

SOUTHERN CITIZEN.

BY BENJAMIN SWAIM.

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

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By B. Swaim.
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TERMS.

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THE THREE EXPERIMENTS OF LIVING.

"This little work," say the Editors of the Knickerbocker, "is, without exception, the best of the kind which it has been our good fortune to read." The three experiments of living described, are, "living within the means, living up to the means, and living beyond the means." We copy the following extract, given in the literary notices of the Knickerbocker, as a specimen of the author. These remarks close the first division of the volume "living within the means," and serve as a just commentary upon the folly of adopting habits and customs so little adapted to our independence of character as Americans:

"We fear there are few who sincerely repeat, 'give me neither poverty nor riches.'"

"This was the situation to which Frank had attained. Blest with health, a promising family, respected as a physician, and cherished as a friend—with the wife of his youth, the partner and lightener of his cares—it seemed as if there was little more to desire. We talk of the blessings of an amiable disposition; what is it but the serenity of a mind at peace with itself—of a mind that is contented with its own lot, and which covets not another's?"

They sometimes made a morning call at the houses of the rich and fashionable; but Jane looked at the splendid apartments with vacant admiration. It never for a moment entered her head that she should like such herself. She returned home to take her seat by the side of the cradle, to caress one child, and provide for the wants of another, with a feeling that nobody was so rich as herself.

"It would be pleasant to dwell longer on this period of Dr. Fulton's life. It was one of honest independence. Their pleasures were home pleasures—the purest and the most satisfactory that this world affords. We cannot but admit that they might have been elevated and increased by deeper and more fervent principle. Nature had been bountiful in giving them kind and gentle dispositions, and generous emotions; but the bark, with its swelling sails and gay streamers, that moves so gallantly over the rippling waters, struggles feebly against the rushing wind and foaming wave. Prosperous as Frank might be considered, he had attained no success beyond what every industrious, capable young man may attain, who, from his first setting out in life, scrupulously limits his expenses within his means. Not what others do—not what seems necessary and fitting to his station in life—but what he, who knows his own affairs, can decide is in reality fitting. Shall we, who so much prize our independence, give up, what, in a political view alone,

is dress, compared to independence of character and habits? Shall we, who can master spirits from every portion of our land, to attest to the hard-earned victory of freedom and independence, give up the glorious prize, and suffer our minds to be subjugated by foreign luxuries and habits? Yet it is even so; they are fast invading our land; they have already taken possession of our sentiments, and are hastening toward the interior. Well may British travelers scoff, when they come among us, and see our own native Americans adopting the most frivolous parts of civilized life—its feathers and gewgaws; our habits and customs, made up of awkward imitations of English and French; our weak attempts at aristocracy; our late hours of visiting, for which no possible reason can be assigned, but that they do so in Europe! Let us rather, with true independence, adopt the good of every nation—their arts and improvements, their noble and liberal institutions, their literature, and the grace and real refinement of their manners; but let us strive to retain our simplicity, our sense of what is consistent with our own glorious calling, and, above all, the honesty and wisdom of living within our income, whatever it may be. This is our true standard. Let those who can afford it, consult their own taste in living. If they prefer elegance of furniture, who has a right to gainsay it? But let us not all aim at the same luxury. Perhaps it is this consciousness of unsuccessful imitation, that has given a color to the charge made against us by the English, of undue irritability. Truly, there is nothing more likely to produce it. Let us pursue our path, with a firm and steadfast purpose, as did our fathers of the Revolution, and we shall little regard those who, after receiving our hospitality, return to a distance, and pelt us with rubbish."

From a sketch by Baz.

THE DRUNKARD'S DEATH.

One bitter night he sank down on a door step in Picadilly, faint and ill. The premature decay of vice and profligacy, had worn him to the bone. His cheeks were hollowed and livid; his eyes were sunken and their sight was dim. His legs trembled beneath his weight and a cold shiver ran thro' every limb.

And now the long forgotten scenes of misspent life crowded thick & fast upon him. He thought of the time when he had a home, a happy cheerful home; and those who peopled it, and flocked about him then, until the forms of his elder children seemed to rise from the grave and stand about him; so clear, so distinct they were, that he could touch and feel them. Looks that he had long forgotten were fixed upon him once more—voices long since hushed in death sounded in his ears like village bells, but it was only for an instant. The rain beat heavily down upon him, and cold and hunger were gnawing at his heart again.

He raised his head and looked up the long dismal street. He recollected that outcasts like himself condemned to wander day and night in those dreadful streets, had sometimes gone distracted with their own loneliness. He remembered that a homeless wretch had been found in a solitary corner sharpening a rusty knife to plunge into his own heart—preferring death to that endless, weary wandering to and

fro. In an instant his resolve was taken; his limbs received new life; he ran quietly from the spot and paused not for breath, until he reached the river side.

He crept softly down the steep stone stairs that lead from the commencement of the Waterloo bridge to the water's level; he crouched into a corner and held his breath, as the patrol passed. Never did a prisoner's heart throb with a hope of life and liberty, so eagerly as did that of the wretched man with the prospect of death. The watch passed close by him, but he remained unobserved—and after waiting till the sound of footsteps had died away in the distance, he cautiously descended, and stood beneath the gloomy arch that forms the landing place from the river.

The tide was in and the water flowed at his feet. The rain had ceased, and all was, for the moment still and quiet—so quiet that the slightest sound on the opposite bank, even the rippling of the water against the barges that were moored there, was distinctly audible to his ear. The stream stole languidly and sluggishly on—strange and fantastic forms rose to the surface and beckoned him to approach; dark gleaming eyes peered from the water, and seemed to mock his hesitation; while hollow murmurs from behind urged him onwards. He retreated a few paces, took a short run, a desperate leap and plunged into the river.

Not five seconds had passed when he rose to the water's surface; but what a change had taken place in that short time in all his thoughts and feelings!—Life, in any form, poverty, misery, starvation, any thing but death! He fought and struggled with the water that closed over his head and screamed in agonies of terror. The curse of his own son rang in his ears. The shore but one foot of dry ground, he could almost touch the step. One hand's breadth nearer and he was saved; but the tide bore him onward under the dark arches of the bridge, and he sank to the bottom.

Again he rose, and struggled for life; for one instant, one brief instant, the buildings on the river's banks, the lights on the bridge through which the currents had borne him, were seen distinctly. Once more he sunk and again he rose; bright flames shot up from the earth to heaven, and reeled before his eyes, while the water thundered in his ears and stunned him with its furious roar.

From the St. Lawrence R. publication.

General Putnam rivaled.—On the 18th day of March, inst. while traveling through the woods on the S. Haven tract, town of pitcairn, St. Lawrence county, I came across the track of a panther, from the appearance of which I judged he had passed recently. I immediately returned home, procured my dog and rifle, and started in pursuit. Having followed him in a zigzag direction about six miles, I unexpectedly came to a ledge, into a fissure of which he had entered. Believing I was about to have a little sport, and not preferring child's play, I dropped a second ball into my rifle, preparatory to the conflict. Scarcely had I effected this last act when, casting a searching glance upon the cavern, I beheld two shining balls, apparently emitting sparks of fire. These I knew to be the eyes of the panther, and immediately bringing my rifle to my face, let drive, and sent in my dog. Those who have

heard the occasional low sullen growls of a cat, when fighting, can form some idea of the growls of the panther at this time, (always bearing in mind that puss will weigh only eight or ten pounds, whereas the panther weighs about two hundred.)

At the place where the panther entered the ascent was nearly equal to that of the roof of a house for twelve or fourteen feet, then extending downward under the floor of the entrance nearly to the place where I stood—at which place there was another opening, but covered with snow two or three feet deep. I reloaded my rifle, and in the mean time, the dog and the panther, apparently in "close communion," had descended to the lowest aperture. Judging from the shrieks of the dog that the contest was an equal one, I threw aside my rifle, dug away the snow, and immediately pulled him out.

The panther then ascended to the top of the lower cavern. After making the aperture sufficiently large, I crawled in six or seven feet, taking my dog and rifle with me, when, upon looking up, at the distance of seven or eight feet, I beheld the same glassy eyes, darting their fierce lustre upon me. Like the boy in quest of the bird's nest, "with much ado," I succeeded in bringing my rifle to bear upon his head—again "let drive," sent my dog forward, & immediately backed out, re-loaded my rifle, and prepared for another onset, should occasion demand.

This I repeated three times in succession, each time sending my dog forward as a feeler. The fourth time I sent in my dog, they soon came down to the mouth of the cavern, the dog backing out, the panther having him by the nose and his claws grappled into his shoulders, the dog of course having the under-jaw of the panther in his mouth.—The object of the dog being evidently to get out of the cavern, bringing the panther with him. As soon as the panther's head came in sight, I fired a ball into his forehead—and here terminated my sport.

Upon examining the head of the panther, I found that every ball, six in number had taken effect.—One eye destroyed, the roots of his tongue cut off, teeth knocked out, &c. all of which could not have been effected by the latter shot. Notwithstanding all this he fought like a tiger, illustrating the truth of the axiom, that "the ruling passion of life is strong even in death." I have dressed the skin and handsomely stuffed it, so that any one can see it by calling at my residence in Edwards.—Length ten feet.

ELIJAH HAINES.

Edwards March 16, 1837.

A GOOD STORY.

A couple of New York blades met a Vermonter at a tavern. They had heard much of Yankee ingenuity and cunning; they soon determined to see if they could not "come round" this son of the Green Mountain. Thinking he would be careful of his coppers they proposed to him, in the course of the evening's chat, that each of them should propose and do something, which the other two should imitate, or on refusal of either so to do, he should pay all the damage the other two might sustain, and the scot at the bar. The Vermonter was a little wary at first, but at length consented. One of the Yorkers commenced the game. He pulled off his coat, walked up to the fire, and threw it on. His companion did the same.—The Vermonter as they had agreed, must do the same with his coat or pay for the other two coats, and the scot.—Without hesitating, off went the gar-

ment on to the fire. The other New-Yorker next made trial. He off boots and hat as he consigned them to the devouring elements. His companion imitated him, and, to their astonishment, the Yankee was not backward. Next came the Vermonter's turn to lead.—"Landlord," said he, "is there a doctor near?" "Yes, sir." "Send for him."—The gentlemen of York began to stare. The doctor soon came in. "Doctor," said the Vermonter, "get your instruments, I want you to pull out every tooth I have got in my head, and these gentlemen will probably want the same done with theirs."—at the same time he began to make ready for the operation. The Doctor and the other two were confounded. "Come Doctor, don't wait," and getting open his mouth, he discovered to the company, that he had but one old rootless snag, that would hardly keep in his head. It was presently out. The Yorkers wisely declined following suit, paid the Vermonter for his coat, hat and boots, and went off to bed grinding their molars.

A Fortune made by accident.—I once knew a man who died immensely rich, who traced all his good fortune to a rusty nail, which he preserved with a sort of pious veneration. The links between what he was, and what he had been, he concentrated thus:

"He had been a small carpenter, and being employed upon a small job at a gentleman's house, when he had completed it, he received his money, and went about his business. But he had not proceeded far on his way home, ere he recollected that he had forgotten to draw a large crooked nail which protruded very awkwardly, as he returned to remove it. Just as he was approaching the door he heard a loud scream.—Looking up, he saw the infant and only child of the gentleman falling from one of the attic windows, where the nursery maid had been playing with it, when, by a sudden spring, it escaped from her grasp. With equal presence of mind and dexterity he received the child in his arms, broke the shock of its decent, and saved it from being dashed to pieces. The grateful father required the invaluable service [for he doated on the babe, because it was the sole memorial of the dead mother who bore it] by a munificent sum of money, which enabled him to embark largely in his business, and thus lay the foundation of the great wealth which he afterwards accumulated. But he always maintained that it was the rusty nail in reality that made his fortune."

The leading property of Dr. Franklin's mind, great as it was—the faculty which made him remarkable, and set him apart from other men—the generator, in truth, of all his power, was good sense; only plain good sense, nothing more. He was not a man of genius; little or no fervor; nothing like poetry or eloquence; and yet, by the sole, untiring, continual operation of this humble, unpretending quality of the human mind, he came to do more in the world of science, more in the council, more in the revolution of empires, uneducated, or self-educated as he was, than five hundred others might have done, each with more genius, fervor, eloquence and brilliancy.—*Blackwood's Magazine*

Certainty of the Law.—The famous lecturer on heads eulogized the proverbial accuracy of the law, with the exception that when a "woman happened to be slain, the verdict was always brought in manslaughter." A more remarkable instance was recently exhibited at the assizes in the county of Durham, where one Gibban was charged with cutting and maiming one Joplin, who appeared in his proper person and produced the shovel with which the alleged injury had been inflicted. The jury—notwithstanding the "all-alive and real" appearance of the prosecutor—after a consultation of fifteen minutes—returned into court with a verdict of manslaughter! The judge pronounced the verdict tantamount to an acquittal, and forthwith dismissed the jury amid general laughter of the assembly—a mirth in which even the gravity of the justice was compelled to participate.

Melancholy results of Gambling.—A few days since a young lawyer,