

The original Jack Downing complains thus in the Courier, of the men who steal his name:

"Now I think out, there is the most rascally set of fellers skulking about somewhere in this part of the country that ever I heard of, and I wish you would blow 'em up. They are worse than pick-pockets. I mean them are fellers that's got to writing letters and putting my name to 'em, and sending 'em to the printers. And I heard there was one sassy feller last Saturday down to Newburyport that got on to a horse and rid about town calling himself Major Jack Downing, and all the soldiers and the folks marched up and shook hands with him, and thought it was me. Now, my dear old friend, isn't this too bad? What would you do, if you was in my case? I say again, they are worse than the pick-pockets. Isn't it Mr. Shakespeare that says something about 'he that steals my munny-pus steals trash, but he that steals my name ought to have his head broke?' I wish you would find that story, and print it."