

# MINERS' & FARMERS' JOURNAL.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY NOBLE & HOLTON, CHARLOTTE, MECKLENBURG COUNTY, NORTH-CAROLINA.

I WILL TEACH YOU TO PIERCE THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH AND BRING OUT FROM THE CAVERNS OF THE MOUNTAINS, METALS WHICH WILL GIVE STRENGTH TO OUR HANDS AND SUBJECT ALL NATURE TO OUR USE AND PLEASURE.—DR. JOHNSON.

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## THE MINERS' & FARMERS' JOURNAL

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All communications to the Editors must come free of postage, or they may not be attended to.

From the Lynchburg Virginian.

### MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

"Mother of him whose pudike fame  
"The good throughout the world revere,  
"Ah why, without a stone or name,  
"Thus sleep'st thou unregarded here?"

No people pay so little respect to the ashes of their illustrious dead as the people of the United States. Many of our departed sages and warriors rest in obscure spots, of which tradition has almost lost the remembrance; and few indeed have secured the feeble tribute of a monument, or "storied urn or animated bust." The mother of Washington—she who "curb'd the infant years" of that peerless man, and disciplined him for the fearful scenes through which he was to win his way to the summit of earthly renown—is among those who have been thus neglected. Her remains now repose in a field in the vicinity of Fredericksburg, without a stone to designate the spot!

"Tradition is already the only guide to her grave; and as the field is used for agricultural purposes, the period cannot be far distant when that will become too vague to be entitled to confidence." This, then, seems to be the appropriate time for action, if it be right to pay any respect to the memory of her whom the present age has already placed by the side of the Mother of the Gracchi. And we are glad to see that the public attention has been forcibly drawn to the subject by a committee of gentlemen in Fredericksburg. A new Presbyterian Church is now being erected in that place—and it is proposed to remove the remains of Mrs. Washington thither, and to erect over them a monument in architectural unity with the building. That they may effect this purpose, they have made an appeal to the liberality and patriotism of the community, the success of which we will not permit ourselves to doubt. Should the contributions be more than sufficient to erect a monument, they will be appropriated to the endowment of an Institution to be called the Washington Female Orphan Asylum—an institution which would cause many yet unborn to bless the memory of a matron, whose power to confer benefits on her fellow creatures did not cease even with her life." We hope soon to hear of the success of the scheme—that future ages

"May thither bid young mothers wend  
"To bless her spirit as they rove,  
"And learn, while o'er her tomb they bend  
"For Heaven to train the babes they love."

**Interesting fact.**—Chief Justice Mellen, in his very able and lucid charge to the Grand Jury at the commencement of the present term of the Supreme Court in this town, made one observation respecting the influence of moral cultivation, when assiduously attended to, reflecting the highest credit on the discipline and principles of the Society of Friends. The Chief Justice observed, that he had been for nearly forty-five years intimately acquainted with the proceedings of the Judicial Courts in this part of the country, and he never knew of but one instance in which a member of the Society of Friends was arraigned at the bar, as a criminal. We venture to say that the observation of no man will admit of his saying as much in favor of any other religious denomination, known to history.

Portland Argus.

**One Sense!!!**—Our philosophical readers who have hitherto valued themselves on the possession of five senses, and our less instructed friends who have talked in common parlance of being frightened out of their seven senses, will, to use the phraseology of parliamentary petitioning, be filled with consternation and dismay at learning that it has just been settled *there is but one sense!!!* Man, the head of created beings, only enjoys one sense, and that sense is touch. His eyes touches spectral objects, his ear touches sounds, his nose touches smells, his palate touches flavors—in short his whole is but Touch and Go.

London Lit. Gazette.

One of the most beautiful descriptions of retirement is in an ode of Charles Cotton, the friend of old Isaac Walton, the famous piscator.

How calm and quiet a delight  
It is alone  
To read, and meditate, and write,  
By none offended, and offending none;  
To walk, ride, sit, or sleep, at one's own ease,  
And please a man's self, no other to dispense.

**Steam Doctors.**—For some weeks past we have noticed in the Hillsborough Recorder, an advertisement of one of these gentry, the first we believe who has ever honored North Carolina with the light of his science. The subject is very happily hit off in the following Advertisement Extra and Certificates which appear in the last Recorder.

### ADVERTISEMENT EXTRA.

BARNABAS BOLUS,

Root, Herb, and Steam Doctor,

Most respectfully informs the afflicted and diseased in this "ever free and happy town of Hillsborough," and the regions round about, including Kamschatka and Terra del Fuego, that he has lately arrived from Botany Bay, with a "fresh recruit" of hot rocks, hot vegetables, and hot tinctures, all "friendly to nature;" never known to fail; and peculiarly adapted to the approaching hot weather.

It astonishes Doct. BOLUS, and melts his tender heart with pity, that people will insist upon being sick, nay even upon dying of their complaints; when, by taking his roots, herbs, pills, powders, tinctures and steam, they might live forever; and indeed, with care, and the Doctor's occasional advice, considerably longer. Death is altogether attributable to excessive refrigeration. The moment a person becomes throughout as cold as ice, he is as dead as Julius Caesar. And it is a discovery, of which modern philosophy may proudly boast, that heat is the opposite of cold. It must therefore be evident, even to such as cannot, like Doct. BOLUS, lay claim to a very liberal education, that so long as a person is hot, he is certainly alive; nor can he possibly die, until the heat, which is but another name for vitality, takes its final leave of him. Doct. BOLUS firmly believes, that had he himself lived in the days of our grand progenitors Adam and Eve, he would have been able, by his own exertions, to keep alive and hearty up to this present, all the generations that have ever existed; and whose deaths, barring a few accidental ones, are all to be charged to the blundering ignorance and poisonous medicines of the physicians of the old school.

Doct. BOLUS cures all disorders incident to humanity; more especially such as are incurable. And, what is very remarkable, and yet true, he makes use, substantially, of only one remedy for all the vast variety of ailments. The fundamental principle, upon which his system of practice is predicated, is, that sickness, like Gen. Jackson's late cabinet, is an unit; and therefore there ought to be but one means of removing it. Is the patient attacked by the measles, or the small pox; is the chicken cough, or the mumps; lockjaw, or apoplexy; palsy, or the blue devils; a cancer, or the muld-grubs; or any other of "the thousand ills that flesh is heir to?" each and every of them is forthwith exercised, exuded, expurgated and expelled by the grand sovereign catholicon STEAM, assisted by potent decoctions of various pungent roots and herbs, all "friendly to nature."

Doct. BOLUS derived his immense fund of medical knowledge, and his license to practice from that *Trisnegotium* of modern times, mons. Doct. TOSSON, well known to the universe, for his perseverance and close attention to his patients, especially by night. The public should exercise the greatest vigilance in guarding against quacks and ignorant pretenders of medical science, which are lately discovered to be increasing, and which of all things the Tonsonian system especially abominates. Such, if not seasonably detected, and effectually exposed, may prove very nearly as mischievous to the health and lives of mankind as the deleterious portions of regular physicians themselves.

It is an invariable rule with Doct. BOLUS to charge a fee for his services, and his travelling expenses; yet not by any means with a view of making a particle of profit for himself from his profession. This profession he has adopted disinterestedly, and purely for the advantage of the whole human race. A charge for services is made, by reason that the generality of patients are too apt to place a light value, and sometimes no value at all, on even a great blessing which is easily and cheaply obtained. The Doctor's fees will, however, be always characterized by extreme moderation; and may not, in general, be expected to exceed by much more than two or three hundred per cent, those of the Faculty, in similar cases. When the patients, or their friends, desire it, the Doctor will readily engage to put an effectual stop to the disease, in one way or other, in a given time, and for a stipulated amount.

The following excellent medicines have just been received, and will be sold low, in consideration of the hardness of the times: Compositum and Imposition Powders, for the prevention of all diseases. Rheumatic Drops, good for the Belly-ach. Invaluable Corn Plaster, for sore eyes. Red Pepper Cordial, a cooling drink for dog days. Oil of Brickbats, good for the gravel. Tooth-ach Drops, for barked shins. Botanic Mixture, a remedy for sudden death.

Jamestown Weed Lozenges, for the hydrophobia. Patent Eye Water, a sovereign cure for letter worms. Bilious Pills, good against drowsiness and itch. Poke Syrup, an infallible remedy for hysterics. Essence of Cabbage Stumps, for jaundice and head-ach.

Extract of Fishhooks, an injection for dyspepsia. Puke Junk Bottles, an effectual cure for worms. Quantity of Patent Trusses, to be worn about the neck.

Packages Ebenezer Hoglilies, excellent cures. With other equally valuable medicines, "friendly to nature."

### CERTIFICATES OF CURES.

Newtown, Orange Co. N. C. June, 1830.

This may certify, that my son Bill was most grievously afflicted with an eruption of *breaking out*; so that, being confined in the county jail for his health, by prescription of the court, he cleared himself thereon, in spite of bolts, bars, &c. in a single night. Was cured by three steamings, and one of Doct. BOLUS' amiable Jamestown Weed Lozenges, and has suffered from no complaint since.

ICHABOD X GULLEM.

Cape Town, Good Hope, Nov. 1, 1829.

Personally appeared before me, Mr. Jasper Jenkins, a respectable inhabitant of this place, and made oath, that he the said Jasper, had been a long time tormented with the gravel between his shoulders, and on the back of his neck; and having tried all the old remedies in vain, was induced to apply to that distinguished philanthropist, Doct. BARNABAS BOLUS; by whom a complete cure was effected in a few minutes, by means of nine steamings, and forty-nine bottles of the celebrated Red Pepper Cordial.

NICODEMUS NICOMPOOP, J. P.

Orange Co. N. C. Sept. 9th, 1830.

I, the subscriber, hereby certify, that for the space of about thirty-nine years eleven months and thirty days, I was troubled with an excruciating tooth-ach in my left eye, which produced so painful a stiffness in my right knee, that it was with the greatest difficulty that I could raise my hand to my mouth. Was thoroughly cured in one minute and a half by the clock, by only 13 steamings, and three doses of the celebrated Doct. BOLUS' Corn Plaster.

SALLY X MACTAB.

Wake County, N. C. March 1st, 1831.

The subscriber has been long and most terribly afflicted by a morbid condition of the bowels and liver, combined with a slight touch of the merrill, and pizazz. These complaints were attended with violent efforts to vomit and continual but unavailing endeavor to belch or spue. He had tried large and repeated doses of emetics, ipecac, and even tartar emetic, by advice of the Faculty; so that they had become almost insupportable, and to no purpose. Despairing of obtaining the least relief by the usual means, he was recommended to the illustrious Doct. BARNABAS BOLUS; who, after a regular steaming, kindly administered a small portion of Ebenezer Theology. This, operating as a gentle and salutary emetic, caused him to throw up a large hand-saw, two hammers, one gimlet, and a three-legged stool, which had been swallowed during his mania, and which had kept him in a pany condition ever since. This certificate is freely granted in aid of the Doctor's practice; and of its truth no one may presume to doubt.

WALTER WIGGINS.

Chapel Hill, N. C. April 20th, 1831.

To all whom it may concern: Know ye, that I, the undersigned, was from the cradle, visited with those hereditary diseases, scrofula, king's evil, syphilis, and the gout, from which I was able to get no deliverance. As I advanced in age, I had the misfortune to pick up the whooping and chin coughs, quincy, cramp, measles and the itch. Being hardly grown to man's estate, the small pox happened to prevail in our neighborhood. I caught that; together with the plearisy, mumps, liver complaint, dropsy, jaundice and the consumption. And, as if these were insufficient to fill up the large measure of my sufferings, rheumatism, apoplexy, tetanus, palsy and hydrophobia were shortly after added. About this time a couple of severe falls, one from a horse, and the other from a garret window, dislocated my neck and spine, and deprived me altogether of the use of all my limbs. By the tooth-ach, I lost every means of masticating food; blindness, and deafness, utter and entire, took possession of my eyes and ears; and a virulent cancer swept off every particle of my nose. Indeed, such was my deplorable plight, attacked by all the diseases at once, that whenever I walked abroad to see my friends, or heard their discourse at home, my feelings were too melancholy to be either endured or described; and the worst of all was, I had access to no better remedies than those furnished by the regular physicians, who seemed to look upon my case as somewhat doubtful. Matters being thus, it happened that one night, at precisely 20 minutes past 12 o'clock, I died, and became totally defunct; whereupon my friends began to give up all hopes of my recovery. As a last resort, however, the learned and renowned Doct. BARNABAS BOLUS was called in, post haste. In less than a week he arrived; and, perceiving at a glance the nature of my case, viz. "a complication of distempers," he proceeded at once to mix up, in a jordan, an antidote, "a complication of remedies," composed of all the various materia medica used in his extensive practice, the which he administered copiously; with, as usual, a vigorous and sweltering steam. In less than five minutes, I revived; and in ten, was as well as ever I was in my life, having had originally an excellent constitution. In about a quarter of an hour after the arrival of Dr. BOLUS, I was able to eat a hearty meal of beefsteaks and onions, to dance a couple of high rigadon jigs, and to challenge any six men of the county to a fair battle of old fashioned fist and skull.

Given under my hand and seal.

(Signed) NICHOLAS NIMCHI.

Doct. Bolus deems it entirely superfluous to multiply evidences of his unequalled professional skill, though it were easy to do so. He will give due notice of his place of residence, that no inconvenience may result to the infinite number of patients which will doubtless eagerly seek his advice and assistance.

A few students of medicine would be received. It requires two weeks severe study to make a thorough Doctor, by this

system, unless the student be unusually bright.

Preaching, also, by the Doct. when not otherwise engaged.  
BARNABAS BOLUS, MD. DD.  
& A. S. S.  
Hillsborough, May, 1831.

**Statement of an Insolvent Gambler.**—John Boruck was discharged from imprisonment under the insolvent law of New-York under the following circumstances. He was employed as agent of a foreign house, and advances made to the amount of \$142,000, of which sum he accounted for \$87,000, leaving a deficiency, appropriated to his own use, of \$55,000, for the loss of which he accounted for as follows:—

Expenses, - - - - -	\$4,900
Losses in trade, - - - - -	747
Gambling at New-Orleans, - - - - -	2,300
Lotteries, - - - - -	3,000
Adultery, - - - - -	5,000
	\$15,947
Gambling in Fulton Street, - - - - -	\$10,000
" " Lumber street - - - - -	29,000
	\$54,947

On application and proof of these facts he was discharged, because being without property he came within the spirit of the insolvent law. We know not what can constitute fraudulent insolvency, if waste by gambling of property consigned to the care of a merchant be not.

From the New York Courier and Enquirer.

**Game.**—The late hard winter, and probably the practice of shooting game out of season, have thinned the ranks of our birds usually found on Long Island. We have few partridges, and the snipe and woodcock are difficult to start, and we seldom hear the cheerful note of our spring birds. It is amusing, however, to see the cockneys, on their arrival from England, fly for amusement to the sports of the field. With a half frock coat of white jean, with heavy pockets on each side, high gaiters, bag-pouch, double barrell'd gun, and pointer; they take advantage of the absence of all restrictions and game laws in this country to scour the island, and, as Stephen Harrow says to Doctor Ollapod, "shoot the little birds before they are hatched."

"Vell Tommas," said one of the sportsmen to the other on his landing at Catharine street ferry on Saturday, "vat luck ave you ad?" "Vy, I shot von snipe, a swallow, a crow and a sparrow." "A crow! vell now, if that ha'nt too bad, to come all the way from Hisington to shoot a crow." "Vell, you you'dnt ave me fire my gun in the hair, I must shoot something, or vere's the sport?"

**RICHMOND.**—Trucks—so long that they can't turn round without going out of town. Vide those of Boston and some in Providence. How curious appear the bobtail trucks of New-York in the contrast.

**NOSES**—that turn up like a duck's tail.

**FACES**—with no more expression than a boiled turp.

**Wide Mouth**—that can't laugh without hitching the upper lip on the lamp post.

**A tall mast**—one on which the child began to climb, and came down a grey headed old man.

**As tight**—as the bark of a tree.

**Like**—a rat in a stone heap—you don't know which way he'll come out.

**Eating**—so much beef that he bellowed in his sleep.

**Lumber**—as fuzzy as a nigger's head.

**Abusing one's friend to his face**—Sounding the waters we sail in.

**Mutton**—eating so much that the wool comes out on the face.

**Cutting an old acquaintance**—an operation performed by barbers and dandies.

**The waters of life**—blood.

**A Clay-man**—from his teeth outward.

Providence Patriot.

**The lost thing found.**—An old woman wishing to make a clergyman believe she read her Bible, took it as he was coming in at the door, and upon opening it exclaimed, "Well, how glad I am, for here are my spectacles which I lost three years ago."

**CORRESPONDENCE.**

"Dear wife,  
I am going to America.  
Yours, truly,"

"Dear husband,  
A pleasant voyage,  
Yours, &c."

**On a gentleman who expended his fortune in horse-racing.**

Jack ran so long, and ran so fast,  
No wonder he ran out at last;  
He ran in debt; and then, to pay,  
He distanc'd all,—and ran away.

The Intelligence, a London paper, gives the following—

**Acquaintance Table.**—2 glances make 1 bow; 2 bows—1 bow d'ye do? 6 bow d'ye do's—1 conversation; and 4 conversations make 1 acquaintance.

**CONSUMERS.**—Why is a blacksmith's apron like an old maid? Because it keeps off sparks.  
In what month do ladies talk the least? In February—because it is the shortest.

## THE WEST INDIES AND PENSACOLA.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE JOURNAL OF COMMERCE.

United States ship Vincennes, lying at Pensacola, April 25, 1831.

There is after all very little of the sublime and thrilling in a life at sea. During our passage from New-York to this port, though we did every thing in our power to break up the stupid monotony of our way, yet it was all as tame as a farmer's cow path. We discovered the fragments of an old wreck—killed one porpoise—and had our maintopail split in a thunder gust—and this is all of the marvellous that we saw or suffered. We brought out as passenger Gov. Van Scholten, and landed him at St. Croix, where we had every attention showered upon us which ingenuity could invent, or hospitality bestow. His Excellency is a great coward on the water; he was ever in vigils when the ship was restless. It seemed to be the absorbing and regretted impression with him, that the tide and tempest heeded not titles, and that the indiscriminating wave would send up as loud a note of lamentation over the grave of the cabin boy, as the man of rank and power.

But notwithstanding his reverence for stars and garters, his Excellency is extremely popular among the lower classes in his delegated province, appears to regard with the utmost complacency those who are too ignorant to understand, or too weak to assert their rights. His will has all the force, it not the sanctions of law, and he has a most happy faculty of making his people believe in the reality of their perfect freedom, when, without a pass that costs them dearly, they cannot go from one to another province of his Danish Majesty.

There is in St. Croix a circle of highly cultivated and accomplished ladies. In the charms and powers of intellectual refinement, they are far in the advance of the gentlemen. Their conversation has a sparkling vivacity about it, that I have seldom seen connected with so much depth and just discrimination. They have a freedom of manner that scorns a fastidious delicacy, and yet their imaginations appear as untainted as the flower upon which even the bee has never flapped its wing.

The Danish Islands are greatly impoverished by the ruinous reduction that has taken place in the price of sugar and rum. These misfortunes they must charge in some measure to the Temperance Societies,—the growth of the cane in our own country,—and the operation of our Tariff.

We put in, for a few days, at Havana, to supply the Peacock with provisions for her return home, and to show our castle of floating thunder. The Moro Castle is indeed a strong fortification, and well it may be; for it is said to have cost the Spanish Government \$120,000,000. It is no wonder Ferdinand thought the clouds might pause upon it, though poor Sam Patch would have made but little in leaping from its highest battlement. It would puzzle the most prodigal financier to tell where and how this enormous sum was expended.—One of the greatest evils connected with an absolute government, is the liability of the public treasures to be squandered by the weakness, vanity, or pride of a single individual.

I am much pleased with the climate of Pensacola. There is a life and freshness in the atmosphere seldom found in so Southern a latitude. One feels none of that languor and torpidity which a fervid sun generally occasions. A fresh breeze springs up invariably at about eight in the morning, continues through the day, and fans you as you retire to rest at night. There is nothing in this breeze of a sharp or searching character. It is so soft and bland, that the most delicate lungs may inspire it with perfect innocence. Those competent from experience and observation to give an opinion, have pronounced the climate of Pensacola preferable to that of Italy or the South of France. When this becomes known we may perhaps have John Randolph here, as Minister Plenipotentiary to Russia. The Navy yard is on an extensive sheet of white sand. I cannot conceive how any noxious exhalations connected with the decomposition of vegetable matter can reach it. So far as bilious fevers are concerned, a more healthy place cannot well be found in our Southern latitudes.

**Price of Glory.**—It has been calculated that from the rupture of the peace of Amiens in 1804, to the final abdication of Napoleon in 1815, there were two million and a half of Frenchmen slaughtered in his wars. This is exclusive of some half a million Poles, Germans, Italians, &c. who fought under his banners. If it be assumed that the nations with whom he was at war, lost man for man, Napoleon's ambition could not have cost our mother earth less than six millions of her people.

[Dr. Proteus says,

— "One murder makes a villain,  
Millions, a hero."—]

**Passion.**—Have not to do with any man in his passion; for men are not like iron, to be wrought upon when they are hot.