



State Department

"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.

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### JEFFERSONIAN:

### CHARLOTTE,

FRIDAY MORNING, AUGUST 8, 1845.

✠ We are able this week to issue but half a sheet, in consequence of the sickness of two of our workmen. We regret this, but it is such an occurrence as we cannot avoid or remedy, at the present.

#### FIRE.

The quiet of our village was disturbed on Sunday evening last, about 6 o'clock, by the cry of fire! On proceeding to the spot, the stable of Alexander Graham, Esq., was found enveloped in flames. It, with all its contents, and one valuable horse were consumed, and two other horses badly burnt, though we understand there is a probability of their recovering. The fire was first discovered in the loft of the stable among the hay, and none doubts its being the work of an incendiary.

#### ELECTIONS.

On the 4th instant, the elections took place in Indiana, for ten members of Congress and the State Legislature; on the same day in Kentucky, for ten members of Congress and the State Legislature; in Alabama, same day, for seven members of Congress and the State Legislature; in Illinois, on the same day, for State Legislature; Missouri, 4th, for State Legislature; in North Carolina, on the 7th, for nine members of Congress; in Tennessee, for Governor, eleven members of Congress, and State Legislature. The Legislature elected as above, in Tennessee and Indiana, will have to elect each a U. States Senator. We shall soon begin to receive the returns, and hope to be able to record a series of Democratic triumphs.

#### NO WAR.

Dr. Ashbel Smith, just returned from England to Texas, says that neither France nor England will interfere in any way in our relations with Texas, and that they will use their utmost exertions to dissuade Mexico from declaring war against us. He says he feels certain we shall have no war about Texas, not even with Mexico. The news we copy below from the Baltimore Argus, then, may be set down as unfounded.

#### THE DEED ACCOMPLISHED.

The Convention of Texas which assembled on the 4th ult., has unanimously ratified our annexation Resolutions, and the proceedings of their own Congress on the subject. At our latest dates, the Convention was busily engaged in framing a State Constitution.

The Hon. K. L. Anderson, Vice President of Texas, died on the 10th ult.

The Hon. EDWARD EVERETT, late Minister to England, has been invited to the Presidency of Harvard University, and it is thought he will accept.

A bale of New Cotton was sold at Augusta, Ga., on the 30th ult., at 8 cents. The extreme prices in New Orleans are 4 1/2 to 8 1/2. This is somewhat encouraging.

On the 28th ult., there were 3,500 visitors at Saratoga Springs, New York.

Advance of the Cherokees.—An agricultural society has been formed in the Cherokee nation. They already have a college and a printing establishment, and issue a weekly paper.

Another "Roarback"—Some federalist in Kentucky has published a forged correspondence, pretended to have transpired between Col. Johnston and a Major Figg, in which the admits former that the latter is the real killer of Tecumseh! The whole affair is pronounced a forgery by authority of the Col. Yet the whig papers everywhere are copying it.

Deaths by Lightning.—Three boys, aged 14, 16, and 18, were killed a week or two since by a stroke of lightning, while at school in Richmond county in this State. Several other scholars were prostrated, but soon recovered.

Distressing.—A young lady in Illinois, recently left home in company with her father, mother and sister, to go to the house of a young man in the neighborhood, there to be married to him. On their way, the three females were drowned in attempting to cross a river. After waiting as long as he patiently could, the young bridegroom started to meet his intended, and when he got to the river, there found the father standing over the three corpses!

Important to Merchants. The Secretary of the Treasury, R. J. Walker, has published instructions to the Collectors of the various ports that all unclaimed goods are to be sold on account of whom it may concern sixty days after they arrive, (or ninety days if from beyond the Cape of Good Hope,) and that a sufficient portion of all claimed goods are to be sold to pay duties, if they are not paid in sixty or ninety days after completing the entry.

The Union intimates that upon official notice being received by the President, of the acceptance by Texas of the annexation resolutions, the U. S. revenue laws will be extended to Texas, and U. S. Custom House officers appointed for her ports.

### LATER AND IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO PROSPECT OF WAR!

From the Baltimore Argus. By the arrival of the Mexican brig *Delfina*, at New Orleans, on the 23d ult., from Vera Cruz, dated to the 3d ult., from that place, and of the city of Mexico to the 28th June, have been received.— We give the following condensation of the news from our New Orleans exchanges:—

The news brought by this vessel is a continuation of the old story—that Mexico is preparing for war, and continues, apparently, at least, in the determination "most horribly to revenge" our annexation of Texas.

In consequence of the annexation measure being effected, a new organization of the militia of the Republic has been ordered; the levies under this regulation, are called the "voluntary defenders of the laws."

It is stated that, among other indications of the prospect of a war at Vera Cruz, the inhabitants are busily engaged in covering the flat roofs of their houses with sand, to the depth of a foot or more, in anticipation of a bombardment of the town.

An official statement of the military force of the country is published, the aggregate of which is about 30,000. Of this force about 19,000 are infantry, 8,500 cavalry, 2,500 artillery, and 1,300 sappers and miners.

Col. Rangel, who set on foot and directed the recent insurrectionary movement at Mexico has received the very mild sentence of ten years' imprisonment, loss of rank, &c.

President Herrera convoked Congress on the 1st inst. for the purpose of effecting changes in the constitution, amending the rules of the provisional government, and to take into consideration the action which has been had upon the annexation resolutions, and the Mexican treaty by Texas.

The correspondent of the N. O. Republican considers the convocation to be solely a declaration of war. Before many days elapse after the opening of the session, Congress will have an additional provocation in the decided action of the Texas Convention.

Mexico, it appears, is as pertinacious in claiming Texas, as if it had not achieved its independence of her, and maintained that independence unaided for ten years in defiance of her power—as if she was able to reassert her pretended rights, or had not relinquished them altogether by offering to acknowledge that independence on preposterous conditions. She has divided her territory into ten military departments. The fifth comprehends New Leon, Coahuila, Tamaulipas, and Texas!

We close our report with the interesting letter already referred to:

VERA CRUZ, July 3, 1845.

Dear Sir—An extra session of the Mexican Congress has been called by the President, to take into consideration the affairs of Texas and the United States. The result of this will be beyond any manner of doubt, a declaration of war. The day fixed for the meeting of Congress was the 1st July, consequently by the next mail from Mexico, we shall receive the news of its installation. Nothing will be done in the way of a declaration of war until the official news of the action of the 4th of July Convention is received, which news will be brought down immediately by the British frigate *Euridice*, it is supposed. Government makes no great bluster about a war, but at the same time is making active preparations secretly of a most energetic nature, as I am assured by those who know what is going on. The intention is to send thirty thousand men to Texas, and with this object orders have been given to General Perdes, Commander-in-Chief of the canton, stationed at Lagos, to march with all his troops to San Luis Potosi. The number of these troops is said by some to be 5000 men, and by some 7000—cannot say certainly.

The greatest activity is employed in the fortification of Vera Cruz, and the Castle of San Juan de Ulua. The fleet left this place on the 12th ult., destiny unknown, and has not yet made its appearance, much to the annoyance of American citizens, who feel quite uneasy at the entire absence of all succor at a time when they are sure to need it.

Gen. Almonte has been very warlike since his return, and preaches up "war to the knife and Yankee annihilation." It appears that he recommends very strongly the issue of *letters of marque*, and has brought it, it is said, from the U. S. a copy of the documents which were granted to privateers by our government during the war.

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YOU MAY REST ASSURED OF ONE THING, THAT IF THE ANNEXATION IS CONSUMMATED ON THE 4TH OF JULY, THAT WAR WILL BE THE RESULT OF IT, AND THAT IMMEDIATELY.

Some few shouts of Federation by the troops, but merely insignificant. The people are universally in favor of Federation, but they do not want it to come in a revolutionary form.

Yours truly, C. M.

The intended march of the American troops to the frontier of Texas was known at Mexico on the 19th June.

The two Mexican steamers were moored at Vera Cruz, quite unprepared for sea.

Gen. Bustamante reached the capitol on the 21st ult. He immediately offered his services to the Government, to maintain the national claim upon Texas. It was thought these services would be accepted.

### MARRIED,

In Salisbury, on the 17th ult., by the Rev. Thos. F. Davis, Mr. CHARLES F. FISHER to Miss ELIZABETH, daughter of Judge Caldwell, all of Salisbury.

In Union county, on the 31st ult., by the Rev. Mr. Strickling, Mr. JOSEPH McLAUGHLIN to Miss FRANCES, daughter of Stephen Hasty, Esq.

### Departed this Life,

Very suddenly, in this Town, on the morning of the 1st instant, Mrs. ADAIDE WILSON, consort of Joseph H. Wilson, Esq., leaving a husband and several small children to mourn her departure.

### Agricultural Society.

The regular meeting of the Mecklenburg Agricultural Society will be held in Charlotte, on Saturday, the 9th inst. Members will please take notice and attend. ANDREW SPRINGS, Pres't.

August 1, 1845.



### POETRY.

[One of the most beautiful tributes to an affectionate, true hearted wife, which we remember having seen, is the following, written some 80 years ago by an English clergyman named Samuel Bishop. Few can read such lines without believing that the author was an amiable and happy man.—*Batavia Spirit of the Times.*]

#### TO MY WIFE,

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER WEDDING-DAY, WHICH WAS ALSO HER BIRTH-DAY, WITH A RING:—

'Thee Mary, with this ring I wed'—  
So, fourteen years ago, I said.  
Behold another ring!—For what?  
'To wed thee o'er again?' Why not?

With that first ring I married you,  
Grace, beauty, innocence and truth;  
Taste long admired, sense long revered,  
And all my Molly then appeared.

If she, by merit since disclosed,  
Prove twice the woman I supposed,  
I plead that double merit, now,  
To justify a double vow.

Here, then, to-day, (with faith as sure,  
With ardor as intense, as pure,  
As when, amidst the rites divine,  
I took thy troth and pledged mine,)

To thee, sweet girl, my second ring  
A token and a pledge I bring;  
With this I wed, till death us part,  
The riper virtues of my heart;

Those virtues which, before untried,  
The wife has added to the bride;  
Those virtues, whose progressive claim,  
Endearing wedlock's very name,

My soul enjoys, my song approves,  
For conscience sake as well as love's.  
And Why?—They show me every hour  
Honor's high thought, Affection's power,  
Discretion's deed, sound Judgment's sentence,  
And teach me all things—but repentance.

### Miscellany.

#### MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

LECTURE XXI.

Mr. Caudle has not acted like a husband" at the Wedding Dinner.

"Ah me! It's no use wishing—none at all; but I do wish that yesterday fourteen years could come back again. Little did I think, Mr. Caudle, when you brought me home from church, your lawful wedded wife—little, I say, did I think that I should keep my wedding dinner in the manner I have done to-day. Fourteen years ago! Yes, I see you now in your blue coat with bright buttons, and your white-washed satin waistcoat, and a moss rose-bud in your button hole, which you said was like me. What? You never talked such nonsense? Ha! Mr. Caudle, you don't know what you talked that day—but I do. Yes; and you then sat at the table as if your face, as I may say, was buttered with happiness, and—What? No, Mr. Caudle, don't say that; I have not wiped the butter off—not I, if you above all men are not happy, you ought to be, gracious knows!

"Yes, I will talk of fourteen years ago. Ha! you sat beside me then, and picked out all sorts of nice things for me. You'd have given me pearls and diamonds to eat if I could have swallowed 'em. Yes, I say, you sat beside me, and—What do you talk about? You couldn't sit beside me to-day? That's nothing at all to do with it. But it's so like you. I can't speak but you fly off to something else. Ha! and when the health of the young couple was drunk, what a speech you made then! It was delicious! How you made everybody cry, as if their hearts were breaking; and I recollect it as if it was yesterday, how the tears ran down dear father's nose, and how dear mother nearly went into a fit! Dear souls! They little thought, with all your fine talk, how you'd use me! How have you used me? Oh, Mr. Caudle, how can you ask that question? It's well for you I can't see you blush. How have you used me?

"Well, that the same tongue could make a speech like that, and then talk as it did to-day! How did you talk? Why, shamefully. What did you say about your wedded happiness? Why, nothing. What did you say about your wife? Worse than nothing; just as if she were a bargain you were sorry for, but were obliged to make the best of. What do you say? And bad's the best? If you say that again, Caudle, I'll rise from my bed. You didn't say it? What, then, did you say? Something very like it, I know. Yes, a pretty speech of thanks for a husband! And everybody could see that you didn't care a pin for me; and that's why you had 'em here: that's why you invited 'em to insult me to their faces. What? I made you invite 'em? Oh, Caudle, what an aggravating man you are?

"I suppose you'll say next I made you invite Miss Prettyman? Oh yes; don't tell me that her brother brought her without your knowing it. What? Didn't I hear him say so? Of course I did; but do you suppose I'm quite a fool? Do you think I don't know that that was all settled between you? And she must be a nice person to come unasked to a woman's house? But I know why she came. Oh yes; she came to look about her. What do I mean? Oh, the meaning's plain enough. She came to see how she should like the room—how she should like my seat at the fire-place; how she—and if it isn't enough to break a mother's heart to be treated so?—how she should like my dear children.

"Now, it's no use your bouncing about at—but of course that's it; I can't mention Miss Prettyman, but you fling about as if you were in a fit. Of course that shows there's something in it. Otherwise, why should you disturb yourself? Do you

think I didn't see her looking at the cyphers on the spoons as if she already saw mine scratched out and her's there? No, I shan't drive you mad, Mr. Caudle; and if I do it's your own fault. No other man would treat the wife of his bosom in—what do you say? You might as well have married a hedgehog! Well, now it's come to something! But it's always the case! Whenever you've seen that Miss Prettyman, I'm sure to be abused. A hedgehog! A pretty thing for a woman to be called by her husband! Now you don't think I'll be quietly in bed, and he called a hedgehog—do you, Mr. Caudle?

"Well, I only hope Miss Prettyman had a good dinner, that's all. I had none! You know I had none—how was I to get any? You know that the only part of the turkey I care for is the merry-thought. And that, of course, went to Miss Prettyman. Oh, I saw you laugh when you put it on her plate? And you don't suppose, after such an insult as that, I'd taste another thing upon the table? No, I should hope I have more spirit than that. Yes; and you took wine with her four times. What do you say? Only twice? Oh, you were so lost—fascinated, Mr. Caudle; yes, fascinated, that you didn't know what you did. However, I do think while I'm alive I might be treated with respect at my own table. I say, while I'm alive; for I know I shan't last long, and then Miss Prettyman may come and take it all. I'm wasting daily, and no wonder. I never say anything about it, but every week my gowns are taken in.

"I've lived to learn something to be sure! Miss Prettyman turned up her nose at my custards. It isn't sufficient that you're always finding fault yourself, but you must bring women home to steer at me at my own table. What do you say? She didn't turn up her nose? I know she did; not but what it's needless—Providence has turned it up quite enough for her already. And she must give herself airs over my custards! Oh, I saw her mincing with the spoon as if she was chewing sand. What do you say? She praised my plum-pudding? Who asked her to praise it? Like her impudence, I think!

"Yes, a pretty day I've passed. I shall not forget this wedding-day, I think! And as I say, a pretty speech you made in the way of thanks. No, Caudle, if I was to live a hundred years—you need not groan, Mr. Caudle, I shall not trouble you half that time—it I was to live a hundred years, I should never forget it. Never! You didn't ever so much as bring one of your children into your speech. And—dear creatures!—what have they done to offend you? No; I shall not drive you mad. It's you, Mr. Caudle, who'll drive me mad. Everybody says so.

"And you suppose I didn't see how it was managed, that you and that Miss Prettyman were always partners at whist? How was it managed? Why, plain enough. Of course, you packed the cards, and could cut what you liked. You'd settle that between you. Yes; and when she played a trick, instead of leading off—she play whist indeed!—what did you say to her when she found it was wrong? Oh—it was impossible that her heart should mistake! And that you, Caudle, before people—with your own wife.

"And Miss Prettyman—I won't hold my tongue. I will talk of Miss Prettyman; who would mind, that I shouldn't talk of her? I suppose some thinks she sings? What do you say? She sings like a mermaid! Yes, very—very like a mermaid, and she never sings, but she exposes herself. She might, I think, have chosen another song, 'I love somebody,' indeed; as if I didn't know who was meant by that 'somebody,' and all the room knew it, of course; and that was what it was done for—nothing else.

"However, Mr. Caudle, as my mind's made up, I shall say no more about the matter to-night, but try to go to sleep."  
"And to my astonishment and gratitude," writes Caudle, "she kept her word."

#### EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF CLAIRVOY.

ANCE—IN CASWELL.

Doctors Comer and Anderson, of this County, were recently called to see Miss—, (it is unnecessary to name the lady,) living in the South part of Caswell, who they found under great nervous debility, and in a mesmeric state. The patient slept a great deal—she seemed to have fallen a victim to strong lethargic 'spells'—now coming, now going—but her spells of repose were lengthy, while she found it impossible to keep awake but a very short time, comparatively. When asleep, she was always in the clairvoyant state. On visiting her and finding her asleep to all intents and purposes, the two attending physicians tested her clairvoyant by blind-folding her, so that she could not possibly "see a wink" even though she were not asleep. From this experiment, grew the following results. Dr. Comer gave patient's sister a pocket knife, to present her with the inquiry, "whose knife is it?" "The knife was put in the patient's hand and the question asked: she answered, "Dr. Comer's." Patient had not seen Dr. Comer, nor his knife. Dr. C. then slipped a pen knife of his in the sister's hand who put it in the hand of patient, and asked "whose knife is this?" (Dr. Anderson present.) Patient passed the knife to her nose, smelt of it, and replied, "this too, is Dr. Comer's knife." Dr. Anderson accidentally spied patient's mother at a distance going to the spring—asked patient as to the whereabouts of her mother? She replied, "going to the spring." The mother was seen returning from the spring with a pail of water on her head and a jug of milk in one hand. Patient was again interrogated about her mother, and she minutely described her returning from the spring—told about the vessel of water on her mother's head, the jug of milk, and in which hand she held it. She was asked where the horses of doctor C. and A. were? Patient replied that her father had put them in stables, and then told the particular stable in which each man's horse had been put. Patient was then asked when it had rained at Dr. Comer's? (Dr. C. lives a long distance from patient, and had not been home for several days, moreover he was not aware that it had rained at his house the day before.) Her reply was, "yesterday." Patient was called on to say when it had rained at Dr. Anderson's—she answered, "the same time it rained at Dr. Comer's."—She was asked to state at which of the two places fell the most rain? Her reply was, that "it rained

very little at Dr. Comer's, but a great deal at Dr. Anderson's." All this was found to be precisely as she stated it. Patient had no knowledge, not the least idea, of any thing she said, or of the presence of the physicians while she reposed, when she afterwards awoke from her sleep, and denied having held any conversation. Various other questions were asked the patient, and all that related to anything that had taken place, or then in process of occurrence, she answered and told about, with the greatest accuracy. Patient could not tell about the future know nothing about the occurrences behind the curtain of Time to come.

The above is no hoax, but true to the letter:—We speak by the card, if you know how that is, and if you don't we shall not trouble ourself to tell you. Suffice it to say that no man will question the veracity of either of the above named physicians, and that they will bear testimony to the truth of all the material 'comicalities' set forth as above.

Milton Chronicle.

#### IMMENSE NATURAL BEE HIVE.

In a cavern, on the right bank of the Colorado, about 7 miles from Austin, there is an immense hive of wild bees, which is one of the most interesting natural curiosities in that section. The entrance of this cavern is situated in a ledge of limestone forming a high cliff which rises almost perpendicularly from the river bank to the height of about 150 feet from the water's edge. The cliff fronts partly on a small stream named Bill Creek. The mouth of the cavern is about ten feet from the top of the cliff. In a warm day a dark stream of bees may be constantly seen winding out from the cavern like a long dark wreath of smoke. The stream often appears one or two feet in a diameter near the cliff, and gradually spreads out like a fan, growing thinner at a distance from the cavern, until it disappears. The number of bees in this cavern must be incalculably great—probably greater than the number in a thousand ordinary hives. The oldest settlers say that the hive was there when they first arrived in the country and it is quite probable that it existed in the same state many years previous to the settlement of the country. The bees, it is said, have never swarmed, and it is not improbable that the hive has continued for more than a century to increase year after year, in the ratio that other swarms increase. The cave appears to extend back many rods into the ledge, and probably has many lateral chambers. The bees doubtless occupy many of these lateral chambers, and it is not improbable that new swarms annually find new chambers to occupy, and thus they are prevented from going off to a distance in search of hives. Some of the neighboring settlers have repeatedly, by blasting the rocks, opened a passage into some of these chambers, and procured by this means many hundred pounds of honey. But the main deposits are situated too deep in the ledge to be reached without great difficulty and perhaps danger. A company was formed at Austin a few years since, for the purpose of exploring the cavern and removing the honey; but some untoward event prevented the accomplishment of the undertaking. It was estimated that there are many tons of honey and wax in this immense hive, and if its treasures could be extracted readily, they would doubtless be found far more valuable than the contents of any gold or silver mine that adventurers have been seeking for years in that section.—Texas Telegraph.

The consummation.—'Twas twilight. Seated at the door of a moss-covered cottage, was the pride of the village, lovely Phoebe. Her finely moulded form—her exquisite and voluptuous bust—her classic and beautifully chiseled features—her sweet lips—teeth of pearly whiteness—and such eyes! two drops of liquid azure set in snow! all combined, 'twas enough to melt the very soul of an anchorite!

Beside this angel, knelt a youth, whose cheek, pale as ashes, told the tale—he was in love! "Tell me," said he, in trembling accents; "tell me this night my fate. Keep me in agony no longer. Tell me what sacrifice I shall undergo for you—you, my soul's idol! Command me to perform a pilgrimage around this earth on burning coals, and it shall be done.—Anything, anything—but cast me not off. Plant a dagger in my heart, but keep me in suspense no longer! Say, lovely Phoebe—will you—will you be mine?" He trembled—his heart throbb'd—she saw he was ready to swoon—a crimson flush mantled her cheek—

"Like the rich sunset 'neath Italia's sky."  
She took his hand in her tiny fingers, put her smiling lips to his ear, and whispered—"Obed, I shan't be nothin' else."  
Baltimore sun.

Curious Advertisement.—The Buffalo Commercial gives the following direction on a box on one of the wharves in that city:

"West cousin  
mil waucy  
to go to wite wauter."

Those who are familiar with the West will discover that the man wanted to mark the box to go to White Water, Wisconsin, the lake port of which place is Milwaukee. We suppose there is hope that it will get there—though its owner may not blame the superscription for it.

In men there is a lump upon the windpipe, formed by the thyroid cartilage, which is not to be found in women; an Arabian fable says, that this is a part of the original apple, that has stuck in the man's throat by the way, but that the woman swallowed her part of it down.

Woman.—A mother, she cherishes and corrects us; a sister, she counsels us; a sweetheart, she coquettes and charms us; a wife, she comforts and confides in us; without her, what would become of us?

"George Washington Napoleon Hannibal Harrison."  
"Yes, Ma'am."  
"Tell Josephine Rosina Cleopatra Matilda Victoria to bring up the slop pail."  
"Yes, Ma'am."

Why are rings generally unsaleable?—Ans Because they continue on hand.

Spectacles with one glass are in great demand by young gentlemen who want to wink at the girls.