



"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 5.

CHARLOTTE, NORTH-CAROLINA, JUNE 6, 1845.

NUMBER 312.

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 re-election to the office of Clerk of the Mecklenburg County Court. January 29, 1845. 95-10

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. 95-10

We are authorized to announce **ALEXANDER GRAMHAM, Esq.**, a candidate at the next August election for the office of Clerk of Mecklenburg County Court. January 29, 1845. 95-10

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. 97-10

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. 99-10

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. 99-10

We are authorized to announce **JOSEPH T. DRAPFEN, Esq.**, a candidate at the next August election for the office of Clerk of Union Superior Court. March 25, 1845. 202-10

We are authorized to announce **Maj. ROBERT W. BOARD**, a candidate for the office of County Clerk of Cabarrus county, at the next August election. May 30, 1845. 211-10

**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, 191-111.

**MANSION HOUSE.**

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

WM. S. NORMENT, 917.

**NEW STORE,**  
AND A  
**SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF  
Spring & Summer**

**GOODS.**

**CHARLES E. HOSS**  
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 15, 1845. 205-

**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, } Excors.  
JOSEPH W. ROSS, }  
May 27, 1844. 62-

## NOTICE.

**TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.**  
ON or about the 21st day of March, 1845, I executed a note of hand to Absalom Sherrill, of Catawba County, North Carolina, for nine hundred and twenty dollars, or thereabout. The public is cautioned against trading for said note, as it was obtained without any consideration whatever. I am therefore determined not to pay it to any person.

WM. NEILL, 11:33w  
May 23, 1845.

**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 Bashmarts; Cambrons, Drab-de-ete, Chambrays, Kentucky Jeans, &c. &c.

**BRITISH, FRENCH, ITALIAN, AMERICAN**

Laws, Muslin, Balzorcine, Poplins, Plaid Saisans, Plaid Barage, Florence, Mattassee, Gingham and lace Laws, a new article, striped and watered Silk, swiss, hank, barred and PLAIN MUSLIN;

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

**HATS  
AND  
BONNETS;**  
A splendid assortment of  
**READY-MADE CLOTHING,**  
Which, for the cash, will be sold extremely low.

China, Glass, and Queensware;

**HARDWARE AND CROCKERY.**

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

**GROCERIES.** 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, 6-2m.  
Charlotte, April 25, 1845.

**MEDICINES,  
PAINTS, PERFUMERY & FANCY  
ARTICLES.**

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

**MEDICINES  
PERFUMERY,**

and other articles, comprising new and fashionable 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, 202 F.  
Charlotte, March 26, 1845.

## Notice.

THOSE persons who are in arrears for taxes on real estate will save costs by paying before the first day of August next. After that time they may find their names in the State Gazette, and their lands advertised for sale.

T. N. ALEXANDER, Sheriff,  
8-3w of Mecklenburg Co  
May 7, 1845.

## 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, 92:1r.  
January 9, 1845.

**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. 33-1y

## 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 23, 1845 202 F

## POETRY.

From the Union.  
**THE HERO'S LAST HOURS.**  
BY PARK BENJAMIN.

"A few more days, and all must be over with the Hero of the Hermitage."—Daily paper.

A few more days, and he must sleep in death;  
A few more days, and onto God, who gave,  
The brave old hero must resign his breath,  
And sink serenely to a tranquil grave;

Sink like the sun, more glorious at last  
Than when his rays in broad effulgence glowed,  
And over sea, and plain, and mountain, east  
Meridian splendor from his high abode.

For valor, wisdom, justice, truth renowned,  
By tyrants hated, and by freemen blessed,  
With all his country's loftiest honors crowned,  
He goes to welcome his eternal rest;

Rest, that his soul has sighed for many years,  
With the dear partner of his manhood's prime;  
Rest in a realm undimmed by doubts and fears,  
Beyond the power of change, or sway of time.

Statesman and warrior, patriot and sage!  
A nation weeps thy late and slow decay;  
First of the living great on history's page,  
Who will remain, when thou hast passed away?

Who of that noble band, the tried and stern,  
Men of old heroic stamp and creed,  
On whom the present race may look and learn  
How to be wise in thought, and bold in deed?

A few more days, and over all the land  
The bell's deep toll, the cannon's solemn boom,  
From west to east shall sound the sad command,  
"Ye people, mourn your hero in the tomb!"

Him, slumbering peaceful, strife can reach no more;  
By glory's halo circled is his name;  
And long, oh freedom, as thy eagles soar,  
All thy new triumphs shall record his fame!

New York, May 19.

## Miscellaneous.

**MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURE.**  
Mrs. Caudle suggests that her Dear Mother should come and live with them.

"Is your cold better to-night, Caudle? Yes I thought it was. 'Twill be quite well to-morrow. I dare say. There's a love! You don't take care enough of yourself. Caudle, you don't. And you ought, I'm sure, if only for my sake. For what I should do if any thing should happen to you—but I won't think of it, not care bear to think of that. Still you ought to take care of yourself; for you know you're not strong, Caudle; you know you're not—"

"Wasn't dear mother so happy with us to-night? Now, you needn't go to sleep, so suddenly. I say, wasn't she so happy? You don't know? How can you say you don't know. You must have seen it. But she always is happier here than any where else. Ha! what a temper the dear thing has! I call it a temper of satin; it is so smooth, so easy, and so soft. Nothing puts her out of the way. And then, if you only knew how she takes your part, Caudle! I'm sure, she could be fond of you. Don't you think so, Caudle? Eh, love? Now, do answer. How can you tell? Nonsense. Caudle, you must have seen it. I'm sure nothing delights the dear soul so much as when she's thinking how to please you."

"Don't you remember Thursday night, the stewed oysters when you came home? That was all dear mother's doings! Margaret says she to me, 'it's a cold night; and don't you think dear Mr. Caudle would like some-thing nice before he goes to bed?' And that, Caudle, is how the oysters came about. Now, don't sleep, Caudle, do listen to me for five minutes; 'tisn't often I speak, goodness knows."

"And then what a fuss she makes when you're out, if your slippers aren't put to the fire for you.—She's very good! Yes—I know she is. Caudle.—And hasn't she been six months—though I promised her not to tell you—six months, working a watch-pocket for you! And with her eyes, dear soul—and at her time of life!"

"And then what a cook she is! I'm sure, the dishes she'll make out of next to nothing! I try hard enough to follow her, but, I'm not ashamed to own it, Caudle, she quite beats me. Ha! thin little things she'd simmer up for you—and I can't do it; the children, you know it, Caudle, take so much of my time. I can't do it, love; and I often reproach myself that I can't. Now, you shan't go to sleep, Caudle; at least, not for five minutes.—You must hear me."

"I've been thinking, dearest—ha! that nasty cough, love! I've been thinking, darling, if we could only persuade dear mother to come and live with us. Now, Caudle, you can't be asleep; it's impossible—you were coughing only this minute—yes, to live with us; what a treasure we should have in her!—Then, Caudle, you never need go to bed without something nice and hot. And you want it, Caudle. You don't want it? Nonsense, you do; for you're not strong, Caudle; you know you're not."

"I'm sure, the money she'd save us in house-keeping. Ha! what an eye she has for a joint! The butcher doesn't walk that could deceive dear mother. And then, again, for poultry! What a finger and thumb she has for a chicken! I never could market like her: it's a gift—quite a gift."

"And then you recollect her marrow-puddings? You don't recollect 'em? Oh, fie! Caudle how often have you flung her marrow-puddings in my face, wanting to know why I couldn't make 'em? And I wouldn't pretend to do it after dear mother. I should think it presumption. Now, love, if she was only living with us—come you're not asleep, Caudle—if she was only living with us, you could

have marrow-puddings every day. Now don't fling yourself about and begin to swear at marrow-puddings; you know you like 'em, dear.

"What a hand, too, dear mother has for a pie-crust?"

"But it's born with some people. What do you say. Why wasn't it born with me? Now, Caudle, that's cruel—unfeeling of you; I wouldn't have uttered such a reproach to you for the whole world. People can't be born as they like."

"How often, too, have you wanted to brew at home! And I never could learn any thing about brewing. But, ha! what ale dear mother makes! You never tasted it! No, I know that. But I recollect the ale we used to have at home. Father never would drink wine after it. The best sherry was nothing like it. You dare say not? No, it wasn't indeed, Caudle. Then, if dear mother was only with us, what money we should save in beer? And then you might always have your own nice, pure, wholesome ale, Caudle; and what good it would do you! For you are not strong, Caudle."

"And then dear mother's jams and preserves, love! I own it, Caudle, it has often gone to my heart that with cold meat you haven't always had a pudding. Now if mother was with us, in the matter of fruit puddings she'd make it summer all the year round. But I never could preserve—now mother does it, and for next to no money whatever. What nice dogs in a blanket she'd make for the children! What's dogs in a blanket? Oh, they're delicious—as dear mother makes 'em."

"Now, you have tasted her Irish stew, Caudle? You remember that? Come, you're not asleep—you remember that? And how fond you are of it! And I can never have it made to please you. Now what a relief to me it would be if dear mother was always at hand that you might have a stew when you liked. What a load it would be off my mind."

Again, for Pickles! Not at all like anybody else's pickles. Her red cabbage—why it's as crisp as biscuit! And then her walnuts—and her all sorts! Eh, Caudle? You know how you love pickles; and how we sometimes tiff about 'em? Now, if dear mother were here, a word would never pass between us. And I'm sure nothing would make me happier, for—you're not asleep, Caudle!—for I can't bear to quarrel, can I love?"

"The children, too, are so fond of her! And she'd be such a help to me with 'em! I'm sure with dear mother in the house, I shouldn't care a fig for measles, or any thing of the sort. As a nurse, she's such a treasure!"

"And at her time of life, what a needlewoman! And her darning and mending for the children, it really gets quite beyond me now, Caudle! Now with mother at my hand, there wouldn't be a stitch wanted in the house."

"And then when you're out late, Caudle—for I know you must be out late sometimes; I can't expect you of course, to be always at home—why then dear mother could sit up for you, and nothing would delight the dear soul half so much."

"And so, Caudle, love, I think dear mother had better come, don't you? Now, you're not asleep, darling; don't you think she'd better come? You say No? You say No again? You won't have her, you; you won't that's flat? Caudle—Caudle—Caudle—"

"Here, Mrs. Caudle," says Mr. C. in his MS. "suddenly went into tears; and I went to sleep."

## THE GIFT OF THE GAB.

The following amusing article has been going the rounds of the London papers, and it presents a laughable anecdote at the expense of two well known geologists, Dr. Buckland and Mr. George Stephenson:

"Once upon a time, at a gathering of fine spirits at Drayton Manor, Dr. Buckland, Sir William Follett, and Mr. George Stephenson were among the guests assembled. The immortal railway engineer is remarkable for peculiar notions on disputable points in various sciences. For instance, he knows by the effect of electricity on a rail whether the road pays or not; and, as he has gone as deep as most men into the bowels of the land, he rejects the theories alike of Werner and Hutton—the advocate of water and the advocate of fire—and announces his own views with so much original vigor that they at once startle and amuse. Sir Robert having the leading professor of geology at the same table with the expounder of new notions on stratification, contrived to bring them into intellectual collision. Mr. Stephenson disputed the facts of formations as alleged, and Dr. Buckland defended them; and he combated the arguments of his opponent with such happy fluency and ready reference, that he crushed his adversary with as much apparent power as one of the engineer's own locomotives would an obtruding rabbit, when the engine was going at the rate of forty miles an hour. Mr. Stephenson felt that he was worsted, and defeated; but being pleasantly and politely chafed, the efforts he made to recover his position only served to aggravate the pains of his wounds. Although it was only a friendly controversy, he was considerably irritated and he slept but very little that night."

"He was early up next morning and sought to cool his temper in the spacious garden at Drayton Manor. He had not taken many turns on the silecia when Sir William Follett made his appearance.—His first salutation was, 'George, you made a pretty fool of yourself last night.' 'I have a strong suspicion of that kind myself,' Sir William, replied Mr. Stephenson, 'but I am convinced that I am right after all.' 'To be sure you were,' said Sir William, 'but you cannot talk. I never heard such a bungler. You were full of facts—wonderful facts; and Buckland had only sophistry to oppose you.—He beat you to a stand still, because you had no rhetoric.' 'I am, Sir William, on lawyer.' 'But I am. Come, sit down in this alcove; and now, before we are called to breakfast, repeat to me your whole theory. Mr. Stephenson did as Sir William desired. He went through the process of fire and water, the operations of electricity, the nature of salts, the position of strata. 'That will do,' said Sir William.—'Now at dinner to-day hold your tongue; leave Buckland to me.' After dinner, Dr. Buckland, excited by his triumph of the preceding evening, soon introduced mineralogy. Sir William, in his quiet, gentle way, drew him into a controversy, closed upon him, out-talked him, and prostrated the professor as effectually as the professor had overthrown the engineer the evening before. Sir Robert enjoyed the encounter; no one was displeased; and as they rose to retire, Sir William whispered, 'George, what do you think now?' 'Think!' replied Mr. Stephenson, 'I think that there is nothing in earth or on it like the gift of the gab.'"

## STYLE IS STYLE.

Orator O'Bother's speech on the question, Does riches or poverty tend most to the exaltation of the human mind?"

"I shall proceed, Mr. President, to compare riches to poverty in such a way as you will find there is no comparison at all.

"The man possessed of luxury, Mr. President, cannot eat a single meal, unless he is surrounded all around with the luxuriant and extatic productions of both atmospheres. Is not the rich Chevy cup, which he so languishingly and effectually raises to his nauseated lip—are they not, I repeat, sir, brought from the deserts of Arabia?"

"Is not the fragrant and chrometer tea found in the undiscovered regions of Chili, which there is the highest mountains in the world? Is not, I say, sir, the dashing sofa on which he declines his meagre and emancipated form, made from the mahogany of Hispaniola, from the shores of Indostan, and the cedar of Lebanon from Mount Parnassus, ornamented with the richest and most municipal oriental silks from the East Indies abroad?"

Now, Mr. President, the man so possessed of poverty, declines his expectations on a high pinnacle of bliss. Happiness, Mr. President, is like a crow perched on a distant mountain, which the eager sportsman vainly tries to no purpose to ensnare; he looks at the crow, Mr. President, and the crow looks at him—the moment he attempts to reproach him, he banishes away like the schismatic taints of the rainbow, which it was the astonishing Newton that first deplored and enveloped the cause of it!

"Cannot the poor man precipitate in all the varied beauties of nature, from the most loftiest mountains, down to the most lowest valleys, as well as the man possessed of luxury? Yes, sir, the poor man, while thrilling transports crown his virtues, and rosy hours attend his sanguinary youth, can raise his wonderful mind to that incomprehensible being who restrains the lawless storm, who kindles the crushing and tremendous thunder, and rolls the dark and rapid lightning through the intensity of space, and who issues the awful meteors and roll a boresalis through the unfeeling legions of the fiery hemispheres. Sometimes seated beneath the shady shadow of an umbrageous tree, at whose verdant foot flows a limping brook, he calls about him his wife and the rest of his children—here, sir, he takes a retrospective view into futurity, distills into their juvenile youth wisdom and immortality, and exhorts them to persevere to endless facility."

"Here, sir, on a fine clear evening, when the silvery moon shines out with all its emulgence, he learns his children the first rudiments of astrology, by pointing out the bull, the bear, and many more bright constellations and fixed stars, which are constantly revolving on their arctics, in the azure expanse of the creolean firmament above."

Ned Norway was found, says the N. O. Picayune, by the police on Thursday night, in that state which in alliterall language, is styled "beautifully blue."

"What are you?" said the watchman, poking him with his save between the fourth and fifth ribs.

"I'm a slave," said Ned—"the slave of necessity."

"Then you hain't no vote!" said the watchman.

"Yes, I have, though," said Ned; "but what of that?—voting don't do no good to nobody but the President and Governor, and members of Congress and sich like folks: a feller can't run his face at a tavern because he has a vote—votin' don't pay the washerwoman, nor foot up a tailor's bill. I tell you what it is, old feller, votin's a bore—it don't even get a feller liquor, 'cept it be at 'lection times."

"But what you at liberty to go where you please, and do as you please?" said the watchman.

"Not a bit of it," said Ned; "because, I tell you again, I'm a slave, and so is every one that hain't no money. It's all very well to tell folks about freedom, liberty, and all that sort of thing; it looks remarkably well in Fourth of July Speeches—but, I tell you, like New England, run, it don't bear analyzing. You just go into a restaurat down town, tell the landlord you're a freeman, and voted for President Polk, that you want a dinner, but hain't got no money to give him for it: just see if he don't 'parlez vous' and 'sacre non Dieu' at you!"

"I tell you again, that this here liberty without money is like trimmin' without the leg of mutton—like the nut-shell without the kernel—like—"

"That'll do," said the watchman—for by this time they had got as far as the calaboose—"that'll do for the present; you can get into the calaboose without—though I reckon you can't get out without jail fees."

Ned was put in for the night, and whether he should pay jail fees or not—not having the money—was left an open question, to be decided next morning by the Recorder.

## HIT AT BOASTING PUBLISHERS.

Punch makes a very fair hit at some of his contemporaries in the following:

"The Punch has fifteen hundred first rate writers constantly employed upon it. They are paid at an enormous rate, and are kept in stalls or cages near the printing office during the day time; but at night they are driven into the suburbs. Each of the principal contributors has forty pounds a week, (£2,000 a year) and as much ink as he can consume gratis. The chief artists are on the same footing. There is an enormous corps of small jokers, at salaries averaging about three hundred a year each; but they are obliged to act as a sort of joke police constantly on the lookout to take up any ferocious looking subject they meet with, and bring it to be dealt with by one or other of the principal contributors. The merely mechanical part of the arrangement is also exceedingly costly. There are several hundred compositors, who relieve each other constantly as they successively boil over with indignation, or are convulsed with laughter at the manuscripts they are putting in type. There are several boys at the ename, to prevent the chases from spluttering their sides, which they have been known to do, with an unusually rich caricature or article. But the hardest work of all is performed by the publisher, who sometimes sinks down in a state of exhaustion, and is always wrapped up in blankets and carried away from the office after the exertion of having taken in the money on the day of publishing."