

# MINERS' & FARMERS' JOURNAL.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY NOBLE & 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. I.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1831.

NO. 52.

## THE MINERS' & FARMERS' JOURNAL

Is printed and published every Wednesday morning at Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum, if paid in advance; Three Dollars a year, if not paid until after the expiration of six months.

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 Editors must come free of postage, or they may not be attended to.

## Tin and Sheet-Iron Ware MANUFACTORY.

J. SUMNER & CO.

RESPECTFULLY inform the citizens of Charlotte, and the public generally, that they have commenced the above business at the old stand formerly occupied by E. M. Bronson, and recently by Capt. Thos. A. Mera as a grocery, on Main street, a short distance north-east from the Court-House, where they intend to keep on hand a good assortment of Ware, and expect to be able to supply at wholesale or retail, on the most reasonable terms, all who may favor them with their custom.

JOS. SUMNER & CO.

N. B. All kinds of Job Work in their line done at short notice. Wanted, an Apprentice to the above business; one who can come well recommended, will receive suitable encouragement.

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## Charlotte & Camden Stages.



NEW ARRANGEMENT.

LEAVES Charlotte and Camden every Sunday and Wednesday, at 8 o'clock, A. M.—and arrives in Charlotte and Camden every Monday and Thursday, at 5 P. M.—meeting the Northern stages at Charlotte, and the Charleston and Columbia stages in Camden.

The Contractor pledges himself to use every exertion for the comfort and convenience of passengers. He has prepared a six-passenger Coach to run on the line, and a stage, with steady and careful drivers. For seats, application can be made at Boyd's Hotel, Charlotte; D. Hagen; Lewis Gill, Lancasterville; Fletcher's; and at McAdams, Camden. Fare, 61 cents per mile, or the passenger paying in advance, 5 cents per mile for going and returning.

THOS. BOYD, Contractor.

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## PROPOSALS

For publishing in the City of Washington, two Weekly Newspapers, (see pamphlet forms) one to be entitled

The Mechanic's Register;

THE OTHER

The Farmer's Register.

A PORTION of the Daily Telegraph will be devoted to a reculture and the mechanic arts. Having the matter in type, we propose to make up two weekly royal sheets, to contain sixteen octavo pages each, one to be entitled, The Farmer's Register—the other, The Mechanic's Register. The Farmer's Register will contain agricultural notices, and such other matter, common to a newspaper, as will be interesting to that class from whom we derive the staff of life. The Mechanic's Register will contain such general information on mechanics, in addition to the ordinary newspaper notices, as will render it a valuable acquisition to the library of that useful and influential class of citizens for whom it is intended. These two publications will contain no advertisements but those connected with agriculture and the mechanic arts. For these works we ask the special contribution of those whose avocations in life enable them to give practical and useful information.

The price of these will be one dollar and fifty cents per annum, paid in advance. As this sum cannot be remitted by mail, any post-master is authorized to receive it on account, and the paper will be forwarded on his receipt.

The editor is willing, where one individual will obtain eight or more subscribers, and remit one dollar and twenty-five cents for each, to forward these papers at the rate of one dollar and twenty-five cents per volume. Each volume to contain fifty-two numbers.

The object of both these works will be, to place a cheap newspaper within the reach of every citizen; and, at the same time, to make it doubly interesting by giving important information, suited to the avocations of those for whom it is intended. We admit that it is our desire that they should find their way to the fire-side of every honest citizen; and we are resolved to do all in our power to make them worthy of such favor. The Register will contain a due proportion of political matter, and in addition to the valuable information, pertaining to their special objects, which the title designates, it will embody important state papers in a convenient form for preservation. The public mind has been much excited on the subject, and with a view to embody in a condensed form, an authentic account thereof, the first numbers will contain the correspondence between Gen. Jackson and Mr. Calhoun; which will be followed up by the publications explaining the cause of the dissolution of the late cabinet; thus embodying a mass of interesting history upon that subject, in a pamphlet form. As it is expected that many village and neighborhood clubs will be formed for their circulation, we intend to publish a large edition of the first numbers.

Our subscribers and agents are respectfully desired to promote the object of this address, and editors with whom we exchange, are requested to give it an insertion in their respective papers.—When they take into consideration the extra expense incurred by us in furnishing them the reports and proceedings of Congress, the request will not appear unreasonable. The favor will be reciprocated if desired.

DUFF GREEN.

Washington City, Aug. 8.

## WARRANTEE DEEDS

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

From the Englishman's Magazine, for June.

## THE MINERS OF BOIS-MONZIL.

An affecting and authentic narrative, by an Eye Witness.

On Tuesday, February 22, a violent detonation suddenly was heard in the coal mine of Bois-Monzil, belonging to M. Robinot. The waters from the old works rushed impetuously along the new galleries.—The waters, the waters! such was the cry that resounded from the affrighted workmen throughout the mine. Only ten miners out of twenty-six were able to reach the entrance. One of them brought off in his arms, a boy eleven years old, whom he thus saved from certain death; another, impelled by the air and the water, to a considerable distance, could scarcely credit his escape from such imminent danger; a third rushed forward with his sack full of coals on his shoulders, which, in his fright, he had never thought of throwing down.

The disastrous news, that 16 workmen had perished in the mine of M. Robinot, was soon circulated in the town of St. Etienne. It was regarded as one of those fatal and deplorable events, unfortunately too common in that neighborhood, and on the ensuing Thursday it was no longer talked of. Politics, and the state of parties in Paris, exclusively occupied the public attention.

The engineers of the mines, however, and some of their pupils, who, on the first alarm, had hastened to the spot, still remained there, continuing their indefatigable endeavors to discover the miners who were missing. Nothing that mechanical science, manual labor, and perseverance, prompted by humanity, could perform, was left undone.

Thirty hours had already elapsed since the fatal accident, when two workmen announced the discovery of a jacket and some provisions belonging to the miners. The engineers immediately essayed to penetrate into the galleries where these objects had been found, which they accomplished with much difficulty, by crawling on their hands and feet. In vain they repeatedly called aloud; no voice save the echo of their own, answered from those narrow and gloomy vaults. It then occurred to them to strike with their pickaxes against the roof of the mine. Still the same uncheering silence!—Listen!—yes! the sounds are answered by similar blows!—Every heart beats, every pulse quickens, every breast is agitated—yet, perhaps, it is but an illusion of their wishes—or, perhaps, some deceitful echo. They again strike the vaulted roof. There is no longer any doubt. The same number of strokes is returned.—No words can paint the varied feelings that pervaded every heart! It was [to use the expression of a person present] a veritable delirium of joy, of fear, and of hope.

Without losing an instant, the engineers ordered a hole to be bored in the direction of the galleries where the miners were presumed to be; at the same time they directed, on another point, the formation of an inclined well, for the purpose of communicating with them.

Two of the engineers' pupils were now despatched to the Mayor of St. Etienne, to procure a couple of fire pumps, which they conducted back to the mine, accompanied by two firemen. In the ardor of youthful humanity, those young men imagined that the deliverance of the miners was but the affair of a few hours; and wishing to prepare an "agreeable surprise" for the friends of the supposed victims, they gave strict injunctions at the mayoralty to keep the object of their expedition a profound secret.

Notwithstanding the untiring efforts made to place these pumps in the mine, it was found impossible. Either they were up a plane too much inclined to admit of their playing with facility, or the water was too muddy to be received up the pipes; they were therefore abandoned. In the meantime, the attempts made to reach the miners by sounding, or by the inclined well, seemed to present insurmountable difficulties.—The distance to them was unknown; the sound of their blows on the roof, far from offering a certain criterion, or at least, a probable one, seemed each time to excite fresh doubts; in short, the rock which it was necessary to pierce was equally hard and thick, and the gunpowder unceasingly used to perforate it, made but a hopeless progress. The consequent anxiety that reigned in the mine may be easily conceived. Each of the party in his turn, offered his suggestions, sometimes of hope, sometimes of apprehension, and the whole felt oppressed by the vague suspense, which is, perhaps, more painful to support than the direct certainty. The strokes of the unfortunate miners continued to reply to theirs, which added to their agitation, from the fear of not being able to afford them effectual help. They almost thought that in such a painful moment, their situation was more distressing than those they sought to save, as the latter were, at any rate sustained by hope.

\* St. Etienne, a manufacturing town for hardware, and ribbands, with a population of 100,000 souls: the Birmingham and Coventry of France. It is situated on the banks of the Loire.

While most of the party were thus perplexed by a crowd of disquieting ideas, produced by the distressing nature of the event itself, and their protracted stay in a mine where the solitary lamps scarcely rendered "darkness visible," the workmen continued their labors with redoubled ardor; some of them were hewing to pieces blocks of the rock, which fell slowly and with much difficulty; others were actively employed in boring the hole before named, whilst some of the engineers' apprentices sought to discover new galleries, either by creeping on "all fours," or by penetrating through perilous and narrow crevices and clefts of the rock.

In the midst of their corporeal and mental labors, their attention was suddenly excited from another painful source.—The wives of the hapless miners, who had that all hope was not extinct.—They hastened to the spot: with heart-rending cries, and through tears alternately of despair and hope, they exclaimed, "Are they all there? Where is the father of my children? Is he amongst them, or has he been swallowed up by the waters?"

At the bottom of the mine, close to the water reservoir, a consultation was held on the plan to be pursued. Engineers, pupils, workmen, all agreed that the only prospect of success consisted in exhausting the water, which was already sensibly diminished, by the sole working of the steam-pump; the other pumps produced little or no effect, notwithstanding the vigorous efforts employed to render them serviceable. Somebody then proposed renewing the failure of these pumps by *un chaîne a bras*, viz. by forming a line, and passing buckets from one to the other; this method was adopted, and several of the pupils proceeded with all speed to St. Etienne. It was mid-night.—The *generale* was beat in two quarters of the town only. The Hotel de Ville was assigned as the place of rendezvous. On the first alarm, a great number of persons hurried to the town hall, imagining a fire had broken out, but on ascertaining the real cause, several of them returned home, apparently unmoved. Yet these very same persons whose supposed apathy had excited both surprise and indignation, quickly reappeared on the scene, dressed in the uniform of the National Guard. So powerful is the magic influence of organized masses, swathing under the orders of a chief, and stimulated by *l'esprit de corps*.

It was truly admirable to see with what address and rapidity the three or four hundred men who had hastened to Bois-Monzil, passed and repassed the buckets by forming a chain to the bottom of the mine. But their generous efforts became too fatiguing to last long. Imagine a subterranean passage badly lighted, where they were obliged to maintain themselves in a rapid descent in a stooping posture, to avoid striking their heads against the roof of the vault, and most of the time, up to the middle in the water, which was dripping from every side; some idea may be formed of their painful situation. They were relieved from this laborious duty by the *Garde Nationale* of St. Etienne, whose zeal and enthusiasm exceeded all praises. But a more precious reinforcement was at hand; the workmen from the adjacent mines now arrived in great numbers. From their skill and experience every thing might be expected; if they failed there was no further hope.

The *chaîne a bras* was again renewed by companies of the National Guard, relieved every two hours, who at respective distances, held the lights, and under whose orders they acted. It was a cheering spectacle to behold citizens of all ranks engaged in one of the noblest offices of humanity, under the direction of poor colliers.

The immense advantages of the organization of the National Guard, were never more strikingly exemplified than on this occasion. Without them there would be no means or possibility of uniting together an entire population; of leading the people from a distance of more than three miles, night and day, so as to ensure a regular and continual service; all would have been trouble and confusion. With them, on the contrary, every thing was ready, and in motion, at the voice of a single chief; and the whole was conducted with such precision and regularity as had never, on similar occasions, been witnessed before.

The road from St. Etienne to Bois-Monzil, exhibited a scene of the most amazing kind. In the midst of the motley and moving multitude, the National Guard were seen hurrying to and fro: *chasseurs*, grenadiers, cavalry, and artillerymen, all clothed in their new and rich costume, as on field day. Some of the crowd were singing *la Parisienne*, others were lamenting, praying, hoping, despairing, and by "fits and starts," abandoning themselves to those opposite extravagancies so peculiarly characteristic of a French population. When night drew her sable curtains around, the *picturesque* of the scene was still more heightened. Fresh bands of miners, conducted by their respective chiefs, coming in from every side; their sooty visages lighted up by glaring torches; National Guards arriving from

different parts of the country, to join their comrades of St. Etienne; farmers and reapers, on horseback and a foot, hastening to offer their humane aid; sentinels posted—muskets piled—watch-fires blazing, and in short, the *tout ensemble* rendered the approaches of Bois-Monzil like a bivouac on the eve of an expected battle; happily, however, the object of these brave men was to preserve life, and not to destroy it. It is but just to render homage here to the worthy *cure* of St. Villars, who, in his simple clerical dress, mingled every where with the anxious throng, exhorting and encouraging them in their good work, both by precept and example:

"He had no bigot's pride—no sectary's whim; "Christian and countryman were all to him."

On Saturday the *chaîne a bras* was discontinued, as the engines had now brought the pumps effectually to work. Suddenly a cry of joy was echoed from mouth to mouth: "They are saved! they are saved, six of them freed from their subterranean prison!" shouted a person from the entrance of the mine. The rumor was instantly repeated along the crowd, and a horseman set off at full speed for St. Etienne, with the gratifying news; another followed and confirmed the report of his predecessor. The whole town was in motion, and all classes seemed to partake of the general joy, with a feeling as if each person had been individually interested. In the exuberance of their delight they were already deliberating on the subject of a *fete*, to celebrate the happy event, when a third horseman arrived. The multitude thronged around him expecting a more ample confirmation of the welcome tidings. But their joy was too soon turned to sorrow, when they were informed that nothing had yet been discovered, save the dead bodies of two unfortunate men, who together, had left eleven children to lament their untimely fate!

On Sunday, the workmen continued their labor with equal zeal and uncertainty as before. A sort of inquietude and hopelessness, however, occasionally pervaded their minds, which may be easily accounted for from the hitherto fruitless result of their fatiguing researches. Discussions now took place on what was to be done; difference of opinion arose on the various plans proposed, and, in the mean time, the sound of the hopeless victims, from the recesses of the rocky cavern, continued to be distinctly audible. Every moment the embarrassment and difficulties of the workmen increased. The flinty rock seemed to grow more impenetrable; their tools either broke or became so fixed in the stone, that it was frequently impossible to regain them. The water filtered from all parts, through the narrow gallery they were perforating, and they even began to apprehend another irruption.

Such was the state of things on the Monday morning, when, at 4 o'clock, an astonishing noise was heard, which re-echoed thro' the full extent of the mine. A general panic seized on every one; it was thought the waters had forced a new issue. A rapid and confused flight took place; but luckily, their fears were soon allayed on perceiving that it was only an immense mass of rock, detached from the mine, which had fallen into a draining well. This false alarm, however, operated in a discouraging manner, on the minds of the workmen; and it required some management to bring them back to their respective stations, and to revive that ardor and constancy, which they had hitherto, so admirably displayed.

They had scarcely renewed their endeavors to bore through the rock, when suddenly one of them felt the instrument drawn from his hands, by the poor imprisoned miners. It was indeed, to them the *instrument of deliverance* from their cruel situation. Singular to relate, their request was neither for food nor drink, but for light, as if they were more eager to make use of their eyes, than to satisfy the pressing wants of appetite! It was now ascertained that eight of the sufferers still survived; and at this time an authentic account of the happy discovery was despatched to St. Etienne, where it excited the most enthusiastic demonstration of sympathy and gladness. But there is no pleasure unmixed with alloy; no general happiness unaccompanied by particular exceptions. Amongst the workmen, was the father of one of the men who had disappeared in the mine. His paternal feelings seemed to have endowed him with superhuman strength. Night and day he never quitted work but for a few minutes, to return to it with redoubled ardor; one sole, absorbing thought, occupied his whole soul: the idea that his son, his *only* son, was with those who were heard from within. In vain was he solicited to retire; in vain they strove to force him from labors too fatiguing for his age. "My son is amongst them," said he; "I hear him; nothing shall prevent my hastening his release;" and, from time to time, he called on his son, in accents that tore the hearts of the bystanders. It was from his hand the instrument had been drawn. His first question was, "my child?" Like Appelles, let me throw a veil

over a father's grief. His Antoine was no more! he had been drowned.

For four days several medical men were constantly on the spot, to contribute all the succours that humanity, skill, and science can afford. It was they who introduced, through the hole, broth and soup, by means of long tin tubes which had been carefully prepared beforehand. The poor captives distributed it with the most scrupulous attention, first to the oldest and weakest of their companions, for notwithstanding their dreadful situation, the spirit of concord and charity had never ceased among them. The man who was appointed by the others to communicate with and answer the questions of their deliverers, displayed in all his replies, a gaiety quite in keeping with the French character. On being asked what day he thought it was, and on being informed that it was Monday instead of Sunday, as he supposed, "Ah!" said he, "I ought to have known that; as we yesterday indulged ourselves freely in drinking water." Strange that a man should have the heart to joke, who had been thus "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd," during five days, destitute of food, deprived of air, agitated by suspense, and in jeopardy of perishing by the most horrible of all deaths!

There still remained full sixteen feet of solid rock between the two anxious parties; but the workmen's labors were now, if possible, redoubled by the certainty of complete success. At intervals light nourishment in regulated quantities, continued to be passed to the miners; this, however, they soon rejected, expressing but one desire, that their friends would make haste. Their strength began to fail them; their respiration became more and more difficult; their utterance grew feebler and fainter; and towards six o'clock in the evening, the last words that could be distinguished— "Brothers, make haste!"

The general anxiety was now wound up to the highest pitch; it was perhaps, the most trying crisis yet experienced since the commencement of these benevolent labors; at length the moment of deliverance was all at once announced, and at ten o'clock it was accomplished. One by one they appeared, like spectres, gliding along the gallery which had just been completed; their weak and agitated forms supported by the engineers, or whom they cast their feeble eyes, filled with astonishment, yet beaming with gratitude. Accompanied by the doctors, they all, with one single exception, ascended the entrance of the mine, without aid; such was their eagerness to inhale the pure air of liberty. From the mouth of the mine, to the temporary residence allotted them, the whole way was illuminated. The engineers, pupils, and the workmen, with the National Guard under arms, were drawn up in two lines to form a passage; and thus in the midst of a religious silence, did these poor fellows traverse an attentive and sympathizing crowd, who, as they passed along, inclined their heads, as a sort of respect and honor to their sufferings.

Such are the affecting particulars of an event, during the whole of which, every kind of business was suspended at St. Etienne, an event which exhibited the entire population of a large town, forming as it were, but one heart, entertaining but one thought, imbued with but one feeling, for the god-like purpose of saving the lives of eight poor obscure individuals. Christians, men of all countries, whenever and wherever suffering humanity claims your aid—Go ye and do likewise.

MUSIC IN GERMANY.—Here, as every where else in these countries, there is excellent music, and that of a native growth. What I have heard this evening would be ill exchanged for the most finished transcendental compositions. In and out of doors there is music—always music; morning, noon and midnight, there is music. "The peasant never passes, under any circumstances, without wishing me, and every one in his way, a "Gut morgen, guten tag;" or "Guten Abend!" with a musical intonation. Judging of its harmonizing effects upon the mind and heart of a people among whom it most prevails, I feel convinced of its importance.

[Dr. Beattie's "German Courts."

The Atmosphere never dark on a windy Night.—Several years since, when travelling by night in the mail-coach, in the depth of winter and during the absence of the moon, I was surprised to observe, that, though dense clouds covered every part of the horizon, and not a single star could be seen, yet the night was far from being dark, and large objects near the road were easily discerned. On expressing my surprise to the driver, he replied, "The wind is very high, and during a great many years that I have been upon the road, I never knew it to be dark upon a windy night." The observation was at that time new to me; but subsequent experience has convinced me that it was true.

Louisa's Magazine of Natural History.

Charity.—We should not wait for opportunities for doing good, but make them.