Private

My dear and venerated friend — Cheve near 1st Lincoln, Feb 20 1847

I do not know that the "voice of the crying" from Aborigines can be of any value to you, but such is the deep sense I entertain of your wrongs and the wrong recently done to public liberty that I cannot forbear saying, that I trust the people will rise in their indignant majesty and with more recant democrats from their seats in the Senate. As for the Whig party their course does not excite my wonder. They hate the administration and would willingly destroy the man who supports it with unsurpassed ability. But what shall we say of W. Westcott whose abusive language far transcends that ascribed to W. C. Toldeo? He felt safe behind his constitutional protection and merely turned about to assail another for doing what he himself had done and condemned him without a hearing! Would it not be retributive justice to fling him into his own Potomac? As for Yulee, Phaeton what a name! he must be I should judge of foreign birth and therefore ignorant of our love of liberty, and to be pitied for his misinformation. Yet Mr. Butler share the ignominy of W. Westcott. After his gross and inexcusable attack upon W. Yuley he should have been dealt with John C. Calhoun, The great Exponent of the Constitution, The man who upsets tyranny in the breezes, he is to be come a party to a conspiracy against the liberty of the Press! "How is he fallen son of the Morning," do Wholly
disputé am I at his entire course. The winter that were I compelled to a choice of evils between him & Henry Clay, I would not hesitate to choose the latter with all his sins — I should at least know where to find him, but Mr. Calhoun is truly "The Artful Dodger"; "He is every thing by turns & nothing long." So well has Mr. Thoury painted him, that he knew himself immediately.

It would be the highest gratification of my life to see you rewarded for all your unremitting and meritorious toils in the cause of freedom, by presiding over the very body which has vainly attempted to degrade you. Your Constellation showed us that the same vindictive spirit in the same body, discharged its venom upon Andrew Jackson and saw it, meekly and abashed by "blacked lines" — and I trust that blackened lines will be drawn forever round the names of those Democrats who lent their "aid" to cast a stigma upon a man a thousand fold more pure than themselves — let them be expunged from the list of that Republican party.

W. Alger & Carter