The State Journal.

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COMMUNICATIONS.

For the State Journal.

To the friends of the Constitution and of Reform in the national administration, in Vermont, I have a few short words to address. We are on the eve of an important contest which will test the virtue and steadiness of our people—or prove that we are sold to corruption. The government officers are abroad among us; they traverse the State in every direction; they act as if their craft was in danger. Shall we lie idly by and do nothing? Is there none of the spirit of our ancestors yet with us, which spurned at the interested dictation of official hirelings, who would bring the patronage of the government into conflict with the State elections? If there is any public virtue yet among our green hills, now ist he time and now is the hour to bring it into activity. It is in vain to talk of the goodness of our cause; the recklesness of party contests; the little danger there is of defeat. These are all truths; but the last is only true on condition of a thorough organization of our forces, and persevering activity and energy in marshalling them for battle. Upon this condition no man can doubt that all is safe in Vermont. By negligence every thing may be lost, even here. Can you fail to see that the array of office holders, from the highest to the lowest, are busily engaged in setting the field? that they are rallying their oft defeated followers to another and a desperate charge? that they have filled their hearts with the hope of plunder and spoils? If they are permitted through your supineness, to succeed, there will be such a scene of proscription and persecution as Vermont has never yet witnessed. What think you, my friends, of seeing your honest little State, which has hitherto, unseduced by flattering promises and unterrified by threats, held on the even tenor of her way—what think you of seeing her overborne by the all sweeping flood of corruption which issues from the fountains at Washington, and becoming a barren province of worse than Turkish despotism, like poor New Hampshire and degraded Connecticut? Methinks I see the blood rush to your cheeks, and the fire sparkle in your eyes at the humiliating thought. You know your strength; you know that you cannot be conquered, but may be surprised. Have you not at the head of your State ticket the excellent, the pure-minded, the worthy JENISON, to whom you gave last year for Lieutenant Governor, more than twenty one thousand votes? He is an intelligent farmer of unspotted private reputation, as his opponents are compelled to admit—of respectable talents, true and faithful to sound principles--a man whom you will find at night as you left him in the morning. In a word, he is of that class and grade of men whom the Green Mountain Boys have ever delighted to honor—of the same class of her first Chittenden, her Galusha, her Butler and her Crafts. He has administered the Government during the present year entirely to the satisfaction of the people. There is but one voice on this subject Our yeomanry have said once, and will again say by an overwhelming majority, that the duties of Chief Magistrate will be faithfully and honestly discharged when committed to his hands.

He is associated on the same ticket with men every way competent to fill the stations for which they are proposed. Judge Camp is extensively known through the State. He was bred a lawyer, but for many years has relinquished practice for the more healthy and congenial occupation of Agriculture. At the same time keeping his mind in activity by discharging the duties of a Legislator and a Judge of the Courts. As to the Treasury, it is in hands in which the people have entire confidence. They will not forget that they are indebted to the untiring energy and business habits of Mr Clarke for the recovery of some thousands of dollars of their money, which had for years laid in the hands of individuals in various parts of the State. The people want a Treasurer who will be careful of the money bags and keep his figures straight, and nobody doubts but our candidate will do all this. Such is the State ticket, freemen of Vermont, you have presented to you—they are tried men and true men, and it is just as easy to elect it by a triumphant majority of ten thousand as by less than that number. The people have only to come up in their majesty—brush away the swarm of trading politicians and march straight forward to victory. Remember to will it is to do it!

VERMONTER.

For the State Journal.

Mr. Editor:

A writer under the strange signature of "RIGDOM," appears in the Star of the 1st of August, with some rather tame remarks upon the communication I sent you the other day. Perhaps he made a very small mistake and wrote "Rigdom" for *Rigadoon;* but no matter for the name. It is just as well as if it had, without disguise, been signed Ex-Governor, or *his near relative.* The writer, whoever he may be, does not pretend to controvert a single fact stated in my communication; he knows too well their truth. Of their importance I leave the public to judge. It is broadly intimated, however, that I am merely in the disguise of a Jacksonman, and are endeavoring to sow discord in the ranks of the party. What! because I have resisted the intrusion into our ranks of a man, who has been up to the very moment of his nomination as Senator, an uncompromising opponent of our party, am I to be accused of sowing divisions among Jacksonmen? It was to *prevent* divisions, which I foresaw would be inevitable, that I did all in my power to prevent the nomination of a man, who had lost the confidence of every party and of every set of men who had heretofore supported him. I knew that if our party reposed confidence in him, they would be in the end, *betrayed,* and *the fact that he was rejected by the Convention, when presented by the Committee, is sufficient proof that the party generally entertained the same belief;* and I can inform "Rigdom" that this opinion has continued to spread through the county ever since. I stated before what I knew to be the opinions and feeling of the Jackson men in this town almost without exception. I have since had an opportunity of learning the views of those in other towns, and in general, they accord with ours here. In fact there is scarcely but one opinion, and that is, that the nomination was a piece of downright political suicide! "Rigdom" says it will be supported. I say if it is, it must be done by some other description of men than Jacksonians; and further, if it is, I will never predict again until he becomes an honest man.—Let this new light talk as much as he pleases, of supporting regular nominations when fairly made. He has given a definition of Jackson republican principles—which is to support nominations. He gives as good a definition as he knows, having but quite recently embraced the doctrine; but it is in *New York* that nine pence is a shilling. It was the Jeffersonian doctrine to inquire, Is he a good man? is he honest? And this is the Jacksonian doctrine. I cannot permit any other man or set of men to become my conscience keepers in the important matter of the elective franchise. I have sworn to act upon my own judgment in such cases, and I am determined that par y discipline or party terror shall not render that oath a dead letter. Besides, "Rigdom's" proposition is not broad enough to answer his purpose. He should have insisted that we are bound by *irregular* nominations *unfairly* made. And if he can satisfy Jacksonmen of this, he may count upon their votes; but not till then. This disinterested writer intimated further, that were it not for the private spleen of the writer of this, he would admit the nomination to have been an unbiassed expression of the views of the people. Strange! A nomination promptly voted down in a Convention where it is alleged to have been made by the people. (I would now just inform "Rigdom" that no private spleen will prevent me from voting for honest consistent men, put in nomination by the Jacksonian Conventions.) But the voice of the people on the first Tuesday in September will undeceive the stickler for *irregular* nominations. He will learn a truth that will be of some importance to the family, and that is, that it is a few years too early in Vermont, at least, to ask the voting mass of any party, suddenly at the word of command to lay aside their own principles and adopt a political weather-cock who is not steady enough to any thing to claim the merit of being sincere in the wrong!

But another correspondent appears in the Star of the same date—a poor little fatherless, motherless, and nameless thing, carrying more fire than wit. He is of so little consequence, his folks thought it no object to give him a name, but the Jacksonians will give him one on the eve of the first Tuesday in September, and christen him from the same bowl that he and his coworkers have mingled for us to drink. He intimates that the writer of this would give more for his will than for soul and body both. It is quite natural for all men to want to have their will, but as much as I want mine, I would not be wheedled about by every wind of doctrine as he is, to obtain mine and his too. "Rigdom" and him of the North Star may continue to try to deceive themselves and others, but honest Jacksonmen know their own feelings and cannot be cheated and wheedled out of their senses. Such men, who have never heretofore acted with our party, and who now only pretend to concur with us the better to use us for their selfish purposes, pretend to question the Democracy of an Original Jackson Man. Unparalleled impudence! If I know any thing of the stuff of which Jackson men are made, they will spurn with indignation the miserable efforts of these new lights to draw them into the support of men whom they heartily despise. They will learn in due time that the old and tried friends of Jackson are not in the market, ready to be bought and sold like sheep for the slaughter.

AN ORIGINAL JACKSONMAN.

Danville, Aug. 3, 1836.

For the State Journal.

An hundred men, with each a pen,
And more upon my word, sir,
It is most true, would be to few
Their lying to record, sir.

A writer in the last North Star says that the late Antimasonic District Convention held in Danville, was headed, meaning presided over, by a prominent Mason. Gen. Mattocks, who presided on that occasion, as is well known by every one acquainted with him never was a mason.

The same writer asserts or implies by a question, that the Vice Presidents of that meeting were men who thought it unbecoming a moral and religious people to rejoice at the success of our arms! This is another falsehood. Judge Fisk of Lyndon, a uniform Democrat of the old school, was one of them. It is understood that he has recently said that he always thought himself a Democrat; but if to entitle himself to that appellation, he must express his approbation of the Gag-Law vote of Mr Van Buren, he must confess that he has mistaken his own character. He can't be a Democrat on such terms.

The North Star of the 8th inst. asserts there are nearly four hundred Democratic antimasons, meaning antimasons who follow the treachery of that paper and go for Van Buren, as the antimasonic candidate for President, in that town, and more than two thousand in Caledonia County. A more flagrant and ridiculous falsehood never was uttered, to subserve the basest party purposes. A similar statement as to the county was made in the same paper some weeks ago. Every body of any information in Danville knows that the number of Antimasons who have been wheedled to desert their principles in that town, by the Star and its patron the Ex-Governor, is very small, and as to the county, there never were so many as two thousand antimasonic freemen in it, although by the aid of whig votes, some persons on our ticket have received a somewhat larger vote than that. Those miserable delusions will soon be dissipated in a manner that cannot be mistaken. No well informed man can doubt for a moment but that the antimasonic whig ticket for Senators will be elected in Caledonia by an overwhelming majority. Jenison, I predict, will receive at least, 1000 majority over Bradley.

A CALEDONIAN.

For the State Journal.

Mr. Editor:

I have been in the way of preserving scraps; that is, whenever I perused any thing in a newspaper which pleased me, I cut it out and laid it aside for future use. In this way, the scraps become so numerous that I was obliged to divide them into two parcels; one with a label, *Religious;* and the other with a label, *Political.* And it has been my practice to peruse the political scraps in August every year. I have done it this year, and I find my mind much enlightened, and my body invigorated for the coming contest in September next. Many of these scraps loose nothing by age, and will richly reward any person for the time spent in their perusal. I have looked much for the scraps commendatory of the Hon. H. F. Janes, taken from the North Star, and published but a short time before the freemen of the 5th Congressional District cast their votes for that gentleman to be their representative in Congress. But I have not been able to find those scraps: I however recollect they contained powerful appeals to the freemen to come to the polls, and give their suffrages for Mr Janes to be their representative. In those scraps Mr Janes had justice done him; he was stated to be *honest and capable*—an *old fashioned democrat*--*an original antimason, &c. &c.* Mr Janes is the same now that he was then: but this same editor of the North Star cannot now support Mr Janes because he has not with the editor deserted to the enemy. "Men often change, principles never!" One of the scraps of the description alluded to, I forward you to be reprinted in your paper. It is from the North Star of the 24th of August last, and should be read by every democratic antimason in the State. It is as follows:

"Apathy, in a good cause, may be as fatal as treason. To slumber on when the enemy are advancing, is aiding them effectually. Masonry has beed wounded, but she is not dead. The doctors think her wounds may be healed by drugs purchased at Rome, imported by the way of New York and carefully distributed by agents, *true and faithful.* And they confidently hope that within one short month the old lady will not only be able to *crawl* about, but will be as active at the polls as ever; and that every antimason will be glad to skulk from her presence.

Are such hopes preposterous? Who can predict the healing virtue of a medicine duly prepared by learned Jesuits, dignified masons, and humble aspirants for the spoils of office? Such men can transmute every thing they touch; turn light into darkness, falsehood into truth; can soothe and flatter those they hate; can divide the counsels and bewilder the senses of those that might obstruct their measures; and stab in secret those whom they dare not meet in open combat. *Carthage must be destroyed.* Antimasonry must be put down, and the Old Handmaid so elevated, that again her darling orators may proclaim her power, and defy the world in arms. Surely, the *Beast that was, and is not, is yet alive,* and her deadly wound may yet be healed.

What then can be done to save our civil and religious institutions; to preserve our liberties, to prevent the reign of terror, to counteract the baleful influence of *secret oath-bound combinations,* and the cunning wiles of those *unclean spirits like frogs,* that are crawling about and mustering their hosts for the battle? INACTION IS DEATH. Where are our Watchmen to sound the alarm? Where are our Solomons and our Sampsons? What deadly opiate has benumbed the senses of our wise men? Why slumber our Shepherds? To what dens have the leaders of the flock fled to hide themselves? Where are the *genuine sons* of those patriots that planted the Tree of Liberty on the mountains and in the vales of Vermont?

Union is strength. "United we conquer, divided we die." This the enemy know, and to divide us every hellish art will be put in requisition. "He that flattereth with his lips layeth a snare for your feet." Beware of the flatterer; he has a white shirt, but a black skin. Why should those, who have met the enemy, and beaten him once and again, now throw down their arms, and call for quarter? Why are they afraid or ashamed, to defend the cause they have nobly defended? Why seek an alliance with those who bear the mark of the Beast? If the progeny of Arnold have gone over to the enemy, let them go: but let not the followers of Washington tremble at their posts, lay down their arms, or turn their backs before the enemy.

If the antimasons are not cowards or recreants, they may go forward to the polls with an almost certainty of success: but if they flinch, slumber at home, hearken to the soothing flattery of their enemies, and are duped by the *cunning tricks* of office holders, and office seekers, they may well expect to be discomfitted and driven from the field. Let every man then do his duty, rally around the standard of *equal rights;* turn away from the false reports and crafty management of *Grand Kings,* and their humble followers.

The crisis approaches. Away with family broils, little sectional interests, and paltry preferences. Your institutions civil and religious are in danger. Select good men from your own ranks, unite all your strength, and follow your own standard to the Polls—then your enemies will not have occasion to insult you.

SEVENTY-SIX"

For the State Journal.

May Martin's account of the Celebration of the 4th of July, A. D. 1836, by the Rocks on Camel's Rump, written by herself.

From the beginning of my days to the present time I have breathed pure mountain air. A correct history of my life is before the public, written by D. P. Thompson, Esq. and published by E. P. Walton and Son. But since its publication, I have made certain discoveries in the Natural World, which I hope will prove useful to the political parties in Vermont. These discoveries I wish to have added to the second edition of my history by way of *Appendix.* They probably will help the sale of the Book, and make the reputation of Mr Thompson, as a biographical writer, more extensively known. I have nothing to say about Money-Diggers. My subject is altogether different, and while it will please some it may displease others. Then to the subject:

On the 4th of July, 1836, I ascended *Camel's Rump,* in height far above the clouds. The prospect was delightful, and what excited my attention more than any thing else, was a large assemblage of Rocks of different sizes—no one larger than a hogshead nor smaller than a cider barrel. These Rocks were in a pile on the top of the mountain, and were celebrating the day of our National Independence. And to my astonishment they gave voluntary toasts, one after another. The first toast which I heard came from a Rock of the largest size, and in English it was as follows:

"The Antimasonic party, pure in its principles, *is the only democratic party* in the State."

Here all the Rocks joined, and gave ten cheers. Then a large Rock gave this toast:

"The Whig party *are becoming purified,* by adhering masons leaving their ranks, and taking a stand under Van Buren. There let all secret, selfish, oath-bound masons *be assembled* and *remain;* and the Whig party will be worthy of the name it bears." Ten cheers.

Then another Rock, which appeared to be a knowing one, gave the following toast:

"*The Van Buren party:* Its leaders are adhering masons, who render the Constitution and Laws of the land powerless, whenever they come in conflict with their masonic oaths: they converse together by signs and grips not understood by the people, and will arrange themselves in any party where they can enjoy their masonry, and obtain office. If such be the leaders, what are their followers? Deluded mortals, who are supporting the most *corrupt Aristocracy* in the world."

The Rocks shouted: It is true; it is true! Shame! to the deluded followers!! Then another Rock gave this toast:

"The Antimasonic Deserters, if any there be, have been deceived by the wiles of Masonry; and if they return to duty they shall be pardoned. But the whig masonic deserters are not wanted by the whigs; and if they return they shall be shot." The Rocks shouted, Amen!

Then a Rock, taken to be an Office-holder, or Freemason, gave this toast:

"*Martin Van Buren,* for President: 'He is an enemy to all secret societies.'"

On hearing this there was a great excitement among the Rocks. A large majority of them ejaculated, "*Van Buren!* What good act has he ever done for his country, that he should be made President? Not one! He an enemy to all secret societies! Where is the evidence? In his own state, for years, he aided and assisted that secret, oath-bound society, called Freemasonry, in their opposition to antimasonry. He may be worthy of a *cable-tow,* but not of the Presidency!"

Then another Rock of the some kidney, gave this toast:

"*Richard M. Johnson,* for Vice President: He is no Freemason, and he has one *black Ewe,* which has produced him more, than all the black flocks have produced their owners in Tennessee."

The top of the Mountain began to quake, and the congregated Rocks, in wrath, rolled down with great velocity, and as they went I heard them scream, "Freemason! He is a Freemason of high degree!" And they said many things about "*his black Ewe,*" which it would be immodest in a female to relate. On hearing their remarks the sun veiled its face, and their was total darkness on the mountain's top at noon-day; and the rocks in their courses broke down the trees before them, and made a noise like the crash of worlds. The scene was awfully sublime. When the noise had subsided the sun unveiled its face and expelled the darkness.

Then from a great distance all around the foot of the mountain, I heard the Rocks shout:

"WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON for the next President: He is a statesman and Patriot-soldier; his good deeds done for his country are too numerous to be mentioned."

Then another shout:

"FRANCIS GRANGER for Vice President. He loves his country better than himself. He is no mason, and awalys raised his voice for Equal Rights and the Supremacy of the Laws."

This closed the celebration, and the sun continued to shine, and the birds sung songs of praise. From what I saw and heard on the mountain, I augur that the poople will triumph over the powers of *darkness* and misrule, and that HARRISON and GRANGER will be their next President and Vice President. And if the admonitions of a woman are worth any thing, I do hereby admonish all those who are blindly led by adhering masons, *under Van Buren,* to cut the cable tow from their necks and flee from that party as for their lives. *Aristocracy* is not their element; they do not belong to it; their home is in the antimasonic ranks, where they will find *pure unadulterated democracy.* But ah, there is *whigism!* The antimasons have no *whigism,* but that of 1776, which led our fathers to victory and independence. And whoever finds fault with such principles is a *tory* in word and in deed.

THE END OF THE APPENDIX.

For the State Journal.

Mr Editor:—In the last Patriot I noticed a communication signed *Wilton,* who is either a wolf in sheep's clothing, or one of the Deserters. He says, "Let it suffice to say, *that our work is done;* that the institution, which we first stood shoulder to shoulder to oppose is now no more." This is a gross mistake: Then *Wilton* says "It must have been apparent to you that as a distinct independent party, the Antimasonic party would not exist; that if its organization were longer continued, it must be the *subservient* tool of some other party."—What does *Wilton* mean? The Antimasonic party is certainly more numerous, and harmonious, than any party in the State; and has it not *wisdom* enough to manage its own affairs without becoming a *subservient* tool to some other party? *Wilton* thinks it has not. Such language from a *Deserter* is an insult to the Antimasonic party. So he thinks, or pretends to think, that the organization of the party has been discontinued. But I *guess* we have our candidates, and we shall go to the polls, and vote for them. And the more votes of the right kind we can get for our candidates from the other two parties, so much the better. But we do not *go begging;* nor *offering rewards* for deserters from either of the other two parties to help us. All we want is to support our *Antimasonry,* and the *Whig principles of* 1776. And if there be freemen, who have not been *political* Antimasons, and hold to our *Whig principles,* we should thank them to vote for our candidates; but we do not ask nor expect a single tory's vote; nor an adhering mason's vote; nor a blue-light federalist's vote, for all such characters are in the Van Buren ranks, and will vote for the ticket headed, WILLIAM C. BRADLEY, who has often said, "that in this party there are too many foxes with short tails to have it prosper." Yes, there are the old federalists, Gov. Chittenden, and his associates, who, in the last war, had constitutional scruples, and would not cross the line of the State to repel the enemy when they came into Plattsburg. These men are in fact and in truth the wire workers, the leaders of the Van Buren party; the adhering masons, and the *Aristocracy* of this State, which the Antimasons are opposing, and will not give up their opposition, until they have better evidence than the word of *Wilton* that *masonry is dead.* Now I ask *Wilton* to proceed with his proofs, and show if he can, that there is a great similarity between the opposers of Jefferson's administration, and the opposers of the Van Buren party at this time. When *Wilton* is about this, I would ask him, where are the *old democrats,* who supported Jefferson's Administration? He must answer, that they are in the Antimasonic ranks, happy and contented as men can be. Where are the *high toned federalists,* who opposed that Administration, and the last war? They are in the ranks of the Van Buren party. Here let *Wilton* explain, and inform us, how this can be? And which is the *democratic party,* the *old democrats,* or the *old federalists?* And if it it should turn out that the *old federalists* make the *democratic party* of the present day, I want to know, when, and where, they got their principles? *Wilton* after mentioning the loss of two or three presses, says "the public and leading men" (of the Antimasonic party) "have also stepped to the right hand, or the left, so it is publicly known, where they stand, but with the great mass of the party the case is probably far otherwise." If *Wilton* means by "stepping to the right hand, or the left," the abandonment of Antimasonic principles, as explained, and joining the enemy, I admit that two or three "public and leading men" have done this, and I would remind them, that Washington, through the American Revolution served his country without pay, lest the people should doubt his *patriotism.* And I should have been better pleased if those "public and leading men" had contented themselves in *private* stations for a few years; but as they *seem* willing to accept *public* stations, I am afraid the Van Buren party may think to boast, that they can buy as many Antimasons as they please with offices.—I would ask *Wilton* what office is promised to him? *Is he to be Secretary of State?* But let the Van Buren party boast ever so much, I have a better opinion of these "public and leading men" than to believe that one of them has been bought with office: they have only been *nominated* for office by the Van Buren party to give them *pass,* so as to make them contented in their new situation, hoping they would draw off other antimasons with them. But we all choose to stay, where there is pure democracy: this is our element. I request Mr *Wilton* to present my compliments to "*The Public and Leading Men,*" and tell them I am sorry they have sheathed their swords, while there is an enemy in the field. And be assured, sir, you have my good wishes, that you may obtain the office, which is promised; *provided,* it does not interfere with the prosperity of Antimasonry, which lies nearer my heart, than any office, within the gift of the Van Buren party.

PLAIN TRUTH.

For the State Journal.

The unblushing impudence with which the Van Buren men claim, or pretend to claim the State of Vermont is amusing.—Can Vermont support Martin Van Buren? No, never. The freemen of this State are not corrupt; they are a strong, independent, intelligent, honest, high minded body of men! Vermont has been called the Switzerland of America. This is but an equivocal compliment. The truth is this comparison does not magnify but diminishes the well earned character of our State. Vermont is, it may be said without vanity or boasting, at this moment, a model for the world, of a well constituted body politic, thoroughly and deeply democratic, not in men, but in truth and fact, in heart and soul. Go through it; worth and merit meet their reward, knowledge is prized, honesty valued, integrity of character respected, sound moral and religious principles highly estimated! Long may it be so—long as our green hills stand erect.—Never, never may they become a people that regard not character and principle and look only at the spoils of office, and the contests for men.

Vermont has long presented a determined front to the enemy, and the enquiry now is, shall she renounce her old and long cherished principles and take up with the wretched system of politics which Van Buren is endeavoring to spread over the land?

"Oh no, from all her wild green mountains,
From valleys where her slumbering fathers lie."

we hear the indignant and united response, let us go back to the early times in our State's history, let us bring back ancient memories, let us kindle up once more that steady cheerful blaze of honest unshackled independence which animated our Warner and our Allen, let trucklers and time-servers do as they please—but you, especially young men that do not wish to bring to shame the virtue of your sires, go to the ballot-box *each and every one,* and deposite a vote for the right man and the right measures. Stay not away—*every vote tells.*

A REPUBLICAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Mr Knapp:—Your *honor* is questioned, and your word too in the last North Star. Mr Eaton, speaking of you, says "How much reliance of *honor* think you, intelligent reader, can be placed on the declarations of an Editor, who has endeavored to impress upon the public a belief that there are not two hundred democratic antimasons in Vermont, when in fact there is nearly twice that number in this town, and probably more than two thousand in Caledonia County!" I have often heard you say, that all antimasons are *democrats;* therefore you would not be so absurd as to limit the number, at two hundred in the State. You have also expressed an opinion that there are not two hundred democratic antimasons in the State, who have deserted their party, and gone over to the enemy. If Mr Eaton would be understood that there is nearly twice that number in this town, he is mistaken. There are not five antimasons in Danville, who have deserted political antimasonry. Mr Eaton is one; and since he hopped out of the frying pan into the fire, he has been very uneasy; and as misery loves company, he is trying to make it appear *abroad,* that there are nearly two hundred deserters in Danville, who have gone over to *Van Buren,* and put their souls, and bodies, in the keeping of the *Masonic Aristocracy,* their implacable enemies. We are not such fools--we choose to remain in the ranks of "unadulterated democracy,"—Here we are at home, and enjoy equal rights. But Mr Eaton boasts that we continue to take his papers, and therefore he would draw the foul inference, that we are deserters. How is this? Why Mr Eaton has lived among us for many years, he is poor, has a family to support, and out of compassion we have continued his papers, when we have also taken yours. Now for him to slander us, and make us deserters on that account is ungracious. But this is not his only act of ingratitude; I can name a number, but will not go into particulars.

I am Sir, yours &c.

Danville, August 12, 1836.

For President, Wm. H. Harrison, *A Farmer.*	For President, M. Van Buren, *A Lawyer.*
For Vice President, Francis Granger, *A Lawyer.*	For Vice President, R. M. Johnson, *A Lawyer.*
For Governor, Silas H. Jenison, *A Farmer.*	For Governor, W. C. Bradley, *A Lawyer.*
For Lt. Governor, David M. Camp, *A Lawyer.*	For Lt. Governor, J. S. Pettibone, *A Farmer.*
For Treasurer, A. Clarke, *A Farmer.*	For Treasurer, C. R. Cleaves, *A Bank Man.*