

TERMS:

The Mecklenburg Jeffersonian is published weekly, at Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if paid in advance; or Three Dollars, if not paid before the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing.

No paper will be discontinued while the subscriber owes any thing, if he is able to pay;—and a failure to notify the Editor of a wish to discontinue at least one month before the expiration of the time paid for, will be considered a new engagement.

Original subscribers will not be allowed to discontinue the paper before the expiration of the first year without paying for a full year's subscription.

Advertisements will be conspicuously and correctly inserted at One Dollar per square for the first insertion, and Twenty-five Cents for each continuance—except Court and other judicial advertisements, which will be charged twenty-five per cent. higher than the above rates.

Letters to the Editor, unless containing money in sums of Five Dollars, or over, must come free of postage, or the amount paid at the office here will be charged to the writer, in every instance, and collected as other accounts.

Weekly Almanac for December, 1841.

Table with columns: DAYS, SUN RISE, SUN SET, MOON'S PHASES. Rows include dates from 14th to 20th of December.

NOTICE TO Common School Committees.

The Board of Superintendents of Common Schools for Mecklenburg County, hereby notify the School Committees in the several Districts, that a meeting of the Board will be held at Charlotte, on Tuesday of the ensuing January Court.

December 7, 1841.



POETRY.

HOW SELFISH ARE OUR TEARS!

How selfish are our tears! Mine would not be repressed when first I learned Thy radiant soul had to its home returned.

Was it for thee, sweet friend, Sinless and sainted! that my cheeks were wet, And my days darkened with a vain regret,

Too well I loved thee!—ay, Call it idolatry, the deep, the intense, O'er-mastering passion! but thou hast gone hence,

In vain—I list in vain For the low answer which was wont to thrill My heart like life!—that tone of love is still,

Finances of North Carolina.

From the Fayetteville Observer.

FINANCES OF NORTH CAROLINA.

The Governor of the State has just published, in the Raleigh Register, the Comptroller's and Treasurer's statements of their accounts for the year ending Nov. 1st, 1841.

Table showing receipts and disbursements for the year ending Nov 1st, 1841. Includes items like Balance on hand, Entries of Vacant Lands, Roanoke Navigation Dividends, etc.

The Disbursements on account of this Fund have been,

Table showing disbursements on account of the Fund, including Paid to Counties for Common Schools, Draining Swamp Lands, Expenses of Literary Board, etc.

Internal Improvement Fund.—The Receipts on account of this Fund consist of—

Table showing receipts on account of the Internal Improvement Fund, including From Cherokee Bonds, Bank Dividends, etc.

The Disbursements from this Fund consist of—

Table showing disbursements from the Internal Improvement Fund, including Expenses of the Board, Commissioner of Nantahala Mountain Road, etc.

Leaving a balance on hand to the credit of this Fund, of

Table showing the balance on hand to the credit of the Internal Improvement Fund.

The Public Fund.—The Receipts of the Treasury proper, applicable to the ordinary demands on the Treasury, are as follows:

Table showing receipts of the Treasury proper, including Balance on hand, Nov. 1, 1840, Rec'd of Sheriffs, Public Tax for 1840, etc.

The Disbursements consist of

Table showing disbursements, including Executive Dep't, Governor's Salary, Private Secretary's do., Treasury do., etc.

Excess of payments over the receipts, from this Fund,

Table showing the excess of payments over receipts from the Public Fund.

Amount due Literary Fund, on 1st Nov. 1841.

Table showing amount due Literary Fund on Nov 1st, 1841.

Deduct amount due Public Treasurer, 1st November, 1841,

Table showing the deduction of amount due Public Treasurer on Nov 1st, 1841.

Leaves a balance in the hands of Public Treasurer, 1st Nov. 1841,

Table showing the balance in the hands of Public Treasurer on Nov 1st, 1841.

THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT.

The following circular has been transmitted by the Postmaster-General to the special agents of the Department. The abuses to which the Postmaster-General refers have been practised to no inconsiderable extent, and it is to be hoped they are now to be brought to speedy correction and termination.

Circular Letter to the Special Agents of the Post Office Department.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, November 4th, 1841.

SIR: To the duties assigned you by any former instructions, as Special and Confidential Agent of this Department, I desire to add, that of strictly observing the manner in which the Post Offices are kept in the section and along the lines of route you may be called to inspect and travel.

The Postmaster-General expects that every Post Office, whatever may be its importance, shall be attended to or supervised by the Deputy Postmaster. The practice which, I regret to learn, has obtained in many portions of the U. S., of one man holding the commission of Postmaster, whilst another discharges its duties, must be stopped; and when such

cases fall within your knowledge, I desire that they shall be made the subject of special report.

Great carelessness in the opening and keeping the mail in insecure places and permitting persons, other than the Postmaster, or his sworn assistants, to have access to the same when opening or after it is opened, has been charged, in general terms, upon many of the Postmasters in the small towns and villages. This evil must be corrected, and when you have evidence of the fact, it is expected you will make it known to the Department, that the only efficient remedy may be applied.

It is also desirable that you observe the department of all carriers and drivers of mails, and report any misconduct arising from wilful negligence or carelessness and inattention to their duties to their employers and to the Department.

Many complaints have been made against the agents or travelling Postmasters on railroad routes: you are expected to observe the conduct of such as may fall within the range of your supervision.

Information has been communicated to this Department that drivers and carriers of the mail, on the more distant and unimportant routes, are in the habit of carrying letters in violation of law, thereby lessening the income of the Department. As this may be done in ignorance of the law, you will inform and instruct the contractors to charge the carriers and drivers not to violate the law in this particular.

Upon the active exertion and vigilant supervision of the Special Agents of this Department, mainly depend the regularity, security and efficiency of mail transportation, and I cannot too strongly impress upon you the importance and high responsibility of your stations.

General must look for accurate information upon all subjects pertaining to the outdoor operations of the Department. Give me your efficient aid, and I do not despair of making the Post-Office Department eminently useful and popular.

Very respectfully, Your obedient servant, C. A. WICKLIFFE.

Horrible Murder.—The Athens (Tenn.) Courier brings us the details of a most horrible murder, which was perpetrated at the house of Mr. John McMahon, about four miles north of that town, in the forenoon of Monday, November 15, 1841.

On Monday morning Mr. M. started to Decatur, Meigs county, taking Jim with him. His two little sons also went to school, leaving only Mrs. M., her daughter and an infant, beginning to walk, at home with Pete. About 10 o'clock, p. m., Mr. Hamilton called at Mr. M.'s gate—saw a woman lying on the kitchen floor, but no one answered his repeated calls.

The infant had been about its mother—its foot prints from the blood were all over the floor—it had finally gone into the kitchen and was found sitting on the body of its sister. Poor child!

Information was immediately despatched to Mr. M. As he was about starting home, Jim whom he was leaving with the wagon, told him not to go home by himself or he would be killed too. This expression, induced by nothing but the workings of Jim's own mind, naturally excited suspicion as to him. He was accordingly arrested. He at first denied knowing any thing of the murder. Being asked why then did he warn his master, he replied that he said that before he thought of it.

Duelling.—In ridicule of this practice, Dr. Franklin used to tell the following story: One person said to another in a Coffee House, "Sir, sit a little farther off, you smell offensively."

A humorous young man was driving a horse which was in the habit of stopping at every house on the road side; passing a country tavern, where was collected together some dozen countrymen, the beast as usual ran opposite the door and stopped, in spite of the young man, who, applying the whip with all his might to drive the horse on, the men on the porch commenced a hearty laugh, and some enquired if he would sell that horse?

Mothers and Daughters.—It was a judicious resolution of a father, as well as a most pleasing recompense to his wife, when on being asked by a friend what he intended to do with his girls, he replied, "I intend to apprentice them all to their excellent mother, that they may learn the art of improving time, and be fitted to become like her—wives, mothers, heads of families and useful members of society."

Variety.

From the Uncle Sam.

WON'T TAKE TWENTY DOLLARS.

Some waggish students at Yale College, a few years since, were regaling themselves one evening at the "Tontine," when an old farmer from the country entered their room (taking it for the bar-room) and inquired if he could obtain lodging there.

"Do you belong to the church?" asked one of the wags.

"Yes, the Lord be praised, and so did my father before me."

"Well, I suppose you would not tell a lie," replied the student.

"Not for the world," added the farmer.

"Now, what will you take for that dog?" pointing to the farmer's cur who was not worth his weight in Jersey mud.

"I would not take twenty dollars for that dog."

"Twenty dollars! why he is not worth twenty cents."

"Well, I assure you I would not take twenty dollars for him."

"Come, my friend," said the student, who, with his companions, were bent on having some capital fun with the old man.

"I'll not take it," replied the farmer.

"You will not? Here, let us see if this won't tempt you to tell a lie," added the student, producing a small bag of half dollars from which he commenced counting numerous small pieces upon the table.

"The farmer was sitting by the table with his hat in his hand, apparently unconcerned.

"The old farmer quietly raised his hat to the edge of the table, and then, as quick as thought, scraped all the money into it, except one half dollar, at the same time exclaiming,

"I won't take your twenty dollars! Nineteen and a half is as much as the dog is worth—he is your property!"

A tremendous laugh from his fellow students showed the would-be-wag, that he was completely "done up," and that he need not look for help from that quarter; so he good naturedly acknowledged himself beaten, insisted on the old farmer's taking another glass, and they parted in great glee, the student retaining his dog, which he keeps to this day, as a lesson to him never to attempt to play tricks on men older than himself, and especially to be careful how he tries to wheedle a Yankee farmer.

A PUN BY A PADDY.

A boss builder, who had some men employed in lifting an old Spanish constructed house yesterday in Burgundy street met with a slight accident, which had the effect of raising a small bump on his cranium, just where that of casualty should be; it gives rise to a pun, too, on the part of one of that rising portion of our community—an Irish hod carrier.

As the "boss" was descending from the roof, one of his "hands" let a brick inadvertently fall, which at the moment stunned him severely. Finding it was done unintentionally, he let the ebullition of his wrath escape by bestowing a few execrations on Irish awkwardness. As soon as the boss withdrew, one of the laborers, who ascended the "topmost round of the ladder" and deposited his mortar on the scaffold, turned to him who was the object of the present reproachful epithets, and in a poke-me-under-the-fifth-rib kind of humor, said—

"Jerry, Jerry, it isn't here you ought to be at all; natur was chayed out iv her intentions altogether intirely when you was put to your present employment—it doesn't shoot (suit) your gwynus—you are like a drunken man at a temperance meeting, or a member of the Universal Payce Society at an Irish fair.

"What do you make by all this goster?" said Jerry.

"Why, I mane," said the other, "that ye ought to be a member of Congress, makin' motions in Washington instead of makin' mortar in Arlayus—instead of being an assistant slayther, you ought to be a legislatur—"

"Well, then, do you know, Tim," said the recipient of this string of compliments, "do you know Tim, that since the time I used to lay plans for paythin the poilyce, I always thought I had a little talent in that way—that I couldn't fail to make a good oppyshun number—but, thin, I havn't the larmin'."

"Divil a matter about that," said Tim, "it doesn't require a man to know fluchshuns, and conisceshuns, and thriegenomethry, and all them dead languages, to be a legislatur. The way you threw that last brick at the boss, Jerry, convinces me that you can head Captin Tyler better than Batts, or Potts, or whatever you call him, altogether intirely."

The very negroes present gave a yaw! yaw! yawn! at the play upon words by Tim, or literal application of a political pun.

The Natches Courier tells "a sich a good 'un" about a man's losing his identity. It seems that Major D— and Major S—, two characters for their inwardly well known about Hinds county, met at Raymond, and were put in the same apartment, immediately over the bar-room. The former had just returned from Texas, and they concluded to assist the relation of his adventures with a bottle of the "in-vincible."

"Why, major! is this you?" was the general cry: "Why, no—that is—yes, sir," said he with some confusion, as he slowly gathered himself up, "I rather believe it is, now, I knew some Major had fell, but I thought it was that d—d Texas Major."

Mothers and Daughters.—It was a judicious resolution of a father, as well as a most pleasing recompense to his wife, when on being asked by a friend what he intended to do with his girls, he replied, "I intend to apprentice them all to their excellent mother, that they may learn the art of improving time, and be fitted to become like her—wives, mothers, heads of families and useful members of society."

Rather Sectarian.—"Sambo, are you willing to be damned, if it be the Lord's will?" enquired a Calvinist of a favorite colored servant. "O, yes Massa, and more too: I willing to have you damned too, Massa," was Sambo's reply.

Five Facts.—A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy; and temperance the best physic.

CONJUGAL LOGIC.

"My dear, did you not buy a handsome shawl for fifty dollars?" "Yes, my love." "So I thought!" "Well, it is lying on the floor in the other room. As the times are hard, and I can scarcely pay my notes, I hope you will be a little careful of your fine clothing." "Oh, that is of no consequence, for the shawl must be cleaned before it is used again."

"My dear, one of the children has just thrown your handsome shawl into the cistern." "Indeed, I am really sorry, but it needed washing, and I will have it taken out presently." On the next day, the husband desiring his lady to accompany him a short distance into the country, she dressed for the purpose.

"My dear, why don't you wear your new shawl?" "It is not taken out of the cistern yet: I will attend to it, the first thing, when we come home.—You know I could not wear it all dripping wet."

"But my dear, if you had put it in its proper place, when you first took it off, it would never have fallen from the table." "And if I had kept myself in my proper place, I never should have been the companion of such a wretched, miserly, busy body as yourself."

"My dear, you are always too dilatory. If you had not deferred that speech until after our marriage, you never would have been taken from the arms of your beggerly old father."

"Then I never should have gone from under the protection of a gentleman to shelter under the roof of a fellow."

"I wonder, my dear, how a lady of your refined and exalted notions can continue under the roof of a fellow!" "You will give me time for the horses to be put in the carriage." She rings and orders the carriage, puts on her things, and moves slowly towards the door.

"My dear, are you really going?" "Yes, but why do you speak so kindly, if you hate me?" "I did not say that I hated you, my dear." "Did you not? But the shawl?" "Let that go, my dear. It is not worth a thought!" "Now you speak like yourself. What a dear love!" They kissed affectionately. After this little scene the lady always did as she pleased with her shawl; and her "dear love" compounded with his creditors, in a few months, while his loving wife ran off with a Colonel.

Sunday Morning Atlas.

Absurdities.—To attempt to borrow money on the plea of extreme poverty. To make yourself generally disagreeable, and wonder no one will visit you unless they gain some palpable advantage by it. To sit shivering in the cold because you won't have a fire till November.

To suppose the reviewers generally read more than the title-page of the works they praise or condemn. To keep your clerks on miserable salaries, and wonder at their robbing you. Not to go to bed when you are tired and sleepy, because it is not bedtime. To make your servants tell lies for you, and afterwards be angry because they tell lies for themselves.

To tell your own secrets, and believe other people will keep them. To render a man a service voluntarily, and expect him to be grateful for it. To expect to make people honest by hardening them in jail, and afterwards sending them adrift without the means of getting work. To fancy a thing is cheap because a low price is asked for it. To say a man is charitable because he subscribes to an hospital.

To arrive at the age of fifty, and be surprised at any vice, folly, or absurdity your fellow creatures may be guilty of. To vote for a candidate at an election because he shakes hands with your wife and child and admires the baby.

Old, but good.—A Tacitus.—A British East India Captain being sent to make a survey and report, on a group of savage Islands, thus dispatched the several heads of religion—manners, and customs.—Religion, apparently none. Manners,—none. Customs,—not fit to be described.

A village editor, visiting New York, was by mistake, picked up and put in the bundle of an old woman who was out picking up rags.—H. Review.

When Milton was blind, he married a shrew.—The Duke of Buckingham called her a rose. "I am no judge of colors," replied Milton, "but it may be so, for I feel the thorns daily."

Really Small.—"That is really the smallest horse I ever saw," said a countryman on viewing a Shetland pony. "Indeed, now," replied the Irish companion, "but I've saw one as small as two of him."

A Tur's Timepiece.—As a thorough paed tar was passing St. Paul's the other day, the clock struck twelve. Jack instinctively put his hand to his pocket, and pulling out his newly bought watch, exclaimed with evident satisfaction and a few nautical embellishments, "There! if this little chap hasn't beat that great lazy lubber an hour!"—Mechanic.

Dead or Alive.—"Pomp, what de debil am a jury ob inkest?" "Wal, de fact is, niggard—a jury ob inkest am a lot of fellars who sits down on a dead man to find out whether he am dead for sartin, or only playing possum."

Capital Punishment.—Being kissed to death by a pretty girl.—Troy Budget.

The Mechanic.—The following beautiful article is from "The Carpenter of Rouen," a popular play: "The mechanic, sir, is one of God's noblemen."

What have mechanics not done? Have they not opened the secret chambers of the mighty deep, and extracted its treasures, and made the raging billows their highway, on which they ride as on a tame steed? Are not the elements of fire and water chained to the crank, and to the mechanic's bidding compelled to turn it? Have not mechanics opened the bowels of the earth, and made its products contribute to his wants? The forked lightning is their play-thing; and they ride triumphant on the wings of the mighty winds. To the wise they are the flood gates of knowledge, and kings and queens are decorated with their hand works: He who made the Universe, was a great mechanic.

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