

Hon. Oliver Fiske

Worcester

Ms. A. 1. 1

Ms. A. 1. 1

Charleston Dec. 3^d 1829

My dear brother

It is so long since I have undertaken to write a letter that I hardly know how to begin. Our correspondence in print has been pretty constant, & has served to convince each other that we are still in the land of the living. But on your part this is rather a losing bargain - for while the Register has but little to recommend & much to condemn it, I consider the Opener as one of the best conducted papers we have. It has little or rather none of that vulgar slang & filthy stuff which abounds in almost every other paper at this time, so degrading to our country. I am no politician - have no concern in publick affairs & hardly know the names of those who administer our government - except that Jackson is president. That, of itself, is enough to convince me that the mighty boon obtained for us by the heroes of the revolution, was hardly worth the price it cost them. The whole tendency of our government, as it is managed, is to demoralize & corrupt. The unprincipled are the good fellows - they are the ones to ruin the honor & emoluments of office - they are the ones to ride upon our necks & to load it over us. We probably shall have finished our course before any very quiet explosion takes place. But I tremble for our children. Should they reach our age, they will see our federal government dissolved like a snail & scattered to the winds, & anarchy or the worst of despotisms reigning in its stead. How can it be otherwise? Is not every office from that of president down to the meanest tide waiter obtained by intrigue, by bribery, by corruption & the Lord knows what? Look at the Isaac Hilder - the Durships - the Plunkets - the Druff Greens & a thousand others of the same stamp, who are giving the tone & direction to all the measures of the government, & then say if any fears are not fully justified? Still we are told by every 1st of July Orator that we are the wisest, the happiest & most virtuous people on earth - If this be true, we ought to be content with our lot, & I must beg Jacksons pardon for daring to whisper so much of treason into the ears of a brother. I took my pen to talk of ourselves, but soon here or there it has soared to higher objects.