

MINERS' & FARMERS' JOURNAL.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY THOMAS J. 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. IV.

SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1834.

NO. 193.

[BY REQUEST.]

From the New York Observer.

THE RETAILER ARRAIGNED—NO. II.

1. A vender of ardent spirits on being asked why he continued in the traffic, responded, *I am sustained by the city authorities. They have licensed the trade, and I pay over to them a certain part of the profits. I can show you their hand and seal.*

But have they pledged themselves to answer for you when God shall come and make inquisition for blood? And when the vagabond husband with his haggard wife and beggarly offspring, shall cry to heaven for vengeance, on them that pilfered them of bread, and clothed them with rags, and covered them with infamy?

I know they may have then gone out of office, and others may occupy their seats. Corporations, I know have their life time, and their office is temporary, and their account will be summed up in eternity. But do they incur any moral responsibility for the correctness of this measure? Will they stand between you and harm, in the great day of account? I know they have underwritten for your honesty and integrity, and for your good moral character, and have made oath to all these points, but as to the lawfulness of the enterprise in the sight of God have they underwritten here? Or have they left you to settle this matter with God?

And beside it is said corporate bodies have no souls. Of course they have no conscience, and will not come into judgment, and will not be present to respond for you when you shall be charged with pouring a stream of death through the streets, and lanes of our beloved city. They will be sunk down into common men and will be judged not as aldermen but as private citizens.

But to be serious, O what a day the last day will be when every one must answer for the sins done to the body. But if the man who signed your paper shall be condemned with you, as guilty accomplice in the work of death, what then? Can you apply an antidote to the fatal and final mistake in that evil hour? I would certainly handle your conscience *honestly*, but I would deal with it *honorably*, because I shall be at the court on that day and must be condemned with you, if I handle deceitfully the word of the Lord, or cry peace and safety when sudden destruction comes upon you. I would rather become security for every demand and every claim that may come against you in these minor courts, than answer for the charge of making one drunkard, or one homeless and hopeless and vagabond child, or one broken hearted mother. I had rather be your city scavenger than your Mayor or your Alderman on terms like these. If the license you have, will be current only in a human court, and heaven's King will despise it, I would go, and throw it down on the table of the corporation, and would go out, and before I commenced the sale, would demand a new revelation from heaven, that should contain at least a clause like this—*Thus saith the Lord, "They who license others to commit sin are unaccountable for the sin and they alone, and let all the people cry Amen."*

2. Another, on being asked why he continued the trade, made answer, *That it was profitable, and that he chose to reap the profits.* Or as one might honestly interpret his language, he cared not whether it was right or wrong. He would have been willing if he might have been paid for his labor, to have manned the guillotine, or to have kindled the fires on the Auto de fe. If he could make a good trade of it he would buy on the fagots, that were destined to be used in burning a world. But it is believed there are very few such men, so lost from reason, hope and heaven. And with this few we will not spend our time at present.

3. Another, on being asked, replied, *The trade respects my family, and proposed his argument by Scripture: "If any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel."* He fastened as he uttered the text, seeming to doubt whether God inspired it to foster the crime of drunkenness. A very simple comment would say, it surely must be of some consequence, *how we provide.* May a man *sell his bread, and portion the garment that warms his children?* One may not provide for his family by gambling, nor by extortion, nor by robbery, nor by usury. By none of these means, is it believed that one could honestly make the provisions enjoined in the text. Thus the argument goes for nothing, if we are required to use Christian discretion as to the manner in which this provision shall be made. We may not do evil that good may come, unless we would have our damnation just. *The end will not justify the means.* That end which is not achieved by measures of righteousness, is not pursued with regard to the authority of God.

4. Another trader replied, *This is the business I was bred to.* So King Alexander and the Man of Ills, and Cassar and Sennacherib, were practiced in the art of blating out nations, and pouring out human gore, and must be sustained in the trade of blood because they were bred to it. And Alexander the copper smith must oppose the gospel because else he should have no more shrunks to make for Diana. Did he reason well, or did he probably lose his soul?

That you was bred to the business of vending ardent spirits, may involve your parents in guilt, but it cannot exonerate you from the guilt of doing what you know is wrong. It is surely your business to inquire whether your calling involves the good or the injury of the world, whether your profession is health, its character and comfort, or its unending. Whether you and its population on to heaven or perdition. Are you exonerated from any such inquiry? You give us then the very answer that the highway man will, I pursue the business I was bred to. And when you have answered his argument and persuaded him to be an honest man, I will use your reasons, and convince you that you ought immediately to attempt some other business.

5. Another retailer when inquired of why he continued in the trade, made answer, *There is no other business I can do.* My trade in this article is my only path to competency. We may then truly ask you, whether you have *tried*, and settled the question beyond controversy, that you must sell rum or starve, that is, you must do what God forbids or die?

Here I would remark that one should not come to this conclusion till he has made an effort. It rarely seldom happens under the government of God that men can adopt no legitimate means of earning their bread. Should the gambler, and the actor, and the slave dealer, and the privateers, man become convinced that their calling is mischievous, and ask God to direct them to an honest livelihood, would there be nothing they could do to live? Would he leave to beggary or starvation, the man who was devoutly praying,—

"Give us in a lawful and proper manner, day by day our daily bread?" Why, this question is answered in a moment. And were we obliged to answer in the negative, and duty was certainly associated with death, then we should say, *die.* That man blesses the world and dies at a good old age who dies rather than sin. And as martyrdom has advanced many a cause it may possibly advance yet the cause of temperance.

6. One brandy merchant, made answer when asked why he continued the trade, *That good men had employed themselves in manufacturing and vending ardent spirit, and still had gone to heaven.* That is, he would continue in what might be forbidden of God provided it would be possible to reach heaven at last. Now we admit the possibility you plead, but we must tell you that good men in days past had less light on this subject than we have, and may have done in a measure harmlessly, what you may do unparadoxably. What is comparative innocence in some circumstances may be the deadliest guilt in others. Had Paul done, after he was enlightened, the same things that he had done before, he had done them to his own undoing. And he assures us, under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, that he obtained mercy because he did it ignorantly in unbelief. Had John Newton when engaged in the slave trade been enlightened as he was afterward, he probably had never lived to sing as he did of the grace and mercy of God.

Moreover, no man in his right reason would act on the principle here avowed. He would not commit theft, and robbery, and murder, and adultery, because men may have committed these dark deeds, and still, perhaps, have gone to heaven. The very men I reason with, would turn pale to hear these crimes palliated by the same arguments that sustain the practice of vending this article of death. One may have done in his ignorance, even conscientiously, what to do now would cost him his soul. "The times of this ignorance God winked at, but now commendeth all men every where to repent."

Be it that there may be some good men even yet in the trade, one would hardly dare to sin, because good men will sin with him. I would not engage in unlawful commerce, were it possible that an angel would share the profits with me. The rich man in the gospel had accomplished associates till the day he perished. The argument proves, merely, that good men may have mistaken their duty, or may have known their duty and, for a time, had not sufficient moral courage to do it. Could we know the views that such men will have of the traffic, when they shall see the world on fire their views then might decide our duty.

D. A. C.

Desirable Town Property FOR SALE.

(At the head-quarters of the Gold-mining Region.)

HAVING purchased, and being anxious to settle a farm in the county of Rowan, the subscriber offers for sale, on the most liberal and accommodating terms, his present residence in the town of Charlotte, on Church-street, with

Sixty-six Town Lots attached thereto. The House is new and elegantly finished; situated in the most pleasant part of the village, and large enough for the accommodation of a numerous family. There are all the necessary out-houses and conveniences that comfort and even elegance could require, not the least of which is a *Capital Well*.

He will also sell his well fixed and profitable

TAN-YARD,

situated at a convenient distance from the dwelling-house, (either with or without the stock on hand.) This establishment is not surpassed by any in the country—in complete order and in good repair; it contains fifty one vats, with a tan-house and all other fixtures, with a good Leather House and cellar.

As no money is required down, and the terms will be made most favorable, those wishing such property are invited to call and enquire for a bargain.

Possession will be given forthwith if required.
WM. W. LONG,
Feb. 27, 1834. 75f

Land for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale the Plantation on which he now resides, sixteen miles from Charlotte, in Providence Settlement, containing 700 acres of good land. On the premises there is a good frame Dwelling House with all necessary out-houses. It is deemed unnecessary to give a further description, as those wishing to purchase will be desirous of examining the premises.
JOHN N. HOUSTON,
May 30, 1834. 134f

Public Sale of Land.

WILLIAM DEWESE, Guardian of Hugh Bryson, will expose to sale, on Monday, the 14th day of July next, at the dwelling house of the said Bryson,

86 Acres of LAND,

lying on the south side of the plantation of the said Bryson; and also, all his Personal Property, by virtue of a Decree of the Judge of the Superior Court of Law of Mecklenburg county. The Land is valuable, and the personal property consists of House Stock and Household and Kitchen Furniture.

WM. DEWESE, Guardian.
June 2, 1834. 3w

TO LET.

FOR One or Two years, possession given immediately, the new Store Room recently occupied by Daniel Gould, in the large Brick Building, adjoining Springs & Dickinson's. It has every convenience for Merchandizing. For further particulars enquire of
LEROY SPRINGS,
April 25, 1834. 86f

NOTICE.

THE Public is hereby notified not to trade for the HOUSE and LOT, pretended to be owned by Thomas A. Mera, as the undersigned has an Equity right in the same, which he is determined to assert.
JOHN WOODRUFF,
April 17, 1834. 85f

REASONS

For not Being a Baptist.
JUST Published and for sale at this office and at several Stores in the village.

Maternal Heroism.—On the 27th of January, 1786, a party of Indians killed George Mason at Flat Creek, about twelve miles from Knoxville, Tenn. During the night he heard a noise at his stable, and stepped out to ascertain the cause; and the Indians coming between him and the door intercepted his return. He fled, but was fired upon and wounded. He reached a cave, about a quarter of a mile from his house, out of which, already weltering in blood he was dragged and murdered. Having done this they returned to the house to despatch his wife and children. Mrs. Mason, unconscious of the fate of her husband, heard their talking to each other as they approached the house. At first she was delighted with the hope that her neighbors, aroused by the firing, had come to her assistance. But perceiving that the conversation was neither in English nor German, the language of her neighbors, she instantly inferred they were savages coming to attack the house. The heroine had, that very morning learned how the double trigger of a rifle was set.—Fortunately, the children were not awakened by the firing, and she took care not to awaken them. She shut the door and barred it with benches and tables, and took down the well charged rifle of her husband. She placed herself directly opposite the opening which would be made by forcing the door. Her husband came not, and she was but too well aware that he was slain. She was alone in darkness. The yelling savages were without pressing upon the door. She took council from her own magnanimity, heightened by affection for her children, that were sleeping unconsciously around her. The Indians, pushing with great violence, gradually opened the door sufficiently wide to attempt an entrance. The body of one was thrust into the opening and just filled it. He was struggling for admittance. Two or three more directly behind him, were propelling him forward. She set the trigger of the rifle, put the muzzle near the foremost, and in such a direction that the ball, after passing through his body would penetrate those behind. She fired. The first Indian fell; the next one uttered the scream of mortal agony. This intrepid woman saw the policy of profound silence. She observed it. The Indians in consequence were led to believe that armed men were in the house. They withdrew from the house, took three horses from the stable, and set it on fire. It was afterwards ascertained, that this high minded widow had saved herself and children from the attack of twenty-five assailants.—*Buffalo N. Y. Literary Enquirer.*

Ventriloquism.—We dined at "The Hunter's Tryste," and spent the afternoon in hilarity; but such a night of fun as Monsieur Alexandre made us, I never witnessed, and never shall again. On the stage, where I had often seen him, his powers were extraordinary, and altogether unequalled; that was allowed by every one; but the effect there was not to be compared to that which he produced in a private party. The family at the inn consisted of the landlord's step daughter, a very pretty girl, and dressed like a lady; but I am sure, that the family never spent an afternoon of such astonishment and terror from the day they were united until death parted them—though they may be all living yet, for any thing that I know, for I have never been there since. But Alexandre made people of all ages and sexes speak from every part of the house, from under the beds, from the basin-stands, and from the garret, where a dreadful quarrel took place. And then he placed a bottle on the top of the clock, and made a child scream out of it, and declared that the mistress had corked it in there to murder it. The young lady ran, opened the bottle, and looked into it, and then losing all power with amazement, she let it fall from her hand and smashed it to pieces. He made a bee buzz round my head and face until I struck at it several times and nearly felled myself. Then there was a drunken man came to the door, and insisted, in a rough obstreperous manner, on being let in to shoot Mr. Hogg; on which the landlord ran to the door and bolted it, and ordered the man to go about his business, for there was no room in the house, and there he should not enter on any account. We all heard the voice of the man go round the house, grumbling, swearing, and threatening, all the while Alexandre was just standing with his back to us at the room door, always holding his hand to his mouth, but nothing else. "The people ran to the windows to see the drunken man going by, and Miss Jane even ventured to the corner of the house to look after him; but neither drunken man nor any other man was to be seen. At length, on calling her in to serve us with some wine and toddy, we heard the drunken man's voice coming in at the top of the chimney. Such a state of amazement as Jane was in, I never beheld, "But ye need nae be feared, gentlemen," said she, "for I'll defy him to win down." The door's bolt is a' locket, an' the vent o' the lumb is nae sa' wide us that jug." However down he came, until his voice actually seemed to be

coming out of the grate. Jane ran for it, saying, he is winning down, I believe after a'. He is surely the deil." Alexandre went to the chimney, and in his own voice ordered the fellow to go about his business, for in our party he should not be admitted, and if he forced himself in, he would shoot him through the heart. The voice then went again grumbling and swearing up the chimney. We actually heard him hurling down over the slates, and afterwards his voice dying away in the distance as he vanished into Mr. Trotter's plantation. We drank freely and paid liberally that afternoon; but I am sure the family never were so glad to get rid of a party in all their lives.—*The Eltrick Shepherd.*

Original Anecdote.—In a neighboring county, not many miles distant, a Jonathan got it into his head to go a courting. His Dulcinea was a sweet, rosy cheeked girl of sixteen; her father, not liking the appearance of her beau, had forbidden his suit. One evening, when the old gentleman was from home, Jonathan rigged himself out for a courting expedition, and found his way to the residence of his fair Dulcinea, and (not expecting the gentleman to return that night) had seated himself very comfortably beside the object of his solicitations. (after the fashion of Jo Bunker.) when lo! the old gentleman arrived at the door. Jonathan thought of being off, but had no time to get out—he had to stow himself away for safe keeping under a bed, which luckily was in the room where a hen had disposed her eggs, and had been sitting some time—the hen not liking his presence so near her, began to pick him on the shin. Jonathan retreated in haste from his hiding place to the great astonishment of the old gentleman, and exclaimed—"I'm Snake bit; I don't care who knows it."

A Good Joke.—A teamster lately lost from his wagon a keg of butter, which was found by a man, who carried it half a mile on foot to the tavern of Mr. H. where he found the owner. Mr. H. (the landlord) observed to him that he was well paid—that *thank you* was worth 25 cents; and *thank you kindly* was worth 37 1/2 cents. He (the footman) soon called for a dinner, which was forthwith provided. After finishing the meal, he inquired the price—the answer was 25 cents. He then said, "*I thank you kindly*" and moved off. The landlord immediately called to him, "Here stop, my friend, and take your change; there is 12 1/2 cents your due—your bill was only 25 cents."—*[Mass. Spy.]*

We mentioned a few days ago, as a singular freak of nature, that a female mule belonging to a gentleman in Suffolk, had proved with foal, and actually brought forth. The fact being doubted by several gentlemen here, we have thought it worth the trouble to inquire more particularly about it, and have now before us a letter from the proprietor of the mule, (John T. Kilby, Esq.) fully confirming our statement, and giving the following particulars:—The mule was kept constantly at hard labor, except on Sundays, when she was turned into a pasture in which was a two year old horse between which and the mule an intimacy was contracted, which led to the result we have alluded to. The issue of the mule at the delivery, was so poor and feeble, that for some time it could not stand; but it soon began to thrive, and is now in fine order. It approximates nearer to the horse than the mule species. The proprietor of the mule though he had remarked her increased bulk, little imagined the true cause, but believed it to have proceeded from overfeeding, and continued to keep her constantly at work, up to the very moment of parturition, the signs of which actually occurred while the animal was in gear! Of course he was not a little surprised and puzzled at the discovery, as well as hurt at the reflection that he had unwittingly subjected her to laborious duty, contrary to the laws of nature and the dictates of humanity.

The dam and her youngling are kept in a clover lot, and looked after with the utmost care and tenderness. They attract a great many visitors, from the generally received opinion that mules are incapable of breeding. It is curious to observe the fondness and solicitude of this creature for her offspring: she will allow no one to go near it, nor even to approach the fence, without flying at them like a virago, with looks which seem to say "be gone if you know when you are well off."—She is of a grey color, 10 years old this Spring, out of a Dixon mare, by a small Jack which belonged to Messrs. Coloon and Minton of Nansensmound county.—*[Norfolk Herald.]*

A Surprising Curiosity.—A Cat gave birth to four kittens on Thursday night last, all united by the ligament of the naval strings. It is indeed a *usus natura*, well worthy the attention of the curious in such matters, and they are invited to call and inspect them, at the Porter Collar of Mr. Hugh McQuillin, on Little Water Street.
Norfolk Beacon.

Avoiding a dun.—In former times, when the high chieftains were not so prompt in their payment, a tradesman from the country, impatient for his money, found with some difficulty the way to one of their castles. Arriving at night, he had his supper and was put to bed. On looking out in the morning, he observed opposite to his window, a man hanging on a tree; asking a servant the reason of it, was told, it was "a Glasgow merchant, who had the impudence to come there and dun the Laird." The tradesman calling immediately for his boots, went off without unfolding his errand! The Laird had caused the effigy of a man to be hung up in the night, and instructed the servant what to say, which had the desired effect.

The Main Farmer tells a good story of a Yankee who, believing the "black tongue" could be kept at a distance from his premises by a compound of bad smells, set his ingenuity at work to save the expense of purchasing the remedy in the shape of assafoetida. Jonathan fully accomplished this end by means of a full grown skunk, which he imprisoned in an empty hoghead in the centre of his barn, and every day or two "podged" with a stick—in resorting which indignity, his skunkship would forthwith discount a *quantum suffi*, of the desired perfume. In this way, Jonathan not only protected his own cattle from the disease, but made a handsome profit by permitting his neighbors' horses to take a snuff, for which he was careful to exact a competent fee. The Farmer does not tell us where this shrewd Yankee hails from, but it is presumed the facts transpired at New Bedford, as they bear good evidence of a relationship to the trade of the two boys who made five dollars a piece by swapping jackets with each other.—*Boston Morning Post.*

Beware of the Petticoats.

A Gentleman who was proceeding alone in his gig, one day last week, overtook, in the dusk of the evening, a person on foot, having the appearance of a respectable female, who politely asked him the favor of a ride, which the gentleman readily granted. Soon after the vacant seat became occupied, the gentleman turned his head round to speak to his supposed female companion, when he observed a whisker on the cheek. Surprised, and somewhat alarmed at this discovery, he purposely dropped a glove on the road, and immediately drew up, requesting the stranger to be so good as to alight and pick it up, as his horse would not stand to enable him to do so. This scheme had the desired effect; the person alighted, and the gentleman instantly drove off at a rapid pace, leaving his late companion at a distance in the rear. On afterwards examining a reticule which had been left in the gig, the gentleman was horrified to find that it contained a brace of loaded pistols.

A serious conflict lately occurred at Jackson county, State of Illinois, between a party of counterfeiters and citizens of that quarter. The counterfeiters had been overtaken by the citizens at the house of one of the inhabitants, where they had put up for the night, and were ordered to surrender; but valuing their liberty, and determined to preserve it, they fired upon their assailants, and wounded one, though not dangerously, the ball passing through his shoulder, and striking one of his comrades in the eye; the battle then became general; two of the counterfeiters were wounded, one supposed to be mortally. The battle raged for some time. The counterfeiters, fighting with desperation, compelled their assailants to retire, when they made good their escape, carrying off their wounded companion, whose name, it is said, was Johnson.
[N. Y. Ev. Star.]

Singular.—We were last week shown a worm, or snake, about three inches long, and about as thick, as a course sewing needle, which a married lady of this place drew out of her ear! She has, we learn, been occasionally afflicted with a pain in her ear for nearly two years past. When viewed through a magnifying glass, the little animal presented somewhat the appearance of the garter snake, with rings or joints along the back.—*[Chambersburg Repository.]*

Remarkable Fact.—A gentleman of the utmost respectability and veracity writes us under date of Turkey Creek, Buncombe county, N. C. May, 5, 1834; "Mr. Joseph Worley, a neighbor of mine, had a very sick family, caused by the scarlet fever; and among the rest a little daughter, aged 10 or 12 years, who was taken with vomiting: the contents of the stomach were thrown where they were devoured by a pet pig. The pig soon grew sick, and in about 24 hours after it had eat the fifth, it died; and what is still more remarkable, where the hair was thin, the surface of the skin was broke out with the same appearance as a human being laboring under the disease of scarlet fever. The mother and daughter have since died. Upwards of forty deaths have occurred in this neighborhood within a short time, from this disease."
Rutherfordton Spectator.