

Editors of the Old Soldier :

Gentlemen: I have had the pleasure of reading two numbers of the Old Soldier, and can assure you, that so far it has more than met my expectations. One thing with which I am much delighted, is, that you have so strictly adhered to the promise made in your prospectus; that is, "to spread before the people a knowledge of facts." Facts are stubborn things; and facts, known to be such by every body, are very stubborn things.

It is a well-authenticated fact, that Gen. Harrison is a democrat, "died in the wool," of the old Jeffersonian school, and that he has served his country in the field and in its councils for more than forty years, without reproach, and "that he has done more for the entire west than any man living."

It is fact, that our venerated Washington, Presidents J. Adams, Jefferson, Madison and J. Q. Adams, all reposed the most unlimited confidence in him, as a man of capacity and sterling integrity:—and manifested such confidence by appointing and elevating him in the military department, from Ensign to Major General, in the United States army, and in the civil from a territorial Secretary to Governor and Foreign Minister.

It is a fact, that the Legislatures of Indiana and Kentucky, and the Congress of the United States, did severally pass resolutions, approbating in the strongest terms, General Harrison's conduct, as a prudent, wise and able General in the last war. And whatever political demagogues may say to the contrary notwithstanding, it is nevertheless a fact, that in addition to the resolutions referred to, we have the impartial opinions of many of our first military men,—who shared with him the toils of war, and who were eye-witnesses to his deeds of valor, who declare, that in their judgment he possesses military talents of the highest order—such men, too, as Col. Croghan, Richard M. Johnson, Gov. Shelby, Commodore Perry, and a host of others too numerous to mention.

It is a fact, that the people have had such confidence in the good sense, honesty and patriotism of Old Tip, that they have again and again called upon him to serve them in the State Legislature and also in Congress, both as representative and senator.

And it is an undoubted fact, that the Old Soldiers, their sons (and their daughters, too, if they were allowed to vote,) the poor men and log cabin boys, have determined, next November to send the Old Hero up to the White House at Washington, in honor of the many and valuable services he has rendered his country. These are all facts, known to be such by every man acquainted with the times and history of the country. There are a great many Old Soldiers scattered all over these lands, who have fought under General Harrison, and you might as well talk to the seven stars and Orion, as tell them he is not one of the bravest men that ever lived, and one of the best qualified men for the Presidency of the United States. The more that is said against him, the warmer they wax in his favor. They know him, and they know more;—they know they never saw Martin Van Buren encounter all the dangers of the battle-field, nor have they to this day ever heard, that a deed so honorable had marked any period of his life. But they have heard that while Old Tippecanoe with the hardy sons of the west, the real log cabin class, was camped in the field or ranging our frontiers, fighting our battles, defending our women and children from the murderous tomahawk and scalping knife, and adding new lustre to the American name with his splendid victories; they have heard, I say, that about, or just before this time Mr. Van Buren was voting for the federal anti-war candidate, and against old James Madison, the democratic war candidate for President. And that he was in the New York Legislature, voting for Rufus King, the federal anti-war candidate for Senator. Now, the query with some is, if he was opposed to the war candidate for President and Senator, was he not opposed to the war? and if opposed to the war, was he, or was he not a federalist? How then came he to be a democrat? We know it is not absolutely necessary to brave the dangers of war, in order to be a democrat—but then we know that every man, who opposed the last war, was considered a federalist. Neither do we feel disposed to charge Mr. Van Buren with cowardice—as he was opposed to the war, we presume he felt no disposition to expose himself to danger. But the question occurs again, how came he to be a democrat.

Now, we have heard it said, (upon what authority we know not) that shortly after the war was declared, and Madison elected President the second time, finding democracy rather popular, all of a sudden he became a democrat. And it is added, that such was the tremendous revolution in his principles, that he took a most decided stand against all distinctions on account of color, and actually voted in the New York Convention for free negroes to have the right of suffrage. But then it is contended, that he is now a northern man with southern principles. All those things we have heard; but as yet we have no evidence as to the time and circumstances under which Mr. Van Buren left the Federal

party, and became a democrat. And as his Sab-Treasury doctrines are substantially federal; many of us doubt whether his heart has ever been changed—we verily believe, he is, as he always was, a Federalist, deeply "died in the wool."

Messrs. Editors, if you please, do him entire justice, but do tell us two things—

1st, Where he was, and what he was doing while our beloved Harrison was achieving the celebrated victories of Tippecanoe and the Thames?

2d, When he left the Federal party, and became a democrat, &c.—we want proof and not rumor.

These questions are propounded, because some men, born long since Solomon, have asserted, that Old Tippecanoe has no claims to the Presidency, founded upon services rendered his country.—While we can see nothing in his history from the age of 19 to 60, but noble deeds, and such deeds as entitle him not only to our confidence, but to our votes as President. And on the other hand, there is not, in our opinion a single thing in the whole history of Martin Van Buren, that should entitle him to the vote of one Western man. If he has ever done any thing for us, we want to know it.

SON OF AN OLD RANGER.

The Currency.

Great Meeting at Downingville—Speech of Uncle Bijah Bigelow.

Late Eastern papers contain the proceedings of a public meeting at Downingville, to consider the condition of the times. In that meeting Uncle Bijah Bigelow figured largely. He said—

Mr. Moderator :

My mother had three or four little shavers afore my time come, and she never had employed what is called a regular out and out nurse to help bring 'em up till I come along. Well, as she wanted extra help, she employed a nurse, Hepsy Danforth, a rare know-all, self-will'd, long face critter, who set up for the business and boasted she had in other parts learn't all about it. The neighbors used to come in and round and talk to mother and handle me about, and every body said I was a likely baby, and with good treatment would turn out as strong and hearty as the others. So to rights this nurse, who wanted to show I suppose that she knew something that others did not—says she "Miss Downing, I see here in the cupboard some plagy catnip; what do you mean to do with that?" Why, says mother, "that is for making tea for little Jonny, when his supper don't sit well on him." "Well," says the nurse, "that may do for Downingville nurses, but I can tell you, as long as I am nurse here, I'll show you something better than catnip." Mother and all look'd skard. "Why, nurse," says she—"why, Hepsy," says another—"why Miss Hepsy Danforth"—"do tell, now," exclaim'd all—"is there any thing on airth equal to catnip-tea to cure a baby's belly-ake?" Now the fact is, this same self-will'd critter didn't know any thing better herself; but having said it, she stuck to it. "Catnip tea," said she, tossing up her nose—"catnip-tea is no better than any other tea, and it shall never be used by me, that's what I tell you—so that's enuf." "Well, what is better?" enquir'd all. "Why," says she, "when I'm properly ask'd I'll tell." "Now do tell, we want to know." "Well," says she, pulling down the fold of her dress, for she was considerably rumpel'd by the astonishment she created—"well," says she, "if you must know, it's a dip-candle." "A dip-candle!" exclaim'd all in surprise—"why Hepsy Danforth—did you ever!" Here Hepsy got riled up—"Why," says she, "how you wonder—you know nothin, critters." I didn't say nothin myself, for as mother tell'd the story I was all the while sucking my supper as hard as I could pull, but just as I broke off, I begun to squirm, and twist, and yell, and mother said—"come Hepsy, take this baby and rock him to sleep." Hepsy took me and began rocking me as she set in an old oak chair without rockers pounding fore and aft and singing a song loud enough to wake the dead, and I all the while twisting and kicking, and yelling about as loud as she did, till mother said—"Hepsy, give that are child some cat-nip tea." Now this was a stumper.—Says she, "Mrs. Downing do you think I am to be insulted—do you think I'll use cat-nip arter what I have said?" But, says mother, "you know Hepsy that cat-nip tea will cure that squalling in five minutes, and the child will go to sleep." "I'm blessed," says she, "Mrs. Downing, if I wouldn't rather go to Araby now right off rather than use cat-nip tea." "Well, well," says mother, "try your experiment," and so the critter took a dip candle, and tried to grease my nose with it I all the while kicking and squealing like a pig in a briar bush. Poor mother couldn't do nothing—that tarned nurse was on pay and under contract, and there it was. Mother had right, but tother had power, and between the two I had a belly-ake.

Common sense and long experience was for cat-nip tea, but self will, sour face and

stubbornness held the dip candle—and so mother stood and I squalling. But in the skuffle some one slipt out and told Aunt Downing; (your excellent wife, Mr. Moderator,) and in she comes, and the way she made things move want slow I tell you. Says she, "Hepsy, give me that ar child." "Now," light that are dipt candle, and go down to the cupboard and get the cat-nip and make tea on't and bring it to me, and be sry about it." There was no let up about it, it was done, and the trouble was put a stop to. "A pretty piece of business," says Aunt Downing "our know-all know-nothing critter, to stick up her cap again all experience." Hepsy looked black and sour, but it was no use.—Aunt Downing said that it was natural for cat-nip to cure it, and she didn't know any better cure, and still said she would stick to cat-nip.

And now, Mr. Moderator, and gentlemen of the Convention, I would ask if we as a nation havn't had the same experience. For forty years we have used a good sound National Bank, and during its use every cramp has been cured right off by it. Twice we tried a new experiment, and the cramp got worse and worse till we tried the old remedy and that cured it and kept it cured till we got "Hepsy" to try the dip candle, and here we are again with our noses greased by it, but twisting and yelling and squirming; and where is Aunt Downing? where is the cat-nip? (Here the Moderator was seen wiping his eyes with his mitten, for it was a cold day and getting late, and says he, let us adjourn and go and git a bite. So the Convention adjourned for that day.)

Ex-Senator Niles' Opinion of Gen. Harrison.

The following well merited eulogy upon the civil and military services of Gen. Harrison, is from the Life of Oliver Hazard Perry, by John M. Niles, Esq. (a late Van Buren Senator from Connecticut,) published in 1821, containing a leading view of the events in the Life of Gen. Harrison.

In speaking of the battle of the Thames, Mr. Niles bears testimony to the importance of that brilliant victory, and Gen. Harrison's gallant and prudent conduct in the following words:

"It is admitted that the American forces considerably exceeded those of the enemy; but when it is considered that the latter had chosen their own position—that they had taken one peculiarly favorable for defence, effectually securing their flanks, it being impossible to turn them, and that the Americans could present a line no more extended than that of the enemy, which was too limited to admit of the active employment of all their troops; and when it is further considered, that the troops were almost entirely militia, it must be conceded that this victory reflected great honor upon the National arms, and upon the troops by whom it was achieved.

"The action, and the movements which preceded it, afford ample testimony of the judgment, and cool intrepidity of General Harrison; and indeed, all the events of the campaign, support these characteristics; the disasters attending it, having in no instance been imputable to him."

"There are, perhaps, on record few instances of such cool and steady intrepidity, on the part of militia, or a force of this description, as was displayed on this occasion."

"The victory of the Thames was not more honorable in its character, than important in its consequences. It terminated the war on the north western frontier, which during 15 months had been drenched in blood and stained with crime—thousands of the most patriotic sons of the west, having fallen victims to its ravages and disasters. The savage war yell was heard no more; and the frightful tomahawk no longer reeked with the blood of innocence, infancy and age.

"Harrison and Perry left Detroit in the Ariel, and arrived at Erie on the 22d of October. Here they were received with every demonstration of joy and admiration; the discharge of cannon, illuminations, &c.—They were hailed as the deliverers of the frontier."

The following is from the Appendix to the same:

"The civil administration of Gen. Harrison, although not marked with such brilliant circumstances as his military operations were, notwithstanding, managed with equal judgment. The defence of Fort Meigs and the subsequent capture of the British army, may be fairly considered one of the most brilliant and extraordinary events of the late war.—These were his last military achievements. A treaty of peace was conclu-

ded with Great Britain, and his services being no longer wanted, he retired with "blushing honors thick upon him" to the bosom of his friends and to the enjoyment of domestic happiness."

In the Preface to the above work, Mr. Niles says:

"The facts and materials which the work comprises, have been derived from authentic sources, and whatever may be thought of it in other respects, it is humbly believed, that so far as industry in research, and care in compilation can insure historic correctness and accuracy of detail, it possesses these essential characteristics."

From an Old Soldier.

The following communication is from an individual of that numerous class of persons, who formerly supported Mr. Van Buren and his party, but who are now rallying around the standard of their old companion in arms—the veteran hero of Tippecanoe.

"These men have listened to the slanders of the Van Buren's press against their Hero, until they are compelled by the spirit of patriotism and a soldier's honor, to take a stand in his behalf. They know that nearly his whole life has been devoted to his country;—they know that his acts adorn the brightest pages in the history of the West; and they ask themselves, what motive can a man have, to endure all the hardships of a soldier's life; all the anxieties and labors of civil office; if his countrymen stand coolly by and see him made the victim of slander by unprincipled party men! When they bring this matter home to their bosoms, the patriotic fire which burned within them when they trod the battle grounds at Fort Meigs and the Thames, is again aroused, and they speak and act as the "Old Soldier" has done, whose communication follows.

To the Editors of the Old Soldier :

I have known Gen. HARRISON for thirty years, and served under him eighteen months as an officer in the regular army under his command, in the North-Western Army. I was in both sieges at Fort Meigs, also at the battle of the Thames, where we captured the British army, and in many other difficulties with the Indians. And I seriously believe that there was not a man in the United States as well qualified to be our Commander-in-Chief as WM. H. HARRISON. I further state on my honor, that I never saw the first evidence of cowardice in Gen. Harrison, nor do I believe any other man could do, if he will speak the truth of the Hero.

Gen. Harrison was a brave and gallant man; also; and he has had many, and has filled them with advantage to the country, and honor to himself; and I trust I shall see him in the Presidential chair, performing the duties of that high office, as did the Great Washington. Now, success to the hero of Tippecanoe, Fort Meigs, and the Thames, and the Guardian of the whole Western Country!

I hope, Gen. Harrison will perform the duties of President and settle our national affairs, both at home and abroad, as well as he performed the duties of Commander-in-Chief of the North-Western Army; and if he does, no man will dare complain, and the tree of liberty, which has been dying for years past, will blossom again, and bear abundance of good and ripe fruit, for the use of all good meaning men and their posterity.

I received four wounds while serving under Gen. Harrison, and which have so disabled me that I could not get to Springfield on the 14th of this month, to meet my old companions in arms.

THO'S. MORGAN.

Salisbury, Illinois, March 15, 1840.

CABIN SONG.

The following was sung by a number of jolly Harrisonians on Log Cabins, which they had brought to the State Convention at Columbus, on the 21st and 22d.

Tune—"Highland Laddies." Oh where, tell me where was your buckeye cabin made? Oh where, tell me where was your buckeye cabin made? 'Twas built among the merry boys that wield the plough and spade.

Where the log cabins stand in the bonnie buckeye shade. 'Twas built, &c. Oh what, tell me what is to be your cabin's fate? Oh what, tell me what is to be your cabin's fate? We'll wheel it to the Capitol, and place it there elite. For a token and a sign of the bonnie buckeye State.

We'll wheel it, &c. Oh why, tell me why does your buckeye cabin go? Oh why, tell me why does your buckeye cabin go? It goes against the poisoners, for well its builders know. It was HARRISON that fought for the cabins long ago.

It goes, &c. Oh who fell before him in battle, tell me, who? Oh who fell before him in battle, tell me, who? He drove the Savage log-sons, and British armies too, At the Rapids, and the Thames, and Old Tippecanoe.

He drove, &c. By whom, tell me whom, with the battle next he won? By whom, tell me whom, with the battle next he won? The spoil men and log treachurers will soon begin to run, And the log cabin candidate will march to Washington.

The spilmans, &c. Oh what, tell me what then, will little Martin do? Oh what, tell me what then, will little Martin do? He'll follow in the footsteps of Price and Swartz, of the While the log cab as ring again with "Tippecanoe!" He'll follow, &c.