Claiborne Nov 6th 1842

Gentlemen.

Your letter of the 10th ult: inviting me to join the Whig citizens of Dallas at a public dinner to be given at Selma on the 30th inst, to celebration the organization of the ~~Whig~~ Clay club lately formed in that place, has been received: and I would have answered your kind invitation by return mail, but have delayed doing so a few days in the hope, that I could make such arrangements as would enable me to be with you on that interesting occasion: but I find myself disappointed and with regret I am compelled to say, it will not be in my power to attend.

Every movement of the kind referred to in your letter, is of deep and abiding interest to every portion of our fellow citizens: however little public affairs may at the

the moment seem to be influenced thereby.

It is the public voice, long disdained by unwise counsel, ruinous, self willed improvident experiments, that has consummated the unparalleled depression and universal paralysis, which at this moment present, useless and powerless, all the great interests and industry of our highly favored Belmont county:— And it must be, by that same public voice, properly expressed and effectually made known, in primary assemblies and through the ballot box, that a renovation is to be achieved, and a revolution in public sentiment accomplished. This must and will take place. Nations like individuals will ultimately avoid, what is proved to be destructive and ruinous— they will flee from suffering and devastation, to prosperity and repose, so soon as the way and the means are made manifest. It is impossible this nation can continue much longer in its downward marching— the descent is already appalling— the abominations into which we are driven are indeed astounding— and the workers of this

national misery, with eyes gloating on individual misery, and resulting in the universal calamity — the result of their skill and their craft, have the audacity to advise, be quiet yet a little while, we have not quite accomplished our work.

The currency which the country possessed a few years ago, responding promptly and usefully to all the demands of industry and labor, has been rendered abortive useless and rotten.

A few years since, the avocations of commerce and agriculture, returned a fair and prosperous ~~equivalent~~ equivalent, for the industry capital and skill employed; the proceeds of merchandise and crops in the present condition of the country furnish the most conclusive evidence, whether the improvements so lavishly promised and so confidently relied on have been attained in the possession of full stores and full barns, which have exhausted the means and labor of the country and return no profit. What more striking

illustration can be exhibited of that captivating policy, practised by Locofoco Democracy?

The bright and bitter days of the Republic can never return, to cheer, encourage and animate the people, so long as they adhere to the deceptive theories, which have already crippled their industry and enterprise, destroyed their credit as a nation, sapped their individual confidence - destroyed their hopes, shorn them of their power and obscured their glory. Instead of antici-pating visions of usefulness, from the supposed dawning ~~luminary~~ lights of the East would it not be safer to read and contemplate, the well tried and practised precepts, now resplendent in the calm declining ~~sun~~ luminary of the West; which, while in his meridian course, shed over the land, so much of prosperity contentment and repose, the hills and the valleys, the rivers and the cities, all joined in one deep heart felt halleluiah! for the abundance and comfort they enjoyed.