EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

VOL. VI.---No. 40. EASTON, MD.---SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 8, 1834. WHOLE No. 317

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY
TUESDAY & SATURDAY MORNING,
(during the Session of Congress,)
and every TUESDAY MORNING, the residue of the year—BY
EDWARD MULLIKIN,
PUBLISHER OF THE LAWS OF THE UNION.

THE TERMS
Are THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, payable half yearly in advance.

No subscription discontinued until all arreatages are settled, without the approbation of the publisher.

ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square, inserted THREE TIMES FOR ONE DOLLAR, and twenty five cents for each subsequent insertion—larger advertisements in proportion.

TO RENT
FOR THE YEAR 1834.

That two story brick house on Washington street lately occupied by John Meconekin as a Cabinet Maker's shop.

This house is well calculated for a merchant or mechanic, is in good repair, and the stand is believed to be equal to any in this place for either purpose, being in the thoroughfare between the principal public houses. For terms apply to WM. H. GROOME.

Easton, feb 15 eow4w

PROPOSAL
FOR PRINTING
THE JOURNALS OF THE CONVENTIONS
OF THE PROVINCE OF MARYLAND,
Held in the City of Annapolis in the years 1774, 1775, *and* 1776.

The subscriber proposes to publish the Journals of the Conventions of the Province of Maryland in the years 1774, 1775 and 1776. It is believed that there is but one complete copy of these Journals now extant; and from the circumstance that they were printed in pamphlet form, and unbound, it may be fairly concluded that it too, must in a few years be destroyed by the mere decay of time. They are the only authentic evidence of the Political History of Maryland, during that interesting and unquiet period. Although we have, in abundance, histories of Maryland, as connected with the association of Provinces and Colonies, at that time formed for mutual protection against the improper assumption of power on the part of the Mother Country, yet none of these works embrace what may be termed the Domestic and Internal Political History.

This part of the history of Maryland it should be her pride to hand down to posterity, not only on account of its deep interest, but as a public State Record of the voluntary sacrifices, daring spirit, and determined resolution, of her citizens, during this period of doubt and dismay.

In the confident expectation that the citizens of Maryland will consider the proposed publication of sufficient importance to entitle it to their patronage, the subscriber is induced to issue this proposal.

J. GREEN.

The JOURNALS will be printed in one octavo volume, on good paper, and with a new type. Price, per copy, two dollars.

March 1, 1834.

☞Subscriptions received at this office.

United States Mail Stages.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

THE MAIL STAGE from Easton, via Wye Mills and Queenstown to Broad Creek, will leave Easton every Sunday and Wednesday morning, at 7 o'clock, and reach Broad Creek at 2 o'clock, P. M. in time for passengers to arrive at Annapolis at an early hour in the evening in the mail packet.

Returning, leave Broad Creek at 9 o'clock, A. M. or immediately after the arrival of the Mail Packet from Annapolis, and reach Easton same evening.

The MAIL leaves Easton every Tuesday and Saturday afternoon at half past 12 o'clock, for Cambridge, and returns same evening.

The MAIL STAGE for Centreville, leaves Easton every Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoon, at half past 1 o'clock, and reaches Centreville in time for an early supper. Returning, leaves Centreville at 8 o'clock, A. M. and arrives at Easton by 12 o'clock.

Fare from Annapolis to Easton,	$3.50
Or—from Annapolis to Broad Creek,	$1.00
" from Broad Creek to Queenstown,	1.00
" from Queenstown to Wye Mills,	50
" Wye Mills to Easton,	1.00
" from Easton to Cambridge Ferry,	1.00
" from Easton to Centreville,	1.50
" from Wye Mills to Centreville,	50

All Baggage at the risk of the owners.

Easton, Jan. 4, 1834.

Collector's Notice.

THE subscriber desirous of completing his collections for 1833, earnestly requests all those who have Taxes to pay, to be prepared to settle the same when called on. The Collector is bound to make payments to those who have claims on the county in a specified time, which is on or about the 20th February next. All persons who shall be found delinquent in settling their Taxes by the above time, will certainly have their property advertised, as I am bound to close the collections without respect to persons.

PHILIP MACKEY,
Collector of Talbot county.

sept 24

CASH!

I WISH to purchase a number of Likely SERVANTS (slaves) of both sexes, from about 12 to 25 years of age, of good habits.—They are for two gentlemen, (citizens of this State) for their own individual use, and not for speculation. I can give the most unquestionable satisfaction as to that, from one of the best houses in this city. Persons wishing to part with their Slaves, will do well to call or communicate with me, as I will give, at all times, the highest prices, in cash.

JOHN BUSK,
Office, opposite the Exchange, South Gay street, Baltimore.

dec 8 6mo*

LAMB,
MANUFACTURER OF BRISTLE FRAME STOCKS,
No. 1 SOUTH CALVERT STREET.
BALTIMORE.

THE superiority of his STOCKS is well known by the constant care taken to render every Stock a perfect article to suit the form of the neck. Gentlemen will find constantly on hand an extensive assortment of Silk, Satin, Bombazine and Velvet Stocks, plain and trimmed, of the very best quality and newest fashion, at a reduction of 33 per cent. He would particularly recommend his new and beautiful article the Cravat Stock, also his Velvet and Bombazine Ribbed.

☞Merchants visiting this city will always and a large assortment, which he will sell by the dozen cheaper than they can be procured in any section of the United States.

☞Fur and Ladies Riding Stocks, (a new article)—Gentlemen and Boy's plain and dress, made to measure at two hours notice.

Old Stocks covered.

dec 31

NEW FIRM.

DR. S. W. SPENCER, having associated C. F. WILLIS with him in the DRUG BUSINESS, it will now be conducted under the firm of SPENCER & WILLIS; who have on hand and intend keeping a FULL supply of MEDICINE, DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS, &c.

Dr. S. W. SPENCER, having the utmost confidence in the integrity, and capacity of Mr. WILLIS, will now attend exclusively to the practice of his profession. His office is in front of his father's dwelling, opposite J. M. Faulkner's Hotel.

January 1st, 1839. Jy 7

WAS committed to the jail of Queen Ann's county on the 16th day of September 1833, by William Harper, a justice of the Peace in and for Queen Anns county, as a runaway, a colored man who calls himself JOHN DINGOES—says he was born free, and emigrated from France to this country. Said John Dingoes is about thirty years of age, five feet four inches high Had on when committed, a blue round jacket and linen trowsers.

The owner (if any) of the above described colored man is requested to come forward prove property, pay charges, and take him away—otherwise he will be discharged according to law.

THOMAS SUDLER, Shff.
dec. 7 2m of Queen Ann's county.

A CARD.

A. WOOLFOLK wishes to inform the owners of negroes, in Maryland, Virginia, and N. Carolina, that he is not dead, as has been artfully represented by his opponents, but that he still lives, to give them CASH and the *highest prices* for their Negroes. Persons having Negroes to dispose of, will please give him a chance, by addressing him at Baltimore, and where immediate attention will be paid to their wishes.

N. B. All papers that have copied my former Advertisement, will copy the above, and discontinue the others.

oct 9

CASH and very liberal prices will at all times be given for SLAVES. All communications will be promptly attended to, if left at SINNERS' HOTEL, Water street, at which place the subscribers' can be found, or at their residence on Gallows Hill, near the Missionary church—the house is white.

JAMES F. PURVIS & CO.
may 29 Baltimore.

MARYLAND,
TALBOT COUNTY ORPHANS' COURT
February Term, A. D. 1834.

On application of William H. Emory, admr. of Lott Warfield, late of Talbot county, dec'd. It is ordered, that he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that he cause the same to be published once in each week for the space of three successive weeks, in the two newspapers printed in the town of Easton, and also in one of the newspapers printed in the city of Baltimore.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of proceedings of Talbot county Orphans' Court, I have hereunto set my hand, and the seal of my office affixed, this 7th day of Febuary, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-four.

Test, JAS: PRICE, Reg'r.
of Wills for Talbot county.

IN COMPIANCE WITH THE ABOVE ORDER,
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

That the subscriber of Talbot county hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Talbot county, in Maryland, Letters of administration on the personal estate of Lott Warfield, late of Talbot county, deceased; all persons having claims against the said deceased's estate, are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the proper vouchers thereof to the subscriber, on or before the sixteenth day of August next, or they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.—Given under my hand this seventh day of February, A. D. eighteen hundred and thirty four.

WM. H. EMORY, Adm'r.
feb 15 3w of Lott Warfield, dec'd.

The Baltimore American will publish the above once a week for three weeks and forward the bill to the editor of the Whig.

REMOVAL.
MANLOVE HAZEL,

INFORMS his customers and the public, that he has removed his Store to the room recently occupied by Miss Jackson, nearly opposite to the Easton Hotel, and next door to Mr. Graham's office, and Mr. Loveday's Store—Where he intends to keep constantly on hand
A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF
STAPLE & FANCY GOODS.
And in addition to his former stock he has just received, and is now opening a fresh supply of
DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES,
suitable for the present season.

His friends and the public are earnestly solicited to give him a call.

Jan 14

THE UNION TAVERN
EASTON, MARYLAND.

JOSHUA M. FAULKNER,

RESPECTFULLY begs leave to inform his friends and the public in general, that he has taken the above named property in Easton, Talbot county, Md., known as the "UNION TAVERN," on the corner of Washington and Goldsborough streets, immediately opposite the Bank, adjoining the office of John Leeds Kerr, nearly opposite to that of Wm Hayward, Jr. and directly that of Wm R. Price, Esq. This house is situate in the most fashionable and pleasant part of the town, within a few paces of the Court House; and a market (I cannot hesitate to say,) equal, if not superior, to any of a like population in this State—he is also gratified in assuring the public, that he has advantages this tavern never before had, viz. A comfortable dwelling adjoining not heretofore attached to the property, and all the property is about to go through a thorough repair; which will enable him to entertain private families, parties or individuals in comfort—he intends keeping in his bar the best of Liquors, and his Table shall be furnished in season with such as the market will afford. He has provided attentive Ostlers and Waiters, and has determined nothing on his part shall be wanting to give satisfaction. His Hacks will run regularly to the Steam Boat Maryland, for the accommodation of passengers, when they can be conveyed to any part of the adjacent county at almost a moment's warning. Regular conveyances can be had from Easton to the principal cities—a four horse stage runs three times a week to Philadelphia via Centreville; the Steam Boat Maryland twice a week to Baltimore, besides other conveyances in the two Easton Packets—so that passengers cannot fail to find an advantage in passing this way. Boarders will be accommodated on liberal terms by the day, week, month or year—he solicits the old customers of the house and the public generally, to call and see him.

oct 1

N. G. SINGLETON,

WILL open school on MONDAY the 3d of February, in the SABBATH SCHOOL ROOM, West street, in which the following branches will be taught, viz: Spelling, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Grammar and Geography. He solicits the patronage of parents and guardians in Easton and the vicinity, and will use exertions to give satisfaction, by attending stricly to advance the scholars in literature and morality. Terms of tuition—twelve dollars per annum, payable quarterly, and a moderate compensation for fuel.

G. H. BURRELL

RESPECTFULLY informs those gentlemen who may be desirous of entering upon, or resuming the studies of the French language, that he is forming an Evening Class, which will meet at the Easton Female Seminary, the first week in February.

Jan 25 3t

W. W. HIGGINS

HAS just received from Philadelphia and Baltimore
A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF
SADDLERY,
which he is now opening. Those wishing to purchase will do well to give him an early call.

☞Persons indebted to the subscriber of twelve months or more, and whose accounts have been presented, will confer a favor by making immediate payment. Also those indebted on notes of hand which have been or are now due will please call and take them.

dec 31

NOTICE.

THE subscriber intending to leave the Eastern Shore, about the 15th of April next, offers at private sale the following property, viz: All the fixtures and implements necessary to the carrying on of the
BAKING BUSINESS.
ALSO THE FIXTURES OF A
Grocery, Confectionary and Variety Store,
Including GLASS JARS, GLASS CASES, &c. and the Goods which may be on hand at the above mentioned time.

To persons wishing to invest a small capital in a lucrative business, this situation embraces more advantages than are usually met with.

For particulars inquire of
FREDERICK F. NINDE,
Easton, Md.

P. S. The subscriber will dispose of his
Household Furniture,
at the above mentioned time at public sale.

The subscriber will continue the
BAKING BUSINESS
until his removal.

Jan 18 [G eowtf]

The Baltimore American will copy the above once a week for 8w and charge the Whig office.

MILLINERY.

Mrs. A. M. FAULKNER,

HAVING concluded to resume the business of Millinery and Mantua-Making in the house heretofore conducted by her sister, Miss Mary Brown, and having engaged Miss Jackson and her sister Miss E. Brown, in whom she places implicit confidence, flatters herself, and assures her former customers and the Ladies of this and the adjacent counties, that she will receive the FASHIONS regularly from Philadelphia and Baltimore, in season; and nothing on her part shall be wanting to please those who may think proper to patronize her.

feb 1

NOTICE.

MARYLAND ECLIPSE will resume his old stands, the ensuing season, in Easton and Centreville.

dec. 14, 1833. tf

Temperance Department.

From the American Temperance Intelligencer.

The following letter forwarded to us by Gerrit Smith, of Peterboro', was written by a gentleman in whose veracity the most implicit confidence may be placed; and who says in a postscript, "Every word of it is true. The difficulty has been to strip [the narrative] of some of its most remarkable features, which were so awful that but few could believe them to be true. *I witnessed the whole.*" The writer is well known to Mr. Smith and also to us.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

The following communication is made under the hope that it may do good. The statements in it are literally true, and if necessary could be confirmed by the testimony of hundreds. Place and names I omit, because they are not necessary to the moral of my statement.

An anonymous communication was made to the temperance society at its monthly meeting, that there were thirty-eight drunkards in the town, besides many others who were following and were not far behind, many of whom, unless they speedily reformed, would die and leave helpless and dependent families. A gentleman present remarked, that to his knowledge six intemperate persons had died in that vicinity within a few months. The minutes of the meeting were published by order of the society. Probably no communication ever excited more angry and bitter feelings than did this among the sellers and lovers of rum, and in the uproar that was raised, while all were running hither and thither, no one knowing what was the matter only that there was much cursing, and blasphemy, and threats uttered against the temperance society for its "cruel" and shameful publication. Even some professed friends of the cause joined in the hue and cry, and others scarcely knew what to do. The first charge brought against the publication was, that it was not true, and the count was made by the enemies of temperance with a view of proving its falsehood. But the result was, that instead of only thirty-eight, there were nearer fifty *day* drunkards in a population of not 300 voters. Defeated on this ground, their next effort was to accuse the temperance society of injuring the reputation of the town, by publishing the fact even if it were true.

To this it was replied; the only way in which we can hope to convince the world of the evils and immorality of the use and traffic of ardent spirit is by facts. You have denied that you are doing any harm. You acknowledge that if you were convinced of the immorality and injury of the trade, you, as honest men, would abandon it. We have only taken your work, and placed it before your eyes. See what mischief you have done! Thirty drunkards! whose existence disgraces the town—six in eternity—some of their families homeless, pennyless. Who did all this evil? Who sends the drunkard yelling in the darkness of the night, disturbing the rest, and even the grief of the mourners watching the last night over their beloved dead? Did the temperance men have any agency in thus disgracing the town? No. They have plead and labored and suffered to remove the evil. They have been reviled and slandered and threatened. They have been coaxed and persuaded to be silent, to let the drunkard and the drunkard-maker go on.—They have been told of the profits of the trade—of the certain loss which would follow the giving of it up—of the poverty that would overtake them and their families unless they should sell ardent spirits—of the useless efforts made to check the evils disgracing and cursing the human family—that men would be found who would continue the sale, if all the virtuous should give it up, and, therefore, we might as well come in for a share of the profits. All this and more we heard, but yet we were unwilling to have any agency in disgracing the town; we were unmoved, and were willing to abide the consequences. We are not answerable for the disgrace. We have done all we could to prevent it, and are not to be deterred from the effort of saving our children and families from the dreadful evil. We are willing to be held up as disgracing the town by exposing the acts of those who do. But we are not willing secretly and for the love of money to do the deed, nor shall those who do it escape their amenability to public opinion for the injury which they hope shall always remain as deeds of darkness, in the dark.

Their next effort was to provoke the writer of the letter to give the names of those he considered drunkards, and thus to have it in their power to accuse him of unkindness to the families and friends of the intemperate. Drunkards and their makers are not the wisest people in the world. This scheme of course failed; but nothing deterred by it, they resolved to raise the cry, These temperance men have no feeling, they are cruel, inhuman, thus to wound the feelings of innocent families and children, by holding up their friends as drunkards.—Now this out-Heroded Herod. Drunkards and drunkard-makers to talk about want of tenderness and kindness towards females and families! Who felt for the mother that was found almost killed by her drunken husband, and for her dying babe, on whom he threw a vessel of cold water when it was under the influence of medicine? The man who sold him spirits! Who felt for the widowed mother, whose son, once promising, talented and rich, was found dying in the streets, his fortune, reputation and hope all gone? The wretches who sold him rum as long as he had aught to pay, and who would take that which he stole, for the rum that made him frantic! Who felt for the mother that was left a widow in a strange land, with her helpless orphans? Those who took all she and her husband could make, and trusted even for future wages, for the wine that laid the husband in the drunkard's grave! Who felt for that social, talented stranger who is now without a name, a home, or purse? Those who enticed him to drink, and those who pocketed his money, and cursing him, refused a penny to save him from death! Who pitied the wife and her babes when her young husband deserted them, and sunk from honor and virtue into the lowest kennel of intoxication? The rum-seller! Who feels for the tears, the sighs, the anxieties of husbands, wives, fathers, sisters? Who pities and relieves the ignorant, the poor, the needy, and labors to reclaim the lost and vicious? The rum-sellers! It is too much. Now all these evils and a thousand more have been seen; these suffering families have been kown, and when for their sake the seller has been pressed to relinquish his traffic in death, in crime, in tears and sorrows, he has used the language of the first murderer, *am I his keeper?* I am not responsible. If he does not get it from me, he will from others. If we had the money of the widow's husband and the orphan's father—if we had become rich by selling that which induces almost every crime, then might we be called cruel and unfeeling. But when to save others from the drunkard's curses—when to defend and bless we appeal to facts, and point to the living, the dying and the dead, and say to human beings, behold your work; all this you are doing for love of money; and then to hear these Mammonites, in the midst of the noise of their own Tophet, into which they have cast the happiness of all within their reach, crying out, "for shame—away with such cruel men!" Oh, it is enough to make a man believe that rum-selling is carried on by the Devil in his own person.

Disappointed in this effort, they next threatened to burn the churches. The most scurrilous publications were issued, and at last they advertised to hold a meeting on the Lord's day, 7 o'clock P. M. for the purpose of taking measures for presenting a feather medal, (alias a cow-hiding) to a clergyman, active, devoted, and powerful in the cause of temperance, and of singing the 100th psalm. The meeting was accordingly convened, and the annals of revelry and blasphemy never before had seen a more abandoned scene. The plan of presenting the medal was abandoned as rather dangerous, but the purpose of ridiculing religion they thought quite safe. They sung the psalm—

Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create and he destroy.

They laughed and mocked at sacred things, until they were overcome by the stupifying effects of the liquid poison. They however determined to hold their regular club on Sabbath evening. But the next Sunday found two of their number in the arms of death. On Sabbath, the day they had desecrated, they were borne to the drunkard's grave! From the grave the remainder returned, and again the bachanalian shout disturbed the stillness of the Sabbath eve. We need not attempt to tell what such drunkards say and do. All that infuriate and incarnate wickedness could say, was said.—They vaunted, and determined they still would drink. On the next Saturday another of them died, and oh, it was an awful death. He knew his danger and his end. Conscience was faithful and did its duty. He confessed his sin, sent for the very clergyman they wished to cow-hide, apologised and said all he could to make amends. He warned such of his companions as he could see to fly the cup and bowl, to save their souls. On Sabbath he was carried to his grave. At his funeral the fact was remarked that so many drunkards had died on Saturday and were buried on Sabbath, and the question was asked, "who will die next?" A man who had called upon God to damn his soul if ever he knowingly tasted another drop of ardent spirit, but who had broken his oath, laughingly said, I will. He was then asked, and who will follow you? As only he and one other drunkard had been warned by their lost companion whose funeral they were then attending, he selected him. From the grave they returned to the drinking room. They in mockery of a Saviour's dying love, called it the last supper. When the cup had passed freely about, the subject of the Saturday dying was taken up. The volunteer came forward—said he would die for the honor of the club on the next Saturday. His offer was accepted by acclamation. When the noise of blasphemy had ceased, he was called upon to select a man to die the Saturday after. He took the one he before had selected. He agreed to it Again the shout was raised. They drank damnation to all temperance men, and a glorious resurrection to the drunkards. Little did they know what they were doing. Just as they volunteered so they died. The first went home, and was soon seized with delirium tremens. He died a wretched death. As soon as it was known that he had died on Saturday, his companion who was to follow him on the next Saturday was taken to his bed. He offered all he had—promised—did all he could to pacify his fears, but it was too late. He had made a covenant with death and the grave—they claimed him for their own. On Saturday he died; on Sunday they carried him and another intemperate man, who also had died on Saturday, to the grave-yard. Several others narrowly escaped; with difficulty they recovered from attacks of delirium tremens. Some are now like wasted shadows, tottering onwards. A panic for a while seized the crew; some have tapered off—others care nothing for these things; and although all acknowledge the hand and the frown of God in these transactions, the seller sells on, and the drinker will not reform. Nothing but warm and unwearied kindness and assiduity can save the land.

PREFACE OF HON. DAVID CROCKETT'S BIOGRAPHY.—Fashion is a thing I care mighty little about, except when it happens to run just exactly according to my own notion; and I was mighty nigh sending out my book without any preface at all, until a notion struck me, that perhaps it was necessary to explain a little the reason why and wherefore I had written it.

Most of authors seek fame, but I seek for justice,—a holier impulse than ever entered into the ambitious struggles of the votaries of that *fickle, flirting* goddess.

A publication has been made to the world, which has done me much injustice; and the catchpenny errors which it contains, have been already too long sanctioned by my silence.—I don't know the author of the book—and indeed I don't want to know him; for after he has taken such a liberty with my name, and made such an effort to hold me up to public ridicule, he cant calculate on any thing but my displeasure. If he had been content to have written his opinions about me, however contemptuous they might have been, I should have had less reason to complain. But when he professes to give my narrative (as he often does) in my own language, and then puts into my mouth such language as would disgrace even an outlandish African, he must himself be sensible of the injustice he has done me, and the trick he has played off on the public. I have met with hundreds, if not with thousands of people, who have formed their opinions of my appearance, habits, language, and every thing else from that deceptive work.

They have almost in every instance expressed the most profound astonishment at finding me in human shape, and with the *countenance, appearance,* and *common feelings* of a human being. It is to correct all these false notions, and to do justice to myself, that I have written.

It is certain that the writer of the book alluded to, has gathered up many imperfect scraps of information concerning me as in parts of his work there is some little semblance of truth. But I ask him, if this notice should ever reach his eye, how would he have liked it, if I had treated *him so?*—if I had put together such a bundle of ridiculous stuff, and headed it with *his* name, and sent it out upon the world without ever even condescending to ask *his* permission? To these questions, all upright men must give the same answer. It was wrong; and the desire to make money by it, is no apology for such injustice to a fellow man.

But I let him pass; as my wish is greatly more to vindicate myself, than to condemn him.

In the following pages, I have endeavored to give the reader a plain, honest, homespun account of my state in life, and some few of the difficulties which have attended me along in journey, down to this time. I am perfectly aware, that I have related many small, and, as I fear, uninteresting circumstances; but if so, my apology is, that it was rendered necessary by a desire to link the different periods of my life together, as they have passed, from my childhood onward, and thereby enable the reader to select such parts of it as he may relish most, if, indeed, there is any thing in it which may suit his palate.

I have also been operated on by another consideration. It is this:—I know, that obscure as I am, my name is making considerable deal of fuss in the world. I can't tell why it is, nor in what it is to end. Go where I will, everybody seems anxious to get a peep at me; and it would be hard to tell which would have the advantage, if I, and the "Government," and "Black Hawk," and a great eternal big caravan of *wild varments* were all to be showed at the same time in four different parts of any of the big cities in the nation. I am not so sure that I should'nt get the most custom of any of the crew. There must therefore be something in me, or about me, that attracts attention, which is even mysterious to myself. I can't understand it, and I therefore put all the facts down, leaving the reader free to take his choice of them.

On the subject of my style, it is bad enough, in all conscience, to please critics, if that is what they are after. They are a sort of vermin, though, that I shan't even so much as stop to brush off. If they want to go to work on my book, just let them go ahead; and after they are done, they had better blot out all their criticisms, than to know what opinion I would express of *them,* and by what sort of a curious name I would call *them,* if I was standing near them, and looking over their shoulders. They will, at most, have only their trouble for their pay. But I rather expect I shall have them on my side.

But I don't know of any thing in my book to be criticised on by honorable men. Is it on my spelling?—that's not my trade. Is it on my grammar?—I had'nt time to learn it, and make no pretentions to it. Is it on the order and arrangement of my book?—I never wrote one before, and never read very many; and, of course, know mighty little about that. Will it be on the authorship of the book?—this I claim, and I'll hang on to it, like *a wax plaster.* The whole book is my own, and every sentiment and sentence in it. I would not be such a fool, or knave either, as to deny that I have had it hastily run over by a friend or so, and that some little alterations have been made in the spelling and grammar; and I am not so sure that it is worse of even that, for I despise this way of spelling contrary to nature. And as for grammar, it's pretty much a thing of nothing at last, after all the fuss that's made about it. In some places, I would'nt suffer either the spelling, or grammar, or any thing else to be touch'd; and therefore it will be found in my own way.

But if any body complains that I have had it looked over, I can only say to him, her, them—as the case may be—that while critics were learning grammar, and learning to spell, I, and "*Doctor Jackson, L. L. D.*" were fighting in wars; and if our books, and messages, and proclamations, and cabinet writings, and so forth, and so on, should need a little looking over, and a little correcting of the spelling and the grammar to make them fit for use, its just nobody's business. Big men have more important matters to attend to then crossing their *t's*—, and dotting their *i's*—, and such like small things. But the "Government's" name is to the proclamation, and my name's to the book; and if I did'nt write the book, the "Government," didn't write the proclamation, which no man *dares to deny.*

But just read for yourself, and my ears for a heel tap, if before you get through you don't say, with many a good-natured smile and hearty laugh, "This is truly the very thing itself—the exact image of its Author.

DAVID CROCKETT."

Washington City, February 1st, 1834.

YOU'VE BEEN CAPTAIN LONG ENOUGH.

As I was walking up Beacon street, the other day, I met a little republican corps, which geratly amused me. The band consisted of four boys, from six to ten years of age, accoutred in childish fashion, with pasteboard caps and tin swords. The troop was merely large enough to furnish captain, lieutenant, ensign, and trumpeter—a fair epitome of some of our military establishments. Being all of them in office, I very naturally concluded they were satisfied and happy; but my eye had not followed the young soldiers far, when I perceived the lieutenant (a sturdy urchin, about six years old,) make a decided halt. "What is the matter, Jack?" called out the captain. "I tell you what, Andrew, you've been captain long enough," was the reply;—'I'm going to be captain now.'

Some altercation followed, and the refractory lieutenant vociferated still more loudly, 'You've been captain long enough—it is my turn now.' A compromise was at length effected; and the ambitious little rebel agreed to budge a few yards further, satisfied with the promise of rotation in office at the end of the street.

I could not refrain from laughing, as the little pageant moved out of sight. 'This,' said I, "is an abridgement of human society—here is the genuine spirit of man."

That little troop recurs to my memory as frequently as Franklin thought of his dear-bought whistle.

When, I hear selfish politicians keeping up an hungry clamour about '*reform*,' I say to myself, ha! your troop would be all officers; and even then the most contemptible among ye would soon prove insubordinate, and exclaim, "I tell you what *Andrew*, it is my turn to be captain now."

When I see a lover all devotion, or a young husband all indulgence, I wonder how long it will be before he will say "You've been captain long enough. It is my turn now."

When a blooming young girl asks. Don't you think Isabela begins to fade? I imagine her ambitious little heart is whispering, "She has been captain long enough."

When I hear a belle congratulate a rival upon her marriage, it sounds to my ear very much like, "It is my turn to be captain now."

When I hear writers declare, in a most oracular tone, that Miss Sedgwick will never rival her early productions, I am half tempted to answer, "Nay, my frinds she has not been captain long enough.—We must content ourselves with being lieutenant.

I might mention a hundred things, which bring the discontented little officer to my mind; but I forbear, lest my reader should impatiently exclaim, "I tell you what,—you've been captain long enough!"

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