

# MINERS' & FARMERS' JOURNAL.

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

I WILL TEACH YOU TO PLUCK THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH AND BRING OUT FROM THE CAVERNS OF THE MOUNTAINS, METALS WHICH WILL GIVE STRENGTH TO OUR HANDS AND SUBJECT ALL NATURE TO OUR USE AND PLEASURE.—DR. JOHNSON.

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

## Downing Correspondence.

From the New York Daily Advertiser.

WASHINGTON, 10th Jan. 1834.

The pill I give the Cabinet, and the rest of the Government here on the 27th of last month, is just beginning to operate, and I don't think some of em will want any more for a good spell to come. Some of our folks make ugly faces at me, but I tell em that's sure sign they want fisk, and they'll feel better to rights. It was well I stop'd just where I did in that Cabinet paper, for my dander was just lit, and it had gone on any ten minutes longer, I'd had some on em so hard they wouldn't well.

But that ain't what I want to write to you about now. I want to thank them folks up in Carthage, in York State, for the ax they made for me, and which they sent to you to send to me. I have just got it, and it bas'tacked me any most to death. I never got such a present afore in my born days. I started right up chamber with it to the general, and bolted strait into the cabinet room with my ax on my shoulder—the general was there with pretty much all our folks overhauling the post office accounts, and tryin' to git them strait, which is a play tuff job—but no matter—in I smash'd, but afore I could git out one word, I never see such a scamperin'. I turned to head some on em, just to tell em what I was arter; but it seem'd the more I tried, the more they tried to streak it, and in less than one minit there warnt a livin' critter left but I and the general—and the general none how had got a notion in his head, and would a gone too, if there warnt no pluck in him. He was standin' up with his back agin the mantle tree, and his hickory in his hand, and look'd for all the world as tho' he was just expectin' a fight. Why, says I, General, what on earth is all this scamperin' for? Well, says he, Major, I reckon you can tell better than I can; and with that, he blink'd at me most playly—and, says he, Major, what is the news now? Why, says I, there aint nothin' new but this ere ax, and I brö't it to show you—it's a present to me, says I, from Sparks & Co., away up in York State, on the Black River. The general changed face in a minit, and it was just like the Sun risin'. He step'd up to me and took the ax, and walk'd to his chair and sat down, and throw'd his head back, and he had right out. It does me good, in these times, to see the general tickled at any thing.

As soon as the general could see any thing,—says he, Major, call back Tancy and Barry and Amos, and haw haw haw, says the general—and just then, I got the notion why they all scamper'd off so—and I got right in front of the general and we haw haw'd I tell you, for more than half an hour. And so to rights, we got akin agin, and the general he wip'd his eye, and blew his nose just for all the world as tho' he had been cryin'—and says he, Major, it aint strange they was a leetle a-fear'd of you, for do you know, just as you came in, some on em was sayin' about the play Post Office accounts. If they didn't git em strait pretty soon, you would git at em and chop em all up into mince-meat—and just then sure enuf in you come, and haw haw haw, says the general, agin.—Well, says he, Major, I'm glad that people about are beginnin' to look at you pretty much as I do. I knew, says he, the time would come when they would say I knew what was what when I got you to be with me; and now, says he, Major let's look at this ax, and the general he rubb'd his speckles—well, says he, this is a splittin' aint it?—why, says he, if a man ony got lather'd he could shave himself without a barber, for this ax is as bright as a looking-glass and sharp as a razor; and here is the makers name too;—Sparks & Co. Carthage, New York. I do wonder now, says the general, if that aint the same "Stark" who lick'd the British at Bennington a spell ago? "I aint certain," says I.

"Well, no I nother," says the general, for do you know Major I have been in so many wars myself, that I some time mix em up, and I have now got so much to attend to here, that I am bother'd about names and places and times, most playly.

Now there is our little district attorney our folks tickled me when I appointed him a Bank Director that he was just the kind

of man we want'd "to ride Biddle" and upset him—and when they tell'd of "ridin'" "upsettin'" and mention'd his name, I got a notion in my head that I can't get out yet, that he may be the same man I've heard tell on, who took a ride once, and then wrote a long account on't in poetry. Well, says I, I'm not certain of that nother—but I've got a notion the man you mean was John Gilpin. "That's the same man, aint it," says the general. No, says I; I guess it aint, for he lived in London. "O, that makes no odds," says the general, "for they used to call Philadelphia the London of America." Well, says I, then it must be the same—and if he's got on the square to ride him, I guess it will turn out pretty much such another ride—for says I, the squiro is a pretty good horse for a tight pull—but I don't think he'd stand easy under a saddle—it aint the natur of that brood.

Well Major, says the general, we must thank those folks for the ax any how, and as soon as the Senate pass upon that message we sent em t'other day about other presents, you can have the ax." Very well, says I, General, and if Congress don't pass upon something else, says I, so as to git things a leetle better in the money way, I'll want that ax, for we shall all come to choppin' agin for a livin'.

I want you to send a printed copy of this letter to the makers of that ax, and when you git all my letters to you printed in a book, send one of the books with my thanks for the ax.

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

## NOTICE Bank of the State of North Carolina.

THE undersigned having been designed by the act of the last session of the Legislature, establishing the Bank of the State of North Carolina, Commissioners to open books of subscription in the Town of Charlotte, hereby notify the public that Books are now open at the Store of John Irvin, for the purpose of receiving subscriptions to the Capital Stock of said Bank. Persons disposed to take stock are invited to do so, at an early day, as the Books will be closed in 60 days from the 1st day of the present month.

JOHN IRVIN,  
J. D. BOYD,  
JOS. McCONAUGHEY.

February 14.

## 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
Dutch	Orange Carrot	do
Sugar Loaf	Scarlet	do
Emporer	Long Scarlet Radish	do
Wellington	Scarlet Short Top	do
French	Salmon	do
a choice kind	Staget Turnip	do
Early London Cabbage	Long Black winter	do
flower	White Head Lettuce	do
Late	Cabbage Head	do
Green Curled Borecole	Early Curled Head	do
Ossarian Kale or Cow	Large white head	do
Cabbage,	Summer Bush Squash	do
a choice article	Early Orange	do
Drum Head Cabbage	Sugar	do
Late Dutch	Long Green Cucumber	do
Large English Savoy	Early Bush	do
Scottish	Georgia Water Melon,	do
Late Sugar Loaf	a superior kind	do
Red Dutch	Large Musk Melon	do
for Pickles,	Vegetable Oyster	do
Tree or Thousand	Nasturtium	do
leaved	Cayenne Pepper	do
Coleworts	Green Cress	do
Early Spring Turnip	Balsam of Pear	do
Rota Baga	Balsam of Apple	do
Large Norfolk field	Curled Parsley	do
Late flat Dutch	Solid Gallery	do
Yellow Malta	Double Pepper Grass	do
a rare kind,	Asparagus	do
Top Onion for seed	Stagg	do
Red Onion seed	Balm	do
White Portland Onion	Indian Creeper or Cyprus	do
Large Scotch Leek	vine, runs 50 feet or	do
Round Spanish	more	do
Prickly	Early June Pea	do
New Flanders	Early Charlatan	do
a choice kind,	White Marrowfat	do
Long White Ochra	Sugar	do
Blood Bert	Dwarf Prolific	do
Early Blood Turnip	Early China Beans	do
Mangle Wortzel	White Kidney	do
Swelling Parsnip	do	do

Persons sending an order from any part of this or the adjoining Counties, with the CASH enclosed, will meet with punctual attention, and have their seeds carefully boxed up and forwarded.  
Charlotte, N. C. Feb. 7th, 1834.

## 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 favors.

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 TRAVELERS comfortable and agreeable.

Dresses can be supplied with safe and secure hats. Waggoners with a good dry yard, and provisions 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.

LEROY SECRET.

January 1st, 1834.

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**Longevity.—Anecdotes of the aged.**—The oldest person deceased in the United States was a negress, aged 150, in Pennsylvania. The oldest known on the continent was also a negress, of Tucuman, S. America, deceased in 1770, at 175. Humboldt mentions a Peruvian Indian who died at Lima, while he was there, aged 147, after living in marriage 90 years with one woman, who attained the age of 147. As old as 130, he is said by the authority just named to have walked pretty regularly 3 or 4 leagues a day.

The oldest Englishman known was Jenkins, who died at 109, in 1670. He was originally a hard working fisherman, and swam in rivers after 100, and threshed grain at 130. At the age of 157 he gave testimony in a court of justice of matters which had occurred 140 years before. Parre, who died in 1635 at 152, was a farmer. He was married at 50, and again at 120; and we find it stated by Worcester, in the Memoirs of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, that he had children by both wives.

Perhaps the most remarkable case of sectional longevity in modern times is stated by Lord Bacon, who says that a census of the territory between the river Po in Italy and the Appennine mountains, taken in the year '76, authenticated the existence at that time, in that region, of 124 men over the age of 100, namely—54 of 100, 57 of 110, 2 of 125, 4 of 130, 4 of 135, and 3 of 140. *Boston Journal.*

**Awful Calculation.**—An ingenious authentic and valuable statistical work, published a few weeks since, calculates that the number of inhabitants who have lived on earth amount to about 36,627,543,275, 975,946, this sum the writer says, when divided by 3,096,000, the number of square leagues on the surface of the globe, leaves 11,320,608,732 persons to each square mile, let the miles be reduced to square rods, and the number he says will be 1,853,173,500,000, which being divided as above, gives 1283 inhabitants to each square rod, being reduced to feet and, dividing as above, it will give about 5 persons to each square foot of terra firma on the globe. Let the earth be supposed to be one vast burying ground, and according to the above statement, there will be 1283 persons, to be buried on each square rod; and a rod being capable of being divided into 12 graves, it appears, that each grave must have contained one hundred persons and the whole earth been one hundred times dug over to bury its inhabitants! supposing they had been equally distributed.

What an awful and overwhelming thought! What a lesson to human pride; to human vanity; to human ambition! What a lesson to the infatuated being who has centered all his hopes and affections upon this truly transitory life.

**Joy and Sorrow.**—As the most luxuriant plants thrive best with an equal mixture of sunshine and shade, showery and dry weather, and in a soil composed of sand as well as richer materials, mingled in due proportions together, so the human mind is a plant which thrives best with a just proportion of prosperity and adversity, joy and sorrow.

## Western Rail-Road Line.



From Salem, N. C. to Blakely, end of the Petersburg Rail-Road, and to Suffolk, 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. Time—from Salem to Petersburg, two and a half days—240 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 Suffolk, three days—255 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. to Suffolk, 16 00

JAMES W. JEFFREYS, Proprietor.

Rail House, N. C. Jan. 4.

Warrantee Deeds for sale at this Office.

From the State Right's Sentinel.  
**THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.**

**The United States Bank.**  
'This is the house,  
That Jack Built.'

**The Public Deposites.**  
'This is the malt,  
That lay in the house,  
That Jack Built.'

**The Kitchen Cabinet.**  
'This is the rat,  
That eat the malt,  
That lay in the house,  
That Jack built.'

**William J. Duane.**  
'This is the cat,  
That caught the rat,  
That eat the malt,  
That lay in the house,  
That Jack built.'

**Andrew Jackson.**  
'This is the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That caught the rat,  
That eat the malt,  
That lay in the house,  
That Jack built.'

**The Senate of the United States.**  
'This is the cow with the crumpl'd horn,  
That toss'd the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That caught the rat,  
That eat the malt,  
That lay in the house,  
That Jack built.'

**The Honorable \* \* \* \*.**  
'This is the MAIDEN all forlorn,  
That milk'd the cow with the crumpl'd horn,  
That toss'd the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That caught the rat,  
That eat the malt,  
That lay in the house,  
That Jack built.'

**Martin Van Buren.**  
'This is the man,  
All tattered and torn,  
That kiss'd the maiden, all forlorn,  
That milk'd the cow with the crumpl'd horn, [horn,  
That toss'd the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That caught the rat,  
That eat the malt,  
That lay in the house,  
That Jack built.'

**Francis P. Blair.**  
'This is the priest,  
All shaven and shorn,  
That married the man all tattered and  
Unto the maiden all forlorn, [horn,  
That milk'd the cow with a crumpl'd  
That toss'd the dog, [horn,  
That worried the cat,  
That caught the rat,  
That eat the malt,  
That lay in the house,  
That Jack built.'

**Major Jack Downing.**

'This is the cock,  
That crow'd in the morn,  
And scur'd the priest,  
That married the man all tattered and  
Unto the maiden all forlorn, [horn,  
That milk'd the cow with a crumpl'd  
That toss'd the dog, [horn,  
That worried the cat,  
That caught the rat,  
That eat the malt,  
That lay in the house,  
That Jack built.'

MOTHER GOOSE.

## THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

1. Thou shalt subscribe for the paper printed in thine own town.
2. Thou shalt not take a newspaper, without paying the printer, for printers are a savage race, visiting their anger without mercy upon delinquents.
3. Thou shalt not steal each others items.
4. Thou shalt not hold illicit intercourse with thy neighbor's paper.
5. Remember the advertisements and keep the printer blessed with the fitness thereof.
6. Thou shalt not borrow.
7. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.
8. Honor thy cotemporary scribes, thy veterans, Noah, Isaiah, Thomas and others and all within thy gates.
9. Remember the Ladies, for if a man come presumptuously upon them, the magistrate shall bore his ear through with an awl, and he shall be taken to the altar, and thenceforth have no more peace.
10. Beware of Pedlers, Lawyers, serpents, and scolds.—*Pawtucket Chronicle.*

A hungry Irishman, in London, lately mistaking a barber shop for an eating house, bolted in and begged to be served. The barber supposing, from the length of his beard, that he wished to be shaved, got up a basin of soap-suds, and placing it before him, with a wash-ball; went away to set his razor. Pat, not waiting for grace, supped up the suds, and eat the wash-ball; and on the barbers returning with his razor, his guest coolly observed, 'There is no occasion for a knife, honey your soup is very good, but your turnip was not quite boiled.' So, paying his penny, he laid the astonished barber good morning.

## AMERICAN MANUFACTURE OF TOW INTO SILK.

"MARRIED—In Pittsburg, on Thursday the 22d ult. by the Rev. Francis Heron, Mr. William Silk, to Miss Lucinda Tow, both of St. Clair township.

This buxom damsel made a net, Intricately of Tow, It seems that she was fully set To catch the silken beau.

I have read the metamorphoses Of Cupid o'er and o'er, But such an unouth change as this, I never heard before.

What strange fantastic whims do dwell In both high and low, She likes to handle silk full well While he prefers the Tow.

Now every day this new made wife, May honey dip and milk, And if she don't dress well through life, 'Tis not for want of silk.

## DR. FRANKLIN'S MORAL CODE.

The great American philosopher and statesman, Benjamin Franklin, drew up the following list of moral virtues, to which he paid constant and earnest attention, and thereby made himself a better and happier man:

**TEMPERANCE.**—Eat not to fullness, drink not to elevation.

**SILENCE.**—Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.

**ORDER.**—Let all your things have their places; let each part of your business have its time.

**RESOLUTION.**—Resolve to perform what you ought; perform, without fail, what you resolve.

**FRUGALITY.**—Make no expense, but to do good to others or yourself; that is, waste nothing.

**INDUSTRY.**—Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions.

**SINCERITY.**—Use no harmless deceit; think innocently and justly; and if you speak, speak accordingly.

**JUSTICE.**—Wrong none by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.

**MODERATION.**—Avoid extremes; forbear resenting injuries.

**CLEANLINESS.** Suffer no uncleanness, in body, clothes or habitation.

**TRANQUILITY.**—Be not disturbed about trifles, or accidents common or unavoidable.

**HUMILITY.**—Imitate Jesus Christ.

**Superstitions of the Swiss.**—If a huntsman, on going out in the morning, sees a fox cross his path, or meets an old woman or friar, he immediately returns home again; as he is persuaded that, in the first instance, he will meet with no game, and in the other that he will shoot a man hidden in the leaves, or do some other irreparable mischief. The stagnation of the blood, known by the name of nightmare, is called by them Tokeli. This Tokeli is represented as a little gnome, all covered with fine grey hairs, but of an elegant figure, who lays himself on the chest of sleeping men or women, and embraces them nearly to suffocation. A person who has been thus embraced, is in expectation of soon finding a treasure, as an indemnification from the Tokeli, for the fear and agitation he had caused.

**Select Toasts.**—J. H. HEWITT, Esq., Editor of the Baltimore Visitor, at the recent celebration of the Baltimore Typographical Society, to which the Hon. Col. DAVID CROCKETT was invited, gave the following pertinent toast:

**Col. David Crockett.**—"An honest man's the noblest work of God." No danger of his ever being rowed up salt river, ram-squaddled or exhumified, while the people stand by him and he can whip his weight in wild cats.

Whereupon Col Crockett rose, and, after returning thanks, responded with the following characteristic sentiment:—

A pair of cobweb breeches, a porcupine saddle, and a hard trotting horse to all the enemies of the Baltimore Typographical Society, and when they get down may they have their toes chopt off, so as to be known by their tracks.

**Chances of Marriage.**—The following curious statement, by Dr. Granville, is taken from an English paper, it is drawn from the registered cases of 876 women, and is derived from their answers to the age at which they respectively married. It is the first ever constructed to exhibit to females their chances of marriage at various ages. 876 females, there married:

3	at 13	59	at 23	5	at 33
11	at 14	58	at 24	7	at 32
16	at 15	36	at 25	5	at 34
43	at 16	54	at 26	2	at 35
40	at 17	28	at 27	0	at 36
66	at 18	22	at 28	2	at 37
15	at 19	17	at 29	0	at 38
18	at 20	9	at 30	1	at 39
86	at 21	7	at 31	0	at 40
85	at 22				

From this curious statistical table, our fair readers may form a pretty accurate judgment of the chances which they have of entering into the holy state of matrimony; and of enjoying the sweets (we say nothing of the bitters) of wedded Love.

**LEVI LINCOLN,** late Governor of Massachusetts, has been nominated by the National Republicans of Worcester, as a Candidate for Congress, in the room of Jno. DAVIS, recently elected Governor, and has accepted the nomination.