

THE MINERS' & FARMERS' JOURNAL

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

Downing Correspondence.

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

WASHINGTON, Dec. 27, 1833.

My last letter to you tell'd you of that noble the General got in about the buttons, and if it hadn't ben for me he'd ben in a prett-accrue with that Taylor. The General can't forget that yet, and wout so long as he ben buttons.

You know I've ben tellin you along about my fears of mony troubles—well it's a bad business—and is goin to be worse yet or I know. And the General is beginnin to get a little too fat. All our folks about us here don't feel it for they have all got fat offices—but I know the people feel it who want fat offices—and untill they speak up, things will go worse and worse—every let-ter I git now is full of trouble and distress—and I tell'd the General tother day, says the General, we must look into this matter now I tell you—why, says he, Major, the Governmint aint to blame—every man a-charge me says it aint his fault. Well, says some one did it I'm certin—things went sooth enuf, says I, till we got dabin and riddin in mony matters and the Bank, and now its all heads and pins, and when we say it aint our fault, says I, it's pretty much on a man puttin a long pole over a fence and swivel—and after pullin one end round with a jerk if he knocks over a dozen folks with the other end say it aint his fault—now it's pretty much just so with the Bank, says I, and if you can't see it, all I can say is I

Well Major, says the General, something must be done any how, for I begin to think politics and mony matters dont always go together. I'll call all our folks to-gether, says the General, and well have a Cabinet and look into the matter, and you Major prepare yourself, for I'm goin to turn over a new leaf, that I'm determind on—and with that he issued orders every man to be at the Cabinet Cham-ber the next day just after breakfast—and went to work puttin down all my notions writing, for I expected a rough time and pretty sharp set of fellows to be off—thinks I as it is in the fashion now a days read papers to the Cabinet, I'll give em that will be worth reading, and I guess will be the last one that the Senate will read an official copy of in one while. It took an upon all night to write it out—and I long to it, for I think the time is come to show folks see they hant got a green horn outwit when they try me.

And so the General had em all up in the Cabinet Chamber yesterday, and such an o'ra-hawlin I never see—I sat all the while with one foot on the table, whittin a piece of shingle—and the General was walking and among 'em, tellin about the troubles and money all about the country, and asking we are to git out of the scrape—I kept my eye on most all on 'em, and both ears on pretty much the hull on 'em, and such a buzz and tangle I never see since the day Downinville cum over to the Jackson place, and that was just after his election—they thought I was determin'd the first go to say nothing—And to rights I heard the chap just behind me tell the General there was one Major in the Cabinet who made pretty much all the trouble, and that was writin letters that went all the while on the rest on 'em—and if it warn't for em they could make the people believe just what they wanted—that it was his fault that the Cabinet was oblig'd to shift their ground about the Bank and cross tracks every day. It hadn't ben for him the depositees would have ben removed because there warn't no safety fund in the Bank, and the people ben contented—and if it warn't for him the Governmint could now make the people believe that Biddle was the sole cause of their bein no money now a days, and so on. I

stopp'd whittin a mint and cast my eye over my left shoulder, and the fellow dodg'd behind the General in a flash, and when I had round the ring I found pretty much the hull on 'em looking at me and there wasn't a word said. And to rights the General walk'd up to me and stop'd right in front and look'd me strait in the face, says the Major you've hearn all that is said—and I should like to know what you have to say in reply—no man shall leave the room till the General till this trouble is cleared up—Major says the General (and his lips

began to quiver I tell you) Major, says he, it would take a good many men to convince me that you aint what I have always found you—an honest man and a true Patriot—some folks about us have ben whisperin in my ear for a long while that you aint what I think you are—but Major says the General—I am a soldier and so are you—and we are now all face to face—no more whisperin says the General and he give his Hickory a whack on the floor and look'd round the whole ring—The country is in trouble says he, and the time is come for every man to speak out—if there is error let it be corrected—if there is trick we must expose it—and now Major says the General do you set still—and if any man has any thing to say agin you let him speak out. When they are all done—you can answer them—but with that the General pull'd his own chair up to the other side of the table and laid his Hickory and hat down before him, and all our folks began to nuck noses in little groups here and there, and one on em, no matter who, was as busy as a lap dog on a trainu day, smelling round from one to another to find the right man to speak first—but none on em seem'd to like it.—The General all the while sat blunkin and looking round at 'em all, and blunkin his face once and a while most plagily.

So to rights, this one on 'em came forward and bow'd, and says he, General, that "our sufferin is intolable," there is little doubt; and the question is not how we got into our present condition, but how we can best get out of it. I believe, says he, (turnin with a bow to every body—for he is an amazin polite creature) that is the true and only point now for discussin. "Not exactly," says I, "but no matter." "Well, said he, as regards the Major, far be it from me to make any charge against him; he is decidedly the favorite of the people, and should be the favorite of every man in office who wishes to keep his office; but I would say, that I wish the Major had a higher office. I wish he was an auditor of accounts—or a receiver of public money—or a minister abroad—or an Injin agent, or any other office in the Governmint; but as he is now—there is no getting hold of either end of him; we can't elevate him, which I sincerely desire—we can't put him down, which no man desires. There are things in all Governments—and in this in particular, that require cookin up before the people should be served with it; but the Major hands the dish over to the people, raw and uncook'd, and lets every man dress his own dinner—this is not right.

And then again he says the General, and thinks that politicians shouldn't meddle in mony matters, when we all know that none of us would now be here without party, and that party can't hold together without office, and that office aint worth a fig without money; and so it comes to this—we've got a party, and a good strong one; and that party must keep all the offices and the control of all the money; for, without money, the offices wout be good for nothin—and without offices the party will be all scattered: look at my own state, see how things work there; and just so they should here. We must have the Bank—we can't do any thing without it. It is all good enough if we could get Biddle and his friends out of it—but seeing we have tried that and can't succeed, this must go down, and then we'll have a new one after our own fashion—unfortunately, some will suffer—because this one must, I suppose, collect its debts and wind up—but what is the sufferings of a few in trade, compar'd to the breaking up of a political party, now all hitch'd together—think of all of us going back again to practice law—and you, Mr. Auditor, to keeping a school—and you Mr. Secretary, to keeping a shop—and you to ploughing—and you to planting corn—and you to diggin potatoes—and you to printing newspapers. And you Major, says he, what would become of you? I began to crawl all over, and was just goin to say something, but I thought I wouldn't till he got through, and he reeled it off for more than an hour pretty much in the same way about things in general, and Major Downing in particular—and as soon as he stopt, I got up and says I, has any body got nothin more to say? No one said a word. Says I, is all that is said put in writin—for then there will be no mistake—no turnin corners—no dodgin afterwards. "O, no," says he, "there is no necessity to put any thing in writin of this nature; that aint my way says he. I have always said 'I don't like to get into the newspapers.'" Well, says I, that's just where we differ—what I'm goin to say now, says I, is all in my pocket in black and white—and with the General's permission, says I, I'll read it to the members of the Cabinet, and then I'll git it printed, and then all on you can read it, and every man shall have a copy on't, except Clay and the rest of the Senate—for tho the law says they are part of the Governmint, they aint got no business with any paper read to the Cabinet—aint that law, says I, General?" The General nodded his head, and that was enuf; and says he, Major, do you read that paper; I know you well enough to know it will be an honest view of things, and I don't care

whose toes you tread on. I have no interest in these matters further than to do my duty—if any fellows have mislead me I advise em to keep an eye on my hickory.

And then I took out my papers from my pocket and went at it; and I didn't mince matters I tell you. The General sat restin his elbows on the table with his chin in both hands and lookin straight in my face the hull time, only once in a while he take his hickory and whack it on the table when any one mutter'd and whisper'd; and as soon as I got to the end on't, then come a buzz and a mix, and the General got up and fetch'd another whack on the table with his hickory, enuf to loosen ones eye teeth.

Now, says the General, the beagin bath sides, and the people will shortly bear it too. If they say the Major is right, I wout oppose them any longer; if they say the Major is wrong, then well go on as we now go; and now, says he, Major, git that paper printed, and the only favor I ask of you is not to send an official copy on't to the Senate if they ask one;—and with that, I and the General bow'd off the Cabinet, and the Majors and the rest of the Governmint; and we turn'd to readin letters from all quarters, all full of mony troubles and distress, enuf to give one the cholera morbus; for as I said afore one is just about as bad as 't'her.

I'll send you to-morrow or next day, the paper I read to the Cabinet, and the rest of the Governmint, for you to print. It's too long for this letter, and you can ask Zeke Bigelow, if he hant stop'd payment, to pay you for the expense of printin on't, and tell him for me if his head is above water, its more than can be said of most folks—and he better hold on all he's got, and ride out the storm if he can. His last letters to me say things are shockin bad in Wall-street, but the worst there aint as bad as things are away West and South, and they will be worse yet, if the people don't decide pretty soon, as the General says, whether I am right or wrong. For it's the people's business now, and the General is waitin for 'em.

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

Major, says he, it would take a good many men to convince me that you aint what I have always found you—an honest man and a true Patriot—some folks about us have ben whisperin in my ear for a long while that you aint what I think you are—but Major says the General—I am a soldier and so are you—and we are now all face to face—no more whisperin says the General and he give his Hickory a whack on the floor and look'd round the whole ring—The country is in trouble says he, and the time is come for every man to speak out—if there is error let it be corrected—if there is trick we must expose it—and now Major says the General do you set still—and if any man has any thing to say agin you let him speak out. When they are all done—you can answer them—but with that the General pull'd his own chair up to the other side of the table and laid his Hickory and hat down before him, and all our folks began to nuck noses in little groups here and there, and one on em, no matter who, was as busy as a lap dog on a trainu day, smelling round from one to another to find the right man to speak first—but none on em seem'd to like it.—The General all the while sat blunkin and looking round at 'em all, and blunkin his face once and a while most plagily.

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FRESH GARDEN SEEDS,
OF THE GROWTH OF 1833,
FOR SALE AT
WM. HUNTER'S
Medicine and Confectionary
STORE.

AMONG WHICH ARE THE FOLLOWING:

Early York Cabbage	Guernsey do
Imperial do	Sarat do
Emperor do	Long Scarlet-Reddish
Wellington do	Scarlet Short Top do
French do	Salsom do
A choice kind	Scarlet Turnip do
Early London Cabbage	Long Black winter do
do	White Head Lettuce
Late do	Cabbage Head do
Green Curled Borcole	Eearly Curled Head do
Cearian Kale or Cow	Large white head do
Cabbage,	Summer Bush Squash
a choice article	Early Orange or
Drum Head Cabbage	Sugar do
Late Dutch do	Long Green Cucumber
Large English Savoy do	Early Bunch do
Scottish do	Georgia Water Melon,
Late Sugar Leaf do	a superior kind
Red Dutch do	Large Musk Melon
For Pickles,	Vegetable Oyster
Tree or Thousand	Nasturtion
leaved do	Cayenne Pepper
Calewarts	Garden Cross
Early Spring Turnip	Balsam of Pear
Ruta Baga do	Balsam of Rute
Large Norfolk field do	Curled Parsley
Large flat Dutch do	Solid Chellery
Yellow Malta do	Double Pepper Grass
a rare kind,	Asparagus
Top Onion for seed	Sage
Red Onion seed	Balm
White Portland Onion	Indian Creeper or Cyprus
Large Scotch Leek	vine, runs 50 feet or
Round Spinnage	more
Priekly do	Early June Pea
New Flanders do	Early Charlten do
a choice kind,	White Marrowfat do
Long White Oclra	Sugar do
Blood Beet	Dwari Prolific do
Early Blood Turnip do	Early China Beans
Mangle Parsnip do	White Kidney do
Swelling Wartsnip	Refugee or 1000 to 1.

Administrator's Sale.

ON Wednesday of February Court, I will expose to public sale, at the residence of the late Victor G. Blandin in Charlotte, all the personal property belonging to the deceased, consisting of JEWELLRY of various kinds, working tools, bed and furniture, &c. &c.

Terms will be made known at the time of sale.

All persons indebted to the estate, are required to make immediate payment to me, or during my absence, to Mr. F. Sanner, who is authorised to receive the same, and to whom those having claims against the estate, are requested to present them for payment within the time prescribed by law.

CHARLES JUGNOFF, Adm'r.
February 7th, 1834. 3v

NOTICE.

ALL those indebted to the subscriber by Book Account, will please call and settle, either by Cash or Note, as bank accounts should be closed once a year.

N. B. I still carry on the Saddle and Harness Making at my old stand in the South-east wing of the brick building, where he has a good stock of Saddles of a superior quality, low for cash.

JAMES T. ASBURY.
Charlotte, N. C. Jan. 29, 1834. 3v

Elijah ridiculed the prophets of Baal. Our poetic correspondent is disposed to treat the devotees of Bacchus in the same manner. He draws pictures from real life, having no lack of originals in this goodly city.

Cincinnati Journal.

THE DRUNKARD AND HIS BOTTLE.

Sobber. Touch thee! No. Viper of vengeance! I'll break thy head against the wall. Did you not promise?—ay— To make me strong as Sampson— And rich—as Crassus— (I'll wring thy villainous neck.) And wise—wise as Solomon, And happier than the happiest!

But instead of this—villain! You've stripped me of my locks— Left my pocket empty as a cuckoo's nest— Made me ragged—made me wretched, And then laid me in a ditch!

Touch thee! sure as there's vengeance In this fist, I'll scar the moon With thy broken skull!

But—one embrace before thou die (tast-ing)
'Tis best to part in friendship, Ah! thou hast some virtue yet; I always thought 'twas best To give the devil his due; And—(tast'ing) though devil thou art.

Feeling Thou hast a pleasing face—
better A sparkling eye—a ruby lip—
A blushing cheek—and thy breath—(tast'ing)
'Tis swe-eter than the
Bree-zes that ever gambol
Till the break of day
A-mong the beds of roses.

Feeling My ho-honey (tast'ing) thou shalt not die.
best I'll stand by thee, day and night,
And fight like Her (hic) cu-les.
I'll tea-each the parson (hic) a little
wisdom.

I'll preach (hic) tem-per-ance too,
I'll live on mil-(hic) k and honey,
And—(jalling) be the ha-hap-piest man
on earth. (hic.) Z.

After a long period of comparative obscurity, we find the celebrated LORENZO Dow a petitioner before the Senate of the U. S. We copy the following from the reports of the National Intelligencer:—"Mr. Wilkins said he had a petition to present, from a gentleman well known in this country.—Which presented that gentleman in a light somewhat new. The gentleman was one who was very notorious, and had been continually going about doing much good all over the land. It seems that the gentleman some years ago, had diverted his attention from immortal to mortal concerns, and had invented a medicine for the body, as well as the soul, for which he had taken out a patent. The patent was about

law might be passed for its continuation, in consideration of the insufficient profits he had derived from it. His profits had not been sufficient, in the language of the gentleman himself, to make one head wash the other.—The petition, Mr. W. said was signed "LORENZO DOW."

On motion of Mr. Wilkins, the petition was then referred to the committee on the Judiciary.—*Raleigh Register.*

Franklin and his Legacy.—To-morrow will be the 128th Anniversary of the birth of Benjamin Franklin. The house made memorable by that event, stood opposite the Old South Church, in Milk-street. The Doctor died at Philadelphia, April 17, 1790, aged 84. The \$444, which he left to the Young Married Artificers of this city, amounted by the last (unpublished) report, to \$21,164 19. A gentleman, who was one of our select men, when this bequest was tendered, remarked to us yesterday, that there was quite a debate on its acceptance. It has long been administered, we may add, in violation of the condition of the will, which limits the bounty to Married Mechanics, of between the age of 21 and 25—that class having proved, owing to the great change in manners and customs since Franklin's time, (an advocate too, of early marriage) much smaller than was anticipated even by the town authorities.—*Boston Centinel, 16th inst.*

Mechanical Improvement.—We were yesterday shewn a pair of patent Blacksmith's Bellows, invented by an ingenious Frenchman, who is himself a smith, and is the city by a merchant of New-York. The Bellows are so constructed as to keep up the blast, in ascending as well as descending, thus making it steady in its operation, and will thereby enable the smith to make use of the hard coal. The blast can be regulated to suit the convenience of the operator, and it is stated that the pair of which we are speaking, although only of 30 inch, will do the work of a 38 inch Bellows.

Chas. Courier, 1st inst.

Newspapers.—I positively never knew a man in the country who was too poor to take a newspaper. Yet two out of three even respectable people, read no papers but what they borrow.—As I speak generally, I hope I offend none. If I do, the greater necessity to speak out. How many who think themselves too poor to take a newspaper, pay as much daily for drink. Miserable man, thou art poor indeed!

Dr. Franklin.

The Oath—Proscription—Despotism.—Your last page, will be found an highly interesting article, from the "Columbia Hive," which exhibits nullification in its most horrible aspect. It unveils the monster and holds him up to public indignation in his naked deformity. It proves, from the record of their own acts, and from the honest opinions of a member of their own party, that the measures of the Legislature of South Carolina, amount to absolute despotism—despotism not only against the personal and political rights of the citizen—but the worst of all; despotism over the consciences of men.

Their public press, speaks still stronger language; "Men must be made to swear." Gracious Heaven! Must the anxiety of the Cooper be polluted to the unworthy purposes of ambitious and designing men? "Men must be made to swear!"—to violate their consciences—to commit willful and corrupt perjury—to forfeit every claim to truth and integrity in this world, and the hope of salvation in the next; And all this, to uphold an ambitious and tyrannical faction—to sustain John C. Calhoun, *notens colens*, against the will of the people;—And this is nullification.

A party which holds its ascendancy by perjury—by pains and penalties—fines and imprisonment—by disfranchisement and expatriation of its citizens, is an odious despotism.

Such is nullification in South-Carolina; and may God in his mercy, save the people of Georgia from its power!

Standard of Union.

ST. LOUIS, (Mo.) DEC. 27.—Arrest of Counterfeiters.—General Jones, Marshal of the Missouri District arrived in this city yesterday from an excursion to the Western part of the State, in quest of counterfeiters.—He was completely successful in the object of the expedition, having captured five of the gang, whom they found located in an obscure corner of Cole co. They were brought to this city, and are undergoing an examination before his Honor Judge Peck. The Marshal found upon them all implements of their trade, dyes, printing apparatus, paper, &c. together with a large amount of counterfeit notes. It is to be hoped that the Penitentiary may be completed in season for their reception.

While a number of boys were skating on the Hudson River, on Wednesday, 15th inst. between West Point and Cold Spring, one of them fell into a hole, about twenty feet square. On observing the occurrence, his companions adopted the following method to rescue him—the lightest boy, lying down, crawled towards the edge of the hole, the next lightest holding him by the feet, and the third holding the second. In this manner they proceeded, the ice bending under them fearfully, until they rescued their comrade; thus evincing a fearlessness which was only equaled by the ingenuity of their plan.

Lexington, Ky., January 10.
We learn, that on Tuesday evening, about 10 o'clock, a rencounter took place at Brennan and Postlethwait's Hotel, in this city, between Samuel M. Brown, Esq. of Louisville, and Thomas P. Moore, Esq. Minister to Columbia. Mr. Brown assaulted Mr. Moore with a cowhide, and after inflicting several blows, in the struggle which ensued, both of the parties were slightly injured, before they were separated. The cause of the assault by Mr. Brown, was, we learn, a personal injury received from Moore.—*Intelligencer.*

MACON, JAN. 23.—Our streets begin to put on more of a business aspect than they have worn for some weeks—though Cotton still comes in but in small quantities. The scarcity of money is unprejudented. We quote the price of Cotton at 8 a 9¢.—*Telegraph.*

At a Camp meeting, a number of females continued standing on the benches, notwithstanding frequent hints from the minister to sit down. A reverend old gentleman noted for his very good humor, arose and said—"I think if the ladies standing on the benches knew that they had holes in their stockings, they would sit down." The address had the desired effect; there was an immediate sinking in the seats. A young minister standing by him and blushing to the temples, said, "O, brother how could you say that?" "Say that," replied the old gentleman, "it is a fact; if they had't holes in their stockings, I'd like to know how they are to get them on?"

The Rev. Henry A. Rowland, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Fayetteville, N. C. has received a unanimous call to the pastoral office in Pearl Street Church, N. York.—*Southern Religious Telegraph.*

Paganini, it is said, has left England with upwards of one hundred thousand dollars, gained by his extraordinary performances.