



JOSEPH W. HAMPTON,

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

Editor and Publisher.

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TERMS:

The "Mecklenburg Jeffersonian" is published weekly, at Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if paid in advance; or Three Dollars, if not paid before the expiration of THREE MONTHS from the time of subscribing.

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 ONE MONTH before the expiration of the time paid for, will be considered an engagement.

Advertisements will be conspicuously and correctly inserted at One Dollar per square for the first insertion, and Twenty-five Cents for each continuation—except Court and other judicial advertisements, which will be charged twenty-five per cent. higher than the above rates, (owing to the delay, generally attendant upon collections). 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 forbad and charged accordingly.

Letters to the Editor, unless containing money in sums of Five Dollars, or over, must come free of postage, or the amount paid at the office here will be charged to the writer, in every instance, and collected as other accounts.

Carolina Inn,

CHARLOTTE, NORTH-CAROLINA.

THE above Establishment, situated on main-street, north of the Court House, in the Town of Charlotte, N. C., is still kept open by the undersigned for the accommodation of the public. The proprietor feels confident of his ability to give entire satisfaction to all who may patronise his House. The travelling public will find at the Carolina Inn every comfort, convenience and attention necessary to refresh and re-invigorate both man and horse. Particular pains will be bestowed on the Table, Bar, and Beds—

that every thing shall be in the most sumptuous and neat order—and the Stables will always be supplied with abundance and attended by faithful, experienced Hostlers. In short, the subscriber is determined to keep up the accommodations at this House in a style unsurpassed by any similar establishment in the interior country. All he asks from the public is, to give him a call.

Drivers can at all times be supplied with convenient and well enclosed LOTS, on moderate terms, and furnished with grain at a low price.

JENNINGS B. KERR, 65...f

VALUABLE LAND AT PRIVATE SALE.

THE Subscriber wishing to sell a part of his lands, now offers for sale a valuable Tract of Land, with good improvements,

CONTAINING 425 ACRES,

of which there is 150 acres in cultivation, of which there is 50 acres in Cotton, and the balance timbered land. Also, is on the lands a new GIST MILL and COTTON-GIN propelled by water power. The above land is situated in Mecklenburg County, on Mallard Creek 7 miles Northeast of Charlotte, and inferior to none in this section of the country, for the production of Cotton, grain, &c. As to the location of the above described lands, and respects the abundance of good water, health, and fertility of soil combined, it cannot be excelled in any country. As I am determined to sell, I would respectfully invite those who wish to make a purchase of such as is above described, to call and view the land and judge for themselves. Terms of payment made easy.

M. S. ALEXANDER, 64...f

LAST CALL—No Mistake!

ALL persons indebted to the late firm of Norment and Sandry, and also to Wm. Sandry, either by note or book account contracted previous to the commencement of 1842, are again informed that payment is now being demanded. Those who do not pay up their notes and accounts with the cash before or during the ensuing July Court, may certainly count on paying cost.

WILLIAM SANDRY, 66...tc

Caution!

THE public are cautioned against trading for two notes of hand given by the subscriber to Thomas McGee, of Lincoln county. One is for two hundred dollars, due the 25th of December next, and dated the 7th of February, 1842; the other is for seventy-five dollars, due in June, 1843, dated as the first. As the property for which said notes were given has proved unsound, I do not intend to pay them, unless forced to do so by law.

RICHARD RANKIN, 73...3v

WOOL CARDING.

THE subscriber is now ready to commence the above business, and will continue it till the 15th of Oct. Any person wishing to have Carding done, would do well to bring it in immediately, as warm-weather is much the best for carding. Due attention will be given.

W. H. NEEL, 71...3w

FRESH ARRIVAL.

JUST RECEIVED, and now opening, at the Charlotte DRUG STORE, a large stock of DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

Comprising Calomel, Castor-Oil, Rhuubarb, Composition, Opium, Sweet-Oil, and every other article usually kept in such establishments. The stock is entirely fresh, was selected with care, on cheap terms, and will be sold very low for cash.

BRALEY OATES, 65...f

WATCH REPAIRING. CASH SYSTEM.

THE subscriber would inform the public that he will work for the following prices, and no mistake. For cleaning lever watches, \$1.00 For do. plain do. 50

other work done lower than usual. THOMAS TROTTER, 70...4t

Taken Up,

AND committed to the Jail of this county, on the 27th of September last, a Negro man, about 20 years of age, round full face, smooth forehead, thick lips, and flat nose, five feet 7 or 8 inches high, with a scar on the fore finger of the left hand, made, he says, by a cutting knife. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges, and take him away, or he will be dealt with as the law directs.

T. N. ALEXANDER, Sheriff, 32...f

CABINET WAREHOUSE CHAIR FACTORY

JOB PRINTING.

WE are prepared at this Office with a handsome supply of Fancy Type, to execute all kinds of

Job-Printing

in a very superior style, and a short notice. Orders will be thankfully received. Jeffersonian Office, Charlotte, Mh 9, 1841.

MISCELLANY.

Contentment.—Old Maj. B. of Arkansas, tells a pretty good story. He had been travelling through the woods some ten or fifteen hours when he opened upon a clearing, which had a log house in its centre, on which was chalked the words, "entertainment for man and beast." As neither himself nor his horse had had anything to eat all day, they both looked the happier at this sign of hospitality.

As he rode up to the cabin he saw a flaxen-headed little fellow sunning himself before the door, and he accosted him with— "Wall, my son, can you give me some supper?" "I reckon not. We haint no meat, nor we haint no bread, nor we haint no taters."

"Wall, you can give me a bed, can't you?" "I reckon not; for we haint no feathers, nor we haint no straw, nor we haint no floorin' to our house."

"Wall, you can give my horse something to eat?" "I reckon not; for we haint no hay, nor we haint no corn, nor we haint no oats neither."

"In the name of human nature how do you do here?" "Oh! very well, I thank you. How are all your folks to hum?"

"The Major couldn't stand it any longer, and slooped!"

Blarney.—"A bright morning to your fair face, Mistress Murphy?"

"Well, a good morning, John?"

"Och! Mistress Murphy, whenever I see a rale shiny, Irish mornin' like this, it puts me in mind of the old country, and of the time when I lived wid yer father, (rest his soul), a dacent man niver drew breath, an'orra a poor crayther niver passed his doors without a bit of a sup."

"Troth he was, John."

"Mistress Murphy, (pulling a flask out of his pocket) would thrust me for half a pint till I go down to the wharf, and may the fly away with the roof of me jacket, but I'll pay ye before the sun goes to bed!"

"Burn the drap, John, till ye pay for the half pint ye got yesterday."

"Mistress Murphy, (emphatically) I know'd yer mother, and she was an old hod carrier, an' yer father was a ditty washer-woman, an' I seed him haul wid six roarin' big bulls, to the gallowes, ye oul' og!"

John sloped in double quick time, and a pewter beer mug rattled wrathfully across the pavement.

Dean's text.—A pious old negro, while saying grace at the table, not only used to ask a blessing on all he had upon his board, but would also petition to have some deficient dish supplied.

One day it was known that Cato was out of potatoes, and suspecting that he would pray for the same at dinner, a wag provided himself with a small measure of the vegetables, and stole under the window, near which stood the table of our colored christain— Soon Cato drew up a chair and commenced, "O, massa Lord! will you in dy provident kindness condescend to bress ebery ting before us; and be pleased to stop upon us just a few taters—and all de prais"—[Here the potatoes were dashed upon the table, breaking plates and upsetting the mustard pot]— "Dern's 'em, massa Lord!" said Cato, looking up with surprise, "only jist luff'em down lectle easier next time!"

CONNUBIAL TENDERNESS.—

We do not know where this originated, but it is excellent.

"Now, my dear husband, why don't you call me by such names as other men call their wives?"

"Why, what do other men call their wives, you fool?"

"Why, they call them 'my duck' and 'my dear,' and such kind of words."

"Well, what is duck—say?"

"Why it's a foul, to be sure."

"Right! Now, what's a dear, you goose?"

"It's a beast, certainly."

"Well then, I'll call you 'my foul beast.' Now go about your business."

There is much wisdom, and there is the spirit of true benevolence, in the following extract of a letter from Pope:

"I am rich enough, and can afford to give away £100 a year. I would not crawl upon the earth without doing a little good. I will enjoy the pleasure of what I give, by giving it alive, and seeing another enjoy it. When I die, I should be ashamed to leave enough for a monument, if there were a waiting friend above ground."

Honest.—Said a distinguished gentleman of this State, who is fond of his bottle,—I have examined it the subject of Temperance in all its various aspects—I have examined it drunk, and I have examined sober, and there is not a single good argument to be advanced against it; the only reason I have for drinking is, because I love it.—S. C. Temp. Adv.

Dean Swift proposed to tax female beauty, and to leave every lady to rate her own charms. He said the tax would be cheerfully paid, and very productive.

It is considered a gross impropriety for a man to snore so loud in church, as to awaken the rest of the congregation.

Close Shaving.—A Justice of the Peace was called on for the payment of a bill of 75 cents. Upon presenting the bill, the squire asked him if he would swear to the account. The man replied "yes."— The squire swore him, and handed him fifty cents.

"Stop, squire, you are mistaken in the amount; 'tis 75 cents." "I know," returned the squire, "but I can't swear you for nothing."

Georgia Titles.—The Picayune says that in Georgia a man receives promotion according to the number of Rattlesnakes he has killed. A thousand gives him the rank of general—One makes a major of him—hence the multitude of Georgia majors.

Davy Crocket says, by shutting both your eyes when you fire your rifle, it is a very safe way. It is safe for you, and safe for the warmint you are firing at.

THE BUSHEL OF CORN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Farmer Gray had a neighbor who was not the best tempered man in the world, though mainly kind and obliging. He was a shoemaker. His name was Barton. One day in harvest time, when every hand on the farm was busy as a bee, this man came over to Farmer Gray's, and said, rather in a petulant voice—

"Mr. Gray, I wish you would send over and drive your geese home."

"Why so, Mr. Barton; what have my geese been doing?" said the farmer, in a mild quiet tone.

"They pick my pigs' ears when they are eating; and go into my garden, and I will not have it!"—the neighbor replied in a still more petulant voice.

"I am really sorry for it, neighbor Barton: but what can I do?"

"Why, yoke them, and thus keep them on your own premises. It's no kind of way to let your geese run all over every farm and garden in the neighborhood."

"But I cannot see to it now. It is harvest time, friend Barton, and every man, woman and child on the farm has as much as he or she can do. Try and bear it for a week or so, and then I will see if I can possibly remedy the evil."

"I can't bear it, and I won't bear it any longer!" the shoemaker said. "So if you don't take care of them, friend Gray, I shall have to take care of them for you."

"Well, neighbor Barton, you can do as you please," farmer Gray replied in his usual quiet tone. "I am sorry that they trouble you, but I cannot attend to them now."

"I'll attend to them for you, see if I don't, the shoemaker said, still more angrily, and then turned upon his heel and strode off towards his own house, which was quite near.

"What upon earth can be the matter with them geese?" Mrs. Gray said about fifteen minutes afterwards.

"I really cannot tell, unless neighbor Barton is taking care of them. He threatened to do so, if I did not yoke them right off!"

"Take care of them! How take care of them?"

"As to that I am quite in the dark. Killing them, perhaps. He said they picked at his pigs' ears and drove them away when they were eating, and that he would not have it. He wanted me to yoke them right off, but that I could not do, as all the hands are busy. He then said, that if I didn't take care of them, he would. So I suppose he's engaged in the neighborly business of taking care of our geese."

"John! William! run over and see what Mr. Barton is doing with my geese," Mrs. Gray said, in a quick and anxious tone, to two little boys who were playing near.

"The urchins scampered off, well pleased to perform any errand.

"Oh, if he has dared to do any thing to my geese, I will never forgive him!" the good wife said angrily.

"H-us-h, Sally! make no rash speeches. It is more than probable that he has killed some two or three of them. But never mind if he has. He will get over his pet, and be sorry for it."

"Yes; but what good will his being sorry do me. Will it bring my geese to life?"

"Ah, well, Sally, never mind. Let us wait until we learn what all this disturbance is about."

In about ten minutes, the children came home bearing the bodies of three geese, each without a head.

"Oh, isn't that too much for human endurance!" exclaimed Mrs. Gray. "Where did you find them?"

"We found them lying out in the road," said the oldest of the two children. "And when we picked them up, Mr. Barton said—'Tell your father that I have yoked his geese for him, to save him the trouble, as his hands are all too busy to do it.'"

"I'd see him for it!" said Mrs. Gray in an indignant tone.

"And what good would that do, Sally?"

"Why it would do a great deal of good. It would teach him better manners. It would punish him; and he deserves punishment."

"And punish us into the bargain. We have lost three geese now, but we still have their good fat bodies to eat. A lawsuit would cost us a good many geese, and not leave us even so much as the feathers, besides giving us a world of trouble and vexation. No, no, Sally—just let it rest, and he will be sorry for it, I know."

"Sorry for it, indeed! And what good will his being sorry for it do us, I should like to know?" Next, he will kill a cow, and then we must be satisfied with his being sorry for it! Now, I can tell you that I don't believe any thing about his being sorry, the crabbed, ill-natured wretch."

"Don't call hard names, Sally," farmer Gray said, in a mild, soothing tone. "Neighbor Barton was not himself when he killed the geese. Like every other angry person, he was a little insane, and did what he would not have done had he been perfectly in his right mind. When you are a little excited you know, Sally, that even you do and say unreasonable things."

"Me do and say unreasonable things!" exclaimed Mrs. Gray, with a look and tone of indignant astonishment; "Me say and do unseasonable things when I'm angry! I do not stand up to, Mr. Gray."

"May be I can help you a little. Do n't you remember how angry you were when Mr. Mellon's old brindle got into our garden, and tramped over your lettuce bed, and how you struck her with the oven pole, and knocked off one of her horns?"

"But I did n't mean to do that, though."

"No, but then you were angry, and struck old brindle with a right good will. And if Mr. Mellon had felt disposed, he might have prosecuted for damages."

"But she had no business there."

"Of course not. Neither had our goose any business in neighbor Barton's yard. But, perhaps I can help you to another instance, that will be more conclusive in regard to your doing and saying unreasonable things when you are angry. You remember the patent churn?"

"Yes, but never mind about that."

"So you have not forgotten how unreasonable you were about the churn. It was n't good for

any thing—you knew it was n't; and you'd never put a jar of cream into it as long as you lived—that you would n't. And yet, on trial, you found that churn the best you ever used, and now would n't part with it on any consideration. So you see, Sally, that even you can say and do unreasonable things when you are angry, just as well as Mr. Barton can. Let us then consider him a little, and give him time to get over his angry fit. It will be much better to do so."

Mrs. Gray saw that her husband was right but still she felt indignant at the outrage committed on her geese. She did not, however, say any thing about suing the shoemaker—for old brindle's head from which the horn had been knocked off, was not entirely well, and one prosecution very naturally suggested the idea of another. So she took her three fat geese, and after stripping off their feathers, had them prepared for the table.

On the next morning, as Mr. Gray was going along the road, he met the shoemaker, and as they had to pass very near to each other, the farmer smiled and bowed, and spoke kindly. Mr. Barton looked and felt very uneasy, but farmer Gray did not seem to remember the unpleasant incident of the day before.

It was about eleven o'clock of the same day, that one of farmer Gray's little boys came running to him, and crying—

"Oh father! father! Mr. Barton's hogs are in our corn field!"

"Then I must go and drive them out," said Mr. Gray, in a quiet tone.

"Drive 'em out!" ejaculated Mrs. Gray—"Drive 'em out, indeed! I'd shoot them, that's what I'd do! I'd save him as he served my geese yesterday!"

"But that would n't bring the geese to life again, Sally."

"I do n't care if it would n't; it would be paying him in his own coin, and that's all he deserves."

"You know what the bible says, Sally, about grievous words, and they apply with stronger force to grievous actions. No—no—I will return neighbor Barton good for evil. That is the best way. He has done wrong, and I am sure is sorry for it. And as I wish him still to remain sorry for so unkind and unneighborly an action, I shall make use of the best means for keeping him sorry."

"Then you will be revenged on him, my boy?"

"No, Sally—not revenged—I hope I have no such feeling. For I am not angry with neighbor Barton, who has done himself a much greater wrong than he has done me. But I wish him to see clearly how wrong he acted, that he may do so no more. And then we shall not have any cause to complain of him, not he any to be grieved, as I am sure he is, at his own busy conduct. But while I am talking here, his hogs are destroying my corn."

And so saying, farmer Gray hurried off towards his corn-field. When he arrived there, he found four large hogs tearing down the stalks, and pulling off, and eating the ripe ears of corn. They had already destroyed a good deal. But he drove them over very calmly, and put up the bars through which they had entered, and then commenced gathering up the half eaten ears of corn and throwing them out into the lane for the hogs that had been so suddenly disturbed in the progress of obtaining a liberal meal. As he was thus engaged, Mr. Barton, who had from his own house seen the farmer turn the hogs out of his corn-field, came hurriedly up and said—

"I am very sorry, Mr. Gray, indeed I am, that my hogs have done this: I will most cheerfully pay you for what they have destroyed."

"Oh, never mind, friend Barton—never mind.—Such things will happen occasionally. My geese, you know, annoy you very much sometimes."

"Do n't speak of it, Mr. Gray. They did n't annoy me half as much as I imagined they did. But how much corn do you think my hogs have destroyed? One bushel, or two bushels—or how much? Let it be estimated, and I will pay you for it most cheerfully."

"Oh, no—not for the world, friend Barton.—Such things will happen sometimes. And besides, some of my men must have left the bars down, or your hogs could never have got in. So do n't think any more about it. It would be dreadful if one neighbor could not bear a little with another."

All this cut poor Mr. Barton to the heart. His own ill-natured language and conduct, at a much smaller trespass on his rights, presented itself to his mind, and deeply mortified him. After a few moments' silence he said—

"The fact is, Mr. Gray, I shall feel better if you let me pay for this corn. My hogs should not be fattened at your expense, and I will not consent to its being done. So I shall insist on paying you for at least one bushel of corn, for I am sure they have destroyed that much, if not more."

But Mr. Gray shook his head, and smiled pleasantly, as he replied—

"Don't think any thing more about it, neighbor Barton. It is a matter deserving no consideration. No doubt my cattle have often trespassed on you, and will trespass on you again. Let us then bear and forbear."

All this cut the shoemaker still deeper, and he felt still less at ease in mind after he parted from the farmer than he did before. But one thing he resolved, and that was to pay Mr. Gray for his corn which his hogs had eaten.

"You told him your mind pretty plainly, I hope," Mrs. Gray said as her husband came in.

"I certainly did," was the quiet reply.

"And I am glad you had spirit enough to do it! I reckon he will think twice before he kills any more of my geese."

"I expect you are right Sally. I don't think we shall be troubled again."

"And what did you say to him? And what did he say for himself?"

"Why he wanted very much to pay me for the corn his pigs had eaten; but I wouldn't hear to it. I told him that it made no difference in the world. That such accidents would happen sometimes."

"You did?"

"Certainly, I did."

"And that's the way you spoke your mind to him?"

"Precisely, and it had the desired effect. It made him feel ten times worse than if I had spoken thus to him."