

SOUTHERN CITIZEN.

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

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THE FORTUNES OF A COUNTRY GIRL.

A Story.

One day, I will not say how many years ago, for I intend to be very mysterious for a time with my readers—a young woman stepped from a country wagon that had just arrived at the yard of the Chelsea Inn, the Goat and the Compasses, a name formed by corrupting time out of the pious original—Gud-encompasseth-us. The young woman scanned about the age of 18, and was decently dressed, though in the plainest rustic fashion of the times.—She was well formed and well looking, both form and looks giving indications of ruddy health consequent upon exposure to the sun and air in the country.

After stepping from the wagon, which the driver immediately led into the yard the girl stood for a moment in apparent uncertainty whether to go, when the mistress of the inn, who had come to the door, observed her hesitation, and asked her to enter and take rest. The young woman readily obeyed the invitation, and soon, by the kindness of the landlady, found herself by the fireside of a nicely warmed parlor, and where she might refresh herself after a long and tedious journey.

"And sorry poor girl," said the landlady, after having heard, in return for her kindness the whole particulars of the young woman's situation and history, "as she has come all the way to seek service, and has no friend but John Hodge, the wagoner! Truly, he is like to give her the best small help, wench, wench getting a place."

"Is service, then, difficult to be had?" asked the young woman sadly.

"Ah, marry, good situations, at least, are hard to find. But have a good heart, child," said the landlady, "and as she continued, she looked around with an air of pride and dignity; and I felt in the country a young thing like thyself, with as little to look to.—But don't ever give me for certain, that must look for such a fortune, and in any case it must be wrought for. I showed myself a good servant before my poor old Jacob, because my soul, made me mistress of the Goat and Compasses. So mind thee, girl."

The landlady's speech might have gone on a long way; for the dame loved well the sound of her own tongue, but for the interruption occasioned by the entrance of a gentleman, when the landlady rose and welcomed him heartily.

"Hail dame," said the new comer, who was a stout, respectable attired person of the age, "how sells the good old wine, and a drop left in thy cellar?"

"Enough left to give your worship a draught after a long walk," as she rose to fulfill the promise implied in his words. "I walked not," was the gentleman's rejoinder, "but took a pair of oars, dame, and rowed the river. Thou knowest I al-

ways come to Chelsea myself to see if thou lackest any thing."

"Ah, sir," replied the landlady, "and it is by that you have yourself, as all the city says, the richest man in all London itself."

"Well, dame, the better for me if it is so," said the brewer, with a smile, "but let us have the mug, and this quite pretty friend of thine shall pleasure us by tasting with us."

The landlady was not long in producing a stoup of ale, knowing that her visitor never set an example hurtful to his own interests by commencing the consumption of foreign spirits.

"Right, hostess," said the brewer, when he tasted it, "well made and well kept, and that is giving both thee and me our dues. Now pretty one," said he, filling one of the measures of glasses which had been placed beside the stoup, "wilt thou drink this to thy sweetheart's health?"

The poor country girl to whom this was addressed, declined the proffered civility, and with a blush; but the landlady exclaimed, "Come, silly wench, drink his worship's health; he is more likely to get thee a service if it so pleased him, than John Hodge, the wagoner."

"This girl has come many a mile," continued the hostess, "to seek a place in town, that she may burden her family no more at home."

"To seek service," exclaimed the brewer; "why then it is perhaps well met with us. Has she brought a character with her or can you speak for her, dame?"

"She has never yet been from home, sir, but her face is her character," said the kind hearted landlady; "I warrant she will be a diligent and trusty one."

"Upon thy prophecy, hostess, will I take her into my own service; for but yesterday was my housekeeper complaining of the want of help, since this deputyship brought me more into the way of entertaining the people of the ward."

Ever the wealthy brewer and deputy left the Goat and Compasses, arrangements were made for sending the country girl to his house in the city on the following day. Proud of having done a kind action the garrulous hostess took advantage of the circumstance to deliver an immensely long harangue to the woman on her new duties, and on the dangers to which youth is exposed in large cities. The girl heard her benevolence with modest thankfulness, but a more minute observer than the good landlady might have seen in the eye and countenance of the girl a quiet firmness of expression such as might have induced the cutting short of the lecture. However, the landlady's lecture did end, and towards the even of the day following her arrival at the Goat and Compasses, the youthful rustic found herself installed as housemaid in the dwelling of the rich brewer.

The fortunes of this girl it is our purpose to follow. The first change in her condition which took place subsequent to that related was her elevation to the vacated post of house-keeper to the brewer's family. In this situation she was brought more than formerly in contact with her master, who found ample means for admiring her propriety of conduct, as well as her skillful economy of management. By degrees he began to find her presence necessary to his happiness, and being a man of both honorable and independent mind he at length offered her his hand. It was accepted; and she, who but four or five years ago had left her country home barefooted, became the wife of one of the richest citizens in London.

For many years Mr. Alesbury, for such was the name of the brewer, and his wife lived in happiness and comfort together. He was a man of good family and connections, and consequently of higher breeding than his wife could boast of, but on no occasion had he ever to blush for the partner he had chosen. Her calm, inborn strength, if not dignity of character, conjoined with an extreme quickness of perception, made her fill her place at her husband's table with as much grace and credit as if she had been born to the station. And, as time passed, the respectability of Mr. Alesbury's position received a gradual increase. He became an alderman and

subsequently a sheriff of the city, and in consequence of the latter elevation was knighted. Afterwards—and now a part of the mystery projected at the commencement of this story must be broken in upon as far as time is concerned—afterwards the important place which the wealthy brewer held in the city called down upon him the attention and favor of the King, Charles I., then anxious to conciliate the good will of the citizens, and the city knight received farther honor of baronetcy.

Lady Alesbury, in the first year of her married life, gave birth to a daughter, who proved an only child, and round whom, as was natural, all the hopes and wishes of the parents entwined themselves. This daughter had only reached the age of seventeen, when her father died, leaving an immense fortune behind him. It was at first thought that the widow and her daughter would become inheritors of this without the shadow of a dispute. But it proved otherwise. Certain relatives of the deceased brewer set up a plea upon the foundation of a will made in their favor before the deceased had become married.

With her wonted firmness, Lady Alesbury immediately took steps for the vindication of her own and her child's rights. A young lawyer who had been a frequent guest at her husband's table, and of whose abilities she had formed a high opinion, was the person whom she fixed upon as the legal asserter of her cause. Edward Hyde was, indeed, a youth of great ability. Though only twenty-four years of age at the period referred to, and though he had spent much of his youthful time in the society of the gay and fashionable of the day, he had not neglected the pursuits to which his family's wish as well as his own taste had devoted him. But it was with considerable hesitation, and with a feeling of anxious diffidence that he consented to undertake the charge of Lady Alesbury's case; for certain strong, though unseen and unacknowledged sensations, were at work in his bosom, to make him fearful of the responsibility and anxious about the result.

The young lawyer, however, became counsel for the brewer's widow and daughter, and by a striking exertion of eloquence and display of legal ability gained their suit. Two days after the successful pleader was seated beside his two clients. Lady Alesbury's usual manner was quiet and composed, but she now spoke warmly of her gratitude to the preserver of her daughter from want, and also tendered a fee—a payment munificent, indeed, for the occasion. The young barrister did not seem at ease during Lady Alesbury's expression of her feelings. He shifted upon his chair, changed his color, looked to Miss Alesbury, played with the purse before him, tried to speak, but stopped short, and changed color again. Thinking only of best expressing her own gratitude, Lady Alesbury appeared not to observe her visitor's confusion, but arose, saying "In token that I hold your services a boy's compensation in the way of money, I wish also to give you a memorial of my gratitude in another shape." As she spoke thus she drew a bunch of keys from her pocket, which every lady carried in those days, and left the room.

What passed during the absence between the parties whom she left together will be best known by the result. When Lady Alesbury returned, she found her daughter standing with averted eyes, her hand within that of Edward Hyde, who knelt on the mother's entrance and besought her consent to their union. Explanations of feelings which the parties for each other, ensued, and Lady Alesbury was not long in giving the desired consent. "Give me leave, however," said she to the lover, "to place around your neck the memorial which I intended for you. The chain—it was a superb gold one—was a token of gratitude from the ward in which he lived, to my dear husband." Lady Alesbury's calm serious eyes were filled with tears as she threw the chain round Edward's neck, saying, "These links were borne on the neck of a worthy and honored man. May thou, my beloved son, attain to still higher honors." The wish was fulfilled, though not without danger and suffering had tried to sever the parties concerned. The son-

-in-law of Lady Alesbury became an eminent member of the English bar, and also an important speaker in parliament. When Oliver Cromwell brought the King to the scaffold, and established the Commonwealth, Sir Edward Hyde, for he had held a government post and had been knighted—was too prominent a member of the royalist party to escape the enmity of the new ruler, and was obliged to reside upon the continent till the restoration—When abroad, he was so much esteemed by the exiled prince (afterwards Charles II) as to be appointed Lord High Chancellor of England, which appointment was confirmed when the King was restored to his throne. Some years afterwards Hyde was elevated to the peerage first in the rank of a baron, and subsequently as Earl of Clarendon, a title which he made famous in English history.

These events, so briefly narrated, occupied a large space of time, during which Lady Alesbury passed her time in quiet retirement. She had now the gratification of beholding her daughter Countess of Clarendon, and of seeing grand children who had been borne to her, mingling as equals with the noblest in the land. But a still more exalted late awaited the descendants of the poor friendless girl who had come to London, in search of service, to a wagoner's van. Her grand daughter, Anne Hyde, a young lady of spirit, wit, and beauty, had been appointed, while her family stayed abroad, one of the maids of honor to the Princess of Orange, and in that situation had attracted so strongly the regard of James, Duke of York, and brother of Charles II, that he contracted a private marriage with her. The birth of a child forced on public announcement of this contract, and ere long the grand daughter of Lady Alesbury was openly received by the royal family, and the people of England, as Duchess of York, and sister-in-law of the sovereign.

Lady Alesbury did not survive this event; but ere she dropped into the grave at a ripe old age, she saw her descendants heirs presumptive of the British crown. King Charles had married, but had no legitimate issue, and accordingly his brother's family had the prospect and rights of succession. And, in reality, two immediate descendants of the banished country girl did ultimately fill the throne—Mary (wife of William III) and Queen Anne, Princesses both of illustrious memory.

Such were the fortunes of a young woman whom the worthy landlady of the Goat and Compasses was fearful of encouraging to rash hopes by a reference to the lofty position which it had been her own fate to obtain in life. In one assertion, at least, the hostess was undoubtedly right—that success in life must be labored for in some way or other. Without the prudence and propriety of conduct which won the esteem and love of the brewer, the sequel of the country girl's history could not have been such as it is.

From the N. Y. Evening Star.

MCHANIGS.

"Look at that Tailor, driving his barouches and horses," said a whiskered dandy in Broadway; "how can America ever arrive at distinction, when classification of persons is thus annihilated, and the coach of your tailor runs against the wheels of your own tilbury. This is the opinion, no doubt, of many who never earned a dollar by their own industry. Bonaparte, the best judge of human nature and of merit, never visited a great painter, or specimen of ingenuity or mechanic art, that he did not, on taking leave, walk up formally to the artist, mechanic, or engineer, and, taking off his hat, salute him with a low and respectful bow; it was a homage due to merit, and he always paid that debt. Nothing gives me more pleasure than seeing a mechanic in his own coach that is to say, if he drives his own coach, if he mistakes the time, and beings too early, he is lost; for a mechanic who sets up his coach, and is compelled to set it down again, from a premature commencement, and not understanding his position, is a poor creature, indeed, and runs ahead of his business. It is a custom, and a bad custom, in England, to look on tradesman and me-

chanics as an inferior class of men, without reference to their character or wealth. This, however, grows out of the distinctions and classifications of society in a monarchical form of government, and keeps mechanics, excepting in the city of London, continually under the ban, and consequently prevents their ever attaining a high rank; and we regret to add, that we are tinctured a little too much in this country with the same feelings. Some of our families, accustomed to believe that there is a mechanic something low and grovelling prefer bringing up their sons to a profession, or in a counting house, or in a retail fancy store, and when they come of age, they have no capital to give their children to commence business with, and they drag out a wearied and poor existence, depending on chance, and seldom attaining affluence. This is not the case with the sober, industrious mechanic, he has a business, a capital of which he cannot be deprived, and if he possess ingenuity and enterprise, and above all sobriety and industry, he is very likely to attain fortune. The secret, therefore, in this republican country, is to give your sons a good education; an education suitable to any profession, and then make mechanics of a part of them, because if they are temperate, ingenious, industrious and frugal, they must make a good living, but if these principles are engrained on a good education, such mechanics not only become rich, but they become great.

The education which qualifies them for the bar or the bench, for the highest honors of a profession, imparts a greater value to their mechanic pursuits, and enables them to take a high rank in the political world, sustained by a powerful interest, and if we had a larger portion of mechanics in Congress than we now have, the country would repose in safety in their sagacity and intelligence. True, there are privations and inconveniences in learning and working at a mechanical business—boys must be up early and late—live hard—work hard; they must make great sacrifices of ease and comfort for a term of years, and then they will begin to realize the good results—to taste the good fruit—besides, what is above all price; their habits from 14 to 18 are formed in a proper and safe mould, free from indolence, vice and extravagance.

The very dandy who turned up his honorable nose at the Tailor driving his barouche and pair, was actually the son of a mechanic, and inherited a large fortune, which he does not know how to use. In a few years he will have dissipated it in folly and extravagance, and then become a loafer, and without knowing how to earn his bread, he will follow the meanest trade in the world, that of begging.

Let parents who have several sons and not means to give them all fortunes, begin in time to bend their minds to the consideration of useful occupations—

Just as the twig is bent,

The tree's inclin'd."

The other day I held a colloquy on this very subject with one of my boys—a little fellow full of sprightliness and ambition. "Father said to what trade would you learn?" "A lady's shoemaker, my son." "A what?" said the little archer, his full blue eyes widening with a stare of astonishment, and his broad cheeks reddening to the crimson of pulp cushions—"a lady's shoemaker?—Why, what is the use of your learning English, and French, and Spanish, and grammar and the globes, arithmetic, and dancing, and playing on the fiddle, and composition, and elocution, and riding on horseback, if I'm only to be a lady's shoemaker?" "Precisely so, my son—when you have finished your education, you shall learn to be a lady's shoemaker; when you have served on your time, I will send you to Paris or Madrid, for a year or so, to finish your trade with the very first masters—there they make beautiful shoes—that you shall have a store in Broadway, in small capital will set you up in business, and do you not think that the ladies of the city would prefer a well educated, gentlemanly young man, with good address and a perfect master of his art, to take measure of their delicate feet, than a greasy, rough-looking, rags-fellow,