

Desiring to see the representatives of its sovereignty and the capital of the Republic, we proceeded to Washington, on the Brazos. We entered a small village of rather mean houses, mostly log cabins, containing some five or six hundred inhabitants. We found lodgings at the principal hotel, which embraced a bar-room, a long unplastered eating-room, and a kitchen on the ground floor; and at night we were ushered into a large unfinished garret, where one could lay and study the art and mystery of building, by contemplating the naked beams and rafters, and their relations and proportions to each other; and, if at all curious in such matters, he could have counted the rows of shingles necessary to cover a roof of like dimensions. At one end was a window scarce sufficient to betray the approach of daylight. Here we were bedded quite promiscuously with about twenty other inmates of the house, some of whom we discovered before morning were vociferous snorers, and others regular subjects of the nightmare. We were reconciled, however, to our accommodation by the reflection that we were occupying the places just left vacant by the magnates of the land.

In the morning we went forth to view the legislative halls and public offices.—The Representative Hall we found to be an unfinished loft, over a drinking shop, in a frame building fifty feet by twenty. After the adjournment of Congress, which occurred a few days previously, it was taken possession of by the Treasury Department, and at the time of our visit it was divided into various compartments by screens of unbleached factory cloth stretched across it in various directions; and by the side of the passage way in each division was pinned to the cloth a label, on which was written, "The Treasurer's Office," "Comptroller's Office," "Auditor's Office," &c. Having examined this structure, and reflecting to ourselves that, though less imposing in its architecture and finish, it had resounded with tones as grandiloquent and speeches by Buncombe as full-some and bombastic as any that had echoed through the lofty dome and pillars of its prouder sister Capitol on the banks of the Potomac, we went in search of the Senate Chamber, which we found some three hundred yards off, over a grocery, in a small building rather in the decline of its being, on which no great expenditure for paint had ever been made. The chamber, fifteen by twenty feet, unfinished, though a few gallons of whitewash had apparently been spread, by no very practised hands, over the rough board ceiling, was rented for the session at the extravagant national expenditure of three dollars per week. A flight of steps, which displayed no great expenditure of their construction, nor of artistic skill in ornament, ran from the street on the exterior of the building to a platform, from which a door opened into the Senate Chamber, which spared their honors the necessity of entering the august assembly through a dirty goshop.

We next proceeded to the War Department, which we found to be a low sixteen by eighteen feet log-cabin, blessed with but one glazed window. It was divided into two apartments; the front one contained an old chair and a shabby-looking bed for a single gentleman, which, at the moment of our entrance, a black boy was giving its usual morning airing. The rear apartment, where we found the acting Secretary, was occupied, besides his Honor, by a small pine table, three old chairs, and a handkerchief full of papers; the chairs being just equal in number to our party, the Secretary politely took his seat on the corner of the table; and, although not elegant, things seemed quite comfortable and convenient; six pines of 8 by 10 glass admitted considerable light from the west, and the room was sufficiently luminous to see to read and write without any very great tax on the powers of vision. A bright fire was blazing in the chimney, and a smart effort had evidently been made to chink up the worse crevices in the logs, both on the out and inside, with mud, to protect the inmates against a "norther." Since the alarm of Mexican invasions has subsided, the business of this department does not appear to be pressing; and the chief clerk was the only clerk, and discharged all the duties of acting Secretary and the subordinate bureaus at the same time.

We next paid our respects to the Secretary of State, whose department we found in a building which I at first, in my simplicity, mistook for a carpenter's shop.—Though more stately, it was less comfortable than the war office; for, being a frame building, it was simply weather-boarded on the outside, and the winds of heaven were sifting through innumerable cracks. As diplomacy was quite active at the time of our visit to the capital, affairs in this department appeared to require a much larger array of assistants, and a great deal more display of official importance and dignity. It was evident that the occupants of stations here felt that in their little clapping shop events were evolving which fixed the attention of the world.

Fleas are one of the plagues of Texas, which they appear to have taken in the place of mosquitoes, which the strong morning and evening breezes sweep from the country. An anecdote was told by a former member of Congress as evidence of the great annoyance of these vermin, and as illustrative of the habits of the honorable legislators. It is always difficult, during the sessions of Congress, to procure lodgings, even for the members of Congress. Our informant arrived at the capital, and could not gain admittance into any house in town. Two honorable Senators invited him to share their lodgings in the Senate chamber. In the evening he repaired to the room and found it

devoted to a double service: by day it was the hall of an august legislative assembly; at night it was the place of encampment for a number of its members. At bedtime a capacious straw mattress was dragged forth upon the floor, and the visitor politely urged to select his place on it, and lie down; being a modest man, and somewhat "green" in the ways of the country, he declined the honor of the first choice of a place; but, being pressed with much apparent kindness and importunity, his diffidence was overcome, and, wrapping himself in his blanket, which forms a part of every traveller's equipage in Texas, he took his position on the mattress, while his entertainers sat down to discuss the topics of next day's proceedings. In a few moments the new member exhibited signs that he was beset by the whole swarm of hungry vermin that inhabited the bed, and it was soon evident, by his incessant scratching and violent throes, that they had carried the barrier of his blanket and all his exterior defences, and were engaged in active and vigorous assault on his person. His hospitable friends, after enjoying for some time his exclamations of impotent fury and rage against his assailants, and chucklingly thanking him for his generosity in gathering the whole hive of tormentors under his own blanket, laid themselves down and went quietly to sleep, while he was obliged to maintain the annoying contest through the night. The moral he aimed to inculcate on us was, never to be so unaccountable as to take the first place in bed, however urgently and civilly you might be pressed thereto; for, fleas, says he, "gather on the first corner and never quit him."

President Jones is a dignified and courteous gentleman, and was formerly a respectable physician in the western section of Massachusetts, and in his native State would probably never be known beyond his own neighborhood.

# THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

BRUNER & JAMES,  
Editors & Proprietors.

"KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR  
IS SAFE."



RULES. DO THIS, AND LIBERTY  
Gen'l. Harrison.

NEW SERIES,  
NUMBER 9, OF VOLUME II.

SALISBURY, N. C., JUNE 28, 1845.

devoted to a double service: by day it was the hall of an august legislative assembly; at night it was the place of encampment for a number of its members.

At bedtime a capacious straw mattress was dragged forth upon the floor, and the visitor politely urged to select his place on it, and lie down; being a modest man, and somewhat "green" in the ways of the country, he declined the honor of the first choice of a place; but, being pressed with much apparent kindness and importunity, his diffidence was overcome, and, wrapping himself in his blanket, which forms a part of every traveller's equipage in Texas, he took his position on the mattress, while his entertainers sat down to discuss the topics of next day's proceedings. In a few moments the new member exhibited signs that he was beset by the whole swarm of hungry vermin that inhabited the bed, and it was soon evident, by his incessant scratching and violent throes, that they had carried the barrier of his blanket and all his exterior defences, and were engaged in active and vigorous assault on his person. His hospitable friends, after enjoying for some time his exclamations of impotent fury and rage against his assailants, and chucklingly thanking him for his generosity in gathering the whole hive of tormentors under his own blanket, laid themselves down and went quietly to sleep, while he was obliged to maintain the annoying contest through the night. The moral he aimed to inculcate on us was, never to be so unaccountable as to take the first place in bed, however urgently and civilly you might be pressed thereto; for, fleas, says he, "gather on the first corner and never quit him."

President Jones is a dignified and courteous gentleman, and was formerly a respectable physician in the western section of Massachusetts, and in his native State would probably never be known beyond his own neighborhood.

## A CAMP-MEETING IN THE WEST.

None, but one who has seen, can imagine the interest excited in a district of a country, perhaps fifty miles in extent, by the awaited approach of the time for a Camp-Meeting; and none, but one who has seen, can imagine how profoundly the preachers have understood what produces effect, and how well they have practised upon it. Suppose the scene to be, where the most extensive excitements and most frequent Camp-Meetings have been during the past two years, in one of the beautiful and fertile valleys among the mountains of Tennessee. The notice has been circulated two or three months. On the appointed day, coaches, chaises, wagons, carts, people on horseback, and multitudes travelling from a distance on foot, wagons with provisions, mattresses, tents, and arrangements for the stay of a week, are seen hurrying from every point towards the central spot. It is in the midst of a grove of those beautiful and lofty trees, natural to the valleys of Tennessee, in its deepest verdure, and beside a spring branch, for the requisite supply of water.

The ambitious and wealthy are there, because in this region opinion is all powerful; and they are there, either to extend their influence, or that their absence may not be noted, to diminish it. Aspirants for office are there, to electioneer and gain popularity. Vast numbers are there from simple curiosity, and merely to enjoy a spectacle. The young and the beautiful are there with mixed motives which it were best not severely to scrutinize.—Children are there, their young eyes glistening with the intense interest of eager curiosity. The middle aged fathers and mothers of families are there, with the sober views of people whose plans of life are fixed, and waiting calmly to hear.—Men and women of hoary heads are there, with such thoughts, it may be hoped, as their years invite. Such is the congregation consisting of thousands.

A host of preachers of different denominations are there, some in the earnest vigor and aspiring desires of youth, waiting an opportunity for display; others, who have proclaimed the gospel, as pilgrims of the Cross, from the remotest north of our vast country to the shores of the Mexican gulf, and ready to utter the words, they have treasured up in a travelling ministry of fifty years, and whose accents, trembling with age, still more impressively than their words announce that they will soon travel, and preach no more on earth, are there. Such are the preachers.

The line of tents is pitched, and the religious city grows up in a few hours under the trees, beside the stream. Lamps are hung in lines among the branches, and the effect of their glare upon the surrounding forest is as of magic. The scenery of the most brilliant theatre in the world is a painting only for children, compared with it. Meantime the multitude with the highest excitement of social feeling, added to the general enthusiasm of expectation, pass from tent to tent, and interchange apostolic greetings and embraces, and talk of coming solemnities. Their coffee and tea are prepared, and their supper is finished. By this time the moon, for they take thought to appoint the meeting at the proper time of the moon, begins to show its disc above the dark summits of the mountains, and a few stars are seen glim-

mering through the intervals of the branches. The whole constitutes a temple worthy of the grandeur of God. An old man in a dress of the quaintest simplicity, ascends a platform, wipes the dust from his spectacles, and in a voice of suppressed emotion, gives out the hymn, of which the whole assembled multitude can recite the words, and an air in which every voice can join. We should deem poorly of the heart that would not thrill, as the song is heard, like the "sound of many waters," echoing among the hills and mountains. Such are the scenes, the associations, and such the influence of external things upon a nature so "fearfully and wonderfully" constituted as ours, that little effort is necessary on such a theme as religion, urged at such a place, under such circumstances to fill the heart and the eyes. The hoary orator talks of God, of eternity, a judgment to come, and all that is impressive beyond. He speaks of his "experiences," his toils and travels, his persecutions and welcomes, and how many he has seen in hope, in peace and triumph, gathered to their fathers; and when he speaks of the short space that remains to him, his only regret is, that he can no more proclaim, in the silence of death, the mercies of his crucified Redeemer.

There is no need of the studied trick of oratory, to produce in such a place the deepest movements of the heart. No wonder, as the speaker pauses to dash the gathering moisture from his own eye, that his audience are dissolved in tears, or uttering the exclamations of penitence.—Nor is it cause for admiration, that many who poised themselves on an estimation of higher intellect, and a nobler insensibility than the crowd, catch the infectious feeling, and become women and children in their turn; and though they "come to mock, remain to pray."—*Flint's Valley of the Mississippi.*

## AVOID TEMPTATION.

In a Tract recently published by the Maryland Tract Society, the following passage occurs. It contains truth that will be responded to by every one:

"One of the grossest neglects of youth, producing incalculable mischief and ruin, is the improper spending of evenings.—Darkness was created for quiet; home is the place of quiet. Darkness is temptation to misconduct; suffering the young to be out when the light of day does not restrain them from misconduct is training them to it. We have already an abundant harvest of this seedling. Riots, mobs, crimes, giving fearful forebodings, are the result of youth becoming fit agents of outrage by running uncareful for an evening. What we see in these respects is deplorable enough; but what is this compared with what we do not see—multitudes making themselves miserable and noxious in this world, and what in that to come?"

"Parents should look at the truth that evening pleasures and recreations are often dearly purchased; the price, their own impaired comfort, and the blighted prospects of their offspring. It must be obvious that in this matter there can be no prescribed rule. There can be no interdiction of all evening recreations and employments; yet here is an evil not only destructive to youth, but planting thorns in many paths, and covering many lives with desolation. The reformation demanded must proceed from judgment and conscience, and for this purpose judgment and conscience must be enlightened. Heads of families must learn that the place on earth best adapted to be a blessing is home; and by example and wholesome restraint they must teach this truth to all under them. Especially should home during Sabbath hours be consecrated. Sabbath mornings and evenings are blessed indeed when they gather the family into the circle of converse and instruction; and parents and children, masters and apprentices, and servants, in the presence and by the grace of God who has made them in their respective stations, raise themselves to the exalted level of the truth that they are invested with capacity and obligation in their respective conditions, assigned them by an all-wise Providence, to help each other onward to honor, glory, and immortality: eternal life. Souls perish in everlasting death; they perish through neglect. Who would stand at the judgment of the Great Day under the imputation of that neglect! Do you say 'not I!' Then think of these things."

**A Compliment and a Rebuke.**—The editor of the Charleston Mercury having asserted that "the only way to touch the sensibilities of the Northern men is to touch their pockets." Prentice says, "the sneer is a very contemptible one. The editor ought to know that it is a very easy thing to touch the pockets of the Northern men. Let a case of distress be presented to them, and their pockets are touched at once and touched deeply. No sooner was the distressing tale of the Pittsburg fire circulated at the North, than the pockets of the citizens of Philadelphia, New York and Boston, were touched to the tune of nearly \$100,000. If there is a way to the sensibilities of the Northern men through their pockets, there is also a way to their pockets through their sensibilities."

## A LOCOFOCO ORATION.

The following is the report of a speech delivered by a Mr. Kingsburg, a Locofoco member of the Ohio Legislature. "Punch" has never furnished any thing equal to it. The Locofoco orator is evidently a distinguished disciple of the Transcendentalists:

"Mr. SPEAKER—I rise to the question of order. The Whig party during the last ten years had power two times in this rotundy. Many times, Mr. Speaker, when the sun has looked green behind the clouds, some Whig has started up, Mr. Speaker, and put his hand upon Banks. The currency question, Mr. Speaker, is a tangent! monopolizing the great necessities of both causes. I warn the Whigs, Mr. Speaker, in this rotundy, while they have the power in this dominion to stand by their brethren on the very scales of Jubiter, and assist me to bring down the satellites of vengeance on this cantankerous dilemma.

No nation has prospered, Mr. Speaker, since General Scott took the Carthaginians on the bank of Waterloo, and met his fate like a dying Cannibal! Josephus informs us that Banks swallowed up antiquity in streams of burning lava! and Tacitus, Mr. Speaker, the Egyptian Hero, drinks at the same fountain. I warn this Bank bill, as long as Rome has a Hannibal to defend its ramparts, that we shall all find a speedy grave under this silicious monster!

But, Mr. Speaker, I rise to refrigerate you that the House is out of order. Ten years has passed away, like evening shadows, and these Whigs has been in majorities twice; and no body believes this Bank bill can ever touch the bottom of Chimborazo. Gentlemen may laugh at the burning words, but I tell gentlemen, the Democrats, as true as Mountbancs, follows after them with sharp sticks. I warn you by the love of innate glory, never to commit suicide on this motion. Don't you hear it thunder, Mr. Speaker! The clouds of eternal vengeance sweat over your tin pin constructions, and hail, fire, blood and banks burst upon my astonished visions! The positivities of all the fulcrums of perpetual circulation law instilled into this horror-struck monstrosity, all the elements of perpetual magnetism, and the down-trodden poor of all ages will bless the minority in this General Assembly.

I move, therefore, Mr. Speaker, this dying injunction to all sober men, that the Whig party is dead and buried. Weep, weep! your salty tears on the dying tomb of everlasting greatness! I raise my voice like an earthquake and exhort my co-patriots to strike for blushing liberty! The majority was gained by a single blow of their gastric leader, who sits on the shades of Ashland, like a dying mummy; pulling down Kingdoms to the Idols of retributive motion.

Mr. Speak—or—my—lungs—give—up—un—der—this—ex—alt—ed—press—ure;—(drinks)—and I close to warn this rotundy while life and monopoly lasts, I am eternally against this Boa Constrictor of Kelly's—sinking with my wife and children behind the clouds of futurity never to rise till the day of Judgment, I am done, Mr. Speaker, and move the previous question on all further discussion. I am exhausted, Mr. Speaker, and sits down with patos."

**Coleman's Locomotive Patent.**—We noticed some time since, says the Baltimore Sun, an invention by Mr. Coleman, brother of the inventor of the *Eolian* attachment, by means of which an engine can ascend and descend an inclined plane at nearly the same speed it can propel itself and train along a level road. The Philadelphia Ledger says it was exhibited at the Exchange, in that city, on Tuesday, to a large number of gentlemen. A miniature locomotive in which the steam was raised by burning spirits of wine, hauled two cars, on which a man weighing nearly 200 pounds was mounted, upon an inclined plane with an ascent of one foot in six, with the greatest ease and rapidity. The locomotive and its load could also remain stationary on the plane or descend at the pleasure of the exhibitor. The attachment is elevated above the level of the driving wheels, and does not interfere with the running of the engine on the level portion of the road.

**The Largest Letter in the World.**—Mr. John R. Peters, jun. who accompanied the American Embassy to China, arrived at New York on Wednesday in the ship *Bazaar*. He informs the editors of the Commercial Advertiser that the Emperor of the Celestial dominions has written a letter, in the Chinese and Mantchou languages, to the President of the United States, which is six feet long by three feet wide! Mr. Peters saw the letter. It is written on yellow paper, enclosed in a yellow silk case, and is now in the hands of Dr. Parker for translation. It is expected that it will be sent home in the next ship.

But this long epistle is not the only great thing emanating from the empire of China. Mr. Peters has brought home the largest collection of Chinese curiosities yet made, exceeding, we are told, even that made by the late Mr. Dunn. We are not informed whether any measures will be taken to gratify the curiosity which this information will excite.

The New York Gazette says that the Supreme Court of that State decided on Friday last that the General Banking Law is unconstitutional and void. The decision, however, has produced, it is said, but little "excitement" in Wall street, from the universal and undoubting conviction that it will be promptly reversed by the Court of Errors—which court has heretofore, in another case, declared by a unanimous vote (or very nearly so) that the Law is constitutional.

**Two tall men of Kentucky.**—The steamboat on which Mr. Clay embarked for St. Louis, the other day, was detained some hours at Portland. Our friend Jim Porter, seven feet and six inches in height, hearing that Mr. Clay was on the boat, went on board, and invited Mr. Clay to his house, to remain until the boat was ready to start. The invitation was accepted, and we understand that a very lively and agreeable conversation was carried on for several hours, between these two tallest of the tall men of Kentucky. Jim outmeasures Mr. Clay in stature, full eighteen inches, but nevertheless he considers Mr. C. so tall that he cannot see everything that is in that gentleman's head. We expect Jim is about right.

[Louisville Courier.]

Locofocoism was greatly shocked, during the Presidential campaign, that Mr. Clay did not prevent the duel between Messrs. Graves and Cilley. President Polk, responsive to the moral sentiment which seemed to have taken such deep root among his friends, took an early occasion to strike Lieut. Hurst's name from the Navy list, because he had been concerned in a duel.

But, notwithstanding these indications of an anti-duelling spirit, we perceive that the President has appointed Gen. Jones, who was engaged as second in the fatal Graves and Cilley duel, to an important office! And the newspapers, which were so indignant at Mr. Clay for not preventing that duel, (though he endeavored to do so) are quite content with the appointment of a man who was actively engaged in it.—*Louis Journal.*

**Magnetic Telegraph.**—We are glad to learn, says the Washington Constitution, that the entire stock of the Philadelphia and New York Magnetic Telegraph Company has been subscribed, the first instalment paid up, and the company organized. If satisfactory arrangements can be made with the New Jersey rail-road company, the telegraph will be in active operation between the two cities long before the meeting of the next session of Congress. We hope that no obstacles to this desirable result will be interposed by the promptings of a grasping cupidity, which are generally as short-sighted as they are un-patriotic.

**Caution to Patentes.**—It has been decided by Judge Nelson as we learn from a communication in the National Intelligencer, that if the proprietor of a new invention sells even one of his articles, before he has taken out his patent, he thereby loses his exclusive claim; the sale is held to be an abandonment of the invention to the public. This is a new decision—the opposite doctrine having been heretofore held at the Patent Office. The case in which the law was declared by Judge Nelson was that of *Wilson vs. Packard.*—*Baltimore Patriot.*

**Most Unfortunate.**—The Pittsburg Post says:—"One of our most worthy citizens has been burnt out no less than four times within the last two months. He was one of the many hundreds who suffered on the 10th of April; on the 27th of May, he was again caught in the fire on 7th street; from there he moved to Brighton, Beaver county, where his ill luck appeared to follow him, and he was again burnt out by the fire that occurred in that place. Since then he has been purchasing things to make another start, and we understand they were all consumed on Tuesday last.

**The Beauties of Racing.**—The N. Y. Spirit of the Times, in speaking of Peytona, says:—"Barney informed us that on the fourth mile of the second heat he was fearful the race was lost. He had been spurring his mare so incessantly that her lacerated sides became callous, and he changed his seat in order to get a new flesh! He could not have won the race by an inch more than he did!"

**Very Peculiar.**—Conversing one day with a fashionable and pretty belle, the facetious Mr. L.—observed, that "ladies that lisp wished to be kissed." The young lady had before spoken unaffectedly, but replied, "Tho' I've heard thay."

☞ The charts on board the U. S. squadron now in the Gulf of Mexico, are said to have been found quite incorrect. The position of Galveston was incorrectly laid down by nearly a degree and a quarter, and the flag ship had to bring to a coasting vessel in order to inquire for Galveston.

**An Advertising Firm.**—The Worcester *Egis* states that Messrs. Hardin, Hunt & Co., a firm doing an extensive business in that town, during the past year paid about one thousand dollars for advertising their goods, and are satisfied by this outlay, they have received a rich harvest in return.

☞ A negro's idea of love, as given by Pelham, one of the Ethiopian serenaders:—"Ah, nigger! I felt as if I war up in de clouds between two buckwheat cakes, and all de little angels war pourin' down 'lasses upon me!"

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF GENL. JACKSON.

The Philadelphia U. S. Gazette publishes the following sketch furnished for that paper by a young gentleman, who had acquaintance with the material for a biography, with which he had been laboring for a volume:

SKETCH.

Andrew Jackson was born on the 15th of March, 1767, in the "Waxhaw" settlement, S. C. His parents were emigrants from Ireland, who had settled in the place two years before, where they followed the industrial occupation of farming. They belonged to that class of Irish people called the yeomanry, distinguished for the quiet virtues of honesty, sobriety and hospitality. Shortly after the birth of Andrew Jackson, his father died, leaving him along with two elder brothers to be provided for by their mother, a woman who seems to have possessed many of the most excellent virtues of her sex. The patrimony left by Jackson's father was small—not enough to educate liberally the three sons; it was, therefore, determined that the youngest should be brought up for the ministry, while the brothers, Hugh and Robert, should follow the calling of their father. Andrew, accordingly, was sent to a flourishing school in the settlement, where he remained occupied with the dead languages until the revolutionary war brought an enemy into the neighborhood. It now became necessary for even boys to shoulder the musket or rifle, and at the tender age of fourteen, encouraged by his patriotic mother, the young Jackson, accompanied by his brothers, sought the ranks of the American army, and ranged himself under its banners.

The Waxhaw settlers, among whom were the Jacksons, were obliged to retire before the British into North Carolina. They, however, soon returned to the Waxhaws. Shortly after their return, a band of forty patriots, with whom were Andrew Jackson and one of his brothers (the other having already perished in the battle of Stone) were surprised and routed by a superior British force, many of their number being taken prisoners. Jackson and his brother escaped, but on the following day, having entered the house of a friend to procure food, they were captured by a marauding party of the enemy. An Anecdote is told of Jackson's conduct on this occasion. Being ordered by a British officer to wipe the mud off his boots, Jackson peremptorily refused, demanding the treatment due to a prisoner of war. On his continuing to refuse obedience to the commands of the officer, the latter became enraged, and drawing his sabre, struck at the head of the young Jackson, which blow Jackson caught with his left hand, receiving a wound, the mark of which he carried with him to his grave. His brother, for a similar offence, had his head laid open by a sword wound, which afterwards caused his death.

The two brothers were carried to Camden, where they were imprisoned until after the battle of Camden, when they were released by the exertions of an affectionate mother. This heroic woman shortly after expired near the city of Charleston, to which place she had gone on an errand of mercy, the relief of the American prisoners.—Jackson's remaining brother died about the same time, leaving him friendless in the world.

The war was brought to a close, and Jackson having contracted an intimacy with some wealthy and rather dissolute young men belonging to Charleston, and who had been staying at the Waxhaws, now accompanied them on their return to their home. In such company his small patrimony soon dwindled away, and he was hourly contracting pernicious habits. Before it was too late, however, by an energetic step, he broke off from his evil associates, and in the winter of 1784, at the age of 18, he retired to Salisbury, North Carolina, where he entered a lawyer's office, and commenced the study of the law. In two years he was admitted to practice, and not liking Salisbury as a theatre for his talents, he emigrated to Tennessee, (east) and afterwards to Nashville, where, in 1788, he located himself permanently. Here he soon obtained a lucrative practice, and was also distinguished among the citizen soldiers and bold spirits of the place as one of the boldest.

In 1796, he was elected one of the members of the convention assembled to frame a constitution for the State. In the following year he was sent to Congress, to the House of Representatives, and in the next he became a member of the United States Senate. He resigned, however, in the same year, not being satisfied with his political duties at Washington. While he was still at Washington, in the capacity of Senator, the Tennessee militia, without consultation with him, had elected him their Major General, which rank he continued to hold until 1814, when he received the same grade in the regular army. Immediately on his return from Congress, he was appointed one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Tennessee. He entered upon the duties of this office with reluctance, and laid them down as soon as he conveniently could, retiring to his farm on the Cumberland river, about 12 miles above Nashville. Here he remained occupied with rural pursuits and pleasures, until the news of a war with Great Britain, in 1812, called him once more into the service of his country. When the United States Government authorized the calling out of volunteers, Jackson, as Major General, published a spirited proclamation to his division, to which 2500 brave fellows readily responded, and assembled in Nashville. Jackson received instructions to carry them down the Mississippi, for the defence of the lower country, which was thought to be in danger. In the month of January, 1813, he conducted his troops to Natchez, where he had been instructed to await further orders. Here he continued for several weeks in bivouac, drilling his army. The danger of invasion on this quarter passed over, and Jackson received orders from the Secretary of War to disband his troops, and deliver up the wagons, public stores, &c., to General Wilkinson, of the United States Army, then commanding in this district. This order Gen. Jackson thought proper to disobey, alleging as his excuse that the volunteers, when disbanded, could not reach home in safety, and that many of them would be obliged to enlist in the regular army. He therefore retained the military stores, and marching his volunteers into Tennessee, there disbanded them formally.

He was not permitted to remain long inactive. The Creek Indians, south of the Tennessee river, excited by British emissaries, and infuriated by the representations of the celebrated Chief Tecumseh, had become hostile to the United States Government, and were murdering the defenceless inhabitants on the frontiers. Fort Mims, in the Tensaw settlement, had been captured by a band of braves, and 300 persons savagely butchered. Only seventeen escaped. The people of Tennessee were exasperated by the news, and all eyes were turned towards Jackson. The Legislature ordered

the Philadelphia U. S. Gazette publishes the following sketch furnished for that paper by a young gentleman, who had acquaintance with the material for a biography, with which he had been laboring for a volume: