

TERMS:

The "Mecklenburg Jeffersonian" is published weekly, at the rate of *Three Dollars and Fifty Cents*, if paid in advance; or *Three Dollars*, if not paid before the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing. Any person who will procure subscribers and become responsible for their subscriptions, shall have a copy of the paper gratis;—or, a club of ten subscribers may have the paper one year for *Twenty Dollars* in advance.

No paper will be discontinued while the subscriber owes any thing;—if he is able to pay;—and a failure to notify the Editor of a wish to discontinue at least one month before the expiration of the time paid for, will be considered a new engagement. Original subscribers will not be allowed to discontinue the paper before the expiration of the first year without paying for a full year's subscription.

Advertisements will be conspicuously and correctly inserted at *One Dollar* per square for the first insertion, and *Twenty Cents* for each continuance—except Court and other judicial advertisements, which will be charged *twenty-five per cent.* higher than the above rates, (owing to the delay, generally attendant upon collections). A liberal discount will be made to those who advertise by the year. Advertisements sent in for publication, must be marked with the number of insertions desired, or they will be published until forbid and charged accordingly.

Letters to the Editor, unless containing money in sums of *Five Dollars*, or over, must come free of postage, or the amount paid at the office here will be charged to the writer in any instance, and collected as other accounts.



POETRY.

CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

BY J. B. LYNDEN.

They told me eastern lands were green,
Where morning suns arise,
I sought a home and welcome scene,
To dwell beneath their skies.

I left my own green mountain dear,
Its blossoms and its streams,
And wandered far where skies are clear,
Could bless with equal beams.

I love to view the landscape o'er,
Of fair and flowery Maine,
But love the home of childhood more,
Its hills and smiling plain.

And when the sun in glory quits
The sky and day is done,
Tis oft I watch each star that sits,
Or fingers o'er "sweet home."

There fancy paints the twilight hill,
The house, the tree and spring,
And childhood hours come o'er me still,
Bright scenes to memory bring.

And while my thoughts still linger here,
And ponder past times o'er,
And memory brings a joy and tear,
For all I loved in yore.

So long as life shall breathe a sigh,
Or friendship feel a tear,
So long I bless that home and sky,
And love its children dear.

My native home—my native vale,
I bid you each adieu,
And every pure and pleasant gale,
From thy long hills of blue.

A. BETHUNE

BEGS leave to inform his friends and the public, that he continues to carry on the **TAILORING BUSINESS**, in the South-east wing of Spring's brick house, where he will be ready to accommodate those who may favor him with their patronage. Being regular in the receipt of the New York and Philadelphia Fashions, his style shall not be inferior to any at the South.

Full and Winter Fashions for 1842-3 just received.
Charlotte, Sept. 27, 1842.

TRAVELLERS,

TAKE NOTICE!

TIMOTHY R. HUGHES.
HAVING obtained the MANSION HOUSE for public accommodation, informs his friends and the public generally, that he is now prepared to receive and entertain all who may favor him with their patronage.

His TABLE shall always be well and plentifully supplied with every thing the country affords, to please and satisfy the palate even of an epicure.

His BAR will be found furnished with a choice selection of Liquors, Wines and Cordials, both foreign and domestic.

His STABLES shall be constantly attended by faithful and attentive hostlers and supplied with abundant provender.

N. B. The Stage Office is kept at the Mansion House.
Charlotte, N. C., May 23, 1842. 64—6m

Notice.

FORWARD all persons from trading for a Note given to Robert A. Parks, Guardian for Susan Smith, of \$46 50 cents due the last of December next, as the Negroes I hired proved unsound and of little use, and I don't intend to pay the said note until compelled by law.

THOMAS MCALL.
Mecklenburg Co., Oct. 15, 1842. 82—4f

VALUABLE AND RICH GOLD MINE AND LAND FOR SALE.

George R. Allen and wife and others, vs. John W. Belk, Robert Belk, James Barkley,

IN EQUITY.
Lancaster District.

BY virtue of the Decree of the Court of Equity, made in the above case, July Term, 1842, I will offer for sale at Lancaster Court House, on the first Monday, (the 7th day) of November next, the following Tracts of Land, situate in the District of Lancaster:

One Tract containing 243 acres, situate on Wild Cat Creek, adjoining the lands of John Stogner, John Carnes, Neil Johnson, Ellenor Carnes and Robert Belk. Upon this tract there is a very rich and valuable *Surface Mine*, known as the Belk's Gold Mine. Near six thousand dollars worth of ore was taken from this mine by six or eight hands in about four months. The ore is so easily obtained, that very little machinery is necessary to the successful and profitable operation of this mine.

Also, One other Tract, containing 379 acres, adjoining the above and John Stogner's lands—Gold has been found on this tract, and it is supposed that a rich mine will yet be discovered upon the same.

Also, One other Tract, containing 640 acres, bounded in part by the State line, Martin Pyley, and others.

Also, One other Tract, containing 718 acres, situate on both sides of the Potter Road, bounded by the lands of Dr. Smith, Thomas Nelson, H. Huey and others.

Also, One other Tract, containing 386 acres, situate on the waters of Turkey Quarter Creek, bounded by the lands of Benjamin Shaver, M. Clinton, Wm. McKenna and others.

Terms. A credit of 1 and 2 years for the Belk Mine. For the other tracts, a credit of 1, 2, and 3 years, the purchasers giving Bonds with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale, except so much cash as will pay costs of suit. Purchasers also to pay for titles, &c.

J. H. WITHERSPOON,
Commissioner of Equity.
Commissioner's Office, Lancaster C. House, S. C.
Sept. 26, 1842. 81—4w
Printer's fee \$8.

Dr. P. C. Caldwell

WOULD inform such of his friends as desire his professional services, that he has removed his Office to Mr. Johnson's brick house, two doors above the "Carolina Inn," where he may be found at all times, unless necessarily absent.
Charlotte, February 8, 1842. 48—f

Notice.

I INTEND, at the next session of the Legislature of North Carolina, to apply for the Liberty of the Press, by lottery, of the Jamesville, or Harris Gold Mining LANDS, on the waters of Clear Creek in Mecklenburg county and elsewhere.

WILLIAM A. HARRIS.
August 25, 1842. 67—tm

MISCELLANY.

A SCENE AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

Napoleon was conversing with Josephine, when one of the officers entered, and announced a young woman from Lyons. "What is her business?" "Some petition," answered De Merville, the officer. "Show her into our presence," said Napoleon.

The officer soon re-appeared, with a lady leaning upon his arm, whose face (as much as could be seen through the thick folds of a veil) was very beautiful. She trembled as she approached the door.

"Mademoiselle," whispered her guide, kindly pressing her hand, "take courage, but answer promptly whatever question the Emperor may propose. He detests hesitation." Then ushering her into the spacious apartment, he bowed and retired. The trembling girl, perceiving Napoleon, on whom her fondest hopes depended, forgot herself and her timidity—she thought only of another. Throwing herself at the feet of Napoleon, she exclaimed, in a voice choked with emotion, "Mercy! sire—I sue for mercy and pardon." She could articulate no more.

Josephine stepped from her partial concealment, and, approaching the prostrate girl, contributed more by her sympathising words of encouragement to restore the courage of the young petitioner than even the Emperor, by the graciousness of his manner, as he bade her arise. "Your petition, mademoiselle," said he.

Henriette Armand (for that was her name) looked imploringly at the Emperor, and exclaimed, "Ah! sire, I ask pardon for Louis Delmarre, who is condemned to be shot to-morrow. Oh! grant him your royal pardon."

A cloud gathered on the brow of Napoleon, as he interrupted her with—"A deserter, mademoiselle; he has twice deserted. No; he must be made an example of, for the remainder of the regiment."

"But the cause of his desertion?" cried Henriette, in agony; "he was compelled to join the army against his will."

"What was the cause of his desertion?" inquired Napoleon.

"Two weeks since," answered Henriette, "he received news that an only remaining parent, his mother, sire, was on her deathbed, and longed day and night to behold her son again. Louis knew that relief or release was impossible. His mind was closed with one thought—that she might close her eyes forever, ere they rested on a son she had loved so fondly."

"Did she die?" asked Josephine, with interest.

"No, madame," replied Henriette; "she at last recovered. But hardly had Louis received her blessing, and been folded to her arms, ere he was torn from her grasp by the officers of justice, and dragged hither. Oh! must he die? Mercy, sire, I beseech you!"

"Mademoiselle," said Napoleon, apparently softened, "this was the second offence; name the first—you omitted that."

"It was," said Henriette, hesitating and coloring—"it was—that he heard I was to marry Conrad Ferrant, whom I detest as he does," added Henriette, with naïveté.

"Are you his sister, that he feels such an interest in your fate?" asked the Emperor.

"Oh! no, sire!" said Henriette, her lovely cheek assuming still deeper the hue of the rose; "I am only his cousin."

"Ah! only his cousin," said Napoleon, glancing at Josephine, with a half-suppressed smile.

"Oh! sire!" cried Henriette, "recollect the anguish of his widowed mother, when she reflects that the affection of her son for her is the cause of his death! What," she continued, "can I do to save him? and the poor girl, forgetting the presence of royalty, burst into tears."

The kind-hearted Josephine glanced at the Emperor, with eyes expressive of sympathy and pity; she noticed the working of his face, and felt at once that it was very uncertain whether Louis Delmarre was to be shot the next morning.

Napoleon approached the weeping girl—she hastily looked up, and dried her tears. "Mademoiselle," said he, "would you give your life for his? Would you die, could Louis Delmarre be restored to life, liberty, and his mother?"

Henriette started back, deadly pale, looked fixedly at the Emperor for a moment; then turning away, she buried her face in her hands. After a silence of some moments, Henriette looked up, an air of fixed determination rested on her face—"I am willing," said she, in a very low, calm voice.

Napoleon looked at her in surprise, as if he had not anticipated so ready an answer to his proposal: "I will see you again," said he; "in the mean time, accept such apartments for your accommodation as I shall direct."

As soon as the door closed upon the fair petitioner, Napoleon walked to the window against which Josephine was leaning, and said: "I see how it is; Louis Delmarre is the lover of this young girl. True to woman's nature, she has braved difficulty and danger to beg for his release."

"How strong must be the love she feels for him," said the Empress.

"Ah," returned he, "I have a mind to subject this same love to a severe test. Much I doubt whether she will give her life for him. Nevertheless, I will see."

"Surely," exclaimed the Empress, "you are not serious. Louis certainly can be pardoned without the death of Henriette."

Napoleon drew her nearer the window, and conversed in a low voice.

Henriette stood alone in a magnificent apartment. Hours had passed unobserved, so intensely was she absorbed in reverie. A small folded paper was tightly grasped in one small hand; on it were traced these words:

"A deserter is condemned by the laws of the army to suffer death. If you wish Louis Delmarre restored to liberty, the answer is in your power. Ere day dawns, he may be on his way to his mother, whom he so much loves."

"Ah," murmured Henriette, "do I not love him to still?" Pressing her hand upon her heart, as if to stop its tumultuous beatings, she paced the apartment. The door opened, and De Merville entered. He paused ere he articulated, "Mademoiselle."

"I am ready," replied the high-souled Henriette, "my decision is made."

De Merville appeared to comprehend the import of her words. He looked upon her in reverence, as well as admiration, as she stood with the high resolve impressed upon her beautiful brow. "Follow me, Mademoiselle," said he. They traversed long corridors, and numerous suites of superb apartments; and, descending a staircase, quickly reached an outer court communicating with the guard-house. Entering this, Henriette was ushered by her guide into a small apartment, where she was soon left to herself. On a chair was lying a uniform of the regiment to which Louis belonged. On a table lay a large plumed cap. Henriette comprehended all in a moment. Quickly habitting herself in the uniform, she stood before the small mirror; and, gathering up her beautiful long tresses in a knot, placed the cap upon her head. She almost uttered a cry of joy at the success of her transformation. She knew that she was to be led to the fatal ground at the morning's dawn. The bullet which would have struck Louis to the earth would pierce her heart; but she shrunk not back. Love triumphed over the timid woman's nature. "Louis's mother will bless me in her heart," she whispered. "Louis himself will never forget me! Ah! often has he sworn that he loved me better than all things besides!" Drawing a lock of raven hair from her bosom, she pressed it to her lips, and then breathed a prayer to Heaven.

Morning dawned. The sound of footsteps aroused Henriette. She started up, grasped the band of hair, awaiting the summons. The door opened; the two soldiers entered, repeating the name of Louis Delmarre; they silently led her forth to die. The soldiers, whose bullets were to pierce the heart of Louis, had taken their proper places, and only awaited the word of command from the Emperor, who was stationed at a window commanding a view of the whole scene.

"Oh! I cried Josephine, who stood by him, but concealed by the window drapery from the view of those below; "Oh! sire, I can endure it no longer; it seems too much like a dreadful reality. Mark the devoted girl. No shrinking back: she seems calmly awaiting the fatal moment."

"Stop!" cried the Emperor. "Louis Delmarre is pardoned. I revoke his sentence."

A loud burst of applause from the lips of the soldiers followed this announcement. Not one of them but loved and respected their comrade. The next moment, ere they could press around to congratulate the supposed Louis, De Merville had eagerly drawn the bewildered Henriette through the crowd, back to the door of the cell from which she had emerged but a few moments before. Resume your dress again, Mademoiselle," hurriedly whispered he. "Loose no time. The Emperor wishes to see you. I will return soon."

Henriette was like one in a dream; but a gleam of delicious hope thrilled her soul; she felt the dawns of happiness break upon her heart. Soon again resuming her pretty rustic habiliments, De Merville re-appeared, and on ceasing she trod the audience room of the Emperor. Lifting her eyes from the ground as the lofty door swung open, she beheld Louis. An exclamation of joy burst from the lips of both, as, regardless of the presence of others, they rushed into each other's arms.

Napoleon stepped forward; "Delmarre," said he, "you have just heard from my lips the tale of this lovely girl's devotion and courage. Do you love her as she deserves?"

"I could die for her," answered Louis, proudly.

"Well, well," said the Emperor, "this severe test of the love of one will suffice. So dutiful a son, so faithful a lover, will doubtless make the best of husbands. You, Lieutenant Delmarre, are discharged from your regiment. Return to your native valley with Henriette as your bride."

"Here," said the benevolent Josephine, emerging from the recessed window, "here are one hundred louis d'ors, as the marriage dowry of Henriette."

A charming blush suffused the cheek of the beautiful girl, as she received the purse from the hand of the Empress.

"Long live Napoleon," exclaimed Louis, as, with a heart too full of grateful emotions for further utterance, he took the hand of Henriette, and, making a graceful obeisance, quitted the apartment.

A Sworn Anti-Tyler Man.—"Hurra for Tyler," shouted an admirer of the great vetoist last evening.

"To the devil I bob the whole breed, seed and generation of 'em," shouted an Irishman who was present.

"Hallo, old shillalee," said the other, "arnt you a Tyler man?"

"Amn't I a Tyler man?" said the Irishman, "Is a monkey a master of arts, I'd like to know? No, I'm not a Tyler man, nor sorra a one of the family, boys or girls, iver was, barrin' me father. Lord rest his soul, and didn't he fall off a house and get kilt at the business. And when he was dyin didn't he call me to him and say, 'Mickey, avie,' sis he, 'be a good boy, sis he—and the tears began to run down his cheeks like balls down a tinpin alley, or wather down the falls of Niagara—I will, sis I. 'Pay Peggy Malowney the fifteen pence I owe her for the three noggin's of whiskey.' I will, father, agra, sis I; and pay Father McFay for saying three masses for me sowl, when I'm restin in glory,' sis he. Troth I'll do that, too, father, sis I, if I was to lose Katty and the children for it—'I'm getting wake (weak) Mickey,' sis he, 'and I've only a few words more to say—ay coarse, for the honor of the family, you'll never forget the old fight betune the McLintires and us?' Niver, sis I, while there's a drop of the blood of the O'Doherty's in me vane's. 'Niver let one of them away from a fair or market without layin a stick to his head,' sis he, and here me father's breathin became short and he had just time to say before he closed his eyes forever, 'Mickey, Mickey, bury me decent a shoon any crinale business you like, list in the army, turn trasher, or even become a tailor, but niver be a tiler's man!—You see what it has brought me to.' With these words on his lips, the poor old man died off, and that's the reason I registered a vow niver to be a Tyler man, and I niver will while grass grows or wather runs."—Picayune.

Dow, Jr.—In Dow's last sermon, we find the following rich morsel:

"Man looks upon life just as he does upon the women—there is no living with them, and he can't live without them. He will run after them—and rather than be held, he will lose his coat-tail and character—kisses them for love, and kicks them for leading him into trouble. So with life, I say—he partakes of its pleasures and then dawns it for its pains—gathers bouquets of bliss, and when their blossoms have faded he finds himself in possession of a bunch of briars—which is alluding to a little incident that occurred in Paradise when man was as green as a tobacco worm, and as unsuspicious as a tree toad in a thunder storm. He was then to increase and multiply, and so accordingly increased his cares and curses, multiplied his miseries and peopled the world with a parcel of candidates for perdition—and I am one of them."

In a fix.—The Rev.—once upon a time, carried his written sermon into the pulpit, and stuck it in the crack of a box just in front; but somehow or somehow else, when he rose to read out the hymn, he showed the manuscript clear through, plump into the box, the key of which was non comestibus.

While the congregation sang, the good man tried every expedient to fish out his sermon through the crack, but in vain; at last he rose and remarked with great earnestness: My brethren, I brought a sermon with me, and stuck it in a plaguy crack down here, but it has slipped clean through, so I cannot get it; however, I will read a couple of chapters from the book of Job, which are a great deal better than any sermon I ever wrote.—Tem. Advocate.

U. S. Loan.—The New York Journal of Commerce of Saturday says—"The Bank of Commerce is authorized to supply applicants with United States six per cent. stock, having twenty years to run. Certificates will be issued with coupons in sums of \$1,000, \$3,000, \$5,000, or \$10,000, or will be made transferable only on the Register's books, as may be preferred."

A Republican Sentiment.—The Bay State Democrat says that "the time must come when a man shall have weight in the community in proportion to the size of his soul, and not to the weight of his money bags, or to the extent of his lands or to the value of his merchandise."

Joe Smith Arrested.—The St. Louis Evening Gazette of the 6th inst. says that, a report was brought to that city on that day by a steamboat that Joe Smith, the Mormon leader, had been arrested and had been taken to Carthage, the county seat of Hancock county, Ill., to undergo an examination.

A Painful Picture.—The collector of Warren county, Mississippi, reports 900 taxable persons within his district, as unable to pay their State taxes.

"Every Dog must have his Day."—The Mobile papers announce the marriage of James Daugh to Mary Day.

Rather Equivocal.—"Praise your lordship's honor and glory," replied Tim. "I shot the hare by accident." "By accident?" remarked Captain O'Halloran. "By accident," continued the postilion. "I was firing at a bush, and the hare ran across my aim, all of his own accord." "The game keeper tells a different story," replied his lordship. "Och, don't put faith in what that man says," said Tim, "when he never cares about speaking the truth any how. He told me the other day, yer lordship was not so fit to fill the chair of justice as a jackass!" "Ay, ay," exclaimed Viscount Killiskiddy, "indeed, and what did you say?" "Praise yer honor, I said yer lordship was."—Fraser's Mag.

Borrowing Babies.—All owners of interesting children will be amused with the following, from the Boston Daily American. A gentleman and a lady of that city were blessed with a beautiful child, which attracted so much attention from the neighbors, that the young ladies frequently sent over to "borrow the baby." After being obliged to send for the child several times, Mr.—, on coming home to dinner, got out of temper on finding it gone as usual—"Here, Jane," said he, "go over to the Misses—and get the baby! and give them my compliments, and tell them I wish they'd get a baby of their own, and not be obliged to borrow!"

Financial.—The last good story from the Sprinkus, is that of a gentleman who took board at a house where but seven dollars per week was charged. He remained five days, and on leaving, received a bill of ten dollars, which he promptly paid. It presently occurred to him that something was wrong, and he asked the landlord if his terms were not seven dollars per week? Oh, yes, said the host, but you have been here only five days, and we charge two dollars per day.

Well, then, returned the visitor, give me back the three dollars, and I will stay, with you the rest of the week.

A Valuable Boy.—"What can you do?" asked a traveller of a country urchin whom he saw, in front of a farmer's house, twisting a toad with a straw. "O, I can do more'n considerable. I ricks the turkeys to water, milk the geese, cards down the old rooster, puts up the pig's tails in paper to make 'em curl, hamstrings the grasshoppers, makes fires for flies to court by, keeps tally for dad and mammy when they scold at mark, and cuts the buttons off dad's coat when he's at prayers in the mornin'!"

THE BUSTLE.—This miserable contrivance to render monstrous the beautiful handwork of God, we are happy to learn is rapidly disappearing. In Philadelphia, the physicians have condemned it, as productive of disease of the spine, which has prevailed very extensively among the female population since the bustle came into use. The consequence has been, that the ladies there have generally abandoned its use. We're also happy to observe, that many of the most sensible in this community have abandoned this absurd and foolish fashion.—Northampton (Mass.) Gazette.

Cause and Effect.—"John, my boy, what was the spirit exhibited by the wags in 1840?"

"It was mostly hard cider and brandy slogging, sir."

"How did you feel about those days, boy?"

"Perfectedly nice about the edges, sir."

"Well, what is the present condition of your party?"

"Mostly rows and delirium tremens, sir," John, you may go out.

Mr. Fox, in a canvass, having accosted a blunt tradesman, whom he solicited for his vote, the man answered, "I cannot give you my support; I admire your abilities, but confound your principles." Mr. Fox replied, "My friend, I applaud you for your sincerity; but confound your manners."

Curran, walking one day with a friend, who was extremely precise in his pronunciation, the latter hearing a person near him say: curiosity or curiosity, exclaimed, "How that fellow mangles the English language. 'Not so bad,' said Mr. Curran, 'he has only knocked an I out!'"

It would have required the genius of a Hogarth to have painted the likeness of the elongated faces of the ultra Clay whigs of Boston, when Daniel Webster told them that a bank of the United States was altogether out of the question. It was an obsolete idea!

Cesar had the testimony of ages to his bravery, and yet he refused a challenge from Anthony.—"If Anthony is weary of life, oh him," said Caesar, "there are other ways to death besides the point of my sword."

Explanatory.—"Grandmamma," said a little girl with rosy cheeks to any elderly dame, "what makes it thunder and lighten?"

"Well, my darling, I spec the light of the blessed sun gets lodged in the clouds, and when a snag on't gets together it busts. The streaks that fly out is the lightning, and the boun' is the thunder."—Portland American.

Keen.—Some Solomon, and a wag all that, has put out the following snuggly fair:

"If you cannot inspire a woman with love for you, fill her above the brim with love for herself, and all that runs over will be yours."

Toast given at the Boston Horticulture Festival.

Wives.—The apples of the eye to married men—sour grapes to old bachelors—may the ladies all consent to be paired.