



"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.

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### THE MECKLENBURG JEFFERSONIAN.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,

BY JAMES FULTON.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

#### TERMS.

For a single copy, \$2 00 in advance; \$2 50, if not paid in six months, and \$3 if not paid until the end of the year. We will send the paper to clubs of 4 or more, one half of whom must be new subscribers, at the following reduced rates—

4 Copies, \$6 50 per Annum, in advance.  
8 " 12 00 " "  
12 " 16 00 " "

Agents forwarding us the names of 4 new subscribers, and becoming responsible for the amount, shall be entitled to one copy gratis.

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 of fifteen lines, for the first time, and Twenty-five cents for each continuance. A reduction of one-third will be made to those who advertise by the year.

Business Cards, not exceeding six lines Five Dollars per Annum.

The charge for announcing the name of a candidate for office is \$3, invariably in advance.

Letters to the Editor, to receive attention, must be post-paid.

#### NEW PROSPECTUS

OF THE

### MECKLENBURG JEFFERSONIAN.

HAVING become the proprietor of the MECKLENBURG JEFFERSONIAN, we deem it due to ourselves, as well as to our readers, to state plainly the principles we are determined to support, and the line of conduct we intend to pursue in the management of the paper.

Fully convinced of the justice and expediency of the great principles and leading measures of the Democratic party, and firmly believing that with their success is intimately entwined the permanence and prosperity of our glorious Union, we shall ever be found giving them our warmest support and most sincere approval.

To state our views upon ALL the questions at issue, would far exceed the limits of a prospectus, and forms no part of our present design, neither do we intend, in this place, to enter into a lengthened exposition of our reasons for holding the opinions we entertain. We shall, therefore, refer briefly to only a few of the prominent and most exciting topics of discussion, which at present agitate the minds of the people throughout the Union:—The WAR, the WILMOT PROVISION, and the HIGGINS Questions,—subjects, in themselves of the highest importance, and to the two first of which the present position of affairs has given a paramount and all-absorbing interest. Intimately, and as we believe, inseparably connected as these two questions are, a reference to one, will, in our opinion, necessarily include the other, we shall therefore refer to them together, endeavoring to compress what we have to say into as few words as possible:—

And first,—We are in favour of a speedy and honorable peace, and of every practicable means of attaining this desirable result. Regarding the disinterested proposition to withdraw our troops, dishonored and without indemnity, as a practical absurdity, the infamous responsibility of carrying which into effect, no party would dare to assume, we consider the Provision as the only real matter which will enter into the final issue, and upon this we can have but one opinion:—That all territory admitted into the Union, shall be at full liberty to choose for itself, unshackled by any new restriction not imposed by the Constitution, and at war with the perfect equality which should exist between the several States composing our confederacy.

Fully agreeing with the principles of the present revenue Tariff, and perfectly convinced of the advantages to be derived from its practical operation, we shall strenuously oppose any attempt to alter it, so as to protect particular interests at the expense of the whole country, thus taxing the many for the benefit of the few, and laying burdens on the farming and planting interests, which they are wholly unable to bear.

But while we shall always be found ready and willing to support our principles, whenever we may feel called upon, we will never fill our paper with political discussions, so far as to deprive our readers of a useful and entertaining variety, or to the exclusion of other matters of more general interest. The news and literary departments shall receive stricter attention, and occupy a much larger space than hitherto.

A carefully digested abstract of the current news of the week, concise, but accurate synopsis of the proceedings of our State and National Legislatures, when in session, and a full and reliable report of the state of our own and the neighboring markets, will always be found in our columns.

Feeling deeply the necessity of prompt payments, and convinced that it is only by closely adhering to this rule ourselves, and insisting upon its rigid observance from others, that a paper can be properly sustained, we have resolved to offer the most liberal premiums as inducements to pre-payment, at the same time requiring that all accounts for subscription, shall invariably be settled at the end of each year. From this rule we are determined in no case to deviate, as the sums, though insignificant to each subscriber, are indispensable to us, as forming the fund out of which heavy expenses must be met.

The JEFFERSONIAN will, from the first, be printed on fine white paper,—and with new and beautiful type, as soon as we can obtain from the founder the materials we have already ordered. It will be issued regularly every Thursday morning on the following

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In order to encourage the formation of clubs, and also hold out the highest incentives to cash payment, which system we are anxious to introduce, as soon as practicable, into our business, we will send the paper to clubs of 4 or more, one half of whom must be new subscribers, at the following reduced rates:—

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Any person to whom this Prospectus is sent, is authorized, and respectfully requested to act as agent, but should not desire so to act for us, we hope he will be kind enough to hand it over to some one who will use exertions to obtain subscribers, and forward their names as soon as practicable to

JAMES FULTON.

R. M. & R. G. ROBINSON,  
FASHIONABLE TAILORS,  
One Door South of Kerr's Hotel,  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

### I'm Glad when Thou'rt Away.

BY SYBIL SIMMONS.

Oh! it is hard to be with thee,  
And worship day by day,  
And fear that thou'lt the passion see,  
That burneth and consumeth me;  
I'm glad when thou'rt away.

Thou lov'st me not, but I have told  
A tale of love to thee,  
With foolish eyes, too weakly bold,  
To notice that thine own were cold,  
And stern when fixed on me.

And tho' I'll love thee till I die,  
And nightly for thee pray,  
I cannot bear the mocking eye,  
Of those around, when thou art nigh;  
I'm glad when thou'rt away.

There's not on earth another heart,  
But wishes thee to stay;  
E'en Beauty sighs with thee to part,  
In Genius' eye the tear-drops start;  
I'd have thee far away!

### THE JEFFERSONIAN.

Monday, November 27, 1848.

Maj. G. H. Wilder.

Very few of our readers, we presume, have forgotten with what violence this gentleman was assailed during the Presidential campaign which has just closed. Partisan rancor stopped at nothing that could promote its ends, and gentlemen stooped to the use of epithets which they never should have employed, while certain nameless and characterless scribblers, secure in their own insignificance, indulged in low abuse of which no gentleman could have been guilty, nor any one preserving even the slightest remnant of self-respect condescend to notice. Thus far we have made no allusion to this matter as we have felt confident that in due time Maj. Wilder would be certain to take care of himself. How far he has met the charges made against him, let the following card, which we take from the Raleigh Standard, speak:

#### To the Public.

On my return from Mexico I was welcomed home by many personal friends, when I made a few remarks in response, but slightly touching political matters. Questioning the propriety of a different course, while holding a commission in the army, I took no part whatever in the late Presidential contest. And yet I have been the subject of the most bitter malignity, abuse, and falsehood. Whilst I was west of the mountains, some anonymous scribbler attributed to me language impugning the bravery and gallantry of Gen. Taylor at Buena Vista—an idea which I suppose never entered the mind of a rational being; and nothing less than the most wilful perversion of language could have attributed it to me. For that great and distinguished officer I have always entertained the kindest feelings, and the highest admiration for his known gallantry and daring.

But my enemies, not being satisfied with this slander, brought another charge of a more serious character, and this was asserted under responsible names. At Lexington, I was informed by George Greenfield, Dr. Burns, Alfred Foster and others, that Geo. E. Badger and John M. Morehead, in public addresses in Davidson, Rowan, Iredell, and Stanly, had openly asserted that I was the wicked tool of a corrupt Government, sent out to circulate Democratic documents calumniating the Whig party. One of them even pretended to have a personal knowledge of the fact, as he stated he met me at Hillsborough. Their comments too were still more malignant—making my name the subject of the bitterest abuse and vituperation. Now I assert and aver most positively, that I have neither seen, read, or circulated a single Democratic document during the late canvass. And after diligent inquiry I can trace this report to no other source than to the above individuals, who seem to be its sole authors and originators, without the shadow of excuse from any act or deed of mine. It therefore becomes my unwelcome duty to publish these men to the world as the authors or at least the eager circulators of a vile falsehood as was ever uttered to a public assembly.

G. H. WILDER.

Raleigh, Nov. 9, 1848.

From the North Carolina Standard.

#### Internal Improvements.

To the Members of the Legislature of N. Carolina.

GENTLEMEN: We stated it as our belief, for the reasons which we assigned, that the Danville route, if suffered to go on, would prove fatal to the Raleigh, as also to the Wilmington Road; and we now advance the opinion, that even though the plan now suggested should succeed, that in that event too, is the Wilmington Road doomed to go down. A bad condition of things, we admit; but bad as it is, it is plainly foreseen upon the happening of either contingency, you yourselves being the judge. Promptness and decision of character are the essential characteristics of success, while on the contrary vacillation and timidity only inspire opposition with energy, and in reality increase the difficulties finally to be overcome.

It was Burke who said, (if we mistake not) that if there was one eminent criterion which above all the rest distinguishes a wise Government it was this: to know the best time and the best manner of relinquishing that which it is impossible to keep.

You have been shown, then, it is impossible for you to keep both Roads, and that it is only by timely legislation that you are allowed to save even the Metropolitan route. Carrying out then the sentiment just quoted, and being convinced of the truth of our last remark, you will act the part of wise statesmen, not by relinquishing that which you cannot keep,

(you have not even this poor alternative) but in renegeing some of the consequences connected with that relinquishment, which unless provided against in time, will become incurable, and will far exceed in importance the loss you will have to sustain, however great that loss may be.

Yes, let there be but a failure to provide the proposed or some similar route, as a substitute for the Columbia or Danville project; and let that link be supplied, (as it will be) and what would be the consequences to the agricultural and commercial interests of your people? What to the State of North Carolina? Your State, it is true, in the first instance, would but suffer (as a State,) a loss to the extent of her entire interest in both roads. If this was all, she might finally recover, but the mischief does not stop there; she is thereby actually prevented now and forever, from constructing a road to the West, or from building up those which from necessity have gone down.

The same cause (the diversion of travel) would always be at work, and like all other causes must have their certain effect; for recollect, it is by travel mainly that such roads can be sustained. Turn your attention for instance to the Raleigh Road. For the last six months, commencing on the 1st of April, and ending on the 1st of October, the travel has exceeded the freight \$839 86, and the expense has exceeded both. In the Wilmington Road we have no reliable data at hand, yet we venture to affirm that the travel on that road bears a still greater proportion.

We know, and we think we can appreciate properly the loss which private stockholders have and will sustain upon any contingency, but that loss to some extent is now beyond the reach of prudent legislation. The fault was not yours, but was that of your predecessors; for the two roads, running as they do, was originally a most foolish project, and being projected in jealousy, must terminate in the ruin of all concerned, without some legislation; and even such as you ought to afford cannot save both parties, without impoverishing a third, and still greater party.

We propose nothing which goes to make the condition of the lower route worse, but shall recommend much to improve it. If we even had to decide—so far as our plan proposed is concerned—between a mischief to them, and an inconvenience to other public interests at large, we should pause for a while before we inflicted the blow, hoping that the inconvenience might be in some other way obviated. But even this is not allowed you; the mischief will come, and when it is thus brought about you will have no power to remove the inconvenience without entailing a still greater inconvenience. We have given it as our opinion that in any event (upon the happening of either contingency,) is the Wilmington Road compelled to go down. Nothing can be done which prudence on your part would suggest, to save it as a whole, but it is well worthy of your most serious consideration, whether something might not be done to save it in part.

There are two ways in which relief might be extended—the one is to connect the Raleigh and Wilmington Roads at or near Waynesborough; the other is seemingly bold and novel in its character, and at the first blush looks like "gaining a loss," yet when rightly viewed it has much to recommend it. The State has now a mortgage on the Wilmington Road, to secure liabilities which she has assumed, amounting to some \$300,000; she has also some \$600,000 in stock. Unless something is done the whole is lost. It hangs like a mill-stone upon the shoulders of the "Directory," and sooner or later must crush the stockholders. You might, then, as soon as you have decided to construct the proposed or some similar road, and as soon as it was completed, authorize your Governor to transfer (for a nominal consideration) to the President and Directors of the Wilmington Road, the one-half of the State's entire stock in that road. Let your mortgage continue, and if you have not rendered them much of a benefit, we guaranty that you have done yourselves no injury. Our reasons for suggesting the one half of the stock, was the impression that nothing less than that would enable them to keep the road up to Weldon, which we think ought to be kept up; but as for the Atlantic communication that must be abandoned.

Should the one-half of the stock not be sufficient to enable the Directory to continue the road as far as Weldon, we would order an additional transfer, and still contend that you had done the State no injury, but that in reality you had increased the chances of saving the amount of your mortgage. Were the stock and debt our individual property we should think (under the present emergency) that we had made a most capital bargain to relinquish one-half, and should not think that we had been overreached even though we gave up the entire stock.

Who is there, we ask, (in the face of the Columbia and Danville project pushing on) would lift the mortgage for the entire road? Nay, we go further, who is there that would pay the mortgage for both roads?

YADKIN.

#### A Duel in Georgia.

In the bar-room of a rude tavern and post house in the western part of Georgia, around a rough deal table, ornamented with two or three old newspapers, were seated nine or ten persons—overseers, book-keepers, and small planters. As the weather was intensely hot, the party had cause to be thirsty; and thirsty enough they were, if one might judge from their incessant potations of mint-julep, snertty cobbler, sangaree, and divers other species of the American beverages, the names of which are as singular as their flavor is delicious. The party had for some time been engaged in a loud and boisterous political conversation, when they were suddenly interrupted by,

"What are you making all this jaw about?"

On hearing this gentlemanly query, the assemblage turned their eyes upon the speaker of it with a stare of astonishment and rage; which, however, was instantly converted into an expression of undisguised consternation, as soon as they fully recognized the new comer.

In the door-way stood a man at least six feet three inches in height, and stout in proportion. His features were most essentially villainous, and his large grey eyes gleamed with an expression that was absolutely fiendish. Every thing about him had a ferocious aspect, from the dilapidated white musk rat

hat that was fiercely cocked on one side of his head, to the clumsy and muddy shoes that protected his huge feet; while the butts of two horse pistols, peeping out from the breast of his waistcoat, gave the finishing touch to the picture. As he stared savagely on the company, they forgot every thing but the formidable monster before them—Meriwether Gamble, the bully of Sodom and Gomorrah.

This interesting personage lived some fifteen miles off, close to the Alabama frontier. The real name of his place of residence (if it ever had been regularly christened by the Government surveyor) had long ago been forgotten; but it was universally known throughout the district by the appellation we have just given it. It was a perfect Alsatia, within the magic limits of which no sheriff dared show himself. Here Gamble lorded it over a plantation of eighty or ninety slaves; and here he presided over a gang of miscreants, whose doings were the terror of the country for fifty miles round. Every one of them had in his day murdered at least one white man, counting Indians and negroes for nothing; and their chief had been outlawed a doz times for as many atrocious crimes. At that very moment there was a price of 500 dollars on his head. Several attempts had been made, both by the legal authorities and by private individuals, to take him dead or alive, but they had always failed most signally. On one of these occasions he was said to have killed, or mortally wounded, five men, single-handed. Such being his character, it was no wonder that his appearance in Major Lawson's bar-room struck terror into all its occupants. But I am wrong in saying all; for as he looked round triumphantly upon the cowering assemblage, there was one man who cast back on him a gaze as haughty as his own. As this person was, moreover, distinguished by being the only individual present who could by any stretch of courtesy be called a gentleman, he deserves more particular mention.

Frederick Stuyvesant Schuyler belonged to one of the oldest Dutch families in New York. His father was a wealthy merchant, who kept a stylish house in Broadway, and an elegant country seat on the banks of the Hudson. At the age of fifteen he entered Columbia College, and became, in a short time, a great favorite with Professor Anthon, and a regular attendant at Bassford's. So sedulously did he cultivate his classics and his billiards, that, on taking his degree at nineteen, he could almost play the pony even, and was considered one of the first scholars in New York. The two years which elapsed between Schuyler's graduating and attaining his majority, were passed without much profit to himself or any one else. He was nominally studying for the law; but, like many young men of fortune, only did so that he might have the credit of belonging to some profession. This sort of life, however, did not last forever.

At the period of which we are speaking, the American commercial world was beginning to recover from the great explosion of 1837; or, indeed, we may say that it had nearly recovered. But during the continuance of the great panic, Mr. Schuyler had, in common with hundreds of his brother merchants, become a bankrupt.

He had but one cause of satisfaction—no small one, it must be confessed, to an honest man!—not one credit lost a cent by him. Having at length wound up his affairs, he found himself, as he would have expressed it, with a capital of half nothing to begin life again. He became a clerk in a house far inferior to that of which he had been the head; his daughters took in needle-work; and his son determined to get his living as a teacher. Unwilling to remain in his native city, amid scenes of luxury in which he could no longer participate, young Schuyler endeavored to obtain a tutorship in the South. Having heard of an excellent one in Alabama, he made instant application for it; and secured it over several competitors, by dint of Professor Anthon's testimonials. He then made his will, took leave of his friends, bought a pair of pistols and a dirk, and made such other preparations as a man usually does who is about to leave a civilized for a barbarous country. Thus far, however, he had penetrated in safety to within sixty miles of his destination; and was now waiting at Major Lawson's hotel for the mail-stage, which was expected in a few hours, or days as the state of the roads and other contingencies might determine. As we have found him in rather dangerous company, it may not be amiss to add a word respecting his qualifications, in case of a row. His height did not exceed five feet ten, and none of his proportions were large; but he was symmetrically built, possessed great strength and greater agility; and was, moreover, a tolerably scientific pugilist. On the whole, notwithstanding their great disparity in size, a worse antagonist might have been found for the redoubted Meriwether Gamble.

We left that gentleman standing in the door-way of the bar-room, and looking most rantancorously, as a Kentuckian would say, upon the terrified company. Having waited about two minutes, possibly in the hope of receiving an answer to his first interrogation, he thus delivered himself of his opinions on things in general:

"So you're all quiet now. You were making noise enough just now, when I came in. What's the matter? P'raps you don't know me?" The countenances of all expressed that they sincerely wished they did not. "I'm Meriwether Gamble, the greatest man in the district. I'm a perfect steamboat, with a considerable sprinkling of the comet. I can knock down and drag out a whole regiment, whip my weight in Indians, swallow a buffalo whole, and pick my teeth with the horns. And it's my opinion that you're all a set of cowards." With which practical application of his somewhat desultory remarks, the bully ejected a torrent of tobacco-juice across the room, directly upon the polished boot of the New Yorker, who involuntarily shook his foot as a man might do who had stepped into a puddle.

The rest of the company were not sorry to see the insult, which had been offered to all present; thus particularly fixed upon the stranger, who was thus bound to take up the quarrel; but they very much doubted if he would show fight. They had not long to doubt. Schuyler rose from his seat, and advancing close to the huge ruffian, asked, in a cool and unimpassioned tone:

"Did you intend to spit on my boot, sir?"

Gamble appeared speechless with astonishment and rage.

"I ask, did you intend to spit on my boot, sir?"

"Spit on your boot! I'll spit in your face n'xt time!"

Very possibly he might have proceeded to put his threat into execution; but if such was his intention, Schuyler gave him no time to perform it, for on receiving the above response, he instantly planted his fist, with all the emphasis he could command, full in the Georgian's chest. So energetically and skillfully was the blow given, that the giant reeled back, and, with scarcely an effort to save himself, toppled over on the floor.

Had this result been brought about by a miracle, the company could not have been more stupefied—(that the strongest man they had ever seen should be knocked down at one blow by a fellow who seemed hardly a mouthful for him!) But they had no long space for their wondering cogitations; for Gamble, suddenly sprung from the floor with a tiger-like bound, and, throwing himself headlong on Schuyler, bore him down at once. Then followed oaths, and pantings, and rapidly-interchanged blows, and a precipitate scuttling of the bystanders right and left, as the combatants rolled over and over on the floor in the struggle.

There was a pause in the conflict. Both had risen to their knees; neither endeavored to regain his feet, or overthrow the other; but Schuyler was evidently trying to draw his dirk, and Gamble as clearly endeavoring to draw his Bowie-knife.

At length the Georgian having freed his right arm, raised it over his head, as if to chop down his antagonist with his clenched fist. Such, however, was not his intention. In a moment the bright blade of his weapon gleamed in the air, and muttering a fearful oath, he made a deadly stab at the other. Schuyler caught his opponent's wrist, and turned the knife aside; its point entered the floor, and snapped in two.

Furious at the loss of his weapon, Gamble suddenly caught his antagonist by the throat with both hands, and casting his huge weight upon him, buried him back helplessly to the floor. It was a perilous time for Schuyler. With one hand on his breast, the savage held him down; the other was twisted in his flowing black curls, and the long thumb-nail was under his eye. "He's gouged!" exclaimed the host, when suddenly the fallen man jerked up his knees, and fairly sent his bulky enemy over his head in a complete summer. A shout of approbation broke from all present. The Major now thought proper to interpose. "Boys!" he exclaimed as the combatants regained their feet and gave signs of renewing the battle. "Part 'em! part 'em! they've had rough-and-tumble enough." Three men immediately caught hold of Schuyler, and four surrounded Gamble. The belligerents were doubtless not at all sorry to be separated; though Gamble made a show of resistance, and swore terribly at those about him. And now Major Lawson, who being as his own premises felt authorized in assuming a little authority, proceeded to explain his views on the subject, and ended a short but characteristic speech: "Est 'em here a pair of pistols and a Bowie-knife a piece, nothing else; put 'em in a dark room together, and let 'em fight it out like gentlemen."

This proposition was received with a shout. The room selected for the duel was a sort of garret, which, having no window, was reduced to a state of total darkness by closing the door. To this the combatants were conducted, and immediately commenced their preparations for the encounter, in which they were assisted by all present. After being provided with weapons, Gamble kicked off his shoes, and Schuyler pulled off his boots, rolled up his trousers a little way, and cut off his straps, for fear the buttons should make a noise. The Major suggested that they had better take off their coats also, which they accordingly did; and Schuyler, while giving his to the landlord, made this brief testamentary disposition:

"Major," said he, "it's highly probable that one of us two will never get out of this room till he's carried. If I happen to be the one, you'll find on me a silver watch, a silver pencil case, and thirty dollars in New York bills. See that I'm decently buried, and keep the balance for your trouble."

"I say, Major," growled Gamble, "just fix me a good stiff mint-julep, and have it ready for me in fifteen minutes. Don't forget, now!"

These were the last words the combatants spoke. Almost every one had left the room except Lawson; who now stationed the parties in opposite corners, asked if they were quite ready, and, on receiving an affirmative response, wished them good-bye, and locked the door upon them, leaving them together, "to fight it out like gentlemen."

The first thing which each did was to change his place five or six feet; after which they remained some time inactive. The difficulties of their position will be readily appreciated. If one of the duellists advanced upon the other, with the intention of coming to close quarters, he might by some slight noise expose himself to his antagonist's fire, or might run unawares upon the point of a knife or the muzzle of a pistol. If he fired without being sure of his man, the flash of his pistol would guide the enemy in returning the shot. The most natural course was for them to wait, each in the hope of exhausting his opponent's patience, and tempting him to commit some imprudence.

In this way they watched each other, or rather watched for each other, for about ten minutes; when at length Schuyler thought he detected the cat-like gleam of his antagonist's grey eyes at the opposite side of the garret. Turning his left side in that direction, and bringing his right arm across his breast, he peered more eagerly than before into the darkness. His suspicion was increased to certainty;—he fired. Instantly the fire was returned, and his left arm, which he had involuntarily raised, fell shattered by his side. In the agony of the moment, he huddled the discharged pistol across the room. As it struck harmlessly on the rough log which formed the side-walls, he heard a low taunting chuckle. Human nature could not bear it;—he fired again, almost at random. Again the fire was returned;—the ball piercing his side, and overcome by pain and loss of blood, he fell heavily to the floor, while another fiendish laugh sounded in his ears.

But though sorely wounded, Schuyler was not yet hors de combat. Raising himself with some difficulty to a sitting posture, he drew his knife, prepared to sell his life as dearly as possible; only hoping that