

# THE WESTERN DEMOCRAT.

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ROBERT P. WARING, Editor.

"The States—Distinct as the Willow, but one as the Sea."

RUFUS M. HERRON, Publisher.

VOL. 3.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 18, 1855.

NO. 43.

**R. P. WARING,**  
Attorney at Law,  
Office in Lowrey's Brick Building, 2nd floor,  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

**J. B. F. BOONE,**  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN  
**BOOTS & SHOES,**  
SOLE LEATHER, CALF SKINS,  
LINING AND BINDING SKINS,  
SHOE TOOLS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,  
Charlotte, N. C.  
Oct. 20, 1854. 1y

**ELMS & JOHNSON,**  
Forwarding and Commission Merchants.  
NO. 10-VENUE RANGE,  
CHARLOTTE, S. C.  
W. W. ELMS. C. JOHNSON.  
June 23, '54. 45f.

**R. HAMILTON,**  
COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
Corner of Richardson and Laurel Streets,  
COLUMBIA, S. C.  
June 9 1854 1y

**BREM & STEELE,**  
Wholesale & Retail  
HARDWARES,  
TRADE STREET,  
Nearly opposite Elms & Spratt's Grocery,  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.  
Dec 15 20f

**CAROLINA INN,**  
BY JENNINGS B. KERR.  
Charlotte, N. C.  
January 28, 1853. 28f

**BOUNTY LAND BILL.**  
S. W. DAVIS,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

ALL collections or other business attended to with promptness; particularly such as refer to the prosecution of Pension Claims, Land Warrants, and donations under the late Bounty Land Law of March 3d, 1855, giving 160 Acres of Land to all Officers, Land and Naval, Commissioned or non-Commissioned, all Soldiers, Seamen, Clerks, or other persons, who have served in any of the Wars in which the United States have been engaged since 1793; and also to all Officers and Soldiers of the Revolutionary War, their widows and minor children.  
Persons having such claims, by presenting them immediately, may secure an early issue of their certificates. Office, 5 doors south of Sader's Hotel. 1436

**Respectfully Yours!**  
THE unexpired business of Pritchard & Caldwell, for 1-54, has been placed in the hands of S. W. Davis for collection and settlement. Those indebted for that year will do so by a great favor by closing their Accounts immediately, as we have irrevocably cashed to pay, and "Money now, as all must know, is a hard thing to borrow."  
PRITCHARD & CALDWELL.  
April 7, 1855. 35f

**Save your Costs!**  
THE Notes and Accounts of the late firm of A. R. Thomas & Co. have been placed in the hands of S. W. Davis, Esq., for collection and settlement. Those who are indebted to them individually, or as one of the old firm of Stone & Hart, are respectfully requested to make settlement by April Court, if not sooner.  
ALEXANDER & JOHNSTON.  
April 7, 1855. 35f

**Notice**  
MY Notes and Accounts having been placed in the hands of S. W. Davis, Esq., for collection, those who are indebted to me individually, or as one of the old firm of Stone & Hart, are respectfully requested to make settlement by April Court, if not sooner.  
A. C. STEPHENSON.  
Feb. 2, 1855. 28f

**MRS. WHELAN,**  
Dress Maker,  
2 DOORS SOUTH OF KERR'S HOTEL.  
ALL Dresses cut and made by the celebrated A. B. C. method, and warranted to fit.  
Bonnets trimmed in the latest style at the shortest notice.  
April 20, 1855. 30f

**A. BETHUNE,**  
TAILOR,  
No. 5, Springs' Row,  
4 DOORS EAST OF THE CHARLOTTE BANKS,  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.  
Feb. 16, 1855. 30f

**W. S. LAWTON & CO.,**  
Factors, Forwarding and Commission  
MERCHANTS,  
SOUTH ATLANTIC WHARF,  
CHARLESTON, S. C.  
W. S. LAWTON. J. H. ALLEXANDER.

**Dr. R. M. Norment**  
RESPECTFULLY offers his professional services to the citizens of Charlotte and surrounding country. He hopes by devoting his entire attention to the duties of his profession to merit patronage. He may be found at all hours, at his office opposite the American Hotel, when not professionally engaged.  
March 2, 1855. 32f

**Removal.**  
W. BECKWITH has removed his Jewelry Store to No. 2, Johnston's Row, three doors South of Kerr's Hotel.  
Feb. 16, 1855. 30-ly

**MECKLENBURG HOUSE,**  
BY S. H. REA.  
HAVING purchased the building on the corner, a few doors north-east of Kerr's Hotel, and repaired and fitted it up in first-rate style, I would respectfully inform the travelling public that it is now open for the reception of regular and transient boarders. Drovers will find ample accommodations at my house.  
Jan. 12, 1855. 25-ly S. H. REA.

**THE AMERICAN HOTEL,**  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.  
I BEG to announce to my friends, the public, and present patrons of the above Hotel, that I have leased the same for a term of years from the 1st of January next. After which time, the entire property will be thoroughly repaired and renovated, and the house kept in first class style. This Hotel is near the Depot, and pleasant, by situated, rendering it a desirable house for travellers and families.  
Dec 16, 1855. 22f C. M. RAY.

[From Thomas H. Benton's "Thirty Years' View."]  
**Sketch of John Randolph.**

John Randolph died at Philadelphia in the summer of 1833—the scene of his early and brilliant apparition on the stage of public life, having commenced his parliamentary career in that city, under the first Mr. Adams, when Congress sat there, and when he was barely of an age to be admitted into the body. For more than thirty years he was the political meteor of Congress, blazing with undiminished splendor during the whole time, and often appearing as the "planetary plague" which shed, not war and pestilence on nations, but agony and fear on members. His sarcasm was keen, refined, withering—with a great tendency to indulge in it; but, as he believed, as a lawful parliamentary weapon to effect some desirable purpose. Pretensions, meanness, vice, demagogism were the frequent subjects of the exercise of his talent; and, when confined to them, he was the benefactor of the House. Wit and genius all allowed him; sagacity was a quality of his mind visible to all observers—and which gave him an intuitive insight into the effect of measures. During the first six years of Mr. Jefferson's administration, he was the "Murat" of his party, brilliant in the charge, and always ready for it; and valued in the council, as well as in the field. He was long the chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means—a place always of labor and responsibility, and of more than now, when the elements of revenue were less abundant; and no man could have been placed in that situation during Mr. Jefferson's time whose known sagacity was not a pledge for the safety of his lead in the most sudden and critical circumstances. He was one of those whom that eminent statesman habitually consulted during the period of their friendship, and to whom he carefully communicated his plans before they were given to the public. On his arrival at Washington at the opening of each session of Congress during this period, he regularly found waiting for him at his established lodgings—then Crawford's, Georgetown—the card of Mr. Jefferson, with an invitation for dinner the next day; a dinner at which the leading measures of the ensuing session were the principal topic. Mr. Jefferson did not treat in that way a member in whose sagacity he had not confidence.

It is not just to judge such a man by ordinary rules, nor by detached and separate incidents in his life. To comprehend him, he must be judged as a whole—physically and mentally—and under many aspects, and for his entire life. He was never well—a chronic victim of ill health from the cradle to the grave. A letter from his most intimate and valued friend, Mr. Macon, written to me after his death, expressed the belief that he had never enjoyed during his life one day of perfect health—such as well people enjoy. Such life-long suffering must have its effect on the temper and on the mind; and it had on him—bringing the mind sometimes to the question of insanity; a question which became judicial after his death, when the validity of his will came to be contested. I had my opinion on the point, and gave it responsibly, in deposition duly taken, to be read on the trial of the will; and in which a belief in his insanity, at several specified periods, was fully expressed—with the reasons for the opinion. I had good opportunities of forming an opinion, living in the same house with him several years, having his confidence, and seeing him at all hours of the day and night. It also on several occasions became my duty to study the question, with a view to govern my own conduct under critical circumstances. Twice he applied to me to carry challenges for him. It would have been inhuman to have gone out with a man not in his right mind, and critical to one's self, as any accident on the ground might seriously compromise the second. My opinion was fixed, of occasional temporary alterations of mind; and during such periods he would do say strange things—but always in his own way—not only method, but genius in his fantasies; nothing to bespeak a bad heart, but only exaltation and excitement. The most brilliant talk that I ever heard from him came forth on such occasions—a flow for hours (at one time seven hours) of copious wit and classic allusion—a perfect scattering of the diamonds of the mind. I heard a friend remark on one of these occasions, "he has wasted intellectual jewelry enough here this evening to equip many speakers for great orations." I once sounded him on the delicate point of his own opinion of himself;—of course, when he was in a perfect natural state, and when he had said something to permit an approach to such a subject. It was during his last visit to Washington, two winters before he died. It was in my room, in the gloom of the evening light, as the day was going out and the lamps not lit—no one present but ourselves—he reclining on a sofa, silent and thoughtful, speaking but seldom, and I only in reply. I heard him repeat, as if to himself, those lines from Johnson, (which, in fact, I had often heard from him before), on "Senility and Imbecility," which show us life under its most melancholy form:

"In life's last scenes what prodigies surprise,  
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise!  
From Marlowburgh's eyes the streams of dotage flow,  
And Swift expires, a driveller and a show."

When he had thus repeated these lines, which he did with deep feeling, and in slow and measured cadence, I deemed it excusable to make a remark of a kind which I had never ventured on before; and said: Mr. Randolph, I have several times heard you repeat these lines, as if they could have an application to yourself, while no person can have less reason to fear the fate of Swift. I said this to sound him, and to see what he thought of himself. His answer was:—"I have lived in dread of insanity." That answer was the opening of a sealed book—revealed to me the source of much mental agony that I had seen him undergo. I did deem him in danger of the fate of Swift, and from the same cause as judged by his latest and greatest biographer, Sir Walter Scott.

His parliamentary life was resplendent in talent—elevated in moral tone—always moving on the lofty line of honor and patriotism, and scorning everything mean and selfish. He was the indignant enemy of personal and plunder legislation, and the very scourge of intrigue and corruption. He reprobated an honest man in the humblest garb, and scorned the dishonest, though plated with gold. An opinion was propagated that he was fickle in his friendships. Certainly there

were some capricious changes; but far more instances of steadfast adherence. His friendship with Mr. Macon was historic. Their names went together in life—live together in death—and are honored together, most by them who knew them best. With Mr. Tazewell, his friendship was still longer than that with Mr. Macon, commencing in boyhood, and only ending with life. So of many others; and pre-eminently so of his neighbors and constituents—the people of his congressional district—affectionate as well as faithful to him; electing him, as they did, from boyhood to the grave. No one felt more for friends, or was more solicitous and anxious at the side of the sick and dying bed. Love of wine was attributed to him; and what was mental excitement, was referred to deep potations. It was a great error. I never saw him affected by wine—not even to the slightest departure from the habitual and scrupulous decorum of his manners. His temper was naturally gay and social, and so indulged when suffering of mind and body permitted. He was the charm of the dinner table, where his cheerful and sparkling wit delighted every ear, lit up every countenance, and detained every guest. He was charitable; but chose to conceal the hand that ministered relief. I have often seen him send little children out to give to the poor.

He was one of the large slaveholders of Virginia, but disliked the institution, and when let alone opposed its extension. Thus, in 1803, when as chairman of the committee which reported upon the Indiana memorial for a temporary dispensation from the anti-slavery part of the ordinance of 1787, he puts the question upon a statesman's ground, and reports against it, in a brief and comprehensive argument:—"That the rapid population of the State of Ohio sufficiently evinces, in the opinion of your committee, that the labor of the slave is not necessary to promote the growth and settlement of colonies in that region. That this labor, demonstrably the dearest of any, can only be employed to advantage in the cultivation of products more valuable than any known to that quarter, of the United States; and the committee deem it highly dangerous and inexpedient to impair a provision wisely calculated to promote the happiness and prosperity of the North-western country, and to give strength and security to that extensive frontier. In the salutary operation of this sagacious and benevolent restraint, it is believed that the inhabitants of Indiana will, at no very distant day, find ample remuneration for a temporary privation of labor and emigration."

He was against slavery; and by his will, both manumitted and provided for the hundreds which he held. But he was against foreign interference with his rights, his feelings, or his duties; and never failed to resent and rebuke such interference. Thus he was one of the most zealous of the opposers of the proposed Missouri restriction; and even voted against the divisional line of "thirty-six thirty." In the House, when the term "slave-holder" would be reproachfully used, he would assume it, and refer to a member, not in the parliamentary phrase of colleague, but in the complimentary title of "my fellow-slaveholder." And, in London, when the consignees of his tobacco, and the slave factors of his father, urged him to liberate his slaves, he quieted their intrusive philanthropy, on the spot by saying, "Yes; you buy and set free to the amount of the money you have received from my father and his estate for these slaves, and I will set free an equal number."

In his youth and later age, he fought duels; in his middle life, he was against them; and, for a while, would neither give nor receive a challenge. He was under religious convictions to the contrary; and finally yielded (as he believed) to an argument of his own, that a duel is a private war, and rested upon the same basis as public war; and that both were allowable when there was no other redress for injuries. That was his argument; but I thought his relapse came more from feeling than reason; and especially from the death of Decatur, to whom he was greatly attached, and whose duel with Barron long and greatly excited him. He had religious impressions, and a vein of piety which showed itself more in private than in external observances. He was habitual in his reverential regard for the divinity of our religion; and one of his beautiful expressions was that, "If woman had lost us paradise, she had gained us heaven." The Bible and Shakespeare were, in his later years, his constant companions—travelling with him on the road—remaining with him in the chamber. The last time I saw him (in that last visit to Washington, after his return from the Russian mission, and when he was in the full view of death) I heard him read the chapter in the Revelations (of the opening of the seals) with such power and beauty of voice in delivery, and such depth of pathos, that I felt as if I had never heard the chapter read before. When he had got to the end of the opening of the sixth seal, he stopped the reading, laid the book (open at the place) on his breast, as he lay on his bed, and began a discourse upon the beauty and sublimity of the Scriptural writings, compared to which he considered all human compositions vain and empty.—Going over the images presented by the opening of the seals, he avowed that their divinity was in their sublimity—that no human power could take the same images, and inspire the same awe and terror, and sink ourselves into such nothingness in the presence of the "wrath of the Lamb"—that he wanted no proof of their divine origin but the sublime feelings which they inspired.

**Jackson's Night Attack upon the British.**

We have no design to write out an account of the campaign at New Orleans. Our purpose is to vindicate the night attack of Jackson from the curious blunders the two American writers have made about it. Mr. Heady, in his romance called the Life of Jackson, speaks of the night attack as a failure, and the author of the biography of Jackson in "Harper's Magazine" says Jackson was repulsed. It is shameful that an American writer should betray such culpable ignorance of one of the most brilliant and useful deeds of American arms. Can the writer of either of these brilliant statements have any proper conception of the subject upon which he was writing? What solitary authority is there, what shade of excuse is in existence for such a statement? There was not an officer nor a soldier under Jackson, at New Orleans, that suspected that he failed in his object, or was repulsed in the least degree on the night

of the 23d of December, 1814. The South and West kept freedom's vigils on that momentous night, and they cannot submit to any imputation that depreciates the glorious achievement of that night.

Let us begin at the beginning of it. General Adair, who had no personal love for Gen. Jackson, made a verbal statement in this city respecting the inception of the night attack. He looked upon it as the salvation of the city. It was during the night of the 23d of December, when a youth dashed into the room and announced that the British had landed. Jackson had finished his dinner, and was leaning back from the table smoking a pipe. In an instant he rose from his chair, and, as if by intuition, uttered the sentence that saved the city. He did not pause one moment—he asked no question of the youth as to the numbers of the enemy. The boy's speech had scarcely uttered his news, before Jackson exclaimed:—"The enemy must be flogged before to-morrow morning." Adair, who was as brave a soldier as ever led troops, said he could scarcely believe his own hearing when Jackson made this announcement. The military law is imperative that the commander of a defensive force must not attack an invader until he ascertains the number and equipments of his enemy. But Jackson, when he announced the order for the night, he had no idea whether he was going to attack one or ten thousand of the enemy. Gen. Adair soon found that Jackson was terribly in earnest. He said that in fifteen minutes from the time the youth announced his tidings, there was nothing in the neighborhood of Jackson that was not in motion. Coffee's and Carroll's commands were encamped four miles above the city, but in two hours after the news of the landing of the enemy reached Jackson, these troops were marching through the streets of New Orleans. Great calm prevailed in the city, but Jackson, at the head of his troops, infused hope into the hearts of the citizens, by the announcement that the city should be defended. His plans were devised with consummate skill, but in order to understand him, and the result which he won, let us look at the enemy. They had come not merely to capture and plunder New Orleans, but to stretch the lines of their power along the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, until the line of British posts on Erie and Ontario should be intersected, and thus confine the United States mainly to the old colonial boundary. The expedition was projected on this scale, and the British were under the illusion that the West would join them and assist in this career of conquest. The force consisted of fourteen thousand choice troops, the most of them from Wellington's Peninsular Army.

The first disaster which threatened Jackson was the capture of his flotilla of gun boats, destined for the defence of the lake. But other sources of anxiety crowded upon him, and these were the indequency of his force to watch the various avenues by which the enemy might march upon New Orleans. The government was so shamefully negligent of his little army, that it contracted with keel boats to carry arms from Pittsburgh, at fifty cents per hundred, with the privilege of trading along the coast, rather than pay a stevedore seventy-five cents per hundred. But for Carroll's provident course in removing some of these arms from these trading keels, which he overhauled in his descent of the river, to his own boats, Jackson would have been in a pitiable condition. And had it not been for the friendly disposition of LeFite and his pirates, Jackson would have been without flints for his guns. He labored under almost every possible disadvantage, except one, and that was his own invincible resolution, and his capacity to infuse it into others.

In these outward circumstances the enemy landed at Cat Island, and on the 23d of December, reached the banks of the Mississippi, four thousand strong, under General Keane. There was nothing to prevent the march of the British that afternoon to the city of New Orleans. A smooth level road on the bank of the river, unobstructed in every way, either by defences or troops, invited the march. Another large force was on a swampy island below the Bayou Bienvenue, ready to cooperate in any forward movement. But the golden opportunity passed unimproved, and Jackson's "repulse" sealed the fate of the expedition. If they had possessed any of the enterprise which should have characterized Wellington's veterans, the British might have reached New Orleans before their landing was known.

Jackson, as we have seen, immediately gathered around him such resources as he had, and started upon his desperate enterprise. He had three objects in view—first to give his raw troops a taste of the quality of the enemy they were about to meet in defence of the city; second, to produce the impression on General Keane that he had an immense force at his command, and was acting in conformity to the military law we have mentioned; third, to paralyze the enemy by a bold and determined attack, so as to gain time for the construction of defences, and for reinforcements. He was after a moral effect, by which the feelings of his own troops should be elevated to the highest pitch, and those of the enemy depressed. But for this the British would have marched into New Orleans the next morning.

Every moment in these critical movements was of the utmost importance. No general ever knew the value of time better than Jackson, and no one ever used it better. He ordered Col. Hayne to march with his mounted men to meet the enemy, and, if he found them advancing, to engage them, so as to retard their march, until, by Jackson, could support him. If the enemy were encamped, the order was to cover his force in an orange grove in Lardon's plantation, and await the cooperation of the forces which Jackson was to hasten forward. In less than an hour Hayne moved out of the city at the head of 250 men. Jackson pushed matters with his usual energy. The 44th regiment was on the opposite side of the river, and it was hurried over with the utmost celerity.—About sunset, Jackson having 2,167 troops, left the city for his night attack. Of this number 1,891 engaged in the fight. These were all raw troops, but to show what stuff they were made of, Coffee's brigade, on hearing of the peril of New Orleans, had marched in the last two days 120 miles, through a wilderness of swamps, and in most dreadful weather. We have seen how promptly this brigade responds to Jackson's order for his night attack.

And now let the reader pause and reflect that most of Jackson's men were just fresh from their farms and work-shops, and that they had never seen a disciplined enemy. But at the command of their leader they marched with alacrity to meet the best troops of the British army. Not one of them had any idea how strong the enemy might be, and few of them cared. They knew their leader, and he knew them. All reliable accounts show that the British force handled by Jackson that night was 6,000 strong, for heavy reinforcements reached the enemy during the fight.

Jackson marched down to the vicinity of the bank of the river. He reconnoitered the position and force of the enemy, and, even after he found out their force, his iron will never quailed for a moment. Having made his reconnaissance, he arranged his order of battle. The enemy were enjoying themselves in a great variety of ways.— Jackson had approached them.

"Still as the breeze, but terrible as the storm," and even the picket guards were ignorant of his presence. Jackson's right flank rested upon the river bank, and his line extended across the plain, and Coffee occupied the extreme left. The plan was for Coffee to turn the right flank and attack in the rear, while Jackson moved upon the left flank and centre his will force. The Caroline was ordered to drop down the river slowly, to anchor opposite the enemy, and open a fire upon them as soon as the land attack commenced. The Caroline was challenged, however, and had to precipitate her cannonade, which gave the enemy warning that Jackson's army was upon them. Coffee found his advance checked by a ditch, and was forced to dismount, and leave a great part of his force to hold the horses. But though frustrated in commencing the attack, he did his duty nobly.

The cannonade of the Caroline produced the most terrible consternation in the British force, and they were converted into a mob for some minutes. In the front of the line commanded by Jackson in person, some derangement took place in consequence of the misconception of a subaltern officer, but nothing could stop the advance of Gen. Keane. He pushed into the British line, and Gen. Keane, the British commander, says: "A more extraordinary conflict has perhaps never occurred; absolutely hand-to-hand, both officers and men." And in this hand-to-hand conflict the raw militia of Jackson drove three times their number of the veterans of the British army fully a mile from where the fight commenced. And Coffee's brigade were rifled, and therefore had no bayonets to use. But Coffee drove the enemy before him, and they sought an orange grove for safety. Here Coffee pressed upon them and drove them from the grove. They retreated to the river, and found safety in a double embarkment, and Coffee retired to join Gen. Jackson.

From the time that the British army no part of Jackson's force ever paused in its advance until it came to the hand-to-hand conflict. The enemy were driven at all points one mile from where the fight commenced, and Jackson's troops occupied the mile of ground gained. They slept upon the field thus won, and moved off next morning as orderly as if marching to a funeral. Jackson left General Hinds, with a force of three hundred men, in a house within six hundred yards of the British army, and this force remained four days after Jackson went up the river.

Where, then, can an American writer find any sign of a repulse or failure on the part of Jackson in any portion of this eventful fight? With eighteen hundred men he had met six thousand of the veterans of Wellington, and in a hand-to-hand conflict had driven them a mile back from their original position. He had taught his men the truth of Proctor's sentiments:

"Courage!—Nothing e'er withstands  
Freemen fighting for their good;  
Armed with all their father's fame,  
They will win and wear a name  
That shall go to endless glory,  
Like the gods of old Greek story."

It is a species of sacrilege to tear from the heroes of the night attack on the 23d of December, 1814, an iota of the glory which they won. They went forth to a night battle, utterly ignorant whether they were to meet hundreds or thousands of the flower of the British army. They met the peril and conquered it—they drove the enemy a mile before them, and slept on the field they had so nobly won. And American writers, forty years after this glorious victory, gravely assert that these heroes were repulsed, and failed in their attempt! This is too bad, too intolerable.

And what were the consequences of Jackson's night victory? He paralyzed the British force. He checked all propensity on their part to meet him again without large reinforcements, and though numbering more than three to one of Jackson's force, they lay cooped up at the place to which Jackson had driven them, on this memorable night until Pakenham arrived, on the 25th, with forces that swelled their number to fourteen thousand troops. Jackson had so effectually whipped them in his night battle that they did not disturb him in his construction of those works which he had gained time to make by his night attack. On the morning after his battle he marched about two miles up the river, cut the embarkment, and let in the river between himself and the enemy.—Behind this point he constructed those works which on the 8th of January conferred immortality on himself and the troops under his command.

It is obvious, therefore, that Jackson's night attack saved New Orleans. But for that the enemy could have marched into the city on the 25th, and no power could have stayed their progress. And shall these men, who undauntedly fought and nobly triumphed on such an occasion, and in such circumstances, be robbed of any portion of the glory which they earned so hardily? We have shown Jackson's objects in his night attack, and have demonstrated that he was perfectly successful in all of them. We have dwelt at length upon some points involved in the questions connected with this proud triumph of western valor, but we could have elaborated many others which we have touched but cursorily. But the fame which Jackson won in his defence of New Orleans is dear to every American citizen, and we cannot consent to see the public mind schooled into the belief that Jackson was "repulsed" in his night attack on the British army. There would be as much truth in the representation that he was "repulsed" on the 8th of January. That was a great day in American history; but the night of

the 23d of December was a greater night, and we are sure that there is no reader of the "Courier" who will not be gratified in perusing the facts on the subject which we have given to-day.  
Louisville Daily Courier.

**Discovery of a New People on the Western Continent.**

A discovery which, even in this age of almost daily revelations of antiquities and wonders of remote times and people, must strike the world with wonder, has just been made by the officers of the ship-of-war Decatur.

It will be recollected that the Decatur sailed from Rio in company with the Massachusetts (propeller)—that they parted company, and that for some weeks the loss of the Decatur was looked upon as certain. She was afterwards discovered by her consort, part way through the Straits of Magellan. The New Orleans Pearyne, of the 1st instant, publishes a letter received from O. H. Green, dated on board the Decatur, "off the Straits of Magellan, February 15," and which contains some statements so startling that we make the following extracts. From the apparent respectability of the source, we see no reason for doubting the narrative, remarkable as it is. The writer says:

"There being no appearance of a change of weather, I obtained leave of absence for a few days, and accompanied by my classmate and chum, Dr. Bainbridge, assistant surgeon, was landed on Terra del Fuego. With great labor and difficulty we scrambled up the mountain sides, which line the whole southeast shore of these Straits, and after ascending 3,500 feet, we came upon a plain of surpassing richness and beauty, fertile fields—the greatest variety of fruit trees in full bearing, and signs of civilization and refinement meeting us on every side. We had never read any account of these people, and thinking this island was wholly deserted, except by a few miserable cannibals and wild beasts, we had come well armed, and you can judge of our surprise.

The inhabitants were utterly astonished at our appearance, but exhibited no signs of fear, nor any unfriendliness. Our dress amused them, and being the first white men ever seen by them, they imagined that we had come from their God, the Sun, on some peculiar errand of good. They are the noblest race I ever saw, the men all ranging from 6 feet to 6½, well proportioned, very athletic, and strait as an arrow. The women were among the most perfect models of beauty ever formed, averaging 5 feet high, very plump, with small feet and hands, and with a jet black eye which takes you by storm. We surrendered at discretion, and we remained two weeks with this strange people.

The ship is in sight that will carry this to you, and I must now close, only saying that the offspring will be filled with the most interesting matter, and astonish the American people. The vessel proves to be the clipper ship Creoper, from the Chinese Islands, with guns, for your port, and I will avail myself of this opportunity to send you a specimen of painting on porcelain, said to be over 3,000 years old; and an image, made of gold and iron, taken in one of their wars many years before the Straits of Magellan existed.

Their teachers of religion speak the Latin language, and have traditions from successive priests, through half a hundred centuries.

They tell us that this island was once attached to the main land; that about 1,900 years ago, by their records, their country was visited by a violent earthquake, which occasioned the rent now known as the Straits of Magellan; that on the top of the mountain which lifted its head to the sun, whose base rested where the waters now flow, stood their great temple, which, according to their description, as compared to the one now existing we saw, must have been 17,200 feet square, and high, built of the purest granite marble.

They number about three thousand men, women and children, and I was assured the population has not varied two hundred, as they prove by their traditions, for immemorial ages. As the aged grow feeble they are left to die, and if the children multiply too rapidly they are sacrificed by the priests. This order comprises about one-tenth of the population, and what the ancient Greeks called "Gymnophists." They are all of one peculiar race, neither will they admit a stranger into their order. They live for the most part, near the beautiful stream called Taucaun, which takes its rise in the mountains, passes through the magnificent valley of Leuvu, and empties into the Atlantic at the extreme southwestern point of the island.

This residence is chosen for the sake of their frequent purifications. Their diet consists of milk, curdled with sour herbs. They eat apples, rice, and all fruits and vegetables, esteeming it the height of impiety to taste anything that has life. They live in little huts or cottages, each one by himself, avoiding company and discourse, employing all this time in contemplation and their religious duties. They esteem this life but a necessary dispensation of Nature, which they voluntarily undergo as a penance, evidently throisted after the dissolution of their bodies, and finally believing that the soul, at death, is released from prison, and launches forth into perfect liberty and happiness. Therefore, they are always cheerfully disposed to die; bewailing those that are alive, and celebrating the funerals of the dead with joyful solemnities and triumph.

**Hogs Drunk.**

The Moblesville (Ind.) Patriot gives an amusing account of the destruction of five hundred dollars worth of liquors by the temperance people. Some seventy barrels and kegs were consumed. The Dayton ale would not burn of course, and the Patriot says:—"The next morning, droves of hogs licked the foam of beer, drank the half frozen spirits, and soon Mr. Pickett began to hang his head and lop his ears, swinging head towards tail and tail towards head, showing the whites of his eyes, and opening his mouth as if things didn't feel right in his internal arrangements. They soon took a line for the river, but occupying all sides of the street—in imitation of his more noble compeer companion, the biped. Didn't catch them at it the second time. They were seen for days after, standing sullenly and sagaciously beside a fence, looking as if the Maine law was in operation."