



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., JANUARY 11, 1842.

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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 six 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 *County 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 January, 1842.

DAYS.	SUN. RISE.	SUN. SET.	MOON'S PHASES.
11 Tuesday	7 7	4 53	
12 Wednesday	7 7	4 53	
13 Thursday	6 7	4 51	Last Quarter, 3 4 42 E.
14 Friday	6 7	4 51	New Moon, 11 10 46 M.
15 Saturday	5 7	4 55	First Quarter, 19 3 28 M.
16 Sunday	4 7	4 56	Full Moon, 29 12 15 E.
17 Monday	3 7	4 57	

PROSPECTUS OF THE North Carolina Temperance Union.

THE State Temperance Society of North Carolina, at its late meeting, directed the Executive Committee to take measures for the establishment, at this place, of a Journal, devoted to the cause of Temperance.

In obedience to their wishes, and impressed with the importance of such a publication, the committee have determined, if sufficient encouragement can be obtained, to issue the first number of such a publication, to be called the NORTH CAROLINA TEMPERANCE UNION, on the first of January next.

The leading object of the Union will be, the dissemination of Temperance principles. We shall endeavor to present in its pages, a full record of the progress in the Temperance cause in our own and in foreign lands—of its effect upon individuals and communities—and original articles in defence of its principles, and in reply to the various objections urged against it.

While, however, the promotion of Temperance will be the first and leading object of our Journal, it is our intention, that its pages shall be diversified by a general summary of the most important events, of the day, and by particular attention to the interests of Agriculture.

In carrying out this object, the Committee look with confidence to the friends of Temperance, particularly in North Carolina, for aid and support. A new impulse has been given to the cause in this State. Were this the proper occasion, we could tell a tale of what has been passing under our own eyes, which would send a thrill of joy through every benevolent heart. The reformation of the inebriate has commenced, and is still going on with a power and success, which the most sanguine never dared to anticipate. Give us the means of communication, and we trust that an influence will go forth from the Capitol of the old North State, to its remotest boundary, that will tell upon its happiness and prosperity through all future generations.

Permit us, then, most earnestly to appeal to every friend of Temperance, Morality, and good order, to aid us promptly. As the object is to commence with the new year, delay on the part of its friends may be fatal. Let every individual, then, who feels an interest in our success, and every Temperance Society, become responsible, at once, for the number of copies which they suppose can be circulated in their vicinity, and forward their names immediately, for 10, 20, or 50 copies, as they may think the demand of their neighborhood may justify. In this way only, can we hope for success in our effort.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the North Carolina Temperance Society, the following resolution was adopted: Whereas, arrangements have been made to commence the publication of a Temperance Journal, in the City of Raleigh, on the first week in January next, provided One Thousand Subscribers can be obtained.

Resolved, That it be most earnestly recommended to each of the Officers of the State Temperance Society, and to the members of the State Convention, and to any who are friendly to the cause, immediately after the receipt of this resolution; to become responsible for from ten to fifty subscribers, so that the publication may commence at the time contemplated.

By order of the Executive Committee of the North Carolina State Temperance Society.

TERMS:

The North Carolina Temperance Union will be published weekly on a medium sheet, (say 26 by 18 inches,) at One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum, payable in advance. Letters containing subscribers names and remittances, must be directed, post paid or free, to the Treasurer of the Society, JESSE BROWN, Raleigh, N. C.

Raleigh, November 28, 1841.

Notice.

A SITUATION WANTED—as an English and Classical Teacher, in any good neighborhood in the upper country, by a graduate of the South Carolina College. Applications to be addressed to M. Ebenezerville, York District, S. C. December 15, 1841. 41...3t

Almanacks!

A SUPPLY of BLEW'S FARMERS' & PLANTERS' ALMANACK for 1842, just received and for sale at this Office. This Almanack is calculated for the meridian of Salem, N. C., and contains a large fund of valuable information. November 2, 1841. 43

BLANK WARRANTS FOR SALE



AGRICULTURE.

From the New England Farmer.

AGRICULTURE SHOULD BE MADE A STUDY.

There are few if any pursuits that open so wide a field for inquiry as agriculture. It is true that every boy of common capacity, who has been raised on a farm becomes sufficiently familiar with the usual farming operations to pursue the business in a way that enables him to get his living. But in most instances his operations are carried on with but little inquiry as to the most correct and best principles of husbandry. He goes on this year as he went last year, and as his father went for many years. Moving onward thus in his unvaried rounds from year to year, the industrious and prudent man may gain property, and be a respected and useful citizen. But his pursuit would be more interesting, and he would become a more intelligent man, were he to observe more closely the immediate and the lasting action of each kind of manure that he applies; were he to note the effects of each kind of manure upon each different crop that he cultivates; were he to calculate the cost of each crop that he raises; were he to determine by careful observation the soil best suited to each crop, were he to determine the best time and manner of applying manure to each; were he to study how to make as much manure as possible; were he to satisfy himself fully as to the proper distances for hills of corn and rows of roots; were he to learn whence his plants derive their principal nourishment, and in what state they take it up; were he to satisfy himself as to the parts of the farm which are too acid or too cold to be productive; were he to learn carefully what spots could be greatly improved by deep ploughing; were he to seek diligently to know what it would be best to do on each comparatively unproductive spot of the farm, in order to make it fertile; were he to be observing, studying, thinking, reasoning and judging upon these matters, there can be no doubt that without ever reading a line upon agriculture, or making any other experiment than what his usual routine affords, that he would become a more intelligent and a more successful farmer, than if he bestowed no particular attention upon these and other equally important matters.

But while he may make important advances in the art of agriculture without comparing notes with his neighbors, and without reading, it is not to be doubted that most men could derive much benefit from learning what the experience of others has taught. Who knows so much that there is none other wise enough to teach him any thing? Who understands farming better than all the men combined who ever wrote upon the subject? If there is any such man, he may be excused from reading or studying. But such a one nowhere exists, and they who till the earth may gain information from many a written page.

Agricultural Papers.—And now when the evenings are long and the labors of the day are not very severe, let there be at hand some agricultural paper, or some treatise upon agriculture that you may look into for half an hour or an hour. Many things that you will read were written for somebody else, and will give you but little instruction. Other articles will furnish hints and facts which you may turn to good account. Read—read and reflect—and you will become a wiser and better farmer. Take an agricultural paper, have one that you can call your own: preserve it on file and it will be to you on many occasions valuable for reference. There are papers enough—weeklies at \$2 per year, and monthlies at from 50 cents to \$1. Take one or more of them, for you will get from many a single copy, knowledge that will be worth more to you than the price of all the numbers for a year.

Town Agricultural Societies or Associations.—Many of you find that after being out in the wind and cold all day, that you become sleepy and stupid when you sit down to read in the warm kitchen. Here lies one of the chief reasons why farmers do not read more. The warmth of the room and the sitting posture invite them very strongly to repose. Reading is, for this reason, to many of them a dull and stupid business. They do not lack inquisitiveness or interest in their business, so much as they lack ability to keep themselves wide awake while attempting to read, and thus lack ability to get up much interest in reading. For this reason, among others, we repeat a recommendation which was strongly urged in our columns last winter, that associations of farmers living in the same immediate neighborhood, say within two or three miles of each other, should be formed for the purpose of talking over matters pertaining to agriculture. Let the exercises be reading, discussion, narration of experiences, or any thing else that might furnish the most information in the most interesting manner. Occasionally a lecture upon the subject might be procured. Should such associations become general, more—much more benefit would flow from them, than all the County State or National Societies will confer, though these may be very beneficial.

Get up one in your neighborhood.

From the Southern Planter.

MANURE.

C. T. BOTTS—I am most happy to witness your strenuous endeavors to improve the agriculture of our native State. No exertion has been wanting on my part, I assure you, to sustain your enterprise. I have not been satisfied with saying, that every

farmer in Virginia ought to take your paper, but I have made it my business to bring it to the notice of my neighbor, concerning that in so doing I was benefitting them and myself not less than the Editor. The fruits of those exertions you have enclosed in a ten dollar note, for which you will please direct your paper to the following names.

Nor is this all. From the columns of your little work, I am satisfied that I have reaped ten times the amount of my subscription already in a single article. I am, therefore, still your debtor, and to repay the obligation, in a measure I have concluded to give you my mode of managing manure; a point upon which you very properly lay great stress, and one upon which any opinion derived from experience may be valuable. For the last ten years I have paid great attention to this subject, and have tried every plausible method recommended in the agricultural periodicals of the day. The result of those experiments has satisfied me, that the difference between one mode and another is much greater than would be imagined, and that the greatest secret of good farming consists in discovering the best mode of preserving the valuable properties of manure.

The portions of dung which afford nutriment to plants are volatile and soluble. They are evaporated by heat and dissolved by rain. Dung is exposed to the pernicious effects of heat, either in a pile or when scattered, to the influence of the summer sun and atmosphere. How then is it to be preserved? By applying it to a growing crop as soon as made: I have heard a great deal of the necessity of fermentation, and the injury done by fresh manure, that manure has a tendency to generate heat is certain, and that if applied fresh in too great quantities, it may produce too much heat for the healthy growth of plants is certain; and it is certain also that you may subject it by time and exposure to a process by which it will be robbed of those properties, when you may apply it in any quantity with impunity, but with comparatively little benefit to you. What would be thought of an invalid who would go to an apothecary and say, "Sir, I want some cologne that you have had in the house for many years, of which I can take a large quantity without danger," and what would reply, "Sir, this, having lost its virtues and become comparatively innoxious, is much more valuable than the fresher article, and I must charge you a greater price per ounce for it!" It would be just as reasonable, as to assert that old manure is in any case better than fresh.

Satisfied of those facts, I pursue the natural and simple plan of making it the business of a particular boy, every morning, to collect carefully the deposits from my stalls, stable yard, hog pen, &c. and spread it thinly upon some one of my growing crops. If the crop is not out of the ground, and consequently the leaf not so expended as to seize the grasses given out in the process of evaporation. I have the manure slightly covered with earth. Of course, if the ground is too wet to be trampled, I wait until it is dry enough for the purpose.

Now this may seem to some, who have been used to heaping manure, and making compost, a very theoretical mode of procedure. But let them try it, and they will find it highly practical—they will find that they will obtain more than double the nutriment from the same quantity of dung, and they will also find that they are relieved from a great quantity of extra labor. Farmers are advised to accumulate large banks of dung, mixed with mud, weeds, &c. For what purpose? That they may have on hand the labor of scattering it again at the very busiest season of the year? Instead of accumulating the labor and running the risk of constant waste, let them scrupulously collect every thing they can find in the shape of manure and apply it as soon as made.

By this simple method they are relieved from the necessity and expense of a stercorary, the filth of a manure pile, and the uneasiness arising from the antipathetic labor of putting out their manure. They certainly get all the benefit to be derived from their manure, and it would be hard for any other process to accomplish more.

The plan I recommend is so novel and so opposite to preconceived opinions, that I am deterred from putting my name to this article, for fear of the ridicule it will excite. I hope, however, that some one with more resolution will give it a fair trial, and report what I know he will find to be, the beneficial result. With the most ardent wishes for the success of your periodical, which deserves the support of every farmer in Virginia at least, I remain

Yours, A FARMER.

Randolph and Clay.—The following are said to be the words of John Randolph which led to the challenge of Henry Clay to a duel in 1825. They were uttered, we believe, in secret session of the Senate, and how they found their way into the newspapers, we are at a loss to know:

"This man—(mankind I crave your pardon)—this worm—(little animals forgive the insult)—was spit out of the womb of meanness—was raised to a high life than he was born to, for he was raised to the society of blackguards. Some fortune—kind to him—cruel to us—has tossed him to the Secretaryship of State.

"Contempt has the property of descending, but she stoops far short of him. She would die before she would reach him; he dwells below her fall. I would hate him if I did not despise him. It is not what he is but where he is, that puts my thoughts in action. That ALPHABET which writes the name of Theristes, of blackguard, of squalidity, refuses her letters for him.

"That mind which thinks on what it cannot express, can scarcely think on him. An hyperbole for meanness, would be an ellipsis for Clay."

A gentleman was asked why he hated Mr. G. "I do not hate him," said he, "neither do I hate bad bugs, but I don't like to have them around me."

MISCELLANY.

A CHRISTMAS JOKE.

One seldom hears a good story now-a-days; the following is not bad. A year or two ago there came to the lion, at —, a pleasant looking, bustling, great-coated, commercial traveller sort of a body. "Well, landlord, what have you got, ch? oyster sauce, ch? bottle of sherry, good, ch? send 'em up."—Dinner was served, the wine despatched, and a glass of brandy and water comfortably settled the dinner.

"Waiter," said the traveller, coolly and dispassionately wiping his mouth with a napkin. "Waiter, I am awkwardly situated."

"Sir?" said the waiter, "expecting a love letter?"

"I cannot pay you."

"Sorry for that, sir; I must call master."—[Enter landlord.]

"My good sir, you see this is rather awkward—good dinner! capital! famous wine! glorious grog!—but no cash."

The landlord looked black.

"Pay next time—open come this road—done nothing to-day—good house yours—a great deal in the bill way."

The landlord looked blue.

"No difference to you, of course?—pleasant here—plenty of business—happy to take your order—long credit—good bill."

"There is my bill, sir—prompt payment—I pay as I go."

"Ah, but I must go without paying. Let us see—bill 17s. 6d.; let us have a pint of sherry together—make it up a pound—that will square it."

"Sir, I say you are a swindler, sir!—I will have my money?"

"Sir, I tell you I will call and pay you in three weeks from this time exactly, for I shall have to pass this road again."

"None of that, sir,—it won't do with me—pay my money, or I'll kick you out."

"You will repent this," said the stranger.

The landlord did repent it. Three weeks after that day, punctual to his word, the stranger re-entered the Lion Inn, the landlord looked very foolish—the stranger smiled, and held out his hand—"I've come to pay you my score as I promised."

The landlord made a thousand apologies for his rudeness. "So many swindlers about, there's no knowing whom to trust. Hoped the gentleman would pardon him."

"Never mind, landlord; but come, let's have some dinner together,—let us be friends. What have you got, ch? a couple of boiled fowls, ch?—nice little ham of your own curing? good!—greens from your own garden, famous!—bottle of sherry and two bottles of port; waiter, this is excellent."

Dinner passed over—the landlord bobbed and nodded with the stranger—they passed a pleasant afternoon. The landlord retired to attend to his avocations—the stranger finished his "comforter" of brandy and water, and addressed the waiter—

"Waiter, what is to pay?"

"Two pounds ten shillings and threepence, sir, including the former account."

"And half a crown for yourself."

"Make two pounds twelve shillings and ninepence, sir," replied the waiter, rubbing his hands.

"Say two pounds and thirteen shillings?" said the stranger, with a beneficent smile, "and call in your master."

[Enter landlord, smiling and hospitable.]

The stranger merely said, with a fierce look, "I owed you seventeen and sixpence three weeks ago, and you kicked me out of your house for it."

"No words, sir; I owed you seventeen and sixpence, and you kicked me out of your house for it. I told you, you would be sorry for it. I now owe you two pounds thirteen shillings, (and quietly turning aside his coat tail,) you must pay yourself in a check on the same bank; for I have no money now."—*Bell's Weekly Messenger.*

The editor of the United States Gazette is one who has nourished the kindly feelings of human nature, and in his frequent sketches they are thrown forward in beautiful relief. Recently he visited the Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane, near Philadelphia, and after giving an interesting description of its arrangements, relates the following incident. It is hard to tell whether it owes more to the facts detailed than to the simple and touching dress which he has given them.—*N. Y. News Era.*

"One young lady, on being presented to Dr. Kirkbride, persisted in calling him by the name of the writer of this article; and no means that he could adopt would convince her that he was not her teacher fifteen years since, (the Doctor must have been young then) but when we entered the room, the Doctor determined on a little triumph.

"Well, Mary," said he, "here is Mr. Chandler."

"So it is," said she, looking up with a smile to us.

"Well now, Mary," said the Doctor kindly, "you will admit that I am Dr. Kirkbride, since you acknowledge that this is Mr. C."

"Not at all, not at all," said Mary; "you are the Mr. Chandler, though that gentleman bears the same name."

"But," said the Doctor, "you see he was a teacher at the time to which you refer."

"That may be," said Mary, "but so were you likewise. The Mr. Chandler to whom I went to school, had not those wrinkles on his face, nor those gray hairs in his whiskers—he was not old."

Beautiful, if not a perfect compensation, for impaired intellect, is that remembrance which lives in the sweets of childhood, and has all around it the young and spring-like as it ever was. Let others grow old—gray hairs and wrinkled skin belong not to that estate. It knows no fading—it acknowledges no affinity with decay. Time rolls on, but it bears it not forward. Like the cuckoo bird, it signs its eternal notes among spring flowers, and hastens away with the sun, before a color fades, or a leaf trembles in its term. And if the consciousness of that mind in only of the innocence of childhood, (and most innocent and lovely was it, we remember) may we not hope, (why, indeed, should we doubt) that all of earth, which Mary sees so pleasant, will be to her only an opening to a state where the mind shall expand to perfect happiness?

We turned away, not pained, though melancholy—

ly—for cheerfulness does not beget pain. Melancholy, not more than the mind which we had sought to direct, should not have expanded; melancholy, not that time, which had only developed her from should have put his finger so rudely on our face and half—but that, spared what she had been called to suffer, we had improved the favor so little.

We turned away to the front window, and the mid day sunlight lay upon the landscape around; and the green fields, dotted here and there by flocks of sheep, stretched out at ease, wore an appearance of tranquilizing repose. Numerous female patients were looking from their windows, enjoying the scene, which soothed their mind, and led them to healthful contemplation. The voice of the physician seemed in harmony with all around; and as the gazers lifted their eyes towards him, we could see that he was associated in their minds with pleasant thoughts and friendly interference. How high the privilege to do good! How great the reward in having that benefit acknowledged!

A TRADITION.

"In support of the doctrine that the three sons of Noah were red black and white, we bring the tradition of the *Marabous*, the priests of the most ancient race of Africans, which says that after the death of Noah, his three sons, one of whom was white, the second tawny or red, the third black, agreed to divide his property fairly; which consisted of gold and silver, vestments of silk, linen and wool, horses, cattle, camels, dromedaries, sheep and goats, arms, furniture, corn and other provisions, besides tobacco and pipes.

"Having spent the greater part of the day in assorting these different things, the three sons were obliged to defer the partition of the goods till the next morning. They therefore smoked a friendly pipe together, and then retired to rest, each in his own tent.

"After some hours sleep, the white brother awoke before the other two, being moved by avarice, arose and seized the gold and silver, together with the precious stones and most beautiful vestments, and having loaded the best camels with them, pursued his way to that country which his white posterity have ever since inhabited.

"The Moor, or tawny brother, awaking soon afterwards, with the same intentions, and being surprised that he had been anticipated by his white brother, secured in great haste the remainder of the horses, oxen and camels, and retired to another part of the world, leaving only some coarse vestments of cotton, pipes and tobacco, millet, rice, and a few other things of but small value.

"The last lot of stuff fell to the share of the black son, the laziest of the three brothers, who took up his pipe with a melancholy air, and while he sat smoking in a pensive mood, swore to be revenged.—(*Anguel's Univ. Hist.*, vol. 6, p. 117.)

We have inserted this tradition, not because we think it circumstantially true, with respect to the goods, &c., but because we find in it this one important trait, viz: the origin of human complexions, in the family of Noah; and if the tradition is supposed to be altogether a fiction, we would ask, how came these Africans, the most degraded and ignorant of the human race, by so important a trait of ancient history—as that such a man, with three sons, ever existed, from whom the three races were descended, if it were not so? and that they were of three different complexions?—*Amer. Antiq.*

The Sandy Hill Herald says:—"We know a man who has worked on an average six weeks ago, per day for the last twenty years, to pay notes which he had endorsed, and for which he never received the value of one farthing. He is now seventy years of age. We challenge the world to produce a similar instance of integrity.

An eminent artist lately painted a snow storm so naturally, that he caught a severe cold by sitting near it with his coat off!

Marcus Antonius illustrates the subject of legislation by observing, that what is not for the interest of a whole swarm, is not for the essential interest of a single bee.

An Extensive Swindling Shop.—The Bank of England covers five acres of ground, and employs over nine hundred clerks. Every thing for the use of the bank is made on its own premises, and the printing of its notes is a large item. A note returned to the Bank is never to be re-issued, but is filed away, and at the end of ten years is burnt. The workmen are busily at work every day in the year, save Sundays, in printing notes. At the annual burning, two days are required, with a large fire to destroy the old notes; and it employs two men constantly in feeding the fires.

Great Land Operations.—The St. Louis Gazette says:—"There is an immense land claim called 'Clamorgan's Grant'—which covers several counties in Missouri, or at least parts thereof, including, among others, St. Charles and Lincoln counties. Recently one of our citizens has visited New York and sold out of their interests in this claim, to the amount—judging from the deeds—of nearly a hundred thousand dollars. If the purchasers commences suit and recover, they will out hundreds of occupants, and lay their hands on many splendid farms. This claim too swears a number of very large claims, but still trifling in comparison with the mammoth Clamorgan."

Novel Bank Suspension.—The Washington bank has suspended and shut its doors, in consequence of the sickness of the cashier. Oh! lordy Oh! lordy! Why don't the directors get the cashier a box of Brandreth's pills, and thus enable the bank to resume specie payments of some kind.

New York Herald.

There is a man in Boston so hot tempered, that he burns his shirt to a tinder in one day's wearing.

Absence of Mind.—It is reported that a judge, intending to sentence a prisoner to be hanged, pronounced sentence on the sheriff and discharged the prisoner.

In another case, a man intending to steal a sheep, got a great dog by the ears.