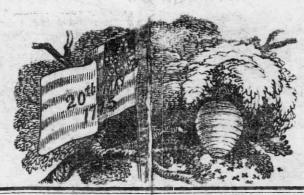
Mecklenburg



Vetterzonian.

"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 4.3

CHARLOTTE, NORTH-CAROLINA, MAY 16, 1845.

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EDITED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY JOSEPH W. HAMPTON.

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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. ALEX-NDER, Jr., a candidate at the next August election, for re-dection to the office of Clerk of the Mecklenburg County

We are authorized to announce BRALEY OATES as candidate at the next August election for the office of Clerk of Mecklenburg County Court.

We are authorized to announce ALEXANDER GRA-MAM, Esq., a candidate at the next August election for the Office of Clerk of Mecklenburg County Court.

We are anthorized to announce HUGH F. M'KNIGHT, Usq., a candidate at the next August election for the office of County Court Clerk of Mecklenburg County.
February 7, 1845.

35 We are authorized to announce W. KERR REID, a and date at the next August election for the Office of Clerk of Mecklenburg County Court.

Medruary 14, 1945.

We are authorized to announce WM. H. SIMPSON q, a candidate for the Office of clerk of the Superior court Union county, at the next August election.

We are authorized to announce MILAS M. LEM, MONDS, a candidate for the Office of clerk of the Superior ONDS, a candidate for the Onice of Carlon.

Only of Union county, at the next August election.

99..te

We are authorized to announce JOSEH T. DRAFFIN, a candidate at the next August election, for the office Clerk of Union Superior Court.

Bargains! Bargains!

Come and Buy!!

AT DAVIDSON'S CORNER. SPLENDID STOCK OF STAPLE

AND FANGY lected by himself in the northern cities, and consisting, in part, of blue, black and green

CLOTHS. Black and fancy CASSIMERÉS; CASSINETS, plain and diamond; Bombazines and Bashnaretts; Gambroons, Drab-de'ete, Chambrays,

BRITISH, FRENCH, ITALIAN, AMERI-CAN

awns, Muslin, Balzorines, Poplins, Plaid Saisans, Plaid Barage, Florence Mattassee, Gingham and lace Lawns, a new article, striped and watered Silk; swiss, book, barred and PLAIN MUSLIN;

aconets and Cambrics; chameleon SILKS of every variety of style; black Gros de Swiss; black Gros d' Rhine; cardinal Lace; dress Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Fillets, Ribbons, &c.



B B AA TE CO

A splendid assortment of READY-MADE CLOTHING. Vhich, for the cash, will be sold extremely low. China, Glass, and Queensware;

HARDWARE AND CROCKERY BOOTS AND SHOES:

SADDLES, HARNESS, BRIDLES, BRIDLE MOUNTINGS, DRUGS AND DYE-STUFFS, &c. &c.

Call and sec my stock.

Charlotte, April 25, 1845.



RESPECTFULLY announ ces to the citizens of Charlotte opened a shop in the room lately occupied by A. Bethune. He intends to conduct the

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

Charlotte, N. C., Jan. 10, 1845.

POBTEY

From the United States Journal. GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON To the Roman Sarcophagus. BY JESSE E. DOW. The Roman bugle o'er thee peal'd

When march'd the cohorts of the brave. With blunted spear and batter'd shield, A fitting escort, to the grave; Through rocky pass and rosy vale They slowly filed, a weeping train, While Ramah swell'd the mourners' wail, And Sharon caught the dying strain.

Memento of departed time! Of empires trodden in the dust-Of rulers steeped in blood and crime, And nations eaten up with lust! What! sleep in thee, thou hollow thing? A sepulchre that once wert fed-Tomb of the mother of a King-Where rests the ashes of thy dead?

Let Princes in their marble sleep, When crowns and sceptres turn to dust, And let the vines of ages creep Around them, faithful to their trust; But as for me, go make my tomb Where sleeps the partner of my love, Where Spring's first roses love to bloom, And weeping willows bend above.

I cannot take my final rest Where Rome's proud mistress slept in pride My bosom spurns the robber's crest, And scorns the marble's sculptured side. When I am called to meet my God, I would from pomp and pride be free; Then make my grave beneath the sod, And hallow it with memory.

Miscellany.

Lecture X--on Mr. Caudle's Shirt Buttons. There, Mr. Caudle, I hope you're in a little better temper than you were this morning? Thereyou needn't begin to whistle: people don't come to say, you were the best creature living: now, you man. get quite a fiend. Do let you rest? No, I won't let you rest! It's the only time I have to talk to you, and you shall hear me. I'm put upon all day long: it's very hard if I can't speak a word at night; and it isn't often I open my mouth, goodness knows!

"Because once in your lifetime your shirt wanted a button, you must almost swear the roof off the house! You didn't swear? Ha, Mr. Caudle, you don't know what you do when you're in a passion. You were not in a passion, wern't you? with you, Mr. Caudle, to know that.

It's a pity you havn't something worse to complain of than a button off your shirt. If you'd some wives you wou'd, I know. I'm sure I'm never without a needle-and-thread in my hand. What with you and the children, I'm made a perfect slave of. And what's my thanks? Why, if once in your life a button's off your shirt-what do you cry oh! at? 1 say once, Mr. Caudle; or twice, or three times, at most. I'm sure, Caudle, no man's buttons in the world are better looked after than your's. I only wish I'd kept the shirts you had when you were first married! I should like to know where your buttons were then?

"Yes, it is worth talking of! But that's how you always try to put me down. You fly into a rage, and then if I only try to speak you won't hear me. That's how you men always will have all the talk to yourselves: a poor woman isn't allowed to get a word in.

" A nice notion you have of a wife, to suppose she's nothing to think of but her husband's buttons. A pretty notion, indeed, you have of marriage .-Ha! if poor women only knew what they had to And many other articles too go through! What with buttons, and one thing numerous and tedious to mention, all of which I will and another! They'd never tie themselves up to sell as low, for the cash, as he who sells lowest, be the best man in the world, I'm sure. What would he who he may, and as much lower as I can afford. they do, Mr. Caudle! Why, do much better without you, I'm certain.

"And it's my belief, after all, that the button wasn't off the shirt: it's my belief that you pulled it off, that you might have something to talk about. Oh, you're aggravating enough, when you like, for anything ! All I know is it's very odd that the button should be off the shirt; for I'm sure no woman's a greater slave to her husband's buttons than I am. I only say its very odd.

"However, there's one comfort; it can't last long. and its vicinity, that he has I'm worn to death with your temper, and sha'n't trouble you a great while. Ha, you may laugh! And I dare say you would laugh! I've no doubt of it! That's your love-that's your feeling! I TAILORING BUSINESS know that I'm sinking every day, though I say noin affits various branches, and thing about it. And when I'm gone, we shall see will execute orders promptly how your second wife will look after your buttons! You'll find out the difference, then. Yes, Caudle, you'll think of me, then: for then, I hope you'll never have a blessed button to your back.

" No, I'm not a vindictive woman, Mr. Caudle; nobody ever called me that, but you. What do you say? Nobody ever knew so much of me? That's nothing at all to do with it. Ha! I wouldu't have your aggravating temper, Caudle, for mines of gold. It's a good thing I'm not as worrying as you are -or a nice house there'd be between us. I only wish you'd had a wife that would have talked to ditary bondsmen; know ye not who would be free, 92: You! then you'd have known the difference. But themselves must strike the blow." But you see, also, tis said.—Richmond Star.

you impose upon me, because like a poor fool, I say Mike, it's impossible in my case to strike the blow nothing. I should be ash med of myself, Caudle. | myself."

"And a pretty examp. you set as a father! You'll make your boys as bad as yourself. Talk- if I thought you would not be kilt entirely-which ing as you did all breakfast time about your buttons! would be half a murder anyhow-" And of a Sunday morning too! And you call yourself a Christian! I should like to know what your the first row of scales, between the fish and the boys will say of you when they grow up? And all flesh, and I shall feel no pain, nor will you even lover of republican purity and simplicity, every about a paltry button off one of your wristbands: a spill a drop of blood." decent man wouldn't have mentioned it-why won't I hold my tongue? Because I won't hold my tongue. I'm to have my peace of mind destroyed I'm to be worried into my grave for a miserable shirt-button, and I'm to hold my tongue! Oh! but that's just like you, mea!

"But I know what I'll so for the future. Every button you have may drop at, and I won't so much as put a thread to 'em. And I should like to know what you'll do then? On you must get somebody else to sew 'em, must you? That's a pretty threat for a husband to hold out to a wife! And to such a wife as I've been, too; such a negro-slave to your I'm dead—and with what I have to bear there's no this scaly Saxon appendage.' knowing how soon that may be-when I'm dead, I say-oh! what a brute you must be to snore so!

"You're not snoring? Ha! that's what you al I should'nt wonder. Oh no! I should be surprised | blood. at nothing, now! Nothing at all! It's what peodle have always told me it would come to-and now the buttons have opened my eyes! But the whole world shall know of your cruelty, Mr. Caudle. After the wife I've been to you. Somebody else, indeed, to sew your buttons! I'm no longer to be mistress in my house! Ha, Caudle! I wouldn't have upon my conscience what you have, for the that will please me will be in College Green." world! I wouldn't treat anybody as you treat-no, I'm not mad! It's you, Mr. Caudle, who are mad, or bad—and that's worse! I can't even so much as speak of a shirt button, but that I'm threatened to be made nobody of in my own house! Caudle, you've a heart like a hearth-stone, you have! To threaten me, and only because a button-a button-"

"I was conscious of no more than this," says Caudle, in his MS., "for here nature relieved me with a sweet, deep sleep."

> THE REPEAL OF THE UNION. BY T. ROOD.

It was a fine, clear, moralight night, and Mike bed to whistle. But it's like you. I can't speak proaching nearer and nearer, into shallower water, to us which lay close to the river. As I was sitting | United States, certainly, there is nothing wanted that you don't try to insult me. Once, I used to revealed successively the neck and shoulders of a in a frail hut of rushes, I suddenly espied a lioness but education, the will, the determination, the moral

of the figure suddenly changing into a floundering, through the deep mud.

out of the glittering water, it now became a bright never heard before, called to Mike Mahony.

"Devil knows," thought Mike, taking a terrible scratch at his red head, but he said nothing.

flourished in the air a fish's tail. like a salmon's, but a great deal bigger. After this exhibition had lasted for a minute, the tail went down, and the head came up again.

"Now you know of course, what I am?"

was, in a very melancholy tone. "I am only half scene where twenty-five centuries ago, Daniel had a gentieman, and it's what troubles me, day and his miraculous escape; and I could not but contrast night. But I'll come more convenient to you."

and partly shooting himselt forward with his tail, ed to place complete and implicit reliance on his shrimp fashion, he contrived to reach the beach, heavenly Father." when he rolled himself close to Mike's feet, which instinctively made a step apiece in retreat.

"Never fear, Mike," said the Merman, "its not in my heart to hurt one of the finest peasantry in the world."

"Why, thin, you'd not object maybe," inquired Mike, not quite reassured, "to cry O'Connell for stated that the British government possessed the lar-

"By no means," replied the Merman; "or Suc. cess to the Rent." "Faix, where did he learn that?" muttered Mike

to himself.

think of Father Mathew's." "Begad, that's true," exclaimed Mike. "And in course you'll have heard of the Repeale?" "Ah, that's it," said the Merman, with a long drawn sigh, and a forlorn shake of the head. "That's

just it. It's in your power, Mike, to do me the biggest favor in the world." "With all the pleasure in life," replied Mike, provided there's neither sin nor shame in it."

" Not the least taste of either," returned the Mermap. "It is only that you will help me to repeal this cursed union, that has joined the best part of an Irish gentleman to the worst end of a fish." "Murther alive!" shouted Mike, jumping a step

backward. " what cut off your honor's tail!' "That very same," said the Merman. "Here-

"Never fear, Mike. Only cut exactly through

Mike shook his head doubtfully—very doubtfully indeed, and then muttered to himself,

"Devil a bit of a Repale without that!" "Not a drop, I tell you," said the Merman,

"It's a bargain, said Mike, but after all," and he | brance. grinned knowingly at the Merman, "supposing your tail cut off from you, it's small walking ye'll get, duce our readers to purchase a copy of the work. unless I could lend you the loan of a pair o'legs.' "True for you, Mike" replied the Merman, but it's not the walking that I care for. It's the sitting, Mike," and he winked again with his round buttons, as I may say! Somebody else to sew em, sky-blue eye, "it's the sitting, and which you see eh? No, Caudle, no: not while I'm alive! When is mighty unconvenient, so long as I am linked to

"Saxon is it!" bellowed Mike, hurran then for the Repeale, and whipping out a huge knife from his pocket, he performed the operation exactly as ways say; but that's nothing to do with it. You the Merman had directed—and strange to say of an must get somebody else to sew 'em, must you? Ha! Irish operation, without shedding a single drop of England! The word "dear," conveys a very bad

vered tail into the sea, and then setting up the Half-Sir like a ninepin on the broad end, "there you are free and indepindint, and fit to sit where you plase."

"and as to the sitting where I please," here he nod-

"Och! that will be a proud day for Ireland!" digious yawn. As his mouth closed again his eyes | dear meats, dear fruits, all things dear, are generalopened, but he could see nothing that he could make head or tail of-the Merman was gone.

again, and rubbing the lids lustily with his knuckles, "what a dhrame I've had of the Repale of the

THE ARAB BOY AND THE LIONS.

The Baron de Bode, in his recently published Mahoney was strolling on he beach of the Bay of Travels in Luristan and Arbistan, states that among Bealcreagh - who knows why? perhaps to gather the reeds and marshes which environ the ruins of dhoolamaun, or to look form crab, but thinking in Shush, lions are still found in great numbers, and necessary that they should wear a uniform, or distensely of nothing at all, because of the tune he was the Arabs were full of the stories of their ravages. card beauty and taste, or reject any thing but tawwhistling,-when looking reaward, he saw at about An old man of the party, with vehement gestures dry finery and things out of proportion. a stone's cast from the shore, a dark object which and considerable volubility, detailed a personal adappeared like a human heid. Or was it a seal? venture: "When a mere lad, of eight or nine and the same is true of common people and common Or a keg of whiskey? Alas! no such good luck! years old, I was sent, he said, one day by my pa laborers. There is no doubt, not the least, but that The dark object moved like a living thing, and ap- rents to scare away birds from a plantation belonging we are on the highread to a better lot. In the making her way towards my place of concealment. force of temperance, industry, and righteousness; the Mike wondered extremely. It was a late hour My liver melted into water at the sight, (jihe ab | combining together, as all people do who mean to for a gentleman to be bathing, and there was no shud,) and I became like one transfixed. The ani exert their power to any advantage. To expect boat or vessel within Leandering distance, from mal stopped short, then couched, and rolling on the any great amelioration from caucuses, elections, which the unknown might have swam. Mean- sand appeared quite unconscious of an intruder .- laws, or political movements, without a correspondwhile the stranger approached, the gliding motion Although I trembled like a leaf, this afforded me ing change in these respects, is childish. some respite; but, presently I became aware of the as if having got within his depth, he was wading approach of another lion through the rushes,—by the tremendous roaring which preceded him. They Hitherto, the object, amid the broad path of silver | met and apparently on very friendly terms, and for light, had been a dark one; but diverging a little some time they gamboled like dogs together. But I felt my situation was not the better for it, as their shink I ought by this time. I've lived long enough one, and Mike could make out the features, at least stay might be prolonged. I was more dead than as plainly as those of the man in the moon. At alive, expecting at every instant they would discover last the creature stopped a few fathoms off, and in a my hiding place; and one stroke of the paw was more any important particular, it seems incredible that so sort of "forrin voice," such us the Irishman had than sufficient to bring down the hut. I was afraid to breathe lest the sound should reach their ears, yet i

Mike crossed himself, and answered to his name. I could not prevent my teeth chattering quite audi- ence, of the dignity that belongs to a man, that is "What do you take me for ?" asked the stranger. bly. But, whether it was that they were too much producing the "wonderful affluence of the United "Look here then," said the stranger; and plung- that after a short time, which appeared an age, they as the sun, "A just division of property; the earth ing head downwards, as for a dive, he raised and separated, each taking a different direction, and were and all its glories to the virtuous; no others shall

soon lost in the highgrass.'

"'It is many years since that event took place, added the old man, in conclusion, 'still, I can never think of it without a shudder.' And if I understood him right, the mental anxiety he underwent at the "Why, thin," said Mike, with a broad grin, "ax- time had the effect of changing the color of his hair ing your pardon, I take it you're a kind of Half into gray ever since. To me this narrative had a peculiar interest, as I was standing on the very spot "True for you," said the Merman, for such he which the traditions of the east point out as the the calm confidence of the prophet, with the agita-And by dint of great exertion, partly crawling tated state of the Arab youth, who had not yet learn-

Joe was one evening seated in the bar room of a country tavern in Canada, where were assembled several old countrymen discussing various matters connected with the "pomp and circumstance of war." In the course of some remarks, one of them gest cannon in the world, and gave the dimensions of one which he had seen. Joe's yankee pride would not allow him to let such an assertion pass without contradiction.

"Poh! gentlemen," said he, "I won't deny but "Water is a good conductor of sound," said the that is a fair sized cannon; but you are a leetle mis Merman, with a wink of one of his round, skyblue taken in supposing it to be the largest in the world. eyes. "It can carry a voice a long way-if you It's not to be named in the same year with one of our vankee guns which I saw in Charlestown last year. Jupiter! that was a cannon. Why, sirs, it is so large, that the soldiers were obliged to employ a yoke of oxen to draw in the ball."

"Were they?" exclaimed one of his hearers, with a smile of triumph; "pray can you tell me how they got the oxen out again?"

"Why, you fool," returned Joe, "they unyoked 'em and drove 'em through the vent'

It is said that John Jacob Astor, the wealthiest man in the Union, once carried furs on his back up and down the Hudson.—Phil. Inquirer. He carries furs on his back still--in the winter

ime.—N. O. Pic. He even carries a skin on his back in summer, SEDGWICK'S ECONOMY.

These are two little unpretending volumes, pub-"Shure, and so it is," said Mike reflectively, and lished by the Harpers in the city of New York, which contain a mine of intellectual wealth; they are entitled "Public and Private Economy," and were written by the late Hon. Theodore Sedc. wick, of Massachusetts. We desire that every friend to the perpetuity and glory of our matchless institutions, should read these works with profound attention. The first volume is dedicated to the late James Wadsworth, Esq., of Geneseo, New York, whose liberal devotion to the education and prosperithere's my hand on it," and he held out a sort of ty of the people, whose enterprise and virtue, entiflesh-colored paw, with webs between the fingers. Itle him to the highest tokens of everlasting reincm.

We make a few extracts, hoping thereby to in-

We are by far too lofty in the United States in all our ideas of expense, that is, compared with our fortunes; there is no true economy in anything. Mr. Dewey says, very truly, that the English are never ashamed to count the cost, nor to speak of it.

A great soul does not require a large tenement, and a jail is better than a twenty thousand Waverley Place house with a millstone of debt about one's

Everybody has heard of the horrible dearness of dea to the minds of most people, and to the poor it "There," said Mike, having kicked the so disse- is often a word of dreadful import. There was a time when we could boast of the cheapness of our own country. I believe it is pretty well understood, at last, that the excessive issue of bank paper for "Millia Beachus, Mike," replied the Merman. some years past has had much to do with prices, with cheap and dear. As to cheap and dear, I shall ded three times very significantly, "the only seat from time to time give such information as to the relative prices in England and the United States as come under my notice. Few subjects are more said Mike, attempting to shout, and intending to cut important than those embraced in the words cheap a caper and to throw up his hat. But his limbs and dear. The causes of cheapness and dearness were powerless, and his mouth only gaped in pro- are well worthy the greatest attention. Dear bread, ly found in those countries where monopoly has gathered the blessings into the laps of a few, and "Bedad!" exclaimed Mike, shutting his eyes sown the curses broadcast among the residue of the

It is a great pity that the working-people in the United States will not at once shake off their chains, combine, turn their backs upon men and women made by tailors and milliners, set up a taste of their own, and dress appropriately, consistently with their means and employment. For this it is not

No man knows what he can do till he has tried.

If the people of the United States would keep the forms of beauty and utility constantly before their eyes, their bills at the milliner's and tailor's would be far more moderate; nor would they empty their pockets, as they have been accustomed to do, in those of the grocer and tavern keeper. When we come to add up the amount of money misspent in much can be wasted in such a way.

It is the universal hope of property, of independoccupied with their own concerns, or that they are States." Let our laborers, then, raise a new bandeficient in scent, I do not know; suffice it to say ner, and inscribe upon it, in letters of gold as bright gain them, no others deserve them."

> Upon the plan of a noble and generous existence; of equal laws, no monopolies; of giving fair play to all; "of living and letting live;" of getting rid of over eating and drinking; of ten thousand costly fineries and sensualities that now either swallow up property or prevent its production, one result is cerain, and that is, an immense increase of wealth.

Happiness. - Happiness! that glorious crown which, studded with the diamonds of the heart, can receive no additional lustre from such paltry things as power, or wealth, or station.—By G. P. R.

Dress .- Nor is dress, in general, altogether unworthy of attention. Somebody has called it the habitual expression of a man's mind; and though I cannot agree to that definition in the full sense, yet certainly, where there is no impediment to his follow ing his own wishes, a man's dress affords strong in dications of taste and habits of thought.—By G. P

The heart and the world.—Oh, how hard it is, when the mind like a young bird has soared forth at liberty into the face of heaven, and tried its wing at large among all the joyous things of nature, to be called back to the close cage of the dull world's doings, the meannesses, which form the bars that prison in the heart. - By G. P. R. James.

Gun at Sundown.—It is well known to our readers that it is the practice to give a morning and evening gun as the miliary station at West Point, the reports of which unless a strong northerly wind prevails are plainly heard in this village. A few days since a gentleman on the point took into his service a verdant son of the Emerald Isle. On the first day of his service he was startled by the report of the evening gun, as the sound reverberated thro' the highlands, awakening the mountain's slumbering echoes, and anxiously inquiered of his employer the cause of this explosion, and was told that it was the "sun-down gun."

"Och, bless me,' exclaimed Pat, 'and does the sun make such a divil of a thunder as that on going down in this counther !"