

SOUTHERN CITIZEN.

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

VOLUME III.

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TO MR. H. SPEARS.

Whether he be at Nashville, Tennessee, or at Charleston, S. C., or at Washington City, D. C.

Dear Sir: Having read in the "Southern Citizen" of the 17th inst. the unhappy dilemma into which you were thrown by some fair one at the Salem Examination of Female pupils, and being well aware of the truth of what you represent so feelingly and so eloquently, I am unwilling to suppress any information in my power, calculated to relieve you from that tremulous, torturing suspense, which, from actual experience, I myself once found well-nigh insupportable.—And I feel myself the more irresistibly called on to make this timely disclosure, from the fact that your emotions were not unobserved, at the time you speak of by one who, I have no doubt, is the same identical *Dulcinea* of your affections;—whose happiness too, I have some reason to think would be essentially promoted by a mutual acquaintance, should you prove worthy of her present expectations.

Should this meet your eye, you have nothing to do, for the present, but to address a letter, *Post-paid* (from either of the places above mentioned,) to my trusty friend, B. Swaim Esq. Editor at Asheboro, N. C. who alone (except myself,) is into the secret.

Should no further correspondence ever take place on this subject, my name and residence never will be known to any other person than Mr. Swaim.

May 20th, 1839.

Lining the Psalm.—In olden times when it was the custom in many parts of New England to sing the psalms and hymns by "deaconing" them, as it was called, that was, by the deacon's reading each line previous to its being sung, one of these church dignitaries rose, and after looking at his book some time, and making several attempts to spell the words, apologized for the difficulty he experienced in reading, by observing:

"My eyes indeed are very blind."

The choir, who had been impatiently waiting for a whole line, thinking this to be the first of a common metre hymn, immediately sang it. The good deacon exclaimed with emphasis,

"I cannot see at all!"

This of course they also sang, when the deacon stepped to the pillar of the church and cried out "I really believe you are bewitched!"

Response by the choir, "I really believe you are bewitched."—Deacon:

"The deuce is in you all!"

The choir finished the verse by echoing the last line, and the deacon sat down in despair.

You're a tinfo bearer, as the bull frog said to the tadpole.

From the *Massachusetts*.
VIRGINIA ELECTIONS.

The Richmond Whig of Saturday puts forth the Whig estimate of the results of the approaching elections in that State, upon the best information within reach. The editor thinks there will be no material variation from his conclusions. We learn also from highly respectable authority in Virginia that the calculations are well founded.

Of the House of Delegates, composed of 134 members, it is estimated that 76 will be Whigs—11 Conservatives—7 doubtful, and the rest Locofocos.

Of the Senate, consisting of 32 members, eight only are to be chosen. "In the last Senate, there were but ten Whigs. In the next there will be 12 certainly, and probably 13 or 14—enough, with the Conservative strength, to put a hook in the nose of the Leviathan of that benighted body, and on joint ballot to sweep the decks."

"Congress—21 Members.

"Mercer and Wise have no opposition. Besides these, the Whigs will elect Tali ferro in the Northern Neck, Hunter in the Caroline District, Batts in the Richmond, Mallory in the Norfolk, Hill in the Buckingham, Goggin in the Bedford, Barrin in the Frederick, and Haymond in the Monongalia District. Camden has an even chance to beat his competitors in the Harrison District, and Witcher to beat Coles in that of Pittsylvania. Pegram in the Southampton District, Ghoulson in the Brunswick, Moore in the Rockbridge, Wethered in the Greenbrier, and Slaughter in the Culpeper, have fair chances of success.

"Hopkins and Garland will certainly be elected by the joint vote of Whigs and Conservatives. Green B. Samuel and John W. Jones, both "sink or swim" disciples of the reigning dynasty, have no opposition in the Shenandoah and Chesterfield District. We have full faith in Virginia's returning a majority of opposition members."

But the Enquirer thinks we were mistaken in attributing misgivings to its editor as to the results of the present elections in his anticipations of success "next year." "We give all doubts to the winds," he says: (we apprehend they will nevertheless fly back into his face) and brags higher than ever to compensate for the sin of his first unbelief. He even pretends that "sink or swimism" will sweep the States of Tennessee, Indiana and Mississippi! A letter from the West to the same effect has been exploded in our ears here. This is all sheer imposition—mischievously designed for effect upon the Virginia elections. It will not do. The people will not take Sub-treasuryism and black broth; they will not sustain the associates and friends of speculators and defaulters; they will down with Fanny Wrightism, infidelity and the aristocracy of Locofocoism. They want to see money plenty, business brisk again, and a ready sale for their produce. Hence they will not sustain men whose only business is avowedly to take care of themselves, and in doing so make war upon commerce, credit, manufactures, vested rights, legal guaranties, the judiciary, & derange and embarrass the whole fiscal and business concerns of the country, producing stagnation, poverty and distress. No, they will down with the Moloch of party selfishness! Down with the plunderers of the people's money! Down with the authors of the calamities of 1837! Down with infidelity, disobedience, and the grasping spirit of agrarianism! Down with these encroachments of official prerogative upon the elective right! Down with the scoffers of the people, and the defiers of their majesty! These are the words. The people ARE UP! They are in arms, and ready to march against Van Buren and his infidel plundering host. The opposition of Tennessee were never better marshalled—they were never more confident, and justly, of complete success. Indiana will rally in the same spirit. What can she expect of this administration? It has no sympathy with any interest of hers. She has received from it a stone, when she has asked bread. Was not her favorite Cumberland Road Bill defeated at the last session by the votes of the Locofocos? Why should there be the slightest

hope for the administration in Mississippi? What has she to gain from such a miserable imbecile and vicious administration of public affairs as has cursed the country, especially for the last two years? Will the exclusive hard money Sub-treasury system buy her cotton?—Will it help her any, if the administration shall succeed in abolishing all credits, all confidence between man and man? Does she desire to extend the "loose morality" of the Boyd's and Harris' within her borders? Will she not have banks and courts, a sound and convenient currency, a fence around her plantations, security in legal rights and a punishment for robbery? Does she desire to encourage the corrupt speculations of Locofoco federal officers in her lands? No. There is no inducement whatever for Mississippi to countenance Locofocoism—she will not do it, if she entertains a proper regard for her own interest and the welfare of the Union, as we presume she does. The Enquirer may publish its vaticinations to the "mariners"—we have no faith in them.

From the *Essays of Poor Robert* the Scribe.

WHO'LL TURN GRINDSTONE.

When I was a little boy, Messrs. Printers, I remember one cold winter's morning I was accosted by a smiling man, with an axe on his shoulder: My pretty boy, said he, "has your father a grindstone?" "Yes, sir," said I. "You are a fine little fellow," said he "will you let me grind my axe on it?" Pleas'd I with his compliment of "fine little fellow," "Oh yes sir," I answered, "it is down in the shop." "And will you, my man," said he, patting me on the head "get a little hot water?" How could I refuse? I ran, and soon brought a kettle full. "How old are you, and what's your name?" continued he, without waiting for a reply; "I am sure you are one of the finest lads that I have ever seen; will you just turn a few minutes for me?" Tickled with the flattery, like a fool I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new axe, and I toiled, and tugged, till I was almost tired to death. The school bell rung, and I could not get away; my hands were blistered, and it was not half ground. At length, however, the axe was sharpened, and the man turned to me, with "Now you little rascal, you've played the truant—scud to school, or you'll rue it." Alas, thought I, this was hard enough to turn grindstone, this cold day; but now to be called "little rascal," was too much. It sunk deep in my mind, and often have I thought of it since.

When I see a merchant over polite to his customers—begging them to taste a little brandy, and throwing half his goods on the counter—thinks I that man has got an axe to grind.

When I see a man of doubtful character patting a girl on the cheek—praising her sparkling eye and ruby lip, and giving her a slight squeeze, beware my girl, thinks I, or you will find to your sorrow, that you have been turning grindstone for a villain.

When I see a man flattering the people, making great professions of attachment to liberty who is in private life a tyrant—methinks, look out, good people, that fellow would set you to turning grindstone.

When I see a man hoisted into office by party spirit—without a single qualification to render him either respectable or useful—Alas! methinks, deluded people, you're do-m'd for a season to turn grindstone for a booby.

Connecticut owes nobody, and has \$21,000 in her coffers, a school fund of \$2,000,000, yielding an additional revenue of \$104,000. The state paupers cost 1,700 a year for their maintenance, but the State prison earns a nett sum of 3,000 a year. The Governor is opposed to a sub-treasury scheme, intemperance, and all other public evils.

The Treasurer of Indiana has demanded of Mr. Woodbury the payment of the 4th instalment, which was due and payable according to law on the 1st of January, 1839. The Treasurer intimates that if specie cannot be had, Treasury notes bearing interest will be received in payment.

WHAT TEMPERANCE WILL DO FOR A MAN.

Not long since a certain mechanic was addicted to drinking, and spent much of his time at one of those past houses or grog shops, which exist in too great numbers in this city. His days were frequently broken—his wages consequently, not always full, and his earnings, small as they were, principally expended in the grogery, where most of his evenings also were spent, amid the fumes of liquor and tobacco, and a set of bawling, drinking, gaming, swearing idlers. His wife and children were neglected, and poverty and misery came upon them. His house decayed—his furniture disappeared—and the most painful exertions of his wife were scarcely sufficient to supply the children with food and decent raiment. At length one of his children took sick and died. The miserable father, destitute of friends and means, was obliged to go to the proprietor of the grog shop, and beg for a loan of a sum sufficient to bury his child in decency. The creature who had been dealing to him liquid death and absorbing his earnings in exchange, refused him the miserable pittance. The poor man turned away with a heavy heart, feeling for once that the "tender mercies of the wicked are cruel indeed."—But means was provided and the child was buried. The circumstances, however, awakened a little serious reflection. He returned to his family—began to regret his past conduct, resolved to "cut" his former bad associates, and to lead a new life; his resolutions were well founded upon deep conviction of his past errors, and his mind was turned to Him who can save to the uttermost. He soon became religious, and to his new faith and knowledge, he added temperance. Let those who are in the miserable condition he once was, mark the result.

That man has prospered. But a few days since he purchased a city lot, and he is now erecting upon it a handsome dwelling. His children are sent neatly clad to school, and are not permitted to bawl about the streets of Sundays, like hundreds of others who disgrace the city and their parents also, if possible. They are taught good morals and decent manners. The mother is happy—the father is happy—and contentment and cheerfulness, dwell with them and around them.—*Madisonian*.

JUST IN TIME.

A young physician having tried in vain to get into practice, fell upon the following expedient to set the ball to rolling. He sprang upon his horse once a day, and drove full speed through the village—after an absence of an hour he would return, and carry with him some of his instruments—thinking if he could impress his neighbors with the opinion he had practice they would have confidence in his ability. A wag, who more than suspected the deceit which he was practicing, determined to know the truth. He accordingly kept his horse in readiness, and the next time the doctor galloped by his door, sprang on his steed and placed himself on the young gentleman's trail. The doctor saw the man following his heels, but did not at first evince any uneasiness. At length, however, he thought it advisable to turn down a lane. The pursuer followed on like an evil genius; but the doctor was not discouraged, as another road lay a short distance ahead of him down which he turned. The other kept close at his heels, and the doctor grew impatient to return home. There was no house by the way at which he could afford any pretext for stopping.—In the mean time his saddle bags were with him and he was otherwise equipped for business, so that he could not return in the face of his neighbor, without exposing the secrets of his trade in the most palpable manner. Every bound of his steed carried him further from home and the shades of night began to fall on hill and tower. Still the sound of horses' feet were thundering in his rear and he was driven to his wit's end, and just as he turned the angle of a wood, he heard a low moan. A man lay prostrate near the fence of a meadow and blood gushing from a fearful wound in his arm. He had cut an artery with his scythe, and was in danger

of immediate dissolution. The young doctor sprang from his horse and dressed the wound. Bandages were applied his life was saved. The pursuer had also thrown himself from his horse as the physician tied the last bandage, he looked up in his face and said—"How lucky, neighbor, that I was able to arrive just in time!"

The wondering minister was silent with awe, and after the wounded man was dressed, he retraced home and told such a miraculous tale to the wandering villagers as secured to the young physician a reputation not only for skill but also for supernatural prescience. Thus did the meekest accident contribute more to his advancement than years of studious toil could have done; and the impertinent curiosity of a wagish neighbor opened for him a path to business which the most influential patron might never have been able to provide for him.

JOB DODGE—OR THE STORMY DAY.

It was a half drizzling, half stormy day in the middle of November—just such a day as puts nervous people in a bad humor with themselves and every body else. Job Dodge sat brooding over the fire immediately after break fast. "Mr. Dodge can't you mend that front door latch to-day?" "No," was the reply. "Well, can't you mend the handle of the water pail?" "No." "Well, can't you fix a handle to the mop?" "No." "Well, can't you put up some pins, for clothes, in our chamber?" "No." "Well, can't you fix that north window, so that the rain and snow won't drive in?" "No—no—no," answered the husband, sharply. He then took up his hat and was at the point of leaving the house, when his wife, knowing that he was going to the tavern, where he would meet some of his wet day companions, asked him kindly to stop a moment.—She then got her bonnet and cloak, and said to her husband, "you are going to the tavern; with your leave I go with you." The husband stared.—"Yes," says the wife, "I may as well go as you. If you go and waste the day and tiddle at the tavern, why shall I not do the same?" Job felt the reproof. He shut the door; hung up his hat; got the hammer and nails; and did all that his wife had requested, and sat down by his fire at night; a better and happier man.

New Colony in Oregon.—An association has lately been formed at Michigan City, for the purpose of emigrating west of the Rocky Mountains, to the delightful climate of the Oregon. The articles of association have been published in the Michigan City Gazette. The company will send out an exploring expedition in May, for the purpose of selecting the most advantageous site for a settlement. They contemplate uniting with those already formed in Missouri, Illinois, and Boston, for that purpose.

Cleveland (Ohio) Com. Intel.

A carpenter having met his employer in the street, the latter reminded him of the gratitude due for patronage. "Truly said the mechanic: but if you had not patronized me so far as to give me a house to build, you would have been obliged to live out doors."

"Come friend," said a creditor to his debtor, "I want that money." "I have not got it." "But I must have it now." "Well if you get it before I do, just let me know, will you?"

Courtship.—Sergeant Bonting says the great secret of success with the women, is to "ask soon, ask often and never take a refusal."

Retort not Corteous.—A gentleman told a lady she was wonderful handsome; who replied, "I thank you for your opinions, and wish I could say as much of you." "You might madam," said he, if you lie as readily as myself.

Horrid!—A man named Klamroth, aged 73, at Lancaster, Ohio, has confessed himself the murderer of his own son-in-law.