

MINERS' & FARMERS' JOURNAL.

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

I WILL TEACH YOU TO PRUCE 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. II.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1831.

NO. 66.

NOTICE.

I WILL sell, on accommodating terms, the upper part of the Plantation on McAlpin's creek, formerly owned by John Weathers, dec'd., containing about *Two Hundred Acres*, more or less, including the improvements. If not sold by private sale before Monday, the 2d of January next, it will then be offered at public sale. Note and approved security will be required for the purchase money, before executing the title.
WILLIAM DAVIDSON.
December 7, 1831. 3466

40 Dollars Reward.

TWENTY DOLLARS of the above will be paid by the subscriber, for the detection of the thief or thieves, and Twenty Dollars for the recovery of the property, stolen from the Mill at Cazen's Store, on the night of the 26th or 27th of November last, consisting of a large quantity of Quicksilver, with some Gold in it.
J. HULME.
Carrillon, Mecklenburg Co. N. C.
Dec. 8, 1831. 6669

VALUABLE

Catawba Land for Sale.

PURSUANT to a Petition filed in the Court of Equity for Lincoln county, by Israel W. Hayne, Harriet Eleisa and Sarah Hayne, infants, by their Guardian, and in obedience to a decree of said Court, I shall sell, at Public Auction, before the Court-House door in Lincoln, on the 17th day of January next, (being Tuesday of the County Court,) a valuable Tract of Land, lying in said county, near the Buffalo Shoals, on the Catawba river, containing about 280 acres.
The above land is represented to be first rate arable soil, and well timbered, with a small improvement, and is situated on the main road to the great falls of the river.

Persons wishing to purchase a good farm, would do well to view the premises, and attend the sale. Conditions—one and two years credit—bond and approved security required.
By order of the Court,
JNO. D. HOKE, Clerk & Master.
Nov. 15, 1831. 6166-pr. adv. 821

DISSOLUTION.

THE Partnership of Trotter & Huntington is dissolved by consent. Those having claims against the concern, will present them for settlement; and those indebted to the concern are informed that their books are placed in the hands of Percival Thompson, Esq. with instructions to close them by cash as speedily as possible.
THOS. TROTTER,
JOHN HUNTINGTON.

THOMAS TROTTER will carry on the business in its various branches, such as Watch Repairing & Manufacturing Silver Spoons of every description, at the shortest notice. A good assortment of WATCHES and JEWELRY on hand and for sale. Gold fluted at short notice.
Dec. 5, 1831. 4166

CREDIT SALE.

BY Virtue of a Decree from the Court of Equity, I will offer for sale, at public auction, at the Court-House in Charlotte, on the 4th Monday in January, 1832, one undivided half of a valuable tract of Land, lying on the waters of Paw Creek, joining the lands of Wm. Carson, the heirs of Wm. Sharply, dec'd., the McCorkle mine tract, and others, belonging to the heirs at law of Margaret Patterson, dec'd. and sold for the benefit of partition among said heirs. Said tract of land contains about 254 acres, on which there is a valuable Gold mine, which has been worked for several years. 12 months credit will be given—bond and security required.
Also—on the same day, at the same place, and by the same authority, I will sell one other tract containing 110 acres, belonging to the heirs and representatives of James Lemonds, dec'd., adjoining the lands of Jane Lemonds, Wm. Lucky and others; sold for the benefit of said heirs, on a credit of 12 months—bond and security required as above.
D. K. DUNLAP, C. M. E.
7169-pr. adv. 821

1832.

The Farmers' and Planters' ALMANAC for 1832,

Calculated for the Meridian of Salem, N. C.
JUST received, and for sale at this Office, by the grocer, half grocer, dozen, or single, at the publishers prices—10 cents single, 75 per dozen, \$4 half grocer, and \$7 per grocer.

A French emigrant having been but a very short time in England, was invited to partake of a large bowl of punch, a liquor he had never tasted before, and which did not agree with him. Speaking of his entertainment next day, but forgetting the name of the beverage, he asked, "Vat de calla dat liquor, dat be all contradiction, where is de brandy to make it strong, and de water to make it weak; de sugar to make it sweet, and de lemon to make it sour?"—"Punch, I suppose you mean."—"Ay, punch, begar, said Monsieur, it almost punch my brain out."

An old man had a son called Bill, and Bill had a Bull. A younger son of the old gentleman one morning found Bill's bull laid out, with his foot through a crack in the fence.—The youth ran in great haste to his father, and thus described the matter:

"Dad, I gosh—Bill Bull dead—he side, broadside; head down de hill, tail up hill, foot in de crack, an he eyeball turn up; run, dad; run hard; drench him in de ear—die fore you get dare; I gosh he dead fore I come away."

Temptation.—Upon a recent visit of Mr. Bennett, a surgeon, to Rotuma, one of the Polynesian islands, the following inducement was held out to him to settle there by a chief named Ufalingu:—"You stay at Rotuma, make people well, as too many people die, and you have much some well, and know how to cure all people, you will have plenty wife, plenty yam and pig, plenty land, and be all the same as one king."

POETRY.

THE SEA.—BY BARRY CORNWALL.

The sea, the sea, the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free,
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide region round:
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies,
I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence whereso'er I go:
If a storm should come, and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, O how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every wave draws down the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how roth the world below,
And why the southwest blast doth blow?
I never was on the dull tame shore,
But I lov'd the great sea more and more,
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was, and is to me,
For I was born on the open sea.

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born:
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise roll'd,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold,
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As when I'd lift the ocean child.
As when I'd lift the ocean child,
I have lived since then in calm and strife
Full fifty summers a rovers life,
With wealth to spend, and a power to range,
But never have I sought an earthly change,
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea.

THE MOTHER.

"It may be autumn, yea, winter, with the woman; but with the mother, as a mother, it is always spring."—Sermon of the Rev. Thomas Collett, preached at Lynn, Mass. 1655.

I saw an aged woman bow
To weariness and care;
Time wrote his sorrows on her brow,
And in her frosted hair.

Hope from her breast had torn away
Its rooting nest and dry—
And on the pleasures of the gay,
She turned a joyless eye.

What was it, that like sunbeam clear,
O'er her wan features ran,
As pressing toward her drooping ear,
I named her absent son?

What was it?—Ask the mother's breast,
Through which a fountain flows,
Perennial, inexhaustible, and best,
By winter never froze.

What was it?—Ask the King of Kings,
Who hath decreed above,
That change should mark all mortal things,
Except a mother's love.
L. H. S.
Hartford, Conn.

RECAPITULATION.

Exhibiting the General Aggregate Amount of each description of Persons in the United States, by classes.

FREE WHITE PERSONS.	
Males—under 5 years of age,	272,154
of 5 and under 10,	782,637
of 10 " "	1,571,688
of 15 " "	2,057,514
of 20 " "	3,050,292
of 30 " "	4,092,596
of 40 " "	5,036,370
of 50 " "	6,030,560
of 60 " "	7,034,910
of 70 " "	8,038,136
of 80 " "	9,041,945
of 90 " "	10,045,233
of 100 and upwards,	274—5,358,759

Females—under 5 years of age,	299,104
of 5 and under 10,	731,649
of 10 " "	1,509,063
of 15 " "	2,007,713
of 20 " "	3,015,062
of 30 " "	4,055,565
of 40 " "	5,055,425
of 50 " "	6,055,298
of 60 " "	7,055,166
of 70 " "	8,055,034
of 80 " "	9,054,902
of 90 " "	10,054,770
of 100 and upwards,	234—5,167,209

SLAVES.	
Males—under 10 years of age,	353,845
of 10 & under 24,	313,676
of 24 " "	28,185,654
of 36 " "	55,118,996
of 55 " "	100,41,155
of 100 and upwards,	718—1,014,345

Females—under 10 years of age,	347,566
of 10 & under 24,	308,793
of 24 " "	26,186,982
of 36 " "	55,114,753
of 55 " "	100,41,422
of 100 and upwards,	668—926,284

Total number of free whites,	10,526,058
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FREE COLORED PERSONS.	
Males—under 10 years of age,	48,737
of 10 and under 24,	43,126
of 24 " "	36,27,629
of 36 " "	55,22,262
of 55 " "	100,11,475
of 100 and upwards,	266—153,495

Females—under 10 years of age,	47,347
of 10 and under 24,	48,135
of 24 " "	36,32,594
of 36 " "	55,24,266
of 55 " "	100,13,340
of 100 and upwards,	361—165,962

Total number of Free Colored Persons,	319,457
Total aggregate of the U. S. 12,845,515.	

If you marry a woman for money, you may expect to have this unworthy motive cast into your teeth on the very first family skirmish. "I could never consent, (said a spirited youth), to be maintained at the expense of my wife, as I should hate to be reproached for not having brought any thing into the house but my clothes."

FROM THE CHARLESTON COURIER.

Reflections on Death.—The following sublime effusion, which we do not remember to have read before, and with the authorship of which we are entirely unacquainted, chanced to fall into our hands a day or two since, among other relics of a deceased friend. A fine imagination is blended with a fervent piety, in reflections like these:

"Heavens! what a moment must be that, when the last flutter expires on our lips!—What a change! Tell me, ye who are deep-seated in nature and in God, to what new worlds are we borne? What new being do we receive? Whether has that spark, that unseen, that uncomprehended intelligence fled? Look upon the cold, livid, ghastly corpse that lies before you! That was but a shell, a gross and earthly covering which held for a while the immortal essence that has now left it—left it, to range, perhaps, through illimitable space; to receive new capacities of delight, new powers of perception; new glories of beatitude! Ten thousand fancies rush upon the mind as it contemplates the awful moment between life and death! It is a moment big with imagination's greatest hopes and fears; it is the consummation that clears up all mystery—resolves all doubts—which removes contradiction and destroys error. Great God! what a flood of rapture may at once burst upon the departed soul! The unclouded brightness of the celestial regions—the pure existence of ethereal beings—the solemn secrets of nature may then be divulged; the immediate unity of the past, the present and the future; strains of unimaginable harmony, forms of imperishable beauty may then suddenly disclose themselves, bursting upon the delighted senses and bathing them in measureless bliss! The mind is lost in this excess of wondrous light, and dares not turn from the heavenly vision to one so gloomy, so tremendous as the departure of the wicked! Human fancy shrinks back appalled—while Hope and Charity whisper to the bleeding heart that there where all mercy is, there, too, will be forgiveness!"

The above eloquent, we might almost add, inspired picture of the Soul's beatitude, strikes us as being very much in the style and spirit of the gifted CHARLES MATHEW.

WOMAN.

Woman is a very nice and a very complicated machine. Her springs are indefinitely delicate; and differ from those of a man pretty nearly as the work of a repeating watch does from that of a town clock.—Look at her body, how delicately formed. Examine her senses; how exquisite and nice! Observe her understanding; how subtle and acute! But look into her heart; there is the watch word, composed of parts so minute in themselves, and so wonderfully combined, that they must be seen by a microscopic eye to be clearly comprehended. The perception of a woman is as quick as lightning.—Her penetration is intuition.—I had almost said instinct.—By a glance of her eye she shall draw a deep and just conclusion. Ask her how she formed it—she cannot answer the question.

As the perception of woman is surprisingly quick, so their souls and imaginations are uncommonly susceptible. Few of them have culture enough to write; but when they do, how lively are their pictures! how animated their descriptions! But if few women write, they all talk; and every man may judge of them in this point, from every circle he goes into. Spirit in conversation depends entirely upon fancy; and women, all over the world talk better than men.—Have they a character to portray, or a figure to describe? they give but three traits of one or the other, and the character is known, or the figure placed before our eyes? Why? From the fine susceptibility of their imaginations, their fancies receive lively impressions from these principal traits, and they paint those impressions with the same vivacity with which they receive them.

Get a woman of fancy warm in conversation, she shall produce a hundred charming images, among which there shall not be one indelicate or coarse. Warm a man on the same subject; he shall probably find stronger allusions, but they shall neither be so brilliant nor so chaste.—*Sherlock.*

Matter of Fact.—I am what the old women call an "odd stick." I do nothing without a motive; I attempt nothing unless I think there is a probability of my succeeding; I ask no favors where I do not think they may be granted; I grant no favors where I think they are not deserved; and finally, I do not wait upon the girls, when I think my attention would be disagreeable. I am a matter of fact man. I do things seriously. I once offered to attend a lady to her home. I did it seriously; that is I meant to wait upon her home if she wanted me. She accepted my offer. I went home with her, and it has ever since been an enigma to me, whether she wanted me or not. She took my arm and said not a word. I went home with her and she said not a word. I bade her good night and she said not a word. I met her the next

day and I said not a word. I met her again and she gave me a two hours talk. She feared I was offended, but could not conceive why. She begged me to explain, but gave me no chance. She hoped I'd not be offended; asked me to call; and it has ever since been a mystery to me, whether she wanted me to call or not. I once saw a lady at her window. I thought I would call. I did. I inquired for the lady and was informed she was not at home. I went away doubting. I met her again; she was offended; called me unneighborly; reproached me for my negligence; thought me unkind, and I have ever since wondered whether she was sorry or not. Thus have things appeared to me doubtful, wonderful, mysterious. What then is it that causes doubt and mystery to attend the ways of men? It is the want of fact. This is a matter of fact world, and in order to act well in it, we must deal only in matter of fact.

Northern Star.

You shall Swear—and you shan't Swear!—What a bundle of contradictions are the laws of Christian countries in relation to oaths. They require you in a court of justice to swear upon the evangelists; while in those very evangelists, the Author of the Christian religion has said—"Swear not at all!" Here is a flat contradiction, and a mockery of the scriptures.

Every office from the highest to the lowest, is entered upon with swearing. The king, president, or other chief magistrates swear. His prime minister, his inferior ministers, secretaries, or whatever they are called, all swear. Every officer of government, whether civil or military, swears.—The pettiest tide waiter or mail-carrier, takes as big an oath as the President himself!—Legislators swear, Judges swear, jurymen swear, witnesses swear, (and some of them confoundly too;) lawyers, and constables, swear. What a swearing set the Christian countries are made of! It is enough to make one's hair stand on end to think of it. Law-makers swear, and law-breakers swear! and every body swears except the Quakers. If a man in a gay coat and ruffe shirt, will not swear in a court of justice, he is punished for contumacy and contempt of court; but if a man, who has neither coat nor shirt, swears, out of court, he is punished for profanity and contempt of the laws! What absurdity! what inconsistency! Away with all oaths, and abolish them from the statute book.—*Abolish them entirely.*
N. Y. Constitution.

Spectral Illusions.—A lady whom I attended some years ago, in a slight feverish disorder, saw distinctly a party of ladies and gentlemen sitting round her bed-chamber, and a servant handing something to them on a tray. The same continued, in a greater or less degree, for several days, and was varied by spectacles of castles and churches, of a very brilliant appearance, as if they had been built of finely cut chrysalis. The patient had, from the first, a full impression that this was a morbid affection of vision connected with the fever, and amused herself and her attendants by watching and describing the changes in the scenery. A gentleman, who was also a patient of mine, of an irritable habit, and liable to a variety of uneasy sensations in his head, was sitting alone in his dining room in the twilight, the door of the room being a little open; he saw distinctly a female figure enter, wrapt in a mantle, and the face concealed in a large black bonnet. She seemed to advance a few steps towards him, and then stop. He had a full conviction that the figure was an illusion of the vision, and amused himself for some time by watching it: at the same time observing that he could see through the figure, so as to perceive the lock of the door, and other objects behind it. At length, when he moved his body a little forward, it disappeared.—*Abercrombie on Intellectual Powers.*

SOLDIERS—WAR.
To employ murder as a means of justice, is an idea which a man with an enlightened mind will not dwell upon with pleasure.—To march forth in rank and file, with all the pomp of streamers and trumpets, for the purpose of shooting at our fellow-men as a mark; to inflict upon them all the variety of wound and anguish; to leave them weltering in their blood; to wander over the field of desolation, and count the number of the dying and the dead,—are employments which in thesis we may maintain to be necessary, but which no good man will contemplate with gratulation and delight. A battle we suppose is won;—the truth is established;—thus the cause of justice is confirmed! It surely requires no common sagacity to discern the connexion between this immense heap of calamities, and the assertion of truth, or the maintenance of justice. Kings, and ministers of state, the real authors of the calamity, sit unmolested in their cabinet, while those against whom the fury of the storm is directed are, for the most part, persons who have been trepanned into the service, or who are dragged unwillingly from their peaceful homes into the field of battle. A soldier is a man whose business

it is to kill those who never offended him, and who are the innocent martyrs of other men's iniquities. Whatever may become of the abstract question of the justifiableness of war, it seems impossible that the soldier should not be a depraved and unnatural being.

To these more serious and momentous considerations it may be proper to add a recollection of the ridiculousness of the military character. Its first constituent is obedience: a soldier is, of all descriptions of men, the most completely a machine; yet his profession inevitably teaches him something of dogmatism, swaggering, and self-consequence; he is like the puppet of a showman, who, at the very time he is made to strut and swell and display the most farcical airs, we perfectly know cannot assume the most insignificant gesture, advance either to the right or the left, but as he is moved by his exhibitor.—*Godwin's Enquirer, Essay, v.*

The condition of the Laboring Poor of England.—The London Spectator, of October 1, has the following exhibit of the wages and subsistence of a poor family in the South of England.

	L. s. d.
One year's wages at 8s. per week,	20 16 0
16 sacks potatoes, at 6s. a sack or	
(8d per peck) being half a peck	
a day,	4 16 0
Two-thirds of same for wife and	
three children,	3 4 0
Rent (on the average)	3 3 0
A pair of shoes 9s. mending 3s.	0 12 0
Shoes for wife and children,	0 8 0
Various articles of clothing, including mending,	3 15 8
Fuel,	3 00 0
For tools, candles, soap, and numerous other little things, with the occasional luxury of bread and bacon, and any drunk but water,	3 16 9

What a living for a family! This calculation supposes constant employment, and no sickness, and a very small family.

They talk about the public debt and the great numbers of stockholders having interest in it, as a safeguard to the government, and bulwark against revolution. What are all these to the vast throng of the stockholders of human misery, reduced to the extreme minimum of the means of sustaining life, and who, if one mouthful be subtracted, must die, or take food with the strong hand!

The Eye.—The English Register states, that Dr. John Beckwith, of that city, has been remarkably successful in various critical operations upon the Eye. The following is related of an aged lady, lately restored to her sight.

"About twenty-five years ago, she became blind in the left eye from Cataract, and five or six years since she lost sight of the other eye, from the same cause. She was unable to distinguish objects of the largest size. Doctor B. operated upon the left eye and restored her to such a portion of her sight as enabled her to attend to her domestic avocations and to walk abroad with comfort, until some time last summer, when a sudden flash of lightning so paralyzed the retina of the eye as to leave her again in darkness—so total that she often lost herself in her own room. About six weeks since, the same Physician operated upon her right eye, and she now sees well enough to recognise her acquaintance readily, and to attend to the duties of her family. She is eighty years of age.

Poisonous Confectionary.—The Journal of Health has an article which goes to show the dangerous tendency of a too free use of colored confectionary by children. The articles used in coloring are—or, at least, sometimes, medicinal—such as lead, gamboge, red precipitate of mercury and even copper. Though the most diversified colors for confectionary may be obtained from the most harmless ingredients, yet such are not always used. The deep colored paper used in wrapping loaf sugar, has also been found upon analysis to contain both arsenic and copper.

General Aspect of Palestine.—The hills still stand round about Jerusalem as they stood in the days of David and Solomon.—The dew falls on Hermon, the cedars grow on Libanus, and Kishon, that ancient river, draws its stream from Tabor as in the times of old. The sea of Galilee still presents the same natural accompaniments, the fig-tree springs up by the way side, the sycamore spreads its branches, and the vines and olives still climb the sides of the mountains. The desolation which covered the cities of the Plain is not less striking at the present hour than when Moses with an inspired pen recorded the judgment of God; the swellings of Jordan are not less regular in their rise than when the Hebrews first approached its banks; and he who goes down from Jerusalem to Jerico still incurs the greatest hazard of falling among thieves. There is, in fact, in the scenery and manners of Palestine, a perpetuity that accords well with the everlasting import of its historical records, and which enable us to identify with the utmost readiness the local imagery of every great transaction.—*Edinburg Lib.*