

MINERS' & FARMERS' JOURNAL.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY NOBLE & HOLTON, CHARLOTTE, MECKLENBURG COUNTY, NORTH-CAROLINA.

I WILL TEACH YOU TO PIERCE THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH AND BRING OUT FROM THE CAVERNS OF THE MOUNTAINS, METALS WHICH WILL GIVE STRENGTH TO OUR HANDS AND SUBJECT ALL NATURE TO OUR USE AND PLEASURE.—DR. JOHNSON.

VOL. I.

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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.

Administrator's Notice.

At the August Term of Mecklenburg County Court, the subscriber having qualified as administrator on the estate of Wm. Porter, dec'd., notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate, to come forward and make payment; and those having claims against the same, to present them for liquidation, within the time prescribed by law, or they will be barred of recovery.

ALEX. PORTER, Admr.

Aug. 24, 1831. 361P.

WILKINGS & 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.

MY HOUSE.

(the Post-office) on the Cross street, a few yards north-west 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. ROUNSAVILLE.

Constitution of No. Carolina.

AND OF THE UNITED STATES.

FOR Sale at this Office, a few copies of a Pamphlet containing the Constitution of the United States, the Constitution of North Carolina, and the Declaration of Independence. Price, 25cts.

SHERIFF'S DEEDS.

FOR Sale at this Office, 34 for Taxes; for Lands sold under a Writ of Fieri Facias; and for Lands sold under a Writ of Venditioni Exponas—for sale at this Office.

WARRANTEE DEEDS.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

The eminence which America has attained in Europe, and the feeling of admiration for the fertility of her soil, and the free nature of her institutions, conspire to make her a land both desired and sought. It is surprising to look over the English and French newspapers, and mark the throngs which are embarking from all quarters of Europe for the new world. One of the Paris papers of a recent date says:—"The wharf St. Nicholas, opposite the Louvre, at Paris, presents at this moment a most curious scene. Several families from Wertheimberg, and other countries beyond the Rhine, are daily arriving to await the departure of the steam boat for Hayre, from whence they will embark for America.—These emigrants are, for the most part, farmers in easy circumstances, who have sold their property, and are going abroad to settle. Many of these families have from 15 to 20 children, who, with the men and women, retain their national costume.—They sleep under a species of tents, ranged under the walls of the quay surrounded by covered wagons in which they have stored their goods. The women cook and wash their clothes as if they were at home, though surrounded by crowds of the curious, amongst whom may be observed many artists, making sketches of the interesting groups."

From England and Ireland the tide of emigration ebbs, to flow upon our shores in an impetuous degree. The Waterford Mail, newspaper, quoted in the London Morning Herald of June, remarks:—"On Saturday evening the Kingston, an exceedingly fine vessel, left this harbor with about 200 passengers bound to Quebec. We understand she called at Ross after leaving this port, in order to take in 100 additional passengers, also bound for the same land of promise. Nearly the whole of the persons going out in the Kingston appeared to be of the class of comfortable and independent farmers.—Phil. Gazette.

Woman's Will.—The following lines (says a correspondent of the British Herald) were copied from the pillar erected on a mount in the Dane John Field, formerly called the Dungeon Field, Canterbury:

Where is the man who has the power and skill To stem the torrent of a woman's will? For if she will, she will, you may depend on't— And if she won't, she won't, so there's an end on't!

POETRY.

MY NATIVE LAND.

"My native land, Good Night."—Byron.

The boat swings from the pebbled shore,
And proudly drives her prow,
The crested seas roll up before,
You dark grey land I see no more,
How sweet thou seemest now!
Thou dark grey land, my native land,
Thou land of rock and pine,
I'm speeding from thy golden sand;
But can I wave a farewell hand
To such a shore as thine?

I've gazed upon the golden cloud
Which shades thy emerald sod;
Thy hills, which Freedom's share hath plough'd,
Which nurse a race that have not low'd
Their knee to aught but God;
Thy mountain floods which proudly fling
Their waters to the fall—
Thy birds which cut with rushing wing
The sky that greets thy coming Spring,
And thought thy glories small.

But now ye've sunk to yon blue line
Between the sky and sea,
I feel, sweet home, that thou art mine,
I feel my bosom cling to thine—
That I am part of thee.
I see thee blended with the wave,
As children see the earth
Close up a sainted mother's grave;
They weep for her they cannot save,
And feel her holy worth.

Thou mountain land—thou land of rock
I'm proud to call thee free:
Thy sons are of the Pilgrim stock,
And nerved like those who stood the shock
At old Thermopylae.
The laurel wreaths their father's won,
The children wear them still—
Proud deeds these iron men have done,
They fought and won at Bennington,
And bled at Bunker Hill.

There's grandeur in the lightning's stroke
That rives thy mountain ash;
There's beauty in the giant oak,
And rainbow beauty in the smoke
Whose crystal waters dash.
There's music in thy winter blast,
That sweeps the hollow glen;
Less sturdy sons would sink against
Fron piercing winds like those thou hast
To nurse thine iron men.

And thou hast gems: eye, living pearl,
And flowers of Eden hue;
Thy fairs are thy bright-eyed girls,
Of fairy form and elfin curls,
And smiles like Heron's dew—
They've hearts like those they're born to wed,
Too proud to nurse a slave,
They'd scorn to share a monarch's bed,
And sooner lay their angel head
Deep in the humble grave.

And I have left thee, home, alone,
A pilgrim from thy shores:
The wind goes by with hollow moan
I hear it sigh a warning tone—
"You see your home no more!"
I'm cast upon the world's wide sea,
I turn like an ocean wave;
I've cast away, far—far from thee,
I feel a thing I cannot be—
A bruised and broken reed.

Farewell, my native land, farewell!
That wave has bid thee now—
My heart is bow'd as with a spell,
This railing pang!—Would I could tell
What ails my throbbing brow!
One look upon that fading streak
Which bounds yon eastern sky;
One tear to cool my burning cheek,
And then a word I cannot speak—
"My Native Land—Good bye!"

The interesting narrative subjoined, is stated to have been transmitted by GEORGE WASHINGTON BASSETT, of FAYETTEVILLE, to a gentleman of New-York. We find it in the MORNING COURIER of yesterday. [Philadelphia Advt.]

The following circumstantial account of the last illness and death of General George Washington, was noted by Tobias Lear, on Sunday following his death; which happened on Saturday evening, December 14th, 1799, between the hours of ten and eleven: he was born on the 22d February, 1732.

"On Thursday, Dec'r. 12th, the General rode out to his farms at about 10 o'clock, and did not return home till past 3. Soon after he went out, the weather became very bad; rain, hail and snow falling alternately, with a cold wind. When he came in, I carried some letters to him to frank, intending to send them to the Post Office. He franked the letters, but said the weather was too bad to send a servant to the office that evening. I observed to him that I was afraid he had got wet; he said no—his great-coat had kept him dry; but his neck appeared to be wet—the snow was hanging on his hair.

He came to dinner without changing his dress. In the evening he appeared as well as usual. A heavy fall of snow took place on Friday, which prevented the General from riding out as usual. He had taken cold (undoubtedly from being so much exposed the day before,) and complained of having a sore throat; he had a hoarseness, which increased in the evening, but he made light of it, as he would never take any thing to carry off a cold, always observing, "let it go as it came." In the evening, the papers having come from the Post Office, he sat in the room, with Mrs. Washington and myself, reading them, till about nine o'clock; and when he met with any thing which he thought diverting or interesting, he would read it aloud. He desired me to read to him the debates of the Virginia Assembly, on the election of a Senator and Governor, which I did. On his retiring to bed, he appeared to be in perfect health, except the cold, which he considered as trifling—He

had been remarkably cheerful all the evening.

About two or three o'clock on Saturday morning, he awoke Mrs. Washington, and informed her he was very unwell, and had an ague. She observed that he could scarcely speak, and breathed with difficulty, and she wished to get up and call a servant; but the General would not permit her, lest she should take cold. As soon as the day appeared, the woman Caroline went into the room to make a fire, and the girl desired that Mr. Rawlins, one of the overseers, who was used to bleeding the people, might be sent for to bleed him before the Doctor could arrive. I was sent for—went to the General's chamber, where Mrs. Washington was up, and related to me his being taken ill between 2 and 3 o'clock, as before stated. I found him breathing with difficulty, and hardly able to utter a word intelligibly. I went out instantly and wrote a line to Doctor Plask, and sent it with all speed. Immediately I returned to the General's chamber, where I found him in the same situation I had left him. A mixture of molasses, vinegar and butter, was prepared, but he could not swallow a drop; whenever he attempted, he was distressed, convulsed, and almost suffocated.

Mr. Rawlins came in soon after sun rise and prepared to bleed him; when the arm was ready the General observing Rawlins appeared agitated: said with difficulty "don't be afraid," and after the incision was made he observed, the orifice was not large enough—however the blood ran pretty freely.—Mrs. Washington not knowing whether bleeding was proper in the General's situation, begged that much might not be taken from him, and desired me to stop it. When I was about to untie the string, the General put up his hand to prevent it, and soon as he could speak said "more."

Mrs. Washington still uneasy lest too much blood should be taken, it was stopped after about half a pint had been taken.—Finding that no relief was obtained from bleeding, and that nothing could be swallowed, I proposed bathing the throat externally with salvolatile, which was done; a piece of flannel was then put round his neck. His feet were also soaked in warm water, but gave no relief. By Mrs. Washington's request I dispatched a messenger for Doctor Brown at Port Tobacco. About 9 o'clock Doctor Clark arrived, and sent a mixture of emulsioides on the throat of the General, and took more blood, and had some vinegar and hot water set in a tea pot for him to draw in the steam from the vessel.

He also had sage tea and vinegar mixed and used as a gargle, but when he held back his head to let it run down, it almost produced suffocation. When the mixture came out of his mouth some phlegm followed it, and he would attempt to cough, which the doctor encouraged, but without effect. About 11 o'clock, Dr. Dick was sent for.—Dr. Craik bled the General again, no effect was produced, and he continued in the same state, unable to swallow any thing. Dr. Dick came in about 3 o'clock, and Dr. Brown arrived soon after; when, after consultation, the General was bled again, the blood ran slowly, appeared very thick, and did not produce any symptoms of fainting. At 4 o'clock the General could swallow a little. Calomel and tartar emetic were administered without effect. At half past 4 o'clock he desired me to ask Mrs. Washington to come to his bedside, when he desired her to go down to his room, and take from his desk two Wills which she would find there, and bring them to him, which she did; upon looking at one, which he observed was useless, he desired her to burn it, which she did, and then took the other and put it away; after this was done I returned to his bedside and took his hand: He said to me,—"I find I am going—my breath cannot continue long: I believed from the first attack it would be fatal. Do you arrange and record all my military letters and papers; arrange my accounts and settle my books, as you know more about them than any one else; and let Mr. Rawlins finish recording my other letters, which he has begun." He asked when Mr. Lewis and Washington would return? I told him. I believed about the 20th of the month.—He made no reply to it.

The physicians again came in (between 5 and 6 o'clock,) and when they came to his bedside, Dr. Craik asked him if he would set up in the bed: he held out his hand to me and was raised up, when he said to the physicians—"I feel myself going; you had better not take any more trouble about me, but let me go off quietly; I cannot last long." They found what had been done was without effect; he laid down again, and they retired, excepting Dr. Craik. He then said to him—"Doctor I die hard, but I am not afraid to go; I believed from my first attack that I should not survive it; my breath cannot last long." The Doctor pressed his hand, but could not utter a word, he retired from the bedside and sat by the fire, absorbed in grief. About 8 o'clock, the physicians again came into the room, and applied blisters to his legs; but went out without a ray hope. From this time he

appeared to breathe with less difficulty than he had done; but was very restless, continually changing his position, to endeavor to get ease. I aided him all in my power, and was gratified in believing he felt it, for he would look upon me with eyes speaking gratitude, but unable to utter a word without great distress. About ten o'clock he made several attempts to speak to me before he could effect it; at length he said—"I am just going. Have me decently buried; and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than two days after I am dead." I bowed assent. He looked at me again and said—"Do you understand me?" I replied—"Yes, sir." "Tis well," said he. About ten minutes before he expired, his breathing became much easier—he lay quietly—he withdrew his hand from mine and felt his own pulse. I spoke to Dr. Craik, who sat by the fire; he came to the bedside. The General's hand fell from his wrist; I took it in mine and placed it on my breast. Dr. Craik placed his hands over his eyes; and he expired without a struggle or a sigh.

While we were fixed in silent grief, Mrs. Washington asked in a firm and collected voice—"Is he gone?"

THE HARDEST FENDOFF, OR THE BEAR AND THE ALLIGATOR.
ST. MARTINSVILLE, MAY 4, 1831.

On a scorching day in the middle of June, 1830, whilst I was seated under a venerable live oak, on the ever green banks of the Teche, waiting for the fish to bite, I was startled by the roarings of some animal, in the cane brake, a short distance below me, apparently getting ready for action.—These notes of preparation were quickly succeeded by the sound of feet, tramping down the cane, and scattering the shells.—As soon as I recovered from my surprise, I resolved to take a view of what I supposed to be two prairie bulls mixing unexpectantly in battle, an occurrence so common in this country and season, when, as Thompson says,

Through all his lusty veins
The bull, deep-scorched, the raging passion feels.

When I reached the scene of action, how great was my astonishment, instead of bulls, to behold a large black bear reared up on his hind legs, with his fore paws raised aloft, as if to make a lunge. His face was besmeared with white foam sprinkled with red, which dropping from his mouth, rolled down his shaggy breast. Frantic from the smarting of his wounds, he stood gnashing his teeth and growling at his enemy. A few paces in his rear was the cane brake from which he had issued. On a bank of snow white shells spotted with blood, in battle array, stood bruin's foe, in shape an alligator, fifteen feet long! He looked as if he had just been dipped in the Teche, and had emerged like Achilles from the Styx, with an invulnerable coat of mail. He was standing on tiptoe, his back curved upwards, and his tongueless mouth thrown open, displayed in his wide jaws, two large tusks, and rows of teeth. His tail, six feet long, raised from the ground, was constantly waving, like a boxer's arm, to gather force.—His big eyes starting from his head, glared upon bruin, whilst sometimes uttering hissing cries, then roaring like a bull.

The combatants were a few paces apart when I stole upon them, the "first round" being over. They remained in the attitudes described about a minute, swelling themselves as large as possible, but marking the slightest motions with attention, and great caution, as if each felt confident he had met his match. During this pause I was concealed behind a tree, watching their manoeuvre in silence. I could scarcely believe my eyesight. What, thought I, can these two beasts have to fight about? Some readers may doubt the tale on this account, but if it had been a bull fight, no one would have doubted it, because every one knows what they are fighting for.

The same reasoning will not always apply to a man fight. Men frequently fight when they are sober, for no purpose, except to ascertain which is the better man. We must then believe that beasts will do the same, unless we admit that the instinct of beasts is superior to the boasted reason of man.—Whether they did fight upon the present occasion without cause, I cannot say, as I was not present when the affray began. A bear and a man have been known to fight, and so did the bear and the alligator, whilst I prudently kept in the back ground, perserving the strictest neutrality betwixt the belligerents. And now, if the reader is satisfied that such a battle as this might have taken place, in the absence of any known cause, I will go on to what I saw of it, as a witness.

Bruin, though evidently baffled, had a firm look, which shewed he had not lost confidence in himself. If the difficulty of the undertaking had once deceived him, he was preparing to go at it again. Accordingly, letting himself down upon all fours, he ran furiously at the alligator. The alligator was ready for him, and throwing his head and body partly around, to avoid the onset, met bruin half way, with a blow of his tail

that rolled him on the shells. Old bruin was not to be put off by one hint, three times in rapid succession, he rushed at the alligator, and was as often repulsed in the same manner, being knocked back by each blow just far enough to give the alligator time to recover the swing of his tail before he returned. The tail of the alligator sounded like a flail against the thick coat of hair on bruin's head and shoulders, but he bore it without flinching, still pushing on to come to close bolts with his scaly foe. He made his fourth charge with a degree of dexterity, which those who have never seen this clumsy animal exercising, would suppose him capable of. This time he got so close to the alligator before his tail struck him, that the blow came with half its usual effect. The alligator was upset by the charge, and before he could recover his feet, bruin grasping him round the body, below the fore legs, and holding him down on his back, seized one of his legs in his mouth. The alligator was now in a dreadful situation, notwithstanding his coat of mail, which is softer on his belly than his back, from which

"The darted steel with idle shivers flies."

As a Kentuck would say, "he was getting used up fast." Here if I had dared to speak, and had supposed he could understand English, I should have uttered the encouraging exhortation of the poet—

"Now callant knight, now hold thy own,
No maiden's arms are round thee thrown."

The alligator tempted in vain to bite, pressed down as he was, he could not open his mouth, the upper jaw of which only moves, and his neck was so stiff, he could not turn his head short round. The amphibious beast fetched a scream in despair, but being a warrior, "by flood and by field," he was not yet entirely overcome. Wreathing his tail with agony, he happened to strike it against a small tree, that stood next the bayou; aided by this purchase, he made a convulsive flounder, which precipitated himself and bruin, locked together, into the river.

The bank from which they fell was four feet high, and the water below seven feet deep. The tranquil stream received the combatants with a loud splash, then closed over them in silence. A volley of ascending bubbles announced their arrival at the bottom, where the battle ended. Presently bruin rose again, scrambled up the bank, cast a hasty glance back at the river, and made off, dripping, to the cane brake. I never saw the alligator afterwards, to know him, no doubt he escaped in the water, which he certainly would not have done, if he had remained a few minutes longer on land. Bruin was forced by nature to let go his grip under water to save his own life, I therefore think he is entitled to the credit of the victory; besides, by implied consent, the parties were bound to finish the fight on land, where it began, and so bruin understood it. If this record should be carried up to the Supreme Court of the United States, I think the judges would decide in bruin's favor, by this modern principle of law; one thing is certain, viz. they would decide that they had jurisdiction by implication; per force of which, what is it that cannot be nullified?

One of our English papers gives these instances of the mode in which the London fire insurance offices are frequently pestered by claimants for trifling losses:—

Claims are frequently made for the accidental tumbling of clothes into the fire; and it was not long since a claim was made for the value of the dress of a little girl who was burnt to death. An elderly gentleman, who was insured in the Eagle Fire Insurance Office, a few years ago, produced his hat, with a small hole burned in it, at the office, and said he considered himself entitled to the sum of 2s, the price it originally cost him. "Why," said the actuary, "you have worn it for several years, and it is worth little or nothing." "To me," said the insurer, "it was of great value, for I esteemed it as an old friend, and would never have parted with it while it covered my head." "But how," said the actuary, "did you burn the hole in it? Any one may burn a hole in an old hat to get a new one." "I did it by accident," cried the claimant; "I was reading the account of a victory in a newspaper, and I really knew nothing of the matter until I found my head on fire." The establishment asked him whether he thought a guinea would not be a recompense under the circumstances, and he consented to take it. Upon another occasion, a lady demanded the value of a quantity of beautiful curls which she wore—"The skull that bred them, in the sepulchre." It happened that she nodded over a prayer-book, and the candle caught her locks and set them in a blaze.—Her claim was immediately allowed.

A Map of Matrimony has been published in Boston, in which the quicksands of Censure, Cape Courtship, Point Proposal, Point Pin Money, Isle of Envy, Vale of Gladness, Lake of Presents, and all the dangerous quicksands, shoals, reefs, &c. are said to be accurately laid down. A Boston paper recommends this map as highly useful to single gentlemen.