

MINERS' & FARMERS' JOURNAL.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY NOBLE & HOLTZ, 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. II.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1831.

NO. 61.

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 91 for three weeks, for one square.—A liberal discount will be made to those who advertise by the year. If 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.

New Millinery and Fancy STORE.

PATRICK HARTY takes this opportunity of informing his friends and the public in general, that he has opened, two doors south of Hawkins', a handsome assortment of articles in the Millinery and fancy line, under the superintendance of Mrs. Heffernan, formerly of Columbia, S. C. Dresses and Pelissas to be made after the latest fashion and on the most reasonable terms. Leghorn hats bleached and pressed, to be made to look equal to new.

Charlotte, N. C. 8th Nov. 1831. 161

LOST,

ON Tuesday night, the 20th inst. a common plain leather Pocket-Book, tolerable new, containing \$25 in money, five bills of the denomination of \$5, and one of \$10, all South-Carolina money; it also contained the following Notes, viz: one of \$40, on Asa Stevens, dated the 23d Dec. 1830; one of \$26 55, on James C. Brawley, dated 23d Dec. 1828; one of \$7 77, on Isaac Frazier, dated 23d Dec. 1828, with a credit of \$5; one of \$3 08, on Thos. Shelby, dated 23d Dec. 1828; one of \$25, on David Van Pelt, dated Aug. 12th, 1831. All persons are forbid trading for either of the said notes. Any person finding said Pocket-Book, with its contents, and delivering it to the owner, or leaving it at the Post Office in Charlotte, will be rewarded for their trouble, with the thanks of the owner.

HENRY F. MCGOY.
Nov. 11th, 1831. 217

Administrators' Notice.

HAVING taken out letters of administration, at the August Sessions of Mecklenburg County Court, on the estates of Margaret & Hugh Walker, dec'd., all those having claims against said estate are requested to present them within the time prescribed by law; and all those who are indebted to the estate, are requested to make payment immediately.

J. D. SMITH, Adm'r.
3161
Nov. 10, 1831.

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. Boon, where he will keep constantly on hand every article suitable for the back country trade.

FRANCIS WILSON.
Charlott, Oct. 18, 1831. 57

TO 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. 206 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. 56

\$25 Dollars Reward.

BE AN AWAY from the subscriber, on the 8th of April last, a Negro Girl about 27 years of age, of yellow complexion, with a scar above her eye. Said girl has an only female child in Chatham county, belonging to a gentleman by the name of Hiram Clarke. She is in the habit of passing herself under the appellation of *Iras Louisa*. She will no doubt endeavor to get into the neighborhood of her daughter, if she is not under the direction of some white person, which is more than probable, as there are circumstances which induce me to believe so. The above reward will be given to any person who shall return the said girl to me, or lodge her in any jail so that I get her; and fifty dollars will be given to any one who shall detect the person harboring her, so that he may be brought to justice.

LEWIS GILL.
Lancasterville, S. C. Oct. 1831. 5162

*The editor of the Western Carolinian will insert the above five times, and forward his acct. to Lancasterville for payment.

Fighting Kings.—What have governments hitherto been? What have royalties been? A royalty of war. It commenced by conducting armed men to combat. War was then an institution both useful and important, and of high consideration. Although war has sunk in value, and industry has acquired influence, royalty still remains the prejudice of the warlike age. It despises industry. The progress of industry has therefore taken place in spite of power. For example, how angry would Louis XIV. have been, had he been called the chief of dealers and manufacturers. A sucking king bears a sword, epaulettes, and well squared boots, before he is able to sit on a horse. Arrived at man's estate, the trade of war is all that he learns; and he passes his life among a crowd of officers, maneuvering troops. War is his element; and to such a degree, that the pacific Louis XVIII. thought it indispensable to fix the epaulettes of a Colonel upon his alderman-like body.—Le Globe.

FOR THE JOURNAL.

VERSES—BY TIMOTHY TOOLEYWAGG, ESQ.
There lives in every town some one we know,
Who openly pretends with death to wrestle;
Enters the field against his ugly foe,
Armed with a lance, pill-box and pestle.
These implements, you know, 'tis right to carry,
For even self-protection
Besides, that "king of terrors," Death, don't tarry,
When he makes selection.

This world, it must be owned, is fast improving.
In Doctors, Lawyers, cobblers, rogues and schools;
As songsters say, they're active to "keep moving."
But most this age can boast is patent fools.

To "march of mind" I've always been a friend;
My words, I have no doubt, will plainly show it;
It might be made out clear before I end,
Old Doctor's quacks, 'tis time the world should know it.

To Dr. Thompson, "the wise, the great, the good,"
Who's nicely mixed the ranks
Of Rushites, Cookites—we owe all gratitude,
And humble thanks.

That "Heat is Life, and Cold is Death," 'tis plain—
We here could prove it by a eulogium;
The points so clear to all, we will refrain,
And thereby not enlarge the breach or schism.

A member of this new Thompsonian line,
Whose name was equal to his size and spirit,
Once pitched his tent—not on the Rhine,
Nor Thames, nor Bug—I can't come near it.
As to disease he kicked it out of sight,
And yet 'tis strange to tell,
Altho' the Doctor's was an easy life,
He used no Calomel.

He never burned one up with stinging blisters,
Nor spilled one's vital blood—ah! deadly plan;
Nor did he often give one Cayenne clisters:
—Every old woman said he was a "fine man."

His fame full six miles round the country flew;
In short, in reputation he was noted;
His cures by "steam," some hundreds daily drew:
His name was Bolus.

He had a patient lying at Death's door,
Some three miles from town, it might be four;
To whom he sent a "mild Lobelia puks"—
—"I would cure him just as sure as it is took.

It took him nineteen times, and what is clever,
The man got well in "two good hours"; 'tis said:
He had a yellow, bilious, tertian, typhus fever;
—Some wags still say he went to church from bed.

Again the Doctor sent a plain direction,
To one who groaned most loudly from the gout;
But through vile ignorance or some detection—
'Twill make you smile to know how this turn'd out.

For on the label of the healing stuff,
He wrote this verse,
Which one would think was clear enough,
And very terse:

"When this is taken
To be well shaken."

Next morning Bolus early rose,
And to the patient's house he goes,
Upon his pad,
Who a vile trick of stumbling had.
It was indeed a very sorry hack.

For what's expected of a horse,
With jugs and bottles heaped upon his back.

The servant lets him in with dismal face;
Long as an angry courier out of place,
Portending some disaster:
Buck's countenance as ruffal looked and grim,
As if the knowing Doctor had plucked him.

And not his master.
"Well, how's the patient," Dr. Bolus said:
"Buck shook his head."
"Indeed him! ha! that's very odd."
"He took the draught."—Buck gave a nod.

"Well, how, what then? speak out you dunce!"
"Why, then, says Buck, we shook him once."
"You shook him, how? the Doctor stammer'd out."
"We jolted him about."

"Zounds! shake a patient, man, a shake won't do."
"No, sir—and so we gave him two."
"Two shakes! odds cure!"
"I would make the patient worse."
"I did, sir, and so a third we tried."
"Well, and what then?" "Then, sir, my master died."

ings of the soil, several of our fields are sown to winter rye, after taking off the corn and potatoes; or to buckwheat, after wheat and rye. The buckwheat, we plough in, say when in blossom, or in all September, and harrow in winter rye upon it; or let it lie for oats, corn, barley, or other spring grain. The winter rye, or rye and oats, still better for fall feed, makes rich pasturage, late in autumn, and early in spring, which is thus ploughed in, for a spring green dressing, say by the middle of May, followed by crops of spring grain, corn, oats or potatoes. The time for doing all this, you will observe, must be ascertained by observation, not by book. The ground, also, should soon be worked, only when in a suitable state as to dryness, warmth and moisture. The soil of our farm is either a light sandy loam, or a gravel of slate stone, the argillite of the geologists. In order to decompose the slaty gravel, or whiten the surface of the ground with quick lime sown broad cast, at every working of it by the plough, which works the slate gradually into clay, and makes the soil a brown chocolate mould, warm, temicious of moisture, and exceedingly productive. To supply a due proportion of vegetable matter, we rely on green dressing, aided by lime.

The nourishment of plants is produced by change, going on in the soil, such as by fermentation, and generally decomposition. To increase this action, and sometimes to hasten it, so as to save time, we plough in our green dressings, well whitened with quick lime and gypsum, sown on the morning dew. Turnips and carrots come into our course of cropping on a small scale, but we rely more on clover and green dressings, with the pasture they afford than on turnips, a crop rather over estimated, we think for our hard winter climate, though well adapted for middle winters, as in Great Britain. With another week of favorable weather, we shall have sown all our fields of potatoes, and sown rye, or rye and oats, for late and early feed, and for green dressings in the spring. Not a weed, bearing seed, will be seen in those fields which by and by will be clothed with a matting of rich, sweet and delicious food for our stock, instead of lying waste for weeds and barrenness, an eye sore to the practical husbandman.

With what delight, Mr. Editor, have I just now seen three fields of our little farm, the corn cut and shocked, the potatoes all lustry coat, their tops piled on heaps of compost, and the soil neatly worked, sown to rye and oats, the surface whitened with quick lime, like a March shower of snow! The "Fly-wheel," my dear sir, besides enjoying all this in the fields, where as hearty and fine set of gradations great work as ever made the heart of a patriarch glad, hears the hum of the spinning wheel, on coming to the house. Days of my childhood, I love you; and O my good sainted mother, never can I think that farm house, my home, where there is none of this music of the spinning wheel! It was thence, the harp of the farm, and its true echoes of the farmer's daughters. When I was a little boy, a farmer's boy, the morning slumbers of spring were almost always broken by the notes of the wild birds, and by this harp of the farm house, or the spinner's song. Charmed, alike with the beauties of out-door and in-door nature, rural life and simplicity of character, this harp of my ancestors has never been banished from my home. Associated with such recollections, the notes of the blue bird, the blue bird, wren, and half-reasoning, half-domesticated robin, are often heard from around their nests at my door, now in my old age, as if to keep alive the affections of youth, and lead them gently, from earth to heaven!

In my next number, having here indicated some of the details of the business of the actual farmer, I shall attempt to exhibit faithfully, a characteristic delineation of the farmer's avocation. I know not how it has happened, but, almost universally, the people seem to underestimate the intelligence, and knowledge, and mind, employed in all other pursuits than their own. Every body who can wield a goose-quill, puts words into sentences—and especially if he can talk learned nonsense in an unknown tongue, under the name of science—assumes to teach us farmers! In my introductory number, these paper farmers were characteristically defined, and I trust no one will misunderstand my meaning. In an ardent attachment to all that is useful in science, the writer of these numbers yields in zeal to no one, whatever may be the nature of his avocations or pursuits.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

As few useful hints will bear repetition better than those appertaining to husbandry, the following are offered for publication:—

There is not a shrub, vine, plant, or tree to be found in our fields and forests, that is not susceptible of a high degree of improvement, if taken up late in the fall or early in the spring, properly trimmed, and transplanted into good rich soil, near our dwellings. Their change for the better soon becomes apparent. Take, for instance, young

chestnut trees from the mountain, top off as much of their tops as you leave of their roots, set them out as you would your apple trees, not deeper in the soil than they originally stood. They have a rapid growth, and if well nursed, will spread, and soon bear every year prolifically, producing a nut three times the size of those generally brought to market, and of a better flavour. The hickory tree will do the same. All will bear grafting as well as a pear tree. Experiments in this line cost but a trifle, and negligence is not to be justified.

CARPENTER BIRDS.—These birds form a distinct class by themselves. Of these, the woodpeckers may be said to be the masters, especially those distinguished by the ivory bill. Were we merely to judge from the bill alone, we should be disposed to consider the ivory-billed woodpecker (*picus principalis*) the prince of the carpenter birds. This powerful instrument is as white and much tougher, if not harder than ivory, and elegantly fluted. With this he can dig into the hardest trees, either for food or nesting. In the low countries of the Carolinas, this bird usually prefers the large timbered cypress swamps for breeding in: and in the trunk of one of these trees, at a considerable height, the male and female alternately, and in conjunction, dig out a large and capacious cavity for their eggs and young.

Trees thus dug out have frequently been cut down with sometimes the eggs and young in them; the hole being said to be generally a little winding, the better to keep out the weather, and from two to five feet deep. The labor of digging out a hole of such dimensions may be considered almost beyond the execution of these birds; but, when we consider some of their other feats of carpentry, the fact does not appear the least surprising. Wilson gives the following interesting history of one which he captured:—"The first place," says he, "I observed this bird at, when on my way to the South, was about twelve miles north of Wilmington in North-Carolina. This bird was only wounded slightly in the wing, and on being caught, uttered a loud, reiterated, and most pitous note, exactly resembling the violent crying of a young child, which terrified my horse so as nearly to cost me my life. I carried it with me, in the chair under cover, to Wilmington. In passing through the streets, its affecting cries surprised every one within hearing. We doors and windows, with looks of alarm and anxiety. I drove on, and arriving at the piazza of the hotel where I intended to put up, the landlord came forward and a number of persons who happened to be there, all equally alarmed at what they heard. This was greatly increased, by my asking whether he could furnish me with accommodations for myself and baby. The man looked blank and foolish, while the others stared with still greater astonishment. After diverting myself a minute or two at their expense, I drew out my woodpecker from under the cover, and a general laugh took place. I took him while I went to see my horse taken care of. In less than an hour I returned, and, on opening the door, he sat up the same distressing shout, which now appeared to proceed from grief that he had been discovered in his attempts to escape. He had mounted along the side of the window, nearly as high as the ceiling, a little below which he had begun to break through. The bed was covered with large pieces of plaster, the lath was exposed for at least fifteen inches square, and a hole large enough to admit the fist opened to the weather boards; so that, in less than another hour he would have succeeded in making his way through. I now tied a string round his leg and fastening it to the table, again left him. I wished to preserve his life, and had gone off in search of suitable food for him. As I re-ascended the stairs, I heard him again hard at work, and on entering, had the mortification to perceive that he had almost entirely ruined the mahogany table to which he was fastened, on which he had wreaked his whole vengeance. While engaged in taking a drawing of him, he cut me severely in several places, and on the whole, displayed such a noble and unconquerable spirit that I was frequently tempted to restore him to his native woods. He lived with me nearly three days, but refused all sustenance, and I witnessed his death with regret. The head and bill of this bird are held in great esteem among the southern Indians, who wear them by way of amulet and charm, as well as ornament, and, it is said, dispose of them to the northern tribes at considerable prices. An Indian believes that the head, skin, or even feathers of certain birds confer on the wearer all the excellences of those birds, thus I have seen a coat made of the skins, heads, and claws of the raven; caps stuck round with heads of butcher-birds, hawks and eagles; and, as the disposition and courage of the rival woodpecker are well known to the savages, no wonder they should attach great value to it, having both beauty, and in their estimation, distinguished merit to recommend it."

Architecture of Birds.

Newspaper Borrowers.—Reader, if you borrow this paper, send it right back—as you may feel cheap after you have finished this paragraph.

If the tailor sends a new coat home to you, would you think your neighbor fair in his request for the first use of it?

If the baker leaves you a hot loaf, should you like to lend it to your neighbor, and have it returned cold with the corners knawed off?

If the pennypost leaves a letter on your counter, should you think it right in your neighbor to seize it, before you had time to read it, to tally a load of potatoes on it, and thank you for the use of it some hours after, if he should not be so unfortunate as to lose it?

If these things are not right—then it is not right to borrow a newspaper on the day when it is published.

We have received a request from one of our subscribers to discontinue his paper for the present, for no other reason than that he is plagued by borrowers. We presume they are not such persons as he can very well deny the use of the paper. So it is with you, borrower, whoever you are! The person who lent you this, although apparently did it with much pleasure, wished that you would take the paper yourself, and not take his new coat, hot loaf and letter, before he has made full use of them himself.—Portsmouth Journal.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF A DANDY.

With hair bewitched ariduous ways,
His body straightened by stiff stays;
With mincing gait, and all his looks
Broken by gentle sighs and moans;
His cheeks and lips with rouge all glowing,
See Curio to the altar going,
Who leads, but yet appears to linger,
The lady by her little finger;
The priest, astonished all the while,
Then whisper'd to the clerk, aside,
"Which of the Misses is the bride?"

THE STAR.

PUBLISHED in the City of Raleigh, by Lawrence & Levey, is devoted to News, Politics, Agriculture, Commerce, Literature, Science and Morality. It is printed weekly, on a large imperial sheet, with good type, at three dollars per annum, one half payable in advance, and the remainder at the end of the year.

In politics, the Star is decidedly Republican, and the Editors, without presumption, are proud to believe that they have contributed a mite to the great cause of a more vitally connected and more efficient Government. They will continue to give their firm, but temperate support to the administration of that well tried and faithful public servant, ANNEAR JACKSON. For his sterling integrity, his unalloyed patriotism, and his ardent devotion to the interests of Republicanism, the busy Agents of slanderous papers upon him torrents of the most vindictive abuse and unbecoming personalities; and even now the baseless adherents of a violent war around him; but he stands firm in the midst of their fury, unshaken by commotion.

That is the wish of the people, that he shall again be elected to the Chief Magistracy of the Union, will advocate a reasonable doubt, and the Star will continue to be a strong and faithful promoter of the strength and stability of the grand political principles and liberty of the Union, which are the basis of the liberties and independence of the people, and under the sanction of the Republic will thereby assist in securing a more efficient Government.

In the Star, every subject connected with the public interest is freely and impartially discussed, and great pains are taken to edit in an accessible and readable manner. Particular attention is bestowed upon the proceedings of our State Legislature; and the next session will probably be the most important that has been held for many years, the Editors have engaged a competent stenographer, to attend the sittings of that body as reporter; which will enable them to publish full, fair and impartial reports of their debates and proceedings. As this will incur a heavy expense, and be of great utility to the citizens of the State, the Editors with great confidence call upon the public to sustain them. Should their increase of patronage justify it, other important improvements will ere long be made in the publication of their journal.

The Editors of the Star take this occasion to say, that they are aware that desperate efforts have been made in different parts of the State to break down their press; and it is probable there are those who are still laboring in this despicable vocation. If, for their contumacious treatment of the dictum of inflated demagogues, and obstinate refusal to become mere party tools, they are to be sacrificed to the malice and revenge of a few restless aspirants, the Editors will fall with the spirit and feelings of a martyr. But they have too much confidence in the justice and intelligence of their fellow citizens—they have too solid an assurance in their increasing favor—to indulge for a moment a single foreboding fear. But whatever shall be the final sentence of the public on their labors, they will have the consolation to reflect that they have at least endeavored to deserve the kindness which has hitherto been so liberally extended to them.

While they tender the only tribute they can return for past favors, the sincere thanks, all they ask for the future is the indulgence due to the imperfections of human nature, and a little assistance from their friends in the way of procuring additional subscribers. By exertions which would perhaps afford them a pleasure, they are satisfied their subscription list might be increased far beyond its present number in other States cannot hereafter be allowed to remain in arrears longer than one year, and persons resident without the State, who may desire to become subscribers, will be strictly required to pay the whole amount of the year's subscription in advance. The remoteness of their residence, and the experience of several years, speak to the Editors imperiously on this subject.