

JEFFERSONIAN DEMOCRAT.

"Free Trader"

BY RICHARD JACOBS,

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Any person who will procure us five subscribers, and forward the amount, (\$15,) shall be entitled to a sixth copy gratis.

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THE OLD BEAR HUNTER;

BY F. BUCKINGHAM GRAHAM.

I am not a romancer—my duties are of a more humble and less exciting character; but my readers will bear with me I trust if I attempt to narrate, in my own way, such little anecdotes as in a romantic, somewhat roving, and eccentric course of life may have come to my knowledge. The novelist, or the elder sketcher may think them of but little consequence to a literary public; but in the hope that they may interest those whose dispositions are similar to my own, I have been induced to give some of them publicity.

Years have flown by since that beautiful morning in summer when the basis of my sketch was indelibly impressed upon my memory. Horicon presented an unruffled surface, and the forest trees by which the sides and summit of Mt De fiance were clad smiled softly in the zephyr atmosphere. The sun had not yet tinged the green foliage of the tamarack and hemlock with his golden rays, and the lark had just commenced his matin, and his voice echoed through the wilderness and fell sweetly upon the ear of the young farmer and the plain lumber man as they wended their way to the respective homes of their day's toil.

On the very summit of the mountain and near the place where the brave Allen marshaled his forces on the night on which, 'in the name of the continental Congress and the Great Jehovah,' he took possession of the fort at Tironderoga, at the time of which I am speaking there stood a "log cabin;" the happy home of a poor but respectable family. I say happy home and I say so truly a though in this age and climate, some would seem to suppose that a splendid mansion, luxurious entertainments, and extravagant furniture, constitute the only 'home, sweet home,' known on earth.

But I have digressed. It was at this early hour in the morning that the inmates of the above described dwelling, saw a tall built man, approaching. The cabin stood nearly in the centre of a cleared space of ground, and when the individual above alluded to came near he paused suddenly, as if aroused from a deep reverie. As he looked up, he was recognised as the old Indian Bear-hunter the creek of whose rifle echoed through the dense forests of Mount De fiance. Being the only remaining representative of a long extinct tribe, and being also generously and peaceably disposed, he had for years been the favorite of the white inhabitants of that region. All knew him, and children would listen for hours to his stories of wild-wood adventures. As was his usual custom he stopped at the little cabin, partook of frugal breakfast and related some little incidents, one of which I shall now for the first time take the liberty to repeat.

"Many moons have come and gone," said he, "since I first crossed in my canoe the waters of Horicon. I was young and happy then—for my squaw and fair papoose were with me and it was on just such a morning as this. When we landed we heard nothing but the merry songs of birds, and saw nothing but wild-flowers, trees and rocks. The Great Spirit then breathed peace and love in our ears as he does this morning and our hearts went upon the wind to him. But we were alone, and knew no friends here and so we built our little hut of brush as well as we could and we lived and loved in that same spot for many days. Every morning I went out to hunt, or fish, and before night I would come back: and oh! how happy were my little family to see me. At last, one day when near my home, I heard a loud scream, and I ran, but was too late. A large bear stood over the body of my poor squaw. One ball from this same rifle that I now carry passed through the head of the bear and he fell by her side. This to me friends, was no revenge, but I hoped to rescue my wife, if still alive. Alas, that could not be, her flesh still trembled, but her soul had gone, and her breath

was mingled with the gentle winds, I looked around for my boy—but he, too, was gone, and I was indeed alone. I buried poor Urunko in the shade, beside the tall oak, where the sun cannot wither the wild-flowers I planted on her bosom, and where the whip-pow-will, the bird she loved to hear, can come and sing all night long."

Here the Indian paused and wiped a tear from his swarthy cheeks. "The Red man of the wilderness," he again continued, "can cry. I am old now very old; but I have never thought of that dreadful day without weeping. Day after day said he, 'have I sat upon the little mound which contains the first and last object my heart claimed as its own, and there can I again be happy—*sorrowfully happy.*'"

Here ended his story—and he took up his gun and proceeded on his way down towards the Lake, again to take his station upon the grave of his wife, and hymn the requiem taught him in youth. He watched him until he entered the woods and in a few moments we heard the report of his rifle, and then he passed for a time from our memories, and we commenced our daily youthful sports. I was very young then—but the size and personal appearance of the old man, are now present with me—and I remember even the effect which his sad story had upon my mind, as well as if it was yesterday. That day he parted with us for his last time, and that day we heard for the last time the sound of his gun. He was found a short time afterwards in the woods, a lifeless corpse—and two mounds now appeared beneath the branches of the oak against whose trunk he oft had leaned. The bear still grows near that spot—the deer bounds lightly and quickly by unfrightened—the whip-pow-will nightly sings their enraptured. The romantic traveller walks up and down the margin of Horicon and gazes with wonder upon the pure waters, and its benighted isles the aged who dwell in the neighborhood, have nearly all died—the youth have grown up and forgotten the old Indian; and to me, a wanderer far from the so-called romantic scenes, is left the privilege of writing the story, and perpetuating the memory of the 'Old Bear Hunter' of Mt. De fiance.

SPEECH OF JNO. B. DAWSON, OF LOUISIANA.

In the United States House of Representatives on the 2nd of January, on the bill introduced by Charles J. Ingersoll, of Pennsylvania, in committee of the whole, for refunding.

GEN. JACKSON'S FINE.

Mr Dawson addressed the committee as follows:

Mr Chairman—It was my ardent wish to have seen this bill passed without discussion. But as I have been disappointed in my desire, I cannot resist the impulse to join in this debate. It is natural, and I believe fortunate, to the public welfare, that our statesmen should entertain honest differences of opinion. Every freeman in the land has a right to think and act for himself. He has a right to choose which side he will take on every public or national subject of debate—and he has no right to insult, or abuse, or to vituperate those who stand opposed to him in opinion. I am disposed to respect and tolerate every man's opinions so long as he is decorous and sincere; and I claim the same indulgence in my own behalf.

I am a party man, in the strictest and most comprehensive sense of the term. I am opposed to all neutral ground. I wish to see party lines distinctly drawn and well understood. With this candid confession, I now ask, if there is an honorable member in this house, who will rise in his place and conscientiously say, that he considers this a party question? No; insensible, cold and icy would be the heart, that would make such a response. The heart that would make such a response, would view every noble, daring and patriotic act, as insanity; would treat all warm and generous affections of the soul, as illusions; and would view with pity, if not with contempt, the warm imagination and tender sensibilities of genius. No; we are about to call up around us, the pleasing recollections of by-gone days. We are about to discharge a debt to the patriot, hero and sage. We are not called upon to bind the wreath of military glory and renown around his aged brow, but to do an act of justice to a wounded spirit, now almost spent, and fast sinking into the tomb. In mercy, he continues to burn like a lamp on the altar of freedom; and I trust he will hear a nation's voice of gratitude, before its light expires forever. Let me entreat you, humbly, but sincerely, not to hesitate. Surely there is no virtue that bears a lovelier aspect, or breathes a purer fragrance, than gratitude—a nation's gratitude. It chastens vice, it guides virtue, and gives at once a grace and government to genius. No; this is no party question. In the heat and acrimony of party strife and political struggle, *Truth* may be drifted from the splendid circle in which she is wont to shine, into the comet's maze of error. But we are called upon to

commemorate recollections that are written upon the tablets of the human heart as with the finger of God! And we should never prove tired of listening to the truths that gave triumph to our arms in the darkest hour of our gloom. They will always be as the garment of good reputation; and as the sacred vestment of the holy prophet, glittering with heavenly light.

By way of preface to my intended remarks, I admit that I have my full portion of State pride. I am censured by my State and of her noble institutions, and of the brave and generous character of its inhabitants. In none other of this splendid galaxy of Commonwealths, are the labors of industry better rewarded or the spirit of enterprise more successful. With a climate equally favorable to health and to the growth of products regarded of prime necessity throughout the globe, and reared, too, on a soil of inexhaustible fertility, what splendid visions of further wealth and prosperity, have we not a right to indulge from a wise and judicious application of the means and resources within our reach? Penetrated by a stream which has already become the great thoroughfare of nations, and intercepted by others tributary only in use and convenience to this great parent of waters, it is filling up with a population distinguished for its industry, intelligence, freedom of opinion, liberality of sentiment, and capable, from these moral and local advantages, of taking and maintaining an imposing stand in the Union at no distant day. I am proud of the sacred plains that have immortalized my native land. I am proud of our crescent city. I am grateful to a kind Providence, that my home is on the bank of that mighty and majestic river, that pours her broad, deep and rapid current onward to the gulf.

These blessings, Mr. Chairman, have been preserved and maintained to us and our children by the spirit of a wonderful man—Andrew Jackson. Gallant spirit! He stands before the world a specimen of moral greatness—vest in his intellectual endowments, suspended in his calm and invincible courage; in peace, as gentle as the morning breeze; in war, as fearless and irresistible as the spirit of the mountain storm.

Not this is no party question. The honor of every citizen of the United States is at stake. Every lover of freedom should come forward and promptly rebuke the axiom, that republics are ungrateful. We are about to commemorate a nation's glory—to offer up thanksgiving upon the common altar of our country. The victory of the State is a nation's glory. The heroes, patriots and sages of the North, are as dear to me as those of the South. In my heart there is no distinction. May fame, honor, renown and happiness, be the portion of the twenty-six consoling stars that parkled like diamonds in the American horizon. I would throw a girdle of love around the whole; and would say, palmed be the arm, and motionless the tongue, that would aim to discover one of the smallest of the arguments that bind us together. We have exhibited to an admiring world, for more than half a century, the moral grandeur of our civil and religious institutions. May we continue onward our glorious march, until its exalted influence shall pervade the habitable globe.

The question now to be considered is, was not General Jackson justifiable in proclaiming martial law and making New Orleans his camp? We are not called upon to enquire whether Judge Hall sent toward him in error of judgment or with a vindictive or vindictive temper? No; the true and only question is, was not General Jackson compelled, by the force of circumstances that surrounded him, to proclaim martial law and to make the city of New Orleans his camp? I admit that martial law should be proclaimed with great prudence, and only in cases of imperative necessity, and always at the peril of the commanding officer; and now, I confidently ask, if a case has ever occurred since the sun first threw his beams athwart the gloom profound, which made martial law more imperative, more absolutely unavoidable. Is there around me a mind so contracted—a heart so dead to all deeds of daring and valor, of honor and patriotism, as to pause and hesitate whether Judge Hall should have been permitted to have lost us the advantages and renown of the glorious victories of Chalmette? I ask every candid man here, if Judge Hall's support of Lottallier, under all the circumstances, was not unpatriotic and unequalled? Intention to err constitutes crime; an error of judgment constitutes no guilt. Now, I appeal to every well regulated mind and generous heart, and ask if General Jackson was not actuated by patriotic feelings, in the defence of New Orleans and in guarding against attack after his victory? An error of judgment, then, should have received the mildest rebuke. The supremacy of the civil law would have been as nobly sustained by a nominal fine, as it was by a fine of one thousand dollars. The law needed no victim; the punishment was cruel and oppressive. It aimed the blow at the individual,

and not at the victorious General who was accused of having merited its censure. In the language of the honorable member from Alabama, (Mr Payne,) he had closed a disastrous war in a blaze of glory. He had saved a noble city from ruin, and her grateful citizens were calling down blessings on his devoted head. The fine of one thousand dollars was cruel and vindictive, and the nation should long since have repaired this act of injustice on the part of her misguided officer. There is nothing in the history of this case which can tempt future officers to a similar hazard. Justice has been so tardy, that all must feel that the long and useful life of General Jackson, has alone awakened the nation to a sense of its ingratitude. Little minds are incapable of such noble daring in their country's cause, and the exercise of such a power can only be sustained in a just cause. But I hear the cry of a violated constitution. Whence comes this cry? Surely, such devoted patriots, such lovers of the constitution, are not the advocates of a national bank; of a high protective tariff; of national internal improvements; of a distribution of the proceeds of the public lands, and of the abolition of slavery in the South? If so, I bid them remember the fate of 'the fellow who swallowed the broadaxe, but got choked with the handle.' Their death may be like his! They remind me of the self-righteous Pharisee, who 'strained at a gnat and swallowed a camel.' It does not add to the merits of the claim of General Jackson, by attaching blame or censure to any one. I do not desire to do so. For the sake of the argument, I will admit that Judge Hall and Lottallier may both have acted very consecutiously. It is certain, however—certain without a loop to hang a doubt upon—that General Jackson acted like a master spirit, a great captain, and the unflinching and devoted lover of his country. If ever an emanation from the all-good Being animated a human form, it was his during the defence of New Orleans. Gallant spirit! He has proved himself the country's benefactor and the patriot's model; may his example be as lasting as the base of our mountains and the flowing of our rivers; that virtue, honor, valor and honesty, are the only sure guides to honor and renown in our fair republic.

I would that I could impart to you my feelings as I stood on the ruins of the Fort Barrancas, on the bay of Pensacola, and at the fort above the town of Pensacola, a few years since, and reflected upon the military genius and character of this truly wonderful and extraordinary man. In the midst of this sandy wast, during a most inclement winter—such as had never before been witnessed in that country—he commenced his march late in November, with his troops worn down by fatigue, hunger and privation, for the defence of New Orleans. He had fought his way through the Indians to the Gulf of Mexico, and had forced the Indians to sue for peace. He had taken Pensacola, and driven the British out to sea. And it was here, for the first time, that he became convinced that New Orleans was the intended point of attack. An ordinary mind would have shrunk appalled, and have yielded up the task in despair. Seven hundred miles of an exposed coast were to be defended. No means were before him, except of his own creating. His indomitable spirit felt equal to the task. His energies seemed to rise as the storm thickened around him. He left Mobile on the 21st of November, and reached Covington, on Lake Pontchartrain, on the night of the 1st of December, accompanied alone by his aid, Major Reid, after several days of forced marching. Late at night he was about to snatch a hasty sleep, when he was aroused by hearing Commodore Shields fighting on the lake. Shields was as brave a soldier as ever walked the stormy deck, or mocked the battle's din.—This was an accident worthy of all consideration. No doubt now remained that the enemy were at hand. He seemed gifted with powers of ubiquity; and even with a shattered constitution, his body seemed insensible to fatigue. He reached New Orleans on the 2d; and in five days and nights, without sleep, or rest, or repose, he had surveyed our coast; repaired and manned our forts, organized our militia, established armories, and was prepared for defence—evinced an energy and military forecast unequalled in the history of the world. Gallant spirit! may the evening of his days be calm and composed as his former life has been brilliant and glorious.

General Jackson's arrival in New Orleans was hailed with that delight with which the tempest-tossed mariner views the sight of land, after all hope was lost. All eyes were turned on him, as the only hope. All before was confusion and despair. But now, brave and gallant men rallied to his banner. His presence elicited every latent spark of courage in the land. He was entreated and urged to make the city his camp. The most noble and patriotic feelings pervaded and actuated those noble and heroic men who rallied under their country's banner in this hour

of darkness and gloom. Every one of those brave men felt the importance of his station, and gloried in being considered the defender of his fellow-citizens, and the avenger of his country's wrongs. But one feeling prevailed among these heroic men—confidence in their General, and devotion to their country's weal. All united in making the city a military camp. Humanity, as well as necessity, demanded it. The citizen soldiers were thereby permitted to enjoy, in a great degree, their ordinary comforts of home, until the trumpet summoned them to the battlefield. The property of the citizens was preserved; and no act of oppression or violence was felt or complained of. The Governor, the Legislature, the judges, the city authorities, and the magistrates, were permitted to continue undisturbed their ordinary functions. Even the amusements of the city were undisturbed. General Jackson, in making the city his camp, established martial law *ex necessitate*; and it was what the citizens *all* desired. It was just what the Legislature and proper authority should have done, if he had been absent. The people of Louisiana approved of General Jackson's conduct then; and they do so still. He received their votes three times for the Presidency, although it is well known that the politics of the State were against him. But the honorable member from New York (Mr Barnard) has roundly asserted, "We have now before us the only instance in the history of this country, since the adoption of the Constitution, of the proclamation of martial law." Is there a member in this house who does not know that General Wilkinson declared martial law at New Orleans in 1806 and 1807, during Burr's conspiracy? He gagged our presses, and imprisoned our citizens, and shipped them to Richmond, Virginia, at his will and pleasure. He defied Judge Hall, and refused to notice his writ of habeas corpus, precisely as General Jackson did. Judge Hall, never dared to bring him to trial for this offence. Judge Martin then approved of the General's conduct, as resulting from the law of necessity. I do not desire to censure any one in all this, but simply state facts, for public consideration and reflection. I could mention other instances; but this is more than sufficient to prove that the honorable member from New York spoke without reflection. Hall, Lottallier, and Martin, were all Europeans. General Jackson was a native of South Carolina, and will carry on his honorable body, to the tomb, the scars received in the American Revolution.

"Look here upon this picture, and on this. Oh! shame, where is thy blush!"

The honorable member from New York also remarked that "Washington City was also attacked." As for my single self, I would freely forget and conceal the fact and the results. General Jackson, without martial law, would have defended this city with the boys and women if he had been here.

I repeat, Louisiana approved of General Jackson's conduct then; and she does so still; the evidence of which is before you and cannot be denied. But to return—When martial law was declared, a sense of necessity compelled our citizens to submit to their sufferings in that dark and portentous hour which tried men's souls. A proud and haughty enemy were before them.—Their homes, their wives and children, their nearest and dearest relatives—in short, every thing near and dear to them, was at hazard. They were brave men, and the enemy was to be met. A noble city and a rich territory were at stake. Their aged parents, their wives, their daughters, their sisters, and their helpless children, were all holding up to them their supplicating hands for protection from a licentious soldiery; and undismayed, they resolved to fight until the flesh was hacked from their bones, and the sword was preying upon their very vitals, in their defence.

Their army at New Orleans was mostly composed of militia, one thousand of whom were Louisianians. Those who were not so fortunate as to share the glory of the battles, was in service at some post of danger and exposure; and it should be proudly remembered that, in all their trials and privations, they evinced the patience and perseverance of veteran soldiers. It might have been expected that they would have borne with impatience the service discipline of a camp, and that frequent punishments would have taken place; but no such thing occurred. Not a single military punishment was inflicted. In the midst of the horrors of war, humanity dwells with delightful complacency on the recital of such noble traits. It soothes the heart under the pressure of adversity, and diverts the mind from the contemplation of those ills which we can neither avoid nor entirely remedy. It would be idle in me to attempt a further justification of the establishment of martial law at New Orleans. It was justified by imperative necessity. Humanity demanded it. Can any candid man avow that New Orleans could have been saved without martial law, or if any one single step taken by General Jackson had been