

# Southern Citizen.

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

VOLUME V.]

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### (FOR THE CURIOUS)

#### EFFECT OF THE SUN MORE THAN FROST.

The scorching dews that suck the surface of our Till scorching rays the central juices bore; If clouds of wind should break the coming fire, The scorching crystals slowly home retire, Alas! unharmed again the juices flow; A crystal injury all the plant will know. If youthful juices through the veins may rise, With month's mending all re-organize. If early rains with eastern rays may shine, To gentle warmth the struggling valves resign; Retaining life with somewhat crippled power, Again the beautiful hue may deck the flower; Again in beaming order all return, And though the central juices fail to burn, The fruit on plant again recruiting grow. A mottled side or warty surface show, If deep affected with unhealthy core, With pustulae hard and smoothly cover'd o'er, As through the epidermis the juices flow, From change of texture change of matter grow. A change'd position may the seed bring, And so affixed that kind to kind will cling; Some valves reject and some the seed crave, And some the butter some the mach'ry save; That much depends on where the food's obtained, The kind of earth, the way the juice's strain'd. Various mixtures make a varied taste, Though on the same materials mostly based; Boiling summers riddling jellies through, A change'd reflector send a change of hue. By frosty chills the stiffen'd valves remain, In upright torque can no action gain. To shield the seeds the scorching rays that pierce, They strike the seeds with burning doubly fierce, And when the crystals thaw in crimp'd state, No more can remain in form complete; A season'd quack that thin protection yield, No patch'd or hole'd a loose defending shield. The frost's influence—holds the pulp expand, With a solid death the dust and seeds it clear; The frost prepares, the Fall receives the blow, The morning sun the fiery javelin throw.

ZENAS.

Note.—On reading the foregoing communication, we are forcibly reminded of the case of the "Big May frost," as it is called, which happened, according to the best information we can get, May 4th, 1872. Ed. C.

[From the Louisville Journal.]

#### A WORD TO THE WHIGS ON THE TEXAS QUESTION.

We have so much to say in regard to the important issues and topics involved in the Presidential canvass, that we can hardly spare time or room for any remarks on the Texas question, and yet we deem it our duty to say a few words on the subject now; and we ask the solemn attention of the reader.

Though in the free States the Locofocos do not agitate the Texas question, and are cautious in their mode of treating it not to arouse the prejudices of the people of these States, in the South they try to make it the engrossing subject, and try thereby to divert the people from the mighty questions and interests involved in the coming Presidential election. We call upon the Whigs in the South and the West to be on their guard. Let them not be diverted from the issues of 1840. Let them consider that though some of them may deem it worth while to admit Texas proper with the consent of all the parties concerned—at the proper time and under proper circumstances—it is infinitely more important to elect their Presidential candidate, infinitely more important to avoid all distractions in the Whig party,

In the nature of things such a question as the admission of Texas cannot be made a party question in the usual sense of that phrase. Like the Bankrupt Law, which met the support and opposition of many in both parties, respectively, and which no efforts of the Locofocos were able to convert into a party question, the annexation of Texas has no relation to the principles which divide the two great parties. There is no reason why Whigs should oppose annexation more than the Locofocos.—No man from a knowledge of the principles of the two parties could infer anything as to their respective predilections for Texas land. As far as we know, a tariff man or a National bank man is as fond of good land and sunny skies as a free trader or a leg treasurer. The Texas question might possibly become a sectional question—a question dividing the free States and the slave States—never a party question in reference to the present division of parties. The cry of immediate annexation is evidently absurd. If the locofocos as a party are really in favor of annexation, they should have nominated Tyler, as author, and the only candidate in a position to exert any influence in behalf of the treaty. But the treaty is rejected, about one-third of the locofoco Senators voting against it. As to the ultimate settlement of the Texas question, it can make little difference whether a Whig or a locofoco be elected to the Presidency. The election will furnish no test of the will of the people on that question. It must still be discussed before the people, and whoever may be elected President, the will of the people will prevail in the end. If the people decide in favor of annexation, the territory will be annexed, whether there be a Whig or a Locofoco President, a Whig or a Locofoco Congress. And if the American people should, all obstacles being removed by the consent of the slave States, decide in favor of annexation, would they not infinitely prefer trusting such a matter to Henry Clay rather than to James K. Polk?

It was always obvious that the Locofocos did not wish the treaty to be ratified by the Senate, for that would put an end to the Texas humbug; and now we do not believe that the Southern wing of the party expect or desire annexation. If, like Benton, they placed the question on a ground of compromise—a ground upon which the North and the South might meet—their sincerity might be admitted. But placing it upon the ground of strengthening the political influence of the slave-holding States, how can they expect the concurrence of the free States? And without this concurrence how can they expect to succeed? We solemnly believe that the object of the South Carolina nullifiers is to sow the seeds of sectional discord, to breed sectional animosities, with the view of finally serving the Union. Mr. McDuffie's declaration that for ten years he had ceased to take the least interest in National affairs, and his picture of the transcendent glories of a Southern confederacy, imply that he has long brooded over a scheme of dissolution. The newspaper organ of the nullifiers at Washington has dared to utter the cry of "Texas with or without the Union!"

In the meantime, numerous meetings in the South have hinted at dissolution, and the traitors at Beaufort, South Carolina, audaciously proclaim that, "if not permitted to bring Texas into the Union peaceably, they will dissolve the Union, sooner than abandon Texas." And we lament to say that throughout the South and West the locofocos seem to be infected with this unpatriotic and traitorous spirit. The watchword of the party imply it. It is now "Tyler and Texas," "Polk and Texas," "The Lone Star." They utter no longer the inspiring watchwords "Liberty and Union, one and inseparable." Hurrah for the "Stars and Stripes." Our revolutionary glories are forgotten, and instead of "Bunker Hill" and "Yorktown," our ears are drenched with the jingle of San Jacinto. The Union—if not the Union, the peace, harmony and glory of the Union, are in danger. Let the Whigs rally to the rescue. Let the Whig orators go forth to rekindle the fires of patriotism in the hearts of their countrymen—let them restore the patriotic as-

sociations and watchwords of the revolution—let the names of Washington, Adams, Hancock, Jefferson, and Madison, be proclaimed—let the idols of a people's holy reverence be set up again upon the pedestals of a people's hearts—let the Whigs unfurl the "Star Spangled Banner," and put to rate the shabby traitors that have dared to raise a foreign standard among them, and in some instances the standard of disunion. Let only the Star Spangled Banner float in the "land of the free and the home of the brave." Let the lone star of "Texas" be torn down and trampled in the dust; and let the names of Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Clay, be shouted by every patriot, drowning the base cry of "Tyler and Texas," and "Polk, San Jacinto, and Sam Houston."

#### THE INCONSISTENCIES OF LOCOFOUISM

##### "THE WAY TO TRAP A POLKET."

1. Ask him, how he can try to impose on the honest working man by advising him to vote for Polk, who voted for a heavy tax on tea and coffee?

2. Ask him, how dare he charge the Whigs [falsely] with the design of assuming the state debts, when Polk proposes to assume the debts of a foreign state, they say 40 millions, Benton says 22 millions!!! and perhaps more.

3. Ask him, if the Polk party were so anxious to have Texas, why did they nominate Silas Wright who positively declared his decided opposition to it?

4. Ask a Polkat, if he is so bitterly opposed to England, as our greatest enemy and rival, (and who doubts it) why he is so rancorously anxious to abolish our home trade and manufactures, or in other words our Tariff, to build up her home trade and manufactures, and her Tariff—This is Polk's Free Trade!!

5. Ask a Polkat, if he is opposed to a United States Bank, how he can support the very man who first and repeatedly proposed the recharter of that Bank in Congress, we mean George M. Dallas?

6. Ask him, if he is opposed to a Tariff, how can he support George M. Dallas, who is in favor of it, and was nominated for the North, as Polk was for the South? One to run the Texas horse and blow cold on the Tariff—and the other [Dallas] to run the Tariff horse and blow hot on the Tariff, and cold as ice on Texas!!!

7. Ask him, how he can abuse Mr. Clay every thing which he once said about "Barn" were in favor of a properly constituted National Tariff, Distribution of the lands of public lands to the States, and dilated only, when Clay was in the right.

8. Ask a Polkat, if his party kick up and keep up a "Disunion" loss in South Carolina, if the North Carolina Whigs are to quit their farms and their stores and their workshops and their families, and march to South Carolina to put down the civil war there, or what they volunteer to raise money and men for this horrible strife they are now encouraging in a sister State? Will Polk be their leader!!! Ha! Ha! Ha!

9. Ask the friends of Polk, Dallas and Texas, if we get into war with Mexico, and perhaps with Great Britain, who is to fight that Texas war and pay for it, and thus add millions of dollars to our own, to the Texas debt of 22 millions!!!

10. Ask him if we get Texas, what effect will it have on the value of lands and all other property in North Carolina?—Are they not low enough already?

11. Ask him to lay his hand on his heart and say whether it would not be better to be a Whig and vote for the patriots Clay and Frothingham, known to be friends to the peace, union and prosperity of the people of the United States—who have done more to restore the credit and wealth and honour of the country, than all the Locofoco party—who only need to be in power to make us once more a happy people—is it not better than to go blindly with their party leaders for men they know nothing about, except that at Baltimore, Polk Dallas and Texas [a foreign country] were nominated for the chief Magistracy of the people of the United States!!! OLD BEAUFORT.

#### A CONVERSATION.

Passing down to our office two or three days ago, we came to a couple of friends near Market street, one a Whig, and the other a Democrat, who were in conversation. As we came up the following colloquy took place:

Whig. You are a man of too much sense and candor, surely, to claim Mr. Polk as a friend and advocate of a Tariff.

Dem. Certainly not.

Whig. But your papers are endeavoring to persuade the people that he is as good a Tariff man as Mr. Clay.

Dem. I know it, but not with my approbation. I told our friends that honesty was the best policy, and that we could not, and ought not to pretend that Polk is a Tariff man, for we know to the contrary; and the people will find out that he is not, and will then accuse us of dishonesty.

Whig.—I am glad to hear you speak so candidly. It is impossible to keep the people in ignorance of Mr. Polk's real opinions long, and what must they think of those who go deliberately to work to deceive them by downright falsehoods, asserting what they know to be untrue? If Mr. Polk is opposed to the protective system, as he has again and again declared, and as we know he is, let him stand up to his opinions like a man. If he has not the honesty and boldness to do this, he is certainly not fit to be President.

Dem.—I shall not fall out with you on that point, for I agree with you exactly.

Whig.—Why then, if Mr. Polk is an honest man and opposed to a Tariff, did he use such language as that in his letter to Kane when he said: "In my judgment it is the duty of the government to extend, as far as it may be practicable to do so by its revenue laws and all other means within its power, fair and just protection to all the great interests of the whole Union, embracing agriculture, manufactures, the mechanic arts, commerce and navigation."

Dem.—I cannot defend him. Politicians are slippery fellows, you know, and it would be strange if Mr. Polk should be an exception. It's wrong, however, decidedly wrong, and I should have voted for him with much more pleasure if he had acted like a man and stuck up to his anti-protective notions.

The Democrat is a personal friend of ours, and as all can judge by his remarks, a fair, honest candid man—wrong in his political views, (according to our notion) but generally right upon all other matters.—U. S. Gazette.

#### WONDERFUL CLOCK.

The Rev. Mr. Torball, pastor of the Harvard Street Church, Boston, wrote a letter during his recent tour to Europe, to the members of the Sabbath School connected with his congregation, in which he gave an interesting account of a wonderful work of art. After introducing the letter he proceeds as follows:

There is no subject that I can think of which will be so likely to interest you as the great astronomical clock, which I saw the other day in the Cathedral at Strassburg. This Cathedral, by the way, is one of the finest and oldest in Europe. It is very large and its tower or spire is the highest in the world. It is twenty-four feet higher than the great pyramid in Egypt, one hundred and forty feet higher than St. Paul's in London, and three or four times higher than the old South Church in Boston.

The astronomical clock stands in the inside, in one corner of it, and is a most imposing and beautiful edifice. Five or six hundred people visit it every day at 12 o'clock, when it performs some extraordinary feats, which I shall mention presently, and several millions in the course of the year. There have been two or three clocks in the same place, upon the model of which the present one is formed; but it is almost a new one, and was constructed by a mechanic whose name was Schwilgue, in 1838, to whom a nocturnal fete or festival was given by his fellow citizens, on the occasion of its completion.

To give you some idea of the size of this clock, I will compare it with some other things with which you are familiar, instead of saying it was so many feet high and so many feet wide, &c.—

Well, then you remember the size of the post office in Washington street. It is as high as that, and about as wide, or at least nearly so. Its top would reach to the very summit of our meeting houses, and its front would go about half across the front of the meeting house. On the top of it is the figure of the prophet Isaiah, about as large as life; on its two sides are a couple of stairs to go up into it.

Its front is beautifully painted, and has placed upon which the hours of the day, the days of the week, the revolution of the stars, the motion of the sun in the ecliptic, the days of the month, the seasons of the year, the phases of the sun and moon, and a great many things are indicated. Here, also, in niches prepared for them, are moveable images of the Saviour and his twelve apostles; Death, and Time with his scythe; the four ages of human life, and several other forms which I cannot mention.

To give you a little farther idea of its magnitude, let me say that there are means of going inside of it; and that some ten or fifteen people, perhaps more, might stand together in its very heart and examine the machinery. Mr. Neal, two other gentlemen and myself, with the conductor went into it and spent about an hour there. We went first in a lower, then into a higher, and then a still higher apartment of it, and should think, of more than a thousand pieces splendidly polished and all dependent for the harmonious action upon the short, thick brass pendulum which swings in the centre.

But I must tell you what this clock does. It not only points out the hours and the days, the times and the seasons, but the revolutions of the stars, the solar and lunar equations, the conjunctions and the eclipses of the heavenly bodies, their positions at any given time, and various changes through which they pass for thousands of years. It points out apparent time, mean, or real time, and ecclesiastical time. On its face you see the motion of the stars, of the sun and planets, of the moon and her satellites.—Two little cherubs, who sit, one on one side, the other on the other, strike the quarters of the hour—Death strikes the hour with a mace,—while four figures pass and repass before him, representing the various stages of human life.

At 12 o'clock every day, when Death strikes 12, the apostles, who are represented each with the badge of his martyrdom, come out from the clock and pass before the image of the Saviour, bowing as they pass, and receiving his benediction, which he gives with a movement of the hand. When the apostle Peter makes his appearance a gilded cock, which is perched on one side of the clock, flaps his wings, raises his head and crows so long and loud as to make the whole Cathedral ring again. This he repeats three times in memorial of the cock that crowed three times before the fall of Peter, during the crucifixion of our Saviour. Of course the cock makes no further noise or motion till the next day at 12 o'clock, when he repeats the same loud and startling crow, flapping his wings and raising his head.

Severe Punishment.—A man in Sillesia was lately arraigned for bigamy.—On the trial it appeared that he had successively married nine wives, all of whom were in court. The judges decreed that the best punishment would be to make him live hereafter with the whole nine. The unhappy prisoner pleaded for capital punishment on hearing their decision, but without effect.—The court was inexorable!

Size of London.—London is now, beyond all doubt, the largest and most populous city in the world. It may somewhat assist the imagination in forming a conception of its immensity when we reflect that its present population is equal to that of the six New England States, viz. Massachusetts, Maine, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, and Vermont.

"By grasping at time, you have reached eternity." As the judge told the man who was sentenced to be hung for stealing a clock.