

"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, APRIL 25, 1845.

NUMBER 206.

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.

Candidates for Office.

We are authorized to announce CHARLES T. ALEXANDER, Jr., a candidate at the next August election, for reelection to the office of Clerk of the Mecklenburg County Court. January 29, 1845. 95-1c

We are authorized to announce BRALEY OATES as a candidate at the next August election for the office of Clerk of Mecklenburg County Court. January 29, 1845. 95-1c

We are authorized to announce ALEXANDER GRAHAM, Esq., a candidate at the next August election for the office of Clerk of Mecklenburg County Court. January 29, 1845. 95-1c

We are authorized to announce HUGH F. MCKNIGHT, Esq., a candidate at the next August election for the office of County Clerk of Mecklenburg County. February 7, 1845. 95-1c

We are authorized to announce W. KERR REID, a candidate at the next August election for the office of Clerk of Mecklenburg County Court. February 14, 1845. 97-1c

We are authorized to announce WM. H. SIMPSON Esq., a candidate for the office of clerk of the Superior court of Union county, at the next August election. March 7, 1845. 99-1c

We are authorized to announce MILAS M. LEMMONS, a candidate for the office of clerk of the Superior court of Union county, at the next August election. March 7, 1845. 99-1c

We are authorized to announce JOSEPH T. DRAFFIN, Esq., a candidate at the next August election, for the office of Clerk of Union Superior Court. March 25, 1845. 202-1c

POST OFFICE.

THE Post Office in Charlotte has been removed to my dwelling House, nearly opposite the new Court House. It will be kept open constantly for the delivery of letters and papers, from 6 o'clock in the morning to 9 o'clock in the evening—except on Sundays, when it will be kept open for one hour after the arrival of the northern and southern Mails. AMZI MCGINN, P. M. April 17, 1845. 205-

POST OFFICE, CHARLOTTE, APRIL 17, 1845.

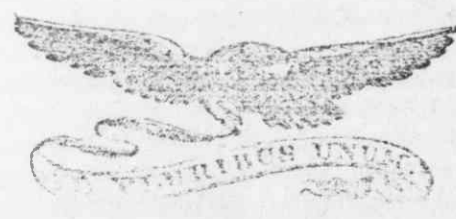
AS heretofore, the mails at this Office will arrive and be closed as follows:
The Northern Mail closed at 1 o'clock p. m., on Sunday, Wednesday, and Friday.
The Southern Mail closed at 5 o'clock p. m., Sunday, Tuesday and Friday.
Lincoln Mail due at 4 p. m., Tuesday and Friday—closed next mornings at 6 a. m.
Camden Mail due at 7 p. m., Tuesday and Friday—closed Monday and Thursday at 6 a. m.
Providence Mail due 7 p. m., Saturday—closed at 5 a. m., Friday.
Steel Creek Mail, due Thursday 6 p. m.,—closed Tuesday 5 a. m.
Statesville Mail, due Friday 7 p. m.—closes Saturday 4 a. m.
Beatty's Ford Mail, due 8 p. m. Friday—closes at 5 a. m. Saturday.
Wadesborough Mail, due Friday 6 p. m.—closes Tuesday 2 p. m.
Chester Mail, due Wednesday 9 p. m.—closes Thursday 4 a. m.
Letters intended for those Mails which are closed before 6 o'clock in the morning should be deposited in the office before 5 o'clock the previous evening. For the other Mails they should be placed in the office half an hour before the closing of the Mails. AMZI MCGINN, P. M.

Negroes Wanted.

THE subscriber will give the highest cash prices for able bodied negroes, to hire till 1st January next. J. H. KENNEDY. Sharon, N. C. April, 1845. 211-1c

Notice.

HAVING left my books, accounts, &c., in the hands of Col. M. W. Alexander, at the Charlotte Hotel, I request all those indebted to me in any way, to call on Col. A. and make settlement. I am compelled to close my business without delay. THOMAS F. HAMPTON. 99 P March 7, 1845



PRINTING.

THE Office of the "Mecklenburg Jeffersonian," is now supplied with a handsome assortment of plain and fancy Job Type, and we are prepared to execute all descriptions of

JOB PRINTING

In a very superior style and at short notice... cheap Orders for printing

Circulars, Handbills, Labels, Pamphlets,



Cards, Blanks, Ball Tickets,

Will be carefully and correctly executed without delay, and forwarded to order. No charge will be made if the work is not correctly done. Charlotte, N. C., April 19, 1845

NEW STORE,

AND A

SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF SPRING & SUMMER



GOODS.

CHARLES E. MOSS

BEGS leave to inform his friends and the public that he is now receiving and opening, at the old stand of Morrison & Harris, in Charlotte, a

Splendid Stock of SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,

Of the latest fashions and importations, which were selected by himself in the northern markets and purchased on the most favorable terms. The stock is full and embraces every article usually found in the interior country.

He respectfully invites purchasers to call and examine his stock, as he feels confident that he will, for cash, sell Goods lower than any other house in this place. Charlotte, April 18, 1845. 205-

Charlotte Drug Store.



JUT RECEIVED, the best assorted supply of DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, DYE STUFFS, SPICES, SURGEONS INSTRUMENTS, VIALS, BOTTLES, SHOP FURNITURE, BRUSHES, SOAPS, CONFECTIONARY, 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. 59-1c May, 3, 1844

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given, that I have left all my notes and accounts in the hands of N. B. Taylor, in Charlotte, and request all persons indebted to me in any manner, to call on him and make settlement. I am compelled to close my business, and those who do not call on Mr. Taylor and settle their dues previous to the next April County court, cannot blame me for the consequences.

Mr. Taylor may at all times be found at the office of the County Court Clerk, in Charlotte. R. G. ALLISON. 96-1c. March 7, 1845

Schools for Boys.

THE undersigned having established his residence in Caldwell county, will be prepared about the first of May next, to receive into his family a few boys to educate in company with his own sons.—The course of instruction will be the usual and preparatory to the University of the State. The Charge, \$125 per annum covering all expenses except books and stationery. For further particulars address the undersigned at Belvoir, near Lenoir, Caldwell county, N. Carolina. THOMAS W. MOTT. Feb. 4th, 1845. 200 3c—afterwards 1mtf.

Trust Sale.

BY virtue of a Deed of Trust made to me by T. Goodlake, and for the purposes therein specified, I will sell at the Court House in Charlotte, on the 28th inst., a

NEGRO WOMAN

named MILLY, and her child 7 years old. Terms made known on the day of sale. CHARLES T. MEANS, Trustee. April 1, 1845. 203-1c.

Notice.

ALL those indebted to the estate of Dr. Stephen A. 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, } Exec'rs. JOSEPH W. ROSS, } 62- May 27, 1844.

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 surpassed by no house in the Southern country. He has been long in the business, and pledges every possible exertion to afford entire 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. 191-1c.

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 service. 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. 92-1c.

MANSION HOUSE.

THE Subscriber has taken possession of the MANION 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. WM. S. NORMENT. Charlotte, Jan. 2, 1845. 91-1c.

MEDICINES, PAINTS, PERFUMERY & FANCY ARTICLES.

THE subscriber has received direct from Philadelphia, an extensive assortment of

MEDICINES

and other articles, comprising new and fashionable

PERFUMERY,

all of which are Fresh and Genuine, and will be sold as low as can be afforded. Physicians, prescriptions put up with particular care. Every article sold warranted to be as represented. Purchasers will here find all the new and approved Medicines.

Mr. J. L. Henderson, late of Salisbury, who has considerable experience as an apothecary, will be in the shop at all times to attend to the business. All orders will receive the most prompt attention. WM. S. NORMENT. Charlotte, March 26, 1845. 202 P

Just to Hand!

A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF JEWELLERY.

EMBRACING Ladies' and Gentlemen's Gold and Silver LEVER WATCHES; gold Guards and Fob Chains and Keys; Breast Pins; Finger Rings; gold and silver Pencils; genuine silver table and tea Spoons—German silver do; fine pocket and pen Knives; Butter and Fruit do; and various other articles in my line, which will be sold extremely low for cash. Call and see. All kinds of Repairing in the silversmith line done neatly, expeditiously, and on moderate terms. THOMAS TROTTER. March 28, 1845. 202 P

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. 92-1c.

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 fits 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. 92-1c.

REMOVAL.

DR. THOMAS C. CALDWELL has removed his residence to Mr. William Morris's, 10 miles east of Charlotte, where he will be found at all times, unless absent on professional business. Persons not acquainted with Dr. C., are referred to the community of Rocky River, where he has hitherto practiced. April 4, 1845. 204 1 year

Removal.

DR. D. T. CALDWELL has removed his shop to the house lately occupied by Mr. Watson, on second square south of the courthouse. As heretofore, all cases committed to his care shall receive punctual and faithful attention. March 29, 1845. 202 P



POETRY.

From the Philadelphia U. S. Gazette.
THE EDITOR SAT IN HIS SANCTUM.

BY TAM.

The editor sat in his sanctum,
In a hapless plight was he;
Fain would he fill in a thinking fit,
For he was at the extreme of his wit,
As to what his leader should be.

He had repp'd his brain so often,
The soil seemed barren grown;
The forest of wit fell'd to the slump,
The flowerers of fancy were gone, save a clump
Where the seed had but lately been sown

He fish'd in the river of knowledge,
But his angling-line was short;
"Surely there's plenty of fish in the sea,
But it is plain as a whale, quoth he,
"In deep waters they're caught.

He dived to the bed of his ocean,
Where the pearls did erst abound;
He raked and sifted the briny mud,
That lies below the emerald flood,
But not an oyster he found.

"Ah! what shall I do?" he murmured,
"The devil will be here soon:
Methinks his tones on my tympanum stir,
"The men are all waiting for copy, sir,
And now it is after noon.

"It hath been quoted often,
With a full meed of credit,
The maxim wise Witherspoon spake in his
"Never to speak till you've something to say,
And to stop when you have said it.

"Ah! good advice to a person,"
He sadly went on to say;
"But I would ask, who ever said it, or
Hinted such thing to a hair brained editor,
From his birth to his dying day?"

He rose in his mental anguish,
And turn'd the key in his door;
The devil soon came, and loudly did knock,
But the editor sat still as a stock,
And the devil then knocked the more.

The editor leaned on his patience,
As on a cushioned chair;
And he sat him down, and he rocked away,
While fancy began in his mind to play,
And thoughts to nestle there.

He neither swore nor cursed,
He despised a word profane;
(And, verily, he who curses and swears,
But adds to his sins, and adds to his cares—
And the vice is mean and vain.)

The devil and the editor long
Maintained the battle and strife;
For the ink imp kept sturdily knocking,
And the editor kept unconsciously rocking,
And thinking as for his life.

His fancies came like a morning
In the beautiful time of May;
And thoughts like the rays of light shot out,
And tremulously glimmer'd and twinkled about,
Till his mind was as clear as day.

The devil was drumming and drumming
A rat-a-tat on the door;
The editor cared not a whit for his thumps,
But quietly rubb'd his ideal bumps,
Till the flood began to pour.

Down to the tips of his fingers,
When he caught the paper and pen,
And beautiful things from the bodiless air
Were call'd into being, and written down there,
A blessing to true hearted men.

Truth sat on the face of the paper,
And the editor's heart was light;
For noble the man among noble men,
Who fears not to ply a truth-telling pen
For God and for human right.

He sprang to the door of his sanctum,
As swift as a Grecian winner,
Who reaches the goal in Olympian race,
And the copy he push'd in the ink devil's face
And thankfully went to his dinner.

Miscellany.

From the London Punch.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURE.

Mr. Caudle has lent an acquaintance the family Umbrella—Mrs. Caudle lectures thereon.

Bah! That's the third umbrella gone since Christmas. What were you to do? Why, let them go home in the rain, to be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about him that could spoil. Take cold, indeed! He does not look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd have better taken cold than taken our only umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? And as I'm alive, if it isn't Saint Swinith's day! Do you hear the rain against the windows? Non-sense; you don't impose upon me. You can't be asleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it, I say? Oh, you do hear it! Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring all the time out of the house. Pooh! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle. Don't insult me.—He return the umbrella? Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As if anybody ever did return an umbrella? There—do you hear it?—Worse and worse! Cats and dogs, and for six weeks—always six weeks. And no umbrella!

I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow: They shan't go through such weather, I'm determined. No; they shall stop at home and never learn anything—the blessed creatures!—sooner than go and get wet. And when they grow up, I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing—who, indeed, but their father?

er? People who can't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

But I know why you lent the umbrella. Oh, yes, I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow,—you knew that; and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate me to go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle. No sir; if it comes down in buckets full, I'll go all the more.—No; and I won't have a cab! Where do you think the money's to come from? You've got nice high notions at that club of yours! A cab, indeed!—Cost me sixteen pence at least—sixteen pence!—two and eight pence, for there's back again! Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for 'em? I can't pay for 'em; and I'm sure you can't if you go on as you do; throwing away your property and begging your children—buying umbrellas!

Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I don't care—I'll go to mother's to-morrow; I will; and what's more, I'll walk every step of the way,—and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman—it's you that's the foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs; and with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold—it always does. But what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up for that you care, as I dare say I shall—and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will! It will teach you to lend your umbrellas again. I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death; yes; and that's what you lent the umbrella for. Of course!

Nice clothes I shall get, too, tramping through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoilt quite. Needn't I wear 'em? Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I shall wear 'em. No, sir, I'm not going out a dowdy to please you or anybody else. Gracious knows! it isn't often that I step over the threshold; indeed, I might as well be a slave at once—better, I should say. But when I do go out, Mr. Caudle, I chose to go as a lady. Oh! that rain—it isn't enough to break in the windows.

Ugh! I do look forward with dread for to-morrow! How am I to go to mother's? I'm sure I can't tell. But if I die, I'll do it. No, (with great emphasis) Mr. Caudle, if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it in the street. I'll have my own umbrella, or none at all.

Ha! and it was only last week I had a new nozzle, put to that umbrella. I'm sure, if I'd have known as much as I do now, it might have gone without one for me. Paying for new nozzles, for other people to laugh at you. Oh, it's all very well for you—you can go to sleep. You have no thought for your poor wife, and your own dear children. You think of nothing but lending umbrellas! Men, indeed!—call themselves lords of the creation—pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella!

I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me. But that's what you want—then you may go to your club, and do as you like; and then, nicely my poor dear children will be used—but then, sir, then you'll be happy! Oh, don't tell me! I know you will. Else you'd never have lent me the umbrella!

You have to go on Thursday about that summons; and, of course, you can't go. No, indeed, you don't go without an umbrella. You may lose the debt for what I care—it won't be so much as spoiling your clothes—better lose it; it people deserve to lose debts who lend umbrellas!

And I should like to know how I'm to go to mother's without the umbrella? Oh, don't tell me that I said I would go—that's nothing to do with it; nothing at all. She'll think I'm neglecting her, and the little money we were to have, we shan't have at all—because we've no umbrella.

The children; too! Dear things! They'll be sobbing wet; for they shan't stop home—they shan't lose their learning; it's all their father will leave 'em I'm sure. But they shall go to school. Don't tell me I said they should not; you are so aggravating, Caudle; you'd spoil the temper of an angel. They shall go to school; mark that. And if they get their deaths of cold, it's not my fault—I didn't lend the umbrella.

"H—re," says Caudle in his MS, "I fell asleep, and dreamt that the sky was turned into green cahco, with whalebone ribs; that, in fact the whole world revolved under a tremendous umbrella."

The Sergeant's Wife.—It was night. The soldiers in both the hostile armies were hushed in quiet slumbers, and no sound was heard, save the sentinel's measured tread, and the occasional cry, "All's Well." A muffled foot approached. "Who comes there?" demanded the sentinel. "A friend," answered a timid voice, softly. "Advance," said the sentinel, "and give the parole." "The same soft and timid voice said, "Love." "Love?" replied the sentinel. "Love is not the parole—you cannot pass—it would be more than my life is worth to let you pass." "Indeed!" exclaimed the stranger, "it's cruel not to let a Sergeant's Wife pass, to take, perhaps, a last farewell of her husband. I beseech you, sir, let me pass. The battle, you know, is expected to-morrow—it may be the last night I can ever spend in my husband's company; and I have travelled forty miles to see him." "No more, I can't let you pass." "Nay, sir, but bear me one moment. Have you a wife that loves you with all her heart? If she should leave her babes, and walk forty miles just to see you the night before a battle, and— " "Pass, friend—all's well!"

Follow the fond, devoted heart to her husband's pillow on the cold ground. He starts to find her there, but preses her tenderly to his bosom, and inquires anxiously for the little ones she has left behind. They talk of the few fleeting years they had spent together in wedded love, before war had dragged him from his home; and the wife weeps bitterly, as she thinks of the morrow.

The hours of night steal hastily away. The dawn forces Laura to bid her husband farewell; and, as she retires with his fondest messages for the little ones at home, the signal is given for the soldiers to prepare for battle.

It was, indeed, her last farewell. She withdrew, but lingered near the scene, and watched from a neighboring hill every movement of the two armies, till the battle ceased and all was quiet once more.—The shades of night hang in gloom over the battle ground, and forbid all search for the wounded, the