

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 PLEASURE.—DR. JOHNSON.

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COMMUNICATION.

FOR THE JOURNAL.

THE ADVENTURES OF JACK FIDDLESTICK.—FOUNDED ON FACT.

Jack Fiddlestick was a precocious youth—his daddy's boy and mamma's joy. He was generally reckoned a genius, and a queer sort of a fellow. His eccentricity was unbounded, and of a peculiar cast. He always had his own way of doing any thing, and so predominant was this odd disposition that he has been frequently known to wear but one shoe or one sock, because other people wore two. In stature he was about six feet seven inches when fully extended, but in consequence of being a good deal stoop-shouldered, his apparent altitude did not far exceed an ordinary height. Those but little acquainted with him have disputed whether he was knock-kneed or bow-legged, but as it is a matter of no great importance we pass it by. His manners were open and pleasing, notwithstanding they were sometimes exhibited to a disadvantage by smacking pretty strongly of awkwardness. In short, to "lump him all together," he was a downright handsome fellow. In his young days he was looked upon as a sort of a "rip-roarer" and noted for catching more rackoons and possums than any other chap within twenty miles of him. But becoming, at length, tired of single life, he wisely concluded it would be better to get him a wife to perform the little offices of patching, washing, knitting, and all the other multifarious duties belonging to a good female companion. He had lived too long the life of a bachelor not to discover the inconvenience of doing these little functions himself. So after watching the motions of all the fair ones in the neighborhood, when they never dreamt of such a thing, he, at last, took a hankering after, rather fell in love with Sally MacFiddle, a nice and plump a bussey as ever talked about sweethearts, or graced a country dance. She was something below the common size, a little tawny or sun-burnt, but nevertheless possessing an open, agreeable countenance, and striking features. Were I called upon to give a brief outline of her exterior in a few words as possible and yet be understood, I would say she was for all the world like a flower barrel with a pumpkin set on its head. Her eyes were of a fine straw-color, sufficiently discernible and prominent. Her mouth, altho' an inch and a half wider than common, presented a conspicuous fissure, and was entirely destitute of pucker, which is always despicable in a young lady. Her feet were handsomely formed, and, clearly demonstrable, made to use. In short, she came as near perfection in the eyes of Jack Fiddlestick as one egg is like another. The charms of the fair sex are irresistible, and the proudest heart must stoop to their sway. The first adventure of Jack with Sally, after cupid had made a complete capture of all within, took place on a cold, bleak evening in January. A small snow had fallen the day before and clothed the ground in its whitest vesture. After many futile misgivings and evil forebodings on the subject, Jack, at length, summoned up enough of courage to go courting. He accordingly steered his course towards the object of such magnetic influence on his heart, and in a short time found himself within view of her residence. Oh! the cruelty of that complaint called the thumps. It so completely discomposes and frustrates a fellow that he can do nothing for himself, or any body else. It was now evidently making daring inroads about the very seat of life. But to our story.—Just within the door was spread a narrow carpet. As soon as Jack arrived he observed this cloth, or coverlid, as he conceived it to be, and prudently determined to avoid walking on it. Accordingly, calling into action every muscle he was master of, he made one desperate leap, and clearly passed beyond it. But unfortunately, a small quantity of snow adhering to his shoes caused his heels to fly up, and bring his "noble self" to the floor in a greater hurry than he could have wished. Such a thundering, overwhelming noise, as if the "wreck of matter, and crush of worlds" had actually taken place, could not be otherwise than attended with consternating effects. The children screamed and crept under the bed, Sally jumped behind the door, and the old woman leaped into—a fit of the hysterics. But after a storm there is always a calm.

Sally soon came out from her hiding-place, and saluted Mr. Fiddlestick. Apologies and excuses were quickly advanced by the whole family, and great anxiety was expressed to know if he was not seriously injured, and whether it would not be proper to send for a Doctor; for a spectator would have certainly concluded that every bone in his body was dislocated from its fellow. But Jack assured them he had received no broken bones, and that he was as "sound as a roach." The shock, however, on mind as well as body, so disconcerted the whole of Jack's plan that his visit was divested of all its anticipated pleasure. Every good resolution was now completely nullified, and I think it might be said to be constitutionally done. And altho' Sally looked well, yet, he, for the present, was compelled to take his leave. But we are glad to say his next adventure was attended with better success. It happened on a fine Saturday evening in April; a delightful season of the year, and well calculated to inspire pleasing ideas.—Jack's reception was a warm one, and so it ought to have been to relieve his palpitating heart from its unnatural throbbings. It readily occurred to him as there was no fall in the way, this time, he should now effect something of importance. The usual salutations, on his arrival, were exchanged with great formality, and responded to, on Jack's part, in comprehensive monosyllables. It so came to pass that the vacant chair which he should occupy was near to Sally. How these little things took place I could never tell. The old folks, in a short time, went to their work, and the children to their play, while Jack could not complain of having a "fair chance." A long silence, however, ensued before he could think of any thing to say; nothing seemed to suit; but, as good luck would have it, just at that time, a noise of "many voices," keeping up a continued chorus, was heard in the meadow, "Sally, are you 'fraid of frogs?" "Sorter." "The turnation things can jump so far." "La! yes." Here another silence intervened, and again a brilliant idea rushed upon his mind. "Do you love 'lasses candy, Sally?" "Sorter." "Well, next time I come I'll bring you a great big chunk." Jack knew well enough now he was nearly "out of soap," and all things had gone on pretty smoothly, he gave Sally a hearty shake of the hand, and made his departure. On his way home a thousand charming scenes and utopian visions crowded upon his mind, and he already seemed to be enjoying the smiles of his beloved, and basking in the sunshine of prosperity. Not long afterwards, another interview took place, but the precise language held on that occasion has not been satisfactorily ascertained. But we may fairly presume it was "short and sweet." Suffice it to say, the nuptials were arranged, and Jack and Sally were, in a short time, made one. There is one curious incident connected with this third and last adventure of Jack's courtship that deserves notice. It is said he beat the parson down, not with a stick, kind reader, but with the force of argument, from his customary charge to a very curtailed fee. Be this as it may, I have always admired the good-natured simplicity exhibited in the formation of these country matches, and would say to thousands of others, go, and do likewise. Jack and Sally are now a lovely couple, well known to the writer of this sketch, and as they have begun, so may they end their felicitous career in LINCOLN.

In a recent conversation with Mr. Durant, he informed us, says the New-York Gazette, that the greatest rate of his travelling in the air, was on his second ascension, in 1830, from Castle Garden up the North River. Although the wind was not high, he found himself in three minutes from starting, over a spot three miles from the garden. This rate would propel him sixty miles an hour. Now, Mr. Durant at the same rate of travelling, with a fair wind, might traverse the whole continent of America from New Orleans to Portland, in the short space of about 21 hours, witnessing (partly by moonlight) portions of the States of Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia, North-Carolina, Virginia, Pennsylvania, New-Jersey, New-York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Maine. We have but little hesitancy, from our knowledge of the "great brave," that he dare undertake such an exploit. Mr. Durant also informs us that the rate by which he might be propelled in a gale of wind, would be 100 miles the hour, which would carry him from Louisiana to Maine between sunrise and sunset. The balloon would not be likely to suffer injury, and from his experience heretofore he is sure that his respiration would not be affected, because, when seated in his car, however high the wind, he is in a perfect calm, and if a candle were lit, it would not only not be blown out, but would not even flare.—Mr. Durant would take a tour of this kind, were he sure, that in such a distance, there would not be adverse currents. He is, however, determined to attempt it, and we have no doubt he will accomplish, in the line of his profession more than any other Aeronaut that has preceded him.

From the Cincinnati Chronicle. THE COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE OF THE ELDER ADAMS.

Some ten years since I spent a college vacation in the town of Weymouth, Norfolk county, Massachusetts. While there I attended church one Sunday morning, at what was called the old Weymouth meeting house, and heard a sermon from the venerable pastor, the Rev. Jacob Norton. About the same time, in company with a friend, I made Mr. Norton a visit, spent a delightful hour with him and his agreeable family, and in fact, became much interested in the old gentleman. I mentioned my agreeable visit to an aged but intelligent lady of the parish, whose acquaintance I had made. This lady loved the church as she did her own soul; it was the place where she had heard from infancy to advanced age, the words of eternal life, and it was literally to her, the very gate of heaven. Next to the church itself, in the scale of her regards, was her reverend pastor, Mr. Norton.

Weymouth is situated twenty or thirty miles north-west of old Plymouth Rock: it was settled not long after our forefathers landed at the latter place; and of course this church must be among the most ancient of New-England churches. The estimable old lady beguiled me of many a delightful hour at different times, in giving me the traditional history, and relating anecdotes of the old church and its different pastors.

She informed me that Mr. Norton was ordained their pastor when about twenty-one years of age, and that he had been with them, at that time, nearly forty years.—She observed that most of his present parishioners could remember no other pastor; but that she could well remember his predecessor, the Rev. Mr. Smith, and that he and Mr. Norton had filled the pulpit for the better part of the last eighty years.—"Mr. Smith," said she "was a very different man from Mr. Norton—an able man—an excellent man—and a fine preacher; but he had high notions of himself and his family—in other words, he was something of an aristocrat." One day she said to me, "To illustrate to you the character of old parson Smith, I will tell you an anecdote that relates to himself and some other persons of distinction.—Mr. Smith had two charming daughters—the elder of these daughters was Mary, the other's name I have forgotten—who were the admiration of all the beaux, and the envy of all the bores of the country around. Various sage and deep disquisitions were had, by the wise ones of the parish, on the dark question, Who would be the happy lad that should find favor in the eyes of these ladies? But while these careful guardians of the parson's family were holding consultation on the subject, it was rumored that two young lawyers (I think both of the neighboring town of Quincy) a Mr. Cranch and a Mr. Adams, were paying their addresses to the Miss Smiths. As every man, woman, and child, of a country parish in New-England, is acquainted with whatever takes place in a parson's family, all the circumstances of the courtship soon transpired. Mr. Cranch was a member of a family of some note, was considered a young man of promise, and altogether worthy of the alliance he sought. He was very acceptable to Mr. Smith, and was greeted by him and his family with great respect and cordiality. He was received by the elder daughter as a favored lover, and was, in fact, a young man of much respectability. He afterwards arose to the dignity of judge of the court of Common Pleas of Massachusetts, and was the father of the present Hon. Judge Cranch, of the District of Columbia.

The suitor of the other daughter was John Adams, who afterwards became President of the U. States. But at that time, in the opinion of Mr. Smith and family, he gave but slender promise of the distinction to which he afterwards attained. His pretensions were scorned at by all the family excepting the young lady to whom his addresses were especially directed. Mr. Smith showed him none of the ordinary civilities of his house: he was not asked to partake of the hospitalities of the table: and it is reported that his horse was doomed to share with his master the neglect and mortification to which he was subjected, for he was frequently seen shivering in the cold, and gnawing the post at the parson's door, of long winter evenings. In fine, it was reported that Mr. Smith had intimated to him that his visits were unacceptable, and he would do him a favor by discontinuing them; he told his daughter that John Adams was not worthy of her; that his father was an honest tradesman and farmer; who had tried to initiate John in the arts of husbandry and shoe-making, but without success; and that he had sent him to college as a last resort. He, in fine, begged of his daughter not to think of an alliance so much beneath her.

Miss Smith was among the most dutiful of daughters, but she saw Mr. Adams through a medium very different from which her father viewed him. His vision was crowded by the film of prejudice; hers

assisted by the warm and radiant glow of affection which magnifies every fancied excellence an hundred fold.—She would not for the world, offend or disobey her father, but still John saw something in her eye and manner which seemed to say 'persevere,' and on that hint he acted.

Mr. Smith, like a good parson and affectionate father, said that, if they would marry with his approbation, he would preach each of them a sermon the Sunday after the joyful occasion; and that they should have the privilege of choosing the text.

After the due preliminaries of courtship, the appointed time for the espousals of the elder daughter, Mary, arrived, and she was united to Mr. Cranch in the holy bonds, with the approval, the blessing and benediction of her parents and all her friends. Mr. Smith then said to her, 'Mary, my dutiful child, I am now ready to prepare your sermon for next Sunday; what do you select for your text,' said Mary, I have selected the latter part of the 42d. verse of the 10th chapter of Luke.

'Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken from her.'

'Very good, my daughter,' said the father and the sermon was preached.

Mr. Adams persevered in his suit in defiance of all opposition. It was many years after and on a very different occasion, and in resistance of a different opposition, that he uttered these memorable words, 'sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my heart and hand to this measure.' But though the measure was different the spirit was the same. Besides he had already carried the main point of the attack, the heart of the young lady—and he knew the surrender of the citadel must soon follow. After the usual hesitation and delay that attend such an unpleasant affair, Mr. Smith, seeing that resistance was fruitless, yielded the contested point with as much grace as possible, as many a prudent father has done, before and since that time. Mr. Adams was united to the lovely Miss Smith. After the marriage was over and all things settled in quiet, Mrs. Adams remarked to her father, 'You preached sister Mary a sermon on the occasion of her marriage; won't you preach me one likewise.'

'Yes, my dear girl, said Mr. Smith, choose your text, and you shall have a sermon.'

'Well,' said the daughter, 'I have chosen the 33d. verse of the 7th chapter of Luke: 'For John came neither eating bread nor drinking wine; and ye say He hath a devil.'

The old lady, my informant, looked me very archly in the face as she repeated this passage and observed, 'If Mary were the more dutiful of the daughters, I guess the other had the most wit.'

I could not ascertain whether the last sermon was ever preached.

It may not be inappropriate here to remark, how well these excellent ladies justified the preference of the distinguished individuals who had sought them in marriage. Of them it will hardly be esteemed extravagant eulogium to say, that they were, respectively, an honor to their husbands, the boast of their sex, and the pride of New-England. Mrs. Adams, in particular, who from the elevated position she occupied before the world, was brought more conspicuously before the public eye, was supposed to hold the same elevated rank with the gentler sex, that Mr. Adams did among the men, and she is reported to have rendered her husband much assistance in his multiplied labors of the pen.

Blue Devils.—One should never suffer himself to become a prey to *envy*, or—to use the nearest phrase we have to it in English—the blue devils. These azure imps, if once they get possession of a man—I don't include woman for she has a thousand charms to dispel them—are a greater curse to him than were the plagues of Egypt to its royal master. He cannot walk, for he has no object in view—he cannot sit, or even lounge—his spirits are too restless, his nerves too irritable—he cannot converse, for that is a labor to him—to read he is unable, his attention cannot be fixed—to sleep with comfort, is equally impossible with him; for his tormentors, like "the fancy's midwife," hover about him in dross and fill them with inquietude. If it was made the curse of man that in the sweat of the brow he should eat his bread, it is equally true—and a beneficent provision of Providence is it—that in the laboring for that bread, he should find his greatest blessing. I envy no man his carriage, who rides abroad in it without occupation or object in view. I am sure of being happier trudging on foot, so long as I am intent on some honorable and honest pursuit.

Kickerbocker.

The first auction in Britain was about the year 1700, by Elisha Yale, a Governor of Fort George, in the E. Indies, of the goods brought home with him.

The value of the ornaments in gold and silver, belonging to the churches in Mexico, is computed at thirty millions of dollars.

[From the Raleigh Register.] ON OUR STATE CONSTITUTION. NO. V.

"All political power is vested in and derived from the people only."—Bill of Rights.

To the Editors:—The most cursory reader of my last Essay will agree that the evils there stated are such as afflict North Carolina, and he must perceive (if one moment's unprejudiced reflection is given to the subject) that they are attributable mainly to our system of unequal county representation.

The convenience of the public has required the multiplication of counties, and men are still living who know that when a new county in one section of the State became necessary, the same was granted only on condition, that a new one was erected in another section, however unnecessary; and this has increased the expenses of the State. A majority of the People reside in a minority of the Counties, and the majority have naturally enough asserted their rights, while the minority who hold the power, have become fond of it. Mutual jealousies have been created, and they have gone on to increase until State pride and State feeling are merged in the fury of their strifes; and no policy has been pursued but that contracted sort which has left every thing to retrograde or to stand still. The people alone have suffered. Inequality has produced contention—contention has superinduced bad feelings—bad feelings have brought on a general unconcern for the public good. This disregard of the common good has wasted and exhausted the resources of the State until the expense of "petty sectional squabbles" has exceeded the ordinary revenues of the State. These things cannot be so much longer, without drawing every dollar from the Treasury—and then the alternative which must be offered the people is this: Shall the TAXES be increased?—or shall the Government be REFORMED? I have shown in my last essay, that the whole sum remaining in the Treasury at the winding up of the Banks will not exceed \$404,200.

But of this sum 1536 of the Bank shares are already transferred to the Literary Fund; and at \$50 per share they equal \$122,850

The difference is \$281,350

And this is the whole of State funds proper that will be on hand.

But, moreover, of this sum, \$50,000 are appropriated to the erection of a State House, and it is clear, that after the additional appropriation of a sum necessary to the completion of our Capitol, there will not remain in the Treasury for State purposes a larger sum than \$150,000.

If this is frittered away (as it must be without a reform) at the rate of 12,000 to 17,000 dollars yearly excess of the expenses beyond the permanent revenues, we must lose sight of all improvement, and any school-boy can tell us that the day is not far distant when the public coffers will be emptied of every dollar they contain in them.

There will not be wanting *stump orators* and *party men*, who may entertain the people with pretences that all of this has occurred in spite of their patriotic efforts to prevent it. But the truth is, that the fault is at the root of the tree. The Constitution is defective, and it ought to be changed.

I might go on to detail to you, many other evils which spring from an unequal expensive and divided representation.—But I cannot spare the time, nor would you give me space for an enlarged view of them. What have we done to improve the State and develop her internal resources, and whence are the means to be derived for yet doing something? We have done nothing; but a change of our representation will yield from the present revenue a surplus equal to the accomplishment of much. How are all of our highest officers elected? Do you believe that capacity and public virtue are regarded more than personal electioneering and party zeal. Rest assured, that the fact is well known to be otherwise. But my heart sickens at any progress in this exposure. I have shown enough to call for a Reform, and I love the State too well to take any pride in publishing the evils that afflict her for the mere purpose of finding fault.

In your last paper I had the pleasure to peruse the Address of a committee appointed to place the question I have been debating before the people of North Carolina. In that address, very much of what I had intended to say upon the inequalities of our county representation is embodied. But although I am so far anticipated, I must not omit to bring to your notice some of these things. I shall be able to do it more in detail, and if I should fail in this, they are evils which may be better known by being repeated.

Let any one turn to the list of the counties and their Population and Taxes, printed in my third number, and reckon up