

should not be found who would let some of the public money stick to their hands.

I will now, Mr. Chairman, endeavor to point out how the Post Office department wields and controls, to a great extent, the political destinies of this country, and how well it has answered the purposes of the Administration, when it was made an independent department, and the presiding officer a cabinet minister. There are about fifteen thousand postmasters; and their deputies, mail contractors, stage-drivers, post-riders, and all the persons, of every description, connected with them, and over whom they have an immediate and direct influence, will amount to fifteen thousand more, a large and, in general, well-disciplined army, wielding a tremendous power. These thirty thousand are scattered all over the United States. The mail is in their hands; they can and do furnish every facility to their party, who are in power; and, on the other hand, can, and do in many instances, throw every obstruction in the way of their opponents. They canvass politics in every place, and, wherever they are, praise the party in power, and laud Gen. Jackson to the skies. They are ever ready, and particularly and especially some of the mail-contractors, to hunt down any man opposed to General Jackson's Administration. They will worry any game. They will encounter any labor, and incur any expense, and more especially that class of mail-contractors who receive these extras. \$382,993.77 thus distributed, add much to their activity and zeal. It is fine grain for your hungry rats; it is rich soup from the Kitchen Cabinet for your Jowlers with their collars round their necks. In this description, I would not be understood as including all of the mail-contractors, who receive extra allowance, for I know some of them to be honorable men, but take them collectively, the description will not be inapplicable.

I will call the attention, Mr. Chairman, of the Committee, to the finances of that Department; and and here I have, in common with a number of other gentlemen in this House, to regret that neither the Chairman of the Committee on the expenditures of this Department, (which would necessarily include its receipts,) nor the Chairman of the Committee on the Post Office and Post Roads, has favored the House with a report upon the state of its funds and disbursements; and we are left to grope our way in the dark as well as we can. We have some glimmering faint lights that may assist to guide us in this part of the investigation.

When Mr. McLean, the immediate predecessor of Mr. Barry, was at the head of that Department, instead of its being a burthen to the Treasury, it was a small source of revenue; and when he left it, there was about \$190,000 of a surplus on hand. Now, we know that the Department has not only used up that surplus, but has borrowed \$350,000, and overdrawn on banks \$50,000 more; and how much more it owes no man can tell. My information is, one million eighty-nine thousand dollars!

The Chairman of the Committee on the Post Office and Post Roads has said, that the Department expects next year to do better, and to get its money matters straight again, and that he confidently anticipates such a result. I am not so sanguine. Such a result will never take place until it ceases to be a political engine, and that we know will not happen during the administration of General Jackson.

The hopes, expectations, and anticipations of the Department, of better times, and better days, are as vain and as illusory, as I have seen many times illustrated in some unfortunate man, who had no skill at managing his affairs and conducted them badly, was greatly in debt, and ruin seemed to stare him and his family in the face: he would be cheered and comforted by the hopes that next year he would do better; and, if he was in the prime of life, that the clouds and storms of adversity, which had been lowering over his head, and occasionally bursting upon him, would pass over, and give him a clear, brilliant meridian sun; or, if he was in the vale of years, it would give him a mild, rich, and mellow sun to end his days with. But these visionary hopes do nothing but delude; they give ease to the anguish of the mind, but that is all: they are scarcely ever realized; they generally pass off as the baseless fabric of a dream.

I will tell the honorable Chairman of the Committee on the Post Office and Post Roads how to enable the Department to reinstate itself and increase its funds. — Let him report the state of its accounts to this House, to obtain its aid and co-operation; also a bill to re-organize the Department, and render it practically accountable for its receipts and disbursements—correct the abuses which exist, some of which I have endeavored to point out; and, in the corrections of its abuses, to stop it from being a political engine, one prevent these extra allowances (which in the five years that Mr. Barry has been at the head of this Department, is equal, one with another, in amount, to \$1,914,668.85,) and when all this is done, this extraordinary regeneration effected, then, and not till then, may the Department expect to be in a better situation as to its money matters.

I shall, Mr. Chairman, vote in favor of striking out the item for extra clerk hire, which I have read.

I have only in conclusion to apologize to the Committee for detaining them so long as I have; but, in justice to the subject, I could not have said less, and discharged what I considered to be my duty.

[As Mr. HARDIS was in the act of re-

suming his seat, Mr. CONNOR, of North Carolina, facetiously asked him, if the People of Kentucky, drank whiskey and grog? Mr. HARDIS replied, that whiskey was one of the staple commodities of Kentucky, and he would answer the gentleman by asking him a question; if the People of North Carolina drank tar and tar water? as that was their staple commodity.]

MAJ. DOWNING'S CORRESPONDENCE.

SENATE CHAMBER.

Washington, May 16, 1834.

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

You may look out for me nigh upon as soon as you get this letter, for I guess you must begin to think I belong to the Post Office Committee, or some other committee in Congress that don't like to make no report, seeing that you hain't heard nothin' from me ever since I write to you about the General's 2d Protest, and tell'd you that there is a story about "Old Sile" and the rest on 'em down East there, at old Miss Crane's Tavern, when they tried an experiment in wiping out the chalk marks agin 'em. But, my good old friend, I haint been idle since that time, but I have been nookin' about here every day pretty much after the old fashion all day; and then at night talking over all matters with Mr. Clay, who has treated me so kind ever since I have ben at his house that some folks begin to think he is puttin' up with me instead of my puttin' up with him.

When the General come to hear where I was and what I was busy at, he has ben in a pesky worryment, and almost every day I would git some kind of a coakin' hint, from some of his friends here in Congress, that he would like to have me back agin with him. And Mr. Clay has tell'd me over and over that I needn't make no bones on't, but as soon as I thought I would be better off with the General, I could pack up and go back agin, and he wouldn't think a bit hard on't.

But I am determined to let the General see that I haint got as good an opinion of the folks about him as he has, and I would sooner hoe potatoes all day than submit agin to mix up with such a set of chaps as he has all the while about. The Government; and the last time the General sent me a message, and asked me the reason why I wouldn't quit the Senate and Mr. Clay and go back to the White House, I set down and wrote to him every word of that there is a story about old Deacon Whittlesey's two sons and the flock of sheep. You remember when the old Deacon died, about a year afore the Embargo, he left two sons, Ezra and Ichabod, and tell'd 'em in his will they might have all his property atwixt 'em. Ezra was a pretty silly cute critter, and Ichabod warn't quite so much so, but was good natured, and some folks thought he never would cut his eye teeth, tho' I always thought in the long run he had a pretty considerable share of mother wit, but took his own way in shinin' on't. Well, when they came to divide off the sheep, (for the Deacon had one of the biggest flocks of sheep in all them parts,) Ezra thought he'd try and git the best of the bargain, and he got up early one mornin' and put all the fine healthy and clean sheep in one pen, and all the scabby and snuffle noses and tag locks in another pen, and then he put Old Billy along with 'em—Old Billy was a pet ram, and Ichabod loved him almost as much as he did any thing in this world, for he had taken care of him ever since he was a lamb. So Ezra thought that Ichabod would take that share, seein' that Old Billy was among 'em. Well, arter breakfast they went out, and says Ezra, here, says he, Ichabod the sheep are all divided off, and seein' it's you and I don't want to take no advantage on you, you may take your choice of pens. Ichabod he got on the fence, and he looked at one flock, and then agin he looked at another, and as soon as Old Billy see him he began to ba-ba-right out arter him as he always used to do whenever he see Ichabod, and Ichabod he looked agin, and to rights he took up the tail of his coat and wiped his eyes, (for he was an amazin' tender hearted critter,) and says he—my old friend Billy it's plagy hard for me to part with you, I tell you; I like you nigh upon as well as ever I did, but you are surrounded by such a raft of snuffle nose, scabby set of tag tails, that I cant have nothin' more to do with you. And with that Ichabod telled Ezra he'd take other flock, and so Ezra got the worst on't arter all his pains. He got Old Billy to be sure, but then he got an everlasting set of scabby scamps along with him. And all the neighbors about, say to this day, that upon the hull, tho' Ezra is a pretty sharp fellow, they somehow think Ichabod got the best of that bargain.

I have hearn tell, but I won't say sartin it's true (for I won't say nothin' is true now-a-days unless I see it,) that when the General got my letter, containing this story, he read it over two or three times, and couldn't somehow git the notion on't. He said he was sartin there was somethin' in't to the "Government," for he never knew the Major to take the trouble to write about a story without there bein' something in't of that nature, and so he started round and ordered Amos and Levi, and Reuben, and Barry, and Blair, and pretty nigh the rest of the Cabinet to get together and to lend him a hand in understandin' this matter. As soon as they got into the Cabinet room and found out what the General was arter, and all of 'em had read my letter over, they began to whisper round among them selves, and to rights one on 'em tell'd the General there was one subject almost as important as the Major's sheep story, and that the General better take that up at

once, and that was that Biddle had refused to let the Committee, sent by Congress to examine into the Bank, have the books and papers of the Bank, to take over to their lodging out of the Bank and to examine them there. And that he wouldn't let the Committee have his private letters, that he had written and received, nor his wife's, nor his children's private letters. Nor would he tell the Committee how much it cost him every day to go to market, nor whether he roasted his potatoes or boiled 'em.

And when the Committee ask'd him if he wore a wig or his own natural hair, he tell'd 'em it warn't none of their business; that if they wanted to examine the Bank, and all the money, and books, and papers in't there, it was for 'em, and a good room in the Bank for 'em to do all the work in they wanted; and that some other officer of the Bank would all the while be present to explain every thing, and keep an eye on every thing, and he wouldn't let a single book or paper go out of the Bank so long as he was President on't; that once when Congress sent a Committee to the Bank I best follow the same track they took and give the pet banks a sifin arter the same fashion; and so I am off for New York in a day or two, as soon as I can git my boots footed and some shirts mended. I want you to tell Zekel Bigelow I calculate on him to act as my Secretary—and he can be gittin' things in order, for a rale genewine and close examination—I think it will be best to begin in New York, for I shall have the aid of Zekel and if I give them Banks a sifin and I find ev'ry thing there free from all party business and corruption, and no monsters among 'em, my notion is, there wont be no occasion to look no further—as I want to be as nigh Wall street, as possible, tell Zekel to try and git a room for me in Howard's "Exchange Hotel," Broad street, and one big enuf for spreadin' books and papers about.

You needn't say much about my plans,

as I should like to hop in upon the pet Banks as I did upon Squire Biddle's bank last summer, without lettin' 'em know of my comin'.

Your old friend,
J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d brigade.

We copy the following from the New York Evening Star, without comment.

Washington, D. C. May 15.

It has long been supposed by many, that there is an under-plot going on in the great national drama, the result of which is to be, that Andrew Jackson shall be left "alone in his glory"—that the responsibility which he has expressed his willingness to assume, shall be left to him, in the fullest sense of the term. His advisers will quit him, and his friends desert him; having cajoled him on the 'sticking place,' with a protest against his perseverance, and a denunciation of his plans as "none of their's." The motion of Mr. Boon, of Indiana, for the final adjournment of Congress—who ought to be christened Adjournment Boon, for I can see no other earthly purpose which he answers than to move adjournments daily, as well as of the session—his motion, I say, seems to support the idea of the design upon the President. Why do they wish to adjourn? Has any thing in which the nation is interested, been settled? No. It is complained that time has been lost in debate on the question as to the removal of the deposits. Would you have had a silent vote on such a question? None but a dumb man would permit an impudent fellow to take out his purse, and scatter its contents to the four winds of heaven, without a murmur. But one thing was left as the alternative—to act, instead of talking. It was wisely determined to use the word before the blow. And now, forsooth, you are told by the bold wash-bucklers of the administration, that you have wasted exceedingly much of the public time in deferring to their demands for the delivery of the public purse. Yes, sir, if Congress had complied, as it ought to have done, in the first instance, with the Executive demand,—"stand and deliver,"—much time would have been saved." Softly: my simile is not applicable. The purse had been taken; the waste of time has been in an *ex post facto* discussion with the person as to its restoration.

"Prythee forbear,
The trash you mention I have well disposed of:
I mean to see that it is well applied."

Mr. Boon's resolution for adjournment, which came up at an early period of the day, gave rise to a very long discussion, the only inference to be drawn from the arguments used, is this: that the party wish to adjourn, and leave the Hero of New Orleans to stand by himself in the breach of misery and embarrassment which a vacation under present circumstances must inevitably create. They care not how he may save or sustain himself. It will be "glory" enough for them to be making Jackson election speeches at home. Let the old man battle the watch with the country as he best can. Nay, it is not impossible that some Flying Dutchman, sustained by some "heaven-born agent," may, in the midst of the troubled scene, descend of a sudden upon the stage, and put all to rights, by acceding to the wishes of the people, which had been opposed hitherto by the obstinacy (once predominant) of a certain "old Roman." Is this impossible? No. Is it probable? Yes. Every day gives symptoms that the priests at the altar have their eye on a future idol—that they are turning round to worship the "rising sun."

I will not trouble you with any detail of the proceedings on the motion for the final adjournment of the session, inasmuch as you will see them in the papers of the day. You will perceive that Mr. Adjournment Boon has been kind enough to shift his ground from the 31st of May to the 16th of June; and I have little doubt he will be ready and prepared on that day to take another mouth's march.

One incident in the farce may not perhaps meet your eye through the medium of the public papers. Mr. Burgess, of Rhode Island, inquired of Adjournment Boon by what scale he graduated the length of a session of Congress, or whether he had any scale? Mr. Burgess said he remembered one gentleman who, in former years, had been famous for motions of adjournment, and who adopted a scale for the duration of Congress the following ingenious expedient. At the commencement of a session, on coming into the city of Washington, he made it a rule to lay in two barrels of whiskey.—When one was exhausted it was half session over—when the second was out, he invariably moved an adjournment of Congress. He did not mean this to apply to the honorable member from Indiana.

Mr. Boon very injudiciously—inasmuch as he had been informed the cap was not intended for him—put it on his head; I cannot think it fitted, inasmuch as Mr. B. is, I believe, a member of the Congressional Temperance Society, and has, it is said, a particular objection to game at all. Mr. B., in rebutting the charge which had not been made by the member from Rhode Island, denied that he was addicted to ardent spirits. He did not know what might be the habits of the gentleman from Rhode Island; but this he did know, that the gentleman's personal vulgarity was such that he would as soon touch "an old toad." [This was certainly any thing but personal or ungentlemanly.]

Mr. Burgess, in reply said, he had not intended the remark as personally applicable to the gentleman from Indiana; he knew nothing of his habits; and if he did, he should not proclaim them on this floor. But this he would say, he did not believe the gentleman would look so long at the bung hole, as to let the liquor run out of the spout.

CROCKETTIANA.

The Colonel is going ahead in the land of steady habits. The Artist, Harding, has made his breath on canvas. On entering the portrait gallery, he knew Mr. Webster at first glance, and cocked his eye familiarly at Leigh and Calhoun. On looking at the picture of the signer of the Protest and Veto, the Colonel, says he, "I don't entertain no very exalted opinion of that there man." He is not backward in expressing his sentiments.—On visiting the Navy Yard, the Colonel was in raptures at the fine appearance of Old Ironsides; but could by no manner of means be induced to look at the cap of her cut-water. A young Whig, who accompanied him, asked him if he could not grin off the figure head. "Send the frieze to Old Kentucky," said the Colonel, "there I am up to a thing or two." At Lowell, he was placed in a hollow square of three thousand gals, where he made a speech in favor of the American System which he concluded by a neat compliment to them. "Ladies," said he, "I was never so fairly surrounded in my life." At Galagher's hotel, he sat down to a supper by special invitation, in company with fifty gentlemen. The Colonel visited Boylston Hall to witness Mossie's illustrations of American orators: at the conclusion of which, there was a general cry of "imitate Crockett!" This was done to the life, and the Colonel found himself in the same predicaments as did Rip Van Winkle, when he saw young Rip after his return from Sleepy Hollow.—N. Y. Com.

The Illiterate Jackson.—The constitution of the United States prescribes an oath, that the president shall protect and defend the same constitution. Yet he has destroyed it.

That constitution requires him to execute the laws "faithfully," yet he has remained in office, against the declared censure of the nation, William T. Barry, who has violated all the laws.

In short, he has committed five impeachable offences; but having corrupted the party leaders in congress, that mercenary body dare not impeach the perjured man.

President *Veto* and President *Purity* shall be a proverb for ages.—N. O. Argus.

The veteran Niles, in his last Register, speaking of Mr. Lincoln's speech on the concerns of the Post Office, says—"It was, until recently, the greatest evil which beset the American public, that the Postmaster General was made a member of the Cabinet," and that party political preferences were introduced into the concerns of this department of the government. It ought to have remained as free from them as the judicial establishment! It is to the lasting credit of Mr. McLean, the predecessor of Mr. Barry, that he decidedly rejected them."

Democratic Intelligencer.

The Rich made Richer.—We see it stated that the horses of President Jackson took the purse, at the Jockey Club races, last week, in Washington. We should have thought the "Jockeying" days of the Old Roman were over. But having the inclination, he had of course no difficulty in planking the cash, for the entrance money. For it is a fact worth noticing, that the *Experiment*, which carries distress and ruin to so many, increases the means of the President, and of every office holder under him.

Great haul of fish.—Some fishermen at Carpenter's point, took at a single haul, upwards of eight hundred Rock Fish, of the largest size we ever saw. Some of them weighed upwards of 100 lbs. They were selling this morning in market, at from 50 cents to \$1 for the largest, say one cent a pound for such fish as this.

Baltimore Gazette.