

Mecklenburg

Jeffersonian.

JOSEPH W. HAMPTON,

"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.

Editor and Publisher.

VOLUME I, {

CHARLOTTE, N. C., DECEMBER 28, 1841.

{ NUMBER 42.

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. Any person who will procure subscribers and become responsible for their subscriptions, shall have a copy of the paper gratis;—or, a club of ten subscribers may have the paper one year for Twenty Dollars in advance.

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, (owing to the delay, generally attendant upon collections). A liberal discount will be made to those who advertise by the year. Advertisements sent in for publication, must be marked with the number of insertions desired, or they will be published until forbid and charged accordingly.

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.

DAYS.	SUN.	SAT.	MOON'S PHASES.
21 Tuesday	13 7	4 47	
22 Wednesday	13 7	4 47	
23 Thursday	13 7	4 47	Last Quarter, 5 7 0 M.
24 Friday	13 7	4 47	New Moon, 12 4 19 E.
25 Saturday	13 7	4 47	First Quarter, 30 9 34 E.
26 Sunday	13 7	4 47	Full Moon, 25 1 19 S.
27 Monday	13 7	4 47	

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, at which time the said Committees are required to make a Report of the number of Children in their respective Districts. In those Districts where no election has been held for Committee-men, the vacancy will be filled by the Board at the meeting as above appointed. Returns should be addressed to the "Chairman of the Board of Common School Commissioners," and may be left, previous to the Court, either with the undersigned, or with Charles T. Alexander, Esq., Clerk of the County Court, in Charlotte. WM. WILSON, Chairman.

December 7, 1841.

Charlotte Journal, copy.

YORKVILLE

Female Seminary,

(Yorkville, S. C.)

THE Trustees of the YORKVILLE FEMALE SEMINARY, having engaged the services of Instructors in whom they place entire confidence, their School will be opened on Monday, the 22nd inst. The Trustees think they have just cause to recommend this institution as an eligible place for the education of children. The Village is noted for its healthfulness, and for the high moral and religious tone that pervades the community. The course of studies to be pursued is as extensive as is taught in any similar institution. The discipline will be firm, yet tempered with kindness; and the aim of the Instructors to make thorough and accomplished scholars, and to instill into the minds of the pupils, moral and religious principle.

TERMS OF TUITION, Per Session:

In Spelling, Reading, and Writing,	\$ 8 00
The above, with English Grammar, Geography, and Arithmetic,	15 00
The same, with any of the following: Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy, Mental and Moral Philosophy, Logic, Rhetoric, the Elements of Christianity, Algebra, Geometry and the higher Mathematics, and the Latin and Greek Languages,	20 00
French Language,	20 00
Music on the Piano,	10 00
Use of Piano,	2 00
Drawing and Painting,	8 00
Theorem and Mezzotint, Wax Work, Shell Work, Ornamental Needle-Work, each,	6 00

INSTRUCTORS:

Rev. FERDINAND JACOBS, A. M., Principal. Miss ELIZABETH J. TROTT, Assistants. Miss ROZANNA W. G. TROTT,

Entrance money, One Dollar per Session.

BOARDING, including Fuel, Lights, and Washing, can be obtained in respectable families at from \$5 to \$10 per month.

WILLIAM MOORE,
JOHN S. MOORE,
A. S. HUTCHISON,
JOHN A. ALSTON,
W. P. THOMASSON,
I. D. WITHERSPON,
THOMAS WARREN,
S. SADLER,
MINOR SADLER,
M. G. SIMRIL,
E. A. CRENSHAW,
F. H. SIMRIL,
J. F. ADICKES,
J. D. GOORE,
W. P. McFADDEN,

Yorkville, S. C., Nov. 18, 1841.

Negroes to Hire.

ON THE 27th INSTANT, at my residence, I will Hire to the highest bidder, for the term of twelve months

EIGHT OR TEN VERY LIKELY NEGROES,

(Women, Men, and Boys,) belonging to Dorcas M. Lee, minor.

ALSO,

At the same time and place, will be Rented, for the ensuing year, a VALUABLE PLANTATION belonging to the said minor.

JOSEPH REID, Guardian.

Mecklenburg Co., Dec. 7, 1841.

MISCELLANY.

From the Natchez Free Trader.

SCENE IN AN EDITOR'S CHAMBER.

It was in the dusk of a melancholy evening. An editor sat—not in the spacious hall of his fathers—not in the luxurious boudoir of his mistress—nor in the minstrel's trellised bowler—but alone, in his dusty apartment of ten feet by twelve! Before him was a crazy deal table, scantily covered with baize; a few old books and heaps of newspapers lay around; and his inkstand was not of porcelain, nor ebony, nor a grotesque bronze, but the socket end of a champagne bottle—the generous wine had never sparkled on his lips! He had quaffed none of its pearly inspiration. A long, narrow window, filled up with two rows of little smoked panes, stood hoisted before him, from which a faded chintz curtain flamed lazily in the dying air, like the draggled shirt of some blowzy slattern! A thread bare carpet, four feet square, was on the floor—and the dun walls fairly gaped in their nakedness, save here and there, the eye rested on a rude pencilling—not the outlines of an artist, nor diagrams of a mathematical brain—but the memorandum kept with his wash woman! There is no poetry in such a schedule. Alas! the poor scribe! sadly as he needs a change, he often looks serious at the approach of his landlady; sometimes, indeed, he skulks until she disappears!

Night drew on apace, and the writer leaned his fevered brow upon his hand, lost in the gloom of "bitter fancies." In vain he summoned philosophy to his support; the apothegms of the lyceum and the academy, grew cold and comfortless; in vain he looked back to early enjoyments or forward to a career of distinction. Such reflections brought no bright images to his soul, but came trooping along, like phantasmagoria, vanishing one by one into deeper shadow.

His mail had been ransacked. There was nothing to rouse him up. The slogan cry of triumph rang in his ear; but it was the triumph of his adversaries. His political combinations had dwarfed away, and nine-tenths of his exchanges were filled with attacks upon his fame. "His fame," his character; the sole property of the poor editor, writing for bread!—Other men, of every craft, toil for wealth and honor—the journalist alone strives, literally, for food. No comfortable homestead—no broad-spreading estate is in the dim perspective for him or his! That first sweet prayer which we learn to lip on our mother's knee—"Give us this day our daily bread," is truly his prayer, and is breathed every morning when rising from his sleep—that sleep, O how seldom visited by glimpses of sunshine and dreams of joy! Ah! if the world thought more of this, an editor would be seldom attacked. A broad mantle of charity would cover his sins. As things now run, how often is he the target of every man's malice; the foot-ball of ribald wit; the shallow pate's gibe; the rich man's contempt!

Darker came on the night, and the wind sighed fitfully around; the figure at the table grew more dim until it faded into mere outline, and looked like thee, O Poverty! gaunt and spectral. But the ray of a taper fell athwart the chamber, and a gentle foot step was on the stair. The dreamer looked up, and a vision of hope, and beauty, and consolation, stood beside him. There was a fathomless depth of love in the liquid eye that beamed so tenderly upon him. No smile of joy was on her lip, nor jewelled ornament sparkled on her brow; but there was Faith—faith that triumphs over the gloom of the grave, and like the moonbeams on the ruins of some ancient abbey, sheds a soothing light over the fountains of the wretched! He gazed upon the vision, and the warm blood came back into its forsaken channels. His eye grew bright and his spirit free. He could bear the surges of the world with his own stout arm, nor cry "Come help me, Cassius, or I sink!"

Was this vision an angel? No! but a being of earth, yet scarcely less sainted—his first love and his last—the name which, next to that of mother, is dearest and holiest—the first which we sigh for in hours of youth; the last that lingers on our dying lips!

A STRAW RIDE.

In our younger days, says the New York Commercial Advertiser, we have been one of divers riding parties. We have enjoyed the delights of a sleigh ride, a ride bare-back, a crate-ride, a plank-ride, a coach-ride, a cider-mill ride, and sundry other varieties. More recently we have ridden in a cab, in a stage-coach, an omnibus, a rail-road car, and a—no, we have never had a ride in a balloon or on a rail. But there is, it seems, yet another kind of a ride, which we had never even heard of—a straw ride. It is found, we learn, in New Jersey, and is thus described by a correspondent of the Boston Post, who writes from our pleasant sister city, Newark.

Some quite respectable and very pretty young ladies invited me (knowing that I am a confirmed bachelor) to accompany them on a straw ride. I accepted the invitation, though what a straw ride might be I could not conjecture. At the appointed hour, next day, I called, and found standing before the door a pair of fine horses attached to a common farm wagon. The inside of the body, which was set upon the axletrees without the intervention of springs, was partly filled with nice clean straw; over this, buffalo skins were spread, and altogether the affair looked pretty comfortable. The young ladies had invited some of their friends, including a young gentleman of the city, so that we made a party of about a dozen.

All being ready, we proceeded to the scene of action. Here a nice manœuvre was necessary in order to pack us all in good shape. First, a lady on one side sat down on the bottom; then one opposite, the feet of each touching the sides of the wagon. In this way we got in our cargo; myself being placed about the middle, and the other masculine at the extremity of the wagon. Here was a pretty fix, to be sure! Such a mingling of limbs! I suggested the propriety of chalking to prevent mistakes; but the young ladies declared there was no necessity, as they each knew their own. The black

driver perched himself upon the front of the vehicle, and off we started; the proprietress of our antiseptic machine giving him his direction. "Now, Caesar, do you drive by the river (the Passaic) on the farther bank, until you come opposite Belleville; and mind you don't miss one stone on the road, and don't you stop, whatever is said to you, unless the bottom comes out. A display of ivory was Caesar's significant response, and away we went Phaeton like, rattling through the streets and across the bridge, with our teeth dancing to a lively tune.

Once out of the city, and a strait road ahead, Caesar plied his lash, and the nags flew like mad. The road is none of the smoothest, and the driver obeyed his directions to a letter. Imagine our appearance. Such a giggling of ladies—such galvanic-like distortions of heads, and such a thumping of the wagon bottom! Oh! Oh! The recollection of it makes me sit uneasy in my chair. We were passing along the banks of the Passaic—a few vessels were lazily dropping down with the tide, their sails flapping against the masts—and I shall not easily forget the appearance the scene presented. It was precisely the same as though I was looking thro' a window glass full of wrinkles. On we went up hill and down, over stones and across gulleys. "Stop, Caesar," said one pretty girl; "do stop, my hair is all coming down." Caesar was deaf. Drivers were the complaints of disarrangement of dress, but all to no purpose. My colleague in the department was somewhat of an exquisite, and had just finished his head with one of Leary's hats. An extra lock left this (the hat) right in the middle of a flock of geese, who were hissing their disapprobation of our appearance. Caesar, you must stop now—my hat is gone. But we were descending the hill, the foot of which was our destination, and stopping would have been no easy matter even if Caesar had been willing.

Once at the bottom, we pulled up to repair damages. Our halcyon friend started up the hill with the speed of desperation. I helped the ladies out, and a queer looking set they were. One's curls were down, another's hair streaming down her back—jammed bonnets, and misplaced—were the order of the day. We laughed heartily at one another's appearance and mishaps; and when our friend returned with his hat, which was not much the worse for the geese, we all replaced ourselves, and started back for the city at a very moderate pace. Arrived there safely, I thanked the ladies for my ride, and bid them good bye, fully persuaded, however agreeable a straw ride may be to some, there are fundamental objections to its being participated in by those whose bones are not well cushioned with flesh.

A FOX STORY.

Where is the man, at all fond of sports, who does not like a fox chase? At any rate, there is one gentleman in Extonshire who is decidedly fond of the amusement, though he has not always met with the success his energy merits. He has often been out, but has seldom bagged a fox. When he has a hunt on the carpet he usually avails himself of the kindness of a friend who has several hounds, and frequently, upon his return, has been *twitted* about his want of success.

A few days ago this gentleman started on his favorite amusement, borrowing the hounds of his friend, and he was successful in his hunt. He caught a fox, after digging in his den a considerable time. Much elated, he started for home, but on his way stopped at a public house, where he had a number of acquaintances. To these he related his adventure, and appeared to glory much at the idea of showing the fruit of his exertion when he returned the hounds. He had caught a fox, and he was determined to make the most of it. Just at this moment the idea of playing off a joke upon him entered the minds of his acquaintances, and, after considerable trouble, they got the bag, removed the fox, and replaced it with a large cat. Not being aware of the change, off he started, reached the city, and forthwith proceeded to the house of his friend. Here, with the usual salutation, he broke out with "Ha! ha! I've got him now—I'll show you that I can catch a fox; and, with an air of triumph, he pops the—cat! Utterly confounded, he knew not what to say, while grinning quietly crept into a corner. "Well," says he, after recovering from his confusion, "I dug a good while for that thing—I must have taken the cat and left the fox behind." The company around enjoyed the affair much, but their merriment was heightened when, shortly after, they learned the true state of the case.—Sun.

A nut for the superstitious is given in the New Orleans Crescent, upon the sacred honor of one of the most respectable citizens of that city, in a story of which the following is the substance. On the morning of the twenty-third of September last, about two o'clock in the morning, Monsieur de C—, a merchant of Bourbon street, New Orleans, but at that time, in Paris, was awakened from an uneasy slumber by a rustling of the curtains about his coach. He felt a cold hand pressed upon his own, and fancied that he heard a voice which he recognised as his son's say, "Father! I am dying!" So decided an impression had this presentiment upon his mind, that he immediately got up and noted down the circumstance, and the precise time that it took place. Two weeks after this occurrence he was on his voyage to New Orleans, and a few days ago he arrived there. His first enquiry was—"Where, and how is my son?" "He is dead and in his grave," was the answer. As the poignancy of his grief had subsided, he detailed to a friend in whose arms his beloved son had died, an account of his strange presentiment, when to his great astonishment, his friend told him, that his son died on the twenty-third of September last, at two o'clock in the morning, and that the last words he uttered were—"Father, I am dying!"

"I'm terribly troubled with the prickly heat this season," said a fat butcher in the market, the other day. "And so am I," responded a full-shouldered vegetable woman. "Well," said a wag, who was passing, "you are the largest specimen of a prickly pair, that I have seen since I left Mexico."

The anecdote of the two cats, which has been told of many learned men, originated with Dr. Barrett, Provost of Dublin University and one of Curran's contemporaries. His only pets were a cat and a kitten, its progeny. A friend seeing two holes in the bottom of the door, asked him for what purpose he made them there. Barrett said it was for his cats to go in and out.

"Why," replied his friend, "would not one do for both?" "You silly man, answered the doctor, "how could the big cat get into the little hole?" "But," said his friend, "could not the little one go through the big hole?" "Egad," said Barrett, "and so she could, but I never thought of that."

Pause before you follow example.—A mule laden with salt, and an ass laden with wool, went over a brook together. By chance the mule's pack became wetted, the salt melted, and his burden became lighter. After they had passed, the mule told his good fortune to the ass, who, thinking to speed as well, wetted his pack at the next water; but his load became the heavier, and he broke down under it. That which helps one man may hinder another.

"None of your vaillery," as the mail-coach said to the locomotive.—Boston Post.

The Declaration.—Here is one of the neatest turned epigrams in the language. Imagine, if you please, a sentimentalist most gracefully reclining on a sofa, with the last fashionable novel in her hand, and heart unfeeling as a pin-cushion, and before her, prostrate on his marrow bones, a perfumed youth of twenty, with eyes upturned in agony sublime, sobbing out in any thing but dissipation.

"My charmer! I would die for thee
If thou wouldst only live for me!"
"Ah! do," replies the dark-eyed elf,
"I NEVER WANT TO DIE MYSELF!"

An Irish gentleman thus addressed an indolent servant who indulged himself in bed at a late hour in the morning: "Fall to rising, you spalpeen, fall to rising! Don't stand there lying in bed there all day."

Deferred Articles.

From the Western Carolinian.

THE SWAMP LANDS.

In Hyde County in this State, and in others of the Eastern Counties, there are extensive tracts of waste lands covered with cypress, bamboo briar, a coarse heavy grass, and during the greater part of the year, with water. These lands are known by the name of "Swamp Lands." The soil is, we believe, mostly a deep rich alluvial or a formation from decomposed vegetable matter. Some acres of the highest places, have long since been cleared and cultivated, but no very large bodies. It requires immense labor, and a heavy expense to put these lands in a proper state for successful cultivation; in the first place, they have to be drained by large canals to relieve their surface of the water;—next, the timber, which is thick and heavy, has to be cleared off;—and after the water and timber are removed from the surface, then large ditches have to be cut through them at short distances, in every direction, otherwise they are too wet for cultivation.

We learned these facts, not long since, from an intelligent gentleman who resides in that part of the State;—from whom also, we understood that the expense of putting the Swamp Lands into a complete state of cultivation, including every cost, is from \$50 to \$100 per acre. When, however, they are once in a proper state, their production in corn and wheat is very heavy, but they are always too wet and cold for cotton.

The soil is so rich and deep that it is never exhausted or worn out, but will last for generations. These Lands belong, for the most part, to the State, as but little was taken up even when they were subject to entry at five cents per acre. They were, in fact, considered pretty generally, as of no value, in consequence of the expense and difficulty of fitting them for cultivation.

While the Swamp Lands were lying in this condition of utter neglect, the idea was suggested that the State ought to drain them, and in this way bring them into market. We believe every Legislature for a number of years, rejected the project, and refused to go into the scheme;—at last, during the Governorship of Mr. Dudley, a law was passed to undertake the work, and hundreds of hands have ever since been employed, at a very heavy expense to the State, in draining. Some of them being in this way prepared for market, a sale was advertised in November, and the lands have been offered, but it turns out, that not one acre of them could be sold. They could not be sold, on a credit of some time, even for what it cost to drain them. In another column may be found an article from the Washington "Republican," which gives information of the sale;—the article is very full on the subject, and we point the reader's attention to it. The Editor seems to think that the time will come when these lands will sell. Perhaps so, and we hope it may be the case, but we apprehend much that it will not be in his or our day. We sincerely wish it may be otherwise, but let us see the prospect.—He says:

"If the lands are sold, it must be to persons from elsewhere. We in this section of country already own more swamp lands than we want—the supply is greater than the demand. That no sales were made to individuals in this section, furnishes, therefore, no inference that we are indifferent to the fate of the enterprise, or distrustful of its ultimate profit to the State. With our hands already full of swamps, it would be folly to buy more. We repeat, and it is well that it should be known, that purchasers must be found abroad."

There is no prospect of selling the lands to the people in that section of the State, for the reason that they "already own more swamp land than they want." "With our hands already full of swamps," says the Editor—"it would be folly to buy more."—"therefore," he continues, "if the lands are sold, it must be to persons from abroad."

er correct. If then the lands are sold at all, purchasers must come from other places than the neighborhood—from the "old, thickly-settled States." Now, in the name of common sense and reason, in which of the old States, or where can persons be found fools enough to come to Hyde County—buy lands in the swamp at 5 or 10 dollars per acre, and then expend \$50 per acre more to fit them for cultivation, when they can go to the new States and get land equally or more productive, and easily cleared, at \$1 25 to \$5 or \$6 per acre? The idea will not bear examination. If these lands cannot be sold to those who live near them, they will not, in this generation, be sold to persons from other States, or Europe. We think, therefore, it is time that this experiment of draining swamps should stop where it is, at least, until the sale of the lands already drained shall prove the wisdom of further expenditures. We cannot consider it otherwise than as a waste of public money to go any farther. Thousands of the State's treasure is now being sunk in the experiment, and if it is ever returned back to the State, it will be, more than one generation hence. This is a subject that should attract the attention of the people, it should enter into the next elections, and let the men of the present day decide whether they are willing to tax themselves with heavy sums for the benefit of remote posterity.

From the National Intelligencer.

As the report of the Postmaster General, being the last series of documents accompanying the President's Message, may not find a place in our columns for some days, and as the Public is very desirous to see what the head of the Post Office Establishment has to say concerning Railroad transportation of the mails, (of which something has been hitherto reported,) we have turned to that part of the practical business Report of that Officer for the purpose of placing at once before our readers so much of the Report as relates to that subject:

EXTRACT FROM THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL'S REPORT:

"An anxious desire to effect some permanent arrangement with the Rail-Road Companies for the transportation of the mail, upon a basis that shall be both just and uniform, considering the nature of the service performed by each, induced me to invite a meeting of the Presidents of the different companies, in the City of Washington, on the first of January next, and I am gratified at the prompt manner in which all who have been heard from have consented to attend, and a hope is cherished that some arrangement, satisfactory to all parties and beneficial to the public, may yet be effected.

"The improved mode of intercommunication by rail-road and steam, operating under chartered rights granted by the States, and over which it is not pretended that the General Government, much less the Post-Office Department, can exercise any control, and obligations, which can only be cancelled by the adoption of some measures whereby the Post-Office Department may, upon adequate considerations, secure by compact the transportation of the mail in the cars of rail-road companies, and at the same time give the Department the power to control the departure and arrival of the same.

"There is now paid to the different rail-road companies annually, over \$400,000 for the service, without power in the Department to regulate the travel, arrival, and departure of the mail, and constant and frequent difficulties, both in entering into and the execution of contracts, are presented.

"It has occurred to me that the present was a most favorable period for the adoption of some measure by Congress, whereby to secure to the United States the right to transport the mail on these roads in all time to come, free of any annual charge upon the Post-Office Department, by the advancement of a sum in gross, which may be agreed upon, to each of these companies, or such of them as may be willing to contract. Many of the rail-road companies, and some of them constituting most important links in the great chain of intercommunication between Boston and Charleston, owing to the great derangement of the monetary concerns of the world, and the depression of all State and Company Stocks, find themselves laboring under embarrassments and difficulties which the aid of the General Government, applied in the way proposed, would effectually remove, and at the same time secure to the United States the advantage and the ample equivalent of transporting the mail on these roads.

"The credit of the United States to an amount not greater than the sum necessary to produce, at five per cent. interest, the amount paid by the Post-Office Department to these companies annually, would, I have no doubt, be sufficient to accomplish this desirable end. The prompt and favorable action of Congress upon this subject at the present time would effectually secure the Government against the danger of being called upon for occasional and large appropriations to meet the balances due by the Department.

"Do I ask the United States to do more for the Post Office Department than justice would seem to demand, when it is remembered that the whole expense of the official correspondence of the Government and the public, and private correspondence of those entitled by law to the franking privilege, is sustained and paid by a tax upon the correspondence of the community? If by this arrangement the Department is relieved from the heavy annual charge as now rated for the Washington "Republican," which gives information of the sale;—the article is very full on the subject, and we point the reader's attention to it. The Editor seems to think that the time will come when these lands will sell. Perhaps so, and we hope it may be the case, but we apprehend much that it will not be in his or our day. We sincerely wish it may be otherwise, but let us see the prospect.—He says:

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The Small Pox has made its appearance on Roanoke river, in the edges of Mecklenburg, Va., and Warren, N. C. About forty persons have been attacked since the commencement of the disease.—Prompt measures have been taken to prevent the further spread of the contagion, and the Oxford Mercury thinks there is no longer room for alarm even in the infected region.—Lynchburg Repub.