

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

RICHARD JACOBS,

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[From the Metropolitan for September]

THE BRILLIANT LOCKET; A TALE.

J. E. Carpenter, author of 'The Romance of the Dreamer,' etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

It was in the autumn of the year 1800, when the republican army under Ney, Breaux, Lamb, Cyr, and others of its bravest generals, was pursuing its victorious career, and laying waste some of the most important towns in Germany, that the circumstances we are about to relate took place.

The frequent want of stores, ammunition, and money, in the republican army, and the hope of plunder then so frequently held out to the French soldiers as the reward of victory, caused no considerable alarm in the breasts of the more peaceable inhabitants of those places which were considered likely to become the theatre of hostilities.

Among these, the inhabitants of a German town of considerable importance—and which for distinction we will call Eristien—had ample reasons for their misgivings; the daily, almost hourly, approach of the French being expected.

The family of Paul Kinnayer, a merchant citizen of great wealth, was among the most agitated by the afflicting intelligence. His household consisted of his wife, an only daughter, and a few domestics in whom he could place confidence. His daughter was the spring which regulated every action of the merchant's life; she was the apple of his eye, the sunshine of his shady places; for he had accumulated his wealth, that her rare beauty might win with it a station of rank and influence; and now the hope of a whole lifetime might be wrecked in a few brief hours.

His wife was first to suggest a plan for the concealment of their treasures.—Their mansion was situated near the extremity of town, and from it a secret passage communicated with a bower in the garden adjoining; from thence, in the evening, a man might easily steal unperceived to the adjacent woods; and there she proposed that the merchant should, at night-time, bury his treasure; or, at any rate that he should proceed through the forest and deposit it with a relation who was to be trusted, and not suspected of possessing so much wealth and who resided about two days' journey from the place.

For a time, Paul Kinnayer resisted every importunity of his wife. Who would protect them should the anticipated attack take place in his absence?—The domestics were old and infirm; they would be too much alarmed for their own safety to care much for others not akin to them. But when his wife spoke upon the future; when she impressed on him that it was wealth only that would be required of them, and that, deprived of that, all for which they had so long struggled would be scattered in a moment, his resolution gave way. "I go," he said, "and I leave you in the trust of One whose all-powerful hand

will protect you; unless, indeed, in this infinite wisdom, he deems it fitting that the innocent should fall an example and terror to the guilty;"

Collecting all that was most valuable into a small packet, as the evening approached, the merchant was prepared to depart. One jewel only remained behind—it was his own miniature, set in a locket, with diamonds of great value.—It was his wedding gift to Amelia, and with it he hesitates to part; and he placed it again around her neck with the same fervor and affection that he felt when he first presented it. To her and to his daughter, the namesake of his mother, he gave some necessary directions for their welfare during his absence, and taking an affectionate farewell, he departed, unknown to any but themselves.

It was in the evening of the fourth day after the merchant departed that the roll of the drums, the shrill voice of the trumpet calling to arms, and the tumult among the inhabitants of the mansion that the enemy was fast approaching. The town was, indeed filled with Austrian troops, but these had been so often and lately harassed and defeated by the victorious arms of the French, that it was not without reason the citizens felt strong misgivings in their prowess.

All chance of the merchant being enabled to reach his house, or even to obtain admittance within the town previous to the termination, was now entirely shut out. The wife had but little doubt that his reputed wealth would not permit the house to pass unmolested; and after causing the doors to be barricaded, and the windows and shutters secured, she proceeded with her daughter to the innermost apartment of the mansion,

CHAPTER II.

On the return of the merchant, the French army was evacuating the place, carrying with them the trophies they had wrested from the conquered Austrians, and a large supply of stores and plunder from the devoted town.—Paul's heart died within him as he stealthily entered the suburbs, and proceeded towards the place of his own residence.

Within the town all was confusion and dismay; here were open storehouses, rifled of their contents, the very doors torn from their hinges; there the trim gardens of the richer classes broken down and trampled over; in the market-places were groups of the middle and lower classes, loudly complaining of the excesses of both Austria and France.—Still Paul stopped not to join in the general outcry; his only anxiety was his own home. At length he reached his dwelling. With what a pang of intense anxiety he rushed through the open portal! The servants had evidently fled—the stairs bore the marks of heavy footsteps. Paul stopped not to examine, or he would have seen they were traced with gore.

With the speed of thought he rushed into their accustomed sitting room, and there a horrid spectacle awaited him.—On the ground lay his wife, stabbed through the heart; one hand had fallen back as if to protect her from the attack of the assassin, while the other grasped tightly a few links of slight gold chain to which had been attached the diamond mounted portrait.

Of his daughter there were no trace. Loudly did he call, and widely did he seek, first in his own house, and then through the whole of the town, until it was whispered abroad that he was mad; but anxiety brought weariness, and repose led to reflection.

How deeply did Paul Kinnayer reproach himself for not taking the miniature with the other valuables, need not be related, since he little doubted that his wife's resistance to part with it had led to the fatal catastrophe. One redeeming thought flashed across his mind by its agency—if indeed she had not shared the fate of her mother—he might be enabled to discover his missing daughter. To this end he resolved to devote the whole of his future existence; and after the funeral of his wife, he disposed of his house, the wreck of his household goods, and prepared to travel; whither he knew not; but any where to fly from the scenes where all his hopes of earthly happiness had been blighted by the ruthless hand of the destroyer.

"And these," he said, as he turned from his native town and home, "these are the deeds perpetrated under the sacred banner of liberty! Alas! How is the

divine attribute desecrated! How little, but the name, exists in the bloodthirsty dynasty of France.

CHAPTER III.

Shall we follow the steps of Paul Mayer for twelve years? Shall we relate how he travelled in strange lands, even in the wake of the French army—sometimes in disguise—how minute, but yet how cautious were his inquiries, and, alas! how fruitless? Shall we say how the hale man grew grey and feeble, as though half-a-century had passed over his head, in scarcely more than a thithe of one? No; for we could relate nothing that would interest the reader—nothing but the patient suffering of a bereaved man; hoping, but hopeless, seeking but finding not; until it almost seemed that the faculties of the wanderer had ceased to embrace the original object of his mission; but they did not—they only slumbered.

It was something beyond 12 years after the scenes related in our second chapter took place, that a French officer was reciting in one of the principal cafes of Paris, to an eager crowd of listeners, the particulars of the inglorious retreat from Russia, of which he was one of the few survivors. His age could not have exceeded thirty; but the dreadful hardships of the Russian campaign had told fearfully upon his hardened features.—War however, had not tamed, but had evidently added to, a naturally ferocious disposition; for he was detailing, with savage satisfaction, the horrid treatments of the enemy, already forgetful of the severities he had but just escaped, and to which so many of his comrades had fallen a sacrifice.

Among those who listened most attentively was a stranger, who sat, almost unnoticed smoking in an obscure corner of the room; an involuntary expression of disgust at length betrayed him, and all eyes immediately turned to where he sat.

"I'll wager a Napoleon," said the officer, "that the old German never smelt powder but on a review day; and never saw more smoke than that which proceeded from his own meerschaum." "Better if others were like me; who remembering only that they are soldiers, forget that they are men."

"How!" exclaimed the officer, starting to his feet, "such sentiments here are dangerous; but you Germans are ever mystical. However, I'll tell you a German adventure so, garcon, another bottle of coti roii, and then—"

"Do you happen to know the German town of Eristien?" inquired the officer.

The dull eye of the stranger suddenly lit with a liquid fire as he answered in the affirmative.

"It was my first campaign," continued the other; "my father was one of the bravest," [he meant the most bloodthirsty] "leaders of the revolution. His influence obtained for me a commission—and, crowned with success, I found no difficulty in earning for myself promotion. In the action alluded to we were allowed but two hours to make what pilage we could in the town of Eristien, before we proceeded onward to greater and more glorious victories. Well, there was a jeweller of great wealth, whose house, which was pointed out to me by an Austrian prisoner, we entered, but, in which neither jewels nor portable valuables could we find. The servants fled on our first entrance; the wife and daughter only remained. The latter had locked themselves in a room which was soon burst open; we demanded of them their valuables; the trumpets had already sounded 'to horses!' and I was about to leave the house, when a gold chain around the neck of the elder female, attracted my attention. There was attached to it—"

"A portrait!" asked the stranger, in a tone of ill-concealed anxiety. "Don't interrupt me," said the narrator; "the story is droller than any one would imagine." The blood of the stranger came and went rapidly, and putting down his pipe he was observed for the moment, feeling about his pockets as if in search of some missing article.

"You're right it was a portrait; and in a most valuable setting. Provoked at obtaining no booty, I deemaned it of her; she should have had the worthless miniature, but she was obstinate. I tried to force it from her, but she resisted; nay, more she tried to seize a pistol from my belt, and in the heat of my passion—for

it was no time for reflection—I stabbed her."

"Have you that portrait still?" asked the German. "I have; though it has been taken from the sitting, in which one of my own now glitters. You said you knew Ebristian."

"I did, years ago."

"And probably the original of this picture?" and the officer, producing it.

"Well, well!"

"Ah! is he alive?"

"He is—to be the avenger!" And, before a movement was observed by the bystanders. Paul Kinnayer had, with a fatal precision, levelled a pistol at the French officer, and shot him in the breast.

CHAPTER IV.

Mortally wounded, but not quite dead he who had braved the heat of a hundred battles, and whom death had spared that he might make a suitable atonement for his guilt, was carefully removed to a private apartment.

Paul, who might have escaped in the confusion, did not attempt to do so; and he was of course, taken into custody, and put in one of the dungeons of the police.

The following morning he was led forth for examination; the wife of the fallen officer, he was told, would be his accuser. But he walked with a firmer step and a lighter heart than usual. One portion of his mission had been accomplished; he had avenged his wife's murder, but he had no traces of his daughter.

On reaching the place of examination, he was commanded to stand forth; a shriek—a long agonizing shriek—was heard, and the prosecutrix fell senseless to the floor.

Restoratives were applied, and on her recovery the cause of her agitation was soon apparent.

"It is my father!" she said, and breaking through the crowd, she again fell senseless in his arms.

The impetus of her fall caused a locket to drop from her bosom, where it was still suspended by a chain. Paul Kinnayer snatched it up. Yes, it was the same—the same circle of brilliants; but now it contained the portrait of—whom?—of his daughter's husband—the murderer of his wife!

Passing her to one of the attendants, the old man smote his breast, and called aloud in his trouble—

"Was it for this thou wert preserved, my beautiful—my pure!"

In consequence of the state of the witnesses, the examination was postponed, and the same evening the dying man requested that the prisoner, together with the chief of the police might attend him.

On their arrival life was ebbing fast. The confession of the officer was brief; he admitted the murder of Paul's wife, and the justice of his retribution; he further confessed that the daughter, being almost a child was carried away by the common soldiers to the rear of the army—that she was forced from the apartment previous to, and knew nothing of her mother's fate; and that, repenting of his act, he had her conveyed to Paris, and educated at his own charge. With her years her loveliness increased; and she, knowing him only as a benefactor, at last consented to marry him.

This confession was attested and forwarded to the Emperor. Meanwhile the friends of the officer came forward as prosecutors, his wife refusing to do so. The murder in the latter case was fully proved, and Paul was sentenced to death.

On the morning appointed for his execution he was reprieved, and suffered to enter a monastery, where he soon sunk under a broken heart.

With his wealth, which was considerable, he founded a convent for "Sisters of Mercy," and in the still beautiful abbess, whose piety and benevolence so many have, with justice lauded and admired, may be discovered the unfortunate daughter or Paul Kinnayer.

The editor of the Buffalonian says he would as soon try to go to sea on a shingle, make a ladder of fog, chase a streak of lightning through a crab-apple orchard, swim the rapids of Niagara, or set Lake Erie on fire with lucifer matches, as to think of stopping two young people from getting married when they take a notion into their head to do so.

ELOQUENT PORTRAIT OF THE SAVIOUR.

The following is a description of Jesus Christ, as it was found in an ancient manuscript, sent by Publius Mentulus, president of Judea, to the Roman Senate:

"There lives at this place in Judea, a man of singular character, whose name is Jesus Christ. The barbarians esteem him as a prophet, but his followers adore him as the immediate offspring of the immortal God. He is endowed with such unparalleled virtue as to call back the dead from their graves, and to heal every kind of disease with a word or touch. His person is tall and elegantly shaped, his aspect amiable—reverent,—His hair flows in those beautiful shades which no united color can match, falling into graceful curls below his ear, agreeably touching on his shoulders and parting on the crown of his head, like the dress of the sect of the Nazarites. His forehead is smooth and large; the cheek without spot, save that of a lovely red, his nose and mouth are formed with exquisite symmetry, his beard is thick, and suitable to the hair of his head, reaching a little below his chin and parting in the middle like a fork. His eyes are bright, clear and serene. He rebukes with majesty, counsels with mildness and invites with the most tender and persuasive language. His whole address whether in word or deed, being elegant, grave and strictly characteristic of so great a being! No man has seen him laugh; the whole world behold him weep frequently; and so persuasive are his tears, that the multitude cannot withhold theirs from joining in with him. He is moderate, temperate and wise. In short, whatever this phenomenon may turn out in the end, he seems at present a man of excellent beauty and divine perfection, every way surpassing the children of men."

A BRIGHT ONE.

The brightest little chap, for his size and age, that we ever saw, was one whom we lately came across torturing extadopels in a spring upon a roadside in New Jersey, altogether out of "sight and hearing" of any human habitation.

Man is a talking animal, and he must talk. So we, having not had an opportunity of exchanging a word with a fellow mortal for two hours, couldn't resist the temptation of talking to this little bare-headed and bare-footed brat.

"Where do you live, my son?" inquired we, just as he had stirred up a big bull-frog from the mud with a mullen stalk.

"I don't live no where only at home."

"Where is your home?"

"Over the hill, next house to Wagners."

"Have you parents living?"

"What's them?"

"I mean have you a father and mother?"

"Yes sir, but pap's went dead a good while, and mothe says she won't stand it, 'cause it's too hard work."

"What work does she do?"

"Milk the cow and all sorts o'things."

"Is your mother a pious woman;—a good christain?"

"No, Sir—she's a Dutchman!"

Here the little genius went to stirring up the frogs again, as much as to say 'don't disturb me with further interrogation; and so we left him.—N. Y. Mercury.

WE WILL MARRY.

A couple of young ladies having recently buried their father, who was an old humorist, and had such an aversion to matrimony that he would not allow them to marry, however advantageous the offer. Conversing on his character the eldest observed, 'He is dead at last, and now we will marry.' 'Well, I am for a rich husband, and Mr. C. shall be the man,' said the other. 'Don't let us be too hasty in the choice of our husbands; let us marry those whom the powers above have destined for us; for our marriages are registered in heaven's book.' 'I am sorry for that,' replied the youngest, 'for I am afraid he will tear out the leaf.'

A young lady, wearing a gold pencil case suspended from a gold chain appeared to be exceedingly vain of the ornament by frequently looking at it and handling it. A gentleman observing her stepped up to her and inquired, 'Miss B., I presume you belong to Pencil-vainia.'