EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted, is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrow RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all.

VOL. XVII. EASTON, MD. SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 15, 1834. NO. 7.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY
SATURDAY MORNING
BY ALEXANDER GRAHAM.

TERMS

TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS
Per annum, payable half yearly in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Not exceeding a square inserted three time for ONE DOLLAR; and TWENTY FIVE CENTS for every subsequent insertion.

Maj. Downing's Correspondence.

To my old friend, Mr. Dwight, of the New York Daily Advertiser.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25, 1834.

Ever since, *I* and the gineral settled the Post office accounts, as I tell'd you in my last by charging the amount that Major Barry is astarn, to "Glory" and 'Reform," the Gineral has been more easy about it than I am afeard other folks be, especially some of the opposition folks in Congress; they keep smellin round—and unless we can git up another nullification there will be trouble, not only about the Post Office business, but some other branches of the Departments.

Congress keeps hammering away yet about the deposites, and the Gineral was jist agoin to give up when we got the news from Albany of the vote of the Legislature there in favor of the Gineral in taking away the deposits from the U. S. Bank and the vote of the New Jersey Legislature and strong news too that some other Legislaturs, w'd do the same. The Gineral was amazingly tickled and says he, "Major, I reckon your notion that the people warnt with us on that pint is a mistake, and now says the Gineral, I'll hang on and keep the Deposits, and Biddle may whistle for em."—"Well," says I, "Gineral, we'll see, and as *I* said afore, if the people don't tell their Legislaturs another story and Congress too afore we are a month older, then," says *I*, 'know nothing on em."—Verry well Major, says the Gineral we'll see—and jest then in come Amos and the Globe man and some of our folks, and lookin pretty streaked too and I got a notion right off there was somethin stirrin—and so they began to tell the Gineral that Biddle was to work bribin all the people he could to sign petitions to Congress asking to put back in the Bank all the deposits agin and to re-charter the Bank. "Why," says the Gineral 'aint that too bad Major—we must give the *Bank* says he that Latin pill there is nothin will stop em but that skiry factus,'(or some sich a name the Gineral calls it) Now, says I, Gineral stop a bit says I—there is one thing puzzels me considerable about this bribin business—I should like to know who they bee who are takin bribes—it aint in the nature of things says I, for Squire Biddle to bribe the friends of the Bank, for that would be useless—then, says I, it must be that he is bribin the enemies of the Bank, and that's our party.—Now, says I, will you set by and hear folks say, that our party is sich a scabby set of fellows as to take bribes—if you do, says I, I wont, and with that I riz up, but afore I could git round the corner of the table I and the Gineral was alone agin. I set down and said nothin—I gritted my teeth a spell, but that did'nt do much good—I took my knife and whittled the table, and that warnt much better, and the ony way to rights that put me in a good temper again, was to whistle more than 40 verses of Yankee Doodle, for I didn't like to say a word to the Gineral whilst *I* was in a pashion. The Gineral was all the while walkin up and down the room—so as soon as I got through whistlin, says I, Gineral, I guess we best say nothin more about bribin, says *I*; well, says he, Major, I reckon you are right; for the notion never struck me afore that kinder talk hits right upon the heads of our friends, for they are the ony ones that need bribin. Now, says I, Gineral, jest lets you and I sit down and talk over *this* business; and I'll tell you like a true friend, how the cat is going to jump, and if it don't turn out as I tell you, I'll give you my ax and throw in my regimentals in the bargin; and so the Gineral he sot down, and I went at it.

In the first place says *I*, if *I* git in a pashin, you must keep cool—and if you git in a pashin *I*'ll keep cool, but if we both git in a pashin, then there is no tellin; well says the Gineral that is a good notion Major, for that's jest the way the *Ingins* do, and they larn wisdom from natur; you never see an *Ingin* and his squaw git drunk together—when one gits drunk tother keeps sober, and so they take turn and turn about. Well says *I*, *I* never heard that afore, but I suppose tho' they git along better when they are both sober. O yes, says the Gineral, in war time that is best, not in treaty time.—Well says I that's no matter, that aint exactly what I am ater, but *I've* got a notion out on't which I'll begin with: Some years ago the Yankees got drunk and got up a kinder nullification; there warnt much in it ater all, according to my old friend Dwight's book—but folks South thought there was, and so they kept sober; and last year the South got drunk, and then all North kept sober; and that frolic is ended. Now, says I, North and South and East and West are all sober, and all shaken hands, and they say we have been taken a drop too much—there aint no nullification no where in particular, but its all nullification all about us, and all hands are forming a ring and closin in upon us here pretty much like a wolf hunt—they all say we have taken the money that belongs to the people, and the people wont be content till we give it up—that's pretty much the *nub* of the business—and we shall have petitions and memoriels from all quarters tumblin in upon us, and if we dont mind them, they will be followed by hard nocks, jist like the story in the Old Spellin Books about the old man drivin the boys from his apple tree—he throw'd grass first,& that do in no good, he tried stones, and that brought em down pritty quick.

The Gineral he begun to git in a pashion—and says he Major I'm gittin mad. Very well says I Gineral I'll keep cool accordin to agreement; and with that the Gineral slatted round a spell with his hickory, and talked about New Orleans and Siminoli and the Grand Tower—and I sat whittlin all the while—why Major says the Gineral I'll never give up the deposites in the world"—'what' says *I* "not if the people say we was wrong in taken em? Suppose the people say the Laws are agin us, what then? Well says the *G*ineral I've tell'd em that the Laws are ony jest as I understand them and nothin else. Now says I Gineral, suppose Clay, or Calheun, or Webster, was in your office and said jest so—and you was in Congress, or was one of the people and didn't agree with em—how then say I? O, says the Gineral that's a very different thing—any one of them fellows would be dangerous to trust with any kind of power. Well says I my notion is, however, that the law dont mean to trust nobody—and as I am peskily afeard one or tother on 'em will git in here ater we go to the Hermitage—I dont want to have any thing done by us that they will do, & then tell us they ony do what we did. That's the ony thing that puzzles me—for, says I Gineral, sass for the goose ought to be sass for the gander too.

Well, says the Gineral, there is somethin in that Major—but says he, I can't give up the Deposits any how: Amos says we must hold on to 'em, & all our folks say so too. Yes, says *I*, gineral its true enuff the hounds have got the stag down & got a taste on him afore the hunters came up, and I suppose there will be leetle left but the horns and trotter; but says I, it aint right, and the people will tell us so you may depend; and all I have to say is, if what we have done is to be the rule hereafter, I dont know but I should like to be President myself for folks might make laws, and all I'd have to do would be jest to understand 'em accordin to my notion.

I dont see Major, says the Gineral, how it is you git sich odd notions about public sentiments. *I* know I cant be mistaken. for every letter I have time to read tells me I am right; and *I* read the Globe from one eend to tother evry day, and that paper tells evry thing, and *I* see nothing there that tells me I am rong.—Well, says I, Gineral, you know you haint got time to read more than one letter in a hundred that comes. That's true enuf, says the Gineral but then our folks doe and they tell me evry thing." "Tell you evry thing? says I,—but no matter"—and so *I* whistled Yankee Doodle a spell. "No, no, Major, says the Gineral, the opposition folks throw dust in your eyes, you dont see things as clear as the rest of our folks about us." I jest was going to speak, but findin my dander was lifting I had to go whishlin agin, and it took me nigh upon 15 minits to git right, and *I* expected every minit I would have to git my ax and split hickory a spell in the bargin. Now, says I Gineral, you are the ony man on earth I'd look at a minit, and let him say so to me. I got dust in my eyes, says I? I not know what is going on in doors and out of doors? why says I how you talk. Now, says *I* you just set still a minit and *I'll* show you somethin says *I*, worth lookin into—and *I* went into a room where Mr. Van Buren and Amos and some more of our folks git together every once and a while, to manage and talk over matters, and I've seen so much of the games played there, and being naturally curious in most matters, I can play some on em nigh as slick as Mr. Van Buren himself—but he is a master hand at it.

The game they had been playing most at latterly was about managin the Public money among the new Deposits Banks, and showin how to use the "transfer checks" and 'contingent drafts' so as to puzzel folks in time of need. It was done with a parcel of cups and balls, and little strips of paper and did tickle me amazingly; and for a spell puzzeled me too—and so I thought I'd just show the Gineral, and see if it would'nt tickle and puzzle him too. And *I* thought *I'd* let the Gineral see if there warn't a leetle dust in his eyes too.—And so I brought in a hull arm full of this machinery. And as soon as the Gineral saw me, why, says he; Major, what on earth have you got there. Why says I its a trifle, and *I'll* tell you all about it to rights. And so I placed the cups bottom up, all along in a row on the table, and then *I* gin the Gineral a hand full of small balls.

Now, says *I*, I'm goin to show you about as cute a thing as you've seen in many a day, them cups we'll call banks, and them balls is the money we took from Squire Biddle's Bank, the next thing is to show you how things are goin to work, now that we've got our money from one pocket, where we always knowed where to find it, and divided it round among twenty pockets, where may-be you may or may-be you may not find nothing at all on't—and here says *I* are some leetle pieces of paper that *I'm* goin to make use on to throw dust with—now says *I* Gineral look sharpe or you're gone hook and line says I. Its a plagy cunning game, and I dont know for sartain that I can play it as well as Mr. Van Buren and Amos and some more of them are folks, for they have been at it now off and on ever since I've been here—and Mr. Van Buren tell'd em unless they could play *this game* well there was no use in takin away the deposites. Now says I Gineral I'll begin—you are sartin says I there is a ball under ev'ry cup—O yes says the Gineral, for I jest put em there, and then *I* began sliding the cups by each other, and mixin on em, and I kept talkin about Glory and Reform, and the 8th of January, and the Proclamation, and Veto, and Nullification, and some folks being like old Romans born to command and others to obey, and so on—and just as the Gineral took his eye off the cups and look'd at me, and was goin to say somethin, I slap'd some cups together and called out hocus pocus, alicam pain, presto, e pluribus unum, sine quanon, skiry factious, says *I*—there says I Gineral that's the eend on't. Well says the Gineral I dont see much in that Major—didn't you says I? then so much the better for the game. I suppose then says I you think the balls are under the cups jest as you put them. To be sure *I* do, says the Gineral I suspected what you was ater Major, and I kept my eye on the cups, and no balls ever got from under em without my seein em, I'll stake my life on't says the Gineral; and what more, *I'll* stake the fattest horse in my stable, that every one of the cups has got a ball under em. Well, says I, Gineral, it would't be fare bettin, and so do you go to work and look. And the Gineral he lifted up one cup, and there warn't nothing under it but a piece of paper. The Gineral, he was stump'd: he look'd at me and gin his face a twist, & then he look'd in the cup and shook it. Well, says he, Major, that is plagy odd, what has become of that ball? Well, says *I*, *I* guess the paper will tell you; and the Gineral took up that, and rub'd his specks and read, "Transfer draft No. 101."

Well then *I* suppose, says the Gineral, its all right—(for he jist began to take the notion of the game) and instead of one ball in the next cup there is two balls." I'm not sartin, says *I*, and you better look. And so the Gineral lifted the next cup—and there warnt no ball there nother—ony another piece of paper. The Gineral look'd a spell at me, and opened his mouth,& then he scratched his head, & took off his specks and rub'd them agin, and then he read the paper. On one side was 'Contingent check $500,000—and on tother side was written "Marques of Carmarthen,' $270,000—6 per cent.—'Post Office Loans,' and all kiver'd up with figers, so you could not see a bit of 'White' on the paper—the Gineral, he blink'd at it a spell; and says he, Major, what does this mean—well, says I, Gineral I dont exactly know myself, but *I* suppose its all right, for I see here on one corner 'Amos Kindle'—O very well, says the Gineral, if that paper has passed under the eye of *honest* Amos'—my life on't its all right.

But Major, where is the ball I put under that cup, says the *G*ineral—aint it under one of these cups? Not as *I* knows on, says I—and with that the Gineral he turned to agin, liftin the cups and shakin on em and lookin into em, and there warnt a ball under any one on em—only pieces of paper all full of figerin, and some on em marked "Transfer Checks," and 'Contingent Drafts,' and 'Treasury Warrants'—the Gineral husseld em about to see if he could find any of them balls among em—and examined all the cups agin, and he looked under the tables—so to rights, says he; Major, *I'm* stump'd—I nock under—I'm clean beat, says the Gineral: and now, says he, where are the balls—and with that I put my hand in my pocket, and took em out—well says the Gineral, that beats all the rest.

Now, says the Gineral, what game is this, aint this nickremancy? Well, says I, Gineral, my notion is its pretty nigh that, but Mr. Van Buren says there aint a bit of nickremancy in it—its ony financery, but I suppose it's a leetle of both on em—Well, says the Gineral, its a plagy cunnin game, Major, aint it? O, says I, its nothin as I play it here—you should see Van Buren at one eend of a table, and honest Amos at tother, and some of the folks from York State with the 'Safety Fund cups' too, strueg around the table and all on em understandin the game nigh upon as well as Mr. Van Buren—and then they bring in the 'party cups' too—and such a movin and hocus pocus work. *I* never see afore in my born days—in lookin sometimes *I* would'nt bet I had a head on my shoulders—it beats all natur, says *I*.

Now Major, says the Gineral, suppose you try it agin, and so as I got my hand in, I played it over 2 or 3 times a leetle better, and the Gineral couldn't see the trick ony way—for when *I'd* find him watchin plagy close, I'd spread the cups as far as I could reach, and talk about 'Glory' like all rath, and tell about the people's beginnin to think that some folks was outwittin the Gineral, and that Congress wouldn't go home afore they git all the public counts sifted, and the people's money back agin under their control, and as the Gineral could'nt no way keep his eye on all the cups at once; I'd hocus pocus agin.

The Gineral couldn't see into it, and he rub'd his specks more than twenty times, but that did'nt git the dust out of his eyes, and then I turn'd to an explained all I know'd about it to the Gineral, and he tried it, and after a good many slips—pretty much as Major Barry did when he tried it—he got along pretty well considering.—Now, Major, says the Gineral, suppose we try it with one cup, and put all the balls under it, and see how the game works that way, I think, says the Gineral, if you can outwit me then, I may as well, quit. Well, says, I, General, that was jest my notion too; and I tell'd our folks, and offered to bet any on em they couldn't git a single ball out or git a piece of paper in the place on't, without my seeing it if they ony us'd one cup, and not one on 'em would take me up—and I've tried it, but it won'nt work with one cup—you must have a good string on 'em.

Some of our folks said they could fix a cup so as to play the game with it—but they couldn't with a plain single cup—and seein that I stump'd 'em about the single cup, they are all at work now in all parts of the country inventin a new cup with springs, and screws and slides, and holes inside on't.—Well, Major, says the Gineral, I don't like to have dust throw'd in my eyes, and I never did like this kind of hocus pocus work, I never understood it; and I don't like this kind of nickremancy, or financy—and it aint to my fancy at any rate. Major and it shan't be, that *I'm* determin'd upon—and jist then in come a hull raft of our folks from Congress, to tell the Gineral what was going on there, and as I had this letter to write to you I went into the next room, and whilst I was writin it, *I'd* hear the Gineral once and a while stormin away about that plagy game of "financy" and "nickremancy." "There won't be a dollar left," says the Gineral, "to pay the old sogers their pensions, if we don't put a stop to this game," and then they all got to blusterin, and we must" and "we mus'nt do this and that."

Oho, thinks I when folks talk of *we* its time for me to take a hand: and jist as I was going to start, I heard the Gineral roar out for me, and not knowin what was comin I jist grab'd my ax, and was alongside of him flash, and would you think it! there was more than fifty fellows of our folks, and some on 'em from Congress too, all standin round in a ring brow beatin the Gineral, and tellin him not to do that, and by no means not to break their cups; for, it seems, the Gineral had just threatened to smash 'em' and sure enuf, as soon as he saw me he let drive at 'em with his hickory, and he sent the cups and balls into more than a thousand bits.

"Stand by Major," says the Gineral—never you fear me Gineral, says I—but afore I had time to spit in my hands, the Gineral finished the war, there warnt a critter left; and ever since the Gineral has been blowing off steam; & he haint said a word to me about having dust in my eyes, and I begin to think the Gineral finds he has had as much in his'n as most folks, and so that's all for the present; ony I'll jist tell you its no use for any one to attempt now to deceive the Gineral with new plans, and a new bank—we'll have the one we've got, made a little bigger, pretty much arter Mr. Webster's fashion, and that meets my notion, because the country is bigger than it was twenty years ago—and there mosn't be no nickremancy about it. The Gineral says there must be ony a plain cup, and all the balls in it; then there will be no hocus pocus without seeing the trick out. So no more at present.

From you friend,

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

MAJOR DOWNING'S CORRESPONDENCE.

To my old friend Mr. Dwight of the New York Daily Advertiser.

Washington, Jan. 31, 1834.

I and the Gineral have had a good many talks about Nicremancy and financy, ever since *I* show'd him that game of Mr. Van Buren's with the cups and balls; and every day ater breakfast, we talk and practise a spell. The Gineral will say, come Major now let's suppose this here cup is sich a Bank, and this lump of Sugar is the deposit in that; and then sich a cup is sich a Bank, and that are sasser is sich a Bank; and so we go on till we turn bottom up all the cups and sassers on the Table, and take nigh upon half the lumps of Sugar out of the Sugar dish; & then we go to moving, & sliding, & playing hocus pocus, & the Gineral gits so tickled at it (now he is gitin to know the game,) that I am peskily afeared he'll forgit there is danger in it; and as Van Buren has been tellin him "the Government" can't hold together no way unless this game is kept up. * * *

The news of the great meetin at Tammany Hall has jist got here by express; and honest Amos, and Mr. Van Buren, and a hull raft of our folks come right in, enymost out of breath, to talk about the "glory" on't to the Gineral; and they tell the Gineral that if ony 100 folks go to that are Hall, there is more dependence to be put in their resolutions, than in any other resolutions, no matter if all the rest of that big city agree to em. The Gineral can't contradict this, because, as he says, Mr. Van Buren knows more about York State than all the rest of creation. I was tellin the Gineral, what Zekel Biglow tell'd me in his letter about the vote of the Legislatur of York State, consarnin the removal of the deposi, and consarnin the Bank—that the last election in York State was no gide on this matter—that the Clay Party, and the hull opposition party to us, did'nt do nothin, but kept sayin among themselves, "give 'em rope," "make no opposition," and in many places we had it all our own way; and that the ony fightn was among our own folks; and in some places, we come plagy nigh beatn ourselves. But if the election was to go over now, the people wouldn't electa critur in that state who voted in favor of the resolutions. The Gineral says he don't believe it; and that Zekel is wrong; and that Mr. Wright, in the Senae, says as much—and "you cant make *Wright wrong*, Major," says the Gineal (the Gineral is plagy witty sometimes); well says I Gineral, what do you think of them memorials and petitions comin on here from New York?—There is names enuf there, says I, to carry any election agin us. Yes, says the Gineral, there is a good many on em sure enuf; but Mr. Van Buren says that one rale Tammany man is worth a thousand on em; and he has written on to gitup a petition in old Tammany; and then you'll see Major how the cat will jump. Our folks there have got somethin to lose, if they dont work sharp. The opposition folks havent got no offices to lose; and that they know they haint got no chance for any vacancies when there is any. Now our folks have, and that makes em pretty keen. Well, says I, there is something in that Gineral; but says I suppose a meeting of Machanics and Land-holders, Marchants and Traders, and all kind of folks who dont git their liven out of offices, but work for it in trades of all kinds, and who have got families to support—folks who love the laws, and say they must be executed; suppose, says I, they call a meetin in New York, and instead of meetin at night in a tavern all lighted up, and with picters at the windows, should all come together at noon day in the Park there in front of the City Hall, where I and you shook hands with so many folks last summer, and should pass resolutions, tellin us they believed we was wrong in havin any thing to do with takin the public mony—that it belong'd to Congress only to manage such things for them—and that it was owin to this that confidence and credit is destroyed, and they are sufferin—how then says I? Well, says the Gineral until the people do that, it aint my fault Major in believing that they think we are doin just right.—But, says *I*, suppose they do so and nigh upon all the city goes there? Then Major, says the Gineral, I reckon it would stump us—but I suppose if we call in Mr. Van Buren, he can show us with the cups and balls how to play then.—Well, says *I*, he may; but I guess it would stump him too a trifle.

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[From the Norfolk Herald of Monday.]

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

We have been politely favoured with a copy of the correspondence between the Chairman of the Meeting recently held in this borough, and W. J. DUANE Esq. which we hasten to lay before our readers. To the irregularity of the mails occasioned by the dreadful weather we have lately experienced, may be ascribed the delay of the receipt of Mr. Duane's letter, which we are informed did not get to hand until Saturday night last.

We need not say a word with the view of calling the public attention to this correspondence: the parties—the subject—and all the connecting circumstances and associations, attach to it an extraordinary degree of interest, which the perusal will amply realize.

VIRGINIA,—NORFOLK, Jan. 9, 1834

Sir:—By one of a series of Resolutions adopted at a meeting of the citizens of this place, recently held (a copy of which Resolutions I have the honor to enclose herewith) you will perceive, that it becomes my duty to communicate "to you the thanks of that meeting for your honest though ineffectual effort to preserve the public treasure from the invasion of the Federal Executive; and to assure you that in the retirement to which your independence has driven you you possess their best wishes for your welfare and happiness."

My fellow citizens could not have imposed upon me any task, in the performance of which I should have derived more satisfaction. Although personally unknown to you I have watched with keen anxiety, the course you have pursued under the late trying circumstances in which you found yourself most unexpectedly placed, and let me add, that I have witnessed the result so far as this concerns your character with a delight proportioned to the anxiety which the occasion naturally inspired. You have set a noble example, Sir, which must be useful in our country. Solitary and unsustained by any friendly support, yet unmoved by persuasion, unseduced by flattery and unawed by power, you have faithfully done what you believed to be your duty knowing well the fate which awaited you for the conscientious expression of your opinion in a matter confided by the law to your sole discretion, & deeply involving the public faith and the public interest. If I differed with you in every opinion you have expressed I should still admire the modest but manly firmness you have manifested under such circumstances and should still applaud that holy patriotism, which induced you to prefer what you thought to be the good of your country to all other considerations. But concurring with you as I do entirely in each and every one of the opinions you have announced as yours, although my admiration of your conduct may not be greater yet the pleasure I feel is much increased. The charge imputed to you is that you have preferred Rome to Cæsar, your country to your friend. Such an accusation is a compliment; the conviction an honor you have well deserved; and whatever may be the penalty of such supposed guilt, your own approving conscience and the applauding sympathy of many of your fellow citizens, must give to you heartfelt consolation.

Although this is my own language Sir yet I am very confident that it expresses truly the feelings and opinions of those whose organ I am who have seen personified in you, that proud independence of thought and action they have been accustomed to admire and which they delight to cherish; as the sole means under the protection of Providence by which our rights and liberties can be preserved.

Most cordially, Sir, do I unite with my fellow citizens, in offering you our best wishes for your welfare and happiness, while you may remain in the retirement to which you have been driven because of the independent assertion of your legal rights.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your most ob't servant,
LITTLETON W. TAZEWELL.
To WILLIAM J. DUANE, Esq.

PHILADELPHIA, January 15, 1834.

SIR:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 9th instant, communicating to me, by the desire of the Citizens of Norfolk, their thanks for my conduct, in endeavoring 'to preserve the public Treasure from the invasion of the Federal Executive."

It was in the political school, in which Virginia had so many eminent men, that I was taught that the highest human obligation of a public agent, is duty to his country: so that to receive the approbation of any portion of the people of your patriotic state, especially through one of its most distinguished sons, is peculiarly grateful to my heart, for it satisfies me, that I have not strayed from the path which has been abandoned by so many others.

In a free State, it is the duty of every citizen to watch the conduct of those who are invested with power; and it was consistent with your character to do so, with keen anxiety, in my case, under the circumstances which followed my entry into office. Out of my own state, *I* had occupied no station, in which I might have had an opportunity to make known my principles; and enough, it seems, was known of the characteristics of others, to arouse the fears of those, who have a knowledge of human nature, and of the causes of the decline of republics. Far from regretting, that eyes, so competent as yours were to scrutinize, were fixed upon me, I rejoice at your supervision, since I am indebted to it for the lofty praise that you have bestowed upon me; praise, which, whilst it greatly exceeds my merit, consoles me under defamation, as merciless as it is unmerited.

Of the extent of my information, or the soundness of my judgment, upon the questions, in relation to which I differed in opinion from the President, it does not become me to speak; but in the pride of truth, *I may say*, that you have not over-rated the purity of my motives, or the sincerity of my convictions; and I cannot err, in adding, that further explanation, must make this more evident if that is possible. To give further explanation, many public and private appeals have been made to me, a circumstance at which I ought not to be surprised. If I had felt such resentment as the course pursued towards me was well calculated to excite, I would have long since arraigned the conduct of others, and challenged an inquiry into my own: but, I believed, that personal indignation alone, however just, did not warrant a display of ministerial transactions; and that the disclosures of ex-Secretaries, usually made under excitement, were not calculated to create respect for our institutions, abroad, or to confirm attachment to them at home. Many grave questions were connected with my case, and *I* was unwilling, by any reference to them, to afford a pretext for saying, that I had an inclination to affect the action of Congress; besides the disinclination to separate in feelings of discontent, from friends still attached to the President, I had a repugnance, even to repel the blows of one, whom I had so long supported, especially as I considered him the victim of unworthy influences and unhappy passions. So confident, indeed was I, of the propriety of my course, whilst in office, that, if I had not been officially, falsely, and malignantly assailed, *I* would have preserved the silence which I had imposed upon myself, on my retirement to private life. The right of private correspondence, *I* exercised; but in the extracts, from two letters, which were published without my consent, there is no trace of resentment, much less of malignity; nor is there a sentiment in them in relation to the Chief Magistrate, which *I* am not ready to maintain by fact and argument.

If I may not, even on this occasion advert to the incidents of my brief official career, it seems to be due to you, that I should not leave the subject wholly unnoticed. The service which I was asked to peform, seems not to be distinctly understood. The official reasons for performing what *I* refused to execute, do not embrace an explanation which *I* consider due to myself, if not to the people or their representatives. The true nature of the service required, consisted, not in the mere act of removing the deposits, but in removing them, from an unwillingness to await the action of Congress, or to resort to the appropriate agency of the Judiciary, upon questions connected with the Bank of the United States—not in the mere substitution of one Fiscal agent for another, but in exercising, for penal ends, a power giv-

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