

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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A WHIG SPEAKER.

The triumph of the Whigs in their struggle to obtain a majority in the next House of Representatives will be complete if they succeed in electing their Speaker. Elections have already been held for 232 members out of the 252. Elections are yet to be held for 20 members in Maryland, and two in Mississippi, and for some three or four vacancies occasioned by death and resignation. Allowing these vacancies to be filled by members of the same politics with the previous incumbents, and classifying the members already elected as they hold their certificates, we have the following results: Whigs, 120; Loco-Focos, 112.

The holding of a certificate is *prima facie* evidence of a right to a seat, and entitles a member to vote for Speaker. However, the House should decide at the five contested seats in New Jersey should be held in abeyance, and one of their claimants be allowed to vote until their claims are settled, the 22 members would be divided as follows: Whigs, 115; Locos, 112; contested, 4. Allowing the eight Maryland members to stand as they did last year, five Whigs and three Loco-Focos, and yielding to the Globe its shadowed but probably unfounded claim to two members in Mississippi, the whole House would be divided as follows on the vote for Speaker: Whigs, 10; Loco-Focos, 117; contested, 5. If the New Jersey members should be allowed to vote, holding as they do legal evidence of their election, the House would stand, Whigs, 125; Loco-Focos, 117.

In this event, the Whigs have it in their power to elect their Speaker. To secure this, every Whig Member of Congress should consider it his imperative duty to be in the City of Washington on the first day of December. The press throughout the Union should repeat the necessity of this, the absence of three Whig members would render the contest doubtful. No one, therefore, who entertains the idea of being a day behind hand, let it be granted that he will be the absentee. Let every Whig member feel that his vote will decide the contest, and all will be well. The representatives of the people will elect an untrammelled and unpledged Speaker, and freedom of opinion will triumph over party management and dictation.

Albany Journal.

Fashions vs. Folly.—Charles I. had a hair cut off on account of a wound to his head, and the whole fashionable world were without loss of time shorn their locks. Charles VII. donned a long coat to hide his crooked leg, and long coats became the rage. A monkey had his tail cut off by a trap, but he could not come it on the fox, though he told him it was the fashion.

... To our patrons we will say, although we highly reverence the virtues and abilities of the leading men of the old Federal party, we think they were palpably in error; and if they had lived to see what we have since General Jackson came into power, they would have said so too: If they could have seen to what extent a popular President could stretch the executive prerogative, and to what extent the revenue of the Government could be used to influence and control elections: If they had lived to see an humbled Senate and a bribed House, they would never have thought of giving more power to the executive arm. Oud bold bad man has arisen to confute by his acts all the theories of Hamilton and Adams, another less bold and equally bad man, is proving the power of the executive in another way. No, no; we never with our present means of judgment, never could have been Federalists, and no one will charge us with it, who does not expect to "reap some advantage" from the "fraud and deceit."—*Salisbury Watchman.*

From the Huntington (Tenn.) Advertiser.

MARTIN VAN BUREN.

Several days since we casually met with the late message of Martin Van Buren, and we read it through ere we laid it down. It is probably one of the most remarkable, strange, and curious documents that has ever emanated from a place of state. Subtly, also every desideratum of the true statesman, altho' mantled in pretended patriotism, are yet discoverable by the critical observer as characteristic of the message referred to. As we read its beginning, following the chaste style and happy strains of the author, suddenly were we stopped with amazement to pause whilst our mind indulged its wonder at the consummateness of the demagogue. We had been taught, not otherwise than by the political life and character of Martin Van Buren, to view him as the most refined and polished intriguer, the most artful and successful deceiver, to whom the soil of this devoted Republic has ever given birth; but more striking and wonderful still, than any previous manifestations of the leading principle of the mental and political texture of the man, is that part of his message to which we have alluded. In other times, when the present day is buried in the past, should his history be left unwritten and that portion only of his message be read, then, and then alone, shall Martin Van Buren be termed a patriot. But history must not, will not, lie. The tale, weaving in itself the rise and progress of America, will point him in colors of truth and all his own. None, who will have filled the executive chair of the nation, will call forth more marked astonishment in future than this self same man. What emotions of dispraise and displeasure do we indulge as we think of men whose names are stigmas indelible on the page of history! With such shall swell the bosom of posterity as its retrospective vision falls upon our present executive. We tremble at the dark spectacle which his political life will form. Not for him or his fame do we tremble, for he is but a man and his fame will be but wind; but for thy national character, our native land, we tremble. Although, like our defuncting ancestors, we did not live in the days when thy eagle, oppressed by the foreign lion, sought freedom from his unpying fangs; yet we warily wish to preserve that character, that purchased and inherited boon, pure and untarnished. As the Bird of Liberty has disengaged herself from the grapple of the monster, and, spreading her broad pinions upon the elastic air of national sovereignty, has towered proudly and exultingly up to the firmament, there, we fondly hope, she may rest in peace, whilst the wheels of time shall turn, the noblest, the happiest in the galaxy of independence.

But, Martin Van Buren, we fear, will be a deep stain upon our national escutcheon—so deep that the ocean waves breaking around the Western World, can never wash it out. Only see his headlong course, his past life of political iniquity, shielded from the public gaze alone by the consummate trickery

of the demagogue! He is an omen, an astounding omen, if one there exists, of the final subversion of the Republic.—Freemen, to say the least, it is time to awake.—Unconscious victims of party deceptions! ye who have long trusted with implicit confidence in the fair but broken promises, the forgotten vows, the pretended patriotism, and feigned zeal of Martin Van Buren and his predecessor—to you, we say, it is time to throw aside the chains that bind you to power, and behold the condition and affairs of your country as they are. Spurn the persuasive powers, the syren song, of the Government press; when they tell you all is well. Lulled to sleep by them, a serpent will plant his fangs deep in your hearts, and genius of liberty expire in shrieks ere her lethargic vigils wake. Let our countrymen raise the political curtain and look for themselves. Let them cease to vote, cease to approach the polls in order to sustain the administration, till they have said in their hearts—*it is right.* If their votes are given to the support of corruption, let them remember they aid thus far to hurry their country to ruin. And what a thought is that! Shall not their children and ours live after us? Will not the soil we inhabit, its every turf dear to freedom, be inherited to them? Our lips, when breathing their last accents, shall proclaim—*this much we bequeath our children.* Can one heart among us destroy the invaluable inheritance? Can we! and at the same time bring up to our recollection the period biggest with interest to us—"the time that tried men's souls!" Can we think of freedom's friends, our forefathers, who died on the "flinty couch of war,"—can we think on the price of the exalted privileges we enjoy—gifts dipped in patriotic blood and snatched from the stormy field of battle and of slaughter,—and yet prize lightly the charge committed to us, the charge we must transmit to our children? Then let us beware how we cast our vote. It is a powerful instrument!—able to remove the pillars of the Republic—to shake down the fabric erected by the best and noblest architects the world has ever known.

What is a Creole?—We have heard arguments on this point. Most people suppose a Creole to be a mixture of some kind—something like mulatto, but not exactly. In truth many here in the North do not know what idea to attach to the word. But here comes an explanation. A Southern correspondent of the Madisonian says:—

"I used the word 'Creole' in my last letter when speaking of a Southern lady. Many persons, including even some lexicographers, are under a misapprehension as to the meaning of the word. I have no doubt some were quite shocked to hear a 'Creole' called a 'lady.' A professed Johnsonian dictionary constituting a part of the 'Treasury of Knowledge,' published in New York, defines 'Creole, the offspring of black and white parents in the West Indies,' and this is the common understanding of the word in the North. But with great deference to the American lexicographer, and 'Democracy of numbers,' I must take the liberty of alleging this to be a very great mistake. 'Creole' happens to be a French word, meaning, 'descendant of an European born in America.' A large part of the population of Louisiana being of French descent, this word is generally used in the South as descriptive of that class of our citizens. The word 'mulatto' is used to describe the offspring of black and white parents.

When Doctor Barth preached for the first time in Leipsic, his native village, he disregarded the ordinary custom of placing his sermon on the Bible before him, in order to have recourse to it in case of necessity. Suddenly a violent storm arose while in the middle of his discourse, and a heavy clap of thunder caused him to loose the thread of his argument. Not in the least disconcerted, he closed the Bible and said with great emphasis, "When God speaks, let man keep silence." He descended from the pulpit, and all the people regarded him with astonishment and admiration.

From the Raleigh Star.

THE EVILS OF PRINTING

How smoothly some politicians could get along were it not for these same officious intermeddlers, the printers! Whenever a leading politician says anything on the spur of the moment, whether it is calculated to make for him or against him, is no concern of theirs, meddlesome creatures as they are. For they go right off and slap it into print, and there it stands, like an uninvited guest, to stare a candidate in the face when he wishes it at the bottom of the Red Sea. Now, General Jackson used to be in the habit of declaring that those who trade on borrowed capital deserved to break, which was as much as to say that all poor and honest beginners in trade, who borrow the money necessary to commence business with on a short credit, ought to break. Well, in this little declaration, he has proclaimed the belief that poor men should not engage in trade at all, no matter how honest they may be. And Mr. Van Buren declares that all which was said and done by General Jackson was perfectly right. He is consequently opposed to the extension of credit to poor men who are beginners in business. Truly the great body of the people of this country can digest any thing, if they are willing to vote for Mr. Van Buren, who is so hostile to their best interests.

An accident occurred on the Trenton Road to the cars when about three and a half miles from Philadelphia on Sunday. The forward axis of the last passenger car broke, and the revolving pieces tore out the bottom of the car to which they were attached and the bottom and part of the back of the car in front of that. Other axels were broken in the collision with the first broken.—The passenger car next injured together with the baggage car immediately in rear were detached and thrown off the track.—The passengers in most danger escaped most miraculously without injury. Several passengers were split out along the road. The train ran two hundred yards after the accident happened before it was stopped.—[lb.]

WHO ARE THE TRUE DEMOCRATS.

It is somewhat singular to hear the never ending rant which is made by the Van Buren leaders about the purity of their democratic feelings. Well, it appears that they swear by Gen. Jackson and Mr. Van Buren, as the two great founders of their political church. And Gen. Jackson, in issuing his celebrated proclamation and in removing the public deposits, did more to wither the tree of democracy than all the Presidents put together ever did during their whole lives. And Mr. Van Buren not only endorses all the federal acts of Gen. Jackson, but professes also to glory in having helped the Gen. through in all his attempts to destroy the liberties of the people. Verily, if Mr. Van Buren's is a democratic administration, we can only say, as the Dutchman said to his landlady, when she served up a dish of green persimmons instead of tomatoes, "madam, there is a plenty of it, such as it is."—*Raleigh Star.*

DEATH OF BENJAMIN LUNDY.

Benjamin Lundy, well known to a large portion of the people of this country as a philanthropist, and as the Editor of the "Genius of Universal Emancipation," departed this life on the 22d ult. at Hennepin, Illinois. Mr. Lundy was a native of New Jersey, and one of the most indefatigable men that ever trod the earth; and he did tread it steadily from Maine to Mexico on behalf of the blacks. Amiable in his disposition, courteous in his manners, and of a Christian faith, he offended few by his zeal, and won many by his mildness. [Phil. Saturday Courier.]

MR. VAN BUREN AND THE FARMERS.

When the plain, substantial farmers are told that Mr. Van Buren is their friend, they can bring any Van Buren man to a dead stand, no matter how brassy his face may be, by asking how many offices Mr. Van Buren has conferred upon farmers since he took

charge of the Government. The farmers have as many business men, and much more good common sense among them than any other class of citizens whatever. They are, therefore, as well fitted to fill the offices of Government as any other class. They are more entitled to receive offices, too, than the lawyers, the physicians and merchants, because of their vastly great numbers.—Yet the farmers will find that they have been completely overlooked by Mr. Van Buren in his distribution of offices! He is willing to feed the farmers on empty professions and promises, whilst he bestows all the fat and profitable offices on the vociferous dandies and fops who cheer up and make a wonderful racket for him about the towns and cities of the country.—*Raleigh Star.*

FATAL AFFRAY.

We understand that a very sanguinary conflict between two individuals occurred in the upper part of this county on Saturday last. A man named Sorrel, under some temporary irritation, assailed a person named Hill with a knife and wounded him very dangerously and desperately, when the latter suddenly turned upon Sorrel and gave him several stabs, which terminated his life in a short time. Hill also is said to be in a very hopeless condition with the wounds which he received.—[lb.]

Remedy to give Satisfaction. A political paper, called the Chronicle, was published at New York during Jefferson's administration, of a very feeling character, and to which six gentlemen were attached as editors, but whose names did not appear in the paper. Any one who felt aggrieved at its remarks, however, had no difficulty in finding the responsible person. "Here, sir," would the attendant at the office say, producing a hat, "are the names of six men. Draw out one of the slips, any name you may find upon it, will be that of a gentleman who is ready to give you any satisfaction that you may desire." The libelled individuals generally walked off, perfectly satisfied with this explanation.

It is the duty of every good Whig to urge the circulation of Whig newspapers in every town and school district within their reach. The Whigs have right and reason, truth and argument, all on their side, and it is only necessary to come in close contact with the public mind, to ensure the perpetual success of their principle and triumph of their party. If the Whigs were as active in the circulation of political truths through the newspapers, as their opponents are in the dissemination of error, they would not so often fail as they do of success.—*N. Y. Whig.*

A very extensive sale of Morus Multicaulis Trees took place in Philadelphia on Wednesday week. The amount of sales was upwards of \$80,000. They belonged to P. Physick, Esq. and were purchased by Southern and Western gentlemen.

Let no man find fault with an editor for writing foolish things, for there are so many papers now a-days that all the good sense there is in the world would not half fill them.

Nothing sets up a woman like calling her ugly—she gets her back right up like a cat when a strange dog comes near her; she is all eyes, claws and bristles.

EXTREMES.

The Boston Post says there is a man in Bangor so tall that he overreaches every body, and another so short that he can't pay his debts.

The most important question for a young lady to ask when a man pops the question is, "Do you take a newspaper and pay for it?" Always have a dish of hot water handy, in case he says—no. But if he says yes, pin him—he's your man by all means.