

MINERS' & FARMERS' JOURNAL.

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

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NO. 75.

THE Miners' & Farmers' Journal

Is printed and published every Wednesday morning at *Two Dollars and Fifty Cents* per annum, if paid in advance; *Three Dollars* a year, if not paid until after the expiration of six months. ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at *Fifty cents* per square (not exceeding 20 lines,) for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each succeeding week—or \$1 for three weeks, for one square.—A liberal discount will be made to those who advertise by the year. On all advertisements communicated for publication, the number of insertions must be noted on the margin of the manuscript, or they will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly. *All communications to the Editors must come free of postage, or they may not be attended to.

William Hunter & Co.

HAVE NOW FOR SALE AT THEIR **Grocery and Spirit Store,** (NORTH OF THE COURT-HOUSE)

Sugar and Coffee, Tea and Chocolate, Loaf Sugar, Cognac Brandy (first and second quality), Holland Gin, northern do. Jamaica & N.E. Rum; Champagne, Frontignac, Claret, & WINES. Madeira, Teneriffe & Malaga. A good assortment of French Cordials; Philadelphia Beer, Porter on draft and in Bottles; Newark double boiled Cider; A choice and fresh assortment of Candies; Raisins, Almonds, Figs, Prunes, Tamarinds, &c. Vermacelli, Macaroni, Pearl Barley and Rice; Spanish and common Cigars; Bunions' Virginia Smoking Tobacco; Small Northern Twist Chewing do. common do. Scotch and Macaboy Snuff.

—TOGETHER WITH—

No. 2 & 3 Mackerel, by wholesale or retail, (inspected in Sept. 1831.)

Pickled Salmon, Herring, Cheese and Crackers; Table and common Salt; West-India Pickles; Durham Mustard, Cayenne Pepper, in bottles; Cinnamon, Nutmegs and Cloves; Cologne Water and Perfumed Hair Oil; Flour, Bacon, Lard, Butter, Soap; Winter strained Sperin Oil; with a good assortment of STONE WARE.

All the above articles are warranted good, and will be sold as low as at any other store in Charlotte.

We have also received an Assortment of **Fresh Garden Seeds,**

WARRANTED OF THE GROWTH OF 1831.

AMONG WHICH ARE THE FOLLOWING:

Early York Cabbage	do.	Long Green Cucumber	do.
Sugar Leaf	do.	Early	do.
Early Dutch	do.	do. White	do. (a very prolific kind.)
Savoy (new kind)	do.	Squash Pepper (fine for pickles)	do.
Drumhead	do.	Orange Carrot	do.
Late Dutch	do.	Blood Red	do.
Red	do.	Long blk. wint' Radish	do.
Large English Savoy	do.	Fine Salmon	do.
Scotch Kale	do.	Scarlet short top	do.
Prickly Spinnage	do.	Early curl' head Lettuce	do.
Curl'd Parsely	do.	Cabbage head	do.
Asparagus	do.	White	do.
Sage	do.	Magnum bonum	do. (a choice kind.)
Summer Bush Squash	do.	Early Charlton Peas	do.
Mammoth	do.	do. June	do.
Crooked-neck Cuslaw	do.	do. Washington	do.
(superior to any of the squash kind for table use, & will keep good during the winter.)		White Marrowfat	do.
Early Spring Turnip	do.	Strawbery or prelice	do.
Yellow Russian	do.	China Bunch Beans	do.
Kuta Baga	do.	Yellow Dwarf	do.
Flat Dutch	do.	White kidney pole	do.
Large Norfolk field do.	do.	Glove Artichoke	do.
Sir John Sinclair's do. (a superior kind.)	do.	Winter Coleworts	do.
Early Turnip Beet	do.	Prickly Gierkin, (fine for pickles, and will flourish in dry weather, and bear till frost.)	do.
Blood Red	do.		
French or Sugar do.	do.		
Swelling Parsnip	do.		
Guernsey do.	do.		

N. B. Orders from the country will be punctually attended to, and care taken to pack up the seeds according to order. Charlotte, Jan. 24, 1832. 3i

W. M. HUNTER & CO. have just received the following addition to their first list of GARDEN SEEDS, viz:

Nasturtium, Salsify, or Vegetable Oyster;	
Georgia Water-Melon, superior;	
Red Onion; White do.	
Purple Egg Plant; Early Broccoli;	
Red and White Cypress, or Indian Creeper—very ornamental, and will run 50 feet or more.	
Early China Dwarf Beans,	} BEANS.
Early Molawk do.	
White Kidney Dwarf, fine,	
Superior White Pole Beans,	
Speckled Craberry do.	

NEW-YORK CASH STORE, REMOVED.

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully informs the public that they have removed to the Storehouse owned by William Carson, recently occupied by H. & J. Lindsay & Haskins, one door south of R. J. Dinkins. They take this opportunity of returning their sincere thanks to the public for the liberal patronage they have received, and respectfully invite their friends and the public to call and examine their present stock, which consists of a large and general assortment.

N. B. Daily expected, a large supply of Coffee. J. & J. WOODRUFF. Charlotte, Jan. 10, 1832. 68

Wanted, 500 BUSHELS of Corn, for which the highest market price will be paid in Goods, at cash prices. J. & J. WOODRUFF. Jan. 10, 1832. 68

REMOVAL.

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully informs his friends and customers, that he has removed from his old stand to the Store nearly opposite R. C. Hattaway, formerly occupied by J. Beers, where he will keep constantly on hand every article suitable for the back country trade. FRANCIS WILSON. Oct. 18, 1831. 57

Warranted for sale at this Office.

NOTICE.

ON the 17th day of February, 1832, Books will be opened in the town of Charlotte, N. Carolina, to receive subscriptions for the Capital Stock of the *Catawba Gold-Mining Company*, and will be kept open for ninety days, thence ensuing. A. F. CALDWELL, W. J. ALEXANDER, P. CALDWELL.

FREE TRADE? No Combination.

Earthen-ware, Glass, China, and Looking-Glasses.

THOMAS J. BARROW & CO. IMPORTERS, NO. 88 WATER-STREET, NEW-YORK.

HAVING made extensive connections with one of the largest and most approved Pottery in England, are enabled to offer one of the most extensive stocks in market, consisting of every variety of Earthen-ware, China, Glass and Looking-Glasses, either repacked to order, or in the original package, at unseasonably low rates for Cash or City acceptance. The very liberal support hitherto received from our Southern friends, under the most trying circumstances, calls for our warmest thanks. We have survived thus far in the struggle with a body of men who have combined all their efforts to effect our destruction, simply because we would not join them in combining to compel the country Merchant to pay an exorbitant profit on his purchases in this line. We can only reiterate former assurances of using every exertion to promote the interest of our mercantile friends, in the extent and variety of our stock, the lowness of our prices, and the skill and care of our packers,—depending upon a free trade as the only system which can give stability to the mutual interest of city and country merchants.

THOMAS J. BARROW & CO. 88 Water-st. New-York. January 25. 6176

COACH MAKING.

REMOVED. A. R. WOLFFINGTON & CO. Have purchased the House, Shop and Lot of Mr. Nathan Brown, opposite the jail, where they will carry on the above Business in all its various branches. They have on hand a general assortment of work of all description and qualities, which they will sell on accommodating terms.—All new work manufactured by them is warranted twelve months, excepting accidents of all kinds. The best of timber and materials made use of in their work. REPAIRING of all description in their line will be executed with punctuality and despatch, and on as reasonable terms as any in the State. The *Blacksmithing Business* will be carried on in all its various branches.

The subscribers, spring to the assistance of business they will be entitled to and receive the same. We return our sincere thanks for the patronage heretofore received, and hope we shall still merit a small share of the business in and about this place. A. R. WOLFFINGTON & CO. One or two Apprentices will be taken to the above Business, from 16 to 18 years of age, if well recommended and of good and steady habits. Charlotte, Jan. 17, 1832. 3m51

TAKEN UP AND committed to the Jail in Concord, on the 19th inst. a negro by name JACOB, five feet six inches high, about thirty years old, stout built and dark complexioned, and says that he belongs to Dunston Banks in the State of Georgia. W. O'MAHAN, Jailor. January 21, 1832. 6175

An Apprentice, TO learn the *Printing Business*, will be taken at this Office, if application be made immediately. To a boy from 14 to 16 years of age, of steady and industrious habits, with a common English education, suitable encouragement will be given.

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 price, half groce, dozen, or single, at the publishers prices—10 cents single, 75 per dozen, \$4 half groce, and \$7 per groce.

SHERIFFS' DEEDS, FOR Lands sold for Taxes; for Lands sold under a Writ of Fieri Facias; and for Lands sold under a Writ of Venditioni Exponas—for sale at this Office.

What next?—A late New-York paper advertises "LADIES' RUBBED SILK VESTS" for sale! The ladies are gradually assuming the male attire, hats and cravats having for a long time been worn by some, and now they have reached to the vest. If they descend much lower, they will take to wearing the breeches in right earnest. It is to be hoped that the other sex will not retaliate by wearing corsets, &c. &c. [Georgetown Gazette.]

Leap Year.—The following is extracted from an old volume printed in 1606, entitled "Courtship, Love and Matrimony":—"Albeit it is now become a parte of the Common Lawe in regard to the social relations of life, that as often as every bissextile year dothe return, the Ladies have the sole privilege, during the time it continueth, of making love unto men, which they may doe either by words or lockes, as unto them seemeth proper; and moreover, no man be entitled to the benefits of Clergy who dothe refuse to accept the offers of a ladye, or who dothe in any wise treat her proposals with the slight or contumely."

From the New-York Mirror. **FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF EUROPE**—No. 2. [BY N. D. WELLS AT SEA.]

October 29.—We have had fine weather for progress so far, running with north and northwesterly winds from eight to ten knots an hour, and making, of course, over two hundred miles a day. The sea is still rough; and though the brig is light laden and rides very buoyantly, these mounting waves break over us now and then with a tremendous surge, keeping the decks constantly wet, and putting me to many an uncomfortable shiver. I have become reconciled, however, to much that I should have anticipated with no little horror. I can lie in my berth forty eight hours, if the weather is chill or rainy, and amuse myself very well talking bad French across the cabin to the captain, or laughing at the distresses of my friend and fellow passenger, Turk, (a fine setter dog, on his first voyage) or inventing some disguise for the peculiar flavor which that distasteful cock gives to all his abominations; or, at the worst, I can bury my head in my pillow, and brace from one side to the other against the swell, and enjoy my disturbed thoughts—all without losing my temper, or wishing that I had not undertaken the voyage.

Poor Turk! his philosophy is more severely tried. He has been bred a gentleman, and is amazingly exclusive. No assiduities can win him to take the least notice of the crew, and I soon discovered that when the captain and myself were below, he endured many a persecution. In an evil hour, a night or two since, I suffered his earnest appeals for freedom to work upon my feelings, and releasing his chain under the windlass, I gave him the liberty of the cabin. He slept very quietly on the floor till about midnight, when the wind rose and the vessel began to roll very uncomfortably. With the first heavy lurch, a couple of chairs went tumbling to leeward, and by the yelp of distress, Turk was somewhere in the way. He changed his position, and, with the next roll, the mate's trunk "brought away," and shooting across the cabin, jammed with such violence against the captain's state-room door, that he sprang howling to the deck; where the first thing that met him was a washing sea, just taken in at midships, that kept him swimming above the hatches for five minutes. Half drowned, and with a gulfon of water in his long hair, he took again to the cabin, and made a dash for the door. He creole with a long whine of satisfaction.—The water soon penetrated however, and with a "sacre!" and a blow that he will remember the remainder of the voyage, the poor dog was again driven from the cabin, and I heard no more of him till morning. His decided preference for me has since touched my vanity, and I have taken him under my more special protection; a circumstance which costs me two quarrels a day at least, with the cook and steward.

The only thing which forced a smile upon me during the first week of the passage, was the achievement of dinner. In rough weather it is as much as one person can do to keep his place at the table at all; and to guard the dishes, bottles and castors from a general slide in the direction of the lurch, requires a sleight and coolness reserved only for a sailor. "Prenez garde!" shouts the captain, as the sea strikes, and, in the twinkling of an eye, every thing is seized and held up to wait for the other lurch, in attitudes which it would puzzle the pencil of Johnstou to exaggerate. With his plate of soup in one hand, and the larboard end of the tureen in the other, the claret bottle between his teeth, and the crook of his elbow caught around the mounting corner of the table, the captain maintains his seat upon the transom, and with a look of the most grave concern, keeps a wary eye on the shifting level of his vermicelli; the old weather beaten mate, with the alacrity of a juggler, makes a log back to the cabin panels at the same moment, and with his breast against the table, takes his own plate, and the castors, and one or two of the smaller dishes under his charge; and the steward, if he can keep his legs, looks out for the vegetables, or if he fails, makes as wide a lap as possible to intercept the volant articles in their descent. "Gentlemen that live at home at ease," forget to thank Providence for the blessings of a water level.

Oct. 54.—We are on the Grand Bank, and surrounded by hundreds of sea-birds.—I have been watching them nearly all day. Their performances on the wing are certainly the perfection of grace and skill.—With the steadiness of an eagle and the nice adroitness of a swallow, they wheel round in their constant circles with an arrowy swiftness, lifting their long tapering pinions scarce perceptibly, and mounting and filling as if by mere act of volition, without the slightest apparent exertion of power. Their chief enjoyment seems to be to scoop through the deep hollows of the sea, and they do it so quickly, that your eye can scarce follow them, just disturbing the polish of the smooth current, and leaving a fine line of ripple from swell to swell, but never wetting a

wing, or dipping their white breasts a feather too deep in the capricious and wind-driven surface. I feel strange interest in these wild-hearted birds. There is something in this fearless instinct, leading them away from the pleasant and protecting land to make their home on the tossing and desolate element, that moves both my admiration and my pity. I cannot comprehend it. It is unlike the self-caring instincts of the other families of heaven's creatures. If I were half the Pythagorean that I used to be, I should believe they were souls in punishment—expiating some life-time sin in this restless metempsychosis.

Now and then a land-bird has flown on board, driven to sea probably by the gale, and so fatigued as hardly to be able to rise again upon the wing. Yesterday morning a large curlew came straggling down the wind, and seemed to have just sufficient strength to reach the vessel. He attempted to alight on the main yard, but failed, and dropped heavily into the long boat, where he suffered himself to be taken without any attempt to escape. He must have been on the wing two or three days without food, for we were at least two hundred miles from land. His heart was throbbing hard through his ruffled feathers, and he held his head up with difficulty. He was passed aft, but while I was deliberating upon the best means to resuscitate and fit him to get on the wing again, the captain had taken him from me and handed him over to the cook, who had his head off before I remembered French enough to arrest him. I dreamed all that night of the man "that shot the albatross." The captain relieved my mind, however, by telling me that he had tried repeatedly to preserve them, and that they had died invariably in a few hours. The least food, in their exhausted state, swells in their throats and suffocates them. Poor curlew! there was a tenderness in one breast for him at least—a feeling, I have the melancholy satisfaction to know, fully reciprocated by the bird himself—the seat of his affections having been allotted to me for my breakfast the morning succeeding the demise.

Oct. 29.—We have a tandem of whales ahead. They have been playing about the ship an hour, and now are coursing away to the east, one after the other, in gallant style. If we could only get them into traces now how beautiful it would be to stand in the foretop and drive a degree or two on a summer sea! It would not be more wonderful by the way, the sight of these huge creatures has made me realize, for the first time, the extent to which the sea has grown upon my mind during the voyage. I have seen one or two whales, exhibited in the docks, and it seemed to me as if they were monsters; out of proportion, entirely, to the range of the ocean. I had been accustomed to look out to the horizon from land, (the radius, of course, as great as at sea) and calculating the probable speed with which they would compass the diagonal, and the disturbance they would make in doing it, it appeared that, in any considerable numbers they would occupy more than their share of notice and sea room. Now, after sailing five days, at two hundred miles a day and not meeting a single vessel; it seems to me that a troop of a thousand might swim the sea a century, and chance to be never crossed, so endlessly does the eternal horizon open and stretch away!

Oct. 30.—The day had passed more pleasantly than usual. The man at the helm cried, 'a sail!' while we are at breakfast, and we gradually overtook a large ship, standing on the same course, with every sail set. We were passing half a mile to leeward, when she put up her helm and ran down to us, hoisting the English flag. We raised the 'star spangled banner' in answer, and 'ho! ho!' and she came cashing along on our quarter, heaving most majestically to the sea, till she was near enough to speak to us with a trumpet. Her fore deck was covered with sailors dressed all alike and very neatly and around the gangway stood a large group of officers in uniform, the oldest of whom, a noble looking man with gray hair, hailed and answered us.—Several ladies stood back by the cabin door—passengers apparently. She was a man of war, sailing as a king's packet between Halifax and Falmouth, and had been out from the former port nineteen days. After the usual courtesies had passed, she bore away a little, and then kept on our course again, the two vessels in company at the distance of half a pistol shot. I rarely have seen a more beautiful sight. The fine effect of a ship under sail is entirely lost to one on board, and it is only at sea and under circumstances like these, that it can be observed. The power of the swell, lifting such a huge body as lightly as an egg shell on its bosom, and tossing it sometimes half out of water without the slightest apparent effort, is astonishing. I sat on deck watching her with undiminished interest for hours. Apart from the spectacle, the feeling of companionship, meeting human beings in the middle of the ocean after so long a deprivation of society (five days without seeing a

sail, and nearly three weeks unspoken from land) was delightful.

Our brig was the faster sailer of the two, but the captain took in some of his canvas for company's sake, and all the afternoon we heard her half-hour bells, the boatswain's whistle, and the orders of the officer of the deck, and I could distinguish very well with a glass the expression of the faces watching our own beautiful vessel as she skimmed over the sea like a bird. We passed at sunset; the man-of-war making northerly for her port, and we stretching south for the coast of France. I watched her till she went over the horizon, and felt as if I had lost friends when the sight closed in and we were once more

"Alone, on the wide, wide sea."

Nov. 3.—We have just made the port of Havre, and the pilot tells us that the packet has been delayed by contrary winds, and sails early to-morrow morning. The town bells are ringing "nine," (as delightful a sound as I ever heard, to my sea-weary ear) and I close in haste, for all is confusion on board.

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 calculations 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 that sense enough to pursue any thing else!

The mischief which such calculations do 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 abler 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 his idol, 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 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.

Washington Irving.—A late number of the London Athenaeum has the following paragraph in relation to our countryman:

"Washington Irving, an author whom we love greatly, is on the point of sailing to America, and we think he is right; extinction of literature, and depression of arts, riots, and bloodshed, and, finally, the cholera in Sunderland, shut up from escape by sea, with full liberty to march wherever it pleases by land, are, on the whole, no cheering prospects. We hope if any of our men of genius are compelled to seek for peace in America, that they will be as well received there as Washington Irving has been here."