

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 CAVES OF THE MOUNTAINS, METALS WHICH WILL GIVE STRENGTH TO OUR HANDS AND SUBJECT ALL NATURE TO OUR USE AND PLEASURE.—DR. JOHNSON.

VOL. II.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1831.

NO. 60.

THE MINERS' & FARMERS' JOURNAL

Is printed and published every Wednesday morning at Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum, if paid in advance; Three Dollars a year, if not paid until after the expiration of six months.

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. Small 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.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the estate of Thomas Kendrick, dec'd, are hereby notified that the situation of said estate will not admit of indulgence. All notes due for purchases made at the sale on the 15th day of October, 1830, if not paid at the approaching Superior Court, will be delivered to an officer for collection. The same course will be adopted relative to all those due for purchases made at subsequent sales.

STEN. FOX, Adm'r.

Nov. 1st, 1831. 360

REMOVAL.

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully informs his friends and customers, that he has removed from his old stand to the Store nearly opposite R. C. Hattaway, formerly occupied by J. Beers, where he will keep constantly on hand every article suitable for the back country trade.

FRANCIS WILSON.

Charleston, Oct. 18, 1831. 57

TWO GOLD-MINERS.—The highest price will be paid in cash, by William Morris, Watch-maker, for GOLD BULLION, in large or small quantities, at No. 205 King-street, Charleston, S. C.

Apprentices wanted.

THE Subscriber will take two boys between 16 and 17 years of age, of sober and industrious habits, as Apprentices to the Tanning and Currying business, if application be made immediately.

PETER M. BROWN.

Charlotte, Oct. 17, 1831. 55

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. ROUSAVILLE.

1831

NEGROES WANTED.

THE Subscriber is desirous to purchase a number of NEGROES, without any limit, during the next six months. Any person having such property for sale, would do well to apply to the subscriber before they make a sale, for they may rest assured that he will pay the most liberal prices in cash.

ROBERT WATSON.

N. B. All letters addressed to the subscriber will be attended to as punctually as if application were made in person.

Charlotte, Sept. 17, 1831. 6075

1832.

The Farmers' and Planters' ALMANAC for 1832.

Calculated for the Meridian of Salem, N. C.

JUST received, and for sale at this Office, by the gross, half gross, dozen, or single, at the publishers prices—10 cents single, 75 per dozen, 4 half gross, and \$7 per gross.

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.

SHERIFFS' DEEDS.

FOR Lands sold 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.

Original Anecdote.—An honest old lady, from the town of Johnson, quietly pursuing her vocation of egg-peddling, in our village, the other day, crossed our crazy old bridge with her wagon, before she was aware of it. On being told of the danger that she had incurred, she replied, "Why law sir, what a narrow chance—come up, dobin!" and back she went upon a round trot, the rotten planks flying about her ears, to have a more safe passage, and soon after appeared in the same neighborhood, having crossed the bridge at Central Falls, half a mile above.

Pantucket Chronicle.

When the elephant, Mlle. De Jeck, arrived in London from America, Monsieur Huguet, her proprietor and former keeper, was mortified at not being noticed by her. But she soon fixed her eyes on him, and standing motionless for a time, uttered the most extraordinary sounds, lashed her trunk about, and enfolded her former master in it, raised him from the ground, and evinced the most extravagant joy; nor did M. Huguet appear less pleased; he rewarded her with a pound of loaf sugar, and felt quite delighted to think that Gallot had not entirely weaned her affections from her former keeper.

AGRICULTURE.



From the New-York Farmer. PRACTICAL AGRICULTURE.

Do you suppose, Mr. Fleet, that a plain homespun man, like me, a Country Farmer, whom you and some others have called a full bred and successful cultivator of the soil, could so speak on paper, as to make what he has to say acceptable to the readers of the N. York Farmer? Practice, it is said, is the road to perfection; and yet practice is often compelled to stop far short of the degree of perfection prescribed in the theory. Never, in all my life, did I see the theory of family government so beautifully perfect, as in my own family, Mr. Editor! But this, alas! was while I was a bachelor, and the family, and family government, only the ideal of a theory. So it has fared, also, with my agriculture. It has never yet come up to the perfection proposed, and perhaps never will. One reason of which, probably, is, that theory assumes too much. This brings me to the starting point of my purpose, in proposing to write a few numbers on the actual business of agriculture, addressed directly to the understanding of practical men, my brother farmers. It appears to me, Mr. Editor, that men of this description do not furnish a due proportion of the matter for our agricultural journals. The writers seem not yet to have learned the distinction between theory and practice, farming on paper, and on the soil. I fear they have not yet learned by experience.

The citizen, charmed with the ideal of rural life, about to retire to a farm in the country, maps his farm, draws lines for fences, here a meadow, there fields of grain, or fruits and crops, always fine, of course. Here his pig yard, poultry yard, and goose pasture. Whereon written, there they stay; as order is names well can be.—Well, by-and-by, he is a farmer. The crops are uncertain, insects destroy his fruit, the fences are blown down by storms, or even the pretty little brook, swollen to the torrent, sweeps them away, and spreads desolation where it was to produce fertility! The pigs go whereon they can, often trespassing upon other enclosures, where even in despite of boys, dogs, negroes, and close fences; and the 'gobblers' are free commoners; while the horses and the cattle sicken or die, and farming in short, is found to be quite another sort of business; in fact, with animals on the soil, or with their names only, on paper! So it fares with the theory of a thing, or business, and so with the practice. If farmers would write more for agricultural journals, and write from experience, these papers would be much more useful, and I should hope, not less generally acceptable to their patrons. As guides, they would lead men securely, no small evidence of merit.

Without promising much, I mean to devote a few hours to subjects of general interest to Farmers, in a perfectly straightforward way, in which I shall speak plainly of many things, and as a man of years and experience. If my example shall induce other farmers to adopt the same course, it will have been productive of some good. You need not fear much display of learning, too much of which is often even more detrimental and disgusting, than too little, though this is bad enough. Think of it as we may, farming is very much of a common-sense kind of business; and is, as I hope to show, pretty apt to be the occupation of common-sense men. They are, universally, if not haters of pedantry, certainly not among its admirers, facts not generally known, perhaps, as extensively as they should be. In no one occupation, is great conceit of learning, and little sense, so altogether pernicious, as in ours.

A Country Farmer.

The Quail.—About thirty years ago this bird was unknown in Canada. It abounds in the Upper Provinces, but has not yet appeared in the Lower. Its habits appear remarkable, although probably not more so than those of any other wild fowl when carefully watched. A gentleman, of much patient research in regard to wild animals, who has been a resident in Upper Canada since the quails first made their appearance, happened to have above a hundred at one period alive, and took much pleasure in the evening watching their motions, where they were confined. As it grew dusk the birds formed themselves into coveys or parties of twelve or fifteen in a circle, the heads out, and tails clustered in the centre. One bird always stood guard to each party, and remained perfectly stationary for half an hour, when a particular *chuck* being given, another scintillated immediately took his place and relieved him with as much regularity as any garrison could boast. It became a matter of further curiosity to observe how they would meet the extra duty occasioned

by the havoc of the hawk. For this also a remedy was found; and the gentleman remarked with admiration, that as their number decreased, the period of watch was extended from half to a whole hour, in the same form, and with unvarying regularity. Quarterly Journal of Agriculture.

BLACK SNAKE OF NEW ENGLAND.

In New England we believe the BLACK SNAKE usually attains to a larger size than any other reptile. They have not unfrequently been known to measure six and seven feet in length; and may be found in abundance in the pastures of this State, in the months of April and May, when they emerge from their dens, and court the rays of the noon-day sun. They may then be killed with but little trouble, being somewhat torpid and sluggish in their motions. They afterwards become more active and shy; and if seen in the summer months, become instantly alarmed, and glide away with the velocity of a race horse. They are generally considered harmless; and it is ascertained that their bite is not venomous. Instances have been known, however, of their having attacked "the human form divine," without provocation, and they have then proved themselves a fearful enemy.

Several years since Mr. N., a gentleman of Massachusetts, was proceeding on foot from Lyan to Lyndfield. Pursuing the shortest route, his path for several miles lay through the sterile pastures, hills and woods, which abound in that vicinity. He was walking leisurely along, when his attention was attracted by a rustling among the bushes near him, and two monstrous black snakes, which he stated to have been 7 or 8 feet in length, made their appearance, rushing towards him, thrusting out their forked tongues, while their eye-balls seemed glowing with defiance and ire. Having no means of defence, and being aware that "the better part of valor is discretion," Mr. N. turned and fled from his enemies as fast as his legs could carry him. His pursuers, however, soon came up with him, and one of them clinging to his boot, arrested his further progress. The snake twined itself around his leg, with his head reaching above his knee—and seemed evidently attempting to gain his body, for the purpose of compressing him to death. In this critical situation, Mr. N. fortunately retained his self-possession, and drew a penknife from his pocket with which he severed the body of his loathsome antagonist. Its companion escaped.

A woodcutter in a neighbouring town, was once cutting down a tree which stood near a ledge of rocks, which rose precipitately to the height of fifteen or twenty feet. Suddenly a large black snake sprang from the ledge above him, and alighted on his shoulder, to the great horror of the poor fellow. The snake began to entwine itself around his body, which he attempted to prevent by seizing the neck of the snake, and striving with all his strength to compel it to relinquish its hold. In this way, this modern Laocoon struggled with the arch enemy, and at last succeeded in releasing himself from its grasp. The snake fled among the bushes, and was soon out of sight. But such an effect did this severe contest produce upon the mind of the woodsman, that for weeks and months afterwards he was constantly haunted by visions of terror. During his sleep he would again realize all the agonies which he experienced during his conflict with the serpent.

Excer News Letter.

From the Carolina Gazette.

Southern Emigration.—The rage for emigration from the South to the West and South-west, has, of late years, suffered great diminution, less from the absence of the desire, than from sheer exhaustion of the material. We see enough of it, however, even now, to deplore. A journey through the woods of Alabama and Georgia, affords sufficient subject for observation and remark, in the still numerous emigrants, we meet with, on the go, for that quarter.—Seeking, in the proverbially fertile region of the Father of Waters (Mississippi) those rewards for enterprise and industry, which are comparatively denied to them in the more barren and exhausted fields of our own country. There is much in the mode and manner of emigration among these wanderers, that, though always interesting and picturesque, is, not unfrequently, melancholy and humiliating in the extreme. You see the little families—sometimes, two, three or four, from the same section of country, making of it a kind of colonizing expedition; and as they have been neighbors all their lives before in one part of the world, settling down together, as such, in the part to which they go. They carry their household gods and society along with them—not the least important portion of their moveables, and perhaps, the only solace for a change of home, when in years, and an abode in an unknown and uncultivated wilderness. You will see them with their *force*—as it is called—of from ten to twenty, thirty, or more hands—a string of four or five wagons—a jersey or two, invariably, among them—and an oc-

casional pack and sundry saddle horses, trodging along, in even rows through the woods—at a slow pace, of ten to fifteen miles a day, as their creatures or themselves prove more or less fatigued—encamping by night, apart from the road, commonly in a circle, with sundry huge fires, illuminating the wilderness for miles with strange, fluctuating and fantastic lights, according to the interruptions of space or scenery. As they journey by day, some ride, some walk, alternating for relief—some are thoughtful, perhaps sad, as some over-meddlesome recollection haunts them with threatening or imploring shadow—others again, and not the fewer number—for the life of labor and adventure teaches indifference in time to the more touching emotions, as we may ascertain by a glance at the mariner—cheerily singing some native ditty, and when they meet with travellers like themselves—an event, which in some of our woods may well be likened to "a sail" at sea—cracking with them some hearty joke, upon their trim and caparison, &c. with a glee, that would sound strangely in the ears of the milk-and-water citizens moping over the recollection of that home, from which he is, for the first time, in his life perhaps, a melancholy wanderer. The negroes are particularly famous for the light-heartedness of their habit while journeying in this manner. We have seen some twenty or thirty surrounding a jersey wagon, with a strange delight pictured in every countenance, only enough indicated by the grinning of their lustrous white teeth thro' the undrawn sables of their capacious lips, listening to the rude harmony of some ruder violin, of which there is always one or more, on every tolerable plantation in the up-country; while the driver of the wagon, perched on the seat, the reins loosely flung over his left arm, in the hand of which, the soiled and shattered instrument—the cracked seams of which are, half the time, caulked with tar—is scraped unmercifully, until it yields the necessary quantity of woodland melody to satisfy the amateur who performs, and the no less critical company of connoisseurs who surround him. The whites hang about, at a little distance, not less delighted than their slaves, and partaking in as great degree, though with a more subdued exhibition of its effects, in the gentle influence and impulse which the scene is so well calculated to inspire. Thus they cheer the long way before them, and rob weariness and labor of half their disquietudes. In one instance, we remember to have encountered with a party of this description, and under similar circumstances, in which the grinning Momois of the group—the musician of the emigres—had some pretensions to a somewhat loftier vein, and at intervals indulged himself in a running accompaniment, in words, to the strains which he sent forth, and which, we doubt not, were perfectly original. He satirized all around with an impunity, which led us to consider his relationship to his owner, as not unlike that of the ancient jester with his feudal lord, and the privileges which he evidently exercised in this respect, led us to pay more attention to the matter of his songs than we otherwise might have been disposed to do. Some of the words we picked up, and a few commendations excepted, as sacrifices to rhythm, in which, strange to say, he seemed more at a loss than in rhyme, we may submit the following, as not altogether unlike those of the rude *artiste*, from whom they have been purloined.

I born in Sout Calina,
Fine country ebbet seen;
I gine from Sout Calina
I gine to New-Orlean.
Old bass, he discontantum—
He take he mare, black Fanny,
He buy a pedlar wagon,
An he boom for Loasy-Anna.
He boom, &c.
Old Debble, Loasy-Anna.

2
He gone five day in Georgy,
Fine place for egg and ham;
When he git among de Ingus,
An he push for Alabama.
He look bout pon de prairie,
Where dey hear de cotton grow,
But he sperrit still contrary,
An he must fiddle go.
He boom, &c.
Old Debble, &c.

3
He look at Mrs. Seapy, (Mississippi)
Good lady nough dey say,
Bot he tink de State look sleepy,
And so, he rise to stay.
When once he left Calina,
An on he mare black Fanny,
He take not off he bridle bit,
Till he git to Loasy-Anna.

GRAND CHORUS.
Old debble Loasy-Anna,
Dat scarecrow for poor Nigger,
Where de sugar cane grow to pine tree,
And de pine tree turn to sugar, &c.

Thus, it runs on, through perhaps a dozen verses, in all of which immediate reference is had to local objects, accompanied equally by a direct prospective and perspective reference to the things which he has had and enjoyed, and the probable circumstances of his future lot. The touch at his masters wandering and discontented habit, is certainly a hit. The purchase of the pedlar wagon, after the itinerant has sold

his wares, is as certain, as the selling of his woodcraft by the Pittsburgh boatman, when he has deposited his cargo on the Levee at New-Orleans. The entire song, as we heard it, abounds in distinct allusion, to the life which is led by nine hundred and ninety-nine of every thousand; and includes, with scarce a variation, every particular common to the observation of the negro, whether as concerns himself or his master.

ON THE ORIGIN OF SHAKING HANDS.

"Fare thee well," said my warm-hearted friend, Thomas Twirlaway, and he gave my hand a wrench that had well nigh dislocated every joint of my little finger—I've worn it in a cot ever since. A moment after I heard the rolling of wheels.

"Fare thee well, honest Tom," said I, and I sunk quietly back into my elbow chair. My little finger ached—no wonder—and the pain gave my thoughts a turn.

A singular custom this of shaking hands, so mused I, and an old—the seal of an unwritten bond of fellowship between soul and soul; abused often, doubtless—and so are the sacred rites of our religion. Would I could fathom its origin. A reason it must have had, for let atheist say what he pleases, men did not even begin to shake hands by chance. What is there, I continued, what is there in a hand—a mere parallelogram of muscle, bone and tendon, fringed about and ornamented by five articulated appendages, that should entitle it to the distinction of having constituted the pledge of human sincerity, and the honored witness of man's holiest feelings, in all ages and in all climes. In all ages! Yes. The votaries of "the handmaid" tell us, (ye Anti-Masons, growl not—we don't believe a word they say,) that the thousand and one mystic grips of their fraternity are a device of the wisdom of Solomon; and a legacy from him to the initiated of succeeding generations. But he hath given us no "light" to aid our investigation.

"There is mystery in a palm," I said, and wiped my spectacles to gaze upon my own; "I will seek an answer there. They tell us that in this complicated tracery of lines, are darkly shadowed forth the events of the unknown future. The map of human destiny is before me—let me endeavor to read its revelations. This long winding line is the great Ganges of life—here taking its rise in springs imperceptible,—there pouring forth its volumes into the great ocean of eternity. O, for some gifted geographer of prophecy, to point out its rapids and its cataracts, its shallows, its vortices and its calm expanses—to declare what mean these numberless tributaries, and whether they mingle their currents with the grand stream of existence for weal or woe. See here is a large one. What may that grand junction betoken? Matrimony? I know not. Palmistry, I'll none of thee. Thou dost not tell me why I should give my hand to my friend, nor why withhold it from mine enemy. I must try again."

"The hand of the laborer and of the kitchen-servant is hard—that of the lady and of the lady's dangle soft as the breathing of the 'sweet South.' The man of choler thrusts you forth a lean and meagre machine, that almost rattles as you touch it—the plethoric man huddles heavily out a great slice of blubber, split into segments by a meat-axe—the good-natured man alone shows you a hand. The gripe of the rude peasant and of the iron soldier, is like a vice—that of the carpet-knight and dandy, like the folding of a lady's kerchief about the fingers. The man of business seizes your hand in haste, and throws it away with a jerk—the idler raises it leisurely, and, having retained it a space, lets it fall listlessly from his grasp. Here, then, is character. Moreover, the proverb declares that 'a cold hand betokeneth a warm heart;' and the converse is equally true. Here is character again. I have it—when we give a friend our hand, we present him, as it were, with a certificate, signed by Dame Nature herself, which assures him, 'such as you leave us, you will find us,' or, it may be, 'such as you left us, you have found us.' A very pretty theory. Yet have I known a good easy-tempered soul grow meagre, and a morose, snappish, vinegar-soiled man grow fat. A winter's day too many may give the most phlegmatic of mortals and chilling external symbol of warmth the liveliness within. I am out, once more: I must try again."

"The process of joining hands brings us into something like friendly contiguity.—But a tweak of the nose brings us nearer, and a twist of the ear, nearer still. Oh wretched, I grow worse and worse."

Hereupon I fidgetted about in my arm-chair for five minutes together in evident vexation. I then commenced a smart application of "Whitwell's improved Opodel-doe, to my little finger, and growing calmer, proceeded. "I will leave this inquiry to the divers into antiquity. Far less important matters have been rescued by the labors of these worthies, from the wave of oblivion; and who knows but, some day, they may publish a *Résumé*, to enlighten me on this.—New England Review.