

Andrew Jackson to Francis Preston Blair, October 9, 1843, from Correspondence of Andrew Jackson. Edited by John Spencer Bassett.

class=MsoNormal>TO FRANCIS P. BLAIR.

Hermitage, October 9, 1843.

My dear Mr. Blair, Yours of the 10th of Septbr. forwarded by Mr. Rives, with the Book to Andrew, and yours of the 26th of Septbr. has been duly received and for which I thank you. I postponed answering that sent by Mr. Rives until I recd. the morgages from the plantation below, having the positive promise of the Captains of two steamers to call and bring them to me, but like all whigg promises only made to be broken. Mr. Parker (our overseer) writes me, that seeing the Boat in a direction not to land he got into his skiff rowed until he got near and hailed her, told the Capt, that he had valuable papers he wished to send to me, but he would not stop to take them. Andrew would have gone to the plantation last week, but our dear Sarah was taken very ill that he could not leave her, but will go for the papers as soon as he can leave her. She, I hope is out of danger, and will soon be restored so that he can leave her—in the mean time, we have obtained the promise of the captain of the *Waterwitch* , on whom we sent some freight, to call and bring us the morgages, they are duly recorded in the county wherein the Land and negroes are, and altho I sincerely regret the delay, your and Mr. Rives interest are perfectly secured.

I sincerely regret that you sent me the amount of Miss Emucfaus wardrobe, the account thereof was only sent because she went by a black man, and I regret that I did not say so to you, but I did not return the paper, as I intend, in due time, to send you five half Eagles, to be kept to pay the entrance of the first produce of Emuckfau. This will be done the first gold I can command. To you my dear friend who are upon all occasions spending your

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time and money in my defence, all I regret that I cannot at present remit to you the amount you expend on my behalf. My gratitude you sincerely have, it is all I have now to bestow.

I rejoice to learn that you and your amiable Lady are enjoying good health at your delightful country seat, may you long enjoy that happiness and put down all yr enemies, is my wish, and joined by all my household. What delight it would give us all to see our good friend Mrs. Blair at the Hermitage. I have received your present, the walking stick, and chair—if ever I gain strength I will use it in my lawn—this god only knows. I am greatly afflicted with shortness of breath. I would to god you were near me, it would be a great comfort to me to be with you. But providence has willed it otherwise, your country wants your services where you are, and I trust the approaching congress will sustain you and make you their printer. The enemy has attempted to write you and VanBuren down, but it will not avail. The democracy will sustain you both. The unjust attack of Calhouns friends has destroyed him, and has strengthened VanBuren and yourself. Tyler has no prospect to become the nominee and the Madisonian, and all such, will throw their strength for Calhoun. It will be thrown there, if your timely exposure does not prevent it. I regret Mr. Henshaws position, 0258 234 but he assures me, that he cannot, nor will he ever abandon his old democratic party. VanBuren will be the nominee, and you will be elected printer to Congress, is my belief, and my prayers. By your steady course, striking only when necessary, the whole combined Host of whigery, with their apostate allies, cannot injure you. continue as you have done, to take principle for your guide, and public good your end, and a wise providence will sustain you. I hope to live to hear that you are elected printer to congress, the repudiation by Clay and his clike of your contract rebuked and just damages awarded you. May this Justice be done you is the prayer of your sincere friend.

P.S. When yr. present came, I had not recd. yr. letter advising that you were the donor. I looked at it with suspicion as a torpedo to blow me up sent by those who wished me dead, the point smelling like brimstone until Andrew opened it and discovered its use