



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

VOLUME 7.

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THE MECKLENBURG JEFFERSONIAN.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,

BY JAMES FULTON.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

For a single copy, \$2 00 in advance; \$2 50, if not paid in six months, and \$3 if not paid until the end of the year. We will send the paper to clubs of 4 or more, one half of whom must be new subscribers, at the following reduced rates:—

3 Copies, \$6 50 per Annum, in advance.
8 " " 12 00 " "
12 " " 16 00 " "

Agents forwarding us the names of a new subscribers, and becoming responsible for the amount, shall be entitled to one copy gratis.

Subscriptions may be sent by mail at the Editor's risk provided the postage is paid.

Advertisements will be inserted at One Dollar per square of fifteen lines, for the first time, and Twenty-five cents for each continuance. A reduction of one-third will be made to those who advertise by the year.

Business Cards, not exceeding six lines Five Dollars per Annum.

The charge for announcing the name of a candidate for office is \$3, invariably in advance.

Letters to the Editor, to receive attention, must be post-paid.

NEW PROSPECTUS

OF THE

MECKLENBURG JEFFERSONIAN.

HAVING become the proprietor of the MECKLENBURG JEFFERSONIAN, we deem it due to ourselves, as well as to our readers, to state plainly the principles we are determined to support, and the line of conduct we intend to pursue in the management of the paper.

Fully convinced of the justice and expediency of the great principles and leading measures of the Democratic party, and firmly believing that with their success is intimately entwined the permanence and prosperity of our glorious Union, we shall ever be found giving them our warmest support and most sincere approval.

To state our views upon ALL the questions at issue, would far exceed the limits of a prospectus, and forms no part of our present design, neither do we intend, in this place, to enter into a lengthened exposition of our reasons for holding the opinions we entertain. We shall, therefore, refer briefly to only a few of the prominent and most exciting topics of discussion, which at present agitate the minds of the people throughout the Union:—The WAR, the WILMOT PROVISION, and the TARIFF Questions,—subjects, in themselves of the highest importance, and to the two first of which the present position of affairs has given a paramount and all-absorbing interest. Intimately, and as we believe, inseparably connected as these two questions are, a reference to one, will, in our opinion, necessarily include the other, we shall therefore refer to them together, endeavoring to compress what we have to say into as few words as possible:—

And first,—We are in favour of a speedy and honorable peace, and of a vigorous prosecution of the war, as the best and only practicable means of attaining this desirable result. Regarding the disgraceful proposition to withdraw our troops, dishonored and without indemnity, as a practical absurdity, the infamous responsibility of carrying which into effect, no party would dare to assume, we consider the Proviso as the only real matter which will enter into the final issue, and upon this we can have but one opinion:—That all territory admitted into the Union, shall be at full liberty to choose for itself, unshackled by any new restriction not imposed by the Constitution, and at war with the perfect equality which should exist between the several States composing our confederacy.

Fully agreeing with the principles of the present revenue Tariff, and perfectly convinced of the advantages to be derived from its practical operation, we shall strenuously oppose any attempt to alter it, so as to protect particular interests at the expense of the whole country, thus taxing the many for the benefit of the few, and laying burdens on the farming and planting interests, which they are wholly unable to bear.

But while we shall always be found ready and willing to support our principles, whenever we may feel called upon, we will never fill our paper with political discussions, so far as to deprive our readers of a useful and entertaining variety, or to the exclusion of other matters of more general interest. The news and literary departments shall receive stricter attention, and occupy a much larger space than formerly.

A carefully digested abstract of the current news of the week, a concise, but accurate synopsis of the proceedings of our State and National Legislatures, when in session, and a full and reliable report of the state of our own and the neighboring markets, will always be found in our columns. Feeling deeply the necessity of prompt payments, and convinced that it is only by closely adhering to this rule ourselves, and insisting upon its rigid observance from others, that a paper can be properly sustained, we have resolved to offer the most liberal premiums as inducements to pre-payment, at the same time requiring that all accounts for subscription, shall invariably be settled at the end of each year. From this rule we are determined in no case to deviate, as the sums, though insignificant to each subscriber, are indispensable to us, as forming the fund out of which heavy expenses must be met.

The JEFFERSONIAN will, from the first, be printed on fine white paper,—and with new and beautiful type, as soon as we can obtain from the founder the materials we have already ordered. It will be issued regularly every Thursday morning on the following

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In order to encourage the formation of clubs, and also hold out the highest incentives to cash payment, which system we are anxious to introduce, as soon as practicable, into our business, we will send the paper to clubs of 4 or more, one half of whom must be new subscribers, at the following reduced rates:—

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Any person to whom this Prospectus is sent, is authorized, and respectfully requested to act as agent, but should be not desire so to act for us, we hope he will be kind enough to hand it over to some one who will use exertions to obtain subscribers, and forward their names as soon as practicable to

JAMES FULTON.

CHARLOTTE, JAN. 6, 1848.
A. BETHUNE,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR,
Two Doors West of Elms' Corner,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

Saturday, April 14, 1848.

Poems which ARE Poems.

We know of nothing in the whole range of literature, so wholly and irredeemably insipid and unreadable as slip-slop poetry, or rather attempts at poetry, for there is not one grain of pure gold in a mountain of such rubbish.

With the following, from the pen of William Cullen Bryant, indisputably the first poet of America, many of our readers, no doubt, are familiar, but even they, we hesitate not to say, will again recur to them with pleasure.

The stanza which we have italicised, will be recognized by nearly every one as an old acquaintance, having been quoted, perhaps, as much as any similar passage in the language:

"THE BATTLE-FIELD."

Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts, and armed hands
Encounter'd in the battle-cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget
How gush'd the life-blood of her brave—
Gush'd, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now, all is calm, and fresh, and still;
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
And bell of wandering kine is heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
The black-mouth'd gun and staggering wain;
Men start not at the battle-cry;
O! be it never heard again.

Soon rested those who fought; but thou
Who mingest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long
Through weary day and weary year,
A wild and many-weapon'd throng
Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet, nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot.
The timid good may stand aloof,
The eagle may frown—yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast
The hissing, surging bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crush'd to earth, shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
But error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust
When they who help'd thee flee in fear
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is peal'd
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

Religion and Science.

There is no opinion more common, and at the same time more fallacious, as that a deep and searching investigation into the mysteries of science, and a thorough knowledge of the organization of physical nature necessarily leads to materialism, or is in any degree inimical to the spirit of genuine religion. The very reverse is the case, and if science has at times been placed in apparent antagonism to the Christian religion or its ministers, it has merely been from a misguided spirit of self-defence. Denounce a man, treat him coolly, spurn his doctrines without examination, and you must not be surprised, if, what God has destined for the faithful hand-maid of religion, man should, in a moment of irritation, convert into its bitterest enemy. True religion is but a written and revealed copy of the great volume of nature, and all truthful research into one, cannot fail to elucidate the other.

Which, might we ask, would be more likely to reverence the truth, the simplicity, and the beauty of the creed taught by the meek and lowly Jesus— he who stands aloof from the examination of the works of nature, or he, who, in unfolding page after page of the great book which God has left open for all nations, free alike to the Jew and to the Gentile, to the Greek and to the Barbarian, ever discovers fresh evidences of the wisdom that planned, and the power that executed such wonders.

We are no friend to charlatanism. We know that this is the age of humbug, but we also know, that scarcely one discovery has been made, or one novel proposition started, that has not been rather discouraged than otherwise, by the clergy. We do not say this in any spirit of fault-finding—we believe that the members of the clerical profession have been actuated by motives every way worthy of their sacred calling, but still we would venture to suggest, that opposition to any attempt at improvement, at least without diligent investigation of its merits, will inevitably have the effect of placing it for the time being, in antagonism to the church, and thus, to a certain extent depriving religion of the support it should derive from knowledge, which is but another name for practical truth. If the pulpit would direct the tendencies of the age for good, it must keep up with its progress, and not lag behind it.

ASTOUNDING FACT IN NATURAL HISTORY!

A bull-dog in the city of New York, to whose tail some mischievous boys had appended a tin-kettle, in his terror and consternation darted into one of the sewers of that city, from which he did not again emerge. It has been said, however, that a long lean greyhound was observed shortly after, crawling out of the opposite end of the passage. But little doubt is entertained, that this is the same dog

who entered but a few minutes previous a bull dog, but had been drawn out into his present shape by his rapid passage through such a narrow aperture. It is said that the Academy of Natural Sciences have had the subject before them for some time, and great results are expected. We shall await the next news with all due anxiety.

N. B. The dog is rapidly regaining his health, Chloroform having been used with the happiest effects.

The whole audience in the theatre at Norfolk, Va., on Saturday night, when the Marseilles hymn was struck up, rose and gave three cheers for the republic of France.

The Mexican Treaty.

The following from the Washington Correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, while it does not explain how the copy of the Treaty was obtained will be sufficient satisfactorily to exculpate Mr. Buchanan from all suspicion, if any such ever did exist. The Correspondent of the Herald while exculpating all the Senators and those connected with that body still refuses to say how he got possession of that instrument:

"The exculpation of Mr. Buchanan from the suspicion which some persons had entertained or feigned, that the treaty with Mexico was divulged by him, is complete. I presume that the Senate committee will now drop the subject. A resolution of inquiry has been adopted into the expediency of providing, by law, for the punishment of any person who may, hereafter, surreptitiously obtain and publish any communication from the President to the Senate.

"But such a law, if passed, will not effect its object, for the communications may be published without being obtained by fraud. A better remedy would be that proposed by Mr. Allen—to abolish secret sessions and throw open everything to the public. In this government there is no necessity for secrecy. Treaties have never been kept secret by the Senate, nor has any Senator ever been punished for revealing them, and none ever will be."

The following extract from the remarks of Mr. Allen in the Senate of the United States, in the debate on the resolutions expressive of sympathy with the progress of the French Republic, possess both force and beauty, besides taking precisely the same view which we ourselves did, some weeks since:

"One great truth has been established within the last forty days; and I pronounce it one of the most important truths which has been politically established since the foundation of society, and it is this: that armed men no longer afford a guaranty to despotism. Standing armies can no longer be relied on to sustain thrones; but, on the contrary, mix and mingle with the oppressed multitude, and are the first to reduce those thrones to ashes. That is the great truth of the age. It has been established in France—established in the presence of a hundred thousand bayonets in the pay of the crown.

"There are but two powers in the government of man now in operation—force and public opinion. Force has failed in the heart of Europe, and the governments there must forever rest upon opinion, and that opinion founded upon the enlightened reason of the people."

SANTA ANNA.—Much has been said about his pass, every Whig press great and small, has harped upon this same string; with how much success we will not pretend to say, as, to our poor optics it has been perfectly invisible. The following extract from a late speech delivered in the Senate of the United States by Gen. Cass should be attentively read by all both Whigs and Democrats:

"There is one subject upon which the honorable Senator from Delaware challenges us all to mortal combat, and which he considers

Of woes unnumbered."

and that is, the permission for the return of Santa Anna to Mexico. I shall not enter, sir, into the serious defence of this measure. I leave that to the President himself; and I think he placed it upon impregnable ground in his message on this subject. If not, no man is more capable of showing the failure of the Senator from Delaware; and as he has not done it, I may safely conclude that it is not to be done. But I beg leave to make one remark, for the consolation of all who have made the return of Santa Anna such a peculiar subject of grief. He has proved himself the best Mexican General for us who could have been selected; and has well justified the anticipations of the President, if such speculations could have entered into the question of his return. Why, sir, if he had been nominated to the Senate, and the result could have been foreseen, he would have been unanimously confirmed. He has been defeated in every battle he fought, lost every position he attempted to hold, and is now a wanderer without power or influence, having seen his country overrun, her capital taken, her armies dispersed, her government a fugitive, and a large portion of her population subjected to our dominion. I do not believe we could have found a General who would have lost more battles, abandoned more positions, or fled with more ignominy."

FROM CENTRAL AMERICA.—*Revolution and Bloodshed.*—By the arrival of the brig Sarah Brentley, from Honduras, the New York True Sun has intelligence to the 17th March.

Mrs. Fitzgibbon, an Irishman, for many years resident in New York, has been imprisoned by the British authorities at Belize, for commenting too freely upon their outrageous policy in that quarter. He edited the Gazette. The revolution commenced in Guatemala last October, and still spreading, and the rebels, who numbered 1,000 on the 4th of February, had gained some victories in the open field. In Jalapa the Corregidor Figuerra and 30 others were killed. The road from Guatemala to Yza-

bel was impassable, labor on the sugar estates was suspended, and martial law was proclaimed. The revolutionists at Santa Cruz had repulsed the government troops, and were about to attack Salamanca, which was being fortified. Nothing further of the British expedition in that quarter.

Death of John Jacob Astor.

INTERESTING BIOGRAPHY.

John Jacob Astor, eminent for the accumulation of an immense property, expired at 9 o'clock, on Wednesday morning, at his residence in New York, in the 85th year of his age. The Herald says:

Symptoms of coming dissolution made their appearance last Sunday; yet these were outwardly so faint as to encourage the opinion of a more protracted issue. Even at eight o'clock this morning, an hour previous to the time, he was enabled to partake of some slight nourishment. His death, which was the consequence of old age merely—the physical powers having become gradually exhausted—evidenced no painful struggle, but was easy, quiet and composed—to be compared most fitly to an infant's passage into sleep. All his family were present at the scene. The funeral will take place at four o'clock next Saturday afternoon, from the house of his son, William B. Astor, 32 Lafayette place.

The wealth of John Jacob Astor, which at the time of his decease can hardly be represented in the sum of ten millions of dollars, was in no part hereditary. In the year 1784 he stood on our shores a poor youth, without knowledge of our language, or our people, yet in possession of that disposition of heart and firmness of purpose which enabled him to obtain great wealth. His place of birth was the village of Walkrop, near Heidelberg, in the Duchy of Baden, Germany; his time the month of July, 1764. His father, who had a good reputation for truthfulness and the leading a correct life, held the humble but honorable office of bailiff of Walkrop. This worthy man sought with much care to impress on his children those pious views and resolves which he held as the safeguard to worldly happiness and prosperity.

His means and influence were yet insufficient to obtain in Germany a situation that afforded to his younger son permanent support. The United States held forth an inviting promise, not unheeded. Accordingly, the young Astor, with many tears and regretful thoughts, bade adieu to that home to which the eyes of millions now inquiringly turn, to behold the first onens of so unexampled and fortunate a career. Crossing the British channel, he directed his steps to London, where he found, in his brother, who had established there a flute manufactory, a salutary adviser. In November of 1783, he embarked from that port, as steerage passenger, in a vessel bound for Baltimore. The passage was long and dangerous. So encompassed was the course of the vessel with ice, that three months elapsed before her arrival.

On landing, his property consisted of seven flutes and a few articles of merchandise. His first business was to sell these. The proceeds, of necessity small, were invested in the fur trade, the business of which he soon commenced to learn. A short time had elapsed ere he excited the attention of Robert Brown, proprietor of a fur establishment in Baltimore, of high repute, and was by him engaged as a clerk. Mr. Astor exerted every power for absorbing, as it were, whatever personal benefit the increased advantages of this situation offered, nor was the result less deserving of note than the endeavor.

Mr. Astor's integrity and assiduity were well appreciated and satisfactorily remunerated by his employer. Walter Browne, a first cousin of the latter and a wealthy butcher, was induced to lend several thousand dollars, by which in connection with the late Cornelius Heyer, Mr. Astor commenced business on his own account. The father of Gerrit Smith subsequently joined him. The occasion is not uninteresting at which John Jacob Astor is known first to have breathed an ambitious intent. The revolutionary war, though causing the posts of Oswego, Niagara, Detroit and others to be held by a hostile power, was accompanied with such serious embarrassment to the fur trade, that on the formation of a treaty and their consequent surrender, Mr. Astor, in view of the benefits thence resulting, declared that he would make his fortune. The prediction was not lost in air, nor any unbending influence sufficed to act on the energetic purpose that prompted it. Opportunity on opportunity was desecrated and skillfully improved—years followed years of continuous thought and labor.

Foreign associations, upheld by the most wealthy British capitalists, had hitherto monopolized, to a large extent, the Northern and Western portions of our country. John Jacob Astor, not loving their spoils, meditated the construction of a destroying power. This could be gained only by a combination of all American houses engaged in the trade. The project was vast, and apparently unattainable; yet, under his direction and his skillful guidance of enviable elements, the American Fur Company was established—in itself a grand monument to his memory. Not only has it extended its operations to fields untouched before, but utterly shut out from others the prospect of foreign ascendancy. This project realized, he conceived another. This was the settlement of Astoria with a view of making it the commercial emporium of the Northern Pacific.—Along that ocean, and on the Columbia river, he designed a series of forts, which should secure to his holder the whole fur trade west of the Rocky Mountains. Vessels from New York were to supply Astoria with commodities, receive her furs, and for the same consideration those of the Russian posts, further North. These were then to proceed to Canton, dispose of their cargo, and return with teas, silks and nankeens.

It was in the year 1810 that the first post was established. Astoria was established by a party of sixty men, commanded by W. P. Hunt. Mr. Astor had expected, in twenty years from that time, to realize, in the mode mentioned, a million of dollars per annum. Though misfortune met this undertaking at first, (two of the three vessels sent out having been lost,) it would have undoubtedly been pressed to success, but that a partner of Mr. Astor sold Astoria to the British Northwest Fur Company. From the establishment of the American company, Mr.

Astor's commercial dealings became vastly more extended. Soon on every sea his freighted vessels were borne. The instructions he gave to his captains exhibit his extensive knowledge of the various markets, as well as the products of each country.

We have before us a number of his autograph letters, written on important subjects, at various periods. He wrote a wretched serawal, setting spelling and grammar equally at defiance; and yet, the strong, masculine understanding of the man is visible in all of them. He wrote briefly, and to the purpose.

The increased value of real estate in this city, tended to swell his wealth. The advancement of New York, and this, as its immediate result, he from the first foresaw. Without himself mortgaging, he constantly invested in mortgages, and in case of foreclosure, would not unfrequently buy the property. It is impossible to speak in detail of his wealth, amidst which are vast tracts of land in Missouri, Wisconsin, Iowa, and other Western States, daily rising in value. The bulk is in this city, invested in real estate and mortgages. It is said that Mr. Astor has given \$350,000 for a city library, the interest of which is to be expended in employing agents to purchase books, and in the erection of a building, the same not to exceed in cost \$60,000. Mr. Astor has two sons—one Wm. B., and the other imbecile from his birth. One of his daughters, who died in 1845, at Paris, became the Countess of Rumford, another, who has also died, was married to Mr. Bristol, an author and clergyman, now residing at Bristol, Rhode Island.

Mr. Astor did not play at cards or gamble, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, but was fond of smoking tobacco, reading and talking upon business matters. He rose early and went soon to bed, was stout and square built, over five feet nine inches in height, with a high, square forehead, and his features somewhat heavy. He was either very good tempered, or else had great command of his passions, for those who have seen him, when he had cause to be displeased, assure us that he was any thing but violent in his disposition.

The minor details in business did not escape his attention, though not spending at his counting house half his disposable time. The house in the lower part of Broadway, which he occupied for many years, displayed within a costly magnificence. It was adorned with works of art, for which large sums had been expended. His servants, severally, were of the nations with which he traded.

From the New York Spirit of the Times.

How Joe Dunkin's Pony run his legs off.

One day Joe Dunkin drove up to a country tavern with a very short-legged pony, which he called Dick. The animal looked so dumphy as to attract the attention of several of the knowing ones, who happened to be out to the shed. After cracking several jokes on the shortness of the animal's legs, one of the parties said, inquiringly,

"That's a most singular creature, stranger—he's one of 'em, sartin—but these things happen frequently. You have no doubt seen various monstrosities in the animal world, partaking of the same general characteristics of this animal?"

"Exactly, stranger. I have seen the Si'nease twins and the two-legged bear—besides any quantity of insects, from a bed-bug to a boa-constrictor—but I never saw one that run himself into that predicament yet!" replied Joe.

"You don't pretend to say that horse run his legs off?" said the individual, incedulously.

"I don't pretend to say that thing else," responded Joe, looking the stranger full in the eye.

"Well, I declare, it's the most remarkable instance I ever heard of," said the stranger, scrutinizing the pony more intently than before.

"If you'll stand the liquor, I'll tell you all about it," said Joe.

The liquor being brought, Joe mounted a sugar hogthead, that he might edify the whole crowd, and began as follows:

"One day—no matter when, for I haven't time to recollect dates—I was riding Dick across one of those infernally broad prairies that seem to have neither ends nor sides, (lying between Fort Leavenworth and the Rocky Mountains,) and thinking about the probable chances of losing my traps and scalp in case I met with the Pawnees, when a low, rumbling noise fell upon my ear, like the muttering of thunder. I looked up, but there wasn't a cloud—the sky was just as blue and quiet as my wife Polly's eye. So it couldn't be thunder. It might be an earthquake. This wasn't a very pleasant reflection, for as I had lived in New Madrid, and seen the ground gape some, I expected every minute to see myself and Dick beautifully buried without undertaker or sexton.

"The sound by this time had increased to a pretty chunky roar, and as there was no chance of being swallowed up, I thought it reasonable to take an observation, for things began to look as though they wouldn't last long. Turning in my saddle, I saw one of the most interesting spectacles to a man situated as I was, that I ever expect to look on again. About half a mile behind me, roaring, snorting, blowing and running as if h—l was after them, was one of the most unrighteous piles of buffaloes ever congregated together. And they put it down as if each fellow was striving to be the first to get a dig at me. I tried to appear cool, but it was no use—my hair kept rising till it got so stiff each bristle would have balanced a plate. God! if they didn't look fierce, with their eyes flaming like fire-coals, and their shaggy manes streaming in the wind!"

"Didn't you feel awful?" asked a sympathetic spectator, appealing to Joe.

"Feel!" responded our hero—"I felt like a stray pig on a railroad track, with an express locomotive behind him and a d—d high fence on both sides of the road. There was no such thing as running around them, for they were spread across the prairie as far as the eye could reach, and came upon me like a great black wave. Time was growing precious; every second counted. The only chance was a straight race—Dick and I against the field. In a twinkling I slipped Dick to the bridle, and myself to the spur. The buffaloes were now well up, and doing their nastiest—the pony all of a tremble to be off. It was a sin to hold him, and to tell the truth, I wasn't very anxious to do so. A yell did the business, and away we went like a scared dog."