

WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

DAVID FULTON, Editor.

OUR COUNTRY, LIBERTY, AND GOD.

ALFRED L. PRICE AND DAVID FULTON PROPRIETORS.

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DAVID FULTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, WILMINGTON, N. C.

John S. Richards, COMMISSION MERCHANT, AND GENERAL AGENT, Wilmington, N. C.

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CORNELIUS MYERS, Manufacturer & Dealer in HATS AND CAPS, Wholesale and Retail, MARKET STREET—Wilmington, N. C.

GEORGE W. DAVIS, Commission and Forwarding MERCHANT, LONDON'S WHARF, WILMINGTON, N. C.

BATTLE & COOKE, General Commission Merchants, Receiving and Forwarding Agents, Next door North of the New Custom-house, WILMINGTON, N. C.

GILLESPIE & ROBESON, AGENTS, For the sale of Timber, Lumber, and all other kinds of Produce, Sept. 21, 1844.

ROBT. G. HARRIS, Auctioneer & Commission Merchant, WILMINGTON, N. C.

Liberal advances made on shipments to his friends in New York, September 21, 1844.

Wm. Shaw, Wholesale & Retail Druggist, WILMINGTON, N. C.

JOHN HALL, Commission Merchant, One door So. of Brown & DeRossett's, Water-st., WILMINGTON, N. C.

LIST OF BLANKS ON HAND, and for sale at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

County and Sup. Court Writs do do Subpoenas do do Fi. Fas. County Court Seize Facias Apprentices' Indentures Letters of Administrators Juror's Tickets Peace warrants Constable's bonds Checks of hand Notes, Cape Fear Bank do Branch Bank of the State Notes, negotiable at bank Inspector's Certificates Certificates of Justices attending Court Shipping Papers Any blank wanted and not on hand will be printed with the utmost despatch. Officers of the Courts and other officers, and all other persons, requiring blanks, or any other work in the printing line would do well to give us call, or send in their orders. We are determined to execute our work well, and at the cheapest rates for cash. Call at the JOURNAL OFFICE, S. E. cor. Princess & Front-sts. One door above the Hanover House.

WILL be sold, on Friday, the 8th July, at Kenansville, the following slaves, belonging to the estate of William Pollock, dec'd, viz: BOB, JUDY, CHERRY, and CHLD, which will be sold on a credit of six months by the Administrators for division, the day above written.

R. T. BRADLEY, and E. G. BARDIN, Adm'rs, July 13, 1845.

Piano Forte. A FINE TONED PIANO FORTE, of Du Bois & Stoddard's manufacture, for sale by BATTLE & COOKE, Ag'ts. July 4, 1845.

CHARLES BARR, MERCHANT TAILOR, WILMINGTON, N. C.

GRATEFUL to the citizens of Wilmington for their liberal patronage, and anxious to merit a continuance of the same, has added to his stock, a large lot of well assorted seasonable

CLOTHING, Just received per schooner Ellen, from Philadelphia, together with a general assortment of superfine new style

FRENCH CASSIMERES, AND FANCY DRILLINGS of the latest importations, received per Rail Road, making his stock altogether the most complete that has ever been offered in this market.

Persons wishing to purchase Clothing are respectfully requested to examine the article elsewhere, before calling on me, and unless I can offer them Goods on better terms than any of my competitors, I shall expect to suffer in consequence.

Swan's Point for Sale. BEING desirous of changing my business, the ensuing fall, I will sell my plantation on Swan's Point, containing

ONE THOUSAND ACRES OF LAND. Three or four hundred of which, are enclosed and cleared, the balance well timbered. The plantation is situated, and lies immediately in front of New River bar, commanding a fine view of the Ocean.

The soil is alluvial, the situation pleasant and healthy, as in the low country. To persons wishing a trading station, it offers inducements rarely to be found in this or any other part of the State. Being equidistant from the towns of Wilmington and Newbern, and from which places, small schooners, of some thirty or forty tons burthen, ply daily, by which, goods may be delivered at the warehouse door, if necessary, and the produce of the country shipped immediately to any of our Northern or Southern markets. There are several fine sites for erecting Steam Mills, and one for Salt works—the surrounding country abounds with pine of the best quality for the lumber trade, and the quantity inexhaustible.

If desirable, I will sell with the place the growing crop, and hire out a number of negroes until the first of January next. Persons wishing to purchase, are invited to call and view the premises, on or before the 20th of next month, July.

GEORGE H. McMILLAN, Onslow co., June 13, 1845.

Lands for Sale. THE subscriber being desirous of removing to the south-west, offers for sale all his Lands lying in the county of Duplin, N. C.

One tract containing six hundred and twenty-one acres, adjoining the village of Kenansville; three hundred of which, is cleared, and under good fence, the balance well timbered. On the premises, is a good two story framed dwelling, containing seven rooms, with kitchen, smoke-house, barn, and all other out-houses, in first rate repair. Within one hundred yards of the dwelling, there is a never failing spring of water, as good as can be found in the lower part of the State; and within three quarters of a mile of the village, there is an Academy, where students can always prepare for College. The land is well adapted to the cultivation of Cotton, Peas, Corn, &c.

Another tract of two thousand six hundred and fifty acres, lying on both sides of the Wilmington and Raleigh Railroad, about 45 miles from Wilmington. There is about five hundred acres of this tract cleared, and under good fence, with all necessary buildings. There is EIGHTY THOUSAND Turpentine boxes cut on the land, and trees enough to cut at least twenty thousand more. There is also a first rate mill seat on the premises, within one hundred yards of the Railroad, with a frame on the spot ready to raise: the timber has been got within the last six months. A Mill here could be made valuable, as ready sale could always be had for all the Railroad railings she could saw. This land also produces good crops of Corn, Cotton, Peas, &c.

Another tract of four hundred acres of first rate land, two hundred of which is under cultivation, lying six miles from Kenansville, and four miles from Warsaw. There is a task of Turpentine boxes on the land, and the balance well timbered. As the subscriber wishes to remove, more for the benefit of his health than any thing else, he will sell the above lands at a great bargain, either separately or all together, on very accommodating terms. Persons wishing to view the lands, will please call on him at Kenansville.

DANIEL C. MOORE, Duplin co., June 27, 1845.

Cigars and Tobacco. 40,000 CIGARS of various kinds and qualities, in boxes of 100, 125, 250 and 500. 2 boxes superior manufactured Tobacco, Just received and for sale by BARRY & BRYANT, June 27, 1845.

I HHD. best Porto Rico Sugar, 2 " N. Orleans do. 12 bags Laguna Coffee, 10 " St. Domingo do. 8 " Rio do. 10,000 Segars, 20 boxes Hydraulic pressed Candles, 48 " best Barrel's chewing Tobacco, small lumps, 15 " No. 1, Soap, 10 " Soap, 10 kegs Lard, 10 bbls. superfine Canal Flour, 10 half bbls. " " 10 boxes Cheese. Received per Brig Belle, and for sale low for cash or approved paper.

JOHN S. RICHARDS, Market street, Burch's old store, June 27, 1845.

HOLLOW-WARE—A small quantity, assorted sizes, now landing from brig Georgiana, for sale by JOHN S. RICHARDS, July 4th, 1845. Market-st. Burch's old stand.

NAILS—20 kegs 8d, 20 kegs 6d, 10 kegs 4d, daily expected, for sale by JOHN S. RICHARDS, Market-st., Burch's old stand, July 1st.

Herrings. 100 BBLs. whole Herrings, for sale by BATTLE & COOKE, Ag'ts. July 4, 1845.

List of Letters

REMAINING in the Post Office at Wilmington, N. C., on the 30th June, 1845. Those whose names appear on this list will please to ask for advertised letters.

- A. Alexander, Obadiah
- Artis, Martha
- Artis, Emily
- B. Bradley, Franklin
- Brown, Miss Lucy A
- Brimage, Thomas
- Booth, Daniel
- Brewer, Wm F
- Brinkley, J W
- Bowles, Jr, Sam'l
- Burr & Brewster, Messrs
- Bruce, Daniel
- Britt, J T
- Burgwin, Isabella
- Bowden, L
- Borissal, S 2
- 'onham, N
- Bradley, Tony
- Burnett, Elizabeth
- Barron, Capt Joseph
- Beasley, Alexander
- Boney, Gabriel
- Burris, Anthony
- Bullock, Jonathan 2
- C. Craig, John B
- Connell, Wm
- Crawford, Moses
- Cains, J G
- Craig, Mary
- Crone, John 2
- Culder, J J
- Corbett, James I
- Chauburn, Josiah
- Collins, Miss Catharine
- Craig, Joseph
- Cambell, J B
- Chili, N R
- Capps, T J
- Chavers, H
- Chandler, B
- D. Dodd, Jeremiah
- Dens, Wm
- Derriggle, J
- Dall, Wm F
- Dudley, Marshall
- Davis, F B
- Dry, Hannah
- Dihenny, E B
- Danforth, C
- Devon, S
- E. Ennett, Mrs. Betsy A
- Ehlers, H B
- Eborn, Thomas
- Emmes, James P
- Edwards, L W
- Erambert, Henry
- F. Fremam, W G
- Franklin, Edward
- Farrow, John
- Floyd, Lewis D
- Floyd, T B
- Francis, H R
- Fredricks, Zilby
- Flanner, Alfred
- Foster, D P
- G. Green, Henry
- Griffin, Henry
- Gerrard, Wm
- Gedwin, Alex'r
- Gilbert, M
- Green, Washington
- Green, John G
- Green, Mrs Sarah
- Garresche, P B
- H. Heritage, Wm
- Hadgden, A
- Haywood, Wm
- Hittelborn, Wm
- Higgins, Isaac R
- Huetts, sen, John
- Hays, Alex'r
- Hill, Askan
- Hull, John
- Howard, H N
- Harms, John
- Holder, T
- Hill, Miss Loebe
- Hazel, Ann
- Hall, A H
- Howard, Wm
- J. Joyner, Hiram 2
- Jones, Wm
- Jones, Laura
- Jewett, J C 2
- Jones, D L
- Jones, R D
- Jones, Wm
- Jones, James
- Jones, Oliver
- Jacks, Rev Mr
- K. Kanada, Y
- Kirby, John D 2
- L. Lawton, James E
- Legwin, John 2
- Lanier, L
- Lesesne, Miss Harriet 2
- Walker, W M
- W. C. BETTECOURT, P. M. July 4, 1845.

THE STRIFE, as it increased, came near the shades of his own upland residence. As a boy of thirteen, he witnessed the scenes of horror that accompany civil war; and when but a year older, with an elder brother, he shouldered his musket, and went forth to strike a blow for his country.

Joyous era for America and for humanity! But for him, the orphan boy, the events were full of agony and grief. His father was no more. His oldest brother fell a victim to the war of the revolution; another (his companion in arms) died of wounds received in their joint captivity; his mother went down to the grave a victim to grief and efforts to rescue her sons; and when peace came, he was alone in the world, with no kindred to cherish him, and little inheritance but his own untiring powers.

The nation which emancipated itself from British rulers organizes itself; the confederation gives way to the constitution; the perfecting of that constitution—that grand event of the thousand years of modern history—is accomplished: America exists as a people, gains unity as a government, and takes its place as a nation, among the powers of the earth.

The next great office to be performed by America, is the taking possession of the wilderness. The magnificent western valley cried out to the civilization of popular power, that it must be occupied by cultivated men.

Behold, then, our orphan hero, sternly earnest, consecrated to humanity from childhood, by sorrow, having neither father, nor mother, nor sister, nor surviving brother, so young, and yet so solitary, and therefore bound the more closely to collective man—behold him elect for his lot to go forth and assist in laying the foundations of society in the great valley of the Mississippi.

At the very time when Washington was pledging his own and future generations to the support of the popular institutions which were to be the light of the human race—at the time when the institutions of the Old World were rocking to their centre, and the mighty fabric that had come down from the middle ages was falling in—the adventurous Jackson, in the radiant glory, and boundless hope and confident intrepidity of twenty-one, plunged into the wilderness, crossed the great mountain-barrier that divides the western waters from the Atlantic, followed the paths of the early hunters and fugitives, and not content with the nearer neighborhood to his parent State, went still further and further to the west, till he found his home in the most beautiful region on the Cumberland. There, from the first, he was recognised as the great pioneer: under his courage, the coming emigrants were sure to find a shield.

The lovers of adventure began to pour themselves into the territory, whose delicious climate and fertile soil invited the presence of social man. The hunter, with his rifle and axe, attended by his wife and children; the herdsman driving his few cattle that were to multiply as they browsed; the cultivator of the soil—all came to the inviting region. Wherever the bending mountains opened a pass—wherever the buffaloes and the beasts of the forest had made a trace, these sons of nature, children of humanity, in the highest sentiment of personal freedom, came to occupy the beautiful wilderness whose prairies blossomed every where profusely with wild flowers—whose woods in spring, put to shame by their magnificence, the cultivated gardens of man.

And now that these unlettered fugitives, educated only by the spirit of freedom, destitute of dead letter erudition, but sharing the living ideas of the age, had made their homes in the West—what would follow? Would they degrade themselves to ignorance and infidelity? Would they make the solitudes of the desert excuses for licentiousness? Would the doctrines of freedom lead them to live in unorganized society, destitute of laws and fixed institutions?

MR. BANCROFT'S ORATION.

Delivered at Washington City, on the 26th June, 1845, on the life and character of GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON.

The men of the American revolution are no more. That age of creative power has passed away. The last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence has long since left the earth. Washington lies near his own Potomac, surrounded by his family and his servants. Adams, the colossus of independence, reposes in the modest grave-yard of his native region. Jefferson sleeps on the heights of his own Monticello, whence his eye overlooked the beloved Virginia. Madison, the last survivor of the men who made our constitution, lives only in our hearts. But who shall say that the heroes, in whom the image of God shone most brightly, do not live forever? They were filled with the vast conceptions which called America into being; they lived for those conceptions; and their deeds praise them.

We are met to commemorate the virtues of one who shed his blood for our independence, took part in winning the territory and forming the early institutions of the West, and was imbued with all the great ideas which constitute the moral force of our country. On the spot where he gave his solemn fealty to the people—here, where he pledged himself before the world to freedom, to the constitution, and to the laws—we meet to pay our tribute to the memory of the last great name, which gathers round itself all the associations that form the glory of America.

South Carolina gave a birth-place to Andrew Jackson. On its remote frontier far up on the forest-clad banks of the Catawba, in a region where the settlers were just beginning to cluster, his eye first saw the light. There his infancy sported in the ancient forests, and his mind was nursed to freedom by their influence. He was the youngest son of an Irish emigrant, of Scottish origin, who, two years after the great war of Frederic of Prussia, fled to America for relief, from indigence and oppression. His birth was in 1767, at a time when the people of our land were but a body of dependent colonists, scarcely more than two millions in number, scattered along an immense coast, with no army, or navy, or union; and exposed to the attempts of England to control America, by the aid of military force. His boyhood grew up in the midst of the contest with Great Britain. The first great political truth that reached his heart, was that all men are free and equal; the first great fact that beamed on his understanding, was his country's independence.

The strife, as it increased, came near the shades of his own upland residence. As a boy of thirteen, he witnessed the scenes of horror that accompany civil war; and when but a year older, with an elder brother, he shouldered his musket, and went forth to strike a blow for his country.

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At a time when European society was becoming broken in pieces, scattered, and resolved into its elements, a scene ensued in Tennessee, than which, nothing more beautifully grand is recorded in the annals of the race.

These adventurers in the wilderness longed to come together in organized society. The overshadowing genius of their time inspired them with good designs, and filled them with the counsels of wisdom. Dwellers in the forest of the free, bound in the spirit, they came up by their representatives, on foot, on horseback, through the forest, along the streams, by the buffalo traces, by the Indian paths, by the blazed forest avenues, to meet in convention among the mountains at Knoxville, and frame for themselves a constitution. Andrew Jackson was there, the greatest man of them all—modest, bold, determined, demanding nothing for himself, and shrinking from nothing that his heart approved.

The convention came together on the eleventh day of January, 1796, and finished its work on the sixth day of February. How had the wisdom of the Old World vainly tasked itself to frame constitutions that could, at least, be subject of experiment; the men of Tennessee, in less than twenty-five days, perfected a fabric, which, in its essential forms, was to last forever. They came together, full of faith and reverence of love to humanity, of confidence in truth. In the simplicity of wisdom, they framed their constitution, acting under higher influence than they were conscious of.

They wrought in sad sincerity. Theyself from God they could not free; They builded better than they knew; The conscious stones to beauty grew.

In the instrument which they framed, they embodied their faith in God, and in the immortal nature of man. They gave the right of suffrage to every freeman; they vindicated the sanctity of reason, by giving freedom of speech and of the press; they revered the voice of God, as it speaks in the soul of man, by asserting the indefeasible right of man to worship the Infinite according to his conscience; they established the freedom and equality of elections; and they demanded every future legislator a solemn oath "never to consent to any act or thing whatever that shall have a tendency to lessen the rights of the people."

These majestic lawgivers, wiser than the Solons, and Lycurguses, and Numas of the Old World—these prophetic founders of a State, who embodied in their constitution the sublimest truths of humanity, acted without reference to human praises.

They kept no special record of their doings; they took no pains to vaunt their deeds; and when their work was done, knew not that they had finished one of the sublimest acts ever performed among men. They left no record, as to whose agency was conspicuous, whose eloquence swayed, whose generous will predominated; nor should we know, but for tradition, confirmed by what followed among themselves.

The men of Tennessee were now a people, and they were to send forth a man to stand for them in the Congress of the United States—that avenue to glory—that home of eloquence—that citadel of popular power; and, with one consent, they united in selecting the foremost man among their law-givers—Andrew Jackson.

The love of the people of Tennessee followed him to the American Congress; and he had served but a single term, when the State of Tennessee made him one of its representatives in the American Senate, where he sat under the auspices of Jefferson.

Thus, when he was scarcely more than thirty, he had guided the settlement of the wilderness, swayed the deliberation of the people in establishing its fundamental laws; acted as the representative of his organized State, disciplined to a knowledge of the power of the people and the power of the States; the associate of republican statesmen, the friend and companion of Jefferson.

The men who framed the constitution of the United States, many of them, did not know the innate life and self-persevering energy of their work. They feared that freedom could not endure, and they planned a strong government for its protection.

During his short career in Congress, Jackson showed his quiet, deeply-seated, ingate, intuitive faith in human freedom, and in the institutions of freedom. He was ever, by his votes and opinions, found among those who had confidence in humanity; and in the great division of minds, this child of the woodlands, this representative of forest life in the west was found modestly and firmly on the side of freedom. It did not occur to him to doubt the right of man to the free development of his powers; it did not occur to him to place a guardianship over the people; it did not occur to him to seek to give durability to popular institutions, by giving to government a strength independent of popular will.

From the first, he was attached to the fundamental doctrines of popular power, and of the policy that favors it; and although his reverence for Washington surpassed his reverence for any human being, he voted against the address from the House of Representatives to Washington on his retirement, because its language appeared to sanction the financial policy which he believed hostile to republican freedom.

During his period of service in the Senate Jackson was elected major general by the brigadiers and field officers of the militia of Tennessee. Resigning his place in the Senate, he was made judge of the supreme court in law and equity; such was the confidence in his integrity of purpose, his clearness of judgment, and his vigor of will to deal justly among the turbulent who crowded into the new settlement of Tennessee.

Thus, in the short period of nine years, Andrew Jackson was signalized by many evidences of public esteem as could fall to the lot of man. The pioneer of the wilderness, the defender of its stations, he was their law-giver, the sole representative of a new people in Congress, the representative of the State in the Senate, the highest in military command, the highest in judicial office. He seemed to be recognised as the first in love of liberty, the first in the science of legislation, in judgment, and integrity.

Fond of private life, he would have resigned the judicial office; but the whole country demanded his service. "Nature," they cried, "never designed that your powers of thought and independence of mind should be lost in

retirement." But after a few years, relieving himself from the cares of the bench, he gave himself to the activity and the independent life of a husbandman. He carried into retirement a fame of natural intelligence, and was cherished as "a prompt, frank, and ardent soul." His vigour of character constituted his first among all with whom he associated. A private man as he was, his name was familiarly spoken round every hearth-stone in Tennessee. Men loved to discuss his qualities. All discerned his power; and when the violence and impetuosity of his nature were observed upon, there were not wanting those who saw, beneath the blazing fires of his genius, the solidity of his judgment.

His hospitable roof sheltered the emigrant and the pioneer; and, as they made their way to their new homes, they filled the mountain sides and valleys with his praise. Connecting himself, for a season, with a man of business, Jackson soon discerned the misconduct of his associate. It marked his character, that he insisted, himself, on paying every obligation that had been contracted; and, rather than endure the vassalage of debt, he instantly parted with the rich domain which his early enterprise had acquired—with his own mansion—with the fields which he himself had tamed to the plough-share—with the forest whose trees were as familiar to him as his friends—and chose rather to dwell, for a time, in a rude log cabin, in the pride of his independence and integrity.

On all great occasions, Jackson's influence was referred to. When Jefferson had acquired for the country the whole of Louisiana, and there seemed some hesitancy, on the part of Spain, to acknowledge our possession, the services of Jackson were solicited by the national administration, and were not called in to full exercise, only from the peaceful termination of the incidents that occasioned the summons.

In the long series of aggressions on the freedom of the seas, and the rights of the American flag, Jackson was on the side of his country, and the new maritime code of republicanism. In this inland home, where the roar of the breakers was never heard, and the mariner never seen, he resented the continued aggression on our commerce and on our sailors.

When the continuance of wrong compelled the nation to resort to arms, Jackson, led by the instinctive knowledge of his own greatness, yet with a modesty that would have honored the most sensitive delicacy of nature, confessed his willingness to be employed on the Canada frontier; and it is a fact, that he aspired to the command to which Winchester was appointed. We may ask, what would have been the result, if the command of the northwestern army had, at the opening of the war, been intrusted to a man who, in action, was ever so fortunate, that his vehement will seemed to have made destiny capitulate to his designs?

The path of duty led him in another direction. On the declaration of war, twenty-five hundred volunteers had risen at his word to follow his standard; but, by countermanding orders from the seat of government, was without effect.

A new and great danger hung over the West. The Indian tribes were to make one last effort to restore to its solitude, and recover it for savage life. The brave, relentless Shawnees—who, from time immemorial, had strolled from the waters of the Ohio to the rivers of Alabama—were animated by Tecumseh and his brother the Prophet, who spoke to them as with a voice of the Great Spirit, and roused the Creek nation to desperate massacres. Who had not heard of their terrible deeds, when their ruthless cruelty spared neither sex nor age? When the infant and its mother, the planter and his family, who had fled for refuge to the fortress, the garrison that capitulated—all were slain, and not a vestige of defence was left in the country? The cry of the west demanded Jackson for its defender; and though his arm was then fractured by a ball, and hung in a sling, he placed himself at the head of the volunteers of Tennessee, and resolved to terminate forever the hereditary struggle.

Who can tell the horrors of that campaign! Who can paint rightly the obstacles which Jackson overcame—mountains, the scarcity of uncut timber, winter, the failure of supplies from the settlements, the subordination of troops, mutiny, menaces of desertion? Who can measure the wonderful power over men, by which his personal prowess and attractive energy drew them in mid-winter from their homes, across mountains and morasses, and through trackless deserts? Who can describe the personal heroism of Jackson, never sparing himself, beyond any of his men, encountering toil and fatigue, sharing every labor of the camp and of the march, foremost in every danger; giving up his horse to the invalid soldier, while he himself waded through the swamps on foot? Non equaled him in power of endurance; and the private soldiers, as they found him passing them on the march, exclaimed, "he is as tough as the hickory." "Yes," they cried one to another, "there goes Old Hickory!"

Who can narrate the terrible events of the double battles of Emucklaw, or the glorious victory of Tohopeka, where the anger of the general against the faltering was more appalling than the war-whoop and the rife of the savage? Who can rightly conceive the field of Entotchope, where the general, as he attempted to draw the sword to cut down a flying colonel who was leading a regiment from the field, broke again the arm which was but newly knit together; and, quietly replacing it in the sling, with his commanding voice arrested the flight of the troops, and himself led them back to victory!

In six short months of vehement action, the most terrible Indian war in our annals, was brought to a close; the prophets were silenced; the consecrated region of the Creek nation reduced. Through scenes of blood, the avenging hero sought only the path to peace. Thus Alabama, a part of Mississippi, a part of his own Tennessee, and the highway to the Florida, were his gifts to the Union. These were his trophies.

Genius, as extraordinary as military events can call forth, was summoned into action in this rapid, efficient, and most fortunately conducted war. Time would fail were I to track our hero down the water courses of Alabama, to the neighborhood of Pensacola. How he longed to plant the eagle of his country on its battlements!