

MINERS' & FARMERS' JOURNAL.

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VOL. I.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1830.

NO. 3.

Members of the General Assembly for 1830, AND SHERIFFS.

Anson—Clement Marshall, S. Joseph White, Wm. A. Morris, C. Joseph Medley, sheriff.
Ashe—John Ray, S. James Horton, Jas. Caloway, C. John C. Gamill, sheriff.
Buncombe—James Guger, S. William Orr, James Weaver, C. Nathaniel Harrison, sheriff.
Bertie—George O. Askew, S. Wm. S. Mhoon, Alex. W. Mcbane, C. Lewis Bond, sheriff.
Bladen—James J. McKay, S. John J. McMillan, Salter Lloyd, C. Samuel Cain, sheriff.
Brunswick—Wm. R. Hall, S. John J. Gause, Benj. Leonard, C. No return for sheriff.
Burlington—Joseph B. Hinton, S. John W. Williams, Saml. Smallwood, C. Stephen Owens, sheriff.
Burke—David Newland, S. Alney Burgin, E. Lisa A. Hooper, C. Wm. C. Butler, sheriff.
Cabarrus—C. Melchor, S. Danl. M. Barringer, John C. Barnard, C. Wm. H. Archibald, sheriff.
Caldwell—L. R. Simmons, S. Caleb Stephens, Marmaduke Powell, C. Josh. Williamson, sheriff.
Carteret—David W. Borden, S. Thos. Marshall, John F. Jones, C. Abalon Fulford, sheriff.
Catawba—J. J. Lindsay, S. W. D. Barnard, Benj. T. Simmons, C. Isaac Baxter, sheriff.
Cherokee—William Walton, S. George Blair, Wm. Jackson, C. William D. Rascoe, sheriff.
Chatham—Joseph Ramsey, S. Nat. G. Smith, Joseph J. Brooks, C. Horace D. Bridges, sheriff.
Cumberland—Wm. Murchison, S. Alexander M'Neill, Alex. Buie, C. John Black, sheriff.
Camden—Caleb Perkins, S. Thomas Dozier, Abner H. Grandy, C. Luke G. Lamb, sheriff.
Cassell—James Kerr, S. Littlejohn Wynn, Stephen Dodson, C. George Williamson, sheriff.
Caynes—Richard D. Spaight, S. John M. Bryan, Alex. F. Gaston, C. James C. Cole, sheriff.
Duplin—Stephen Miller, S. William Wright, Wm. K. Frederick, C. James K. Hill, sheriff.
Davidson—Ransom Harris, S. Joseph Spurgin, Wm. W. Wiseman, C. Wm. Kennedy, sheriff.
Edgecomb—Louis D. Wilson, S. Hardy Flowers, Gray Little, C. John Parker, sheriff.
Franklin—Wm. P. Williams, S. Wm. Branch, Gideon Glenn, C. Henry G. Williams, sheriff.
Granville—Wm. M. Sued, S. James Wyche, Spencer O'Brien, C. Leslie Gilliam, sheriff.
Gates—Wm. W. Cooper, S. Wm. W. Steadman, John Wiley, C. James R. Riddick, sheriff.
Greene—Wyatt More, S. James Harper, Eliza Uzie, C. John W. Taylor, sheriff.
Guilford—John M. Dick, S. Allen Peoples, Amos Weaver, C. James W. Dock, sheriff.
Halifax—Isaac Matthews, S. Jesse A. Bynum, Thos. Nicholson, C. James Simmons, sheriff.
Hertford—Jacob Hare, S. John H. Wheeler, Isaac Carter, C. Richard G. Cowper, sheriff.
Hyde—Wm. Selby, S. Thos. Singleton, Foster Jarvis, C. Henry S. Spencer, sheriff.
Hayswood—Wm. Welch, S. Nathan Edmonston, James R. Love, C. James M. Kee, sheriff.
Hendall—Pinkney Caldwell, S. Joseph M. Dogle, Richard Allison, C. Hiram Caldwell, sheriff.
Johnston—Hilary Wilder, S. Josiah Holder, Koder Whitley, C. A. S. Ballenger, sheriff.
Jones—Wm. M. Huggins, S. Nathan Edmonston, Owen B. Cox, C. William Huggins, sheriff.
Lincoln—Daniel Hoke, S. Bartlett Slipp, Andrew H. Loretz, C. Thomas Ward, sheriff.
Lenoir—Wm. D. Moore, S. Allen W. Wooten, Council Wooten, C. Walter Davenport, sheriff.
Macon—James W. Guin, S. Thomas Tatham, James Whitaker, C. B. W. Bell, sheriff.
Moore—Alex. M'Neill, S. Wm. Wadsworth, Diekerson Dowd, C. Daniel M'Neill, sheriff.
Montgomery—John Crump, S. James M. Lilly, Reuben Kendall, C. John M. Allen, sheriff.
Mecklenburg—J. Blackwood, S. Wm. J. Alexander, Evan Alexander, C. John Sloan, sheriff.
Martin—Joseph J. Williams, S. Jesse Cooper, William Watts, C. Samuel S. Shepherd, sheriff.
New-Harvey—Wm. B. Meares, S. W. S. Larkine, Thomas Hill, C. Gabriel Holmce, sheriff.
Nash—W. W. Boddie, S. Joseph Arrington, Robert C. Hilliard, C. Samuel W. Vick, sheriff.
Northampton—C. W. Barnes, S. R. B. Gary, James Bailey, C. James H. Wood, sheriff.
Onslow—Edward Ward, S. Frederick Foy, James Rowe, C. Brice Foville, sheriff.
Orange—Wm. Montgomery, S. John Stockard, Joseph Allison, C. Thomas D. Watts, sheriff.
Perquimans—Robert Vandook, S. Thos. McGehee, Thomas Lawson, C. John Barnett, sheriff.
Pasquotank—Lemuel Jennings, S. Thos. Bell, John M. Skinner, C. Joshua A. Poll, sheriff.
Pitt—Marshall Dickinson, S. William Clark, William Simmons, C. J. S. Clark, sheriff.
Perquimans—Henry Skinner, S. Benj. Mullen, Thomas Wilson, C. James Long, sheriff.
Raman—David F. Caldwell, S. Thos. G. Polk, Richmond M. Pearson, C. Fielding Slater, sheriff.
Randolph—Abraham Brower, S. Jon. Worth, Abraham Brower, C. George Hoover, sheriff.
Rockingham—Robert Martin, S. Philip Irion, William Donnell, C. Martin Roberts, sheriff.
Robeson—Shadrach Howell, S. John Parrell, John Brown, C. Archibald B. Brown, sheriff.
Richmond—Tryan M'Farland, S. J. Murphy, Lham A. Dugas, C. William Crawford, sheriff.
Rutherford—John M'Intire, S. Robt. M'Alce, James M. Webb, C. William Carson, sheriff.
Sampson—Ed. C. Gavin, S. Arch'd C. Monk, Dickson Sloan, C. Thos. K. Morrissey, sheriff.
Surry—Wm. P. Denson, S. Mordecai Fleming, Alfred C. Moore, C. Thos. B. Wright, sheriff.
Stokes—John Hill, S. Leonard Ezlar, Joseph W. Winton, C. Solahid Stone, sheriff.
Tartlett—John B. Bessley, S. Paul N. Bateman, Benj. Sikes, C. E. Mann, sheriff.
Washington—Saml. Davenport, S. Jesse A. Cheson, C. W. Swanner, C. Wm. M. Cheson, sheriff.
Wilkes—Edmund Jones, S. William Horton, Montfort Stokes, C. Wm. Hampton, sheriff.
Warren—J. H. Hawkins, S. John Bragg, R. Walker, C. Wm. C. Chant, sheriff.
Wayne—Gabriel Sheppard, S. James Rhodes, John W. Sasser, C. Calvin R. Blackmon, sheriff.
Wake—Charles L. Hinton, S. Nat. G. Rand, Samuel Whitaker, C. Wm. R. Hinton, sheriff.

BOROUGH MEMBERS.

Newbern—Charles G. Spaight.
Fayetteville—Louis D. Henry.
Edenton—Samuel T. Sawyer.
Salisbury—Charles Fisher.
Wilmington—Joseph A. Hill.
Hillsborough—William H. Phillips.
Halsfax—William L. Long.

From a Statistical View of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which has recently been published, it appears there are 476,060 of this denomination of Christians in the U. States. The increase since last year has been 37,935. Of the whole number, 402,561 are whites, 69,239 are colored persons, and 4,269 are Indians.

AGRICULTURAL SELECTIONS.

From the Oxford (N. C.) Examiner.

"FARMERS' ARITHMETIC."

Profits of Agriculture.—If the great Franklin had ever lived in the country, his observing eye would have noticed, and his discriminating judgment have solved the following difficult problems:

1. Farmers are more imposed on than any other class of the community; they pay nearly the whole expense of the state government; are oppressed by a heavy tariff and other onerous measures of the general government, and by the commercial regulations of foreign nations; never have much money—yet every industrious, prudent farmer grows rich!
2. The mechanic receives his 75 cents or a dollar a day, yet remains poor; the farmer earns his seventeen cents a day, and grows rich!
3. Merchants, physicians, lawyers, and others, receive their thousands per annum, and die poor; while the farmer scarcely receives as many tens, yet dies rich!

How are these strange results produced? All calculation in dollars and cents fail to account for it. Those who are determined to bring every thing to the standard of dollars and cents, pronounce agriculture to be wholly unprofitable, when the fact that nearly all the wealth of the country has been obtained by agriculture, stares them in the face. In the opinion of these calculators, agriculture is the proper pursuit of such only as have not sense enough to pursue any thing else!

The mischiefs which such calculations are doing in our country, first induced me to call the public attention to the *Farmers' Arithmetic*. But having been more accustomed to handling the plough than the pen, I am altogether unable to do justice to the subject. If some able hand would take it up, dispel the mist now resting on the subject, and show us clearly the whole truth of the matter, it would do sufficient good to compensate the labors of the ablest patriot.

When the mechanic lays down his tools, and the professional man is idle, they are sinking, because their expenses are going on and their profits are suspended. Not so the farmer; while he sleeps, his crop grows and his stock continues to increase, and when he spends a social evening with a neighbor, every thing continues to advance. The *Farmers' Arithmetic* shows that the farmer grows rich by saving, while others continue poor by spending. Others have first to make money and then give it for meat, drink and raiment, while the farmer obtains all these at home. If he wants a fat lamb or pig, he has it without losing a day or two in trying to buy one. If he wants a new coat, the industry of his wife supplies it. In short, he wants but few, very few things which he cannot obtain on his own farm. Why, then, should the farmer repine because he has not the money to buy abroad? or measure his wealth by comparing his money with that of others, who must give it all for things which he has without buying? Surely, a farmer may, without a sigh, resign to others the gaudy fabrics of foreign artists, while he is clothed by the labor of the hand that soothes his cares and strews with pleasure his journey through life. When I see a farmer appear in company genteelly dressed in homespun, I think of Solomon's description of a good wife—"her husband is known in the gates when he sitteth among the elders," and most cordially do I congratulate the possessors of such a prize.

JACK PLANTER.

FROM THE AMERICAN FARMER.

The practice among farmers of confining their attention to a few staple articles, such as wheat, corn, cotton or tobacco, is injudicious, and may be considered as one of the causes of the present depression of agricultural interests. Where dependence is placed upon a single, or even two or three kinds of crops, there is much more probability of loss by the fluctuation of prices, than there would be if a greater variety of crops were cultivated; for it seldom occurs

that the prices of all the products of agriculture are equally depressed or elevated by the same cause at the same time.

It is without doubt the farmers' best policy, to cultivate every article to which his soil and the climate are adapted. It gives him an advantage in the market: if one or two articles are depressed, his whole dependence is not involved in it. It gives him an advantage in cultivation; he is not obliged to bend all his energies to the cultivation of an immense field at one season, and have nothing to do at another; his labours are equalized and distributed among the seasons, throughout the year, and thus he saves both money and time. To no profession is the admonition, "*gather up the fragments*," so applicable as to the farmer; particularly the fragments of time—now, with too many, ungathered up and unappropriated to any use—like the fragments of their stables and barn-yards, which with such farmers are scattered, and their precious sals evaporated "into thin air," when they might have formed, if "gathered up," a bank of compost containing inexhaustible riches.

It seems to be agreed on all hands, that the corn crop will be short at least one half, throughout the middle, southern, and western states; and as corn is the staff of life to stock in those parts of the country, a substitute must be sought for. There are many ways by which a good farmer may obviate the evils of a scarcity of corn. He should feed no whole grain of any kind, but let what corn he does feed to stock, be ground, *cob and all*, if you please, and mixed with cut straw, for horses; and with potatoes and other roots, and boiled, for cows and hogs. It is good economy to grind oats for horses, by which at least a third will be saved. Some farmers never thresh their oats, but cut them up with the straw,

making the least they possibly can of the thing. The oats should always be threshed, and in times of scarcity, ground and mixed with the straw, which should be cut fine; and thus the most will be made of it. During the inclement season, cattle should be comfortably housed, and well carried; for it is a fact, that it requires much less food to keep them thus, than when exposed to the peltings of the storm, and allowed to shiver night after night in the sleet and cold rain of a middle state and southern climate.

At this time, a good *Sirew Cutter* is an invaluable assistant to the farmer in husbanding his resources, and should be obtained. By timely attention to these hints, and pushing the system of economy into all the departments of the farm yard and kitchen, as well as the corn crib, we have no doubt that your cattle will chew their cud with composure during the winter, and, together with your horses, come out in the Spring with sleek hides and heavy haunches.—*American Farmer*, 24th ult.

Mr. Henry Handley, of Culverthorpe, Stafford, has offered a premium of £100 for the invention of a steam plough. In his letter he says he expected ere this to have seen the wonder-working powers of steam applied to agricultural purposes, and that locomotive engines would have smoked in our fields, even before they had established themselves on our roads. An enormous expense is attendant on the cultivation of strong natural wheat lands, four horses and two men being frequently employed in tearing up the tenacious fallow, and it is often ineffectually done, though the cost cannot be less than 12s. to 14s. per acre. Were steam applied in place of all-consuming draught horse, Mr. Handley calculates that one long clay lands might be ploughed at from 2s. 6d. to 5s. per acre, and other lands in proportion. Should this men of genius succeed in his invention, one of the ideas of Mr. Goodwin, that were especially exposed to ridicule, will be realized.—*Scotsman*.

The filtest feeling of all is a delight in contemplating the littleness of other people. Nothing is more contemptible than habitual contempt.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

FROM THE NEW-YORK COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

We take pleasure in laying before our readers the following extracts from a letter from a personal friend, a highly respectable and intelligent American gentleman now in Paris, who has borne a distinguished part in the emancipation of Greece, and who feels its as a singular instance of good fortune that he was enabled to be a spectator of the glorious events of the last week of July in the French capital.

Paris, Aug. 1, 1830.—* * *—I will now proceed to give you some account of the bloody, important, and interesting scenes of which I have been witness within the last four days in this capital, and which will prove, or have proved, the overthrow of a powerful monarchy, supported by 240,000 bayonets, by a noble fleet, and by a well-organized internal and external system of administration. Yes, the unarmed, the unorganized, unguided populace of Paris have broken the sceptre of Charles the Tenth—driven him from his capital, and could tomorrow, if they choose, lead him to the scaffold; but they display as much moderation and wisdom to-day as they have resolution and heroic courage during the three past days, and are willing to surrender their power into the hands of a government which, though tied down by the bonds of a constitution, will be of the form best adapted for them—a monarchical one. But you want no speculations, you can make them yourself better than I can—you want facts; so here I give you a series from my journal:—

Monday, July 26.—Surprise and indignation are on every countenance. The mad King of France, in a voice of thunder has thrown down the gauntlet of defiance to his people, and sworn to be a despot or nothing. He has dissolved the chamber—arbitrarily altered the laws of election—and suspended the liberty of the press. The news circulates rapidly, but cannot reach the common people at once; measures have been taken to prevent this; the *Moniteur*, the only paper containing the decrees, cannot be had at any price. Funds have fallen; every one is agitated; too much so to know how to act; but meetings have been held, merchants of the highest respectability have sworn they will pay no taxes under the present administration, measures taken to assemble all the editors of constitutional papers have pledged themselves to one another to issue their papers as usual without taking out a privilege; and in spite of the police. In the evening some confusion—Polignac's house was assailed—all the windows broken, &c.

Tuesday, July 27, noon.—Ministerial papers exultingly say, Paris dined and slept as usual yesterday! but the storm is fast brewing; the opposition journals came out as usual in strong and manly protestations, and immediately the police, with an armed force, broke into their houses and carried off the necessary parts of the presses; they were besieged and pelted by the people, who then began to assemble, and who openly cry, down with the Bourbons! Vive la charte! they go about pulling down every sign which bears the arms and lilies of France, insulting and pelting the soldiery. Evening.—The storm of war has burst upon the city—the people become more and more furious and loud in their protestations, and display of discontent; the Ministers doubled all the guards; cannon were placed on the boulevards; whole regiments paraded in the squares; cavalry galloped up and down the streets, but could not daunt the people; they pressed hard upon them; the soldiers fired; blood has been shed. I have seen the lancers charge the mob; bodies of citizens weltering in their blood, and young men leaning over the bodies, and working themselves up into a spirit of fury and vengeance which cannot be quenched, but in a sea of blood. The cry of to arms! to arms! is abroad; the tocsin tolls its dismal peal; the people begin to rush unarmed upon the soldiery, or assail them with clubs; the match is in the hand of the cannonier; the infantry are ready to pour in the volley; the horseman's heel is ready to prick his steed into a charge upon the infuriated crowd who threaten them. It will be a bloody night to night, and a bloodier day to-morrow.

Wednesday, July 28.—There has been fierce fighting, and considerable blood shed last night; musketry rattled, the bells rang out, and the crowd of people were in tumult. Now in the streets are some armed, some half armed, all encouraging each other to the fight; the troops parade the streets, firing upon all they meet; they clear one place, and, as soon as they are gone, it is filled again; they are fired upon from the windows, from the corners of the streets, from the house tops; there is a general call "to arms!" The national militia is assembling; all is tumult; the Polytechnique school is in revolt; its brave young members are leading the undisciplined mob.—*Noon*—Confusion and terror reign; the people are every where attacked by the soldiery; volleys of musketry, the bayonet,

and the more dreaded charge of the lances are shedding blood in every street, but the fury of the people only increases; they have attacked, taken, lost, and retaken many posts. I followed a body to the rallying post of the militia; more than a thousand were assembled; when the rolling drum and rapid tramp of feet announced the enemy; a whole regiment filed out into a square; another followed, and a third;—the Duke de Ragusa was at the head; the militia, hardly formed, would not budge; a fierce altercation took place; the regulars presented, but paused for the final word; at that instant a man knocked the aid of the General from his horse—"fire!" was the cry, and bang! bang! bang! from every regiment—the musketry, too, of the militia rattled; the people fled; the militia were driven back, leaving many dead, and the troops held the square; but soon they rallied, fired from behind the corners, the citizens blazed away from the windows, pavement stones showered from the house tops; the place became too hot for the Duke, who wheeled and retired. In other parts of the city success is various; the soldiers are brave, well found, and well led, the people numerous, infuriated and determined. The Hotel de Ville, an important post, has been carried by the people, lost, and retaken; so have many other posts, but still discipline prevails wherever the soldiers can march—they gain the day. Evening.—Success is doubtful; the people have cut down trees, thrown down lamp posts, and taken up pavement stones to form barricades to protect them against the charge of the soldiery; broken bottles cut the horses' feet, and the pavement stones showered from the house tops are dangerous. On the whole, the soldiers hold the place, but the people swear the night shall be a bloody one; and though the promises made in the proclamation this morning of a leader being appointed, have not been fulfilled, they will have them in the morning; they have no regular supply of powder or provisions, yet slack not the fight; they have made a singular scene of the streets of Paris, particularly of the beautiful Boulevards: majestic trees are cut down and thrown across the road to form bulwarks, the branches filled in with pavement stones, overturned carriages, broken boards, signs, &c. so that one cannot get along; every shop has been shut, all bu-

arriers and the theatres have been stripped of their arms; and I could not but laugh, in the midst of a fray, to see two fellows tugging, one at the hilt, the other at the scabbard of an old theatre sword; but it would not come out; they pulled and pulled till the handle broke, and let them both backward into the dirt. But no other shops have been touched; no pillage committed; no unnecessary violence used; all their enemies who have been taken or surrendered have been kindly treated; part of the soldiers have refused to fire; the rest are tired of killing their countrymen, and knocked up with fatigue. The Swiss and the Royal Guards will, however, be steady to the last.

Thursday, July 29.—The night has been a dreadful one; the citizens, more numerous than ever, more bold and unrelenting in their attacks, have forced the soldiery to shelter themselves in the houses or elsewhere; the latter, though encouraged by the praises, the largesses and the promises of the King, seem disheartened; the moral influence of their situation must be considerable; a whole undivided mass of their countrymen present to them the hand of friendship, calling them brothers if they accept it, holding ready the sword of vengeance if they refuse it; then their physical force is almost exhausted; they have been three days and three nights on duty, their feet are swollen, their tongues parched, and their resolution gone; many have laid down their arms. But the tables are turned; the people assailed and driven about yesterday, are this morning the assailants and victors; chiefs have been appointed, the glorious old Lafayette is at the head of the Provisional government; I followed the veteran to his head quarters, and shouted with enthusiastic thousands, vive Lafayette, vive le Sauveur de deux mondes.

10 o'clock.—The people are rapidly carrying every post; the troops retreat in confusion; enthusiasm is at its height; the most determined and brilliant valor is displayed; they have carried the Palace of the Tuilleries.

Noon.—The people are victorious; two regiments are firing off their muskets in the air under my windows, and shaking hands with the people, who kiss and hug them, and run to bring them food and drink; never was such noble courage, such touching generosity; the Parisians are covering themselves with glory. I have just come from witnessing the devoted and laudable bravery of the Swiss troops; driven to the worst extremity, these faithful fellows have shut themselves up in the upper stories of some houses and are firing their last cartridges from the windows, while the enthusiastic and not less brave citizens assail them from the streets, from the opposite windows, and from every point whence their