

SOUTHERN CITIZEN.

VOLUME I—NUMBER 20.

WILL DO WE LIVE FOR, BUT TO IMPROVE OURSELVES AND BE USEFUL TO ONE ANOTHER?

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BY BENJAMIN SWAIN.

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SOUTHERN CITIZEN,
By B. Swain.
Every Saturday Morning.

TERMS.

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SUNDAY IN PARIS.

To whatever cause it is owing, nothing can be more certain, than that infidelity again reigns lord of the ascendant in Paris. It is impossible to be a week in the metropolis without being sensible of this. It is computed that from 60,000 to 80,000 individuals, chiefly women, or persons of the poorest classes, believe in the Christian religion. The remainder, amounting to about 800,000, make no pretensions to such a faith. It is impossible by any external appearances, to distinguish Sunday from Saturday, excepting that every species of amusement and dissipation goes on with more spirit on that day than any other. We are no advocates for the over rigid or judicial observance of the day of rest. Perhaps some Protestant nations have gone too far in converting the Christian Sunday into the Jewish Sabbath, and preventing, on that, those innocent recreations which might divert the giddy multitude from hidden debauchery. But without standing up for any rigid or puritanical ideas, it may safely be affirmed that the total neglect of Sunday by nine-tenths of the people, indicates a fixed disregard of religion in any state professing a belief in Christianity. In Paris the shops are all open, the carts all going, the workmen all employed on the early part of Sunday; and although a part of them are closed after 2 o'clock in the afternoon, it is not with the slightest intention of joining in any, even the smallest religious duty, that this is done. It is 'pious' to forget the fatigues of the week in the excitement with which it terminates, that the change takes place. At 2 o'clock all who can disengage themselves from their daily toil, rush away in crowds to drink of the intoxicating cup of pleasure. Then the omnibuses roll with ceaseless din in every direction, out of the crowded capital, carrying the delighted citizens to St. Clouds, St. Gormains, or to Versailles; when the Boulevards teem with volatile and happy crowds, delighted with the enjoyment of seeing and being seen; then the gardens of the Tuilleries and the Luxembourg, the Jardin des Plantes and the Champs Elysees, are enlivened by the young, the gay, and the handsome, of both sexes, both rich and poor; then the splendid drive to the triumphal arch of Neuville, which is filled with the comparatively few equipages which the two revolutions have left to the impoverished hotels of the capital. While the scenes of gaiety and amusement are going on, the priests in each of the principal churches are devoutly performing mass, before a few hundred old women, tottering ecclesiastics, or young children; and ten or fifteen Protestant churches are assembling so many thousands to the duties of the reformed faith. Such is a Parisian Sunday; and such the respect for a divine ordinance, which remains in what they ambitiously term the metropolis of European civilization.—As evening draws on, the total disregard of religious observances, is if possible, still more conspicuous. Never is the Opera filled with such enthusiastic crowds as on Sunday evening; never are the theatres of the Port St. Martin, the Boulevards, the Opera Comique, the Vaudeville, and the Varieta, so full as on that occasion; never are the balls beyond the barriers so crowded; never is the Trivoli so interesting, or the open air concerts in the Champs Elysees thronged by so many thousands. On Sunday evening in Paris there seems to be but one wish, one feeling, one desire,—and that is, to amuse themselves; and by incessantly laboring at that one object, they certainly succeed in it to an extent

that could hardly be credited in colder and more austere latitudes.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE PRINTER.

There he stands at his case; his eyes are fixed on his copy, while his fingers, obedient to his will, collect the letters from their various boxes, and place them together so as to form words, sentences, complete articles of news, politics, or literature. The musician at the piano can hardly compete with the printer in the rapidity and precision of his digital motion. Like the pianist who plays with his music book and instrument before him, the printer sees and comprehends at a glance the ever varying results his fingers must produce, and does not hesitate a moment to perform the necessary action with the rapidity of lightning. Like notes from the instrument, every letter, every pause, every stop, is called forth in its proper place, till complete ensemble is formed, which the memory can treasure up, and which the mind can conceive and digest. But how different are the final effects produced in these two instances! The musician creates a series of melodious and harmonious sounds which please the ear for a moment and die away; the feelings, gay or sad, depending on enthusiastic, mild or violent, are excited for a moment—but the charm soon ceases, and nought but the recollection of past pleasures or pain remains upon the mind. But the printer's labor bears everlasting fruit; he spreads before mankind the arena of knowledge, and works with the sages in the laboratory of reason; he sends messengers to every one of the human family; he invokes all men to behold the beauties of truth, and seeks to make the mass of mankind conscious of those immutable rights with which man is invested at his birth by nature and by nature's God. The printer has been, since the fifteenth century, the faithful and most active auxiliary of learning. That day the printer first struck off a sheet from a rough block of types—from that day we may date the universal spread of knowledge, and the gradual disfranchisement of mankind from the bonds of ignorance, superstition, and oppression. From that day has man gradually advanced to the general enjoyment of free, enlightened, and republican institutions; from that day, royalty and its concomitants began to decay, and fair liberty to grow in their place.

I might continue to show, in detail, the correctness of the general outline I have drawn; but the immense benefits which the art of printing has conferred upon mankind, have been described by abler and more eloquent pens than mine. Let me present a single hypothesis: Suppose that the great protectiveness, and teacher of all arts and sciences—suppose that the art of printing had never been discovered; at what a stage of progress would we now find natural philosophy, astronomy, mechanics, navigation, and many arts which conduce so effectually to the comfort and preservation of mankind? Where would now be those liberties we hold so dear? Yet in the womb of futurity. The discoveries of a Newton would have been the treasure of an exclusive few. Watt and Fulton would, perhaps, have never learned the first principles of mechanics; and Franklin might never have read a book, nor published a single principle tending to the independence of his country.

The ancients of Greece and Rome certainly numbered some great and wise men; but beyond the circle in which these learned men moved, how few received a glimpse of science; how few ever learned to read; and how difficult it was to obtain instruction or books.—Now, through the agency of printing, our means of acquiring knowledge are unlimited, and its dissemination universal. The consequence is, that a greater number labor to unravel and make useful the secrets of nature, and the progress of mankind towards perfection is a thousand times more rapid.

The printer, as an individual, comes directly under the constant influences of the instructive and liberal part he professes. The printer reads more, and possesses more varied and general information, than the theologian, lawyer, or avowed philosopher. It is the printer's trade to read constantly, day after day, during his whole life; he earns his daily bread by reading—ay, and reading slow-

ly and carefully, for he must follow and put the works we read into type, letter by letter; he must dwell awhile upon every sentence. Does the merchant know the price of cotton and other goods in distant countries?—the intelligence is perused by a printer before a merchant touches it. Does the politician discuss the affairs of nations?—he owes his knowledge to the printer, who is always ahead of him in point of information. Does the physician study the work of some profound Esculapius?—let him look to the title page, and he will see that he owes the work to a printer, who has read it over and over to see that not a letter is wanted, not a comma out of place. The same may be said of the lawyer, the minister, and the scientific mechanic. The printer stands at the door of all their learning, and holds the keys which open it.

The printer is a great traveller. There are few printers in the United States who have not visited every state in the Union. They are sure of finding a printing office in every village, and consequently do not hesitate to travel wherever their fancy may lead them, sure of finding in their brother typographers friends ready to assist them, give them work, or obtain a situation for them. The printer is consequently thoroughly acquainted with his country, in general and in detail; none can know better or speak of it more correctly. Sometimes he crosses the Atlantic; and while he prints geographicals and books of travel, he takes occasion to view with his own eyes every part of the old and new world.

The printer is always a good grammarian; and it frequently happens that men whose productions are esteemed by the public, owe it to the printer that they are not written down asses. Often, very often, does it happen that manuscript is put into the hands of the typesetter full of gross grammatical errors, sentences devoid of sense, and without a single point or capital letter. When this has passed through his hands, the errors are corrected, the punctuation and capitals are all set in their proper places. The conceited author finds himself all at once a grammatical and logical writer, and basks in the sun of popularity, which he owes to some unobtrusive son of Gutenberg. He takes care not to give credit to the proper person; but on the contrary, should some of his blunders remain uncorrected, he is sure to lay them all to the charge of the "ignorant printer;" such is the false and unjust phrase ignorant writers frequently use.

No trade, class, or profession, except those of law and physic, has furnished a greater proportion of learned and distinguished persons than the printer's craft. From the day of Franklin to the present time, our legislative halls, our places of honor, have been ornamented by talented printers. The bar is often indebted to the printing office for some of its ablest members; in this city we have living and prominent examples of the fact.

The printers, wherever they can unite a sufficient force, generally form themselves into a society for their mutual protection, and for the purpose of assisting each other in cases of need. These societies fix the rates of wages, the hours of work, and provide for the sick and unfortunate. They bind themselves by the strictest and most honorable rules to preserve the dignity of their art, and to defend each other against the injustice of grasping employers. If a printer should dishonor his trade, or work under wages, he is immediately stigmatized and disowned. It is very rare that a printer can be induced to dishonor the pledges he has given to his fellow-workmen.—*N. O. Times.*

SURGICAL OPERATION.

Dr. DUNN has performed the operation of lithotomy, or cutting for stone in the bladder, one hundred and thirty nine times, and in every instance the operation was successful. The last operation made by this unequalled lithotomist was done on last Saturday, the 1st day of April; and we dare say the case stands unique in its extraordinary history. The subject, a boy between six and seven years of age, was placed upon the table and tied without offering the least resistance,

only making a few preliminary requests—as not to hurt him much, and to be quick in the operation. From the moment of the first incision until the manly little soldier was untied, the time did not exceed forty seconds. And what is strange and unheard of, the child did not manifest, in any manner, that he was suffering, not a groan, nor a sigh, not even a breath was noticed to come from him—while his flesh, his nerve and his bladder were cut, and a stone extracted that measured one and a half inches long, one and a quarter broad, five-eighths of an inch thick, and weighed 300 grains. A dozen witnesses were present, physicians and students.—*Lexington Reporter.*

The fashion of enlarging newspapers is now carried to a ridiculous extremity. Not a day passes but we receive a paper which has undergone an enlargement. All swelled and distended, like the poor frog rivaling the ox—seemingly actually to suffer from its accumulating bulk—as one laboring under a dropsy. There was a day, about the time we first bore our stick in the cause of typography, when the diminutive size of newspapers might have been complained of; but the other extreme is now reached. And the fact is, there is little improvement—no additional interest; in nine cases out of ten. They swell out all on a sudden, tremendously; and very frequently a racy agreeable, handy sheet, is converted to an overgrown, awkward, dull, heavy concern, containing such a mass of stuff, that you are almost deterred from a perusal. You must look, and peer with all your eyes to find the news; and when you are done, your arms are so fatigued, you drop them helpless by your side. We are not actuated by the spirit of that unfortunate fox, Esop tells us of, who lost his tail in a trap, we assure you gentlemen. The Compiler, which ten years ago would have been thought a mammoth, suits our readers admirably, and if we should be forced to follow the example of these swelling gentry, we don't know what we should so much regret.—*Richmond Compiler.*

Hands off.—A young damsel was going to a party, when her mother charged her to keep the beaux at a respectable distance. "You may let them converse with you as much as they please, but make them keep their hands off." Miss went to the party and saw some young men there with very pretty mouths, and rich red lips, of which came very sweet words. She was highly delighted with one gallant who told her that she was as sweet as rock candy, and appeared disposed to give ample proof that such was his opinion, by sipping the delightful nectar from her pouting lips. He puts his arm around her neck in order to detain her for the purpose, when she repulsed his advances, and cried hands off sir! He then began to sue humbly for the privilege of kissing her softly on one cheek.

"O yes, you may kiss me as much as you please," said she—but mamma says you must keep your hands off."—*Boston Pearl.*

Cure for Drunkenness.—A man in Maryland, notoriously addicted to this vice, hearing an uproar in the kitchen one evening, had the curiosity to step without noise to the door to hear what was the matter, when he beheld his servants

indulging in the most unbounded laughter at a couple of his negro boys, who were mimicking himself in his drunken fits; showing how he reeled and staggered; how he looked and nodded, and hiccupped and tumbled. The picture which these children of nature drew of him, and which filled the rest with so much merriment, struck him so forcibly that he became a perfectly sober man, to the unspeakable joy of his wife and children.—*Western Paper.*

Morning Ablutions.—The following is the testimony of an invalid, who for several years previous to the practice of cold sponging, had suffered from dyspepsia, the lungs, &c.

In June, 1835, I began the habit of morning ablutions, immediately after rising. After washing every part of my body, I employed friction with a coarse towel, till I had caused a glow over the whole surface. This practice I have continued ever since, with the following results:

1. I have not suffered from cold or influenza during the whole time.
2. I have scarcely felt uncomfortable at any time from the cold of the past winter.
3. I can perform nearly double the labor that I could before.
4. Neglect of exercise effects me no farther.
5. I sleep better and suffer very little fatigue, even when my labors are severe.
6. I am almost entirely free from dyspepsia and I have lost my hollow countenance almost entirely.—I am a healthy man.

The honestest way of getting into jail.—A lad, lately committed to Abington prison for poaching, was asked how long he had been a poacher? who replied, "Not long, sir; you see the farmers would not find me no work, and as I was likely to starve—so says I to myself, I never heard of any body starving in prison—but the question was, how to get into one without losing my character. At last I went poaching, because that was the honestest way of getting into jail that I knowed on."

Go betweens.—there is perhaps not a more odious character in the world, than that of a go-between—by which is meant that creature who carries to the ears of one neighbor every injurious observation that happens to drop from the mouth of another. Such a person is the slanderer's herald, and is altogether more odious than the slanderer himself. By this vile officiousness, he makes that poison effective, which else were inert; for three-fourths of the slanders in the world would never injure their object, except by malice of go-betweens, who under the mask of double friendship, act the part of double traitors.

We observed, a short time since, in one of our exchange papers, an attempt to describe the varieties of singular advertisement heads. The following in the *Rushville, (Ill) Journal*, goes a little ahead of any thing we have ever before seen or heard of. It is, as may be supposed, a *Tailor's* doings.

"RUN HERE EVERY BODY"
"Come unto me all ye that are naked and I will clothe you"
Arkansas Advocate

"What do you think of whiskey, Dr. Johnson?" hickuped Boswell, after emptying a sixth tumbler of toddy. "Sir," said the Doctor, "it penetrates my very soul like the small still voice of conscience," and doubtless the worm of the still is the worm that never dies.