



"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.

VOLUME 4.

CHARLOTTE, NORTH-CAROLINA, MARCH 7, 1845.

NUMBER 199.

Mecklenburg Jeffersonian,
EDITED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY
J. W. HAMPTON.

CHARLOTTE HOTEL,

MAIN STREET, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

THE undersigned informs his friends and the travelling public generally, that he has again taken the above well known

PUBLIC HOUSE;

And that he intends to keep it up in style for comfort and convenience surpassing by no means the Southern country. He has been long in the business, and pledges every possible exertion to afford ample satisfaction to all his guests. His charges shall be moderate, to suit the times. He solicits a share of the public patronage.

M. W. ALEXANDER.
Charlotte, N. C., Jan. 1, 1845. 191--rr.

MANSION HOUSE.

THE Subscriber has taken possession of the **MANSION HOUSE** in the village of Charlotte, N. C., and intends to accommodate all who may call on him as well as he possibly can. It is so common in similar advertisements to profess to do many things—particularly about the table & bar, that I shall merely say, that every exertion shall be used to promote the comfort and convenience of boarders and travellers during their stay. A real improvement in many respects is contemplated.

W. M. S. NORMENT.
Charlotte, Jan. 2, 1845. 91-p

TAILORING.

J. S. HAYDEN
RESPECTFULLY announces to the citizens of Charlotte and its vicinity, that he has opened a shop in the room lately occupied by A. Bethune. He intends to conduct the **TAILORING BUSINESS** in all its various branches, and will execute orders promptly and in the very best style of workmanship. He will receive regularly the **FASHIONS** as they are issued in the northern cities, and will warrant his work to fit. Cutting garments of all kinds will be attended to promptly, and his warranted, when the making up is completed. He respectfully solicits a portion of the public patronage. His terms shall be moderate, to suit the times, and country produce taken in exchange for work, at the market price.

Orders for work from a distance will be promptly and correctly executed, and forwarded to order.
Charlotte, N. C., Jan. 19, 1845. 92--rr.

REMOVAL.

ALEXANDER BETHUNE

WOULD inform his friends and customers, that he has removed his shop to the room one door south of J. B. Kerr's Hotel—formerly kept as the office of the Superior Court Clerk, where he will be gratified to receive a call from such as may want his services. Having received his Fall and Winter **FASHIONS** for 1845, he takes pleasure in announcing to his friends and the public that he continues to carry on the

TAILORING BUSINESS

Of past favors he is not forgetful—and, from the satisfaction which has been manifested with his efforts to please, he flatters himself that he is able to give general satisfaction.
Charlotte, Jan. 10, 1845. 92--rr.

BLACKSMITHING.

Wiley & George W. Suggs inform the citizens of Charlotte and its vicinity, that they have opened a shop on main street, 3 squares south of the Courthouse, where they intend to carry on the **BLACKSMITHING BUSINESS** in all its various branches. Their work shall be done in the very best and most substantial manner, and at reduced prices. They will shoe horses all round for 75 cents, cash, and all other work in proportion. All kinds of country produce will be taken at the market price in exchange for work.
Charlotte, Jan. 10, 1845. 92--rr.

William Hunter,
BOOK-BINDER.

RETURNS his sincere thanks to a generous public for the liberal patronage heretofore extended to him, and begs leave to say that he continues to carry on the **BOOK-BINDING BUSINESS** in all its branches. He will be thankful for work in his line, and promises to execute all orders promptly and in a superior style. And as money is scarce such articles of domestic produce as are generally consumed in a family, will be taken in payment for binding, at the market price.
December 9, 1843. 39-p

NEW GOODS
JUST RECEIVED.

GENTLEMEN AND LADIES'
Gold Lever Watches, and Silver do. Gold fobs and fob chains and keys; breast-pins, finger rings, gold and Silver pencils, table and tea Spoons, warranted, fine pocket and pen Knives.—
Low for cash. T. TROTTER.
Charlotte, April 19 1844.

DR. CHARLES J. FOX,

STILL continues the practice of medicine in Charlotte, and will give careful attention to all cases confided to his skill. His office is No. 6, White Row of the Mansion House. His charges, as heretofore shall be moderate.
April 11 1843

CARRIAGE REPOSITORY.

I TAKE this opportunity of informing the public generally, that I have on hand 15 or 20 second hand **CARRIAGES**, Generally of Northern Manufacture, in good order and nearly as good as new; which I will sell low for cash, on time to suit the purchaser, or will exchange them for such as may be out of repair. The subscriber will also repair for the public, and for cheapness and durability shall not be surpassed by any shop in the State. I also purchase my trimmings in Charleston, and therefore will be able to suit customers with any kind they should want. My shop is situated 3 miles west of Providence Church and 13 miles south of Charlotte. All those wishing to buy or to get repairing done, will do well to give me a call.

FRANKLIN EMMONS.
Providence, January, 1845 95--1y

CHARLOTTE & LINCOLNTON

Stage Line

THE undersigned informs the travelling public, that he runs a line of two-horse Stages regularly between Charlotte and Lincolnton, N. C., twice a week—leaving the former place on Tuesday and Friday morning of each week. His teams are good and his Stages comfortable, and every exertion will be made to accommodate passengers and make their travel comfortable and satisfactory in every respect.

Private conveyance will also be furnished to travellers from Lincolnton to any desired point, on very moderate terms. Apply to
ISAAC ERWIN.
Dec. 30, 1843. 41-p

State of North Carolina,
MECKLENBURG COUNTY.
Superior Court of Law, August Session, 1844.

SARAH E. HILL
VS.
MILES HILL. } Petition for Divorce.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that the defendant in this case, Miles Hill, is not an inhabitant of this State; it is therefore ordered that publication be made for three months successively, in the Mecklenburg Jeffersonian, notifying said defendant to be and appear before the Judge of our next Superior Court of Law and Equity, to be held for the County of Mecklenburg, at the Courthouse in Charlotte, on the 4th Monday in February next, then and there to plead to or answer plaintiff's petition, or it will be set for hearing *ex parte*.

Witness, *Jemmes B. Kerr*, Clerk of our said Ct. at Office, the 4th Monday in Aug., A. D. 1844. And in the 69th year of American Independence.
J. B. KERR, c. m. s. c.
Decr. 6, 1844 Prs. fee \$10 87--3m

CHARLOTTE
Female Academy.



THE friends and patrons of this Institution, are respectfully informed that it is now open for the reception of pupils.
S. D. NYE HUTCHISON.
N. B.—Board can be had in the village, or in the Academy.
Nov. 15, 1844. 84-

JUST RECEIVED.

THE most valuable MEDICINES in the United States have just been received from the North and are now offered, for the first time, to the citizens of this State. They consist of

THE BLACK (or Allebas's) SALVE,
ALLEBAS'S HEALTH PILLS,
AND ALLEBAS'S POOR MAN'S PLASTER.

The SALVE is an invention of old Dr. Kittridge of Mass. It affects more cures, and in a greater variety of cases, than any other Medicine we ever knew. It is a certain cure for Fever Sores, Ulcers, Tumors, Abscesses, Eruptions, Felons, Sore Throat, Quinsy, Leats, Punctures, Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Rheumatism chronic or inflammatory, Inflammations of every description, Swellings of every kind, Dropsy, Scarlet Fever, and swelled neck, &c. &c. In some of these complaints ALLEBAS'S HEALTH PILLS should be used. A pamphlet furnished by the Agents, will give full directions.

The PILLS possess many advantages over any other Pills in use; for while they are a thorough cathartic, mild in their operation, leaving the bowels in a strong, active, and healthy condition, they possess alterative virtues unsurpassed by any medicine we ever knew. They collect all the impurities of the system and discharge them from the body, cleansing the very fountain of life, and renovating the whole system. They cure immediately all complaints that have their origin in the stomach, such as Bilious and Scarlet Fevers, Cholera, Dyspepsia, Fever and Ague, Headache, Dizziness in the head, Jaundice, Worms, Costiveness, General Debility, Colds, Lung and Liver Complaints, &c. &c. For testimonials, get a pamphlet from the Agents—see directions in pamphlet.

THE PLASTERS, only 12 cents, are warranted superior to any other Plasters in use. Improvements have been made in these Plasters which supply the defect which judges notice in all others.—The immediate comfort and ultimate health they secure to those who use them, justify us in saying, buy these Plasters for all pains and weakness in the back, bowels, side, chest, loins, muscles, Chronic Rheumatism, Lung and Liver Complaints, coughs, colds, nervous affections, &c. &c. For certificates and particular directions, see pamphlet furnished by the Agents.

Lyman W. Gilbert, No. 214 Fulton street New York, wholesale dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Paints Oils, &c. &c., is Proprietor of these Medicines. For sale by
NELSON P. LILES, Lilesville, Anson Co. Wadesboro'.
KENDALL & STACY, Coburn, Union Co.
ELI STEWART, Charlotte, N. C.
B. OATES, May 3d, 1844. 69--p.

NOTICE.

THE subscriber, understanding that there are various notes out against him, purporting to be signed with his signature, takes this method of saying that he does not owe a just note in the world. He regrets to admit, that from his previous habits of impecuniance, that probably he may have signed notes, without any consideration received by him. Certain he is, if any one has a note against him, it was given without consideration and will not be paid. He understands that Wm. M. Maxwell has a note against him for \$500, John Taylor a note for \$100, and Washington Maxwell a note for about \$20. Said notes are not just, and I will not pay them. If there are any other notes against me, they are unjust, and I will not pay them. I give this notice, to guard the public against trading for any notes purporting to have been signed by me. I have reformed my habits, and wish it distinctly understood, that any notes out against me, are unjust, and will not be paid by me.

WILLIAM DULIN.
Feb. 21, 1845. 98--3w

IKARD'S HOTEL,
NEWTON,
CATAWBA CO., N. C.
BY JACOB IKARD.
February 7, 1845. 96-

Common School.

The members of the Board of Superintendents of Common Schools for Mecklenburg County, are requested to meet at the office of the Clerk of the County Court, at 1 o'clock p. m. on Monday of Superior Court.

THOS. L. HUTCHISON, Chairman.
Feb. 14, 1845. 97--2 w.



POETRY.

From the Brooklyn Daily Advertiser.

DO THE DEAR DEPARTED EVER VISIT EARTH.
A mother lay on her couch at rest,
And her infant nestled in her breast;
The moon shone out from the clear blue sky,
As two angel forms sat watching by.

They were robed in white, with harps of gold,
And brilliant crowns, of pearls untold—
And the song they sang was sweet and clear,
Oh! that the sleepers that song could hear.

"We have come from the spirit land,
Where the ways are paved with gold—
And we belong to the cherub band,
Who the sweetest converse hold:

"And we sing the choral infant sang
To the Lamb upon the tree,
Who bore the sins of the mortal race,
And set their spirits free;

"And we gaze on the Saviour face to face,
As we meet in that brilliant hall—
And we strike our harps to loftiest strains,
As we crown him Lord of All.

"Oh! happy are we in that far off land,
Free from sorrow and sin and strife—
There we dwell in the Light of Life divine
And eat of the tree of Life."

Thus they sat, and sang till the morning dawn,
Then they hushed their choral strains,
For those guardian angels caught a view
Of the far off Heavenly plains;

Then they rose and stood by their parents couch,
And gazed on each care-worn face—
And bent and bowed o'er their sleeping forms
To clasp them in their embrace;

Then they press'd their lips to the sleepers' ones,
And vanished out of sight—
But those parents saw, in the land of dreams,
Their buried babes that night.

* She had buried her two oldest children.

Miscellany.

From the Ladies' National Magazine.

The Borderer's Child;
OR, WASHINGTON AT EIGHTEEN.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

It was a calm, sunny day in the year 1750; the scene a piece of forest land on the Northern Neck of Virginia, contiguous to a noble stream of water. Implements of surveying were lying about, and several men idly reclining under the trees, betokened by their dress and appearance that they were a party engaged in laying out the wild lands of the then frontier of the Old Dominion. These persons had apparently just finished their noon tide meal, for the relics of the banquet were scattered around.

Apart from the group walked a young man, evidently superior to his companions, though there was nothing obtrusive in his air, which, on the contrary, was distinguished by affability. A certain dignity of aspect, however, accompanied him. Added to this he was of a tall and compact frame, moved with the elastic tread of one accustomed to constant exercise in the open air. His countenance could not have been said to be handsome, but it wore a look of decision and manliness, not usually found in one so young, for apparently he was little over eighteen years of age. His hat had been cast off as if for comfort, and he had paused, with one foot advanced, in a natural and graceful attitude, at the moment that he was introduced him in our reader. Suddenly there was a shriek, then another, and

then several in rapid succession. The voice was that of a woman, and seemed to proceed from the other side of a dense thicket. At the first scream the youth turned his head in the direction whence the sound proceeded, but when it was repeated, he pushed aside the undergrowth which separated him from it, and quickening his footsteps as the cries succeeded each other with alarming rapidity, he soon dashed into the open space or "clearing," as the borderers even then called it, on the banks of the stream, in the centre of which a rude log cabin stood, whose well-pole poised over one end, and smoke curling from the chimney, gave signs of habitation. As the young man, with a face flushed by haste, broke from the undergrowth, he saw his companions crowded together on the bank of the river, while in their midst a woman, from whom proceeded the shrieks, was visible, held by two of the most athletic men, but still struggling violently for freedom.

It was the work of an instant to make his way through the crowd and confront the female. "The moment her eyes fell on him she exclaimed, "Oh! sit—you do something for me. Make them release me—for the love of God! My boy—my poor boy is drowning and they will not let me go."

"It would be madness—she will jump into the river," said one of those who held her, as the frantic mother strove again to break from his grasp. "The rapids would dash her to pieces in a minute."

The youth had scarcely waited for these words. His eye took in, at a single glance, the meaning of the sad group. He recollected the child of the woman, a bold little fellow of four years old, whose handsome blue eyes and flaxen ringlets made him a favorite with strangers, and filled the mother's heart with pride whenever she gazed on him. He had been accustomed to play at will, in the little enclosure before the cabin; but this morning, the gate having been accidentally left open, he had stolen out when his mother's back was turned, reached the edge of the bank, and was in the act of looking over, when his parents' eye caught sight of him. The shriek which she uttered precipitated the catastrophe she feared, for the child, frightened at the cry, lost his balance and fell headlong into the stream, which here went foaming and running along amid innumerable rocks, constituting the most dangerous rapids known in that part of the country. Scream now followed scream in rapid succession, as the agitated mother rushed to the bank. She arrived there simultaneously with the party whom we left reclining in the shade, and who were scattered about within a few steps of the scene of the accident.—Fortunately was it that they were so near, else the mother would have plunged in after her child and both been lost. Several of the men immediately approached the brink, and were on the point of springing in after the child, when the sight of the sharp rocks crowding the channel, and the rush and whirl of the waters, and the want of any knowledge where to look for the boy deterred them, and they gave up the enterprise.

Not so the youth we have introduced. His first work was to throw off his coat; his next to spring to the edge of the bank. Here he stood for a second, running his eye rapidly over the scene below, and taking in, with a glance, the different currents and the most dangerous of the rocks, in order to shape his course by them when in the stream. He had scarcely formed his conclusion, when his gaze rested on a white object in the water that he knew at once to be the boys dress, and, while his companions, agast at his temerity, were prevented, as much by the consternation as by the awe with which he had inspired them, for intererine, he plunged headlong into the wild and roaring rapids.

"Thank God—he will save my child," gasped the woman, "see—there he is—oh! my boy, my darling boy, how could I leave you."

Every one had rushed to the brink of the precipice, and was now following with eager eyes, the perilous progress of the youth, as the current bore him onward, like a feather in the embrace of a hurricane. Now it seemed as if he would be dashed against a jutting rock, over which the water flew in foam; and now a whirlpool would drag him in, from whose grasp escape would appear impossible. At times the current bore him under and he would be lost to sight; then, just as the spectators gave him up he would reappear, though far enough from where he vanished, still buffeting amid the vortex. Oh! how that mother's straining eyes followed him in his perilous career—how her heart sunk when he went under—and with what a gust of joy she saw him emerge again from the waters, and flung the waves aside with his athletic arms, struggle on in pursuit of her boy. But it seemed as if his generous efforts were to be of no avail, for though the current was bearing off the boy before his eyes, scarcely ten feet distant, he could not, despite his gigantic efforts, overtake the drowning child.

On they flew, the youth and the child; and it was miraculous how each escaped being dashed to pieces against the rocks. Twice the boy went out of sight, and a suppressed shriek escaped the mother's lips; but twice he reappeared, and then with hands wrung wildly together and breathless anxiety, she followed his progress as his unresisting form was hurried on with the current.

The youth now appeared to redouble his exertions, for they were approaching the most dangerous part of the river, where the rapids, contracting between the narrowed shores, shot almost perpendicularly down a declivity of fifteen feet.—The rush of the waters at this spot was tremendous, and no one ventured to approach its vicinity even in a canoe, lest they should be sucked in. What then would be the fate of the youth unless he speedily overtook the child! He seemed fully sensible of the increased peril, and urged his way through the forming current, with desperate strength. Three several times, he was on the point of grasping the child, when the waters whirled the prize from him. The third attempt was made just as they were about entering within the influence of the current of the fall, and when it failed, the mother's heart sank within her and she groaned aloud, fully expecting to see the youth give up the task.

But not he only pressed forward the more eagerly, and as they breathlessly watched, they saw, amid the boiling waters, as if bearing a charmed life, the form of the brave youth following close after that of the boy. And now, like an arrow from the bow, pursuer and pursued shot to the brink of the precipice. An instant they hung their distinctly visible amid the glassy waters, that seemed to raise on the edge of the descent. Every brain grew dizzy at the sight. But a shout of involuntary exultation burst from the spectators when they saw the boy held aloft by the right arm of the youth—a shout alas! that was suddenly checked by horror when the rescuer and the rescued vanished into the abyss.

A moment—rather many moments elapsed, before a word was spoken or a breath drawn. Each of the group felt that to look into the mother's face was impossible. She herself had started eagerly forward and now stood on the bank, a few paces nearer the cataract, where she could command a view of its foot gazing thither with fixed eyes, as if her all depended on what the next moment would reveal. Suddenly she gave a glad cry.

"There they are," she exclaimed, "see, they are safe—Great God I thank thee!" and for a moment wildly turning her face to heaven, she hurried with trembling along the side of the river in the direction of the fall.

Every eye followed hers, and sure enough there was the youth, still unharmed, and still buffeting the water. He had just emerged from the boiling vortex below the cataract. With one hand he held aloft the child and with the other he was making for the shore.

They ran, they shouted, they scarcely knew what they did until they reached his side, just as he struggled to the bank. They drew him out almost exhausted. The boy was senseless, but his mother declared he still lived as she pressed him frantically to her bosom. His preserver, powerfully built and athletic as he was, could scarcely stand, so faint was he from his exertions.

Who shall describe the scenes that followed—the mother's calmness while she strove to resuscitate her boy, and her wild gratitude to his preserver when the child was out of danger and sweetly sleeping in her arms?—Our pen shrinks at the task. But her words, pronounced then—we may hope in the spirit of prophecy—were remembered afterward by more than one who heard them.

"God will reward you," said she, "as I cannot. He will do great things for you in return for this day's work, and the blessings of thousands, beside mine, will attend you."

"And it was so. For to the hero of that hour were subsequently confided the destinies of a mighty nation. But throughout his long career, what tended perhaps most to make him honored and respected beyond all men, was the self-sacrificing spirit which, in the rescue of that mother's child as in the more august events of his life, characterized our WASHINGTON.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

NOBILITY OF MECHANICS.
BY MISS M. E. WENTWORTH.

Toil on, sun burnt mechanic. God has placed thee in thy lot, perchance, to guide the flying car that whirrs us on from scene to scene, or friend to friend; bind down the warring waves of ocean, temptest lost, or chain the red artillery of heaven.

Toil on! Without thy power, earth, though her sands were one vast Paeonius of gold, would be a waste of untended tears and glittering grief, and want and woe, and splendid misery, gleam out from all her treasured mines. Rich soils would perish in their richness, and the fruits of seasons changing, die ungathered from the harvest.

Toil on! Jehovah was a workman, too. "In the beginning God created heaven and earth," and from confused chaos sprung this perfect world, the perfect workmanship of the eternal, uncreated power. Up rose the mighty firmament, and back the sullen surges swept, submissive tamed, each to their several bounds. And then he set great lights, the glorious sun to bless the day; the timid moon to wear at night the milder lustre of the radiant orb. He painted heaven with mingling blue and white, and in the vaulted arch a modest star peeped out, seemed by the majesty of sun and moon, like a stray lily breathing out its lore of meek and blushing loveliness, in the gay tints of opening bud and rich voluptuous blossom.

Wondering, there dawned another, and a third, till clustering, clinging to the spacious canopy, they read, in the calm waters of the sea, the story of their radiant loveliness. From thence assured, they fear not sun nor moon, but faithfully distil their pensive light. Old ocean lost her crescent spray, and from her hidden depths creatures of life came up, and flew above the earth; winged fowls and birds, and flying fish, and the great whale, dark emperor of the sea.

And God created man! Six days he labored, and the seventh he reposed; while from the sea, the earth, the air, and all that in them is, went up a chorus of extatic praise to God, the first, the eternal architect. Toil on, sun burnt mechanic; heard ye of him whom babbling Jews despised? The manger-born of Nazareth?—Exalted to be Prince of death and hell. Read ye not, in the Book, of the untaught apprentice, who laid his hand upon Tiberias' rugged mane, and it was stilled?

Toil on! Drink from the dews that heaven distills; Fragrant flowers, the bursting bans, the blessed air, is untold wealth to the hard browed and bronzed mechanic. Rich coffers bring a snare canker and heart corrosion. God's wealth is yours, a wealth to which decaying gold is vanity and dust.

Toil on! Proud peer and prince, and pedant, sage, statesman, and Priest, now claim the tribute of a tomb, which vain would drive away the greedy worm and splendid ekequance and mocking tears are shed and spent above the dust which lies as common as the plebeian head. The grave is the great leveller. Blest grave! Grave of the tanned mechanic!—A spirit speaks from thence, and willing ears may learn some task, which monuments of gold have not a power to teach. Proud man—learned man—go sit above that tomb, and weep to think that when old time shall tire, the sun go out with weariness, oblivion's sullen surge shall sweep away your greatness and your chivalry, above the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds," the handiwork of God's own noblemen shall live, immutable as time, while time his empire holds, eternal as eternity!

Stonington Point, Vt.