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A LESSON FOR COQUETTES.

"We have a visitor to-day," said Lord Pallister to his niece, the lovely Elizabeth Pallister, who was on a visit for a week to her right honorable uncle.

"Who is it?" said the lady; "a lady or a gentleman?"

"A gentleman—Mr. Jones."

"And who is Mr. Jones? is it Bomper Squire Jones, or the renowned Tom?"

"But we will save his lordship the trouble of describing who Mr. Jones was."

He was simply Mr. Jones of Piercefield, in the county of Suffolk.

Now this description is very short, but it is quite sufficient to describe Mr. Jones.

It is evident he was not of very ancient gentility; had he been so, he would have been Mr. Jones of Piercefield Hall, or Piercefield Manor; he was not a retired merchant, or he would have been Mr. Jones of Piercefield House; neither could he have been a retired shop-keeper, or his house would have been dignified with the euphonious name of Rose Villa, or Bellevue Cottage, or Piercefield Lodge.

But Mr. Jones's house was a very good house; it stood on a lawn only one hundred yards from the road-side, and the entrance-gate was suspended between massive stone piers, surmounted with round balls.

It is, therefore, evident, that its owner was a man of a small independent fortune, and that he was a gentleman by two or three descents.

Now, Mr. Jones was a bachelor, his age twenty five, his education such as he could obtain at a celebrated endowed school in the neighborhood; he was eminently hand-ome, but could not pretend to great abilities; but he was good-natured and well-disposed, and a special favorite of Lord Pallister.

Now, Miss Pallister, besides being a wit, was a little bit of a coquette—just sufficient of evil in her disposition to prevent her being an angel, but she was a very charming lady. She therefore debates with herself as to the course she should pursue toward Mr. Jones, whether she should abash the poor squire by her satire, astonish him by her wit, or fascinate him by her condescension, and finally determined to be ruled by circumstances.

Accordingly, after having been introduced to our squire, Miss Pallister occupied the five minutes which usually intervene between the completion of the toilet and the serving of dinner in surveying the fortress she meant to attack.

"Not at all distinguished in his appearance," was her first thought, "but the man is decidedly handsome," her second.

People may talk of their appreciations of intellectual gifts, but there are few who are indifferent to personal beauty; and when Mr. Jones led the lady to the dining room, he was favored with the sweetest of smiles, and during dinner, and until she retired to the drawing-room, she had directed the full battery of her charms and graces against the heart of Mr. Jones. She was witty without ill-nature, and vivacious without being rude; but when she was alone, confessed to herself, that to all appearance her labor had been thrown away. Jones had listened to the conversation, but he had not expressed, and did not seem to feel, any great admiration of either her wit or her beauty; but his polite replies and accommodating affirmatives, were given with a degree of good humored nonchalance that convinced Miss Pallister, to her great mortification, that she had failed in her attack on the heart.

"A mere country squire to be thus invulnerable to charms which have driven half the fashionable world mad, thought she, it is wonderful!"

and Miss Pallister was not vain in so thinking—it was a fact. "The man is not a fool either, and the fellow is handsome." She colored, though alone, as this idea a second time occurred. She, the star, or rather the sun of fashion, was not surely losing her own heart without obtaining another in exchange. Pshaw! it was ridiculous, but this did not prevent her, when the party re-assembled, from renewing her attack, and she again failed; for Jones, from the effects of good wine and Miss Pallister's encouragement, had become rather talkative, and, to her surprise, he talked remarkably well; for though not brilliant, he had good sense, had read a great deal, and had a good memory. The evening soon passed away, and the lady, on reviewing the events of the day, was mortified to confess that, not only had she made no impression on Mr. Jones, but she began to suspect that her own heart was not invulnerable; she recollected that she had listened with pleasure to Jones' dissertation on the Ptolemaic kings, she who had never listened for two minutes together to any body—it was ominous.

The intercourse between the parties became daily of a more particular description, and Miss Pallister was delighted to find that she subdued the stubborn heart of Jones. How she would tease him when he had once been brought to confession. But to bring about this confession was more difficult than the lady expected. If she gave him encouragement in the presence of her uncle, Jones would follow her lead briskly enough; but alone he was grave, frigid, and polite—but alas, not loving. Now this was exactly the con-

trary of Miss Pallister's wishes; she had no objection to coquet, she had a great aversion to being found out. She knew that her uncle would not allow her to make a fool of any man, and if Jones were to make a declaration in consequence of any public coquetry, she must either at once accept him or incur the nobleman's serious displeasure, and she was always unnesy if any difference took place with that relative, to whom she was sincerely attached.

But all things come to a close, so did Miss Pallister's visit to her uncle—and Mr. Jones had neither made a declaration nor seemed inclined to do so; and, left alone in her carriage as it bore her to London, her reflections were none of the most pleasant. She felt that in playing the game of coquetry, she had not only failed in her object, but had lost her heart—and doubts and fears possessed her breast, that perhaps Jones, disgusted with her conduct, might direct his attention elsewhere—and she burst into tears at thought.

Now, Lord Pallister had seen the game his niece was playing, and was pretty well aware of the state of her heart, and it rejoiced him that her affections had fallen where they had; but he laughed heartily at the thought, that a mere country squire like Jones should so completely out-manoeuvre a practiced coquette like his niece. "Jones likes the girl," said his lordship to himself, "and he shall have her, but let her suffer a little;" and she did. Letters from his sister-in-law described his niece as not well, pale, out of spirits. "So," said his lordship, "she is in love at last, is she? I must give her another chance, I suppose."

Lord Pallister's next letter mentioned incipient symptoms of gout, and his affectionate niece soon arrived to nurse him, but he was shocked to perceive that she looked horribly ill. "Poor thing," thought he, "I must be merciful;" but in the course of the day he gave her a hint respecting her country beau, Mr. Jones—and Miss Pallister, in a passion of tears, threw herself at her uncle's feet, and confessed at once her love, and besought him not to allude again to her wicked and foolish conduct.

"It was wicked," said she, "because I intended to injure the happiness of a worthy man, and I suffer now justly."

Lord Pallister thought to himself, "Thou art a good and honest girl, after all, and thou shalt be Mrs. Jones yet."

Lords have great power, no doubt, but how his lordship contrived, a few weeks after, to detect Mr. Jones in the act of imprinting a kiss upon the lips of the fair Elizabeth, we cannot tell; neither have we heard that either his lordship or his niece expressed any violent indignation at the audacity of Mr. Jones. Nay, it has been insinuated that the said kiss was given with the full approbation, not only of Lord Pallister, but also with that of his niece—but this seems incredible.

ADDRESS

OF COL. DANIEL M. BARRINGER,

Delivered at the celebration of the anniversary of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, in Concord, N. C., May 20th, 1839.

Friends and Fellow-Citizens: I am much gratified with the presence of so very large and respectable an assembly on this occasion. For though reluctant to become the organ of the committee in addressing you to-day, for reasons assigned to them and not necessary to be repeated; yet as we have resolved to mark this day by an act of public celebration, and as it is the first attempt at this place to do public justice to the memory of the actors in a memorable event in our history; it must be highly gratifying to every citizen of our county, and every friend to the reputation of our state, to know that our people are willing and anxious to do all in their power to render the occasion worthy of the deed it is intended to commemorate.

Fellow Citizens: The close of the 18th century was remarkable in the history of the world, both for the magnitude of the events by which it was distinguished, and the results which followed them, on the destiny of mankind. To America, especially, it was marked by transactions of the highest moment. The last quarter of that century witnessed our emancipation from the thraldom of colonial vassalage. It saw a people without means—but with a firm reliance on God, and the justice of their cause—enter the lists, and contend, against the most fearful odds, with the then most formidable monarchy on earth. It saw that people surmount every obstacle, and come out from the contest triumphantly victorious. It saw that people occupy a new untrodden position on the theatre of human action; and establish for themselves a system of self-government, by which they have practically vindicated the inalienable rights of man—acknowledging no responsibility but to their Creator, and the government of their own choice: a system which has become the wonder and admiration of mankind; which has shed happiness and renown on the nation which it protects, and by whom it is maintained.

We are all familiar, my friends, with the history of our revolutionary struggle, and the important results it has produced, and as a grateful people, we ever recur, with a just pride and satisfaction, to the part which was borne by our common country in that ever memorable controversy. We dwell with patriotic interest on every incident, whatever may have been its bearings on the glorious end so ardently wished for, the establishment and security, on a firm and permanent basis, of our freedom and independence.

In the history of that period, we find the event which we have this day met to celebrate; and although it may not have engrossed so much of the attention of our countrymen, or filled, in the eye of the world, so large a space as that other great deed, by which our whole country proclaimed its Independence; yet, to us here assembled—to the citizens of the counties of Cabarrus and Mecklenburg—and to the people of the state of North Carolina, it possesses a high and peculiar interest, and deserves to be remembered, with the liveliest gratitude, by us and our descendants, to the latest posterity.

When the British, deluded by false and mischievous counsels, arrogated the power of taxing America without her consent, the latter instantly resisted the assumption,—not so much on account of any immediate detriment to her interest, as on principle—on the great Saxon principle of "no taxation without representation,"—no imposition of burdens without the consent of those who are compelled to pay them. A great fundamental principle which had been recognized and sustained by the example of Britain herself, and which would have involved, in its destruction, the entire overthrow of the liberties of the colonies, and the subjugation of America. Resistance to this unauthorized claim became the general spirit of the country: every part was more or less under its influence, and determined to sacrifice all in defence of their invaded rights and privileges. As might readily have been foreseen, this contest soon resulted in the employment of the last argument of kings—the argument of the sword. "The appeal was the choice of the King; and the continent accepted the challenge."

Before this crisis, however, had arrived, light and knowledge on the nature of our rights, and the principles of human liberty, were diffused among our people; and the moment of conflict found an intelligent and fearless yeomanry prepared at all hazards, to meet it, and abide the fate of arms. Meetings in every section of the country, had been held, where discussions were freely and fully entertained on the usurpations of the mother country and the means of organized resistance to her tyrannical claims. The fires of patriotism spread over the land; and when the Congress of '76 declared one entire political separation from Great Britain, it but re-echoed the ardent wish of all America, it touched a chord that vibrated in every true American heart, and exploded a magazine of feeling which had long before been collected and cherished by the patriotic sons of freedom in our land. This truth is illustrated by the whole history of the revolutionary contest, from the first attempt of the English Parliament to stamp us with a tax against our consent, till the final declaration of Congress that we were a free and self-governing people.

But, fellow citizens, to our beloved state, and to our immediate section of that state, belongs, in an especial manner, the high and single honor of having first publicly proclaimed to the world that we would no longer submit to the lawless demands of a tyrannical parliament, in which we were unrepresented; to us belongs the glorious distinction of leading off in the race of freedom, and of declaring long before all others, that we were a sovereign people, recognizing no other power but that of our God, and the government of our own creation.

Let us, my friends, for a while recur to the history of this memorable transaction. Let us contemplate the character of an event which has placed the names of our Revolutionary Whigs in the boldest relief, and which has become distinguished in our state and throughout the Union.

The truth of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, is now placed beyond the contingency of a doubt. The praise-worthy exertion of our native sons, and public acts of our legislature have established, beyond the reach of controversy, and made known throughout the land, an era in our history, which was attempted (for reasons it is not now necessary to examine) to be thrown in the shade, and, perhaps, obliterated from the memories of men. To us, and the generation that have preceded us, it has ever been familiar as household words. To attempt, therefore, before this audience, an argument to prove the existence of the event we have assembled to commemorate, would be insulting to the understandings and feelings of those who breathe the air and tread the soil where it transpired—some of whom are the cotemporaries, and others the descendants of its illustrious actors, and whose recollections of its truth are as early and

as strong as the first impressions in their infancy, and as vivid as the remembrance of their fathers who periled their lives and their fortunes in support of their pledge on that extraordinary occasion.

Previous to and on the 20th of May 1775, the present county of Cabarrus, as you all know, was a part of the old county of Mecklenburg, and so continued till 1792; as therefore, this county was a constituent part of Mecklenburg at that time, and was fully represented in her famous convention (having not less, I believe, than one third of all the delegates), and equally entitled to the honors we this day render; so the observations which are made are intended to apply equally to both counties, between whom the only rivalry should be, which shall most appropriately commemorate the deed—and most successfully maintain the principles it promulgated.

In the early part of the year 1775 the British troops were stationed in the city of Boston, and as that city had always been distinguished for its enthusiasm in the cause of the colonies, the eyes of our countrymen were anxiously turned to the early cradle of republican liberty, in lively expectation of some hostile movement, that would bring the unsettled affairs of the two countries to a crisis—and make up the issue of liberty or submission, to be decided only by the God of battles.

In May of that year, the then county of Mecklenburg, always conspicuous for its attachment to the Whig cause of the revolution, and once honored by Cornwallis with the compliment of being denounced as "the most rebellious county in America," held detached meetings of the people in the different neighborhoods: at which neighborhood meetings, (some of which are doubtless remembered by the veterans who sit before me,) the people discussed the general state of affairs, expressed their sympathy for the common cause, and especially for their suffering brethren in the city of Boston, in whose fate were identified the interest of their countrymen,—asserted their determination never to submit to the exactions of the British Crown; and to support their brethren in liberty throughout all the trials of their perilous situation. These meetings and discussions, prompted by the love of liberty among the people themselves, prepared them for the event of which we now speak, and this day celebrate.

Accordingly an order was issued by the Colonel Commandant of the County, directing every militia company to elect two delegates—and to vest them with unlimited powers for the general good and safety. This order met with a hearty response from the people. The delegates were elected as required, and met in the town of Charlotte on the 19th of May, 1775. A remarkable coincidence occurred on that occasion. When the delegates were assembled and in the performance of the high trust committed to their charge, greeted and urged on by the warm approbation of their assembled countrymen, an express arrived announcing that the first hostile blow had been struck in defence of liberty: that the furies of negotiation were ended: that the Rubicon had been passed: that the sword was unsheathed and its scabbard thrown away: and that the blood, the first blood of American Citizens, had been shed on the plains of Lexington and cried aloud for vengeance! The very Goddess of liberty herself could not have furnished a more powerful motive for prompt and decisive action, a more irresistible incentive to that noble deed which has crowned our patriotic forefathers with imperishable renown. Suppose, Fellow-Citizens, our beloved country now insulted—and our rights trampled under foot by an imperious enemy; suppose that enemy to invade our shores with an hired soldiery—and besiege our cities—and to complete the climax of insult and injury, suppose that enemy to make our free soil drink the blood of American citizens, inhumanly butchered! What son of hers would not quit his fireside and meet in the tented field the violator of his country's injured rights and honor? Yes, my friends, thousands of swords would leap from their scabbard to avenge the wrong—and defend our country—thousands of patriot warriors would lead us on to battle. But the deed we now celebrate, as we shall presently show, was of still higher daring and glory.

When the messenger arrived and communicated the momentous purport of his intelligence, our delegates were surrounded, but not overwhelmed with new difficulties and still greater responsibilities. They still proceeded in their noble work, with unflinching firmness. The 19th passed over. The night was consumed in sleepless and grave but unwearied deliberations. The sun of the 20th of May rose upon their labors. They felt the awful responsibility of their situation. They knew the dangers by which they were surrounded—the extent of the power they defied, and the weakness of their own arm to contend against it.—Still they wavered not. The proposition for independence was finally prepared—submitted—discussed—and unanimously agreed to, in the form, and in the chaste, simple, firm, and sublime language,

which has been, this day, so well read in your hearing by our venerable friend. "The sense of America at that moment has never been so well expressed before or since."

After devising measures for the safety of their new government, and for the security of the persons and property of the citizens, and the future progress and success of the Whig cause in our section of state, our Convention dissolved; and its Delegates again returned to the ranks of the people, but not to be idle spectators of the heart stirring events that were occurring in our country.

Look then, my friends, at the glorious deed as we have described it—a deed worthy the cause of liberty, & the praise and gratitude of her friends as long as she can find a home upon the earth. For this noble deed, we are assembled to do grateful homage, not to an illustrious line of titled nobility, not to the memory of a military despot, whose laurels have been dyed in the blood of thousands, ingloriously slain, but to the patriotism, the energy, the prudence, and unyielding firmness of a small but fearless band of plain but intelligent men, who knew their rights and dared to maintain them; of men, who, alured by no promptings of personal aggrandizement, and unswayed by all the frowns of power, took the first bold step in the history of our liberty;—of men, who, unaided but by the common sympathy of our people, and uncounted by knowledge of their rights, were the precursors of all others, in proclaiming themselves free from the shackles of royal dominion. It was an act worthy the enduring admiration of posterity, deserving the noblest gifts of the orator, and the brightest page of the historian. It evinced a heroism equal to the best days of Greece or Rome. It was unsurpassed for its daring boldness and moral courage. I do not think that reckless audacity which is heedless of consequences, and forces no danger, but that true fortitude which is seen in great exploits that justice warrants, and that wisdom guides. Recur, then, fellow-citizens, for a moment, to the 20th May, 1775, and reflect under what circumstances that declaration was made. We were then a feeble nation, thinly settled, in what might well be termed, the wilderness of the New World. We had also domestic foes to divide our ranks, and cripple our resources, some from the natural propensity of men to uphold the forms of government under which they live, and others from the baser motives of interest, of fear and subserviency to "the powers that be." We were without means or friends, except the cheering encouragements of the friends of freedom. Without arms, except the double armor of the justice of our cause. Without an organized and efficient government for our protection. Without concentration of power to give energy to action. Without credit abroad, or an army at home. Yet, in the midst of all these privations and obstacles to success, with the gloomiest prospects before them, a little band of patriots assemble, in a remote section of the country, and hurl defiance at the common enemy, dissolve all connection with a government on which they had been so long dependent, proclaim themselves a free and self governing association, and pledge their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor in defence of their principles! And against whom, my countrymen, was this pledge given? Why, against the then most powerful kingdom on the globe—against a nation whose prowess had humbled the proudest armies of Europe, whose wealth abounded in every land, whose commerce whitened every sea, whose victorious armies were spread in every quarter of the world, and whose navies had won her the proud title of "Mistress of the Ocean." To oppose such odds, was an elevation of courage, and firmness of purpose that we can scarcely realize in this our day of palmy prosperity. It has few parallels in the annals of time. Leonidas and his Spartan band have not more deserved the applause of mankind for their invincible valor against the Persian hosts, than our ancestors for the noble boldness of their manifesto in behalf of liberty and the immutable rights of man. If the heroes of Thermopylae have gained immortality for their desperate bravery against the invasion of their country, by the armies of Xerxes: equally high in the temple of fame should we inscribe the names of those who pledged their lives and their all, upon the issue with an enemy not less terrible, in defence not only of their country, but of their principles, sacred to all mankind!

But, fellow-citizens, our forefathers were men, not only of words and professions. They practiced what they taught, and acted out what they professed. The delegates of the 20th of May 1775, were the heroes of many a well-fought battle-field. Throughout the campaigns of the South, their heroic va-

lor was displayed; their blood freely shed—and some of their lives sacrificed to attest the sincerity of their pledge; and to the end of the sanguinary contest for liberty, and amid the most appalling difficulties, they ever evinced the same intrepid courage, and immovable constancy. The influence of their fearless example, pervaded all ranks of society; and our part of the State became proverbial for its ardent devotion to the common cause—a reputation which it nobly sustained until the great object of the revolution was achieved. But that influence was not confined to our section of the state. It diffused itself far and wide; it decided the fate of the Whig cause in North Carolina. The lukewarm were confirmed: the bold encouraged. County committees and associations were formed throughout our borders, in which every effort was made, and pledge given, to maintain and hand down, unimpaired, the just rights and privileges of the people. "No state was more fixed or forward." The Provincial Congress of North-Carolina, on the 12th April, 1776, was the first organized, deliberative assembly under the authority of the state governments, that recommended the declaration of American Independence.—The Mecklenburg declaration was the first link in that great chain which terminated in the establishment of our national freedom. Our state, however, much as she may have been neglected in the history of the times, was the first to put the Ball of that Independence in motion; and amidst all the embarrassments and distresses by which she was encompassed, no state maintained the Whig cause of that day with more steadiness and integrity of purpose, with more ability in council and alacrity in the field.

Suffer me here to say, my friends, that although our state may not, with a false ambition and overbearing vanity, have blazoned forth her praise to the disparagement of her sisters, none have adhered with more rigid consistency to the free principles she was the first to proclaim. No state is blessed with a better constitution. There is no state where the laws, tempered with mercy, are administered with more ability, justice and impartiality; where licentiousness is more detested and avoided; and where the people better understand and practice upon the principle, that true liberty consists in a willing obedience to just and equal laws and restrictions imposed by themselves. In short, no state, that has juster and higher pretensions to all the attributes that dignify and ennoble a moral, religious and law-abiding people.

Fellow-Citizens: We have derived a grateful joy in the contemplation of the event we have this day brought to our remembrance: shall we not also learn wisdom from the same source? We should never suffer occasions like the present to pass unimproved. "History is philosophy, teaching by example." It is good policy often to recur to purer and better times. Let us, then, imitate the example, and emulate the virtues of our ancestors. We may never be compelled to make another declaration of independence under similar circumstances. That is an epoch that can happen but once in the life of a republic. Yet still we have duties to perform. We have need to guard the gift, and improve the legacy bequeathed to us by the blood and virtuous intrepidity of our forefathers. Liberty is to be preserved, only by the practice of the virtues by which it was obtained. Our forefathers were watchful of the first invasion of their rights, were prompt, bold, disinterested, and persevering in the execution of the great trust committed to their keeping, and in resisting the tyranny of unconstitutional oppression. Let us, also, imitate their vigilance, their promptitude, their disinterested patriotism, their boldness and constancy in preserving, improving, and transmitting, unadulterated, to after times, the blessings, civil and religious, they have bestowed upon us.

They also understood the nature of their rights, as well as exhibited the courage to defend them: They felt that virtue and intelligence are proverbially the pillars of a republic: and that vice and degeneracy are the offspring of ignorance. Let us, too, cherish a virtuous love of country, and let knowledge reach every home. These are the foundations of our greatness; these the grounds of our hopes.

But there was one peculiar characteristic of the times of the revolution, which it would be criminal to omit to notice, on this interesting occasion. I allude to the spirit of reliance on Divine Providence for protection and success, which pervaded the public acts of that eventful period. That spirit is seen illuminating the pages of the declaration we have this day celebrated, and may be witnessed, shedding its benign influence, in most of the public records and documents of our revolutionary time. From the illustrious Father of his country, down to the common soldier in the ranks, they felt and acknowledged the force of the inspired truth, "righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a re-

proach to the throne." The pious, eloquent and distinguished John Robinson, D. D., who himself well remembers the particulars of the declaration of the 20th May; and was personally acquainted with nearly all its signers, and who testified (this day) to their high individual worth, as well as the truth of the event in which they were actors.

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