

THE  
YPSILANTI SENTINEL.

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JOHN VAN FOSSEN.  
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papers.

PROSPECTUS  
OF THE

## YPSILANTI SENTINEL.

In soliciting the patronage of the public for  
the proposed publication, it is due to the pub-  
lic to give an outline of the views and prin-  
ciples by which we shall be governed, and the  
duties we proceed to discharge. While we  
shall endeavor to make our sheet the channel  
for communicating to our readers, the intelli-  
gence usually given in a public journal, its  
character will be essentially political; and ac-  
cording to the original sense of the term, as  
applicable to this government; strictly democ-  
ratic. We have lived sufficiently long, how-  
ever, to learn, that names are but too often  
illusory and deceptive, and that the arts of  
importers are seldom put in practice, except  
under cover of some specious and imposing  
appellation. We shall not therefore rest our  
claims upon a name, but invite the severest  
scrutiny of our readers to the fidelity with  
which our professions as an editor are main-  
tained and practised.

As the only legitimate object of a republic-  
an or democratic government is the equal  
protection of the rights, and promotion of the  
welfare and happiness of all; it follows as an  
irresistible conclusion, that that administra-  
tion, or system of measures which is most  
conducive to these ends, is best entitled to the  
appellation of democratic. And as the only  
true test, of the merit of measures or adminis-  
trations, is to be found in the effects produced  
on the interests and moral character of society,  
it is by this standard alone that we shall  
aim to be governed in passing judgment upon  
them.

We believe the doctrine or rather the dog-  
ma of party as inculcated by the leaders of  
that school laying exclusive claims to democ-  
racy, to be the most dangerous, because the  
most insidious enemy to the interests and in-  
stitutions of the country—that it demands of  
its votaries passive obedience to the order of  
leaders, regardless of the claims of patriotism,  
of country, or the constitution. Our endeavor  
shall therefore be, to expose and counteract  
the dangerous and enslaving tendency of this  
doctrine, and enforce as far as in our power  
the higher obligations of duty to ourselves  
and to our country, believing that where the  
requirements of party are thus urged by its  
leaders, the proceeding carries on its face the  
most conclusive evidence, that it is their own  
interests and not those of the country they are  
laboring to promote.

We believe that the wealth, happiness and  
encouragement of our country, depend on the  
encouragement and protection of the labor and  
industry of our own citizens, and the cultiva-  
tion of our own resources in all practicable  
cases for the supply of our wants, in preference  
to a reliance upon a precarious supply, to be  
drawn from abroad, subject to the caprice  
of the world and the contingencies of for-  
eign commerce.

To this outline of our views we shall scrup-  
ulously adhere, and with this declaration, offer  
our sheet to the public and solicit its patron-  
age.

JOHN VAN FOSSEN.

W. A. BUCKBEE,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR

AT LAW

AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY

YPSILANTI,

MICHIGAN.

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erty if required.

Ypsilanti, Dec. 20, 1843. if

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diately

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Ypsilanti, Dec. 20.

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C. STUCK.

Ypsilanti, Dec. 20, 1843.

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rary, for sale low, by the quantity or  
single, at the Ypsilanti Book and variety  
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the Variety store of

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Ypsilanti, Dec. 20.

BLANKS: BLANKS!!

BLANK Deeds, &c., for sale at this

Office.

## From the National Magazine.

## STANZAS.

Nor yet the yoke we scorn to hate,  
Which groveling bondmen basely wear,  
Nor yet we feel that iron weight  
Our spirits might not brook to bear;  
And still our souls are something free,  
And round the bright and laughing earth  
Our eyes may proudly glance and see,  
Some record of our ancient birth.

The wintry path, the midnight flood,  
The hill-top where of old they bled—  
The fields that reeked with precious blood,  
In many a fiery battle shed—  
And home and temple—all that stir'd  
Our fathers' hearts,—all memory  
Which makes their fame a holy word,  
All, all are here,—but what are we!

Were we not called the great and free,  
In memory of a nobler day?  
And shall we bend the servile knee  
Before this thing of brass and clay?  
Forget the deeds of former fame,  
Forget the glorious hopes of yore,  
And sinking down to endless shame  
The proud, bright names our fathers bore!

And is their mighty spirit gone,  
That broke of old the tyrant's will;  
That lightened over Lexington,  
And thundered upon Bunker hill?  
And shall we weigh our country's wrongs  
Against a dotting despot's breath,  
And celebrate in vernal songs,  
This Dagon of a seasless faith?

Forbid it heaven! forbid it all  
True hearts that scorn the life of slaves!  
Sooner that chains our necks should gall  
Midst our great fathers verdant graves,—  
I'd rather be the meanest craven  
That crawls on old Oppression's sod,  
Than underneath my own bright heaven  
Lose the free heritage of God!

## From the Boston Evening News.

## THE AMERICAN BOY.

"Father, look up, and see that flag,  
How gracefully it flies;  
Those pretty stripes—they seem to be  
A rainbow in the skies."  
It is your country's flag, my son;  
I proudly drink the light.  
O'er ocean's wave in foreign climes,  
A symbol of our might.

"Father—what fearful noise is that,  
Like thundering of the clouds?  
Why do the people wave their hats,  
And rush along in crowds?"  
It is the voice of cannonry,  
The glad shouts of the free,  
This is a day to memory dear—  
'Tis Freedom's Jubilee.

"I wish that I was now a man,  
I'd fire my cannon too,  
And cheer as loudly as the rest—  
But, father, why do you?"  
My heart is big with joy;  
I've witnessed many a day like this—  
Shout ye aloud my boy.

"Hurrah for Freedom's Jubilee!  
God bless our native land;  
And may I live to hold the sword  
Of freedom in my hand!"  
Well done, my boy—grow up and love  
The land that gave you birth;  
A home where Freedom loves to dwell,  
Is paradise on earth.

## SKETCHES—BY A WANDERER.

## NO. II.

## THE GEORGIAN'S REVENGE.

In the spring of 1836, while on my  
way from Mobile to N. York, having arrived  
at a pleasant town situated on the head  
waters of the Chattahoochee, I was so much  
charmed with the romantic scenery of the  
surrounding country, that I at once deter-  
mined to make a tarry of a few weeks,  
during which I anticipated much pleasure  
in the amusements of hunting and fishing.

The proverbial frankness and hospitali-  
ty of the inhabitants made me feel quite  
at home, and their politeness and atten-  
tion gave me opportunities of forming ac-  
quaintances. Indeed this last is a trait in  
the character of the people of the south  
generally, and was the more pleasing in-  
asmuch as I was not accustomed to  
receive attention on entering any village  
in the North as a stranger. In the south  
no sooner does a stranger enter a town  
or village than efforts are made by the  
young gentlemen to make his stay agree-  
able, and no question is asked, dictated  
by a curiosity to know where he came  
from—what his business is—how much  
he is worth, and numberless others of a  
like nature which every traveller in the  
New England States meets with at every  
stage of his journey. In a word I was  
completely at home almost from the first  
intimation that I intended to remain with  
them for a few weeks. While here I  
formed acquaintance with a young man

from the North, whom I shall call Charles  
Stanley, and who had left his home a year  
or two previous to seek his fortune in  
these regions. He was the beau ideal  
of a gentleman, with a frank, careless and  
winning manner—one of those beings  
whose life seems to roll on like a peace-  
ful rivulet, without meeting with a single  
obstruction from the rocks and falls of  
care and sorrow. But a cloud was soon  
to come over his bright existence. Gen-  
erous and confiding himself, he never sus-  
pected of deceit and treachery in others.  
This trait in his character led him to  
form acquaintances, which others more  
cool and calculating would have shunned.  
Of this class of persons was Henry Brew-  
er, a young man who had just graduated  
at Cambridge, and who had left the place  
of his nativity in search of a community  
where he might acquire more honor and  
pence than in that *Etina* of lawyers, New  
England. He was poor, proud and am-  
bitious, and withal one of those persons  
who cannot witness the prosperity of oth-  
ers without a secret rankling of envy.—  
All this however, was covered by a spec-  
ious show of what he did not possess—  
a generous and noble spirit. Stanley, from  
a mistaken notion of this young man's  
character, had formed an intimate com-  
panionship with him, and their leisure  
hours were spent in all the enjoyments  
common to young and buoyant spirits—  
they rode, walked, and hunted together,  
and Charles, as a matter of course, paid  
all the bills; for he was willing to do  
this in order that he might have some  
companion. Strange situation! Let  
no one, who is rich, and above want, buy  
his acquaintances in this manner. There  
is a concealed pride in the human breast,  
which in associations of this nature, is  
for a while dormant in the recipient of  
your favors—but it will burst forth one  
day, it may be, to your ruin. Soon (how-  
ever awakened) there is a growing sense  
of an obligation which he is neither able,  
or willing to repay. But *non terrors*.

Stanley had met with and become en-  
amored of a beautiful Georgian; one of  
such peerless beauty, as can be met with  
in no other part of the Union—gentle,  
and timid as the wild deer of her native  
hills—whose noble soul seemed to her  
eye, and on whose cheeks the roses of  
health and modesty commingled in heav-  
enly union. Her mental graces were no  
inferior to her personal attractions.

Could one of Charles Stanley's char-  
acter see her and not be enslaved?—They  
met, and as it were by intuition, at once  
mingled their pure souls in one. They  
loved, and soon confessed their mutual at-  
tachment—in a word became solemnly  
 betrothed before heaven. But she was  
rich, and this proved the cause of her  
ruin. Stanley introduced his friend to  
his lady-love—she received him with all  
the politeness due to the friend of her lov-  
er, and with the frankness for which the  
ladies of the South are so justly famed.—  
He, in return, knowing her to be posses-  
sed of an ample fortune, and being deter-  
mined that Stanley should not enjoy what  
himself so much coveted, like a lawyer  
formed the resolution of winning this  
lovely girl. But all his arts were of no  
avail. Charles and Ellen being engaged,  
and the day appointed for their nuptials,  
Henry Brewer found that he was likely  
to be thwarted in the scheme upon which  
he set his heart; and in order to produce a  
temporary separation between the lovers,  
hit upon the base expedient of circulating  
stories injurious to the reputation of the  
fair betrothed; but Charles having full  
confidence in the virtue of Ellen, traced  
the vile slanders to their author, and the  
result was a challenge to the "field of hon-  
or."

It was on a lovely May morning, that  
a party of young people were merrily  
sailing down the river on a pleasure ex-  
cursion. I was one of them, and we were  
as buoyant and happy as young hearts,  
high spirits and a beautifully clear and  
bright sky overhead could make us. Ma-  
ny were the playful jokes, and witty re-  
partees, the merry laughs, and joyous  
shouts that rung echoing across the river.  
We had proceeded but a short distance,  
however, when a sudden stop was put  
upon our merriment by the report of a pis-  
tol, and then of another, following in quick  
succession, reverberating through the  
woods. Fearing that one of those en-  
counters, so common in the South and  
West, had taken place, we ran our skiff  
into a little nook, and hastened on shore.  
Thrusting aside the bushes, we hurried  
anxiously forward in the direction of the  
reports, and in a few moments our fears  
were too painfully realized. On the turf,  
weltering in blood, and already in the  
arms of death, lay all that remained of  
the noble, the brave—the gentle Charles  
Stanley. Near by him, with his arms  
folded upon his breast, and with a cool  
look of fiendish exultation playing on his  
face, stood Henry Brewer—his friend.—  
With muttered execrations on the villain  
who had thus wilfully destroyed the hap-

piness of two beings, and murdered both  
in slaying one, we took the body of the  
unfortunate young man in our boat, and  
sadly returned to the village, our faces  
blanched with indignation and deep sor-  
row.

Brewer, perfectly unconcerned at the  
deed he had committed, returned also by  
the river side, and went about his usual  
avocations.  
But how should we break the dreadful  
news to the gentle Ellen? Such was their  
attachment—nay, unbounded love, that it  
seemed that the heart-rending intelligence  
must overwhelm her with despair. But  
what was the surprise of the young gen-  
tleman deputed from our number, to fulfil  
this painful duty, to see her receive it  
with a blanched cheek indeed, but with  
apparent calmness. This would seem  
unlike her, and opposed to her usual gen-  
tle and even timid demeanor. But the  
close observer could perceive a something  
in her eye which spoke of a fixed deter-  
mination, rather than resignation, as she  
stood statue-like, and silent; and ever and  
anon a flush shot over her cheek and  
brow, and then receded, leaving each as  
colorless as marble, displaying in clear  
lines the purple veins on her temples.—  
Her eyes flashed out the spirit of which  
fiercely flows in Georgian blood, and  
seemed like the sudden stream of light-  
ning, which seldom fails to strike a dead-  
ly blow.

But to the sequel. Shortly after the  
events narrated above, the people were  
put in consternation by the approach of a  
band of hostile Creeks, who it was fear-  
ed, intended to burn the town. Night  
guards were placed on the bridge that  
connects the two States, Georgia, and  
Alabama, and upon the banks of the  
river, in order to give the alarm to the citi-  
zens in case of an attack, and every pre-  
paration made for the reception of the en-  
emy.

Brewer was appointed to the command  
of one of the picket guards on the night  
in question. It was a fearful night.—  
The lightning flashed with a vivid bright-  
ness—the thunder broke in loud, rever-  
berating peals, and the earth trembled  
like a guilty creature. My duty called  
me to the bridge, and I was forced to  
summon all my courage, during that fearful  
night. Several times, as I paced the  
bridge, while the uproar of the elements  
mingled with the hurried tread of human  
feet, was at its height, I exchanged the  
pass word with a young man, whose voice  
was singularly feminine, though all at-  
tempts to draw him into conversation  
were unavailing. He passed on, and a  
flash of lightning, a few moments after,  
revealed him with another person, leaning  
upon the railing of the bridge. During  
the darkness which succeeded, I was  
startled by the report of a pistol in the  
direction in which I had seen them, and  
rushed immediately to the spot. I reach-  
ed it just as a second gleam lighted up  
the scene, and revealed the prostrate and  
bleeding body of Henry Brewer. Above  
him, with the pistol still reeking with  
smoke, stood the young man who had  
passed me, in whose flashing eye and pale  
brow, around which the long black locks  
streamed in the wind I recognized Ellen.  
She had slain the murderer of Charles  
Stanley. But I came too late. She  
stood an instant, and a smile of satisfaction  
played on her lips—another, and the dark  
and turbid waters of the Chattahoochee  
rolled over the form of the once happy  
and beautiful Georgian. F. W. R.

THOS. JEFFERSON'S PORTRAIT  
OF GEN. WASHINGTON.

In a letter to Doct. Jones of January,  
1814, Mr. Jefferson thus remarks:—  
"I think I knew General Washington  
intimately and thoroughly; and were I  
called on to delineate his character, it  
should be in terms like these.

His mind was great and powerful,  
without being of the very first order; his  
penetration strong, though not so acute as  
that of a Newton, Bacon, or Locke; and  
as far as he saw, no judgment was ever  
sounder. It was slow in operation, being  
little aided by invention or imagination,  
but sure in conclusion. Hence the advan-  
tage he derived from councils of war,  
where, hearing all suggestions, he select-  
ed whatever was best; and certainly no  
General ever planned his battles more  
judiciously. But if deranged during the  
course of the action, if any member of  
his plan was dislocated by sudden circum-  
stances, he was slow in re-adjustment.—  
The consequence was, that he often failed  
in the field, and rarely against an enemy  
in station, as at Boston and York. He  
was incapable of fear, meeting personal  
dangers with the calmest unconcern.—  
Perhaps the strongest feature in his char-  
acter was prudence, never acting until  
every circumstance, every consideration,  
was maturely weighed; refraining if he  
saw a doubt, but, when once decided, go-  
ing through with his purpose, whatever

obstacles opposed. His integrity was  
most pure, his justice the most inflexible  
I have ever known, no motives of interest  
or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred,  
being able to bias his decision. He was,  
indeed, in every sense of the words, a  
wise, a good, and a great man. His tem-  
per was naturally irritable and high ton-  
ed; but reflection and resolution had ob-  
tained a firm and habitual ascendancy  
over it. If ever, however, it broke its  
bonds, he was most tremendous in his  
wrath. In his expenses he was honora-  
ble, but exact; liberal in contributions to  
whatever promised utility; but frowning  
and unyielding on all visionary projects,  
and all unworthy calls on his charity.—  
His heart was not warm in its affections;  
but he exactly calculated every man's  
value, and gave him a solid esteem pro-  
portioned to it. His person, you know,  
was fine, his stature, exactly what one  
would wish, his deportment easy, erect,  
and noble; the best horseman of his age,  
and the most graceful figure that could  
be seen on horseback. Although in the  
circle of his friends, where he might be  
unreserved with safety, he took a free  
share in conversation, his colloquial tal-  
ents were not above mediocrity, possess-  
ing neither copiousness of ideas, nor flu-  
ency of words. In public, when called on  
for a sudden opinion, he was unready,  
short, and embarrassed. Yet he wrote  
readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and  
correct style. This he had acquired by  
conversation with the world, for his edu-  
cation was merely reading, writing, and a  
common arithmetic, to which he added  
surveying at a later day. His time was  
employed in action chiefly, reading little,  
and that only in agriculture and English  
history. His correspondence became  
necessarily extensive, and, with journal-  
izing his agricultural proceedings, occu-  
pied most of his leisure hours within  
doors. On the whole, his character was,  
in its mass, perfect, in nothing bad, in few  
points indifferent; and it may be truly  
said, that never did nature and fortune  
combine more perfectly to make a man  
great, and to place him in the same con-  
stellation with whatever worthies have  
merited from man an everlasting remem-  
brance. His singular destiny  
and merit, of leading the armies of his  
country successfully through an arduous  
war, for the establishment of its independ-  
ence; of conducting its councils through  
the birth of a government, new in its  
forms and principles, until it had settled  
down into a quiet and orderly train; and  
of scrupulously obeying the laws through-  
out the whole of his career, civil and mili-  
tary, of which the history of the world fur-  
nishes no other example.

How, then, can it be perilous for you  
to take such a man on your shoulders?—  
I am satisfied the great body of republi-  
cans think of him as I do. We were,  
indeed, dissatisfied with him on his ratifi-  
cation of the British treaty. But this was  
short-lived. We knew his honesty, the  
wiles with which he was encompassed,  
and that age had already begun to relax  
the firmness of his purposes; and I am  
convinced he is more deeply seated in the  
love and gratitude of republicans, than in  
Pharisaical homage of the federal mon-  
archists. For he was no monarchist  
from preference of his judgment. The  
soundness of that gave him correct views  
of the rights of man, and his severe jus-  
tice devoted him to them. He has often  
declared to me that he considered our  
new constitution as an experiment on the  
practicability of republican government,  
and with what dose of liberty man could  
be trusted for his own good; that he was  
determined the experiment should have a  
fair trial, and would lose the last drop  
of his blood in support of it. And these  
declarations he repeated to me the offender  
and the more pointedly, because he knew  
my suspicions of Col. Hamilton's views,  
and probably had heard from him the  
same declarations which I had, to wit,  
"that the British constitution, with its un-  
equal representation, corruption, and other  
existing abuses, was the most perfect  
government which had ever been estab-  
lished on earth, and that a reformation of  
these abuses would make it an impractic-  
able government." I do believe that Gen-  
eral Washington had not a firm confi-  
dence in the durability of our govern-  
ment. He was naturally distrustful of  
men, and inclined to gloomy apprehen-  
sions; and I was ever persuaded that a  
belief that we must at length end in  
something like a British constitution, had  
some weight in his adoption of the cere-  
monies of levees, birthdays, pompous  
meetings with Congress, and other forms  
of the same character, calculated to pre-  
pare us gradually for a change which he  
believed possible, and to let it come on  
with as little shock as might be to the  
public mind.

These are my opinions of Gen. Wash-  
ington, which I would vouch at the judg-  
ment seat of God, having been formed on  
an acquaintance of thirty years. I serv-

ed with him in the Virginia Legislature  
from 1769 to the Revolutionary war, and  
again, a short time in Congress, until he  
left us to take command of the army.—  
During the war and after it we correspon-  
ded occasionally, and in the four years of  
my continuance in the office of Secretary  
of State, our intercourse was daily, confi-  
dential, and cordial. After I retired from  
that office, great and malignant pains  
were taken by our federal monarchists,  
and not entirely without effect, to make  
him view me as a theorist, holding French  
principles of government, which would  
lead infallibly to licentiousness and anar-  
chy. And to this he listened the more  
easily, from my known disapprobation of  
the British treaty. I never saw him af-  
terwards, or these malignant insinuations  
should have been dissipated before his  
just judgment, as mischiefs before the sun.  
I felt on his death, with my countrymen,  
that "verily a great man hath fallen this  
day in Israel."

More time and recollection would en-  
able me to add many other traits of his  
character; but why add them to you,  
who knew him well? And I cannot jus-  
tify to myself a longer detention of your  
paper.

Vale, *proprieque tuum me esse tibi per-  
suadeas.*

THOS. JEFFERSON

SKETCH OF THE DEBATE IN  
CONGRESS.

January 2, 1844.

JACKSON'S FINE. On motion of Mr. C.  
J. Ingersoll the house resolved itself into  
committee of the whole on the State  
of the Union (Mr. Davis, of Indiana, in  
the chair), and resumed the consideration  
of the bill to refund the fine imposed on  
General Andrew Jackson by Judge Hall.

For which bill Mr. Stephens had offered  
a substitute, providing that the sum of  
\$1000, with interest at the rate of six per  
cent, from the 31st of march, 1815, be  
given, granted, and appropriated to and  
for the use and benefit of Gen. Jackson;  
but that nothing in the said bill contained  
should be construed as implying a con-  
cession on Judge Hall's part, or as, in any way  
questioning the propriety of his decision  
in that case.

Mr. Barnard was entitled to the floor,  
and addressed the committee at length  
mainly in reply to a speech of Mr. Shid-  
ell.

Mr. Dawson of La., arose in reply and  
spoke warmly in favor of the original  
bill.

Mr. Kennedy, of Ia., followed in vehe-  
ment support of the bill. He had sup-  
posed that the public will in this matter had  
been so fully and clearly expressed that  
congress had only to act, but it had pleased  
the gentlemen to debate the question,  
& attribute the whole movement to party  
tactics. As to what had been said by the  
gentleman from N. York (Mr. Barnard)  
about the majority being unable to lick the  
question into such a shape that it would  
pass the other branch of the legislature,  
he should attempt no licking but to declare  
that the fine had been taken unjustly and  
traitorously from General Jackson, and  
must be returned to him. Mr. K., speak-  
ing of the respect which was claimed for  
the judiciary, said the judiciary was en-  
titled to respect just as long as it showed  
respect to the will and opinions of the  
American people, and no longer; and for  
himself he believed it quite as corrupt as  
any other department of this or any Gov-  
ernment. This irreverence might be at-  
tributed to his having once been a black-  
smith; but as a practicing member of the  
bar he had been taught it by his own ob-  
servation and experience. As to the bill  
being stopped at the other end of the cap-  
ital, gentlemen should remember that a  
similar bill had once passed the senate;  
and if that body should reject it, it would  
only show that there existed in this coun-  
try a party which never learned and never  
forgot, and which the indignation of the  
American people would hurl into atoms  
if it dared resist their will. He consid-  
ered the national treasury as cankered by  
the thousand dollars which it unjustly  
withheld from the country's defender, nor  
could it ever prosper as it would, should  
it disgorge this ill gotten gain. He scout-  
ed Mr. Barnard's parallel between the  
public services of Judge Hall and Gen.  
Jackson, declaring it as his full conviction  
that there was a certain class of men in  
this country who never had forgiven and  
never would forgive General Jackson for  
whipping the English at New Orleans.—  
It was not pleasing to see one's friends  
whipped before one's face. Adverting to  
the fact that Judge Hall had two maiden  
sisters in the city, he dwelt upon it as ag-  
gravating the criminality and odiousness  
of his character in a sevenfold degree,  
and marking it as dark and damnable.—  
General Jackson ought to have hung him  
on the first gibbet in the public square.—  
Mr. K. attributed the fine to a mean feel-  
ing of revenge, and spoke with great

el with him in the Virginia Legislature  
from 1769 to the Revolutionary war, and  
again, a short time in Congress, until he  
left us to take command of the army.—  
During the war and after it we correspon-  
ded occasionally, and in the four years of  
my continuance in the office of Secretary  
of State, our intercourse was daily, confi-  
dential, and cordial. After I retired from  
that office, great and malignant pains  
were taken by our federal monarchists,  
and not entirely without effect, to make  
him view me as a theorist, holding French  
principles of government, which would  
lead infallibly to licentiousness and anar-  
chy. And to this he listened the more  
easily, from my known disapprobation of  
the British treaty. I never saw him af-  
terwards, or these malignant insinuations  
should have been dissipated before his  
just judgment, as mischiefs before the sun.  
I felt on his death, with my countrymen,  
that "verily a great man hath fallen this  
day in Israel."

More time and recollection would en-  
able me to add many other traits of his  
character; but why add them to you,  
who knew him well? And I cannot jus-  
tify to myself a longer detention of your  
paper.

Vale, *proprieque tuum me esse tibi per-  
suadeas.*

THOS. JEFFERSON

SKETCH OF THE DEBATE IN  
CONGRESS.

January 2, 1844.

JACKSON'S FINE. On motion of Mr. C.  
J. Ingersoll the house resolved itself into  
committee of the whole on the State  
of the Union (Mr. Davis, of Indiana, in  
the chair), and resumed the consideration  
of the bill to refund the fine imposed on  
General Andrew Jackson by Judge Hall.

For which bill Mr. Stephens had offered  
a substitute, providing that the sum of  
\$1000, with interest at the rate of six per  
cent, from the 31st of march, 1815, be  
given, granted, and appropriated to and  
for the use and benefit of Gen. Jackson;  
but that nothing in the said bill contained  
should be construed as implying a con-  
cession on Judge Hall's part, or as, in any way  
questioning the propriety of his decision  
in that case.

Mr. Barnard was entitled to the floor,  
and addressed the committee at length  
mainly in reply to a speech of Mr. Shid-  
ell.

Mr. Dawson of La., arose in reply and  
spoke warmly in favor of the original  
bill.

Mr. Kennedy, of Ia., followed in vehe-  
ment support of the bill. He had sup-  
posed that the public will in this matter had  
been so fully and clearly expressed that  
congress had only to act, but it had pleased  
the gentlemen to debate the question,  
& attribute the whole movement to party  
tactics. As to what had been said by the  
gentleman from N. York (Mr. Barnard)  
about the majority being unable to lick the  
question into such a shape that it would  
pass the other branch of the legislature,  
he should attempt no licking but to declare  
that the fine had been taken unjustly and  
traitorously from General Jackson, and  
must be returned to him. Mr. K., speak-  
ing of the respect which was claimed for  
the judiciary, said the judiciary was en-  
titled to respect just as long as it showed  
respect to the will and opinions of the  
American people, and no longer; and for  
himself he believed it quite as corrupt as  
any other department of this or any Gov-  
ernment. This irreverence might be at-  
tributed to his having once been a black-  
smith; but as a practicing member of the  
bar he had been taught it by his own ob-  
servation and experience. As to the bill  
being stopped at the other end of the cap-  
ital, gentlemen should remember that a  
similar bill had once passed the senate;  
and if that body should reject it, it would  
only show that there existed in this coun-  
try a party which never learned and never  
forgot, and which the indignation of the  
American people would hurl into atoms  
if it dared resist their will. He consid-  
ered the national treasury as cankered by  
the thousand dollars which it unjustly  
withheld from the country's defender, nor  
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it disgorge this ill gotten gain. He scout-  
ed Mr. Barnard's