

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

"Milledgeville, November 11, 1831.

"If the statements of those who ought to be true, there were fine doings at the dinner en yesterday to Gilmer. The room had the appearance of a Mandingo palaver-house, but a convivial assemblage of civilized men. Ex-Excellency spouted a speech an hour and half long. In it he foamed like a chased bear a white clover patch, and designated the citizens who throughout the State elected Lumpkin, "rabble"—yes, the majority of our freemen "a rabble." On the measures of his Administration, reservation of gold mines, Indian testimony, &c. all, he expatiated with much egotism, and seemed of opinion that, had he been re-elected, the millenium must have popped up under his eye like unto a mushroom under May dew. Among the talkers, Berrien was heard with ecstasy. A wind-instrument was however confined to the Cabinet, petticoats, and *self*. Crawford (William H.) was there; he made no speech, but took the strength of four men to keep him from making one. Such is the chitchat of several witnesses, and it is freely circulating without contradiction. I have no doubt of its accuracy. Passengers in the streets concur in representing the assemblage as very obstreperous. Sayre, suppose you have heard, is cashiered for having presumed to set up a claim opposed to the law of rightful succession; Clayton, for obeying his conscience in preference to orders from the Commander in Chief; and Holt of the Southern Circuit, for inefficiency in supporting the glorious cause, by not having the knack of twisting decisions to suit the wishes of partisans and neglecting to expend two thirds of his salary in electioneering barbecues. Troup caucusses are no merciless courts martial, towards every office holder that dares to act for himself in disobedience to general orders. Excellent disciplinarians these! pure republicans! they must rule forever.