

SOUTHERN CITIZEN.

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

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TERMS.

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COMMUNICATIONS.

Be thou a spirit of health; or goblin damn'd.
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee.

Hamlet Act I. scene IV.

Doctor Henderson and Mr. Fisher met the first time on the "Stump" in Mocksville on Wednesday the 26th of June. Early in the day the people were coming from various directions and wending their way to the great centre of attraction, the public square. "Curiosity," (as Washington Irving somewhere expresses it) "stood on its heels." Each countenance seemed more than usually glowing—each eye more brighter, and the pulsation of each heart appeared quickened when it was known that the Candidates had reached the village.

The assemblage was very large considering the busy season of the year.—It was composed of intelligent Farmers, Merchants, Ministers of the Gospel, Lawyers, Doctors and Physicians.—The two last named classes, Mr. Fisher during his remarks, in the true spirit of a "Loco Foco" selected as a target for the arrows of his invective:—his shafts rebounded and fell splintered and blunted at his own feet! Such shafts are too easily seen through to receive any but the most ignorant.—They are the "springs" which patent democrats set, to "catch woodcocks." Mr. Fisher knows that these two classes are in the minority, and if he can by abuse, excite their anger and make them bite him in turn, that it will be a chance to cry out oppression! And secure the sympathies of the larger masses, and divert their attention to the man, while they lose sight of his principles.—But Mr. Fisher ought to know that the people of Davie are too intelligent, that they have too high a sense of justice to be gulled in this manner.—They know as well as he does the worth of all classes. They know that the body corporal would soon become emaciated and die, if the eyes and feet and hands ceased to do their office, and in like manner they know that the body politic would soon cease to breathe if they apply the axe of this modern Prometheus and lop off its branches.—But really what is there so offensive in Doctors and Lawyers as thus to become the butt of every man who chooses like the honest Dogberry "to be writ down as a ass." Is there any prohibition either of the U. S. or States Constitutions against any trade or profession a man may adopt in this free and happy country? If there is I should like these self-styled "Republicans" to point out to the people the article and section. Are Doctors and Lawyers subject to a great many diseases peculiar to their

profession, brought on by hard service, laborious study and sedentary lives? Do they not toil as hard in their vocations and get as little for it as other classes? Are they generally richer or happier or pay their debts less punctually than other men? Have they less interest in the good morals of the people or in the perpetuation of our precious institutions? Or is there any thing in the professions themselves, to corrupt a man and make him less pure and holy? The one administers at our sick beds and plucks the barb of death from the agonized bodies of our wives and children! The experience of every day teaches us that they go on their errands of mercy, exposed often to the "pitiless peltings" of the night storm to cheer up by the lights of science as well the obscure hovels of the poor as the perfumed chambers of the rich—to impress by their skill and attention the glow of health upon the pale and fevered lips of the sons and daughters of affliction. The other may hold up probably the annals of their Country's History, and the people will see blazoned on it the names of Lawyers. They will see who have been the most watchful sentinels and spied out the quickest and give the alarm the soonest when traitors lurked in the camps. They will see who has stood up the boldest and battled the most violently, both in councils and on tented fields for rational liberty, and the national and unalienable rights of man. They will see who have unkenelled most successfully the sappers and miners of our political edifice and dragged them from their covert and exposed them to the glare of day and to the scorn and derision of a virtuous people. The least reflection will teach us that if this class of our citizens—composing in their ranks some of the most devoted Christians—the ablest statesmen and purest Patriots are to be mocked at and put down, that there will be no security for Life, Liberty, Character, Property or anything else that an enlightened Nation can hold sacred.

Such thrusts come with a bad grace from Mr. Fisher, for he is not ignorant that he once claimed fellow-ship with the fraternity—that he was once a County Court Lawyer, and doubtless a successful one if cunning and turning a sharp corner quick are necessary ingredients. But I suppose the profession as a whole was too extensive for him or possibly the fees were not large enough. Be this as it may I see from some Congressional Reports that he has not yet abandoned it, but merely turned his attention to one branch of it—the action of Ejectment. The Reports say too that the Lawyer was not smug in arranging the fees for his "services"—that Turkey was not said once to these wretched sons of the forest. But I attribute this merely to the habits of the profession. Some people, too, who wish to be thought wise, even go so far as to shake their heads and sagely hint that he wishes to go on to Washington to take out a patent for bringing actions of Ejectment. But I tell them this is very un-republican in them to think so—a "foul calumny."

I think it would not be a bad notion in some of the younger brothers of this money loving profession, who are now struggling against poverty, and other "ills that flesh is heir to" to follow in the "footsteps" of their illustrious predecessor, and go to Mississippi, take up with one branch of the science, and get Rich. If, however, they should take my advice and ever come back to the good old State, for the sake of charity, never taunt your brothers here, for pursuing their profession on a smaller scale and according to the dictates of their own conscience—never make their poverty still more wretched by endeavoring to excite the prejudices of the community in which they live against the richest and perhaps the only legacy they possess—their profession.

The Circulars of Doctor Henderson reached Mocksville about 10 o'clock. They were read with avidity and so far as my observation enabled me to judge, gave general satisfaction. I mixed with the people and heard no Whig object to the principles there expressed. They are a perfect picture of the author's tone. Bold, independent, manly, no apologizing for the mal-practices of

the President and his leading measures—no holding back—no complaints of being misrepresented—no such sentiments as these.—"Whigs and Democrats want as much reforming as the Executive officers of the Government!" but this nobler sentiment and one more consistent with truth—"Take away from the President the means of corruption, and the People's Representatives can have no temptation to desert them."

About two o'clock the bell flung its musical tones on the air, and the people assembled under the magnificent oaks which skirt the square. As the assembly was too large to be accommodated in the new Court room, temporary seats were fitted up—and some reposed on the bosom of mother earth.

It is a noble sight to see a gallant, virtuous and confiding people assembled in their primary capacity to listen to the droppings of wisdom from those who offer themselves for public trust, and whose opportunities are presumed to give them considerable influence in forming in advance correct opinions. But woe to the man who when they ask for a fish give them a serpent—who when they ask for the bread of wisdom will tantalize them with the husks of folly and deception.

The candidates, like two goodly knights, soon entered the list. After a parley and some complaint from the older knight about "not being prepared," and his armour not being in good order," a little Loco Foco poison—having by chance dropped on it and cut in twain several of the bars and rusted the whole (for a little leaven, leaveneth the whole lump) they joined battle.

I will drop the figure of the knights and take one, somewhat common I admit but more familiar. They reminded me of a real game cock, well trimmed and gaffed, about to engage in deadly conflict with one a little checkered with the dominicker but with more experience. One of the real Pleasant breed can always be told by the crow. It is short and pointed. You never see him look one way and pick and then look another way and scratch, and at last walk off the dunghill sideways, and give a long guttural banter of defiance. But he plainly tells you where he is—what ground he occupies—shows his weapons and like a real spartan tells you "to take them"—if you can.

I was very much amused during the contest at the adroitness of the older cock in evading the passes of the younger.—It showed that he was well trained, but that the ground upon which he stood was most too rolling—too full of sticks, roots and pebbles. I thought too it was strange to him from a sort of peccant stare with which he would sometimes engage the spectators, when not otherwise engaged. After looking on a while I discovered the sight in one of his eyes was a little injured, as if by the wind of an arrow. What led me to notice it was the perpendicular spring he would always give, when any thing came on him suddenly from that Side. sometimes he would take a bill-hold and fluster admirably, but just as execution was expected to be done, he would always let go, and in looking closely I could discover one of his gaffs completely "turned out" and the other hanging very loosely in the socket. Occasionally however a quick cluck would tell that he was struck but he would wheel again and renew the battle. After much dodging and twisting and shiftings of his "position" I at length thought I saw the gaff enter under the wing in the neighborhood of the heart. I found I was not mistaken.—The older "warrior" after fighting manfully at length began to rattle. He turned tail, gave one or two smothered chirps and his hack feathers slowly—arose.

In order that the latter part of the figure may be understood by those who were not present I will give a short explanation. After Doctor Henderson had exhausted all his ingenuity unsuccessfully to ferret out Mr. Fisher's preference between Mr. Clay and Mr. Van Buren, he at last came out with this expression, said to have been uttered by Mr. Fisher—"I would rather have my right arm cut off than vote for Mr. Clay." This is no non-committal, but plain language, but Mr. Fisher denied making use of such language until it was fixed

upon him by as high authority as Rowan county can produce. For the sake of "my party" take this harpoon out of my back, as Mr. Van Buren would say to the Salisbury Fisherman!!

I am not one of those who condemn a man for a single expression, but having read Mr. Fisher's Circular (if so it may be called) having listened attentively and patiently to three of his public harangues—the very "questionable shape" in which he appeared and still continues before the public—his studied reluctance even to assume the name of a Whig although these things may have no tongue, yet they speak with most miraculous organ.

Why should Mr. Fisher go out of his way and take a name and affix to that name a creed containing the very principles for which the Whigs are now contending? Is it because "Republican" is more musical and better to sound off a period than "Whig"? If it is, "Whig" is much shorter and more pointed. I cannot be so uncharitable as to suppose that he avoids it from the same cogent reason given by a man not long since. This individual was coveting about at a great rate, like some men do at elections—cursing every body who presumed to think differently from themselves and particularly the Whigs. A steady old farmer stepped up and asked him "why he hated the Whigs so bad, that they must be honest men because they were in the minority and consequently could gain no fat office from the Government." "Step aside stranger," said the other "and I'll tell you a secret." The old gentleman did so. The other (his looks expressing more than his words) said they, (the Whigs,) hug his grandfather in the wars.

A WHIG.

And the descendant of one.

Chatham County, July 1, 1839.

REVIEW OF MR. FISHER'S CIRCULAR.

No. 1.

Mr. Editor:

The long looked for Circular address of Mr. Fisher having appeared, I purpose making, in all frankness, a few comments upon it, and if I shall be able to draw from its face the veil of mystery that shrouds it, and exhibit it in its true light it will be all that Mr. Fisher's friends can ask, and certainly all that his opponents could desire. Mr. Fisher complains in the second sentence of his address, that the secret work of misrepresentation had been commenced "against him as soon as his name had been mentioned in connection with the Congressional election, not only in this district, but throughout the State." Now it requires no very great knowledge of human nature to discover the object of this, his evident design is to raise the cry of persecution, knowing if he should be able to do this, he could have employed in his service a powerful and often irresistible engine. But let us look at this charge of "misrepresentation" a little and see what foundation there is for it. Without stopping to enquire by what means Mr. Fisher soon discovered that the secret work of misrepresentation had been put in operation against him, throughout the State, it is not true as regards at least this county, and as we have good reasons to believe other parts of the district. When Mr. Fisher was first spoken of as a probable candidate it was generally believed here, that he was in favor of the Sub-Treasury, and this opinion was entertained as well by friends as political opponents. For let it be remembered, that before Mr. F.'s name was announced in the public Journals as a candidate, his warmest and most active friend, then and now in this county, declared publicly that he had given Mr. Fisher an assurance of seven hundred votes in this County if a candidate, and that upon the express and avowed ground, that Mr. Fisher was in favor of "the great financial measure of the day, the Sub-Treasury." Now if Mr. F. is really opposed to this "measure" it is unkind in him to charge a warm and active friend of misrepresenting him, when too by a protracted concealment of his opinions, he has placed his friend in the dilemma of wheeling about and turning about to the same tune. And mark it,

people of the district, now that Mr. F.'s Circular is before us all, and although he has declared his opposition, (in an equivocal manner to be sure,) to Mr. Van Buren, and to the Sub-Treasury, yet—this same man, the bitterest enemy of Henry Clay perhaps in the County of Chatham and the most zealous and devoted friend of Van Buren, has been heard to declare that if Mr. Fisher would only go a little further, he would vote for him (Fisher) for Vice President of the United States.

Mr. Fisher is or he is not sincere in his declared opposition to Mr. Van Buren. If he is sincere, his friend does him great injustice in authorizing by his language the irresistible conclusion, (for we know that none but friends of the administration could get his vote) that Mr. F. is secretly in favor of Van Buren. If Mr. F. is not sincere, then he deals very unkindly and unfairly with those whose votes he asks to obtain, in attempting to palm off a set of opinions which at least he does not entertain. But I must leave Mr. Fisher and his friend to relieve themselves of this dilemma as they best can, and pass on to other parts of the Circular. Mr. F. says the true objection of those whom he charges with secret misrepresentation is because he is an old fashioned Republican. Indeed! an old fashioned Republican. Does Mr. F. mean that those opposed to his election are not old fashioned Republicans, or in other words, Federalists? And what would he convey to your mind, fellow-citizens, by such language, but that you are enemies to your country? What arrogance? What insult? Charles Fisher a better Republican than the Whigs of the 10th Congressional district!! But perhaps he means that he is not a new fashioned Republican. What say ye to this ye exclusive Democrats! Mr. F. next admonishes us to keep a constant watch lest our liberties be stolen from us, and says that extravagance, defalcations, bad laws and bad practices under them, are signs to show us that the enemies of liberty are at work in our own Government. And after censuring Mr. Van Buren for extravagance &c., fearing as it would seem least this might be rather a bitter pill for "the party" he atones for it immediately as follows. But, says he, in holding him (Mr. Van Buren) to an account, let us not overlook Congress. This body is fully as much to blame as the administration for all the enormous abuses we have witnessed—nay, Congress is most to blame; and hear his reasoning, for if Congress had not appropriated the money, the Executive could not have spent it. Was ever such contradictory and abused language heard of? Congress more to blame than the administration! Let us ask who constitutes Congress? and who the administration? Congress it is known to every one is composed of two prominent political parties, the one the opponents, the other the friends of the administration. What is done by the party in Congress meets the approval of the President, nay, their acts are often in obedience to his express suggestions and recommendations. They praise all that the President does or recommends, and he, the President, sanctions what they do.

Further, it is a well known fact that so complete is the discipline of the administration party throughout the Union that they dare not act, nor do they pretend to even think in opposition to the known will of the President. Whenever there is an individual who has independence and patriotism enough, to condemn and oppose in Congress any measure of the President, who even dares to presume it possible that the Executive can do wrong, he is hunted up by the chosen spear-men of the party and the arrows of detraction and falsehood are hurled at him from every quarter. Whenever a measure of the administration is opposed by the Whigs in Congress they are assailed by the Official Organ of the party, the Globe, and all its satellites, with a design to thwart the President. How then can Mr. F. pretend that the Executive has nothing to do with Congress, and is irresponsible for all or any of its measures, when a majority of its members are and have been his devoted and obedient friends! Congress is more to blame than the administration!! why, Mr. Fisher talks as