

FOR THE BOSTONIAN CITIZEN.  
**SKETCHES.**

I like a sketch. There is pleasure in filling up an outline—penciling a line here, laying on a shadow there, limning a figure yonder, till the piece is finished and the eye filled. So much of the picture is thus made our own, that we feel wonderful self-complacency in accomplishing it.

Laying the foundation of a structure is the least liberal or agreeable part of the work. The workman toils in the ground. His materials are rough, un-hewn and unwieldy. But the growing pile, in its classical proportions, swelling upon the eye in graceful relief, becomes interesting in its progress and accomplishment.

Thus, when we find some leading ideas suggested to the mind, there is pleasure in tracing all their collateral relations, perfecting the theory or position to our own fancy.

**ASTRONOMY.**

One of the great laws of astronomy is that of constant periodical revolution. The satellites of Uranus, of Saturn, of Jupiter, and the moon of our earth continually circle their primary planets; each of the greater orbs of the system is bound in its appointed course by the powerful attraction of the sun; all are forever wheeling in their orbits around some greater centre of attraction. Action, action, action, is the prime quality of matter as well as mind.

Of the fixed stars, which come not within the field of the astronomer's view, we are most common and rational conjecture that each is a central sun, with its attendant system of worlds.—It is most consonant to our notions of the divine power and goodness to suppose that those distant realms of immensity are occupied with the machinery of the Almighty, and that these myriads of nightly luminaries are diffusing light and heat throughout the wide abode of created existences.

It has been observed that our whole solar system is progressing, with we know not what velocity, through the infinity of space. Considering the known laws which operate upon all the heavenly bodies within the scope of our observation, it is perhaps probable that this progress is that of a revolution around some gigantic orb in the inner depths of space.—May not this great unseen centre of attraction bind, with its far-reaching laws, innumerable suns with their respective systems of worlds and moons in the grasp of its mighty orbit? May not even this conjectural orb have companions in the heavens, of its own class and power, all bound to some mightier centre, still farther removed from the reach of poor human thought? And may not there be, in the middle of this eternity of matter, some last and greatest centre of attraction that binds of the universe & infinity to it—the immediate, the ultimate, the eternal dwelling of the Invariable—the Divine Deity?

In this speculation it is not necessary I dare not tell it, in the common-sense of thought, is dispersed and self-founded in the completion and immensity of the machinery: the imagination stretches out covering wings, from this effort of the Throne, to the lowliest nook of earth, and the human soul is overwhelmed with a sense of humility and self-dependence. Who can by searching find out God?

**THE WEST.**

An enthusiastic emigrant to the west wrote back to his friend his views of his adopted country. He enumerated the causes which induce many to return, and among others he mentioned ironically, "that amiable *emo pacifice* which makes the emigrant sigh for the land of his birth."—Iron aside, is not this sentiment indeed amiable, which so strongly abides in the heart? The man who is *depressing* in his mind the pro-

priety of moving to the west, allows not till too late, sufficient weight to this consideration. But when he has actually plucked loose every pleasant association of native land, and home, and friends, and kindreds—then he *sees* it; then secret and bitter sighs tear the heart of the wayworn emigrant. Is this to be called morbid sentimentality? a weakness, of which he ought to be ashamed? Is it not rather a noble sentiment blended with the best parts of human nature?

**TEARS.**

Why are hypocritical smiles more common in the world than hypocritical tears? And why are we always more willing that men should see us laugh rather than weep? Why are we ashamed to discover the emotions which produce tears—they are commonly honorable to human nature. Indeed, there is no thing approaches more nearly to angelic purity than the tear of compassion.—We seem to have this unnatural notion in common with savages—and possibly it is a remnant of our own savage nature,—that it is weak and womanish to shed tears.

There is sympathy among weepers; as well as laughers. But this sympathy, I should think, is not kindled by the mere sight or appearance of another's emotion: it is some fancy or knowledge of the moving cause of the emotion in another that makes us laugh to weep with him. Sympathy strikes the kindred chords of each spirit.—"He must be more or less than man who will not kindle at the common blaze."

I knew a stern old man—a man who had known much sorrow too. But it seemed that no sight of woe—none of the common calamities, or even the tenderer scenes of life, could move his tears.—He was a man of genuine feeling, his spirit had often writhed under a load of anguish; but the fountain of his tears was sealed, and he kept the stern rigidity of his face under most trying circumstances. At length death invaded his beloved family. His child died. He calmly gave all the necessary directions for its funeral. Some hours after it was shrouded he took another of his little boys to look upon the corpse. The living child gazed with a fixed look upon the pale face of his dead brother—tears gathered in his eyes, and he put his little hand to his face. "Don't cry my little son," said the father tenderly—that instant the fountain was broken up. "Oh my child!" he passionately exclaimed, "papa can't help crying with you!" and he burst into a transport of tears.

**GENIUS.**

What wonder there be such a thing as genius, in the popular sense of the term: whether creative wisdom ever endowed one man with faculties which others never had. Every man is endowed with the same faculties, and circumstances alone call them into action. Genius, to my mind, means nothing more than the concentration of our faculties on a certain point. It is this power of concentration that makes a genius, in the literature, in the senate, or the workshop, or any where else. It is this that enables him to ramack the whole realm of nature, and the wide range of art, gathering materials to subservise his purpose in hand.

The wax of time, more frequently, awakens this power, into action. We nevertheless see instances of it operating most rationally from a mere love of his exercise. Newton, particularly in his earlier studies, is an instance. In the absence of other motives, men love to invent, love to imitate omnipotence—to see their own creations.

Randolph, June, 1838.

**French Navy.**—The ships in commission, as we learn from the estimates for the navy, amount to 130, viz. 8 vessels of the line, 12 frigates, 16 corvettes; 74 smaller vessels, and 20 steamboats; and their crews amount to 20,347 men and officers.

**A MINERAL NOSE.**

Dr. Harwood of this city, has made an artificial nose for a young man belonging to Spencer, in Worcester county, which the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal—conducted by Dr J. V. C. Smith, tells us can hardly be distinguished on pretty close examination, from a genuine nasal organ. When the patient was about six weeks old, while lying on his back in the cradle, a spark from the fire, ignited the cloth spread over his face, which was so horribly burnt that the entire nose, even to the bridge bones above the cartilage, sloughed off level with the cheeks. The expression of this unfortunate being, now perhaps twenty years of age was disagreeable in the extreme.

He came to Boston for the purpose of undergoing the Taliacotian operation but the breadth of surface between the eye brows and hair being rather small, Dr. Lewis, who was consulted, was convinced that the chance of success was a limited one, and he therefore recommended him to allow Dr. Harwood to attempt a plan, altogether new in this country, of constructing an artificial nose, of a mineral substance, commonly used in dental surgery for artificial gums.

The ingenuity of this gentleman has surpassed the expectations of those who have watched his benevolent exertions. The new nose is superior in appearance to those usually constructed on the Taliacotian method. But separately from this consideration, the patient has been saved from a series of protracted sufferings under the knife. In order to keep the new facial apparatus always snugly in place a pair of spectacles are indispensable accompaniments.

Boston Transcript.

"I wish I was a Pig."—Among the dry, quaint and philosophical scenes with which Mr. Neal's recent volume of "Charcoal Sketches" abounds, we think this soliloquy of a loafer, who has been sleigh riding and got "spilt," is inimitable: "It's man's nature," I believe and we can't help it no how. As for me, I wish I was a pig wot's fat; pigs don't have to speculate and bust—pigs never go a sleigh riding, quarrel with their daddies-in-law wot was to be get into sprees, and make tarel fools of themselves. Pigs is decent behaved people and good citizens though they han't got no wote.—And then they haven't got no clothes to put on of cold mornings, and they don't have to be dermin' and patchin' their own pants: they don't wear old hats on their heads, see have to ask people for em—cold wittles is plenty for pigs. My eyes! if I was a fat jolly pig belonging to respectable people, it would be tantamount to nothin' with me who was president. Who ever see'd one pig a setten on a cold curbstone a rubbin' another pig's head wot got chucked out of a sleigh! Pigs has too much sense to go a ridin' if so be so they can't help it. I wish I was one and out of this scrape. It's true pigs have their troubles as well as humans—constables botches 'em, dogs bites 'em, and pigs is as done over suckers as men, but pigs never runs their own noses in scrapes, conxins' themselves to believe it's fun, as we do. I never seen a pig go the whole hog in my life, 'cept on rum cherries.

**DOCTOR MENDENHALL'S**  
New, Valuable, Tonic  
and Anti-Dyspeptic,  
Vegetable Pills.

THESE PILLS are called New, because they have not hitherto been offered to the Public; they are called Valuable because their value has been fully tested by the inventor, by practice and experience for several years in a section of country peculiarly subject to diseases requiring a remedy of this kind. These pills are entirely Vegetable, and may be taken with safety, by persons of all ages and conditions. When taken according to the directions accompanying each box, they are highly beneficial in the prevention and cure of the following diseases: Fever and Ague, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Flatulent Cholera, Heartburn, Furred Tongue, Distention of the Stomach and Bowels, Incipient Diarrhea, Dysentery or Flux, Habitual Constancy, Loss of Appetite, Worms in Children. All cases of torpor of the bowels, all cases of pain in the head, which are caused (as in small head-aches are) by a disordered state of the Stomach, and in all cases of general weakness after Fever or other severe sickness. Though very efficient, they are exceedingly mild in their operation, causing neither nausea gripping nor debility. For sale at Jameson's Guilford co. N. C. Also at Greensboro', Ashboro' and Lexington N. C.—Price 50 cents per box.—5-6m

**WANTED**

A FIRST RATE TAILOR, to come to this place and put up a shop, there is no doubt but it would prove a successful business.

**CHEAP GOODS.**



THE subscriber has just received and is now receiving a supply of

**GOODS**

from New York, and intends to sell very low for cash, and he wishes his customers to receive his sincere thanks for their past liberal support and custom, and believes he can give satisfaction in future. He invites the public to call and see for themselves—report hath been circulated that I am about to quit the mercantile business which is not my prospect; but the fact is I expect to visit my children and friends in Indiana, the latter part of this summer and fall and wish to sell all that I possibly can before I go, and leave few or no goods on hand while I am from home, therefore I will sell low for cash. And all those who do not wish to pay cash will be accommodated on good terms; all former accounts must be settled either by cash or note before I go; therefore I hope all indebted to the store will call and close their accounts without delay, especially those of long standing.

JESSE HINSHAW.

New Salem, 5th month, 11th 1838.  
18-1f.

A large quantity of Iron JUST RECEIVED and FOR SALE at my store in New Salem. JESSE HINSHAW.

20-1f

**Terms of JOB PRINTING.**

Regulated according to the Resolutions of the late Editorial Convention of N. C.)

CIRCULARS for Candidates &c. of ordinary length, from 88 to 820, according to the quantity of matter, and number of copies.

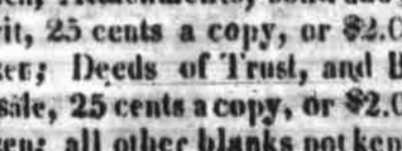
PAMPHLETS. Suppose 24 duodecimo pages (size of the "Man of Business")—500 copies—good paper, folded, pressed, stitched, trimmed &c.—will cost about 50.

HORSE BILLS, will cost here, from 82 to 86 according to the length and style in which they may be displayed.

LABELS—for Books, Bails of Cotton yarn &c. \$2 a thousand, unless the quantity be small—then the price will be 1.00 a hundred.

BLANKS.—Warrants, and such blanks as are usually kept on hand for Clerks of Courts cannot be had at this office under 75 cents a Quire, or five cents a sheet, if less than a Quire be taken. Sheriffs' Deeds, or ordinary Deeds of conveyance, 12 1-2 cents a copy, or \$100 a dozen; Attachments, bond and affidavit, 25 cents a copy, or \$2.00 a dozen; Deeds of Trust, and Bills of sale, 25 cents a copy, or \$2.00 a dozen; all other blanks not kept on hand for Clerks, but printed to order at \$2.00 a Quire. Any instrument will be furnished, and correctly filled up for \$1.00; and if there be *advise or calculation wanted*, the charge will never be less than \$2.00, but may be more according to the circumstances of the case.

N. B. Nothing can be printed, either in the paper, or out of it, for less than 1.00.



**New Goods,**  
uncommonly cheap for cash.

IF you want good bargains, just call and examine my goods, prices &c. you cannot but be absolutely pleased with my late recruits, just received—

**DRY GOODS** in the greatest variety; **HARDWARE** and **CUTLERY**, not to be surpassed in quality; **HATS, SHOES** &c. &c. uncommonly cheap for the quality;

**Iron, Sugar, Coffee, Molasses, and other groceries, selected with the greatest care.**

Low as my terms are already, I will make a still further deduction of 10 per cent. for the sake of selling dry goods &c. for cash.

ALFRED H. MARSH.

20-4f

**COME PUSH ALONG.**

**Keep Moving!**

THE Subscribers wish to inform their customers, and the public generally, that they have received from the North a goodly number of new cards, of a superior quality, and will attach the same immediately to their

**WOOL CARDING**

**Establishment,**

which will enable them to do business in a style not to be surpassed in this country.

They have added the *fillet cards* to their Breaking Machine, which they think will prepare hatter's wool to answer a good purpose without bowing.

They will card at the usual rates, and take in payment such produce as heretofore, at the customary prices.

JESSE & JESSE G. HINSHAW.

N. B. The public may rest assured that my own personal attention will be given to Carding, throughout the season. I shall spare no pains in giving satisfaction both far and near. Good rolls are always insured when the wool is prepared as laid down in the "Citizen" last summer.

JESSE G. HINSHAW

May 1838.—18-1f.

**VILLAGE HOTEL**



THE SUBSCRIBER informs the public that he has recently purchased the House and

**Tavern Establishment,**

Formerly occupied by James Elliott Esq. South west corner of the Court-house Square in Ashborough. His rooms are large, pleasant and commodious; and well furnished with every accommodation for boarders. His table too, it is confidently believed, will constantly be provided in such a manner as to give entire satisfaction to all. He hopes the Court-officers and Gentlemen of the Bar will be liberal in their patronage, and in fact, all others who may like

**PLENTY OF ROOM,**

**and good fare**

His Stables are commodious and dry, will be attended by good and careful Hostlers, and kept plentifully supplied with all the varieties of good provender.

All are invited to call and make trial. He thinks he can give entire satisfaction.

SAMPSON B. GLENN.

Jan. 1838.—1-1f.

**NECESSITY!**

REQUIRES that all those who are indebted to the late firm of B. Elliott & Co. or Elliott, Linn & Co. should come forward immediately and pay the money or give a new bond. Circumstances require that this should be done without delay. We much hope that this notice will be promptly attended to, as no other notice will be given. On failure to comply with this reasonable request, none can complain if their bonds &c. be put out for collection. It will most assuredly be done. We therefore most earnestly hope that our debtors will be good enough to attend to this pressing call, which would not be made, but in case of the highest necessity.

The bonds &c. are all in the hands of A. H. Marsh, who is authorized and required to make speedy settlement of all matters pertaining to either of the firms above mentioned; and he will, at any and all times, promptly attend to the calls of those who may be pleased to come in quickly and settle up as requested.

B. ELLIOTT & Co.

ELLIOTT, BROWN & Co.

Ashboro, N. C. June 4th, 1838.

**TAKEN UP**

AND entered on the Ranger's book in Randolph county, on the 15th May, by Edward, one mile north of James Cox's Store, a certain **BAY HORSE** about six years old, 14 hands 3 inches high, all his feet white, shod all round, star in his forehead and a snip on his nose, his left eye deficient.

JOHN CRAVEN, Ranger

21-3f

**JOB PRINTING**

Done cheap, with neatness and despatch, at

THIS OFFICE.