

# MINERS' & FARMERS' JOURNAL.

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## THE MINERS' & FARMERS' JOURNAL

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**ADVERTISEMENTS** will be inserted at Fifty cents per square (not exceeding 20 lines,) for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each succeeding week—or \$1 for three weeks, for one square.—A liberal discount will be made to those who advertise by the year. On all advertisements communicated for publication, the number of insertions must be noted on the margin of the manuscript, or they will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

All communications to the Editors must come free of postage, or they may not be attended to.

### WILLKINGS & Co.

Commission Merchants & Forwarding Agents, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

Offer their services in every branch of their Business. They have large and convenient Ware-Houses, and are well prepared to receive Cotton and other Produce, which will be forwarded or sold, as may be directed.

Goods and Merchandise received and forwarded with promptness to orders. They have on hand a good supply of **GROCERIES, &c.**

**NOTICE.**—Having associated myself in the Mercantile business with H. B. Williams, it becomes necessary to have all accounts due me cleared either by cash or note. W. SMITH. Charlotte, June 27. 40

N. B. All persons having postage accounts due up to the 1st day of July, will please call and settle them, as the accounts after that date will be due to the concern. W. SMITH, P. M.

**MY HOUSE.** (the Post-office) on the Cross street, a few yards north-east of the Court-House, in Lexington, N. C. is again opened for the reception of Travellers & Boarders. The stables are extensive, roomy and dry; grain and provender of the best, plentiful and served by good hostlers. The house has many comfortable rooms, serves a good table and refreshments; and the proprietor and his family will omit nothing in their power to make it most quiet and agreeable.

B. D. ROUSAVILLE.

### Administrator's Sale.

On Tuesday of August Court, at the Court-House in Charlotte, I will expose to public sale, a first rate Horse and Sulkey, the property of Marshal T. Poik, dec'd.

On the evening of the same day, will be sold the Library of the deceased, consisting of a valuable collection of Law and Miscellaneous BOOKS. Those members of the legal profession who wish to furnish themselves with a collection of standard works would do well to avail themselves of this opportunity.

Charlotte, July 5, 1831. 413

FROM THE CHARLESTON COURIER.

### THE SOUTHERN AGRICULTURIST.

Our interests—our own interests—when will we attend to them?

The agricultural community, weighed down by the dead weight of ignorance and supineness, has been frequently called upon "to be up and doing," and the few who have responded to these calls, have only shed light enough to make this our darkness more visible. Such is our actual situation.

With a knowledge bordering on the confines of darkness, and a supineness which the knowledge of this truth cannot arouse, with the most inflated pertinacity and furious zeal, (under actual grievances) we are dreaming away our very existence, and combating in this disturbed repose an incubus generated by the crudities of indigestion. We are in the pursuit of the shadows of sleep, and neglecting the substantialities of wakefulness. Instead of putting our shoulders to the wheel, we are crying out against both the Law and the Propriety, as if they were diabolical in themselves, or as if they were marked with abecedarian ignorance—and are catechising each other on the very alphabet of Constitutional rights *Cui bono*, time will show.

Great God! what taxes are heavier than those which we have thus voluntarily put upon ourselves? If we study to increase and vary the products of industry, and meet with that success, which, sooner or later, must be its inevitable reward, will our time be taken up in discussing the best mode of preserving the scanty production of overtaxed ignorance, or will not the redundant bounties of earth overpower our tyranny itself? It is dreadful, we admit, to be taxed without representation—or to be grievously taxed—or to be unjustly taxed. But it is more dreadful to be alarmed by imaginary existences, and to be maddened by the grim approaches of a rhetorical demon, "which threatens by one fell swoop to end life, liberty and property." Let him threaten; we will not submit, nor be terrified.—We will turn our attention to what must sooner or later force itself upon every thinking and interested planter; being well assured that no taxes can exceed those of ignorance and supineness, *self-laid* on in a community of declining agriculture.

Carolians, awake! In social industry, persevering and kind, hand in hand, awake, "be up and doing." *Mind your own business.* An industrious yeoman reaps in his occupation, courage, prosperity, liberty, thankfulness, health, the love of man and of God; and these are a rich harvest of glory which no tyranny can blight. If you wish

to arm yourselves successfully, and go forth conquering, and to conquer—be no longer *bugabood* by the Tariff—no longer alarmed by this painted devil—this evil spirit of an evil time; but, let your weapon be the ploughshare. Subdue the earth with this, and you will subdue its enemies, and thus obtain the only bloodless and prosperous victory which your sufferings demand.—Then, and then only, will Southern clouds and Northern lights unite themselves with the departing storm, and form a glorious covenant of peace, liberty, and independence. For, be assured, you will never prosper as Agriculturalists again, though the whole prohibitory system were destroyed, until you cease to be gentlemen farmers, idle farmers, ignorant farmers, money spending farmers, go to the north farmers, live in town farmers, mineral water shop farmers, young tavern lounging farmers, dress up and dash away farmers, magnificent nabob do nothing farmers—farmers who work by deputy, and consume in *propria persona*—farmers who ruin themselves and their posterity. Mistake me not; these are neither terms of abuse, nor are they intended to characterize the whole yeomanry of Carolina. That they are just in many respects, will not be denied, and I leave it to my readers to make the application. Your burdens, I say will still exist, and you will still have following in woeful consecutive order—those who are the ruined descendants of beggared Aristocracy—the ignorant, or the half-educated children of pride, who, while they are looking down with contempt upon those mechanical occupations which constitute the very home and muscle of society, are themselves half educated, or prematurely diplomatised into professional existence. To what extent these truths are applicable, let my readers also make the application. How far this contagion has spread itself over all classes of the rising generation, and what will be the ultimate effect of it, who can divine? I fear that those who think we "are not now called on to guard against a moral or physical pestilence," do not see very far around them. To me, it appears that "Jolly is set in great dignity," and "is full of words." The city is besieged, and there is no wise man to deliver it, because they will not hear him. "Woe to thee, O land," when slothfulness and ignorance have brought thee to decay—and thy rulers are children, naughty children, spoiled children.

SENEX.

*England in the 17th Century.*—The Liverpool Courier contains the following curious picture of England in the 17th Century, from the pen, it seems, of Count Oxenstierna of Sweden:

*England in the 17th Century.*—England is undeniably the Queen of Islands, the empire and arsenal of Neptune: with this, she is the Peru of Europe, the kingdom of Barchina, the school of Epicurus, the academy of Venus, the land of Mars, the residence of Minerva, the stay of Holland, the scourge of France, the purgatory of Oppositionists, and the paradise of Freemen. The woman are fair, but—their beauty is arid: her sons are brave, but their bravery often degenerates into savageness; wit and wisdom prevail to an extent which is probably unknown in other countries, but insupportable pride abstracts from their merit; it may well be said, that fortune has here distributed her largesses in profusion, but these insular beings know not the proper use of them where the stranger is in question; their language is an admixture of almost every tongue in Europe, but they combine it with the drawback—that they set it above every other. In short, the English are a people who want for nothing that can conduce to happiness, excepting wisdom in the art of enjoying it.

### A Household receipt of the Year 1660.

"Take a goose, or duck, or some such lively creature, pull off all her feathers, only her head and neck must be spared; make a fire round about her so that the smoke may not choke, nor the fire burn her too soon when she roasteth and consumeth inwardly, wet her head with a wet sponge, and when you see her giddy with running and begin to stumble, she is roasted enough: Then take her up, set her before guests—and she will cry as you cut any part off from her, and will be almost eaten up before she be dead: it is mighty pleasant to behold!"

ELDER.

The expressed juice of elder leaves will kill stragglers in cheese, bacon, &c.; and strong decoctions of the leaves or roots are fatal to insects, which deplete on plants in gardens, &c. Dr. Willich observes, that "the leaves of the elder are eaten by sheep, to which they are of great service when diseased with the rot; for if placed in a situation where they can easily reach the bark and young shoots, they will speedily cure themselves." Dr. Elliott observed in his *Essay on Field Husbandry*, that "elder bushes are stubborn and hard to subdue; yet I know by experience, that mowing them five times a year will kill them."

N. E. Farmer.

WELLSBOROUGH, PA. JULY 16.

*Marrying for Fun.*—A marriage which lately took place in this county, and which was announced in this paper last week, turns out to be a ludicrous affair, and took place under the following circumstances: The parties, together with a number of the young people of both sexes in the neighborhood, had been invited to the wedding of another couple, and had assembled at the house of the father of the bride, where the nuptials were celebrated. After the ceremony had taken place, a young gentleman, one of the guests, proposed to a young lady present, to be married for fun, and they stood up together upon the floor for that purpose. The magistrate, who it seems was willing to contribute his share of the fun consented to gratify the whim of the couple so far as to agree to marry them a *fig's* worth—a second contract followed to be married to the value of a "leg," and in this way the "fun" proceeded for some time. The magistrate, it appears, at last became rather tired of the sport, and informed the young couple that if they persisted in their demands to be married for fun, he would marry them in earnest. They dared him to do it after his repeated admonition to them, (though they contend it was "all in fun,") he actually pronounced them "husband and wife," and, as it would seem, not until they had separated and retired each to their own home, did they begin to understand it any thing more than being "married for fun." Learning now, however, that they were really caught in the marriage noose, it became matter of serious concern to the magistrate with a few more *figs* and *legs* to "loose the tie," which by this time was getting rather burdensome, and which was rendered not the less so by the continued rallying of their comrades. They were soon given to understand, however, the truth of the old trite saying, that a magistrate can tie a knot with his tongue that he cannot untie with his teeth, and as we learn, have given up all hopes of a legal separation short of an application to the Legislature!

The transaction reminds us of another wise saying, which we would urge to the consideration of the young couple, and which is, "be careful how you meddle with edging tools," a magistrate's tongue being a dangerous instrument for those to meddle with, who only desire to be "married in fun."—*Phanix.*

*Delivered before the Society of Steel Creek, on the anniversary, July 4th, 1831, by W. M. FLINN.*

Dr. Flinn: We the executive committee of the Temperance Society of Steel Creek, in behalf of the Society, present our thanks to you for the able manner in which you have acquitted yourself, and respectfully request you to present a copy of your oration to the Editors of the Miners' and Farmers' Journal, and to the Editor of the Southern Religious Telegraph, for publication.

Yours respectfully,  
R. J. A. LOWRIE, President.  
A. L. BARRY, Vice-President.  
R. T. CREEK, Treasurer.

### ADDRESS.

In beholding the custom of other nations, they sometimes surprise us by their strong contrast with those of our own country, and occasionally shock us by their entire opposition to the spirit of Christianity. But if we more closely analyse the scenes daily exhibited before our eyes, whose familiarity may be said almost to blind us, the contrast vanishes.

Take for instance, the deplorable habit of intoxication, which has so widely over-spread our favored land, and say whether there be any evil of such incalculable magnitude. Chained by a species of infatuation to the use of intoxicating beverages, as fast as Prometheus to his rock, mankind have hitherto appeared equally regardless of the admonitions of the wise or the suggestion of their own consciences on this subject. So extensive has been the mischief in every view, that opening of Pandora's box was but a type of what has since happened from the diffusion of ardent spirits among the human species.

Other prominent evils are singled to particular spheres. Despotism wings his iron rod over a few nations only. Limited in their extent are the horrors of slavery and war, the shock of earthquakes and volcanoes. But intemperance has grown up on the breadth of the earth, a pestilence in darkness, a destruction at noon-day. What community from nations of the highest intellectual and moral culture, down to savage tribes, has been exempt from its assaults? Under its withering influence youth loses its vivacity, manhood its strength, and age its wisdom. Sometimes it succeeds in fixing an indelible stain on characters before unexceptionable. It destroys the loveliness of the wife and mother, it banquets on beauty, and even on titled blood. It blasts the honors of the brave. It chills the warmth of parental and conjugal love, and turns a domestic paradise into a wilderness of woe. Nor from any condition in life is the intruder debarred. Could it be confined to the camp or the brothel, could it even be kept

from the fairest portions of our earth, its havoc would be less deplorable. But no station in society is too high to escape its attack. The rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant, men in elevated stations no less than the lowest menial, are numbered among its victims. It has extinguished the spark of genius—it has put out the fire of devotion. It has driven the statesman from the senate house, the judge from the bench, and the priest from the altar. It has reduced to poverty millions of families, broken the hearts of multitudes of wives, and sent many a hapless victim to a premature grave.

But the enemy, how wide soever his range and inhuman his warfare, becomes more formidable by his artifice. His temptations and delusions, the treacherous arts by which he flatters his victim from the path of rectitude, and the syren song by which he lures him into his foul embrace, surpass the powers of description. The fascinating, fatal charm by which he binds the faculties, captivates the heart, perverts and paralyses the understanding, is a matter of the profoundest astonishment. His flowery wreaths stupefy the senses by their fragrance, and bill the conscience into a fatal repose, until the mind is entangled in his hundred thousand folds, and the whole man sinks a horrid victim to irretrievable ruin. Then too late he sees his error. Then the chains which appeared at first but garlands of flowers are metamorphosed into serpents, whose breath is poison, whose touch is destruction. Vainly he struggles in their nauseous embrace, seizes their slippery form in his nerveless grasp, or attempts to control their billowy motions and trample them under his feet—alas! the creeping folds have encircled his body, and imprisoned every limb; grasping he is enveloped in their countless folds, and yields, quivering and shuddering to torments horrible as hell.

The descent to infamy and to ruin on the fiery stream of intoxicating liquors, though often rapid, is not perpendicular. Probably not one hard drinker in a hundred apprehend the least danger when he began to fall; and not one in fifty can, by looking back, specify the day or the month when he took the first step in the downward road to intemperance. It requires time to pervert the natural taste; to silence the remonstrances of conscience, to overcome the sense of shame; to destroy the best affections of the heart and with eyes open to plunge, voluntarily, into a course of such a nature, that an inordinate thirst for ardent spirits is created. Whilst the unsuspecting victim cries peace and safety, sudden destruction is coming upon him. Every day adds a new and stronger link to that chain which is to bind him beyond the hope of deliverance. At every step his path becomes more steep and critical. Like a benighted wanderer in the glaciers of Switzerland, he walks upon the brink of destruction and knows it not. Or rather, he is like a man in a delirium, who would stand and laugh and sing on some impending crag of the highest Alps, at the moment he is about to plunge into the abyss beneath.

I know of no enemy to domestic bliss comparable with this. Its most dangerous feature is its apparent innocence at first. And the great obstacle in the way of its removal consists in the difficulty of convincing men of their individual danger; that intemperance stands at their doors, and is knocking for an entrance into their own houses, and that they and their children are the victims whom it seeks.

Should this vice continue to increase for a succession of years to come, with the rapidity with which it has increased for some former years, it will destroy our national character. It will hurl us from that proud eminence on which we stand among the nations of the earth, to the depths of infamy and degradation. For this vice is at war with every virtue, and no virtue can long exist where it prevails, and its votaries will soon become the victims of inevitable misery and wretchedness. It is, therefore, man's worst enemy; destructive to individual and domestic happiness, and suicidal to all who practice it.

The number of lives annually destroyed, by intemperance, in the U. S., is estimated to be more than 10,000, and the number diseased, distressed, and impoverished by the same vice, to be more than 200,000.—The liquor required to effect this melancholy result, it is calculated cost the inhabitants of this country, annually, more than \$40,000,000; and the pauperism, by its improper use, more than 12,000,000; making an annual expense of more than 50,000,000. Add to this the increased price of grain, occasioned by the distillation carried on in the U. S. and the many millions that must result from the loss of time, consequent upon the above enormous consumption of ardent spirits, and we may safely conclude that the whole expense of this poison cannot fall much short of one hundred millions of dollars annually.

And now for an evil which has to so fearful an extent triumphed over public scorn and heaved private reprobation, which has

so intimately interwoven itself into the habits and customs of society, as to escape half the odium which it justly merits, is there no remedy, within the reach of human effort, capable of arresting its course, if not of effecting its entire destruction? Yes, fellow-citizens, there is a remedy, an inflexible specific: nor is it a nostrum locked up within the secret recesses of the physician's breast, for which you must pay an exorbitant price. No. So far from costing you any thing, its general application would be to the U. S. not only a saving of many millions of dollars, but would confer a great and incalculable blessing. This remedy I need scarcely tell you is abstinence, total abstinence forever. And let it be held in everlasting remembrance, that there is no other remedy under heaven whereby mankind can be saved from intemperance.

Will you not, then, by precept and by example, resolve to contribute your mite for conferring this great blessing? Are not those who drink moderately, prepared to make this small sacrifice to the cause of philanthropy and patriotism, of abstaining altogether? And will not those who drink none rejoice that the set time has arrived when their abstinence will be no longer a negative virtue—a candle hid under a bushel, but will so shine as to induce others to stem the torrent which threatens to sweep away the minds and the morals of the people? It is but three reigns back, that we are told a flood of intemperance menaced with ruin the English nation. The ministry imposed a heavy duty on spirituous liquors,—and ale and malt-beer have generally been substituted in lieu of "thirst-killing grog." About the same period the Russians were excessively addicted to drunkenness—government assessed a heavy tax on gin, their favorite dram, and sobriety and civilization have rapidly advanced in that extensive empire.

But we as citizens of the U. S. prefer that public opinion and not legislative penalties should lay the axe at the root of this great evil. We desire to see the patriot and the Christian rise up, and with a persevering firmness, and a zeal that nothing can abate, drive this detestable monster from the union, and free our citizens from a bondage, more tyrannical than "British imprisonment and Algerine slavery."

And now, fellow-citizens, have you no father, brother, son or neighbor, who, like the demagogue mentioned in the New Testament, have some security, that the children who will bear your name and inherit your property, will not be pointed at as houseless, homeless and abandoned drunkards? Come then and resolve to flee the "riot-moving," and "brain-distracting" bowl, as you would a contagious distemper. Come and resolve to banish from your lips and from your houses, the intoxicating draught. What, drink none? Yes, I say, drink none. One dram is precisely that quantity more than necessity calls for. But say you, are they not necessary as an appendage to elegance, and the proper expression of friendship and hospitality? No. The laudable practice of a great number of our most respectable citizens, who have ceased to furnish this article for their guests, as well as for their families, and for their laborers, has rendered it no longer a breach of hospitality, nor an indication of a penurious disposition, to exclude from our sideboards and our tables. But say you, are they not indispensably necessary as medicine, as an incentive to appetite, &c.? Are they not necessary to counteract the pinching effects of cold, and the debilitating power of heat? No, they are not. It is a fact incontrovertible, that a person will freeze sooner from being under the influence of ardent spirits; and that the man who abstains entirely from their use, will perform more labor, undergo more fatigue and enjoy better health, than the man who takes his dram at stated periods. The cases in which they are absolutely necessary as medicine, are extremely rare; and as luxuries, they are not only unnecessary, but ultimately injurious, exclusive of the fixed habit of intemperance to which their habitual use so frequently leads. This every physician in the U. S. will tell you, who is not prejudiced by the love of them. And reason, were she on her throne, uninfluenced and unbiassed, would tell you in a voice as loud as seven thunders, that ardent spirits, as necessities of life, are entirely uncalled for. Were it not that the moderate use of ardent spirits by the temperate, is tolerated in society, the crime of intemperance would be unknown. The evil, therefore, lies with them. They are the corruptors of the morals, and the destroyers of the peace and prosperity of our country. The instigators to intemperance are sober, who, for the gratification of a moment, pay a bounty to the vice.

The moderate use of ardent spirits is the fruitful source of all the misery and crimes, which has already been enumerated. And it is this moderate use of them that we wish to discontinue. They must no longer be necessary when friends call to see us—when we are exposed to the inclemencies of the