

MINERS' & FARMERS' JOURNAL.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY THOMAS J. HOBTON...CHARLOTTE, MECKLENBURG COUNTY, NORTH-CAROLINA.

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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 \$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.

Downing Correspondence.

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

WASHINGTON, Dec. 14, 1833.

We have got business enough now on our hands, I tell you; and night upon every day we have a squall that brings all hands to the helm. We have had fair wind so long, that few on us know exactly how to steer now a days, when every wind comes right at our teeth. I ain't had my coat off since Congress met; and the General says we must watch them fellows closely. "Keep sharp look out Major," says he, "on Clay—he is a bold, independent fellow, and will break out his notions if the Devil stands at the door; and if he had the people with him," says the General, "as I have, there no tellin what trouble he would give us. He would make as good a General as ever was. But it will never do to trust that man with power."—Very well, says I, "General don't plague on!" says I, "the critter some how keeps law on his side all the while." That's true enuf, says the General, and therefore we must keep a sharper eye on him, and the time is come now, Major, when we must all on us try our popularity—for when the law is agin us, we shan't have nuthin' else to stand on. There is nothin, says the General, like war times, Major—then, when these troublesome fellows talk about law, I'd give 'em Martial Law that makes short work."

"Just after breakfast yesterday, I and the General had a high time together. I had been expectin every day to see the bank come out with a reply; and I told the General, says I, General I'm afraid I'll get a stumper from Philadelphia one of these days, that will knock us all into kindred wood. But he kept sayin there was no danger of that. Why, says he, Major, you forget that we first give the Bank a most moral welkin 3 years ago and left 'em no other defence than to print reports, and speeches; and that show'd they had'n't much bank, and we have been cripin on 'em since. And when I see they began to stagger, I gave 'em our whole Battery, and opened upon em in flank, front and rear, with sharpshooters, headed by that amazing little District Attorney, open'd first on me. Then come my proclamation—and then my message—and then Mr. Tany's report—and the Globe all the while throwin shells and Rockets.—Why, says the General—gittin up and takin his hickory, and givin it a whack on the floor—if the Bank had all that racket, Major, its tuffier than paper on log. No, no, Major, says the General, don't you fear that the Bank will say a word in reply—it's a skin'd raw. And the words want out of his mouth, afore in come a hull bundle of papers, and the first thing I see among em was the Bank reply: Now, says I, General, here's trouble!—here's the very thing, says I, I've been afraid of all the while. The General laft a spell; and says he, "major, suppose, you and I now just take a bout, and you'll see how easy I can knock that reply into nothin. Well, says I, General, here's a bargain—Now, says I, let us sit down, and you may take, says I, the Globe or our District Attorney's report or your proclamation, or your Message or Mr. Tany's report—any one on em—or, says I, come to think you may take em all together—for they are pretty much all one—and I'll take this Bank reply, and then less see what kind of a fight it will turn out.—Well, says the General, you are a man of spunk Major, and I like you for it, if I make a prisoner of you, I'll treat you like a brave soldier. And so will I, you, General, says I, and if you fall in the fight, says I, General, I'll bury you, says I, with honors of war, and then we shook hands.—Now, Major says the General, as I am to begin the fight, don't you fire till I fire, and then we'll go thraw, shot by shot. Well, says I, I want to know first, if I have a right to fire back your shot, if they miss me, and I can pick em up? O yes, says the General, that's fair in war. Use the enemy's shot and guns too, if you can, Major—that's the true art of war. The General all the while kept fixin his papers all in a string on 'one side of the table. He put his own Messages and Proclamations in the middle, and flank'd off with our District Attorney and Mr. Tany's reports; and then he sifted the Globe about, and call'd them scouts and foragers

—there says he, take your station. And I went round tother side, and sat down. Are you ready says the General?—All ready says I—and at it we went. The General, he open'd his fire first, as agreed, and he fired away from his first Message. And then his 2nd—then he took the Globe, and then the reports—and he blaz'd away like all wrath, for an hour; and as soon as he stop'd to take breath—Now, says I, its my time—and I read the reply a spell, and answered all he said in three minits. And I gin him a look!—The General twisted his face most shockin, and scratched his head too. But he went at it agin as spunky as ever; for he is an anasin tuff critter in a fight, and hungs on like a snappin turtle when he gets holt. He banged away a spell agin like all natur; and just as he took his specks off to give em a rub, I gin him the reply agin. The General gin his face another pluggy hard rumple; and I sat waitin for him to fire agin. Says he, Major, that's a sharp piece you are firm with there. It's a peeler, says I, General, I tell you—but you hunt got the best out yet—it's jest gittin warm, says I."

"Major, says the General, suppose we change batteries—let me take that reply, and you take all these documents. I like to fight, says the General, when there is ten to one agin me. So do I, says I, General, and so we'd better fight it out as we sit."

"The General looked a spell at his paper agin; and, says I, I've got my hand in now, and want to see the fight out.—Well, says the General, you see Major what comes when any one attempts to drive the Executive, and with that he got up, and took off his specks, and put em in his pocket, and put on his hat and took his hickory, and fetched a whack on the table—VETO, says he, that's enuf, says I General."

"And now, says the General, lets go and take a walk and so we went. The General didn't say nothin for more than a mile, and I never nother. So, to rights, says he, Major, every body says money is very scarce. That's true enuf, says I, and it's not got as scarce as it will be afore winter is over; and then I tell'd the General, the cause on't—Well, says the General, I believe you are right; and if the worst comes to the worst, says he, we'll have a new bank, and that will make money plenty agin, won't it? Yes, says I, I suppose so, but we can't git a new bank, General, for this one's time is out and that's nigh three years yet, and long afore that time, says I, there will be trouble enuf, as this one must all the while be collectin in its own money and folks will fail and be bankrupt; and then twenty new banks will do no good. If we could make a new bank now, says I, right off, and let it take up the business of the old one, it would't make much odds. But the law wont allow that, you know, General. And jest then the General got in a way he has, of twitelin with his suspender buttons behind; and to rights he broke one off. There, says he, Major, here is this confounded button off agin.—Well, says I, that's a small matter—here is a tailor's shop,—let's go in and make him put it on—and so in we went.—The tailor happened to be one of our party, and was tickled to death to see the President, and thought he was goin to git an office right off, and was pluggly cut down when he come to find it was only a button off, and so he jumped back on his board, and sat down on his heels agin, and said if the general would take off his pantaloons he'd put it on in a few minutes.—I looked at the general, and he looked at me—and we both looked at the tailor. Why says the general, this is the worst thing, major, I ever met—I'm stumped completely! It will never do to risk walkin home with this button off, for if tother one comes off, it's all over with me; and if I set here without my pantaloons till that fellow puts on a button, I'll kitch my death of cold! look here major, says the general, that other button is takin all the strain, and it will come off in less than five minutes—what is to be done?—It seems to me, Major, said the general that no man is placed so often in such real trouble as I am—yes, says I, General, but its fortunate for you, you always have me with you. I know it, major, says he, and I hope you will be as true a friend now as ever you have been—and with that, says I to the tailor, can't you fix things now, so as to git over all this trouble? There is only one way, says the tailor, and that I've stated, and another thing, says he, the general wants a new pair. You rascal, says the general, you can't make a better pair, and one that fits me better, if you try a month—these pantaloons, said the general, are better than a new pair; and if they only had new buttons here they would last me to my dying day. It takes me weeks and months to get a pair to sit easy. I wont have a new pair, says the general, that I'm determin'd on. I see, says the general, what you are after—you want a new job."

"Well, says I, General, let me try—and with that I waxed a thread, and got a new button; and whilst the general stood up, I sot down behind him, and stitched on the button in 3 minits—the General all the while shakin his hickory at the tailor, and tellin

him he had no more brains in his head than he had in his thimble. 'You are a pretty fellow to be one of my party,' says he; 'I should have been soon in a pritty condition, if I had taken your advice,' says the general. 'Let me never ketch you at the White House agin.' So to rights, the tailor got mad too, and said he didn't belong to the general's party—he was a Tany-Kindle-Van-Buren-Jackson man; he knew which side his bread was butter'd, and I looked pluggy knowin too—it was jest as much as I could do to keep the General from smashin him—so says I, 'General, come lets be movin'; and we went home—the General all the while talkin about his escape from an awful state the tailor was about gettin him in."

"Well, says I, 'General, little things sometimes give us a kink, and a notion of bigger ones; and now,' says I, 'do you know, General, we are in a scrape now pretty much like that one we jest got out on.' How so? says the General. Why, says I, the Bank—there it is, says I, jest like your pantaloons, better than new;—and only wants a new bottom; and some of these tailors about us here want us to set shiverin and shakin, and runnin the risk of gettin the rheumatiz that will last us our lives, jest for them to get the job of making a new one."

And now, says I, I guess you and I had better disappoint em, as we did the tailor jest now, stitch on a new button, and things will all go smooth agin. The General didn't say a word; but he got thinkin pluggy hard, till we got home agin; and he got his pipe, and I got mine, and jest as we were lightin em, says he, Major, there are some fellows about us here that pester me most desperately—we must all go as a Unit, or I must blow em all up and get a new set. We'll think of it, said the General, and with that, we cock'd our feet on the mantle tree, and in less than five minits you couldn't see no more on us than our toes."

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

Western Rail-Road Line.



From Salem, N. C. to Blakely, end of the Petersburg Rail-Road, and to Norfolk, 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, two and a half days—249 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 Norfolk, three days—253 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 Norfolk, 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. Wagons with a good dry yard, and provided furnished at as low rates as the market will afford.

His TABLE shall be furnished with the best of 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. 71183

To Journeymen Cabinet Makers.

THE subscriber, residing in Charlotte, is desirous of obtaining good workmen in the above business, will give employment to one or two first rate workmen, if application be made immediately.

JOS. P. PRITCHARD.
Oct. 23, 1833. 611f

Pursuant to a previous notice, a large and respectable meeting of the citizens of Cabarrus county, was held at the Court-House in Concord, on Tuesday of January Court, for the purpose of considering the subject of the recent removal of the public deposits from the Bank of the United States. On motion, Gen. WILLIAM ALLEN was appointed Chairman, and Maj. IBZAN CANNON Secretary of the meeting.

The object of the meeting, and the importance of the subject under consideration, was explained by JOHN PHIFER and D. M. PARRINGER, Esqs. whereupon, after some explanatory remarks, Gen. P. BARRINGER introduced the following preamble and resolutions, which were supported by F. L. SMITH, Esq. and unanimously adopted, by the meeting:

WHEREAS, there are periods in the history of all nations, where it becomes necessary, for the preservation of the purity of Government, and the security of individual rights, that the people, in their primitive assemblies, should speak their opinions in a voice which will be heard, and respected by their representatives. Believing as we do, that passing events foretell the arrival of that time in our own government,

Be it therefore resolved, That in the opinion of this meeting an attempt is now making to concentrate into the hands of the President of the United States, an extent of power, which if unresisted by the frown of an indignant people will eventually lead to usurpation and despotism.

Resolved, That as long as we are free men, "we will not fail" to enter our solemn protest against usurpation, let it proceed from what quarter it may.

Resolved, That we believe the U. States Bank has been the prime agent in securing to the Nation a sound circulating medium, and in securing all classes of society from the onerous tax incident to a depreciated currency.

Resolved, That the removal of the public deposits from the Bank of the United States, is unwise, unjust, and in violation of the chartered rights of that Corporation.

Resolved, That the manner of their removal is still more reprehensible, for thereby the President exercised a power indirectly, which by his own admission, he could not do, directly.

Resolved, That we look upon the removal of Mr. Doane, from office, because he refused to remove the public funds, in defiance of the opinion of Congress, as an abuse of power, incompatible with the spirit of the Constitution and laws of our Union.

Resolved, That we admire the independent course pursued by the late Secretary of the Treasury (Mr. Duane) in refusing, at the sacrifice of his office, to become a tool, in the hands of the President for the exercise of unauthorized power.

Resolved, That in the opinion of this meeting, the public funds ought to be, forthwith, restored to the Bank of the U. States; and that our representative in Congress, the Hon. H. W. CONNER, is hereby instructed to vote for their immediate restoration.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to our representative, the Hon. H. W. CONNER, and our Senators in Congress.

Resolved, That the different Editors in the State be requested to publish the proceedings of this meeting in their respective papers.

Whereupon the meeting adjourned.
WILLIAM ALLEN, Chairman.
IBZAN CANNON, Secretary.
Concord, January 21, 1834.

Good House-Keepers.—If there be any thing among the temporals to make life pleasant, it is in the walls of a well ordered house, where all is adjusted to please—not by its finery or costliness, but by its fitness, its air of neatness and content, which invite all who enter to taste its comforts. The woman who does not make this a grand item in all her routine of duties, has not yet learned the true dignity of her station—has not yet acquired the alpha of that long alphabet which is set before her; and she who despises this noble attainment despises her best worldly good, and indirectly despises her family, her neighbors, and the word of God. "She looketh well to the ways of her household," was spoken by the wisest man that ever lived, and will be told a memorial of all those who have been eminent for this noble character.—Gen. of Temperance.

The Wife.—The young men of Boston have recently held a debate upon the subject of Temperance. Mr. Barbour made some pertinent remarks from which we extract the following characteristic anecdote: "Mr. B. mentioned the case of a woman he had visited not long since, whose husband he found "benstly drunk," lying just within the door. It seemed she had drawn him in to prevent his public exposure, though she had not strength to raise him from the floor. She placed a pillow also under his head. She could not bear to see him without one, bad as he had treated her and her children. So it is, often said Mr. B. "the wife will be the wife, though the husband be the brute."—U. S. Gazette.

PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

The Washington correspondent of the Boston Morning Post, gives the following notice of the Chaplain to the House of Representatives:—

Mr. Stockton, the Chaplain, officiated at the Capitol last Sunday and gave us the finest specimen of pulpit oratory I have witnessed since the days of Dr. Holley. He is of the Methodist persuasion; a young man of middle size, light complexion, of frail figure and health. His voice, though very fine and exceedingly distinct, is not so musical as Dr. Maffitt's; but his manner is more grave. His sermon, (which was extemporaneous) was on the character, crucifixion and resurrection of our Saviour: the text, I think 1 Cor. c. xv. 3d to 8th verses. I have rarely seen so inspired an orator, or so enraptured an audience. His style was highly poetic; though his argument strictly logical. He made use of one striking and beautiful figure towards the close of his discourse, which seem to draw a simultaneous and involuntary movement of silent applause from the whole audience: As the moon, said he, reflects the light of the invisible sun, so Christ reflected the glory of the invisible God.

Heat produced by Friction.—We stated a few weeks since, that a machine had been invented in this state to warm factories and all large public edifices by Friction. We had but little definite knowledge then of its merits or structure, but within a few days we have seen it in operation in this town. We now speak from personal observation. The machinery which generates the heat consists of a pair of horizontal circular plates of cast iron, enclosed in a brick oven, about four feet in diameter, and weighing 1600 pounds. They operate upon each other precisely like a pair of millstones, with this exception, the upper one is stationary and the lower one revolves. The ordinary speed is eighty revolutions a minute and the velocity is sufficient in two hours to raise the thermometer in the oven to 500. The size of the plates, their thickness and velocity with which they revolve, are considerations which the size of the building to be heated must regulate. From the top of the brick enclosure or oven, a funnel is projected, and from this the heat can be thrown off, as through ordinary furnaces, to any part of the building. We saw the machinery put in operation when cold, and in fifteen minutes, the heat from the mouth of the funnel in an upper story was almost too much for the naked hand to bear. There is yet much scepticism as to its final success, but we can see no reason for it ourselves. It has been said the iron plates will soon wear out, but it is ascertained by experiments, that these smooth, hard, surfaces will subtract from each other but very little. The machine is exceedingly simple in itself, can be put and kept in operation by a band passed round a shaft inserted in the lower cylinder, and without danger or attendance, kept in operation day and night with the aid of a water wheel.—Northampton Courier.

100 NEGROES FOR SALE.

ON the 10th and 11th days of January next, at the Court-House in Charlotte, Mecklenburg County, North-Carolina, I will sell

100 NEGROES, the property of William Davidson, by virtue of two Deeds of Trust to me executed by the said Davidson, for the benefit of the Bank of Newbern, John Irwin, Samuel McComb and others. Terms, Cash.

W. MORRISON, Trustee.
Charlotte, N. C. Sept. 5th, 1833.

Postponement.

The above sale is postponed until the 17th of February next, when the sale will take place and continue from day to day.

W. MORRISON, Trustee.
January 1, 1834.

STATE OF NORTH-CAROLINA,

MECKLENBURG COUNTY.

Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, November Term, 1833.

Hayes & Orr vs. Ephraim Hartgrove, Plaintiff's interest in the tract of land belonging to the heirs of Benjamin Hartgrove, dec'd, adjoining the lands of Thomas B. Smartt, dec'd, John Hartgrove and others.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that the defendant has removed without the limits of the State, Ordered, therefore, that publication be made six weeks in the Miners' and Farmers' Journal, that he be and appear at the next Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions to be held for the county of Mecklenburg at the Court House in Charlotte, on the 4th Monday in February next, and then and there plead or reply, otherwise judgment will be entered up against him.

Witness, Brailly Oates, Clerk of said Court at Office, the 4th Monday of November, A. D. 1833.
Test: B. OATES, c. c. c.

Price adv. 824

United States Money for Sale.

PERSONS wanting United States Money can be accommodated by applying to

SPRINGS & DINKINS.
Dec. 20, 1833. 69U

BLANKS.

Of various kinds, for sale at this Office.