

tion,' and with that he made me a bow, and I went some and took dinner with him. It is plagy egotistical to hear him talk about millions and thousands; and I got as glib too at it as he is; and how on earth I shall git back agin to ninepences and four-pence-pappies I cant tell.

Arter I had been figerin away there nigh upon a week, and used up 4 or 5 slate pencils and spit my mouth as dry as a cob, rubbin out the sums as fast as I did them, I writ to the General, and tell'd him it was no use; I could find no mistake; but so long as the Bank was at work it was pretty much like counting a flock of sheep in a fall day when they are just let into a new stubble—for it was all the while crossing and the only way was to lock up all the Banks and as fast as you count em, black their noses.

'Now' says I one day to squire Biddle, 'I'll ust take a look at your muneys bags, for they tell the General you han't got stuff enuf in the Bank to make him a pair of spectacles, 'none of your rega' says I, 'but the real grit;' and with that he call'd two or three shaps in Quaker coats, and they open'd a large place about as big as the 'east room,' and such a sight I never see—boxes, bags and kags, all full, and I should say nigh upon a hundred cord. Says I, 'Squire Biddle what on earth is all this for?' 'I am stump'd'—'O' says he, 'Major that's our Safety Fund,'—'how you talk!' says I.

'Now,' says I, 'is that all genwine?' 'Every lollar of it,' says he; 'will you count it Major?' says he. 'Not to day,' says I; 'but as the General wants me to be particular, I'll just hussle some on em;' and at it I went hammer and file. It raly did me good, for I did not think there was so much real chink in all creation. So when I got tired, I set down on a pile, and took out my wallet, and began to count over some of the 'Safety Fund' notes I got shaved with on the grand tower. 'Here,' says I, 'Squire Biddle, I have a small trifle I should like to barter with you, it's all 'Safety Fund,' says I, 'and Mr. Van Buren's head is on most all on em.' But as soon as he put his eyes on em, he shook his head. I see he had his eye teeth cut.—'Well,' says I, 'it's no matter,'—but it lifted my dander considerable.

'Now,' says I, 'Mr. Biddle, I've got one more question to put to you, and then I'm through. You say your bills are better than the hard dollars; this puzzles me, and the General too. Now how is this?' 'Well,' says he, 'Major, I'll tell you; suppose you have a bushel of potatoes in Downingville, and you wanted to send them to Washington, how much would it cost to get them there?' 'Well,' says I, 'about two shillins lawful—for I sent a bagrel there to the General last fall, and that cost me a dollar freight.' 'Well,' says he, 'suppose I've got potatoes in Washington jist as good as yours, and I take your potatoes in Downingville, and give you an order to receive a bushel of potatoes in Washington, wouldn't you save two shillins lawful by that?' 'We sometimes charge,' says he, 'a trifle for drafts, when the places are distant, but never as much as would carry the dollars;' and with that we looked into the accounts agin, and there it was. Says I 'Squire Biddle, I see it now as clear as a whistle.'

'When I get back to Washington, I found the General off to the 'Rip Raps,' and so I arter him. One feller there tell'd me I couldn't go to the Rip Raps—that the General was there to keep off business; but as soon as I told him who I was, he ordered a boat and I paddled off.

The General and I have talked over all the Bank business; he says it is not best to publish my report, as he wants it for the message; and it would only set them *Stock fish* nibblin agin in Wall street. I made him stare when I tell'd him about the dollars I saw there; and once and awhile he would rinkle his face up like a ball of ravalins; and when I tell'd him Biddle wouldn't give me any of his 'Safety Fund' for any of Mr. Van Buren's that I had with me; the General took out his wallet, and and slung it more than 5 rods into the brakens.

We are now pretty busy, fitting and jointing the beams and rafters of the message; and if Mr. Van Buren dont git back before we begin to shingleit, I guess his Safety Fund will stand but a poor chance.

The General don't care much about having his head for a sign board, but says he, 'Major, when they put my head on one eend of a Bank Bill, and Mr. Van Buren's on tother eend, and "promise to pay Andrew Jackson," and then blow up, it's too bad—I won't allow it—It shant be.' The General says, if he allow Amos Kendle to make his report about the State Bank, it is but fair to let me publish mine about Squire Biddle's Bank. So I am getting mine ready.

We have a fine cool time here, and ain't bothered with Office seekers; we can see em in droves all along shore waitin for a chance. One fellow awam off last night to get a appointed to some office—the General thinks of making him minister to the King of the Sandwich Islands, on account of their belong all good swimmers there. Yours, eternally,
J. DOWNING, Major, Downingville
Militia, 2d Brigade.

[From the New York Daily Advertiser.]

Major Downing's Official Report on the United States Bank.

PUBLISHED "BY AUTHORITY."

Rip Raps, August 4th, 1833.

Dear Sir:—I have just got here after examin the Bank; and it was the toughest job I ever had in my life. The General was so bent on my doing it, that I had to 'go ahead,' or I'd sneak'd out the first day. I was nigh upon a week about it, figerin and siferin all the while. Mr. Biddle see quick enuf it was no fool's journey I come on; and I made some of his folks scratch their heads, I tell you. I gin em no notice of my comin, and I jump'd right in the thickest on em there one day when they were tumbin in and shellin out the munny like corn. 'Now,' says I, 'my boys, I advise all on ye to brush up your multiplication tables, for I am down upon you with aligation, and the rule of three, and vulgar fractions; and if I find a penny out of place, the General shall know it. I'm no green horn, nor member of Congress, nor Judge Clayton, nor Mr. Cambreleng, neither,' says I. As soon as Mr. Biddle read the letter the General sent by me, says he, 'Major, I'm glad the General has sent some one at last that knows something; and can give a strait account;' and with that he called all the Bank folks, and tell'd em to bring their books together. 'Now,' says he, 'Major, which eend shall we begin at first. It makes no odds which,' says I; 'all I care about is to see if both eends meet; and if they don't, Mr. Biddle,' says I, 'its all over with you and the Bank—you'll all go, hook and line,'—and then we off coats, and went at it. I found some of them are fellows there plagy sharp at syferin. They'd do a sum by a kinder short Dilworth quick as a flash. I always use a slate—it comes kinder natural to me; and I chalk'd her off there the first day and figurd out nigh upon a hundred pretty considerable tuf sums. There was more than three cart load of books about us, and every one of em bigger than the Deacon's family Bible. And such an eternal batch of figerin I never see, and there wasn't a blot or a scratch in the whole on em.

I put a good many questions to Mr. Biddle for the General gin me a long string on em; and I thought some would stagger him; but he answered them all jist as glib as our boys in Downingville do the oast-kize, from the chief 'eend of man' clean through the petitions—And he did it in a mighty civil way too, ther was ony one he kinder tried to git round, and that was—how he come to have so few of the General's folks among the Directors until very lately! 'Why,' says he, 'Major, and Major' says he (and then he got up and took a pinch of snuff and offered me one) says he, 'Major, the Bank knows no party; and in the first go off, you know, the General's friends were all above matters of so little importance as Banks and Banking. If we had put a branch in Downingville,' says he, 'the General would not have had occasion to ask such a ques-