

SOUTHERN CITIZEN.

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

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COST OF WAR.

Since the year 1600, there has been 14 different wars between England and France, 12 between England and Scotland; 8 between England and Spain; and 7 with other countries; in all, 51 wars. There have been 6 wars within 100 years, viz:—1. War ending 1607 cost £21,500,000 sterling; 100,000 slain, 10,000 died of famine. 2. War began 1702 cost £43,000,000 sterling; 100,000 British slain. 3. War began 1739 cost £38,000 sterling; 150,000 British slain. 4. War began 1756, cost £111,000,000 sterling; 250,000 British slain. The American war, began 1775, cost £190,000,000 sterling; 2,000,000 slain among the several belligerents.—The expenses of the French war have been stated as under, and these sums were probably much within the actual amount, viz:

Great Britain spent in the war 1793 to 1815	£750,000,000
France	690,000,000
Austria	220,000,000
The other states of Europe	1012,000,000
The three years war cost the United States of America	27,000,000
	£2,699,000,000

As regards Great Britain, a large part of the expenses of the late war are now (1836) unliquidated. And to the amount of loss and expense some of which are likely to be entailed on the public for ages—viz: 1. The value of British merchant vessels and their cargoes, captured and destroyed by hostile force during the war 1793 to 1815.—2. The value of British merchant vessels wrecked, by being deprived of the war, of access to friendly ports.—3. The value of British property seized and destroyed during the war, at various places in Europe, particularly at the following, viz: at Hamburg, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Frankfurt, Leipzig, Bremen, Moscow, Copenhagen, Danzig, Riga, Venice, Naples, Genoa, Trieste, Leghorn, and in France, Spain, and Portugal.

N. B. Claims against Denmark have lately, 1835, been lodged with the British commissioners to the amount of £550,000 sterling. 4th. The amount of military, naval, and other pensions, 1815 to 1837. 5th. The amount of taxes continued on the public, 1815 to 1837 to pay the interest of the war debt.—6th. The increase of the establishment since 1782.

Note.—The sum of four hundred millions sterling, and upwards, has been drained from the public from 1815 to 1836, to defray the expense of the army, navy, ordnance, militia, and yeomanry, maintained during twenty-two years of peace, and retired allowances. The interest of the unliquidated amount of the war debt of the wars of William III. has been paid by the public 140 years. Such was the terrible destruc-

tion of human life occasioned by the late war, that it is stated, upwards of two millions of our fellow creatures fell a sacrifice thereto, among the several belligerents.—*Scottish Pilot.*

AFFAIRS IN MISSISSIPPI.

The session of the United States court commenced on the 6th inst., at Jackson. There were twenty-five hundred cases on the docket to be disposed of. A correspondent of the Natchez Free Trader says a large amount of property was involved in suit; but, in the sales under execution that had occurred, the sacrifices were not so great as might have been expected. At the sale of negroes, prices ranged from \$800 to \$1,000, which is as much as they are in reality worth. The negro traders have combined to keep up the prices of this species of property, to save themselves from loss in the disposal of their own stock.

The recent derangements of the currency have taught the Mississippi planters a useful lesson in the business of agriculture. They are now convinced it is better to husband their resources, by "raising all within themselves," growing their own corn and meat, and all that the soil is capable of producing than to follow the old plan of planting nothing but cotton. If the calamities with which Mississippi has been visited lead to such salutary reformations as are now in progress, her afflictions will be converted into rich blessings. Bad management is at the foundation of all the distress that now prevails. All that is wanting to the restoration of prosperity, is a return to sober sense and a diligent use of the vast resources and capabilities of that State.—*N. O. Bulletin.*

SEMINOLES.

A report is again current that the "Florida war" is ended, but we believe it not. It is said that a treaty has been made with the Indians, one of the stipulations of which is, that "the Seminoles are to keep possession of the territory" they have so bravely fought for. This is too liberal and just to be expected from our present rulers, and even if the promise be made and recorded, the Indians will remember Jessup's flag of truce, and doubt its fulfilment.

Newbern Spectator.

The Census Act.—There seems to be some doubt about the period at which the Marshals are required to commence taking the 6th census. Some papers contend that it is the 1st of June, 1839, and others that it is the 1st of June 1840. We think both are wrong. The act, as published, designates the 1st of June, 1840, but it requires the whole to be completed within ten months, and two copies to be prepared by the 1st of Dec. 1840. Of course it is absurd to authorize the commencement on the 1st June, 1840, allow ten months, and yet require the whole to be completed by the 1st Dec. 1840. It was doubtless intended that the work should be begun on the 1st January, 1840.

Fayetteville Observer.

The editor of the Globe would be glad to see the Republic die to-morrow if it would but bequeath its money to him.—*Vt. Statesman.*

It might bequeath him some, but certainly not a great deal. Our readers may remember the case of the uncle, who, in his will, bequeathed a few silver spoons to his nephew, adding—"If I do not bequeath him the rest of the set, it is because he has already stolen them."—*Louisville Journal.*

Much wisdom in a small compass. will be found in the maxim which bids us enjoy mirth without noise, conversation without calumny, luxury without extravagance, elegance without vanity, and pleasure without repentance.

A Long Line.—In the 11th instant, there was lying between Little Falls and Herkimer, New York, awaiting repair of a breach in the Erie Canal, a line of canal boats ten miles in length. It is supposed it would require a fortnight to get them through the locks.

THE MORMON BIBLE.

The Boston Recorder of last week contains the following singular development of the origin and history of the Mormon Bible. It accounts most satisfactorily for the existence of the book, a fact which heretofore it has been difficult to explain. It was difficult to imagine how a work containing so many indications of being the production of a cultivated mind should be connected with a knavery so impudent and a superstition so gross, as that which must have characterized the founders of this pretended religious sect. The present narrative, which independently of the attestations annexed, appears to be by no means improbable, was procured from the writer by the Rev. Mr. Stow, of Holliston, who remarks that he has "had occasion to come in contact with Mormonism in its grossest forms." It was communicated by him for publication in the Recorder.

Boston Daily Advertiser.

Origin of the "Book of Mormon," or "Golden Bible."

As this book has excited much attention, and has been put, by a certain sect, in the place of the sacred scriptures, I deem it a duty which I owe to the Public to state what I know touching its origin. That its claims to a divine origin are wholly unfounded, needs no proof to a mind unperverted by the grossest delusions. That any sane person should rank it higher than any other merely human composition, is a matter of the greatest astonishment; yet it is received as divine, by some who dwell in enlightened New England, and even by those who have sustained the character of devoted Christians. Learning recently that Mormonism has found its way into a church in Massachusetts, and has impregnated some of its members with its gross delusions, so that excommunication has been necessary, I am determined to delay no longer doing what I can, to strip the mask from this monster of sin, and to lay open this act of abominations.

Rev. Solomon Spaulding, to whom I was united in marriage in early life, was a graduate of Dartmouth College, and was distinguished for a lively imagination and a great fondness for history. At the time of our marriage, he resided in Cherry Valley, New York. From this place we removed to New Salem, Ashtabula county, Ohio; sometimes called Conneaut, as it is situated upon Conneaut creek. Shortly after our removal to this place, his health sunk, and he was laid aside from active labors. In the town of New Salem there are numerous mounds and forts, supposed by many to be the dilapidated dwellings and fortifications of a race now extinct. These ancient relics arrest the attention of the new settlers and become objects of research for the curious. Numerous implements were found, and other articles, evincing great skill in the arts. Mr Spaulding being an educated man, and passionately fond of history, took a lively interest in these developments of antiquity; and in order to beguile the hours of retirement, and furnish employment for his lively imagination, he conceived the idea of giving an historical sketch of this long lost race. Their extreme antiquity of course would lead him to write in the most ancient style, and as the Old Testament is the most ancient book in the world, he imitated its style as nearly as possible. His sole object in writing this historical romance was to amuse himself and his neighbors. This was about the year 1812. Hull's surrender at Detroit occurred near the same time, and I recollect the date well from that circumstance. As he progressed in his narrative, the neighbors would come in from time to time to hear portions read, and a great interest in the work was excited among them. It claimed to have been written by one of the lost nations, and to have been recovered from the earth, and assumed the title of "Manuscript Found." The neighbors would often inquire how Mr. S. progressed in deciphering the manuscript, and when he had a sufficient portion prepared he would inform them and they would assemble to hear it read. He was enabled, from his acquaintance with the classics and ancient history, to introduce many singular names, which

were particularly noticed by the people, and could be easily recognized by them. Mr. Solomon Spaulding had a brother, Mr. John Spaulding, residing in the place at the time, who was perfectly familiar with this work, and repeatedly heard the whole of it read.

From New Salem we removed to Pittsburg, Pa. Here Mr. S. found an acquaintance and friend in the person of Mr. Patterson, an editor of a newspaper. He exhibited his manuscript to Mr. P. who was very much pleased with it, and borrowed it for perusal. He retained it a long time, and informed Mr. S. that if he would make out a title page and preface, he would publish it and it might be a source of profit. This Mr. S. refused to do, for reasons which, I cannot now state. Sidney Rigdon, who has figured so largely in the history of the Mormons was at this time connected with the printing office of Mr. Patterson, as is well known in that region, and as Rigdon himself has frequently stated. Here he had ample opportunity to become acquainted with Mr. Spaulding's manuscript, and to copy it if he chose. It was a matter of notoriety and interest to all who were connected with the printing establishment. At length the manuscript was returned to its author, and soon after we removed to Amity, Washington co. Pa., where Mr. S. deceased in 1816. The manuscript then fell into my hands and was carefully preserved. It has frequently been examined by my daughter, Mrs. McKenstry, of Yonson, Mass., with whom I now reside, and by other friends. After the "Book of Mormon," came out, a copy of it was taken to New Salem, the place of Mr. Spaulding's former residence, and the very place where the "Manuscript Found" was written. A woman-preacher appointed a meeting there, and in the meeting, read and repeated copious extracts from the "Book of Mormon." The historical part was immediately recognised by all the older inhabitants as the identical work of Mr. S. in which they had been so deeply interested years before. Mr. John Spaulding was present, who is an eminently pious man, and recognised perfectly the work of his brother. He was amazed and afflicted that it should have been perverted to so wicked a purpose. His grief found vent in a flood of tears, and he arose on the spot and expressed in the meeting, his deep sorrow and regret that the writings of his sainted brother should be used for a purpose so vile and shocking. The excitement in New Salem became so great, that the inhabitants had a meeting, and deputed Dr. Philastus Hurlbut, one of their number, to repair to this place and to obtain from me the original manuscript of Mr. Spaulding, for the purpose of comparing it with the Mormon Bible, to satisfy their own minds, and to prevent their friends from embracing an error so delusive. This was in the year 1834.—Dr. Hurlbut brought with him an introduction and request for the manuscript, signed by Messrs. Henry Lake, Aaron Wright and others, "with all whom I was acquainted, as they were my neighbors when I resided in New Salem."

I am sure that nothing could grieve my husband more, were he living, than the use which has been made of his work.—The air of antiquity which has thrown about the composition doubtless suggested the idea of converting it to purposes of delusion. Thus an historical romance with the addition of a few pious expressions and extracts from the sacred scriptures, has been constructed into a new Bible, and palmed off upon a company of poor deluded fanatics, as divine. I have given the previous brief narration, that this work of deep deception and wickedness may be searched to the foundation, and its author exposed to the contempt and execration he so justly deserves.

MATILDA DAVISON.

Rev. Solomon Spaulding was the first husband of the narrator of the above history. Since his decease, she has been married to a second husband, by the name of Davison. She is now residing in this place; is a woman of irreproachable character, and an humble Christian, and her testimony is worthy of implicit confidence.

A. Ely, D. D. Pastor Cong. church in Monson.

D. R. Austin, Principal of Monson Academy.
Monson, (Mass.) April 1, 1839.

WHO WOULD NOT BE A FARMER.

In this glad season, when the earth is all around bursting into life and beauty, and nature is keeping holiday—when winter is over, and vegetation is waking again from its death like sleep—when the birds sing their matin song from every bush, and man himself wakes to new life amid the activity around him who would not be a Farmer! For him, and almost him alone, bloom the fair flowers in nature's field—for him the feathered songster pours her sweetest note, and for him the face of creation wears a constant smile. Not so with the inhabitant of cities, or with the professional man or the man of business, any where. These are shut out from the blessed influence of nature. Their business is with men—restless, ambitious, and oftentimes dishonest men—they themselves are all engaged in the eager scramble for wealth and distinction, sometimes caring little whom they thrust down with their unhallowed tread, so they lose the salutary lesson of benevolence which may be learned from the ways of Providence in the outward world. They must maintain a constant struggle with temptation, or yield to its power. Accustomed to so much of evil, they are sometimes almost tempted to deny the existence of good. But the farmer pursues the even tenor of his way, undisturbed by the passions of men. His dealings are with nature, and he may, if he will not shut his heart against it, learn true wisdom from its teachings. In the springing grass, the opening flower, and the ripening harvest—in sunshine and in shower—he may see a token of God's love and goodness, and in the quiet of his own home, he may almost forget the existence of evil. Thus widely different are the conditions of the two classes spoken of. Yet we sometimes find farmers discontented with their lot, and eager to join with their fellows in the feverish excitement and speculation. And very often we see young men, impatient to leave their paternal acres, and to seek as they vainly think, some more honorable or genteel mode of earning a living—they had rather show a lily-white hand to a lady, as they measured off a yard of tape, than exhibit a manly, muscular frame, with a hand which does not shrink from contact with implements of husbandry. It has, indeed become one of the great errors of our time, that young men are deserting the true nobility of the country, for the sake of wearing a more delicate complexion, or living, as they vainly hope, more at ease. Hence it is that all trades and professions are overstocked, that we have more lawyers than clients, more doctors than patients, and more parsons than parishes.

We hear men complain of hard times, mechanics cannot find situations, yet the country is actually suffering, and very severely too, for a want of proper attention to farming, and why is it? Because many a man who should have followed the plough, has become too proud for that, and in his aspirations to be a gentleman has undertaken to wield a pen or administer cataplasms and boluses. To this state of things, too, is to be attributed to some extent, the present scarcity and high prices of provisions. The production has been allowed to fall below the consumption, and this great producing country, with its sparse population, has presented the strange anomaly of importing breadstuffs from the thick settled countries of Europe. It is all wrong. Young men should be taught to regard the employment of their fathers as the most honorable in the world.

Your farmer is the independent man. What cares he for hard times, or high prices? Banks may fail—merchants' notes may be protested, and their drafts dishonored, but "Seedtime and Harvest," that old and stable firm, shall never fail; drafts upon them are answered at sight, and the bank of nature, where the farmer makes his deposits, is "good as gold," and discounts liberally. He laughs at, or more likely pities, those who are left at the mercy of