

"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 21, 1845.

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

TERMS.
The Jeffersonian will be furnished to subscribers at **TWO DOLLARS** a year, if paid in advance, or within one month from the commencement of the year, or **THREE DOLLARS**, if not thus paid. Subscriptions may be sent by mail at the Editor's risk, provided the postage is paid. Advertisements will be inserted at **One Dollar per square (15 lines)** for the first time, and **Twenty-five cents** for each continuance. A considerable reduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

TAILORING.
J. J. 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 correctly done. 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. 10, 1845. 92-11.

REMOVAL.
ALEXANDER BETHUNE
WOULD inform his friends and customers, that he has removed his shop to the room one door south of J. D. Kerr's Hotel—formerly kept as the office of the Superior Court Clerk, where he will be glad 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. 92-11.

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 subscribers 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 get repairing done, will do well to give me a call.
FRANKLIN EMMONS.
Providence, January, 1845. 95-11

50 Dollars Reward.
RANAWAY from the subscriber, living in Charlotte, Mecklenburg county, N. C., about the 15th of December last, my negro boy **MARION**. Said boy is about 23 years of age, tolerably dark complexioned, with rather thick lips, and his face or skin rough or pimply; he is about five feet ten inches high, stout made and would weigh about one hundred and sixty pounds, and has a curly, sulky look. He had on when he left, a Linsey dress coat and pants and has another mixed or slate coloured coat, with other clothes with him, and had on a round crown wood hat. He is suspected for having a free pass purporting to be from Mecklenburg county, but without any certificate or county seal. It is thought that he will either make his way through Tennessee, or by Charleston, S. C. to a free State. I will give the above reward for his apprehension or confinement in any jail so that I get him again, or for his delivery to me in this place.
LEROY SPRINGS.
February 5, 1845. 97-11

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, UNION COUNTY, IN EQUITY.
February Term, 1845.
Geo. J. Long and others, vs. Evan A. Crowell and Catharine his wife. Petition for sale of Land.
It appearing to the satisfaction of the court, that the defendants in this case are not inhabitants of this State: It is therefore ordered that publication should be made for six weeks in the "Mecklenburg Jeffersonian," next Court of Equity to be held for said county, at Monroe, on the 11th of August next, to answer said petition, or it will be set for hearing ex parte.
C. M. D. M'CAULEY, C. M. E.
Feb. 15, 1845. 99-6w

Notice.
PERSONS indebted to the subscriber by book account or note, must call and settle their respective dues in a short time, as he needs money.—Those who do not comply with this request must not blame for the consequences,
C. J. FOX.
Dec. 13, 1844. 68-11

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. 41-11

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. 39-11

NEW GOODS JUST RECEIVED.
GENTLEMEN AND LADIES' Gold Lever Watches, and Silver do., Gold guards 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.

Charlotte Drug Store.
JUST RECEIVED, the best assorted supply of **DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, DYE STUFFS, SPICES, SURGEONS INSTRUMENTS, VIALS, BOTTLES, SHOP FURNITURE, BRUSHES, SOAPS, CONFECTIONERY, PERFUMERY, &c. &c.**, ever offered in this place. Also, a great variety of Patent Medicines. Country Merchants, Physicians, and other dealers are respectfully invited to call and examine our stock, as we are prepared to offer inducements to purchase for Cash, or to prompt dealers on the usual time. Orders from a distance will receive prompt attention.
B. OATES, Druggist.
May, 3, 1844. 5-11

DR. M. B. TAYLOR would respectfully offer his services in the practice of Medicine to the citizens of Charlotte and vicinity. His office is the one formerly occupied by the Clerk of the County court—one door north of the Charlotte Drug Store. Cases committed to his care will receive punctual and faithful attention.
Charlotte, January, 1845. 93-11

Dissolution.
THIS day by mutual consent the firm of **HAPPOLDT & TAYLOR** is dissolved. Those indebted will please call and settle by cash or Note. Those having claims will present them forthwith.
J. M. HAPPOLDT, M. B. TAYLOR.
January 9, 1845. 92-11

POSITIVELY THE LAST CALL
THE subscriber earnestly requests, those who are indebted to him by Book account up to the 1st of January, 1844, to come forward and make settlements. Those who do not avail themselves of the opportunity afforded between this and the 1st of January, 1845, irrespective of persons will find their debts in the hands of an officer for immediate collection.
J. M. HAPPOLDT.
The claims of **HAPPOLDT & WALLACE** are still unsettled and those persons who are indebted by Note or Book account, would do well to settle within time prescribed above—as they too will be dealt with as the Law directs.
J. M. HAPPOLDT, Surviving Co-partner.
Dec. 5, 1844. 90-11

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 1845. 100-11

MEDICAL.
DR. D. T. CALDWELL having removed to Charlotte, respectfully offers his services in the practice of Medicine to those who may be disposed to extend to him their patronage. At present he occupies the shop formerly owned and occupied by Dr. McKenzie, formerly opposite the Mint. Cases committed to his care will receive punctual and faithful attention.
Charlotte, June 5, 1844. 64-11

Notice.
ALL those indebted to the estate of Dr. Stephen Fox deceased, are requested to come forward immediately and make settlement with the administrators or their notes or account will be found in the hands of an officer. Prompt attention to this will save cost.
C. T. ALEXANDER, } Execrs.
JOSEPH W. ROSS, }
May 27, 1844. 62-11

STRAYED,
FROM the subscriber on the 12th inst., a chestnut sorrel HORSE, about 15 hands high, 6 years old, rides well, and has a blazed face, and his left hind foot white. Any information in relation to said horse, left at the Jeffersonian Office, will be thankfully received.
THOMAS ALEXANDER.
March 14, 1845. 200-31.

Miscellany.
Adventure of a Sabbath-Breaker.
[From "The Chronicles of Pineville, or Sketches of Georgia Scenes." By the author of "Major Jones' Courtship." Now in press, by Messrs. Carey & Hart, Phila.]

Mr. Eugenius Augustus Van Scoik was born somewhere "Down East," but for the purposes of the sketch which we are about to give of a single incident in his life—an incident the more important for the influence it exerted upon his subsequent career—it is not material that we should state precisely where or when. Suffice it, he had been trained up "in the way he should go," and had been sent forth in the world to seek his fortune, with the fervent admonitions of a pious mother, who concluded her long dissertation upon matters and things in general, with the solemn injunction—"But, Eugenius Augustus, dear, whatever you do, be a good boy and go to meeting every Sunday,"—to which he replied that he would be certain to do so.

Mr. Van Scoik's talents had been devoted to mercantile pursuits—not on his own account, it is true, but on account of his health, which had been delicate from his youth—and he now gave himself out as a professional salesman, in which capacity he had made his appearance in Pineville, with Mr. Harley's latest importation of new goods from New York. He was a tall, chafky-complexioned, cranebuilt, goosling looking youth, with a very prominent beak, and eyes asking. The nose stuck "right out," and there was no help for it, but he managed to hide the slight obliquity in the setting of his visual organs, by means of a pair of large-bowled silver spectacles with green glasses, which he wore under pretext of weakness.

Mr. Eugenius Augustus Van Scoik was a polite, good-natured, Miss Nancy sort of a young gentleman, and of course soon acquired great popularity among the elderly ladies, to whom he always warranted his goods not to fade, tear, or wear out, and was certain to throw in the thread and little things, even if he had to thumb it to a small amount in the measurement of the yards to make up for his generosity. The young ladies, too, thought Mr. Harley's new "store-keeper" a "dreadful nice young man, if he didn't have such a horrid nose," and the community, generally, who had heard his palming, and noted his punctual attendance at church, every Sunday morning, had noted him down as a very proper young man, notwithstanding his nose; and Parson Storrs had been heard to speak of him as an example worthy of imitation by the young men of Pineville.

But Mr. Van Scoik struggled against a besetting temptation unknown to any but himself. If he had an inveterate, unconquerable "propensity for anything in the world," it was for shooting robins.—He delighted in a shot-gun that wouldn't kick much, and a bird that would sit, and he never looked out upon the sky, but his soul panted to be away in the fields with bag and gun. He dreamed of shooting all night, and he ruminated on the subject all the day. He had not taken a hunt since he left home—he had been so busy in the store—and he determined to have one "fair shake" at the birds, even if he had to go on Sunday. If the truth must be told, he had grown so loose in his morals under the influence of our vertical sun, that he began to entertain very little reverence for those holy ordinances, which in his youth, he had been taught to obey, and he was only deterred from the commission of what he would once have regarded as an almost unpardonable sin, by the fear of detection. There was now nothing very shocking to him in the violation of the Sabbath—but would not have had any body to see him on that day with a gun in his hands for any consideration. He was not long, however, in devising a plan by which he was enabled to indulge his propensity without incurring the risk of being discovered by those whose good opinions he was so anxious to retain.

Accordingly, one beautiful Sunday afternoon, Mr. Eugenius Augustus Van Scoik, sallied forth from his boarding-house, and walked gravely along the main street until he reached the edge of the woods, where he was met by a little negro boy whom he had engaged to carry his gun, game-bag, &c., out of town. Finding all right, he dismissed the boy, charging him to be sure to meet him there at sundown, to take charge of his gun and game. It was the beginning of autumn, and the scene was lovely to behold—the leaves had not yet begun to fall, but the chill night-winds had delicately tinged the foliage with every variety of hue, which were soon to deepen into those bright colors which give such variegated beauty to the southern landscape.

As we have said, a lovely evening—no cloud obscured the sky—a gentle breeze played through the branches of the trees, and the song of birds mingled with the faint tones of the distant church-bell. Evon Mr. Eugenius Augustus Van Scoik could not but feel the calm influence of such a scene, and he felt it at ease when he remembered the fourth commandment—endorsed as it was by a doing mother's parting admonition,—and reflected that he was in the very act of violating that sacred mandate. But he endeavored to silence the chidings of an awakened conscience as he charged his piece, and meditated death to all the wild fowl that might chance to come within gun-shot of him—especially robins.

He had proceeded but a short distance when he espied a mocking-bird perched upon the branch of a tree, pouring forth its song in the wildest strain of native melody. "Stop!" whispered Mr. Van Scoik to himself—"there's a shot!" Creeping up to a convenient distance, he raised his gun and fired—away flew the bird, exceedingly terrified, but unharmed. "That's curious," said he to himself—"I had a first-rate aim." Having re-loaded, he looked round for an object at which to shoot. A robin

next attracted his attention—his heart beat double quick, and his breath was suspended while he crept cautiously up—he was about to pull the trigger, when away flew the robin! He clenched his teeth hard together, but said nothing, as he brought his gun down from his face. He saw the bird light at a short distance, and hastened in pursuit. His second attempt, however, proved as unsuccessful as the first—he snapped two or three times, and when his gun *did* go off, the robin went off too. "Damnation!" petulantly exclaimed Mr. Van Scoik, (putting the emphasis on *atton*), as he re-loaded his gun—"that's *too* bad!" Once more he cast his eyes about in search of game, but his firing had disturbed the Sabbath quiet of the place, and the alarmed inhabitants had fled.

Mr. Eugenius Augustus directed his steps into the woods that lay before him. As he approached a small clump of chinkapin bushes, he heard a slight rustling among the leaves. He advanced cautiously, peered into the thicket, walked around to the other side, and looked closer. He was about to abandon the search when out flew a large red-headed woodcock, and before he could raise his gun to his face, the saucy bird was far away, chuckling at a tremendous rate as if in derision of his pursuer. The circumstance was exceedingly aggravating to our sportsman, and he resolved to be more cautious in future.

He had proceeded but a short distance, when, in another cluster of bushes, he heard something moving. "I'll not be bamboozled this time," whispered Mr. Van Scoik, as he brought up his gun and advanced cautiously at "present arms." He had passed half round the thicket, and with his finger on the trigger, was squatting low, that he might the better see in, when suddenly a large bear sprang from the bushes directly towards him! The gun dropped from his hands—there was a loud scream of terror, and the next moment Mr. Eugenius Augustus Van Scoik and the bear were testing their speed in a foot-race through the woods. He had never dreamed of starting such game so near the town; and the sudden surprise having seized upon his legs, they bore him off at their utmost speed. Brimming full of horror he remembered the fable in the spelling book, but he had no faith in "acting 'possum"—he cast one look behind—his grim pursuer was close upon him—the next moment he had grasped the trunk of a sapling and was climbing for dear life.

He did not dare to look below until he had ascended some fifteen or twenty feet; he then ventured to reconnoitre his foe, when, to his utter consternation, he beheld Bruin hugging the trunk of a larger tree, which, not till then, he discovered grew close by the side of the one he was upon. He watched the movement of the bear with increasing terror when he saw him rapidly ascending, and observed his huge claws and frightful tusks, he began to imagine himself torn to pieces by the ferocious animal. Bruin had nearly reached him, when he consulted his safety by moving higher up. He had ascended until the sapling bent with his weight, and he could go no higher. He looked beneath and the bear was fast approaching! What was to be done! To descend was certain death—and to remain promised a no better fate. The bear was soon opposite him, and with an awful grin, that showed all his teeth at once, he extended his paw toward Mr. Eugenius Augustus Van Scoik, who with a convulsive shudder, drew himself into the smallest possible compass, and clung close to the opposite side of the tree, by which means he barely escaped the sharp claws of the animal. Rather than undergo the agony of such close encounter with his grim antagonist, Mr. Van Scoik resolved upon a change of position, and, relaxing his grasp, descended a few feet. Bruin soon placed himself directly opposite, and again renewed his doubtful salutations. Up went Mr. Van Scoik, and up went the bear. We will not attempt to describe the looks exchanged between them, nor the peculiar sensations of our sportsman, under the circumstances—as the saying is, "they may be better imagined than described."

Thus the parties remained, with occasional slight variations of attitude, for some time, until the bear, probably becoming fatigued, gradually descended to the ground. Hope revived within the bosom of Mr. Eugenius Augustus Van Scoik. Now, thought he, if he will only go away. But Bruin was not to be got rid of so easily—instead of taking his departure, he deliberately stretched himself at the foot of the sapling, as if resolved upon taking his prey by siege.

It had now grown late—the sun was fast declining, and Mr. Van Scoik had the melancholy prospect of a roost among the tree-tops for the night, provided he survived so long. Alas, too late he repented the sinful violation of the Sabbath, which had led him in the awful dilemma in which he found himself. Too late he wished he had obeyed the summons of the church-bell, and gone to the house of worship, where if he profited nothing, he would at least have been out of harm's way; and as he cast his eyes down, and contemplated the object of his terror, a superstitious dread came over him—like that which ever haunts the guilty—that the bear was but an instrument in the hands of Providence, and had been specially commissioned to devour him, as the same animal had once been sent to destroy the scoffers of Elijah. Such and similar thoughts passed through his almost frenzied brain, and he would have given all the right, title, and interest he had or ever expected to have in this world, to have been released from his dreadful situation.

As the shades of evening approached, despair had nearly taken possession of his faculties, when, for the first time during his perilous adventure, the sound of a human voice broke upon his ear. He listened, and his pulse throbbled with new life, as he heard uttered in a low monotonous strain, a well-known negro chant—
One moonlight night,
I walk'd along,
I hear dis music
Close behind,
Never pay much 'tention—
"Hello!—help!—help, here?" shouted Mr. Van Scoik with all his might.
Never pay much 'tention—
Repeated the negro, not hearing the call for help, as he went on with his duty, keeping time with the pangs of his hands against his thighs—

I looked around
And what should it be
But a big ole bucky hare?
A big ole bucky hare?
Yes, massa,
A big ole buck hare!
I hitch'd 'em to my wagon,
And he wouldn't work dar—
I hitch'd 'em to my cart,
And he wouldn't work dar—
I hitch'd 'em to my plough,
Now didn't he rair?
"Help! oh!—you mister; help, here!" cried Mr. Van Scoik, growing impatient, and beginning to fear that the negro might pass without observing him—
Now didn't he rair?
With his spurs on,
And his shoe-boots on,
And his broad-cloth coat—
Now didn't he shine,
Now didn't he rair?
"Murder!—help! oh, help here?"
"Who dat?" asked the startled negro, for the first time catching the sound of the voice from the tree. Then stopping short in his path, he listened for a moment in order to gain some further intelligence as to the nature of the alarm, before he determined whether to advance or retreat.

"I say, you mister, come here and take my gun and shoot this bear!—there's a live bear here!"
"Ki," laughed the negro, "spec dat's Jocko what sneer dat white man."
As the negro approached he soon saw into the state of affairs, and not less to his own gratification than that of Mr. Eugenius Augustus Van Scoik, discovered his pet Jocko, of whom he was in anxious search.
"Why massa, what for you got up da? Jocko no bite nobody. Him got no more harm in him no more'n a little kitten. Come down, massa." Then addressing himself to the bear, he continued in a rather different tone—"Come here, sa!—what for you been done gone all de mornin', ha?—been skeeter de white man too—de 'bomination god for nothing!—never mind, ole feller, I got you home dis time; you no git away any more, now mind dat!"

While speaking, the negro fastened the rope which he had brought for the purpose round the bear's neck, and was about to lead him away, but observing that the man in the tree did not come down, he again called to him, assuring him, that there was no danger.
"Come down, massa, Jocko aint gwine to bite you. I bound he never bite nobody, massa." By this time Mr. Van Scoik's fears had sufficiently subsided to warrant him in descending. He had nearly reached to the ground when the bear sprang towards him to the extent of his rope.
"Wah-a-a-w!—hold him!" exclaimed Mr. Van Scoik, again springing into the tree.
"Yah, yah, yah, massa, Jocko only want to play wid you."
But our sportsman's skepticism was not so easily to be removed, nor would he again trust his legs to the ground, until Jocko and his master were far away on their road home. He then came down, examined his torn clothes, searched about and recovered his gun, and after making a solemn vow never again to go a hunting on the Sabbath-day, set out for home. And never since that day has Mr. Eugenius Augustus Van Scoik been seen prowling about the fields with a gun on his shoulder, on that day which we are commanded to remember and keep holy.

A New York Office Holder.—We saw the following in an exchange paper and thought it too good to let pass. We have no doubt but similar games "are practiced to a great extent in this community."
In New York, some time since, a country cousin applied to a friend in power for assistance to a berth in the corporation's gift. He was accordingly set to work at one dollar and a half per day; and in a few months called again upon his friend to inform him he was going out to Harlem to make his first payment on a house and lot he had purchased.
"How!" said the other, "how is this? did you not tell me you were poor?"
"Yes."
"And yet you have saved money enough to buy a house, on a dollar and a half a day?"
The other laughed, and, after some hesitation answered—
"I'll tell you, sir, what it is, that was a charming good berth you gave me; I got a dollar and a half from the city; then the contractors gave me two dollars a day to watch the sub contractors; and they gave me two dollars more not to watch them."
N. Y. Organ.

A TAILOR'S SECRET.
Alphonso Karr, as clever a scribbler as any France possesses in these days, relates that he lately sent for a tailor to make him a coat out of a piece of cloth, he had purchased.
"Can't do it," said Snip, after measuring the cloth, "can't do it; there isn't stuff enough."
Karr then sent for another tailor, who, after carefully measuring the material, undertook to make the coat. In due time the garment was delivered, and Karr stuck himself into it. His first visit was to the tailor.
"Well, sirrah," said he, "behold me in the coat from the very stuff you said was insufficient!—You see that there was stuff enough after all!"
"Very likely," said Snip, with imperturbable sang froid; "very likely, but the son of the tailor who made it, is not so big as mine!"

A new Way to Dissolve a Partnership.—"The co partnership heretofore existing between J. O. Shook & L. P. Hall was violently dissolved on the evening of the 7th inst., by the parties taking a shot at each other's pate.—Brandon Dissem.

Mile Stones.—Some writers say that children are placed like mile-stones along the road of life. The Louisville Messenger says, that may be all very nice, but he wants to know how you'd get along when you come to town.