

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, MAY 2, 1845.

NUMBER 207.

Mecklenburg Jeffersonian, EDITED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY JOSEPH W. HAMPTON. TERMS. The Jeffersonian will be furnished to subscribers at TWO DOLLARS a year...

Candidates for Office.

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

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...

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.

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...

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.



LITHOGRAPHIC PRINTING.

THE Office of the "Mecklenburg Jeffersonian" is now supplied with a handsome assortment of American and fancy Job Type, and we are prepared to execute all descriptions of PRINTING. Cards, Blanks, Ball Tickets.

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

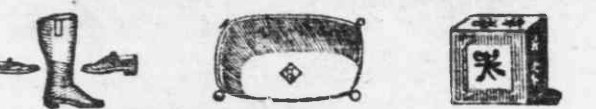
PUBLIC HOUSE;

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.

M. W. ALEXANDER. Charlotte, N. C., Jan. 1, 1845. 191—tr.

NEW STORE,

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.

AMZI McGINN, P. M. April 17, 1845. 200—r.

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.

Orders from a distance will receive prompt attention. B. OATES, Druggist. May, 3, 1844 205—r.

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.

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.

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—ts.

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, } Excors. JOSEPH W. ROSS, } May 27, 1844. 62—r.

Negroes Wanted.

THE subscriber will give the highest cash price for able bodied negroes, to hire till 1st January next. J. H. KENNEDY. Sharon, N. C. April, 1845. 204 F

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. W. M. S. NORMENT. Charlotte, Jan. 2, 1845. 91—r.

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. March 7, 1845 99 F

NEW GOODS!

Bargains! Bargains! Come and Buy!!

R G. ALLISON IS NOW RECEIVING AND OPENING, AT DAVIDSON'S CORNER

A SPLENDID STOCK OF STAPLE AND FANCY

DRY GOODS!

Selected by himself in the northern cities, and consisting, in part, of blue, black and green CLOTHS; Black and fancy CASSIMERES; CASSINETTS, plain and diamond; Bombazines and Bashnarks; Gambroons, Drab-de-ete, Chambrays, Kentucky Jeans, &c. &c. BRITISH, FRENCH, ITALIAN, AMERICAN

China, Glass, and Queensware; HARDWARE AND CROCKERY;

BOOTS AND SHOES: SADDLES HARNESS, BRIDLES, BRIDLE MOUNTINGS, RUGS AND DYE-STUFFS, &c. &c.

CROCKERY. And many other articles too numerous and tedious to mention. all of which I will sell as low, for the cash, as he who sells lowest, be he who he may, and as much lower as I can afford. Call and see my stock.

ROBERT G. ALLISON. Charlotte, April 25, 1845. 6-2m

New and Handsome SPRING GOODS.

We are now receiving and opening a RICH STOCK OF SPRING

GOODS

OF ALL QUALITIES, VARIETIES AND PRICES,

which we intend to sell low for CASH. We solicit a call from persons wishing to buy GOODS, before purchasing elsewhere, as we are determined to sell as low as the house who say they will sell the cheapest—in other words, we will sell lower than any house in this place. Come and try us. BREM & ALEXANDER. Charlotte, N. C. April 10, 1845. 207—r.

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. 88—r F

Dissolution.

THIS day by mutual consent the firm of HAP-POLDT & 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—r.

Miscellaneous.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

Caudle has been made a Mason—Mrs. Caudle indignant and curious.

Now, Mr. Caudle—Mr. Caudle, I say, oh! you can't be asleep already, I know—Now, what I mean to say is this; there's no use, none at all, in our having any disturbance about the matter; but, at last my mind's made up, Mr. Caudle; I shall leave you. Either I know all you've been doing to-night, or to-morrow morning I quit the house. No, no; there's an end of the marriage state, I think—an end of all confidence between man and wife—of a husband's to have secrets and keep 'em all to himself. Pretty secrets they must be, when his own wife can't know 'em. Not fit for any decent person to know, I'm sure, if that's the case. Now, Caudle, don't let us quarrel; there's a good soul, tell me what's it all about? A pack of nonsense, I dare say; still—not that I care much about it—still, I should like to know. There's a dear. Eh? oh, don't tell me there's nothing in it; I know better; I'm not a fool, Mr. Caudle; I know there's a good deal in it. Now, Caudle; just tell me a little bit of it. I'm sure I'd tell you any thing. You know I would. Well?

Caudle, you're enough to vex a saint! Now, don't you think you're going to sleep; because you're not. Do you suppose I'd ever suffered you to go and be made a mason, if I didn't suppose I was to know the secret too? Not that it's any thing to know, I dare say; and that's why I'm determined to know it.

But I know what it is; oh, yes, there can be no doubt. The secret is, to all use near women; to tyrannize over 'em; to make 'em your slaves, especially your wives. It must be something of the sort, or you would not be ashamed to have it known. What's right and proper need be done in secret. It's an insult to a woman for a man to be a free mason, and let his wife know nothing of it. But, poor soul, she's sure to know it somehow—for nice husbands they all make. Yes, yes; a part of the secret is to think better of all the world than their own wives and families. I'm sure men have quite enough to care for—that is, if they act properly—to care for them they have at home. They can't have much care to spare for the world besides.

And I suppose they call you brother Caudle? A pretty brother indeed! Going and dressing yourself up in an apron like a turnpike man, for that's what you look like. And I should like to know what the apron's for. There must be something in it not very respectable, I'm sure. Well, I only wish I was a quern for a day or two. I'd put an end to free masonry, and all such trumpery. I know.

Now, come, Caudle, don't let us quarrel. Eh! you're not in pain dear? What's it all about? What are you lying laughing there at? But I'm a fool to trouble my head about you.

And you're not going to let me know the secret, eh? You mean to say,—you're not? Now, Caudle, you know it's a hard matter to put me in a passion—not that I care about the secret itself, no, I wouldn't give a button to know it, for its all non sense. I'm sure. It isn't the secret I care about; it's the slight. Mr. Caudle; it's the studied insult that a man pays to his wife, when he thinks of going through the world keeping something to himself which he won't let her know. Man and wife, one indeed! I should like to know how that can be when a man's a mason—when he keeps a secret that sets him and his wife apart? Ha, you men make the laws, and so you take good care to have all the best of 'em to yourselves: otherwise a woman ought to be allowed a divorce when a man becomes a mason. When he's got a sort of corner-boarding in his heart—a secret place in his mind—that his poor wife isn't allowed to rummage?

Caudle, you shan't close your eyes for a week—no, you shan't—unless you tell me some of it. Come, there's a good creature; there's a love, I'm sure, Caudle, I wouldn't refuse you anything—and you know it, or ought to know it by this time. I only wish I had a secret! To whom should I think of confiding it, but to my dear husband? I should be miserable to keep it to myself, and you know it. Now, Caudle?

Was there ever such a man! A man, indeed! A brute!—yes, Mr. Caudle, an unfeeling, brutal creature, when you might oblige me, and you won't. I'm sure I don't object to your being a mason; not at all, Caudle; I dare say it's a very good thing; I dare say it is—it's only your making a secret of it that vexes me. But you'll tell me—you'll tell your own Margaret? You won't! You're a wretch, Caudle.

But I know why, oh, yes, I can tell. The fact is, you're ashamed to let me know what a fool they've been making of you. That's it. You, at your time of life—the father of a family. I should be ashamed of myself, Caudle.

And I suppose you'll be going to what you call your Lodge every night now. Lodge, indeed! Pretty place it must be, where they don't admit women. Nice goings on, I dare say. Then you call one another brethren. Brethren! I'm sure you'd relations enough, you didn't want any more.

But I know what all this masonry's about. It's only an excuse to get away from your wives and families, that you may feast and drink together, that's all. That's the secret. And to abuse women—as if they were inferior animals, and not to be trusted. That's the secret; and nothing else.

Now, Caudle, don't let us quarrel. Yes, I know you're in pain. Still Caudle, my love; Caudle! Dearest, I say! Caudle! Caud—

I recollect nothing more," says Caudle, "for here, thank Providence! I fell asleep."

Statistics of Muscular Power.—Man has every power of imitating every motion but that of flight. To effect these, he has, in maturity and health, sixty bones in his head, sixty in his thighs and legs, sixty-two in his arms and hands, sixty-seven in his trunk. He has also 434 muscles. His heart makes sixty-four pulsations in a minute; and therefore, 3,940 in an hour, 90,160 in a day.

Well it did.—John, how much did your pig weigh? "Well, it didn't weigh as much as I expected, and I always thought it wouldn't."

ADVENTURE WITH A BOA CONSTRUCTOR.

Capt. C., of Her Majesty's 84th Foot, was one of the most indefatigable sportsmen I ever met with, and the entire of his time that could be spared from regimental duty was passed in the jungles. He was a man of vast personal strength, could undergo any degree of fatigue; in short, possessed a perfectly iron constitution.

When on one of his excursions, Capt. C. happened to pass the night at a small village in the Wynand jungle, when a ryt who had been out very late searching for a stray bullock, came to tell him of a large cheetah, or spotted deer, which he had watched to his lair. He had also heard from the villagers, that a large snake had been seen several times in that neighborhood. He started accordingly after his game at daylight, accompanied by the villager and a favorite dog, which rarely left his heels unless ordered. After proceeding about half a mile through very dense jungles, and being, as the villager supposed, near the spot where the cheetah had laid down, Capt. C. of a sudden missed his dog, and hearing a rustling in the bushes about ten yards off, accompanied by a whimpering noise, he turned in that direction, and saw what he at first glance took for a tiger. From its color, a mixture of black and brown, but soon discovered what the monster really was—an enormous boa constrictor, which had seized his poor dog, and was at the moment crushing her to atoms in its terrible coils.

The native who was with him, saw what it was like-wise, and immediately fled. Capt. C. afterwards described the appearance of the reptile, when thus coiled round his dog, as somewhat resembling a barrel, every portion in robust muscular motion, and his dimity being the source of the 1000 animal crack in succession within its terrible embrace. At last the monster raised his head, and fixed two glaring eyes on Capt. C., who in another moment, might perchance have been fascinated by their deadly gleam, but with unerring aim he placed two balls in its forehead. Their effect was not however, as he expected, fatal, and the snake instantly uncouling itself from its victim, made straight at Capt. C. who of course took to flight, but the jungle was so thick, that he found the animal gaining on him, from the noise it made among the bushes, and he therefore sought shelter in a tree, reloading his gun with all possible expedition. Whether the reptile followed him by sight or smell, he could not judge, but Capt. C. was only just prepared for a second discharge when the boa reached the tree, and instantly turning round, seized the stem, and soon he seized him, but fortunately, at the next shot he blew out both its eyes with a charge of BB; yet though the snake appeared for a moment stunned, it still continued its efforts to reach him, until by repeated shots it was incapacitated from rising, not though, till Capt. C. had completely emptied his powder flask, and he even then did not venture to descend, as the reptile continued coiled round the tree, occasionally by a muscular movement, showing that its vital powers were not wholly extinct. At length, after some hours' solitary confinement on his perch, and shouting until he was hoarse, for aid, Capt. C. was the satisfaction to see a number of villagers arrive, by whom the monstrous animal was completely destroyed. Capt. C. had no means of accurately measuring its length, but by a piece of stick, which the natives said was a cubit long, he declared that it measured upwards of thirty of these, and was much thicker than one of his own thighs, which were of a make that would have well become the leather for shames of any Lifeguard's outfit. The head of the boa was cut off by his order, and sent to the Hon. Mr. Cude, then resident at Mysore, and its enormous jaw still may possibly be in existence at the Mysore Residence.

Wake Snakes and come to Town.—During a political contest in Kentucky, four or five years ago, between a man named Shields, and one Spriggs, the difference between talent and tact was fairly illustrated. Shields was a man of splendid abilities and a most eloquent speaker. Spriggs was a shrewd fellow, and finding himself overmatched, took a short cut to the popular taste, and won the day. It was a great dividing region, and one day after a powerful speech from Shields in which Spriggs got awfully used up, the latter arose and replied, in the following rough, but conclusive terms:

"Well, boys, I cant tell you what I am; I don't know what I am; but wake snakes and come to town. I know I am the son of old Jimmy Spriggs and Sally Christolm, by god, and now boys come up and take a drink!"

This had an electric effect, and the "boys" with loud cheers mustered to the drinks. The result was the overwhelming triumph of the son of old Jimmy Spriggs and Sally Christolm.—Richmond Star.

Claiming the Law's Allowance.—"Mr. Brown," said a constable to this ubiquitous personage the other day, "how many cows do you own?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because I wish to levy on them," was the prompt rejoinder.

"Well, let me see," said Mr. B., abstractedly; "how many cows does the law allow me?"

"Two," replied the constable.

"Two?" said Mr. B., with a god-natured astonishment; "well, if the law allows me two, I wish it would make haste and send the other along, as I haven't but one."

Go and kick an ant's nest about, and you will see the little, laborious, courageous creatures instantly set to work to get it together again; and if you do the same ten times over, they will as many times do up their work again. Here is the sort of stuff that men must be made of to oppose with success, those who by whatever means get possessed of great and mischievous powers.—Cobbett.

Just So.—A man came to a printing office to beg a paper, "because," said he, "we like to read the newspapers very much, but our neighbors don't take none."

"I don't know where that boy has his temper; he did not take it from me." Why, no, my dear, I don't perceive that you have lost any! was the affectionate reply of the spos.