

SOUTHERN CITIZEN.

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

VOLUME III.

ASHEBORO', (N. C.) FRIDAY, MAY 17, 1839.

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BY

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THE CITIZEN.

ASHEBORO' N. C.

FRIDAY, MAY 17, 1839.

DEFERRED.

Remarks of Mr. RENCHER, on Tuesday of Court, 7th instant.

Mr. Rencher in an appropriate address to the people of Randolph declined being a candidate for re-election. He said he had given to the numerous and earnest solicitations of his friends the most respectful consideration; & though anxious, at all times, to gratify them, he felt that both his health and his private affairs required of him to decline the public service. He thought he had been a public life long enough, and he ought to give place to some other person if there were no public consideration to prevent. He would have done so two years ago, but for the opposition then presented to him. At the close of the last Congress he thought it the most favorable time for him to retire from the turmoil and excitement of political warfare. No opposition was threatened to him individually and he found the district with an overwhelming political majority in favor of the principles he advocated. He therefore expressed his desire to retire, and decline again presenting his name to the district. This purpose he had previously expressed to any of his friends in the Legislature as well as at home. When Mr. Fisher's name was spoken of as a candidate to succeed him, it was rumored abroad that he was in favor of the Sub-Treasury scheme of finance, upon which the Administration seems to have staked itself; and so fraught with mischief to the best interests of the country, if not to the liberties of the people, he felt as if he ought to sacrifice his private duties, and to expose more fully than he had done, the dangerous tendency of that system. Under this view of the subject he expected at one time to be drawn into the canvass, and so pressed himself, but he had learned on better authority that such were not Mr. Fisher's views, and therefore declined altogether any further canvass. When Mr. Fisher's views are presented more fully, as they will doubtless be in a short time, they are not such as

are sound, the people would be able to call into their service some other individual able to serve them, and who can do so without a sacrifice of any private duties.

Mr. Rencher returned his acknowledgements to the people of the district for the kindness and politeness with which they had uniformly treated him in his intercourse with them. With one or two exceptions, he said, he had never received, even from his political enemies, one single act of rudeness. He assured them of his lasting recollection of these things, and took leave of them by wishing they might find in his successor, whoever he might be, one equally devoted to their welfare with more ability to serve them.

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

Once in travelling, I observed an old building, which appeared to be falling into ruins. No smoke issued from its broken chimney. No foot crossed its grassgrowing threshold. The casements were gone, and through their vacant places, the winds whistled, and the rains fell.

I asked, "what is this building, which is thus suffered to decay?" They answered, "a school house. But a part of its materials have been used to build a better one, in a more convenient spot, for the village."

So I paused there a little time, to meditate. And I said to myself—what a variety of scenes may have passed within these tottering walls. Where are the teachers, who in years gone by, sat in the chair of state, and ruled, and gave instructions.

In yonder corner, perhaps, was a low bench, for the little ones conning their alphabet. Those little ones have grown up, grown grey, and died. The babes whom they rocked in the cradle, have shown the same tenderness to their own babes. "One generation passeth away and another cometh."

Beneath these windows where the trim old sycamore looked in with all its show of green leaves, waving and gossiping in the breeze of summer—I imagine a row of young girls, with their sunny locks knitting, sewing,—or listening with serious faces, while the mistress taught them what it was necessary for them to know, when they became women.

The snows of winter seem to spread around. The frozen pond, in the rear of the school-house, is covered with boys. The clock strikes nine. They hasten to their school. The narrow entry rings with the jingle of their skates, as they throw them down. One or two, who love play better than study, approach with more lingering steps.

methinks, I see their tuddy faces, as they take their seats. The master raises a stern eye at their clamor, or stifled laughter, and commands them to write their copies, and attend to their sums.—But the treatise of Arithmetic is thumbed, and the Grammar lessons curled into dogs ears, by those whose roving thoughts are among their winter sports.

Then there was the long sigh of indolence, and tears of such as were punished. And there was impatience there, and ambition, and the kindlings of intellect, and the delights of knowledge.—The master endeavors to rule each for their good, as the wise magistrate restrains the people by laws.

I fancy that I behold the teacher walking homeward, weary and thoughtful, when the day was done. He sits sad for those who did not improve, and over those that did, he rejoiced with a peculiar love.

Perhaps, he repeated mournfully the words of the prophet, "I have labored in vain; I have spent my strength for naught." And a voice from heaven, answered in his heart—"Yet surely thy judgment is with the Lord—and thy work with thy God."

Old school-house! Couldst thou speak I doubt not thou wouldst tell me, that eminent men have been nurtured in thee; ingenious mechanics, on whom the comfort of the community depends; athletic farmers, laying the forest low, and forcing earth to yield her increases;—

physicians, whom the sick sufferer blesses; eloquent lawyers, wise statesmen, holy priests who interpret the word of the Almighty.

I wish that the school-houses in our country were more commodious and tasteful in their construction—more spacious and airy—surrounded with trees, or beautiful with shrubbery.

There was once a benevolent man, who went to the continent of New Holland. He found multitudes of children growing up, neglected and ignorant.—He wished much to have them taught. But there was no school-house.

So he collected them under a spreading tree, whose branches could shelter at least one hundred from the heat of the sun. He hung cards, with painted lessons among the boughs. And there, he taught the poor colonists to read and to spell and to sing.

There are very beautiful birds in that country. Many of them had nests in this large tree. So there they were, flying about and tending their young, while the children were learning below—and the chirping of the new fledged birds,—and the warbling of their parents—and the busy voices of the children, learning to be good—made sweet music in the heart of that benevolent man.

Did they not ascend, and mingle with the praises of angels, around the throne? Lydia H. Sigourney.

A CASE.

The following singular production appears in the Memphis "World" in the form of an advertisement. We think the advertiser has been effectually "used up" by a pair of exquisitely beautiful "bright eyes," and feeling the deepest commiseration for the sufferings of his heart, we copy his advertisement, in hopes that it may thus meet the inspection of the fair destroyer. The tenderness of woman's heart is such, that when they kill 'us but to make alive again:

READ THIS!!!

Oakland, Tennessee,
March 22d, 1839.

After my return from Florida, in 1836, I, together with some acquaintances of both sexes, visited the justly celebrated female institution, at Salem, N. C. It happened to be at the time of an examination of the young ladies at the institution. Perhaps it would be proper to remark, that at the time of an examination at that place—owing to the great number of young females belonging to the school, the parents of these ladies, from different States of the Union, attended at this particular time, to see the progress made by their daughters.

I have often visited this place on similar occasions, (which are annually.)—I never in the course of life, looked upon such a scene of beauty and innocence. As is usual, the examination commenced with the smaller girls; while the church, (a large structure,) was crowded with eager hundreds looking in silent wonder on so much loveliness. Here might be seen the delighted father looking on with anxiety, and listening with rapture to the recitation of his almost worshiped daughters; while numbers, led like myself by curiosity, were seen leaning forward eager to catch a returning glance from the eye of beauty.

I, who so late, had emerged from the haunts of Florida; from the whoop of savages, and the horrors of war—almost imagined myself in another world; I scarcely could contain my feelings; when the closing of the examination, awakened feelings to which I had heretofore been a stranger. The closing act was a dialogue between several young ladies, whose studies being completed, were now to leave Salem forever. The dialogue was on the beauties and riches of the valley of the Mississippi. The actresses in this dialogue would rise to their feet while reciting their respective parts, and with a sweetness of voice, and a grace never excelled—held admiring hundreds mute. At length a being rose—to describe whom, I feel myself wholly incapable.—She gave a minute description of the Mississippi valley, and last of Florida, which so lately had been the theatre of war, in which I had participated.

I have seen thousands of beautiful features, who never caused a second thought after being out of sight. I have

stood in the front of battle, where swords were glittering through the air; and where the messengers of death were whistling as thick as hail; I was unmoved. I have ridden upon the mountain billows of the deep, when each succeeding wave seemed to engulf us at once, never to rise again. My nerves were steady.—I have stood upon the mountain top, while the hurricane was dealing his fury; the sturdy oak was hurled to the ground, huge rocks and even the mountain seemed to tremble to its base. I have looked on all these with indifference; but when this angel in human form arose, and with an air the Victoria of England never put on—then a new feeling was awakened in my breast. I shrank as a culprit before his judge—I trembled like a frightened child. Kind reader, tell me what is it, is it love? Months and years have passed, but still the same being is before me, nor have I ever been fortunate enough to find her out since. I have travelled from State to State—my search has been vain. I have even more than affluence to offer—a hand and heart at her disposal.

Should these lines ever come under the eye of any person who can give me any information of this, please direct to H. Spears, Nashville, Tenn., Charleston, S. C., or Washington City, D. C.

April 5 H. SPEARS.

From the Microcosm.

The way they write, spell and direct letters in a certain county, is a caution to Major Downing and the Down-Easters. We give below, *verbatim et literalim*, (omitting names only,) as a specimen, a letter lately received by the Secretary of State. Verily, the school-master must be abroad in the land:

This Letter to you to Raughly to the honorable Secretary that keeps the Landoffice Mister Hill & Left in the postoffice at Raughly to he May 17 1839

State of North Carolina County of _____ wishes the honorable Secretary At Raughly to Make A Sarch for A pattern of 200 acres of land granted to _____ in decmbr 1796 in _____ County on Both Sids of Cler Creek in Cluding ov _____ improvement Beginning on _____ A White oak running South 200 pole to A stake & pray Sir fale not & send a Sertyficet ov it to _____ & Mr _____ the Lawyer that is A Contending for the Land & Cant Come at the grant her for it ent Registered in the County for that Reason we want a copy ov it from the Secatary at Raughly Mr _____ Mail a Sarch But not in the right place & sed for us to send by the Male quick & Wee Want the honorable Secatary to send Back by the Male with speed if he plessees to the post ofis in _____ County Deere Ct it to _____ & Mr _____ if it is in that ofis feBaway 2 1839 to the honorable Secretary in R aughly

& send the charg & it sharw! Bepaid to any parson that you can say for I dont noo how Much it wel bee

A Republican Governor.—"Hollo, you man with a pail and frock," said a British officer, as he brought his fiery steed to a stand in front of Governor Cliftenden's dwelling "can you inform me whether his honor the Governor of Vermont lives here?"

"He does," was the response of the man, still wending his way to the pig-sty.

"Is his honor at home?" continued the man of the spurs.

"Most certainly," replied the man of the frock.

"Take my horse by the bit then," said the officer; "I have business to transact with your master."

Without a second bidding, the man did as requested, and the officer alighted and made his way up to the door and gave it several hearty taps with the butt end of his whip—for be it known, in those days of republican simplicity, knockers, like servants, were of but little use. The good dame of the house answered the summons in person; and having seated the officer and ascertained his desire to see the Governor, de-

parted to inform her husband of the guest's arrival; but on ascertaining that the officer had made a hitching-post of her husband, she immediately returned and informed him that the Governor was engaged in the yard, and could not well wait upon his honor and his horse at the same time. The predicament of the officer can be better imagined than described.

Troy Whigg.

ARKANSAS ELOQUENCE.

We'll put the following sample of an Arkansas lawyer's eloquence against any thing they can bring from the West. As to the justness of his reasoning we say nothing, but as to its conclusiveness we defy any one to find a match. His client was brought up for stealing a mule. After the witnesses had all been sworn, and the lawyer on the other side had given his opinion, our orator gave the jury the following blast:

"Gentlemen of the jury, the whole of you there, you see! You have all heard what those witnesses have said, and of course you agree with me that my client didn't steal the mule. Do you sponser for one second; that he would steal a mule! a low lived mule! D—a clean cut of it. What does he want of a mule when he has got a bang up pony like that tied to your tree? (pointing to a fine looking Mustang, opposite the long court house.) What, I say, in the name of Gen. Jackson, does he want of a mule? Nothing—exactly nothing. No, gentlemen of the jury, he didn't steal the mule—he would't be caught stealing one. He never wanted a mule, he never had a mule, nor he never would have a mule about him. He has his antipathies as well as any body, and you could't hire him to take a mule."

Jurymen, the lawyer on the other side has been trying to spread wool over your eyes, and stuff you up with the notion that my client walked off with the aforesaid animal without asking leave; but you aint such a pack of fools as to believe him. Listen to me if you want to hear the truth and reason—and while you are about it, wake up that fellow who's asleep; I want him to hear too.

The other lawyer says, too, that my client should be sent to prison. I'd like to see you send him once. But its getting towards dinner time and I want a horn bad, so I'll give you a close and flash. Now you have an idea of sending my client to prison—I can see that fact sticking out. Suppose either of you was in his place—suppose, for instance, I was, and you should attempt to judge me—put me in a log-jail without fire, where the wind was blowing in on one side and out of the other, and the only thing to brag of about the place was the perfectly free circulation of air—do you suppose, I say, that I would go! I'd see you d—d first and then I would't."

We don't know what verdict the jury returned as when our informant left they had all gone to the grocery to liquor.

New Orleans Picayune.

Centenary of Methodism.—The Methodist Episcopal Church in Baltimore has taken steps for joining with the Church in Europe, in commemorating the completion of the first century, since the foundation of the Methodist Church, which will take place in October next. At the meeting held for effecting this object, a collection of nearly seven thousand dollars was made in aid of its benevolent institutions.

Microcosm.

Russian Forests.—The northern provinces of the Russian Empire are almost entirely uncultivated, and covered with interminable forests. In one government alone, containing 50,000,000 of acres, 48,000,000 of which consist exclusively of forests.

The tunnel on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, in Alleghany County, is now nearly half completed. It will be three thousand feet in length, through solid rock, and 300 feet below the surface, at the greatest extremity.

The Legislature of Wisconsin have fixed the Legal rate of interest, in that Territory, at 12 per cent.