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"CHARACTER IS AS IMPORTANT TO STATES AS IT IS TO INDIVIDUALS; AND THE GLORY OF THE STATE IS THE COMMON PROPERTY OF ITS CITIZENS."

FAYETTEVILLE, SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1848. **VOL. 9—NO. 487.**

JOHN C. LATTA,
COMMISSION MERCHANT
GENERAL AGENT,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
100,000 Acres Valuable
TIMBER LAND
FOR SALE.

The Subscriber has purchased all the Lands belonging to the estate of Abram Dubois, dec'd, lying principally in Robeson county, and on both sides of the Lumber river, the different surveys containing over ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND ACRES; a large part finely timbered, and convenient to Lumber river, where a large quantity of Timber is now rafted to the Georgetown market. These lands are very valuable both for Timber and Turpentine, for which purpose a large part is well suited, being in a region where the Turpentine yields more abundantly than any other section of the State. The lands will be sold at a low price, and in quantities to suit purchasers.
Information respecting the title can be obtained by applying to the Hon. Robert Strange, J. C. Dobbin, Esq., A. A. T. Smith, Esq., Attorneys at Law.
I understand there are many trespassers on these lands, to all of whom notice is hereby given that the law will be enforced against all such offenders.
Application for any part of the lands can be made to myself, or to John Winslow, Esq., who will be duly authorized to make sale of the same.
THOMAS J. CURTIS,
March 1, 1845.

TIMBER AGENCY.
The undersigned will attend to the selling of Timber in the Wilmington, and whenever there is a glut in the market, J. C. Blocker will give it his personal attention—at other times, orders for the sale of Timber will promptly be despatched by addressing W. & T. Love, who will act in my absence. If punctuality in making returns to ensure patronage, then they hope to receive a share.
J. C. BLOCKER & CO.
WILMINGTON, Sept 25, 1847.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.
The Camden Insurance Company of N. J.
NEAR PHILADELPHIA.
CAPITAL \$100,000.
H. L. BUCKLEY, Secy. R. W. OGDEN, Treas.
The undersigned, Agent of this Company, has received assurance from this Company, for the sum of some of the most wealthy and influential Merchants, and is second to none in the Union of the same capital, and will take and make the same as favorable terms as any other Company.
JNO. M. ROSE, Agent.
Fayetteville, March 1, 1848.

CANFIELD, BROTHER & CO.
No. 227 Baltimore street, S. E. corner of Charles, Baltimore, Md.
Importers and Dealers in
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.
Silver and plated Ware, Cutlery, Guns, Pistols, Lamps, Bohemian Glass Ware, Military and Fancy Goods generally, offer at wholesale a complete assortment of goods in their line. One of the most extensive and complete of any of the kind in the United States. They would call the attention of merchants and dealers visiting Baltimore to their stock, and to the care generally taken in the selection of their goods. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, Dentists' Files, Daguerre-type plates and cases.
W. CANFIELD, BROTHER & CO.
Corner of Baltimore and Charles sts.
March 25, 1848.

READ THIS!
FEVER AND AGUE CURED WITHOUT FAIL.
SHAW'S PILLS
Are an infallible remedy for this disease, all and purchase a box of them, and you will be cured of all other ailments. It does not hurt the stomach, and gives relief to the most violent cases of this disease, and is the only medicine that will cure it. If you do not cure, the money will be refunded, provided directions are strictly followed. Always on hand at the NEW DRUG STORE, under Lafayette Hotel, Hay Street.
Price, 25 cents per box, with full directions.
March 25, 1848.

WILD CHERRY AND SARSAPARILLA PILLS.
DR. LE ROY, a Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians in London, having used in his private practice, for a number of years, the WILD CHERRY AND SARSAPARILLA, at length made an extract of them, which with other vegetable, has combined in one of the best Pills ever made known to the European community, and which will attract the attention of the American people. They are the most efficacious purgative and tonic yet discovered.
An excellent tonic, possessing astringent and astringent properties, which make it valuable in Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Weakness of the Stomach, &c.
THE SARSAPARILLA is a demulcent, diuretic and soothing, and is given in Rheumatism, Scrophulous, and other diseases, and to eradicate the bad effects of Mercury. In the operations of all other purgative medicines, which are generally so harsh, and which do not remove the cause, as well as the bad; thus weakening the system, which they only require to be used, and making the cure generally almost as bad, as frequently much worse than the disease. Dr. Le Roy's Pills, on the contrary, strengthen and tone the system which they purge and purify. And this is their peculiar attribute, and the principal cause of their unrivalled popularity.
F. S. The virtues of the SARSAPARILLA and Wild Cherry are too well known to medical men and the community to require further detail.
Price, 25 cents per box.
For sale by S. J. Hunsdale agent. April 8-ly.

FOR SALE.
Best Philadelphia and French Cal Skins, Boot Morocco, Fancy and Pink Linings.
JNO. M. ROSE.
April 15, 1848.

BLANK CHECKS
Constantly on hand and for sale at BELL'S BOOK STORE
FINE BLOODED STOCK.
THE subscriber has some superior North Devon Bull Calves, one year old, and fit for service next winter, which he will sell at 340 each. They are of superior form and the choicest pedigree. Three or four farmers by uniting in the purchase can furnish themselves with this excellent stock (the only highly improved species adapted to our climate) at a very cheap rate.
W. R. HOLT.
LEXINGTON, N. C., June 6, 1848.

FOR SALE.
That beautiful residence on Haymont, formerly belonging to Mr. Hale, is offered for sale. It has a complete and out-houses of all kinds; and everything in a stable order. This residence is one of the most commanding sites overlooking the town, that further particulars are unnecessary. Enquire at the Carolina Office.
June 10, 1848.

SALES AT AUCTION.
I will attend to sales of property of all kinds, either at my Sales Room or elsewhere in town.
JNO. M. ROSE, Auct'r.
June 10, 1848.

FOR SALE.
All the stock of Liquors, Segars, Wines, Furniture, Fixtures, &c. of Liberty Point House, now kept by Joseph Brookbank, will be sold on reasonable and accommodating terms to any person desirous of emarking in the business.
A. M. CAMPBELL, Trustee.
June 10, 1848.

NOTICE.
All persons indebted to Jos. Brookbank, either by note or account, are requested to come forward and settle the same immediately.
A. M. CAMPBELL, Trustee.
June 10, 1848.

UNION ACADEMY.
THE Second Session in Union Academy, four miles North of Fayetteville, will commence on Monday, 26th June, under the direction of its former teacher, by Joseph McLean, a fine Classical and Mathematical Scholar, who clearly evinced during the last Session, his high qualifications as an instructor. The Trustees are satisfied from past experience, and from the superior examination which his pupils sustained, that youth here will receive thorough moral and intellectual training.
The rates of Tuition are \$6, 8, and 10, per Session of five months. Board in respectable families, convenient to the Academy, \$6 per month.
Students charged from the time the quarter commences till the close of the session, except in cases of protracted illness.
WM. STEWART,
Robeson county, N. C., June 10, 1848.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF
GEN. WM. O. BUTLER,
OF KENTUCKY.
BY FRANCIS P. BLAIR.

[Synopsis.]
General Butler's grandfather, Thomas Butler, was born 6th April, 1720, in Kilkenny, Ireland. He married there in 1742. Three of his five sons who attained manhood, Richard, William, and Thomas, were born abroad. Pierce, the father of General William O. Butler, and Edward, the youngest son, were born in Pennsylvania. It is remarkable that all these men, and all their immediate male descendants, with a single exception, were engaged in the military service of this country. Of these five brothers, four had sons—all of whom, with one exception, were engaged in the military or naval service of the country during the last war.
1st. General Richard Butler's son William died a lieutenant in the navy, early in the last war. His son, Capt. James Butler, was at the head of the Pittsburg Blues, which company he commanded in the campaigns of the northwest, and was particularly distinguished in the battle of Mississippi.
2d. Colonel William Butler, also of the revolutionary army, had two sons; one died in the navy, the other a subaltern in Wayne's army. He was in the battle with the Indians in 1794.
3d. Lieut. Col. Thomas Butler, of the old stock, had three sons, the eldest a judge. The second, Col. Robert Butler, was at the head of Gen. Jackson's staff throughout the last war. The third, William E. Butler, also served in the army of Gen. Jackson.
4th. Percival Butler, captain in the revolutionary war, and adjutant general of Kentucky during the last war, had four sons; first, Thomas, who was a captain, and aid to Gen. Jackson at New Orleans; next, Gen. William O. Butler, the subject of this notice; third, Richard, who was assistant adjutant general in the campaigns of the war of 1812. Percival Butler, the youngest son, now a distinguished lawyer, was not of an age to bear arms in the last war. Of the second generation of the Butlers, there are nine certainly, and probably more, in the present war.

This glance at the family shows the character of the race. An anecdote, derived from a letter of an old Pennsylvania friend of the parents, who transplanted from Ireland, shows that its military instinct was an inheritance. "While the five sons," says the letter, "were absent from home in the service of the country, the old father took it in his head to go also. The neighbors collected to remonstrate against it; but his wife said, 'Let him go! I can get along without him, and raise something to feed the army in the bargain; and the country wants every man who can shoulder a musket.' It was doubtless this extraordinary zeal of the Butler family which induced Gen. Washington to give the toast—'The Butlers, and their five sons,' at his own table, whilst surrounded by a large party of officers. This anecdote rests on the authority of the late Gen. Findlay, of Cincinnati. A similar tribute of respect was paid to this devoted house of soldiers by Gen. Lafayette, in a letter now extant, and in the possession of a lady connected with it by marriage. Lafayette says, 'When I wanted a thing well done, I ordered a Butler to do it.'
From this retrospect, it will be seen that, in all the wars of the country—in the revolutionary war, in the Indian war, in the last British war, and the present Mexican war—the blood of almost every Butler able to bear arms has been freely shed in the public cause. Maj. Gen. William O. Butler is now among the highest in the military service of his country; and he has attained this grade from the ranks—the position of a private being the only one he ever sought. At the opening of the war of 1812, he had just graduated in the law as a profession, and was looking to the patriot and the valor of Kentucky; and young Butler, yet in his minority, was among the first to volunteer. He gave up his books, and the

enjoyments of the gay and polished society of Lexington, where he lived among a circle of fond and partial relations—the hope to gratify their ambition in shining at the bar, or in the political forum of the State—to join Capt. Hart's company of infantry as a private soldier.
Before the march to join the northwestern army, he was elected a corporal. In this grade he marched to the relief of Fort Wayne, which was invested by hostile Indians. These were driven before the Kentucky volunteers to their towns on the Wabash, which were destroyed, and the troops then returned to the Miami of the lakes, where they made a winter encampment. Here an ensign's commission in the 2d regiment of United States infantry was tendered to the volunteer corporal, which he declined, unless permitted to remain with the northwestern army, which he had entered to share in the effort of the Kentucky militia to wipe out the disgrace of Hull's surrender by the recapture of Detroit. His proposition was assented to, and he received an ensign's appointment in the 17th infantry, then a part of the northwestern army, under the command of Gen. Winchester. After enduring every privation in a winter encampment, in the wilderness and frozen marshes of the lake country, awaiting in vain the expected support of additional forces, the Kentucky volunteers, led by Lewis, Allen, and Madison, with Well's regiment, (17th U. S.) advanced to encounter the force of British and Indians which defended Detroit. On leaving Kentucky, the volunteers had pledged themselves to drive the British invaders from our soil. These men and their leaders were held in such estimation at home, that the expectation formed of them exceeded their promises, and these volunteers, though disappointed in every success which they had reason to anticipate—wanting in provisions, clothes, cannon, in every thing—resolved, rather than lose reputation, to press on to the enterprise, & endeavor to draw on after them, by entering into action, the troops behind. It is not proper here to enter into explanations of the cause of the disaster at the river Raisin, the consequence of this movement, nor to give the particulars of the battle. The incidents which signalized the character of the subject of this memoir alone are proper here.

At the river Raisin—on the 18th, the other on the 22d of January. In the first, the whole body of Indian warriors, drawn together from all the lake tribes, for the defence of Upper Canada against the approaching Kentuckians, were encountered. In moving to the attack of this formidable force of the fiercest, and bravest, and most expert warriors, on the continent, a strong party of them were described from the line with which Ensign Butler advanced, running forward to reach a fence, as a cover from which to ply their rifles. Butler instantly proposed, and was permitted, to anticipate them. Calling upon some of the most alert and active men of the company, he ran directly to meet the Indians at the fence. He and his comrades outstripped the enemy; and, getting possession of the fence, kept the advantage of the position for their advancing friends. This incident, of however little importance as to results, is worth remembrance in giving the traits of a young soldier's character. It is said that the hardest veteran, at the opening of the fire in battle feels, for the moment, somewhat appalled; and Gen. Wolfe, one of the bravest of men, declared that the "horrid yell of the Indian strikes the boldest heart with affright." The stripping student, who, for the first time, beheld a field of battle on the snow of the river Raisin, presenting in bold relief long files of those terrible enemies, whose massacres had filled his native State with tales of horror, must have felt some stirring sensations. But the crack of the Indian rifle, and his savage yell, awoke the chivalric instincts of his nature, and the promptitude with which he communicated his enthusiasm to a few comrades around, and rushed forward to meet danger in its most appalling form, risking himself to save others, and to secure a triumph which he could scarcely hope to share, gave earnest of the military talent, the self-sacrificing courage, and the soldierly sympathies which have drawn to him the nation's esteem. The close of the battle of the 18th gave another instance in which these latter traits of Gen. Butler's character were still more strongly illustrated. The Indians, driven from the defences around the town on the river Raisin, retired fighting into the thick woods beyond it. The contest of sharp-shooting from there was here continued—the Kentuckians pressing forward, and the Indians retreating—until night closed in when the Kentuckians were recalled to the encampment in the village. The Indians advanced as their opposers withdrew, and kept up the fire until the Kentuckians emerged from the woods into the open ground. Just as the column to which Ensign Butler belonged reached the verge of the dark forest, the voice of a wounded man, who had been left some distance behind, was heard calling out most piteously for help. Butler induced three of his company to go back in the woods with him, to bring him off. He was found, and they fought their way back—one of the men, Jeremiah Walker, receiving a shot, of which he subsequently died.

In the second sanguinary battle of the river Raisin, on the 22d of January, with the British and Indians, another act of self-devotion was performed by Butler. After the route and massacre of the right wing, belonging to Wells's command, the whole force of the British and Indians was concentrated against the small body of troops under Major Madison, which maintained their ground within the picketed gardens. A double barn, commanding the plot of ground on which the Kentuckians stood, was approached on one side by the Indians, under the cover of an orchard and fence; the British, on the other side, being so posted as to command the space between it and the pickets. A party in the rear of the barn were discovered advancing to take possession of it. All saw the fatal consequences of the secure lodgment of the enemy at a place which would prevent every man within the pickets at close rifle-shot to the aim of their marksmen. Major Madison inquired if there was no one who would volunteer to run the gauntlet of the fire of the British and Indian lines, and put a torch to the combustibles within the barn, to save the remnant of the little army from sacrifice. Butler, without a moment's delay took some blazing sticks from a fire at hand, leaped the pickets, and, running at his utmost speed, thrust the fire, into the straw within the barn. One who was an anxious spectator of the event we narrate, says, "that although volley upon volley was fired at him, Butler, after making some steps on his way back, turned to see if the fire had taken, and not being satisfied, returned to the barn, and set it in a blaze. As the conflagration grew, the enemy was seen retreating from the rear of the building, which they had entered at one end as the flame ascended in the other. Soon after reaching the pickets in safety, amid the shouts of his friend, he was struck by a ball in his breast. Believing, from the pain he felt, that it had penetrated his chest, turning to Adjutant (now General) McCalla, one of his Lexington comrades, and pressing his hand to the spot, he said, 'I fear this shot is mortal, but while I am able to move, I will do my duty.' To the anxious inquiries of this friend, who met him soon afterward again, he opened his vest, with a smile, and showed him that the ball had spent itself on the thick wadding of his coat and on his breastbone. The little band within the pickets, which Winchester had surrendered, after being carried himself a prisoner into Proctor's camp, denied his powers. They continued to hold the enemy at bay until they were enabled to capitulate on honorable terms, which, nevertheless, Proctor shamefully violated, by leaving the sick and wounded who were unable to walk to the tomahawk of his allies. Butler, who was among the few of the wounded who escaped the massacre, was marched through Canada to Fort Niagara—suffering under his wound, and every privation—oppressed with grief, hunger, fatigue, and the inclement cold of that desolate region. Even here he forgot himself, and his mind wandered back to the last night scene which he surveyed on the bloody shores of the river Raisin. He gave up the heroic part, and became the school-boy again, and commemorated his sorrow for his lost friends in verse, like some passionate, heartbroken lover. These elegiac strains were never intended for any but the eye of mutual friends, whose sympathies, like his own, poured out tears with their plaints over the dead. We give some of these lines of his boyhood, to show that the heroic youth had a bosom not less kind than brave.

And spring, with her effacing showers,
Shall come, and summer's mantling flowers;
And each succeeding winter throw
On thy red breast new robes of snow;
Yet I will wear thee in my heart,
All dark and gory as thou art.

Shortly after his return from Canada, Ensign Butler was promoted to a captaincy in the regiment to which he belonged. But as this promotion was irregular, being made over the heads of senior officers in that regiment, a captaincy was given him in the 44th, a newly raised regiment. When freed from parole, by exchange, in 1814, he instantly entered on active duty with a company which he had recruited at Nashville, Tenn. His regiment was ordered to join Gen. Jackson in the south; but Capt. Butler finding its movements too tardy, pushed on, and effected that junction with his company alone. Gen. Call, at that time an officer in Capt. Butler's company, (since governor of Florida,) in a letter addressed to Mr. Tanner, of Kentucky, presents, as an eye-witness, so graphically the share which Capt. Butler had in the campaign, that it may well supersede any narrative at second hand.

TALLAHASSEE, April 3, 1841.
Sir: I avail myself of the earliest leisure I have to thank you for your letter of the 15th Feb'y, to give you a reply.
A difference of political sentiments will not induce me to withhold the narrative you have requested of the military services of Col. Wm. O. Butler, during the late war with Great Britain, while attached to the army of the south. My intimate association with him, in camp, on the march, and in the field, has perhaps made me as well acquainted with his merits, as a gentleman and a soldier, as any other man living. And although we are now standing in opposite ranks, I cannot forget that the rights we have reported side by side facing the common enemy of our country, sharing the same fatigues, dangers, and privations, and participating in the same pleasures and enjoyments. The feelings and sympathies springing from such associations in the days of our youth can never be removed or impaired by a difference of opinion with regard to men or measures, when each may well believe the other sincere in his views, and when the most ardent desire of both is to sustain the honor, the happiness, and prosperity of our country.
Soon after my appointment in the army of the United States as a lieutenant, in the fall of 1811, I was ordered to join the company of Capt. Butler, of the 44th regiment of infantry, then at Nashville, Tenn. When I arrived and reported myself, I found the company under orders to join our regiment in the south. The march—mostly through an unsettled wilderness—was conducted to the Gulf of Mexico, where we arrived at Fort Montgomery, the headquarters of Gen. Jackson, a short distance above the Florida line, just in time to follow our beloved general in his bold enterprise to drive the enemy from his strong position in the central territory. The campaign of the army destined for the invasion of Louisiana had made Pensacola its headquarters, and the British navy in the Gulf of Mexico had rendezvoused in that beautiful bay.
The penetrating sagacity of Gen. Jackson discovered the danger of the position assumed by the British forces; and, with a decision and energy which never faltered, he resolved to find his enemy, even under the flag of a neutral power. This was done by a prompt and rapid march, surprising and cutting off all the advanced pickets, until we arrived within gunshot of the fort at Pensacola. The army of Gen. Jackson was then so considerable as to render a reinforcement of a single company, commanded by such an officer as Capt. Butler, an important acquisition. Accordingly, we were ordered to march from Tennessee at the same time, Capt. Butler's, by his extraordinary energy and promptitude, was the only one which arrived in time to join the expedition. His company formed a part of the centre column which advanced to the assault. We entered was defended by a battery in front, which fired on us incessantly, while several strong block-houses, on our flanks, discharged upon our small arms and artillery. But a gallant and rapid charge soon carried the guns in front, and the town immediately surrendered.
In this fight, Capt. Butler led on his company with his usual intrepidity. He had one officer, Lieut. Flournoy, severely wounded, and several non-commissioned officers and privates killed and wounded.
From Pensacola, after the object of the expedition was completed, by another prompt and rapid movement we arrived at New Orleans a few weeks before the appearance of the enemy.
On the 23d December, the signal gun announced the approach of the enemy. The previous night they had surprised and captured one of our pickets; had ascended a bayou, disembarked, and had taken possession of the left bank of the Mississippi, within six miles of New Orleans. The energy of every officer was put in requisition to concentrate our forces in time to meet the enemy. Capt. Butler was one of the first to arrive at the General's quarters, and ask instructions; they were received and promptly executed. Our regiment, standing on the opposite side, of the river, was ordered across the river. All the available forces of our army, not much exceeding fifteen hundred men, were concentrated in the city, and while the sun went down, the line of battle was formed, and every officer took the station assigned him in the fight. The infantry formed on the open square, in front of the cathedral, waiting in anxious expectation for the order to move. During this momentary pause, while the enemy was expected to enter the city, a scene of deep and thrilling interest was presented. Every gallery, porch, and window around the square was filled with the fair forms of beauty, in silent anxiety and alarm, waving their handkerchiefs to the gallant and devoted band which stood before them, prepared to die, or defend them from the rude onslaught of the enemy's soldiery. It was a scene calculated to awaken emotions never to be forgotten. It appealed to the chivalry and patriotism of every officer and soldier—it inspired every heart, and nerve every arm for battle. From the enemy, and about 5 o'clock at night they were surprised in their encampment, immediately on the banks of the Mississippi. Undiscovered, our line was formed in silence within a short distance of the enemy; a rapid charge was made into their camp, and a desperate conflict ensued. After a determined resistance, the enemy gave way, but disputing every inch of ground we gained. In advancing over ditches and fences in the night, rendered still more dark by the smoke of the battle, much confusion necessarily ensued, and many officers became separated from their commands. It more than once occurred during the fight, that some of our officers, through mistake, entered the enemy's lines; and the British officers in like manner entered ours. The meritorious services in command of our regiment, at the commencement of the battle, lost his position in the darkness and confusion, and

was unable to regain it until the action was over. In this manner, for a short time, the regiment was without a commander, and its movements were regulated by the platoon officers, which increased the confusion and irregularity of the advance. In this critical situation, and in the heat of the battle, Capt. Butler, as the senior officer present, assumed command of the regiment, and credit on most gallantly repeated and successful charges, until the light entered the complete rout of the enemy. We were still pressing on their rear, when an officer of the general's staff rode up and ordered the pursuit discontinued. Capt. Butler urged its continuance, and expressed the confident belief of his ability to take many prisoners, if permitted to advance. But the order was promptly repeated, under the well-founded apprehension that our troops might come in collision with each other—an event which had unfortunately occurred the previous hour of the fight. No corps on that field was allowed to follow to the battle than the regiment commanded by Capt. Butler; and no officer of any rank, save the commander-in-chief, was entitled to higher credit for the achievement of that glorious night.
A short time before the capture of the fort, in January, Capt. Butler was detailed to command the guard in front of the encampment. A house standing near the bridge, in advance of his position, had been taken possession of by the light troops of the enemy, from whence they annoyed our guard. Capt. Butler determined to dislodge them and burn the house. He accordingly marched to the attack at the head of his command, but the enemy retired before him. Seeing them retreat, he halted his guard, and advanced himself, accompanied by two or three men only, for the purpose of burning the house. It was an old frame building, weather-boarded, without ceiling or plaster in the inside, with a single door opening to the British camp. On entering the house, he found a soldier of the enemy concealed in one corner, whom he captured, and sent to the rear with his men, remaining alone in the house. While he was in the act of kindling a fire, a detachment of the enemy, unperceived, occupied the only door. The first impulse was to force, by his single arm, the door called off by hazard in one corner, whom he captured, and sent to the rear with his men, remaining alone in the house. While he was in the act of kindling a fire, a detachment of the enemy, unperceived, occupied the only door. The first impulse was to force, by his single arm, the door called off by hazard in one corner, whom he captured, and sent to the rear with his men, remaining alone in the house. While he was in the act of kindling a fire, a detachment of the enemy, unperceived, occupied the only door. The first impulse was to force, by his single arm, the door called off by hazard in one corner, whom he captured, and sent to the rear with his men, remaining alone in the house.

I witnessed on that field many deeds of daring courage, but none of which more excited my admiration than this.
Capt. Butler was soon after in the battle of the 8th of January, where he sustained his previous high and well earned reputation of bravery and usefulness. But that battle, which from its important results, has eclipsed those which preceded it, was but a slaughter of the enemy, with trivial loss on our part, and presenting few, if any, opportunities for individual distinction. For his gallant services during that eventful campaign, and the reward of merit was never more worthily bestowed. Soon after the capture of the war, he was appointed aid-de-camp to Gen. Jackson, in which station he remained until he retired from the army. Since that period I have seldom had the pleasure of meeting with my valued friend and companion in arms, and I know but little of his career in civil life. He has ever been a true and noble gentleman, his intelligence and generous feelings, won for him the respect and confidence of all who knew him; and where he is best known, I will venture to say he is still most highly appreciated for every attribute which constitutes the gentleman and the soldier.
I am, sir, very respectfully,
R. K. CALL.

Mr. WILLIAM TANNER.
Gen. Jackson's sense of the services of Butler in this memorable campaign, was strongly expressed in the following letter to a member of the Kentucky legislature:
HERMITAGE, Feb. 20, 1844.
My Dear Sir: You ask me to give you an opinion of the military services of the late Capt. (now Colonel) Wm. O. Butler, of Kentucky, during the invasion of New Orleans by the British forces in 1814 and 1815. I wish I had sufficient strength to speak fully of the merit and services of that gallant and brave soldier; but I can do no more than to say, that on all occasions he displayed that heroic chivalry, and boldness of judgment in the midst of danger, which distinguish the valuable officer in the hour of battle. In a conspicuous manner were those noble qualities displayed by him on the night of the 23d December, 1814, and on the 5th of January, 1815, as well as at all times during the presence of the British army at New Orleans. In short, he was to be found at all points of danger, and he was engaged in war during the active age of Col. Butler, he would be one of the very best selections that could be made to command our army, and lead the eagles of our country to victory and renown. He has sufficient energy to assume all responsibility necessary to success, and for his country's good.
ANDREW JACKSON.
General Jackson gave earlier proof of the high estimation in which he held the young soldier who had identified himself with his own glory at New Orleans. He made him his aid-de-camp in 1816, which station he retained on the peace establishment, with the rank of colonel. But, like his illustrious patron, he soon felt that military station and distinction had no charms for him when unattended with the dangers, duties, and patriotic achievements of war. He resigned, therefore, even the association with his veteran chief, of which he was so proud, and retired in 1817 to private life. He resumed his study of the profession that was interrupted by his war, married, and settled down on his paternal possession at the confluence of the Kentucky and Ohio rivers, in the wilderness but arduous vocations of civil life. The abode which he had chosen made it peculiarly so, with him: The region around him was wild and romantic, sparsely settled, and by pastoral people. There are no populous towns. The high, rolling, and yet rich lands—the precipitous cliffs of the Kentucky, of Eagle, Severn, and other tributaries which pour into it near the mouth, make this section of the State still, to some extent, a wilderness of thickets—of the tangled peavine, the grape vine, and nut-bearing trees, which rendered all Kentucky, until the intrusion of the whites, one great Indian park. The whole luxuriant domain was preserved by the Indians as a pasture for buffalo, deer,