



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

VOLUME 3, (

CHARLOTTE, N. C., OCT. 24, 1843.

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EDITED BY  
**HAMPTON & M'DOWELL.**

### TERMS:

The "Mecklenburg Jeffersonian" is published weekly a Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum in advance; or Three Dollars, if not paid before the expiration of the six months from the time of subscribing. Any person who will procure six subscribers and become responsible for their subscriptions, shall have a copy of the paper gratis—or, a club of ten subscribers may have the paper one year for Twenty Dollars in advance.

No paper will be discontinued while the subscriber owes any thing if he is able to pay; and a failure to notify the Editor of a wish to discontinue, at least six months before the expiration of the time paid for, will be considered a new engagement.

On the 1st of January, 1844, the paper will be discontinued unless the subscribers will be allowed to discontinue the paper before the expiration of the first year without paying for a full year's subscription.

All advertisements will be inserted promptly and correctly inserted at One Dollar per square for the first insertion, and Three Cents for each continuation—except Court and other official advertisements, which will be charged twenty-five per cent. higher than the above rates, owing to the delay, generally, in their appearance. A liberal discount will be made to those who advertise by the year. Advertisements sent in for publication, must be marked with the number of insertions desired, or they will be published until called and charged accordingly.

Letters to the Editor, and all communications in sums of Five Dollars or over, must come free of postage, or the amount paid at the office here, will be charged by the writer. If by any instance, and charged as otherwise noted.

## FRESH SUPPLY OF CHEAP FALL & WINTER GOODS.

Deary Springs,

INFORMS his customers and the public generally, that he has now on hand direct from New York and Philadelphia, a splendid stock of **FALL & WINTER GOODS,**

purCHASED by himself on the most favorable terms. He invites purchasers to give him a call, and see and judge for themselves, as he is determined to sell Goods as cheap for Cash as they can be bought at any other Store in this section of country. His stock embraces the following leading articles:

### A GENERAL SELECTION OF

DRY GOODS

OF EVERY VARIETY AND THE LATEST STYLES; A HEAVY STOCK OF



Hardware, Queens-ware, Cutlery,

CROCKERY, SADDLERY, HATS,

Shoes, Boots, & Spots,

and every other article usually found in village stores. Call and buy bargains.

Oct. 19, 1843.

## MORE NEW AND CHEAP GOODS.

Be. C. Carson & Co.

Are now receiving and opening direct from Boston, New York and Philadelphia, a large and handsome assortment of

Fall and Winter

GOODS,

comprising every variety and description usually kept in a retail establishment. The attention of purchasers is solicited to an examination of our stock, as we feel assured that we can and will sell as low for cash as any other house. Call and you will find the following Goods:

Chills, Cassimeres and Sullinets of every quality and Price, Red, White and Green Flannels, Rose, Striped and Negro Blankets, Ready made Overcoats and Overcoatings, Three hundred pieces of assorted Coloreds, A large and complete assortment of Ladies' Shawls, some of which are rich and beautiful. Rich colored Velvets and Christmas gewgaws for Ladies' dresses, Ladies' Velvet Cardigans, Black, colored and Watered Alpacaes, Black and Fancy Muslins de Lanes, Black Bombazines better than ever sold in this market. Splendid new style of French worked Silks, Cambric, Jaconet and Waxed Handkerchiefs, Colliers, Fancy Silks and Laces, Moirine, Laces and Insertings. Also a heavy stock of Domestic Goods, such as Brown and Blotched Shirtings and Sheetings, Drillings Tickings, &c. &c.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

Gentlemen's new-style

Hats & Ladies' Bonnets,

Boots & Spots,

Of every description;

HARD WARE AND CUTLERY, CROCKERY, SADDLERY, BAGGING, ROPING, NAILS, SUGAR COFFEE,

MOLASSES, &c.

R. C. CARSON, & Co.

Oct. 3, 1843.

Journal copy.

## Law School.

THE subscriber proposes to open a Law School in the Town of Charlotte, on the 1st of July next. His whole time (when off his circuit) will be devoted to the instruction of Students.

WILLIAMS, J. ALEXANDER.

June 28, 1843.

### Pocket-book Stolen.

\$20 Reward.

ON the night of the 25th inst., while encamped on the main road four miles north of Charlotte, some person stole from his pocket while asleep, this subscriber's pocket-book, containing a small amount of money, (the kind of bills not recollected) and some papers—among them, two notes on H. T. Sloan, one for about \$21, and the other for about \$6; a note on Wilson Kennedy for about \$65, all of recent date, and several other notes and papers not recollected. The public are cautioned not to trade for any of said notes and papers, and I will give a Reward of \$20 for the recovery of the Pocket-Book and papers, with information sufficient to apprehend and convict the thief. Information may be given to the editor of the Jeffersonian.

ELIAS TURNER.

August 27, 1843.

### Charlotte Female Academy.

MRS. HUTCHISON begs leave to inform her friends and the public generally, that the exercises of the Charlotte Female Academy, will be resumed as early in the month of October, as it may be in her power to return from New York, of which the earliest possible notice will be given in the public papers. She trusts that the improvements her visit to the North will enable her to make in her school, will meet the high approbation of all who may be interested in the Education of young females.

[Oct. 3, 1843.]

### Notice TO CONTRACTORS.

THE undersigned Commissioners, appointed at the July term of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions for the county of Union, will receive Sealed Proposals for building

**A COURT-HOUSE** in the Town of Monroe, till the 20th day of November next. The building to be fifty feet by forty, two stories high, to be based on rock one foot below the surface, and two feet above. The walls to be built of wood of good quality. The basement story to have a passage eight feet wide through the centre of the entire building, each side of which to be divided into three offices and stair case. The second story to be twelve feet in the pitch, to be divided into a Court Room, and two Jury Rooms. It is desirable that the House should be built and finished according to the most modern and plain style. The proposals must embrace the plan, specification and estimates of cost. The Commissioners to be at liberty to suggest such alterations as they may think

feasible, and their communications to the Chairman of the committee at Oakville, Union Co., N. C., post paid. The Committee will decide within fifteen days after the time above specified, and would wish all applicants present.

A. STEVENS, Chair'n.  
S. P. STEWART, C'm mittee  
W. HAMILTON,  
WM. WILSON,  
M. AUSTIN,  
R. RODGERS,

Oakville, Sept. 6, 1843.

### State of North Carolina, MECKLENBURG COUNTY.

Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, July Term, 1843.

J. M. Morrison vs. G. C. & Henry Carville, and F. & Robert Folger. LAND LEVY.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the court, that the defendants G. C. Carville, Henry Carville, Frederick Folger, and Robert Folger are not residents of this State; it is therefore ordered, that publication be made in the Mecklenburg Jeffersonian for six successive weeks, notifying said defendants to be and appear at the next term of this Court, to be held for Mecklenburg county at the Court house in Charlotte, on the 4th Monday in October next, then and there to plead or reply, otherwise judgment will be entered against them, and the lands levied on sold to satisfy plaintiff's demands.

Witness, C. T. ALEXANDER, Jr., Clerk of our said Court at Charlotte, the 4th Monday of July, 1843, and the 68th year of American Independence.

C. T. ALEXANDER, Jr., c. c. c. Printer's Fee, \$5 00.

A certain and effectual Cure for Ague and Fever; the treatment of Billious Fever, Nausea, General Debility, and nervous weakness.

The most flattering recommendations of this medicine have been received from many eminent Physicians and others who have used it. And it is presumed that no medicine has ever used whose action has been more beneficial, pleasant and invigorating, and called forth from afflicted sufferers such expressions of heartfelt gratitude and thankfulness. Persons taking the Pills soon find themselves relieved. Chill broken! Fever gone! Stomach and head free and healthful! Strength and appetite increasing and improving, and all nervous weakness fled.

When taken according to the directions accompanying them, they never fail to cure the Chill and Fever the first day, and never sicken the stomach or operate upon the bowels.

The pills are purely and solely Vegetable; and the happy combination of the ingredients and their proportions are such as to produce a medicine which never fails to relieve when relief is at all attainable. Each box contains 20 doses of Pills—Price, One Dollar.

The above valuable medicines are for sale in Charlotte, by B. Oates, Concord, W. Barringer, & Co. Salisbury, C. B. Wheeler. Lincolnton, John Hoke. Greenville, S. C. Dr. C. Rabe.

## DR. SPENCER'S VEGETABLE PILLS

### A PUBLIC BLESSING.

These Pills have long been known and appreciated for their extraordinary and immediate powers of restoring perfect health to persons suffering under nearly every kind of disease to which human frame is liable.

They are particularly recommended to all those persons who are afflicted with any kind of chronic or lingering complaint, as there is no medicine before the public which has so natural and happy effect upon the system in correcting the stomach and liver, and to the formation of healthy chyle and thereby purifying the blood.

They are acknowledged by the hundreds and thousands who are using them, to be not only the most mild and pleasant in their operation, but the most perfectly innocent, safe and efficient medicine ever offered to the public. Those who once make a trial of these Pills, never afterward feel willing to be without them, and call again and again for more; which is sufficient proof of their good qualities.

**HEADACHE—SICK OR NERVOUS.** Those who have suffered and are weary of suffering with this distressing complaint, will find Spencer's Vegetable Pills a remedy at once certain and immediate in its effects. One single dose of the Pills taken as soon as the headache is felt coming on, will cure it in one half hour entirely.

As a remedy in summer and bowel complaints, they display their wonderful powers to admiration, and are far superior to any thing in use for these complaints.

In Dyspepsia and Liver complaints, they stand unrivalled. Many have been cured in a few weeks, after having suffered under the dreadful complaint for years.

In Habitual Costiveness, they are decidedly superior to any Vegetable Pill ever brought before the public; and one 25 cent box will establish their surprising virtues, and place them beyond the reach of doubt in the estimation of every individual.

They are invaluable in nervous and hypochondriacal affections, loss of appetite, and all complaints to which females alone are subject.

They are mild in their action, and convey almost immediate conviction of their utility from the first dose. They may be taken by persons of any age; and the feeble, the infirm, the nervous and delicate are strengthened by their operation, because they clear the system of bad humors, quiet nervous irritability, and invariably produce sound health.

Upwards of three hundred and seventy thousand boxes of these inestimable Pills have been sold within the last twelve months in three States alone, and more than three times the quantity in other parts of the Union.

As an anti-bilious medicine, no family should be without them. A single trial of them is more satisfactory than a thousand certificates.

Price 25 cents per box, with full directions. But it may not be amiss to insert the following testimonials of their excellence:

[From a very respectable Planter in Washington Co., Ala.]  
Washington Co., Ala., March 8, 1843.

To Dr. SPENCER,  
DEAR SIR: I have used your Vegetable Pills in my family the last year with great success, and I consider them the best Pills I ever used. I have made considerable use of many other popular Pills, but I am convinced that yours are superior to any of them. For Sick Headache, they are an excellent medicine. For Bowel Complaint, I think them the best medicine in the world, and also for the Bloody Flux. I can say to you that I made great use of them last season. I had TWENTY of my Blacks sick with the Flux, and I administered your Pills freely, and I did not lose a single case. My neighbors speak in the highest terms of them.

Respectfully Yours,  
JESSE JORDAN.  
Union Co., Ky., November 21st, 1842.

To Dr. SPENCER,  
DEAR SIR: As I am somewhat opposed to Patent Medicines, considering them generally a mere catch-penny and a cheat upon the public, I have heretofore had but little to do with them, and it was not without much persuasion on the part of your travelling agent, that I was prevailed upon to accept of an agency for the sale of your Pills. But now I must confess, in justice to your Vegetable Pills, that they have proved to be what you assert them to be. I am entirely out of them, and had I been supplied, could have sold double the quantity.

Your Pills have been of great benefit in this section; my neighbors having derived great benefit from their use. I have been troubled for the last fifteen years with Dyspepsia, and an affection of the Liver and Spleen; as a remedy, I have tried Brandreth's and all the most popular Pills, and have had the advice of Physicians, all of which afforded me but momentary relief, but, sir, from the use of only one box of your Pills, I am relieved from my most fashionable yet distressing complaint.

Yours, &c.,  
JOHN DYER.

[The following is from Col James Porter, Esq., a respectable citizen of Gibson Co., Ten.]  
Gibson Co., Ten., December 10, 1842.

To Dr. SPENCER,

DEAR SIR: This is to certify, that I have used in my family within the last eight months, one dozen boxes of your Vegetable Pills, and I consider them decidedly superior to any other Pills I have ever used. I have been afflicted for the last three or four years with a severe dyspeptic and liver-affection, accompanied at times with a nervous head-ache which at times totally unfitted me for physical or mental efforts and for the enjoyment of the common blessings of life, and most acknowledge, that your Pills have so far restored me that I feel nearly as well as ever, and I really think that the further use of them will make an entire cure. I was also troubled with a bad cough and affection of the lungs, proceeding, as I suppose, from the complaint, and I am entirely relieved from that. Some of my neighbors are also using the Pills with the most decided benefit. The Pills cannot be too highly recommended, and I candidly confess, that I have derived more real benefit from them than any other medicine I have ever taken, and I think every family should always keep a supply of them on hand.

JAMES PORTER.

## BLANKS

Of various kinds, printed neatly on good paper for sale at this Office.



### POETRY

#### THE PRINTER.

From the Knickerbocker for September.

"The Printer, in his folio, heraldeth the world.— Now come tidings of weddings, makings, mummings, entertainments, jubilees, wars, fires, inundations, thefts, murders, massacres, meteors, comets, spectrums, prodigies, shipwrecks, piracies, sealights, law-suits, pleas, proclamations, embassies, trophies, triumphs, revels, sports, plays; then again, as if in a new shilshu scene, treasons, cheating-tricks, robberies, enormous villainies of all kinds, funerals, burials, new discoveries, expeditions;—now comical, then tragical matters. To day we hear of new offices created, to-morrow of great men deposed; and then again of fresh honors conferred; one is let loose another imprisoned; one purchaseth, another breath; he thives, his neighbor turneth bankrupt; now plenty, then dearth and famine; one runs, another rides, wrangles, laughs, weeps, and so forth. Thus do we daily hear such like, both public and private news."—Old Burton.

He stood there alone at that shadowy hour,  
By the swinging lamp dimly burning;  
All silent within, save the ticking type;  
All without, save the night-watch turning;  
And heavily paced o'er the frozen ground.  
As slowly he poe'd o'er the frozen ground.

And dark were the mansions so lately that shone  
With the joy of festivity gleaming,  
And hearts that were breaking in sympathy then,  
Were now living it o'er in their dreaming;  
Yet the PRINTER still worked at his lonely post,  
As slowly he gathered his mighty host.

And there lay the merchant all pillowed in down,  
And building bright hopes for the morrow,  
Nor dreamt he that Fate was then weaving a wand  
That would bring him fear and sorrow;  
Yet the PRINTER was there in his shadowy room  
And he set in his frame-work that rich man's doom!

The young wife was sleeping, whom late had bound  
The ties that death only can sever;  
And dreaming she started, yet woke with a smile,  
For she thought that they were parted forever!  
On the morrow THE TRUTH of that midnight spell!

And there lay the statesman, whose feverish brow  
And restless the pillow was pressing,  
For he felt through the shadowy mist of his dream  
His holiest hopes now possessing;  
Yet the PRINTER worked on, 'mid silence and gloom,  
And dug for Ambition its lowliest tomb.

And slowly the workman went gathering up  
His budget of grief and of gladness;  
A wreath for the noble, a grave for the low,  
For the happy a cupful of sadness;  
Strange stories of wonder, to enchant the ear,  
And dark ones of terror, to curdle with fear.

Full strange are the tales which that dark host shall hear  
To place and eot on the morrow;  
Oh, welcome, thrice welcome, to many a heart!  
To many, a bearer of sorrow;  
It snail I go like the wind and wandering air,  
For life and its changes are impressed there.

Boston, August 13, 1843.

### MISCELLANY.

#### ALL THE SAME A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

BY LAMAN BANCHARD.

Nothing is more common, or in itself more ludicrous than the spectacle of a small mind sinking under the weight of a large idea. It is like seeing a puny whistper, who has bravely lifted the sword of a Plantagenet, essaying to do mortal combat with the mighty blade.

Heroic Thumbs magnanimously dragging after them Hercules clubs, are not rare sights, though still strange.

When ordinary people get hold of a grand notion—such as "Happen what may, it will be all the same a hundred years hence,"—it is astonishing how lightly they can afford to treat the gravest business on their hands, how insignificant the struggles of a generation become, and how easily all the little affairs of life may be allowed to run on to rack and ruin—themselves, who are to be numbered among life's little affairs, of course included.

"It will be all the same a hundred years hence" is the cry of the selfish and cold heart-man of the world, who, easy himself, is content to take things as he finds them—never stirring a step out of his way to assist in redressing a proved grievance—in removing an obstacle to public freedom and happiness—in tearing asunder the crippling bonds of an intolerant and enslaving prejudice.

It is the cry of sleek and comfortable patriots, who plunge themselves on having no politics at all—on not caring a rush who is minister—on their superiority to party triumphs, and their indifference to factions contests. "Why should we trouble ourselves about foolish distinction between orange and green? what does it signify which prevails? And if the priest of the two colors should happen to be the one doomed to be trampled in the dust, or dyed in martyr's blood, what of it?—why fret your heart about that?—it will be all the same a hundred years hence?"

It is the common cry of men, who, seeing the untaught and destitute children of the poor dropping insensibly and inextricably into crime, lift not a finger to advance the cause of education—of men who see labor degraded into a state of servitude so ruinous to body and mind, that the heart aches to think of it, and yet stir not a hair's breadth to assist in that terrible extremity, and raise it by any small

degree out of its deplorable and brutalized condition—of men who, with the vital interests of a race at stake, while an invaluable institution is tottering under attack, or a fearful despotism is being treacherously reared up, keep within doors, seated in their arm-chairs by the fireside, heedless of everything good, save their chess and their checker.

What they will not move out of that snug corner to do for a nation, they will not, while they are their own masters, be roused to do for any individual in the nation. Poverty may be bruised and gasping on the doorstep, but they will not offer it the sustenance of a crust, the balm of a kind word. Tell a philanthropist of this order that the man will die of want at his gate, and his great soul, looking out of his half shut eyes, will perceive no dying object there—it will see nothing but fatuity, revealing to him its benevolent secret, that a hundred years hence, it will be all the same whether a poor devil die there or not.

A good Christian philosopher who can raise his mind to a point (and keep it there) whence a full century, with all its cradles and its graves, can be clearly overlooked, cannot be supposed to see, "with equal eye," any disagreeable subject immediately before him. It may or may not be there; the thing may be afflicting and pitiable, or otherwise; but whoever it be, one fact he deems certain, that it will be all the same in the next century, or the century after.

A child may be falling under horse's feet or a mother may be floating down a stream; but why, upon this principle, risk a kick or a wet jacket?—Lost or saved, it will ultimately be the same thing. The house over the way may be on fire, but as it cannot cross the road, the roasting of the inmates is of but trifling consequence, and will be of none at all in due season. Why encounter peril and get scorched in the coat skirts, to avert a calamity, or to promote an escape, when the two things will be as one by and by? Why hasten, with the reprieve in one's pocket, to save the pardoned culprit from being hanged? A sharp push, to be sure, will do it—another minute is enough—but a hundred years hence, where will be the difference to him between guilt and innocence, a grave in Newgate or in Westminster Abbey?

Cold blooded indifference; apathy that makes a stagnant pool of the heart's life stream—selfishness that knows not how truly to enjoy even what it miserably and stupidly calls its own—never yet had so comfortable a creed. But the tendency of the false and often fatal principle is, not to stop there. He who blindly adopts it as an established philosophical reason why he should take but little interest in the affairs of the world, and as little trouble to advance the welfare of his neighbor, often insensibly turns it, a two-edged implement against himself. It is a principle, an moral excellence, of all exalted, all noble, all great, all immortal, all glorious, all heroic, all sublime, all divine. The poet who sends his lines, wanting any charms of clearness or inconsistency or strength that studios and patient labor can give, while comforting himself with the notion that his sonnet will be all the same a hundred years hence, may make up his little mind that it will be a profound error to all the world at the period spoken of. In like manner, to take another example in the poet's opposite—the statesman who winks at a wrong when done in his own behalf, who mistakes a bench of partisans for a powerful people, and confounds the session in which he struggles with the century whose spirit he should understand, may learn that the expedient and the just are not essentially the same, even after the lapse of a hundred years, and that it is possible for one man to be much talked of and little thought of.

The selfish man's excuse for the indifference in the affairs of mankind becomes the justification of a vicious laziness in the transaction of his own. The business which otherwise he would set about to night is deferred until the morning; the work of to-morrow is of course postponed until next week; and the duty of next week is delayed indefinitely. The debate whether a necessary task, easily performed, shall be done now, or on Tuesday next, is made on the great principle of the sluggish philosophy, that it will be all the same a hundred years hence, the fault becomes a fatal one, and the consequences are generally irremediable.

It might interest the thoughtful reader, to search his memory or his books for examples—furnished abundantly in national and individual history—of the error of this calculation,—that apparently trivial matters, however settled, must always be the same after a long interval of time. It would be easy to bring down many great birds that came from small eggs. If the infant Buonapart was cutting his teeth, a Corsican nurse had given him by mistake a wrong syrup, he might sagely have exclaimed that it would be all the same a hundred years hence—yet the little tooth-cutter lived to work some differences in his day. And when Newton's gardener swept away the famous apple, he could have conscientiously declared that whether it fell prematurely, or remained to swell the forthcoming pie of the philosopher, was an affair of no possible moment to people in the next century—yet the accident was by no means unimportant, even in the minor sense of speculation and curiosity.

But to such inquiries there would be no end.—They are not necessary to the proof of the gross and mischievous folly of the reasoner, who would justify an omission of his own, on the score of its own importance to posterity. That folly is shown in the fact, that it may be unimportant a century hence, but vitally important the next day—that it may not be practically hurtful to our grandchildren, and yet immediately injurious to ourselves. The maxim is too often the suggestion of those busy Friends (our wild passions and selfish vices) who pucker with us in a double sense—keeping the letter, but not the spirit of promise—and rendering what is inconsequential in the grave a matter of grave importance, while our temporal interests are in the existence.

A New Fashioned Fan.—Some years ago, in Natchez, Miss., Prof. Moffat was announced to preach in that city on a certain day. The fame of the gifted orator had preceded him and every person in the city of Bluffs was anxious to hear him. Somehow the news happened to reach the hotel of an old woman, who, perhaps, had not heard a sermon for a quarter of a century; and very seldom went out into the world. She determined to hear