

Andrew Jackson to Robert Hays, February 4, 1815, from Correspondence of Andrew Jackson. Edited by John Spencer Bassett.

TO COLONEL ROBERT HAYS.

New Orleans, February 4, 1815.

D'r Colo: The mail is in, and not a line or even a news paper from Nashville, I am indebted to Colo Butler for the pleasing intelligence, recd from Mr Cantrell that Mrs Jackson and Mrs Butler sailed from Nashville on the 19th ult. may god preserve them from accident and their Escort. The enemy (what is left of them) the last account was safely moored at Ship Island 100 miles distant, in great distress for want of Provisions, without orders, Jealousy between the land and naval forces, and without a reenforcement, in there shattered condition, not able to attempt to invade us. I have regained all my brave Tennesseens who were made Prisoners on the 23rd of Decbr., and all Prisoners taken since the enemy arived on the coast, except 100 seaman Taken with the gun boats. These I expect in a few days. after the exchange is compleated, there will remain between three and four hundred Prisoners in my hands. Major Genl Kean has not died of his wounds as was reported, he is recovering, and has requested, that his sword Taken on the 8th ult. should be returned, as it is a favourite one presented by a friend. *I have sent it to him* , altho a trophie of war still a greater to be able to yield it to him! when a British Genl makes the request of an american genl, to restore his *sword won in battle* , prospects of peace is opening to our view, and British Pride much humbled.

I have sent up a Hoghshead of good sugar for my own use. Say to my good friend Mrs Hays your lady, that part is intended as a present for her, as soon as it reaches Nashville. I have to ask you to say to Mr Knot, to have my coalts, sheep and other stock well attended

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to. I hope to vissit you in the spring, when I shall expect to find all things well, with a large crop of cotton growing. I think my hands can tend forty acres, having no hindrence. I hope he has been able to clear some ground. give my love to all friends and say to Capt Donelson—his son is well, and Genl Coffee. adieu.

P S. I wish Truxton could be placed at a good stand. Do with him for the best. Capt Cook may take this on the same Terms he did last year.