



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.

Mecklenburg Jeffersonian, EDITED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY JOSEPH W. HAMPTON. TERMS. The Jeffersonian will be furnished to subscribers at TWO DOLLARS a year...



Poetry. From the United States Journal. GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON To the Roman Sarcophagus. BY JESSE B. DOW.

Candidates for Office. We are authorized to announce CHARLES T. ALEXANDER, Jr., a candidate at the next August election...

Memento of departed time! Of empires trodden in the dust— Of rulers steeped in blood and crime...

Let Princes in their marble sleep, When crowns and scepters turn to dust, And let the vines of ages creep...

Miscellaneous.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES. Lecture X—on Mr. Caudle's Shirt Buttons.

There, Mr. Caudle, I hope you're in a little better temper than you were this morning? There—you needn't begin to whistle: people don't come to bed to whistle...

Yes, it's worth talking of! But that's how you always try to put me down. You fly into a rage, and then if I only try to speak you won't hear me...

A nice notion you have of a wife, to suppose she's nothing to think of but her husband's buttons. A pretty notion, indeed, you have of marriage...

And it's my belief, after all, that the button wasn't off the shirt: it's my belief that you pulled it off, that you might have something to talk about...

However, there's one comfort; it can't last long. I'm worn to death with your temper, and sha'n't trouble you a great while. Ha, you may laugh! And I dare say you would laugh!

you impose upon me, because I am a poor fool, I say nothing. I should be ashamed of myself. Caudle. "And a pretty example you set as a father! You'll make your boys as bad as yourself...

THE REPEAL OF THE UNION.

It was a fine, clear, moonlight night, and Mike Mahoney was strolling on the beach of the Bay of Bealecraigh—who knows why? perhaps to gather dhoolamaun, or to look for a crab...

Mike wondered extremely. It was a late hour for a gentleman to be bathing, and there was no boat or vessel within leaping distance...

Mike crossed himself, and answered to his name. "What do you take me for?" asked the stranger.

"Look here then," said the stranger; and plunging head downwards, as for a dive, he raised and flourished in the air a fish's tail, like a salmon's...

"Now you know of course, what I am?" "Why, thin," said Mike, with a broad grin, "axing your pardon, I take it you're a kind of Half-Sir."

"True for you," said the Merman, for such he was, in a very melancholy tone. "I am only half a gentleman, and it's what troubles me, day and night...

"By no means," replied the Merman; "or Success to the Rent!" "Faix, where did he learn that?" muttered Mike to himself.

"Water is a good conductor of sound," said the Merman, with a wink of one of his round, sky-blue eyes. "It can carry a voice a long way—if you think of Father Mathew's."

"Begad, that's true," exclaimed Mike. "And in course you'll have heard of the Repealee?" "Ah, that's it," said the Merman, with a long drawn sigh, and a forlorn shake of the head.

"With all the pleasure in life," replied Mike, "provided there's neither sin nor shame in it." "Not the least taste of either," returned the Merman. "It is only that you will help me to repeal this cursed union, that has joined the best part of an Irish gentleman to the worst end of a fish."

Mike, it's impossible in my case to strike the blow myself. "Shure, and so it is," said Mike reflectively, and if I thought you would not be kilt entirely—which would be half a murder anyhow...

"There," said Mike, having kicked the so dissevered tail into the sea, and then setting up the Half-Sir like a ninepin on the broad end...

"Oh! that will be a proud day for Ireland!" said Mike, attempting to shout, and intending to cut a caper and to throw up his hat.

"Bead!" exclaimed Mike, shutting his eyes again, and rubbing the lids lustily with his knuckles, "what a drame I've had of the Repeale of the Union!"

THE ARAB BOY AND THE LIONS.

The Baron de Bode, in his recently published Travels in Luristan and Aristan, states that among the reeds and marshes which environ the ruins of Shush, lions are still found in great numbers...

Joe was one evening seated in the bar room of a country tavern in Canada, where were assembled several old countrymen discussing various matters connected with the "pomp and circumstance of war."

"Poh! gentlemen," said he, "I won't deny but that is a fair sized cannon; but you are a leetle mistaken in supposing it to be the largest in the world. It's not to be named in the same year with one of our yankee guns which I saw in Charlestown last year. Jupiter! that was a cannon. Why, sirs, it is so large, that the soldiers were obliged to employ a yoke of oxen to draw in the ball."

It is said that John Jacob Astor, the wealthiest man in the Union, once carried furs on his back up and down the Hudson.—Phil Inquirer. He carries furs on his back still—in the winter time.—N. O. Pic.

He even carries a skin on his back in summer; also, tis said.—Richmond Star.

These are two little unpretending volumes, published by the Harpers in the city of New York, which contain a mine of intellectual wealth; they are entitled "Public and Private Economy," and were written by the late Hon. THADDEUS SEDGWICK, of Massachusetts. We desire that every lover of republican purity and simplicity, every friend to the perpetuity and glory of our matchless institutions, should read these works with profound attention.

Everybody has heard of the horrible dearness of England! The word "dear," conveys a very bad idea to the minds of most people, and to the poor it is often a word of dreadful import. There was a time when we could boast of the cheapness of our own country. I believe it is pretty well understood, at last, that the excessive issue of bank paper for some years past has had much to do with prices...

If the people of the United States would keep the forms of beauty and utility constantly before their eyes, their bills at the milliner's and tailor's would be far more moderate; nor would they empty their pockets, as they have been accustomed to do, in those of the grocer and tavern keeper. When we come to add up the amount of money misspent in any important particular, it seems incredible that so much can be wasted in such a way.

It is the universal hope of property, of independence, of the dignity that belongs to a man, that is producing the "wonderful influence of the United States." Let our laborers, then, raise a new banner, and inscribe upon it, in letters of gold as bright as the sun, "A just division of property; the earth and all its glories to the virtuous; no others shall gain them, no others deserve them."

Happiness.—Happiness! that glorious crown which, studded with the diamonds of the heart, can receive no additional lustre from such paltry things as power, or wealth, or station.—By G. P. R. James.

Gun at Sundown.—It is well known to our readers that it is the practice to give a morning and evening gun as the military station at West Point, the reports of which unless a strong northerly wind prevails are plainly heard in this village. A few days since a gentleman on the point took into his service a veridant son of the Emerald Isle. On the first day of his service he was startled by the report of the evening gun, as the sound reverberated thro' the highlands, awakening the mountain's slumbering echoes, and anxiously inquired of his employer the cause of this explosion, and was told that it was the "sun-down gun."

"Och, bless me," exclaimed Pat, "and does the sun make such a devil of a thunder as that on going down in this country?"

NEW GOODS! Bargains! Bargains! Come and Buy!! R. G. ALLISON IS NOW RECEIVING AND OPENING AT DAVIDSON'S CORNER A SPLENDID STOCK OF STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS!

TAILORING. J. J. HAYDEN RESPECTFULLY announces to the citizens of Charlotte and its vicinity, that he has opened a shop in the room lately occupied by A. Bethune...