

SOUTHERN CITIZEN.

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

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MISCELLANEOUS.

A VISIT TO THE BURNING MINE.

(Pottsville, Pa.)

[From the Miners' Journal.]

A large party of gentlemen assembled at Minersville, a few days since, for the purpose of visiting the Burning Mine, on the Jugular Vein at the gap of the Broad Mountain. While the pleasure cars were preparing, we took a look about Minersville, and found many other things to admire besides Mrs. Christ's lemonade. There are a great number of buildings in process of erection and a steam saw-mill is nearly completed by Mr. Laurence, of Sunbury. The village appears to have been steadily progressing since we last visited it, and holds its own better than any of our surrounding towns.

The cars were at length equipped, and we started at a fine pace up the inclined plane. Diverging to the left we visited the mining operations of Lebbeus Chapman, Esq. and were just comfortably housed at Mr. Payne's his superintendent, when the "windows of heaven" were opened, and a young deluge poured down. We suffered however, but little, for we found a profusion of crackers, cheese, and those anti-temperate articles yelet brandy and gin, to which appetites sharpened by the bracing air and exercise.

The shower over, we unhitched our horses, and retraveled the road to its junction, with no assistance but its descending grade. Here the first symptoms of our miniature Vesuvius were visible, in the clouds of smoke which rolled down the gap. Leaving the cars, we walked up the ravine to the lower levels of the workings; here, although not surrounded by a flood of lava, we found the waters issuing from the drift-way to be quite warm from the effects of the internal fire, and impregnated so strongly with alkaline substances as to be extremely nauseous to the taste.

We now prepared to ascend the west brow of the Broad Mountain; (bootstraps were unbuttoned, stocks unbuckled, and coats taken off, and all preparations made "for the notice.") Becling above us for some hundred feet, and belching forth smoke and flame, arose the track of the vein, we ascended on the crop. A little puffing and blowing brought us to the second level, where the disaster commenced during the extreme cold weather of last winter. A hanging gate, placed at its mouth to equalize the temperature, communicated fire to the couplings of the gangway, and was the primary cause of the vast damage which has since accrued.—Some hundred feet further up the hill, a large space had caved in, and down the fissures between the upper and lower rocks could be seen a yawning fiery gulf, where Vulcan and his Cyclops might revel in, and salamanders only

exist. A sulphurous exhalation issued from it, which rendered approximation dot quite so grateful as lavender water, or as cool as iced punch. About the jaws of this vast cave were deposits of sulphur, and some alkaline substances, in great quantities. Large rents and fissures in the ground showed the extent of the raging internal heat, and many places appeared ready to fall in, and precipitate the incautious spectator into the chasm. Down the old air shafts the currents of air rushed with a rumbling earthquake sound, to feed with the oxygen the volcano beneath. Now and then a crumbling mass of slate, or a detached portion of rock, would leave the bed where it had been recumbent since the world began, and, with the resistless force, plunge head-long into the smoky crater!

The vegetation of the summit and of the hill showed the scanting effects of this unnatural heat: the tall pine drooped its giant arms, the hemlock bowed its head, as if parched by arid sufferings, the young oak and chestnut were clad in a permaure "sear and yellow leaf;" and here and there the mountain vines seem to cling more closely to their parent trees, as if, like the children Laocoon, they sought aid from the fiery breath, and

"hissing jaws that sputter'd flame." A dreary spot is now that once lovely mountain gap! the elemental war has prostrated all its beauty of foliage—the voice of industry is hushed—the rustic cascade seems to leap less merrily than it was wont, and the once buoyant air is heavy and oppressive with the murky vapors that lower over the fair face of Nature!

When or in what manner the ravages will be stopped, is a matter of uncertainty, and equally so is it whether human ingenuity can restrain them. In the mean time, the loss of time and material falls heavy on Mr. L. B. Dougherty, the lessee, who has used every possible means within his power to check the destruction. Attempts have been made to smother the flame, but it always breaks out in some new place with increased fury, and baffles its opponents.

Our curiosity satisfied, we descended the mountain, and, betaking ourselves to the cars, ran down past Minersville again. The West Branch railroad is in excellent order; the lower part of the iron track has for sometime required no repairs of any importance, and the wheels now run over it as smoothly as it were a parlor floor. There is no doubt of the inexpediency of wooden roads: the iron rails, if even they wear out from heavy business, are worth almost their first value for old metal; but when the wood becomes rotten and splintery, money must be paid to have it hauled off the track.

"You aint on our side—you aint no democrat," said one New York loafer to another, both of whom happened to take lodgings together of a night on the Battery.

"Yes I is," says the other, "don't you see I hasn't got no clean shirt."

"I'm blowed," the other replied. "If I noticed that. Ve haint no use of freemason signs, have we? Ve always knows you another by the shirt. Though I'm blam'd if I haint seen a loafer once what had on clean linen; but then it vant his own—it belonged to another gemman, and he put it on by mistake."

"Vell, I var just going to say it var a phenomenon; but that ar accounts for it—'cause I never saw, arter all my experience, a loafer what had a clean shirt."

A man had his choice of committing the least of three offences, murder, robbery, or drunkenness. He chose the latter, got drunk, and then committed the other two.

"I had a call but I didn't see fit to settle," as the parson said when his creditor came to dun him.

Vot, a pretty pickle I'm in, as the rat said ven he tumbled into the vinegar tub.

A chap was recently divorced from his wife in Connecticut, on the ground that he married her accidentally!

MURDER—THE EFFECT OF RUM.

The St. Louis Gazette of the 8th states, that a fellow living at St. Charles, named Giles, in a fit of intoxication, beat his wife to death. The assault upon her must have been abominably brutal; as the poor creature, upon her body being opened after death, was discovered to have had the ribs and liver crushed together! Before her death she was composed enough to relate the circumstances, after which she became delirious till she died. During the delirium she was entreating her husband, supposing him still to be beating her, to desist. Her cries and piteous appeals were heart rending. Giles, the male brute in this affair, has long been notorious for his drunken habits and savage treatment of his wife. She was a virtuous, hard working and worthy woman; and of a good family. She had five children by him, one of them only a few months old. These, as sometimes her worthless husband—were supported chiefly by the labor of her hands.

DEPLORABLE AND FATAL DISCORD.

We learn from the last Paris Tennessean, that Judge James, member of the Kentucky senate from the counties west of Tennessee river, was shot a few days since at Columbus, on the Mississippi river, by Hopson Binford, the brother of the unfortunate man who fell in the affray with James at Clinton, Ky. about eight months ago—James was not dead at last accounts, though there was little prospect of his recovery.

The feud between these families has been attended with a bloody and extraordinary series of consequences. In the first rencontre between James and Robert Binford, the latter was killed and as he fell, shot an innocent bystander, who expired on the spot. Subsequently another affray took place between two of the parties, which resulted in the death of one of them—who now to crown the bloody tragedy, James himself has fallen at the hands of fraternal vengeance.

Nashville Whig.

The ne plus ultra of argument for a genuine Loco-Foco, is to charge his opponent with being "a federal." There is nothing can go beyond that—it rows a fellow up Salt River mighty quick.—The other day, however, we saw the boot put on the other leg very neatly.

"Demmit! I've no confidence in that man," said a red nosed hanger-on of the Custom House—I've no confidence in him, for he's a federal."

"A federal?—Well, my dear sir, will you just be so obliging as to tell me what you understand by 'a federal'?"

"A federal, my good sir! Why—why—a federal is—is—why, demmit he's a federal, sir!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Good morning, colonel."—New York Whig.

The North Carolina Loco-Focos vote against the establishment of Common Schools! They are true chips of the block. Honest disciples of Jack Cade. Away with all books! What's the use of turnin'—!—!

MR. CLAY AT ROCHESTER.

Mr. Clay arrived at Rochester on Saturday, accompanied by Gen. Porter. He was met some distance from the city, and a committee of the young men, appointed to receive him, and who with a large number of citizens in carriages and on horseback, escorted him to the city. The processions passed through the streets, and on arriving opposite the Eagle Hotel, a loud and unanimous call for Mr. Clay arose from the multitude in the streets. Mr. Clay in answer made a long address which was enthusiastically cheered. On Monday, in compliance with the invitation of the citizens, he received his friends in the Common Council Chamber, and afterwards addressed a large concourse in the Court House. "Mr. Clay," says the Democrat, "appeared amid the most deafening and really enthusiastic cheering we ever heard. He spoke briefly—but never was more of true, unaffected, life-like eloquence and oratorical beauty concentrated into the same number of moments.

We shall not even attempt to give a sketch of the speech. If we could transfer it to paper, with all the clear depth of thought, the brilliancy of language and graceful elegance of expression with which it was uttered, it would indeed be a literary treasure. The faithless Loco Foco Administration was noticed with that perfect courtesy of manner, and language for which he is distinguished. Its corruptions were unveiled, and its false, delusive promises were unmasked by a master power. The Loco Focos stood before him as in the presence of some potent magician overshadowed with the grandeur of his eloquence.

Mr. Clay left Rochester on Tuesday to visit Mr. Granger at Canandaigua N. Y. Express.

From the Journal of Commerce.

ANECDOTE OF HENRY CLAY.

The following anecdote is related of Henry Clay, illustrating the power of his eloquence upon the minds of a jury:

Some years since an orphan girl of Cincinnati applied to Mr. Clay to advocate her claim to a very large amount of property in that city. The title was an old one, and as usual in such cases, was strongly opposed by those who had long held the possession. During the address to the jury by the counsel, Mr. Clay was engaged in deep thought upon his client's case, well knowing that an immense effort would be required to counteract the prejudice which the jury, in common with others, might have her cause. After an argument upon the legal points involved in the case, Mr. Clay commenced an appeal to the passions and sympathy of the jury. He touched upon the circumstances of the parties; His client was a poor orphan girl, and the defendants were rich, and most able to sustain defeat. Having enlarged upon this topic, and others of a similar nature, he closed by the following tremendous and thrilling appeal:

"O God Almighty, by his just and sacred law, and by the conscience within your breasts, comes here into Court, and demands the protection of the orphan's right at the hands of an impartial jury." This appeal had the desired effect. The jury, without leaving the box, gave a verdict in the orphan's favor, which at once raised her from poverty to a large fortune.

M.

We extract the following excellent article from the World, edited by Russell Jarvis:—Madisonian.

POLITICS FOR THE PEOPLE.

Whoever carefully studies the federal constitution, and the history of our country for the last twenty years, will perceive that the great defect of the system is the executive patronage.

The generation which achieved the revolution, having just thrown off the tyranny of a monarchy, sat down to devise their fundamental laws, under a full recollection of its oppressions, and of the toils and sufferings and blood through which they had passed. They were therefore very naturally jealous of every thing bearing the semblance of royalty or aristocracy, and endeavored to establish a representative democracy with the three powers of government so well defined and equally balanced, that each should be an effectual check to the other two. And they did devise the best system of government in theory which the world had ever witnessed. But as the convention which made the federal constitution, and the State conventions which adopted it, consisted of men remarkable for sagacity, how came they to overlook the evils to which the extensive patronage of the executive has led? They relied too much upon the honesty of posterity, and did not foresee the gigantic increase of the country. They knew and relied on, for they had tried, each other, in looking around for men to fill the Presidency, they saw Washington, Adams, Franklin, Jefferson, Hancock, Henry, Pendleton, Lee; and they could not imagine that such men would abuse a trust so exalted. These were their standards for leaders and they thought such would always grow up under those institutions which they had inherited and rescued, and those which they were de-

vising. They were in the midst of wise and honest people, whose more than Roman virtues had been thoroughly proved; and they did not, could not believe that under the blessings of liberty, the posterity of such a people would degenerate. They did not foresee before the lapse of half a century, that millions of people would be sextupled, and that the whole would be maddened by a spirit of speculation. They made the federal constitution for their own generation and a posterity like it, and did not contemplate an almost radical change of character. Had they foreseen the present, they would not have armed a presidency with a patronage that renders it more formidable than even a crown.

But the country has changed. Thirty millions of people have grown to eighty, and a few scores of federal offices are augmented to two hundred thousand, and every one of whom receives his appointment directly or indirectly from the President. This army of office holders, depending upon his will, enable the President to control the whole legislative power, and render the government a practical monarchy. Let us suppose the House of Representatives and Senate so nearly divided upon partisan grounds, as to render a majority of ten in the first and five in the second upon any question of public interest. If the President can change six votes in the one and three in the other, his own views of the question become the law of the land. Among these two hundred thousand offices, could he not find nine that would suit members of Congress? Seats in the cabinet, foreign missions, collectorship of the principal ports, auditorships and collectorship in the Treasury, are things desirable even to members of Congress, and will sometimes remove the most obstinate constitutional and other scruples. Who can fail to see that with such means of influence, the President is master of the legislative power? But we cannot more forcibly exhibit the dangers of executive patronage, than in the language of Mr. Van Buren, when a Senator in Congress. In his report to the Senate in the winter of 1828, on the celebrated resolution in favor of "re-trenchment and reform," he says:

"We must look forward to the time when the nomination of the President can carry any man through the Senate; his recommendation can carry any measure through the two Houses of Congress; when the principle of public action will be open and avowed. The President wants my vote, and I want his patronage; I will vote as he wishes, and he will give me the office I wish for. What will this be but the government of one man but in name a monarchy?"

Such was the language of Mr. Van Buren, when a Senator in Congress, speaking in reference to the Presidency of Mr. John Quincy Adams. It was natural for the people to suppose that on reaching an influential station in the federal government, under the Presidency of Gen. Jackson, and finally reaching the Presidency, the statesman who could so plainly see and so forcibly describe the dangers of executive patronage, would make every possible exertion to restrain it, and redeem the legislative power of the government from its destructive influence. But has that expectation been answered? Did Mr. Van Buren, when exercising great influence under the Presidency of Gen. Jackson, endeavor to prevent the executive patronage from being used to prevent the independent action of Congress? Let every Republican remember a written promise to a speaker of the federal House of Representatives, to appoint him to a foreign mission. Has Mr. Van Buren, since he reached the Presidency, exhibited to Congress the dangers of executive patronage, or recommended any measure for restraining of it? Almost twelve years have elapsed since he made this memorable report to the Senate; and though for nearly the whole of this period he has occupied the stations of Secretary of State, Vice President and President, he has done or recommended nothing to restrain the evil which he once so clearly and so forcibly described! And yet these