

# SOUTHERN CITIZEN.

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

VOLUME III.

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From the Sobertown Morus Multicaulis Gazette.)

## GREAT MORUS MULTICAULIS EXCITEMENT.

### Great Excitement in Sobertown—Public Meeting—Squire Jones called to the Chair—Mr. Wilson, Editor of the Courier, addresses the Meeting—Dr. Potts discovers that the Mulberry Leaf contains Medical Qualities, &c.

It is not my purpose to enter into a dissertation on the stupendous profits our country is likely to receive on the successful culture of the mulberry, or to speculate on the influence such the raising of silk-worms will have on the morals, religion, and domestic habits of our people. These I leave to abler hands; but with becoming deference, I will refer the curious of your readers to "Whimsey on the Mulberry Tree and Silk-Worms."

I propose, however, to give a rapid sketch of the rise and progress of this speculation in the village of Sobertown, a village that, in former years, was remarkable for the sober and staid industry of its inhabitants, and freedom from all modern humbug. The farmer was contented with the fruits of his labor, the mechanic was busily employed in his workshop, and the merchant was satisfied with his profits. There was only one individual in the town who appeared restless and dissatisfied.

Squire Jones ever bore the comprehensive title of "speculator," and the age fifty, and a bachelor, he was continually scheming and engaged in some new operation. In the early part of last spring, the Squire was often seen working in his front yard, cultivating a row of small cuttings, which his morant neighbors supposed to be fruit trees. The occupation at first attracted little notice, but soon the little trees began to put forth their large leaves, unlike any leaves in the village, and curiosity was at once aroused.

The Squire gave evasive answers to the inquiries of the busy bodies, which tended to heighten their wonder; when, one morning, they discovered that these mysterious trees had been cut up, and were gone, the excitement exceeded all bounds, and the news flew like wildfire through the village. The moral anxiety was relieved, however, when the Squire entered the public bar in the evening, and stated that he had sold his trees, which cost him ten dollars, to a stranger, for the sum of two hundred dollars, and that the trees were Morus Multicaulis. This extraordinary sale set the whole village in a state of feverish excitement; crowds of idlers gathered before the fence which enclosed the Squire's front yard, and marvelled at the speculations there formed and related. It is impossible to say to what extent this excitement would have spread the villagers, had not Mr. Wil-

son, the distinguished editor of the Courier, suggested that a town-meeting should be immediately called, to adopt such measures as would best insure a general cultivation of the Morus Multicaulis. The people unanimously responded to his call, and on the day appointed the Town Hall was filled with anxious spectators. Squire Jones was summoned to the chair, and the editor of the Courier proposed that he be called the "Great Pioneer," which was adopted with acclamations.

Mr. Jones, on rising, was delighted to see so much enthusiasm manifested on the important subject which called them together. He considered the cause of Mulberry trees the cause of the country, and the raising of silk worms the cause of humanity. He had been in correspondence with a distinguished gentleman of Massachusetts, who assured him that the Mulberry business was destined to be the great and absorbing business of the country, and that this gentleman had plenty of trees to sell. Mr. Jones assured his hearers that all climates and every soil were favorable to the growth of the trees, and that the profits arising from the sale were unspenkable; he was not in the habit of indulging in speculation, but he felt authorized, from his own experience, in saying that every man, woman & child would speedily amass a fortune by attending to the business. Plant mulberries! concluded Mr. Jones.

Deacon Smith said he had ever been an incredulous man his friends thought it a fault—he had never believed in Metabolic Tractors, Animal Magnetism, or Phrenology; but the lucid exposition of the "Great Pioneer" convinced him that the mulberry business was no humbug.

Mr. Williams the tailor proposed that mulberry buds be considered a legal tender in traffic. This was objected to by Mr. Bonier, the dry goods man, as creating a difficulty in small change.

Mr. Wilson then rose and said he had a communication to make to his fellow-citizens, which he thought would create a great revolution in the mulberry cause, and materially effect the interest of the town and country. After mature deliberation and reflection, he had resolved to change the name of his paper from "Sobertown Courier" to that of "The Sobertown Morus Multicaulis Gazette." This announcement completely electrified the audience, and was received with corresponding applause.

From the adjournment of the town meeting, Morus Multicaulis was the all-engrossing topic of conversation. Every stage was watched as it entered the village, and the passengers questioned about the progress of the trade. Seeds and cuttings were purchased at enormous prices, and all hands turned to planting. The young and old, the rich and poor united in the work, and even poor Giles, the vagabond, was so much excited, that one day he imagined himself a silk-worm, and went reeling through the streets. Autumn comes, and prosperity still shone upon the laborers. Squire Jones had been offered one thousand dollars for five hundred trees, and refused it. Deacon Smith came very near selling out his whole stock at three dollars per tree, for the man asked him if that was the lowest price. It must be confessed, however, that, amid this general prosperity, there were a few instances of ill luck and disappointment. Mr. Williams, the tailor, bought a paper of seeds of the real At Pine Mulberry of a pedlar, for a suit of clothes, which he calculated would yield a thousand trees; but what was his rage and horror when he discovered that the products of his seeds and labor was a bed of double-headed cabbages. Mr. Hunter was also a victim; for he had procured of a Tomsonian doctor a bundle of trees warranted as the real Multicaulis, but they grew up crab apples, and the insects upon them, which he at first thought a spontaneous growth of the subject, proved to be caterpillars.

Schemes were formed for future operations. Squire Jones thought the attention of Congress ought to be called to the subject, and proposed that samples of the soil of Sobertown be forwarded to our representatives, requesting them to present the samples to the chairman of the Committee on Commerce, and

ask him to make a report. Deacon Smith thought, that as sandy soil had proved favorable to the growth of mulberries, it would be expedient to send a committee to the Desert of Sahara, to test the value of that spot. Mr. Wilson, of the Gazette, thought the plan feasible, but premature. Mr. Crane, the mechanic, was busy in taking out a patent for a machine by which he could make a silk-worm spin an endless thread without fear of bursting. The leaves were to go in at one end of the worm, and come out silk at the other. He thought this invention would sink the cotton gin into merited insignificance. Dr. Potts had analyzed the mulberry leaf, and discovered that it contained medicinal qualities, with a large share of mullilage; he had already ordered a steam engine to manufacture pills, and had resolved to call his medicine "The Leviathan Morus Multicaulis Pills."

An article appeared in the Gazette, recommending forced growth, bottom heat, and green houses. Squire Jones, "The Great Pioneer," was detected in clearing out his conservatory, filling it with boxes containing earth, and repairing his furnace. The secret was soon out. Every green-house, hen-house & smoke-house was secured; raisin boxes and fig drums rose a hundred per cent., and cuttings commanded any price. The whole town shared in the excitement—even the ladies permitted boxes of mulberry shoots to grace their drawing rooms instead of flowers or orange trees. Mr. Crane positively asserted that he had discovered how to produce bottom heat, by running flues under the earth and supplying it with hot water. Deacon Smith thought *hens* might be used to advantage in accelerating the development of the buds, and though this novel application of hen-labor might be thought detrimental to the egg-producing interest, he thought the result would be different, and that hens would lay better than formerly. The very boys of the village emulated as far as their means permitted the enterprising spirit of their parents, and carried about in their pockets roots and cuttings, and even slept in their pantaloons to ensure a uniform temperature.

The winter has just passed; and the result has equalled the expectations of the sanguine, though not a person has had an offer for a single tree. Still the work of transplanting goes on with unabated vigor. Our village is a wilderness of mulberries, and it is computed that the value of the trees, at existing prices, exceeds one million of dollars.

### FIRST LOVE.

Men may talk about the folly and falsity of first love; but who is there, married or single, who can cast from their hearts the remembrance of their early love? At all times—in the depths of black night, and in the golden noonday, sudden thoughts and associations call up the image of our first love, and immediately the heart is (as it were) poured out in soft sweet feeling. We consider this as no breach of faith to the present object of our affections. Like that olden love, it seems a different sort of affection from our present one—a holy and purifying feeling rather than one deserving condemnation.

It appears to me that first love must necessarily be different from those following after it; or it is not essentially distinct, yet the novelty of the feeling when felt for the first time would make it in some measure so.

### GROUNDLESS SUSPICION.

There is a little paper published at Milton, we don't exactly remember the name, which is making the *moths* rattle and the *spintars* fly, because some of the Whigs of Philadelphia have assumed the title of Democratic Whigs.—He is as mad as a setting duck, because the whigs are after sealing the title which has worked such wonders for the Van Buren party, that of "democratic." There is certainly some mistake about the matter. For the whigs must be monstrous rogues if they have stolen from the poor loco focus all they have that is worth owning—their name.

Raleigh Star.

The South Carolinians talk of having a 20 gallon license law.

### CHILDREN, A TRIAL TO THEIR MOTHERS.

Said a friend to me not long since, "The children of Mrs. — are a great trial to her. She can do nothing with them. They will not mind her, & they will soon be beyond her control." Upon hearing this, I asked myself, why is it that some parents have so much trouble with their children, while others, in the same circumstances of life, seem to be almost exempt from these peculiar trials? I cannot satisfy myself but that a great share of the blame comes upon the parents.

God has not given children to parents to be a curse to them. It was not his design that they should be a sore trial to them through life. They intended to be a comfort, support and blessing, and such they will be if trained up in the way of truth. They are bound together by ties which nothing but death is to sever. When we do not see such results, may we not infer that the first wrong was on the part of the parent?

I happened to be present one day, when I had ample proof that her children were a trial to her. She attempted to quiet them, and secure order. One seemed to be beyond all control. The youngest seemed to yield for a moment to her method. When in one of his noisy frolics, and, at last, fits of passion and crying, and nothing seemed to check him, said, "Come here, come here, dear, and see the trainers—come to the window quick and see them before they are gone." The child was quieted in a moment, and hurried to the window. "Where are they?—I don't see 'em," said the child, looking in every direction. "Don't you dear, nor do I," said the mother; and at the same time giving the child a hearty kiss. Now, there was nothing to be seen at the window; the mother knew it; and how long did it take the child to find it out? How long before child will know there is downright deception?—What more effectual way to leave the child to deceive and lie? "Come here, and see the trainers," will not bring that child to his mother. Some new plan must be devised, and perhaps equally as injurious. What can a mother expect but trials, treating her children in this way? She may send them to Sabbath School, and pray with them and for them, but her bad management counteracts all such influence.

Parents would probably be surprised, if they knew how much of the bad conduct of their children might be traced directly to their injudicious management of them.

### Brutality of the Globe.

If there be a merchant in this city "fatigued into acquiescence," we beg him to read the following from the President's mouth-piece, as a specimen of the sympathy felt for him, by the reckless and hardened authors of his misfortunes.

### Empire State.

The present rate of mercantile interest is a beautiful illustration of the nature of our blessed "credit system." In the natural order of things, the mercantile rate of interest would be about a half or a third of the rate of mercantile profits. But two, three, and four per cent a month, not only swallow up all the merchant's profits, but must, if long continued, swallow up all his capital also. Time was when the merchants would murmur at this; but they are becoming used to it now. Their hard fate reminds us of the story of the fish-woman, who being asked if her practice of skinning eels alive did not give them much pain, replied, "that it might at first, but she had been at the business so long that they had become used to it, and did not mind it at all."

Globe, Sept. 23.

### Scene on Board a Steamboat.

The Louisville Journal gives the following account of an occurrence on Board a Steam Boat:—

An amusing incident occurred the other day on board a steamboat bound up from New Orleans, between a gentleman and a ruffianly blacklog who were engaged at a game of poker. The betting upon the game ran up to \$8,000 when the gentleman exhibited the four aces. "You certainly hold the strong-

est cards, but I think here is a document that can take the money," said the blacklog, making a motion for the bank bills with one hand and drawing a bowie knife with the other, and pointing to the inscription, "Hark from the Tomb." "I think you are mistaken in your calculations," retorted the gentleman, coolly pocketing the money and displaying a cocked pistol with the inscription, "A doleful sound." The discomfited had not another word to say.

### Washington's Servant.

—Homet Achmet, who is probably the only surviving servant of General Washington, now resides in Middleton (Conn.) He is a native of Africa and was brought into Rhode Island; whence he made his escape to this city and attended school for sometime in Willing's Alley. His size and smartness and great activity, attracted the notice of the French soldiers, who dressed him up in a complete military suit. This occurred, and marching about with a step and air, which intimated that he "was monarch of all he surveyed," he was noticed by the General, by whom he was employed as a servant. He is now very aged, and his white hair hangs in masses over his shoulders. His height is about four feet six inches. He draws a pension and manufactures toy drums for his support. He retains a perfect recollection of Washington, and has several remembrances of him, among which is a lock of the General's hair.—He converses freely in the French, Spanish and German languages, besides his native tongue, and most in the course of life have cut quite a figure, especially when dressed *en militaire*.

Philadelphia World.

There is a rumor afloat that Secretary Woodbury is about to retire from office which he has filled with such distinguished ability. If we must loose Levi we can't help it. One thing is certain, we shall never look upon Levi's like again. "As money matters are in a bad way on the other side of the water, we should be surprised if the Director of the Bank of England had sent for Levi to put things straight. If Levi does resign, we hope that Mr. Benton, who has been looking into money matters from his earliest youth, will succeed him. Tom would keep a sharp look out on the *mopuser*, would't he? None of the sub-treasurers would get at them, unless they could first untie Tom's cravat.—Pet. Int.

### CROPS IN MISSISSIPPI.

Every paper nearly that we receive—says the New Orleans Bulletin of the 20th—confirms the unfavorable reports respecting the cotton crop. The Vicksburg Whig asserts that the yield of Cotton will not be half so abundant as was expected in consequence of worms.—The editor very justly censures the course pursued by newspapers generally, in blazoning forth to the world the earliest symptoms of a plentiful crop.—No vegetable production is subject to more or greater vicissitudes than cotton. At every stage, from the period when it is planted, until it is picked and housed, it is liable to accidents, by which it may be totally destroyed or materially injured. If then the foreign merchant is induced, by newspaper publications, to believe that the crop will be large, his calculation will be based on the misrepresentation, until the actual presence of the crop in market shall show the true state of affairs.—Memphis Enquirer.

The following is from the excellent citizen, now no more, Matthew Carey. If he had left nothing behind save this advice to young men, it would have immortalized him:

### Advice to young Men.

—Shun the despicable character of a political brawler. But let nothing, except being bedridden, prevent you from exercising that inestimable privilege, the elective franchise. Never disgrace yourself by an absence from the polls, under the unjustifiable, fallacious plea, that your single vote is of no consequence. Some of the most important measures of legislative bodies here and elsewhere, have