



"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.

VOLUME 6;

CHARLOTTE, NORTH-CAROLINA, SEPTEMBER 18, 1846.

NUMBER 279.

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, or within one month from the commencement of the year, or **THREE DOLLARS**, if not thus paid. No subscription will be discontinued, (except at the option of the Editor,) until all arrearages are paid.

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POETRY.

From the *Boston Atlas*.

A GEM, FROM FANNY FORRESTER.

We extract, from the proof-sheets of *Alderbrook*, now in press, by Ticknor & Co., the following touching stanzas, written to her mother by Mrs. Judson, previous to her voyage from this port, a few weeks ago:

Give me my old seat, Mother,
With my head upon thy knee;
I've passed through many a changing scene,
Since thus I sat by thee.
Oh! let me look into thine eyes—
Their meek, soft, loving light
Falls like a gleam of holiness
Upon my heart, to night.

I've not been long away, Mother;
Few suns have rose and set
Since last the tear drop on thy cheek
My lips in kisses met.
'Tis but a little time, I know,
But very long it seems;
Though every night I came to thee,
Dear Mother, in my dreams.

The world has kindly dealt, Mother,
By the child thou lovest so well;
Thy prayers have circled round her path;
And 'twas their holy spell
Which made that path so dearly bright;
Which strewn the roses there;
Which gave the light, and cast the balm
On every breath of air.

I bear a happy heart, Mother;
A happier never beat,
And, even now, new buds of hope
Are bursting at my feet.
Oh! Mother! life may be a dream;
But if such dreams are given,
While at the portal thus we stand,
What are the truths of Heaven!

I bear a happy heart, Mother;
Yet, when fond eyes I see,
And hear soft tones and winning words,
I ever think of thee.
And then, the tear my spirit weeps
Unbidden fills my eye;
And, like a homeless dove, I long
Unto thy breast to fly.

Then I am very sad, Mother,
I'm very sad and lone;
Oh! there's no heart whose inmost fold
Ope to me like thine own!
Though sunny smiles wreath blossoming lips,
While love tones meet my ear;
My Mother, one fond glance of thine
Were thousand times more dear.

Then with a closer clasp, Mother,
Now hold me to thy heart;
I'd feel it beating 'gainst my own,
Once more, before we part.
And, Mother, to this love-lit spot,
When I am far away,
Come off—too oft thou canst not come!
And for thy darling pray.

MR. WEBSTER ABLE TO GO ANY WAY.—When Mr. Webster propounded the question once at Faneuil Hall, "Where shall I go?" he was strangely puzzled to decide upon the exact locality that would suit him. How he shall go seems to be a matter that does not bother him at all, if the following anecdote be true. A few days since he entered the cars at Washington to proceed to the east. The seats generally were filled. Mr. Evans called out "Mr. Webster, you can take a seat next to me." "Why?" said the senator, "there is hardly room for two such men as we are." "Never mind," rejoined Evans, "you can squeeze in." A gentleman at the end of the car, seeing the dilemma, observed, Mr. Webster, you are welcome to my seat, if you can ride backwards." Mr. Webster looked at him as the Bunk and (drawing himself up as straight as the Bunk and Hill Staff, and taking off his hat while all the other passengers were looking on) responded in a peculiarly dignified tone, "Sir, I have been going through this world long backwards, and I can ride in any direction." The laughter that ensued was loud and long. He then took a seat with Evans, and in a few minutes the locomotive was on its way to Baltimore.

A Yankee on being asked why he did not marry, said, "the time was pitched upon, and all was ready, when she up and died."

John Smith has said many good things, among the rest that a newspaper is like a wife, because every man ought to have one of his own.

DIAPYR.—The apple woman under the Bulletin of the New York Tribune Office, has busted, in consequence of the new tariff.

AGRICULTURAL.

TO PREVENT SMUT IN WHEAT.

Although we have given directions how to prevent the smut in wheat in a former volume, many our readers do not seem to have read them, and therefore we repeat them. Make a brine strong enough to bear up an egg, be careful that it is not above blood heat, then let the grain soak in it from one to twelve hours as is most convenient. While in soak, stir up the grain occasionally, and every time this is done, take off the scum, foul stuff, and light seeds that rise to the top of the brine. As the grain is taken out, spread it on a floor or in the sun, and scatter slaken lime, ashes, or plaster, over it, to dry it. Lime is the best material for this purpose, if it be had. It will dry in half an hour in the sun, and is then ready to be sown. Copperas water and urine are frequently used instead of brine to soak the seed; but we much prefer brine, as it is cleanly, and never dangerous in application. Some say grain may be soaked 24 hours in the brine without injury; but if it be a thin-skinned variety, we should think it would endanger its germination to soak over four hours or so. It is a good plan to prepare rye, barley, buckwheat, and oats, for sowing in the same way as wheat, especially oats, as they are frequently liable to smut.

COLIC IN MULES.

In your last No., page 187, in an article signed Gaston, the writer complains that his mules die of colic. I will merely say to him, that mules are but little subject to disease, except by inflammation of the intestines, caused by the grossness of exposure to cold and wet, and excessive drinking of cold water, after severe labor, and while in a high state of perspiration. Crushed corn and cob is the best food for them; neither rye nor wheat straw should be given them while working, as it renders them unfit for labor, but in times of rest it is a good food. They have been lost by feeding on cut straw and corn meal.

In breaking them, they should be mated with a swift walking horse, and if treated kindly, will be gentle; but if treated inhumanly, they will treasure up their revenge for years, until an opportunity offers to gratify it. They are called obstinate, by muleish drivers, and by none else. No opinion is more erroneous than that mules can thrive on brambles and briars. They may live, but cannot thrive. A mule requires one third less of nutritive substance than a horse, but his quantum he must have, or like other animals, he will starve; and though not so much of an epicure or glutton as man, he is as much opposed to scanty doses in feeding as his master.

JAMES BOYLE.

Annapolis, Md.

HOW TO MAKE SUCCOTASH.—To about half a pound of salt pork add three quarts of cold water, and set it to boil. Now cut off three quarts of green corn from the cobs, ret the corn aside, and put the cobs to boil with the pork, as they will add much to the richness of the mixture. When the pork has boiled say half an hour, remove the cobs and put in one quart of freshly gathered, green, shelled beans; boil again for fifteen minutes; then add the three quarts of corn and let it boil another fifteen minutes. Now, turn the whole out into a dish, add five or six large spoonfuls of butter, season it with pepper to your taste, and with salt, also, if the salt of the pork has not proved sufficient. If the liquor has boiled away, it will be necessary to add a little more to it before taking it away from the fire, as this is an essential part of the affair.—*Western Farmer and Gardener.*

DETERIORATION OF BARN-YARD MANURE.

Dung, in the opinion of the late Judge Peters, begins to deteriorate after it is one year old. "I have put it on," says he, "after lying several years, without any perceptible benefit. But the practice of plowing hot and fresh dung, has often been to me a subject of regret. It not only produces smutty crops, imparts, over stimulated, but cannot be equally spread or covered, so that much straw and little grain appear in spots, which often lie down; and, in others, scarcely any advantage is derived. Muck, composted, will keep the longest, without injury to its fertilizing qualities. Dung and muck, in confined places, from which free air and moisture are excluded, undergo a degree of combustion, and become dry rotten mouldy and useless.

SUPERIOR CORN BREAD.—In stopping at Belmont's American Hotel in Albany, a few weeks since, I do not know when I relished any food better than I did some excellent corn bread, which I found on his breakfast table. I was so well pleased with the article, as well as with the general character of his house, that I begged of him to furnish me with a recipe for making it, which is as follows:

Take 3 quarts of milk, a little sour, 7 eggs, 2 ounces of butter, 1 teaspoonful of saleratus, and mix with Indian meal, to the consistency of a thick batter, and bake with a strong heat. The pans used for baking are of tin, 8 inches in diameter; 1 1/2 inches deep, and a little bevelled. The above is sufficient for seven loaves.

A TRAVELLER.

He who takes a fish out of the water finds a piece of money.—*Dr. Franklin.*

DANDELION COFFEE.—Dr. Harrison, of Edinburgh, prefers dandelion coffee to that of Mocha; and many persons all over the Continent prefer a mixture of succory and coffee to coffee alone. Dig up the roots of dandelion, wash them well, but do not scrape them, dry them, cut them into the size of peas, and then roast them in an earthen pot, or coffee roaster of any kind. The great secret of good coffee, is, to have it fresh burnt and fresh ground.—*Cottage Gardening.*

HOW TO BOIL GREEN CORN.—The proper state in which to eat green corn, is, at the time that the milk flows upon pressing the kernels with the thumb nail. It is best when boiled in the ear with the husks on, the latter of which should be stripped off when brought to the table. The ears should then be covered with butter, with a little salt added, and the grains eaten off the cob. Over refined people think this vulgar, and shave them off, but in so doing they lose much of their sweetness.

BEST TIME TO PRUNE PEACH TREES.—The most suitable time for pruning the peach as well as for most other kinds of stone-fruit, is in autumn, just as the leaves begin to fall, when the sap is in a downward motion. At this period, a more perfect cicatrization takes place, than when the trees are pruned in winter or spring.

SUCCOTASH IN WINTER.—Take, when green, your corn either on the cob or carefully shelled, and your beans in the pod, dip them in boiling water, and carefully dry them in the shade where there is a free circulation of air. Pack them up in a box or bag, in which they should be kept in a dry place, and succotash may be made from them as well in winter as in summer.

WEATHER RULES.—If the moon looks pale and dim, we may expect rain; if it be red, look out for wind; and if its color be of a natural white, the weather will be fair.

HOW TO DRIVE AWAY MOSQUITOES.—Fumigate the room containing them by burning brown sugar on a shovel or pan of coals.

LATEST FROM THE ARMY.

Correspondence of the *New Orleans Bee*.

MATAMOROS, Aug. 17, 1846.

Day before yesterday the four regiments that had arrived here from below, left for Camargo by the land route, and were ordered to halt six miles distant, and wait for other forces that were to join them. On yesterday early in the morning, the second dragoons, near 400, and a company of flying artillery, together with several detachments of regulars, started off for the six miles encampment, and in the evening took up the line of march, preceded by the dragoons as an advanced guard, and all under the command of Gen. Twigg. They number about 2000, and are ordered to reach Camargo as quick as the heat of the weather will permit.

I am of opinion that they are leaving less men here than the importance of the post demands—only about 500 men being stationed in the town, and about as many more on the other side of the river, and none others nearer than La Buita. It is true we have near a thousand American citizens here, engaged in different pursuits; and most of them are in possession of arms, but then there is no organization among them—no place of rendezvous selected in cases of alarm; and although they might be able to do good service by acting in concert, as they now are they would be of little avail. Gen. Taylor may be right in his estimation of Mexican friendship, but I have little confidence in it. They certainly wear a friendly garb on occasions to avoid suspicion, but they have too much of the Indian in their composition to forget the deadly enmity they so recently entertained for the Americans, and when ever their brain becomes fuddled with liquor their real sentiments find vent, and often about the cafes can be heard "viva la Republica Mexicana." The men are becoming more hostile in their demeanor every day, and it does not require a pair of spectacles to see it. An increase of number is also perceptible; and where, four weeks ago, they were as submissive as slaves, they will now warmly argue with you about the encroachments of the Americans, and tell you that by and by the Mexican soldiers will come back and make them cross the river. I believe that if they were left alone they would remain quiet, but emissaries are daily arriving amongst them, and urging them to assist in driving the invaders from the soil. There are, without doubt, arms, ammunition and uniforms enough in Matamoros to equip two thirds of the inhabitants, and they might arm themselves at night, and not one in twenty would be recognized the next day as a citizen of Matamoros. Besides this, every Rancho in the vicinity has an unpreceded number of men about it, and robberies and murders are being committed on the roads almost daily. Captain Ball's body has been found about 8 miles from here on the La Buita route, and a Mexican boy who was returning some horses to Buita, was fired upon and forced to leave the horses and take to the Chaparral for safety. And I heard last evening that a baggage wagon had been stopped and robbed on the same route. I live now in a Mexican family, the women of which, I believe are really friendly.

They say that there are large number of "Commission" parties—meaning I suppose land privateers—about and when I proposed going to Camargo the other day, they urged me to wait for a steamer, saying that it would be unsafe to go up by land. These parties rob and murder every American they can catch, and induce the rancheros to follow suit. I believe that if the news was to reach us to day that Hays, with the regiment he took out to Victoria had been defeated in a fight, a bold leader, one whom the Mexicans could place confidence in, could induce the citizens here to fly to arms, and unite with any party that would approach Matamoros. It would not be their intention, I think, to

keep the town, but merely pay it a flying visit like the Camanches, kill those whom they could catch, and pack off as many American goods as they could. Those who are lying in the town could do a great deal of mischief by joining such a party, for they are well acquainted with every important house we occupy, and would be careful to avoid the different American barracks.

To show you how well they know all our movements, I went to Col. Clarke's quarters yesterday, and he showed me a letter he had intercepted. It was written in Spanish, and its author had wisely withheld his signature. It was translated to me by a good Spanish scholar, and contained as correct a statement of the disposition of forces as the Adjutant General could have made. It gave a correct estimate of the forces at Camargo, at the Brazos, at Buita, and at Matamoros, with other items of great importance to the enemy. Gen Twigg, it said, was on the eve of departure for Camargo with near 3000 men, which left Matamoros in the possession of less than 1000—and those without discipline, and not very well armed. That the regiment opposite La Buita would move up in a few days, but would not stop in Matamoros more than 24 hours; after which it would fall an easy prey to either soldiers or "commissioners." He then calculated very correctly what force would be at Camargo, and wound up with hoping the citizens of Tamaulipas would not suffer a hand full of men to keep possession of the lower country, whilst the invading force was moving, upon Monterey. The letter would have been of great importance to the enemy, and the person who arrested the courier is entitled to great praise. For particular reasons he wishes his name withheld from the public. In the same package were some thirty or forty letters addressed to private individuals, all of which Col. Clarke broke the seals and had them translated to him. In none of them, however, but the one alluded to, was there any information of importance. I believed the valuable letter was not addressed to any one, but it is supposed it was for the Commander at or near Monterey. There are some men in this place that would be better out of it, and if they do not keep a bright look out will find themselves dancing in the air.

Two disbanded rangers started for Camargo yesterday, but returned a little before day this morning bringing with them a prisoner, whom, I understand, they met in the road, and found a large number of letters for this place. I went to Head Quarters this morning, but could not get an opportunity of seeing the Commander. I understand, however, from one of the rangers, that two or three of the letters were of much importance and that the bearer of them is kept closely guarded. Col. Clarke has told the authorities here to advise the citizens to send open letters to their friends in the interior, and I think any letters which leaves or arrives here from that quarter with a seal, will be broken and its contents read over.

The steamer *McIntire* left here for Camargo this morning, loaded down with freight—all on private account—for the transportation of which she receives three dollars per barrel. Merchants take advantage of Gen. Taylor's orders against going to Camargo by forming a mock partnership with the army sutlers. Some of them pay a good round sum for the privilege of being one of the Co's. of such and such sutler. I heard the other day of 12 partners in one of these concerns. A half a dozen houses or tents will bear the name of Jenkins & Co., or some other firm, when in fact, he has not \$1,000 interest in the whole of them. Leave the Yankee merchants alone for whipping the devil around the stump.

Matamoros is still very healthy. The old inhabitants say there will be little or no sickness this year. They say that unless it be sickly during the "fruit season" they never look for it, and that season has now passed.

The Rio Grande keeps the water within its banks and that is all. The steamers find it in excellent boating order, barring the swiftness of the current. There six Government boats here at one yesterday, some going up with provisions and others going down to load.

THE CORPORAL.

MATAMOROS, Aug. 19, 1846.

A letter was received last evening from one of Hays's men, in which the writer states that the regiment had reached San Fernando without encountering any opposition. The rancheros on the road treated him quite civilly, as did also the citizens of San Fernando, at which place they had been two or three days when the letter was written. From the tone of the epistle, a person would infer that its author was perfectly enraptured with the country through which he passed, and perfectly writes in agony at the idea of having to leave the village. He thinks the regiment will proceed on to Victoria and thence to Monterey without meeting a Mexican force.

I think unless Gen. Taylor received orders to the contrary by the last arrival, he will take up the line of march for Monterey in four or five days. Indeed, I should not be surprised if the advance guard were now on the move. He will meet with no opposition there, notwithstanding the reports of the advance of Paredes.

Gen. Twigg's with his men are moving on bravely towards Camargo. They were about 60 miles above here yesterday morning and making as much headway as the heat will permit.

I am rather inclined to think that the Southern expedition I spoke of you of has been abandoned for the moment. The men that are destined for it are still below here, and the ordinance proposed, but I hear nothing of their receiving orders to move, and suppose it's lost sight of now, as the movement towards Monterey is somewhat sooner than the General himself then anticipated. Soto la Marina or a place, the name of which I have forgotten, further on towards Tampico, would be an advantageous post to occupy this fall.

Near 12 o'clock night before last, Colonel Clarke was informed that 300 mounted Mexicans were near the city, and he sent immediately over the river for the troops took command of those in town, and in less than half an hour he received the news 500 men were patrolling the streets. Daylight came without the approach of the enemy, and he sent our men to the place where they were reported

to have been seen. On their return they stated that a large number of horses' tracks were found at the place where they were said to have been seen.— Clarke then sent for the Alcalde and questioned him as to his knowledge of these men. He stated that about 150 contrabandists or smugglers had come in during the evening, but he did not know where they were. The next day a Mexican was arrested having in his possession about twenty blank commissions signed by Gen. Mejia.

Hart the manager of the American Theatre in this place received a letter from the owner of the Theatre building in Monterey, telling him that he was cleaning and fitting up and that he could have it for a very moderate price when the American army came there. He stated that there had not been a performance in that place for near two years.

I have advices nearly every hour from Camargo, but seldom get anything worth communicating to you.

THE CORPORAL.

MATAMOROS, Aug. 22, 1846.

Gentlemen: From Camargo, we have accounts of the advance of our forces towards Monterey. The steamer *Virginia* came down last evening and reported having crossed over the San Juan on the 19th. General Worth with the 8th infantry, Duncan's artillery, and an artillery company from Point Isabel, making in all between 1000 and 1100 men. It was reported that they were destined for China, 75 miles towards Monterey, but there is no doubt they will proceed as quickly as possible to the latter place. When they reach Monterey, I have not the remotest idea of their being opposed, but they will enter and take the town without firing a gun. In anticipation of their approach, General Mejia left for Saltillo about twelve days ago, taking with him, besides his own soldiers, 800 men—every man that he could induce to follow him, either by entreaty or threat. There are reports of a Mexican force rapidly approaching from the interior, but I do not believe a word of it, and if any fighting does grow out of the advance of the American forces, we do not look for it until we get in the mountains. Taylor's doing all in his power to shove Worth ahead, and give him an opportunity of making up for lost time, and I am glad of it. He was particularly unfortunate, in leaving here last spring, and should an opportunity present itself, he will make the most of it. It was thought that the Texian cavalry would be the first to enter Monterey, but I understood this morning they had positive orders to repair to Camargo after leaving Victoria. So the hope of being at the coming out post need be entertained no more by them. To show you that we are not the only ones whom Madame Komor occasionally visits, a letter was received here yesterday, by a young man from his mother, residing in Monclova, telling him that five thousand Americans had crossed the Rio Grande from San Antonio and were making rapid marches for that place—she, however, expressed her determination not to remove, for, says she, there is no place in Mexico where the Americans will not be in a few months.

The steamer *Rough and Ready*, arrived here day before yesterday, loaded down to the guards with freight and having on board two companies of Tennessee volunteers for Camargo.

With the exception of the traders from the interior few purchasers of goods are now in Matamoros, and the place is as dull as you ever saw New Orleans during the prevalence of an epidemic.

THE CORPORAL.

NEGRO JUSTICE.—In the Republic of Hayti, a man was tried for stealing some articles of food while being cooked in a pot over the fire. It was urged in his defence that the larceny was committed under the influence of hunger; and the court decided that it was not unlawful for a man to steal when he was hungry. To this it was replied, that he had stolen the pot also. But in this dilemma the Court decided that, as the victuals could not be taken away without the pot, it was allowable that the pot should accompany its contents.

A GOOD REPORT.—An old woman seeing a sailor go by her door, and supposing him to be her son William, called out to him:

"Billy where is the cow gone?"
The sailor replied in a contemptuous manner,
"To the D—, for what I know."
"Well as you are going that way," said the old woman, "I wish you would let down the bars."

VERY AFFECTING.—A farmer going to get his grist ground at a mill, borrowed a bag of one of his neighbors. The poor man was knocked into the water wheel and the bag went with him. He was drowned, and when the melancholy news was brought to his wife, she exclaimed, "My gracious! what a fuss the'll be about that bag!"

An Irishman in a store asked for a pair of silk gloves, and was told the kind he wanted would come to one dollar.

"Oh, by my soul then," replied Pat, "I'd sooner have my hands barefoot all the days of my life, than give that for 'em."

A person having sold a horse to an Irishman, a few months afterwards asked him how his horse answered. "Indade," replied Pat, "I cannot tell for I never thought of putting a question to him."

A western editor wishes to know whether the law recently enacted against the carrying of deadly weapons, applies to doctors who carry pills in their pockets?

HAIR-CURLING LIQUID FOR LADIES.—Take borax, 2 ounces; gum Senegal in powder, 1 drachm; add hot water (not boiling) 1 quart. Stir, and as soon as the ingredients are dissolved, add 2 ounces of spirits of wine strongly impregnated with camphor. On retiring to rest, wet the locks with the above liquid, and roll them on twists of paper as usual. Leave them till morning, when they may be unwrapped and formed into ringlets.

SMILES OF PROVIDENCE.—I was much pleased with uncle Jim's idea's on that subject: Good morning, uncle Jim. "Good morning." "Well, you've got your daughter married off, have you?" "Yes." "Really, Providence smiles upon you." "Smiled! No, bless you, she snickered right out."