

Description of a visit to Washington, treating of the public, patriotic feelings which pervade the citizens—the public buildings—with a stricture on Miss Fanny Kemble's Journal concluded with a general view of the present course of the administration

DESCRIPTION OF A VISIT TO WASHINGTON, Treating of the public, patriotic feelings which pervade the citizens—the public buildings—handsomely embellished by a lively, ardent imagination—with a stricture on Miss Fanny Kemble's Journal, at the request of a large, circle of friends of distinction, in Fredericksburg, Washington and Baltimore—concluded with a general view of the present course of the Administration.

Library of Congress. City of Washington.

Visiting the city of Washington in the month of April, to have published a pamphlet entitled "A Death Blow on Campbellism," at the request of a large number of the citizens of Fredericksburg. I arrived by the steamboat Sydney, Capt. Guy, witnessed an attack made on the Sydney by the Champion. This occurred just as we passed Mount Vernon, the memorable seat of the immortal and illustrious Washington, which no one who reflects on the days of '76 could have passed without calling up images of such a lively and interesting kind as to divest them of every selfish motive. I had requested the Captain not to let the boat pass Mount Vernon without an opportunity of indulging my reflections in viewing the seat of the father of this land, dear to her sons and daughters; a land, a city of refuge for the stranger and way-faring man, like the city of refuge in the days of Moses, where the man-slayer might find protection from the avenging hand of the pursuer. It was at this juncture the attack was made on the Sydney, damaged her several hundred dollars.

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Arrived at Washington at 3, at Jesse Brown's, Pennsylvania Avenue, a house too well known, both by citizens and travellers, to need any comment, (the house, master, and young gentlemen in the establishment, are equal to any in the United States,) for comfort, and every enjoyment the city can afford. Mr. Jas. G. Cadle, the young gentleman and principal bar-keeper, is a polite and finished gentleman; he is considered so by those who are competent judges and visitors at the house. It affords me much pleasure to recollect, that during my stay in the city there was not one circumstance of an unpleasant nature that occurred. I was introduced the first evening, by Mr. Cadle, to a gentleman by the name of Gooch, a clerk in one of the public departments, to whom I was under many obligations for the kind advice he was so polite as to give me respecting the publication of a work I had in contemplation—he will please accept my thanks for his kind services.

After being much refreshed with the good things the house afforded in a superior degree, I was anxious to ascertain what my prospects were, before I involved myself in further expense; descending to the parlor, I met with several gentlemen, strangers, some from Steuben county, State of New York, some from North Carolina and the Western States. After examining the prospectus, without a moment's hesitation, they subscribed, and advanced the money, some for twenty copies, some for twelve, and some for fifteen, at twenty-five cents a copy, left their respective directions, and requested them to be mailed, which I was careful should not be neglected.

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I took a hack to visit the President, inspired with respect and reverence for his great and unequalled qualifications, who stands without a superior, and whose services, could they be properly appreciated, without the opposition of party spirit, would stand unrivalled.

There is not the least doubt that Gen. Jackson's fame will be handed down to future ages, blended with Washington's and Lafayette's, when the opposers of the present administration will, by contrasting the face of public affairs which the change will present, in case the opposition should wield the sceptre of the nation, discover the scene would

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be sadly reversed, they would look back to the present prospect, which they think is fraught with every thing that is evil, as a bright era. We don't know how to appreciate a treasure till deprived of its advantages. Such is the advantage resulting from the present administration—pure, noble, high-spirited, and unwavering. Was disappointed in seeing the President, from indisposition; politely received by Mr. Donaldson, his private secretary, and invited to renew my visit on the following day.

My next visit was to the Capitol, where I was politely conducted through the grand and spacious building by Mr. Wilson, one of the gentlemen who have charge of the Capitol; conducted to the Senate Chamber, Congress Hall, and Library; introduced to the Librarian, a gentleman in the strictest sense of the term; conducted up to the rotunda, elevated many degrees above our fellow mortals, viewing the city immediately before me; its extensive and beautiful plan, laid off like a lovely flower garden, with its flowers and plants beautifully arranged—Georgetown in view, with its lovely and highly improved heights—Alexandria—the Navy Yard, where the strength of many a war engine was in constant readiness to execute the design they were intended for—the beautiful broad Potomac—its silver bosom beaming with vessels conveying commerce to every port—the beautiful building constructed by those architects who have been inspired with the spirit of '76, to enable them to have constructed and finished a building which the greatest monarch on earth would be proud to inhabit, which reflects so much credit on the constructors, commending a lovely view of the President's house. I was constrained in sincerity of heart to exclaim surely the Americans are the greatest people in the world, was there nothing to distinguish them but the public buildings in Washington, with the patriotic spirit so often manifested by the friends of the administration, of which I am proud to class myself as one of its foremost friends and admirers. I again observed, the Americans had made themselves the greatest of all nations in regard to independence. What was her situation half a century ago, struggling against a merciless and usurping power, like an infant contending with a mighty giant, viewed as base rebels, by those whom the Americans have twice driven with disgrace from their land, and made to know the consequence,

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and pay dear for their daring presumption; instructed by dear-bought experience the consequence of their folly, defeated at every point without regard, and disregarding their superior number of experienced officers and veteran soldiers. But let us consider the circumstances that have always given the Americans such a superior advantage over their presuming invaders. They have nothing to excite them but the fear they are under to their officers and government for victory or defeat. They are still slaves to their despotic and servile government, while our brothers, fathers, husbands, and sons have laurels and never dying fame, the reward of their never-failing valor. England has nothing to boast of in her first and second attack, but on the contrary sustained mortal defeat, which will long fester in her heart's core; for never, or is it natural to suppose, can she have any good will for her victorious conquerors. And all the respect she is constrained to show, is through fear of her superior power, of which she has too good a receipt to have forgotten it. She has gained nothing, but on the contrary suffered irreparable loss. While the Americans have the advantage she will always fear and respect them.—They have had the best proof that can be given: they were their superiors both by sea and land though they have had the presumption to claim the exclusive privilege of the sea, and style themselves the lords of the ocean. Their treacherous and unprecedented conduct, as regards the fallen hero who had so long kept them in subjection on land, and but for their superior navy would have crushed their boasted pride, but for the consequence of the unfortunate battle at Waterloo would have still been a terror to them. And was there no other reason for regarding Napoleon as a scourge in the hands of the Almighty to keep their proud spirit in subjection, his downfall is to be regretted. The confidence he placed in them, notwithstanding his repeated victories over them, ought to have guaranteed his safety. Their want of honesty and honor, in that instance, is sufficient to stamp them with infamy, as a nation who have always presumed on a greatness which had its origin in their pride. Viewing Americans in the light which is their appropriate due, I exclaimed, with feelings bordering on enthusiasm, to Mr. Wilson, the gentleman to whose politeness I was often indebted, as well as Mr. Skininger, a gentleman in the same office, that were all the united powers of Great Britain, as she is falsely called, and with ancient Rome raised from the

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dust, when placed in competition with Americans they would be but dust in the balance. Such has America made herself—she sits as queen among the nations—as a city upon a hill which cannot be hid—so she is great above all other nations.

The public spirit which pervades the citizens communicates itself to the visitors, especially those who are in favor of the administration from which so much good has resulted, notwithstanding the great objections which have been raised against it, in consequence of the removal of the Deposites, which in the end will terminate in the general good of the country. And where that is the case we might be willing to put up with a temporary inconvenience, when the ultimate end will terminate on the good of all. General Jackson's administration, when viewed with an unprejudiced mind, will be found productive of more good in the course of eight years than has ever been achieved in so short a period, notwithstanding the great hue and cry that has been raised against the present administration. Where is the evil that has resulted from his wise and unwavering decisions?—The reins of government have, for a succession of years, run in the same pure, unadulterated channel, with the exception of one short term; then was the Chief Magistrate watched with such a scrutinizing eye, it was impossible for him to turn to the right or left without being detected. Gen. Jackson has been brought, by the special interposition of Providence in due time, to remedy all the evils which would have resulted from a different administration. Let the opposers of Gen. Jackson and Mr. Van Buren's administration divest themselves of their prejudices and reflect. 'Tis impossible for men who see through a glass darkly to discern the truth. Let them break down the partition wall which has so long separated brethren from participating in the blessings which a kind and gracious providence has so abundantly bestowed on a stiff-necked and rebellious people. Gen. Jackson is charged by the enemies of the administration with forcing our next President upon the people, by the means of the States' Convention. The opposition are much opposed to a convention; they say it is depriving the people of the privilege and advantage of a free choice of a President. The same objections might be urged against a church convention by different denominations. The minority will always be found to consist

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of men more enlightened than the great mass of the people have an opportunity to be; of course the advantage will be with the minority. Where is the evil that has resulted from conventions for church or State? St. Paul, the greatest and most learned of men, before he had the advantage of conversion, had the benefit of the wisdom of the day; and had been brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, and, after his miraculous conversion, in writing to the churches, directed that all things should be done in order. I ask how all things can be conducted in order without conventions both of Church and State? Ever since the administration of Mr. Jefferson, which is as far back as I am able to recollect, I have been decidedly in favor of the present course of the administration. I imbibed the sentiments and principles from my father, whose judgment and principles were as unwavering and unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, which admit of no change, and who always regarded the prosperity of Bonaparte with great interest, who was always a thorn in the side of Great Britain, so falsely called, for in my estimation, nothing can be great but what is truly good. I never breathed any other sentiment than a republican one, nor ever lived in any other atmosphere.

As fond as I am of having an opportunity of viewing the novelties to be met with, I would deprive myself of the advantages that might be derived by a trip to England, not feeling myself at liberty to express my contempt for a nation, which proudly arrogates to itself the term, nobility. Miss Fanny Kemble is a specimen of their assumed greatness. The only distinguishing trait in Miss Fanny is ingratitude of the blackest die. Coming to this country without a dollar in her pocket; made a handsome independence; patronized by those who condescended to notice her; married a fool of fortune; repaid our kindness by ingratitude of the blackest hue;—but the just retribution of Heaven will overtake the vile ingrate, and make her quake. I have been requested to reply to her journal by several distinguished characters of Fredericksburg, Washington and Baltimore, which I shall do as soon as I get through the present copy, all in good time, in which reply I shall endeavor to do her ample justice, and spare not the vile ingrate. I hope my reply will be forwarded to her across the Atlantic. Let her see, as little as she has had the impertinence to make

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of the American character, and republican government, there is one who can answer her and place her in the light she merits; one whose wings are not plumed with feathers from an ordinary bird, but soars with the American Eagle, which always towers over the British Lion. She expresses much surprise at the Americans building such a large Noah's ark as the Pennsylvania ship, which has been building for several years in Philadelphia. She says she has already been boarded by the English, though she has never 5 been launched; she would like to be present when she is launched, What a tremendous splash and dash she will make; how long the waves will curl under her proud keel. She says the Americans will find her huge size the means of making her an easy prize to a British man-of-war. She says their lightness will give them a superiority over her. She has not the least doubt if ever she comes to an engagement with a British man-of-war, she will find herself safely conducted into a British port, a lawful prize to his Britannic Majesty. She says if the Americans had as much courage as the English have, before they would suffer themselves and so fine a ship to strike her colors to a British flag, and crouch to the British Lion, they would put a match to her magazine, and blow themselves up. I should like to know from what circumstances she draws such a joyful anticipation. I am sure she can't form a retrospective view, or she must be quite ignorant that in every engagement the Americans have had the greatest advantage. I must remind her of Perry's victory on Lake Erie; Commodore McDonnough's on Lake Champlain, and various other victories. For, in every instance, and under every circumstance, where they had the advantage of superior numbers, they were compelled to strike their colors, and yield to their superiors. Yes, the American Eagle will ascend and tower over the British Lion, which has so often been compelled to bite the dust and lick the earth in disgrace; or she must have been under the influence of an intoxicating draught, for which she might be justly celebrated, and in which she has been finely illustrated in one of her caricatures, as well as several others equally disgraceful, and which is exposed to sale in every bookstore, where she is often seen masticating a sufficient quantity of food to serve a moderate family, which she partakes of lying on her back, attended by a huge colored man-servant, engaged in drawing corks from bottles, the contents of which she soon consumes, which must account in some

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measure for her insolence and base ingratitude. The mistaken opinion the Americans have formed of her in respect to her talents, which were confined to the stage, from which they drew the inference that she was a talented woman, and complimented her accordingly, which accounts for their mistake; but she can never expect to arrive at the celebrity of an authoress. It is true, there are some few flowers of rhetoric dispersed in her composition, which are all effaced by her inconsistency. She discovers more the disposition of a spoiled child than a talented woman. She must have blinded the eyes of her admirers by the vanity of her dress, and the different characters she assumed on the stage. But she has no talent for the pen; that branch of female perfection is to be found enshrined in pure and less adulterated minds. How can it be expected that a female, whose occupation is to be employed to amuse, and keep herself for public exhibition, and subject herself to sustain every character she is compelled to assume, which is often of a vicious kind, can possess one spark of female modesty or decorum. And, strange as it may appear, she was honored so far by gentlemen of taste, talents, and wealth; gentlemen, who were so devoted to the amusements of the theatre, that they condescended to escort her on horseback, an exercise she was fond of indulging herself in. I was informed, while in Washington and Baltimore, by two different Catholic priests, of high order in their church, as well as others, whose truth cannot be controverted, she insulted a gentleman who condescended to have his horse and a riding habit brought from a riding school, and escorted her himself. After entertaining him during the ride by expressing her surprise that during her stay in Washington and Baltimore she had not been introduced to a lady, she remarked, it is true the few she had an opportunity of seeing would not be recognised in England as maids to the ladies of honor. Her surprise is quite natural at her being introduced to an American lady. The ladies of our land, a land famed for female beauty, chastity, and every quality which adorns and distinguishes the American ladies from all European ladies; whose dispositions, in consequence of their depraved principles, and the sad proof they daily give of the consequence, makes it necessary to restrict and keep them in the back ground, long after the pure and unadulterated principles of the American ladies have permitted them to partake of, and reciprocate those refined,

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chaste, and natural feelings in a limited degree in exchange of civilities, which the other sex is calculated to produce; for in all large and mixed companies a proper proportion of both sexes give the tone to an agreeable and improving conversation, I never knew an intelligent lady but who always preferred in some degree the company and conversation of the other sex, for obvious reasons. Gentlemen's minds are always better furnished with subjects for the company of intelligent and literary ladies. Miss Fanny Kemble in her Journal says, such young flirts as she meets parading the streets of Washington and Baltimore, under the pretence of being engaged on visits of benevolence, attending Bible Classes and Tract Societies, but in fact to entrap the young gentlemen they meet with, if they were in England they would be employed in the nursery. If all the young ladies in her dear England were of the same stamp of which she has given a good specimen in herself, I think it would be necessary to rein them in with a double bit and bridle. That is the reason there is so much impropriety in the pursuit of the married ladies of England, and the many divorces; 'tis because they often marry for no other reason than to be at liberty to act agreeable to their depraved principles, which they inhale from their impious government, and the pleasures they experience of finding themselves at liberty to act as their inclinations prompt them.—While in favor of the American ladies, after indulging themselves in a chaste conversation with polite gentlemen, and participating in the innocency of their hearts, and have been induced to change the sprightly vivacity of joyous girlhood for the beloved name of a wife, And listen to the notes of a lover's lute breathing at night, Awakens the echo to blissful delight, As lightly they fall on the ear of her love, As the gentle respond of the murmuring dove, She expresses unqualified aversion to the freedom of the press and the press-gang, as she pleases to term those gentlemen who are employed in different printing offices. She often vents her spite at the expense of their contemptible employment. They are, of all others, the objects of her hatred and contempt. The press-gang, as she terms then, I would from the terms, as others used by herself in her Journal, she had acquired by constant and familiar intercourse with their contemptible, lawless, merciless robbers on the high seas, which has always been held with dread and horror by our American seamen, who used when they met with our merchant ships, would

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go on board, under the pretence of searching for those unfortunate seamen who had the courage to risk their lives to get on board of our vessels, in which they feel as if they had new existence. Such is the contrast between our good and humane discipline, they will run the risk of their lives for a foretaste of dear bought liberty, which the Americans have gained by their valor. Yes, under the pretence of searching for their sailors, but with the daring effrontery of robbers on the high seas, they have contended for the liberty of search, and claimed our seamen when they were deprived of their object. Such has been the associates of Miss Fanny Kemble, and from her constant intercourse with such, she has acquired the term of press-gang in such a familiar manner, that she applies it to those gentlemen who are employed, in different printing offices. On one occasion she offered a gentleman two dollars for the hire of his horse, after she had had the free use of it, escorted by himself, accompanied with the insult, with the observation, that it was a custom for an English lady to compensate her attendants, and discharge them when they had no further use for them; for which insult she had the mortification of being hissed off of the stage. I think she ought to have retired in silent obscurity after having such ample justice done her, and to have let her name sunk in oblivion, and not to have brought herself in such a conspicuous light as by appearing in a journal. Her ingratitude extends to the horses and vehicles which she is often indebted to for her pleasure and profit. She says the American are so inferior to the English horses. She describes them as wracking with their fore feet and galloping with their hind ones. She appears to be well acquainted with the nature and dispositions of horses. She must have been something of a farrier before she left her dear England, as she has had the good luck to meet with one fool of fortune, which I hope she will not consider as a sample of the American gentleman. She will content herself with one, for I am sure she will not be able to get a plurality in this country. Poor man, he is greatly to be pitied; but, perhaps, he was a reckless one, and needed repentance, which she will soon teach him; for sorely will he repent for putting himself in her service; but I do not expect he is a very brilliant star, but I expect he is a twinkling Jack-o-lantern, which light serves only to mislead the benighted. I think those few remarks in which I have but hastily portrayed the most ungrateful and depraved English

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woman that ever pretended to talents, will suffice for the present, until I arrange my views of her, I will then endeavor to gratify my friends more fully on the subject. I think she must justly be classed with that infamous woman, Mrs. Trollope, one in every sense of the word; such women before they came to this country have become obnoxious to their own. I think Miss Fanny Kemble and Mrs. Trollope ought to be a caution to the Americans how they patronize female foreigners, who impose themselves on them as authoresses.* But I must now leave the subject, and gratify myself on a more pleasing field.

* An intelligent gentleman of Culpepper, after hearing my strictures in reply to Miss Fanny Kemble, remarked that "she would have very little reason to complain that I had slighted her."

I hope this feeble attempt to express my grateful feelings for the politeness which was so promptly manifested to me on my visit to Washington, from the heads of the departments, and a large circle of citizens of the highest order, will be acceptable, being the only vehicle by which I can manifest my thanks. Where all were equally polite and kind it would appear illiberal to make any distinction, but I cannot restrain my thankful heart and willing pen, in recording the politeness of Mr. Van Buren, our next rising sun that will warm and light this lower world, our next President, the favorite of Gen. Jackson, and I hope the choice of a sufficient number of well informed friends of the administration to secure to him, as well qualified both for talent and principle, as not to suffer a doubt who shall steer our political vessel, stand at the helm himself, guide and direct her so as to avoid those shoals and quicksands which opposition will endeavor to throw in his way, to cross and entangle him: but their plans will be like spider webs, to one who in addition to his natural and acquired abilities, has had all the advantages of a long and intimate intercourse with Gen. Jackson, and which he will continue to enjoy during the years he will be in office, and that the General's valuable life may be spared, not only to three score and ten, but to four score and ten, that nothing may occur to interrupt his peace or safety, that he may descend to the grave like a sheave of wheat ripe for the scythe; have a glorious resurrection to life and immortality, for a life spent in the service of his country, which the enemies of

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Gen. Jackson, have participated in, in as great a degree as his warmest friends. Such were Mercer, Warren, and a host of worthies; such men who signed the Declaration of Independence; whose determined, pure principles were so impressed on their heart's core that the canvass on which they are portrayed, seems to declare the feelings of their souls; the signers of that independence, which nothing but a sense of their just cause, and had it been based on any other principles, would not have been sufficiently strong to have resisted the attacks of its enemies; but like the church, which has promised that the gates of hell should not prevail against it, so will all the enemies of the administration prove a vision, which shall not leave a wreck behind. I now hail Washington as a queen among the nations, for public spirit, for patronizing literature of every kind, which has not the effrontery to raise its hydra head against the administration. Washington is a second Athens, and her sons and daughters are the true disciples of the elegance of the ancient Athens. It is the fervent wish of my heart, and the height of my ambition, to spend the remnant of my days in the city of Washington. Leaving it for Alexandria last spring, with a view to return to Fredericksburg, I was agreeably entertained for some days at the house of Dr. Dorsey, a distinguished friend and favorite, I returned several times to Washington, to revive my spirits, which were always increased as soon as I inhaled the atmosphere of the friends of the administration, which I was fearful would become contaminated by breathing the same spirit which pervades the people of Alexandria with regard to the present administration, with the exception of a few—of such was Mr. Charles Mount, law student, to whom I was much indebted for his politeness, as well as a letter of introduction to Mr. Johnson, a gentleman who is distinguished for his literary acquirement, as well as Mr. Simms, whose talents entitle him to rank among the distinguished literati.—The ministers of every denomination that I was introduced to, I was highly gratified with.

One would suppose when contrasting the citizens of Alexandria, with those of Washington, that they were not only strangers and aliens to the commonwealth of Israel, but the declared enemies of the present administration. They had as well break down the partition wall, which has so long separated them from participating in the benefits of republican

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administration, which makes the friends of the administration more firm and unwavering. Let them recollect that the blessings they enjoy, were not bought with the perishing price of gold and silver, but the precious life's blood of our Fathers. Recommended while in Washington to go to the Baltimore Convention: but I was compelled to return to Fredericksburg. I determined to go by the Rappahannock boat, Capt. Fairbank—went on board, elated with the prospect of Mr. Van Buren's nomination, enjoyed the company of several ladies going with their husbands on the same kind errand, though deprived of similar protection, (to which, by-the-by, I should never object,) I was highly gratified by the polite attention of several of Mr. Van Buren's particular friends and acquaintances from New York, who had been on a visit to the South, who had been delegated from New York, from whom I received the most polite and flattering attention, not only on board the boat, but during their stay in Baltimore; had the pleasure of being the bearer of the pleasing assurance that the whole State of New York would sustain him; had my ears greeted with the pleasing sound of Mr. Van Buren's and Col. Johnson's nominations; had the pleasure of spending a fortnight at the house of Mr. James Spillman, on Gay street; returned by way of Washington; highly gratified with finding the President's health restored. Paid a visit to Mr. Van Buren for the purpose of congratulating him on his nomination; politely received; delivered the commands I had the pleasure of being charged with; enjoyed an agreeable hour; claimed some credit for my having assured him he would be nominated, and as I had been jested on my qualifications for an office, I had declared myself free from any such views; that the case would be changed when he came to the Presidency—I should want an office; and in the words of Joseph to the Butler, when he should be restored to the favor of the king, he would remember him, in like manner, I requested when he should fill the office of our Chief Magistrate, he would remember me; took a polite leave of him, with the full assurance I would be recollected with sentiments of much respect.

Paid a visit to Mr. Amos Kendall, Postmaster General, a splendid man; much gratified with his person and gentlemanly manners. I availed myself of the opportunity to speak of the abilities and integrity of Mr. Jessee, Postmaster at Fredericksburg; also, Mr. Perkins,

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Agent for Messrs. Stockton & Porter. I observed to Mr. Kendall, that those gentlemen deserved promotion.

Paid a visit to the Rev. O. B. Brown, to whom I am under great obligations for his politeness on many occasions, as well as to the Rev. Mr. Brison. Mr. Wm. Gordon and family I am much indebted to, for their great politeness. Mr. Gordon is a gentleman of the good old school. He merits high preferment, as well as Mr. Marchoo, a gentleman of distinction in the State Office. Col. M'Kenny and his lady, with Mr. John Thornton and his lady will please accept my thanks for the politeness and kindness received of them. Mr. and Mrs. M'Dewall, Pennsylvania Avenue, with their worthy son-in-law, Mr. Leak, will not easily be forgotten. Those gentlemen are warm friends of the administration—they merit the attention of the government. I hope a gentleman so well qualified as Mr. Leak, will be recognized by the administration.

I must not forget to remind the slanderers of Col. Johnson's well earned reputation, that such vile, malicious subterfuges, as they are 10 compelled to resort to, to destroy his high standing with those who have not had an opportunity of seeing the bright side of the case; will be as unavailing as the baseless fabric of a vision. Admitting some of those accusations brought against the Colonel to be true, and were they brought by pure, moral men, there would be some apology, but it is notoriously known that they were made by the known and avowed enemies of Col. Johnson, who will stoop to accomplish their ends. Admitting their remarks to carry some weight with them, is it not possible for him to have reformed and abandoned them? Or are they of such a nature as to disqualify him for the performance of the important duties of a Vice President? I have read with much pleasure several letters published by the friends of Col. Johnson, gentlemen of unquestionable authority, which have given the lie to every exaggerated charge. Those letters have been circulated by the Colonel's friends in the Lynchburg Democrat, published by Mr. James Smith,* a gentleman whose true republican principles bind him not to swerve from the truth, even to promote his favorite party. The enemies of the administration will not give themselves an opportunity to come at the truth. I wish, for the benefit of those whose

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sentiments have not yet been corrupted by the error of their ways, that they would become subscribers to the Lynchburg Democrat; they would have a better opportunity of judging for themselves. The opposition had as well ground their arms of rebellion, and save themselves the mortification of a total defeat. The government is not only based upon *Hickory* but on a rock; nor will the gates of hell prevail against it. The republican party will not be driven from their posts, but will rally around Mr. Van Buren, and Col. Johnson of Kentucky; for,

* Mr. James Smith is brother to Mr. Wm. Smith, proprietor of the large and extensive line of steamboats and stages, running from Culpepper to Norfolk, a gentleman, whose true republican principles and polished manners would grace the Court of St. James.

They will pass through life's tempestuous night, Like brilliant, trembling western lights;
Through years to come, they will shine far, Like fixed, unsetting polar stars.

No efforts have been omitted to cast a shade over Col. Johnson's name, but they will be unavailing by the efforts of his friends. It is well for him that they can bring no other objections than the far-brought, exaggerated ones of the indiscretions of juvenile years, which have long been abandoned, and effaced by his heroic achievements and military glory, which ought to encircle his head with a wreath of never-fading laurels. The greatest enemy to truth is prejudice, and her greatest friend is time. But Colonel Johnson is not the only one that is struck at, in prostrating Mr. Van Buren; they expect to lay the axe at the root of the tree of liberty; but they might as soon expect to batter down the Capitol at Washington with balls of snow, as to calculate that the friends of the administration will be driven from their posts; for their motto is "United we stand, divided we fall."—It would be sound policy in them to ground their arms of rebellion, and yet, by a seeming acquiescence at least, come in for a "sop in the pan," which flows from such an inexhaustible fountain it will not be easily exhausted. Mr. Van Buren is immoveable and impenetrable as a rock. When have the friends of the government given up their 11 stand after having once taken it. Such as have filled the high appointments under this

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administration were tried men—purged from all base and corrupt principles, they have come out like gold from the hand of the refiner, and made meet for the confidence of the people. Mr. Van Buren and Col. Johnson have been nominated to those high offices which have been denominated the most honorable in the world, and they will be sustained, not by the evaporating steam of party spirit, but by the independent yeomanry and intelligent population of these States. It would be well for the opposition to yield with becoming complacency, and make a virtue of necessity. Mr. Von Buren *will* be our next President, and Col. Johnson will be his coadjutor in office, in despite of the frenzied efforts and petulant insolence of their vaporous and slanderous opponents.

On taking leave of Mr. Van Buren before the sitting of the Baltimore Convention, I expressed my conviction of the certainty of his nomination by that body, and hoped that when I should have the pleasure of seeing him again, to have the honor of courtesying to him as President of the United States. My wishes and anticipations will be realized. While I was engaged in viewing the magnificence of the house and its splendid arrangements (of course I envied her who is to be its next mistress) I was invited to walk into the President's room, appropriated to receive the visits of his friends. The General approached the door with that grace which has been so much admired and with which I was particularly struck, presenting to me the figure of a statesman, soldier, and patriot, his countenance beaming with intelligence and benignity. With a friendly and outstretched hand, with a strong and cordial pressure, he confirmed the cordial welcome of his heart. Then what a charm of manners! so cheerful, so free and unassuming, that the young and embarrassed soon loose their diffidence, as though they were in company with a familiar friend. There was no effort or ambition in the conversation of the statesman, patriot and veteran soldier,—the chief magistrate of a wise, patriotic and independent people. Such is the view I have formed of General Jackson.

My view of Mr. Van Buren, our rising sun, whose meridian splendor will shine with such effulgent lustre as will illuminate the hemisphere in which his destiny is cast, may be described in a few words: he is thought master of every subject, from the detail of the

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merchant to the highest summit of political science. When conversing with a gentleman, an intimate acquaintance of his from New York, (and from the great resemblance I concluded them to be relations,) who was a schoolmate of Mr. Van Buren, and though he always admired his superior abilities, he never presumed to vie with him, for he was an extraordinary politician from his youth, and his talents had led him to become a man of business, he had always been engaged in a wholesale mercantile house in New York. Ever since General Jackson has been invested with the office of President, he has had to encounter by firmness and cool deliberation a furious opposition, while he has endeavoured to promote the true interests of the States. Citizens of a free republican government, keep an active eye to the coming administration; let the truth of the old adage be indelibly impressed upon your minds, that evil communications corrupt good morals. —Your enemies are seeking to obtain the ascendancy over you. There is much reason to believe it from the means which have been used.—How can it be otherwise, when no stone has been left unturned, that it could impress on the minds of the people. The most arrant misrepresentations have been made that Mr. Van Buren loves popularity.—Mr. Van Buren loves popularity as every wise and good man ought to love it; not that selfish love of popularity, but for the sake of the people. He wishes to possess their esteem and confidence, not for his own purposes, but to use them for a shield for their protection.—Their prosperity and happiness being his object, and popularity the instrument only. What patriotic American, especially what democrat or republican, can refuse him his esteem, his confidence, and his support, in the way in which it can be most beneficial.

The enemies of the administration, finding all their schemes fail in endeavoring to prevent Mr. Van Buren's elevation to the high and all-important office of our Chief Magistrate, have adopted a scheme to injure his popularity in the South. As an evidence to what a strait they have had recourse to—having so often expanded their sheet-anchor to the four corners of the wind, to impede the eagle flight of his popularity—they have charged Mr. Van Buren with being an abolitionist—they have often charged Mr. Van Buren of being a man possessing no more skill and learning than commonly falls to the lot of most

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statesmen. If Mr. Van Buren is an abolitionist, their first charge is without any foundation—for if he is one, he has too much good sense to declare himself as one. But their schemes in this, as well as others, will be counteracted by the friends of the administration.

LUCY KENNEY.

NOTE.

The authoress has not expressed the warm sentiments of a grateful heart, with a view to be personal in her remarks, and where those observations have no particular allusion, she ardently hopes there will be no uncharitable feelings excited against her or the work; on the contrary, she thinks the candid and independent feelings portrayed in her remarks, will guarantee to her the favorable allowance from that highly esteemed part of the community which has assumed the honorable term of Whig, that has always been supposed to comprehend the true lovers of a free republican government.