



"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 6

CHARLOTTE, NORTH-CAROLINA, OCTOBER 16, 1846.

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MECKLENBURG JEFFERSONIAN.
EDITED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY
JOSEPH W. HAMPTON.

TERMS.

The 'Jeffersonian' will be furnished to subscribers at TWO DOLLARS a year, if paid in advance, or within one month from the commencement of the year, or THREE DOLLARS, if not thus paid. No Subscription will be discontinued, (except at the option of the Editor) until all arrearages are 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. All Obituary Notices, exceeding six lines; Notices of Public Lectures, Assemblies, &c., and Communications recommending Candidates for Offices of profit and trust, or Public Exhibitions, will be charged as Advertisements.

Business Cards

Like the following, will be inserted one year for \$5,—if not over four lines in length.

BREM & ALEXANDER,
Wholesale and Retail Merchants, 3 doors north of the public square, east side main street, Charlotte, N. C.

DR. DAVID SCALDWELL,
Office in the house formerly occupied by Mr. Watson, second square south of the courthouse, on Main street.

CONCORD HOTEL,
South of the Courthouse, Concord, N. C., by R. W. BOARD.

BETHUNE & CO.,
FASHIONABLE TAILORS,
Two doors west of Elms' Corner, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

William L. Beatty,
SADDLER AND HARNESS MAKER,
Charlotte, N. C., No. 3, Trade-Street.
June 19 1846

The Concord Cotton Factory.
WE now have on hand a large stock of BALED ROPE, YARN AND DOMESTICS.

Over 1500 pieces of heavy 44 inch
COTTON BAGGING.
A very superior article, which we will sell lower than any thing of the kind that can be brought from the Northern markets.

WILL. P. MOORE,
Concord, N. C.,
July 31, 1846.

CAUTION the public against trading for a note of hand given by me to Mrs. MARY J. ROSSICK. One note is for Ten Dollars, six months after date and dated July 26, 1846. I have received no value for said note, and will never pay it unless compelled by law.

MIDDLETON LAWING
July 31

Removal.
DR. THOMAS C. CALDWELL has removed his residence to M. 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

CHARLOTTE HOTEL,
MAIN ST., CHARLOTTE, N. C.

THE subscriber has taken charge of the CHARLOTTE HOTEL, recently occupied by Col. M. W. Alexander, and respectfully invites the former patrons of this Establishment, and the public generally, to call. Having every convenience for the accommodation of BOARDERS and TRAVELLERS, he is determined to use ungrudging exertions to please all his guests, and hopes that the public will award him a liberal share of patronage.
JAS. A. SADLER.
Jan. 1, 1846.

Charlotte Drug Store.

JUST RECEIVED, the best assorted supply of DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, DYE STUFFS, SPICES, SURGEONS INSTRUMENTS, VALS, BOTTLES, SHOP FURNITURE, BRUSHES, SOAPS, CONFECTONARY, PERFUMERY, &c. &c., ever offered in this place. Also, a great variety of Patent Medicines, Country Merchants, Physicians, and other dealers are respectfully invited to call and examine our stock, as we are prepared to offer inducements to purchase for Cash, or to prompt dealers on the usual time.

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

LOOK
To your own interest!

ALL kinds of Ornamental, Sign, House, Carriage, and Flag PAINTING will be executed by the undersigned, when called on, promptly and in a very superior manner. Specimens of his work may be seen in Charlotte. All orders for Painting, or Varnishing furniture, directed to this place, will meet prompt attention. A portion of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.
Paints and Oils furnished by the subscriber, if required.
JOSEPH C. TEMPLES
Charlotte, June 5, 1844.

Notice.
THE firm heretofore existing between J. W. & J. Rainey is this day dissolved. I will not be responsible for any contract or contracts made or contracted by J. Rainey.
J. W. RAINEY.
March 26, 1846.

THE LIBRARY OF SACRED MUSIC.

THE Board of Managers of the New York Sacred Music Society have examined, with much pleasure, the *Library of Sacred Music*, a monthly periodical by B. Wyman and G. P. Newell. The work is got up in a handsome style and embraces a choice selection of Sacred Music, of a high order, and is well worthy of the support of all lovers of good music. Messrs. Wyman and Newell are favorably known as Professors of Music; and the Library itself furnishes abundant proof of their capacity for the management of such a work.

L. B. WYMAN, President,
J. CONNE SMITH, Secretary.
New York, March, 1846.

Terms, \$3 per annum, in advance. Ten copies sent to one address \$2 50; twenty or more copies to one address, \$2 25. The usual terms to booksellers and agents.

*Agents wanted in every city and town in the Union, to whom the usual discount will be made. Newspapers inserting the above notice six times, and sending us each paper, shall receive the Library for one year.

E. H. WILCOX, General Agent,
150 Fulton street, New York.
Sept 25

Executor's Notice.

THE Subscriber having been qualified as Executor on the Estate of Thos. Alexander, deceased, hereby gives general notice to all creditors of said Estate, to present their claims duly authenticated, within the time limited by law for that purpose, otherwise this notice will be pleaded in bar of recovery.

Debtors to the said Estate will also please to make payment immediately.
E. B. D. SLOAN, Executor.
July 31

A NEW VOLUME—1846.

\$1000 IN PRIZES!
GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE,
With More Splendid Embellishments, Greater Popularity, and a larger Subscription List than any Magazine in the Country.

ELEGANT PARIS FASHIONS IN EVERY NUMBER. THE greater popularity of Graham's Magazine, in every part of the UNION in consequence of the engagement of the very best writers as contributors, and artists of the highest celebrity and acknowledged abilities to illustrate the work, has made it a sort of polar star to all the other periodicals. So that every thing done by 'Graham' is instantly promised by the whole tribe. The promise the public might forgive or at least forget, but the wretched attempts made to imitate the costly and beautiful works of art which adorn this work, and the poverty of their imitations in the literary department, have impaired the public confidence, and given a turn to our periodical literature, which would ultimately bring it into disrepute and contempt.

We have resolved, so far as 'Graham' is concerned, to correct the error, and as the magazine literature of America is now confined to 'GRAHAM' AND HIS IMITATORS, we are determined to give a proper direction to the popular taste; and propose in the coming volume greatly to amplify the literary departments of the work—to engage none but the very best writers—to open a field for young writers of merit—and, in fine, to cultivate a NATIONAL PERIODICAL LITERATURE, which shall command respect at home and abroad.

PREMIUMS FOR THE BEST ARTICLES.
\$1000 TO BE GIVEN IN PRIZES.

In order to call forth the very best talent that the country can produce, we offer the following premiums for the best articles on the subjects designated:

\$300 for the best Sea Story, of not less than 30 pages of the Magazine.

\$200 for the best Story founded on our Revolutionary incidents.

\$200 for the best Essay on American Literature and its Prospects.

\$150 for the best Poem of not less than 100 lines.

\$150 for the best Story of Domestic Life.

The articles to be sent, free of postage, to the publication office, 98 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, before the 1st of October next; and their merit to be decided by a competent committee of literary gentlemen. The Committee will consist of the following gentlemen:

DR. J. K. MITCHELL, | HON. R. T. CONRAD
MORRIS MICHAEL, | LOUIS A. GODEY,
ROBERT MORRIS, Esq.

The Magazine has become the standard of taste in matters of embellishment, and has led the way in every thing really beautiful published in the Magazines. The voice of the public press, while it places the work at the

HEAD OF AMERICAN LITERATURE, is unanimous in the announcement, that no work ever started in the country has been so elegantly embellished, or has so rapidly increased. For the new volume, the most extensive arrangements have been made, with the most distinguished artists in the country for a supply of elegant embellishments of all sorts.

OUR BEAUTIFUL FASHION PLATES. These exquisite creations of taste and skill we have engaged exclusively, from the publisher of 'Le Follet,' and all other efforts to get them have failed. An attempt has been made to deceive the public, by re-engraving the old designs; but these duplicates are so far beneath the original Paris designs sent to 'Graham' that they excite only contempt. Our arrangements are complete, and we cannot be equalled in the beauty and correctness of this department of the Magazine. These plates appear in every number.

The work will be published on the first of the month in every quarter of the Union. The most distant subscribers will consequently receive it on that day; as well as those who reside in Philadelphia.

THE LOWEST TERMS. The proprietors being more desirous of publishing the handsomest and best, than the cheapest work in the Union, while at the same time they are anxious to bring it within the reach of all, offer the following as the lowest possible terms at which they can afford the work in its elegant style for 1846.

Three Dollars per annum in advance for a single Copy, or two Copies yearly for five Dollars, invariably in advance post paid.

For Ten Dollars Cash, free of postage, Five Copies of Graham's Magazine, or Graham's Magazine and five Copies of Neal's Saturday Gazette.

For Twenty Dollars Cash, eleven Copies of the Magazine will be forwarded, and a copy gratis to the Postmaster.

Address, post paid,
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & Co.
No. 98 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
Sept 25

POETRY.

A CHAPTER ON FOOLS.

The Doctor oft said that for his part he thought Folks were not much the better for wisdom men taught; And that many a fancy sagacity-monger, Forced to live on his wisdom, would soon die of hunger.

That it cannot be wisdom in little or great, Who ruin themselves, or who ruin the state; There are fools in their pride, and fools in their purse, And fools without either that oft are much worse.

There are fools of pretension and fools of pretence, Fools that can't understand other folk's sense; There are high finished boobies, from every great school, And many worse fools in the world than 'Tom Fool.'

There are fools all for saving, and fools that all spend, And great fools that borrow, and greater that lend— Fools that rush into crime to accumulate wealth, Fools that squander the best of all treasures, their health.

Fools that barter the best things of life for a song, Fools of lovers, whose folly but seldom lasts long; There are fools that are single and fools that are wed, And fools have writ volumes that never were read.

There are fools too that read and are never the wiser, And many's the fool takes the part of adviser; There are fools to be woo'd and still greater to woo— And fools to give roguery plenty to do.

There are fools that abuse, and fools that applaud; Great fools stay at home, and great fools go abroad. And great fools return greater fools than they went, Their morals all gone and their money all spent.

There are fools that see diamonds in Derbyshire spar, And these are the fools found in every bazaar; Fools to be stared at, and fools, too, to stare, And mothers, great fools, let their daughters be there.

There are fools in the city of pleasure and trade, There are fools country gentlemen already made; Great fools of great fortunes lose life and estate, For the hunting the fox and the leaping a gate.

There are fools that are young, and fools that grow old; Some fools are too gentle—some given to scold; Some fools that torment friends, children and wives, And greater that plague themselves out of their lives.

I could tell of more fools without number or end— That with all this my telling I never shall mend; And perhaps lose myself, both my sense and my labor, And perhaps—I am quite as great fool as my neighbor!

The Boston Post is responsible for the following:
IT.
The pronoun it is a comical word; It is sometimes amusing, it is often absurd; It is large, it is small, it is round, it is square, It rains and it snows—it is foul, it is fair; It is black, it is white—it is long, it is short— It is every thing, almost, and then it is nought. It is true—it is a lie, it isn't—it is it! Indeed the world it is a humbug and—Quix.

ABSURDITIES.
To make your servants tell lies for you, and afterwards be angry because they tell them for themselves.
To tell your own secrets, and believe other people will keep them.
To fancy a thing cheap because a low price is asked for it.
To say a man is charitable because he subscribes to an hospital.
To vote for a candidate at an election, because he shakes hands with your wife and child, and admires the baby.

THAT "YALLER DOG."
We should like to hear Dan Marble tell the story about the Yankee who lost his dog. Approaching a wood chopper by the wayside, the Yankee accosted him:
"Mister, have you seen a yaller dog a gwine along here, about a year and a half, or two years old?"
"Yes," replied the chopper, supposing the Yankee was quizzing him; "yes, I saw a yaller dog, going along here, about a year, a year and a half, or two years old, about an hour, an hour and a half, or two hours ago, and you'll find him about a mile, a mile and a half, or two miles ahead with a tail about an inch, an inch and a half, or two inches long."
"Hold on—that'll do, stranger. I calculate you are into me about a feet, a feet and a half, or two foot."

A yankee traveller put up at a country inn, where a number of loungers were assembled, telling stories. After setting some time, and attentively listening to their folly, he suddenly turned and asked how much they supposed he had been offered for his dog he had with him. They all stared—curiosity was on tip toe to know; one guessed five dollars, another ten, another fifteen, until they had exhausted their patience, when one of them seriously asked him how much he had been offered—"not a cent," replied he.

A heart dead to the claims of man, cannot be alive to the claims of God; and cannot flourish in the ground where humanity withers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the N. Y. Spirit of the Times. A LIVE YANKEE "SNORED" OUT.

BY THE YOUNG 'UN.
Reader—do you snore in your sleep? You don't—Well, I suppose not! I never yet met the individual who would acknowledge the fact.

Shall I tell you of a little adventure I was once witness to with a 'Snorer'?

The varieties of the genus 'Snorer' is extended. There is your quiet, sighing, unobtrusive snorer—who makes a regular business of it, but who keeps it all 'in the family,' and peradventure, annoys only the partner of his joys and sorrows. There is, also, your nasal grumbler, (who sleeps in the next room!) who mumbles and grunts—and gets over it.

But if there be under Heaven, an object of pity, one that should excite the sympathy of the benevolent disposed—more than another commend me to your genuine, out and out snorer!

To appreciate his qualities fully—you should be fatigued and restless yourself—after a three days journey over a thumping bad road, and you shall run athwart him, where the steamboat line connects at a late hour in the night. You shall retire to one of the few cots left—which you find stretched in the centre of the cabin for the accommodation of the last comers—and after the dreadful jolting you have passed through for the previous twenty-four or forty-eight hours, as the case may be, you shall regale yourself, unimaginedly (during the process of undressing,) with the prospective enjoyment which Nature's sweet restorer has in reserve for you!

Your weary head touches the pillow, but an unusual nervousness troubles you; and despite your most earnest endeavors, it is midnight before you can compose yourself. You are at last worn out with tossing and turning—and though the night is warm, and the vermin are active—you determine to sleep.

For the last half hour you have been listening to what you imagined distant thunder, (you are afraid of lightning,) and at the instant you have concluded to resign yourself to the embrace of Morpheus, your eyes suddenly agape—wide open and, as your brow is slightly knitted, you involuntarily ask yourself, 'What's that?'

In reply to your interrogatory, a sort of explosion takes place—a miniature eruption of Vesuvius, a blast—'whoo—ooop!'—and the sound rolls away in a long-drawn, unearthly sigh—like the last effort of a suffocating man to recover his breath; and all is silent again.

In such a plight and at such a time—some years ago, I remember to have met a Yankee in the cabin of a crowded canal Packet. It was nearly midnight when he came on board, at Pittsburgh, from one of the Ohio river steamers. He was a very plain man, and had been out west, so he said—and was satisfied to go home again!

The cabin was crammed, and an 'upright' allotted him in the middle of the floor, with some others. He was a live Yankee—and occupied some considerable time in undressing, securing his watch, adjusting his bed-clothes, and caring for his 'tin,' which he stowed away under the pillow. He finally mounted the pieces of furniture, which some lady-writer compares to a fence rail covered with two strips of tape, and stretched himself for the night.

For a long time he tossed uneasily in his cot, muttering to himself something about 'shelved up between heaven and airth'—but he finally turned over, as I supposed for the last time—when a fellow on his extreme right, near the door, who had evidently been getting ready for some minutes burst out with—

'Aka—r-r-roo—whe-oo!'
Had a thunderbolt struck the Yankee upon the crown, he wouldn't have reached the floor quicker than he did as it was! And there he stood 'in his tracks'—his teeth chattering, his eyes distended, with both hands grasping the side rail of his cot—as he yelled out—

'Hel-low!'
'Phoo—oo—'
'Wot's that?'

The unconscious sleeper was relieved momentarily—and vouchsafed no answer. The Yankee gazed about the cabin cautiously—but his fellow lodgers were all sound asleep apparently, and the quiet tripping of the water against the sides of our frail boat was all that now broke the silence.

Again he mounted the cot, and at the moment I had supposed he had at last gone to the land of nod for the night—another—

'Ker-r-r—chee-ee—whoo!' burst from the throat of the snorer on his right, who had now got the steam well up. While the stranger started up to look for the cause—a

'Per—shee—swelo—oooh' escaped the grunter, and our Yankee could contain himself no longer. With one bound he sprang to the floor—with

'Hel-low—I say—'
'Ah—phoo!'
'Thunder and airthquakes!'—
'Wh—ee—'
'Wot is it?'

'Ar-ker-ker—sloo—oo—'
'Doo!'
'Tchoo—'
'No, it ain't me—'
'Er—y—hou!'
'Blast your picture—it ain't!'
'Ah—ish!'
'I say yer lie!'
'Er—y—hou!'

'Wy, its you—yourself,' continued the Yankee, approaching him cautiously—and you have made noise enough to skeer the devil, or stop a camp-meeting!

As he placed his hand upon the snorer's breast a sudden 'whoof!' escaped him, and the Yankee could bear no more!

'Help, yere!'
'Pshe—eu!' said the Snorer.
'Doo!'
'For God sake!'
'Hun—kir—'
'Cap'n—help—yere! The man's a dyin'—I say, Mised! Murder!—help!

By this time the cabin was in a roar—for the scene in its early stages had awakened most of the crowd, who had enjoyed it right heartily. The snorer turned over suddenly upon his side, and the effect awakened him.

'What's the row, neighbor?' he enquired of the Yankee, who stood over him with a light.

'Row? Thunder and light'nin!—ain't yer denyer yet? Wal, I reck'n yur'e one of 'em, stranger, Michigan thunder's a fool to yur'e snorin'—by goshus! If I sleep in this yere coop to-night, cut my picture!' he added—and in spite of all the Captain's assurances, he went up upon deck, where he lay till morning.

At daylight he landed—and, as he parted with the Captain, he declared that he had 'heern powerful thunder in his time, but that chap's snoring be all the high pressures he ever heard—jest as easy as open and shet!'
Philadelphia, Aug. 25, 1846.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

A FACT.—A colored man in Virginia approached the owner of a certain lady of color, and making his polite bow, said:

'Your servant massa; I should like to marry that colored gill Harriet of yourn if you have a subjection.'

The matter rather started the master, who said 'You want to do what, Sambo?'

'To marry, sir; jest to marry your Harriet, si if you have no subjections.'

'Well, I dont know whether I can consent, Sambo; but I'll consider the case.'

'That's right, massa, berry right to consider d matter—for I look at it as one of great 'portance so I'll see you again, 'bout it, massa.'

The master considered and consented.
'And so you have no subjections, massa?'

'No, none, Sambo.'

'Well, now, aint that fus rate? HARRIET A MINE! Good mornin' massa.'

'Good morning Sambo!'

A CANNY SCOTCHMAN.—A young lady who a zealous non-interventionist, and an active canvasser for bawbees and bodies in support of the Free Presbyterian Church, called the other day upon a poor man in the links of Kirkaldy, to solicit his mite; and, after in vain trying her ingenuity to find some means by which he might give a penny a week, to be given for the sustenance of the minister, who was about to be thrown from his kind, she said:

'Do you shawe yourself?'

'No, madam.'

'How much does your shawe?'

'Two pence a week.'

'Could you not learn to shawe more, so that you could save the two pence, which you might give to the sustenance of the minister?'

'Deed, mem, I'm power old to learn, but I'll do you what I'll do, if your minister will come to shawe me, I'll give him the tippenie.'

PRESSURE OF THE SEA.

If a piece of wood which floats on the water is forced down to a great depth in the sea, the pressure of the surrounding liquid will be forced into the pores of the wood, and so increase its weight that it will no longer be capable of floating or rising to the surface. Hence the timber of ships, which have foundered in the deep part of the ocean, never rise again to the surface like those which have sunk near the shore. A diver may, with impunity, plunge to certain depths of the sea, but there is a limit beyond which he cannot live under the pressure to which he is subject. For the same reason it is probable that there is a depth beyond which the fishes cannot live. They have according to Josiah been caught in a depth at which they must have sustained a pressure of eighty tons to each square foot of the surface of their bodies.

THE EARTH.

The surface of the earth is 196 866 square miles and its solidity 157,726,934,416 cubic miles. No more than one-fifth of the whole earth is habitable by man. The mean depth of the ocean is about three miles, and the mean height of mountains above the level of the ocean is one and three fourth miles. Distribute this land over the bottom of the ocean and the waters would cover the whole face of the earth. The mean annual temperature of the earth is fifty degrees.

NOT PARTICULAR.

A chap from the country, stopping at one of the hotels, being asked by the waiter whether he would have green or black tea replied, "he didn't care what color it was, so it had plenty of sweetnin' in it!"

A GOOD JOKE.—A well known physician in town is very much annoyed by an old lady who is always sure to accost him in the street, for the purpose of telling over her ailment. Once she met him in Broadway, and he was in a very great hurry. "Ah! I see you are quite feeble," said the doctor; "sit up your eyes and show me your tongue." She obeyed, and the doctor quietly moving off, left her standing there for some time in this ridiculous position, for the infinite amusement of all who witnessed the funny scene.—N. Y. Paper.

It is seldom that an apprentice who makes his master's interest his own, does not receive a reward by kindness and favors while an apprentice; and in after life he is quite sure to be prosperous in business and a respected and useful man.

MAKE IT LIGHT.—An attorney, about to finish a bill of costs, was requested by his client, a baker, "to make it as light as possible."

"Ah," replied the attorney, "that's what you say to your foreman, but it's not the way I make my bread."

THE FEMALE EYE.—It glares, invites, defies, denies, censures. It has the glance of love, the flash of rage, the sparkling of hope, the fire of jealousy, and the lustre of pleasure.