

# MINERS' & FARMERS' JOURNAL.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY THOMAS J. 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 TREASURE.—DR. JOHNSON.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

### EDUCATION OF FARMERS.

The following are extracts from a pamphlet entitled, "The Cause of Farmers, and the University in Tennessee," by PHILIP LINDSEY, D. D.

Democratic and republican as we are, our citizens are strangely partial to great names. Esquire, Honorable, Excellency, Major, General, Doctor, are as much coveted and as eagerly sought after in this country, as are titles of nobility in Europe.—And foreign titled gentry, when they condescend to visit us, are regarded and treated as a superior race. The wealthiest and most powerful man in the United States would feel himself and family wondrously honored and honored, could he be so fortunate as to marry his daughter to an English earl or even baronet! This spirit, so utterly at variance with our constitution and avowed political doctrines, is sufficiently contemptible to be left, without serious comment, to the ridicule which it merits, were it not for some of its deleterious practical effects on society. And among these is the evil in question. Our people, at first, oppose all distinctions whatever as odious and aristocratic; and then, presently, seek with avidity such as remain accessible. At first, they denounce colleges; and then choose to have a college in every district or county, for every sect and party—and to boast a college education, and to sport with high sounding literary titles; as if these imparted sense, or wisdom, or knowledge. As long this puerile vanity will continue to rage, it is not easy to foresee.

Our farmers ought, beyond all question, to be liberally educated; that is, they ought to have the best education that is attainable. Do not say that every farmer ought to go to college, or to become a proficient in Greek and Latin. I speak of them as a class; and by a liberal education, I mean such a course of intellectual discipline as will fit them to sustain the rank which they ought to hold in this republic. They are the right sovereigns of the land, because they constitute an overwhelming majority. Why do they not then, in fact, rule the land? Because, and only because, they are too ignorant. And thus they sink into comparative insignificance: and suffer themselves to be used as the mere instruments of forming their own masters, who care as little for their real welfare as if they were tools to be hoisted or burdened. Were it possible, I would visit every farmer in Tennessee, who is not already awake, and endeavor to arouse him from his fatal lethargy, by every consideration which can render life and liberty desirable; and urge him to reclaim his abandoned rights and his lost dignity, by giving to his sons that measure of instruction which will qualify them to assert and to maintain their just superiority in the councils of the state and of the nation, like men proudly conscious of their intellectual as well as physical power.

The same general remarks apply to mechanics and to all the laboring classes, in proportion to their numbers. An education, even of the highest order, may be as valuable to them as others. In our free country, a farmer or mechanic, with equal talents and intelligence, would be more likely to become a popular favorite, than either a lawyer, or the well-bred heir of an opulent patrician family. Suppose a farmer could speak as well, write as well, appear as well versed in history, geography, statistics, jurisprudence, politics, and other matters of general and local interest, as the lawyer—would he not stand a better chance of being elevated to the highest, most honorable, and most lucrative offices?

The grand heresy on the subject of education seems to have arisen from the usage which obtained at an early period in modern European society, and which many countries have sanctioned and confirmed, namely:—that a learned or liberal education was and is deemed important only for a liberal profession, or for gentlemen of wealth and leisure. Hence the church, the bar, and the medical art, have nearly monopolized the learning of the world. Our people reason and act in accordance with the same absurd and aristocratic system. The *ad bonum* is upon every tongue.—What good, it is asked, will college learn-

ing do my son? He is to be a farmer, a mechanic, a merchant." Now, I would answer such a question, in the first place, directly, thus:—"A college education, or the best, most thorough and most extensive education that can be acquired, will be of immense benefit to your son, simply as a farmer, mechanic, merchant, manufacturer, sailor or soldier." And I would patiently endeavor to show him how, and in what respects; but I will not attempt to illustrate such truisms at present. But, in the second place, I would reply to my plain friend's interrogatory, thus:—"Educate your son in the best manner possible, because you expect him to be a MAN, and not a horse or an ox. You cannot tell what good he may achieve, or what important offices he may discharge in his day. For aught you know, he may, if you do your duty by him, become the President of the United States. At any rate he has reason and understanding, which ought to be cultivated for their own sake. Should he eventually live in the most humble retirement, and subsist by the hardest manual labor, still he may enjoy an occasional intellectual feast of the purest and most exhilarating kind." If all our laboring fellow-citizens could relish books, and should have access to them, what a boundless field of innocent recreation and profitable entertainment would always be at hand and within their reach! What a flood of cheering light and happiness would be shed upon the dark path, and poured into the bitter cup of millions of rational, immortal beings; who, at present, rank but little above the brute in their pursuits, habits and enjoyments!

### OPEN AND CLOSE BARN FOR HAY.

A writer in the *Kentuckian* Farmer, states that he has practiced for three years the curing and packing of hay in an open old barn, with wide cracks between the boards, and for four years in one made tight by matching the boards with a plough and tongue and painting the tongues of every board when nailed—that his hay in the tight barn has always been the brightest, the best, more free from smoke and mold, and less affected by fermentation. He used salt in packing his hay, particularly that which has been exposed to storm in curing. That which had been slightly damaged and salted was relished better by the cattle than that which was well cured without salt.

An Irish officer in the Peninsula War was quartered at a small farm where the people had no chamber for him but in the loft, and in which there was no window. At night he and his servant unconscious of the defect retired to rest. In the morning the officer awoke and called out, "Pat, get up and see if it is daylight yet." Pat rose immediately, groped his way along the wall, when coming to a cupboard door, which he mistook for a casement, answered, "Sure it's midnight yet, for the devil a bit of the daylight can I see!" and away he went again to his couch. Again his master called, "Pat see if it is daylight now." Off went Pat to the cupboard, opened it, thrust his head a foot or two into its recess, and snuffing up its insidious contents, exclaimed aloud, "Sure, sir, the daylight is as dark as pitch, and it has a mighty strong smell of cheese into the bargain!"

**A Powerful Sneezer.**—The story of the Kentuckian's grinning the bark off a tree, however fabulous, is nearly if not quite equalled by one we have to relate of Col. — an acquaintance of ours, from whose mouth we had it, as a most veritable and indisputable fact. The Colonel was standing, with another gentleman, on the bank of the Horse River, which is at that spot upwards of fifty yards wide; when, feeling a disposition to sneeze, and at the same time capping a hen on the opposite bank, he said to his companion—

"What will you bet I can't sneeze so as to knock over that hen?"

"Ten dollars," said the man.

"Done!" said the Colonel—and immediately aiming at the fowl, he let drive.

"Heavens and earth!" exclaimed the man, as he started back in amazement at the report. But as soon as he had time to recover from the shock, he acknowledged beat, for there lay the hen sure enough, flat on her back. And from that time forth he never ventured to risk his money against the sneezing powers of the Colonel.

### N. Y. Constellation.

**Speaking aside.**—A diffident lover going to a town clerk to request him to publish the bans of matrimony, found him at work alone in the middle of a ten acre lot, and asked him to step aside a moment, as he had something for his private ear!

A coachman in England was lately kissing his favorite horse, when the animal wishing to return his fondness, testified the same by biting off his nose, and swallowing it.

## SAM CROOKSHANK, OR THE MEDICATED AXE.

Sam Crookshank was his mother's pride and his father's grief. Having no taste either for study or work he commenced the character of gentleman.—How well this character set upon him, the honest people of the neighborhood in which he resided can best tell; and they aver, in the homely language of the place, that it fitted him "like a shirt on a hoe handle."

But the condition of a gentleman, however desirable it may be in several respects, is not entirely free from miseries and vexations. It is expensive, without being profitable; and is apt to produce envy, without gaining respect. At least, such is the case in a country where the people mostly get their living by the sweat of their brow, or by some active business or profession. But among other troubles which gentility brings, is that very prevalent disease, called DYSPESPIA.

Sam Crookshank proved that he had at least one title to the character he had assumed—he was wofully troubled with the dyspepsia. He grew pale and wan; his cheek bones, which had ever been a most prominent part of his face, seemed to project farther than ever; his under lip, which was naturally one of the rather pendant sort, now hung most lackadaisically down; and his calliper legs, which were never the least noticeable part of his person, began to bow out if possible further than ever.

"Sam," said the wondering neighbors, "what the torment ails you? You look for all the world as gasty and wo-begone as a December ghost."

"I—I've got the dyspepsia!" replied Sam.

"The dyspepsia!" said farmer Whippletree, with a look of contempt—"what mought that be?"

"What mought it be?" returned Sam—"why if you don't know what the dyspepsia is, you're no gentleman."

"I hope not, in all conscience," replied the farmer, "but I should like to know what sort of a thing this is you call the dyspepsia."

"Why, it is a kind of a—sort of a complaint."

"Umph! so it appears." "It's a kind of a—sort of a—as it were—a queer feeling, which I never felt in all my life, until I became a gentleman."

"It's a right down gentleman's complaint then. But what is it like?"

"Like! why, it's like to make aotomy of me, if I don't get better of it soon."

"You'd make a monstrous pretty notomy, wouldn't you? But how does your gentility complaint feel?"

"Why, it makes me feel all over sombercholly and down-in-the-mouth-like, as if I'd lost all my friends. In short, Mr Whippletree, it's a kind of a, sort of an affliction of the stomach and indigestible noggins, as it were."

"The complaint is in your noggin I've no doubt," said the farmer, pointing to his head—"at least it begun there—but I can cure your stomach for you, if that's all you want."

"Gad!" exclaimed Sam, "can you cure it though? 'Pon my soul, I'd give any body the promise of a thousand dollars in a minute that would free me from this dreadful dyspepsia. It's the only drawback, as it were, to my gentility."

"I'll cure you of both, your gentility and your dyspepsia too, if you'll follow my advice."

"Couldn't think of it no how at all," returned Sam, pulling up his false collar about his ears—"I like the life of a gentleman all out, if I could only get rid of the plaguy dyspepsia."

"Go to work you lazy varmint."

"To work! Oh no, Mr. Whippletree, I couldn't think of that—couldn't, 'pon my soul. Any thing else that you'll prescribe, in reason, I'll take. But as for work, I've put my *web* 'pon that long ago."

"Then I give you up, for one of the Devil's incurables," returned the farmer, and left him.

Sam resorted to a variety of means to cure his complaint. He ate largely of mustard, cayenne pepper, horse-radish, and other sharp and powerful condiments—pushing them to such an extent, that his mouth burnt like fire and his eyes watered again. At the same time he fed enormously on beef, cabbage, and turnips; and topped off with an apple-dumpling. He also added a little whiskey to his meals, by way of corrective to the sad condition of his stomach. But it all will not do. The strong condiments and the whiskey, although they helped him to the destruction of no small quantity of beef, cabbage, and other matters, did not in the least aid his stomach in converting those things into good chyle, for the support and nourishment of his gentlemanly person. On the contrary, they rather tended, in the end, to render his complaint worse and worse.

He next had recourse to all the root doctors and doctresses, within fifty miles. He took likewise all the patent medicines he could hear of—the panaceas, the cath-

licons, and the infallible specifics. He even took a newspaper for the purpose of reading the advertisements of new and important medicines, and the certificates of wonderful cures done and performed through the agency thereof. But after all, poor Sam—or—"Gentleman Sam," as the neighbors called him—had the dyspepsia as bad as ever.

But though he most heartily hated all study and from his soul eschewed reading in general, he accidentally derived one advantage from taking a newspaper. In looking, as usual, for infallible cures, his eye chanced to meet with the following recipe, from a paper Down East:

"Take 1 oz. Camphor, 1 oz. Myrrh—pulverise and mix them together. Then bore a hole in the upper end of an axe helve, sufficient to contain the mixture, which put in and stop close. When this has stood 24 hours in a warm place, it will be fit for use."

Such was the substance of the eastern recipe. But the manner of using it Sam did not so much admire. It was no other than this—namely, to get up every morning before the sun, and use the axe—beginning moderately at first, and increasing the exercise by degrees, until the heat produced by his hands should dissolve the mixture within the helve; which, oozing through the wood, should enter the pores of the skin, and so diffuse itself through his whole frame, adding new life and vigor to his enervated constitution.

"A murrain take the work!" said Sam, "if 'twasn't for that, I shouldn't mind taking the medicine at all."

He debated with himself for some days what to resolve upon. Though he disliked the mode of taking it, he had full faith in the medicine, as he had in all sorts of newspaper recipes. His father advised him by all means to take it; and so, likewise, did farmer Whippletree, and the rest of his acquaintance. The neighbors wished, above all things, to see "Gentleman Sam" brought to labor again.

"If I could only get the ingredients, into the pores of my hand without chopping for it," said Sam, "I shouldn't care. But, howsoever, work, or no work, I must take it, for I'm persuaded it's the only thing that will cure me."

He accordingly prepared him an axe strictly in the manner prescribed, not omitting to set it in a warm place twenty-four hours before using. His father took care that the instrument should be well ground; and that there should be no lack of materials to work upon, assigned him an acre of the primitive forest, thickly covered with oaks, beeches, and maples, to be cut down and wrought into firewood.

"Condemn it!" said Sam, as he reached the thick and lofty wood, "this is a pretty business for a gentleman! By jumping Joseph, it's a good weeks work to cut down one of these trees, to say nothing of chopping and splitting it up. And then what the deuce has the ingredients in the axe-helve to do with the chopping, I should like to know. But howsoever, as I said afore, that's nither here or there; it's so set down in the newspaper, and there's no disputing what that says."

Sam now pulled off his gentleman's coat, and fell to. He worked, according to the recipe, with a due degree of moderation at first; nevertheless, he soon got out of breath, and was obliged to slack away in order to recover his wind. He took special care, however, not to let go of his axe for a minute, lest the handle should cool, and thereby he should lose the benefit of what he had already done. Besides getting out of breath, his hands began to get sore, and numerous blisters were seen elevating the skin like pimplaste.

"Consurn it all!" said Sam, as he sat down on a log to rest—"this is a hard medicine. I'd rather take three bushels of the bitterest roots and yarbs that ever grew. This work will kill me, as sure as I live. I may as well die with the dyspepsia, as to be cut off in the prime of my days by chopping those infernal big trees. I'll give it up for a bad job. I never can endure these bloody blisters; besides, I'm so tired I can scarcely stand on my feet, let alone pegging, pegging into the trees like a rotten red-headed woodpecker. Good bye to the chopping! I say."

As Sam said this, he shouldered his axe, and was about quitting the wood, when a deep voice came, as it were, from a hollow tree close beside him, saying—

"Sam! Sam! stir not an inch, if you do, the Devil will have you for certain. Work two hours more to-day, and to-morrow be here bright and early."

"What!" exclaimed Sam, "if the trees begin to talk, it's time to look about me."

With that he turned back and fell to chopping again. He continued until his hands were nearly worn out and his strength so exhausted that he could stand it no longer.

\*The Author is indebted to the *Portland Courier* for the very efficacious recipe, the substance of which is given above; and has merely drawn upon his own imagination of the entire story, illustrating its effects.

ger, when he again shouldered his axe, and without being farther molested by the voice from the tree, dragged himself home. He slept soundly that night, not being troubled in the least with dyspeptic dreams. His hands the next day were terribly sore, and he was lame in nearly every joint; but his appetite was greatly improved, and he was able to eat his meat without either pepper or mustard.

He would fain, however, have declined going to the wood; but the deep voice was still ringing in his ears, and the Devil seemed, in his heated imagination, ready to catch him. He once more, therefore, took his medicated axe and repaired to the forest. He continued longer than the day before; but so sore were his hands, that every stroke he struck gave him severe pain; and he was once or twice on the point of giving the matter up, when the same deep voice from the hollow tree again warned him of the danger of such a course.

In short, Sam Crookshank repaired to the wood daily—working longer and harder each day than the day before, sleeping soundly at night, and eating his meals with a constantly increasing appetite. His hands by degrees became hardened to the work, and his whole frame so strengthened that he could labor from morning till night without feeling half as much fatigue as he endured the first day from a single hour's work.

"But what a plague is the reason," said he, applying his nose to the axe-helve, "I can't smell the Camphire and the myrrer oozing through, as the newspaper said? I'm sure I've bet the axe-helve nearly red hot every day for a month, and yet I can't perceive that the ingredients come through at all. The potecary must a cheated me in the articles."

Full of this idea, he went to scold the apothecary for putting him off with bad medicines; when the latter threw his pottle at his head, and called him a fool for his pains.

But though Sam could not perceive by any outward signs that the medicine had come through the axe-helve; yet, inasmuch as he daily grew better by handling the instrument, he finally concluded that the virtue of the remedy had insensibly entered the pores of his hand, and without his knowing it diffused itself over his whole system.

He did not, however, relax his endeavors, nor lay aside the medicated axe, until his acre of woodland was completely chopped, and his dyspepsia most thoroughly cured. He was also cured of his gentlemanly pretensions; and is now one of the most industrious young men in the neighborhood.

There is one thing, however, which seems to him not a little mysterious, and that is the voice from the hollow tree. But some of his neighbors are thought to be wiser on the subject than he; and it is shrewdly suspected that Jack Whippletree, a waggish son of the farmer abovementioned, knows more about the voice than he who heard it.

**The Otaheite Phenomenon.**—Kotzebue, who visited the island of Otaheite only a few years ago, was the first to communicate to the world the singular law by which the tides at this island are regulated—namely that the time of high water is precisely at noon and midnight all the year round.—The Island of Otaheite was first discovered by Capt. Willis; in 1767 it was visited by the celebrated Capt. Cook, accompanied by Dr. Solander and Joseph Banks. An accurate survey of the whole island was made by them. It has since been visited by hundreds of navigators from all quarters of the old and new world, yet none of them (except Kotzebue) has condescended to notice this wonderful phenomenon, though it is of a nature to attract the attention of the most careless observer.

The following melancholy story is told in Galignani's Messenger of the 7th ultimo.

"On Saturday evening a lady and gentleman, on returning home from the Theatre, found that the youngest of their children had been strangled by its eldest brother, seven years old, who, on being interrogated as to his inducement to commit an act so atrocious, declared with tears and sobs that he only meant to do as he had seen Punch do the evening before upon the Boulevard."

It is calculated that the country of Buenos Ayres has suffered a loss of more than two millions of cattle by recent drought. The fields were also overrun with mice, which had entirely destroyed the fine harvest of Indian corn. These quadrupeds had so multiplied that they were rated at millions, or it might be said at tens of millions. Heavy rains, however, at the late date, had killed great numbers, and generally abated the evils of long continued dry weather.