



"The powers granted under the Constitution, being derived from the People of the United States, may be resumed by them, whenever perverted to their injury or oppression."—Madison.

VOLUME 3, {

CHARLOTTE, N. C., MARCH 8, 1844.

{NUMBER 151.

EDITED, AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY JOSEPH W. HAMPTON.

TERMS:

The "Mecklenburg Jeffersonian" is published weekly a Two Dollars and Five Cents, if paid in advance; or Three Dollars, if not paid before the expiration of the month; from the time of subscribing. Any person who will procure six 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.

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POETRY.

From the New York Mirror.

AFFECTION'S JOYS.

Like the soft thrill of the breathing wind, As o'er Zola's strings it sweetly plays, Is love's first impulse on the yielding mind, When o'er the heart's young chords it gently strays. But deeper thrills he music of its voice, Where love for love has heart with heart rejoice. Yet ah! how few the generous impulse know, Of pure affection, glowing from its source, Or taste the joys which from love's fountain flow, And witness, or ward, hold their glittering course— Their spurs' three curv'd joys in the air, Or, in the arms of love, the wings of earth.

They die when cold neglect with icy hands, Their genial current of their life congeals; In their bright path the mine of bliss, But oh, there is a whispering spirit tells, They live for ages, where love congenial dwells.

They live, and o'er our lives a halo shed, More power than art, our sympathies can give, And though each of us hope the heart hath fled, They will the dar'ning hours of our outlive— Serenely still, when ward ill's assaill, Within the heart affection's joys prevail.

IT IS IN MEMORY.

BY J. S. CARPENTER.

It is in memory—how together With my little friends I strayed, Life was then all sunny weather, Laughter then sweet music made; But though all these days are over When, a though less, happy rover, Sportive I, amid the clover Wand'ring free; All that once appeared before me, Sweet dreams of youth, ye still restore me, In memory!

MISCELLANY.

EULOGY ON WASHINGTON;

BY PHILLIPS, THE ELEGANT IRISH ORATOR. No matter what may be the birth-place of such a man as Washington! No climate can claim, no country can appropriate him—the boon of Providence to the human race—his fame is eternity—his residence creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms; and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion it which he had his origin. If the heavens thundered, and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared—how bright in the brow of the firmament was the planet it revealed to us? In the production of Washington, it does really appear, that nature was endued with wisdom, and that all the virtues of the ancient world, were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new. Individual instances, no doubt there were; splendid exemplifications of some single qualification—Cæsar was merciful—Scipio was content—Hannibal was patient,—but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and like the lovely master piece of the Grecian artist, to exhibit in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model, and the perfection of every master. As a general, he marshalled the peasant into a victor,

ran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience. As a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views, and the philosophy of his counsels, that to the soldier and the statesman, he almost added the character of the sage. A conqueror, he was untaught with the crime of blood—a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason: for aggression commenced the contest, and a country called him to the command—liberty unsheathed his sword—necessity stained, victory returned it. If he had paused here, history might doubt what station to assign him: whether the head of her citizens or her soldiers—her heroes or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowned his career, and banishes hesitation. Who, like Washington, after having freed a country, resigned her crown, and retired to a cottage rather than reign in a capitol? Immortal man! He took from the battle its crime, and from the conquest its chains—he left the victorious the glory of his self-denial, and turned upon the vanquished only the retribution of his mercy. Happy, proud America! The lightnings of heaven yielded to your Philosophy! The temptations of earth could not seduce your patriotism.

From the Shores of the Rhine, by Damas.

NAPOLEON BEFORE AND AFTER WATERLOO. GOING TO WATERLOO.

We saw two carriages approaching, galloping, each with six horses. They disappeared for an instant in a valley, then rose again at a quarter of a league's distance from us. Then we set off, running towards the town, crying *L'Empereur! L'Empereur!* We arrived breathless, and only preceding the Emperor by some five hundred paces. I thought he would not stop, whatever might be the crowd awaiting him, and so made for the post house, when I sunk down half dead with the running, but at any rate I was there. In a moment appeared, turning the corner of the street, the foaming horses; then the positions all covered with ribbons: then the carriages themselves, then the people following the carriages. The carriages stopped at the post. I saw Napoleon! he was dressed in a green coat, with little epaulets, and wore the officer's cross of the legion of honor. I only saw his bust framed in square of the carriage. This head fell upon his chest—the famous medallion of the old Roman Emperor. His forehead fell forward; his features immovable, were of the yellowish color of wax, only his eyes appeared to be alive. Next him, on his left, was Prince Jerome, a king in a kingdom, but a faithful brother. He was at the period, a fine young man of six and twenty, or thirty years of age, his features regular and well formed, his beard black, his hair elegantly arranged, an eagle in place of his brooch. He was the first of the poor fellow, as it were, who had been left for about a week, the Emperor was Letort, by vision. He was a soldier, who seemed almost to have been in the battle, having a sword in his hand.

Three days afterwards, towards evening, some people arrived from St. Quentin: they said that as they came away they had heard cannon. The morning of the 17th, a courier arrived, who scattered all along the road the news of the victory. The 18th, nothing. The 19th nothing; only vague rumors were abroad, coming, no one knew whence. It was said that the Emperor was at Brussels. The 20th, three men in rags, two wounded, and riding jaded horses all covered with foam, entered the town, and were instantly surrounded by the whole population; and pushed into the court yard of the town-house. These men hardly spoke French. They were, I believe, Westphalians, belonging somehow to our army. To all our questions, they only shook their heads sadly, and ending by confessing that they had quitted the field of battle at Waterloo, at eight o'clock, and that the battle was lost when they came away. It was the advanced guard of the fugitives. We would not believe them. We said these men were Prussian spies. Napoleon could not be beaten. The fine army which we had seen pass could not be destroyed. We wanted to put the poor fellows in prison, so quickly had we forgotten '13 and '14, to remember only the years which had gone before. My mother ran to the fort, where she passed the whole day, knowing it was there the news must arrive, whatever it was. During this time I looked out in the maps for Waterloo, the name of which even I could not find, and began to think the place was imaginary as was the men's account of the battle.

At four o'clock more fugitives arrived, who confirmed the news of the first comers. These were French, and could give all the details which we asked for. They repeated what the others had said, only adding that Napoleon and his brother were killed. This we could not believe. Napoleon might not be invincible, invulnerable he certainly was. Fresh news more terrible and disastrous continued to come in until ten o'clock at night. At ten o'clock at night, we heard the noise of a carriage. It stopped, and the post master went out with a light. We followed him as he ran to the door to ask for news. Then he started a step back, and cried "It's the Emperor." I got on a stone bench, and looked over my mother's shoulder. It was indeed Napoleon, seated in the same corner in the same uniform, his head on his breast as before. Perhaps it was bent a little lower; but there was not a line in his countenance, not an altered feature, to mark what were the feelings of the great gambler who had just staked and lost the world. Jerome and Letort were not with him now to bow and smile in his place. Jerome was gathering together the remnants of the

Napoleon lifted his head slowly, looked around as if rousing from a dream and then with his brief strident voice, "What place is this?" he said, "Villers Cotteret, sire." "How many leguons from Soissons?" "Six, sire." "From Paris?" "Nineteen." "Tell the postboys to go quick," and he once more flung himself back into the corner of his carriage, his head falling on his chest. The horses carried him as if they had wings. The world knows what had taken place between the two apparitions of Napoleon.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer. ONE DROP TOO MUCH OF THE MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS.

An old gentleman with an old wife, and no children, who lived on Longworth street, in this city, was aroused from his bed one night about four weeks ago, by a loud knocking at the street door. The ancient pair had always manifested a great fondness for children, and not being blessed with any of their own, were on the best terms imaginable with those belonging to their more fortunate neighbors, and whenever a chubby little boy or girl chanced to be in their company, it was stuffed with sweet-meats, and overwhelmed with their unpractised, and consequently awkward, endearments.—The neighbors loved the old couple, because the couple loved their children, and enabled them to save many a Christmas penny that would otherwise have been uselessly buried in the bowels of ginger-bread houses. And for many squares around the peculiar propensities of the ancient pair furnished inexhaustible material for gossip. This venerable couple had long since committed themselves to the arms of Somnus, on a December night, from which they were disturbed by a loud rap at the street door; the old gentleman did not know what to make of the knock, but knew that it made a noise not usually heard in his household one o'clock in the morning—and so he pinched his wife's ear and asked her what it was. The old lady thought that he had better get up and see. He slipped out of the bed into his slippers and pants, and went down stairs to the door, which he opened, and in it traced a dark shadow on the lighter darkness, a female form with a bundle in her arms. The gentleman asked her what she wanted, and the young lady (for such by her voice she seemed to be,) said she was an unfortunate woman, the modern meaning of which the old gentleman did not understand—of course. He said he felt sorry for her—read her a brief moral lecture, from memory—and said that Heaven would never desert the virtuous. The night was cold—the old man was thinly clad—he shivered, and his voice was tremulous, which caused the unfortunate woman to sob, believing that in the goodness of his tender and pitying heart, the old man was weeping too. She said she had a child—a lovely child—three months old; that she was poor, that her seducer, (the name was said to be) a drunken heartless villain, on whose head the vengeance of Heaven would one day fall, had returned with a pistol and three bowie knives, like Herod to massacre the innocent;—that she escaped while he slept, knew where to go—a great way off, and was unable to carry the child any farther, and was obliged to leave it in the street.

The old gentleman, who was overjoyed—said he would get a light, and see what he could do for her. He went back to the door, and in a few minutes returned with a candle, and a bundle of clothes. He said he would take care of the child, and that she should not be troubled any more. The old lady, who was much obliged to him, said she would go home, and that she would be very grateful to him for what he had done for her. The old gentleman, who was much obliged to her, said he would be very glad to see her again, and that he would be very glad to hear of her success. The old lady, who was much obliged to him, said she would be very grateful to him for what he had done for her. The old gentleman, who was much obliged to her, said he would be very glad to see her again, and that he would be very glad to hear of her success.

LIFE'S BLESSINGS.

The following beautiful picture of life and its varied joys and blessings, has been transferred from the heart to the pen of Frederick Bremer, and sweetly depicts her view of our present existence, of immortality and of the fountain of happiness. Miss Bremer seems to regard the past and the present in the striking language of our Boston clergy, as but "the showman of the future," to point out the blessings that lie open to us, in the vista beyond time, and to make us realize an immortal birth-right. "Illusions!" you cry over all joys, all faith, all love in life; I shout back with all my might over your own words, "Illusions! Illusions?" All depends upon what we fix our faith and our affections. Must the beauty of love and worth of life be at an end to woman when her first spring, her bloom of love, her moments of romance are past? No, do not believe that, Ida. Nothing in this world is such an illusion as this belief. Life is rich; its tree blossoms eternally, because it is nourished by immortal fountains. It bears dissimilar fruits, various in color and glory, but all beautiful, undervalued, none of them for all of them are capable of producing pleasure of an eternal kind. Youthful love, the beaming passion flower of earth! who will belie its captivating beauty, who will not thank the Creator that he gave it to the children of the earth? But, ah! I will exclaim to all those who must do without it; where are the flowers which are so noble as this, and which are less in danger than it of being paled by the frosts of the earth—flowers from whose chalice also you may suck life from the life of the eternal! Ah! if we understood how near to us Providence has placed the fountains of our happiness; if we

had only understood this from the days of our childhood upwards, acted upon it, and profited by it, our lives would then seldom lead through a dry wilderness! Happy are those children whose eyes are early opened by parents and home to the rich activity of life. They will then experience what sweetness, and joy, and peace can flow out of family relationship, out of the heartfelt union between brothers and sisters, between parents and children; and they will experience how these relations, carefully cherished in youth, will become blessings for our maturer years.

HANDS AND HEARTS.

Many are the meanings which are put upon hands and hearts—and however mysterious they seem to be, there is nothing so intelligible as the uses to which these words are applied. We say of one man that he has a heart, and of another that he has none. We say that this man is a bad hand at his trade, and another is a good hand. Sometimes we see a bill in a shop-window which says, "Hands wanted," or "A few hands wanted." Sometimes we are invited to take a hand at cards—and sometimes we say we have no heart to go about a disagreeable business. Hearts are never advertised for in the shop windows. We never see bills printed with "Hearts wanted." There is something more mysterious about a heart than a hand; but yet even the most stupid amongst us can perceive that hearts are in demand, and more frequently and earnestly sought for, and more difficult to find, than even the hands. The Creator has distributed various gifts amongst his creatures, and whilst he has given warm hearts and cool hands to some, he has given warm hearts and cool hands to others. Let not the one class despise the other, for each has a noble function to fulfill in the great economy of human society, and the services of each are alike indispensable. How very useful to society, though, perhaps, hurtful to themselves, are men of ardent minds, sanguine temperaments, reckless, headstrong, fearless dispositions; wild and almost desperate adventurers and speculators, whose sole ambition seems to be to suggest and undertake what the rest of the world regard as impossibilities! The world is kept moving by such men. They destroy themselves too oft by the intensity of their mental labors; but they give an impulse to the minds of men which continually and successively advances the world, and prevents the mind and industry of society from sinking into imbecility. Other men, more fortunate in life, to all outward appearances, are merely the agents of such restless spirits, who reduce to practice their wild and extravagant theories. The one class has a warm heart, the other a warm hand, but both

Quarrels.—One of the most easy, the most common, most perfectly foolish things in the world, is—to quarrel, no matter with whom, man, woman or child, or upon what pretence, provocation or occasion whatsoever. There is no kind of necessity for it, no manner of use in it, and no species or degree of benefit to be gained by it, and yet, strange as the fact may be, the theologians quarrel, the politicians, lawyers, doctors and princes quarrel, the Church quarrels, and the State quarrels, nations and tribes, and corporations, men, woman and children, dogs and cats, birds and beasts quarrel about all manner of occasions. If there is any thing in the world that will make a man feel bad, except pinching his fingers in the crack of the door, it is unquestionably a quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after than he did before; and it degrades him in his own eyes, and in the eyes of others, and what is worse, it blunts his sensibility to disgrace on the one hand, and increases the power of passionate irritability on the other. The truth is, the more quietly and peaceably we get on with our neighbors—the better for ourselves, the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten the wisest course is, if a man cheats you, to quit dealing with him; if he is abusive, quit his company; if he slanders you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him. No matter who he is, or how he abuses you, the wisest way is generally, just let him alone, for there is nothing better than to be cool, calm, quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with.

Domestic Happiness may be called the happiness of the heart, while successful ambition to be the applause of the world is that of the head. Every well regulated mind, who looks to home as the well spring of joys, which gush forth and invite to taste—which satisfy but never cloy it, will cultivate this garden of human affections. The mind which is impelled by the ambitious views, gradually becomes a stranger to the untroubled current of domestic joys; his bark is launched upon a sea, troubled by storms which compel him to be on deck all the time, and the cabin is closed to his vision, while he is ed only by the hope of reaching the port of his desires, and mooring safe in the harbor of peace. But he is like the man who barter his treasures of the heart for the go-to-better world; he did gain, for which he has sold his joys of existence, and hoarding up for the day of separation those treasures which perish of separation. The treasures of the heart are not a thing that will swell the pomp and pageant of the world. They are cultivated in private, and are not to be

Collecting.—The Knickerbocker tells the following: A gentleman from New York, who had been in Boston for the purpose of collecting some money due him in that city, was about returning, when he found that one bill of \$100 had been overlooked.—His landlady, who knew the debtor, thought it a doubtful case; but added that, if it was collectable at all, a tall raw-boned native, then dunning a lodger in another part of the room, would annoy it out of the man. Calling him up, therefore, he introduced him to the creditor, who showed him the account. "Well, Squire, 'tain't much use in trying, I guess. I know the creditor. You might as well try to squeeze the oil out of Bunker Hill Monument as to try to collect a debt out of him." But, any how, what'll you give, squire, I do try?" "Well, sir, the bill is \$100. I'll give you—yes, I'll give you half if you collect it." "Agreed," replied the collector; "there's no harm in trying, any how." Some weeks after the creditor happened to be in the city, and he called on the collector. "Look here," said he, "I had considerable luck with that bill of yours. You see, I stuck to him like a dog to a root, for the week or so it wasn't no use, not a bit. If he was home he was short; if he wasn't home, I could get no satisfaction. By and by, says I, after going sixteen times, I'll fix you; so I sot down on the door-step, and I sot all day and part of the evening, and I began airy next morning, and about ten o'clock he gin in. He paid me my half, and I gin him up the note."

may grow to a great tree, a blazing fire may be smothered in ashes. Whether the victories of heroes have done more for humanity, than the untrusive life of love of an unknown man, is only known by the All-seeing Eye above us. Yet each can do the good that is in his path, and in his calling, and his work shall remain, even if it seem to pass away, and will bear fruit in its time. Honorable, my best Elda," he continued, turning towards her a full and affecting glance, "must not be confided with immortality on earth. A name may be repeated by millions through centuries of years—at its fame. The good which you think and do, the spirit which lives and perpetuates itself through endless generations, this is true immortality on earth."

Laws of Honor.—As much talk has been expended with regard to the right of the challenger to choose his weapon, perhaps the following story may settle the question.—Some years ago, an American was challenged by a French gentleman, at Paris. The captain had been a whaler, and chose the harpoon for his weapon. The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders.—"Eh, diable, je ne sais pas si je de harpoon; I will meet you in grand-homme, vid my snail's sword"—but the old whaler was inexorable. The dispute was carried to a court of honor, which decided that the Frenchman must fight with the harpoon or a dog-goose. He shrugged his shoulders a second time, and said, "I am not one whale, I beg pardon, begar."

A Bachelor.—The life of a rich old bachelor, said the first speaker also with a sigh, "is a splendid breakfast, a tolerably flat dinner, and a most miserable supper." The path that leads to fortune too often passes through the narrow defiles of meanness, while men of an exalted spirit cannot stoop to tread.