The North Carolina Whig

"Be true to God, to your Country, and to your Duty."

VOLUME 8. CHARLOTTE, N. C., MAY 9, 1859. NUMBER 9.

THOMAS J. ROLTON,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

The North-Carolina Whig will be afforded to subscribers at TWO DOLLARS in advance; TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if payment be delayed for three months; and THREE DOLLARS at the end of the year. No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square (16 lines or less, this sized type) for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each continuance. Court advertisements and Sheriff's Sales charged 25 per cent higher; and a deduction of 33⅓ per cent. will be made from the regular prices, for advertisers by the year. Advertisements inserted monthly or quarterly, at $1 per square for each time. Semi-monthly 75 cents per square for each time.

Persons when sending in their advertisements must mark the number of insertions desired or they will be inserted until forbid and charged accordingly.

☞ Postmasters are authorized to act as agents.

T. H. BREM & CO.,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALERS
IN
BRITISH, FRENCH & AMERICAN
DRY GOODS,
CARPETS, HATS, SHOES,
AND
HARDWARE.
T. H. Brem, J. A. Sloan, Jr., J. Lafayette Alexander. CHARLOTTE, N. C.

PICKLE DEPOT.
HOUSTON & HUNTER
HAVE on hand and for sale, Pickles, Preserves, Jams, Jellies, Syrups, &c., low for CASH. 1 Door East of the Court House.
HOUSTON & HUNTER.
Charlotte, Oct 26, 1858. 33tf

BELTS! BELTS!! BELTS!!!
From the Boston Belt Company,
At Manufacturers' Prices!
CASH PRICES:

2 inch	12½ cts. per foot.	
2½ "	15 " "	
3 "	17 " "	
4 "	22 " "	
5 "	27 " "	
6 "	32 " "	
8 "	38 " "	
10 "	60 " "	
12 "	72 " "	
12 " 4 ply	92 " "	

☞ SEAMLESS BELTS manufactured to order at short notice.

CONTRACTING DONE of all sizes, for water or steam pressure, delivered direct from the Manufactory.

—ALSO—

PACKING of all descriptions at 55 cents per pound.

J. E. F. BOONE.
May 31, 1858. 19tf

Removal.
THE subscriber informs his friends and the public generally, that he has removed his Shop to the old stand of Moore & Byerly, under L. S. Williams' Store, on Trade street, where he is prepared to attend to all orders in his line. He has still a few articles on hand such as

Golden Cuck, Golder Star Planter's and Premium
COOK STOVES,
and a variety of
PARLOR STOVES.
Also, a good assortment of
Tin and Hollow-ware, &c.
All of which I will sell cheap for CASH or Country Produce.
D. H. BYERLY.
Jan 11, 1858.

Notice.
THOSE of my friends who are indebted to me by Note or Account, will please observe that I have retired from the Drug Business, at this place, and immediate settlements are absolutely required.
☞ Books are in the hands of Mr. J. F. Smith, whose persons can call, during my absence, and settle.
H. M. PRITCHARD.
Charlotte, Oct. 26, 33tf

NEW FIRM.
THE undersigned having entered into Copartnership for the purpose of carrying on the
Confectionary, Bakery, Fruit,
AND
Retail Grocery Business,
beg leave to call the attention of the citizens of Charlotte and surrounding country to their New Store on Trade Street, between Brem's and Frank's Hotels, at Spratt & Dunn's old Stand, where they would be pleased to see all their friends and acquaintances.
MOODY & NISBET.
February 2, 1858. 46tf

Notice
ALL persons, whose Notes and Accounts are due, owing to the undersigned as Trustee, are earnestly requested to call and settle, as it is absolutely that the trust fund be marshalled at as early a date as possible. Remember, indulgence cannot be given.
W. R. MYERS,
Trustee of Leroy Springs.
Jan. 29 1858. 16tf

HAWKS'S
History of North-Carolina.
THE 2nd volume is now published. It embraces the period of the Proprietary Government, from 1663 to 1729.
It forms a handsome 8vo. volume of 594 pages. The subscription price was half a cent a page; but the price of this volume is less, say $2 75 in cloth binding, $3 in Library sheep, and $3 25 in half calf. IT WILL BE SOLD ONLY FOR CASH.
Owing to the difficulty of securing Agents in many parts of the State, we will forward it by mail or express free of postage, on receipt of the price; or both volumes for $4 cloth, $4 50 sheep, $5 half calf.
A liberal discount made to Agents, or others, who buy to sell again.
E. J. HALE & SON.
Fayetteville, Jan. 1858. 25tf

WITNESS TICKETS, for the County and Superior Court, for sale here.

Charlotte Mutual Fire Insurance Company.
THIS COMPANY continues to take risks against loss by fire, on Houses, Goods, Produce, &c., at usual rates.
☞ Office at the Drug Store of E. Nye Hutchison & Co.
OFFICERS.
A. C. STEELE, President.
C. OVERMAN, Vice President.
E. NYE HUTCHISON, Sec'y. & Treas'r.
DIRECTORS.
A. C. STEELE, J. L. BROWN,
M. B. TAYLOR, S. T. WRISTON,
C. OVERMAN, F. SCARR,
WM. JOHNSTON.
JOHN L. BROWN, F. SCARR and S. T. WRISTON, Executive Committee.
April 29, 1859. 7tf

Dissolution.
THE firm of BECKWITH & BRITTAIN was this day dissolved by mutual consent. All persons indebted to said firm are requested to come forward immediately and make payment, as the business of the firm must be closed.
R. W. BECKWITH.
W. J. BRITTAIN.
June 10, 1858. 14tf

Notice.
HAVING bought the entire stock of Watches, Jewelry, &c., at Beckwith & Brittain, I shall continue the business at their old stand, where I shall be happy to meet my old friends and customers.
R. W. BECKWITH.
June 10, 1858. 14tf

J. A. ESTES. THOMAS DEGRAFFENRIED.
J. A. ESTES & CO.,
FACTORS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR the sale of Cotton, Grain, Flour, and all kinds of Country Produce.
Office, North Atlantic Wharves, Charleston, S. C.
☞ According to the terms of the Copartnership, we will not attempt, directly or indirectly, to buy Produce shipped to our house.
REFERENCES—O. Mills, S. S. Ferrer, Brothers & Co., Lanneau, Smith & Wichlen, Thomas J. & C. H. Mims, Charleston, S. C.; Col. R. Anderson, E. Hope, Columbia, S. C.; Thomas McLure, Sr., N. R. Estes, A. Q. Rosebourg, Chester, S. C.; Col. F. Smith, Union, S. C.; Col. I. D. Witherspoon, J. W. Avery, W. A. Lotte, Esq., Col. S. N. Stowe, Dr. J. R. Benton, Yorkville, S. C. Dr. Hoppoldt, Salisbury, N. C.; J. L. Dunn, Knoxville, Tenn.
June 1, 1858. 1y

$300,000 No. 1 Fruit Trees
FOR SALE.
WESTBROOKS & HENDNHALL,
Proprietors of the West Green Nurseries and Gardens, near Greensboro, N. C.,
WOULD very respectfully call the attention of the citizens of the Southern States to their very large stock of native and acclimated Fruit Trees, for the Fall and Winter Trade.
This large and handsome assortment has been propagated from thrifty bearing trees, and worked upon the best seedling stocks, which is a sure guarantee of fruitfulness and longevity. 2 prominent characteristics in orcharding which should not be overlooked by persons wishing to plant orchards either for marketing or family use. The stock consists of the following trees:
150,000 Apple trees; 100,000 Peach trees; 30,000 Pear trees; 12,000 Apricots; 10,000 Cherries; 12,000 Plums; 2000 Nectarines; 2000 Almonds; 1000 Quinces; 4000 Grape Vines.
Besides a very large assortment of Currants, Gooseberries, etc., and of Strawberries, Roses, etc., at very reasonable terms for which will be found upon application.
Trees put up in superior style, and a duplicate invoice sent to each patron, and so arranged that the invoice will be the register of the orchard after the trees are transplanted, if they are transplanted as each one appears on the list.
Mr. T. J. Holton will act as agent for the surrounding of the people at Mecklenburg and neighboring counties with the above Fruit Trees and will take pleasure in forwarding orders for the same.
Oct. 26 1858. 33tf

NEW GOODS.
KAHNWEILER & BROTHERS
RESPECTFULLY inform the citizens of Charlotte and surrounding country, that they are opening in the Store 2 doors from T. H. Brem & Co., a large stock of
FANCY & STAPLE
DRY GOODS,
BONNETS, MANTILLAS,
AND
Ready Made CLOTHING,
KERSEYS and BLANKETS,
BOOTS, SHOES, HATS,
CAPS,
TRUNKS, &c.
We will be daily receiving the most extensive and best assortment of the above named Goods that can be found in the State, and cheaper than any other House. Having bought our entire stock for CASH, which enables us to sell our goods 20 per cent. cheaper. All persons wishing to save money in buying goods should bear in mind not to forget to call on us before buying elsewhere. Wholesale buyers, particularly, should bear it in mind. In addition to our large stock we have also fitted up a
WHOLESALE ROOM,
For Wholesale Buyers.
DAVID KAHNWEILER, JACOB KAHNWEILER, DANIEL KAHNWEILER.
Charlotte, November 9, 1858. 35tf

GROCERIES.
KAHNWEILER & BROTHERS have just received, in addition to their large stock of Dry Goods, a full supply of GROCERIES.
December 21, 1858. 41tf

Dr. H. M. Pritchard
WILL HOLDING to the solicitation of many friends, respectfully announces his determination to resume the
Practice of Medicine.
He may be consulted at his office.
☞ The poor prescribed for without charge.
August 31, 1858. 23tf

Poetry.

Oh! Take me in Your Arms, Willie.

The day is growing dark, Willie,
Night cometh on apace;
I strive in vain to mark, Willie,
Each dear familiar face.
Are and my earth, loved Home, Willie,
Seem shadows flitting by—
Oh! take me in your arms, Willie,
For this I wish to die.

The cold dew on my brow, Willie,
Are gathering thick and fast;
The hour of death is now, Willie—
'Of earth this is the last.'
Yet I have no alarms, Willie,
Although the monster's nigh,
I: taken in your arms, Willie,
The place where I would die.

My heart was all your own, Willie,
When health and life were mine,
'Tis yours when eyes thus, Willie,
Are pearly gates divine,
Thro' which unknowned of charms, Willie,
Salute my earth-dim mortal eye,
Then take me in your arms, Willie,
For there I wish would die.

My head place on your breast, Willie,
Where I am oft have slept—
Where I have been caressed, Willie,
Where joyous hour I've kept;
And from this world's cares release, Willie,
In your embrace I'd lie—
'Oh! take me in your arms, Willie,
For there I wish to die.

FRYE.

Miscellaneous.

Young America on a Wedding Tour.

The train from Grafton due at 40 minutes pass 11 a. m., under the management of that gentlemanly and efficient conductor, Captain Scott, a few days since stepped at one of the way stations to take on a couple newly married. Both were young, and both were verdant, having been raised in the wilds of Western Virginia, neither of them had ever been fifty miles away from home.—They had heard of locomotives, steamboats and hotels, but had never experienced the comforts of any of the aforementioned institutions. Jerms and Lize had determined on this, the most important event in their lives, to visit the city and see the world, particularly that part of it known as Fairmont. The sight that they were amazing and astonishing, with the train of beautiful crimson cars following it, came in sight.

"These your trunks?" said the baggage master.

"Well, I reckon they're 'em," said Jerms.

The trunks (a spotted hair trunk and a very old fashioned valise,) were soon in the baggage car, followed by Lize and Jerms.

"I'll be darned of railroads ain't a fine thing," said Jerms seating himself on his baggage and carefully looking up the tails of his tight sacked blue, adorned with resplendent metal buttons, cut of the dust, "Lize, set here by me."

"Come out of that," said the baggage man, "you are in the wrong car."

"The—I am? D'ye suppose I don't know what I'm about? There is my traps, and I calculate to stay were they are. Keep quiet, Lizzie; they say we've got to fight our way through the world anyhow, and if that chap with the cap on wants, anything, why I'm his man. Don't want any of your lollin' 'round me!"

Here the captain interposed and explained matters, inasmuch that Jerms consented to leave his traps and follow the captain.—What was his delight when he surveyed the magnificence of the first class passenger car, into which he was ushered. His imagination had never in its wildest flights pictured anything half so gorgeous. He was aroused from the contemplation of the splendor around him by the shriek of the iron horse.

"Jewhillikers! what in thunder's that?" exclaimed Jerms.

"That's the horse squealing when they punch him in the ribs with a pitch fork, to make him go along," said a sleepy looking individual just behind him.

"Look here stranger," said Jerms, "I know you think I am a darned fool; may be I am, but there's somethings I know, and one of 'em is, you'll get your mouth broke if ye don't keep it shut. I don't say much"—just at this moment they found themselves in Egyptian darkness, and then we heard a scream, almost equal to that of the engine, from Lize, as she threw her arms around the neck of Jerms.

"I knew it! I knew it!" exclaimed the sleeping individual; "we're all lost every mother's son of us. We can just prepare now to make the acquaintance of the gentleman in black, who tends the big fire down below."

"Oh, Lord! Jerms what will become of us? I felt cheery about gettin' on the outlandish thing, at first."

"Keep quiet Lize! hollering won't do any good now. If you know any prayer, now's your time to say it for both of us."

"What is the matter here!" said the astounded conductor, coming up as the train emerged once more into the light.

"That's just what I'd like to know!" said Jerms when he saw that Lize and himself were still alive.

"We've just passed through Eaton's tunnel," replied our polite captain. "How far are you going!"

"Well, reckon we'll stop at Parkersburg."

"Show your tickets, if you please."

"Certainly, Lize, you got some with you. Let this gent look atem."

Lize drew a piece of white paper from her reticule, and, with a smile handed it to our friend, who read:

"*The pleasure of your company is respectfully solicited!*"

"What's this?" said the captain.

"Why, that's one of the thickets to our weddin,' that's what you asked for, haint it?" said the somewhat surprised Jerms.

"Haw! haw! haw! haw! haw!" was the discordant sound that arose from the seat of the sleepy looking man.

A bland smile passed over the face of the captain as he explained his meaning to our resident friend. He had no ticket, but willingly paid his fare, and the train sped towards its destination. Introducers did not arise here. Presently, a pert newsboy entered the car, and stepping up to Jerms he asked:

"Have a Sun, sir?"

"Well, if I have my say about it, the fust one will be a son, I tell ye," said Jerms. Lize blushed.

"Don't count your chickens afore they are hatched!" said Billy, as he hastened to the next car.

In due time the train stopped at the big depot, in this city. Amidst confusion of strange noises, and a babel of discordant voices, our friend landed on the platform.

"Fuss, sah? Fuss, sah?—fuss for de United States?" said the sable porter of our up town house.

"Lady, take a buss sah?"

"Well, I rather spose she won't from any but me—reckon I am able to do all in that line she wants, and more too."

"Go to the Swan House sah? right cross de street—best house in de city. This way, sah—any baggage? Have it sent to your room in a few minutes."

In a short time Jerms and his bride found themselves in one of those comfortable rooms on the second floor of that well ordered establishment the Swan House. The baggage was sent up with the usual promptness, and our friends were soon making their toilet for dinner. Jerms had his coat and boots off, in a jiffy, and Lize's hair fell gracefully over her shoulders.

"That's a duced pretty tassel," said Jerms, eyeing the bell cord, "Wonder what it is for?" catching hold of it. "Look, it works up there on some sort of a thingumbob. I'd like to have that tassel to put on my horse's head next muster day; see how it works," said he giving it a pull.

Presently the door opened, and the sable face of one of Africa's sons was thrust into the room with the inquiry, "bing, sah?"

"Bing! ring what! you black spot! if you don't quit looking at my wife and make off, I'll ring your head off."

"Step a minit," said Lize. "What's the name of the man that keeps this tavern."

"Mr. Catley, Marm."

"Well, tell his lady that she needn't go to any extra fixing on our account, for we're plain people said the amiable bride.

"As they used to say in our debatin' society," interrupted Jerms, "I will amend the motion by saying you can tell she to give us the best she's got, I'm able to pay for it."

"Tee hee! Tee hee!" was the only audible reply from the sable gent, as he hurried down stairs.

Dinner came and was disposed, with a relish, Jerms and his bride took a stroll over the city, seeing the lions and other sights until supper time, which being over, they retired to their room. The gas was lit by the servant, who received a quarter for his services. Jerms was the last in bed, and according to the rule in such cases, had to put out the light, which he did with a blast from his lungs.

The noise in the streets had died away, and quiet reigned in the Swan House. The young man on the watch dozed in his chair. The clerk (rather corpulent) was about to retire, when he thought he smelt gas. Some one came down stairs and said he smelt gas somewhere. Much against his will, the clerk proceeded to find where the leak was. It seemed stronger in the neighborhood of the room occupied by the bride and groom. The clerk concluded to knock at the door of their room.

"Who's there?" came from within.

"Open the door, the gas is escaping."

"Gas! what gas!" said Jerms opening the door.

"Why here in this room. How did you put your light out?"

"Blew it out, of course."

"You played I——." Our amiable clerk came very near saying a bad word, but remembering that there was a lady in the room, or rather in the bed, he checked his rising temper, and having let the gas, proceeded to show Jerms the mystery of its burning as follows:

"You see this little thing here; well, when you want to put it out, you give it a turn this way, and when you want to make it lighter you give it a turn this way. Serious consequences might have resulted if it had not been discovered. It might have suffocated us all. Now be careful next time.

"Much obliged. But how the devil did I know that the darned stuff was 'escapin?'" responded Jerms.

"Didn't you smell it?" asked the clerk.

"Pears to me I did smell suthin'," said Jerms. "But Lize I'll be darned if I didn't think it was you, kase I never slept with a woman afore."

"Well, Jerms, I thought it was you smelt that way all the time. I was jest a wondering if all men smelt that way. It peared strange, but then I never slept with a man afore, and didn't know nothin' about it," was the response of Lize as she turned over for a nap.

The red in our clerk's face grew smiling by redder, as it reflected the light from the burning jet, and a roguish twinkle lurked in the corners of his eyes, as he turned off the gas and all was dark, and our friends were left in their glory. A sound of suppressed mirth was heard in the reading room for a few minutes, and all was still.—*Parkersburg (Va.) News.*

[From the Biblical Recorder.]

MAD STONE.

There is a Mad Stone at Mr. Joseph Pointer's in Person county, N. C., 8 or 9 miles east of Milton, and 12 or 13 miles south by west of Roxborough. Dr Pointer, formerly of Caswell, carried one piece to the West, but left the other in Person county. It will cure the bite of a mad dog or a spider.—Persons afflicted should go to him, as I do not know that he would send the rock from home.

E. DOBSON.

Birth-Place of Gen. Jackson.

MONROE, (N. C.) March 22, 1859.

MESSRS. GALES & SEATON—*Gentlemen:* Since the time that Mr. Davenport claimed the birth-place of General ANDREW JACKSON for Virginia, much ink has been shed and many conjectures have been made as to the true place of the old hero's nativity. But none of them all approach in probability and circumstantial facts the McCamie house in North Carolina. The mere statement of the well proven facts in that case utterly demolishes every other theory in opposition to it. The generally conceded facts in the vicinity where Jackson lived until he was about fifteen years of age, and not far from where he resided until he was twenty-one, were these, viz:

That old Andrew Jackson, the father of General Andrew Jackson, with several of his brothers in law, to wit, George McCamie, John Leslie, Samuel Leslie, James Crawford, and James Crow, who married the Misses Hutchinson, sisters of Mrs Jackson, all came to this country from Ireland and settled in the Waxaw settlements, lying partly in North and partly in South Carolina. That Andrew Jackson, senior, came in 1765 and settled on Twelve Mile Creek North Carolina, at a place where Mrs. Martha Laney now lives, near Pleasant Grove camp ground, which place was then comprised in what was then called "The Waxaw settlement"—a place including a considerable boundary, and taking its name from a tribe of the Catawba Indians called the Waxaw tribe, and from which also the Waxaw Creek took its name. That in the latter part of the winter of 1766 and 1767, and *before the birth* of his son Andrew, old Andrew Jackson died at the above named place on Twelve Mile Creek, North Carolina. That soon afterwards his mother was removed from Twelve Mile Creek, North Carolina, to live with her sisters on Waxaw Creek, and more especially with her brother-in-law, James Crawford, of South Carolina, who was the wealthiest among them. That she stopped on her way at the house of Mrs. Margaret McCamie, in North Carolina, and whilst there gave birth to her son Andrew. That afterwards, as soon as she had recovered her strength sufficiently to travel she proceeded to Mr. James Crawford's in South Carolina, about three miles further southwest, and remained there with her children until 1780 or '81, upon the invasion of South Carolina and North Carolina by Lord Cornwallis, when she retreated with her son Andrew in the vicinity of Charlotte, North Carolina. Andrew, now fourteen years old, his mother and brothers all being dead, removed into North Carolina, where he first began the study of the Mr. Wm. Spence McKay, Esq., and John Stokes, in Salisbury, North Carolina; was licensed to practice law, and remained in Salisbury until the spring of 1788, at which time he went with Judge McNairy to Tennessee.

These facts are taken from his biographers from the time he was thirteen or fourteen years of age, and were all within the entire recollection of General Jackson himself, and they give a perfect quietus to Mr. John A. James' conversations with Simon Tenton as to Jackson being in "Kentucky in 1779," and being then "twenty-odd years of age at that time, and Fenton's knowing him there until 1783." There are persons yet living here now who knew and saw Gen. Jackson during that time, and know that statement of Fenton's to be utterly groundless. And there are the day-books and ledgers of gentlemen in Salisbury and Charlotte, North Carolina, with his accounts, contracted during that time, which have been paraded during the Jackson excitement, between 1832 and '36, which show, beyond question, that Jackson was there up to 1788. The report about his having been "born at sea," and other reports reflecting on his parentage, were raised in 1828, when Jackson was a candidate for the Presidency. And the affidavits of Mrs. Mary Cowsar and many others who knew him and his family well, and some of whom were present on the night of his birth, were taken by James D. Craig, Esq., and sent to Mr. George Nevells, chairman of a Jackson committee in Ohio, and were published, so says Mr. Craig, in the United States Telegraph of that day.—Mrs. Mary Cowsar was then living in South Carolina, where she was living when Jackson was born, within half a mile of George McCamie's house in North Carolina, and stated that she was present on the night of his birth at George McCamie's, in North Carolina. Mrs. Sarah Leslie, the sister of Mrs. Jackson, who lived in North Carolina at that time within half a mile of McCamie's, was sent for to attend to Mrs. Jackson on the night of Andrew's birth; and it was *she* who received Jackson in her arms at the house of George McCamie, in North Carolina. So her grandsons James Faulkner, Thomas Faulkner, and John Lathan and others, certify that they have often heard their grandmother, Mrs. Sarah Leslie, say. And John Lathan has often heard his mother, Mrs Sarah Lathan, the daughter of Sarah Leslie, assert that she too was present with her mother on the night of Andrew Jackson's birth; and concurs in the fact that it was at George McCamie's, in North Carolina; so Benjamin Massey, Esq., James, Thomas, and Samuel Faulkner and others have often heard her say the same. Mrs. Elizabeth McWhorter, who lived in North Carolina within a mile of George McCamie's, was also sent for as an assistant on the night of Andrew Jackson's birth, and was present and said that he was born at George McCamie's, in North Carolina. She also took her son George McWhorter, a lad a little over five years of age, with her the next day to visit Mrs. Jackson at McCamie's, and he, though small, remembers the occurrence. This is the recollection and statement of Samuel McWhorter, the grandson of Mrs. McWhorter, of what he has often heard his father and his grandmother relate. There are certificates of Mrs. Jane Wilson and others who corroborate Samuel McWhorter's statement. There is also one from old James Faulkner and David Ewing corroborating Mrs Lathan's statement, and Mr. Ewing also states that his mother lived in South Carolina within two miles of Geo. Camie's when Jackson was born, and that it was at George McCamie's, as he had often heard his mother say, in North Carolina. These affidavits were partly taken by James D. Craig, Esq., a native of South Carolina, and nearly all the witnesses are from the State of South Carolina. Mrs Leslie, Mrs. Lathan, Mrs. Cowsar, the Faulkners, John Lathan and wife, Agnes B. Massey, John Carnes, John Potter, Thos. and Wm. Cureton, all lived in South Carolina. David Ewing was also raised there, and James Faulkner, junior. And the three Faulkners and John Lathan are the second cousins and nearest living relations of General Jackson in the world; and are all as honest and truthful as General Jackson himself was, and so is Samuel McWhorter and his father and grandmother, and indeed every other person whose affidavits were taken in this case. They are all persons of intelligence, good standing, and moral worth.

But it is said General Jackson thought and said he was born in South Carolina.—There can be no doubt that he thought so and said so too. But he did not know the facts as here presented, and which are on file with Gov D. L. Swain, of Chapel Hill, North Carolina, and which are also in the possession of Mr. James Parton, of New York, who is writing a life of Jackson, or he would neither have thought so, nor said what he did. He wrote a letter to Col. Jas. H. Witherspoon, in which he said he was born at Crawford's, in South Carolina; and if Mr. James's conversation with Mr. W. Marshall Anderson, of Circleville, Ohio, is worthy of credit, Gen. Jackson *also said*, in reply to a question of said Anderson's father as to "where he was born," "I was born at sea." Now, taking this to be true, it only shows that General Jackson *knew nothing* of the *place* of his birth. And the strong probability is that he did not know. His earliest associations, as recollected by him, were connected with the Crawford place in South Carolina. And therefore he thought that was the place where he was born, his mother never telling him anything about it. And in his address and proclamation to the people of South Carolina he calling them "fellow-citizens of my native State" was nothing more than his best impressions, arising from his youthful recollections; or it may have been dictated by motives of policy, to soothe the people of that State in times of high excitement, so as to ingratiate himself with the people of South Carolina, and cause them to give better heed to his fraternal warning.

Here is given the concurring testimony of five different persons of as good characters as General A. Jackson himself, who were among his nearest relations, and *have* here is also the *concurring traditionary* testimony, *generally*, of those best acquainted with his *early life and his family*. And here are the *strongest* and most numerous witnesses coming from the State of South Carolina, and *no one* who pretends to have been *present at his birth*, or to have had such good *opportunities* of *knowing* the truth, gainsaying it *all, asserting* that he *was born at George McCamie's, in North Carolina*. And there are the title deeds to McCamie of this very tract from the survey for John McCane in 1757 to the patent for the land to said McCane in 1761, and a sale in 1761 by McCane to R. Townsend, and from Townsend in 1769 to George McCamie, and McCamie to Thomas Crawford in 1792, and by Crawford to Jeremiah Cureton in 1796, who held it until his death in 1841, and devised it to his son, Wm. J. Cureton, who still owns it, which deeds have long ago been proven and registered in Charlotte, Mecklenburg county, North Carolina, and describe the said land as lying in that State and county. And the place where the house stood is still well known. And there is nothing to oppose to this array of testimony and these facts but the *conflicting* opinions of General Jackson from *his own recollection*, and the *surmises* of those who *think* differently from this array of facts because they *wish* it to be *otherwise*.

Now, *who* would have *known* the facts *best?* Why certainly *they who were present*, and of *capacity* sufficient to comprehend them. Who *next* would be *most likely to know them best?* Certainly his *nearest relations* and *neighbors*. Well, *what do they say?* Why *they say* (and they *live* principally in the State of *South* Carolina, and in the very *district* of *Lancaster*, which *claims* his birth-place, and are *therefore* testifying *against* their *interest and inclinations*, and *therefore* more likely *not* to state *beyond the truth*) General Andrew Jackson was born at the house of George McCamie, in the State of North Carolina.—And so will every other person say who is willing to believe the evidence of those best qualified to give it correctly.

S. H. WALKUP.

THE DYING NEVER WEEP.—It is a striking *fact—the dying never weep.* The circle of sobbing, agonized hearts around, produces not one tear. Is it that he is insensible and stiff already in the chill of dissolution? That cannot be, for he asks for his father's hand, as if to gain strength in the mortal struggle, and leans on the breast of mother, brother, or sister, with still conscious affection; and just before expiring, at eve, after a long day's converse with the Angel of Summons, he says to his oldest brother—the last audible good night of earth—"Kiss me—kiss me!" It must be because the dying have reached a point too deep for earthly crying and weeping. They are face to face with higher and holier beings, with the Father in Heaven, and his angel throng led on by the Son himself, and what are the griefs of a morning, tears of a dying farewell—be it that they are shed by the dearest on earth—in that vision bright of immortal life and everlasting reunion!

CONVICTION OF JOHN STARLING.—This individual recently on trial at Kinston, for the murder of Mrs. Sally Cotten, an old lady of Wayne county, was convicted on Saturday last, and sentenced to be hung May 20th. His counsel moved for an appeal to the Superior Court, which was granted, thus prolonging the prisoner's life.—*Wilmington Herald.*

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

REVOLUTIONARY LETTERS.

STONO 13 Mile House June 6 1779.

DEAR MAJOR: I have not had the pleasure of receiving one line from you since you reached Congress. I suppose they must have been lost on the road, but had the pleasure of hearing from my friend Mr. Lovel that Congress had agreed that I should return. I thank you for the friendly part you took in bringing about an event so interesting and desirable to me. Matters are in this quarter in the same disagreeable state as when you left us. We attempted the beginning of May to execute an original plan of crossing the Savannah near Augusta and marching down the country with most of our force in expectation that the 1000 men we left under General Moultrie with the force he could collect and the strong passes of which he could possess himself, that if the enemy should attempt Charlestown he would be able to stop their progress until we should come up, but we were very much disappointed in our expectations, the militia left him in the hour of danger and he was obliged to retreat to Charleston and throw himself within the lines. The enemy appeared before the town, summoned it on the 14th, and are now on John Island and on the main at Stono ferry about six miles from us. I hope Major Rice will see you and give you the particulars—accept my warmest wishes for your happiness and the happiness of your family.

And believe me to be with the warmest Affection, esteem, and regard
Your sincere friend and
most obt. servant,
B. LINCOLN.

CHARLESTON, Nov. 1, 1779.

MY DEAR MAJOR: From various Causes I have been detained here until this time. My friends I suspect will think I have neglected their kindness in procuring leave for me to return. I assure you, Sir, that no person feels himself more obliged; to his friends than I do to mine, and none wishes to return to his family more than I do, but notwithstanding I have been detained here such hath been the situation of affairs since you left that there hath been no moment when I could leave the department with honour to myself or when I could reconcile it to my own mind.

Count D'Estaing arrived off Savanah the beginning of Sept. sent on shore to ye Governor to announce his arrival and inform us of his disposition to co-operate with us against our common enemy, the 16th we formed a junction before Savannah—23rd Ground [illegible] cannon, and 9 mortars—They played on ye enemy's works and the town, with intervals until the 8th, without the wished for success. When the Count informed us of his arrival, he also informed us that he would not remain on shore but eight days, that time being far elapsed he could not wait to continue his approaches, which might have been done even to ye enemy's lines, which reduced us to the necessity of raising the seige or attempting the town by storm—the latter was thought advisable—the attempt was made on the morning of the 9th. We failed in the attempt and retired with some loss—preparation was then made to raise the siege, the stores &c. were removed and the siege raised in the evening of the 18th, the 19th we crossed at Lubly's ferry without opposition; after giving orders to remove the sick, stores and army to Sheldon. I left camp and came to the town 21st. Thus ended a matter which failed from ye necessity the Count was under to leave the coast to could he have remained I see nothing which could have prevented our success.

I expect large reinforcement from the north that matters will soon wear a better face than at present.

My best regards to your dear family and believe me to be, Dear Sir, with every mark of respect and the greatest affection, your assured friend and ob't.

B. LINCOLN.

MAJ. MEADE.

MATRIMONIAL DIFFICULTY.—A married coupel residing on Friend street, near the canal, found that, after a few years of conjubial felicity, they were the most miserable couple live, being unable to agree upon any point of domestic economy and diplomac. Their daily cares were sure to culminate in an evening quarrel, and they sometimes astonished each other with blows, accompanied by the usual marks of their respective distinguished considerations. Finding life disagreeable, and being able to agree upon no other point, they finally concluded to try the last grand experiment together by jumping into the Scioto. Night before last was the time set for the attempt. A raw and biting air prevailed, but their resolution was fixed, and they descended the bank together, each trying to nerve the other by depreciating his and her courage with bitter words. They reached the bank of the Scioto—hand in hand they stood upon the bank of that abyss which mortality is wont to regard with horror. The air was cold, and so was the water—neither was congenial, neither was the existence they were about to leave.—This thought was decisive, and they plunged into the water, which was not deep, but very cold. The man could swim, and his first impulse on rising to the surface was to strike out for the shore, but he wanted to see what his wife would do. She came sputtering and blowing to the surface, and supposing in the darkness that her lord was at the bottom, called loudly for help, and sank again. When she next appeared the husband caught her, and they both reached the shore in safety, wet, cold, freezing. Crestfallen and ashamed of the foolish act, they went home together, negotiated a new treaty of peace, and commenced anew, satisfied that nothing can be worse than the bottom of the river. There is now a fair prospect of the couple going down the hill of life together quietly and in peace.—*Ohio Statesman.*

NEGRO FREEDOM.—Jim Steele, a negro slave, who had run away from Mr. W. Geer, of S. C., and was helped by Judge Culver of New York, with funds, died in Canada, last month, from *starvation and cold.*