

POETRY.



THE BETTER LAND.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"I hear thee speak of the better land,  
Thou callest its children a happy land;  
Mother! oh where is that radiant shore?  
Shall we seek it, and weep no more!  
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,  
And the fire flies glance through the myrtle  
boughs?"  
—"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,  
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?  
Or, amidst the green Islands of glittering seas,  
Where the fragrant forests perfume the breeze,  
And strange bright birds, on their starry wings,  
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"  
—"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away in some region old,  
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?  
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,  
And diamonds light up the secret mine,  
And the pearl gleam forth from the coral strand?  
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"  
—"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,  
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;  
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—  
Sorrow and death may not enter there:  
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,  
Far beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb,  
—It is there, it is there, my child!"

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE JOURNAL.

THE MOUNTAIN BEAUTY.

There is a bright vision of my earlier days imprinted indelibly on my memory—a vision of loveliness, innocency and amiability, all sacrificed at the shrine of insatiable avarice.

Mary A\*\*\*\*\* was the eldest daughter of a farmer who was possessed of some wealth and considerable respectability. She was born in a retired glen of the mountain, and there "unknowing and unknown," by the fashionable world, she grew up as blooming as the radiant rose, and fair as the snow white lily. Being naturally of a quiet and retiring spirit, much disposed to the contemplation of nature's stupendous works, by which her native home was surrounded, having a taste for the sublime and beautiful, both in the natural and moral world, she read with avidity those fascinating, but delusive descriptions of virtue and love, with which the works of fiction abound.

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She had now reached her nineteenth year, and to all appearance, was entirely free from love, at an age when most young ladies are entangled in the interminable meshes of this mysterious passion. About this time allured by the fascinations of the incomparable Mary, whom they had occasionally seen, two gentlemen presented themselves as worshippers at the shrine of Miss A\*\*\*\*\*'s superlative beauty. These two suitors were of very different characters, views and pursuits. Charles Delavan was about 34 or 35 years old of a swarthy complexion, a little inclined to be what is vulgarly termed stoop shouldered, his features were coarse and his expression forbidding, constituting on the whole, altogether a bad looking man. He was a merchant and rich. The other whom we will call Henry Vasavour, was near in his 23d year, his form was slender, tall and elegant, his features mild, expressive more of melancholy, than gaiety. His pensive countenance was "sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought." His whole appearance and manner indicated the child of genius, and the accomplished scholar; he was a clergyman, and poor. Such were the two men, who now appeared candidates for Mary's heart and hand.

To one possessed of the sentiments and views of Mary A\*\*\*\*\*, it was not a difficult matter to make a choice between two such men, as Delavan, and Vasavour, and so candid and undisguised was her conduct, that it now became evident to the former, that under existing circumstances he never could be successful and he (Delavan) would have given up the pursuit as hopeless had it not been for one circumstance, which must now be related. The parents of Mary, though they were considered good sort of folks yet their ruling passion was avarice. They had no higher ambition in regard to their daughter, than to see her

married rich. They knew she was beautiful, and that beauty they determined to sell to the best advantage. When Delavan came to address their daughter, they rejoiced at it, as they considered him a man who would make a suitable match for her, because he had the one thing needful—riches. Therefore he was almost burthened with their attentions and kindness, and a man of finer feelings would have been disgusted with the open indications they gave of their wish that he should wed Mary. Hence he received encouragement to continue his addresses after Mary had given him evidence that they were disagreeable to her.

While these were the views of Mr. and Mrs. A\*\*\*\*\* widely different were the feelings of their fair daughter. Her ideas of the character and accomplishments of a lover, were drawn from Novels, and her good sense also told her that pure affection, was absolutely necessary to constitute happiness in the married state. Delavan possessed nothing that she felt disposed to admire, but every thing that was disagreeable. His personal appearance has already been described, his moral character was bad, his feelings were coarse and his views of happiness partook of sensuality, such a man her heart told her she could never love. While on the other hand, the talented, accomplished, and melancholy Vasavour, exactly met her views of a beau ideal. Their views on most subjects corresponded, their tastes were similar. Vasavour was a native of a distant part of the country, and was on a visit to a relation, in the neighborhood whither he had repaired, to recruit his health which had become much enfeebled by intense study. While on this excursion he became acquainted with, and deeply enamoured of the beautiful Mary A\*\*\*\*\*. Henry and Mary were fond of wandering together, through mountains, hills and dales, to admire nature's sublime productions. Mary felt an attachment to Vasavour which was strange and inexplicable to her. She was happy only in his company, his smile was the sunshine of her soul and in the light of his countenance alone could she bask with delight. She at first, thought it friendship, arising from congeniality of mind and a kindred feeling of heart; but ere long she began to suspect that it was love, and to its soft influence yielded her sensitive soul.

Vasavour now only waited for a suitable opportunity, to declare his passion, and hear her decision, and soon such an one was afforded. They had been rambling, as usual together, through the romantic scenery, with which the Western part of North Carolina abounds; on their return they reached an eminence, which overlooked the vale below. It was the beginning of summer, the day had been fair, and the evening was calm and serene. The sun having almost finished his course through the heavens was now declining, flooding the horizon with a sea of light, and bespangling it with hues and tints of the most variegated beauty. Above, was sketched out in unfolding grandeur, the deep blue arched vault of sky, here and there might be seen a fleecy cloud, floating slowly, in snowy radiance, before an eastern breeze, toward the west. Beneath, was the green carpeted earth spread out with its thousand forms of ever varying beauty. Amid such scenes as these, did these two admirers of the grand and picturesque, exchange vows, of unending, undying love.

Mr. A\*\*\*\*\* soon perceived that unless the attachment, which he plainly saw was growing between Henry and Mary should be broken off, all his bright hopes of having a rich son-in-law would be blasted. The first plan which this unfeeling parent adopted to accomplish this unhallowed purpose, was to endeavor to prevail on his daughter to dismiss Vasavour. Painful in the extreme was the scene which now took place between this cruel father, and his devoted child. After expostulation and entreaty had been tried in vain, the command was given explicitly and peremptorily, either to discard Henry or incur his displeasure. Long and hard was the struggle in the bosom of Mary, between the filial regard she felt for her father, and the indulgence of that feeling with which her happiness was so intimately connected. But at length she came to the conclusion rather to have her father's displeasure, than by her own act make her bosom a desert. With feelings of mingled rage and mortification Mr. A\*\*\*\*\* learned this fact, that his daughter, who had heretofore been all gentleness, now dared to fly in the face of his authority. Yet he concealed his real feelings and received the intelligence with a degree of calmness, which surprised Mary. But in the dark purposes of his soul he determined to be revenged, for this insult put upon him, by his daughter. He knew the exquisite fineness of Mary's feelings, and that the most direct way to inflict the deepest wound in her bosom, would be through her lover. Vasavour perfectly ignorant of the opposition of Mr. A\*\*\*\*\*, came to pay a visit to his beloved one, where he was grossly insulted by her father and forbid to return there again. Henry justly indignant at such ungentlemanly treatment, left the house, but not until he had proposed to Mary to elope with him, and have their nuptials immediately celebrated, but this she thought proper to decline.

It requires stronger descriptive powers than I possess, to give any thing like an

accurate description of the tumult which agitated the heart of the hapless Mary. She was thunderstruck at her father's conduct, it was so unexpected, so foreign from polite treatment, so contrary to what she believed Henry deserved, that it almost overcame her. Her head grew giddy, her reason staggered, her interest in the things around her gradually diminished, until she stood almost unconscious that she was in the living world. She spoke not of her sorrow, she complained not, but her distracted air, tottering step, and pale cheek told that there was a canker in her heart. The result was a violent fever which reduced her to the confines of the grave. The constitution of Vasavour, which had been much shattered during the prosecution of his education, now rapidly sunk and in a few short months, this child of genius, the noble, generous and talented, Henry Vasavour was no more!

Mary recovered slowly, but steadily, until her health was again entirely restored. Delavan, thinking that, inasmuch as Vasavour was now dead, all obstacles to his union with Miss A\*\*\*\*\* were removed, returned to address her. Mary resisted with all the firmness she yet possessed, for a time, the influence of the coalition she saw was formed, for the purpose of forcing her to wed the unprincipled Delavan, but worn down with grief, and heart broken, she at length yielded. The continued solitation of a man who was destitute of every feeling which enables humanity, the entreaties, commands and threats of parents wrung from the almost unconscious Mary her consent to wed Delavan. But my soul is sick, let me hasten to a close, in a short time, they were married! Mr. and Mrs. A\*\*\*\*\* lived to accomplish their desire, and also to mourn with a grief as bitter as it was unavailing the wretchedness of their daughter.

**A Duel at Antwerp.**—A quarrel arose between an Englishman and an American, in Antwerp, (both gentlemen, of course,) not long since, from some trifling cause; and while in a state of high excitement from anger and other causes, they both insisted that the quarrel should be brought to a mortal issue. Accordingly, seconds were provided, and all the arrangements made which are usual in such cases. The parties were to meet next morning at 6 o'clock, on the esplanade in the vicinity of the Dry Dock, and settle the affair *secundum artem*, with pistols. But, when morning came, the courage of these honorable gentlemen, which was so redundant the evening before, had all oozed away—yet it was necessary, for their honor, to appear on the field, and shoot at each other. Never did criminals, about to be turned off at Tyburn, evince more decided tokens of bodily fear, of agony and horror, than did these two ill-fated young men. But it was necessary to fight, in order to prove their courage!

The ground was marked out by the seconds; and when the belligerents were placed in their respective stations opposite each other, waiting for the fatal word, they were indeed pitiful looking objects, their cheeks were of an ashy paleness, their lips quivered with agony, their knees knocked against each other, and they could hardly hold the weapon of death in their palsied hands. When the word was given to fire, each of the docty combatants convulsively pressed the trigger, of his pistol, and they both went off; the bullets flew, one towards the south, the other towards the north!

Several spectators, English and Americans, were very good naturedly watching the progress of the affair. After the parties had exchanged (?) shots, one of them (an old American ship-master) sarcastically remarked, "I hope gentlemen, you do not intend to fire again. If you do, I humbly beg permission to enclose myself behind one of your honorable selves; for, from what I have already seen I am convinced that will not be the post of danger."

The following narration is given verbatim from the London Herald:—"The wife of Thomas Benson, hvery-face maker, of Great Queen street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, being suddenly taken ill on Thursday morning last, to all appearance expired, and when every symptom of life had fled, the body was duly laid out. The husband, hoping for a little consolation in his distress, from some money which he had reason to believe she had secreted from him in her life-time, began to search for it, and in the course of the evening found upwards of 70 pounds, principally in silver, in a rusty tin box, deposited in an old bird cage in the cellar. On the following night, between 9 and 10 o'clock, whilst the undertaker was in the house receiving instructions for the funeral, to the astonishment and terror of the whole family, Mrs. Benson came down stairs, having been in a trance nearly thirty hours. Her situation has so terribly shocked her, that but faint hopes are entertained of her recovery."

A few days ago two elephants, belonging to a menagerie that had been in Middletown, Conn. were passing along in the vicinity, when they saw a most inviting heap of apples in an orchard. In an instant the fence was prostrated by the huge animals, and without loss of time they regaled themselves of fruit to their perfect satisfaction.

HORTICULTURE.

From the Genesee Farmer. FARMER'S GARDENS.

My caption may startle such as have been content, the greater part of their lives, with salt pork and potatoes, with the addition now and then of a few greens from the field, or a little lettuce. If the perusal of this article shall be the means of reducing the number of this description of farmers, my end will be answered. I know of no class of citizens that would suffer by the change, except the physician.

It is amusing to see with what avidity our settlers in the land of steady habits, will as vegetation springs search for the dandelion; and yet these men consider it lost time to devote a few hours in each week for preparing, planting and tending a garden, that would half support their families, and save many a physician's bill.

It is a duty which each farmer owes his family, and not only so, but his interest, to provide them with a variety of vegetables for the table. It adds not only to their health, but to their comfort, and greatly reduces the consumption of animal food. It is also a duty he owes his sons, to employ them every leisure hour in the garden, to instruct them in the cultivation of the different vegetables, and at the same time to impress on their mind the important truths, that every hour should be profitably employed; and that a man's garden is a pretty good index of his mind. When I see a garden well fenced and well cultivated, I draw the conclusion that the owner is a man of taste and of good feeling.

But some may say, "I cannot attend to a garden without neglecting my farm." I appeal to such, whether there are not many hours in the course of a week, that might be spent in the garden without any neglect to the farm. Our teams must have time to rest and feed; and we often finish a job or two before night, when it would be unprofitable to begin a new one; then say—*Now, boys, let us go into the garden.*

Instead of hunting in the fields on the opening of spring, for a few greens, to be able to go to the garden, and gather a mess of spinnage, asparagus or lettuce—or when the season is a little advanced, a mess of early peas, string beans, early beans, squashes, and a variety of other summer vegetables, must surely afford gratification to the farmer. But when, in addition to these, he has in autumn buried in sand in his cellar, a sufficient supply of parsnips, carrots, radish, beet and cabbage for the consumption of his family through the winter, with a cart load of Knole Island crocknecks secured in a dry place, he may take more comfort than he would with potatoes alone, even if the latter were the best kidney or pink eye.

If he have all these good things, he will not be satisfied until he has set out a long row of currant bushes, and two or three Isabella grape vines; nor till he has yielded to the solicitations of his wife and daughters, to have a piece of well prepared ground assigned them for parsnips, sage, &c., with a few roses and other embellishments suited to their youthful taste.

TYPE FOUNDRY.

SHERMAN & S. ELLIOTT, having purchased the Type Foundry established by the late J. HOWE, have entered into partnership for the purpose of carrying on the Manufactory of Types, under the firm of S. ELLIOTT & CO.

We intend keeping on hand a large assortment of type, especially those kinds most used, which will enable us to supply orders with the least possible delay; and have now on hand a large quantity of the best quality, (stock purchased from the estate of J. Howe) and intend to make additional lots.

S. ELLIOTT & Co. are now prepared to receive orders for fonts of every description, from Point to 24 lines Pica, including a variety of Ornamental Letter. We offer for sale also, an assortment of cuts, Dashes, Brass Rules, and other ornaments, of which specimens will be forwarded to Printers as soon as they can be prepared.

Such improvements as the wants of the trade and taste may require, will receive the earliest attention at this establishment.

Printing Presses of every description, Printing Ink of the most approved qualities, Composing Sticks, Brass and Common Galleys, Cases, Linings, Stones, Paper and Press Boards, Stationery Presses, Furniture, together with a complete assortment of all articles used in a Printing Office, will be kept constantly on hand.

Small fonts, suitable for Book-binders, in great variety, may be had when called for.

Orders from all parts of the Union will be promptly and most carefully attended to, and particularly in supplying cuts for all fonts furnished by our predecessors.

We respectfully solicit a share of public patronage. To the former patrons of this foundry, we deem it sufficient to say, that they will be as well and as promptly served as heretofore, should they be disposed to favor us with their orders. The business of the Foundry will be conducted under the following firm, and by the same person who was in fact the type-founder in Mr. Howe's foundry.

S. ELLIOTT & CO.  
Corner of Crown and Callowhill streets.  
Philadelphia, Sept. 18, 1834.

Printers of English Papers, by giving the above three insertions and forwarding one with the advertisement, will be entitled to articles to the amount of three dollars.

NEGROES WANTED.

THE Subscriber wishes to purchase LIKELY NEGROES, from ten to thirty years old, and will pay the most liberal prices in Cash.

All who have such property to sell would do well to call on him, or Mr. John Jones his Agent.

He can be found at Mr. Slaughter's Hotel, in Salisbury, and Mr. Jones at Dr. Boyd's Hotel, in Charlotte.

All Letters addressed to him, or Mr. Jones, will be punctually attended to.

ROBERT HULE.  
July 24, 1834.

BELL-AIR HOTEL.



THE subscriber continues his HOUSE OF ENTERTAINMENT at his old Stand, under the above title, where every attention will be given to render satisfaction to those who may favor him with their company.  
DAVID HAGIN, Proprietor.  
CURTIS WINGET, Agent.  
Bell Air, S. C. Sept. 20, 1834.

FALL & WINTER GOODS.

BY late arrivals, we have received our FALL and WINTER STOCK OF GOODS, consisting in part of the following:

Hemp and Tow Bagging  
Bale Rope, Seine and Bagging Twine  
St. Croix, Porto Rico, Loai and Lump SUGARS  
St. Jago, Lagunira and Java COFFEE  
Swedes and English Iron  
Cast, German and Blistered Steel

Hardware and Cutlery,

Blacksmith's Tools, Hollow-ware  
Collin's and Simon's Axes  
Shot Guns, Trace and Halter Chains  
Mill and Hand Saws

Crockery, China & Glassware,

Imperial Gun Powder, TEAS,  
Hyson and Black  
Chocolate, Molasses, Orange & Du Ponts Powder  
Shot, Nails, Nail Rods and Sheet Iron  
Lodigo, Madder, Madraira and Malaga WINES  
Sperin and Tallow Candles

with many other articles suitable for this Market.  
D. & J. MALLOY.

N. B. We will cheerfully attend to receiving and forwarding

Goods and Produce,  
and to any other Commission Business for our Country Friends, and endeavor to give satisfaction.  
D. & J. M.  
Charlotte, Oct. 16, 1834.

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the subscriber by Book Account are requested to close them by Cash or Note immediately; and all those indebted by Note are respectfully requested to make payment by the 1st day of December next, as it will be inconvenient for me to indulge longer.  
JOHN M. MORRISON.  
Sept. 18, 1834.

N. B. The receipts of Samuel McKee and Robert R. Taylor shall be valid, and I will attend at all public times myself.  
J. M. M.

THE GOLDEN MORTAR.



JUST RECEIVED a FRESH RECRUIT of

MEDICINES.

Physicians and Families are invited to lay in their supply for the season before the assortment is broken. They can have genuine Medicines at low prices.

—ALSO—  
Dentist and Surgical Instruments,  
Shop Furniture, Gold Fill,  
Incorruptible Teeth, Medicine Chests,  
Thermometers, Tooth Brushes, &c. &c.

An extensive assortment of COARSE and FINE

PAINTS,

Oil, Varnish, Paint Brushes, Dye Stuffs,  
Perfumery, Lorillard's Scotch Snuff,  
Fancy Soap, &c. &c. &c.

My WINES consist of a good selection for medicinal use and of course are pure. They are Port and Madeira, of different qualities.

All orders shall receive due attention.  
Terms Cash, or short credit to punctual dealers.  
C. MORRISON.  
August 23d, 1834.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,

MECKLENBURG COUNTY.  
Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, August Term, 1834.

C. W. & E. R. Harris  
vs.  
William C. Ferrell. Attachment.

Levied on a tract of Land, the property of defendant, adjoining the lands of James Haskely and others.

ORDERED by Court, that publication be made six weeks in the Miners' & Farmers' Journal, that unless the defendant appear at the next Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions to be held for the County of Mecklenburg, at the Court-House in Charlotte, on the 4th Monday in November next, and plead or reply, judgment will be entered against him by default.

Witness, Braly Oates, Clerk of said Court, at Office, the last Monday of August, A. D. 1834.  
Price adv. \$21

STATE OF NORTH-CAROLINA,

MECKLENBURG COUNTY.  
Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, August Term, 1834.

James T. Ashbury  
vs.  
B. M. Flanagan. Attachment.

Levied on defendant's interest in the tract of land on which Mary Flanagan now lives, adjoining the lands of William Cooper, sen. John Allen and others; also, on two lots in the town of Charlotte.

ORDERED by Court, that publication be made six weeks in the Miners' & Farmers' Journal, that unless the defendant appear at the next Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions to be held for the County of Mecklenburg, at the Court-House in Charlotte, on the 4th Monday in November next, and plead or reply, or judgment will be entered against him by default.

Witness, Braly Oates, Clerk of said Court, at Office, the last Monday of August, A. D. 1834.  
Price adv. \$21

Dr. P. C. Caldwell

HAVING resumed the practice of Medicine, can at all times be consulted at Mr. Wm. Davidson's corner store house, and will attend promptly to all calls in his profession.

N. B. I will be absent shortly a few weeks in the South—all persons having old book accounts will please to close them by Note or Cash, in order that I may have a fresh start when I return October 15th, 1834.

WARRANTEE DEEDS

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.