Major Jack Downing's Account of the late Democratic National Convention.

BATH, MAINE, Saturday night, June 5, 1852.

To JAMES DAWSON, Esq.

Postmaster Dunnagitt, State of Maine.

Dear Uncle Jonas:—The job is done, and it's been about the toughest week's work that I ever did. I've sweat like a tiger all the week. I'm as hungry as a bear; not but what there's been vittles enough, plenty of it, and good too, but plenty of liquor too, more than the Maine law could spare and spill in six months, but the trouble is, we had so much work to do, we couldn't get time to eat. I guess I've made out to fetch a lunch of a few mouthfuls about twice a day, and gets about two sleeps upon an average about two hours a night. After I've writ this letter to you, I mean to turn in and sleep overall Monday, and then strike it home and help to get up the mass meeting to ratify the nomination—the ratification of Dorwinglish must be a roarer. You better be getting things ready for it till I come. I wish I could give you some idea of the week's work we have had here. I've worked in the logging swamp, and know what 'tis to handle a peavy, and pile 'em on the bank, and roll em into the river; and I've worked on barn; folds in clearing up, and know what 'tis to chop and pile brush every morning till Saturday night; but I declare to man this has been the hardest week of logging I ever see. But I don't begrudge the work a bit, we've made such a nice job of it, and saved the country.

We've put life into the Democratic party again, that we thought last fall was as dead as a door nail. We killed old abolition, we've choked to death Secession, and gin Freesoil the fits; and I expect we've thunder'd Whigdom so hard they'll never get over it. We've got the Democratic party fairly on its legs again, standing on the good old platform of Jackson and Benton, left fast in that, in spite the Bank, again the Tariff, again Internal Improvements; and we've shot the Bank dead as a door nail.

But I must tell you something about the chaise. I couldn't get in as one of the committee-chaise, I tell you, because they's President and my name wasn't on the list. But as soon as I told him I was the delegate from Dorwinglish, he took me by the hand, and says he, "All right, Major Downing, I'm very glad to see you here; you can come, and I'll introduce you; and you can do a great deal more good than if you were a regular delegate. So you can go around pretty among all the delegates and help to make em Democratic; there's a great deal of work to be done before we can get along, and I don't know of any body that can do more in that line than you can. Jim Bim, Major Pipkin's hackman's been sent a delegate from Downinglville, you would really be permitted to take part in the proceedings of the Convention out of respect for the great services you rendered General Jackson in the times that tried the souls of Democrats." So I went right in and took hold, and went to work. There was an awful jam; it seemed most impossible for any body to be done business, and allowed my way right through on from one end of the hall to 'tother; and I really soon got the swing of it, so I could tell where to pull, and where to push, and where to put under the handspikes and lift, and when the spunges, and when to make speeches, and get talking too much, in the wrong way. I keep jam when to have hold of their coat tails and pull em down on to their seats. And sometimes I had to go into the crowd, and go to keep the people straight up there, and in spite of all I could do they would sometimes hoorah and throw up their hats. So you may judge I've had my hands full all week.—

But I was determined to have a nomination, if I worked my hands off up to my elbows. It was very hard to get a nomination, for I worked my hands off up to my elbows. It was very hard to get a nomination, if I worked my hands off up to my elbows. It was very hard to get a nomination, if I worked my hands off up to my elbows. It was very hard to get a nomination, if