

*W. R. Hooper*

DORCHESTER COUNTY  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY

EDITED AND PUBLISHED EVERY  
TUESDAY MORNING,

By George W. Sherwood.

TERMS:—Two dollars and fifty cents per annum payable within the year. No subscription will be discontinued until all arrears are settled, without the approval of the publisher.

ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion larger ones in the same proportion.

All communications to insure attention, should be post paid if sent by mail.  
Postmasters will please give us prompt notice of any refusal to take the paper from their office.

POET'S CORNER.

[For the Star.]  
FOR THE "LAWRENCE T. A. SOCIETY."

God gave the gift to man,  
But man with fatal skill,  
Insensate, formed the plan  
To change the good to ill.  
The poison, tortured from the cane,  
Like Sampson, hath his thousands slain.  
God gave the golden grain  
To hungry man for food,  
But quarrelous and vain,  
He spurn'd the proffered good.  
And Egypt's slothful sons avert,  
Drew forth the drawy beverage first.  
God gave the clustering vine,  
Ingenuous man perverse,  
Exchanged the boon for wine,  
And wrought out Canaan's curse.  
The patriarch, who had safely passed  
The deluge, was overwhelmed at last.  
To earth the cup he hurl'd,  
That holds the adder's sting;  
And let us pledge the wine,  
With nectar from the springs.  
That hence, like Recha's ancient line,  
Though prophets urge—we'll drink no wine.  
St. Michaels, Feb. 8, 1844. K. A.

THE ARM CHAIR.

BY MRS. S. J. MALE.  
There's pleasure in the loudest home,  
If childhood's smile is there,  
And comfort in the lowliest room,  
Where stands an old Arm Chair.  
We know that Hope, with heaven-bright flame,  
Hath warm'd the mother's breast—  
We know the father's toil-worn frame  
Hath found a place of rest.  
Bright visions of the household band,  
Of love, and faith, and prayer,  
Heart joined with heart, and hand with hand,  
Surround the old Arm Chair.  
But childhood's happy grace can give  
A charm to home most fair,  
And wealth, if wisd, will never live  
Without the good Arm Chair—  
It is a throne of holy power,  
If hearts of love surround,  
A refuge in the world's sick hour,  
Where soothing dreams are found;  
What nerves the care-bow'd man with  
gains?  
Life's battle-field to dare,  
That he and his may rest at length  
Within a good Arm Chair.  
The monarch on his golden throne,  
Of hundred kings the heir,  
Can he, as man, compare with one  
Who wins his good Arm Chair?  
With looking hand and open mind,  
Looks up, clear-eyed to heaven,  
Strong, pure and free, as mountain wind,  
And kind as dew of even.  
Ay, such the man that God hath bless'd,  
When angels guard with care,  
He'll rest, and see his loved ones rest  
Within his own Arm Chair.

MISCELLANY.

LAST SCENE IN MAJOR JONES' COURTSHIP.

AN EXAMPLE FOR YOUNG FOLKS TO FOLLOW.  
Pineville, Feb. 24, 1843.

To Mr. THOMPSON.—Dear Sir— I am too happy and no mistake—the twenty-second of February is over, and the "consummation so devoutly wished for" is tucked place. In other words I'm a married man! I am in no situation to tell you how all the thing tucked place, not by no means, and if it wasn't my promise, I don't believe I could keep away from my wife long enough to write you a letter. Bless her little sole, I didn't think I loved her half as good as I do but to tell you the rule truth, I do believe I've been almost out of my senses ever since night afore last. But I must be short this time, while the gals is plagin Mary in tother room. They are so bad.  
I had the licen to get more'n a week ago, and old Mr. Eastman bang home my weddin suite just in time. Mother would make me let cousin Pete wait on me, and Miss Kesiah was bride's maid. Mother and old Mrs. Stullions had everything ranged in first rate style along before the time arriv'd, and nothin was wanten but your company to make every thing complete.  
Well, bout sundown cousin Pete came round to my room whar we rigged out for the occasion, and I don't believe I ever seed him look so good, but he id' jist tuck off his bonnible great big sorrel whiskers of his, he'd looked a monstrous tye better. I put on my valier breeches and blue cloth coat and white satin jacket, and my new beaver hat, and then we driv round to old Squire Rogerses and took him into the carriage and away we went to old Miss Stullionses plantation. When we got thar, thar was a most everlastin gatherin thar waitin to see the ceremony afere they ate supper. Every body looked glad and old Miss Stullions was flyin about like she didn't know which end she stood on.  
"Come in Joseph," ses she, "the gals is in the tother room."  
But I couldn't begin to get in tother room for the fellers all pullin and haulin and shaken the life out o' me to tell me how glad they was.  
"Howdy, Major, howdy," ses old Mr. Beers, "give you joy—yer gwine to marry the flower of the country, as I always sed. She's a monstrous nice gal, Major."  
"That's a fact," says Mr. Skinner, "that's a fact, and I hope you'll be a good husband

# Easton Star.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, GENERAL NEWS, ADVERTISING, ETC.

Volume 3—No. 45. EASTON, MD.—TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1844. Whole No. 149.

to her, Joseph; and that you'll have good luck with your little—

"Thank ye, thank ye gentlemen—come along cousin Pete, said I, as quick as I could get away from 'em."

The door of the other room was opened and in we went. I never was so struck all up in a heap afore—there sot Mary with three or four more gals, beautiful as an angel and blushin like a rose. When she seed me she kind o' smiled, and sed "good evenin." I couldn't say a word for my life for more'n a minit. There sot the dear gal of my hart, and I couldn't help but think to myself what an infernal cus man must be who could marry her and then make her unhappy by treatin her mean; and I determined in my sole to stand atween her and the storms of the world, to love her and take care of her, and make her happy, as long as I lived. If you could jist see her as she was dressed then, and if you want a married man, you could n't help but envy my luck, after all the trouble I's had to get her. She was dressed jist to my liken, in a fine white muslin frock, with short sleeves and white satin slippers, with her hair all hanging over her snow-white neck and shoulders in beautiful curls without a single breast-pin or any kind of jewelry, kept a little white satin bow on the top of her head. Bine-by Miss Caroline cum in the room.

"Cum, sis, they's all ready," ses she, and she went and gave Miss Mary a kiss in her mouf and hugged her a time or two.

We all got up to go. Mary trembled monstros, and I felt sort o' fainty myself, but I didn't feel nothin like cryin.

When we got in the room whar the company was, old Squire Rodgers stopped us rite in the middle of the floor and axed us for the licen. Cousin Pete handed 'em to him and he red 'em out loud to the people who was all still as deth. After talkin a little he went on—  
"If enny body has got enny thing to say why this couple should n't be united in the holy bans of wedlock," ses he, "let 'em now speak or always afterwards hold their peace."  
"Oh my lord! oh my darlin daughter! oh dear, laws a massy!" says old Miss Stullions as loud as she could squall, a clappin her hands and cryin and shoutin like she was at a camp meetin.

"Thunder and lightn! thinks I, here's an other yearth quake. But I held on to Mary, and was termined that nothin short of a real bust up of all creation should get her from me."

Go head, Squire, says cousin Pete, it aint nothin.

Mary blushed, dreadful, and seemed like she would drop on the flore.

Miss Caroline cum and whispered something to her, and mother and two or three other old wimmin got old Miss Stullions to go in tother room.

"The Squire went thro' the balance of the business in a hurry, and me and Mary was made flesh of one bone, and bone of one flesh before the old woman got over her highstericks. When she got better she cum to me and hugged me and kissed me as hard as she could rite afere 'em all, while the old coddlers in the room was salutin the bride as they called it. I didn't like that part of the ceremony at all, and wanted to change with 'em monstrous bad; but I reckon I have made up for it sense."

After the marryin was over we all tuck supper, and the way old Miss Stullionses table was kivered over with good things was astonishin. After playin and frolickin in till about 10 o'clock, the bride's cake was cut, and sich a cake was never baked in Georgia afore. The Stullionses bein Washingtonians, thar wasn't no wine, but the cake want had to take jist so. Bout twelve o'clock the company began to ent out home, all of 'em jistas sober as when they cum.

I had to shake hands with 'em all, and tell em all good night.

"Good nite cousin Mary," ses Pete—"good nite Major," ses he, "I spose you aint gwine back to town to nite," and then bust rite out in a big laugh and away he went."

That's jist the way with Pete, he's a good feller enough, but he aint got no better sense.

Mary ses she's sorry she could n't send you no more cake, but Mr. Montgomery's saddle bags would n't hold half she wrapped for you. Don't forget to put our marriage in the papers. No more from your friend till deth. JOS. JONES.

DISCONTENT.—How universal it is. We never knew the man who would say, "I am contented." Go where you will, among the rich and poor—the man of competence or the laborer who earns his daily bread by the sweat of his brow, you hear the sound of murmuring and the voice of complaint. The other day we stood by a cooper, who was playing a merry tune with his mallet round a cask. "Ah," sighed he, "mine is a hard lot—forever trotting round and round like a dog, driving away at a hoop." "Heigho!" sighed a blacksmith, in one of the late hot days, as he wiped the drops of perspiration from his brow, while the red hot iron glowed on his anvill; "this life with a vengeance, melting and fryin one's self over the fire." "Oh, that I were a carpenter!" ejaculated a shoemaker, as he bent over his lap stone, where am I day after day wearing my soul out in making soles for others, cooped up in a little 7 by 9 room." "I am sick of this out door work," exclaims the carpenter, broil-

ing and sweating under the sun, or exposed to the inclemency of the weather—if I was only a tailor! "This is too bad," perpetually cries the tailor, "to be compelled to sit perched up here, plying the needle all the time—would that mine were a more active life." "Last day of grace—the banks won't discount—customers won't pay—what shall I do?" grumbles the merchant, "I had rather be a truck horse—a dog—any thing!" "Happy fellows," groans the lawyer, as he scratches his head over some perplexing case, or pores over some dry, musty record, "happy fellows! I had rather hammer stone than cudgel my brains on this tedious, vexatious question."

And so throughout all the ramifications of society—all are complaining of their condition—finding fault with their particular calling. "If I were only so that, or the other, I should be content," is the universal cry—"any thing but what I am?"

MILITARY ANECDOTE.

Upon a general inspection, at one of the U. S. Posts, by a late and well known inspector general, the garrison was taken by surprise; it being a rule of the general to give little or no notice of his inspection visits that the troops might not prepare themselves expressly for the occasion, but he exhibited in the condition usually maintained in the discharge of their ordinary garrison duties.

A soldier of the command, usually very proper in his appearance, on parade, happened to have been drunk the day previous to the unexpected arrival, and from the few moments notice given by the orderly sergeant on the morning of the inspection, was compelled to clean his accoutrements to the best of his ability according to the time allowed him. This he appeared upon parade with all the front of his uniform in good order; but in the rear he was lamentably deficient; his boots in particular, though well polished in front, were behind as foxy as a red herring.

The general, whose eagle eye detected the minutest defects, was not long in discovering this glaring deficiency. So when he had passed along the front of the rear rank where the man was posted, and inspected apparently to his satisfaction, he then filed to his rear, quickly observed the condition of the man's back, and tapping him on the shoulder, said in a rebuking tone of voice, "Soldier, you have not blacked your boots behind." Now 'Soldier' had not quite parted company with the debauch of the previous day; the fumes of the liquor yet in his head emboldened him to a very unusual pitch, and without moving a muscle or swerving from his bolt like position he answered, "General a good soldier never looks behind!"

THE USE OF A KISS.—The Roman ladies were fond of the wine-cup, and at one time indulged to an extent which was quite alarming, inasmuch that the use of it was prohibited by their husbands, and Cato the Censor, we are told by Pliny, silyly advised his friends to kiss their wives at their coming home, in order to detect whether they had drunk wine with their gossips abroad!

Captain Macheath, in the Beggar's opera says to Jenny Diver, "I know by your kiss that your gin is excellent."

We once heard a western girl, after giving her lover a hearty smack, exclaim, "Dog my cat! if you haint been takin' a little rye, old hoss!"

Different Ideas of Heaven.—"My chief conception of Heaven," said Robert Hall, "is rest." "Mine," replied Wilberforce, "is love; love to God, and love to every bright and holy inhabitant of that glorious place." Hall was an almost constant sufferer from acute bodily pain—Wilberforce enjoyed life, and was amiable and sunshine—so that it is easy to account for their respective conceptions on that subject.

When a mercy that both these conceptions are true! Both are true! and the union of rest and love perhaps conveys, within a small compass, the most correct idea of the heavenly state.

Luther's opinion of Music.—Music is one of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God, to which Satan is a bitter enemy; for it removes from the heart the weight of sorrows and the fascination of evil thoughts. Music is a kind and gentle sort of discipline, it refines the passions and improves the understanding. Those who love music are gentle and honest in their tempers. I always loved music, and would not for a great matter be without the little skill which I possess in this art.

A member of the Legislature, who indulged himself in afternoon naps, requested his friend to awaken him when the number act came on. He omitted it by forgetfulness, but accidentally gave him a jog as the house was discussing a bill to prevent fraud. Old sleepy-head started, rubbed his eyes, and exclaimed—"Mr. Speaker, a word or two on that bill, for one-half of my constituents get their living in no other way."

Beautiful Simile.—As the water that flows from a spring does not congeal in the winter, so those sentiments of friendship which flow from the heart cannot be frozen by adversity.

A bed cold drawn tightly over the loins of cows, in front of the udder, will cause them to give down their milk, and also prevent their kicking.

[From last week's Omissions.]

IMPORTANT SEIZURE.—Two men, Michael McAuley and Patrick McLaughlin, passengers on board the ship Oxford, from Liverpool, have been arrested at N. York, charged with smuggling into that port a large quantity of cloths, &c. The value of goods already ascertained to have been smuggled is said to be upwards of \$15,000. Several other persons, among them some boatmen have also been arrested on the same charge. A warrant was issued on Monday evening against one of the mates of the Oxford, which ship has been seized on a charge of smuggling. The penalty for smuggling, is forfeiture of vessel, loss of the goods, imprisonment of the parties, whether principal or abettors, and a fine of double the amount of goods. An investigation of the case was to take place on Tuesday afternoon.

The New York Sun of Tuesday morning has the following notice of another seizure:—

The Collector of the Port found a quantity of smuggling goods on board the Montezuma, shortly after her arrival yesterday, which were stowed away ready to be landed. The goods were seized. A thorough overhauling of the suspected smugglers will be made in a day or two, when we shall look for strange disclosures.

The New York Journal of Commerce of Tuesday afternoon says that the ship Oxford was released on its being clearly ascertained that the captain and owners knew nothing of the transaction.

Mesmerism.—Messrs. Brown & Pike are astonishing the New Yorkers by experiments and lectures on mesmerism at Niblo's. The Aurora, in describing one of the exhibitions, states that a lady was magnetized, and while she was asleep one of her teeth was extracted by Mr. Parnly, the dentist, without occasioning the slightest perceptible indication of pain or causing her pulse to vary. The Bangor (Maine) Courier also gives an account of the amputation of a man's leg in that city, by Dr. Hosca. Rich, the patient having been previously put into the magnetic sleep by Dr. Dreane. The leg was cut off without the slightest indication of pain on the part of the patient, and after it was off he sung in a loud voice, the "Star Spangled Banner," at the request of the magnetiser, and on being woke up insisted that the operation had not been performed. Upon being assured of the fact, he in great glee cried out, "Good! I am glad the old leg is off!" He then stated that the only sensation he had experienced was like that of some one pricking the bottom of his foot.

Marriage Extraordinary.—A marriage extraordinary took place in the Northern Liberties, on the 20th January, ult, before Alderman John Conrad, for there was but all of one family, yet strange to relate, at the nuptial ceremony they duly and truly represented thirty-six persons, as follows:—1 widow, 1 widower, 1 wife, 1 husband, 1 bride, 1 bridegroom, 1 bridemaid, 1 bridesman, 1 son, 1 stepson, 1 daughter-in-law, 1 sister-in-law, 1 father-in-law, 1 mother-in-law, 1 grandfather, 1 grandmother, 1 stepmother, 1 stepfather, 2 sisters, 2 nuns, 2 uncles, 2 brothers-in-law, 2 sisters-in-law, 2 fathers, 2 mothers, 2 husbands and their 2 wives, the only persons. Oh! what an increase in one family on the bridal day. Can any of our correspondents make out how the above facts could be made out to occur?

The Farmer and the Beggar.—A strong, hearty, lazy fellow, who preferred begging for a precarious subsistence to working for a sure one, called at the house of a blunt Massachusetts farmer, and in the usual language of his race, asked for "cold victuals and old clothes." "You appear to be a stout hearty looking man," said the farmer; "what do you do for a living?" "Why not much," replied the fellow, "except travelling about from one place to another." "Travelling about, ha!" rejoined the farmer; can you travel pretty well?" "O, yes," returned the sturdy beggar; "I'm pretty good at that." "Well then," said the farmer, coolly opening the door, "let's see you travel!"

Aaron Burr, when he plotted against Mr. Jefferson, invited all the disaffected men of note to a grand supper. Mr. Randolph was among the number invited, in consequence of his discontent with Mr. Jefferson. When he went in, he found men of every hue of politics, and many who had signalized themselves by the bitterest hostility to each other, assembled around the board. Burr opened the communion by his famous toast:—"The union of all honest men." This was his first movement to dissolve the Union of the States. From the faces around the table, and the toast, Mr. Randolph saw he was in the midst of a political banditti. He took his hat, without saying a word, and turned his back upon the whole set forever.—Globe.

A Good Movement.—In the Kentucky Senate, Mr. Morgan has moved the following resolution, which was adopted:—Resolved, That the committee on the judiciary be instructed to inquire into the expediency of passing a law to punish swindling by confinement in the penitentiary, and that they report by bill or otherwise.

Perpetrating overcomps all things—except eating soup with a fork.

STEAMER PRINCETON.—GREAT GUNS.

The New York Express has an account of a visit made by a number of the citizens of that metropolis to the U. S. steam frigate Princeton, now in that harbor.—The Express says—

On reaching the ship the entire party were received by Capt. Stockton, very cordially, who with them went the rounds of the ship, which had been got under weigh and steered up the North River. The two great guns on board the Princeton, were the lions of the day, and excited great admiration as well from the ignorant who only conjectured as to their power, as from the scientific gentlemen who had seen their capacity tested.

One of the guns, the largest, is placed in front of the foremast on a railway, upon which it can be moved with as much facility as can an ordinary field piece ashore.—The starboard bulwarks of the steamer were removed and a charge of 45 lbs. of powder were put in this "Peace-maker," as it is familiarly called, when the gun was fired off to let the passengers know a little of what could be done.

The recoil of the gun was very slight, and the shock was scarcely felt. The other gun, called the "Orator," is much smaller, and stands between the main and mizen masts, and is worked precisely like the one forward, and can do as good service.—Either of them would be quite as much as an ordinary frigate would find agreeable to silence.

The talk about the large wrought iron cannon which Captain Stockton has caused to be made for the Government, has led to an article in the Army and Navy Chronicle, from which we make this extract:—

In all this there is nothing new or marvellous. From the earliest periods of the application of gunpowder to the purposes of war, it has been an object of ambition with potentates and powers to possess the largest possible engines of destruction. The history of artillery has preserved accounts of pieces constructed many centuries since, to which this gun would be a mere bauble.

In 1487 twelve pieces, called bombards, were cast in France, one of which threw a stone globe, 21 inches in diameter and weighing upwards of 500 lbs., to a distance of 5,000 paces, with a charge of 300 lbs.—Malmelet, at the siege of Constantinople, had a gun of 27 inches calibre, which threw stones weighing from 850 to 1,200 pounds.

The French have now in their possession a culverin, taken from the castle of Ehrenbreitstein, called the Griffin, which was cast in 1528; it is 15 feet long, nearly 3 feet diameter at the breech, and weighs upwards of 16,000 lbs. Such monsters belong to the infancy of the art, and may be regarded as monuments of its progress. Like the mammoths in the animal kingdom, they have disappeared to make way for smaller, it is true, but more serviceable and less unwieldy creatures.

Neither is it a new thing to make wrought iron guns, for wrought iron was employed in the manufacture of cannon before cast iron. "Bombards," says an eminent French author, "were first constructed of wood, bound with iron, then of longitudinal iron bars, hooped together like the staves of a cask; but such assemblages being deficient in solidity, they were made of wrought iron, then of cast, and finally bronze."

The whig papers are industrious in misrepresenting the proceedings of the meeting, and if possible would convey the impression that the friends of General Cass will not support the nominee of the Baltimore convention. The meeting adopted the following resolution on this very point. It will put a quietus upon all such gratuitous misrepresentations:

"Resolved, That whatever may be the issue of the result, we will not be found in any relation that shall tend to disorganize or dishearten the party—that we love our principles too well to see them endangered by indifference towards the man, be he who he may, whose success after his nomination will involve the success or defeat of democracy for another four years; and in that spirit we commend the man of our choice to the democracy of the Union, and in the same spirit will sustain to the last, the man they may choose as their candidate for the presidency."

The Boston Post, in giving a sketch of Mr. McKee's speech, remarks: "He spoke with great power upon the necessity of sustaining the nominee of the national convention. He however expressed his preference for the 'Champion of the freedom of the seas, Lewis Cass, of Michigan.'"

From this it will be seen how utterly baseless are all suppositions of disunion, founded upon this meeting, or any meeting composed of Democrats, whatever may be their preference for men. If Democrats of Boston have their preferences, they show at the same time that they have entire confidence in their democratic brethren of other States, and that they will support the favorite nominee of the Democratic party of the Union. "This is the right spirit, and it matters not so long as the right spirit, how many candidates are in the field; for when the campaign is fully opened, individual preferences will be merged in an earnest and energetic support of him whom the delegates of the North, the South, the East, and the West, shall choose as their standard-bearer in the canvass of '44."

My answer to these interrogatories was without equivocation; which was, that I

PRESIDENTIAL ARGUMENTS.

JANUARY 28, 1844.

[From the Albany Argus.]  
PRESIDENTIAL ARGUMENTS.

CASS MEETING AT BOSTON.—The friends of General Cass, at a presidential candidate, held a meeting last week at Boston. It was well attended, probably by many whose partialities are in another direction. It is described by the Post as "large and spirited." The meeting was addressed by the Hon. John McKee, of the city of New York.

Neither is it a new thing to make wrought iron guns, for wrought iron was employed in the manufacture of cannon before cast iron. "Bombards," says an eminent French author, "were first constructed of wood, bound with iron, then of longitudinal iron bars, hooped together like the staves of a cask; but such assemblages being deficient in solidity, they were made of wrought iron, then of cast, and finally bronze."

The whig papers are industrious in misrepresenting the proceedings of the meeting, and if possible would convey the impression that the friends of General Cass will not support the nominee of the Baltimore convention. The meeting adopted the following resolution on this very point. It will put a quietus upon all such gratuitous misrepresentations:

"Resolved, That whatever may be the issue of the result, we will not be found in any relation that shall tend to disorganize or dishearten the party—that we love our principles too well to see them endangered by indifference towards the man, be he who he may, whose success after his nomination will involve the success or defeat of democracy for another four years; and in that spirit we commend the man of our choice to the democracy of the Union, and in the same spirit will sustain to the last, the man they may choose as their candidate for the presidency."

The Boston Post, in giving a sketch of Mr. McKee's speech, remarks: "He spoke with great power upon the necessity of sustaining the nominee of the national convention. He however expressed his preference for the 'Champion of the freedom of the seas, Lewis Cass, of Michigan.'"

From this it will be seen how utterly baseless are all suppositions of disunion, founded upon this meeting, or any meeting composed of Democrats, whatever may be their preference for men. If Democrats of Boston have their preferences, they show at the same time that they have entire confidence in their democratic brethren of other States, and that they will support the favorite nominee of the Democratic party of the Union. "This is the right spirit, and it matters not so long as the right spirit, how many candidates are in the field; for when the campaign is fully opened, individual preferences will be merged in an earnest and energetic support of him whom the delegates of the North, the South, the East, and the West, shall choose as their standard-bearer in the canvass of '44."

My answer to these interrogatories was without equivocation; which was, that I

POLITICAL.

COL. R. M. JOHNSON.—The Presidency.—The following letter from Col. Johnson appears in a recent number of the Washington Globe.

Sir: From a great number of letters received by me, from various sections of our country, I find a difference of opinion exists as to the ground I occupy relative to the canvass for the offices of President and Vice President of the United States. And I find as great a diversity of opinion among my friends as to the course I should adopt—some advising that, under no circumstances, should I permit my name to be used for the vice presidency—others advising that I should not submit my name to the decision of a national convention; and the most numerous expressing a wish that I should accept the nomination for the office of Vice President, provided a majority of the delegates to the national convention should think proper to select me as a candidate for the vice presidency, after preferring another for the office of President.

In January, 1842, I was nominated, at Frankfort, Kentucky, for the presidency, by a mass meeting, composed of the democratic members of the legislature and citizens of that State, subject to a decision of the national convention. In January, 1843, I was nominated for the same office by a State democratic convention at Frankfort, Kentucky, composed of five hundred delegates subject to a decision of a national convention. I was afterwards again nominated by a subsequent State democratic convention, composed of more than five hundred delegates, for the same office, subject to the same conditions. Each of these nominations was unanimous. In January, 1843, the democratic State convention of Indiana called upon me, in common with others, to know if I were willing to abide by the decision of a national convention; and further, if I would sustain the nomination of that convention for the offices of President and Vice President of the United States.

My answer to these interrogatories was without equivocation; which was, that I