

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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All communications to the Editor must come by post, or they may not be attended to.

Playing Pig and Puppy.—The Editor of the New York Traveller, &c. &c. &c. calls upon us to explain the meaning of the hackneyed phrase, "playing pig and puppy," which, a few days since, we applied to the political course of a contemporary friend "down east." As we are always pleased to gratify the curiosity of our readers, and especially when we have been the means of exciting it, we have managed over our collection of old provincial anecdotes, for the purpose of ascertaining the origin of the said phrase, which is then applied to a man who is sometimes one thing and sometimes another in matters of politics, religion, &c.

In good old times, when it was the custom, and it certainly was a very laudable one, to remember the parson "in deed, rather than "in tongue," as is the case at the present day, a gentleman farmer, in Connecticut, sent his servant, a colored man, with a fine fat pig to the minister. The pig was carefully deposited in a basket, and closely secured by having a nice white napkin tied over it. On his way to the minister he called at the house of a black friend, and set the basket down at the door. While he was within, some roguish wag without, took out the pig and put in a puppy. On his arrival at the minister's he inquired him that his master had sent him with a fat pig for a roaster for thanksgiving. The minister took the basket and issued back Coffee with thanks for his master for so acceptable a present. On opening the basket he was perfectly astonished to find a puppy instead of a pig, and called on Coffee to take back the puppy to his master and tell him he did not thank him for the donation. Coffee, alarmed at the sudden transmigration of a valuable pig into a puppy, started back in haste to make his master acquainted with the astonishing fact, and happened to stop at the same house and set down the basket in the same place. During the time he was relating the strange circumstance to his friends the wag took out the puppy and replaced the pig in the basket. Coffee went home and told his master that the minister was offended by his sending him a puppy. His master insisted that it was not a puppy, but a pig, and to show him of the fact, opened the basket and Coffee was completely confounded. After looking for a time in horror, he exclaimed, "Well, massa, I believe he be de debil, for he can be a pig, or a puppy just as he please."—*Weekly Review.*

An accomplished Artist.—A late London paper contains an account of the examination of Mrs. George Tweed, Esq. who was committed for trial under the following circumstances. She stopped her coach before the shop of a very respectable tradesman in Piccadilly, and requested to be shown some silks and satins, laces, &c. After selecting a quantity, worth about £500, she requested that a clerk might proceed to her dwelling with the bill, where she would pay it—not having brought her wallet with her. The clerk accordingly entered the coach, and it was driven—he little imagined whither. The lady stopped in front of the mansion of a respectable physician, and informed him that her man was in the carriage in front of his house, in a state of lunacy. She described the symptoms, stating that he supposed himself clerk to some establishment, and was continually talking about collecting debts, being swindled, &c. She proposed to leave him in charge of the doctor for a few days, engaging upon him to keep the young man confined, as it was dangerous that he should be at large. This agreed to, the unsuspecting clerk was ushered into the apartment of the physician, where he was confined nearly two days as a lunatic; and it was not until the M. D. had sent a servant to the supposed residence of the lady, that he would heed the exclamations of the prisoner.

In noticing the statement published that Col. W. B. Johnson, of Virginia, had presented Mr. Rice, the original "Jim Crow," with a splendid Eclipse Colt, valued at \$10,000—the Editor of the Richmond Enquirer says:—"This would indeed be a splendid present—but the best of the joke is, it was all a joke."

Blankets of all kinds for sale at this Office.

Extract of a letter from a highly respectable gentleman of the city of New York, to one of the editors of the Mercantile Advertiser and New York Advocate, dated Washington, Feb. 7, 1834, 7 o'clock in the evening:

"Mr. — called this evening at our room, and in a conversation with —, stated that the President of the Girard Bank of Philadelphia waited on General Jackson last evening, and said, 'if nothing is done for the relief of the country, all the Banks must soon stop specie payment.' His excellency replied, stop and be d—d," and on inquiring further if any thing could be devised for the relief of the Banks, he replied, 'I will never suffer the Bank to be chartered while I have power to prevent it, until the experiment of specie payment has been made.'"

"We have understood, that the Cashier and not the President of that Bank had been in Washington."

The following was penned by a venerable gentleman, one of the "last of the cocked hats," on reading the letters from Washington in the Commercial of last evening:—

"STOP, AND BE D—D!"
Recent conversations and publications give rise to recollections of the disposition and deportment of him—our first President—George Washington—who was truly styled the Father of his Country. We are among those who enjoy the high gratification of being enabled to say that we saw him often. He was the pattern of a perfect gentleman—always courteous, always dignified, always polite. It was impossible to look upon him without reverence. Though accessible to all, his noble demeanor forbade any approach to familiarity. He was invariably frank and candid; and though easy in his conversation, his speech was always graceful and correct—at the same time keeping far aloof from any expression that at all savored of a lack either of delicacy or of gentlemanly refinement. It was delightful to behold him—to hear him;—and the longer we live, the more firmly are we impressed with a conviction of the truth of the often-quoted reflection "we never shall look upon his like again."
N. York Com. Adv.

Riches.—When a lad, some one, remarks an old gentleman, took the trouble to teach me some little knowledge of the world. With this view, I remember he one day asked me, "When is a man rich enough?" I replied, "When he has a thousand pounds." He said, "No." "Two thousand?" "No." "Ten thousand?" "No." "Twenty thousand?" "No." "A hundred thousand?" which I thought would settle the business;—but he still continued to say, "No." I gave it up and confessed I could not tell, but begged he would inform me. He gravely said, "when he has a little more than he has, and that is never. If he acquires one thousand, he wishes to have two thousand, then five, then ten, then twenty, then fifty, from that his riches would amount to a hundred thousand, and so on till he had grasped the whole world; after which he would look about him, like Alexander, for other worlds to possess." Many a proof have I had of the truth of this old gentleman's remarks, since he made them to me, and I am happy to say I have discovered the reason. Full enjoyment, full satisfaction to the mind of man, can only be found in possessing God, with all his infinite perfections. It is only the Creator, not the creature, that can satisfy.

Reproof from a Child.—The following anecdote was communicated for the Sabbath School Magazine, by a Sabbath School Teacher who was a witness of the fact.

A father having taken several of his children to see some amusements, where there was much cursing and swearing, and other wickedness, a little girl (about eight years old) who was a Sunday Scholar, said to him, "Father, I am afraid you have made God angry." "Why so, child?" "Because you have done like old Eli." "Who was Eli, then?" She replied in the words of her catechism, "He was a good old man, but God was angry with him, for not keeping his children from wickedness." "But I am not a good old man." Then, father, you are twice as bad as Eli was, if you are not good yourself, and lead your children into wickedness."

Dense Population.—Under this head a New York paper lately mentioned the case of over 100 people in that city in one house. We have since noticed, in a London Review, a description of a section of that metropolis where 30 or 40 houses were occupied, as the visiting authorities stated, by at least 2000 people or an average of from 50 to 70 in a house. One domicile of this kind contained 100 beds, which were let for the night, to beggars and other characters of like calibre—in addition to the daily and regular occupation.

Downing Correspondence.

From the New York Daily Advertiser. WASHINGTON 16th, Jan. 1-34.

You remember I told you a spell ago, that after we got the message done, we was obliged to take it all to bits, and knock out a good many things about the counts, and run the chance of lettin Congress skip 'em over; and I told you too, that I would to rights git the Ginral's specks, and give 'em a twist round to a plain sight, and let him take a look at things just as they be, without a bit of "Glory" about 'em. Well, among them accounts we had got in the Message, was the Post office accounts, I didn't like the look on 'em a bit at the time, but as every body said mony was playgy scarce evry where, the Ginral thought it was natural and to find it pretty scarce in the Post Office too. Now, says I, Ginral, my notion is that we best let Major Barry tell his own story about it; for as he has done so much in reforming things, and we have got now a pretty good majority in Congress, he may git out of the scrape.

Well the Ginral thought that was about the best way, and Major Barry made his report, and telled a pretty considerable of a cute story about his havin found an error in the Post Office accounts, that had been overlooked ever since Ginral Washington's time. I began to think for a spell that would stump Congress, about as much as tho' there had been a fire in the Post Office, pretty much like that one in the Treasury last spring. But, some how or other, some of the playgy Senators have been smellin round, and got in a track that led 'em right up to the fact, that the Post Office is head and ears all over in debt; and that it has been borrowin money for over two years now, and never said a word on it to Congress. And I am peskily afraid, that seen the Law says none of our folks shall borrow money without consent of Congress, (and which, upon the hull is a pretty safe law, for Congress couldnt tell otherwise how the money was gone.) I am, I say, peskily afraid we cant get the Post Office folks out of this scrape, without reformin some on 'em out of office. But as they are all our best friends, and have done more for Glory and Reform than most folks, we shall let some on 'em resign, and then apint 'em to some office abroad or git 'em into some place where they can git a liven without workin for it; for the Ginral wont let any on 'em suffer no way.

When the Ginral come to hear what the Senate was arter, says he, Major, will them accounts of the Post Office stand the racket, or not? Why, says I, Ginral, its hard tellin; but as high as I can calculate, says I, I guess they wont in the way Congress settles accounts—things look playgy crooked, says I; and the worst on 't is, them accounts have been so twisted, first one way, and then agin another way, that I am aboard now they wont stand twistin any more. The only way says I, is to straiten 'em, and that's all I can do about 'em. But, says I, if they break to bits in straiten on 'em, I can't help it.—Well, says he, Major, I wish you'd try it; for says the Ginral, if we cant keep Barry up, there is no tellin what will become on us, for it seems to me, ever since Mr. Van Buren got the Post Office Department into the Cabinet, we have been able to do more in our enemies," than in all the rest of the departments put together. Well, says I, Ginral, I'll try it says I; and so the Ginral went to bed; and I got my slate, and I got all the Post Office accounts from the time Judge McLean left the office and Major Barry came into it. It took me a good spell to git 'em all strung out in regular order; and just as I was beginnin to sifer up, the Ginral he riz up in bed, and says he, Major, I reckon I can help you along. Well, says I, Ginral, I want all the help you can give me. I'm thinkin, says he, you best says that its all owin to Biddle; for he is craupin all the people he can, and that he makes money so scarce folks can't pay postage; and that if we had not taken the deposits away from him, things would be twice as bad now. Well, says I, Ginral, that is a good notion, and I'll see to rights how it will work among figures. I thought I'd just tell you, Major, says the Ginral, afore I forgot it; for the notion just struck me as I was going to sleep; and so the Ginral laid down, and I went siphering agin.

It was most daylight afore I got through, and I finished off with the sums Major Barry says he has been borrowin, and left a blank to put in the amount he says the Post Office has overdrawn the Banks where the postages are kept—for as he don't know yet what that amount is, I can't tell myself—tho' I suppose I could, upon a pinch, make nigh upon as good a guess at it as he could, or any one else. But I thought I wouldn't guess at nothin. I never guess when I get hold of my slate—I sifer on one side, and then chalk down the sum on the other—so there cant be no mistake.—When I com to figer up the hull amount, the Post Office has gone asturn since Judge McLean left it, I begun to bile up like one of Captain Bunker's steam kiddles; and

I was glad the Ginral was snorin, for I don't like to let people see me when my steam is up; but if I don't do somethin, I suppose I should blow up just like a steamboat on the Mississippi—and so I got my axe, and down stairs I went with a light to the wood-house, and split up more than three cord and a half of hickory afore I got in a good temper, and afore I thought it was safe to go to bed—and then I went to bed, and slept like a top till breakfast time.

The next mornin, when the Ginral come into the Cabinet room—well says he, Major, did you finish them playgy accounts? Yes, says I, Ginral, I did, and split up wood enuf to last us a month in the bargain. And I just telled the Ginral a leetle about it to prepare him—Now, says I, Ginral, let me have your specs, says I, a minit—and I took 'em to the window, and gave the screws a twist, and tried 'em, and seen every thing look'd natural, I handed 'em to the Ginral, and then he and I took the slate, and went over the figers both on us standing up by the table side by side. First, says I, there is the printin accounts and stationary of the Post Office, when Mr. Adams was President: and here is the account since we've been in—here is the amount of contracts for one spell, and there is the amount for another—here is the number of officers and clerks for one spell, and there is the number for another—and here is the cost of wages and sallarys of the Post Office when Mr. Adams was President: and here is the cost since our time—playgy deal of difference Ginral, says I, and it? The Ginral he didn't say nothin—he kept his eyes on the slate, and his mouth nigh upon wide open, any once in a while he'd calculate on his fingers a spell.—And now says I, there is the sum Judge McLean left in the Post Office when he went out on't—and there, says I, is the sum that is now wantin in the Post Office, to make things square there, to say nothin of the sum Major Barry says the Post Office has overdrawn from the Banks—and as he don't know what the amount is, I dont nother; and I dont care about guessin at it; for its bad enuf without guessin. The Ginral put his eye on the last line of figers (it was hard upon a million of dollars agin the office) and look'd, and blink'd, and began to close his mouth up slowly, just for all the world like shuttin up a safety valve; and he began to swell, and breathe playgy hard; I see the steam was gettin up.—The Ginral he look'd at me; and I look'd at him; and then we both looked at the slate agin. Bine-by the Ginral he opened the valve, and let off the steam, and such a whizzin you never heard in your born days. He took my slate, and was just going to smash it into a thousand atoms; but I got it afore it struck the floor. He then got his hickory and thrash'd round a spell with that. But that didn't do no good. So says he, to rights, "Major, what is to be done about it?" Why, says I, Ginral, I don't see nothing else, says I, but to take my axe, and do as I did last nigh—there is a good deal of hickory wants splittin in the wood-house yet. And with that I handed the Ginral my axe, and he slatted about the chamber with it for a spell; and if any of our folks had come in then, I guess they'd found more to fear than when I frighten'd 'em so a few days ago.

I never know'd the Ginral blow off steam so long as he did this time; and I was peskily afraid the boiler would burst arter all. And so I went to work puttin out the fire; and the only way was to get the specs, and screw 'em back to "Glory" agin; and as soon as I did that, we got our pipes, and sot down and talked over the matter.

Now says I, Ginral, though this is a bad business, it aint so bad as it first looks. In the first place, says I, if Major Barry had borrowed the money of Squire Biddle, Congress would have know'd it two years ago, and the Post office reports wouldn't a been as slick as they have been; and we'd a had more trouble to git so many of our folks in last election. And then, agin, by borrowin the mony, of other banks, on interest, it made them banks the keener to get hold of the deposits; for if Congress wouldn't pass a law to pay the mony, borrow'd by our folks, to make their accounts look square, why the deposit banks could pay themselves; and now by gittin our mony away from Squire Biddle, who was bound by law to make a regular report of evry thing, and puttin it in other books, our folks can square off a good many accounts, and Congress wont know nothin on't for it will take a pretty spy siferer to figer out all the accounts with so many new deposit Banks;—for we've got 'em now pretty well mixed up with what the Treasury calls "contingent drafts," and "transfer checks," and "Treasury warrants," and Zokol Bigelow says he could in three days, with the power the government has got now, warrant and transfer and contingent away, between so many pockets, nigh upon the hull of the deposits, and nobody could never find nothin about it.

And then agin says I, here is another thing—the people wanted "Glory," and they wanted "Reform"—and they have

had both over five years; and if they expected it warnt a gain to cost nothin, they was mistaken. And that, aint all, there was that playgy "surplus mony" business—evry body said a spell ago if somethin warnt done about it, the country would all go to smash. Well now, says I, we are gettin out of that scrape as slick as a whistle.

The Ginral he began to brighten up—why, says he, Major, we've been in a pashin then about nothin. I remember how I telled the folks in my message a spell ago, that the safest place for the surplus mony was in the pockets of the people; and I believe that sayin alone brought over more than one State to our side; and if our people git the mony, it's all right, aint it, Major? Yes, says I; any some folks, I suppose, will set a squeelin just like the pigs when they come in a leetle too late for their corn; and say, although they don't belong to our party, they've got just as good a right to a share as we have. Well, says the Ginral, there they are mistaken; for Governor Massy said (and that made him Governor too) that the corn all belonged to the pigs that got into the pen afore the gate was shut. But Major, says the Ginral, I am a little puzzled yet to know what account to charge that Post Office debt to—if we can any git that right, and save Barry, I shall sleep sound to-night yet. Well, says I, Ginral, there is only one account that will stand that charge, and a good many more too, for as we go along, and Congress gits to sifin things, I suppose they'll find out somethin more. In the first place, says I, that fire in the Treasury last Spring did a good deal towards settin off a good many land accounts, and other accounts. If we don't have no more fires, or other accounts, and Congress presses us, we'll give them a lead through the new Deposit Banks, a spell, as I have just bin tellin; and if they follow us up through that track, for some of these fellows have got good noses, then we'll fetch up on the only account I know of, and that account as I said afore will stand a good many charges yet. Well, what is that account, Major, says the Ginral? and he got up and looked at me. Last week, says I, Ginral, was the 5th January. Now, says I, aint that day worth a little more than the 4th July? The Ginral gin a nod. Well then, says I, there is "Glory," aint that worth somethin? The Ginral gin another nod. And there is "Reform," aint that worth somethin? The Ginral nodded agin. Well now, says I, put all that together, and if that dont make a sum of debt due you, says I, that will balance a good many accounts, I'm mistaken. "New Orleans, Glory and Reform," says I, debtor to the Ginral.—That's enuf, says the Ginral, and that was the end of the Post Office accounts.

From your friend,
J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

MORE CIVIL WAR.

Verily we knew this to be the age of civil commotion, but who would have thought that the fair sex should have caught the spirit? But so it is, the ladies of New Haven, have formed themselves into a society, resolving neither to marry or hold any communion whatever with any gentleman who indulges in the use of Tobacco. Whereupon the bachelors of the aforesaid city immediately assembled, and passed a number of spirited resolutions, all in opposition to those of the anti-tobaccoists.—The amount of these Resolutions is that they will "go to the death" for their tobacco, and that they forthwith cut short all fellowship with the above society; and any bachelor breaking these resolutions, is to be smoked for one hour, and pelted with quids, twenty minutes.

All these Resolutions to remain in force, until they lay down their arms and sue for peace. They might have saved themselves the trouble, for one of the ladies has already been expelled from the anti-tobacco chawer.—*Camden Journal.*

Milk and Water.—A good anecdote is told of a monkey who stole the purse of a woman while on her passage to this country and running with it to the shrouds of the vessel, alternately threw upon the deck, and overboard, every dollar of its contents. Silently the old woman busied herself picking them up and counting, till, finding he had finished, she clasped her hands and exclaimed, "Oh! the wonderful cratur, sure was ever justice served out more equally—not a farthing more has gone by water than came by water—sure wasn't it by the selling of milk that I got them, and wasn't that same half water? Oh! the wonderful cratur, oh!"

A memorial in favor of restoring the deposits has been sent to Congress from Philadelphia, signed by 10,259 persons.

A memorial signed by 6000 merchants and traders, and another by 4000 artists and mechanics, of the city of New York, have also been forwarded to Congress, by the hands of a deputation from each of those classes of citizens.