

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

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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 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.

Charlotte Female Academy.

The exercises of this Institution will be resumed on Wednesday, 12th October next.

All the various Literary and Ornamental branches will be taught, and the same rates of tuition charged as heretofore.

The Music Department will be continued and the charge per Session reduced to \$23 00.

Board with the principal in the Academy can be had at \$9 50 per month.

S. D. NYE HUTCHISON, Prin. 81...4w

Dr. Charles B. Fox

RESPECTFULLY tenders his professional services to the citizens of Charlotte and the surrounding country. He may always be found at his office, No. 6, white row of the Mansion House, unless absent on professional engagements.

July 17, 1842. 71...r

Dr. P. C. Caldwell

WOULD inform such of his friends as desire his professional services, that he has removed his Office to Mr. Johnson's brick house, two doors above the "Carolina Inn," where he may be found at all times, unless necessarily absent.

Charlotte, February 8, 1842. 45...r

A. BETHUNE

LEGS leave to inform his friends and the public, that he continues to carry on the TAILORING BUSINESS, in the South-east wing of Spring's brick house, where he will be ready to accommodate those who may favor him with their patronage. Being regular in the receipt of the New York and Philadelphia Fashions, his style shall not be inferior to any at the South.

Fall and Winter Fashions for 1842-3 just received. Charlotte, Sept. 27, 1842.

TRAVELLERS, TAKE NOTICE!

TIMOTHY R. HUGHES.

HAVING obtained the MANSION HOUSE for public accommodation, informs his friends and the public generally, that he is now prepared to receive and entertain all who may favor him with their patronage.

His TABLE shall always be well and plentifully supplied with every thing the country affords, to please and satisfy the palate even of an epicure.

His BAR will be found furnished with a choice selection of Liquors, Wines and Cordials, both foreign and domestic.

His STABLES shall be constantly attended by faithful and attentive hostlers and supplied with abundant provender.

N. B. The Stage Office is kept at the Mansion House.

Charlotte, N. C., May 23, 1842. 64...9m

Carolina Inn,

CHARLOTTE, NORTH-CAROLINA.

THE above Establishment, situated on main-street, north of the Court House, in the Town of Charlotte, N. C., is still kept open by the undersigned for the accommodation of the public. The proprietor feels confident of his ability to give entire satisfaction to all who may patronise his House. The travelling public will find at the Carolina Inn every comfort, convenience and attention necessary to refresh and reinvigorate both man and horse. Particular pains will be bestowed on the Table, Bar, and Beds;—that every thing shall be in the most sumptuous and neat order;—and the Stables will always be supplied with abundance and attended by faithful, experienced Hostlers. In short, the subscriber is determined to keep up the accommodations at his House in a style unsurpassed by any similar establishment in the interior country. All he asks from the public is, to give him a call.

Dresses can at all times be supplied with convenient and well enclosed LOTS, on moderate terms, and furnished with grain at a low price.

JENNINGS B. KERR, 65...r

Notice.

APPLICATION will be made to the next Legislature of North Carolina for a division of Lincoln county. [Sept. 8, 1842. 6m 79



POETRY.

From the Baltimore Sun. HYMN TO THE CREATOR.

Ye woods! Ye everlasting hills! Rocks, ocean! and thy countless tribes, Rivers, lakes, valleys, bubbling rills, Thou sun! that night from day divides, Ye marshes dark, ye forests deep, Mountains whose tall peaks kiss the skies, Ye towering pines that bending sweep, Join in your Creator's praise.

At His command, chaotic night Withdrew! while burst the light of Heaven! Then stary world shone glittering bright, The earth arose and life was given! Exulting nature smiled, wild rang The shout of joy throughout the spheres, Heaven's cherubim their anthems sang As onward moved the rolling years.

Ye blazing suns! Ye countless stars! Ye massive piles of crystal light, Roll on while from your flame-wing cars Gleams forth celestial ether bright; We own your light, we feel your rays, Ye lift our souls, and bid aspire To Him whose ever dazzling blaze Shines forth a bright consuming fire.

Though wonderful these; compared with thee! Eternal light and great first cause, What is this glittering pageantry? They own thy power! obey thy laws! In thee exist! by thee create, Who can resolve thy vast profound? 'Thou art and shall be glorious! great! Let the wide universe resound.

MARY IN HEAVEN.

O, weep no more for thy innocent child— He who the blest treasure had given, Saw best that all pure and unfiled, She should pass to her rest in heaven.

But now while the storm of grief is chill, And thy heart is with anguish riven; Content thee to think how calm and still, Is the rest of thy Mary in heaven.

The scorching noon, the damping shade, The storm that darkens at even; The light of her beauty shall never fade, For she blooms with the flowers of heaven.

The sorrow, the toil, the strife and wo, That to mourners of earth are given, And the many ills that are thine below, Disturb not her rest in heaven.

Prepare thee for pure realms above, So that when life's ties are riven, Thou shalt clasp in the arms of a purer love, The departed Mary in Heaven.

REQUIM FOR SUMMER.

Summer is gone! I see it in the sky with shadows dimming; I hear it in the river's gentle flow, And in the rustling leaves, her dirge-notes humming, And in the murmuring streamlet, sad and low, I know it as the sea waves come and go, And feel it in the sun's meridian glow.

That summer's gone!

Summer is gone!

I hear it in the wind's low voices sighing; I know by the stillness of the grove; I see it in the lonely flower that's dying, I feel it in the spell, oft wont to move My spirit to high melody—the love That inly burned—some kinching from above.

That summer's gone!

MISCELLANY.

From the Family Companion.

HOMESPUN YARNS.

POLLY PEABLOSSOM'S WEDDING. "My stars! that parson is powerful slow a coming. I reckon he won't so tedious getting to his own wedding as he is coming here," said one of the bridesmaids of Miss Polly Peablossom, as she bit her lips to make them rosy, and peeped into a small looking-glass for the twentieth time.

"He preaches, enough about the shortness of a lifetime," remarked another pouting Miss, "and how we ought to improve our opportunities, not to be creeping along like a snail, when a whole wedding party is waiting for him, and the waffles are getting cold and the chickens burning to a crisp."

"Have patience girls, may be the man's lost his spurs and can't get along any faster," was the consoling appeal of an arch looking damsel, as she finished the last of a bunch of grapes.

"Or perhaps his old fox-eared horse has jumped out of the pasture, and the old gentleman has to take it a foot," surmised the fourth bridesmaid.

The bride used industrious efforts to appear patient, and rather indifferent amid the general restlessness of her aids, and would occasionally affect extreme merriment;—but her shrewd attendants charged her with being fidgerty and rather more uneasy than she wanted folks to believe.

"Hello, Floyd!" shouted old Captain Peablossom out of doors to his copperas trowsered son, who was entertaining the young beaux of the neighborhood with feats of agility in jumping with weights.

"Floyd, throw down them 'rocks and put the bridle on Snip and ride down the road and see if you can't see Parson Gympsy, and tell him to hurry along, we are all waiting for him. He must think weddings are like his meetings, that can be put off to the 'Sunday after the fourth Saturday in next month,' after the crowd's all gathered and ready to hear the preaching. If you don't meet him, go clean to his house. I s'pect he's heard that Brushy Creek Ned is here with his fiddle, and has taken a scare."

As the night was wearing on, and no parson had come yet to unite the destinies of George Washington Hodgkins and "the amiable and accomplished" Miss Polly Peablossom, the former individual intimated to his intended, the propriety of passing off the time by having a dance.

Polly asked her ma', and her ma' after arguing that it was not the fashion in her time, in North Carolina, to dance before the ceremony, at last consented.

The artist from Brushy Creek was called in, and, after much turning and spitting on the screws, he stamped his foot and struck up "Money Musk," and away went the country dance. Polly Peablossom at the head, with Thomas Jefferson Hodgkins as her partner, and George Washington Hodgkins next, with Polly's sister, Luvisa, for his partner. Polly danced to every gentleman, and Thomas Jefferson danced to every lady; then up and down in the middle, and hands all round. Next came Geo. Washington and his partner, who underwent the same process; "and so on through the whole," as Daboll's arithmetic says.

The yard was lit up by three or four large light-wood fires, which gave a picturesque appearance to the groups outside. On one side of the house was Daniel Newman Peablossom and a bevy of youngsters, who either could not, or did not desire to get into the dance—probably the former—and who amused themselves by jumping and wrestling. On the other side, a group of matrons sat under the trees, in chairs, and discoursed of the mysteries of making butter, curing chickens of the pip and child-rep of the croup, besides lamenting the misfortunes of some neighbor, or the indiscretion of some neighbor's daughter, who had ran away and married a circus rider. A few pensive couples, eschewing the "giddy dance," promenaded the yard and admired the moon, or "wondered if all them little stars were worlds like this." Perhaps they may have sighed sentimentally at the folly of the musquitoes and bugs which were attracted round the fires to get their pretty little wings scorched, and lose their precious lives; or they may have talked of "true love," and plighted their vows, for aught we know.

Old Captain Peablossom and his pipe, during the while, were the center of a circle in front of the house, who had gathered around the worthy man's arm-chair to listen to his "twice told tales" of "hair-breadth 'scapes," of "the battles and sieges he had passed,—for you must know the Captain was not a 'summer soldier, and sun-shine patriot,' he had burned gun-powder in defence of his beloved country.

At the especial request of Squire Tompkins, the Captain narrated the perilous adventures of Newman's little band among the Seminoles. How "Bold Newman" and his men lived on alligator flesh and parched corn, and marched bare footed through saw-palmetto; how they met Bowlegs and his warriors near Pain's prairie, and what fighting was there. The amusing incident of Bill Cone and the terrapin shell, raised shouts of laughter among the young brood, who had flocked around to hear of the wars. Bill, (the "Camden Bard," peace to his ashes,) as the Captain familiarly called him, was sitting one day against the logs of the breast-work, drinking soup out of a terrapin shell, when a random shot from the enemy broke the shell and spilt his soup, whereupon he raised his head over the breast work and sung out—"Oh, you bugger, you couldn't do that again if you tried forty times!" Then the Captain after repeated importunities, laid down his pipe, cleared his throat and sang,

"We marched on to our next station, The Indians on before did hide, They shot and killed Bold Newman's nigger, And two other white men by his side."

The remainder of the epic were forgotten.

After calling out for a chunk of fire and re-lighting his pipe, he dashed at once over into Alabama, in General Floyd's army, and fought the battles of Calabee and Otasseo over again in detail. The artillery from Baldwin county blazed away and made the little boys aforesaid, think they could hear thunder almost, and the rifles from Putnam made their patriotic young spirits long to revenge that gallant corps. And the Squire was astonished at the narrow escape his friend had of falling into the hands of Weatherford and his savages, when he was miraculously rescued by Timpochee Barnard, the Uchee chief.

At this stage of affairs, Floyd (not the General, but the ambassador) rode up with a mysterious look on his countenance. The dancers left off in the middle of a set and assembled around the messenger, to hear the news of the parson. The old ladies crowded up too, and the Captain and the Squire were eager to hear. But Floyd felt the importance of his situation, and was in no hurry to divert himself of the momentary dignity.

"Well, as I rode on down to Boggy Gut, I saw—"

"Who cares what the devil you saw," exclaimed the impatient Captain; "tell us if the parson is coming, first, and you may take all night to tell the balance, if you like afterwards."

"I saw"—continued Floyd pertinaciously—"Well, my dear, what did you see?" said Mrs. Peablossom.

"I saw that somebody had taken away some of the rails on the crossway, or they had washed away or somehow!"

"Did any body ever hear the like?" said the Captain.

"And so I got down," said Floyd, "and hunted some more and fixed over the boggy place."

Here Polly laid her hand on his arm and requested, with a beseeching look, to know if the parson was on the way.

"I'll tell you all about it presently, Polly—and then when I get to the run of the creek, then"—

"Oh, the devil," ejaculated Captain Peablossom, "stalled again."

"Be still, honey, let the child tell it his own way—he always would have his way, you know, since we had to humor him so when he had the measles," interposed the old lady.

Daniel Newman Peablossom, at this juncture, slyly laid down on the ground with the root of an old oak for his pillow, and called out yawningly to his pa. to "wake him when brother Floyd had crossed over the run of the creek and arrived safely at the parson's." This caused loud laughter.

Floyd simply noticed it by observing to his brother, "Yes, you think you mighty smart before"

all these folks!" and resumed his tedious route to Parson Gympsy's, with as little prospect of reaching the end of his story as ever.

Mrs. Peablossom tried to coax him to "gist" say if the parson was coming or not. Polly begged him, and all the brides-maids implored. But Floyd "went on his way rejoicing."

"When I come to the Piney-flat," he continued, "old Snip seed something white over in the bay-gall, and shy'd clean out o' the road, and—where he would have stopped, would be hard to say, if the impatient Captain had not interfered."

That gentleman, with a peculiar glint of the eye, remarked—Well, there's one way I can bring him to a showing' as he took a large horn from between the logs and rung a 'wood note wild' that set a pack of hounds to yelping. A few more notes, as loud as those that issued from 'Roland's horn at Roncesvalles,' was sufficient invitation to every hound, foist and 'cur of low degree' that followed the guests, to join in the chorus. The Captain was a man of good lungs, and 'the way he did blow was the way,' as Squire Tompkins afterwards very happily described it, and as there were in the canine choir some thirty voices of every key, the music may be imagined better than described. Miss Tabitha Tidwell, the first brides-maid, put her hands to her ears and cried out, 'My stars!' we shall all get blow'd away."

The desired effect of abbreviating the messenger's story was produced, the prolix personage in the copper pants, was seen to take Polly aside and whisper something in her ear.

"O, Floyd, you are joking; you oughtn't to serve me so." "Ain't you joking, bud" asked Polly, with a look that seemed to beg he would say yes.

"It's true as preaching," he replied—"the cake's all dough."

Polly whispered something to her mother, who threw up her hands and exclaimed, 'O, my!' and then whispered the secret to some other lady, and away it went. Such whispering and throwing up of hands and eyes, is rarely seen at a quaker meeting. Consternation was in every face. Poor Polly was a very personification of 'Patience on a monument, smiling green and yellow melancholy.'

The Captain, discovering that something was the matter, drove off the dogs and enquired what had happened to cause such confusion. "What the devil's the matter now?" he said—"you all look as down in the mouth as we did on the Santafee (St. Fe) when the quarter-master told us the provisions had all give out! What's the matter!—won't somebody tell me? Eat o' man, has the dogs got in to the kitchen and eat up all the supper, or what else has come to pass? Out with it!"

"Ah, old man, bad news!" said the wife, with a sigh.

"Well, what is it? You are all getting as bad as Floyd, 'lar iffyng' a fellow to death."

"Parson Gympsy was digging a new horse-trough and cut his leg to the bone with a foot-adze, and can't come—O, dear!"

"I wish he had taken a fancy to 'a done it a week ago, so we 'mout' 'a got another parson, or as long as no other time would suit but to day, I wish he had cut his dern'd eternal head off."

"Oh, my husband," exclaimed Mrs. Peablossom, Brushy Creek Ned, standing in the piazza with his fiddle, struck up the old tune of

"We'll dance all night, 'till broad day light, And go home with the gals in the mornin'."

Ned's hint caused a movement towards the dancing room among the people, when the Captain, as if waking from a reverie, exclaimed in a loud voice, 'Oh, the devil! what are we all thinking of? Why here's Squire Tompkins, he can perform the ceremony. If a man can't marry folks what's the use of being squire at all?'"

Manna did not come in better time to the children of Israel in the wilderness, than this discovery of the worthy Captain. It was as vivifying as a shower of rain on corn that is about to shoot and tassel, especially to George W. Tompkins and his lady-love.

Squire Tompkins was a newly elected magistrate, and somewhat diffident of his abilities in this untrod department. He expressed a hint of the sort, which the Captain only noticed with the exclamation—"Hoot too!"

Mrs. Peablossom insinuated to her husband, that in her day the "quality" or better sort of people in North Carolina, had a prejudice "agin" being married by a magistrate. To which the old gentleman replied—"None of your nonsense, old lady—none of your Duplin county aristocracy about here now. The better sort of people, I think you say! Now you know Carolina ain't the best State in the country, no how, and Duplin's the poorest county in the State. Better sort of people, is it!—Quality eh! Who the devil's butter than we are? Ain't we honest? Ain't we raised our children decent, and learned them how to read, write and cipher? Ain't I fow'd under Newman and Floyd for the country? Why, d—n it! we are the very best sort of people. Stuf! nonsense! The wedding shall go on—Polly shall have a husband." Mrs. P's eye lit up, her cheek flushed, as she heard 'the old North State' spoken of so disparagingly; but she was a woman of good sense, and reserved the castigation for a future certain lecture.

Things were soon arranged for the wedding, and as the old wooden clock on the mantle-piece struck one, the bridal party were duly arranged on the floor, and the crowd gathered round, eager to observe every twinkle of the bridegroom's eye, and every blush of the blooming bride.

The brides-maids and their male attendants were arranged in couples, as in a cotillion, to form a hollow square, in the center of which were the squire, and the betrothing parties. Each of the attendants bore a candle;—Miss Tabitha held her's in a long brass candlestick, which had belonged to Polly's grandmother, in shape and length something resembling "Cleopatra's needle." Miss Luvisa bore a flat tin one; the third attendant bore such an article as is usually suspended on a nail against the wall, and the fourth had a curiously devised something, cut out of wood with a pocket knife. For want of a further supply of candlesticks, the male attendants held naked candles in their hands. Polly was dressed in white, and wore a bay flower with its green leaves in her hair, and the whisper went round, "Now don't she look pretty?" George

W. Hodgkins rejoiced in a white satin stock and a vest and pantaloons of orange color; the vest was straight collared, like a Continental officer's in the Revolution, and had eagle buttons on it. They were a fine looking couple.

When every thing was ready, a pause ensued, and all eyes were turned on the Squire who seemed to be undergoing a mental agony, such as fourth of July orators feel when they forget their speeches, or a boy at an exhibition when he has to be prompted from behind the scene. The truth was, Squire Tompkins was a man of forms, but had always taken them from form-books and never trusted his memory. On this occasion he had no 'Georgia Justice' or any other book from which to read the marriage ceremony, and was at a loss how to proceed. He thought over every thing he had ever learned 'by heart,' even to

"Thirty days hath the month of September,

The same may be said of June, April, November," but all in vain—he could recollect nothing that suited such an occasion. A suppressed wail all over the room, admonished him that he must proceed with something, and in the agony of desperation, he began—

"Known all men these presents, that I—has he paused and looked up to the ceiling, while an audible voice in a corner of the room, was heard to say, 'He's drawing a deed to a tract of land, and they all laughed."

"In the name of Odd, Amen!"—he began a second time, only to hear another voice in a loud whisper, say—"He's making his will now. I thought he couldn't live long, he looks so powerfully bad."

"Now I am going to sleep."

was the next remark when some erudite gentleman remarked, "It is not dead, but sleppeth."

"Oh yes! Oh yes!" continued the Squire. One voice replied, "Oh no! oh no! don't let's," another exclaimed, "No! No! some person on doors sung out, 'Come into court!'" and the laughter was general. The bride's eyes spilt the tallow from their candles all over the floor, in the vain attempt to look serious. The bridegroom had a red mark on her lip for a month afterwards, where she had bit it. The bridegroom put his hands in his pockets and took them out again, the bride looked like she would faint—and so did the Squire.

But the Squire was an indefatigable man who kept trying. His next effort was—

"To all and sundry be the sherr"—"Let's run, he's going to leave us," and two or three at once.

Here a gleam of light flashed across the face of Squire Tompkins. "What! Squire Tompkins, looked around at all once, with as much self-satisfaction as A'ph' medes could have felt, when he discovered the method of ascertaining the specific gravity of bodies. In a grave and dignified manner he said, 'Mr. Hodgkins, hold up your right hand.' George Washington obeyed and held up his hand. Miss Polly, hold up yours.' Polly, in her confusion, held up the left hand. 'The Squire, Miss Peablossom.' And the Squire proceeded in a loud and composed manner to qualify them. 'You and each of you do solemnly swear, in the presence of Almighty God and the present company, that you will perform towards each other all and singular the functions of a husband or wife—as the case may be—to the best of your knowledge and ability, so help you God?'"

"Good as wheat," said Captain Peablossom—"Polly, my gal, come kiss your father, I never felt so happy since the day I was discharged from the army and set out homewards to see your mother."

—Macon, Ga., 1842.

Translated from the Italian.

DESPAIR AND HOPE.

The raven wings of darkness overshadow me. The buoyancy of youth has fled. Grim Disappointment and dark-robed Sorrow attend my steps. The very loveliness of nature is a mockery to me. What interest have I in the charms of beautiful scenery—in the glorious tints of the vaulted heavens—in the flowers that bloom in my path? The very voice of affection is, to my ears, a discordant sound. The sweet prating of infancy is connected, in my mind, with nothing but the miseries of life. Well would it be for thee, beautiful prattler, if the gates of death would close upon thee in the morning of life, before adversity and misfortune closed the early and fair prospects of existence. Why is it that death is painted in colors so dark, in form so terrific! Thou art to me as one all beautiful crowned with garlands; and I fly to thy arms as to a dear deliverer. I would embrace thee as my dearest friend.

What lovely spirit is this which thus protects me from the arrows of the destroyer? "Sweet girl, I fear him not." "Nor should you," she replied; "but rush not unadvisedly to his arms. You will find them cold and comfortless—rather wait his approach. He will come soon enough, doubt not.—Do not see yonder brilliant star which shines through the thick darkness? It is, believe me, for thee the harbinger of a glorious day. Observe smiling Joy and her fair sisters by thy side—a sister's sweet voice calls thee in the distance. Despair not, but persevere; and I promise thee that wealth and honor shall be thy portion, and be secure that I shall never leave thee." She placed her hand in mine. Fair shone the heavens in the distance—the whole minstrelsy of nature greeted my ears in varied sounds of joy and merriment. I forgot the troubles and trials of life, and determined to live and enjoy life as I found it. So closely allied are Despair and Hope.—St. Louis Organ.

A Clever Joke.—One of the vendors of the new life of Henry Clay walked up to the carriage in which Mr. Webster departed from the Astor House, and earnestly said, "Take the life of Henry Clay?" "I cannot take the life of so eminent a citizen," was the reply.

A rich man beginning to fall, is held up by his friends, but a poor man being down, is thrust away by his friends; when a rich man is fallen, he hath many helpers; he speaketh things not to be spoken, and yet men justify him; the poor man slipped, and they rebuked him; he spoke wisely, and could have no place. When a rich man speaketh every man holdeth histongue, and look what he saith they extol to the skies; but if a poor man speak, they say—What fellow is he?"