

# Southern Citizen.

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

VOLUME V.]

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1. The subscription price is \$2 in advance, or within three months from the date of the first number received—or \$3 after the expiration of that time.
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### SKETCHES OF HABIT.

One day and a half in the life of a Tobacco Chewer.

SATURDAY, July 22, 1843.

Took my hat for a walk, wife, as wives are apt to, began to load me with messages, upon seeing me ready to go out. Asked me to call at cousin N's and borrow for her the Sorrows of Werter. Hated to have a wife read such numby pambly stuff—but must humor her whims, and concluded that I had rather she would take pleasure over Werter's Sorrows, than employ her tongue in making 'sorrow' for your humble servant.

Got to cousin N's door. Now cousin N. is an old maid, and a dreadful tidy woman. Like tidy women well enough, but can't bear dreadful tidy ones, because I am always in dread while on their premises lest I should offend their super superlative notions by a lit of gravel on the sole of my boot or such matter.

Walked in, delivered my message, and seated myself in one of her cane bottom chairs, while she rummaged the book case. Forgot to take out my cavendish: before I entered, and while she hunted, felt the tide rising. No spit box in the room. Windows closed. Floor carpeted. Stove varnished. Looked to the fireplace—full of flowers, and hearth newly doused with Spanish brown. Here was a fix. Felt the flood of essence of cavendish accumulating. Began to reason with myself whether as a last alternative it were better to drown the flowers, bedaub the hearth or flood the carpet. Mouth in the meantime pretty well filled. To add to my misery she began to ask questions. 'Did you ever read this book?' 'Yes, ma'am,' said I, in a voice like a frog from the bottom of the well, while I wished back, aunt, and all were with Pharoah's host in the Red Sea. 'How do you like it?' continued the indubitable querist. I threw my head on the back of the chair and mouth upward to prevent an overflow. 'Pretty well,' said I. She at last found the Sorrows of Werter and came toward me. 'O dear! cousin Oliver, don't put your head on the back of the chair, now don't you'll grease it, and take off the gilding. I could not answer her, having now lost the power of speech entirely, and my cheeks were distended like those of a toad under a mushroom. 'Why, Oliver, said my persevering tormentor unconscious of the reason of my appearance, 'you are sick. I know you are, your face is dreadfully swollen, and before I could prevent her, her harshness was clapped to my distended nostrils. As my mouth was closed imperturbably, the orifices in my nasal organ were at that time my only breathing place. Judge, then, what a commotion a full snuff of harshhorn created among my orificatories.

I bolted for the door, and a hearty ache he-hee! relieved my proboscis, and tobacco, chyle, &c., all at once disgorged from my mouth, restored me the faculty of speech. Her eyes followed me in astonishment, and I returned and relieved my embarrassment by putting a load on my conscience, I told her I had been trying to relieve the tooth

ache by the temporary use of tobacco while (truth to tell, I never had an aching fang in my head. I went home mortified.

SUNDAY FORENOON.

Friend A. invited myself and wife to take a seat with him to hear the celebrated Mr. — preach. Conducted by neighbor A. to his pew. Mouth as usual full of tobacco, and—horror of horrors! found the pew elegantly carpeted with white and green—two or three mahogany crickets, and a hat stand, but no spit-box. The service commenced—every peal on the organ was answered by an internal appeal from my mouth for a liberation from its contents, but the thing was impossible. I thought of using my hat for a spit-box—then of turning one of the crickets over—but I could do nothing unperceived. I took out my handkerchief, but found in the plenitude of her officiousness, that my wife had placed one of her white cambrics in my pocket instead of my handanna. Here was a dilemma. By the time the preacher had named his text, my cheeks had reached their utmost tension, and I must spit or die.

I arose, seized my hat, and made for the door. My wife—confound these women, how they dog one about!—imagining me unwell, she might have known better, got up and followed me out. 'Are you unwell, Oliver?' said she, as the door closed after us. I answered her by putting out the eyes of an unlucky dog with a flood of expressed essence of cavendish. 'I wish,' said she, 'Mr. A. had a spit-box in his pew.' 'So do I.' We footed it home in moody silence. I was sorry my wife had lost the sermon, but how could I help it?—These women are so affectionate, confound them; no I don't mean so, but she might have known what ailed me, and kept her seat.

Tobacco! O tobacco! But the deeds of that day are not told yet. After the conclusion of the services along came Farmer Ploughshare. He had seen me go out of church and stopped at the open window where I sat. 'Sick to-day Mr. —?' 'Rather unwell,' answered I, and there was another lie to place to the account of tobacco. 'We had powerful preaching, Mr. — sorry you had to go out.' My wife asked him in, and in he came; she might know he would, but women must be so polite. But she was the sufferer by it. Compliments over, I gave him my chair at the open window. Down he sat, and fumbling in his pockets, he drew forth a formidable plug of tobacco and commenced untying it. 'Then you use tobacco,' said I. 'A little occasionally,' said he, as he deposited from three to four inches in his cheek. I mentally pitied those who use more. 'A neat fence, that of yours,' as flood after flood bespattered a newly painted white fence near the window. 'Yes,' said I, 'but I like a darker color.' 'So do I,' answered Ploughshare, and after suits my notion. 'It don't show dirt.' And he moistened my carpet with his favorite color. 'Good, thought I, wife will ask him in again, I guess. We were now summoned to dinner. Farmer Ploughshare seated himself. I saw his long fingers in the particular position in which a tobacco chewer knows how to put his digits when about to unlace. He drew them across his mouth; I trembled for the consequences, should he throw such a load upon the hearth or the floor. But he had no intention thus to waste his good, and—shocking to relate—deposited it beside his plate on my wife's damask cloth.

This was too much. I plead sickness and rose. There was no lie in the assertion now, I was sick. I retired from the table, but my departure did not discompose Farmer Ploughshare, who was unconscious of having done wrong. I returned in season to undergo a second mastication, and the church bell importunately ringing, called him away before he could use his plate for a spit-box. For such, I was persuaded, would have been his next motion. I went up stairs, and in laying myself on the bed, fell asleep. Dreams of inundation, floods and fire harassed me. I thought I was burning and smoking like a cigar. I then thought the Merrimack had burst its banks and was about to overflow me with its waters. I could not escape, the

water had reached my chin—I tasted it, it was like tobacco juice. I caught and screamed, and awakening, found I had been to sleep with a quid in my mouth. My wife entered at the moment I threw away the filthy weed—'Ho, if I were you I would not use that stuff any more.'

'I won't,' said I. Neither fig nor twist, pigtail nor cavendish have passed my lips since, nor shall they again.

### LIEUT. FREMONT'S EXPEDITION.

We find the following notice of this expedition, just returned to St. Louis, in the Daily Missourian:

'The party, it will be remembered, left this city on the 13th of May, 1843—very nearly fifteen months ago—and by the latter part of that month they had passed the western boundary of Missouri and launched out into the Prairies.

Leaving the frontier in the beginning of June, and travelling along the line of the Kansas river, the party reached the Rocky Mountains early in July, and occupied that month in exploring the heads of the Arkansas. At the close of the month they crossed the mountains, and continuing their way to the westward, had reached the Great Salt Lake in the beginning of September. No human being had ever before visited the island of this celebrated lake—and a few weeks were spent in exploring its unknown waters, and in surveying the adjacent country. The latter part of this month found them at Fort Hall, where the winter set in early with a severe storm, on the 19th.

Pursuing their way on the Oregon road, they reached the Dalls of the Columbia early in the month of November. Leaving his party, — Mr. Fremont proceeded by water to Fort Vancouver, at which place he arrived at the commencement of the rainy season. On the 25th of November, in a snow storm, they left the "Dalls" on their homeward route, intending to return by way of the Klamet and Mary's Lake. No interruption in the form of difficulties occurred to impede their march until they passed the Klamet Lake, in the middle of December, when their course to the southward and eastward was barred by parallel ranges of snow and volcanic mountains, in the valleys of which they were forced constantly to the southward, making little or no casting.

They travelled in this way along the eastern base of the great California mountains, whose peaks rise seventeen thousand feet above the sea, encountering many herds of Indians of a very wild character, and some of whom had never before seen a white man. Towards the end of January their animals' feet had become so much worn by the ice and rocks that they were scarcely able to travel, and provisions had begun to fail, as the country had been found destitute of game—the Indians subsisting on fish, or roots and seeds. They were now between the 33 deg. and 39 deg. parallel, immediately under the snowy range of California. Mr. Fremont determined to attempt to cross this, and to force a way to the settlement on the Bay of San Francisco. The mountain is here one hundred and fifty miles broad, and on its upper regions, the snow was from five to twenty feet deep. They were occupied nearly a month in crossing it, but finally succeeded, and early in March exchanged the snow of mid-winter for the verdure of perpetual spring in the valley of the river Sacramento.

The party were cordially received and hospitably entertained, at his residence, near the Bay of San Francisco, by John A. Sutter, Esq. Prefect of the frontier of California. Here they remained some time to recruit; and at the end of March resumed their homeward journey. They proceeded several degrees to the southward to recross the mountains, and, passing over the California deserts by the Span Trace, reached Brent's Fort, by way of the head-waters of the Arkansas, on the first day of July, and the frontier of Missouri on the last of the same month.

Important Inquiry!! A portion of the citizens of Hanover, N. H., recently held a public meeting and appointed a committee to ascertain who Polk and Dallas might be!

### MR. CLAY'S DEFAMERS.

From the New York Republic.

Our opponents seem to labor much more strenuously to assail the private character of Mr. Clay than to expose the faults of his measures. The reason is, that in one case assertion often passes for truth, while in the other it is difficult to falsify public documents and misquote the records of Congress without immediate detection. It is an easy thing for Locofocoism to forge the vague, personal lie, and heap slanders upon the character of the individual. The *Globe* has shown unwonted activity of late in the work of defamation. It has charged Mr. Clay with Sabbath breaking, perjury, and nearly all the crimes mentioned in the decalogue. But the great mass of the people are too well informed in regard to Mr. Clay's public and private character for integrity to believe for an instant these loathsome calumnies.—There are undoubtedly many persons, however, upon whom they leave a certain impression; and for the benefit of such, the secretary of a Clay Club in Newark recently wrote to the Rev. Dr. Bascom, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who resides near Mr. Clay, and who is the President of the Transylvania University at Lexington, with the view of procuring from this highly respectable source some testimony concerning Mr. Clay's private character. The following letter from Dr. Bascom, in reply to the application, is from the Newark Daily Advertiser. It is conclusive as to the unfounded nature of the charges so frequently brought against the Whig candidate for the Presidency:

TRANSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY, LEXINGTON (Ky.) July 24, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR: In reply to your letter of the 9th instant, I owe to truth, virtue, and the claims of society, without any reference to the political stripes of the day, to say I have been in intimate and confidential intercourse with the Hon. H. CLAY, both in public and private life, for more than twenty years, and know the charges enumerated in your letter against the private character of Mr. Clay to be utterly and basely false. Mr. Clay, as is known to the whole nation, offers no claim to Christian piety in the parlance of our churches; but in view of the ordinary accredited principles of good moral character, no charge can be brought against him without violating the obligations of truth and sound justice. To each interrogative charge, therefore, contained in your letter, and reaching me in the shape of a question, I return for answer that I regard one and all of them as shamefully unjust, because not true in whole or in part.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,  
H. B. BASCOM.

Dr. J. G. GOBLE.

### H. CLAY'S ADVICE TO AN ABOLITIONIST.

The Abolitionists of Indiana, in 1842, having through one Mendenhall, presented a petition to H. Clay, who was on a visit to that State, praying for the liberation of his slaves, he responded in a scathing, lacerating speech, which was concluded as follows—

'And now, Mr. Mendenhall, I must take respectful leave of you. We separate, as we have met, with no unkind feelings, no excited anger or dissatisfaction on my part, whatever may have been your motives, and these I refer to our common Judge above, to whom we are both responsible. Go home and mind your own business, and leave other people to take care of theirs. Limit your benevolent exertions to your own neighborhood.—Within that circle you will find ample scope for the exercise of all your charities. Dry up the tears of the afflicted widows around you, console and comfort the helpless orphan, clothe the naked, and feed and help the poor black and white, who need succor. And you will be a better and wiser man than you have this day shown yourself.'

This speech, made in a free State, as he told the people of North Carolina, contains his views of Abolition now.

Sensible to the last.—In the county and city of Mobile, Ala., where the Locofocos have just elected a Senator and three representatives to the Legislature, we notice that a Whig has been elected to the office of county Treasurer. The Locofocos of Mobile are sensible fellows after all. When it is necessary to elect some one to take care of the public funds, although having a clear majority, they choose a Whig.—N. O. Tropic.

### MASON AND DIXON'S LINE.

[From the National Intelligencer.]

To answer inquiries which have been made of us by letter from a friend, and to save the trouble of inquiry to others, concerning the origin and precise import of this term, so often used in public discussions to designate the line of division between the States in which slaves are still held and those in which they are not, we insert the following, which we suppose to give a correct account of the matter:

'Mason and Dixon's Line.—This boundary is so termed from the names of Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, the gentlemen appointed to run unfinished lines in 1761, between Pennsylvania and Maryland, on the territories subject to the heirs of Penn and Lord Baltimore. A temporary line had been run in 1730, but had not given satisfaction to the disputing parties, although it resulted from an agreement, in 1769, between themselves. A decree had been made in 1618 by King James, delineating the boundaries between the lands given by charter to the first Lord Baltimore, and those adjudged to his Majesty, (afterwards to William Penn,) which divided the tract of land between Delaware Bay and the Eastern Sea on one side, and the Chesapeake Bay on the other, by a line equally intersecting it, drawn from Cape Henlopen to the 4th degree of north latitude. A decree in chancery rendered the King's decree imperative. But the situation of Henlopen became long a subject of serious, protracted, and expensive litigation, particularly after the death of Penn, in 1716, and of Lord Baltimore, in 1714, till John and Richard and Thomas Penn, (who had become the sole proprietors of the American possessions of their father William,) and Cecilus Lord Baltimore, grandson of Charles, and great-grandson of Cecilus, the original patentee, entered into an agreement on the 10th of May, 1722.—To this agreement a chart was appended which ascertained the site of Cape Henlopen, and delineated a division by an east and west line running westward from that Cape to the exact middle of the Peninsula. Lord Baltimore became dissatisfied with this agreement, and he endeavored to invalidate it. Chancery suits, kingly decrees, and proprietary arrangements followed, which eventually produced the appointment of commissioners to run the temporary line. This was effected in 1739. But the cause in chancery being decided in 1759, new commissioners were appointed, who could not, however, agree, and the question remained open till 1761 when the line was run by Messrs. Mason and Dixon.'

A Dirty Foot.—An old woman who was remarkable for her money-getting propensity, called upon a celebrated surgeon complaining of a trouble in her foot, but before having it examined, insisted upon paying only half a guinea.—To this the doctor agreed, and proceeded to unwrap the ailing member. 'Oh my kingdom!' exclaimed he of the lancet, 'what a nasty foot.' 'You think so?' asked the old crone, highly offended. 'Well I'll bet you ten guineas there is a dirtier one in your own house!'—The doctor counted out the money, and so did the patient, which being deposited in two piles on the table, he called upon his two daughters and wife to substantiate his claim to both piles. His patient, however, signified to the ladies that it was unnecessary for them to display their feet, and removing her other stocking, displayed a foot blacker than the darkness of Egypt, and in comparison with which, the pretended ailing one was white as snow. The doctor was trapt. He delivered over the money—prescribed soap and sand to be applied daily, and his customer made her exit.

When adversity assails you don't grow cross. It prevents not only all sympathy for your misfortunes, but also all offers of assistance. People of benevolent feelings are repulsed by your snappishness. They are obliged to stand a far off, lest you bite them. Take the matter coolly, and like a Christian, when God will help you and your fellow men also.