

# SOUTHERN CITIZEN.

BY BENJAMIN SWAIM.

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

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THE EDITOR

### THE DIGNITY OF AGRICULTURE.

In some remarks which we made on this topic a week or two since, we asserted that agriculture was more favorable to the full and free development of all the faculties than any other employment whatever. This position, so far as it regards the physical faculties, was, at that time, sufficiently illustrated. In regard to the intellectual and the moral powers, it remains to be verified. It being once established that it is more favorable to the development of the body than any other employment it follows of course, that it is also more favorable to the mental development, on account of the intimate connexion between the body and the mind. With this inference, we think the facts accord. The man who possesses the greatest energy, vigor and independence of mind, who has the least fear of man and greatest fear of God, the man who is best fitted to discharge all the offices of life, are they whose youth has been passed not in idleness, but amid the invigorating influence of nature, in the enjoyment of air, of liberty, and of that restless desire for action begins to show itself in the earliest years. Such men have firmness of nerve, energy of muscle, a warmth and a flow of the vital powers—they have in a word, a conscious strength and vigor of body, which impart the same qualities to the mind. Such men have more independence of opinion they rely more upon themselves, and less upon others; they are less liable to yield to temptations; they are fitted to be greater and more honest men.

Agricultural employments are also more favorable to intellectual and moral improvement than others, in as much as they afford greater opportunity for cultivating the sublime and beautiful words of the Creator, allow greater leisure for reading and study, and leave the mind more free for reflection and meditation. Nature next to revelation is the great teacher. But to learn her lessons we must be conversant with her works. We must dwell beneath the open sky, be familiar with fields and forests, mountains and valleys, and rivers. We must, in a word, be where our souls shall be open to the influence of the Divine Spirit operating through his works. Not only is the husbandman greater opportunities to contemplate nature, but his mind free from the feverish anxieties and the plans and the calculations which through the thoughts of men engaged in commerce and in manufactures, can exercise its faculties with little impediment from the labors in which the body is employed. Besides, what other profession leaves to those who pursue it, nearly the half the year for reading and study, and thus for mental cultivation and improvement.

Such, very briefly, are some of the advantages which agricultural life affords for the better development of human faculties. And is not a life which does this a life of dignity? We rejoice in the true prosperity of our commercial and manufacturing interests, but at the same time it affords us infinitely more pleasure to survey the country, luxuriant with vegetation, waving with fruitful harvests, interspersed with cottages and hamlets, set off with groves and shrubbery and flowers, than to look upon the palaces and the equipage and the ostentatious wealth of the most splendid cities. For with the country, the scene of agricultural life are associated ideas of health, and innocence, and manly independence, and virtue, while the city awakens painful reflections upon the sacrifice of all those which is there so often made to the arts and to gain.

But though true worth and virtue in the mild And genial soil of cultivated life, Thrive most, and may perhaps thrive only there,

Yet not in cities oft; in proud and gay, And gain devoted cities. Thither flow, And as a common and most noxious sewer,

The dregs and feculence of every land. In cities foul example on most minds Begets its likeness. Rank abundance breeds,

In gross and pampered cities, sloth and lust,

And wantonness, and gluttonous excess. In cities vice is hidden with most ease, Or seen with least reproach; and virtue taught

By frequent lapse, can hope no triumph there

Beyond the achievements of successful flight.

Though all may not accord with the poet in the full extent of the sentiments which he has here expressed, all must admit their verisimilitude; and in estimating the advancement of the nation the real greatness, will regard not so much the growth and population of its cities, as they will the state and condition of agriculture—a profession which ministering most successfully to health, to intelligence, and to virtue, may justly claim to stand in the highest grade of dignity.

From the N. Y. Express.

### MAJOR DOWNING—THIRD LETTER.

To the Representatives of the people of the United States of North America, in Congress at Washington.

Rockaway, Sept. 4th, 1837. Near the wreck of the Two Pollicies.

Honorable Gentlemen,—I have been waiting for this day to come ever since the Two Pollicies was run on shore by Captain Juniper, so that I could lay the case right afore the hull people in one swag, for there is no way of getting any matter well attended to, that belongs to the people, till their representatives all get together at Washington in Congress. I look upon you just as I would on a barrel of cider bled down to a quart for the hull barrel is in that quart, and just so the hull people are in you.

I suppose you all know that the Two Pollicies is on shore, and what owing to that condition she is in considerable peril—both masts are broken off, and very little more than her hull is left. It is pretty well known how she got into this snarl—and the next thing is to see if some plan can't be fixed on to get her out o'it. You have the power to do this, and as every body knows and feels that there is not and never has been and never will be agin, any vessel afloat that can compare with the Two Pollicies—it is your duty to see that some means are taken to get her off shore. Every body who has been off to see the hull of this vessel, says there nint nothin that floats that comes any way nigh her for beauty and strength—for tho' she has now ben thumpin on the beach for a considerable spell—she is as sound and as strong from her keel to her deck timbers as ever she was—this is own mainly to the manner she was first built—for you know—and if you don't know, I now tell you, that she was built just at the close of the last war, and all the timbers in her was carefully taken from every State of the Union—and she was built by the nation every State again a carpenter to see that every

part on her was well put together—and every carpenter too brought timber from his own State to put into her—live oak—locust—pitch pine—cedar—and all kinds used in ship buildin and a completer job never was launched into the water. So long as she belong'd to the nation all went on well and she could do a coastin trade and a foreign trade—she has ben round Capes and Pints of all names and natur—Cape Horn, Cape of Good Hope, Cape Hatteras, Pint Look out, Pint Judith, and Pint no Pint,—and every body at home and abroad that know'd any thing about sich kind of craft has ben heard to say there warn't sich a vessel in all creation.—Well, it turned out in an evil day, that 'The Government' haul'd down the national flag, and said it warn't accordin to the constitution to own sich a vessel, and that States only should own and sail 'em. No sooner said than done, all the States turned to and built in a hurry a hull patch of vessels pretty much after the fashion of Mr. Jefferson's gun-boats—but 'old Pennsylvania,' a knowin old critter, and well knowin what the Two Pollicies was composed on, struck in and bought and hoisted her flag on the Two Pollicies. She knew as things was goin, if all lands went on shore, the Two Pollicies would stand the best chance of gettin off with least damage and as things now stand, I don't see but she was about right—for the Two Pollicies is as sound now as ever she was, and on'y wants liftin over the sand bank behind her and once afloat will be as good as ever she was.

The business now is—how shall she be lifted off? On this pint there is a good many opinions. Some say she ought to wait and take the chances for high tides and low trade, and go off with all the rest—and that if Congress makes any appropriation it ought to be sitted round among all the vessels now ashore but this is pritty much like the condition I once tell'd on about the waggons in the mud. Now my notion is, we had best try an experiment with one git her off if we can and then with her aid try to git the rest off for there aint power in all creation to lift 'em all off together. I have a great likin I must say for the Two Pollicies. I know what she is built on—for tho' she has changed flag, she ain't changed owners, and her keel and knees and plank and floor-timbers—they are all the same and she is worth savin for the good she has done and can do yet. And this is my plan—Congress owns a considerable pile of empty casks lyin round at the Navy Yard, at Brooklyn—All I want is to have the use of a few on 'em for a spell—it wont cost the country a dollar for them empty casks nint worth nothin till a pinch or a war or some sich kind of thing comes—and I promise to return them all afore they are wanted for other work.

Some on you may say that empty casks sound too much like credit—and you wont let 'em be used, unless they are fill'd with stones or iron or sand or silver or water, or something that sounds solid or mettalic—but all I've got to say about it is that kind of work wont lift any thing off shore, give me the use of the empty casks to do the liftin and call it credit or what you will I'll promise to get the Two Pollicies afloat with 'em—and then you may fill 'em as you please but if you want to push the Two Pollicies deeper in to the sand you can do so by rolling on top on her your casks fill'd with heavy metal, of iron or gold or stones or silvers, for in any liftin work one is about as bad as tother, and the heaviest is the worst.

I don't mean to commit myself and say that I go for empty casks before full ones for nint kind of work, that ain't my notion at all but I say when a vessel is off shore and you want to lift her off empty casks are better than full ones—and when you git her off, then turn to and fill up your empty casks for ballast, and keep 'em so.

If your honorable body, then, will jest pass a resolution and say, that the owners of the Two Pollicies, shall have the use of a few empty casks Mark'd 'U. S.' on condition that the same be used to git said vessel off shore—and on condition too, that said Two Pollicies will engage to drag off shore all the other craft, (worth savin,) and return said empty casks uninjured—then I can only say you will see along shore about as brisk a time as you ever see'd in your born days.

If any on you are afraid to take the responsibility, you can turn the hull scrape on't on me. The time is come when you must do something, and the plan I propose is sound and won't cost nothin—not half as much at any rate as it will to pay your expenses in makin long speeches about it.

Every thing is aground. The Two Pollicies—'The Treasury,'—and 'the industry of the country'—the hull scrape is in the mud—jest where I expected we should be—and as I tell'd you three years ago—but I dont want to say nothin more about it. Some folks I know want me to sharpen my axe and slit round and chop up folks—but that ain't my notion. I am willing to say you all ment for the best—but you made a great mistake, and the best of folks make mistakes sometimes, and the only difference betwix good folks and bad folks is—that good folks as soon as they see their mistake turn to and mend it—whilst bad folks try to brow beat and threaten and bully and git out of it that way—but this won't do.

The upshot of the matter is—the Country is in trouble—industry which is its stand by, is at a stand still—and no one but office holders git any thing to live by and are paid out of the earnings of the people—every thing depends on the industry of the people—if you check or obstruct that—every thing must go to smash and in little time the people won't be able to pay you your expenses in goin to Washington to make laws for 'em. You will bring their noses to the grind-stones—and as I'm one on 'em my nose I spose will be ground too, but I hope you'll let me grind my axe also on the same stone, and if I only can keep one as sharp as tother, I won't have the worst on't now I tell you.

Your fellow citizen,  
J. DOWNING, Major,  
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

### From the Saturday Courier. WONDERFUL POWER OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

COL. STONE AND MISS BRACKETT. Our readers are aware that the editor of the New York Commercial Advertiser (Col. Stone,) has been to Providence for the purpose of investigating the pretensions of Animal Magnetism. He has been engaged in writing a narrative of what he there saw and was astonished at.

The girl with whom the Colonel had an interview was Miss Sorina Brackett, who is represented as totally blind. Mr. Locke of the New Era, says she had been deprived of sight by an accident that had nearly proved fatal to her life, and was under a course of magnetic treatment for a paralytic affection which it had superinduced. She had then fully recovered the use of every faculty, except that of vision, but under the process had become a somnambulist; and, when in the magnetic sleep, possessed those wonderful powers of clairvoyance, or mental vision, which it generally imparts. She is described as a young lady of good education, irreproachable character, sensitive feelings, and delicate manners. It was not without importunity that she could be prevailed upon to permit a stranger to see her in the somnambulous state, but her friends at length persuaded her, and Col. Stone was introduced. After some casual conversation, Dr. Capron, her physician, looked fixedly at her, put his fingers upon her forehead and arms in the usual manner, and in five minutes she was in a profound slumber. The following exemplifications of her powers in this state were then obtained.

It was arranged that the first experiments should be made for the purpose of eliciting some of the phenomena of clairvoyance or mental vision. For this purpose an exhibition was made of various prints, large and small, likenesses of distinguished persons, &c., with which my friend had provided himself from his own house. With some of these the front parlor was hung, before we entered it, from the back room, while the smaller prints were thrown upon the table. It must here be borne in mind, in the first place, what has already been several times remarked, that the patient is blind. Her eyelids, moreover, were entirely closed; in addition to which cotton bats were placed over her eyes, and confined by a pair of green specta-

cles. It would therefore, have been impossible for her to see—or rather, any other person would have been involved in the deepest darkness, with eyes thus closed, and then cotton bats over them.

Soon after going into the room, she appeared to see the pictures and admire them. The fact was tested in every way. From her repugnance to so much company, however, the little circle drew as much as possible away from her, and her chief conversation on the subject of pictures was held with my friend, with whom, both sleeping and waking, she had previously been acquainted. Invariably, when she studied a picture, she turned her back upon the wall against which it hung. When she took up a print to examine it, she held it at the back of her head, or rather just over the parietal bone. With my friend she conversed freely, and selected from the small prints a likeness of Mrs. Judson, whose life she said she had read several times. She took up a portrait, while standing on the side of the room opposite to my friend and myself, and putting it to the side of her head, almost behind, as she remained alone, inquired—'Is not this a likeness of John Foster? John—Yes, it is John Foster.' I immediately passed around the table to her, and held a brief conversation with her, respecting the character and writings of Foster—of whom there had not been a word said before she selected his picture, and pronounced his name.

After some other experiments of this kind, the magnetiser, by an exercise of his will, withdrew her attention from the circle of friends around her, and introducing her to Col. Stone particularly, placed her hand in his, and permitted him exclusively to hold a conversation with her. Having heard that she could, in mental vision, accompany any person, with whom she was thus in communication, to the most distant places, and describe localities and private residences which she had not before seen or heard of, he proposed a visit to New York, by the steambot Narragansett, which then lay at the dock. She objected to this mode of conveyance, as it occasioned sea sickness, and preferred going through the air.—It is proper to remark, that she never had, in reality, been in this city, but on a former ideal voyage by that boat, she had experienced and manifested all the nauseous sensations of actual sea sickness. Through the air, therefore, they agreed to travel without leaving their seats in Providence, away, in imagination, they sailed for the commercial emporium.

The first object that seemed to arrest their attention in their aerial flight was Bristol, which she wished to pause and behold. Having expressed her admiration of the streets, and her satisfaction with the ease and expedition of her mode of travelling, she alighted with her mental conductor, on the deck of the Providence steambot, at the north end of the Battery. She remarked that it was not the place at which she had landed on her former visit, and it is well known that the place of these boats have been changed from Market and Chamber streets to the Battery during the present season. Castle Garden, and a man there in the dress of the Boat Club; the Bowlinggreen, with Mr. Ray's granite house, and bronzed lions; Astor House, and the gentlemen at its portal; Mechanic's Hall, in Park-place, with the sculptured group on its cornice; Columbia College, and a particular decaying tree on the green; the house of the President, and the absence of his family, together with many other things, successively described by this blind young lady, who never was in this city in her life. Colonel Stone, in conducting her mind to the neighborhood of the College, was, it seems, on the way