

MINERS' & FARMERS' JOURNAL.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY THOMAS J. HOLTON, CHARILOTTE, HICKLENBURG 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. V. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1834. NO. 219.

THE MINERS' & FARMERS' JOURNAL is printed and published every Saturday morning at *Two Dollars per annum*, if paid in advance; *Two Dollars and Fifty Cents* if not paid in advance; *Three Dollars* at the end of the year. ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at *Fifty cents per square* (not exceeding 20 lines) for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each succeeding week—or \$1 for three weeks, for one square.—A liberal discount will be made to those who advertise by the year. On all advertisements communicated for publication, the number of insertions must be noted on the margin of the manuscript, or they will be continued until ordered accordingly. Communications to the Editor must come by mail, or they may not be attended to.

NOTICE. FOREWARN all persons trading for a Note of hand given to John G. Hoskins by the subscriber, for *One Hundred and Fifty Nine Dollars and Seventy Five and a half Cents*, dated November, 20th 1833, and payable one day after date, as I have an offset against said Note, and will not settle it, without said offset is admitted. STEEN FOX. Nov. 23, 1834. 187

Several likely Negroes to Hire FROM Young Women down to Nurses, with one or two Ploughboys. They can be hired privately, by applying at Dr. R. Dunlap's, in Charlotte, from Christmas until the 1st of January. Dec. 1, 1834. 113

United States Money for Sale. ENQUIRE OF MORRISONS & McKEE. Nov. 20, 1834. 187

To Journeymen Tailors. McHILLAN & KEABEY. WOULD like to employ one or two good Workmen; and to such liberal wages will be given.

They also take this opportunity of returning their sincere thanks to the public, for the liberal share of patronage heretofore received. They will assure those who may favor them with their custom, their united efforts will be exerted to give general satisfaction. Charlotte, Dec. 4, 1834. 2w

Second and last Notice. HAVING requested all those indebted to me by Book Account, to make immediate payment by Cash or Note, by the 1st day of December which has arrived, and but little attention paid to the request by either those indebted by Note or Book Account, I will only add by saying that they shall not be troubled with any more notices of this kind; and I will not, positively, without regard to persons, wait longer than the 25th inst. being Christmas. JOHN M. MORRISON. Dec. 4, 1834. 187

Public Sale. WILL be exposed to Public Sale, on Monday, the 22d inst. at the Plantation of James Spratt, dec'd (known by the name of the Mineral Spring place) the following property, viz:

- 5 or 6 head of Horses, 1 Mule,
 - A number of Cattle and Hogs,
 - 8 or 1000 bushels of CORN,
 - Hay, Oats, Fodder and
 - 16 or 12000 pounds of COTTON in the seed,
 - 2 Plantation Wagons,
 - 1 set of Harness and Bells, and a number of Tools for a Farm.
- At the same time and place, I will rent all the Land of the above tract, now in cultivation, which is under a good fence. There is about one hundred acres of cleared Land of first rate quality. Terms made known on the day of sale. JAMES W. SPRATT, Adm'r. Sugar Creek, Dec. 2, 1834. 187

Lost or Misaid, TWO Notes, payable to James Spratt and Jas. W. Spratt, administrators of James Spratt, dec'd, dated the 13th of March, 1834. One on Cyrus Williamson as principal and John E. Hunter as security, for Six Dollars and Three Cents; the other on Alexander Porter as principal and Wm. M. Grier as security, for Four Dollars and Twenty Five Cents. All persons are forewarned to send for said Notes. JAS. W. SPRATT, Adm'r. Dec. 1, 1834. 187

Stop the Thief. ON Friday night, the 28th inst. was stolen from my stable, about three and a half miles west of Wauville Ferry, in Union county, a small bright *SORREL MARE*, with a black in her face. She is about fourteen hands high; she has some white feet, but not red; her mane, perhaps has a saddle mark; lately been mink'd. The thief also stole a file and bodice; the saddle has the hind tree gone. Any information respecting the mare, will be thankfully received at Tindalville in South Carolina and Ten Dollars Reward will be paid for detection of the thief. N. H. TINDAL. Dec. 2, 1834. 117

Dr. P. C. Caldwell HASING resumed the practice of Medicine, and can at all times be consulted at Mr. W. Davidson's corner store house, and will attend promptly to all calls in his profession. N. B. I shall be absent shortly a few weeks in the South—all persons having old bills 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. 117

THE HERBES & PLANTERS LARGE ALMANAC, 1835. Published for the Association of Salem, N. Carolina, FOR Sale at this Office, either by the dozen or single one. Price—Dozen, 75 cents, single 25 cents. N. H. TINDAL.

VARRANTEE DEEDS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

Visit to Miss Afong Moy, the Chinese Lady.—Having received a very polite card of invitation, written in Chinese characters, from Miss Afong Moy, desiring a special interview before she made her appearance in public, we repaired, as in duty bound, to her residence, No. 8, Park Place, to pay our respects in due form, and to felicitate her on her safe arrival from the celestial empire. We were determined to put the best foot foremost, and to show her that we are not quite so uncivilized and such barbarous vandals as she perhaps had been taught to believe by the great patriarch of her country, *Confucius* (Confucius). Large gilt letters in Chinese on either side of the door, indicated her dwelling, and presented rather a novel, and certainly not unpleasant contrast among the brass plates and bell handles of the bourgeoisie in the neighborhood. We were received with great civility by Captain Ohear, under whose protection she is, and who ushered us immediately into the apartments which he has so beautifully furnished *a la Chinese* for her accommodation. We might have imagined ourselves almost at Pekin—nothing but the rich dazzling colors and elaborate workmanship of Chinese furniture and ornaments were to be seen—hampers of the most gorgeous construction hanging down from the ceiling, and the heat of which, when lighted, sets in motion a number of curious images—porcelain vases filled with exquisitely beautiful flowers—lacquered tables, covered with gold ornaments in relief—ottomans, cushioned chairs, models of junks and pagodas, screens at the windows, spread over with figures of birds and flowers, and paintings that might vie with the colors of Titian, steel mirrors, guitar and work-boxes in profusion; in short, the most felicitous arrangement of superb objects brought out purposely for Miss Moy's chamber, reminded us of the compliment which Napoleon so delicately paid to Maria Louisa, when on her arrival at Paris on her marriage, she found the identical furniture, down to the very bird cage, she had left at her boudoir in her palace of Schoenbrunn, at Vienna. As Miss Afong Moy had not yet completed her toilette, which we understand consumes about four hours, (think of that, the fashionable dames of Gotham!) we availed ourselves of the interval and of Captain Ohear's politeness, to examine the interesting objects above mentioned, which form a perfect Chinese Museum, alone worth double the price of admission. At length her ladyship was announced, and presented herself in the rich costume of a Chinese lady—an outward mantle of blue silk, suspiciously embroidered, and yellow silk pantalets, from beneath the ample folds of which peeped her tiny little feet, not over four inches in length, the whorl of the curious shoe included. Her head has a profusion of jet black hair, combed upward from her forehead and brimmed temples, and filled on the top with bouquets of artificial flowers and large gold pins, which dress we suppose will be henceforward quite the *ton*. Miss Moy stood motionless almost for some time, smiling graciously, but scarcely inclining her head more than a Mandarin might, while we with our multiplied bows, and attitudes and gesticulations, seemed quite ludicrous in an attempt to be excessively polite. Her quiet demeanor and imperturbable composure quite overpowered us. She then walked without much seeming difficulty to her cushioned chair on the platform, and there sat in silent and quiet repose for us to gaze at. She is short but rather robust in stature; her features are pleasing, her forehead high and prominent, and her face round and full, with two languishing black eyes placed with peculiar obliquity of the outer angle, which characterizes the *Mongolian* variety of the human race, from which this people are descended. Miss Moy is, as may be gathered from the above, exceedingly *tactless*, even with an interpreter; but doubtless she understands well the language of pantomime, if her young and spiritual countenance does not belie her. Those enquirers who hope to make an impression on this young lady, must be particularly cautious and delicate in their approaches. She is, it is said, much pleased with our country, and not at all homesick. She passes her life at her toilette, or at her tambour; sleeps much, and eats as we do; but occasionally with chop sticks, it is presumed. After sitting a short time in this state she retired.—A. Y. E. Star.

THE SIN OF IDLENESS. Much of the guilt and misery of the world result from simple laziness, constitutional or acquired. This remark is common-place enough, and we repeat it, only because we have been led to think of it by the fate of one with whom we were once slightly acquainted. He came to this city from Massachusetts; he had been educated at Harvard, was a young man of very good talents, and an uncommon amount of available information. In Boston and Cambridge he was in the best society, and was a general favorite. He was by no means passionate, but, on the contrary, was amiable, social, and somewhat apathetic. He was indolent, notoriously so, but none foresaw to what that indolence and a want of principle and honorable feeling would lead him. He studied law, and at length emigrated to Ohio, with letters of introduction from the first men. He was received here with the hospitality, which, we think, is so strongly marked a feature of Cincinnati society. He was still indolent, did nothing by which to pay his expenses, borrowed money, ran in debt for bread, was scold, shunned, and finally left us about thirty months since. We next heard of him as being advertised in New York, as a swindler, then came accounts of his having been arrested as a thief; whether he was tried we never heard. His next step was to run away with a gig; but somehow he escaped the consequence of this act also. Again he started for the West; he reached Wheeling, put up at the hotel, was caught cloping with a trunk, was arrested and tried, he defended himself, impressed the jury with the belief that he was subject to fits of insanity, and got clear. He passed through this place a year since, without baggage and destitute. We supposed him then on the way to New Orleans, the grand reservoir of Western vice. But he stopped, as we since learned, at St. Louis, committed some theft, and was imprisoned. His name being that of a very respectable family in one of the Atlantic cities, of which family a son of the same christian name also was then in the West, the culprit represented himself as being this young man, and succeeded in obtaining bail. Not long after, the true man came along, discovered the trick, and set out with the bail-pieces in pursuit of his namesake. He found him at Galena, in a low grog-shop, bloated, drunk; he had neither hat nor shoes, and his coat had been given him by a man whom he would two years before have felt himself disgraced to speak with. Such was the state of utter degradation to which he was reduced by the vice of idleness and its followers. He was taken back to St. Louis, and is now, we believe, in jail.—Cincinnati Chronicle.

The following account of an awful calamity on the Southern border of Louisiana, is taken from the Alexandria (Louisiana) Intelligencer, of Oct. 29, just received: "*Severe Gale.*" The gale on the 16th September was attended with fatal consequences to many of the inhabitants on the seaboard. Of fifty two persons residing in one settlement on the Mermentau, some six or eight miles from the Ocean, no less than twenty five were drowned. The swells in this river have seldom been known to exceed three or four feet above high-water; but on this occasion the inundation, caused by an onrush of the sea, was more than fifteen feet, carrying destruction to all before it. Some of the inhabitants sought safety in the tops of the largest trees, hoping to escape the immediate destruction of the water; but these hopes were of short duration, for the trees were uniformly prostrated by the wind, and the unfortunate people buried in the very element they had attempted to escape."

Wandering Piper.—We had the pleasure of hearing this eccentric and benevolent individual "discourse eloquent music" at St. Andrew's Hall, on Wednesday night last. The audience seemed highly gratified with the merry strains of the Scotch, and the softer minstrelsy of the Irish Bagpipe. The sons of Scotia were present, in respectable numbers, and lent a delighted attention to their national airs, whether telling of war, love or the dance, and evinced courteous manners and a pleasing address; and we have no doubt that he is what he professes to be—a gentleman. As curiosity is doubtless excited about this *voluntary mendicant* in the cause of charity, we here subjoin a few particulars, in relation to his character and mission, to which credence is generally yielded, although there is no positive assurance of their authenticity. He is said to be a Scotchman of respectable, if not noble birth, travelling to decide a wager with a French nobleman—the Scotchman to travel over the British Isles, and the American Continent as a Piper—and the Frenchman over the European Continent, as a Violin player; the party collecting the greatest sum of money, in a given number of years, to win the wager. The "Piper" has assumed the name and title of Captain Stuart, and has never suffered his real name to transpire; nor has his identity ever been detected. The Frenchman is spoken of as count Bender. The "Piper" has been out nearly six years, during two of which, he was compelled to suspend operations, from the effects of a broken thigh in Ireland—he has been upwards of a year on this continent, and is, we believe, near the termination of the labors, or rather *pleasures* of his tour. The whole of the money that he earns, he bestows on charitable institutions and objects, as he goes along. We have seen his receipt books, which contain vouchers of his charitable donations, and highly flattering testimonials of his character. In Great Britain and Ireland, he is said to have collected £1750 sterling, and in the United States about \$8000, all of which has gone to gladden the heart of the poor, or otherwise serve the purposes of benevolence. Charleston Courier.

Police Felons.—In the morning of the 21st ult. three prisoners, charged with felony, at Middlebury, Vermont, contrived to pick the main lock of their door, the bolt of which they drew back, and then three padlocks on the outside. They then stepped out into a small space between the cell and the jailer's room. In the door, at the entrance of this space, is a sort of peep-hole. The jailer's wife, going to hand them their breakfast, looked in to see that the door and bolts of the cell were all regular, and perceiving that they were—as the prisoners had them all in their places again, and they standing close in a corner next the door, so as not to be seen by the jailer's wife—she opened the door as usual, thinking all safe, and was met by the *trio* with the salutation, "*Good morning madam; we cannot stop to breakfast,*" and passed out by her. They took the Windsor road, but being hemmed upon a bridge about four miles from the village, they tacked about, and took Salisbury road, and have not been seen since.

MOBILE, Nov. 15.—Mysterious.—On Sunday last the skeleton of a man, who had apparently been dead for weeks, perhaps months, was found in the bushes on the southern border of the city. The flesh was almost entirely gone from off the bones, and his clothes also, which had the appearance of having been once gauled, were so far decayed as to crumble to pieces on handling. His coat was apparently a blue street body, and his hat white, with a hole near the band, about the size of a bullet hole. There were two (London made) pistols lying by the skeleton, one of them loaded and the other not, and a red belt, in which the pistols were probably carried, also a small powder flask, and a box of percussion caps. A trunk key was found among the fragments of the wearing apparel, but no papers, nor any thing else than what we have narrated above, by which to conjecture his name, or cause of his death. We are told by our informant, who examined the remains, that the skull exhibited no marks of having been shattered or broken by a ball, as the hole in the hat would seem to indicate. As yet all is inexplicable mystery in relation to this startling discovery.—Mer. Adv.

A Paddy, who had just set foot in America, was travelling in the western country and met a rugged boy, who stammered and stuttered in an inquiry respecting the right road to town, which took about ten minutes to get through with: Paddy standing with his mouth wide open—Now, says he, What the d—d—d I are ye—a rattlesnake or a nigger?

Confagration.—The following appears in the London Times of the 8th of October, in the shape of an advertisement, under the sanction of Mr. Rothschild, the Austrian Consul General, and others, by whom donations in behalf of the sufferers were to have been raised. GREAT FIRE AT WIENER NEWSTADT, NEAR VIENNA. It would be impossible to give a correct description of the dreadful fire which has entirely destroyed the town of Wiener Newstadt, about 20 miles from Vienna. Of 500 dwelling houses only five remain standing, besides the Military Academy, the Prison, two Barracks, the Sugar Refinery, the principal Church, and the Convent, both of which, however, have had the steeples and roofs burnt, and the bells melted. So terrific was the fire, that the people could not stay in the streets, or give any succour. The fire engines were deserted in the streets and burnt. All the houses were therefore entirely destroyed by the fire, with every thing they contained. There were besides 400 barns, into which the harvest of the surrounding district was just collected, totally destroyed. The Custom House, in which a large quantity of goods was deposited, this town being a place of entrepot, was entirely destroyed, with every thing it contained. Of 10,000 persons, the greatest part are reduced to extreme want and poverty; all are without shelter and are partly encamped in the fields, and part have sought temporary shelters in neighboring villages; many were killed, and a still greater number were wounded, or have lost their sight by the intensity of the fire. The general distress is beyond description.

THE SEASONS.—A late western paper has the following notice of the peculiarities which have marked the seasons of the present year. The description will answer very well for the region of the Middle States: "We have never known a season in our life that was not the most remarkable that was ever seen and felt. It is either the hottest, or coldest, or driest, or wettest, or earliest, or latest, or rainiest, or snowiest, or fruitiest, or barrenest, that was ever heard of. But of all the most remarkable years we remember, we think the present the most remarkably remarkable. First comes a frost in May that turns all the young leaves red and brown, as if 'twere October;—kills all the fruit, and destroys nearly every thing else. Then the locusts desolate the country. Then a drought follows that dries up the rivers, burns the corn to death, annihilates the potatoes, and raises the thermometer higher than was ever known—This over,—come rains which nearly wash away North Carolina; and root up the cotton trees all through the South. Finally, the scene closes by Jack Frost stepping in and chewing up the tobacco crop with the most cool and icy composure."

Nicknames.—A late English periodical states, "It is notorious that in the moors of Lancashire there are numerous instances where females, after having enjoyed the marriage state for several years, only know their husbands and huge lords by the nickname custom has given them, and not by their real names; nay, in some cases, it has actually happened that the men do not know their own names. We have heard of a similar case, which occurred in Salem several years since, of a Marblehead man, who actually knew not his own name. A cause of law was being tried at one of the courts, and the name of John Florence was called, as one of the witnesses. There was no answer. The sheriff bawled out, 'Is John Florence in Court?' No answer. Judge Storey, who was then a practitioner at the Essex bar, rose and said, 'May it please your honor, I will call the witness, Skipper Flurry.' Upon this the old weather-beaten mariner twisted his end, and spouting his tobacco juice, sung out, 'Here I am, Sir,' to the infinite amusement of the whole Court, who were instantly convulsed with laughter.—Dedham Adm.

We find the following paragraph among our foreign news. Extract of a letter from Zara, dated August 29:—"The Austrian commercial brig *Ciro*, in her passage from Venice, observed on the 10th instant, before sunrise, a ship to the southeast of Scoglio Simeone. Her captain immediately made all sail for the unfortunate object, and arrived in time to receive the crew, consisting of ten men.—She proved to be the American brig *Ontario*, bound from Mobile, North America, to Trieste. She had been struck with lightning, and the flames spread with such rapidity, that it was impossible to overcome them. The *Ciro* conveyed the crew to the Island of Lessina, where the authorities supplied them with the means of proceeding to Trieste."

A liping beautiful sort of a genius, went to see his sweetheart, one night, and being rather hard for matter of conversation, said to her after a long pause, "Thouly did you ever see a owl? what catthod big eyes they got, hunt they?"

not forget it. This scene drew, as might have been expected, all the company in the room to the place where we were standing in front of the balcony, expecting no doubt to see us fall prostrate and bump our heads three times on the floor; and many was the significant look which indicated that the marked notice we had received from Miss Moy, was coveted by others.—But it is not every barbarian, however *distingue*, that can hope from a daughter of the celestial empire such distinguished courtesies; and we owe much of it, doubtless, to that very interesting and polished youth, Afong, whose handsome face, graceful manners, and Chinese dress, and well spoken English, are of themselves a principal attraction. In fact, Afong moves about the beautifully illuminated and sumptuously decorated rooms, with all the grace of a gentleman, and is at the same time an excellent cicerone to explain the different curiosities. His hair is shaven in front, and behind ends in a long plaited *queue* of jet black color, and his animated and elegant features and voice are quite fascinating.—Miss Moy, meantime, while her private secretary receives the guest, sits gracefully, with all becoming dignity upon the fauteuil assigned to her. Crowds continue to throng the apartments of this lady. Nearly 2000 have visited her the past week.—ib.

THE SIN OF IDLENESS.