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THE FARMER.

BY T. G. FESSENDEN.

Let monied blockheads roll in wealth,
Let proud fools strut in state—
My hands, my homestead and my health,
Place me above the great.

I never fawn, nor bow my knee,
To please old Mammon's fry;
But Independence still maintain,
Of all beneath the sky.

Thus Cincinnatus at his plough
With more true glory shows,
Than Caesar with his laurel'd brow,
His palace and his throne.

Tumult, perplexity and care,
Are bold ambition's lot;
But these intruders never dare
Disturb my peaceful cot.

Blest with fair competence, I find
What monarch never can—
Health and tranquility of mind,
Heaven's choicest gifts to man.

Husbandry.—Of the inferior arts of life, those which relate to the culture of the earth are the most excellent and useful. They are, in fact, a branch of philosophy, and are capable of unlimited improvements, from a knowledge of the laws of nature respecting the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms. The business of husbandry also serves to remind a person of his dependence upon Providence, and his gains have no connexion with any person's loss. It is the common interest of the community to wish him well, because, in proportion to his success, every member of it enjoys greater plenty.

Priestly.

Bite of a Rattlesnake.—Mr. Dunlap, one of the keepers of the New England Museum, in the act of rousing the den of Rattlesnakes, which are there exhibited, in connexion with the thousand and one wonders of that establishment, on Tuesday afternoon, met with a very alarming accident. Having introduced a feather brush, by raising the lid, about an inch, and getting them sufficiently roused, to set their rattles going, like the buzz of a cotton factory,—a by-wander, at his elbow, asked a question, which Mr. Dunlap, not precisely understanding, turned his eye towards the gentleman, and at the same instant, one of the largest snakes ran his head through the opening, and thrust his fangs into the little finger of his right hand, with such prodigious force, as to reach the bone at one of the punctures.

The sufferer had presence of mind enough to cord the finger immediately; in a short time an excision of the flesh, including the wounds, was made by a physician, who also prescribed a dose of spirits of turpentine and sweet oil. Not only the finger, but the whole hand, swelled exceedingly, accompanied with a pricking sensation,—or, as commonly termed, the sensation of being asleep.

About 8 o'clock in the evening, there was a partial stricture about the lungs, and difficulty of taking a free inspiration, together with the pricking sensation over the whole system, and an agree fit, that gave fearful indications of a free diffusion of the poison through the circulation.

A large dose of opium relieved the patient of the spasms—and a continued use of it has probably overcome the tendency to such paroxysms. An application of salt and vinegar, constantly applied to the hand and arm, has kept the inflammation under subjection. The limb is still very much swollen,—the tongue coated, and a slight degree of fever exists, but a happy recovery is fully anticipated.

It should be recollected that caustic was inserted as soon as the flesh was cut out.

Boston Traveller.

In Charlestown, Va. an innumerable swarm of bees ascended that a merchant had a tierce containing 30 or 40 gallons of W. India honey in his cellar. In three days they carried off the whole.

The pride of the Governor of Canton was recently much offended, because that an English agent suggested something that might be mutually advantageous, as he thought to the two nations, China and England! It was not to be endured! The province of Canton and England, might be associated together—but to class the "Celestial Empire" with the provinces of Great Britain or France, was abominable!

ELUCIDATION.

"My dear hearers," said a North Carolina preacher to his flock, "it is as hard for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven as for a Camel to pass through a needle's eye;" but, continued he, "you probably do not understand this. I will endeavor to bring it within your comprehension. It is as hard for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven as it would be for a *sheep* to go up a smooth bark apple tree, tail foremost!"

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

From the New York Constitution.

GOING A COURTING.

BARNABAS BUTTERFIELD was a precocious youth. He was nineteen years of age, had been in the practice of shaving for above six months, of chewing tobacco for about a year, and of swearing for above two years. Considering these early advances in gentlemanly acquirements, Barnabas began to think it was high time to show some particular attention to the softer sex,—or, in his own language, to go a courting.

He had succeeded to his heart's content in the weekly operation of scraping his chin—and he well might, for there was no obstacle in the way—and as it answered equally well, and was much the safer mode, he usually preferred shaving with the back of the razor. In chewing tobacco he found it rather more difficult to succeed, for the muzzing effect of the drug made him wish more than once he had never acquired the accomplishment; but perseverance overcame every difficulty, and at the date of our story, he could take in at one quid the full half of a threepenny plug. As for the accomplishment of swearing, having a natural turn that way, he succeeded without the least difficulty.

But it is one thing to be a proficient in these every day matters, and another to come off with flying colours in the grand affair of courting. Besides, it generally so happens, that in proportion to the difficulty of success, is the disgrace of the defeat—the scoffs and jeers of the young men, and the aversion and contempt of the young women.

It is not however so much on account of the ultimate consequences as it regards obtaining a wife, as on account of the present mortification attending it, that a defeat is usually dreaded. Young men in this republican country take the liberty of going a courting oftentimes merely for the sake of courting; and some country coxcombs are known to boast of having "stayed with every gal" in the town where they reside—which means nothing more than that they have sat up alone with them from some nine to ten o'clock at night to three or four in the morning.

It was to gratify this sort of "staying" vanity, that Barnabas Butterfield resolved on going a courting. There being no love in the case, it was not so much a matter of consequence with whom he should stay, as to be able to say that he had stayed with some one. Of course he would be likely to select some one for his first essay, with whom he thought the chance of success the most promising.

Such a one, in the opinion of Barnabas, was Patty Keeler. He judged by the general freedom of her manners. Patty was a gay, laughing, romping lass of seventeen—full of frolic and fun, ready for a game at snow-balling, or sliding on the ice, with the youngsters; and, ever as her humor happened to lead her, disposed to give a kiss or a boxed ear to forward swains.

But to be gay and free and frolicsome, was one thing, and to be easily "stayed with," was another. And Barnabas Butterfield reckoned without his host, when he thought of achieving an easy victory with Patty Keeler. Had he been better acquainted with the caprices of the little god Cupid, he might have known that the most forward seeming lass is oftentimes less easily wooed; and, won than the bashful and demure damsel, in whose mouth you would verily suppose a lump of butter would not melt.

Be this as it may, Barnabas Butterfield resolved to go a courting to Patty Keeler. He was strengthened in his resolution, by meeting her at church, and observing that she laughed outright, as she saw him after the sermon holding up one side of the meeting house. That very Sunday night having put upon his boots an extra coat of blackball, made from the darkest side of the great iron pot—and having rubbed his hair over with the spoils of a newly caught mink, to give it the agreeable smell of musk—he set out to neighbor Keeler's on this most important expedition.

When he arrived, Patty had just done milking. He saw her coming from the barn with two brimming pails, and thought it would be no detriment to his suit to meet her half way and offer his services at carrying the milk. But she prevented his offer by saying as soon as she beheld him—"Barney, how glad I am to see you—you have come just in time to carry in this milk for me. Oh my! how tired I am—I've had seven cows to milk all alone, and nobody to help me—seems as if I should expire!"

"I was just coming to lend ye a hand," said the gallant Barnabas.

"Was you so? Well, that's a good soul, and I'll do as much for you when I can't help it."

"That means," said Barnabas to himself, "that she'll stay with me. I knowed she would afore I come. I can see as far into a sand heap as any body else."

"My gracious! Barney, how you splash over the milk," exclaimed Patty.

"Do I splash it?" said the lover, and looking down and seeing his boots, which he had taken so much pains to polish, covered over with milk, he was about swearing a terrible oath, when Patty slapped her hand on his mouth and said,

"Don't swear, Barney."

"No more I want, if I can help it, Patty," said he with a strong effort—"But by—" "Tut! Tut!" said the gal, again applying her hand to his mouth!

"I say," continued he—"It's enough to make any gentleman care to have his boots splashed in this way after taking so much pains to make 'em shine."

"There you're mistaken, Barney," said she—"no gentleman will care at all."

"Do you think so?" said he, with an incredulous air, "sure now, Patty, you must be joking. Howsomever, if you think so, it's all the same to me, you know, but I thought—"

"There! you're splashing the milk again!"

And so in fact he was; but as the shins were already taken from his boots, he thought any extra care would now be useless, and any further regrets out of place. The milk was carried in, soon strained and set away to cool. And Patty having thus completed the domestic labors of a Sunday evening, doffed her checked apron, which she had merely put on to preserve her go-to-meeting dress, and appeared as neat as a pin.

If Barnabas had conceived high hopes before making his visit, the freedom of Patty's request in regard to carrying the milk did not tend to lessen them—for he thus reasoned to himself; "Would she have taken this liberty, if she had not intended to stay with me? Surely not. I'm a fortunate fellow if ever there was one. They want say to me as they did to Tom Piper, 'tother day, 'you got the bag!' By gorry I couldn't do that."

Full of these sanguine ideas, Barnabas forgot the splashing of his boots, talked when he could get an opportunity, and endeavored, as he afterwards said, to be as *peritias* possible. As for Patty, her tongue ran like a mill chace. She told how the parson's wig got loose in sermon time, and fell plump upon the deacon's head; how Squire Nassal snored at church so as to wake up Curlew Jenkins; and how Capt. Poodle's dog, Towzer, bit a cent. Gram's fatted hog so that he died of a miffication. She talked of all the marriages that had taken place during the last year, and of all that were likely to take place for a year to come. She asked Barnabas if he could run a whole mile and never stop, if he did not think her gown very handsome considering; and where he was going to go Christmas. In short she talked of everything that came uppermost, just giving Barnabas an opportunity now and then to pop in a word while she stopped to take breath.

But it was not so much the *talk*ing that the young man thought about at that juncture, as the *look*ing. And he looked or endeavored to look unutterably bright—not exactly straight forward, but out of the corner of his eyes—by some halloo stealing a glance, by others ogling, and by others again casting sheep's eyes. The latter is often the most appropriate term, for what other eyes can sleep cast than sheep's eyes.

But to our story. The evening just away in bag, eating apples, and drinking Mr. Keeler's new cider, until the hour of nine o'clock, when the old people, moved by the desire of sleep, or a lurking suspicion that Barnabas had come a courting, thought proper to adjourn—not *sedate*, or without day, but until day,—giving Patty strict charge to see to the fire.

Now was the trying time for the courage of Barnabas Butterfield. He had not yet popped the question to Patty, whether she would stay with him. And whatever hopes of success he had before entertained, he felt amazing diffident how the important moment had come. The reader perhaps may wonder that he did not seize the opportunity of speaking to the point when first he met her alone with the milk. Now the truth is, though he had been thinking of the matter for several weeks, he was as it were, taken all of a sudden when the critical moment came, and he could not in a moment resolve upon the thing. Of course the golden opportunity was past, besides he wished to make the most of his sheep's eyes, before the worst came to the worst. But now that the old folks had gone, and he felt that it was expected of him to show himself a man, his heart went pitapat, so that its thumpings could plainly be heard at a rod's distance; and Patty wickedly asked him if he did not hear a partridge drumming.

At this question his heart beat more violently than ever, while he answered, "I thought I heard something—but I didn't know as partridges ever drummed in the night."

"Perhaps I was mistaken," said Patty;

"may be 'twas only a death watch."

"A death watch!" exclaimed the superstitious lover, "do you keep death watches here?"

"Sometimes—but now I think of it, I wonder what time of night it is."

Barnabas took this as a hint to disclose the purpose of his visit. Now, thought he, is the time. But while his judgment said advance, his palpitating heart held him back. He nevertheless made a desperate effort, and moved his chair half a foot nearer that of Patty Keeler. She, by pure accident, as is supposed, moved hers a foot nearer his. This seemed encouraging, and the lover repeated, still hitching half a foot at a time, and casting sheep's eyes in the intervals. They were now within good whispering distance, when Patty broke out, "It's very strange!"

"What's very strange?" demanded Barnabas.

"Why, that dad and maam should go to bed, and leave us all alone."

"I think it very curious, but—"

What he was going to say, it is impossible now to tell, for Patty interrupted the important speech, if there were any, at the very tip of his tongue, by asking him if he was not afraid to go home alone.

Under any other circumstances and from any other person, he would have been angry at such a question. But as it was, he essayed to answer:

"No—yes—that is—perhaps—not at all—not a bit—may be, though—no—O no—yes—or rather I should say—but somehow or other I have an idea that—if so be you've no objections—"

"Certainly not," said the vexatious girl, "you can sleep with the boys just as well as not; there's only Bill and Pete and Sam in the bed."

"Yes, but I'd quite as lieves set up," said Barnabas, beginning to recover from his embarrassment—"I say, Patty, I'd quite as lieves set up if you've no objections."

"I hav'nt none," replied Patty, "if you choose to set up."

Barnabas taking this for a consent to sit up with him, drew his chair close to hers at one motion, and began to pour forth his acknowledgments in the most rapturous strain, when she checked his ardour by requesting him to see that the fire did not fall down, and telling him if he felt hungry before morning he would find the remains of a roast goose and pan-pie in the cupboard. Having said this she wished him a goodnight, and was about tripping off, when Barnabas starting with wonder, cried out—

"But what you going to stay with me, Patty?"

"Are you afraid to stay alone?" said she, returning a few steps.

This second questioning of his courage was too much, and though he did not deem it prudent to swear, under present circumstances, he answered with some spirit, "A-fairly no, I wouldn't have you think I'm afraid, by no means—that is—I'm not afraid at all—not I—except I don't exactly like the death watch."

"Poh! poh! the death watch has gone to sleep, and I'm sleepy too. Good night, Barney."

"Stay, Patty, stay—didn't you promise me just now—"

"That you might set up here—certainly."

"Didn't ye promise to stay with me, I ax ye?"

"No such thing, Barney—I never make rash promises—not I."

"But I thought—"

"Oh I dare say ye did, but—"

"But what ye stay with me now? The young fellows will laugh at me so if I get the bag!"

"Laugh at you! Fie! fie! you're too much of a man to mind their laughing—besides, if you'll send them here, I'll serve them the same way."

"Will ye though? Well there's some comfort in that after all. But I should hate amazingly to get the bag—it sounds so."

With that he offered her a kiss, thinking if his lips could not soften her heart one way, they might in another. But Patty was not then in a humor for dalliance, and telling him he might perhaps prefer a box to a bag, she laid the flat of her hand upon his ear with such effect that for a while it completely drove out of his head all idea of the ungracious sound of getting the bag.

When Barnabas recovered from the astounding effects of the box, he found himself standing alone amidst the ruins of his hopes, like Marius amid the ruins of Carthage. The fire was indeed burning, the candle was awake, but Patty had disappeared. Finding his cause to be hopeless, Barnabas took the prudent resolution of disappearing also; and with a light step and a heavy heart, he soon measured his way home. Patty heard the door close behind him with a slam, and returning to cover up the fire and make all safe, she had no sooner got to the late scene of action than throwing herself into a chair, she laughed all alone till she cried, and was only reminded that it was time to end her cabination, by finding the candle sputtering in the socket, and the fire already too far gone to be worth any attempt at preservation.

If you would have the State prosperous, you must make the men of principle, the princely men.

Generals and Generalities.—Of all the corps of words of *militaire*, General Monotony may be considered General-in-chief. Every body knows him—he is every where. He filleth the fashionable world with his glory, and the journals bear witness to the fulness of his fame. He is no wonder—yet doth he absorb all wonders. Having no proper place, he is, nevertheless, in all places, proper and improper. Without a voice himself, he, at some time or other, makes use of the voices of all men—and (*pardonnez moi, mon ame*) women too. Without a family himself, he is an heir-loom in most families, an occasional visitor in all, and his attendants and progeny, are Table Talk, Soiree clatter, Album verses and 4th of July orations. All of which may be classed under the two general heads of General Flippancy and General Dullness. General Monotony is said to be the legitimate child of General Ignorance, but some have preferred the claims of General Drowsiness. General Indolence, indeed, has disputed the legitimacy of these deductions, and in so doing has virtually urged his own pretensions to the parental name. Be that as it may, of all the Generals, Monotony is the greatest, be the other whom he may. What are all the other Generals to him? In all things they render him tribute and do him honor—whether their labors tend to an *ad captandum* specification, or merely to an impious bon mot from the lips of General Mercury. General Summary, indeed, had some claims—his "title of talk," however, was soon foregone in the weightier Majesty of General Intelligence,—one who has been familiar with every metropolitan, and who with General Miscellany, has continued from the time "when the memory of man ran not to the contrary," the dullest of the dull. But "orisons to the stars"—the cold days are coming on, the skies look clear and bloomy, the winds chatter gaily over the house tops, and as General Business, and General Enterprise and General Election make their advances, the other Generals begin the retreat. They have gone into winter quarters, taking with them their moribund auxiliaries, General Langour, General Discontent, and one or two other Generals, whose names do not at this moment attach precisely to our goosequill.

[Charleston Gazette.

TAKING THE BULL BY THE HORNS.

A correspondent of the Concord, N. H. Statesman, writes:—

"As a young man was driving a four year old bull along the banks of the Pennigewassett, at New Hampton, last Monday, the animal turned and attacked him. The man snatched a stake from the fence and stood manfully upon his defence. The bull pushed violently at him, now receding, then renewing the attack with redoubled fury, endeavoring to dash his adversary to the earth. In a few minutes the battle became so warm that the man beat a retreat and plunged into the river, there three or four feet deep. The bull followed, but the man reached the opposite shore before him. He had not time to escape, however, before the bull was at his heels. He then retreated, plunging into the stream; but by this time had become so much exhausted that the bull overtook him in the middle of it. Still the young man, fertile in expedients, eluded the attack by constantly turning in the water. As the bull could not turn so rapidly as the youth, the latter succeeded in seizing upon his tail, then leaped upon his neck and grappled him by the horns. By main strength he forced his head under water and drowned him."

NEW KIND OF PRINTER'S DEVIL.

We understand one of the Boston editors has lately received a present of a shark.—This gift we consider of more value than all the large strawberries, plums and gooseberries, which the country produces; and every editor should be guarded by a shark, alligator, boa constrictor, or mad dog, to keep the idle and curious at a respectable distance from his editorial closet. We had it in contemplation to guard the door of our garret with a pampet of rattlesnakes.

Nantucket Inquirer.

A friend of mine told me, that for twenty years he had not passed a single day without perusing a portion of Shakspeare. I heard a Frenchman make a similar confession; but the wizard who turned his head was Voltaire—as both were persons of wit, I was on the verge of conversion to the wisdom of a study so exclusive, and that spared reason the toil of adjusting conflicting opinions; happily I remembered the adage that prays deliverance from the man of one book. My Frenchman understood English extremely well, but he had an utter detestation to the names by which we designate the several features of the face; he declared, that nose, mouth, cheek, and chin, composed the most unseemly sounds he had ever heard.—*Philadelphia Album.*

In the bottle, discontent seeks for comfort, cowardice for courage, and bashfulness for confidence.