North Carolina Standard.

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION OF THE STATES—THEY "MUST BE PRESERVED."

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EULOGY

Commemorative of the Life and Public services of Ex-President POLK, *delivered before the citizens of Newbern, July* 18, 1849:

By GEORGE S. STEVENSON, Esq.

We have assembled, Fellow-Citizens, to contemplate the life and death of a distinguished individual. But yesterday, James K. Polk filled the highest station to which an American can aspire. To-day, he sleeps in the grave. And upon his memory rests the honor of being mourned by the nation. And we, Fellow-Citizens, have surrounded ourselves with the emblems of sorrow, have chanted the funeral anthem, and now share with all Americans the melancholy pleasure of commemorating the virtues of a great and good son of the Republic. Those emotions of admiration for eminent abilities and virtues, and of grief at the loss the country has sustained, in which we now indulge, are honorable to ourselves, and give the strongest assurance of a healthy public sentiment. We need not dread those vices which destroy nations, so long as the memory of our patriots are green in the hearts of the people. For who shall falter in the service of the republic, while his eye is fixed on those lofty spirits, who have marked for us the path of public duty, and led the way!

The men, whose examples are most powerful for good or evil, and who impress most deeply their characters upon the age in which they live, are those who preside over the destinies of nations. They are a city set upon a hill. And happy, most happy, is that nation whose rulers are examples of public virtue and integrity. And in a country like ours, where the chief magistrate is chosen by the people, he reflects the character of the whole nation, and is the embodiment of the people themselves; therefore in his greatness and fame each citizen has a right to share. Who then shall check our emotions of proud exultation as we point the world to that brilliant constellation of genius, virtue, and patriotism—the American presidents! With these great men is numbered James K. Polk, and his name will be forever written upon that immortal catalogue, which begins with Washington. And as these great men have one by one fallen by death, a grateful people gathered around their graves, and with appropriate honors, canonized their memories. Greece, with a beautiful superstition elevated to the Heavens her immortal heroes; and nightly as the starry dome swelled above her, she would point to where Hercules shined afar. The superstition has passed, but not the desire to honor the mighty dead. They still shine in the firmament of the hearts of mankind. And to him, whose funeral obsequies we now celebrate, history will assign a lofty place amid those stars, that illuminate the pathway of nations. Though dead, he still lives. He lives in the gratitude of a free people, not slow in appreciating worth, nor hasty in suffering its remembrance to decay. His name will live on in the annals of his country, and will be forgotten only when the memory of the Republic itself shall perish.

James Knox Polk was born in Mecklenburg county in this State, Nov. 2, A. D. 1795. His family were of Irish origin. They were among the early immigrants to this country, and many of them were distinguished patriots during our revolutionary struggle. The birth and name of Mr. Polk is intimately connected with the proudest and most renowned incident in the history of North Carolina—the Mecklenburg declaration of independence—those venerated resolutions, which none of us can hear mentioned, without just and honorable emotions of State-pride. When the colonies trembled on the verge of the revolutionary crisis, and men like Adams and Jefferson paused ere they crossed the Rubicon that divides loyalty from rebellion, the citizens of Mecklenburg, fired with a holy enthusiasm, met in the town of Charlotte, and stating their country's wrongs with a manly eloquence, declared her independence of the British crown. Among these brave and determined sons of our native State, whose names should be written in gold, were Col. Thomas Polk, Dr. Ephraim Brevard and the Alexanders—all relatives of the late President. How little did these celebrated men dream of the greatness that was to be added to their name; that near the spot where Americans first pronounced that sacred word, Independence, should be born one, from their own family, who, half a century afterwards, should preside with distinguished ability over the nation they had just declared free, when she had grown in strength, her genius and power felt and respected by the world, and her sway extended from the Atlantic to the golden sands of the Pacific! And thus upon this fortunate county of Mecklenburg rests the two-fold honor, of having been foremost in the doubtful and dangerous career of the revolution, and the first to give to the Republic a native North Carolinian who presided over its councils with such marked ability and success.

In 1806 the father of Mr. Polk removed with his family to the state of Tennessee. And thus, the subject of our Eulogy became identified with the pioneers of the West, a body of men prolific of great minds. Born in North Carolina, Mr. Polk returned here to receive his education. He entered our University in 1815, being then in his twentieth year. His academical career was distinguished. At each examination he bore off the highest honors. He was remarkably punctual in the discharge of every duty, and finally graduated in the year 1818 with the first distinction, both in the mathematics and the classics. In college he laid the foundation of his future greatness, and exhibited those traits of character, that persevering energy, that indomitable march, slow but firm, which gave origin to the prophecy that he would attain high station in life. He belonged to that class of young men, who rely not upon that uncertain brilliancy of mind which some men call genius, but are content to labor and toil slowly up the rugged pathway that leads to knowledge, adopting as their motto that beautiful sentiment of Horace—

"Nil sine magno
Vita labore dedit mortalibus."

From the university he returned to Tennessee, where he commenced the study of the Law in the office of the late Felix Grundy. After the usual term of preparation, he was in 1820 admitted to this profession, the great vestibule to the political arena, and through which have passed nine of the eleven presidents of the United States. His talents for business soon commanded an extensive practice. But it was not long before he left the forum, to enter upon the more stormy career of politics. In 1823 he was elected to a seat in the legislature of Tennessee. He was for two successive years a member of this body, where his ability in debate, and promising talents soon gave him reputation. During the session of 1823–4 he gave evidence of the direction his political course would take, by uniting himself with those, who called that renowned chieftain Andrew Jackson from his retirement, and elected him to the Senate of the United States.

In August 1825, being then in his thirtieth year, Mr. Polk was elected a member of Congress. To this post he brought those fundamental principles, by which he guided his political course through life. And here, it will be felt and acknowledged by all, that the task is a difficult and a delicate one, on an occasion like this, in such an assembly, when all animosities should be buried in the grave, to eulogize the great events of a life spent in the fields of a political warfare, and to pronounce a panegyric on the deeds of one, who when living was the leader of a political party, and dying, leaves the nation still agitated by those great questions, one side only of which was illustrated by his life. After centuries shall have passed away, and all our passions and prejudices, with our bodies shall have died and been forgotten, then, and then only, may we trust the philosophic historian to record the events of this age. It is different with a military hero. When a chieftain dies who has led our armies through the storm of battle on to victory, in recalling his deeds, we all feel like immediate sharers of his glory; we stand with him upon the battle field, and as we behold the unfurling of the stars and stripes, we gather around that sacred standard, where political differences, the very name of whig and democrat, are drowned in the swelling tide of patriotism. On the other hand, the life of the politican is made up of principles, as well as actions. And unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, we all differ in our opinions, of those great principles, by which our statesmen are guided. We contend warmly under the banners of our respective parties. And the great triumphs our leaders achieve, are oftentimes the mere triumph of a party, and posterity alone can decide who is the champion of truth, and who the deluded apostle of error. Therefore if in glancing at the incidents which mark the political career of Mr. Polk, we should touch a cord which vibrates discordantly with those emotions which harmonize with this solemn occasion, it may be attributed to the delicacy of our task, or the strong bias of political friendship.

Mr. Polk belonged to the Jackson school of politicians. As soon as he entered the halls of Congress, he took an active part in opposing the administration of John Quincy Adams. His course was firm, steady, and unyielding; his first speech was in favor of the proposition so to amend the constitution, as to prevent in future the election of President, in any event, devolving upon the House of Representatives. This speech at once attracted the attention of the nation, and from this time forward for several years, his history becomes intimately associated with that of the House. He served upon its most important committees. His name is connected with every important measure. And upon all he took bold and decided ground.

In December 1835 Mr. Polk was elevated to the Speaker's chair. The duties of this position are of the most responsible and delicate nature. The laws which govern parliamentary proceedings are various and complicated; and he who administers them must possess a mind active, comprehensive, and firm. The sessions of Congress were stormy ones. The war of debate waxed fierce. Appeal after appeal was made to the speaker. And it is a high, but a just compliment, to say, his decisions were prompt, and uniformly sustained by friends and opponents. Amidst the angry passions that reigned around, his mind was calm and serene. And the faithful and able discharge of his duties, secured to him the unanimous thanks of the body over which he presided, in all but one instance, which was one of those occasions, on which the spirit of party usurps the sceptre of courtesy.

In 1839, Mr. Polk declined a re-election to Congress. He was then brought forward by his friends as a candidate for Governor of Tennessee, to which honorable office he was elected. During the same year, or shortly afterwards, he was nomintted by several States a candidate for the chair of the Vice President. In the two following elections for Governor, he was defeated by Gov. Jones. After which, he retired into private life, where he probably expected to spend the remainder of his days, beloved by his friends, respected by all, an honorable member of an honorable profession, with a political reputation sufficient to satisfy a moderate ambition.

But on the 29th day of May, 1844, Mr. Polk received the nomination of the Democratic convention for President of the United States. In obedience to this call he came forward in opposition to one of the most distinguished gentlemen America has ever produced—a man high in the esteem of his friends, and respected for his eminent talents and public services by his political adversaries. The result was Mr. Polk's election. And on the 4th of March, 1845, at the eastern end of the Capitol, in the presence of the two houses of Congress, the judges and high dignitaries of the State, the representatives of foreign Governments, and thousands of his fellow citizens, he took the oaths prescribed to the President of the Republic.

He assumed the reins of government at a critical period. Every one foresaw, that his administration would be an active and important one. In the protracted discussions upon the Oregon boundary, Great Britain began to assume a warlike attitude, and stood upon the verge of open hostilities. The act consummating the admission of Texas into the Union, brought the armies of Mexico upon our Southern frontier with threats of invasion. Those great questions which had for years agitated the political world, and shook the foundations of our social fabric, were about to be brought to close if not final issue. Each party gathered up its strength, and buckled on its armor for the contest. For the next four years the office of President would be no sinecure. He who filled it must be a statesman of extraordinary sagacity—a man with a far-seeing eye and a steady hand. The crisis, one after another, came. And the conduct of the President, to say the least, strengthened the confidence of his friends, and raised him in the estimation of the world.

The performance of great actions with success, either on the moral, physical or political arena, the world looks upon as the best assurance of a great man. And it was not to be forgotten, that under the auspices of Mr. Polk the dispute with England in regard to the Oregon boundary was settled with honour to our country. The diplomatic talents of our statesmen receive the commendation even of the English Lords and Commons; and the clouds of war that hung over the north dissipated by the benign influence of peace that promises a long duration.

The war with Mexico opened, and was conducted with an energy, a brilliancy and success, without a parallel. Victory after victory covered our armies with imperishable renown. Fortresses, that vied in strength with Gibraltar, were captured. Armies, posted in positions pronounced impregnable gave way before the irresistible daring and energy of the American soldier. City after city surrendered until finally our flag waved in triumph over the proud and ancient city of the Aztecs. Hero after hero appeared who illustrated the skill and enterprise of the American warrior. Upon the battle fields of Mexico was developed the high military character of that distinguished soldier, who now presides over the destinies of the Republic. And, side by side, with him fought another gallant officer whose name should not be forgotten in a scene like this. And while our hearts are turned to sorrow, we may weep over the grave of the lamented Worth. He was a brave and gallant gentleman, and with his own well tried blade, carved his way to fortune and to fame. He entered the army a subaltern, where he soon attracted the attention of his commander, and received the sword and epaulette of an officer. In the war of 1812 he was on all occasions true to his duty, and promotion rapidly followed. The Mexican war found him a General of brigade. He shared with Gen. Taylor the honor of the capture of Monterey. And having joined Gen. Scott's army at Vera Cruz, participated in the danger and glory of that immortal march that opened with the surrender of San Juan D'Ulloa, and closed with the fall of the enemy's capital. An unfading chaplet encircles his brow—Chippewa, Niagara, Fort Erie, Monterey, Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Puebla, Cherubusco, Chapultepec, Molino del Rey, and the city of Mexico—immortal fields—all bear witness to the chivalrous heroism of this gallant soldier. Fellow citizens, Worth is no more. He died with his laurels green upon his brow, not as soldiers love to die, upon the battle field, beneath the shadow of his country's flag; but far away upon our wild southern frontier, engaged in an arduous duty, Pestilence made him her victim. He died in the arms of his weeping wife and daughters, whom he has left inheritors of his fame, and objects of a nation's sympathy.

With Generals like this, the Mexican war was eminently successful, and stamps President Polk's administration with a fame, almost without a parallel in the history of nations. Peace brought large acquisitions of territory. And the world looked on with envy, as the late administration brought under our dominion that rich slope which sweeps from the Rocky Mountains down to the Pacific—a country whose wealth, prosperity and vast commercial importance, no human mind can foresee.

During these eventful four years, was also settled, probably finally, those great questions of internal economy, which have fixed the financial policy of the country. Without and within the government reaped success. And how noble and sublime a sight to behold the man who was the focus of the power whence emanated all these great events; the President of twenty millions of free people, met by a foreign enemy abroad, and internal discord at home; supported at times but feebly by men who ranked among his warmest friends; checked by an opposition celebrated for its talents and untiring energy; his body emaciated and worn down by fatigue; yet there he toils, day after day, night after night, the great engineer of that mighty machine, the government of this great republic.

Mr. Polk brought to the administration of affairs, that same energy of character, that same watchword, of onward, slow but sure, which thirty years before had distinguished the youth at the University. "The boy was the father of the man." The mind well disciplined in youth, guided by the lessons of moral virtue, and enriched by experience, was equal to the task of controlling those great events, that stamp the era of the late administration. Mr. Polk has established his character as a great statesman. Under a "Divine Benignity" during his administration our country took giant strides in the paths of prosperity. There have been added unto her, all those characteristics which dignify and ennoble a nation,—wealth, population, rich territory, extended commerce, and military renown.

With a splendid reputation, having stamped his name indelibly upon the age in which he lived, President Polk on the fourth of March 1849, in accordance with the beautiful theory of our constitution, descended from that high elevation to which his country had raised him. He was once more a private American citizen. On his journey to his home in the West, he and the distinguished Lady who had shared and graced his honors, were received everywhere, without distinction of party, with cordial respect and attention. He reached his home. New scenes of happiness spread out before him. He had mingled successfully in the turmoil of life. He had attained the highest honors to which a noble ambition could aspire. Yet, he was comparatively a young man, and life had much to promise. It promised a long repose from successful labors. It promised a dignified retirement that carries with it the good will and veneration of mankind. It promised a serene old age, crowned with honors, and the blessings of a free people. But alas! upon the very threshold of these grateful anticipations, lay the shadow of death!

Disease laid her cold hand upon him. He felt that he approached that unknown country, beyond whose veil alone can penetrate the eyes of faith. And as Earth, with all her empty honors and vain hopes, faded from his vision, he leaned upon the arm of Him, who alone could support him through "the valley and the shadow of Death." His Mother, she who had cradled his infancy, guided his footseps in youth, and with a mother's pride watched his lofty career, now knelt beside his dying bed; and as the curtain of eternity was lifted from before his eyes, she breathed a prayer to the King of Kings to receive his spirit:

"Where Seraphs gather immortality,
From life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God."

James K. Polk died June 15th, 1849. He was entombed with Masonic ceremonies. He was a member of that ancient and venerable order which has embraced within its brotherhood a Washington, and still embraces many of the wisest the best and noblest of mankind. And his death, as we have witnessed, has called forth on this occasion, that beautiful tribute of fraternal sorrow and respect, which is paid by the Masons alike to the rich and the poor, the high and the low.

Thus closes, Fellow Citizens, this book of life. On its pages are written many lessons to instruct, to guide, and to encourage us. We are taught that he who would reap honors in manhood, must sow the good seed in the spring of life; that the surest foundation, on which to build an honorable reputation, is industry and virtue. We learn the value of self-reliance, and that indomitable energy that moves on, despite all obstacles, to the mark that is set before it. We are assured, that he who consecrates a life of labor and virtue to the public service, with an eye single to the glory and honor of his country, will, in this life, meet his reward and be remembered after death by a grateful posterity. We are taught a still more solemn lesson, that however exalted the station to which we may attain, though "we sound all the depths and shoals of honor," the grave is our heritage; and that we should so spend our lives, that when "Death, the great proprietor of all," shall summon us from earth, we can say, we have served our country and we have served our God.

KOSSUTH AND HIS GENERALS.

The following portion of a letter from Hungary, dated Pesth, July 1st, will be read with interest:

"We no longer count on the aid of France in our supreme struggle with despotism. When the French Republic is spoken of to Kossuth, he says, with a smile of pity, 'Let us leave old men to die in peace, and ask not from dotage what we can only expect from youth.' In the mean time, this astonishing man displays an energy of which I can scarcely give you an idea. Despite his precarious state of health, he does prodigies of activity. Seated on a country car, with his wife and child at his side, he crosses the country, calling the people to arms, and communicating to the whole nation that burning ardour which beams round his immortal face. Sometimes he arrives in the camp of his warriors, where, thanks to the inconvenience of every popular war, want of provisions and ammunition drag discouragement in their train. Then he rises on his car and speaks, and, at the departure of the dictator, the soldiers have forgotten their misery and fatigue: they are full of enthusiasm, and ready to fight and conquer, were it only to give repose to Louis Kossuth and his family. * *

"He is admirably seconded by his lieutenants. Georgey, wounded slightly in the arm during the last battle, proves that revolutions can only be accomplished by young and new men. Knowledge and experience ever give way before youth, and in every national movement the errors of ardour are better than those of calculation. Dembinski, whose force is scattered along the frontiers of Gallicia, is trying to draw Paskewitch into the country. You know this general, who gained every rank in the French army. His dream for eighteen years has been, 50,000 men with whom to annihilate the Muscovite empire. His dream is realised, and though afar off my reasoning may seem absurd, if in one battle Dembinski gains a victory Hungary is saved, and the Polish generals will enter Gallicia and the kingdom of Poland.

"The Russian troops are demoralised. The Hungarian war is unpopular in Russia, and, if I were sure my letter would not see the light, I would prove this. Dembinski is a general of Ariosto, to whom nothing is impossible. Sudden blows fascinate and tempt him, in which he differs from Bem, whose perseverance is his principal quality. Bem may be beaten, but never discouraged or destroyed."

HON. CHARLES FISHER.

"What constitutes a State?
Not high rais'd battlements or labor'd mound,
Thick wall or moated gate,
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crown'd,
Nor bays and broad arm'd ports,
Where laughing at the storm, rich navies ride,
Nor starred nor spangled courts,
Where low-brow'd baseness wafts perfume to pride.
* * * * * * *
No. Men, high minded men—
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain."

Sir William Jones.

The deep sensation which pervades our State, caused by the reeent death of Charles Fisher, is evidence of the high appreciation with which his character, services, and talents were regarded.

Associated as have been his services with the history of the State for the last thirty years, it is alike due to such services, as well as a tribute to his talents and virtues, that some memorial should be preserved which should truthfully present them to the country.

Such is a grateful oblation to departed worth! Not only is this a duty discharged to the dead, but a moral benefit may result to the living. It acts as an incentive to others—while they admire his services and brilliant career, to emulate his patriotic example.

"Oh who shall lightly say that Fame
Is nothing but an empty name,
While in that name there is a charm
The nerves to brace, the heart to warm?
When thinking on the mighty dead
The youth shall rouse from slothful bed,
And vow with uplift hand and heart,
Like him to act a noble part."

A record of such services acts directly on others. Sallust informs us that Maximus and Scipio, whenever they beheld the marble statues of their illustrious countrymen, were violently excited. "It could not," he said, "be the cold marble that possessed this mighty power. It was the recollection of noble actions which kindled this generous flame in their breasts, only to be quenched, when they also by their actions and virtues had acquired equal reputation."

The character of her sons chiefly constitutes the character of a State. They elevate or degrade her. North Carolina, in the death of Charles Fisher, has lost one of her most enterprising citizens, Rowan county one of her brightest ornaments, society one of its most useful members.

An untiring energy of character, a clear and comprehensive intellect, a penetrating and persuasive, if not commanding eloquence; knoweldge, deep and varied, both of men and books, elevated him to high and responsible stations in our Republic; and his merits were always equal to his position.

As a statesman he was patriotic, liberal and undaunted; as a citizen, he was public spirited, generous and active; as a friend he was devoted, unflinching and sincere.

To say that he had no faults, would be to say that he was not a man. Actively engaged, as he often was, by circumstances in the angry conflicts of party, it is not to be disguised that while a warm and sanguine temperament produces "troops of friends" it also sometimes creates enemies. Mr. Fisher cherished no malice. If he never forgot his friends he forgave his enemies. Even those who felt the force of his talents, the energy of his character, the power of his intellect in discussion, when the contest was over, acknowledged the generosity of his temper and the nobleness of his disposition. When the news of his death reached his residence, a public meeting was held on the melancholy occasion; many who were politically opposed to him united in it, and one of the most active in the meeting was a gentleman who was his opponent for Congress in a heated and violent contest, in 1839.

It is a redeeming and noble feature in human character not to war against the powerless or the dead. In the heat of contest,

"That stern joy which warriors feel,
In finding foeman worthy of their steel,"

animates us; but the contest once over, the merits and virtues of a generous adversary are appreciated and acknowledged. This was the case with Charles Fisher. Such men are alike the ornament and defence of a State. Their character and memory are its peculiar property, to be cherished like the Roman matron did her brave sons, as her brightest jewels.

If there be some among us who knew well the original, and with whom the excitement of party and personal conflicts are still fresh, this feeble portrait, although truthfully sketched may seem too highly colored, it should be recollected that the most faithful artist often feels at liberty to hide some minor defects of countenance, by the light or shade of some bold, prominent and commendable points of feature.

Let us cherish the recollection of talents, services and virtues of departed worth, and such faults as are inseparable from our nature, be buried in the grave with the relics of fallen humanity.

Charles Fisher was born in Rowan county, on the 20th October, 1789. His father removed from Shenandoah county, Virginia, to Rowan county, before the Revolution, and was a sturdy Republican in 1776, and served in the war as a militia officer.

His education was conducted under the care of the Rev. Dr. John Robinson, in Cabarrus county, and finished by the Rev. Dr. McPheeters of Raleigh. It never extended beyond this.

He married in April, 1814, Christina Beard, daughter of Lewis Beard, of Salisbury, by whom he had several children; three of whom survive—a son and two daughters. His wife died last June, on her return from Florida.

He studied the Law, and obtained a licence to practice; but such was the demand made on his time by other pursuits he never practiced it to any extent. Doubtless had his exclusive attention been devoted to the profession, from his natural quickness of perception, his ready tact, his strong and comprehensive reason, and laborious research, he would have attained the highest eminence.

Fortune had marked out for him another career, to which his elementary knowledge of the Law was an important aid, and here he shone conspicuous.

His first appearance in public life was in 1818, as a Senator in the State Legislature from Rowan.

In 1819, on the death of the Hon. George Mumford, he was elected as a member of the House of Representatives in Congress, by a majority of 305 votes over Dr. W. Jones.

In 1820 he was again re-elected to Congress, for a full term, by a large majority, over Hon. John Long.

After serving throughout this Congress, he retired from the toils and fatigues of its services, to attend to the welfare and happiness of his young and rising family.

But the people did not allow him to remain entirely abstracted from their service.

In 1821 he was elected a member of the House of Commons from Rowan county.

From this time to 1836, he served in the House of Commons, almost continuously, as a member either from the county of Rowan or the borough of Salisbury; a long and unusual period of public service.

In 1831 and 1832, he was chosen Speaker of the House of Commons. Those who served with him, (among whom was the writer of this) recollect, with great satisfaction, the dignity and ease with which he presided over the deliberations of the House, composed of such men as Gaston, Nash, Henry, Eccles, Hill, Bragg and others.

The readiness with which he perceived, and the promptness with which he decided, all parliamentary questions, his urbanity and impartiality, elicited universal approbation.

In 1835, he, with the late Hon. John Giles, was a delegate from Rowan in the Convention called to amend the Constitution of the State.

This was an important occasion. This was the first convention that had set in the State after her Independence had been achieved. Important questions had arisen, conflicting interests were to be reconciled, and great principles discussed. The people felt this and sent their ablest men, such as Nathaniel Macon, Wm. Gaston, John Branch, J. J. Daniel, D. L. Swain, Richard Dobbs Spaight, Jesse Speight, Samuel Carson, Weldon N. Edwards, and others, to this Convention. There Mr. Fisher's industry, talents and acquirements shone conspicuously. The debates of this body show that he took a most active part in its proceedings. His views on the freedom of suffrage, religious toleration, and popular rights, were liberal and statesmanlike. He was one of the committee by whom the present constitution as it now exists, was drafted, and was one of the most useful members of the convention.

In 1839, he was again brought forward as a Candidate for Congress. This campaign will be long remembered. His principles and his party were in a large minority. The opposition was active, and its candidate (Dr. Pleasant Henderson) was talented and popular. Mr. Fisher was elected by a majority of 183 votes. His majority of 300 votes at Salisbury, among his neighbors and daily associates, proved their appreciation of his worth as a man and as a friend.

After serving through this Congress he retired to give his undivided attention to his private concerns, which from his constant and unremitting labors in public life, demanded all his energy and talents. Then he displayed the same qualities in private as he had in public life, and it was soon manifest in his success. But it was not his destiny to be allowed by the people to remain in retirement. In 1845, while absent from the State, he was nominated by a District Convention of the Democratic party as a candidate for Congress, in the District then represented by Hon. D. M. Barringer. He refused at first, to allow his name to be used; but finally he consented much against his wishes, interests, and private matters. He engaged in the canvass, as he did in every thing else, with all his heart and mind. He addressed his fellow citizens at every place he possibly could, at great length, and often twice a day; sometimes riding more than fifty miles without rest; and when he could not go, he was active in writing and sending printed addresses to the people. Such were his exertions, such the force and ingenuity of his arguments, that he only lost his election by 27 votes in a District which, when he commenced, was supposed to contain an overwhelming majority against him. This is the only election in which he ever failed before the people; and such was the effect of his efforts that his political opponents did not think the district any longer reliable, and altered it at the next session of the Legislature.

At various times he was ballotted for in the Legislature as Senator in Congress. At one time, (1829) only a few votes would have elected him.

In 1846 he was the unanimous choice of his party in the State for Governor. He was compelled to decline it, on account of his private affairs. He wrote a letter to the Convention, he being absent from the State, declining for the reason stated, and the Hon. G. W. Caldwell was nominated. He also declined on account of ill health and private affairs, and Mr. Shepard, (James B.,) was chosen by the Central Committee.

Deeply imbued with the principles of Republicanism, Mr. Fisher was the strong advocate of the rights of the people, against the encroachments of privilege and power.

Well versed in history and in the theory of our Constitution he was the firm, undaunted, and unyielding friend of State Rights against Federal encroachment and usurpations. The last effort ever he made in public, that the writer of this recollects, was last fall on the invitation of the citizens of Catawba County, when he addressed them with the Hon. H. W. Conner, Burton Craige, Esq., and others, on the true principles (as he conceived,) of the Government.

It would swell this sketch far beyond the proper limits, to discuss, or even allude to the various public measures that he originated, advocated among the people, in the Legislature, or in Congress; or to make extracts from his various reports, or copy his various speeches. These belong to some other pen. When some future Plutarch shall endeavor to present to North Carolina the names, services, and labours of her sons, he can find ample materials on the records of the State and nation, to do justice to Mr. Fisher's reputation and talents. If the limits of this sketch would allow, such discussions and extracts would be improper here. In writing this a constant endeavor is made not to stir up the fires of political excitement, now covered by the ashes of the dead. But all of us now admit that, in all of Mr. Fisher's efforts, the welfare of his native State and county was the chief object.

To Rowan County his loss is severe. As one of her Magistrates, or one of her representatives, he was alwas a devoted servant. Her people returned this affection. "They loved him because he first loved them." His last efforts with his pen, were devoted to her welfare and improvement.

It may not be improper here to notice, that to but few counties in our State have the councils of the State been more indebted for able and powerful men to elevate her fame and character, than to Rowan county.

For some time in 1831, and 1832, she had the Speakers of both Senate and House of Commons from Rowan—Hon. D. F. Caldwell in the Senate and Mr. Fisher in the Commons.

At another time her delegation comprized these two, united with Hon. Richmond M. Pearson, now on the Supreme Court Bench. It is doubtful if any other county, at any one period, sent such a galaxy of usefulness and talents.

Although one of these has departed, his services, example and patriotism remain for her to emulate and cherish. She is worthy of such a son, as he was worthy of such a mother. His fame and his character belong to Rowan County, for he is intimately connected with her history.

He died, after an illness of some ten or twelve days, on the 7th May, 1849, in the 60th year of his age, at Hillsborough, Scott County, Mississippi, on his return home, surrounded by kind friends and cheered by the consolations of Religion.

Although he lies buried far away, his name and services will be long cherished in North Carolina, his talents admired and his virtues emulated. W.

CHARACTER AND INTEGRITY. We have somewhere seen a notice of a Rotterdam thread merchant who had accumulated fifty thousand dollars by his own industry, punctuality, and integrity; and it was remarked of him that he never let a yard of bad thread go out of his hands, and would never take more than a reasonable profit. By these means he acquired such entire public confidence that his customers would as willingly send a blind man or a child to buy for them as to go themselves.

We refer to the case not to intimate that we have no such instance among ourselves, but for the purpose of suggesting the great value to any business man of such a character, and the extending agreeableness to dealers with him of the confidence he inspires. And we affirm nothing extravagant in saying that the character for strict integrity acquired is of as much real worth to its possessor as the pecuniary savings of his industry. Let such a man lose by any misfortune all his money, he is still a man of capital, of weight, of influence, and is the superior, on mere business calculations, of many a man of large moneyed means.

But the beauty of the thing is this, that any man, however small his business and limited his capital, has just as good an opportunity of winning confidence as the millionaire. Integrity in small things is even more impressive than integrity in great things. And after all that men may say in praise of the enterprise, skill, shrewdness, and tact of particular business men, there is one character towards which all minds instinctively render their reverence, and that is the man who would rather be honest than wealthy, and who prefers integrity to gold.

New York Dry Goods Reporter.

INTERESTING EXTRACT—DR. DICK.

The following interesting sketch of the celebrated philosopher, Dr. Dick, of Scotland, we copy from a letter written by Professor Pliny Miles, over the signature of "Communipaw," for the Boston Post, and dated "Arbroath, Scotland, July 10, 1849." The writings of Dr. Dick have, perhaps, effected more good in the world, and contain less of evil, than those of any other modern writer. They will bear the test of time, which tries all things. Prof. Miles says:

"During the time I have been in this vicinity, and also at my visit to Dundee, I have enjoyed the society of the distinguished Dr. Dick. We had corresponded for near ten years: and you may suppose I met him with a high degree of pleasure. The doctor is over seventy, and enjoying a green old age. He is not rich in this world's goods, but he enjoys a small income that serves to support him and his family in tolerable circumstances. He has a good library of books, an observatory on the top of his house, and he keeps eight or ten telescopes. We examined the moon, in different phases; saw Jupiter's rings and the four moons, and the belts of Saturn. In the village of Port on Craig, on the opposite side of the river, we could tell the time of day by a clock in an old church tower, though several miles distant. For terrestrial objects, afar off, he uses his large refracting telescope, with a terrestrial power. One would hardly suppose, from his unassuming manners and unpretending mode of life, that he had written scientific and religious works that have given instruction and pleasure to a larger number of readers than perhaps any living author. Such I believe is the case. Within my own acquaintance, some men of high order of intellect have become converted to a belief of the immortality of the soul, by reading his "Philosophy of a future State." His "Mental Illumination and Moral Improvement of Mankind" should be translated into every language in the world; and the "Christian Philosopher" and "Philosophy of Religion" will convey lessons of wisdom to millions of readers long after the hand that wrote them has mouldered to dust. The British government gives five or six thousand dollars annually in pensions to literary men whose circumstances are low, but in the wisdom of the rulers, enough like the Hooks, the Blanchards, and the Jerrolds can be found; the *ephemera* of the day, who are more *worthy* of pension, because they have played the courtier, and spent their money in dissipation! If posthumous fame is worth any thing, then after one or two ages have passed, the record of kings, lords and commons will exist only "in dull cold marble," "where no mention of them more shall be heard;" while thousands "shall rise up to speak his name, and call him blessed." His works have had a large circulation in this country, but larger in America, where the masses are more in the habit of reading. He has written the following:—"Philosophy of Religion," "Christian Philosopher," "Philosophy of a Future State," "Mental Illumination," &c., "Essay on Covetousnes," "Celestial Scenery," "Sidereal Heavens," "The Practical Astronomer," "The Solar System," a work on the "Atmosphere," and numerous papers contributed to scientific and religious journals. I am not aware that he is at present engaged in any work that he intends to publish. In fact I know that he is not. He has lately suffered severely from one or two attacks of influenza and fever; though now he is enjoying a tolerable degree of health. The best edition of his entire works that is published in America is the edition by E. C. & J. Biddle, of Philadelphia, in nine volumes. The doctor resides at Broughty Ferry, a village of some three thousand inhabitants, three miles below Dundee, on the north side of the river Tay. In person the doctor is rather small; about five feet seven inches in height. His conversation is decidedly Scotch, as he is a Scotchman by birth. He is much beloved by his neighbors; goes into convivial meetings, talks politics, tells stories and listens to them, joins in games with the young; chucks the pretty girls under the chin, roams abroad in the fields, studying the works of Nature, calculates eclipses, ogles Venus and the moon through his long telescope, and now and then preaches the gospel. He belongs to that branch of the Presbyterian church termed "Independents." He supports an aged sister and several grandchildren. Mrs. Dick, his "better-half," is a middle aged, agreeable lady. I need not add, that the doctor's life is a most unblemished one. All who know him are his friends. He takes much interest in America, and thinks we are destined to be the leading nation in the world. He has long desired to go to America, and expected to do so during this summer; but sickness and declining years have prevented. Such is Rev. Thomas Dick, LL. D., one of the first philosophical writers of the age, and who has probably done more towards popularizing science, particularly the science of astronomy, than any of his contemporaries. May he long live to enjoy his well-earned fame."

INTERESTING FROM OREGON. *Election of a Delegate to Congress—The Territorial Government.* Intelligence up to the 15th instant has been received from Oregon, per United States propeller Massachusetts, Commander Wood, which arrived in this harbor on the 20th inst. An election for a delegate to Congress had been held, and the Hon. R. S. Thurston chosen by a majority of seventy votes above all other candidates.

Gov. Lane has divided the territory into judical districts, and assigned the judges of their respective circuits. District No. 1, east of the Wilhamette and south of the Columbia, to Judge Bryant, district No. 2, west of the Wilhamette and south of the Columbia, to Judge Pratt; district No. 3, lying north of the Columbia, no Judge appointed. The courts in Judge Bryant's district commence in August, and those in Judge Pratt's district in September. An election for members to a Territorial Legislative Council had taken place, but no time of meeting named.

Indian difficulties had been rife in the region about Nisqually, and one American had been killed, but every thing is now quiet, Gov. Lane having visited that quarter. Capt. Hill, with the company of artillery under his command, would repair to Nisqually immediately upon the arrival of the Fredonia storeship with army supplies, then daily expected.

Lieut. Hawkins, of the United States army, is preparing to leave about the 1st of July for Fort Hall, with supplies, to meet the regiment to arrive overland.

Alta California, 28th ult.

MODEL CRITICISM. The Yankee Blade says "the Man at the Corner" in the London Sunday Times has the following notice of a new work, recently announced:

"REVIEW.

"The Autobiography of a Flea. Somebody (we do not remember who just at present.) London, 1849.

"The writer of this autobiography has made his appearance before the public, suddenly and unexpectedly—coming upon us, as we may say, with a leap. His work, though it can hardly be called pleasing, is sure to create a sensation; and we unhesitatingly pronounce him a person likely to be much sought after. His style is keen, lively and biting. Without being able to dive into the secret workings of the hearts of men, he has knack of touching upon the outside of human nature—rarely going more than skin deep—with considerable smartness. He has moved in various societies, and his life has been one of continuous ups and downs, at times enjoying the acquaintance of some of the best blood of our land, at others going literally to the dogs.

"His great fault is a tendency to jump unceremoniously from one subject to another; indeed, at times he rambles so, and takes such extraordinary flights, that we should not all be surprised at his being severely handled by some of the critics—when they catch him."

Horace Greely calls the Whig party "a loose and casual aggregation of independent thinkers." Horace is just about right.