



"The powers granted under the Constitution, being derived from the People of the United States, may be resumed by them whenever perverted to their injury or oppression."—Madison.

VOLUME 5.

CHARLOTTE, NORTH-CAROLINA, AUG. 1, 1845.

NUMBER 220.

Mecklenburg Jeffersonian,
EDITED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY
JOSEPH W. HAMPTON.

TERMS.
The Jeffersonian will be furnished to subscribers at TWO DOLLARS a year, if paid in advance, or within one month from the commencement of the year, or THREE DOLLARS, if not thus paid.
Subscriptions may be sent by mail at the Editor's risk, provided the postage is paid.
Advertisements will be inserted at One Dollar per square (15 lines) for the first time, and Twenty-five cents for each continuance. A considerable reduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

- Candidates for Office.**
- We are authorized to announce CHARLES T. ALEXANDER, Jr., a candidate at the next August election, for re-election to the office of Clerk of the Mecklenburg County Court. January 28, 1845. 95-1c
 - We are authorized to announce BRALY OATES as a candidate at the next August election for the office of Clerk of Mecklenburg County Court. January 29, 1845. 95-1c
 - We are authorized to announce ALEXANDER GRAHAM, Esq., a candidate at the next August election for the office of Clerk of Mecklenburg County Court. January 29, 1845. 95-1c
 - We are authorized to announce JENNINGS B. KERR, Esq., a candidate at the next August election, for re-election to the office of Clerk of the Superior Court of Mecklenburg County. June 20. 14-1c
 - We are authorized to announce WM. H. SIMPSON, Esq., a candidate for the office of Clerk of the Superior Court of Union County, at the next August election. March 7, 1845. 99-1c
 - We are authorized to announce MILAS M. LEMMONS, Esq., a candidate for the office of Clerk of the Superior Court of Union County, at the next August election. March 7, 1845. 99-1c
 - We are authorized to announce JOSEPH T. DRAFFIN, Esq., a candidate at the next August election, for the office of Clerk of Union Superior Court. March 25, 1845. 202-1c
 - We are authorized to announce Maj. ROBERT W. HARRIS, a candidate for the office of County Court Clerk of Harris County, at the next August Election. May 30, 1845. 211-1c

AUCTION
At the Charlotte Female Academy.

ON MONDAY, the 28th instant, will be sold at public sale, (at the Academy,) the
HOUSEHOLD & KITCHEN FURNITURE
In use at the Academy, consisting of
Carpets, Tables, Chairs, Venetian Window Blinds, transparent Window Shades, Bedsteads, and Mattresses.
The various utensils of the KITCHEN, with a very superior COOK STOVE. Also, one COW.
Terms made known on the day of sale.
SUSAN D. NYE HUTCHISON.
July 18, 1845. 15w2

Caution.
MY wife MARGARET, having left my care and protection, without any just cause, I am reduced to the unpleasant necessity of forwarding all persons against giving her credit on my account. I will pay no debt she contracts after this date.
JOHN Q. LEMMONS.
July 8, 1845. 17w3

Removal.
DR. D. T. CALDWELL has removed his shop to the house lately occupied by Mr. Watson, on second square south of the courthouse.
As heretofore, all cases committed to his care shall receive prompt and faithful attention.
March 28, 1845. 202 f

Dissolution.
THIS day by mutual consent the firm of HAPFOLD & TAYLOR is dissolved. Those indebted will please call and settle by cash or Note. Those having claims will present them forthwith.
J. M. HAPFOLD,
M. B. TAYLOR.
January 9, 1845. 92-1c

DR. M. B. TAYLOR would respectfully offer his services in the practice of Medicine to the citizens of Charlotte and vicinity. His office is the one formerly occupied by the Clerk of the County Court—one door north of the Charlotte Drug Store. Cases committed to his care will receive prompt and faithful attention.
Charlotte, January, 1845. 93-1y

DR. CHARLES J. FOX,
STILL continues the practice of medicine in Charlotte, and will give careful attention to all cases confided to his skill. His office is No. 6, White Row of the Mansion House. His charges, as heretofore shall be moderate.
April 11

Strayed,
FROM the subscriber, on the 6th inst., living five miles from Charlotte, on the Mason's Ferry road, a brown HORSE, nine or ten years old, three white feet, blaze in his face, and short tail. Said horse was got from Geo. Todd, who got him from Marcus Boyd, 8 miles above Lincolnton, to which place he will likely go unless taken up. If delivered in Charlotte, at Mr. Norman's Hotel, or information given me so that I get him again, a liberal reward will be given.
DAVID WEANT.
July 18th, 1845. 118-1v.
Journal will insert two weeks.

BLANKS
Of every description, for sale at this Office.

General ANDREW JACKSON.

EULOGIUM OF THE HON. GEO. M. DALLAS,
VICE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,
At the Funeral Solemnities at Philadelphia, in honor of Andrew Jackson.

FELLOW CITIZEN AND FRIENDS: The sorrows of a nation, on the loss of a great and good man, are alike confirmed and assuaged by recurring to the virtues and services which endeared him. While funeral solemnities, such as are now in progress, attest the prevailing regrets of communities, and swelling tears betray the anguish of individual friendship, while the muffled drum, the shrouded ensign, and the silent march of mingled processions of citizens and soldiery address their impressive force to the hearts of all, it is well to seek solace in remembrances which must brighten forever the annals of our country, and which add one more to the list of names whose mere utterance exalts the pride, and strengthens the foundations of patriotism.

At the epoch when, in September, 1774, the delegates of eleven Colonies assembled at our Carpenter's Hall, before the first gun was fired at Lexington in the cause of Western Liberty, or Washington was yet hailed as "General and Commander in Chief," there could be seen in the wilds of the Wax haw settlement in South Carolina, on a farm in dangerous proximity to Indian tribes, and clustering with two elder brothers around a widowed mother, a boy about eight years of age, in whose veins coursed the same gallant blood that shortly after gushed from the wounds of Montgomery into the trenches of Quebec; that boy—moulded into the spirit of those stern times, clinging with his whole soul to the American people, ripened into athletic manhood, enfeebled by toil, by disease, and by age—is just now dead; and you have invited me to pronounce over his yet loose grave the tribute of your affectionate gratitude and veneration; to soothe you by reminding you of the attributes and exploits of one who lived through all your heroic history and was himself an inseparable part of it—who was born on your soil, when, in fact, it was a mere margin of Eastern coast, and has sunk into it when a continent who knew when but two millions of scattered, weak, dependent and disquieted provincialists, and yet saw you, ere he ceased to know you, an immense, united, powerful and peaceful nation! It is impossible on the present occasion, and with short notice, to do justice to a task so protracted, complicated and ennobling; but there are incidents and sentiments connected with the character and career of ANDREW JACKSON, with which his countrymen unanimously sympathize, and which his public obsequies seem as appropriately as irresistible to call into expression.

The stripling orphan, while mourning over the loss of kindred, smarting under wounds and imprisonment, and hourly witnessing some new cruelty committed upon friends and neighbors, imbued, during the storm of our revolution, a deep, uncompromising, almost fierce, love of country, that never lost its sway over his actions. It became to him an impulse as instinctive and irrefragable as breathing, and cannot be regarded by those who trace his eventful existence as the master passion of his nature. He passed through the war of 1776, in all but that, too youthful for his trials;—nor was there ever a moment in his after being when this devotion could be said to have waned or slumbered in his breast.—Such a trait, so pure, so ardent, so unvarying—as fresh three weeks ago as seventy years before—as prompt and eager amid the frosts of age, as when in the spring of life it first kindled at the voice of Washington—invokes, now that the door of his sepulchre is closed, undimmed and undimending praise. It is this quality of moral excellence which forms the basis of his fame, as it was the stimulant of every achievement. From his fight under Davie with Bryan's regiment of Tories, in 1780, when scarcely thirteen years of age, down to the close of his remarkable campaign in Florida, when fifty two, and thenceforward through all his diplomatic conflicts with foreign powers, it shone with steady intensity.

The peace of 1783, found him the only survivor of his family; left, as it were, alone, to face the snarls of the world uneducated and still a boy. His small patrimony melted away, before he could check the reckless and prodigal habits to which he had been trained by eight years of wild and desperate strife. There was no one to counsel or to guide him; no one to inculcate lessons of prudence; no one to reclaim him for the paths of useful industry and of restored tranquility. But Jackson wanted no one. At this, perhaps, the most crucial period of his life, the "iron will," subsequently attributed to his treatment of others, was now exercised in governing himself. Energetically entering upon the study of the law, the native force of his intellect enabled him, soon after attaining his majority, not merely to preserve his personal independence, but to carve his way to recognized distinction. The sphere of his professional practice, the Western District of North Carolina, now the State of Tennessee, exacted labors, and teemed with dangers, such only as a revolution like his could encounter and surmount. Infested with enraged Cherokees and Choctaws, his wilderness of two hundred miles, crossed and recrossed by the undaunted public solicitor more than twenty times, moved him to fatigue, to the sense of life constantly in peril, and to the attacks and artifices of savage enemies, whom he was destined singly to subdue and disperse. It cannot be necessary to pursue these details further—no doubt it will be recalled that, after aiding to form a Constitution for the state he has illustrated, Gen. Jackson at the age of thirty, became her first and only representative in Congress; was almost immediately transferred, in November, 1797, to the Senate of the United States, and, unwilling to prolong his legislative service, became a Judge of Supreme Court of Tennessee. In all these elevated stations, and especially in the last, his sagacious mind, directed by motives at once pure and lofty, and sustained by the spirit of unconquerable firmness, has left monuments of practical wisdom and usefulness, in maintaining the rights, and ameliorating the condition of his countrymen, which time cannot efface.

When the prolonged aggressions of Great Britain upon the maritime rights, commerce, and honor of America, prompted, in 1812, a declaration of hostilities, our Hero, though watchful of events and

keenly alive to their bearing, had retired from public activity, and was engaged in the calm pursuits of agricultural life. That signal sounded with welcome, in his seclusion, and summoned him to a deathless renown. It came to his quick ear like a long wished for permit to avenge the wrongs and re-establish the sullied name of those for whom he was ever ready to sacrifice, without stint, his repose, his fortune, and his blood. The war cry of his country scarcely vibrated on the breeze ere he echoed it back as a music with which every chord of his soul was in unison. In less than a week, leaving his plough in its yet opening furrow, and his ripe harvest drooping for the sickle, he stood equipped and eager, in front of two thousand five hundred volunteers, awaiting orders from the Chief Executive!

I must not, I dare not, quit the singleness of my subject, to indulge in reminiscences but partially connected with it, however alluring. Yet had that great and generous champion whom we lament, a host of associates, competitors with him in the proud struggle of which should risk most, suffer most, and achieve most, in simply the prowess, securing the safety and exalting the reputation of their country. That, indeed, may be considered as in itself an ample eulogium upon human merit which depicts him as in the van of a roll emblazoned by such names as Scott, Harrison, Brown, Shelby, Johnson, Gaines, Ripley, Hull, Decatur, Perry, and McDonough. Most of these have gone to graves over which are blooming in unending verdure, the laurels our gratitude planted;—none of them can present to posterity a title to immortal honor more conclusive than that involved in their having shared with Jackson the glories of 1812.

There are some fields of public service from which ordinary patriotism not usually recoils. And of this kind is military action against the comparatively weak yet fierce and wily tribes of savages yet occupying parts of their original domain on our continent. Unrestrained by the principles of civilized warfare, Indian campaigns and conflicts are accompanied by constant scenes of revolting and unnecessary cruelty. Neither age nor sex nor condition is spared; havoc and destruction are the only ends at which the tomahawk, once brandished, can be stayed. In exact proportion, however, to the horrors of such a system, is the necessity of protecting those of our people exposed to it by the most prompt and decisive resorts. When in the midst of the great struggle with an European monarchy, the frontiers of Georgia and Tennessee were suddenly assailed by ferocious Creeks, all eyes turned, appealing with confidence, for security to him who was known to the foe themselves by the descriptive designations of "Long Arrow" and "Sharp Knife." No one, indeed, ever exhibited in higher perfection the two qualities essential to such a contest—sagacity and courage. The sagacity of Gen. JACKSON was the admiration of the sophist, and the wonder of the savage; it unravelled the meshes of both, without the slightest seeming effort.

Piercing through every subtlety or stratagem, it attained the truth with electrical rapidity. It detected at a glance, the toils of an adversary, and discerned the mode by which those toils could best be baffled. His courage was equally finished and faultless—quick, but cool, easily aroused, but never boisterous; concentrated, enduring, and manly. No enemy could intimidate, no dangers fright him; no surprise shook his presence of mind, as no enemy transcended his self control. The red braves of the wilderness confessed that in these, their high est virtues, General Jackson equaled the most celebrated of their Chiefs. Invoked to the rescue, he rushed from a bed of suffering and debility, among the terrified fugitives, addressing them with brief but animating exhortation:—"Your frontier is threatened with invasion by the savage foe. Already are they marching to your borders with their scalping knives unsheathed to butcher your women and children. Time is not to be lost. We must hasten to the frontier, or we shall find it drenched with the blood of our citizens. The health of your General is restored; he will command in person!"

It was in the progress of this expedition, in regions at once desolated and unproductive, that his patient and persevering fortitude overcame obstacles of appalling magnitude; and here it was that with touching kindness, when suffering the cravings of famine, he offered to divide with one of his own soldiers, the handful of acorns he had secretly hoarded! The three victories of Talladega, Emucklaw, and Enotchope, purchased with incredible fatigue, exposure and loss of life, are not only to be valued in reference to the population and territory they pacified and redeemed, but as having disclosed, just in time for the crisis of the main war, the transcendent ability and fitness of him who was destined to stamp its close with an exploit of unrivalled heroism and consummate generalship.

Shall I abruptly recall the battle of New Orleans? Recall did I say? Is it ever absent from the memory of an American? Mingled indissolubly with the thought of country, it springs to mind as Thermopylae or Marathon, when Greece is named. He who gave that battle, with all its splendid preliminaries and results, to our chronicles of national valor, may cease to be mortal, but can never cease to be renowned. He may have a grave, but like the Father of his Country, he can want no monument to posterity.

The judgment of the world has been irreversibly passed upon that extraordinary achievement of our republican soldier. Analyzed in all its plans, its means, its motives, and its execution—the genius that conceived, the patriotism that impelled, the boldness that never backed, nor paused, nor counted; the skill which tripled every resource, the activity that was every where, the end that accomplished every thing. It was a master piece of work, which Cæsar, William Tell, Napoleon, and Washington could unite in applauding. Even the vanquished, soothed by the magnanimity of their victor, have since laid the tribute of their admiration at his feet. For that battle, in itself and alone, as now passed into the imperishable records of history, an exhaustless fund of moral property, our descendants in distant ages will teach their children as they imbibe heroism from illustration and example, to murmur their blessings!

I have dwelt, fellow-citizens, with perhaps unnecessary length, upon the martial merits of the deceased. I have done so because these merits are

incontestable, and form apart, from every other consideration, an overwhelming claim to the veneration and gratitude we are now displaying. To me personally, as you all know, it would be alike consistent and natural to go much farther; but, entertaining a real deference for the sentiments of others, I should be unable to pardon myself if, on an occasion so peculiarly solemn, a single word fell from my lips which did not chime with the tone of every bosom present. The time has not come, and strong a free, fearless, and frank people, such as you are, it may possibly never come, when the civic characteristics of Jackson, during his Chief Magistracy of eight years, can be other than topics of sincere differences of opinion.

Springing, however, directly from what I have considered as the great root of his public services, is at least one branch of his Executive policy and action that need not be avoided. If, as a Revolutionary lad, he clung to the cause of the Colonists; if, as a soldier, he knew no shrinking from his flag; if, as a President of these States, he stood, without budging, on the rock of the Union. It seems as if, to him, that was allowed ground, ingenuously to the weeds of party, identical indeed with country. Count the cost of this confederacy, was he scornfully silent; speak of disregarding her laws, and his remonstrances were vehement; move but a hair's breadth to end the compact, and he was in arms! On this vast concern, involving, directly or remotely, all the precious objects of American civilization, his zeal was as uncompromising perhaps as unrefined—and undiscriminating as his convictions were profound. The extent of our obligation to him in regard to it cannot well be exaggerated. Possessing in his high office the opportunity, he gave to his purpose an impetus and an emphasis that will keep forever ringing in the ears of his successors—"The Union must and shall be preserved."

Such was the hero we mourn! With a constitution undermined by privations incident to his military labors, and a frame shattered by diseases, he had retired to the seclusion of the Hermitage, long and patiently awaiting the only and final relief from suffering. It came to him on the evening of the 8th instant, in the centre of his home's affectionate circle, while his great mind was calm and unclouded, and when his heart was prepared to welcome its half century his country gaze—upon a tower of strength—on whom she never called for aid—against the desolating savage without he answered by a shout of—"onward to the rescue!"—who anticipated her invading foes by destroying them ere their foot prints on her soil were cold—he, the iron warrior, the reproachless patriot—has ceased to be mortal, his willingly made his single surrender—the surrender of his soul to its Almighty claimant.

It may almost be said that Gen. Jackson was constituted of two natures, so admirably and so differently were his qualities adapted to their respective spheres of action. I have portrayed, hurriedly and crudely, his public character—let us for an instant, see him, on one or two points, at least, in the other aspect, and perhaps we may thence catch the secret of his sublime and beautiful death. The rugged exterior which rough wars in our early western settlements would naturally impart, was smoothed and polished in him by a spirit of benevolence deeply seated in his temperament. In social intercourse, through always earnest, rapid, impressive and upright, his friendship was marked by boundless confidence and generosity; while in domestic life a winning gentleness seemed to spread from the recesses of his heart over the whole man, filling the scenes around him with smiles of serenity and joy. No husband loved more ardently, more faithfully, more unchangeably—no parent could surpass the self sacrificing kindness with which he reared and cherished his adopted children—no master could be more certain of reciprocated fondness than he was, when, as expiring, he breathed the hope of hereafter meeting in the heaven to which he was hastening, the servants of his household, "as well black as white." The truthfulness of this picture is attested by all who were admitted to the sanctuary of his home, precincts too sacred, even on an occasion equally sacred, for more than this brief intrusion.

But there was a crowing characteristic, from advertising to which I must not shrink, though in the presence in which I stand. General Jackson was fervently, unaffectedly and submissively pious! Wherever he might be, and whatever his absorbing pursuit—wading heavily through the swamps of Florida, on the track of Hillsago; speeding, with the swoop of an eagle, to grapple the invader, Packenham; careering, at the head of his victorious legions, through throngs of admiring countrymen; in the halls of the Executive mansion; or at his hearth in the Hermitage; there and then, every where and always, though not ostentatious, and never obtrusive, his faith was with him. But it was most closely and conspicuously with him as dissolution approached—it is with him to brighten the rays of his mind, to cheer the throbs of his heart, to take the sting from his latest pang, and to give melody to his last farewell! The dying hour of Jackson bears triumphant testimony to the Christian hope.

Such was the Hero;
Such was the Man we mourn!
Come then, my countrymen—let us, as it were, gather round the depository of his remains! From those who know him, as it has been my lot to know him, the frequent tear of cherished and proud remembrance must fall. To all of us it will be some relief to join in the simple and sacred sentiment of public gratitude:

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to seek their hallowed mould—
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod!
By Fairy forms their dirges sung—
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
And dwell a weeping harmit there!

A Duel.—A duel between Mr. Clark, the democratic candidate for the Eighth District, and Mr. Dimock, editor of the North State Whig, was fought at Bladensburg on Thursday last. After an exchange of shots the parties were reconciled, without sustaining injury.—Independent.

Fire in New-York.

From the Baltimore Argus.
AWFUL CONFLAGRATION!—IMMENSE DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY—LOSS OF LIFE.

The lower part of New York is a heap of mouldering ruins—a terrible conflagration having occurred there on Saturday last, which commenced about 3 o'clock, A. M., and raged with awful violence until about noon, when it was fortunately got under and subdued.

It originated, we believe, in a Soap Chandyery in New street and communicated to the store along side and thence to the rear of a building in Broad street, which contained a large quantity of salt petre. The explosion which took place from the ignition of this combustible matter was tremendous and was felt and heard in almost every part of the City.—Blue flames issued through the ruins and extended over the entire street, broad as it is, say 100 feet, and communicated the fire to the stores on the opposite side.

The Evening Post says:—The area swept over may be thus described: "On the east side of Broadway, it commenced with the great establishment, the Waverly Hotel. On the corner of New street, which is utterly destroyed, and from this point southward to Marketfield street below the Bowling Green and for three or four houses on Whitehall street, every house is destroyed. This line is about a quarter of a mile in length, and the number of buildings is about forty five or fifty, including two among the most splendid hotels in the city, the rest consisting of stores and dwellings. The Adolphus House on the corner of Beaver street was six stories in height, and was one of the ornaments of that ancient part of the city. It is level with the ground.

The fire then proceeds eastward along the middle of the block between Marketfield and Stone, until it bursts into Stone street at the great storage warehouse, whose destruction we have described. It then proceeds along Stone street to Broad, and crossing Broad, consuming both sides of the way, the east line of the burnt district passes along the rear of the stores on the west side of South William street to Exchange street. On Exchange street the fire approaches close to the south west corner of the new Exchange. The fire crosses Exchange street riddling the dry goods warehouses in its course, and approaching the rear of the Wall street banks, and crossing Broad street, at the iron warehouse of Davis, Brooks & Co.

It here crosses Broad street again just below the west end of the block, and then follows up Exchange street to its junction with Broadway, at the Waverly House, the point at which we began to trace its ravages. The square thus bounded is not partially burnt, but it is one blackened mass of wreck. We have never seen destruction more lamentable or complete. It was nearly all covered, with the exception of the dwelling houses on Broadway, with the largest iron and dry goods establishments in the city. On the opposite side of Broadway, at the head of the Bowling Green, three or four of the largest and finest dwelling houses in the city caught at about six o'clock, and are wholly destroyed, but fortunately the fire was checked before it spread to Greenwich street. The inside of perhaps three or four fine buildings on this side of the street are ruined, beside those quite consumed.

The sight around the environs of the fire, as well as within the space burnt over, is heart sickening. The families of at least fifty houses on Broadway, both sides of Greenwich street, on State, Whitehall, Stone, and Pearl streets, and Battery Place, have been turned into the street with their furniture, the dread of their houses being burnt over their heads. Broadway, at that part where both sides were burning, at least one hundred and fifty feet wide, yet so intense was the heat in the middle of the street, that for a hundred yards not even the daring firemen could venture upon the glowing pavement.

The panic among the merchants on William, Pearl and lower part of Exchange streets, on the east side of the conflagration, was equally great, and we suppose that one hundred stores were emptied of their goods, at prodigious expense and loss, which were not reached by the fire. Vast amounts of valuable goods were lost by being deluged with water.

Additional Particulars—1 o'clock.
The fire is now completely subdued. The following is the amount of loss as far as ascertained, and the insurance.

The following is the estimate made of the whole number of buildings destroyed by the fire.

Broad street, east side,	35
" " west side,	34
New street, east side,	20
" " west side,	27
Broadway, east side,	28
" " west side,	6
Whitehall street,	2
Beaver street,	48
Marketfield street,	16
Stone street, north side,	7
Exchange Place, south side,	13
" " north side,	12
South William street, west side,	18
" " east side,	2
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It is computed by one of our reporters who has examined the whole district, that about 310 houses in all, are totally consumed.

It is estimated that the loss of merchandise is \$2,000,000. We think it will prove much greater.—We heard of two firms who lost \$300,000 each; very many loss \$100,000. We think the loss in buildings and merchandise will be not less than \$6,000,000.

Insurance.—The following are the amount of insurances effected in the different offices, together with their amount of capital, as far as is known.

	Am't insured.	Capital.
Firemen's,	\$150,000	300,000
North River,	100,000	350,000
Equitable,	150,000	300,000
Mutual Safety,	650,000	—
Contribution,	125,000	300,000
Trust Fire,	30,000	150,000
National,	25,000	150,000