

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. III.

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All communications to the Editor must come free of postage, or they may not be attended to.

From the Richmond Whig.

REMOVED DEATH OF MR. CLAY.—We republish the following article from the Lexington Union for the justness of its sentiments, and as some evidence of the extent of public good feeling towards Mr. Clay. The report of his death, coming both from Fincastle and Lexington, we looked into the Washington papers with great apprehension of finding it confirmed, but happily did not.

"Mr. CLAY.—A rumour reached us a few days ago, under such imposing circumstances as to produce the belief, that this distinguished patriot and statesman was no more. A respectable stage passenger, who passed through this place, on Saturday last, six days from Mayville, stated that he heard at that place that Mr. Clay died at Ashland the day before.

"We have never before witnessed, in any community, a higher degree of anxiety and feeling for the arrival of succeeding mails, which were to confirm or dismiss our fears, than was evinced here—a feeling altogether honorable to the hearts and understandings of a community in which are the elements of all the former parties that characterized our country.

"His patriotism and distinguished abilities, the unequalled services he rendered our country in two perils which shook our institutions to their foundations, were remembered by all with deep and unrestrained gratitude.

"How often was heard from different lips, that Mr. Clay could not have died at a more propitious moment!—that now justice could be done to him;—that no patriot had ever descended to the tomb, except the immortal Washington, whose memory and fame would be more grateful to his countrymen. So universal was the generous regret which the intelligent of all parties, not only felt, but expressed, that we were almost tempted to wish, that the rumour was true. But he yet lives—lives, we trust, to exert in behalf of his beloved country, a master spirit which will save, and may again save, that country from new and coming dangers."

We are indebted to a commercial friend for the following extract of a letter, dated

"GUYAMA, (P. R.) JULY 15.—Our crop of Sugar is finished and shipped; there are not five hids. to be sold in this place; a brig sails for America this evening ballasted with salt water. Molasses is also all gone; the last cargo (25,000 gallons) sailed last evening for the United States, which was bought at \$17 per 110 gallons, without tanks, and nothing more than ordinary quality. One planter is now preparing 50 hids. of coffee for France, which will finish our stock of that also; therefore you see we are almost out of business, and must remain so during the Hurricane months.

[Com. Herald.]

EVERY MAN DESPOTIC.

Ambition is a passion deeply engrafted into the mind of man; it calls forth all that is noble and great; all that is debasing and wicked; "by that sin angels fell." Every man is naturally despotic, and will exercise whatever power and influence he may possess to its full extent, and not unfrequently will assume a power to which he has no claim. Instances of this may be seen every day among all classes of citizens, from the boatswain of a merchant ship to the commander of a 74—from the petty pedagogue of a village school to the President of the United States.

Machiavel, whose authority on this subject is good, says, that when men rise to a little power, it is natural to grasp at more, and therefore those who would fairly establish their liberties must form their government in such a manner as if they suspected all men by nature more inclined to evil than to good, confining their rulers within such bounds, as not even to leave it in their power to do mischief.—*Lowell Jour.*

Yankee Speculation.—A pedlar from Connecticut lately travelled through Virginia, shaking hands heartily with every man he met, whether they purchased or returned his goods. Directly it was discovered, that to every one with whom he had shaken the friendly hand, he had communicated the secret. Immediately after this discovery, another pedlar, his partner, came along with a good stock of sovereign itch ointment. It is, perhaps, needless to say, that he made large sales at a good per centage.

Wilmington, Aug. 1.

An atrocious attempt was made on Monday night last to fire the town. The occupant of a store opposite our office, on entering it on Tuesday morning, found the key hole filled with nails, the cracks of the doors and windows stuffed with strips of cloth, the sash over the front door darkened by a piece of woollen fastened with forks, and another piece hanging like a curtain over one of the large openings under the shelves, behind which he discovered a piece of board, in which had been bored three auger holes as receptacles for bits of candle—around this was scattered a quantity of paper, and to render the destruction more certain, a flask of sweet oil was poured upon the mass—and the escape was almost by a miracle; for two of the candles seem to have gone out before reaching the wood—the third burnt about half an inch around the hole, and was no doubt extinguished by the over quantity of oil spread upon the board. The store was doubtless entered through a chamber window, by the aid of a ladder near at hand.—*Press.*

Rail Road Prospects Brightening.—The reader will find on the preceding page, an interesting address from the Committee of Correspondence of Wilmington; from which it will be seen that the handsome sum of One hundred and thirteen Thousand Dollars has already been subscribed by the citizens of that town for the construction of the contemplated Rail Road from thence to this place; and that it is confidently expected that the subscriptions in the town of Wilmington and county of New-Hanover will amount to the sum of Two Hundred Thousand Dollars.

In addition to the above, we learn from the Fayetteville Observer, that 50,000 dollars have been subscribed in Sampson county, on condition that the Road shall run through Clinton.—*Raleigh Star.*

A dreadful occurrence took place in Quince street, (Philadelphia,) on Saturday evening last. A boy, son of Mrs. John Weisner, about three years of age, was put to bed by his mother early in the evening. A candle was left burning in the room, which, attracting the notice of the boy, induced him to rise. In sporting with the light, the flame communicated to his undress, and though his shrieks attracted the immediate attention of his mother, before assistance could be rendered he was burnt so severely that he died on the day following. This melancholy result should be a warning to all parents.

NEW BOOKS

JUST received, some of them very suitable for Sunday School Libraries.

- Memoirs of N. W. Dickerman
 - do of John M. Mead
 - do of Florence Kidder
 - do of Felix Neff
 - do of John Knill
 - do of Isabella Campbell
 - do of Reinhardt
 - Seagal's complete works
 - Select Works of Archbishop Leighton
 - Taylor's Holy Living and Dying
 - Owen on Spiritual Mindfulness
 - Advice to Young Christians
 - Lay Missionary
 - Hall's Lectures on Christian Education
 - Hall's Lectures on School Keeping
 - Letters to a Young Student
 - Biography of Self-taught Men
 - Political Class Book
 - Moral Class Book
 - Parlor Lectures
 - Donegan's Greek and English Lexicon
 - Gould's Virgil
 - Gould's Latin Grammar, Latin Reader, Greek Reader, &c. &c.
- For Sale by D. GOULD, Charlotte, Aug. 26, 1833.

PEN YOUR COWS

Or I shall have to do it for you.

ALL persons owning Cattle in the Town of Charlotte, and allowing them to remain in the streets after 8 o'clock at night, after the 20th inst. may expect to have them penned and the owners fined 50 cents for each one, according to an ordinance of the Commissioners passed in 1832.

N. PEBWORTH, Town Constable.
Aug. 22, 1833.

Boyd's Line of Post Coaches,



Running twice a week and back, between Charlotte, N. C. and Camden, S. C.

THE Proprietor of this line informs the public, that he has lately furnished himself with new coaches, and he hopes that he will now be enabled to render satisfaction to those who may travel on his line. The mail leaves Charlotte every Sunday and Wednesday mornings and returns every Monday and Thursday evenings. Persons wishing to make an expedition to New-York, are informed that by Charleston the shortest passage can be made, a steam boat starting for New York every other Saturday—the passage being performed in 7 days. This line intersects with the Charleston line at Camden.

THO. BOYD.
Charlotte, Aug. 20, 1833.

Waggon for Sale.

A GOOD NEW WAGGON for sale. Apply to THO. BOYD.
Aug. 20, 1833.

Warranty Deeds for sale at this Office.

From the New-York Commercial Advertiser.

JOHN RANDOLPH, OF ROANOKE.

The following is the auto-biographical letter of the late John Randolph, of Roanoke—omitting some few expressions of harshness, which might, perhaps, wound the feelings of surviving relations in Virginia. It was written in 1813, to his nephew, who afterwards died—we believe, in England. It was never intended for the public eye by the writer; but with the very few omissions we have made, we cannot perceive the least objection to its publication. The fling at Dr. Witherspoon, will in no wise affect that great and good man's memory. It was obviously the malignant petulance of a dissolute schoolboy, thwarted in his purposes by being restrained in his pocket money;—it is a flout daily repeated in the case of every similar guardian. Probably the charges against Mr. Tucker and Edmund Randolph are no better founded.

DECEMBER 13, 1813.

"You shall 'know something of my life,' may, every thing my dear son, that it can be desirable or profitable for you to know. It is a tale not devoid of interest or events, and might be wrought up into a more engaging narrative than ninety-nine out of a hundred of the hasty volumes which minister to the mental green-sickness of our misses and masters. Like yourself, I was left by my father an orphan, when too young to be sensible of my loss. The first thing that I can remember is, finding myself in my mother's family, the pin-basket of the whole house. I think that I can recollect some circumstances that must have happened in 1776; but I distinctly remember events which took place in the year following. I shared my mother's widowed bed, and was the nesting of her bosom. Every night after I was undressed, and in the morning before I rose, I knelt down in my bed, and putting up my little hands repeated after my mother the Lord's prayer and the 'belief;' and to this circumstance I attribute some of my present opinions. I say present, because they lay long dormant, and as if extinguished within me."

In the autumn of the year 1783, my mother married St. George Tucker. From that day there was a change in my situation. The first blow that I ever received was from the hand of this man, and not a week after his union with my mother. At his instance, I was sent at the age of nine to the school of Walker Murray, (who had been his fellow student at College,) in the county of Orange; then and perhaps yet, a wild and savage country, inhabited by the coarsest, the most ignorant, and vicious of the human race! A new world was opened to me. Our school fellows, (your father and uncle Theodore were at the same school,) were, with the exception of one or two gentlemen's sons, adepts in every species of profligacy,—vulgar, brutal, savage. Our schoolmaster was the most petulant and malignant wretch in creation. We had scarcely the necessities of life; without an opportunity to acquire any thing more than as much Latin, as sufficed to furnish out a bald translation of the ordinary school books. Indignant at his treatment, your father, hardly thirteen years old, determined to desert and go home. From our step-father, we looked for nothing like sympathy or tenderness. My brother was deterred by his expostulations from executing his purpose. Murray transferred his school to Williamsburg, and we were transferred along with it. In 1784, the state of my health induced my mother to send me to Bermuda, where I arrived in the month of July; and just twelve months afterwards she came over with her whole family, and remained till Nov. 1785; when she encountered a long and boisterous passage, in a wretched sloop to Virginia. This laid the foundation of that disease, which deprived me, two years afterwards, of the best mother that ever man had.

My sojourn in Bermuda was of essential service to me in many respects. It was a respite from the austere rule of my step-father, and the tyranny, hardly tolerable, of Murray; and I acquired a temper not to brook tamely their unreasonable exactions. There was a good country-gentleman's library in old Mr. Tucker's house, where I staid; and here I read many sterling English authors. Your father and myself were always book-worms. It was a sort of bond to the affection that united us. Our first question at meeting, was, generally, "What have you read?"—Have you seen this or that work?" By going to Bermuda, however, I lost my Greek; I had just mastered the grammar perfectly, when I left Williamsburg.—Walking round the base, (it was a circular iron railing that protected

*This letter was written, it will be perceived, before Mr. Randolph's supposed conversion. An illustrative of the general facts above stated, we quote the following anecdote from the S. S. Journal.—"The late John Randolph, some years since addressed himself to an intimate friend in terms something like the following:—'I used to be called a Frenchman, because I took the French side in politics; and though this was unjust, yet the truth is, I should have been a French atheist, if it had not been for one recollection, and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and cause me on my knees to say, Our Father which art in heaven.'"

it,) of Lord Botetourt's statue, I had committed the Westminster grammar to memory; so as to be able to repeat every word of it. The pendulum of the great clock which vibrated over my head, seemed to concentrate my attention on my book.—My Bermudian tutor, Ewing, had no Greek class, and would not take the trouble of teaching a single boy.

After our return, we went back to Williamsburg; your father continuing to board with Murray, but attending Mr. Wythe in Greek, Mathematics, and I think Latin also. Soon afterwards he entered college. We were at the grammar school kept in the old capitol, which has been since pulled down, to save the expense of repairing the hall, where Henry spoke and independence was declared. The shocking barbarity of Murray towards my brother Theodorick, drove him from the school, (our mother was then in New York for her health,) and soon after, I left it. Having spent some months at home, we (Theodorick and myself) were sent in March 1787 to Princeton, where we were joined in the summer by your father. Doct. Witherspoon, in order to make the most out of us, put Theodorick and myself into the grammar school, although we were further advanced than any of the freshmen or most of the Sophomores. In this suburban abode of noise and misrule, I was pent for five long months, and in September was transferred to the college, with habits acquired in that school by no means propitious to study. At Christmas, Theodorick and I went to New York, to spend what little money we had hoarded for the purpose; (little it was, since Witherspoon's necessities drove him to embezzle our funds;) and were recalled in a few days by a letter from your father, enclosing one from our mother, which summoned us to her dying bed-side. We hastened home, and saw her for the last time. In January, 1788, she died. The sun rose and set; the river flowed; the order of nature went on. This seemed to me at first unnatural and shocking. My mother had been a faithful executrix of my father's will, a faithful steward of the effects committed to her charge, in trust of her children. She left clear accounts, and money (not a small sum) in hand. In May, 1788, Theodorick and I were sent to college in New York; and your father came on here to attend the debates of the Convention, on the question of adopting or rejecting the federal constitution of 1787. This visit gave rise to the attachment between himself and your mother, which terminated in their marriage about eighteen months afterwards.

Your father joined us in New-York. He was in his nineteenth year, and the most manly youth and most elegant gentleman that I ever saw. Mrs. Bingham, of Philadelphia, used to send him invitations to her parties, and he often went from New-York to that city to them!—Yet he was neither debauched nor dissipated. He was regular, studious, above low company of any sort, "the great vulgar or the small;" "his apparel," according to Lord Burleigh's advice, was "costly not fine;" and you might see in his old attendant, Syphax, whom he carried with him to New-York, that his master was a gentleman. Columbia College was not yet recovered from the shock of the Revolution, it was just emerging out of chaos. The Professor of Humanity, (Cochrane, now in the college of Nova Scotia,) was an Irishman, educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and a most accomplished scholar. With him I entered as a private pupil, paying eight dollars a month, (out of my own allowance for clothes, &c.) for the privilege. I had devoted the full vacation at Princeton, (1787,) to an attempt at regaining my Greek; and now, (July, 1788,) burning with thirst of knowledge, (which I was not permitted to slake at the fountain of Nassau,) and emulous of literary distinction, I sat seriously to work, and was greatly encouraged by my tutor, who was, or affected to be, amazed, at the rapidity of my progress. To my irreparable loss, he left college about two or three months after I had entered myself as his private pupil. Your father's return to Virginia left me without a friend. "Where," you will ask, "was my uncle Theodorick?" Alas! my poor brother differed in every respect from your noble father. Of all things in the world, he detested most a book. Devoted to pleasure and "fun," as he termed it, he not only set me a bad example, but, with his dissolute companions, absolutely prevented me from reading. Often have they forced the door of my study, and tossed the books over the floor, sometimes out of the window. In two years, he undermined his constitution, and destroyed his health forever; and, after lingering a long time, a mere skeleton of himself, he died at Bizarre, just before the birth of your brother St. George. My guardian—for under the impulse of the ascendancy he had acquired over me, I had chosen Mr. Tucker as such—was so scanty in his supplies, that I became necessitous; of course, unhappy; and (why should I conceal it!) gradually fell into the habits and way of life of my unfortunate brother,—with this difference, that I continued to read, but books

of amusement only, enervating and almost destroying my intellectual powers, and vitiating my taste. Your father was married on the last day of the year 1789; and, in the summer following Theodorick and I left New-York for Virginia.

In consequence of my mother's death, her husband left Matoax, to reside in Williamsburg, where Edmund Randolph, just appointed Attorney General of the United States, at that time lived. He proposed to Mr. Tucker that I should study law under him; accordingly I went to Philadelphia in the month of September, 1790, the year of the removal of Congress from New York. I had seen the old Congress expire, and the new one rise like a phoenix from its ashes. I saw the coronation (such in fact it was) of General Washington, in 1789, and heard Ames and Madison, when they first took their seats on the floor of the House of Representatives. Congress met at Philadelphia, and Mr. Randolph was too much engrossed by politics and his own necessities, to think of me.—He too embezzled the funds which Mr. Tucker entrusted to him for my use. Had they been faithfully applied they were inadequate to my decent support—only \$400 per annum. For what cause I know not Mr. Randolph put into my hands by way of preparation for a course of law, Hume's metaphysical works. I had a great propensity for that sort of reading. The conduct and conversation of Mr. Tucker and his friends, such as Col. Jones and Beverly Randolph, (every other word an oath) had early in life led me to regard religion as the imposition of priestcraft. I soon became a deist, and, by consequence, an atheist. (I shudder whilst I write it; although my intentions were pure, and I was honestly seeking after truth.) I say "by consequence," because I am convinced that deism, necessarily leads, the fairest induction, to that conclusion. My late friend Joseph Byran, was placed by Major Pierce Butler, then in the Senate from South Carolina, also under the direction of Mr. Randolph, to read law. The Attorney General had no office, and we were to read at our rooms such books as he pointed out. After getting almost through the first book of Blackstone, Bryan and myself abandoned a profession for which neither of us had been qualified by a regular education, and commenced men of pleasure,—plunging into the "gaiety that fills the mouth with blasphemy, the heart with woe." In July, 1792, I returned to Virginia, from want of means for remaining in Philadelphia. In this town, on my way to Williamsburg, I was taken ill with the scarlet fever, and brought to the brink of the grave. So few charms had life for me, so strong was the disgust that I had taken to the world, that I was indifferent as to the issue of the disease. Reaching Williamsburg, I saw, for the first time, Mr. Tucker's new wife.

I shall never forget the chilling coldness of my reception. In a few days I set out for Bizarre, and was once more restored to the society of the fondest of brothers. The events that soon followed, are those which I have already related to you, and which you say most truly, can never be forgotten. In July, 1793, I again returned to Philadelphia, at my guardian's instance to while away the time of my minority; and after encountering the horrors of the yellow fever, (which broke out a few days after my arrival, and drove my friend Bryan to Georgia,) I passed the winter less unpleasantly than the two former which I had spent there, and left the right angled city in April or May, 1794. In June I came of age. The crop of that year was destroyed, and also that of 1795, by the flood. My guardian showed me no accounts, paid me nothing for the profits of my estate during a minority of nineteen years and I found myself overwhelmed with overseers', blacksmiths', and sheriffs' claims of several years standing. This reconciled me to the sale of Matoax, urged by your father. I made his house (at his request) my home, and lived the life of a mere lounge.

The society of your father, the conversation and company of J. Thompson, (for I was half my time in Petersburg,) did not rouse my literary ambition. I rode out from one race field to another: and whilst at New-Market races, my earliest friend, (your father excepted,) Henry Middleton Rutledge, and nephew of the celebrated John Rutledge, of South-Carolina, called at Bizarre, on his way to Charleston, and not finding me at home, left a letter, informing me of his intended voyage to Europe. I knew Rutledge in New-York; we were in college together, and I burned with desire to see him once more. My guardian had always frowned upon my wish to travel: and now I had not the means of indulging the inclination to any extent. I borrowed, however, as much money as would defray the expense of my journey; and in January, 1796, went to Charleston, (leaving you an infant in the cradle,) and then to Savannah, to see Bryan. I returned in May; and a few weeks afterwards, whilst I lay ill of bilious fever at Petersburg, your father,