

Mecklenburg Jeffersonian, EDITED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY JOSEPH W. HAMPTON.

TERMS.

The Jeffersonian will be furnished to subscribers at TWO DOLLARS a year, if paid in advance.

Candidates for Office.

- We are authorized to announce CHARLES T. ALEXANDER, Jr., a candidate at the next August election...

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

William E. Gill vs. George W. Gill, and others. In Equity, Lancaster Dist. S. C.

Partition—Estate of Lewis Gill deceased.

THAT VALUABLE PUBLIC HOUSE

in the Village of Lancaster known as the GLOBE HOTEL, AND STORE HOUSE adjoining, fronting the Court House, and bounded north by lot of Minor Clinton, East by White street, and south by Dunlap street.

MANSION HOUSE.

THE Subscriber has taken possession of the MANION HOUSE in the village of Charlotte, N. C., and intends to accommodate all who may call on him as well as he possibly can.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, UNION COUNTY, IN EQUITY.

February Term, 1845.

Geo. J. Long and others, vs. Eyan A. Crowell and Catharine his wife.

STATE OF NORTH-CAROLINA, MECKLENBURG COUNTY.

Superior Court of Law, Spring Term, 1845.

IN pursuance of an order from the presiding Judge, the Hon. John L. Bailey, notice is hereby given,

Witness, J. B. Kerr, clerk of our said court, at Office, the 4th Monday in February, 1845.

March 21, 1845. N. B. Hereafter, the state docket will be taken up on Monday of each regular term of the Superior Court.

Notice.

HAVING left my books, accounts, &c., in the hands of Col. M. W. Alexander, at the Charlotte Hotel, I request all those indebted to me in any way, to call on Col. A. and make settlement.

March 7, 1845. THOMAS F. HAMPTON.

Notice.

ALL persons indebted to Samuel C. Crawford, on account of newspaper subscription or otherwise, are informed that the Trustee has placed the accounts in the hands of Mr. John S. Meas, who is authorized to make settlements.

March 7, 1845. T. F. HAMPTON.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given, that I have left all my notes and accounts in the hands of N. B. Taylor, in Charlotte, and request all persons indebted to me in any manner, to call on him and make settlement.

March 7, 1845. R. G. ALLISON.

BLACKSMITHING.

Wiley & George W. Suggs inform the citizens of Charlotte and its vicinity, that they have opened a shop on main street, 3 squares south of the Courthouse, where they intend to carry on the BLACKSMITHING BUSINESS in all its various branches.

March 7, 1845. 92-10.

Just to Hand!

A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF JEWELLERY.

EMBRACING Ladies' and Gentlemen's Gold and Silver LEVER WATCHES; gold Guards and Fob Chains and Keys; Breast Pins; Finger Rings; gold and silver Pencils; genuine silver table and tea Spoons—German silver do; fine pocket and pen Knives; Butter and Fruit do; and various other articles in my line, which will be sold extremely low for cash.

March 29, 1845. THOMAS TROTTER.



POETRY.

I'LL THINK OF THEE—SONNET.

I'll think of thee when morning bright and fair Peeps from her couch beyond the eastern main; When trees and plants their glittering liveries wear, And birds attune their joyous notes again.

Miscellany.

BARNEY OXMAN AND THE EVIL ONE.

There lived an old woman, some years ago, at Musquash Creek, in South Carolina, that had a large fortin', and an only darter.

Barney Oxman had a most beautiful voice, and always went there to, to sing along with the gals, and Barney, hearin' of the fortin' of Miss Rusby, made up to her as fierce as possible, and sung so sweet, and talked so sweet, and kissed so sweet,

Barney Oxman had a most beautiful voice, and always went there to, to sing along with the gals, and Barney, hearin' of the fortin' of Miss Rusby, made up to her as fierce as possible, and sung so sweet, and talked so sweet, and kissed so sweet,

"What is your name?" asked the Justice of a burly and good-natured looking Dutchman of the party.

"Why you see, I wash down dere by der market house, and we all goes in a tavern, and dat Irishman says, 'we'll all play something for ten drinks,' and dey all says yes, and I 'ish agreed too.

"Well, all this went on as slick as could be for awhile, but the old woman seed that her daughter looked pale, and as if she hadn't had sleep enough, and there was no gettin' of her up in the mornin'.

"Presently, marm," said she, "I am wrestling with the evil one, now; I'll come presently."

"Presently, marm," said her darter. "It's always the same tune," said her mother, going off grumbling; "it's always presently, presently; what has got into the gal to act so.

"Which is oppermost?" said she; "have you what have you to say about it?"

throw'd Satan, or has Satan throw'd you? Speak, Rusby; speak, dear; whose throw'd?"

"I have throw'd him," said her darter; "and I hope I have broke his neck, he acted so."

"Come to bed, then," said she, "darling, and be thankful; say a prayer backward, and"

Just then the old woman was seized round the waist, hoisted through the trap door to the roof, and from there to the top of the crane, where the basket stopped, and the first thing she know'd, she was away up ever so far in the air, swingin' in a large basket, and no soul near her.

Barney and his niggers cut stick double quick, crept into the bushes, and went all round to the road in front of the house, just as day was breakin'.

"Oh," says the old woman, "Mr. Oxman, the moment Jerusha throwed the evil one, the house shook like an earthquake, and as I entered the room he seized me, put me into his basket, and flew off with me. Oh, I shall never forget his fiery eye balls, and the horrid smell of brimstone he had!"

"I couldn't see in the dark," said she, "but his claws were awful sharp; oh, how they dug into my ribs!—It e'en a'most took the flesh off,—oh, dear!—Lord have mercy on us! I hope he is laid in the Red Sea, now!"

"I tell you what it is, Aunt; says Barney, 'that's an awful story; keep it secret, for your life;—folks might say the house was haunted—that you was possessed, that Jerushy was in league with the evil one. Don't so much as lisp a syllable of it to a livin' sinner breathin'; keep the secret and I will help you."

"The hint took; the old woman had no wish to be burnt or drown'd for a witch, and the moment a feller has a woman's secret, he is that woman's master. He was invited there, stayed there, and married there; but the old woman never know'd who 'The Evil One' was, and always thought till her dyin' day it was Old Scratch himself. After her death they didn't keep it secret no longer; and many a good laugh has there been at the story of Barney Oxman and the Evil One.

AN OBSTREPERIOUS PARTY.

A few nights since, a party of about ten was arrested and taken to the watch-house, charged by the 'guardians of the night' with disturbing the peace of the city.

"Why you see, I wash down dere by der market house, and we all goes in a tavern, and dat Irishman says, 'we'll all play something for ten drinks,' and dey all says yes, and I 'ish agreed too.

Well, the house was a flat-roofed house, and had a trap door in the ceiling over the keepin' room, and there was a crane on the roof with a rope to it, to pull things up to spread out to dry there.

"That's your story, it is,—let's hear some other sides of the question; how was it, Pat?" said the Justice addressing the Irishman.

"Why, 'Squire, old 'yaw-yaw' there hasn't told the last bit of truth, at all; we played a fair game as any gentlemen could play, and when the Dutchman was put into ten drinks, he wanted to back out, and I and the rest of the gentlemen here present, very civilly told him that he had to pay for 'em like a trump, or be Jesus.

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