

# 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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## THE Miners' & Farmers' Journal

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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 91 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.

## Downing Correspondence.

My old friend Mr. Dwight, of the New York Daily Advertiser.

WASHINGTON 25th, Jan. 1834.

Ever since I and the General settled the Post Office accounts, as I told you in my last, by charging the amount that Major Barry is astern, to "Glory" and "Reform" the General has been more easy about it than I am afraid other folks be, especially some of the opposition folks in Congress; they keep smellin' round—and unless we can get up another nullification there will be trouble, not only about the Post Office business, but some other branches of the Department.

Congress keeps hammering away yet about the deposits, and the General was just ago to give up when we got the news from Albany of the vote of the Legislature there in favor of the General in taking away the Deposits from the U. S. Bank, and the vote of the New Jersey Legislature, and strong news too that some other Legislatur w'd do the same. The General was amazingly tickled, and says he, Major, I reckon your notion that the Major want with us on that pint is a mistake, and now says the General, I'll hang on and keep the deposits, and Biddle may waste for em. Well, says I, General, we'll see, and as I said afore, if the people don't tell their Legislatures another story, and Congress too afore we are a month older, them say I, I know nothin on em. Very well, Major, says the General, we'll see—and just then in come Amos and the Globe man, and some more of our folks, and lookin' pretty streaked too, and I got a tetchin' right off there was somethin' stirrin'—and so they began to tell the General that Biddle was to work brinin' all the people he could to sign petitions to Congress, asking to put back in the Bank all the deposits again, and to recharter the Bank.

Why, says the General, 'ant that too bad Major—we must give the Bank says he that Latin pill, there is nothin will stop em but that skirry factus, (or some such a name the General calls it.) Now, says I, General, you hit a bit says I—there is one thing p'ces me considerable about this brinin' business—I should like to know who they be who are takin' bribes—and what in the natur of things says I, for Squire Biddle to bribe the friends of the Bank, for that would be useless—then, says I, it must be that he is brinin' the enemies of the Bank, and that's our party. Now, says I, will you set by and hear folks say, that our party is such a scabby set of fellows as to take bribes—

if you do, says I, I won't, and with that I riz up, but afore I could get round the corner of the table I and the General was alone again. I sat down and said nothin—I grunted my teeth a spell, but that didn't do much good—I took my knife and whittled the table, but that warn't much better, and the only way to rights that put me in a good temper agin, was to whistle more than 40 verses of Yankee Doodle, for I didn't like to say a word to the General whilst I was in a passion. The General was all the while walkin' up and down the room—so as soon as I got through whistlin', says I, General, I guess we best say nothin' more about bribin', says I, well says he, Major, I reckon you are right, for the notion never struck me afore that that leader talks his streak upon the heads of our friends, for they are the only ones that need brinin'.

Now, says I, General, just lets you and I sit down and talk over this business, and I'll tell you like a true friend, how the cut is agin you to jump, and if it don't turn out as I tell you, I'll give you my ax and throw in my regimentals in the bargain; and so the General he set down, and he and I went at it. In the first place says I, if I git in a passion, you must keep cool—and if you git in a passion I'll keep cool, but if we both git in a passion, then there is no tellin'—well says the General that is a good notion Major, for that's just the way the Ingens do, and they learn wisdom from natur; you never see an Ingens and his squaw get drunk together—when one gets drunk another keeps sober, and so they take turn and turn about. Well, says I, I never heard that afore, but I suppose tho' they git along better when they are both sober. O yes, says the general, in war time that is best, but not in treaty time. Well says I that's no matter, that aint exactly what I

am ater, but I've got a notion out on't which I'll begin with: Some years ago the Yankees got drunk and got up a kinder nullification; there warn't much in it arter all, according to my old friend Dwights book—but folks South thought there was, and so they kept sober; and last year the South got drunk, and then all North kept sober, and that frolic is ended. Now, says I, North and South and East and West are all sober, and all shakin' hands, and they say we have been takin' a drop too much—there aint no nullification no where in particular, but its all nullification all about us, and all hands are formin' a ring and closin' in upon us here, pretty much like a wolf hunt—they all say we have taken the money that belongs to the people, and the people want be content till we give it up—that's pretty much the nub of the business—and we shall have petitions and memorials from all quarters tumblin' in upon us, and if we dont moid them they will be follow'd by hard nocks, just like the story in the Old Spellin' Books about the old man drivin' the boys from his apple tree—he throw'd grass first, and that doin' no good, he tried stones, and that brought em down pretty quick.

The General he began to git in a pashin—and says he major I'm gittin' mad. Very well, says I, general I'll keep cool according to agreement; and with that the general slatted round a spell with his hickory, and talked about New Orleans—and Siminoli—and the Grand tower—and I sat whittin' all the while—why major, says the general, I'll never give up the deposits in the world—"what" says I, not if the people say we was wrong in takin' em? Suppose the people say the laws are agin us, what then? Well says the general, I've told 'em that the laws are only just as I understand 'em, and nothin' else. Now says I general, suppose Clay or Calhoun, or Webster, was in your office and said jest so—and you was in Congress, or was one of the people and didn't agree with 'em—how then says I? O says the general that's a very different thing—any one of them fellows would be dangerous to trust with any kind of power. Well says I my notion is, however, that the law don't mean to trust no body—and as I am peskily afraid one or tother on 'em will git in here arter we go to the Hermitage—I don't want to have any thing done now by us that they will do, and then tell us they only do what we did. That's the only thing that puzzles me—for, says I, General, sas for the goos ought to be sas for the gauder too.

Well, says the General, there is something in that major—but says he, I cant give up the deposits any how: Amos says we must hold on to 'em, and all our folks say so too. Yes, says I, General, its true enuff the hounds have got the stag down, and I got a taste on him afore the hunters come up, and I suppose there will be little left but the horns and trotters; but, says I, it aint right, and the people will tell us so you may depend; and all I have to say is, if what we have done is to be the rule hereafter, I dont know but I should like to be President myself; for folks might make laws, and all I'd have to do would be just to undertaad em according to my notion.

I dont see Major, says the General, how it is you git such old notions about public sentiment. I know I cant be mistaken, for every letter I have time to read tells me I am right; and I read the Globe from one end to tother every day, and that paper tells evry thing, and I see nothin' there that tells me I am rong—Well, says I General you know you havnt got time to read more than one letter in a hundred that comes.—That's true enuf, says the General, but then our folks do, and they tell me every thing. Tell you evry thing? says I—'but no matter—and so I whistled Yankee Doodle a spell. No, No, Major, says the General, the opposition folks throw dust in your eyes; you dont see things as clear as the rest of our folks about us. I just was goin' to speak but findin' my dander was lifting I had to go to whistlin' agin, and it took me nigh upon 15 minits to git right, and I expected evry minit I would have to git my ax and split hickory a spell in the bargain. Now says I General you are the only man on earth I'd look at a minit, and let him say so to me. I got dust in my eyes, says I? I not know what is goin' on in doors and out of doors? why says I, how you talk. Now, says I, you just set still a minit and I'll show you something says I, worth looking into—and I went into a room where Mr. Van Buren and Amos and some more of our folks git together every once and a while, to manage and talk over matters, and I've seen so much of the games play'd there, and being naturally curious in most matters, I can play some on em nigh upon as slick as Mr. Van Buren himself—but he is a master hand at it.—The game they had been playin' most at latterly, was about managin' the public money among the new Deposit Banks, and showin' how to use the "transfer checks" and "contingent drafts" so as to puzzle folks in time of need. It was done with a parcel of cups

and balls, and little strips of paper—and did tickle me amazinly; and for a spell puzzled me too—and I thought I'd jest show the General, and see if it would tickle and puzzle him too. And I thought I'd let the General see if there warn't a little dust in his eyes too. And so I brought in a hull arin full of this machinery. And as soon as the General saw me, why says he, Major what on earth have you got there.—Why says I, its a trifle and I'll tell you all about it to rights. And so I placed the cups bottom up, all along in a row on the table, and then I gin the General a handfull of small balls. Now says I, I'm goin' to show you about as cute a thing as you've seen in many a day—them cups we'll call banks, and them balls is the money we took from Squire Biddle's Bank, the next thing is to show you how things are going to work now that we've got our money from one pocket, where maybe you may or may be you may not find nothin' at all on't—and here says I are some little pieces of paper that I'm goin' to make use on to throw dust with—now says I General look sharpe or you're gone hick and line says I. Its a playy cunning game, and I dont know sartin that I can play as well as Mr. Van Buren and Amos and some more of them are folks, and especially the Treasury folks, for they have been at it now off and on ever since I've been here—and Mr. Van Buren tell'd em unless they could play this game well there was no use of takin' away the deposits.

Now, says I, General I'll begin—you are sartin says I, there is a ball under evry cup—O yes, says the General, for I jest put em there,—and then I began slidin' the cups by each other, and mixin' on em, and kept talkin' about Glory and Reform, and the 8th January, and the Proclamation, and Veto, and Nullification, and some folks been like old Romans born to command and others to obey, and so on—and jest as the General took his eyes off the cups and looked at me, and was goin' to say somethin', I slap'd some cups together and called out hocus pocus, alicam pain, presto, e pluribus unum, sine qua non, skirry factious, says I—there, says I General that's the end on't. Well says the General, I dont see much in that, Major—didnt you? says I—then so much the better for the game. I suppose then, says I, you think the balls are under the cups just as you put them. To be sure I do, says the General,—I suspected what you was arter, Major, and I kept my eyes on the cups, and no balls ever got from under em without my seein' em. I'd stake my life on't says the General; and what's more, I'll stake the fastest horse in my stable, that evry one of the cups has got a ball under em. Well says I, General it wouldn't be fair bettin, and so do you go to work and look. And the General he lifted up one cup, and there warn't nothin' under it but a piece of paper. The General he was stumped; he looked at me and gin his face a twist, and then he looked in the cup and shook it. Well says he, Major, that is playy odd,—what has become of that ball? Well says I, I guess the paper will tell you; and the General took up that and rubb'd his specks and read, "Transfer draft No. 101." Well then, I suppose says the General, its all right—for he just began to take the notion of the game)—and instead of one ball in the next cup, there is two balls. I'm not sartin, says I, and you'd better look. And so the General lifted the next cup—and there warn't no balls there nother, only another piece of paper. The General looked a spell at me, and opened his mouth, and then he stretched his head, and took off his specks; and rubb'd them agin and then he read the paper. On one side was "Contingent check," \$500,000—and on tother side was written, "Marquis of Carnarthen," \$200,000—6 per cent.—Post Office loans and all kiver'd up with figures, so you could not see a bit of 'White' on the paper—the General he blink'd at it a spell; and says he Major, what does this mean? Well says I, General, I dont exactly know myself, but I suppose its all right, for I see here on one corner 'Amos Knidle.' O, very well, says the General, if that paper has passed under the eye of the 'honest Amos,' my life on't its all right. But Major, where is the ball I put under that cup, says the General—aint it under one of these cups? Not as I knows on, says I—and with that the General he turned to agin, lifin' the cups and shaken on em and lookin' into em, and there warn't a ball under any one on em—only pieces of paper all full of figerin', and some on em marked 'Transfer checks' and 'Contingent drafts' and 'Treasury warrants'—the General he hustled em about to see if he could find any of them balls among em—and examined all the cups agin, and he looked under the tables—so to rights, says he, Major, I'm stumped—I knock under—I'm clean beat, says the General: that beats all the rest. Now, says the General, what game is this, aint this nickremancy? Well says I, General my notion is pretty nigh that; but Mr. Van Buren says there aint a bit of nickremancy in it—its only financiality,—but I suppose its a little of both on em.—Well, says the General, its a playy

cunning game, Major, aint it? O, says I, its nothin' as I play it here—you should see Van Buren at one end of a table, and honest Amos at tother, and some of the folks from York State with the "safety funds cups" too, strung around the table, and all on em understandin' the game nigh upon as well as Mr. Van Buren—and then they bring in the 'party cup' too—and such a movin' and hocus pocus work, I never see afore in my born days—in lookin' sometimes I wouldn't bet I had a head on my shoulders—it beats all natur says I.

Now Major, says the General, suppose you try it agin, and so as I got my hand in, I played it over 2 or 3 times a little better, and the General couldn't see the trick no way—for when I'd find him watchin' playy close, I'd spread the cups as far as I could reach, and talk about "Glory" like ail path, and tell about the people's beginnin' to think that some folks was outwittin' the General, and that Congress wouldnt go home afore they git all the public counts sifted, and the peoples' money back agin under their control, and as the General couldn't no way keep his eye on all the cups at once, I'd hocus pocus agin. The General couldn't see it, and he rubb'd his specks more than twenty times, but that didn't git the dust out of his eyes, and then I turned to and explained all I know'd about it to the General, and he tried it, and after a good many slips—pretty much as Major Barry did when he tried it—he got along pretty well, considerin'.—Now, Major, says the General, suppose we try it with one cup, and put all the balls under it, and see how the game works that way. I think, says the General, if you can outwit me then, I may as well quit.—Well, says I, General, that was jist my notion too; and I tell'd our folks, and offered to bet any on em they couldn't get a single ball out, or git a piece of paper in the place on it, without my seein' it if they ony used one cup, and not one on em would take me up—and I've tried it, but it won't work with one cup—you must have a good string on em. Some of our folks said that they could fix a cup so as to play the game with it—but they couldn't with a plain single cup—and seem that I stump'd em about the single cup, they are all at work now in all parts of the country inventin' a cup with springs, and screws, and slides, and holes inside on it. Well, Major, says the General, I dont like to have dust throw'd in my eyes, and I never did like this kind of hocus pocus work; I never understand it; and I dont like this kind of nickremancy, or financiality—and it aint to my fancy at any rate; Major, and it shant be, that I'm determined upon—and just then in come a hull raft of our folks from Congress, to tell the General what was goin' on there; and as I had this letter to write to you I went into the next room, and whilst I was within it, I'd hear the General once and a while stormin' away about that playy game of "financiality" and "nickremancy." "There won't be a dollar left," says the General, "to pay the old sogers their pensions, if we don't put a stop to this game," and then they all got to blusterin' and "and we must," and "we mustn't do this and that." Oho, thinks I, when folks talk of it its time for me to take a hand; and just as I was goin' to start I heard the General roar out for me, and not knowin' what was comin' I jist grab'd my ax, and was along side of him in a flash; and would you think it? there was more than fifty fellows of our folks, and some on em from Congress too, all standin' round in a ring, brow boating the General, and tellin' him not to do this, and not to do that, and by no means not to break their cups; for, it seems, the General had jist threatened to smash em; and sure enuf, as soon as he saw me let drive at em with his hickory, and he sent the cups and balls into more than a thousand bits. "Stand by Major," says the General—never you fear me General, says I—but afore I had time to spit in my hands, the General finished the war; there warn't a critter left. And ever since, the General has bin blowin' off steam; and he haunt said a word to me about havin' dust in my eyes, and I begin to think the General finds he has had as much in his'n as most folks, and so that's all for the present; oay I'll jist tell you its no use for any one to attempt now to deceive the General with new plans, and a new bank—we'll have the one we've got, made a little bigger, pritty much arter Mr. Webster's fashion, and that meets my notion, because the country is bigger than it was 20 years ago—and there mustn't be no nickremancy about it. The General says there must be only a plain cup; and balls in it; then there will be no hocus pocus without seein' the trick out. So no more at present. From your friend,

J. DOWNING, Major,  
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

## Constitution of No. Carolina, AND OF THE UNITED STATES.

FOR SALE at this Office, a few copies of a Pamphlet containing the Constitution of the United States, the Constitution of North Carolina, and the Declaration of Independence. Price, 25 cts.

## WARRANTEE DEEDS

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

## SALE AT AUCTION.

I WILL sell at Public Auction, on Saturday, the 22d of March next, on a credit of 6, 12, and 18 months,

**House and Lot,** on Tryon street, adjoining Mrs. Laura T. Polk's and Mr. James T. Asbury's lots, all my

**Household and Kitchen Furniture** which is nearly all new. All my

**Farming Utensils, 3 Horses, Waggon and Gear, One Oxcart and Oxen, 1 Milch Cow and Calf;**

and sundry other articles too tedious to mention. I will at the same time rent a field on shares of standing rent, about 40 acres, one-half of which is new ground, cleared last spring, and the whole of it ploughed in the best manner. This field is well fenced and in good order for a crop. I am determined to sell without reserve.

THOMAS MERA.  
Charlotte, N. C. Feb. 25, 1834. 76-3w

## NOTICE.

ON Monday, the 17th of March next, at the Court-House in Charlotte, I will sell to the highest bidder, a very likely

## NEGRO MAN.

young end of good character, belonging to the estate of Robert Davis, dec'd. Terms made known on the day of sale by

D. R. DUNLAP, Adm'r.  
Feb'y, 25, 1834. 3w

N. B. All those who have demands against the estate are required to present them, as the law requires; and those who are indebted to the same will please to pay or close them immediately.

A. D. DUNLAP, Adm'r.

## Administrators' Sale.

WILL be exposed to public sale, on Tuesday, the 18th of March next, at the late residence of James Spratt, dec'd. the following property, viz: A number of likely

## YOUNG NEGROES,

of both sexes, one of whom is a good Blacksmith—

—ALSO—  
**Horses, Mules, Cattle and Hogs, Household and Kitchen Furniture, One Good Road Waggon, Farming Utensils of all kinds, One Cotton-Gin and Screw.**

The Gin has a new Metal Cog Wheel.

## —ALSO— One Threshing Machine and Metal Horse-mill.

with many other things common to extensive farms.

There will, at the same time and place, be hired, until the 1st of January next, a number of likely NEGROES.

Sale to continue from day to day until all are sold. Terms made known on the day of sale.

JAS. NEELY, } Adm'ns.  
JAS. W. SPRATT, } Executors.  
Feb'y, 25, 1834. 3w

All persons indebted to said estate are requested to come forward and make payment; and those having demands against the estate, are requested to present their accounts within the time prescribed by law.

## PLANTER'S HOTEL,

Laurelville, 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.

Drovers can be supplied with safe and secure jots. Wagoners 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.

January 1st, 1834. 7163  
LEROY SECKIST.

## WHOLESALE Sugar-Candy Manufactory.

THE subscriber takes this method of informing the citizens of Stokes, and the surrounding Counties, that he has commenced, and intends carrying on, the manufacturing of

## CANDIES

of every description, in the town of Salem, N. C. and will be happy to attend to all orders (enclosing the cash,) sent to him, as they will be attended to with punctuality, and the Candies warranted fresh made.

CHRIS. HENRY WINKLER.  
Salem, February 21st, 1834. 77-3m.

P. S. The subscribers carries on the manufactory of

## LINSEED OIL.

and will give the highest price (or exchange salt) for any quantity of Flaxseed that may be brought to him.

C. H. WINKLER & CO.

## \$15 REWARD

WILL be given for the apprehension and delivery of a negro boy named JACA, 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 same to the subscriber, living in Charlotte, will receive the above reward and thanks besides.

J. D. BOYD.  
March 6, 1834. 3w

## BLANKS,

Of various kinds, for sale at this Office.