

may happen to covet. But, for the sake of argument, suppose that Westminster Abbey, and Yorkminster, and Chaucer, and Spencer, and Addison, Newton, and Bacon, Oliver Cromwell, Charles the Second, and a few others, are "ours by virtue of a common ancestry," then why not the evils of the feudal system, the hated royalty and aristocracy, and some other things which are not sparingly abused "in our young country?" If the one "ennobles America" by right of said "ancestry," why not put them in the opposite scale with Ireland and her evils into the bargain? All these were cherished for some centuries by the "ancestry;" and when their descendants had been nursed, fostered, protected, and then fancied they could make a better speculation, they cut the connection, and I should say, must be content to leave us all our honors together with all our faults. "Not so," say they, "we shall take what we consider best, and you and the rest may go to the devil!" Aint that cute, Frank, in "our young country?"

By the the way, talking of General Cass reminds me of Major Downing's account of old Hickory's royal progress through his dominions. I give it in his own words:—

"MR. EDITOR.—I have seen in your paper a '*Crowner's Inquest*,' saying I was drowned at the bridge at Casile Garden, and picked up in York Bay. This is a tarnal lie, and I wish you to say so. I did not so much as get my feet wet when the bridge fell, though it was a close shave, I tell you.

"I was riding right alongside the General—if anything, a little ahead of him. But this ain't the only thumper I've heard about that scrape. I've heard that Mr. Van Buren had sawed the string pieces under the bridge, (any body may guess for what,) but that can't be so, for he was right behind the General when the bridge fell, and all t'e folks were floundering in the mud and water. I thought he was gone too, for he was right in the thickest on 'em. I and the General clapt in the spurs, and we went quick enough through the crowd on the Battery; and the first thing I saw was Mr. Van Buren hanging on the tail of the General's horse, and streaming out behind, as strait as old Deacon Willoby's cue when he is a little too late to meeting. When we got up to the tavern where we put up over night, I and the General had a real laugh to see our folks coming in one arter another. Governor Cass had a bandanna tied round his head. 'What,' says I, 'Governor, are you hurt?' 'Not as I knows on,' says he, 'but I lost my wig.' And sure enough, come to take off the handkersher, his wig was gone. 'Well,' says I, 'Governor, you've got the whole Indian tribes in your Department, and it is a hard case if you can't get a scalp to suit you,'—and the General snorted right out. And then come Governor Massy, and he had his pantaloons ripped from the waist right down to the knee. 'Well,' says I, 'this beats all natur; it will cost more than fifty cents to mend 'em.' 'Never mind, Massy,' said the General, 'if you can't afford to get them pantaloons mended, the State 'll give you a new pair!' And then we all snorted and sniggered, I tell you."

Funny fellow, the Major, aint he Frank?—uncommon!—
Addio.

Saratoga.

MY DEAR FRANK.—In reading the various works upon America, you find the authors generally doubting the continuance of the self-government which exists so extensively