

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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ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at Fifty Cents per square (not exceeding 20 lines) for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each succeeding week—or \$1 for three weeks, for one square. A liberal discount will be made to those who advertise by the year. On all advertisements communicated for publication, the number of insertions must be noted on the margin of the manuscript, or they will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

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

THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE.

During the debate in the Virginia Legislature upon the Bank question, Mr. Garland, the member from Anahurst, made these remarks:

"Twenty four years ago he had expressed his opinion, and he feared not to express it now, here or elsewhere. In 1811, he was in a minority in this Assembly, when resolutions were passed against the re-charter of the Bank of the United States. He had then a seat in another branch of the Legislature, and he had the franchise—although he did not arrogate to himself an unbecoming portion of that quality—to vote against those resolutions. Not more than three years after that period, there was not a more popular subject in this State than the re-chartering of the Bank of the United States. And this sentiment was produced by the general experience of the necessity of such an institution. So it would be at the present period. The Bank might go down under the clamor now raised against it; but three years would not roll round, before the United States of America would call for the establishment of a Bank."

MR. WEBSTER.

The attention of the reader will be arrested by the remarks of Mr. Webster. The part which relates to the attempt to array the poor against the rich was peculiarly forcible in the manner of its delivery, and rebukes, in severe and merited terms, the attempt to enlist the baser passions and the credulity of the laboring man against his more wealthy neighbor. What Mr. W. said is true. It is the man who labors, who earns his daily meal, who is most deeply interested in a fixed and permanent currency. It is your speculators in office, in politics and stocks, who profit by its devaluation.—U. S. Telegraph.

Farewell to Steam.—Captain Erickson, of London, has contrived what he terms a Caloric Engine, by which air is to be substituted for steam—the motion of pistons being sustained by alternately heating and condensing the air above and below them; the supply being furnished from small tubes connecting the cylinders, which tubes are so constructed as to furnish alternately the cool and heated air circulating through them without scarcely any loss of caloric. Two pounds of fuel per hour only, is required for a power of one horse. His model is in successful operation, and if his hopes are realized, steam has seen its best days.—N. Y. Gazette.

Mineral wealth of Prince Edward.—Great developments have recently been made, of the fossil, and mineral wealth of this county. Some months ago, Dr. Morton found on his farm a considerable bed of marl. Further developments have been made by Dr. Morton, of considerable quantities. Marl has likewise been found in other parts of the county, & there are strong indications that it is very abundant.

Near this place, (Farmville,) there are many indications of copious beds of coal, of a very rich and superior quality. A company of enterprising gentlemen, are about making a full test of its charter.

A copper mine, has likewise been discovered, which is pronounced very rich indeed: and there are very strong indications of coal.

As to gold there is no end to it, and added to all, we have a soil of great fertility.

If the coal mine proves rich, it must be of great advantage to this region. For, if the Appomattox navigation is improved, as it doubtless will be, we will be able to compete with Richmond in the Petersburg coal trade. This would bring an accession of capital to our village.—Farmville Va. Chron.

Origin of Tariff.—The first list of articles subject to duty was drawn up at Tarifa, an old Moorish town, and hence the word Tariff became applied to all subsequent lists of a similar nature.

DeKay's Sketches of Turkey.

The sale of the estate of the late Col. M'GAR, of Columbia County, (Geo.) took place on Monday and Tuesday of last week, and the sales of the Negroes averaged upwards of \$460 each. The number being 69, including old and young, sold for \$31,789.—Chas. Courier.

Animals in Winter.

There is no subject more engaging to the student of nature, than that which relates to the hibernation of various animals of our latitude. The raccoon and woodchuck who lay up food for their winter stock, hibernate in dens among the rocks, and in deep burrows below frost. The former, it is true, sometimes in February, taking advantage of a thaw and a short time of warm weather, sallies forth from his winter quarters for a night or two, although never in pursuit of food; but the latter is awakened from his repose only by the return of warm weather. I am credibly informed, that the late Col. Jeremiah Wadsworth, of Hartford, with a view of experiment, procured a young woodchuck to be petted in the house. Upon the approach of winter, the animal impelled by instinct, took up his abode for hibernation behind a row of casks in the cellar—not by burrowing in the ground, but by making for himself a small excavation on the surface, in which he plaited himself in a circular form, a position the most accommodating to his condition. Many times during the winter, Col. W. to gratify the curiosity of his friends, directed the woodchuck to be brought up. The torpid animal, after lying fifteen or twenty minutes on the carpet before a chiering fire in the sitting room, would begin to yawn, then stretch out one limb after another, open its eyes, slowly raise itself on its feet, and walk rather awkwardly from the immediate influence of the fire, appearing very weary till returned to bed in the cellar, uniformly refusing nourishment of any kind during the time of its hibernation.—American Journal of Science.

We learn that a new method of making fashionable calls has lately come in vogue in Washington. Instead of a personal call, a basket of cards is sent round by a servant, each of which is of course answered by a call of the same nature; thus making a vast saving of time and trouble. We hear daily mention of "the march of intellect;" this we suppose may be called the march of substitutes, since a blockey makes calls for his master and mistress, which are returned by other blockeys for their employers; and thus people form acquaintances with each other by proxy.

Camden Journal.

Western Rail-Road Line.



From Salem, N. C. to Blakely, end of the Petersburg Rail-Road, and to Suffolk, end of the Portsmouth and Norfolk Rail Road.

THIS Line will pass through Greensborough, Hillsborough, Oxford, Warrenton, Weldon, Blakely, Jackson and Jerusalem—and will leave Salem every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings, at 2 o'clock, A. M. and arrive at Blakely next days in time for the Cars for Petersburg. Time—from Salem to Petersburg, two and a half days—240 miles. Leave Blakely every Monday and Friday mornings at 2 o'clock, A. M. and arrive at Portsmouth and Norfolk same days via Rail Road. Time—from Salem to Suffolk, three days—255 miles.

Persons from the South and South West, are informed that my Line is intersected by Peck & Welford's Line from Lexington, N. C. to Fredericksburg, at Greensborough, and will leave Greensborough every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings after the arrival of Peck & Welford's Line from Lexington. The public are informed that ample provision will be made at this point for their accommodation.

The public are further assured, that all those who may travel my Line, will reach any of the Atlantic cities one day in advance of any other Line.

This Line is now in full operation, and the Proprietor pledges himself to use every exertion to render satisfaction, and make this Line acceptable to the public.

The Coaches and Teams are of the best—drivers accommodating and attentive.

All baggage and parcels at the risk of the owners.

Fare from Salem to Blakely, \$11 00

Do. do. do. to Suffolk, 16 00

JAMES W. JEFFREYS, Proprietor.

Red House, N. C. Jan. 4.

*The Farmers' and Miners' Journal and Yorkville Patriot will insert the above two months, and the Rutherfordton Spectator three times, and forward their accounts to me for payment.

PLANTER'S HOTEL, Lancasterville, S. C.

THE SUBSCRIBER tenders his thanks to the public in general, for the liberal support his House has received, and begs a continuance of past favours.

Having purchased the establishment of Captain Wm. McKenna, he is now adding large and convenient improvements, which will enable him to make the stay of BOARDERS and TRAVELLERS comfortable and agreeable.

Drivers can be supplied with safe and secure lots. Waggoners with a good dry yard, and provender furnished at as low rates as the market will afford.

His TABLE shall be furnished with the best the country affords, and his BAR with the best Liquors.

He hopes from strict attention to business and a desire to please, to merit a continuance of public patronage.

LEROY SECRIST, January 1st, 1834.

Downing Correspondence.

From the New York Daily Advertiser. MAJOR DOWNING'S OFFICIAL COMMUNICATION TO THE CABINET.

Major Downing, in his letter of December 27, after mentioning the fact of his having read his views on the subject of the Bank, and the Deposites to the Cabinet, engaged to send a copy of the document to this paper for publication. A delay of some days occurred before we received it. This we understand was caused by a wish that the Cabinet might have an opportunity to re-examine the case, and a hope that they might unite in opinion on this thorny matter. Having waited for some time on the accomplishment of this important object; the major became convinced that the present Cabinet was far from being a 'Unit,' therefore fulfilled his undertaking by sending us the important document alluded to. We recommend it to our readers as one of the most interesting exhibitions of the subject that has ever been presented to the public.

MAJOR DOWNING'S OFFICIAL PAPER, Read to the Cabinet, and majors, auditors, and under secretaries, and sub-postmasters, and the rest of the Government, on the 29th day of December, A. D. 1833—and printed for the use of all the citizens from Downingsville to New Orleans, along the sea coast, and up the Mississippi, Missouri, and so down the lakes across by the Erie Canal to Albany, and along by the middle route over New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Maryland, to Washington—and away again to all parts of creation, and to every body.

GENERAL.—Gentlemen of the Cabinet, and the rest on you here present, compose the Government; I speak to you as a man standing right between you and the people; what I am going to say is not calculated to make any on you change your opinion, so much as to make you know mine; you have pretty much all on you had your turn, and now comes my turn; if any thing I say has sharp corners and scrapes the skin a little, it is because I haint had time to file the edges smooth. I'll give you my notions pretty much as you get bread from the Bakers, and leave you to slice it or chunk it as best may suit you; and every man may butter his own slice just to please his fancy; that ain't my business so much as it is his.

We are met here not only to fix on some plan to get the country out of trouble, but to see how it got into trouble; and I am going to say a little on both points. When a chimney smokes at the roog end with the wind at north east, some folks may content themselves by opening the windows and doors, to let the smoke out, but my notion is that the safest plan is to see into the cause on't and correct it; so that the chimney will only smoke at the right end, let the wind blow any way.

Now there is a few things we must look into a little, and then we will know more about em, and I am going to examine—

What kind of a critter the Bank of the United States raly is.

Whether its nature is to do good or evil to the country, and then wind up with Matters and things in general.

Twenty years ago the country was in trouble, and fill'd up with all kinds of bank paper—high upon as bad as old Continental—and a good deal was a little worse. If any body nint old enough to remember that time and wants to see what kind of money I mean, let him go to the Treasury, and Mr. Taney can show him nigh a million and a half of dollars, not worth the cost of the paper and ink used every year in makin a report on't—but this is only a drop compared to what would be now there of the same kind of stuff if it had't been for the Bank of the United States. All our wise folks of that day said we must have a Bank of the United States, and a good big one. One strong enuf to do the work well, and to clear out all the trash—and so this bank was made, and the first thing was, as there was a very little rale money in the country, the Bank went and bo't a good jing on't in Europ, and went to work here clearin away just as we do our fields in the Spring.

It was a pretty dirty job to do so I tell you, and the Bank didn't git through with it without scratchin and smuttin its fingers pretty considerable; and that warn't the worst on't for the Bank. The Government made the Bank agree to pay fifteen hundred thousand dollars for the privilege of doin this work, and make it agree to take charge of the people's money in all parts of the country, and to pay it here and there wherever the Government told em to, and to pay all the pensions, and to do every thing in the money way without chargin any thing for it to the Government. This was a pretty tuff bargain for the Bank—for all it got in turn was to have the keepin of the money, and when the Government didn't want it the Bank might lend it out. It took a good many years afore the Bank got things to work smooth. It was like a whapin big wagon that wanted a good many horses to drag it, and as it had a valuable freight in

it wanted none but the best kind of horses—real Conestogas—and it want every one who knew how to drive such a team. The owners of this wagon found that out—for some of the first that they got come plagy nigh oversetting. So to rights they got Squire Biddle. I suppose they thought that seein the folks in Pennsylvania have the best and strongest horses and the biggest wagons, they ought to know best how to guide 'em. Well they made a pretty good guess that time—for ever since they told the squire to take the lines, they haint lost a lynch pin or broke a strap; and there warn't no complaints made agin him by the folks on the road, or the country. All the other waggons liked the squire amazingly; he was always ready to give 'em a lift when he found em in the mud, and whenever they got short of provender, the Squire never refus'd to turn out some of his to keep their horses from sufferin. Every thing was goin on better and better, and every body said at home and abroad there warn't such a team in all creation. Well, about four years ago we began to pick a quarrel with the Squire, and its been goin on every year pretty much after this fashion. The first go off some of our folks wanted the Squire to change some of his leadin horses—they said the breed warn't right—he ought to put on the lead some Albany trotters—that they were the best horse on the lead he could have. The Squire didn't like to change—he said the horses he had knew the road as well as he did, and they would'n't balk nor kick up, and when they came to up hill work he could depend on 'em.

Then again our folks wanted the squire to change harness—they said they had new patent collars, and a horse could pull as much agin with 'em as with the old fashion'd collars. Well the squire didn't like that notion nother. So to rights they told the Squire he must give up the lines; well that he wouldn't do he said, without orders from the owners of the team; they had appointed him, and so long as they kept him there, he would go along and do his duty, just as he had done—and it warn't right to keep stoppin him every day on the road, and trying to make him try new plans.

And with that, all our folks made a regular battle on the squire: some took away out of his waggon a part of the bags and boxes, and divided it round among the drivers of other waggons, who was mixed in the scuffle too, and away they crack'd off with it. Some undertook to cut the squire's traces, they thought they was only leather and rope traces; but the squire was too deep for em, for his traces was chains kivered with leather, and so they spilt their jack-knives. Some went on a head and rolled stones in the road, and dug deep holes, and tried all they could to make the squire upset, and threw stones and mud at him and his horses; but the squire kept on, his horses didn't flinch, and as they had drag'd the big waggon over worse roads in their day, they went along without accident. Well now it turns out that all the waggons that drove off so with part of the squire's load are in trouble, for the first piece of muddy road, they all stuck fast and there they are now. One wants the other to give him a pull and a lift; but they say they all want lifting; the squire has just come up with 'em, and now they want him to hitch on to 'em and drag 'em all out together; but he says that's impossible, the most he can do is to take back the load they took from his waggon and then perhaps they can git out of the mud; but it is more than his team can do, and he went run the risk of breakin his harness or injure his horses to drag 'em all out together. Well now that's jest about the condition of things, and the longer they remain so, the worse it will be; the longer the horses and waggons stand knee and hub deep, the less able they'll be to get out on't.

And now I'll leave em there a spell and we'll take a look into the nature of the Bank, and see what it really is, for to hear some folks talk about it one would think it was a shocking monster, and that it is pretty much nothin else but squire Biddle when it is no more the squire than the big waggon is, not a grain more. Look at this long list of names—well those are the owners of the Bank—here we see in the first place the nation owns one fifth, and the rest is scattered round, as you see here, among an ever lasting batch of folks all about this country and some in forin countries; and I am glad to see on the list here old widows and old men, and trustees of children, haint got no parents livin and all our own people, they put their money in the stock of this Bank for safe keeping—not to speculate—and jest so with the innocent foreigners, and the best on't is they have paid our folks a pretty high premium for every dollar on't—well these are the folks then that compose the Bank. Now what way do they want this Bank managed?—the business of the Bank is to loan money, and is jest for all the world like any rich man whose business is to loan out his money—is it his interest to dabble in politics or to let politicians dabble with him? not an atom on't. I never knew one of your rale politicians who ever could pay his debts, and they aint the

kind of folks, people like to deal with any way who have got money to loan—they know that talkin politics, and gittin things into snarl's jest to answer party purposes aint the way to pay interest nor principal nother, and politicians in a Bank are the worst folks in the world for the owners of the Bank, for the most on em haint got money of their own to lend, but they are plagy ready to loan other folk's money to brother politicians of the same party.

No no, a man who has got his money loan'd out (and its jest so with a Bank) want to see every body busy and industrious and mind their business and increase their property, for then they will be able to pay interest and principal too; they dont like to see things all mixed up with politics and people quarrellin and disputin, and when they do, they git their money back in their pockets again as soon as they can, for they know that politics aint profitable business.

Then it comes to this, that if the Bank is what I have said it is (and its nothin else,) it aint such a monster as some folks try to make us think it is, and instead of bein a dangerous monster, I see and I know every body else must see, who dont squint at it, but looks it straight in the face—that its nature is jest like the nature of any man who has got property in the country and that is to have every thing go on in harmony and with industry and with honesty and accordin to law, no jangles and tangles and talkin politics in porter houses and bar rooms, hurra, for this man and pullin down that man—that kind of work dont clear up new lands nor plough up old ones, it dont keep the hammer goin, and the wheels turnin; and dont pay interest nor principal nother.

But some on you say the Bank has too much power, and that Squire Biddle might do a good deal of mischief if he would. Well there is my old friend, Capt. Elihu S. Bunker of the Steamboat President, runnin twixt New York and Providence—he's got sich another monster—there is no tellin what a dangerous monopoly of power, that critur's got in that boat. I was looking in't to when I came on with him a spell ago and he was shown me how he managed it. If he was to fasten down the kivers of them two mortal big kiddles he has got in his boat and blow his bellesses a spell, he would smash every thing for more than 50 acres round—Does any body want to know why he don't do it—he has been in a steamboat as long now as the Bank's been goin and haint scalded no body—but he can do it in a minit if he chuses—well I'll tell you why he don't—it aint his interest and he don't own no more of the boat than Squire Biddle does of the Bank—the owners of the boat employ him to manage it because they know he understands his business—He knows if he didn't watch over their interests they'd turn him out—and jest so the owners of the Bank would serve Squire Biddle. And that aint all, Captain Bunker knows if he hurt any body with his boat he run a chance of hurtin himself too—he knows too that it is the interest of his owners not to have any accidents aboard any boat!—for if people git scalded in one Steamboat, they'll keep clear of all on 'em—and tho' some folks think Banks aint like Steamboats I can tell 'em that in the main thing they are exactly alike—for unless folks have got confidence in 'em and feel safe in 'em they aint worth ownin—but when they all go on and meet no accidents, they are pretty good property—and the largest and strongest and cleanest, and quietest and best managed git the most business. Now I think that's enuf about dangerous monopolies for a spell.

Let us now see what the Bank is about, and what we've been about.

Deacon Goodenau—Has been in that Bank as one of its Directors off and on ever since it was a Bank, and I have heard him say 50 times, (and he's a man to be depended on) he never heard a word about politics in it until about 4 years ago—and it all came from our sendin every year since that time, some rale politicians to help the other 20 directors to manage the Bank—the first go off, the Deacon says, they tho't best to keep quiet, and make no stir about it; for it was pretty much like findin skunks in the cellar—the best way was to let 'em alone, if they'd keep there, and run the chance of their goin out when they found there warn't no eggs to suck—but when they undertook to cum up chamber and smell about in all the cubboards, it was time to smother 'em—and then came trouble, and that's jest about the way now; and the deacon says, and he is about right, that politicians in a bank are jest as bad as skunks in the cellar—there aint one grain of difference.

Some on you say we dont want a Bank now—well that may be so—but when I got up this mornin it was plagy chilly till I got my coat on—now I am warm and it may be I dont need a coat—but I think if I take my coat off I'll feel chilly agin—and I am so certin of this I wont make a trial on't.

Some on you say the owners of this Bank haint got no right to recharter—they have had it long enuf—and its time now to have a new shuffle and cut—well that aint my no-