

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.

VOL. IV.

SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1834.

NO. 187.

THE FISHERMEN OF THE NORTH SEAS.

AN INTERESTING TALE.

The sterile coasts of Scotland possess a few situations, which surpass, in point of dreariness, the sight of Dunscamby Castle. This massive pile of architecture, situated in a barren plain, upon the extreme north-eastern point of the kingdom exposed to the black blasts of the north sea in front, and the heavy drafts of snow from the mountains in the rear, offers but few inducements as a habitation of mankind. Nor does the castle relieve the dreariness of the heath that surrounds it. A mass of frowning towers and battlements half dilapidated, and overgrown with moss and ivy, and on which a century had showered its dusky and decay, sung to by night save the howling wind, and the striking mew, or the moan of the North sea, as it dashes against the rocky shore, is a sight ill calculated to cheer or enliven the feelings of a spectator.

The last rays of the setting sun were gilding the dark stone towers and lighting its gloomy halls and galleries through the fretted casements, when a person attired in the finest garb of a hunter, and followed by a brace of hounds issued from the castle gate, and bent his course listlessly towards the shore. There was the void of an unoccupied mind in the expression of his handsome countenance, which was slightly tinged with the effects of dissipation, and leaning himself upon a rock, he directed his attention to the graceful swoops of the sea birds, for want of a more interesting and engaging subject. Presently another figure, whose apparel bespoke him a fisherman, advanced and touching the hunter, to apprise him of his presence, he exclaimed, "Ellen is dead." The voice was stern and tremulous, and the blue eye of the young fisherman with a deep and troubled emotion; but it passed away and he stood calm and collected, awaiting his companion's reply.

"The hunter started and grew slightly pale, as his eye fell upon the fisherman, but quickly recovering his equanimity, he said can I in any manner allay your grief? Masses shall be said for her repose, and here, Paul, is gold to discharge her funeral rites; take it man, and if it is not sufficient you shall have more."

"No, Sir James," returned the fisherman with a repulsive wave of his hand, and a smile of bitterness upon his countenance, "we have enough from the hard earned savings of our daily toil to deposit the victim of our seduction, in the bosom of our mother earth."

"Paul, had Ellen lived, I should have yet redeemed her honor," said the nobleman, visibly affected by the deep and impassioned tones of the fisherman, which seemed to issue from his inmost soul; "I have frequently meditated reparation, and finally resolved upon it; it is the truth, Paul, the honest truth."

"The descendant of Duke and Earls, the heir to a princely name and fortune connect himself with the daughter of a peasant!" said Paul, sternly eyeing his companion; "Sir James it is useless to add the epithet of a liar to that of a villain."

"Paul, these are hard terms for thy legs and master," exclaimed the nobleman rudely rebuked; "but your feelings are erased, and I forgive them as the workings of a heated and misled imagination."

"Sir James," returned the fisherman "I have had enough to drive me mad, stark, staring mad; but I thank God I have retained my reason."

"I acknowledge I have not acted honorably towards your sister," resumed Sir James; "but Paul I am willing to make every reparation to you and your old father."

"Reparation!" exclaimed the fisherman while his eyes glowed with indignation, "what reparation can restore my sisters honor—you have murdered her—alighted her name with a foul and blasted reputation—sent her before her God, disrobed of her virgin purity—with the glow of shame upon her cheek—dragged the gray hairs of her old heartbroken father to the verge of the grave—stabbed my peace of mind forever in this world—and you now talk of reparation! Oh fiend! fiend! I wonder that the lightning of heaven does not blast you to ashes."

"Paul! Paul!" said the nobleman while his cheek grew pale, and his lip quivered with emotion, "this is too much to be endured: it is indeed,—Paul, recollect your station and mine; think on that Paul."

"Fool," shouted the fisherman vehemently "do you think the fortune and title entailed upon you by your ancestors, is cause you to defile the virtue of those, who, though poor and despised by the aristocracy, exceed you in generosity; have souls, and will sit as high in heaven. Draw, sir, draw—you must fight; the spirit of a murdered sister cries, revenge!"

"Paul, I am master of the weapon, and could sport thy life at pleasure," said the nobleman; "recollect, Paul, I am powerful and can revenge, but I will forgive thee this."

"Sir James," resumed the fisherman, coolly, "I am not to be trifled with by a

cold-hearted and unprincipled villain. Draw and defend yourself or by my God I'll run you through."

"Then your blood be on your head," shouted the nobleman unsheathing his rapier."

Both planted their feet firmly upon the hard earth, measured and crossed their shining rapiers; they were perfectly cool and collected and each parried and thrust with the nicest precision; for a long time during which but slight scratches were inflicted by either party, victory remained undecided; but then as Paul attempted a lunge, his sword flew from his grasp; Sir James had disarmed him; the fisherman offered his heart to the victor's weapon but the nobleman turned proudly on his heel, exclaiming "Young man—I give you your life, and forgive you your insults."

It was late that night when the fisherman returned to his wretched abode after his discomfiture; he had sought the wildest quarter of the sea-shore, and there seating himself upon the rocks he listened to the angry roar of the waves, as it foamed against the beach, and the heaving of his bosom was quieted, his lips quivered no longer, for there was something in the wild and fearful moan of the troubled deep, that allayed the storm in his bosom; ideas dawned upon him there that seemed to mark his future destiny, and point out a bright star in the prospective vista of his existence. Whatever his feelings and thoughts were that night; they seemed to have effected a complete revolution in the young fisherman's mind, for he arose calm and unperturbed, and with a deep resolve upon his countenance, that seemed to throw a manly nobleness over his soul he entered the abode of the poverty-stricken and heart-broken father.

"Paul, Paul," exclaimed the aged parent, who had been informed of his son's encounter, with the nobleman, "has not misery enough this day fallen upon our house, but that you should add more to the insupportable burthen, by insulting him, whose generosity affords us a shelter from the storm?"

"And whose villany has brought disgrace upon our name!" exclaimed the son. "Oh Father, it is imbecility that prompts you to speak thus of your child's murderer. Can you sit there and chide me for seeking revenge!"

"Boy" interrupted the parent sternly, "leave revenge to heaven; Sir James is now a peer of the realm, and must not be insulted by a serf like thee; he has wronged me deeply I allow; but it is not for thy hands to avenge that wrong."

"Old man, from the bottom of my soul I pity your infatuation," said the son—"Peer of the realm! And does that empty title, which must pass away like other earthly things privilege its wearer to scatter death, desolation and misery upon the threshold of the unfortunate? By heaven did he sit upon the throne surrounded by all the ensigns and pomp of immaculate royalty, I would not act the same. Sacrifice my life, and hope, my all, for one single moment of revenge."

"Silence, impious boy!" thundered the grey haired parent, "or if you cannot bask your treason, out of my house, and speak it to the air."

"Be it so father," said Paul, rising and moving towards the door, "I would fain see my sister laid in the earth, but I will forego the right at thy command—may God grant the health and happiness—farewell." And the young fisherman hurried away, and was in a few moments lost in the darkness of night.

"Paul," shouted the old man—for there was love in his boy, "Paul, my son, my dear and obedient son—come back; I did not mean to hurt thy feelings, and if I did, can you not forgive an old heart broken father, whose head is turned with misfortune? Paul, come back, or I will go mad!" The old man paused, and the restless North Sea, was the sole response to his speech.

"Paul shouted he again, but the same human silence prevailed as before, and the miserable old man sunk back exhausted disconsolate, and almost inanimate."

There is an interval of many years before we again introduce the young fisherman to our readers; it is not necessary that he should be traced through all the depressive and exalted circumstances, which attended his indefatigable struggles for distinction.

A country had thrown of the yoke of Great Britain; thither he hastened, animated by the love of liberty, and hatred of oppression. He ranged himself in the ranks of the intrepid and hardy colonists; fought and bled with them; and in a few years experienced a succession of honors, which nothing but heroic valor, patriotic zeal and the respect and love of a mighty and generous nation would have awarded him.

One morning a lofty vessel bearing the flag of the United States, anchored off Dunscamby. An old man stood upon the beach, watching with interest the proud barque that floated so gracefully and gallantly upon the water. "It is a vessel of the mighty people that repelled the soldiers of our

king," muttered the old man; "they are a great nation. They say there's no distinction there between the poor man and the rich, and a fisherman is as much respected there as the master of a thousand pounds." Here his musings were hushed; a boat was seen pulling from the ship; and heading towards the shore.

With awe and respect the old man gazed upon the beach—one of them, who appeared by his dress to be a superior officer, stood, and for a moment confronted the old man, who shrunk from the deep gaze of his blue eye. "Do you not remember the child of your own flesh and blood?" said the officer. "Father do you forget your truant Paul?"

The old man was stupified, his eye roamed over the figure of the handsome officer, and then his recollection was thrown back upon his wayward boy.

For a moment he doubted his senses, and passed his hand across his brow, with a bewildered air, but gradually the identification beamed upon his understanding and clasping the officer to his breast, exclaiming, "welcome to your old father's heart." He could speak no more—words could convey no idea of his feelings, and he adjured them; once he wept like a child, and then he laughed immoderately; for there was vanity and delight in the old man's heart.

"Place him on board said the officer to one of his comrades, and in a few moments the old man paced the deck of a ship, commanded by his own brave and long lost son."

The officer, accompanied by a file of mariners then proceeded towards the castle, on inquiring for Sir James, he was shown into the oratory; the nobleman rose at his entrance, and bowing courteously, desired his visitor to be seated.

"You do not recognize me, Sir James," said the officer, "time has effaced my recollection from your memory."

"Look again Sir James; examine well, and you may perceive in the hard countenance of him who now confronts you, the lineaments of the injured Paul—"

"Ha! I recognize you," said the nobleman in a husky voice, while his cheek assumed an ashy paleness, and his hand grew tremulous as the leaf of autumn; twice he essayed to speak again but, as often his voice failed him; at length, with a desperate effort, he broke forth—"Yes, Paul, I recollect you well; but you have been fortunate in your absence." As the nobleman concluded, he attempted a complaisant smile; but it was abortive, and died ghastly upon his thin and colored lip.

"For a time the officer remained silently gazing at his companion, who seemed to shrink from the penetrating blue eye that pierced the inmost depth of his soul; at length breaking the silence, with a low, deep intonation, that his voice always wore when excited, he said, "And I bless it, that it has given me the power of revenging her who sleeps the victim of your treachery—Sir James we must fight!"

"Fight!" echoed the nobleman, solemnly; "is it not better, Paul, that the past should be forgotten? it can never be recalled, and the death of either of us, would not assist the case a particle; many years have fallen over that transaction, and it sleeps almost forgot; then why awaken the recollections of a circumstance, which will only serve to call forth painful feelings without an attendant to alleviate them?"

"Sir James," answered the officer, and his voice seemed to heave from his inmost chest, "I have experienced many vicissitudes of fortune since I fled this shore, and encountered enough of the storms and calms of life to efface the remembrance of many occurrences, but that one is deeply, too deeply for my equanimity engrafted here."

As he spoke he placed his hand emphatically on his breast and there was a moment of painful silence. He again resumed: "All my struggles for distinction have been instigated partially that we might meet on an equality.—When we were both younger, we crossed weapons; there was discrepancy then in our station; you was peer to the realm, heir to a princely name, and I, a poor despised fisherman; but time has effected a change in that respect, you still retain your honor and distinction, and I have the honor to command the navy of the thirteen States, comprising the Republic of America—all objections are removed, and if you are a man you cannot refuse the satisfaction I require."

The nobleman was again about to remonstrate, but there was something in the expression of his companion's countenance that told him that it was useless, and changing the subject he said, "Suppose I will not engage with you?"

"Then you will perish unresistingly," answered Paul.

"What if I ring for my attendants?" said or rather asked the nobleman, for he gazed deeply in the countenance of his companion to mark the effects of such an event.

"My followers guard the entrance," answered the officer calmly. Sir James suffered his arm to drop, and for a moment stood regarding Paul with a gaze of stupefaction, but quickly recovering himself, he rushed to the table, and grasping his ra-

pier, fiercely exclaimed; "Then by my soul you shall have what you so earnestly seek!"

The mariners stationed in the gallery heard the clash of steel, which in a few moments was succeeded by a heavy fall. In another moment their officer opened the door and stood before them. There was a haggard wildness in his eye, an apparent abstraction in his countenance, his cheek was pale as marble, and his hand which grasped his naked sword trembled violently. "Give way there ye slaves!" shouted he to the domestics, who began to crowd the entrance, and then turning to his followers he exclaimed—

"To the beach my men—on to the boat, and let us quit this land of treachery and oppression."

By the time the officer gained his ship, he was calm, and all traces of recent passion had fled his countenance; his orders were delivered with his customary coolness, and nothing remained to tell of the fierce storms which had but a little while previous raged in his bosom.

The anchor was drawn up—the white canvass fell from the yards—the sheets were hauled firmly home, and the stately ship swung round on her course, and in a few moments was moving majestically forward, dashing aside the angry waves that tossed and foamed on her watery path; and when the sun that evening illuminated the dashing North Sea with her setting beams, he beheld the lofty ship far on her way to that land where all men are born equal, and where the arm of justice is ever extended to protect the persecuted and unfortunate from the oppression of despotism and tyranny.

NEW GOODS.

THE subscribers are now receiving and opening a new and extensive assortment of reasonable GOODS, consisting of a great variety of

American, European & India

Dry Goods,

HATS,

Shoes, Boots,

Saddles, Bridles,

Hardware & Cutlery, China, Crockery &

Glass-ware, Paints, Groceries,

School Books and Stationery,

which we offer low for cash, or to punctual customers on time.

IRWIN & ELMS.

Charlotte, April 16, 1834. 85-6t

FOR SALE.

An excellent Italian **GLIATAR**, with case complete. Enquire at this office.

April 10th, 1834. 4w

STATE OF NORTH-CAROLINA,

MECKLENBURG COUNTY.

Court of Equity, November Term, 1833.

Thomas G. Polk

vs. John Gallant and Stephen Gallant. O. B.

Appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that the Defendants in this case, do not reside within the limits of this State, It was Ordered, that publication be made six weeks in the **Miners' & Farmers' Journal**, that the said defendants appear at our next Court of Equity, to be holden for Mecklenburg county, at the Court House in Charlotte, on the 7th Monday after the 4th Monday in March, 1834, then and there to answer said Bill of Complaint, otherwise judgment will be taken, pro confesso, against them.

True copy. D. R. DUNLAP, C. M. E.

April 5th, 1834. Price adv. 2 dolls.

Desirable Town Property

FOR SALE.

(At the head-quarters of the Gold-mining Region.)

HAVING purchased, and being anxious to settle a farm in the county of Rowan, the subscriber offers for sale, on the most liberal and accommodating Terms, his present residence in the town of Charlotte, on Cannon-street, with

Sixty-six Town Lots

attached thereto. The House is new and elegantly finished; situated in the most pleasant part of the village, and large enough for the accommodation of a numerous family. There are all the necessary out houses and conveniences that comfort and even elegance could require, not the least of which is a **Capital Well**.

He will also sell his well fixed and profitable

TAN-YARD,

situated at a convenient distance from the dwelling house, (either with or without the stock on hand.) This establishment is not surpassed by any in the country—in complete order and in good repair; it contains fifty one rats, with a tan house and all other fixtures, with a good Leather House and cellar.

As no money is required down, and the terms will be made most favorable, those wishing such property are invited to call and enquire for a bargain.

Possession will be given forthwith if required.

WM. W. LONG.

Feb. 27, 1834. 75t

\$30 REWARD

WILL be given for the apprehension and delivery of a negro boy named **JACK**, recently sold at the sale of Henry Foster, Dec'd. Said boy is about 5 feet 6 inches high, complexion black. He is in Providence Settlement. Any person delivering the said boy to the subscriber, living in Charlotte, will receive the above reward and thanks besides.

J. D. ROYD.

April 16, 1834. 15t

Messrs. Allens advertised a day or two since the loss of eight \$1000 bills of the U. States Bank. The annexed paragraph, from the Boston Centinel of yesterday, communicates intelligence of the recovery of the money and the detection of the thief.

Post Office Robbery by a Boy.—On the 19th February, the New Orleans correspondent of Messrs. S. & M. Allen & Co. remitted them \$9000 in eight U. S. Bank notes of \$1000 each. The remittance was due on the 10th inst. but did not come to hand until this morning, when it appeared that the letter containing it had been stolen by a boy in the Courier office, who went to the Post Office here with his mail papers, and whilst inside stole a bundle of letters from New Orleans which were lying on a counter.

After opening the letter containing the notes, he threw the others into the fire. Six of the notes of \$1000 each he gave to his brother, whom he told he found them; one which he had got changed at the bank, he gave to his mother; the other, on his presenting it to the bank to be changed (while the officer was comparing it with a description of the bills that had been left there) he left in possession of the bank. The boy, however, was known as being employed in a printing office, and by an ingenious contrivance of the Post Master, the boys from the several offices in the city, who are admitted into the Post Office, were made to appear before the Bank Teller with whom the bill had been left; on the boy from the Courier office appearing he was recognized, and subsequently confessed how he had disposed of the money and the other letters. The money has been recovered except fifteen dollars.

STATUE OF JEFFERSON.

The following is a copy of the letter presented in the House of Representatives from Lieut. U. P. Levy of the United States Navy:

Washington City, March 23d 1834.

To the House of Representatives of the U. S. I beg leave to present, through you, to my fellow-citizens of the United States, a Colossal Bronze Statue of **THOMAS JEFFERSON**, author of the Declaration of our Independence.

This Statue was executed, under my eye in Paris, by the celebrated David, and Honore Gonon, and much admired for the fidelity of its likeness to the great original, as well as the plain republican simplicity of the whole design.

It is with pride and satisfaction that I am enabled to offer this tribute of my regard to the People of the United States through their Representatives; and I am sure that such disposition will be made of it as best corresponds with the character of the illustrious author of the Declaration of our Independence, and the profound veneration with which his memory is cherished by the American People.

With profound respect, I have the honor to be your obedient and very humble servant,

U. P. LEVY,
Lieutenant in the U. S. Navy.

A donation so munificent in its object, and so patriotic in its conception, is entitled to more than a naked record of the fact. The donor deserves high respect for his motives, and public thanks for the valuable present he has made to his country. The Statue is now temporarily placed in the Rotunda of the Capital, and is unquestionably the finest work of art (of the kind) in the country. Indeed we do not know whether the country possesses another bronze statue. When to its value as a work of art, we add its association with the memory and services of one of the most illustrious Sages of our country, we cannot but rejoice that the Capital of our country is to be embellished by such an addition to its ornaments.

National Int.

Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity.

A most solemn and striking incident was narrated to us a few days since, by one of our associates, of the death-bed scene of one of our mutual friends:—He had striven hard from the onset of life, to his last illness to acquire wealth, and had succeeded in an eminent degree: When he became certain that his last moments were approaching, he directed his Shroud to be made and brought to him; holding it up to the observation of the friends who were standing around him, he thus expressed himself: "I have struggled and toiled in this world for forty years to accumulate property; I thought I was doing so, my struggle and toil is now ended, and this is all that is mine." Carolina Watchman.

In the crowd to get a peep at Mr. Biddle, says the New York Star, a young Irishman at work at the Custom House, ran towards the exchange without his hat. "where are you running to Teddy?" said a countryman. "To see the monster, to be sure." "Well that's him." He a monster! Botheration, man, why he looks as much like a christian as you or I, Barney."