



Mecklenburg Jeffersonian, EDITED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY, By Samuel C. Crawford.

TERMS:
The "Mecklenburg Jeffersonian" is published weekly at Two Dollars a year, payable in advance.

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.

"Circulate the Documents."

CHEAP CASH PAPER:

The MECKLENBURG JEFFERSONIAN, a weekly paper, published at Charlotte, North Carolina, will in future be furnished to subscribers at TWO DOLLARS a year, payable in advance. No paper will be sent to any subscriber without the money being paid in advance. The size of the paper, and the great amount of reading matter contained in it, makes the JEFFERSONIAN, at the price now proposed, the cheapest paper in the southern country, and affords to every one desirous of reading the current news of the day, an opportunity to do so, at a very trifling cost.

In politics, the JEFFERSONIAN is radically democratic, and will support with zeal and industry the nominee of the Baltimore National Convention for the Presidency, whether that nominee be Van Buren, Calhoun, or any other orthodox democrat. Ardently attached to the principles of the democratic party, the editor of the JEFFERSONIAN will spare no exertions to promote the triumph of those principles in the ensuing contest in the State and Nation. And he calls upon his political friends to come forth and aid him in the good work with their patronage and influence.

In addition to political articles, the JEFFERSONIAN will contain selections on the subjects of agriculture, the arts and sciences, general literature, and the news of the day, together with a due proportion of miscellaneous reading.

As the approaching political contest will be one of absorbing interest to every citizen, we propose to furnish the JEFFERSONIAN seven months, (from 1st May to 1st Decr.) to clubs of subscribers on extremely low terms—as follows: To every new subscriber, ONE DOLLAR; to a club of 20 new subscribers, \$17; to a club of 50, at \$37, and a club of 100, at \$50—only FIFTY CENTS for the paper seven months! The money to be paid before the papers are sent. This will enable every man to have a paper of his own to read, and become conversant with the politics and news of the day. We intend to expend our utmost energies to make our paper both interesting and useful; and we hope our friends will not suffer us to labor without an adequate reward. Address

SAMUEL C. CRAWFORD,
Charlotte, N. C.

March, 1844.

MISCELLANY.

THE ROMANTIC YOUNG LADY.

There is at present existing in a plain brick house, within twenty miles of our habitation, a young lady, whom we have christened "the romantic young lady," ever since she came to an age of discretion. We have known her from her childhood, and can safely affirm that she did not take this turn till her fifteenth year, just after she had read *Comme il faut*, at that time was going the round of the reading society.

At that period she lived with her father in the next village. We well remember calling accidentally, and being informed by her that it was "a most angelic day," a truth which certainly our own experience of the cold and wet in walking across would have inclined us to dispute. These were the first words which gave us a hint as to the real state of the young lady's mind; and we know not but what we might have passed them over, had it not been for certain other expressions on her part, which served as a confirmation of our melancholy suspicions. Thus when our attention was pointed at a small sampler, lying on the table, covered over with three alphabets in red, blue, and black, with a miniature green pyramid at the top, she observed pathetically that "it was done by herself in her infancy;" after which, turning to a dandelion in a wine glass, she asked us languishingly if we loved flowers, affirming in the same breath that "she quite doted on them, and verily believed that if there were no flowers she should die outright." These expressions caused us a lengthened meditation on the young lady's case, as we walked home over the fields. Nor, with all allowances made, could we avoid the melancholy conclusion that she was gone romantic. "There is no hope for her," said we to ourselves. "Had she only gone mad, there might have been some chance." As usual, we were correct in our surmises. Within two months after this, our romantic friend ran away with the hair dresser's apprentice, who had her in the identical plain brick house so honorably mentioned above.

From our observations upon her case, and others of a similar kind, we feel no hesitation in saying before our readers the following characteristics, by which they shall know a romantic young lady, within the first ten minutes of introduction. In the first place, you will observe that she always draws more or less, using generally the draw pathetic, occasionally diversified with the draw sympathetic, melancholic, and semi-melancholic. Then she is always plying or wondering. Her pity has no

bounds. She pities "the poor flowers in winter." She pities her friend's shawl if it's get's wet. She pities poor Mr. Brown, "he has such a taste: nothing but cabbages and potatoes in his garden." This singular that, with all this fund of compassion, she was never known to pity a deserving object. That we will be too much matter of fact. Her compassion is of a more æthærial texture. She never gave a halfpenny to a beggar, unless he was "an exceedingly picturesque young man." Next to the passion of pity, she is blest with that of love. She loves the moon. She loves each of the stars individually. She loves the sea, and when she is out in a small boat loves a storm of all things. Her dislikes it must be confessed, are equally strong and capacious. Thus she hates that dull woman, Mrs. Briggs. She can't bear that dry book, Rollin's History. She detests high roads. Nothing with her is in the mean. She either dotes, or abominates. If you dance with her at a ball, she is sure to begin philosophizing, in a small way, about the feelings. She is particular partial to wearing fresh flowers in her hair at dinner. You would be perfectly thunderstruck to hear, from her own lips, what an immense number of dear friends she has, both young and old, male and female. Her correspondence with young ladies is something quite appalling. She was never known, however, in her life to give one actual page of information, except in a postscript. Her handwriting is excessively illegible, yet she always crosses in red ink, and sometimes recrosses again in invisible green. She has read all the love novels in Christendom, and is quite in love with that dear Mr. Bulwer. Some prying persons say that she has got the complete works of Lord Byron; but on that point no one is perfectly certain. If she has a younger brother fresh from school, he is always ridiculing her for what she says, trying to put her in a passion, in which, however, he rarely succeeds. There is one thing in which she excels half her sex, for she hates scandal and gossip.

To conclude, she naturalist may lay down three principals—as in the romantic young lady's life.—The first from fifteen to nineteen, while she is growing romantic; the second from nineteen to twenty-one, while she keeps romantic; and the third from twenty-one to twenty-nine, during which times she gradually subsides into common sense.

THE UNIVERSAL SWEET POTATO.

The following amusing illustration of the diversified uses to which sweet potatoes may be applied, we extract from Colonel Claiborne's graphic of a "Trip through the Piney Woods," in the eastern part of our State.—*South Western Farmer.*

In answer to our eager shout, a female voice that sounded most benignantly, bade us "light." We walked in, drenched and dripping, and found ourselves surrounded by a host of old women, many years, their nearest neighbor being twelve miles off. They owned a large stock of cattle, and the three boys (as the good mother called her sons, who were tall enough for Prussian grenadiers,) were then absent with a drove. Finding ourselves welcome, we stripped our horse, and led him to a small stable that stood near. We found the trough filled with potatoes, and the rack with hay made of the dried vines. Our horse ate them with great relish. On this farm, as on most of the others in the same locality, a few acres are cowpented and planted in corn, for bread; an acre or two for rice; but the main crop is the sweet potato. Some nations boast of their palm tree, which supplies them with food, oil, light, fuel, shelter, and clothing—but it will be seen, that we have in the potato, a staple article, scarcely inferior to it. It will grow upon soils too thin to produce corn, and with little culture. It may be converted into a valuable manure. For forage, it is excellent. Hogs and cows thrive upon it exceedingly. An acre properly cultivated will yield from three to five hundred bushels. Its farinaceous properties make it almost equal to bread, and it supplies some of the most delicious dishes for the desert.

Supper was somewhat tardy; but in an adjoining house, lit up by a brisk fire, we heard sundry "notes of preparation." It was a rare chance that brought a guest to that lone dwelling, and its kind inmates were intent on making us comfortable. Lulled by the cheerful songs and savory odors, we cast ourselves into an arm-chair and dozed, until at length a gentle touch and a musical voice, summoned us to their table. The repast was abundant, excellent, and scrupulously neat—but almost every dish was composed of potatoes dressed in many various ways. There were baked potatoes and fried potatoes—bacon and potatoes boiled together—a fine loin of beef was flanked round with potatoes, nicely browned, and swimming in gravy. A hash of wild turkey was garnished with potatoes; beside us stood a potato biscuit, as light as sponge; the coffee, which was strong and well flavored, was made of potatoes, and one of the girls drew from a corner cupboard, a rich potato pie.

In about an hour a charming little blue-eyed girl brought us a tumbler of potato beer, that sparkled like champagne, and rather archly intimated that there were some hot potatoes in the ashes, if we felt like eating one. The beer was admirable, and we were told that good whiskey, molasses, and vinegar, were sometimes made of potatoes.

At length we turned in. The little chamber we were shown to, was the perfection of neatness.—The floor was sprinkled over with white sand. A small mirror hung on the wall, from which was suspended a sort of napkin, tastily worked all over. Above was a rosary of birds-eggs of every color, and over the window, and pinned along the white curtains of the bed were wreaths of flowers, now dry indeed, but retaining their beautiful tints, and making really a very pretty ornament. An old oak chest, highly polished and waxed, set in a corner, and over that a range of shelves stored with quilts, comforts, coverlets, of many colors, the work of the industrious household. The pillows were bordered with fringed net-work, and the sheets as soft and pleasant as made of potato vines. Either from our fatigue, our late hearty supper, or rested badly; the nightmare brooded over us; we dreamed that we had turned into a big potato, and that some one was digging us up. Perspiring, struggling, we clenched the bed, and finally leaped

up, gasping for breath. It was some time before the horrid idea would quit us.—In the morning, owing to the drenching of the previous day, we were an invalid, and threatened with fever and sore throat. The kind old lady insisted on our remaining in bed; and she immediately bound a mashed roast potato, just from the ashes, moistened with warm vinegar, to our neck, and gave us a profusely hot tea, made of dried potato vines. These applications acted like a charm, and with the addition of a few simples from the wood, were all the remedial agents ever used by this happy family. They could scarcely form a conception of a physician, such as we have seen him here, riding day and night, keeping half a dozen horses, following the pestilence to enrich science with its spoils, attending the poor from charity, accumulating fortunes from the infirmities of the human family, but not unrequitedly losing life in the effort.—The mistress of the house had never known a fever, old as she was—her blooming daughters looked incredulous, when we described the ravages of disease in other parts of the State; and certain it is, that none of them had ever before seen one the worse for having rode six hours in wet clothes. When we took leave of our kind friends, it was in vain that we offered them compensation. They welcomed us to every thing, and we set off with our pockets filled with biscuit, jerked venison, and potato chips a sort of crystallized preserve, steeped in syrup and then dried in the sun.

From the Covenant.

THE ODD FELLOW'S FUNERAL.

Thou hast watch'd beside the bed of death,
Oh! fearless human love!
Thy lips received the last faint breath,
Ere the spirit fled above,
Thy prayer was heard by the parting bier,
In a lone and farewell tone;
Thou hast given the grave-bell flower and tear—
Oh love! thy task is done!—HEMANS.

'Twas a calm holy evening in midsummer. The light of the world was gradually sinking adown the western sky, flinging its farewell rays, in golden beauty, on steeple, tower, and battlement of the City of Monuments. I had wandered out beyond the precincts of the noisy mart, and reclining myself on a beautiful mossy bank, was engaged in deep communion with my own thoughts. I love, at the still hour of sunset, to steal away from the bustle of scenes of life and business, that I may, in some lone spot, indulge in a mournful yet delightful reverie; called back again some half forgotten remembrance of the past; or let the aspirations of my heart go up on the invisible wings of the wind, in gratitude to the Author of all mercies: some such employment occupied my mind on the evening of the 14th of May, 1844, when I was standing, of the muffled drum, and the mournful minstrels of wind instruments, united in a soft and solemn funeral dirge; ringing out, slowly and with measured cadence, on the calm air of that serene summer evening; and upon looking in the direction from whence the strains proceeded, I saw a funeral train, gravely wending their way up the valley, and ascending the hill.

No long array of carriages headed that funeral procession; no evidence of wealth, or pomp, or family pride, were manifest; a hearse, in which were contained the remains of the one about to be committed to the cold resting place of the dead, and a single carriage, for the minister and family of the deceased, led on the sorrowing throng that followed on foot, in the rear. But though there were but few evidences of pomp or display, yet that slowly moving company were not without manifest indications of deep sorrow; for the sad averted look, the grave and smileless face, of each that followed on, signally evinced the fervent grief that sat enthroned in every breast!

They come, a sad regalied throng,
Moving with tardy step along;
With mourning badge, and crape-bound sash,
Reflecting in the sunset's flash,
Still on they come with solemn pace,
And griefs sit throned on every face;
For now, they bear with measured tread
A brother to the silent dead!
One who, in yonder mystic hall,
Had promptly leaped to duty's call;
Whose spirit from their "Order" riven,
Had joined the Eternal One in heaven;
They now, with feelings warm and true,
Have come to sigh a last adieu!

As the mourning train moved on, I arose instinctively, and followed in the rear; for all my sympathies had awakened. The gate of the burial place was soon gained; and the friends of the deceased, led by the minister of God, moved forward with reluctant step, and gathered around the grave prepared for the reception of the remains of their lost relative and friend. The sound of the drum was hushed, the funeral service was commenced; and, ere its conclusion, many a cheek was moistened with the tear of sympathy and regret. The anguish of the stricken widow and her bereaved children was intense and heart rending; for the deceased was a husband and father.

The concourse around the grave tarried until the earth was heaped up over the coffin; and then they turned sadly away, and left the spot. The shades of evening were gathered o're the world; and, upon looking up, I perceived that the first star of the dewy twilight hour had stolen silently out from its ethereal abode, and was looking down upon the new-made grave of the late sojourner of earth, whose remains were now slumbering in the "narrow house" appointed for all the living, but whose spirit had escaped away to a blissful region, of whose boundaries that bright star was but the landmark, and of the glories of which it was but a faint scintillation. I involuntarily joined with the friends of the buried, and left the place of sepulture; and in conversation with one of their number, I learned that the deceased was a member of the society that had just paid the last tribute of respect—he was an Odd Fellow.

He had been a worthy man; had always sustained a spotless reputation; had been unfortunate in business; and, in the midst of his misfortunes, he was taken ill, and continued so until his death, which took place about a year after his first sickness. Owing to his limited means, the association of Odd Fellows was his only dependence for the support of

himself and family, consisting of a wife and four children, during the whole of that time; and that support was cheerfully and liberally afforded. "We have," continued my informant, "alternately watched beside his dying couch every night for the last four months; and, oh! how our hearts were pained to hear his expressions of regret at being under the necessity of allowing his brethren of the order to subject themselves to such inconvenience, in watching by him; and to such expense, in providing for himself and family; and, more than this, he regretted that he was about to die, and leave his family entirely dependent upon the benevolence of the institution, that had already done so much for them and him! But we silenced his regrets, and soothed his sorrows, by assuring him that the bounties he was the recipient of were the freewill offerings of hearts that rejoiced in the privilege of relieving human distress, and of mitigating sufferings; and by telling him that his wife and little ones should be under the guardian protection of the Order, who would see to their maintenance and education, not as a matter of mercy, but as an incumbent duty, enjoined by the genius of the institution, whose broad expansive wings of charity were spread out for the protection of all who take shelter beneath them!—Our brother died in peace, and we have buried him; and now we have the further privilege to avail ourselves of the additional duty to discharge, viz: that of attending to his family, and of educating his children, which shall be faithfully done!"

"We'll wipe the tear from sorrow's eyes,
And cause the sun of joy to rise;
Roll every boding cloud away,
And usher in the light of day!"

By this time we had reached the house of the mourning family. I bade my informant good night and could not help thanking Heaven that there was an asylum where the distressed might find succor, where the tear of the orphan and widow would be wiped away, and all their sorrows soled! That there was in this and a sterile world some sympathy for the friendless, the forsaken, the lonely among our race.

I availed myself of the privilege of joining the Odd Fellows!

DEATH OF WASHINGTON.

The following vivid and touching sketch of the last moments of the Father of his Country is from a letter in the N. Y. American:

Passing the great hall ornamented with pictures of English hunting scenes, we ascended the oak stair case, with its carved and antique balustrade. We stood at the door—we pressed the handle—the room and the bed where he died were before us. Nothing in the lofty drama of his existence surprised

which he had taken from exposure, in overseeing some part of his grounds, and which resisted the earliest domestic remedies that were applied, advanced in the course of two short days into that frightful form of the disease of the throat, *Laryngitis*. It became necessary for him to take to his bed. His value friend, Dr. Craik, was instantly summoned, and assisted by the best medical skill of the surrounding country, exhausted all the means of his art, but without affording him relief. He patiently submitted, though in great distress, to the various remedies proposed, but it became evident from the gloom settling upon the countenances of the medical gentlemen, that the case was hopeless. Advancing insidiously, the disease had fastened itself with deadly certainty. Looking with perfect calmness on the sobbing group around him, he said—"Grieve not, my friends—it is as I anticipated from the first—the debt which we all owe is now about to be paid—I am resigned to the event."—Requesting Mrs. Washington to bring him two wills from his escrutoire, he directed one to be burnt, and placed the other in her hands, as his last will and testament, and then gave some final instructions to Mr. Lear, his Secretary and relation, as to the adjustment of his business affairs. He soon after became greatly distressed, and as, in the paroxysms which became more frequent and violent, Mr. Lear, who was extended on the bed by his side, assisted him to turn, he, with kindness, but with difficulty, articulated, "I fear I give you great trouble, sir—but—perhaps it is a duty we all owe, one to another—I trust you shall require it!"

As the night waned, the fatal symptoms became more imminent. His breath became more labored and suffocating, and his voice soon after failed him. Perceiving his end approaching, he straightened himself to his full length, he folded his own hands in the necessary attitude upon his chest—placing his finger upon the pulse of his left wrist, and thus calmly prepared and watching his own dissolution, he awaited the summons of his Maker. The last faint hope of his friends had disappeared, Mrs. Washington, stupefied with grief, sat at the foot of the bed, her eyes fixed steadily upon him; Dr. Craik, in deep gloom, stood with his face buried in his hands at the fire—his faithful black servant Christopher, the tears uncontrolled trucking down his face, on one side, took the last look of his dying master; while Mr. Lear, in speechless grief, with folded hands, bent over his pillow on the other.—Nought broke the stillness of his last moments, but the suppressed sobs of the affectionate servants collected on the stair case; the tick of the large clock in the hall, as it measured off with painful distinctness, the last fleeting moments of his existence, and the low moan of the winter wind, as it swept thro' the leafless snow-covered trees; the laboring and wearied spirit drew nearer, and nearer, to its goal; the blood languidly coarsed slower and more slowly through its channels—the noble heart stopped—struggled—stopped—fluttered—the right hand slowly slid from the wrist, upon which its finger had been placed—it fell at the side—and the manly effigy of Washington was all that remained, extended upon the death couch.

Shall I cut this loin of mutton saddlewise? said a gentleman. No said one of his guests, cut it bride-wise—for then I may chance to get a bit in my mouth.

A man came to the printing office to beg a paper. "because," said he, "we like to read the newspapers very much, but our neighbors don't take none!"

THE TIMES.

The almost universal embarrassment under which the country now labours, enjoins upon all the duty of reciprocal forbearance. Multitudes of men, qualified for every kind of business, are seeking in vain, the means of honest subsistence, in default of which, their faculties are stagnating in idleness. This is the necessary result of that wild spirit of adventure which seized upon all classes some years ago.—Few escaped the contagion, which possessed men of the gravest pursuits and the most sober character. The thirst of sudden wealth by novel means seems like an epidemic to fall periodically up the community, without distinction of persons, conditions, or pursuits. Man is an imitative and gregarious animal, and few have sufficient individual independence to defend them from a general, pervading influence. This should teach us charity for the errors of our fellow men, who are impelled and hurried along by the popular current. Few are stoics or philosophers, and let him that standeth take heed lest he fall.

We have made these remarks with the view of inculating forbearance towards those who are depressed or stricken down by the recoil of that spring of enterprise which a few years ago was so morbidly strained. Few there are, who have not suffered from the stagnation of business, and the collapse of enterprise which have followed. Some time must elapse, before the tide which is now, we hope, near its ebb, will begin to rise. Thousands are waiting the turning of the waters. In the mean time, we would enjoin toleration and patience, which are dictated by policy as well as humanity. Tread not upon the fallen, but give him a chance to rise. Encourage the spirit of enterprise, rather than add additional weight to the burden by which he is already depressed. Have patience with temporary misfortune; grant indulgence to obligations that cannot be at once redeemed. The present depression cannot last forever. The darkest moment is that which immediately precedes the dawn. Already we think we see indications of returning prosperity. Our country is large, our fields fertile, our products valuable, our people industrious, enterprising, indomitable. With such means of prosperity, and such elements of wealth, the adversity which has shed so general a gloom, must soon give place to better and brighter times. Until these come, we must assist in bearing each other's burdens, and seek by mutual kindness and forbearance, to mitigate inevitable but we trust, only temporary evils.

REMEDY FOR WEAK EYES.

We know from experience, that the practice recommended below, of bathing the eyes in water every morning is a good one, but doubt very much if it will ease the necessary wearing spectacles. We have, however, seen many persons, and with much beneficial effect, but have been compelled to wear spectacles notwithstanding, though possibly such might not be the case where the eyes are not worked night and day, as ours have been. There is no necessity to "hold the breath," as the face may be immersed with the mouth open, so as to breathe through the corners of it. The eyes should be opened slowly and gradually, so as not to shock them suddenly with the cold water; and even then, it will perhaps be several days before they can be kept steadily open. They should be kept in motion too, while in the water. The practice is good not only for "old people" but young ones also, and should be commenced early.

As to "dipping the crown of the head," we decidedly doubt the propriety of it, believing from experience, that the less the head is wet the better, especially if the hair be long, so that it cannot be dried quickly, and irritated with a rough towel; and that the hearing is sometimes affected by the cold which cause from it.—*South Carolinian.*

"Interesting to old people.—We find in an "Old paper" the following method recommended to aged people, as a means of enabling them to preserve their eyesight, or to recover it after it has failed.

"Every morning, when washing yourself, dip your face in the water, open your eyes and keep them under the water as long as you can hold your breath. This strengthens the eye, and cleanses it from the rheum, which deadens the eye and considerably affects the ball. A gentleman in Maryland, by the name of James Calder, after using spectacles for twenty years, followed this plan, and at the age of seventy recovered his sight so as to see without them. Dipping the crown of his head into cold water every morning, both winter and summer, is a preservative against the head and ear-ache and will materially assist the other operation in its effect upon the eyes.

The Frenchman in a Dilemma.—"Vat a ver comical language de English is!" said a French gentleman the other evening at the table.

"Do you think so?"
"Oui, ver droll. I will tell you. I wanted to see England—ver good. I got de passport, and arrived at Dover. I was ver much hungry. I looked in my dictionary for 'potage,' 'potage soup,'—sope. 'Madame,' said I, 'some sope if you please.' In one minute de lady bekoned me. I went vid her to de chamber. 'Der is sop,' said she, 'and de water.' 'Pardon, Madame, not savon, but sope.' 'Dis is sope,' said she. 'No, no! Madame, not dat potage-sope.' 'Well, sare, dis is soap.' 'Parbleu, Madame! de sope, sope comprenez vous?' 'This is sope.' 'Dat soape—dat potage! Madame, I am not imbecile, one fool; I vant de sope—not one lump of savon sope, Madame.' But she wouldn't understand; and so, sare, I vashed my hands vid de savon, and went to bed. De hands wer ver clean, but for want of de sope de stomach was ver empty."

To select a Good Wife.—Choose a woman who has been inured to industry, and is not ashamed of it. Be sure she has a good constitution, good temper, and has not been accustomed to "dashing" without knowing the value of the means, is not fond of novels, and has no giddy and fashionable relations, and you need inquire no further—he is a fortune.

Marry a man for his good sense, amiable temper, his sound morals, his habits of industry and economy, and you will then have a good husband.