revolutioner, and an officer in the society of old soldiers called the "Cincinnati Society," and wears its badge on his breast. He gave an entertainment to his friends on this occasion; for you must know that nobody thinks any thing well done in this place, without eating and drinking over it.

This Battery a'n't a place, as its name looks like, for keeping and shooting off cannon. It might have been so, long ago; but it is a beautiful meadow of a place, all measured off, with nice walks of gravel between the grass plats, full of big shade-trees, and filled with people and a great many children, that come there to get the fresh air that comes off the water of the bay. This is a beautiful place; and you can see Long Island, and Staten Island, and many others from it. Here is likewise Castle Garden, and the bridge that Van Buren wanted to drownd the president off of, when him and Major Jack most fell in. The fact is, the plan was well

enough, but General Jackson did not know of it. It was concluded, you see, that the president should make all his big secretaries and Colonel Reeside go before, and him come after; and then slam should go the bridge, with the old fellow on it. But he went foremost, and when it fell, they didn't catch any but Governor Cass, secretary of war; and he only lost his hat and wig, which they say the porpusses carried off and give to the sea-sar-pent, so that he might be on their side in the next oyster war.

After all this, I went that same day to see my young friend Walden, and enjoyed myself with some friends till evening.

When I got back to the hotel, I found the bill for the Bowery theatre; and it stated I was to be there. Now I knew I had never given the managers any authority to use my name, and I determined not to go. After some time, I was sent for, and refused; and then the head manager came himself. I told him I did not come for a show; I did not come for the citizens of New York to look at; I come to look at them. However, my friends said it would be a great disappointment, and might harm the managers; and so I went, and was friendly received. I remained a short time, and returned. So ended the first day of May, 1834; and I should

like to see anybody who saw more sights in once waking up. In fact, when I got to bed and begun to think them over, I found it would take me to daylight; so I just broke off, and went to sleep.

Next morning, Colonel Mapes told me he was requested to invite me over to Jersey City, to see some shooting with a rifle. In the mean time, I had been very kindly invited by Captain Comstock to go that day, at half-past three o'clock, with him to Boston. I concluded to go, as I might never have another opportunity, and it took only eighteen hours to go there.

I went with the colonel to see little Thawburn's seed store: and a great place it is, for he has got all kind of things there; and for fear his bird-seed should not be fresh, he keeps a few hundred birds to eat it up in short order: and to prove that his flower-seed is prime, he keeps thousands of little pots growing, and mostly gits five times as much for the proof as he does for the seed. He is a little, old, weezened-up man, talks broad Scotch, and is as active as a tarrier dog.

I now started to Jersey City, where I found a great many gentlemen shooting rifles, at the distance of one hundred yards, with a rest. One gentleman gave me his gun, and asked me to shoot. I raised up, off-hand, and cut within about two

inches of the centre. I told him my distance was forty yards, off-hand. He loaded his gun, and we walked down to within forty yards, when I fired, and was deep in the paper. I shot a second time, and did the same. Colonel Mapes then put up a quarter of a dollar in the middle of a black spot, and asked me to shoot at it. I told him he had better mark the size of it, and put his money in his pocket. He said, "Fire away." I did so, and made slight-of-hand work with his quarter.

It was now time to return, and prepare for my trip to Boston.

At three o'clock I left the hotel, and went over to where the steamboat lay. When I went on board, the captain showed me into a splendid state-room, which I was to occupy for the voyage. So, when I had made my toilet (as great folks say), that is, combed my hair and taken a glass of brandy and water, I went on deck. There I saw almost as many people as were when I landed; and they kept gathering until the whole ground was covered; and when we started, they cheered me for some time; and all I could do was to stand and bow to them. This brought me into new trouble; for the passengers found I was on board, and came round me, so that I missed seeing the city until we got past it.

Soon, however, we came to the place called Hell's Gate; so called, I suppose, because the water boils, and foams, and bounces about as if it was in a pot. I don't think, however, that this is a good name for it, because we are told in the good book that hell's gate is a mighty slick place, and easy to get into. Here I first saw a large square-sailed British merchant-ship, under full sail. She was coming in through this channel; and I was glad to see that, for when we were voting for an appropriation for a fort to defend this place, I heard it said that no foreign ship ever attempted coming in that way. But these are the kind of arguments used most generally by those who oppose internal improvements, harbours, &c. &c.: they fancy things, and speak them for truth.

We went on very pleasantly till night; and the captain told me, if I would rise at daylight, we would be out of sight of land. So I went to bed, and rose as soon as I could see. I walked out on deck, and sure enough, there was no land to be seen. We were coming near Point Juda, a place where, the captain informed me, people on board was very often sea-sick. So I set myself down for a case; but was disappointed: it was quite calm, and a clear fine morning; and when the sun rose, it come up like a ball of fire out of the water, and

looked, for all the world, as if it had been made for the first time. We went round Point Juda, and kept in sight of land on our left hand. There was very little timber to be seen; the whole country appeared to be laid off in fields, divided by stone fences. These were a great curiosity to me; and I could not help thinking that their cattle must be well schooled here; for one of my cows would pitch over a dozen such fences, without flirting her tail.

We went by the great fort at the Naraganset bay, and landed at Newport for a short time. From thence we took our way again to Providence. There I met a large number of the citizens. They cheered me on my arrival, and wanted me to stay and partake of a dinner with them: I declined, and took my seat in the fast stage. The driver was ordered to go ahead; and sure enough, he did. It was forty miles to Boston, and we run it down in four hours.

What mighty hard land it is on this road, and seems as if the whole face of the earth had been covered over with stones, as thick as Kentuck land titles: but they have got them strung up into fences, as many as they can, by picking of them off; but they won't stay picked; for every time they plow, a new crop comes up.

It was somewhere away along here that the pilgrims landed at Plymouth, and begun to people this part of the world: and a hard time they must have had of it in this barren country: and it seems odd that they should come all the way across the sea, and not look out for good land. However, I suppose it was all right, or God would have given them better pilots. If they had had fine land, they would not have ventured so much on the ocean, and would have had less necessity to work hard, and bring up their children to industry, and give them such cute teaching as makes them know how to make ducks and drakes of us out yonder, when they come among us.

You would be as much struck as I was with the handsome houses and nice farms; but when I came to find all out, I didn't wonder so much. This was Captain A., and that B.'s house; and they made money on sea, and spent it on land; that's the truth; for Adam himself could not have made it out of the land. So I found out that most of them owned a little plantation on shore, and the run of the sea to work on besides.

One of the passengers, who came from beyond Boston, while we were talking over these things, asked me if I knew Captain Silsbee. I told him no. "I guess you do," says he, "he's our senator

in Congress; but to home, we old folks call him captain." I told him, certainly, I did, but never knew him by that title. "Well, we know that none on 'em boxed a compass longer nor better: and he made a power of money; and during the last war planked up more gold and silver to lend the government than Benton ever counted."

But I must quit philosophy, and tell you where I stopped in Boston—and that was just where any one that has plenty of cash, and plenty of goodwill for pleasure, would like—in a clean street, with a tavern on one side, and the theatre on the the other, and both called Tremont. Mr. Boyden did not know me, nor me him: but when I told my name, where they put it on the bar-book, he treated me like an old friend, and continued to do so all the time I was there. He gave me a good room and nice bed; and did not, like many landlords, let a stranger take care of himself, but attended to me the kindest in the world. I had seen a great many fine taverns; but take this out and out, and Tremont-house is a smart chance ahead. It is lately built, and has every new arrangement; and for a house with a couple of hundred people about it, is the quietest I ever was in. His head man of the gap, in the bar, has eyes all round him; and Will Scarlet, as he is called by a

It was somewhere away along here that the pilgrims landed at Plymouth, and begun to people this part of the world: and a hard time they must have had of it in this barren country: and it seems odd that they should come all the way across the sea, and not look out for good land. However, I suppose it was all right, or God would have given them better pilots. If they had had fine land, they would not have ventured so much on the ocean, and would have had less necessity to work hard, and bring up their children to industry, and give them such cute teaching as makes them know how to make ducks and drakes of us out yonder, when they come among us.

You would be as much struck as I was with the handsome houses and nice farms; but when I came to find all out, I didn't wonder so much. This was Captain A., and that B.'s house; and they made money on sea, and spent it on land; that's the truth; for Adam himself could not have made it out of the land. So I found out that most of them owned a little plantation on shore, and the run of the sea to work on besides.

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friend of mine, has the sound of every bell in the house by heart.

When I arrived, I knew no one; but in a short time I made many acquaintances, and, indeed, was very kindly treated by every person I met. There is a great deal of friendly feeling with the eastern people; and folks need not go out of Boston to find rare hospitality.

Next morning I was invited by Mr. Harding to visit his gallery of paintings, where he had a great many specimens of the fine arts; and finally he asked me to sit for him until he could get my likeness, which I did, during my stay, and he has it now, hung up among the rest of the fine arts. From there I went to Fanuell Hall, where General Davis showed me all the accoutrements of war for several companies of infantry and riflemen, that was deposited in it. These are in snug rooms on each side of the second story; and in the middle is the parade-room, where, summer and winter, the companies meet to drill. This is doing things in true style, that is all for use, and no show about it. So, instead of hearing a great fuss with volunteers, and drilling, and all that, wheeling and marching, handle catridge, eyes right—you see a squad of fine soldiers coming out of this same place, and squared up as if they were the rare breed.

General Davis informed me this was the house that was called the "cradle of liberty." I reckon old king George thought they were thundering fine children that was rocked in it, and a good many of them; and that no wonder his red-coats were licked, when the children came out with soldier clothes on, and muskets in their hands. God grant that the liberty-tree bough on which this cradle rocks may never break.

From here I went to the market, which is a small circumstance ahead of any thing I ever saw, and just where it should be. Now, in Philadelphia, it looks like a long feeding-trough, stuck up in the middle of the city. And how d'ye think it was done? Why, they put a man of head in, as mayor, who laid all his plans, counted the cost, cyphered out the profits, and so forth, and then made one pitch right "ahead;" and before the ninnies and scarey folks had half done telling their long stories about the dreadful expense, mayor Quincey's hammers were keeping time on the big granite stones, and the beautiful pillars were rising up as if he had just ordered them. In this market-house every thing looks like so many different shops or stores, and you are quite in-doors, instead of sellers and buyers both being exposed to wet, heat, and cold. The market ap-

peared to be abundantly supplied, but, as I thought, rather dear.

After returning home, I was invited over to Roxborough, where they make the Indian-rubber clothing, shoes, &c. This is done by dissolving the rubber, and putting it on silk or other cloth, which entirely turns the rain, and still is pliable, and not heavy. The proprietor made me a present of a hunting coat, which I have tried, and would risk my powder under it for forty days and nights. It was a great curiosity to see the young ladies cutting out the clothes, and sticking them together without sewing them. I went also through the shoe factory, where they make shoes in the same way, without stitching them. I could not help thinking of the Philadelphia girls—thought they ought to have them, to keep their feet dry.

We often wonder how things are made so cheap among the yankees. Come here, and you will see women doing men's work, and happy and cheerful as the day is long: and why not? Is it not much better for themselves and families, instead of sitting up all day busy about nothing? It a'n't hard work, neither, and looked as queer to me as it would to one of my countrywomen to see a man milking the cows, as they do here.

After I had seen all that was to be seen here, I

was taken to Colonel Perkins' carpet factory. There I saw the widest web I ever saw, and they were glossing and stamping it in handsome style. I was quite friendly received by the colonel. He is said to be a very rich man; is quite old, but firm and healthy in his appearance; and uses his riches in the best possible way—by keeping a great many people busy. And he is not one of those foolish people, neither, that strive all their days to see how rich they can die: for he gives with his hands open. I saw one house in Boston which he gave to keep the blind in, and was told it was worth fifty thousand dollars. What a comfort the old gentleman must have when he looks at his great possessions, and is calculating, not how much he can hoard up, but how much he can give away. God never made such men to be envied, or I could begrudge him a few of his blessings from the poor and the destitute.

At the invitation of the owners of the Indian-rubber factory, I met a number of the citizens of Roxborough, and passed a short time with them very pleasantly.

When I returned to Tremont, I received an invitation from the young Whigs, to sup with them at eight o'clock. I accepted their invitation, and then went over to the Navy Yard, at Charlestown.

I saw many fine ships, and among them was the splendid old Constitution. She was lying in dry dock, and had been new timbered in grand style. The likeness of Andrew Jackson was placed on her for a figure-head. I was asked if it was a good likeness. I said I had never seen him misrepresented; but that they had fixed him just where he had fixed himself, that was—before the Constitution.

We then went up to the old battle-ground on Bunker's hill, where they are erecting a monument to those who fell in that daybreak battle of our rising glory. I felt as if I wanted to call them up, and ask them to tell me how to help to protect the liberty they bought for us with their blood; but as I could not do so, I resolved, on that holy ground, as I had done elsewhere, to go for my country, always and everywhere.

When I came back from Bunker's hill, I received about half a dozen invitations from distinguished citizens of Boston, to dine or sup with them; so that it was impossible to attend to all of them, unless I had the digestion of a cassawary. I must here state that the citizens generally of Boston are uncommon kind and civil; and if they understand the art of making money, they know how to spend it. I was entertained like a prince, and could have

lived there, I suspect, on the same terms for much longer. They appear to me to live generally in New England more snugly, and have more kind feelings to one another, and live in more peace and harmony, than any people I ever was among. And another good thing—they don't forget one another when they are among strangers: old New England binds them hard together; and this gives them, as it ought to do, strength, and confidence, and influence: and with us in the South, yankee cunning is assuming the true name—yankee knowledge of business, and perseverance in whatever they undertake.

During the afternoon, many gentlemen came to see me, and we spent our time pleasantly until the time came for me to attend upon the young Whigs. A coach and four fine horses was sent for me. This I considered as too much honour; but as I take all things as they come, and every thing for the best, I stepped into it, and off they whirled with the backwoods hunter. Which way they drove, I did not know, nor did I care. I knew they would not eat supper till I got there; and that they would not serve me as Lafayette was served at a certain place where he was expected to land and dine. The steamboat went wrong, and he did not arrive; so they eat their dinners, and took out the frolic.

About sundown the boat came up: the orator of the day was called for; he was as blind as a pup; but the moment the old general touched the ground, he put at him with abundance of welcomes and compliments about his heroism, until he got up into the pathetics; when he said, "Glorious Lafayette, the blood you have shed, and the treasures you expended in defence of the liberties of this country, call for our gratitude. I want words to convey my ideas; in fact (striking his hand on his belly instead of his heart), I'm too full to proceed." The old gentleman seized his hand, gave it a hearty shake, and so the oration ended.

We came to the appointed place, where I was taken in, and introduced to about one hundred young gentlemen, true chips of the old block, ready to be rocked in the old cradle, whether for fight or frolic, war or electioneering. They gave me a hearty welcome, and made me feel all as one of themselves. So down we sat to an elegant supper, with the best of wines, and the Champaigne foaming up as if you were supping fog out of speaking-trumpets.

After the cloth was removed, and several toasts drunk, they toasted me very warmly. I rose, and addressed them as follows:

“GENTLEMEN,

“By the entire friendship of the citizens of Boston, as well as the particular friendship with which you have received me this evening, I have been brought to reflect on times that have gone by, and review a prejudice that has grown up with me, as well as thousands of my western and southern friends. We have always been taught to look upon the people of New England as a selfish, cunning set of fellows, that was fed on fox ears and thistle tops; that cut their wisdom-teeth as soon as they were born; that made money by their wits, and held on to it by natur; that called cheatery mother-wit; that hung on to political power because they had numbers; that raised up manufactures to keep down the South and West; and, in fact, had so much of the devil in all their machinery, that they would neither lead nor drive, unless the load was going into their own cribs. But I assure you, gentlemen, I begin to think different of you, and I think I see a good many good reasons for so doing.

“I don't mean that because I eat your bread and drink your liquor, that I feel so. No; that don't make me see clearer than I did. It is your habits, and manners, and customs; your industry; your proud, independent spirits; your hanging on to the

eternal principles of right and wrong; your liberality in prosperity, and your patience when you are ground down by legislation, which, instead of crushing you, whets your invention to strike a path without a blaize on a tree to guide you; and above all, your never-dying, deathless grip to our glorious constitution. These are the things that make me think that you are a mighty good people.—

(Here I had to stop a while.)

“Gentlemen, I believe I have spoke the truth, and not flattery; I a’n’t used to oily words; I am used to speak what I think, of men, and to men: I am, perhaps, more of a come-by-chance than any of you ever saw; I have made my way to the place I now fill, without wealth, and against education; I was raised from obscurity, and placed in the high councils of the nation, by the kindness and liberality of the good people of my district—a people whom I will never be unfaithful to, here or elsewhere; I love them, and they have honoured me; and according as God has given me judgment, I’ll use it for them, come of me what may.

“These people once passed sentence upon me of a two years’ stay-at-home, for exercising that which I contend belongs to every freeman in this nation: that was, for differing in opinion with the

chief magistrate of this nation. I was well acquainted with him. He was but a man; and, if I was not before, my constituents had made a man of me. I had marched and counter-marched with him: I had stood by him in the wars, and fought under his flag at the polls: I helped to heap the measure of glory that has crushed and smashed every thing that has come in contact with it: I helped to give him the name of "Hero," which, like the lightning from heaven, has scorched and blasted every thing that stood in its way—a name which, like the prairie fire, you have to burn against, or you are gone—a name which ought to be the first in war, and the last in peace—a name, which, like 'Jack-o'-the-lantern,' blinds your eyes while you follow it through mud and mire.

"Gentlemen, I never opposed Andrew Jackson for the sake of popularity. I knew it was a hard row to hoe; but I stood up to the rack, considering it a duty I owed to the country that governed me. I had reviewed the course of other presidents, and came to the conclusion that he did not of right possess any more power than those that had gone before him. When he transcended that power, I put down my foot. I knew his popularity; that he had come into place with the largest

majority of any one that had gone before him, who had opposition: but still, I did not consider this as giving him the right to do as he pleased, and construe our constitution to meet his own views.

“ We had lived the happiest people under the sun for fifty years, governed by the constitution and laws, on well-established constructions: and when I saw the government administered on new principles, I objected, and was politically sacrificed: I persisted in my sins, having a clear conscience, that before God and my country, I had done my duty.

“ My constituents began to look at both sides; and finally, at the end of two years, approving of my course, they sent me back to Congress—a circumstance which was truly gratifying to me.

“ Gentlemen, I opposed Andrew Jackson in his famous Indian bill, where five hundred thousand dollars were voted for expenses, no part of which has yet been accounted for, as I have seen. I thought it extravagant as well as impolitic. I thought the rights reserved to the Indians were about to be frittered away; and events prove that I thought correct.

“ I had considered a treaty as the sovereign law of the land; but now saw it considered as a matter of expedience, or not, as it pleased the powers that

be. Georgia bid defiance to the treaty-making power, and set at nought the Intercourse Act of 1802; she trampled it under foot; she nullified it: and for this she received the smiles and approbation of Andrew Jackson. And this was what induced South Carolina to nullify the tariff. She had a right to expect that the president was favourable to the principle: but he took up the rod of correction, and shook it over South Carolina, and said at the same time to Georgia, 'You may nullify, but South Carolina shall not.'

"This was like his consistency in many other matters. When he was a senator in Congress, he was a friend to internal improvements; and voted for them. Every thing then that could cement the states together, by giving them access the one to the other, was right. When he got into power, some of his friends had hard work to dodge, and follow, and shout. I called off my dogs, and quit the hunt. Yes, gentlemen, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, and *Tennessee*, and other states, voted for him, as a supporter of internal improvements.

"Was he not a tariff man? Who dare deny it! When did we first hear of his opposition? Certainly not in his expression that he was in favour of a *judicious* tariff. That was supposed to be a clincher, even in New England, until after power

lifted him above the opposition of the supporters of a tariff.

“He was for putting down the monster ‘Party,’ and being the president of the people. Well, in one sense this he tried to do: he put down every one he could who was opposed to him, either by reward or punishment; and could all have come into his notions, and bowed the knee to his image, I suppose it might have done very well, so far as he was concerned. Whether it would have been a fair reading of his famous letter to Mr. Munroe, is rather questionable.

“He was to *reform* the government. Now if *reformation* consists in turning out and putting in, he did it with a vengeance.

“He was, last of all, to *retrench the expenditures*. Well, in time, I have no doubt, this must be done; but it will not consist in the abolishing useless expenditures of former administrations. No, gentlemen; the spoils belonged to the victor; and it would never do to lessen the teats when the litter was doubled. The treasury trough had to be extended, and the pap thickened: kin were to be provided for; and if all things keep on as they are, his own extravagances will have to be retrenched, or you will get your tariff up again as high as you please.

“ I recollect a boy once, who was told to turn the pigs out of the corn-field. Well, he made a great noise, hallowing and calling the dogs—and came back. By-and-by his master said, ‘ Jim, you rascal! you didn’t turn out the pigs.’—‘ Sir,’ said he, ‘ I called the dogs, and set them a-barking.’

“ So it was with that big Retrenchment Report, in 1828. Major Hamilton got Chilton’s place as chairman—and called the dogs. Ingham worked honestly, like a beaver; Wickliff was as keen as a cut worm: all of them worked hard; and they did really, I suppose, convince themselves that they had found out a great deal of iniquity; or, what was more desirable, convinced the people that Andrew Jackson and his boys were the only fellows to mend shoes for nothing, and find their own candles. Everett and Sargeant, who made the minority report, were scouted at. What has come of all this? Nothing—worse than nothing. Jackson used these very men like dogs: they knew too much, and must be got rid of, or they would stop his profligacy too. They were greased and swallowed: and he gave them up to the torments of an anti-Jackson conscience.

“ Yes, gentlemen, as long as you think with him, very well; but if not—clear out; make way for some fellow who has saved his wind; and because

he has just begun to huzzah, has more wind to spare. General Jackson has 'turned out more men, for opinion's sake, than all other presidents put together, five times over: and the broom sweeps so low, that it reaches the humblest officer who happens to have a mean neighbour to retail any little story which he may pick up.

“I voted for Andrew Jackson because I believed he possessed certain principles, and not because his name was Andrew Jackson, or the Hero, or Old Hickory. And when he left those principles which induced me to support him, I considered myself justified in opposing him. This thing of man-worship I am a stranger to; I don't like it; it taints every action of life; it is like a skunk getting into a house—long after he has cleared out, you smell him in every room and closet, from the cellar to the garret.

“I know nothing, by experience, of party discipline. I would rather be a raccoon dog, and belong to a negro in the forest, than to belong to any party, farther than to do justice to all, and to promote the interests of my country. The time will and must come, when honesty will receive its reward, and when the people of this nation will be brought to a sense of their duty, and will pause, and reflect how much it cost us to redeem ourselves

from the government of one man. It cost the lives and fortunes of thousands of the best patriots that ever lived. Yes, gentlemen, hundreds of them fell in sight of your own city.

“I this day walked over the great battle-ground of Bunker’s hill, and thought whether it was possible that it was moistened with the sacred blood of our heroes in vain, and that we should forget what they fought for.

“I hope to see our once happy country restored to its former peace and happiness, and once more redeemed from tyranny and despotism, which, I fear, we are on the very brink of. We see the whole country in commotion: and for what? Because, gentlemen, the true friends of liberty see the laws and constitution blotted out from the heads and hearts of the people’s leaders: and their requests for relief are treated with scorn and contempt. They meet the same fate that they did before king George and his parliament. It has been decided by a majority of Congress, that Andrew Jackson shall be the Government, and that his will shall be the law of the land. He takes the responsibility, and vetos any bill that does not meet his approbation. He takes the responsibility, and seizes the treasury, and removes it from where

the laws had placed it; and now, holding purse and sword, has bid defiance to Congress and to the nation.

“Gentlemen, if it is for opposing those high-handed measures that you compliment me, I say I have done so, and will do so, now and for ever. I will be no man’s man, and no party’s man, other than to be the people’s faithful representative: and I am delighted to see the noble spirit of liberty retained so boldly here, where the first spark was kindled; and I hope to see it shine and spread over our whole country.

“Gentlemen, I have detained you much longer than I intended: allow me to conclude by thanking you for your attention and kindness to the stranger from the far West.”

Early next morning I got up, and my health being much improved, I felt just like I was in peace with myself and all the world. After breakfast I took a long walk through the city, and passed through the Mall. This is a beautiful green, of something like forty acres, I should judge, and looks refreshing in the midst of a city. From the top of the state-house I had a fine view of the city; and was quite amused to see the representation of

a large codfish hung up in the House of Assembly, or General Court, as they call it—to remind them, either that they depended a good deal on it for food, or made money by the fisheries. This is quite natural to me, for at home I have on one end of my house the antlers of a noble buck, and the heavy paws of a bear.

I did not like the statue of General Washington in the state-house. They have a Roman gown on him, and he was an American: this a'n't right. They did the thing better at Richmond, in Virginia, where they have him in the old blue and buff. He belonged to *this* country—heart, soul, and body: and I don't want any other to have any part of him—not even his clothes.

I return the officers in the state-house my thanks for their civility. I can't remember all their names, and therefore I won't name any of them.

When I returned to Tremont house, a gentleman invited me to walk with him to the old state-house. When we reached that, I saw a great crowd. General Davis conducted me into the house, and we went up-stairs, where there was a platform. I drew off my hat, and bowed to the people; they immediately cheered me, and called for a speech. I spoke as follows:

“GENTLEMEN OF BOSTON,

“I had not the least idea of addressing you in any thing like a public speech, and I simply mean to return my gratitude for the kind reception I have received in Boston; and not only in New England, but through the United States, where I have travelled.

“Gentlemen, this much I expected to do—to see, rather than to be seen: that was my object; and I come to your country for a different purpose, gentlemen, than to set myself up to address the people. I am electioneering for nobody in the world, gentlemen. I come to your country to get a knowledge of things, which I could get in no other way but by seeing with my own eyes, and hearing with my own ears—information I can't get, and nobody else, from book knowledge. I come, fellow citizens, to get a knowledge of the manufacturing interest of New England. I was over-persuaded to come by a gentleman who had been to Lowell and seen the manufactories of your state—by General Thomas, of Louisiana. He persuaded me to come and see.

“When I was first chose to Congress, I was opposed to the protecting system. They told me it would help the rich, and hurt the poor; and that we in the West was to be taxed by it for the bene-

fit of New England. I supposed it was so; but when I come to hear it argued in the Congress of the nation, I begun to have a different opinion of it. I saw I was opposing the best interest of the country; especially for the industrious poor man. I told my people who sent me to Congress, that I should oppose it no longer: that without it, we should be obliged to pay a tax to the British government, and support them, instead of our own labour. And I am satisfied of it, the more since I have visited New England. Only let the southern gentlemen come here and examine the manufactories, and see how it is, and it would make more peace than all the legislation in Congress can do. It would give different ideas to them who have been deluded, and spoke in strong terms of dissolving the Union. I never thought much of that, gentlemen; but the time has come when one man has seized the sword of the nation in one hand, and the purse of the country in the other, and bids defiance to the senate and the constitution.

“A crisis has come that extends through our universe—throughout the North American continent. I never feared, gentlemen, that South Carolina would break the Union: but what do we now see? Six months ago this hull country was the most prosperous in the world. Look around every where; and business was active, industry thriving,

and the highest manufacturer and the lowest farmer received his profits. And now how is it? All this prosperity—the whole destroyed. And what for? Just to gratify the ambition of one superannuated old man. I have known this old man for a long time. I was the first man that fired a gun in his service; and I helped him to gain all his glory. He was an honest man then, and a brave soldier; and I liked him, though I always had doubts of his judgment. But I was taught to be prejudiced against the last administration; and I thought he would call around him an able cabinet, and make a good president for the country. But we no sooner got him in, than the first course he took was to give walking papers to every man in office who had dared to oppose the greatest and best. But whoever took off his hat and huzzaed for Andrew Jackson, he was fit for any office in the country. Well, gentlemen, he tuk the hull government after he got into power; and I couldn't stand it any longer. I found I was wrong, and I faced right about: and when they told me I should be politically buried if I left Jackson, I told them I had rather be politically *buried* than hypocritically *immortalized*—and so we parted.

“But, gentlemen, I am no man's partizan; I don't mean to wear no man's collar; for I would as lief belong to a nigger, and be a raccoon dog,

as the partizan of any man. The old man's vanity has led him on; and he has been gratified by thinking he has killed the United States Bank. But he wan't satisfied with that: he then levelled his gun, and fired at the senate—one of the most intelligent and patriotic bodies of men, fellow citizens, there ever was in this country or any other. I said, when he cocked his gun and begun his war upon the senate, he would find he had fired into the wrong flock. The senate, gentlemen, will stand by the constitution, and will save the liberties of the country.

Gentlemen of Boston, as I partly said before, I come here as a private citizen, to see you, and not to show myself. I had no idea of attracting attention; but I feel it my duty to thank you, with my gratitude to you, and with gratitude to all who have given a plain man like me so kind reception. I come from a great way off; but I shall never repent having been persuaded to come here and get a knowledge of your ways, which I can carry home with me. We only want to do away prejudice, and give the people information. I have done my best: I have sent fourteen thousand documents to Tennessee; and my colleagues complain that it will raise a dust there; and I tell them, that is just what I want. I hope, gentlemen, you will excuse

my plain, unvarnished ways, which may seem strange to you here. I never had but six months' schooling in all my life; and I confess, I consider myself but a poor tyke to be here addressing the most intelligent people in the world: but I think it the duty of every representative of the people, when he is called upon, to give his opinions; and I have tried to give you a little touch of mine."

Here now comes a poser. I was invited to dine out; but if I can mind the gentleman's name I wish I may be shot. He lived near Tremont; and I hope, if he has curiosity enough to read this here book, that he will write me a letter, so that in my second edition I may give his name, as large as life: and I beg him to recollect that it an't every one that signs a letter that makes himself known. Let him write it plain—none of your *hiryglifficks*—or I won't put him in.

Well, so it was; we had a mighty good dinner to eat, plenty of good wine to drink, and many very clever gentlemen to talk to; which, you know, all put together, is a dose that's not hard to take. And then, again, I was not called on for toasts, nor roasted for a speech, but just had to do my part of the talking, like any other Christian.

Some would say that they were mortified that

they forgot this gentleman's name. I a'n't ; I'm sorry—but the truth is, I saw so many folks, and so many new things, that it's no wonder I should not mind every thing. He was a clever fellow, and I know he will forgive me.

When I went home, there I met a young man that was stone blind. "Well," says you, "that's no new thing." Stop, if you please : that puts me in mind of an old parson and a scolding woman that belonged to his church. She told him, in one of her tantrums, that she could preach as well as he could, and he might select the text. "Well," said the old man, "I'll give you one, and you can study over it—'It is better to dwell on the house-top, than in a wide house with a brawling woman.'" —"You good-for-nothing, impudent, old—what shall I say? do you go for to call me a brawling woman?"—"Dear mistress," said the good old man, "you'll have to study a while longer, for you come to the application of the text before you discuss the doctrine."

Now it was not that I met a blind boy in Tremont house that was any curiosity: but it was his errand. He inquired of the bar-keeper for me, as I was standing by him, and said he was sent by the teacher of the blind, to invite me to visit the institution, and that he would show me the way!!

I was told by the gentlemen present, that he could go all over Boston. A gentleman accompanied me, and we went on till we came to a fine house, where the institution was kept. We went, and were introduced to the teacher. He asked me if I wished to hear some of them read. I said I did : and he ordered a little girl, perhaps ten or twelve years old, to get her book, asked her to find a certain chapter in the Old Testament, and read it. She took up the book, and felt with her fingers until she found it. He then told her to read : and she did so, with a clear, distinct voice. This was truly astonishing : but on examining their books, I found that the letters were stamped on the under side of the paper, so as to raise them above the surface of the upper side ; and such was the keenness of their touch, that by passing the end of the finger over the word, it served them for sight, and they pronounced the word. There was a little boy learning to cipher in the same way. The teacher put several questions to him aloud ; and, putting his fingers together and working with them for a short time, he answered all the questions correctly.

That kind of education astonished me more than any thing I ever saw. There were a great many of them. Some were learning to play on the piano-

forte; and many of them were busy making pretty little baskets, such as are carried about by ladies.

They asked me if I would like to hear them sing: and telling them it would please me very much, a number of them came up, and some had musical instruments: one had a large thing which I never saw before, nor did I ask the name: one had a clarionet, and one had a flute. They played and sung together beautifully: and, indeed, I never saw happier people in my life. I remained some time with them, going over the establishment. This is the house that I mentioned before was given by Colonel Perkins to the blind. There is not such a grand house owned by any person in Washington. What a satisfaction it must be to this old gentleman, and others who have helped these unfortunates, to see them surrounded with so many comforts.

When I returned, there were some gentlemen that invited me to go to Cambridge, where the big college or university is; where they keep ready-made titles or nicknames to give people. I would not go, for I did not know but they might stick an LL.D. on me before they let me go; and I had no idea of changing "Member of the House of Representatives of the United States," for what stands for "lazy lounging dunce," which I am

sure my constituents would have translated my new title to be, knowing that I had never taken any degree, and did not own to any, except a small degree of good sense not to pass for what I was not—I would not go it. There had been one doctor made from Tennessee already, and I had no wish to put on the cap and bells. I recollected the story of a would-be-great man who put on his sign, after his name, in large capitals, D. Q. M. G., which stood for Deputy Quarter Master General; but which one of his neighbours, to the great diversion of all the rest, and to his mortification, translated into “damn’d quick made gentleman.” No, indeed, not me—any thing you please but Granny Crockett; I leave that for others; I’ll throw that in to make chuck full the “measure of their country’s glory.”

I told them I did not go to this branding-school; I did not want to be tarred with the same stick; one *digniterry* was enough from Tennessee; that as far as my learning went, I would stand over it, and spell a strive or two with any of them, from *a-b-ab* to *crucifix*, which was where I left off at school.

This day I dined out again; but I’m most tired talking of dinners, especially after I have eaten them. I went to the theatre that night. The act-

ing was pretty considerable, considering that one actress, who, it was very plain, was either a married woman, or "had ought to be," as they say there, was playing the character of a young lady; and one fellow tried to sing that was not half up to a Mississippi boat-horn.

We got a little dry or so, and wanted a horn; but this was a temperance house, and there was nothing to treat a friend to that was worth shaking a stick at: so, says I, "when there was a famine in the land of Canaan, there was plenty of corn in Egypt: let us go over to the Tremont; Boyden keeps stuff that runs friends together, and makes them forget which is which." Over we went, and soon forgot all about the theatre.

I had promised next morning to go to Lowell with Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Harding, and others; but when I woke up, it was pouring down rain, so that kept me in the house all day.

I was not idle, for I had a heap of talk with the folks in the house. One gentleman asked me to come and see him; but he gave me so many directions about getting to where he lived, that I asked him to write it down, and told him if ever he came to my part of the country, I hoped he would call and see me. "Well," said he, "how will I find where you live?"—"Why, sir, run down the

Mississippi till you come to the Obion river, run a small streak up that, jump ashore anywhere, and inquire for me."

Says I to one of them, "Do you believe in the sea-sarpint?"—"If I don't, there's no snakes. I believe it to be as much true as there is lie in our deacon when he says his red face a'n't made by drinking 'New England.'"—"Do you consider him dangerous, or is he peaceable?"—"Well, now, to keep to the truth, I never saw him; but Capting Hodijah Folger said as how he considered the critter as a sort o' so, and a sort o' not."—"Had he a long tail?"—"Tail, did you say? You'd a-died to hear Didge tell about that thar verming. Didge said he was like skying a copper—head or tail—but you had to guess which. Ses Didge to me, 'Don't you mind,' ses he, 'that are angel what stood with one leg on the sea, and t'other on the dry land?'—"I guess I do."—"Well,' ses he to me, 'that are sarpint's skin was long enough to a-queued his hair.'" "

I was asked to sup with a Mr. Richards, whom I had seen at Washington. He had a house full of ladies and gentlemen, collected to see me: so I was on my manners, and I hope they were all as much gratified as I was. We had a fine supper, plenty of conversation, and some fun. I don't

think the northern ladies talk as much publicly as they do in the south and west. In private conversation they are ready enough.

When I got back, I saw my old cock again. "Well," says I, "what do you think of nullification up here?"—"Why, they say, some of them, that it was got and bred by the tariff. Squire Williams, my neighbour, said he didn't think so: it was a kind of come-by-chance, that was too wicked to know its own kin; and he thought it was a very ugly thing. 'Well,' says I to him, 'squire, setting a case as how the congress of Jackson-men should pass a law taxing of all the looms and spindles, and letting cottons and woollens come in from foreign parts, free of duty—what should we do?'—"Why, ask 'em to repeal it.'—"Suppose they would not do it; and when we were growing poorer and poorer, the tax-gatherer should come to sell you out, stock and fluke.'—"Why, I'd dispute his authority desperately; and if that would not do, I'd fight him, by the blue blaizes.'—"And so would I: but a'n't that nullifying, or something mighty like it?"—"Why," ses he, 'the toe that's tramped on feels most; and a man that don't swear, had better try a stumpy field with a young yoke of cattle.'—"Well,' ses I,

‘them there people down there fought desperate in the old war. They whipped Captain Cornwallis, and scared Sir Harry Clinton out and out; and I reckon then no more nor now they don’t like nobody to wrong them out of their rights.’ But I’m glad it’s all over: and I’ll tell you what I think; you don’t work hard enough in the south, and take good care of your grounds, and cattle, and so on; at least, I hearn Josiah Norton say so, when he come home from down to south, where he had been pedling a spell. Si ses to me, ses he, ‘Please goodness! but that’s a poor country down yander; it makes the tears come into the kildear’s eyes when they fly over the old fields. Dod drot me, if you can even get a drink of cider!! They a’n’t got no apples but little runts of things, about as big as your thumb, and so sour, that when a pig sticks his tooth into ’em, he lays back his jaw, and hollers, you might hear him a mile: but it’s ‘eat, pig, or die’—for it’s all he’s got. And then again, they’re great for huntin of foxes; and if you were to see their hounds! lean, lank, labber-sided pups, that are so poor they have to prop up agin a post-and-rail fence, ’fore they can raise a bark at my tin-cart. It’s the poorest place was ever made.’ ”

—So, said I, “Stranger, you had better come down

and judge for yourself, both as to principles and habits: you would be as much pleased, I am sure, as I have been in coming north."

Next morning I rose early, and started for Lowell in a fine carriage, with three gentlemen who had agreed to accompany me. I had heard so much of this place that I longed to see it; not because I had heard of the "mile of gals;" no, I left that for the gallantry of the president, who is admitted, on that score, to be abler than myself: but I wanted to see the power of machinery, wielded by the keenest calculations of human skill; I wanted to see how it was that these northerners could buy our cotton, and carry it home, manufacture it, bring it back, and sell it for half nothing; and, in the mean time, be well to live, and make money besides.

We stopped at the large stone house at the head of the falls of the Merrimac river, and having taken a little refreshment, went down among the factories. The dinner bells were ringing, and the folks pouring out of the houses like bees out of a gum. I looked at them as they passed, all well dressed, lively, and genteel in their appearance; indeed, the girls looked as if they were coming from a quilting frolic. We took a turn round, and

after dining on a fine salmon, again returned, and entered the factories.

The out-door appearance was fully sustained by the whole of the persons employed in the different rooms. I went in among the young girls, and talked with many of them. Not one expressed herself as tired of her employment, or oppressed with work: all talked well, and looked healthy. Some of them were very handsome; and I could not help observing that they kept the prettiest inside, and put the homely ones on the outside rows.

I could not help reflecting on the difference of condition between these females, thus employed, and those of other populous countries, where the female character is degraded to abject slavery. Here were thousands, useful to others, and enjoying all the blessings of freedom, with the prospect before them of future comfort and respectability: and however we, who only hear of them, may call their houses workshops and prisons, I assure my neighbours there is every enjoyment of life realized by these persons, and there can be but few who are not happy. It cannot be otherwise: respectability depends upon being neighbour-like: here everybody works, and therefore no one is de-

graded by it; on the contrary, those who don't work are not estimated.

There are more than five thousand females employed in Lowell; and when you come to see the amount of labour performed by them, in superintending the different machinery, you will be astonished.

Twelve years ago, the place where Lowell now rises in all its pride was a sheep-pasture. It took its name from Francis C. Lowell, the projector of its manufactories, and was incorporated in 1826—then a mere village. The fall, obtained by a canal from the Merrimac river, is thirty-two feet, affording two levels for mills, of thirteen and seventeen feet; and the whole water of the river can be used.

There are about fourteen thousand inhabitants. It contains nine meeting-houses; appropriates seven thousand five hundred dollars for free schools; provides instruction for twelve hundred scholars, daily; and about three thousand annually partake of its benefits. It communicates with Boston by the Middlesex canal (the first ever made in the United States); and in a short time the rail-road to Boston will be completed, affording every facility of intercourse to the seaboard.

This place has grown by, and must depend on, its manufactures. Its location renders it impor-

tant, not only to the owners, but to the nation. Its consumption not only employs the thousands of its own population, but many thousands far away from them. It is calculated not only to give individual happiness and prosperity, but to add to our national wealth and independence; and instead of depending on foreign countries, to have our own material worked up in our own country.

Some of the girls attended three looms; and they make from one dollar seventy-five cents to three dollars per week, after paying their board. These looms weave fifty-five yards per day; so that one person makes one hundred and sixty-five yards per day. Every thing moves on like clock-work, in all the variety of employments; and the whole manufacture appears to be of the very best.

The owner of one of the mills, Mr. Lawrence, presented me with a suit of broadcloth, made out of wool bought from Mark Cockral, of Mississippi, who sold them about four thousand pounds; and it was as good cloth as the best I ever bought for best imported.

The calico made here is beautiful, and of every variety of figure and colour. To attempt to give a description of the manner in which it is stamped and coloured is far beyond my abilities. One thing I must state, that after the web is wove, and

before they go further, it is actually passed over a *red-hot cylinder*, to scorch off the furze. The number of different operations is truly astonishing; and if one of my countrywomen had the whole of the persons in her train that helped to make her gown, she would be like a captain on a field-muster: and yet, when you come to look at the cost, it would take a trunk full of them to find these same people in living for one day.

I never witnessed such a combination of industry, and perhaps never will again. I saw the whole process, from the time they put in the raw material, until it came out completely finished. In fact, it almost came up to the old story of a fellow walking into a patent machine with a bundle of wool under his arm, and coming out at the other end with a new coat on.

Nothing can be more agreeable than the attention that is paid by every one connected with these establishments. Nothing appears to be kept secret; every process is shown, and with great cheerfulness. I regret that more of our southern and western men do not go there, as it would help much to do away with their prejudices against these manufactories. At my particular request, the annexed statement was made out, which, I have no doubt, will astonish many who read this book

STATISTICS OF LOWELL MANUFACTURES.

JANUARY 1, 1835.

COMPILED FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

	Locks & Canals.	Merrimack.	Hamilton.	Appleton.	Lowell.	Suffolk.	Trenton.	Lawrence.	Middlesex.	Total.
CORPORATIONS.....	600,000	1,500,000	900,000	500,000	500,000	450,000	500,000	1,200,000	500,000	6,650,000
Capital Stock.....	1	Print Works and 5	Print Works and 3	2	Cotton and Carpet mill in one building.	2	2	4, another and Bleachery preparing.	2	22 Mills, besides Print Works, &c.
Number of Mills.....		34,432	18,944	10,240	4,500 Cotton besides Woollen.	10,240	11,136	24,192	3,120	116,804
Spindles.....		1,253	560	350	140 Cotton 68 Carpet.	350	404	710	98	3,933
Looms.....		1,321	780	475	325	460	450	1,000	240	5,051
Females employed.....		437	200	70	150	70	80	160	145	1,512
Males ".....	200									
Yards made per week.....		172,000	78,000	80,000	43,270	90,000	120,000	164,000	6,000	753,270*
Bales Cotton used in do.....		110	70	86	76	86	86	156	None.	670†
Pounds Cotton wrought in do.....		40,000	25,500	30,000	25,000	30,000	30,000	54,600	470,000	235,700
									wool per ann. and 1,500,000	Cotton teazels.

Yards dyed and printed do.....	150,000	70,000	None.	None.	None.	6,000	226,000
Kinds of Goods made	Machine-Prints and	Drillings, and Shirts,	Sheetings, Rugs, and	Drillings, and Shirts,	Sheetings and Shirts,	Broad-	
	17. — Cars, Engines & for Rail-roads.	No. 22 to 40.	No. 14 to 14.	No. 14.	No. 14 to 30; 37 to 41 incl. wide.	cloths and Cassimeres	
Tons Anthracite Coal expended per annum.	4,696	2,000	300	294	329	240	11,239
Cords of Wood per annum.....	1,400	1,500	100	70	60	1,000	4,750
Gallons of Oil	6,807	6,000	3,500	3,840	3,692	Olive, ¹ 10,500. Sperm, 2,500.	50,549
Diameter of Water-wheels.....	30	13	13	13	13	17	
Length of do. for each Mill...	24	42	60	42	42	60	
Incorporated.....	1822	1825	1828	1830	1830	1830	1830
Commenced operations.....	1823	1825	1828	1832	1832	1833-4	1833
How warmed.....	Hot Air Furnace.	Hot Air Furnace.	Hot Air Furnace.	Hot Air Furnace.	Hot Air Furnace.	Steam.	Wakefield Furnace and Steam.

* Making 39,170,040 yards per year, 128,426 per day, 10,702 per hour, 178 per minute, and nearly 3 per second. Thus making nearly three yards in every second throughout the year.
 † 670 bales of cotton per week makes nearly 35,000 bales per year.

Taking the population of the United States at 11,800,000, it would appear that there are made in the town of Lowell only, during the year, $3\frac{1}{3}$ yards for every person in the United States. Or, taking the population of Boston at 70,000, they can make cotton goods enough in Lowell in *two* days to *cover* every one in the city.

REMARKS.

Yards of Cloth made per annum.....	39,170,040
Pounds of Cotton consumed.....	12,256,400
Assuming half to be Upland, and half New Orleans and Alabama, the consumption in bales, is.....	34,800
A pound of Cotton averaging.....	$3\frac{2}{10}$ yds.
100 pounds Cotton will produce 89 pounds Cloth.	
Average wages of Females, clear of board.....	\$1.90 per week.
“ “ of Males, clear of board.....	.80 per day.
Medium produce of a loom on No. 14, yarn, 38 to 49 yds. per day.	
“ “ “ No. 30, 25 to 30 “	
Average per Spindle.....	$1\frac{1}{10}$ yd. per day.
Persons employed by the Companies are paid at the close of each month.	
The average amount of wages paid per month,	\$89,000
A very considerable portion of the wages is de- posited in the Savings Bank.	
Consumption of Starch per annum.....	310,000 lbs.
“ of Flour for do. in Mills, Print- works, and Bleachery, per annum.....	3,800 bbls.
Consumption of Charcoal, per annum.....	500,000 bushels.

As regards the health of persons employed, great numbers have been interrogated; and the result shows that six of the females out of ten enjoy better health than before being employed in the mills. Of males, one-half derive the same advantage.

As regards their moral condition and character, they are not inferior to any portion of the community.

To the before-named principal establishments may be added the extensive Powder Mills of O. M. Whipple, Esq., the Lowell Bleachery, Flannel Mills, Card and Whip Factory, Planing Machine, Reed Machine, Grist and Saw Mills; together employing about 300 hands, and a capital of \$300,000. Also, in the immediate vicinity, Glass-works, and a Furnace, supplying every description of casting.

On the 1st of June next, the Middlesex Company will manufacture 500 yards of sattinet per day, in addition to the above;

and the consumption of wool will then be 2000 pounds per day in their establishment. The Locks and Canals Machine Shop, included among the 22 mills, can furnish machinery complete for a mill of 5000 spindles in four months: and lumber and materials are always at command, with which to build or rebuild a mill in that time, if required.

I met the young gentlemen of Lowell, by their particular request, at supper. About one hundred sat down. Every thing was in grand order, and went off well. They toasted *me*, and I enlightened *them* by a speech as good as I could make: and, indeed, I considered them a good sett of fellows, and as well worth speaking to as any ones I had met with. The old saying, "them that don't work should not eat," don't apply to them, for they are the rale workies, and know how to act genteel, too; for, I assure you, I was not more kindly, and hospitably, and liberally treated any where than just by these same people.

After supper I went to my lodgings for the night. Next morning I took another range round the town, and returned to Boston.

Part of this evening I spent at Lieutenant-governor Armstrong's, where I met a number of ladies and gentlemen. Part of it went off very pleasantly with my worthy landlord in his private rooms; and I do him the justice to say, that while he supplies his visitors with every thing that is

nice, he has also picked out for himself as pretty a little bird as ever fluttered, and is in good keeping with every thing about the establishment.

Having been invited to the theatre, I went over and sat a short time to be looked at. I was very genteel and quiet, and so I suppose I disappointed some of them, who expected to see a half horse half alligator sort of a fellow.

This was my last night in Boston; and I am sure, if I never see the place again, I never can forget the kind and friendly manner in which I was treated by them. It appeared to me that every body was anxious to serve me, and make my time agreeable. And as a proof that comes home—when I called for my bill next morning, I was told there was no charge to be paid by me, and that he was very much delighted that I had made his house my home. I forgot to mention that they treated me so in Lowell; but it is true. This was, to me, at all events, proof enough of yankee liberality; and more than they generally get credit for. In fact, from the time I entered New England, I was treated with the greatest friendship; and, I hope, never shall forget it: and I wish all who read this book, and who never were there, would take a trip among them. If they don't learn how to make money, they will know how to use it: and if they don't

learn industry, they will see how comfortable every body can be that turns their hands to some employment.

May 9th.—The stage called for me at seven o'clock, and I took my departure from Boston, and went to Providence in Rhode Island. Here I was invited to dine at two of the hotels, but declined both. In fact, I was tired out, and wanted a day or two to get rested; and my face being turned towards Washington and my business, I thought I had better *go ahead*.

We had, from Providence, what they call *a pretty considerable of a run*, and landed safely in New York, that city of eternal din and confusion.

I spent that evening with some ladies and gentlemen, and rode out with ————, in his carriage, faster than I ever was driven by horse-power, for twenty-five miles.

Next morning I took my leave of the city of New York, and arrived safe in Philadelphia.

Having promised Mr. Hoy of Camden to call and see him on my return, and having fixed the time, I went over, accompanied by several gentlemen, to the Jersey shore, where there were a great many people waiting to receive me. They gave me the hand of friendship, and appeared pleased that I had come over to see them. We proceeded

to Mr. Hoy's, and then I took a walk around through Camden. On returning to Mr. Hoy's, I took some refreshment, and was called on for a toast, but begged off, as I expected to be called on for one at dinner.

Some time after this, we were asked in to dinner, and I heard some one say he had lost his pocket-book. And in a few minutes a second cry was raised, that another man had lost his pocket-book. I then felt for mine; but I felt in vain—it was gone, with one hundred and sixty-eight dollars in it. I told them there was another gentleman that had his deposits removed, and it must be a Jackson man who did it, as it was all on their own plan. But as I was among my friends, I knew I was not just a broke man, and therefore I shut pan on the subject, and fell to eating my dinner. We had every thing that was good to eat, and abundance of fine wine, so we soon forgot the ills of life. After the table was cleared and some toasts drunk, they toasted me in a very handsome manner, complimenting me highly for the course I had taken as a public servant. I returned my gratitude in a speech of about half an hour; but which, as is said in certain advertisements, would be too tedious to insert.

After spending a pleasant afternoon, I returned to Philadelphia in the horse-boat; the very one, I suppose, that the fellow told of, when crossing over. He said they had put in a couple of colts, and being very wild, they pitched ahead, ran off with the boat down the river, and never stopped till they came up jam against the breakwater.

Next morning I was invited to go on to Baltimore in the People's Line of steamboats. I accepted the proposal, and started in the Ohio steamboat. What is a little remarkable is this, that the Rail-road Line had always heretofore beat the People's Line until that day, when we passed them, and came into port some time before them. Whether this was because they had me on board, or not, I do not pretend to say. Some said, if I could tow a steamboat up the Mississippi, it was no wonder that I could help one along on the Chesapeake bay.

Many of my friends met me on the wharf at Baltimore, and escorted me to Barnum's, where there was a great crowd of people. They called on me for a speech. I made a great many apologies, but none seemed to fit the right place, and I was compelled once more to play the orator.

“GENTLEMEN OF BALTIMORE,

“You have called on me for a speech : I am truly sorry that my opportunities through life have been such, that it is embarrassing for me to attempt to speak to such an enlightened community, especially in such times as the present.

“I am of opinion that it would take an old and experienced politician to keep pace with the government. It has undergone so many changes recently, that a man hardly knows one day what fix the government will be in the next. I am from the far West, and have made but little pretensions of understanding the movements of the wheels of government; but one thing I know, agreeable to the decisions of Congress, we have but little need of a Congress at all. We may as well dismiss ourselves, and go home; shut up shop, bar out the schoolmaster, and save the expense of a Congress. We have decided, by a considerable majority, that Andrew Jackson shall have all power. He is the supreme power; he is legislative, executive, and judicial: he boldly asserts that any law that passes Congress, which does not meet his approbation, and has not two-thirds of Congress to support it, he will put his *veto* on it.

“If one man is to rule, I see no use of us big

men meeting at Washington. We had better save the people's money, and stay at home.

“We have had presidents before Andrew Jackson; and we have had some of the very men that framed the constitution of our country; and strange to tell, the people have come to the conclusion that none of these worthies, not even those that helped to make the sacred article, understood its meaning. When Andrew Jackson came in, he was the man that was authorized to construe it as he understood it; to mould it, and fashion it, and make it a dodger or a johnny-cake, and bake one side or both; and yet, the people cry, ‘Amen—it is right—Jackson says so.’ And the truth is, many people seem to think that no man ever was competent to administer the government but Andrew Jackson. He can make any change he pleases—they pitch up their caps, and cry, ‘All is right; hurrah for Jackson!’

“Now, gentlemen, my opinion is, that the old man, if left to himself, would have done right: and I will give you one fact, as I have heard it. When General Jackson arrived in Washington, as president elect, he mentioned to some of his friends that on such a day he was going to pay his respects to President Adams. Well, this was right, because he was paying respect to the office, if he had none for the man. But they had in Washington a dirty

pack of what was called a 'Central Committee'—vindictive, intermeddling fellows, who, when they heard of it, swore he should not do so: and they persuaded him not to do that which he felt himself bound in honour, as a man, to do. Neither he nor his friends will pretend to deny this.

“This makes me say that he got round him a sett of advisers who cared nothing for the honour and dignity of the government, but had their own low, interested views to accomplish, and cared not how they accomplished them: and what is true, some of them, after using him for their own purposes, think less of him now than I do. But God is great, and in the long run, will give a fellow rope enough to hang himself; and if we don't see some of them so high that they can't touch ground, my name an't Crockett. I hope to see the people's eyes with the dust blown out of them once more, before the peace and happiness of this country is eternally destroyed.

“I tell you, gentlemen, there are some things at Washington that want probing to the bottom: and the office-holding gentry may whip up their Globe to sputter, and fume, and blackguard, as much as he can; but they will meet with their match in an indignant people, when they come to find out their deviltry.

“It’s no use to blink matters. The skunk has been abroad, and he must have a blunt nose that can’t wind him.

“We are a great nation, and have lived for more than fifty years the most happy people under the sun; but, I fear, without a change in men and measures; our happy days will soon end.

“I do contend that our president has done an act that no king nor tyrant would have dared to have done; and still we see him surrounded by a sett of worshippers, ready to sustain him in every thing he does. I thank my God that I have had fortitude enough to stand up and support my country, instead of becoming the flatterer, and worshipper, and lick-spittle of any man or sett of men: If this arbitrary and lawless course should involve our country in war and bloodshed, I have cleared my skirts in doing all I could to prevent it. I may be beaten, and struck from the rolls of public servants: be it so; I will rejoice in my fate; for I would rather retire into private life with clean hands and a good conscience, than live and breathe in an atmosphere of sycophants and time-servers.

“Look at the dreary, gloomy prospect of your commercial concerns. I have been as far as Boston, and have seen the distresses brought on by the president’s experiment. It ought to make every

sober-minded man reflect, and ask himself what we are to look for next.

“We see our commerce crippled, our manufacturing interests deeply injured, and our currency destroyed. Yes, gentlemen, they may impose on the people with Jackson money, and all that stuff; but the time must come when we will all feel the inconvenience of interfering and intermeddling with what they know nothing about. They have stopped our currency, and they can no more mend it than the boy could mend his father's watch after he has broken it. It runs faster, and whizes louder for a little while, but the end of a short chain brings it up. I am no prophet, but, in my opinion, we shall soon have to give boot on our money, when we travel from one state to another. Taney money won't do; it an't the grit. When Jackson took the responsibility, he did it at the instigation of a hundred little fly-blown rag shops, that wanted it divided among them. And now, when he has scattered it among them, they are all fighting for themselves. But a day of payment is coming; and let me warn all honest men who have become personally responsible for government deposits, that they don't deal with a common creditor, but one that by law has all power, and, by construction, can exercise it as it pleases: and if the money an't forth-

coming, out comes a Randolph writ for any sum they please, and whap goes your property and liberty. And what is all this for? Why, the Bank has offended Andrew Jackson, by daring to defend herself against him and his'n, who first made war on the Bank.

“Is it possible that the blood and treasure of our forefathers can have been shed in vain? Can it be, that they resisted the crook of king George's finger, and that we, like pups, will crouch under king Andrew's whip? I hope not; and that the redeeming spirit of the people will show, that, although the harlot has been among them, their locks are still unshorn; and, feeling their own power, will exercise it like freemen. I know, if left to themselves, they will do right; and if they shall find, as I hope they shortly will, that they have been misled, that they will come back to the true construction of the laws and constitution of our country. Interested politicians have kept hid from them the truth; but it cannot continue long so; and the day is fast approaching when truth and justice will prevail over intrigue and party discipline.

“The present time presents a new scene to us in our political history; but I cannot think that *party* is to triumph over *principle*. The people

are not ready to surrender up their old and happy mode of government, to gratify the minions that surround the president. No, gentlemen; merit will ere long receive its reward, in defiance of these brawling politicians—these robbers of public men and public morals.

“Have we not seen, long enough, the best of our men compelled to surrender their stations to those that huzzaed loudest for Andrew Jackson? Qualification is nothing; honesty and integrity are nothing; faithful services are nothing. ‘Did he go for the greatest and best?’—that’s the question. ‘If so, put the golden chain about his neck, and give him the fatted calf to feast upon. Reward him for his allegiance and faithful services to the country in supporting *me*.’ And all this, gentlemen, is done under the name of *democracy*.

“If this is what you call democracy, or the republican principle, I am a stranger to it, and hope I ever may be. My notion was, that republicanism let every man in this nation vote for who he pleased, and permitted no man to censure another’s motive in so doing. I have taken a small chance in the last war, in defence of our rights, and have no idea of surrendering them to enemies at home. I broke off from Jacksonism whenever I found I could not be a freeman. I could not stand the lash

of the whippers-in. 'Go with the party, go with the party,' was the everlasting argument. I got disgusted, and knew that the less you handle rotten eggs, the better chance you have of coming off with clean hands: so I cut loose. I got scorched for it at first, but my noble constituents found out I was fighting for their good, and they sent me back to Congress, after having proscribed me, at the cry of the party, for two years. They told me to go back, and stick to my own notions, let who would say no: and I'll do so, fearlessly, desiring all to redound to my country's good.

"Gentlemen, I have no doubt but that I owe you many apologies for my plain manner of addressing you; but I will make none, for I expect your great anxiety to hear me was matter of curiosity, and I hope you are gratified. I thank you for your polite attention, and wish you all happiness and prosperity."

As usual, when there is some speaking going on, there is a good deal of eating and drinking; so I eat and drank generously, and retired.

Several friends called on me, and requested me to visit Major James P. Heath, member of Congress from Baltimore. I did so, and staid a short time at his house, and then returned to uncle Davie's

Next morning I took the stage for Washington. When I arrived at the capitol, I found nothing new, more than they had just got through the appropriation bill, and was taking the vote to postpone Mr. Boone's resolution, setting the day of adjournment. I went in while the clerk was calling the ayes and noes, and when he came to my name, and I answered, every one was astonished to find me at my post. "Did not I tell you," said I, "that I would not vote on the appropriation bill, but when you came to any thing else, I was 'Charlie on the spot?'" I walked about the house, saw my friends, and sat-out the Congress. When the House adjourned, for good and all, I started for home, by the way of Philadelphia.

Did you, my good reader, ever witness a breaking up of Congress? If not, you had better come and see for yourself. The first thing that is done is, to be sure that Sunday shall be one of the last days. That is because we get paid for Sunday; and then, as they generally fix, at the end of long sessions, on Monday to break up, a good many can start on Saturday evening or Sunday morning, with two days' extra pay in hand, as they never calculate on much to be done on the last day of the session, except to send messages to the senate and president that they are ready to adjourn, &c. &c.

We generally lounge or squabble the greater part of the session, and crowd into a few days of the last of the term three or four times the business done during as many preceding months. You may therefore guess at the deliberations of Congress, when you can't hear, for the soul of you, what's going on, nor no one knows what it is, but three or four, and when it's no use to try to know. Woe betide a bill that is opposed! It is laid aside for further time, and that never comes. This is considered, however, by some of the great men as good legislation; to reject every claim, as if the American people was a herd of scoundrels, and every petitioner a cheat, and therefore they are doing the country service to reject every thing. Most of these worthies are content to vote no, and will not trouble themselves to investigate. I don't know what they are made of, for to me nothing is more delightful than to vote for a claim which I think is justly due, and make them feel as if the government cared for them and their concerns, and would pay what was justly due. What do you think would a petitioner care about going to fight for his country who had been dinging at the doors of Congress, ever since the last war, for some claim or other justly due him, but driven from post to pillar, because he does not come within the spirit

or letter of some general law, or because if you pay him, you must others like him. This an't the way with private people; they must pay, or be called unjust, and be sued into the bargain.

But indeed, from my observation, I should think that Congress is a bad place to decide claims any how; and I have seen enough to believe some other way might be got up to examine them better than by two hundred and forty jurors.

Let Congress be the body to watch over the great concerns of the nation, and we could get our long sessions cut down to short ones, and honest claims be sooner decided, and better than hanging on like Amy Dardin for fifty years; and then after the seed, breed, and generation was most run out, get pay for a horse *pressed* during the revolution; and indeed this case of Amy Dardin shows much of the course of proceeding: first it was barred by the statutes of limitation; well, what do you know of these statutes? Why, it's a convenient way to pay debts. It's the national honour and honesty coming out under an insolvent debtor's act, but not half so clean; for the honest debtor only takes advantage of acts or laws passed by others; in this case the party passes his own act; but they have got pretty shamed of that thing. Well, sometimes Amy was told it was an unlawful act of the United

States' officer, and you must see him. This was a wild goose chase to hunt on. The officer was away from the north, and the horse was taken in Virginia; so it rested for years. At long and last, Congress, all at once, like honest folks, said, that no matter how long ago, or whether the officer did right or not, the United States got the valuable services of the horse, and still owed for them; and they paid the money like a whitehead; and even the boys in the streets were hurrawing for Congress that had paid for old Amy's horse. The claimants owe much to their worthy and talented friend Claiborne.

This is a long string, but it's all true.

Well, just before they adjourn, each house sends a message to the other to inform them, that "having finished all the legislative business before them, they are ready to adjourn." Now this compliment would be all genteel enough, but there's too much lie in it for me. If they would say that the hour of adjourning is about to arrive, and they are off, and send their compliments to their wives and children, and wish them a good journey, and so on; I could carry such a message myself; but what's the fact? We have left nearly four hundred bills of our house unacted on, and which must lie over until next session. This is finishing indeed! but

the worst of it is, that next session being a short one, and the third of March must come, you'll see how many of them will be hung up to dry in their own skin. Mind my words: nothing can save them, unless Major Downing should quit sodgerin and secretaryin for General Jackson, and help us to vote.

After these two truth-telling messages are sent, some great, or would-be great man, gets up, and moves that a message be sent to the President, informing him, that unless he has some further communication to them, both houses are ready to adjourn. This is a second reading of a resolution that is in substance not true; but back comes an answer saying he has nothing more. This is, or is not true, as the case may be; for lately our President has kept some bills back, which he said *afterwards* he had not time to send back with his reasons for not signing them. This is what I call strangling a bill; and if part of this coming and going was not a farce, why not say, stop till tomorrow, and I'll tell you why I can't sign the bill. All this I suppose is true legislation, but is certainly slanting off considerable from man's truth.

It's right odd to look round and see the difference of faces on this occasion. Some quit, thinking they have established a name in the nation, and

look satisfied ; some quit, right glad to get home, and know they are coming back ; some are restless and fidgetty, with a journal under their arm to take home, to prove how punctual they were, and be ready to meet their antagonist for re-election ; and perhaps also nicely folded in their pocket a copy of his predecessor's pay and mileage, to show he has not charged too much, or perhaps to prove that a few miles too much have been charged by his predecessor, or some such small-beer concern ; others are soberly and sadly calculating how they can travel down from their heights of political dignity to the level of their constituents, and are casting a "longing, lingering look behind," at the green spot of elevation which they are never, never again to ascend. Few have got more honour than they expected ; many have got less : few have risen higher than was anticipated ; many, very many, have found that the regions are far too elevated for them to reach with their home-made glory : some retire with the proud consciousness of having done their duty fearlessly ; others fretting under the lash of the whippers-in, and supplicating place and privilege, because they have borne the scourge in silence : some determined to go their own road ; others, like the spaniel, snuffing the breeze, to catch the scent of his master's footstep.

What a pretty album it would make, if you could get each one to write a sentence or two about this subject; but you could not get this done. Most folks don't like to write nothing, for you can't get over it, unless you would plead madness. In these days, that would not be hard to prove on many a man; but I don't think that they will stay so. I suspect many of them will take new doctor stuff before this time next year, and come to their senses. I think them post office committees will do a power of good if they can stir up the old contracts and extras, and get hold of the parson's public, private, office-made, home-made, modifying, magnifying, wine-drinking, carriage-making memorandum book; but he's rather slick for that. Answers from that quarter would be like the stuttering boy's fox:—"Did you see a fox run past here, my boy?"—"Si-si-sir?"—"Did you see the fox?"—"Was it a lil-lil re-ed thing?"—"Yes, did you see it?"—"Co-uld it ru-n very fast?"—"Yes, like the devil; which way did it go?"—"St-t-t-op; had it a long t-t-t-ail?"—"Yes, yes, yes; which way, heh?"—"Why, to t-t-t-ell you the truth, I didn't se-se-see nin-nin-nothin of it!!"

I sort to seem to think, however, that it won't be hard to catch a stage load of rats in and out of office, and that they'll look blue somewhere else

than in the "Blue Book ;" and my notion is, that the "old committee of claims" won't let them slip the halter. I'll bet six koons to a bear-skin they are run down and earth'd before the middle of next frost ; but still I don't think both committees will find where the spent money is, no more than where the public treasury is.

What a pretty kittle of fish we shall have to fry some of these days a-looking after uncle Sam's fortune ; it's lent out to a parcel of prodigal rag-babies, authorized by law to support their daddies and mammies, and down to the forty-second cousins ; and when the old gentleman wants a few dollars, they'll laugh at him, and say, "Go and hunt them ; we can give you notes and houses, and lots and niggers and mortgages, but 'the Bentons' are all gone ; the 'eagle's flight is out of sight ;' don't bother us ; we helped you to put down the United States' Bank ; and if we have spent your money, do you think we can work and lie too for nothing ? Ask the Globe, and Amos, and the man that the schoolmaster in the treasury keeps to cypher for him."

There was one thing I wanted to get an insight into most monstrously, but I had not the rale administration "speeks," and that was, what has become of the five hundred thousand dollars voted

some time ago for removing Indians; that would carry a heap; but there's not many gone, and the money has give out: and the fact is, that the old fellow has driv off so many secretaries, that the whole shool of them put together can't hunt up the receipts, and so they say nothing about it.

Another thing I tried hard, and that was, my land bill for my constituents; but I could not reach it. My people don't like me to log-roll in their business, and vote away pre-emption rights to fellows in other states, that never kindle a fire on their lands: but I'll never give up till I get them their just rights, whether in or out of Congress. I'm agin any man, from General Jackson as far down as Colonel Polk, that's agin my people; and I think they'll all come over yet, and then they'll be for making me governor, which is a little more than I want to be yet a while.

I must tell you about what you know something of before this: the senate could not pass Mr. Stevenson through for England. The *reason* was what I wanted to state: he was a-going through right slick, till he came to his coat pocketts, and they were so full of papers wrote by Ritchie, and "the Major," and himself, that he stuck fast, and so he hung by the flaps.

It's right hard to mind every thing that passes,

and that people would like to hear; and if, in writing this book, I had some one to talk to, and ask questions, I could make it as long as a session of a new Congress; and sometimes I would like to get a sight of some papers; but they serve me like the Bank served the last committee; they think I'm prying into things I have no right to, and slam goes the kivers, and away goes all hopes of a long story.

I think the last thing I wrote about my own movements was, that I was going off to Philadelphia. Well, I started and got to Baltimore, where, on inquiry, I found all things working well; and they told me that I might depend on it that Van Buren Jacksonism was boiled down so thick it would not spread, and they would not get it to stick on another man. "Good!" says I; "go ahead! smoke him out of the town: any fellow who would write such instructions to our foreign ministers, abusing men better than himself, and making foreign nations calculate on our political divisions, deserves to be handled without mittens. You may forgive him, but I never will; and I hope, before he dies, he'll get a taste of long division, without any remainder. There's something coming that you'll hear of by-and-by; white oak's as tough as hick-

ory, any day, and is the same colour inside and out; and that's more than the other is.

“Colonel,” says one of my friends, “we saw your speech that you made in Boston; and you may depend it had great power here among us.”—“Never mind,” says I, “I’m going to write out my tower, and you will see all: I’ll put in every word I said, if I can mind it; and when I can’t, I’ll do like members in the House—speak half a column, and write two—or get it done. I wish I could visit every place, and see the folks, and make them think a little. Here you have had a Van Buren convention; that’s enough; I wish I could hold the next one in Pennsylvania somewhere; it would cure them. But I think old George Wolf knows a thing or two; and if he don’t, I can tell him that they don’t like him a bit better than they do senator McKean; and they’ll ride rough-shod over him, and leave him to pay the toll-gate into the bargain. They fooled him about the Bank, and they’ll next pull the chair from under him, while they have him blindfolded.”

In this kind of conversation the evening passed off quite pleasant with my friend Wilkes and others. Early next morning I started for Philadelphia, in the People’s Line, Captain Turner, and

had a fine time of it. I arrived in Philadelphia, and put up at the United States, where I felt a kind of being at home.

Next morning I was informed that the rifle gun which was to be presented to me by the young men of Philadelphia, was finished, and would be delivered that evening; and that a committee had been appointed to wait on me and conduct me to where I was to receive it. So, accordingly, in the evening the committee came, and I walked with them to a room nearly forment the old state-house: it was crowded full, and there was a table in the centre, with the gun, a tomahawk, and butcher-knife, both of fine razor metal, with all the accoutrements necessary to the gun—the most beautiful I ever saw, or anybody else; and I am now happy to add, as good as they are handsome. My friend, John M. Sanderson, Esq., who had the whole management of getting her made, was present, and delivered the gun into my hands. Upon receiving her, I addressed the company as follows:

“GENTLEMEN,

“I receive this rifle from the young men of Philadelphia as a testimony of friendship, which I hope never to live to forget. This is a favourite

article with me, and would have been my choice above all presents that could have been selected. I love a good gun, for it makes a man feel independent, and prepared either for war or peace.

“This rifle does honour to the gentleman that made it. I must say, long as I have been accustomed to handle a gun, I have never seen any thing that would come near a comparison to her in beauty. I cannot think that ever such a rifle was made, either in this or any other country; and how, gentlemen, to express my gratitude to you for your splendid present, I am at a loss. This much, however, I will say, that myself and my sons will not forget you while we use this token of your kindness for our amusement. If it should become necessary to use her in defence of the liberty of our country, in my time, I will do as I have done before; and if the struggle should come when I am buried in the dust, I will leave her in the hands of sons who will honour your present, in company with your sons, in standing for our country's rights.

“Accept my sincere thanks, therefore, gentlemen, for your valuable present—one which I will keep as a testimony of your friendship, so long as I am in existence.”

I then received the gun and accoutrements, and returned to the hotel, where I made an agreement with Mr. Sanderson and Colonel Pulaski, to go with them the next day to the Jersey shore, at Camden, and try my gun.

Next morning we went out. I had been long out of practice, so that I could not give her a fair trial. I shot tolerable well, and was satisfied that when we became better acquainted, the fault would be mine if the varmints did not suffer.

I was invited next day to go up and spend the day at the Fish House on the Schuylkill, where the fathers of our country, in ancient days, used to assemble and spend the day in taking their recreation and refreshments. It has been a noted place ever since, and is as beautiful as you can imagine. It is called the twenty-fifth state. They have regular officers, and keep up the old customs with a great deal of formality. We amused ourselves shooting, and catching perch. We had a nice refreshment, and abundance of the best to drink. Every gentleman took a hand in cooking; and the day was truly spent in harmony and peace.

The next morning was the fourth of July, and I had received an invitation, while at Washington, to take dinner in the first district, at the Hermitage, with the Whigs, and had accepted the invitation.

At an early hour I was invited to the Musical Fund Hall, where an oration was to be delivered; and went with the honourable Messrs. Webster, Poindexter, Mangum, Ewing, and Robbins, senators, and Mr. Denny, of the House of Representatives. We were conducted up to a gallery in the first story of an immense building, crowded below to overflowing with ladies and gentlemen.

After the address of the orator, the audience was also addressed by all the senators, and I was then called on. "A speech from Colonel Crockett," was the cry all over the house. I was truly embarrassed to succeed so many great men, and where I saw so many ladies; but I found no excuse would do, and spoke as follows:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

"I feel my inability to address you, after the whole political history of our country has been discussed by the ablest men in the nation. It appears to me that it is not good sense in me to attempt it.

"I presume it is your curiosity to hear the plain, uneducated backwoodsman in his home style. I will accommodate you for a very short time, although I have not the least idea that I can add any thing to what has been so ably said by those who

have already spoken. I did not calculate to be called on, but I do believe our country requires every one to do his duty honestly, however homely.

“You find your country undergoing a change of principles, and in fact, it is greatly to be feared, for the worse. You, gentlemen, have felt the effects of the experiment that is making by our chief magistrate. He, I suppose, wishes to distinguish himself from all other presidents, by establishing something new; or, by breaking us all up, teach us the ‘*old way of paying new debts.*’

“Will the people of this country submit to this? is the question to be tried. Seven years ago, when I came into Congress, Pennsylvania principles were all, as I thought, right. Her members supported internal improvements by the general government, and were all in favour of the United States’ Bank. What has produced the change is more than I can say, unless some of them think it to be their bounden duty to fall into the ranks of the New York troops, under the discipline of the Albany Regency.

“The fact is, General Jackson holds but few of the principles he pretended to when he was before the people for the office he now fills: and perhaps a majority of your Congress-men think it right to follow him. It may be right, but I, for one, can-

not agree with him in his change. And sure I am, that if *then* a member from the state of Pennsylvania had supported such principles and measures as are now popular in this state, the man that would have done it would have been laid away among the unfinished business, as I was when I refused my support to his new-fangled principles. I have been whipped, and cleared, and restored to my station again, with the frowns of all the men-worshippers in the district upon me; but I care nothing about them: I belong to no party, nor never will, more than to do justice to my country. I love my country, and have fought hard for the liberty to act and think for myself, and also to give the people the privilege to vote against me, if they do not like my course. I would as leave be a raccoon dog as to be yelping along after a party, right or wrong. This is what I call a volunteer slave that will do it. I hope to see this abominable party faction put an end to; if it is not, it will be as in all governments we have ever read of—they have been overthrown by party zeal.

“If we have a government of laws, and a constitution, let us respect it; and if we are to become a despotism, let the people know it, and let them not be gulled by false and delusive representations.

“I consider we are returning to the old days of King George the Third as fast as possible ; we then had the government of one man, and agreeable to my understanding, we have arrived nearly to the same point again, in these glorious days of retrenchment and reform.

“I could say a great deal more, but I am, by promise, to meet the citizens in the first district this day, and perhaps may be called on to address them ; so I must close by returning my thanks for your polite attention.”

I then returned to the hotel, where I was waited on in a short time by a committee, with a splendid carriage, and was conveyed to the Hermitage, where I met a large concourse of people; and when it was made known that I had arrived, I was received with loud and repeated cheers, and peals of cannon. I was conveyed to a large and cool shade, and introduced to a vast number of citizens, who all appeared glad to see me. I partook of cool drinks of various kinds, and amused myself among the people until near the dinner hour. We were then asked to walk out and take our seat on the stand, where the Declaration of Independence was read, and a most appropriate address was delivered by the orator of the day

I was then called upon by the crowd for a speech; but dinner was ready, and we agreed to postpone further speaking until after dinner.

The dinner, in elegance and variety, did honour to the person who prepared it. After the cloth was removed, and the regular toasts given, I was complimented with a toast.

I rose and requested the company to do me the favour to repair to the stand, and I would endeavour to address them from it, as the crowd was so great, it would be impossible for me to make them hear at the table; and if I had to speak, I desired to gratify all. When we got out, I found a great many ladies surrounding the stand. I made my way to it among the crowd, who were loudly calling out for my speech, and addressed them as follows:

“FELLOW CITIZENS OF PHILADELPHIA,

“I am at a loss for language suitably to express my thanks for the sentiments contained in the toast which you just drunk. They demand a reply from me, and I sincerely regret my inability adequately to discharge my duty. The times, however, call for every one to speak out, and give his opinions of the true state of the country. Circumstances alters cases. I would have once thought

it degrading to a gentleman to go into another's district and make a political speech; but on the celebration of this day, in such times as these, it becomes every public man to let his sentiments be known; to speak to the people, at the people, and for the people, and not for ourselves, and therefore I'll 'go ahead.'

“You, gentlemen, have just heard read that glorious article, the Declaration of Independence. What caused that declaration to be made? It was from such times and circumstances as the present. In 1776, King George brought oppression upon the American colonies to such an extent, that they could no longer bear it. The citizens of this country laid their petitions at the foot of his majesty's throne, and they were treated with silent contempt. He went on with his oppressions until loyalty was exhausted, and the best patriots that ever lived assembled in yonder state-house, where they pledged to one another, and to the world, their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour that we should be free. Free from what? . Why, free from despotism and from British tyranny, and free from the government of one man. Well, sirs, what was the consequence? War ensued, and thousands of our noble ancestors fell before the British arms, fighting their death to obtain a go-

vernment of constitution and laws. The horrors of war did not make them stop till they obtained their object. We gained it, and have lived more than fifty years the happiest people under the sun. Look back only a few months since, and you saw this country blessed with the best circulating medium in the world; you saw our commercial men busily engaged in carrying our produce to the ends of the earth; the seas were spotted with our ships, all making a reasonable profit; your manufactories were engaged, busily employing every one that wanted to work, and they also were once more about to flourish and extend their benefits to the whole country. Where now is your circulating medium? It is stamped with the curse of executive folly. Your ships are calling home to be chained and rot at your wharves, and your manufactories are paralyzed, and many of them breaking up. And what is all this for? Just to gratify the ambition of one man, that he may reek his vengeance upon the United States Bank, because it refused to lend its aid in upholding his corrupt party.

“I consider, gentlemen, that in 1834, the same page has opened in our political history that did in 1776. We have seen petitions, signed by hundreds of thousands, laid before your Congress, praying for relief, and warning them of the danger.

What has become of them? They were conveyed away to a committee selected by our hireling speaker, with his written promise in his pocket to pay him for his servility. He came there for the purpose of raising committees, all in favour of the views of the 'greatest and best,' and he filled expectation. He has got his reward according to his works. He stuck by the pocket-flaps.

"You are never again to hear from your petitions; and still this is what they call the days of democracy. Good God deliver me from such democracy. Sirs, I consider that Andrew Jackson has gone further than ever King George did; he has even closed the door of the palace against the bearers of your petitions, and refused them entrance into his majesty's presence! And what is more degrading than all, is to see a perfect hireling, a slave to party, supporting kingly principles in sight of the house where that glorious article was penned. This looks to me entirely out of the question. Have the citizens of this patriotic city, yea, the place where the first sentence of that paper was heard—have they forgotten the blood and treasure that our forefathers sacrificed to redeem them from the government of one man?

"I cannot, and will not, believe it possible, that the people of the first district of the great state of

Pennsylvania can be imposed on any longer by a slave to party, upholding and supporting the most tyrannical measures. Yes, gentlemen, one who will sell himself, and bow down to Andrew Jackson for the sake of an office, and of whom I heard it said in the house, when thirty votes were given him for a certain office, 'that reminds me of the thirty pieces of silver.' Will you permit yourselves longer to be imposed upon? Gentlemen, you may think I am meddling with the election of your representative, and this is true; and if you knew that gentleman as well as I do, you would never blame me. However, as to that, I take the responsibility; for I am determined to do my duty to my country, let the consequences be as they may.

"I do believe the country is ignorant of its true situation. Andrew Jackson has this day every dollar of the treasury under his controul, and with a sett of minions or slaves around him to sustain him in an open violation of the laws and constitution of the country. What is to enlighten the people? Hireling presses all over the country, bought up by post-offices and post-office contracts, and extras, and other fat offices, are ready to hand out to the people such stuff as is favourable to their party only, and reject the truth.

“Look back to the days when Andrew Jackson was aspiring to the place which he now fills, and you saw the whole continent convulsed with the hue and cry that Adams and Clay was indulging in a system of extravagance that would speedily bankrupt the nation. They were hurled from office without ceremony, and the reformers and retrenchment gentry rode into their seats; and the dust they had kicked up was so great, the people's eyes were blinded. But, gentlemen, that dust has blown off; and what is our situation compared with the administration of Adams and Clay? During that time the expenditures ranged from ten to thirteen millions of dollars; and what is it now, under these reforming and retrenchment gentlemen? It is from eighteen to twenty millions. Will you take this for retrenchment? You may, I will not; nor can I be made to believe that the people will think so, when they come to understand it. No, gentlemen, it is like what the devil said when he was shearing the hog: ‘great cry, and little wool.’

“I was one that was deceived, among many others, and was made to believe that Messrs. Adams and Clay was two of the greatest scoundrels on the face of the earth. I joined the band, and raised the war-whoop against them; and finally we suc-

ceeded in putting them down—thus supposing we were serving the Lord and General Jackson. But I found, by personal acquaintance of those gentlemen, that they had been grossly misrepresented, and saw it was a political speculation—a fuss, kicked up just to promote a certain sett of men's own interest.

“I came into Congress in 1827, as honestly the friend of Andrew Jackson as any man in the world; but when I found that his whole object was to serve party and reek his vengeance upon those who had voted against him, my bristles begun to get up: I inquired of myself if this was the true republican principle. When I saw honourable members creeping round the house with papers to recommend some man to office, and that his qualifications were overlooked, and his Jacksonism wrote in capitals; when I saw them also, like jackalls in the night, prowling after those poor fellows in office who dared to think that we were wrong, and they were right, and who done their duty to their country faithfully, I said to myself, ‘God never made man upright to act so: I can't go it: there's no principle in this thing.’” I stopped, and looked, and inquired the straight road; I found I was off the path, turned round, went home, and took a fresh trace.

“I had to pay for all this dearly. Every press

denounced me as bought over. No matter: my bear-hunting knees were too stiff to bend to power. They hit me uncommon hard at home; but I bore it, and fought shy till I got them out of wind, and then brought them to a parley.

“ You all know they turned me out of Congress and often, when in the woods, with two companions that will never give a fellow up in the tryingest times—a just God and a clear conscience—I laid down my gun, called in the pups, and thought over every thing. One evening, late, while I was sitting so, my oldest of the pack put his paw on my knee, and seemed whining for me to go. ‘ Well,’ said I to him, ‘ honest old Tiger, you never cried on a false trail, neither will your master. You always hold, like death; when you take, you grip; so will I. You never forsook your master, though I have used you hard sometimes: so, by the help of God, I will not forsake my old constituents; and if I can only succeed in making them know one half of what I have seen of men and things at Washington, they’ll go right.’ I sprung to my feet, begun a new campaign, and here I am again, representing the same honest boys who go *for keep* when the country’s stakes are up. I had hard work; but I stood up to the rack, fodder or no fodder. I told them I was fighting for my own liberty to vote as

I pleased, and fighting for them, also, to do as they pleased. I only asked them to support principles, not men; and so they did, and will do it again.

“I have the consolation to believe I did my duty before God and my country, which I consider a rich reward—better than gold or silver can procure.

“I am now about to close, and from the manner in which I have said all, you will be satisfied that an apology was due from me. Nothing could have prompted me to speak as I have done but a pure sense of public duty. Every man ought to sound the alarm, and wake up the people to see their danger.

“This day is a day on which every patriot ought to rejoice, and ought never to be forgotten. Yet I fear that the spirit of patriotism which on this day first kindled in the bosoms of our illustrious fathers, is fast extinguishing by the party that rules the destinies of this nation. God grant it may revive.

“Gentlemen, I have detained you too long: allow me now to give you the following sentiment: ‘May the Whigs in the first district grow in strength, and increase in numbers, and teach their representative to know the difference between Whigism and Jacksonism.’”

I then thanked the people for their attention, and we repaired to the table, filled our glasses, and drank my toast.

By this time Mr. Webster, Mr. Robbins, and Mr. Denny arrived, and were severally toasted, and each made a speech. The whole of the day was delightfully spent; every body seemed pleased, and I enjoyed myself much.

Shortly after this the committee returned with me, and we went to the Chesnut-street theatre. Here I met a great concourse of people, all in a fine fourth of July condition. Immediately upon its being announced that I had arrived, I was called on from all quarters for a speech. I rose, and made an apology that I was so hoarse, speaking so much, that I could hardly be heard. However, no excuse would be taken; so I was conveyed to the centre of the crowd, and made them a short address, pretty much like what I have before said. They gave me two or three thunders like you hear on the stage, and then went on with the show.

I soon left them and returned to the hotel, and really was worn out with the scenes of the day and making three off-hand speeches; and I have often thought since that nothing could have induced me to have done so, if it had not been in Philadelphia, and on the fourth of July. I was stimulated

by being in sight of the old state-house and Independence square, where the fathers of our country met, as it was, with halters on their necks, and subscribed their names to that glorious declaration of independence.

Next morning I was introduced to the great powder-maker, Mr. Dupont, who said to me, that he had been examining my fine gun, and that he wished to make me a present of half a dozen canisters of his best sportsman's powder. I thanked him, and he went off, and in a short time returned with one dozen, nicely boxed up and directed to me. I then made my arrangements to start the next morning.

While walking about that evening with a friend, we called in at a China importer's store. I was introduced to him; and after looking at his splendid collection for some time, he told me he had a wish to present me with a large pitcher. I thought the gentleman was joking, at first; but he assured me, that if I would accept it, he would pack it up in a box so that it could not break, and I could carry it home safely. I thanked him sincerely for his friendship. It was sent to me, and I carried it home and gave it to my wife, telling her that, when I was away, that pitcher should remind her that folks get thirsty, and the same spirit which

prompted the gentleman to give, should make us use it. I am sorry I have forgot his name.

Early next morning I set out for Pittsburg, by the fast line, and had a very pleasant trip over the mountains. I attracted much attention as I passed through Pennsylvania, where it was known who I was. About the middle of the state I met with an old man in a tavern, and asked him who was his representative in Congress. "Why," says he, "Dunlap." I told him that could not be, there was but one of that name in, and he was from Tennessee. "Well," says he, "it must be Crawford." No, I told him, there was no Crawford in the House. "Well, hang it then, it must be George Chambers."—"Ah, now you're right; I know him well, he's a good fellow—walks the planks strait. I hope you will re-elect him."—"Well, I expect we will; I know nothing against him, only he isn't on our side."—"What side are you on?"—"Well, I'm for Jackson."—"Why," said I, "I thought that was no side at all; he's *on top*." The old man looked at me right hard. Says I, "Mister, what makes you for Jackson?"—"Why," says he, "he licked the British at New Orleans, and paid off the national debt."—"Mister," says I, "who was the officers and soldiers that fought

at New Orleans besides General Jackson?" He said he did not know. "Well," says I, "they ought to have a part of the glory, any how—now tell me whose money pays off the national debt?"—"Why, I suppose, old Jackson's, as they keep so much talk about it."—"Well, now, my good old friend, suppose part of it was yours, and part mine, and part every body's else; and suppose he would have been broke of his office if he had not paid out what a law of Congress, made twenty years ago, provided for paying, what is the glory of the whole of this?" He looked kind of stump't. I bid him good bye, and that he ought to read both sides.

I arrived in Pittsburg in the night, and early in the morning went down to the wharf to inquire for a steamboat. I soon found Captain Stone, who commanded the Hunter. He said he had been waiting a day, for thinking that I would like to go with him. That was true, and I found him all sorts of a clever man. We were to start at ten o'clock. I returned to the tavern where I had put up, and a great many gentlemen called to see me, and among others, Mr. Grant, brother-in-law of Governor Carroll, of Tennessee. He invited me to walk through the city, and to visit his house.

which I did, and he introduced me to a great many of the citizens. I returned, and prepared for a start.

My acquaintance in this place was very limited. I had been there before, but my name had not made such a noise then as now.

The marks of industry and enterprise are very visible in Pittsburg. It is a perfect workshop, and is increasing every year in extent, beauty, and population. The aqueduct, and other splendid works terminating the great canal from Philadelphia, speaks highly for Pennsylvania foresight and perseverance. What signifies the debt incurred by her; but it is no debt in my mind. It is a noble, imperishing, and increasing investment for posterity; and they will, to remotest ages, bless the men who have sustained so much abuse by the pack out of office, and will consider them as the greatest benefactors of their state, and of the nation. I say of the nation; for this canal is a new artery in the body politic, through which the life-blood of its future prosperity and union will flow for ever. Its present facilities have brought a part of the state of Ohio, in point of cost of transportation, within two days' drive with a waggon of the city of Philadelphia, and it will be lower still. Is not this national in its operation? Who can doubt it?

I had heard it said, particularly in New York, that this same canal never could get along, because their great western canal would carry all the produce and merchandize; and I took some pains to hear a little about it, and am fully persuaded such is not the fact, and never can be. I was informed that the trade on this Pennsylvania canal was four or five times what it was when the first year ended, and in a few years would be a profit to the state; and to me it seems clear, that no one south of Pittsburg, in Ohio, and elsewhere, are going to send their merchandize away round by the New York canal, and run the risks of the lake, when they can put them snug into a boat at Philadelphia, and land them safe, without risk, in Pittsburg. I wish I could agree with the Pennsylvanians as well in other respects as I do on internal improvements. What will she not do for her inhabitants in a few years, when her twenty odd millions, invested in all her vast and various improvements, shall yield but a moderate profit! Her roads will all be paved; her rivers and creeks made navigable; her schools be free for high and low, and her inhabitants free from taxation!!! Reader, these events are sure to come. And here let me address a word to my own state. Go on with what little you have begun, and never rest until you have opened every

facility through every part of our state. Though we are divided into east and west, we are all Tennessee. Give "a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether," and every difficulty will vanish. Give our inhabitants a chance among the rest of the states, and you'll not hear so much of Alabama, or Arkansas, or Texas.

Well, I've got a long slipe off from my steamboat, the Hunter, and I had better look up the captain. So off I starts, trunk, gun-case, old lady's pitcher, and all. "How's the water, Captain Stone?"—"Why, colonel, the river is pretty considerable for a run, but the water is cool as Presbyterian charity, and the old Monongahela is a leetle of the remains of what Abigail, the wife of old Nab-all, carried as a present to David. Clear off the coal-dust out of your wizzard, and give us a yarn about your tower."—"Why, captain, may I be shot if you mightn't run with this same craft of yourn down, through, and out of Symmes's lower hole, and back again, afore I could get through half what I've seen: I've been clean away amongst the Yankees, where they call your name *Stunn*."—"Me, Stunn! well, it's hard that as slick a fellow as me should go by such nicknames. Livin gingers! what d'ye suppose, colonel, they call me in Orlanes?"—"I dare say, some

hard name."—"Only think of the parly vous; some call me Mr. Peer, and some, by jingo, call me Mr. Peter; and you can't beat it out of them. Only think of Sam Gun, the fireman; he took a spree with some of them Charlies in Orlanes, and they begun to call him Mounsheer Fusil. Well, Sam bore it a good while; but at last he told Joe Head, the engineer, that the first fellow that mis-called his father's name should have a tip of his daddle. 'Good,' says Joe; says he, 'Sam, ony take care of their *caniffs*, as how they call them long knives.' Well, it wasn't long before Sam peeled the bark off of a parly's knowledge-box, and so Joe and him had it with a cabin full of them. So Sam he got off to the boat, but the Calaboos men got Joe; so Joe he sends for me, and when they cum for me, they passed the word that Mr. Tate had sent for me. Well, off I goes to the police, and they axed me if I would go bail for Mounsheer Tate. 'No,' says I; 'don't know him.'—'Yes, but you do, captain,' said some one inside; and when I went in, who should it be but Joe Head! transmogrified into Mounsheer Tate!! Well, we got the matter explained, and they all laughed and drunk friends. Well, colonel, here's to you; I'm sure you didn't get any thing better any where; and afore we quit, just tell me, did

you see the sea-sarpint?"—"No, indeed, I did not, although I spoke for him not to be out of the way."—"Well, colonel, I wonder at them Yankee fellows, they are monstrous cute; but I suspect they don't know much about *snaking*. I think with me in the Hunter here, you with your rifle, and one of these 'long shore Spaniards with his lasso, we'd give him a little of the hurricane tip't with thunder."—"If we didn't catch him," says I, "we could scare him out of his skin, and that's all they want at the museum."

So we passed our time till we arrived opposite Wheeling. I walked up into the town, and was soon surrounded by many of the citizens, and in a short time was waited on by a committee, and invited to partake of a dinner that day at three o'clock. This kind invitation I was obliged to decline, lest I should lose my passage. So they treated me handsomely; and asked the captain, before he started, to run a short distance up the river, and as he came past they would give him a salute. He did so. I got on the hurricane deck, took off my hat, and returned their salute. They continued to cheer until we got out of hearing. All went on well, and we arrived at the mouth of Guyandotte, where we took on board Messrs. Hardin, Tompkins, and Beatty, three of the members of Congress

from Kentucky. We went on pleasantly until we arrived at Cincinnati. Our boat was fine, and the captain a clever fellow. It was night when we arrived; so early next morning I called to see my two friends Messrs. Smiths and families, spent a short time with them, and returned to the boat. By this time it was ascertained I was on board, and a committee waited on me and invited me to partake of a cold cut at three o'clock that day, and make them a speech. I agreed to do so.

As I have all along vouched for myself of all my sayings and doings, it may be as well to get a little help; so now I will let an extract from the Cincinnati Intelligencer speak for me.

“ Cincinnati, Monday, July 14.

“ On Saturday last there was a very great excitement in our city, in consequence of its being known that Colonel Crockett had reached Cincinnati on his way home. Our citizens were generally anxious to see him. An invitation was immediately addressed to the colonel, by as many of the Central Committee of the young Whigs as could be got together on the spur of the moment, inviting him to partake of a collation at the Commercial Exchange at two o'clock; which invitation was accepted.

“After the collation Colonel Crocket was toasted, on which he stepped out on the balcony in front of the Exchange, and addressed the people assembled below. The colonel was received with great eclat. His good-natured honest face, his frank manner, and his shrewd remarks, pleased all.

“By the kindness of E. P. Cranch, Esq., who is an admirable stenographer, we are enabled to present the colonel's speech to our readers, which we will do to-morrow.

“We had the honour of a visit from the colonel in the morning, and were delighted with his frank and independent manner, his good-natured smile, and his witty observations. He said he would like to meet ‘the gifted’ before the people, and tell about his doings: some one by, laughingly observed, that he might get into a yellow jackets’ nest. ‘That’s what I want,’ said the colonel; ‘such yellow jackets have no *sting*.’

“In the evening the colonel attended the theatre, and was there received with great applause on his entrance, by a large audience. If the colonel's constituents are as glad to see him as his fellow-countrymen generally, he will continue to “go ahead.” ”

Speech of the Hon. David Crockett,

“GENTLEMEN :

“Friends and fellow-citizens of the city of Cincinnati. By the request of many of the citizens I will address a few words to you upon politics in general, and of the times and things of this government.

“Fellow-citizens : In the first place I cannot express my feelings of gratitude for your kind reception. Again, gentlemen, I must apologize for the manner in which I speak. I am a plain, uneducated backwoodsman, and find some embarrassment in making an appropriate address to so intelligent an audience as that in Cincinnati. But, gentlemen, time and circumstances bring things to pass, and make it necessary for me to do things which would be degrading to me at other times and under other circumstances.

“Time has been when I would have considered it degrading to go into another man's district, and address his constituents upon politics. But I consider the time has come when every public servant is indebted to his country to speak out and sound the alarm, and let the country know the situation it is in. We had our George the Third. He had his reign, and what was it? He brought distress on this country and this colony. He saw our fa-

thers take up the sword and pledge their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour, that they would be rid of the government of one man. They had laid their petitions before him; they had humbled themselves at the foot of the throne. And what respect did they get? None; they and their petitions were treated with contempt. They declared war; they swore they would be free; and they were free. They and their children for fifty-eight years have been free. But in 1834 what do we see? We see ourselves arrived at a crisis when one man can hold the sword in this hand and the purse in that, and bid defiance to Congress and to the nation. That man is Andrew, the first king of this country. A king we wouldn't think so hard of across the Atlantic. But to have a king in our own country, putting up his will against the whole country, and declaring, that unless two-thirds of Congress will vote for a measure, he will veto it, is worse than George the Third or any other king of England would dare to do. My friends, it would cost him not only his cap, but his head with it!

“But, with Andrew the First, it is *my* will, *my* secretaries, *my* Congress, *my* government, *my* PEOPLE. This is the ‘great Roman patriot.’ This is the ‘hero of two wars.’ This is the ‘greatest

and best' of mankind—the great 'Tennessee farmer.' Where is the retrenchment and reform he promised? Has he done it? Gentlemen, I myself was one of the first to fire a gun under Andrew Jackson. I helped to give him all his glory. But I liked him well once: but when a man gets too big for his breeches, I say Good bye. Gentlemen, this old superannuated *government* (he calls himself the government) sanctions the meanest action of his hirelings. There was his speaker, with his pay in his pocket, who packed his committees. Gentlemen, he was looking across the Atlantic. They wanted to pass a vote of thanks for his services, and your humble servant wanted to know what the country had to thank him for. They wanted me to glorify him; but they had too honest a cynic among them, to take glory for granted. The plenipotentiary elect was looking across the Atlantic: he couldn't see his own country. He wanted to please the 'kitchen cabinet,' and the 'greatest and best.' Yes, here were two humble citizens of Kentucky, waiting a whole session for justice on a contested election. He—this great foreign minister speaker—cast round, and packed a committee; ay, gentlemen, picked his men—one anti-administration man out of nine—to try justice between Letcher and Moore. I know

not the politics of this *one*, I believe he was an anti-mason: but the House sustained this one anti-administration man against all eight of the committee.

“Again, gentlemen: I am no lawyer—I have once been the part of a court—but I recollect that when a man once acts as a juror, he is incompetent to try the same case a second time. But here, the speaker took Frank Thomas, of Maryland, and an anti-bank whole-hog Jacksonman, and made him chairman. This is the way these hirelings, gentlemen, have been going on. I have watched them: I saw your famous representative—or misrepresentative, whichever you choose to call him—rise in the House, and show some instructions which you had sent him. He declared, ‘these are not my constituents; they did not vote for me.’”

[Here an individual, behind the speaker, interrupted him, and told him to direct his remarks that way, if he pleased, in a rough tone.]

“Never seem to fret, my friend; I shall direct my conversation where I please, so I’ll go ahead.

“Yes, fellow citizens, he disclaimed his constituents, who could not make up their minds to vote for him. Now, gentlemen, for my part, I consider myself the people’s servant. If a man votes against me, he has a right to do it. Are we only to repre-

sent those who vote for us, when every man has a right to vote as he pleases? A man, my friends, who can thus throw away his constituents, is no patriot. I maintain, a man does not forfeit his right to be represented because he did not vote for his representative. Let a man vote against me, and I am as much his representative as if he had voted for me; this is my doctrine: and no man has a right to get up in the House and throw contempt upon any part of his constituents. I said to myself, I didn't know what sort of constituents he had, who would vote for him after this. I should expect, if I ever did a similar act by my constituents, to be laid upon the table along with the unfinished business.

“Now, gentlemen, I don't want to meddle in any man's district; I am talking to my country; I am speaking to the whole world; I feel an interest in all my countrymen. I love my country; I have fought for her liberties, and will do it again. I consider this country more in danger of a civil war than it was twelve months before the revolution. We have fought and bled, and our fathers died, to save it from the dominion of a king.

“Fellow citizens, when one man assumes all the responsibility, have we not a kingly government? None but the hireling and the slave will deny it.

“Gentlemen, you have heard a great hue and cry against Messrs. Clay and Adams for extravagance—they were wasting the public treasure; they were squandering the people’s money. Well, gentlemen, what do you think of retrenchments now? What do you think of the ‘old Roman,’ the ‘old Tennessee farmer?’ What has he done? Mr. Adams spent from ten to thirteen millions. But Captain Jackson spent from eighteen to twenty-two millions per annum! What think you of old Roman retrenchment? It is as true as the Lord’s gospel. He has actually increased your expenses for you to eighteen or twenty-two millions!

“But the people are ignorant; they will still huzza for Jackson, they have been used to it so long. If you go into the country, and tell the people of these things—abuses, extravagance, usurpations, and all, and prove every word you say—‘Oh,’ say they, ‘Jackson has been in office a long time, he must be doing what’s right.’

“But I will put the documents into every hole and corner of the country. I will show the people how Andrew Jackson is surrounded by a set of the most cursed scoundrels that ever moved; and the old man suffers himself to be a perfect tool in their hands, to deceive and ruin the country, and to destroy its peace and harmony. But I for one

love my country. I'll speak my mind ; I'll proclaim the truth, and the people shall know what I've seen and heard. Now, gentlemen, you have heard a great noise about the post-office ; and you have heard that the bank is the worst of all monsters, which employs all power in electioneering. A gentleman from Alabama, Mr. Clay, made a great speech, and said it was a question between liberty and slavery ; a question between the bank and the country. Now if he had only rubbed out bank and put in executive, his speech would have been first-rate. It is the executive, gentlemen, that is throwing all its mighty power into the elections.

“But the post-office I wish to give you a little hint of. When your friend and fellow townsman left it, there were \$230,000 surplus funds belonging to it. The ‘greatest and best’ has expended that surplus, and got the department bankrupt \$800,000 in five years. Will you take this retrenchment ? I won't take it, and I don't believe the country is going to.

“Fellow-citizens, this is what ‘the greatest and best’ has done for you.

“Talk about the bank's electioneering ; see what the post-office electioneering has cost you. Why, in my district we never used to ask for more than

a little horse mail: a pocket handkerchief would have carried all we wanted. But when Davy Crockett was beat, and a Jackson man came in, we had a four-horse stage, stretching all over the country. 'Oh, what a fine president is Jackson!' said they.—'Oh,' says I, 'you poor devils, you will have to pay for it.' Well, so after a while they have a coach from Reynoldsburgh to Paris, from Paris to Dresden, and thence straight to Mills Point. But they left out Troy, and the people of Obion county began to talk about leaving out Fitz. Mr. Barry immediately ordered his contractors to run anywhere to get Fitz in: so he run the coach fifteen miles out of the way to Troy, till the election was over, and then withdrew every stage from the district, except one running straight through. Troy had not even a horse mail, though a county town; and they had to write to me at Washington, and I had to jog the postmaster-general's elbow and make him give them a mail.

"Fellow-citizens, I would willingly speak more; my pride is to speak to the *people*—but my indisposition prevents my going on. I hope, therefore, you will excuse me in concluding sooner than I could wish.

"May the Whigs increase in numbers and grow in strength, and send one to represent them tha

can serve his country, instead of being the tool of a party.”

I remained over night, and took the packet boat next morning for Louisville, where I arrived the day after. My friends had provided for me at the Louisville hotel, the finest public house I have been in west of the mountains. I was asked to make a speech to the people next day, which I agreed to, as I had no hope of getting off in a boat for a few days. It was published that I was to speak on the next day evening ; so I was sent for in the morning to visit Jeffersonville Springs, in Indiana, across the river. I went, and found a number of ladies and gentlemen ; and after being introduced to the company, I was asked to make a speech, to which I had but little objection, as I wished to discuss the question of the president vetoing the Wabash appropriation, and yet signing the Van-Buren, New-York, Hudson-river bill. This I did, and the people appeared well pleased. I partook of some of the good things of this life with them, exhorting all Jackson Van Buren men to turn from the evil of their ways, and took myself off for the other side of the river.

In the evening I attended at the court-house, and met the largest concourse of people that ever

has been assembled in Louisville since it has been settled. This I was told by a gentleman who had resided there for upwards of twenty years. The people all appeared to be excited with curiosity, or something else. I had no idea of attracting so much attention; but there I was in the thick of them. I discovered there were a great many ladies amongst the audience, and among them the celebrated Mrs. Drake. A stand had been erected for me in the court-house yard, on which I stood, and addressed the crowd as follows:

FELLOW CITIZENS OF LOUISVILLE,

“By my misfortune in not getting a boat as I expected, I am detained among you for a short time. I have been requested by many citizens to address you on the political history of our country. This I would most assuredly have refused in common times; but from recent occurrences which have taken place at head-quarters, I conceive it due from every public servant to present to the people the real and true situation of our once happy country. This I have come to the conclusion is the duty of every public servant, no matter where his lot may be cast; and all that I am sorry for is, that the citizens of Louisville had not a

more capable organ to perform that duty than your humble servant.

“But apologies are needless in such times as this. Upon this occasion I am compelled to go back to the former pledges of our present chief magistrate. And, fellow citizens, what do me and all mean by pledges? Is it any more or less than a solemn contract made between a candidate for any office and the people who elect him, that his sentiments are so and so, and that he will support such and such principles. The people do their part of the contract, trusting to the integrity of the candidate to perform his. Well, suppose he turns right round, and acts opposite to what he promised. Has he not acted a fraud upon the people? Is it not political hypocrisy and moral dishonesty?

“Suppose a clergyman was to come here and preach in a vacant congregation, with his eye on the situation, and would preach up your own doctrines of foreordination and the Trinity, and so on, and tell you these were his own doctrines, and you would elect him; and no sooner was he warm in his place than he would preach the doctrines of Unitarianism, or any other different from what you all thought, and what he professed; would you not drive him out of his place, with disgrace stamped on his forehead? I am sure you would.

“Well, that point being settled, what was Andrew Jackson’s pretended principles when he was before the American people, aspiring to the office he now fills? I cannot say the one he now honours ; and I regret that my duty to my country compels me to make the remark. But I know no party further than I conceive they are supporting the best interests of the country.

“Now, gentlemen, we will review his course. He was then the firm friend and supporter of internal improvements by the general government ; and you had the evidence of it by his vote on the canal round the falls of this place, besides many other votes of his upon objects of a similar nature.

“He was then in favour of the tariff ; and most of all, he was to reform the government, and retrench its expenditures !!

“Yes, gentlemen, the whole continent of America was convulsed with the hue and cry which was raised against Adams’s extravagant administration, his corrupt administration, his party principles administration, his Panama assumption of power. He and Clay were indulging in the most wanton waste of the people’s money, by giving a few thousand dollars to publishers of the laws ; and that they would shortly ruin the government, was echoed from one end of this continent to the

other ; and in fact I was made to believe, and I am sure many of you also, that Adams and Clay were two of the greatest scoundrels in the world. I joined in the shout, and huzzaed for Jackson. I thought we were to get rid,—perhaps, of two of the worst men on earth.

“We succeeded. The people honestly—*the leaders triumphantly*; how else, they must answer hereafter. When we hurled them from their seats, we were to see the country prosper, and the country united like a band of brothers. This is what we had a right to expect, for we have but one interest in common as a great nation.

“When thus our expectations were raised for peace, and harmony, and public interest, what did we see? The first inquiry by Andrew Jackson was, who has dared to vote against me? and the man that had done this was compelled to take to his heels. He received his walking ticket. His services were no longer required.

“We saw men that had grown gray in the services of their country, hurled from their station, to make way for lickspittles and yelpers.

“The second inquiry was, who has huzzaed longest and loudest for the chief? he is qualified to fill any office under the government.

“Still we hear this practice and principle called

democracy; the true republican principle. If this is republicanism, I confess I never knew the meaning of it. I had always thought, and yet think, that the true principle of republicanism is for every free man in this nation to vote for whom he pleases, and no man has a right to censure his motives. If this kind of Jacksonism is what they call *democracy* and republicanism, God deliver me from it as soon as possible.

“Here we see a sett of office-seekers and office-holders ready to huzzah for any and every thing that Jackson recommends, and what they lack in quality is made up in quantity; and what they lack in influence is made up in money: witness the testimony of Mr. Noah, in New York, and others, who prove that the office-holders had to shell out a part of their salary to support Jacksonism and Jackson candidates.

“In old times, that is, in the prodigal times of Adams and Clay, there was *forty-four* clerks in the post-office department, and now there is, I am informed, *ninety-six*; and at the last session, there was a modest demand made on Congress for *forty thousand dollars* to pay for extra clerks.

“Now that I have commenced upon that department—but stop, I beg pardon. It was called, in good old times, the general post-office; but when

Jackson wanted to make Major Barry a member of the cabinet, he created it into a *department*; and as the cabinet was composed of the heads of department, why the major walked in, took his seat for the first time, and so has continued. Now, as the general post-office has to settle its accounts finally, or ought to, in the treasury, I don't see why little Hayward, commissioner of the general land-office, an't one of the cabinet too. I'm sure, if devotion is any recommendation, Elijah has the passport.

“Now let us go back a little. When Mr. McLean began in that office, it was one hundred and eighty thousand dollars drawback on the government, and an appropriation had to be made to meet it. In the course of his management, he had made it defray its own expenses, and left two hundred and eighty-six thousand dollars of surplus, ready for Mr. Barry to take hold of; and now Mr. Barry has had it the same length of time under the glorious days of retrenchment and reform, and what is its present situation? He has exhausted the surplus that Mr. McLean had actually made by his prudence and management, and has actually got the department into such a state, that it is about half a million worse than nothing. This is

the report to Congress, and I have not heard it contradicted.

“What else could have been expected. Ask the citizens of Washington, and members of Congress, and they will tell you that the general post-office is called the general hospital, the poor-house, the lazaretto, where ‘black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray’ are provided for without regard to qualification; and these creatures are actually put over the heads of the honest old fellows who have worked day by day for twenty years; and if they could only get along without them, they’d be turned out with a horse-cake and a boiled egg for their last dinner.

“Still the *department* is flourishing: for the president sends it forth to the world, under his own signature, in his messages for the last three years, that the post-office department was in a most flourishing condition, and out of its own resources was extending facilities to the whole country; when at the same time, Mr. Postmaster-General was borrowing money in hundreds of thousands of dollars, *secretly*, out of your pet banks—for what? just to gull the people, by paying off contractors, to keep them from exposing the true situation of their concerns, while they were huzzawing Jackson in a second time, and they effected

their object. The true state of that whole concern has yet to be known to the American people; and if it ever does, my word for it, it will be worse than you think for. Extra pay may bring extra services to accommodate the public, and this would be well enough; but it also produces extra servility, extra impudence, extra electioneering, extra provision for friends, extra votes, extra trumped-up charges, extra printing offices, and extra loans for extra kindnesses:

Tickle me, Davy, tickle me true,
And in my turn, I'll tickle you too.'

But what is most *extra* of all, it changes two-horse stages into four-horse post-coaches; and when 'the parson' is called out to see them, he says, 'Oh no, it's Sunday; it's all right.'

"Well, it may be all right; but I know a thing or two about these 'mail facilities,' as they are now called. Before General Jackson's last election, you could see the four-horse post-coaches flying in every direction in my district; and they would send one of them to carry a mail that would not fill a pocket-handkerchief. The people cried out, 'see what a man Jackson is for accommodating the country; look how he is improving the mails.' They never stopped to inquire who had to pay for

all this nonsense; and they didn't see the contractor sitting with his segar and bottle of wine, laughing, and singing,

Though Dominie Felix got the meat,
'Twas I that lopp'd the gravy;
With my two-horse, four-horse, four-horse, two-horse,
Break the parson's poney,' &c. &c.

“A circumstance took place in my district which I will mention. When in Congress, some time since, I tried to get a stage-route from Reynoldsburg to Paris, and Dresden, and Troy; then to Mills' Point, on the Mississippi; but I could not succeed; the public convenience did not demand it.

“As soon as Mr. Fitzgerald, my successor, one of the true stripe, went on, it was thought highly important to have the route established that I wanted. Well, in fixing the route, they left out Troy, in Obion county; and the people there began to complain of Mr. Fitzgerald, that he had neglected them, and in all probability they might neglect him at the next election. This pleased me very well; but the first thing I knew, about four weeks before the election, here came orders from head-quarters to the contractor to run by Troy; by all means do every thing in his power to promote Mr. Fitzgerald's election. I then told the people their accom-

modation would last no longer than the election was over ; which turned out to be true. The route from Dresden, by Troy, to Mills' Point, is fifteen miles further than the one that the stage went before the new arrangement : but, to the surprise of the Troy people, just so soon as the election was over, they were left without even a horse-mail, stage, or any thing else, until I came on to Congress and got them a mail. And yet we hear those democrats talk of the monster—the Bank of the United States—meddling in the elections of the people. This is only one item among thousands that I have no doubt they have been guilty of.

“ I will now dismiss this subject, and turn your attention to one of a more recent date—a subject that has almost shaken the confidence of the nation—I mean the removing of the public deposits.

“ If a common citizen were to violate the laws of his country, the voice of the community would be raised against him ; every body would cry out, ‘ punish him.’ Well, now, if the chief magistrate of this country violates the laws, is he not more culpable than a common citizen ? I say he is, and ought to be more severely punished ; because he knows better, and there is no excuse for him. Now let us reason this case. In 1811, the charter of the old Bank of the United States run out, and

Congress refused to recharter it, and we were compelled, for several years, to deposit the revenue of the country in the identical kind of banks that General Jackson tells us he is now depositing the revenue in; when it is well known that the local banks were more solvent than they are now. In about five years—say till in 1816—by making these local banks places of deposit, this government lost one million five hundred thousand dollars to the country.

“In 1816, Congress found that it was impossible for this great nation to get on without a national currency; and they then chartered the present Bank of the United States, for twenty years. As part of her charter, this bank gave the United States one million five hundred thousand dollars, for the use of the public deposits during her charter. Now you may call this what you please, or by any name you choose: it was a hire, or a purchase; I care not which. The bank had a right to the use of the deposits until the last day of her charter. The House of Representatives had declared, on solemn vote, that the deposits were safe; and this bank had actually paid out upwards of four hundred and sixty millions of dollars, without one cent of loss or expense to the government; yet *three* years nearly, before its charter expires,

we see Andrew Jackson say to that honest man, William J. Duane, the secretary of the treasury, '*remove the deposits!*' He said neither his conscience nor his duty required it. He was struck from the roll, as many an honest man before him had been, for refusing to shape his conscience by the president's, and to bow to the orders of the 'greatest and the best.' And this is *democracy!!*

"He got his walking orders, and Taney was taken into his place. Why? Because he had agreed to do what Duane had refused. Well, the deposits are removed. General Jackson says, 'Come, do what you promised; issue the order; I take the responsibility.' Who removed the deposits? The law says the secretary of the treasury may; but did he? No; I say Jackson removed them: and in this, I contend, he violated the laws of the country; and I always believed he ought to have been punished in some way or other. As to his constitutional scruples, he had none, or his friends have told what was not true, which I do not believe; for it was not a very long time before that he said, if the new charter had been submitted to him, he could have made certain alterations in it that would have reconciled him!—reconciled him to a breach of the constitution! Yet this is true. But Major Downing spoke the truth when

he said it was a 'tarnel fight 'twixt the old ginne-ral and Nick Biddle.' And I believe now that if a good well-trained Van Buren man had been at the head of it, the bank would have had no trouble, not even from the Buffalo branch agent and chancellor of Wall-street. Cam is a pretty cute North Carolinaer. He took the thousand for his agency, for fear the bank might bribe some honest man with it. Blair acted, I suppose, on the same principle of diminishing her ability of corruption, when he paid her his debt of some fifteen or twenty thousand with two or three hundred.

"Well, well, Jackson did it, and he is an honourable man: so are they all honourable men. He now holds the purse and the sword; he has every dollar in the treasury at his control; and what is this but actual despotism?

"One word, as I pass, to the honest man who may be connected with these pet banks. 'Do you sleep sound, when you know that your name is on the paper, binding you and yours to repay the money deposited in the bank where you are a director, and have but one voice in twelve to prevent its being loaned out to Tom, Dick, or Harry? Remember, that a day of reckoning is coming; and a treasury warrant isn't as nice reading as an invitation to drink wine that another man pays for.

Wake up ; mind your wife and children ; get your name off, if you can.'

"Cæsar said, 'Give me money, and I can buy men ; give me men, and I can make power ; I'll take the responsibility.' I have said before, and now repeat it, there is no use in voting appropriations, until there is some law to know where the money is. The money of the people has been removed from where the law placed it ; and the same power that did this will bear him out in distributing it at his will. He has taken the responsibility ; and I, for one, say, Go ahead. The people will come to their senses when they feel the effects which it must produce.

"The truth is, the president is surrounded by a set of the greatest scrubs on earth ; just using him to promote their own interest. The little magician looks as innocent as a lamb, and I do believe he is the wire-worker, the very mover and organ of all those high-handed and lawless measures ; he is worming his way to the presidency, and like a real Gopher, works more *under* than *above* ground.

"When I was first elected I knew nothing about this party discipline ; but I must confess I have seen so much of that, I am sorry to say I do doubt the honesty of many men that are called good at home, that have given themselves up to serve a

party. I am no man's man. I bark at no man's bid. I will never come and go, and fetch and carry, at the whistle of the great man in the white house, no matter who he is. And if this petty, unpatriotic scuffling for men, and forgetting principles, goes on, it will be the overthrow of this once happy nation, and the blood and toil of our ancestors will have been expended in vain.

“I will go for the man for the next presidency who I think has his country's interest at heart, and who in reality, and not in words, is determined to preside over this people as if we were brothers, and who, instead of fomenting hatred, and jealousy, and strife, by infusing into them his own low, vulgar, and partisan feelings, will set them a high and holy example of devotion to the harmony and interests of all. God grant such a candidate may present himself!

“Gentlemen, I have detained you longer than I expected; but ‘out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh.’ I thank you for your attention, and wish you all health, happiness, and honour, in fearlessly doing your duty to your country.”

I then returned to the hotel, and in a short time a committee of the young men waited on me, and invited me to a dinner on Thursday, as a

testimony in favour of my political course. I gave a conditional acceptance, and no boat arriving, I attended, and partook with them of a splendid dinner. I was toasted, and made a speech, complimenting the young men for their zeal in the cause of their country. If I had the powers of General Lafayette, I would have written out all my speeches ; but I have not, and therefore omit this one. All passed off pleasantly, and next day I took the steamboat Scotland, commanded by Captain Buckner, a gentleman, every inch of him. After a fine run, we arrived at Mills' Point, on the 22d day of July. Here I once more touched the soil of Tennessee, and found my son William waiting to carry me home, which was distant thirty-five miles.

When I landed, and took out my fine gun, the folks gathered round me, to see the great curiosity. A large fellow stepped up, and asked me why all the members did not get such guns given them. I told him I got that gun for being honest, in supporting my country, instead of bowing down and worshipping an idol. He looked at me and said, that was very strong. "No stronger than true, my friend," said I.

In a short time I set out for my own home ; yes, my own home, my own soil, my own humble

dwelling, my own family, my own hearts, my ocean of love and affection, which neither circumstance nor time can dry up. Here, like the wearied bird, let me settle down for a while, and shut out the world. ****

In the course of a few days, I determined to try my new gun upon the living subject. I started for a hunt, and shortly came across a fine buck. He fell at the distance of one hundred and thirty steps ! Not a bad shot, you will say. I say, not a bad gun either. After a little practice with her, she came up to the eye prime, and I determined to try her at the first shooting match for beef.

As this is a novelty to most of my readers, I will endeavour to give a description of this western amusement.

In the latter part of summer our cattle get very fat, as the range is remarkably fine ; and some one, desirous of raising money on one of his cattle, advertises that on a particular day, and at a given place, a first-rate beef will be shot for.

When the day comes, every marksman in the neighbourhood will meet at the appointed place, with his gun. After the company has assembled, a subscription paper is handed round, with the following heading -

“A. B. offers a beef worth twenty dollars, to be shot for, at twenty-five cents a shot.” Then the names are put down by each person, thus :

D. C.	puts in four shots,	. \$1 00
E. F.	“ eight “	. . . 2 00
G. H.	“ two “	. . . 0 50

And thus it goes round, until the price is made up.

Two persons are then selected, who have not entered for shots, to act as judges of the match. Every shooter gets a board, and makes a cross in the centre of his target. The shot that drives the centre, or comes nearest to it, gets the *hide and tallow*, which is considered the first choice. The next nearest gets his choice of the hind quarters; the third gets the other hind quarter; the fourth takes choice of the fore quarters; the fifth the remaining quarter; and the sixth gets the lead in the tree against which we shoot.

The judges stand near the tree, and when a man fires they cry out, “who shot?” and the shooter gives in his name; and so on, till all have shot. The judges then take all the boards, and go off by themselves, and decide what quarter each man has won. Sometimes one will get nearly all.

This is one of our homely amusements—enjoyed as much by us, and perhaps more, than most of your refined entertainments. Here each man takes a part, if he pleases, and no one is excluded, unless his improper conduct renders him unfit as an associate.

My few weeks of remaining at home passed quickly round, and I found myself once more on the move towards the city of Washington.

Having promised my friend Chilton to spend a day or two with him on my way, I arrived at Elizabethtown, Kentucky, about the middle of November, 1834. By the kindness and partiality of the citizens, a public dinner was given to me, the whole proceedings concerning which are here inserted at large, as follows:—

DINNER TO THE HON. DAVID CROCKETT.

The Hon. David Crockett arrived in this place on Saturday last, and much anxiety was evinced by many of our good citizens to behold this western wonder. Many conjectures were afloat relative to his personal appearance: some supposed that he would not appear as very man, but in all probability would assume the form of some comical or hideous monster. It is needless to say that such were disappointed in their expectations. He

seemed to us to resemble very much the appearance of other great men—shrewd, intelligent, and graceful; with a commanding, lofty aspect, and a dignified, manly countenance. On Wednesday last he was invited to attend a public dinner, given by the citizens of this place at the hotel of H. G. Wintersmith, Esq.; where many gentlemen from the country were in attendance. After the cloth was removed, the company being called to order, Major James Crutcher was appointed president, and Dr. Harvey Slaughter vice-president. The whole proceedings were conducted with the utmost order and regularity, and went off in the most pleasing and friendly manner.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Elizabethtown, Ky. Nov. 18th.

HON. D. CROCKETT:

Sir,—A respectable portion of the citizens of our village are desirous of giving you public testimony of their high regard. They have had a meeting, and appointed the undersigned a committee to solicit your attendance at a public dinner to be given at Mr. H. G. Wintersmith's hotel, on to-morrow, the 19th inst. We earnestly hope, sir, it will suit your convenience to accept the proffered hospitality.

With sincere wishes for your public and private prosperity, we have the honour to be,

Your obedient servants,

H. MULHOLLAND,

W. CONWAY,

B. J. A. YOUNG,

GEO. P. BROWN,

WM. CONWAY.

Hon. D. Crockett, Present.

Elizabethtown, Nov. 18th.

GENTLEMEN:—I have this moment had the honour to receive your polite note of to-day, inviting me, in behalf of many of the citizens of Elizabethtown, to partake of a public dinner kindly proposed to be given me on to-morrow, at the hotel of H. G. Wintersmith, Esq.

A due sense of the honour and kindness done me, constrains me to accept your invitation. This I do, not as a matter of mere form, but with deep sensibility and unfeigned gratitude for the flattering token of respect which so unexpected an attention confers. This honour is the more highly esteemed, because it is bestowed by part of a people proverbial over the civilized world for their valour and love of liberty. The name of Kentucky will be gratefully remembered, as long as deeds of chivalry are respected, and shall have a place in the page of history.

Gentlemen: The best return I can make for your generous hospitality to me, is to tender you my warmest thanks, and to assure you that this mark of your respect and regard shall be long cherished in my memory and affections.

Be pleased, gentlemen, to accept for yourselves and for those you represent, my best wishes for your health and prosperity; and believe me, gratefully and respectfully, your ob't serv't.

DAVID CROCKETT.

Messrs. H. Mulholland, W. Conway, B. J. A. Young, Geo. P. Brown, and Wm. Conway, Esqrs.

Elizabethtown, Nov. 18th.

HON. THO. CHILTON,

Sir,—A number of your fellow citizens of Elizabethtown expect the pleasure, on to-morrow, at H. G. Wintersmith's hotel, of dining with the Hon. David Crockett. Your presence, sir, on the occasion, would be gratifying to the committee, individually, and pleasing to those they represent.

We have the honour to be, most respectfully,
your fellow citizens,

H. MULHOLLAND,
W. CONWAY,
B. J. A. YOUNG,
GEO. P. BROWN,
WM. CONWAY.

My Residence, Nov. 18.

Gentlemen,—I have this moment received your very polite note of invitation to dine with many of my valued friends on to-morrow, at Mr. Wintersmith's hotel, in Elizabethtown.

As I shall be at that time on my way to Washington city, and shall have an opportunity afforded me of taking my leave of you, I can accept your kind invitation without detriment; which I accordingly do.

Please accept assurances of my personal friendship, and best wishes for yourselves, as a committee on the part of my fellow citizens; and do me the favour to communicate to those whom you represent, that I duly appreciate the honour and kindness which their politeness have conferred.

I am, truly, yours,

THO. CHILTON.

Messrs. H. Mulholland, W. Conway, B. J. A. Young, Geo. P. Brown, and Wm. Conway, Esqrs.

TOASTS.

The Federal Constitution—A great monument of wisdom and patriotism.

The Union of the States—A bond indispensable and sacred to American liberty.

Nullification—A political heresy; an enemy to our blood-bought Union.

Proscription—The vengeance of petty tyrants; the scourge of independence; the bane of freedom.

Our Guests—THE HON. DAVID CROCKETT—The honest, independent representative from Tennessee: we would say unto him, “Well done, thou good and faithful servant: go ahead.”

Here Mr. Crockett rose, and addressed the meeting as follows:

“GENTLEMEN,

“I promised my friend, your representative, long ago, that I would visit this place; but it has been inconvenient for me to come until the present time: and I can assure the citizens of Elizabethtown that I had no expectation of attracting any attention; and I must say, that I am at a loss for language to express my gratitude for your kind and hospitable attention.

“Gentlemen, for your complimentary sentiment, I feel bound, by a sense of duty, to make a few remarks; and in doing so, I have no doubt but I shall owe you an apology; for I shall be compelled to address you in homespun language—

in my own plain manner: for I have never had the opportunity of an education, which enables men to use the refined language that is common for gentlemen to use, filling a high station, such as I have been chosen to fill, by a portion of the people of Tennessee. In making my remarks, I will be reluctantly obliged to say some harsh things about the acts of a man I once supported. I was one of General Jackson's first soldiers; I helped him to get his glory; and I was as sincere in my support of him as any man in America. I had heard the hue and cry against Messrs. Adams and Clay; they were called the prodigals: it was sung from one end of the continent to the other, that the prodigals were indulging in a wasteful system that would soon bankrupt the nation. I believed this was all true, and I joined in the cry to put them down. We accomplished the object; we hurled them from power. I then hoped to see peace, and expected to see my country flourish. I recollected the famous letter of 1823, from Andrew Jackson to Mr. Monroe. That letter contained good advice. Mr. Monroe was told to destroy the monster party—to be the president of the people. From that letter, we had a right to expect under Jackson's reign we would have an end of party strife. But I regret to say, instead of his

acting up to his own wholesome advice, as soon as he took his seat as president, the first inquiry was, 'who has had the audacity to vote against Andrew Jackson?' The man that had dared to do this, had to take to his heels; he got his walking ticket; he had to give up his place for some huzza-partizan of Andrew Jackson.

"The next question was, who had huzzaed most and loudest for the 'greatest and best?' The man that *had*, was *qualified* to fill any office in the government. Then we saw men who had grown gray in the service of their country, and who understood their duty, turned out of office to make room for the worshippers of Andrew Jackson.

"You know, gentlemen, we were promised reform; the expenditures of the government were to be retrenched. These things were promised; these things the people expected to see done. Under the prodigals' reign, the expenditures of the government were from ten to thirteen millions; under the reign of the retrenchment-gentlemen, we see, from their own reports, they are from eighteen to twenty-two millions! Is this to be taken for retrenchment? It may suit some people, but it does not suit me.

"Gentlemen, I am now against Jackson. I wanted to remain with him, but I found I could

not stand the pull. I am no man-worshipper. I saw he wanted every body to follow him, right or wrong. And when I saw I could not be honest and be his friend, I set up shop for myself.

“Now, gentlemen, I shall have to go back to the old days of 1776, to the reign of King George the Third, for a comparison with King Andrew the First. He brought oppression after oppression upon the American colonies, till his burthens became intolerable. The people laid their petitions in heaps at the feet of his majesty. They were treated with silent contempt. And at length the tea tax was laid, and our fathers met in the old state-house in Philadelphia, and there subscribed to the glorious Declaration of Independence. They pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour, that they would be free. Free from what? Free from British tyranny, and free from despotism, and free from the government of one man. It was not the amount claimed that they despised. It was the condition, the principle on which it was to be paid. What ensued? War; a bloody war! and some of the best patriots that ever lived perished in the conflict. Their fortunes, their lives were sacrificed to obtain a government of laws. They gained it; and they and their children have

lived under it for fifty-eight years, the happiest people under the sun.

“Now, in 1834, we see the same page open in our political history, which in '76 was written in letters of blood:—one man holding the sword of the nation in one hand, and seizing in the other the purse of the people, bidding defiance to Congress, to the laws, and to the nation. Andrew Jackson has said, that if Congress dared to pass any bill that did not meet his approbation, he would veto it. Is this not setting Congress at defiance? Is this not saying, ‘my will shall be the law of the land?’ Such grievances as these our fathers fought to get rid of. What would any of you say, if a common citizen were to violate the laws of his country? You would all say, ‘punish him; punish him;’ and I contend, that in a free country, in a republican government, no man should be above the laws; no man should be permitted to trample upon the laws of his country, and go without punishment. And I hold it to be sound doctrine, that if the chief magistrate violate the laws, he is more culpable than a common man, and should be more severely punished, because he knows the laws, and tramples them under foot wilfully.

“You all know, that in 1811, the old bank char-

ter expired, and that Congress refused to re-charter it. We were compelled to deposit the revenue in local banks; the identical same kind of banks that they say Jackson is keeping the money in. They were more solvent *then* than they are *now*; and the government then lost by these swindling traps one million and five hundred thousand dollars in four years! In 1816, the government found it impossible to get on without a national bank. Then they established the present bank. The bank paid for the use of the deposits one million and five hundred thousand dollars. You may call it *hire*, or *buy*, which you please. This was a solemn contract between the government and the bank; and Jackson broke it. The bank agreed to pay off the debts of the government, free of charge; and she has paid off for the government four hundred and sixty millions of money, without a cent lost to the country. And after all these benefits, Jackson is trying to destroy it. He ordered Mr. Duane, the honest man of Pennsylvania, to break the law, and remove the deposits. Duane said both his conscience and his duty forbid it. Then he had to take to his heels; he got his walking ticket!

“Jackson then appointed Taney his tool; and said, ‘I take the responsibility.’ Now, gentlemen,

who removed the deposits? Was it the master, or was it the tool? I say Jackson violated the law, and ought to be punished.

“When Cæsar demanded the keys of the treasury of Rome, the secretary said, ‘no man had a right to demand them but the Roman senate.’ Cæsar shook his finger at him, and said, ‘It is as easy for Cæsar to take your life as to will it.’ Cæsar then trampled on the laws, and seized the money; and the Roman people, just like our Jackson man-worshippers, said it was all right.

“Now, I ask any Jackson man where the public money of this country is? Old Amos himself could hardly tell, except as to that part he has in his pocket! Is it in the local banks? They could lick it up in a minute.

“The reason I compare Andrew Jackson with King George is, that there were two hundred thousand petitioners, who sent their memorials to Congress, praying for a restoration of the deposits. And wherê were these memorials sent? To a packed committee, made by a party speaker, with his pay in his pocket! But he lost his pay; and I aint sorry. He appointed a majority in every committee in favour of Jackson. In the committee of ways and means, there were six Jackson, and three anti’s. And I contend he vio-

lated the common law. I am no lawyer, but I have been a *piece* of a court; and in my country, when one man acts as a juror in any case, he is never competent to act again in the same case. But there was Mr. Thomas, appointed one of the committee to investigate the bank, at the last Congress. He had the Jackson stripe; and the speaker appointed him chairman this year to examine the same bank. And you had a contested election from your state—Mr. Letcher, and one Moore; both expected justice; and the speaker could only find one anti to put in their committee, and even he was only anti-mason. But he stood up to the rack, and the house sustained him; and one day, the man that killed Tecumseh got up, and said he wanted leave to suspend the rule, and pass a unanimous vote of thanks to the speaker. I said, ‘no; read your resolution; I think there is in it something about faithful and impartial. Now, as to the *faithful*—he has been as faithful as a dog—to *his party!*—but that *impartial* I go against.’ But they watched their chance, and passed it; I was in the post-office; I come in, and asked to record my vote; they objected. I told them I considered myself swindled out of my vote. But, gentlemen, what is worse than all, is to see Andrew Jackson leave his high station, and come to Tennessee, to get that

state to go for Van Buren. It is true *little Van* was smuggled into the vice-presidency, in the seat of Jackson's breeches, by the general-ticket system in every state. The people would have General Jackson on the head of the ticket, and they did not care what come after: this is the way he got Tennessee.

“When Jackson came to Nashville this fall, I told some people that his intention was to electioneer for Van Buren—I had suspicions of it. Sure enough, when I was in Nashville a short time back, I called at Colonel Foster's law office; his father, the Rev. R. C. Foster, was there. Old Mr. Foster, the colonel's father, in conversation about Van Buren, remarked, that he had not taken a glass of wine for many years until the other day, when he was at a dinner table with the president, and he said to him, ‘Mr. Foster, I have a bottle of good Van Buren wine; will you take a glass with me?’—Mr. Foster said he took a glass with the general. Now havn't I cause for suspicion?”

“This is what I call electioneering on a low scale. Now to see him try to smuggle that political Judas in as his successor is cruel!”

“As I came to your town I stopped at Salt river, where I met with Captain Robert Carey, of Cincinnati. He told me that he was acquainted with Van

Buren ever since he was a boy ; and that he was a little, lying, tell-tale boy. He said he also was in London when Van Buren was our minister there ; and heard Van Buren say to an English lord, at the table of a Mr. Childs, the owner of a distinguished house in London, 'That it would be but a few years until America would be a crow-head ; that the northern and southern states were about to split, and he wished how soon.'

"The *little thing* thinks he will be wafted in as Jackson's successor, and get the crown on his bald pate. This I do believe is his intention. Gentlemen, let me propose a toast.

"*Martin Van Buren.*—A political Judas—may he sink to the level of his merits."

"*Henry Clay.*—The mighty champion of civil liberty—the friend of his country, the foe of her enemies. Posterity will mark his patriotism, and weep over his persecutions."

"*The Hon. Thomas Chilton.*—A zealous, talented, and vigilant representative of the people."

Mr. Chilton then rose and addressed the meeting in his usual eloquent and impressive manner.

"*The Fair Sex.*—There would be no doing without them."

"*Our Landlord.*—We tender him our grateful thanks for his munificent and sumptuous fare."

From Elizabethtown I hastened on to Washington ; not that there was any thing particular to be done at the opening of the session, but because I determined that nothing should be wanting, on my part, on the subject of the bill reported by me concerning certain settlers in Tennessee.

Out came the president's message, with a modest request to authorize him, at his discretion, to make war upon France. I have thought this matter over a good deal ; and if we could get at the secrets of the cabinet, I'd give my head for a soap-gourd, that Andrew Jackson never made the proposition for letters of marque and reprisal. It an't in his way. He went jam up for war ; but the cabinet got him down to half heat, and then he signed the message ; and I do sincerely think he has repented it ever since ; for as some of his head men in Congress have said, if he had recommended war right out, he'd have got as much out of the fuss kicked up, as he asked for in his message. But I am glad that the senate resolution has passed, and in such a way as to stop the mouths of those who think it God's service to slander and abuse that patriotic body ; and I hope our house will take things coolly also. I know there is difficulty in the foreign affairs committee. Some won't vote to give the president the power asked for ; some won't vote

against him ; and others look on, with the balance of power between their teeth. Long may they stick so, unless they all come round to the right side.

Give the president power to make war? Where did anybody in his senses get this from? It isn't in the constitution, or I never read it right. It's very true, a plain man like myself can't see as many powers in it as one that has glorification specs on. It is very plainly, however, laid down that *Congress* shall have power to declare war, and no one else. It is admitted, that sending out ships to plunder your neighbour or adversary, is as much as mere words in making war. I don't like it. It isn't the clean thing. Give me the bold declaration of war, instead of hitting a fellow when he's off his guard. Give him time to take off the duds, and then lick him if you can. I believe I never got the worst of a fight but once, and then the fellow put at me when I was muffled up in my big coat and leggins.

If I understand this marque business, it amounts to this : We say, and I believe truly, that France, by her treaty with Mr. Rives, promised to pay us five millions of dollars. The king admits the justice of our claim ; but, in France, as here, there is a squabble between the *ins* and the *outs* : the outs

make a great fuss about being cheated, and think it will be popular with the people to refuse to give the king the money to pay this debt. Well, now they are but politicians *in* to-day, and *out* again to-morrow; and who knows or believes that they speak the sober sentiments of good old France, that did a heap for us in the old war for independence? I don't, for one. Let us wait a little. War is no such trifle; and national honour was never much disgraced by a full exercise of patience and forbearance. Well, General Jackson wants Congress to say, that whenever *he* gets tired waiting on these Frenchmen, and *he* thinks they won't pay, that *he* may commission as many ships as *he* pleases, to go out on the high sea, and seize as many French ships, and property of individuals, who perhaps never heard of this difficulty, as will pay our five million claim. What is this but war in its worst shape? Robbery, dignified by the title of reprisals. Honest men's property sacrificed, to get at the national honour of France!!

If Congress alone can declare war, how could they say to General Jackson that they will hand over their responsibility and discretion to him?

Why, mark my words for it, if they do, the old man will be down at the navy-yard and arsenal, a boring out the touch-holes himself. Ground

alum salt would not keep him three weeks without a fight. He has given so much of his old land glory to Van Buren, that he wants a little by water for himself, and others of his hangers on.

It's diverting to see what a warrior strut some of the little captains have in Congress; looking first at one shoulder, then at another, and thinking how much bigger they would look with a pair of epaulettes on. Some talking about rations and pay; some sily calculating contracts, and so on. Fighting France! "Come over," said a fellow in December, "swim over the mill-dam, you rascal; come over here, and if I don't give you the biggest lickin you ever had." No more chance for a fight in one case than the other; and happy thing it is.

My course would be this. If France is determined to put off this plain question—I mean her aspiring politicians—close your ports against her ships; exclude her silk and finery; her brandies and wines; pass a non-intercourse and non-impotation act; and my word for it, the people will teach them a lesson at home, how to pay their just debts.

Why this course was not advised, I know not, unless it is supposed that certain objects of political stock-jobbing could be better attained by fat contracts, and the people be blinded to their own in-

terest by the storm of war ; or unless the hero has been flattered up to condescend to *break his word a second time*, and run for a third term.

Before I am done writing, you will hear, or else I will tell you, something that will be a damper, from the head man of the gap to the tattered scullion of the kitchen cabinet.

Blair may shut his mouth, if he can, and Amos may set to cyphering ; but it won't do. They'll be as far wrong as they were in counting noses last year, when the Indiana man carried the resolution for two or three weeks in his pocket, to declare the election of Gales and Seaton void.

But, after all, it seems to me that this here war that is so much talked of, is not rightly called ; and I like most monstrously to call children by right names. If it was called the "Rives and Jackson war with the French ministers," it would be what I think true. How did all this thing come about ? Who can tell us all about it ? Mr. Forsyth could, but he is a mighty prudent man, and I don't want him to ; but I'll tell what I think. When General Jackson came into the presidency, he was desirous of proving that he was, what he had been declared not to be, acquainted with our national concerns, both at home and abroad. Well, Mr. Rives, known to be a talented gentleman, from Virginia, was se-

lected as our minister to France. This old claim of ours had been boxed about for a quarter of a century; and the commercial part of our country being generally opposed to General Jackson, a bold stroke was to be made for their interests in these French claims. The requisite instructions were made out, and Mr. Rives took his departure. Well, as soon as he could with a good face, he put at the French minister about these old claims. They fought shy; but the negotiation went on. Mr. Rives pushed hard for a large amount; the French trying to beat down; till, at long and last, twenty-five millions of francs, which makes five millions of dollars, was agreed upon, as the sum to be paid. "Well, now, sign the treaty," said Mr. Rives. "Certainly," replied Mr. Frenchman; "but, Mr. Rives, you will be so good as to remember and inform your government, that although I sign the treaty for this sum, there are a great many of the Chamber of Deputies who are opposed to it; and it must meet their approbation, or the money can't be forthcoming."—"Certainly," said Mr. Rives, "I understand all that; we will run the risk." The ink being scarcely dry, off came our minister. Now for the glory. Not satisfied that the treaty had been made, they must "cut de grand floreesh"—sustain the character of General Jackson and

little Van as great statesmen, and prove the diplomatic skill of Mr. Rives. How was this to be done? No other way than by calling for the correspondence of Mr. Rives while minister to France. Mr. Edward Everett could tell about this. I think he offered the resolution—at whose instance, I don't say. Out it came; and, like many other misguided concerns, they did not take pains enough in the department of state to retain or keep back certain letters of Mr. Rives, in which he kind of boasts that he had outwitted the French. Well, this sort of put up the dander of the French: but no odds. Draw for the first instalment, not when due, but before it; the deputies, or somebody, or nobody, will pay it. General Jackson is a diplomat that isn't to be trifled with. Well, they did draw; and what was the consequence? The money was not paid. Here was an end of all the glory. But General Jackson, true to his former life, never gives up a wrangle, if he has backers; and now wants us to expend one hundred millions to back his diplomacy, and establish Mr. Rives' character for skill—certainly not for prudence, I say, after all this. Wait patiently; France is reasonable, certainly; but let her be satisfied, as her king is, that too much has not been promised, and my word for it, she will pay the uttermost farthing. If I should

be mistaken, legislate her into her senses; and this, I hope and trust, will be the course of this present Congress. We will wait, and see how things run.

Since I began to write, the post-office committees have both reported; and I was right as to the issue. Both the Senate and the House committees are dead against the concern. How else could it be? People must believe their senses; and when every single case which has been investigated has been found to be rotten to the core, how could they report favourably? The whole shows that the annual reports to Congress were not to be depended on; that instead of the department flourishing, as the president has often told Congress, it was languishing—it was strangling secretly. No one knew it but the doctors; and they knew that burnt brandy could not save it; but they were determined to hold on to the carcass, though the soul was gone.

Truth will come out. One of the post-office clerks remarked that from the Senate committee they had nothing to expect: they were constituted with the avowed purpose of hunting out defects, and errors, and corruption, if they could, and therefore the department had fair warning. But what spited them most of all was, that the House committee—got up expressly for the purpose of sustain-

ing the department, and proving that the report of the Senate last year was erroneous, and that the department was sound and efficient, and Major Barry competent, and so on, and so on—should turn right round, and hit them harder than the others. “Well,” says I, “the next time you invite your friends to a hunt, don’t start them on a skunk track, or they’re sure to curse you, up hill and down dale. You told Conner what was not true, and he believed you; but when he and the others come to try for themselves, they could not cipher up the extras a bit better than Ewing and Southard; nor could the parson work the sum in their presence, because they would not let him force the answer: two and two would not make five in their presence, however it might work behind the door.”

I hope now that extras will cease, and that Billy Smith and every one of them will get no more than what they contract for, and that he will be let off of his contract to change the politics of Virginia. Let him sell his printing-presses, and go to work honestly to make a living. One thing certain has come out of all this. The department has got a settlement for once with the big contractors. Whose fault it was that this was not done before, I think is not hard to figure out. The de-

partment had the power to force the contractors to settlement; the contractors could not force them. But settlement to a dollar did not suit the purposes of the department. They showed up a big score due by contractors, and this helped them to prove to Congress that the means of the office were great; whereas if they had given the contractors credit on their books for the extras, and additional, and expresses, and so on, they would, as in some instances it turned out, bring the department in debt. Look at the facts, that in some of the accounts, where contractors were reported as owing thousands of dollars, items of credit for services rendered months and years before had not been entered!!! Give the contractors their due: if *the system* required favouritism, who would turn his back? It's asking a good deal to say that the servant shall correct his master. The fact is, *the system* did require it; and they began by shoving John M'Lean overboard. Postmasters were to be kicked out, new post-offices established, new routes opened, contractors to be encouraged in supporting newspapers to huzza for Jackson and reform; and, in fact, the whole shool and boiling of the business of the department was put at scramblings. How could it go right? No, indeed; it was like a frolicking executor or administrator getting hold of a large

estate ; away he goes, the best fellow in the world ! any thing you please to ask : but by-and-by the settlement comes—his vouchers won't pass muster before the court, and what then ? His bondsmen suffer. Thank God, my name was struck off the papers before they began much of this same deviltry, and I han't nothing to pay. Them that danced should pay the piper ; but I suppose they will all say as the young man said of the old quaker when the robbers stopped the mail-coach. The old gentleman gave up his purse ; the young man held back : a pistol was presented at him : “ Oh,” says he, “ don't shoot ; old uncle always pays for me ! ” So poor old Uncle Sam, I suppose, will pay for all : and I am glad that the funding system has paid off our national debt, so that a few hundreds of thousands won't hurt us much now. General Jackson can pay off the post-office debt as he said he would the old debt, *by borrowing* ; and then we'll burn all the books and old extra contracts, and begin *dee novo*, as the Latin scholars say in Congress.

But what is to come out of all this ? What will General Jackson do about all this ? He loves *Major Barry*, as he calls him ; and all know that the major is a mighty clever fellow, and it was wrong to put him where he had too many hooks to mind at once, and more particular where the underlings

fixed the bait. General Jackson has and always had a powerful disposition to stick to them he liked and who liked him, (every body knows this but Ingham, and Branch, and a few others;) and if a little dirt did happen to be on their clothes, he stuck to them till it dries; and then there is only a small blur left, as if it was intended. Like the young Englishmen that rides up to the capitol, and spatters their boots a little, to let you see how nicely they are blacked.

God forgive me, I don't just blame the parson for all that took place, and I don't think it fair that he alone should bear the blame. It looks a sort of run against the church, a kind of sectarian Unitarianism, that don't read pretty. I did hear say there was to be a kind of quarter day, and that some new hands was to be brought to their *assistants*; but I reckon they only bought a new broom to sweep up the memorandums. Yet I thought, a few days ago, that I saw a member, when he was franking a bundle, look at it as if he could sign As't. P. M. Gen'l. mighty pretty.

Well, I believe I've writ enough about the post-office, and will quit, else they will think I was on the committee.

Some people begin history in the middle, but as I go my own gait, I'll leave off there; and I may

just as well, for if all was to be wrote about the post-office, I had better send out and buy a flock of geese, for the double purpose of getting a supply of quills and watching while I wrote; and yet I suppose they would not cackle at an "old Roman," and I might be took up.

Washington City, January 7, 1835.

HON. DAVID CROCKETT.

Dear Sir,—We have learned, because you secretly informed us, that you have declined permitting your name to be used as a candidate for the presidency of the United States, and that you have addressed a letter to that effect, some time since, to the committee of the convention of Mississippi, by whom you were nominated for that high office. Upon a private understanding between you and ourselves, and a number of our friends, held in a kind of caucus, it has been concluded that we should come out in a seeming open application for a copy of your letter, pretending that it is important that your friends elsewhere, as well as in Mississippi, may have an early opportunity of turning their attention to some other suitable person, but really to give you an occasion to play off upon the public one of your best efforts for effect, and to keep up the humbuggerly of the bank, gold currency, and all that sort of thing, so necessary to blind the people, and keep our party together.

Yours, with great respect,

NICHOLAS BANKS, of Pennsylvania.

ANDREW J. BULLION, of Indiana.

THOS. B. GOLDWIRE, of New-Hampshire.

MARTIN V. TRASHMONEY, of New York.

Washington City, January 8, 1835.

Gentlemen,—I send you a copy of the letter you wish. It is not my wish to take advantage of any body. I never said I cared about being president *now*, and so I have writ to all my friends in private letters, and when I talked about it I always talked that way. As Mississippi was the first state (and I expected it would be the last) that nominated me for the "government," I writ the letter, and sent it there to be printed, to show that I didn't go off half cocked, and to keep people from thinking that I had refused before I was ready. But as I want another man elected in the north, that I may have a sort of a plea to come in next time myself from the south-west, and as I see some people are going to try to hunt for themselves, and don't seem to be after the same game that I am, but are scouting all about to start other sport, and seem to be barking up the wrong sapling, I want to blow 'em off, and put 'em on the right trail. But as we understand each other, I shan't say any more, but just send you the letter, and am glad you mean to publish it.

Your friend,

DAVID CROCKETT.

To the Committee.

Washington City, December 1, 1833.

Dear Sir,—I suppose the democratic convention is in earnest in recommending me to be the president of the United States. There is so much trickery about that thing now-a-days, and so many sham nominations, just to make people show their hands, that I thought I would let you see that I know a thing or two myself, before I stated how thankful I am for your pitching on me for the presidency. But I am sorry I don't want the office

just now—I'm after another thing. I'm a very candid man; and when my mind is fixed upon a matter, you might as well try to stop gunpowder half blown up, as stop me. I can't agree to be president.

The next election for president and vice goes ahead of all the elections that ever took place in America, except when Jefferson and the present "government" was elected. Them two beat all creation, because they fought for the "democratic principle." Now I should think the constitution quite gone, unless the "democracy"—that is, our side, all the office-holders in the country, and in Washington city, and at New York, and every where—carried the election in 1836. To win that election we must give item to one another. We must hang together like a pitch plaster to a bald pate. No flying off—no thinking for ourselves. One man must think for all. We musn't have but one candidate, and for that reason I won't go upon the list. I'll be a "voter," and this is a big character, able to shoulder a steamboat, and carry any candidate that the caucus at Baltimore may set up against the people. What's the people to a caucus? Nothing but a dead ague to an earthquake.

But, gentlemen, though I can't take the appointment myself, I will tell you who can, and you won't have to persuade him long neither. He will play shy at first, owing to his nature; but it ain't hard to bring him too. It is Mr. Martin Van Buren. Perhaps you never heard of him before. He never meddles in anybody's business. I have known him a long time, and I can assure you he is all sorts of a great man. Where any other man has one good quality he has lots. We didn't set in the same chair together more than two years, but fully half that time he was either in my lap or I in his,

exchanging compliments, so that I know him better than a book, and can say, take him up one side and down t'other, he is the most fitting man, next to General Jackson, for the president, of any man that now hurrahs for hard money and the people. The way he is a democrat, is a caution, all over. He is dyed in the wool, through and through, and comes as near to the red britches of Mr. Jefferson as a new patch upon an old garment can be made. As to ability, he himself don't know how much he knows; and if *he* don't, who can?

He aint like any other living cretur; he can't be attacked; fights just as well behind as before; sees as well one way as another. They say his life is like a clean copy-book; there is not a blot in any part of it; not a word nor letter scratched out, and every *i* dotted, and every *t* crossed from one eend to t'other. In his natral disposition he is as tame as the present "government," and will just suit to come after it. The way his own state thinks of him outshines the yellar jackets. They have been stall-feeding him for twenty-two years, and have got him as slick as an ingon. His state is the biggest in the union; has got two millions of people, forty-two members in Congress, the longest canals, the largest ships, more banks, smaller notes, less cunning, and more honesty than any state in the union, and has never had a president yet: a great reason this for giving her one now, though she has had three vice-presidents out of seven, besides other high officers, from Alexander Hamilton down. But ignorant people, with a glib sort of a tongue, says, what has he done? They ought to ask, what has he not done? I wouldn't answer the first question so far as the *people* is concerned; but for *his sake*, I will tell you what he has done. And not to get ahead of my story, I will go back to the

time he began to be a politician. He set out with this rule—never to choose sides till he found out which was which; and if he happened to make a mistake, it was nothing to nobody, and things soon got straight. He never was wrong in any dispute, if either side was right; that is, he was always right, unless both sides was wrong. He broke up a whole legislature in New York, to support Mr. Madison in the war, and threatened to turn him out of his government, and put Mr. Clinton in; but failing in this, he turned over again, and tried to break down Mr. Clinton in New York. All the time he was for the war, he was making the people believe Mr. Madison was not to be trusted; and there has been pieces printed from his speeches, and will be printed over, I suppose, showing how he abused Mr. Madison's government. Then he praised Mr. Clinton, and afterwards turned right round, and talked t'other way. He was all sorts of a member in the New York legislature. He was one of the litter of great men that was got by the *war* out of the *old United States Bank*. He took sides with his father, and went his death against his mother. He was the very man for the times; talk, write, fight, bring in bills, laugh, make bows, draw state papers, which finally made the federal party smell the patching that drove them from the field in April, 1814. This was a rale New Orleans scrape, and it was a long time before the people at Washington found out which was the biggest affair. But Mr. Van Buren always give up that Orleans was the greatest. Now so much for the question, what has he done?

It is true, he voted for the tariff of 1828, "that bill of abominations," as it was then called, but he was obliged to do that; his legislature instructed him: but some have said that they instructed him

by his own request; for his friends have boasted that he has never seen the day, for the last ten years, that he couldn't make a New York legislature do as he wanted them. But this vote proves what I said before. He went against the tariff at home; called the Harrisburg convention, while it was hatching this very tariff bill of 1828, a trick and turn over to make a president, and then goes to Congress and votes for it. Don't this look like a man can't well be wrong that takes both sides? It looks a little curious that a man should go against a measure at home, speak it in public, write agin it, abuse it as a fraud and a trick, and get elected under these circumstances, and then get the very legislature that elects him to tell him to vote against his own "graphic" speeches, and for a "measure proceeding more from the CLOSET than from the WORKSHOP." This is the way he got the name of a MAGICIAN: and it looks a good deal like it to a man up in a tree.

Mr. Van Buren has been more scandalized than any man in the world, not excepting Mr. Jefferson. Everybody has combined against him. He has never interfered with anybody at all. If it hadn't been for this, he would have been General Jackson's favourite, and he would have made him his successor. But they poured so much poison in the old man's ears about his conduct against the Seminoles, that he never could bear Van Buren any more: and he, poor man! gave up his secretaryship, rather than have any fuss. He has never complained; and bore it all like a Christian. Now, some people have said that he was first for Crawford, against Jackson and Jackson's South Carolina friends; and then he was for Adams; and finally, he came in at the eleventh hour for Jackson, got into the nest of Jackson's first and fast friends,

rooted 'em out, took their place; and they even go so far as to say that he is the choice of General Jackson for president. But this an't so; if it was, it would make him look again a little like a *magician*.

He has been accused about the safety fund banks in New York. Now, people don't know any thing about these banks. Mr. Van Buren has always been in favour of "hard money;" and he always obstinately refused to let any more than one hundred and fifty banks be chartered at one time in New York; and then he said—and stood to it—they should'nt issue notes lower than a *quarter of a dollar*; for if they went for notes under that, it would drive all the specie out of the country. And then, again, he provided, that for every *sixty-three* dollars issued in paper, there should be *one* dollar in silver. But, not satisfied with making the notes secure, by providing the above specie to take 'em up, he said that if one bank failed, all the others should make it good. Now, this is the safety fund system of New York. These banks are all in a league; and, to keep their privileges, and to keep up one another, and to keep up their party, they have a joint fund, that is always subject to party purposes—to pay for votes, for treating, for traveling, for printing, for handbills, and for every thing that is necessary to carry an election. All this is managed at Albany, and is called the Albany Regency. Now, by this system, New York has sound politics, sound morals, and *hard money*. How can anybody blame him for the safety fund banks?

Then, too, he has gone with all his might against the United States' Bank; but is in favour of its branches, if they will put 'em in New York. Bad as that bank is, he wrote for one to be put up in Utica; and his friends denied this, till they proved

it upon him by his letter; and because they happened to forget about his trying to get this branch. His enemies want to make out that he rows one way and looks another: and this is the kind of proof that is to make a man a double-dealer! a magician!

They call him non-committal, too, and this is because he always looks before he leaps. They say he never gives the measure of his foot. Now how can this be, when it is shown that he speaks against the Tariff at home, and votes for it in Congress; goes for internal improvement by the general government in New York, but against it out of it; goes against the Bank at Philadelphia, but in favour of it at Utica; goes for all the candidates for president in turn, Jackson last, notwithstanding which they say he is in higher favour there now than those that began before him. Went for the war, but went against Madison; wanted to turn out Madison and put in Clinton, and then turned Clinton out from the little office he held in New York. Goes for gold and hard money, and has more rag money in his state than all the other states put together. Call you this non-committal? As well may you call the fingers of a watch non-committal, that goes regular round to every figure on its face.

I have gone through what they say against Mr. Van Buren, and now I must speak about our sticking together; every thing for Van Buren, nothing for nobody else—that is, nothing for Judge White; for, to tell you the truth, the whole of this letter is just intended to keep the people from opening their eyes. Some very good, honest Jacksonmen are foolish enough to think they ought to have an opinion of their own, and talk about it quite grave. The words ‘magician,’ ‘little magician,’ ‘non-

committal,' 'safety fund,' 'Albany regency,' 'New York tactics,' and such like, have been named so often, they begin to think there is something in it, and say, where there is so much smoke there must be fire; or, as we hunters used to say, where there is so much sign there must be game. Now Mr. Van and me, and the men that wrote to send 'em this letter to be published, and a good many of our folks, have all got together, and we think by making a great rush upon these free-thinkers, we can whip 'em back into the party, and make 'em stand up to their rack, fodder or no fodder. This letter is all for that purpose. I know, and we all know, that one-half of it isn't true, and the other is trash. My friends said to me, your name sounds big, and if you come out and make believe that you don't want to be president, and talk about democracy, aristocracy, Jefferson, Madison, Crawford, persecution, the war, the bank, gold currency, hard money, but, above all, Jackson and the battle of New Orleans, and then hurra for union, harmony, concession, Van Buren, and the great state of New York; the seceders will tack and run back into the democratic republican fold, which means the Van Buren fold.

You must take notice that I am slabb'd off from the election, and am nothing but a "voter;" and this gives me the right to dictate to the rest, and to tell them that I have no concern but to keep the democratic party united. Shallow-headed men won't see into this, and then I can go on to say you ought to elect Mr. Van Buren, because he is from the North. If we can keep things straight till we do this, the next time the president must come from the Southwest; and then, where do I stand? By that time the party will be so well drilled that they will take anybody the party says

they must take; and, in the mean time, I think I can cry Bank! Bank! Monster! Corruption! Gold! Hard-money! Democracy! and all that; so that, if you will recommend me then, I'll be your man. If White should be elected now, that will be two presidents from the Southwest; and then I can't possibly get in. But take Van Buren, and by the time his term is up, Judge White will never be in *my* way. It is true, Judge White is as good a Jeffersonian as Martin Van Buren, but no better; and besides, he shouldered his musket, and fought bravely through the last war, (to say more might look like envy.) But if we elect him, it will be greedy—look like we wanted all the presidents. It would break up the democratic party, set all the states together by the ears, and place the country in the frightful situation in which it was situated when Virginia gave us four democratic presidents—three hand-running. It won't do. Let the next president come from the North; and then I go with all my heart for a Southwest president, the time after; and that president shall be myself.

Hoping that you will not forget me eight years hence, and that we can keep the people from thinking for themselves against a caucus nomination,

I am, your fellow citizen,

DAVID CROCKETT.

On the foregoing I make no remarks. Posterity will do me justice.

Coming into the house one morning, I heard the clerk reading, "Resolved, that in all elections for officers, &c. of this house, &c. &c., the same shall be *viva voce*." Where did that come from? From

Illinois; and by whom? Governor Reynolds. I'll bet six rounds of powder that Blair wrote the words down—that's him. Well, if the Jackson men can bear that, we will see the cat and nine tails brought in here before long. Glorious confession for him! Straws show how the wind drives. He's scared; can't trust his men; afraid they won't stand up to the rack. Give him rope. Don't put him to the trouble of sending all round the country for certificates to prove that he was elected again.

I tell you, reader, it was a Jackson-Van-Blair trap; and if they can get it to work, every mother's son of them will have to vote with the fear of Andrew Jackson before his eyes, and woe be to him that thinks and acts for himself. Farewell presidential favours, farewell presidential dinners, Globe puffs, and all.

Who doubts that this was the object. Glorious confession, I repeat; not enough of Van-Burenism in this House to elect his printer, or at least they fear it!! If the election is not so determined, depend on it Blair is routed. We'll see how the gander hops before the session is over.

Reader, I told you some time ago, for I've been a good while getting this far, that if you did not hear before, I would tell you some news. Hugh Lawson White is a candidate for the presidency, and can't be bought off, and they know it. His steel is too pure for them to think of bending him; the atmosphere that surrounds him keeps off all busy bodies. The people have called, and are call-

ing him out, and he has put himself into their hands. The Van-Burenites are cut to the quick. The work is going on too well for their comfort, and yet they dare not attack him. He has been considered, and justly praised by them as the noblest work of God—an honest man. What are they to do? Hang off, and try to throw their cause upon his kind feelings; persuade him that if he runs, he will cause defeat to the Jackson party, and an anti will be elected. Thank heaven we are nearly done with that word *Jackson party*, and are about to form an *American party*, deep-rooted in the affections, and honour, and honesty of the American people.

Every body has heard of Lawrence shooting, or attempting to shoot at the president. This of itself was a horrible affair; and every man in the nation must have shuddered when he heard that the president of the United States escaped, as it were, by a miracle, from the hands of a madman, and that the assault should have been made upon the occasion of his attending a funeral. One would have thought that in the gratitude which ought to have been poured forth to God for his preservation, every thing like personal animosity would have been quiet, and that no one would have been implicated without “confirmation, strong as proof from holy writ.” Poor human nature; the man will show himself, let “Providence” do as he may. Who said it’s a damn’d Poindexter plot? Let those gentlemen who were around him, and who

endeavoured to quiet him, say. The world is made up of rumours. Thus the cue was given. Some of you may have seen the proceedings ; some may not.

Certain dirty dogs, calculating that nothing would be more acceptable to the president than affidavits that Governor Poindexter was concerned in this affair, by hook and by crook made out to get two, and put them in his possession. He kept them in his pocket, and showed them to every body, for a number of days. This circumstance clearly convinced me that General Jackson did not believe what these fellows swore, and only used them for effect against Poindexter. For I ask any man, the humblest individual in the country, if he had in his possession two affidavits which he believed were from credible witnesses, that a certain person was seen, under suspicious circumstances, in company with a man who had made an attempt on his life, whether he would not lay them instantly before the first justice he could find, and have him arrested ; or at all events, that he would have kept them quiet until he had exhausted every effort to procure additional proof. But this was not done. It did not serve the purpose in one respect, and it failed in another. It is believed by Governor Poindexter and many of his friends, that they intended to keep the thing snug among the initiated until after the 3d of March, and then arrest him ; or to send them, before him, to Mississippi, where, it is known, the election for senator is still undecided.

Fortunately for the Governor, there was a leaky member, and Dutee J. Pearce, of Rhode Island, thought it too good to keep. Poindexter heard of it, and with the proud bearing of an innocent man, he threw himself upon the protection of his fellow senators, and challenged the high dignitary to the investigation. What was the result of it? The whole amounted to this. Coltman, a man who had fattened on contracts about the president's house, &c. &c. hearing of the exclamation as above mentioned, procured one man to swear, who is so constantly intoxicated as to be stupified, and another whose character is so notoriously bad, that no one but General John P. Van Ness, president of the pet metropolis bank, and president of the famous, or rather infamous central committee, would believe him *on oath*. The report of the committee of the senate was unanimous, and the vote of the senate was also unanimous, that "not a shade of suspicion rested on Governor Poindexter," and so ended this matter.

Just at this time I thought of annexing a letter which I received from the rale Major Jack, as follows :

Letter to Col. David Crockett, at Washington.

Portland, away down east, in the state of Maine, Feb. 6, 1835.

Dear Col. Crockett,—I have heard of you a great deal, lately, and read considerable of your writings; and I feel pretty considerable well acquainted with you. And I suppose you know a little something about me, too; for a little while

ago I had orders from Washington to send you five copies of my gazette. I have heard of a man at a tavern calling for two boot-jacks ; and I don't know but that was natural enough, for a man has two feet ; but how in natur you could contrive to read five of my papers at once, I couldn't make out. But, howsomever, they say you can do most any thing, when you set out ; so I spose it's all right.

Now, I'm thinking we ought to be better acquainted ; so I thought I would set down and write you a few lines, and try to scrape acquaintance a little. They say our names and our writings have gone pretty much all over the General's kingdom, and folks begin to think considerable of us. And you being away off there in the western country, and I here away down east, who knows, if we should put our heads together, how much we could do towards keeping the government strait, and making things go along well ? Somebody must "go ahead," and look after these matters, to keep down nullification, and take care of the General when he gets into his tantrums, and keep the great democratic party from splitting in tu ; and if we don't do it, who will ? Now, in order to keep things going on as they had ought to, I want you to take hold and write your notions about things in my gazette. I send my gazettes all over the country, into every state, and every territory that's under the General's government ; and some of the states away off there in your quarter takes a good many of 'em ; so whatever you send to me to put into my paper, will be scattered all round the lot.

Besides taking care of the government and politics, and the like of that, I want you to tell us "down-easters" all about that great western country, where you and the General and Mr. Clay spring from. You know it's an old saying, that one half of the world don't know how t'other half lives; and I want you to tell us all about the great prairies and the rivers, and the land, and how you hunt buffaloes and bears and catamounts; and what sort of houses you live in, and how you farm it, and what you live on, and how you cook it, and all that; and how you carry on electioneering matters, and what is the best way in your quarter to keep the democratic parties from splitting apart. So, you see, I've laid out work enough for you to fill a letter once a week, from now till Congress meets next fall. But I hope you will take hold and do it, and I will do as much for you any time.

I s'pose Congress will be about ready to break up when you get this letter, and you'll be in a hurry to start for home; but I hope you'll get time to write a few lines before you leave Washington, just to let me know how my plan strikes you. And if you could find a chance at some stopping-place on the road as you are going home, to send me a little bit of a letter and tell me how you get along, I should be monster glad.

"P. S. How does your book go? Mine went off like a stream of chalk along in the first of it, till they got off about ten thousand; then the publishers met with some botheration in their business, and didn't print any more. But I'm in hopes

they'll get a-going again this spring. I can't get hold of one of yourn yet; but I must have one, if I have to send clear to York city for it.

"Please give my love to all the western folks, and tell 'em if I live to get rich enough I mean to come and see 'em.

"I remain your sincere and loving friend,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING."

"Nota Bene. P. S. What do you think of the French war? and if I send to York for your book, and would send cousin Bige on for your new gun, wouldn' you lend it to me and uncle Josh a spell, to fight with?

Maj'r. J. D. till death."

Now as this was asking a good deal from a member of Congress, I could not but think that the major knew his own standing pretty well; but still I did not. So I applied to a friend, if he could inform me about the major's family and so on, and how he come by his title. "Why," says he, "I don't; but there is your friend ——, who knows all about them old families, and histories, and all that." Well, I asked him. "O, yes," says he, he's come of a old family, and I have no doubt but his commission has come regular. He's out of old Captain Downing, of New-Hampshire, who was an officer long before the old war." "How do you know that?" says I. "Why," says he, "I've a copy of his commission; and, if you will allow me, I'll furnish you with one, and you can send it to him, as I question much if he has ever seen it him-

self." Says I, "Major is such a modest man he'll be ashamed to publish his pedigree; and as I like to do people good before they know it, if you give it to me I'll put it in my book, and then every body will see it." So here it is.

By his Excellency Jonathan Belcher, Esq., Gov'r. and Command'r. In Chief, in and over His Majesty's Province of New Hamp'r. in New England.

To Mr. John Downing, Gentleman, Greeting: I Do, by these Presents Authorize and Impower you to Enlist a troop in Col. H. Sherburne's Regm't out of ye foot Companys of Militia in Portsmouth, Greenland, Newington, and Streatam, north in ye said Province, in as near a proportion as may be with Conveniency and the warr't. heretofore granted to Cap't. Rich'd. Wibird, Esq., for ye like purpose, and any enlistments made by him in pursuance thereof is hereby superseded and vacated, and the Persons whom ye shall Enlist as troopers (not exceeding sixty-five in ye whole number) shall be discharged from any military service as foot souldiers from ye time of their enlisting, you immediately certifying under your hand to the Col. of ye Regiment who they are and to what Companys they did belong, yt yr respective Captains may be notify'd thereof. And for your so doing this shall be your warrant. Given under my hand and seal of Arms, this 1st. day of March, 1733-4.

So you see the major has good blood in him, for the governor certifies under his hand and seal that his grandfather was a gentleman, a hundred years ago; and I have no doubt that the major's commission was willed to him by his grandfather; and indeed, the only thing that made me doubt about his gentleman blood was the picture in his book; he is there placed over the head of his own uncle, as

if he had begot old Joshua and the deacon, and the deacon's darter too; the latter *might be* true, and this may be the reason why Van stuck to her at the frolic; to get the major, who no doubt has a warm side for his own get, to drop a little saft corn in the gineral's plate. Let him alone for sticking to a partner, even if it shouldn't be nothing more than the gineral's coat tail.

As I am now relating the occurrences of the day, I thought to myself that the best way, and to show good breeding, was to answer the major right off the reel. This made me think a little as to how it was to be done: so I hit on this plan. To write out the whole, and then hire some chap to put it into "Down East" language, because I did not wish to be miscomprehended: there is enough of this fuss here betwixt Forsyth and the French minister, deceased. So I thought I would sign the translation and keep the original. We struck a pretty keen bargain, but at last agreed that if he would translate the letter and give me a copy to keep, I'd give him a copy of my book, and put his sweetheart's name on the outside, in gold letters, into the bargain. In the course of a few days I sent the following letter:

Letter from Col. David Crockett, of Crocketts, Gibson county, Tennessee, to Major Jack Downing, away down there East, at Portland, in the state of Maine.

March the 4th, in the year of our Lord 1835.

DEAR MAJOR DOWNING,

Your kind letter tu me, of the 26th of February last past, come quite safe, ony a little tore in the

male; but it warn't unlegibul. Afore I begin much, I must tell you of what I've did about you. I've put you in my book, and showed clean up that you was a natral born soger; and now, no one on 'em, I 'spose, will deny your rights to advise the ginerel. And I give you my word of honour, that the commission, as published, is ginnewine; so you may cut it out, and put it in a frame, and folks'll think you're one of the Cinsinayti. You say you've red a pretty considerable of my writins, and that's a high compliment tu me; for I like gentlemen tu read my writins, as then I'm sure tu be coated right. You'll see from my second book that I'm now writin, that I wus a considerable of a streak down East; but I did not like tu go tu see you jist yet, for if folks had a seen me and you at the same time in Portland, they'd a took it for granted that we wus ordered by the ginerel to settle your boundary line by force of millitary tick-tacks; so I sacrificed my private wishes for the good and quiet ov your state, and I want you to tell 'em so. I think, howsomever, we can know one another right easy. It don't take me long to get acquainted with a man nor a woman neither; and you are too long a soger to hang back.

Major, I'll tell you what, the people ov these United States an't no slouches neither, about books. They're as keen in a findin out merrit as my pups are on a bear track. I'm delighted to hear you say how slick your book run; and as to mine, I went onct tu see 'em printin, and by the livin jin-

goes, they were a workin of it off on a cast iron press, and told me nothin else would'nt stand it, they had to work so hard and so fast. That's what I like: you an me an't like some of these old book-makin codgers that's so long pow-wowin over a book, that they go to work and raise their own sheep, to make the kivers of the books, and barter their own rags with the paper maker. If my book, that I'm now writin, that's my tower, don't put things to rights, I'll take you up, and by dovetailin of our notions, we'll try and keep kongress tu the mark, and the ginerall likewise, which would be pretty midlin sort o' hardish, unless you can coax little Van to come tu Maine, and make him guv'nor, and git him tu rite out some rools for a colony to settle on the disputed territory. They could live there to all time, under the non-committal code, certain. Iph some of the likes ov this an't done, nobody can't keep "the party" from splittin not only in tu, but in slivers. You see how hard me and Benton had to beg oph. Then comes White, and Van Buren, and Webster, and Harrison, and a number of others, two teedious tu mention, that's playin the very devil with the democrats. Emmons, to-bee-sure, in his history of the Siamese politicians, says, the last thing he saw of Van Buren, a big eagle had him, holdin him in his neb, body and breeches, on top of a high tree! Wonder why Emmons did'nt say iff he ax'd the eagle to do so; or whether, like the pictur called the a Po Theosis of Ginerall Washington, a slappin

big angel has him under the armpits, and the old gentleman is a kickin like a man.

But, major, I tell you what, as you're a friend of mine, I do sort to seem to think that the old gineral thinks as iph he lays down "his government," it'll all go to smashes; and rather than hurt us all, he'll agree to hang on for third heat: but you needn't tell nobody, for fear the old man would get mad angry, and break his pipe, and cuss me hard; and he has done so much at this a-ready that iff I hadn't a bin oath-proof, he'd a blode me up slick, long ago.

Van don't like to carry old Richard Mentor on his shoulders, neither; and yit he's plaguy feared that if he'd desart the old soger, some of his cumrades would stay behind; so between both on 'em, old Mentor must be tuck up.

One thing, major, I hope you'll not forgit when you write to me; it is this: when you was with the gineral, and he hadn't on the glorification specs, nor wasn't cussin the sinnat, did he ever tell you what he sort a thought of little Van, and whether he did or didn't predetermine war on the French, so as ony tu have 'em half kinder licked by nixt election, so as to git stayin in till he licked 'em cumplete. Answer it flat, like a man.

I'll now answer one nother question about what's the best way of keepin the democratic party in my quarter from splittin. Hoist the White flag—if it an't, may I be shot. Blair is out upon him aready; but hereabouts, all hands have put him and

Isaac Hill in the same committee of the hole, and nobody won't take 'em up to consider 'em. Blair is so mad about the White-men not agreein tu vote for him, that he's goin to handle us; and God knows that'll make us black enough. He's used up, certin; and if any man can give stronger proof that there's a majority agin Van in the House of Representatives, I should like tu know it. Long afore this, I writ that the viva voey election of printer wouldn't pass; and it did not. They couldn't whip 'em hard enough tu cum to the rack; but I had my eye on *one* that would a liked right well to a voted for Blair, iph he could have slipped in his vote: but as I don't tell no tails out of school, so I pointed him out to some of his colleeges that'll take care of him, I guess.

But, major, it's a harder thing to keep members, in this here place, together, than most o' people thinks for. There's so many things to take them off of the fair track; so many promises of this and that and the tother thing, which nobody has to give, and what every one expects; it minds me of old Ethan Allen, when a British colonel told him if he would join the British and quit the rebels, *he* would make him a British Colonel. "Sir," said the invincible patriot, "you remind me of the offer of the devil when he took our Saviour up to the top of a high mountain, and offered him all the kingdoms of the earth, which were before him, if he would fall down and worship him, when the poor son of a bitch of a devil did not own a foot of land in creation."

You ax me, major, about huntin of Buffaloe, and other varmint in my part of the country. I don't know exackly what you mean. I've heard of an old lady down east, who said they was agoin to put a buffaloe on top of their church. Now we don't hunt them thare things in our country; but iph they'll turn out a cupilo on four legs, we'll run him down. Mistakes will happen: so says I, "Adonijah, kin you write a Dutch story?"—"Well," says he tu me, "Detch is perty considerable hardish; but iph you'll write, I'll copy." It was only a mistake about words, like the buffaloe of the old lady. A motion was made to consider a bill in a certain legislature, to organise the militia. So an old gentleman got up, and said, "Chintlemen oft dis house, un mistur schpeaker, I'll not wote for tis pill, unt I'll not secund de motion. When I was a leetle poy, town in Tulpahockin, we had sich a churgh made off woot, and dare we sing, un bray, un worship te Lort, cruel nice: well den dadies unt mamies will git rich, und den dey will git broud, and so dey will puild a bick stone churgh, ant so dey git richer un richer still, un brouder un brouder yet, un den dey'll git Jake Wooleslagle, un sent him down tu Philtelphy, un larn him to blay on one of dem wistlin dings; un so Jake he'll cum up un pring one of dem wit im, den it will pe put up by te hine ent of de churgh; un when he pegin tu blay un sing—it's nopody sings mit his mouth—put jist Jake blays; so I don't dink dat we worship de Lord so goot now as pe-

fore; un so I pelieve mit de meleeshe; I dink te trum unt fife is anough for dem, mitout organs.”

The t’other parts of your letter tu me I’ll leave onanswered, exceptin your nota beeny about my gun; and I’ll say this, that if I can’t use her myself, nor none of my sons, there is no man, from the Muscle Shoals to Passamaquoddy, that I’d obleege with her sooner nor Major Downing; but it appears tu me, major, that if the mounsheers do come over to fight us, the first push they’d make would be at Tennessee, because no other place don’t wish to fight ’em; and I blieve, if the fit was onct off of him, the old hero would not neither. Howsumever, iph they do come, we’ll fight em like pison.*

So no more at this present writin; ony give my best compliments to your uncle, and don’t forget for to tell the deakin’s darter that Mr. Van Buren still brags that he show’d her, as he has done many others, how tu shuffle.

These from your friend and well-wisher,

DAVID CROCKETT.

* Iph I send my gun to the French war, I’ll send you the song we used tu sing when we fit the Ingins. Beginning this way, and so forth:

You sogers brave from Tennessee,
I’d have you for to know,
That for to fight the enemece,
We’re going for to go, &c. &c.

What a long letter that is ; but when one's writing to learned men, you must show off a little ; and now that it's done, I'll go back a little to what was done in and about the breaking up of Congress.

In the first place, I assure you, but very little business was done during the whole session ; not more than one half the number of bills passed that are usually acted on ; and, at a venture, without counting, I should say, we left four hundred bills unacted on, a great proportion of which was private claims ; and while I am on this subject, I'll give you my opinion about what Congress ought to do with these private claims ; for it's a sin and a shame, that honest men can't get their rights, but have to spend one half of their money to get the other. In the first place, you must recollect, that it's all a one-sided piece of business altogether. When you have a claim on an individual, you can force him to do you justice ; but it is not so with Congress. With as just a demand in your pocket as ever was between man and man, you may hang on for years, and for want of some paper, or want of time, or absence of a member who may have it in charge, you are kept out of it, even with the best intention of Congress to pay it.

Now I would propose a plan that would be simple, and to my mind, efficacious. Let three commissioners be appointed, of high character, and give them good salaries, so that they could be had, as in your supreme court. To them let all these claims be presented, and let them decide on all

cases, *absolutely*, that did not exceed a given sum, say five or ten thousand dollars; and for all such claims decided on, let them make an estimate of appropriation once a year, and let Congress vote the money as other appropriations are made, and so once in twelve months there would be power in Congress to review, if they thought proper, the proceedings of these commissioners. On all claims, over and above the limited sum, let their reports be made to Congress for their confirmation or rejection, and thus a control would be kept in small and great claims. And if a claim was once rejected by them, it should never be again re-heard, unless some pertinent additional evidence was brought forward. Something of this kind would relieve Congress from its most oppressive business, and instead of being, as it now is, a kind of justice's court, it would have time to devote all attention to the great national concerns, and the long sessions would be broken up. There are many other considerations which might be urged, but this is not the proper place. These suggestions are thrown out in hopes that they may meet the eye of some one who could mature the plan, and test it before the Congress.

How did it happen, you will say, that so little business was done last session. I'll tell you. In the first place, we have a very bad practice of breaking up in the early part of the session, after sitting from two to two hours and a half, instead of four. In the next place, by the rules of the

house, Friday and Saturday of each week are set apart for private bills; but for many weeks we never sit on Saturday, and sometimes not on Friday, so that for many weeks often, nothing is done with private claims by the house, although the committees may have piled our tables with bills, as they often do; and besides this, there is on the part of some members an open hostility to all claims, as if all our petitioners were dishonest scoundrels, and many obstacles are thrown in their way; and I have heard them say, what I thought was mighty hard towards the poor fellows whose claims were under discussion, and the papers had been printed for months, and on their tables, "I have not examined this case; I want time to do so; I move to lay it on the table." Down it goes, and there's an end of it; for a hundred to one that he never looks at it again.

Further, by the rules of the house, a certain hour puts an end to the discussion of resolutions and original motions. Well, a member gets up, and on a resolution begins a debate; others take part, and perhaps when just about to get the question, the speaker has to say the hour has elapsed, and so on. Next morning, the report published in the newspapers inspires some other member or members with a desire to enlighten the house, or from any other motive, either for foreign or domestic consumption, he fires away, to the great entertainment of himself, and to the great annoyance of the

house. These and a thousand similar difficulties are thrown in the way of private claims.

All these obstructions, however, might have been surmounted, if it had not been for the French war question. Now, as it was considered politically certain that we were not to have war, it was the finest occasion in the world for folks to look wise and patriotic, and Indian like, "Velly much big man me, little Johnny me!"

What put the cap-stone to all action of the house, was the fortification bill. It was intended to make what we call "a rush" upon the senate, and the three millions was tacked on to it for the purpose of feeding the vanity of Andrew Jackson, and if it passed, for feeding divers hungry and needy hangers on; three millions stuck to an amendment of the senate, without being asked for by the president or secretary of war, or anybody else, that had authority or responsibility. I believe it was done with intent to kill the bill; yet still the senate did their duty. After ten o'clock, they agreed, on conference, to eight hundred thousand dollars of it, and passed upon it ready for the president's signature.

Now it is all nonsense for Mr. Cambreleng or any one else to say, that any business whatever, or any gentleman whatever, would not have given way for him to have made his report; and certainly, as every one knows, five minutes would have done the whole. Truth is a jewel. Martin Van

Buren, vice-president of the United States, who, as matter of economy and private revenge, had, a few minutes before, given the casting vote against supplying the new members of the Senate with a few books to be bought of Gales and Seaton, stopped Mr. Cambreleng in the House of Representatives, he (Mr. Van) having vacated his seat in the Senate, *pro tempore*, when Mr. C. was on his way to his seat to make his report. What the conference was no one knows, but one other individual. Mr. C. took his seat, and made no effort to make report of the conference with the Senate committee; and when called on, gave that for an excuse which never operated on him before, as can be proven by dozens of members, for he has sat till sunrise on other occasions; and though not exactly on the last day, yet by the rules of the House, it was the last day for business, and twelve o'clock had no terrors for him. It was boldly charged home by General Barringer, of North Carolina, who offered to name names; but they quailed under his proffer, and did not demand them.

Yes, my countrymen, I have no doubt but the whole thing was concerted; and thus your cities are to be left unprotected, your fortifications go to decay, your honest contractors to be ruined; and, mark what I say, tens of thousands of dollars must be paid in damages to your contractors, for suspending their operations on the public works; and all because the vengeance of the powers that be

were thus to be attempted to be inflicted on the Senate.

All won't do; the country will see through it, and stamp their disapprobation on such under-hand wire-working schemes.

I have brought up at the close of the twenty-third Congress. Before we meet again—and, as John Gilpin said, “may I be there to see”—strange things will have turned up; many, that will bring terror and dismay to the evil-disposed; nothing, to him whose heart is set on the good of his country, but who, under all circumstances, assumes as his own motto, and cheers every virtuous heart with his exhortation,

“GO AHEAD.”

THERE is one thing I had clean forgot: I have promised to write the *Life of the Magician of the North—Little Van*; and I'll do it: and if, when you read it, you don't say I've used him up, I'm mistaken—that's all.

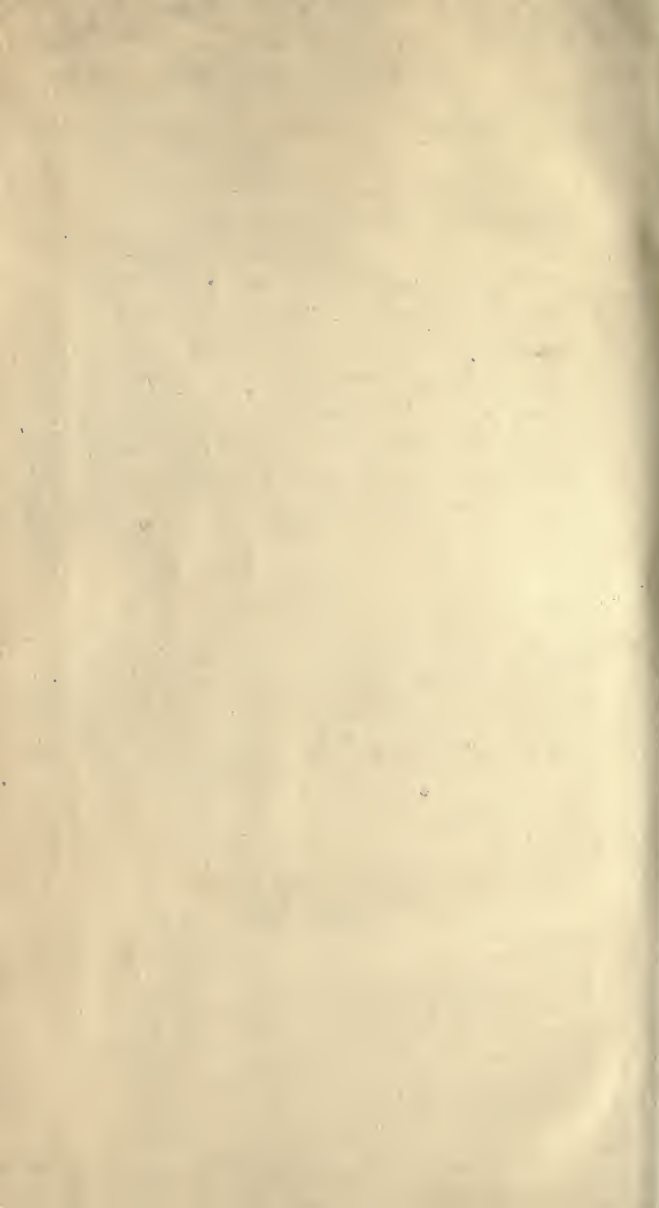
THE END.

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