

SOUTHERN CITIZEN.

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

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From the Lynchburg Virginian.

THE NEXT SPEAKER.

The first duty to be performed, upon the meeting of the next Congress, will be the election of a Speaker, which will probably afford a fair test of the strength of parties in the House of Representatives, relative to which there now seems to be some diversity of opinion, arising from the equivocal position of two or three members, who, (to use the humorous expression of the Salisbury Watchman,) are placed, in the newspaper rooms, between the columns of names, like a paddle wheel in the centre of a mill, to steer both sides straight! Yet, circumstances may arise to enable these gentlemen to continue for a while longer their "paddle wheel" position, which perhaps may be illustrated yet more forcibly by the condition of St. Thomas Aquinas's ass, between two bundles of hay—eager to reach the spoils" on either hand, but dying, at last from sheer starvation, lost, in reaching after one, the other should be lost! Mr. Fisher, of N. C., Judge Wick, of Indiana, and perhaps one or two others, are in this unenviable plight—suspended, not exactly like the coffin of Maomet, between Heaven and earth, but between Whig and Democrat, to be ultimately drawn to that side, in which the metallic attraction shall be strongest!

The candidates spoken of are John Bell of Tennessee, by the Whigs, and Mr. Pickens, of S. C., and the "inimitable" Dr. Duncan, of Ohio, by the Democrats. If Dr. Duncan or any other thorough-paced friend of the Administration shall be run, we shall rely with entire confidence upon the votes of the suspended gentlemen for the Whig candidate, because we take it for granted they are not prepared to coalesce with the Administration fully, and to take a bold leap into its arms in the very first stage of their probation. But the Administration party will probably pick up Mr. Pickens, with the purpose of consolidating Mr. Calhoun and South Carolina, and as a token of the perfect construction of the Union between the authors, of the Proclamation and the heroes of the Nullifying Ordinance—and, secondly, for the purpose of catching such stray sheep as Mr. Fisher and Judge Wick, who will, of course, be delighted with an opportunity of maintaining their apparent neutrality, even while rendering the most efficient support to the dispensers of the spoils. In either event, however, we consider Mr. Bell's election as pretty certain. It will be sure, if Maryland and Mississippi shall return to the next Congress as many Whig members as they did to the last. In that event, we can afford to spare all in that happy state of neutrality, which renders them as doubtful of their political, as a famous toper once was of his personal identity, when rising from a ditch, beset with mud, he asked, "Am I Giles, or am I not?"

THE BIBLE.

Of all the boons God has bestowed on our apostate and orphan race, we are bound to say the Bible is the noblest and most precious. We bring not into comparison with this the glorious sunlight, nor the rich sustenance which is poured forth from the earth, though dust, to soar up into companionship with angels. The Bible is the development of man's immortality—the guide that informs how he may move off triumphantly from a contracted and temporary scene, and grasp destinies of unbounded splendor—eternity his lifetime, and infinity his home. It is the record, too, which tells that this rebellious section of God's unlimited empire is not excluded from our Maker's compassion, but that the creatures who move upon its surface, though they have basely sepulchred in sinfulness and corruption the magnificence of their nature, are yet so dear in their ruin to him who formed them, that he bowed to heaven in order to open their graves. O! you are only to think what a change would pass on the aspect of our race, if the Bible was suddenly withdrawn, and all remembrance swept away, and you arrive at some faint notion of the worth of the volume. Take from Christendom the Bible, and you have taken the moral chart by which alone its population can be guided.

Ignorant of the truth of God, and only guessing at their own immortality, the tens of thousands would be as mariners tossed on a wide ocean, without a star to guide, and without a compass by which to steer. The blue lights of the storm-bell would burn ever in the shrouds; and when the tornado rushes across the waters, there would be heard nothing but the shrieks of the terrified, and the groans of the departing. It were to mantle the earth with more than the Egyptian darkness; it were to dry up the fountain of human happiness; it were to take the life from our waters, and leave them stagnant, and the stars from our heavens, and leave them in sackcloth; and the verdure from our valleys, and leave them all in barrenness; it were to make the present all recklessness; the future all hopelessness; maniac's revelry and the fiend's delight, if you could annihilate that precious volume, which tells us of God and of Christ, and unveils immortality and instructs in duty, and woos to glory.—Such is the Bible.

Prize it, ye youth! and I study it more and more. Prize it, ye aged! for it leads to the New Jerusalem. Prize it, every one of you as ye are intelligent, immortal beings—for it giveth understanding to the simple.—*Bishop Heber.*

WASHINGTON, in his day, was abused as a Federalist, and no terms of reproach, in the eyes of his enemies, were too vile to be applied to his venerable name. The self-styled Democrats of the present day, hope to gull the people by the application of the same epithet to the Whigs. HENRY CLAY, than whom no patriot has ever been more wantonly traduced or basely slandered—he, too, is denounced as a Federalist. Has he not well earned the title of Republican? Whose voice has made the halls of Congress ring with the tones of his eloquence, in defence of "Free Trade and Sailors' Rights," when the Union were quivering with terror, before the violence of the coming storm, and the disaffected were crying, "peace! peace! when there was no peace!" It was Henry Clay's! And who stood in the ranks of the disaffected, and fomented civil dissensions, in the hour of his country's trial? Martin Van Buren! And yet we are told, he is the Republican, and Henry Clay the Federalist!

Who was it, when Missouri claimed admission to the Union, and the whole nation was engaged in a strife of words, that threatened a strife of blood—who stepped into the melee of angry combatants, and with the language of compromise, assuaged the fever of parties, and hushed the noise of faction? It was Henry Clay! And who was it banded himself with the enemies of the South, and gave his vote to the adoption of measures which would have dismembered the Union, and thrown a mantle of eternal shame over its memory? Martin Van Buren! And yet he is the

Republican, and Henry Clay the Federalist. Who was it, when the Federal government and one of our sister States were upon the eve of a resort to arms, and the Union threatened to dissolve in the midst of a fearful civil war—who threw himself forward as a peace-maker, and by an equitable compromise, satisfied both the South and the North, and settled the question of the Tariff? It was Henry Clay. And yet he is no Republican, but an enemy to the best interests of the country. The people cannot be deluded by names. Let Mr. Clay's actions speak for themselves.—Who is now moving all the power and patronage of the Government to influence elections, and fasten the Sub-Treasury system upon the country by which the purse of the nation is placed under the control of the President, and the power of the Federal Government increased ten-fold? Is it Henry Clay? No! it is Martin Van Buren. He then, is the Federalist, and Henry Clay the Republican. Is it not so!

Knowlton Times.

A new Gold mine.—We understand that Dr. S. Fox has discovered on his plantation, about a mile from town, a vein of Gold ore. We have not seen any specimens, but we understand the ore is very rich. This is not the first vein the Doct. has discovered, but perhaps it is the richest. We heard an anecdote of the Doct. the other day which, happened some time ago and which we consider too good to be lost. Several years ago when he was turning his attention to mining, and when his prospects were fine for reaping an abundant harvest of the precious metal, he was brought to consider how he should get his gold conveyed to Philadelphia to be coined, there being no mint in this vicinity at the time, without being stolen. After pondering upon several plans he concluded to adopt the following: After having his gold run into bars and well secured in metal-lined boxes, was to be carried over them, he was then to have the casks forwarded to Philadelphia as before. We presume the Doct. never carried his plan into execution. We congratulate him on being saved this trouble now if his mine should continue to pay the expense of working.

Charlotte Journal.

EDUCATION FOR THE PEOPLE.

Look abroad over the country, and see who are the friends of education for the people. Is it not the Whigs who are and have always been foremost with the pen, the tongue and the purse!—who have been its most ardent advocates and supporters? They want the people—the mass of the community—enlightened, for they know that an intelligent people never can be enslaved, either politically or religiously. Can the same be said of the self-styled democrats? Where have they given any evidences?—Let us continue to persevere in this good cause, and it will do more to regenerate the country than all our elections.—*Huntingdon (Tenn.) Advertiser.*

A nut for the Abolitionists.—The Alexandria Gazette of yesterday says: "A runaway slave returned to the Arlington Estate in this vicinity, a few days ago, of his own accord, he declares that he has had enough of it, and that the North is not the place it has been cracked up to be, for colored people. This is the second instance, within a few years. We learn that one hundred dollars will be paid for such information as shall serve to convict the Captain of a certain large Down Easter Schooner, that conveyed the aforesaid slave from the District, and sailed from Georgetown about three months ago." This will be a good text for those disinterested friends of the Union, to build a homily upon. It is a nut which they can crack much to the edification of their brother philanthropists.

The fever still continues in Augusta and the Constitutionalist states that it does not look for its discontinuance until rain falls to raise the river, which is lower than it ever was known to be. The disease appears to be more fatal.

Some of the loco focus are trying to soothe their feelings with the pretended fact, that, although the Whigs, at the recent election in Virginia, have carried a majority of the Legislature of that State, their majority is not as great as it was last year.

Such fellows are very easily consoled. "Ah, I don't mind this at all," said the boy in a bragging tone after a very severe whipping from his master—"I was whipped twice as bad yesterday."

Kentucky stands firm as the eternal hills. She has returned with but two exceptions, a talented Whig delegation in Congress. Freedom finds in her a friend and supporter. Bravely has she fought and triumphantly conquered in the great battle of truth—on the side of her country's glory. Three times nine cheers to her! hail, proud state, thou "land of the free & home of the brave!"

The two locos alluded are Boyd from the first, & bud lococo district, and Butler from Mr. Southgate's District, —the latter elected by a small majority in Huntingdon (Tenn.) Advertiser of August 21.

AN UNSOPHISTICATED YOUTH

A correspondent gives the following laughable anecdote which he says occurred in New York some time since. A mechanic who had a large number of apprentices, had occasion to leave the city for a few days. Before starting he called up one of his most trust worthy and faithful apprentices and told him that during his absence he must act as boss and do every thing that as he had always seen him while overseeing the establishment—in short take his place while he was gone. The boy began to blubber. "What's the matter with you?" He cried still the louder. "What has got into you, I say!" "Take your fingers out of your mouth and tell me what you are crying for." "Cause I wants to sleep with the boys."

Female Courtship in Rome.—The women of Rome knew nothing of those restraints which delicacy, modesty, and virtue impose upon the sex in northern Europe. A Roman lady who takes a liking to a young foreigner, does not cast down her eyes when he looks at her, but fixes them upon him long and with evident pleasure; nay, she gazes at him alone whenever she meets him in company, at church, at the theatre, in her walks. She will say without ceremony, to a friend of the young man's "Tell that gentleman I like him." If the man of her choice feels the like sentiments, and asks, "Are you fond of me?" she replies with the utmost frankness—"Yes, dear."

From Brother Jonathan.
THE POST OFFICE.

It was announced, through our newspapers, on the arrival of the Great Western, that the Penny Post Office Bill, of which we gave a full account in our paper, had passed both houses of Parliament, and received the signature of the Queen, and was now a law in England. Any man, residing in Great Britain or Ireland, may send a letter to any part of the United Kingdom, almost free of expense. It is in fact an extension to any subject of the British crown of the franking privilege. We prophesy that it will be of incalculable benefit; that it will of itself do more for the general diffusion of intelligence and useful knowledge than all the proceedings of all the societies which have hitherto been established exclusively for that purpose.

The Democratic Review—from which we formerly condensed an able and satisfactory article, on this subject detailing fully Mr. Rowland Hill's plan—is commenced this month with a dissertation on "the Progress and Present Condition of the General Post Office." Promising that we are to be indebted for our facts to that article, we may remark that the most implicit reliance, doubtless, may be placed upon its statements—appearing, as it does, in a work published at the seat of government, and one, which from the government patronage and favor extended to it may be said to carry a semi-official authority. We may conclude that a

bill, similar to that which has just passed in England, will be introduced into the coming Congress. Presuming that the able writer in the Democratic Review has taken his cue from the powers that be, it is pretty certain that such a bill will be warmly supported by the adherents of the administration. It is to be hoped that no party-spirit will be allowed to interfere with its easy passage, and that it will meet with no delay from debate or discussion of matters irrelevant to the main business of the bill. One thing is sure; a measure of the kind by whatever party proposed, will be very popular, and that an obstinate position would be very injurious to any man or body of men, whether they be Whigs or Democrats. This is the emphatic language to which we refer. "There cannot be a shadow of doubt that this vast reform—in which every man, woman and child throughout the land is directly and personally interested—which confers the franking privilege upon a nation—will be introduced as soon as the successful experiment of England shall have demonstrated its practicability."

The system of communicating by Post was introduced into the Colonies before it was established by Legislation in the mother country. In 1683 William Penn established posts through Pennsylvania and Maryland, and the act of Assembly authorizing the Post Office in Philadelphia was passed in 1700, preceding the Act of Anne, which is the basis of the system in England, by eleven years. Soon after this Colonel John Hamilton, son of Governor Andrew Hamilton, obtained a patent for a plan of a general Post Office for all British America, of which the profits were to be his own. This patent he afterwards sold.

post master for North America was appointed, who was to have a deputy in New York, with power to reside in any other part of the Continent.

In 1717 the post went in four weeks from Boston to Williamsburg. It was not customary, however for the post to start till after advertising the intention, and getting letters enough to carry to pay his expenses.

In 1733, Dr. Franklin was appointed General Deputy Postmaster of the Colonies, with a salary between him and his confederate of £600, "if he could get it." Franklin made such great efforts to improve the condition of the office, that he brought himself in debt £900 instead of gaining the £600, which he was to make, if he could. In such such improvements, that letters, which used to take six, could pass from Boston to Philadelphia in three weeks. He was removed by the ministry from the office, just after he had succeeded in making it profitable, but he was soon after reinstated by a more congenial authority. In 1775, the Congress of the Confederation, having assumed the practical sovereignty of the Colonies, appointed a committee to devise a system of post office communication—who made a report recommending a plan on the 27th of July, which, on the same day, was adopted, and Dr. Franklin unanimously appointed Postmaster General. His salary was fixed at one thousand dollars per annum. His office was to be held in the city of Philadelphia, and, to aid him in the discharge of his duties, three hundred and forty dollars were allowed him for a secretary and comptroller, with power to appoint such and so many deputies, as to him might seem proper and necessary. By the same resolution, a single post route was established, to run from Falmouth, in New England, to Savannah, in Georgia, with as many cross posts as the Postmaster General might deem necessary. Twenty per cent. of the sums collected and paid in the General Post Office, annually, not exceeding one thousand dollars, and ten per centum for all sums exceeding one thousand dollars, paid in like manner, were allowed to the deputy postmasters in lieu of salary, and all contingent expenses. The several deputies were required to account quarterly with the General Post Office, and the Postmaster General was further required to make a report to the Continental Treasurer, and pay to them the profits of the office; and if the necessary expense of the establishment exceeded the produce of it, the United Colonies

Benjamin Swaim's slave