



"THE NEWS! OUR MORNING, NOON, AND EVENING CRY."

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SELECTIONS.

From the Massachusetts Journal,
NEWS, AND NEWSPAPERS.

Papers! Papers! Here they come; bringing French news and English news, sea-serpents, living skeletons, murders, deaths, and marriages!—Time was, when a newspaper was an object of interest—when the purblind old man would hobble half a dozen miles on his staff to get sight of the 'News-print.' When old women wiped their spectacles clean, and sat down in the chimney corner to have a good meal of reading the half newspapers that came wrapped round her last quarter of a pound of tea—when raving pagans had a sound cuff on the ear, for tearing any thing that had reading on it—and when Rowena and Cordelias and Arminas wrote sweet pieces of poetry and had every word of them read, and pronounced them to be a 'sweet pretty pair o' verses.'

Ah those were golden days! But they never will return—never! Familiarity has produced contempt. One newspaper in a town, and one jewel in a country is invaluable; but, like the foolish pedlar, we have shown a whole box of emeralds,—and now, nobody will give any thing for them. If the government would but try to put down the press!—but then, instead of that, they place a beggar on horse-back, and let him ride to the—

In lieu of the sentimental flummery of olden times, the newspapers are now full of genius and of thought; one out of every ten of them contains, in the course of twelve months, material,—real stock material, of prime quality,—enough to have built up twenty reputations, as high as the tower of Babel, fifteen years ago. But who minds that!—They are only newspaper articles! Put them in a book indeed, and they will be cried up, and cried down, and pecked and pulled, and re-published, and all that—but who thinks of noticing what they read in a newspaper.

Aye, you may pour your very soul out,—and that soul may be full to overflowing,—and you get no thanks. Every one feels at liberty to come and steal a cup full, and as he carries it off tries to attract attention to his sparkling treasure. Poor fool! He is as badly off as the bird he has plucked—he exhibits his stolen treasures in a newspaper!

However, there is some reward to those who labor in the cause of knowledge and of virtue. The words which appear scattered to the winds, will, if written in sincerity and love, enlighten some understandings, and touch some hearts. Truth may be winding along in cold, dark places, where we wot not of its progress,—yet it is slowly forming the diamond that will hereafter dazzle us, as if it were embodied light.

A hint read in a newspaper may influence a thoughtless mother in the education of her child—thus new energies may be developed in the child, and new objects given to those energies—she in turn becomes a mother, and her children derive a tenfold benefit from the original caution that arrested the attention of the grandmother.

This may be 'of the stuff that dreams are made of'—but we will hope that the newspaper press, with all its terrors, abuses, and neglect, does much for human knowledge, and human happiness.

How carelessly we read the newspapers! We glance our eyes over the marriages and deaths, and, seeing no acquaintance there, we think

no more of them. Yet what depth of human feeling, what intensity of human suffering are conveyed in the tidings we read so coldly!

The bride has left the home of youth, the protection of a father's roof, and thrown her all of happiness into the hands of one. Life, oh, infinite more than life, is risked on the 'hazard of a die;' and God, God only, knows whether it will be for good, or evil. But what have we to do with her hopes, her fears; the world bathed in the sun-light it will never wear again, even if her bright perspective do not prove all a delusion? What to us are the emotions of a spirit 'burdened with the excess of our strange nature's quivering happiness?' We only read in a newspaper that she is married.

We only see that Mr. Such-a-one is dead, and has left a widow and children to mourn his loss—'What think we of the long, midnight vigils,—the heart breaking tears,—the gasping farewell,—the lonely spirit sinking under the strong grasp of passionate despair!'

As I stopped a few moments at a tavern lately, I heard a loungeer read, 'Mr. — was found dead in a hotel at New Orleans. His brains were blown out; supposed to be by his own hand. Cause unknown; and when the man had read it, he turned to the other side of the newspaper, stretched his feet out, and snuffed his cigar at his ease. A sickening sensation came over my heart; for the deceased had been a friend of mine; and I would have given worlds to have had the cause of his death 'unknown' to me.

He had started into life a bold, ambitious, talented, honorable man; intense in all his feelings, and all his hopes. He early united himself to —, a great beauty, a great wit, and the leading star of fashion. He did not mistake admiration for a deeper feeling; he really loved his wife with that devotion, which forms the early dream of woman. And she said, and thought she was in love with him. But it could not have been love,—else she could not have crushed his heart, and trampled on his affections as she did.

Young, elegant, admired, and most of all beloved,—she had the strongest and best of human motives to support her resolutions,—yet she became the degraded victim of intemperance! She even fed her little ones with the subtle poison; and the flaming curse was infused into their young blood, before they had words to ask for it! Here was a melancholy end of all his high hopes, and strong affections. He tried remonstrance—he tried entreaty—he tried to renew the tenderest recollections of their early love—he tried change of scene—all would not do. When I last saw him, he was sadly changed. His sparkling eye and fearless brow were now always bent towards the ground; he seemed overpowered with a load of shame. He went to New Orleans on business—and sick of the past, frightened at the future, he committed the frantic deed we have mentioned. How few of the thousands who read his fate, will think of the bitter, long-protracted agony which broke that noble heart.

From the Edinburgh Literary Journal,
SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.

BY A LADY.

I have met with very few unmarried ladies who have not appeared to me to feel, after the age of 30, that their existence was thoroughly comfortless and wretched. Many have I heard express it openly, and that such is the fact can very easily be discovered by an accurate observer of the human countenance. It is also certain, that three out of five of the young English ladies of the present day

must remain unmarried; because no man can exist on less than two thousand a year, compared with the number of young ladies! Five, six, or eight, sometimes, in one family; generally all tolerably pretty, and most of them pleasing and accomplished women—many possessing talents of no ordinary stamp—yet perhaps, in our salons these lovely and accomplished beings are completely neglected by the other sex, "because (I must repeat the sentiments I have heard from thousands of young men of fashion) I never talk to girls—I dare not pay attention to unmarried women, because I am not a marrying man. Mr. — flirted with so and so, and was accused of behaving ill—I don't like to excite false hope—I shall never marry, unless I can find a wife with at least two or three thousand a year, because I am much richer, unmarried, with the fortune I have."

It is of no use to quarrel with the state of society as it is at present constituted, for we cannot alter it; but I think it might be beneficial to give a few hints on the education of women, which might perhaps be useful in procuring them, in a state of single blessedness, as it is very falsely called, a greater share of happiness, or a less load of misery than they at present appear to me to possess after the awful age of thirty.

A girl at thirty is called an *old maid*; she goes to a ball, and generally sits neglected all the evening, or dances with some gentleman who has been often asked to dine at her father's house, and who perhaps remarks, "Miss — is rather *passé*, a good old girl, and I must do my duty here; and now I shall dance with the beautiful Miss —." My heart always bleeds for the mortifications I see endured by these poor old girls continually. There are certainly some single women whose talents have made them as much considered in society as they ought to be; but then I have generally observed that they have had fortunes, or have had advantages above others to bring them into notice, and to give to the natural ambition of the human species some scope of action.

I will suppose a case in which there are four girls—a moderate proportion in one family—and two sons; and I will suppose their father possessed of fifteen hundred a year.

The estate, of course, goes to the eldest son; the second must be a clergyman if his relations have any preferment, or he must be of some profession, of course, he never marries without a large fortune; unless, at the age of forty-five, he has made one for himself. The eldest son having been to Eton and Cambridge, has learnt that fifteen hundred a year is nothing, and, in all probability, determines not to be taken in, not to marry any lovely girl, without, at least forty or fifty thousand pounds. I now come to my four young ladies. I will suppose one very pretty, one tolerably pretty, and the other two rather plain. They have been educated in all probability as the greater proportion of English girls are: First of all, they have a strong orthodox belief in the Christian religion—go every Sunday to Church—and are, as I conceive, all, or nearly all, the class of moderately rich English gentry to be, perfectly honorable, upright and well principled. It is only for their own happiness that I would propose any change in the education of a class for whom I entertain so high a respect.

To return to the four young ladies. They have all been brought up with the idea that they will become wives and mothers and are taught to cherish those natural affections which, if by some remote

chance one out of the four ever does marry, make them so amiable and lovely as such. They are allowed to read modern novels, at least all such as are considered to have a moral tendency. Now I maintain that there is scarcely one of these works which does not impress any young woman with the idea that happiness can alone be found in love and marriage. The heroine is very amiable and perfect, surrounded with admirers, all contending for the honor of the slightest notice, but where is the novel which represents four pretty unnoticed girls, who are destined to pass their young years without, perhaps, so much as one admirer amongst them? Year after year passes—their bloom and beauty fade—and my four lovely and accomplished warm hearted beings, having seen all their youthful castles full one by one, become listless and unhappy, they have little in life to interest them—one dies of a complaint in the spine; another lives many years on arrow-root and call's foot jelly, and is enveloped in flannel even in July; a third is under the care of Dr. S. for indigestion; and perhaps the fourth who is made of tougher materials, and born with less feeling than the others, or, perhaps, from having something to occupy her mind in preparing the arrow-root for one sister, and ordering the hard dumplings prescribed by Dr. S. for the other—outlives her sorrows and disappointments; and if she takes an interest in her brother's children, or a share in their education, or in something which gives vent to those affections which are implanted by nature in the breast of woman, she becomes happy.

This, then, appears to me to be the secret too much neglected in female education. Teach them, by all means, that one great source of happiness consists in the indulgence of virtuous affection; but do not teach them that there is no affection capable of producing this happiness, except such as may be left for a lover or husband. If the heart be properly regulated, it may take a warm and sufficiently engrossing interest in many objects less intimately connected with it. Marriage is a sad lottery, and at the best, is a state full of cares and anxieties. Freedom and independence ought not to be lightly parted with, or set down as possessions of little value.

How to raise the wind.—A fellow with more wit than wardrobe, recently took lodgings at a tavern in this city, and remained there some time without remunerating mine host for his goodly fare. The landlord dunned him until he was tired of dunning, but no money was forthcoming, and he was at length compelled to seize the gentleman's pantaloons while he lay in bed. The fellow thus fixed, had to put his brains to work to hit upon a plan of getting out of the dilemma. About dusk in the evening he ordered a hack, and wrapping himself in his cloak, ordered the driver to take him to —'s, a respectable hotel in this city. Enveloped in his cloak, *sans culotte*—he stepped boldly up to the bar and ordered a room. He was shown to one, possessing every comfort a gentleman could wish. In the morning he rang for the servant—and requested an interview with the landlord. The landlord came—"Sir," said the gentleman in cog—"I am in a very disagreeable situation—I came here last night before my trunks; and I have so much respect for the credit of your establishment, that I regret extremely having to inform you that this room was entered last night while I was asleep, and I robbed of my pantaloons, in the right hand pocket of which were

\$35. I am extremely sorry, but unless you remunerate me for my losses, I shall be obliged to make the matter public." The landlord seeing that the reputation of his house was at stake, and at the same time believing that he had to deal with a gentleman, immediately ordered his generous lodger a new pair of pantaloons, and agreed to pay him thirty-five dollars.

Baltimore Minerva.

Dr. Johnson's account of a paper.

"I never derive more benefit of see more pleasure for the time," says Dr. Johnson, "than in reading a newspaper which has lately been issued from the press. I do really believe that nothing adds so much to the glory of any country as a newspaper. Liberty is stamped legibly upon its pages, and even the fold is marked with freedom—Do you want to know how your country thrives? I point you to the press! There you shall find a piece, perhaps, under the head of Miscellany? Look there! What book can furnish such good accounts of our country—such wonderful, such extraordinary accounts of murder, robbery, accidents, marriages, anecdotes of our Irish, English and Indian brethren, and many other such things—such good as well as bad accounts from the Russians, Turks, Dutch, &c. Under all these considerations, who is there in this land of Freedom, that will not attend to an object so worthy of their regard.

Comparing Possessions.—A gentleman one day took an acquaintance upon the leads of his house, to show him the extent of his possessions. Waving his hand about, "There" says he, "that is my estate." Then pointing to a great distance on the other side—"do you see that farm?" "Yes." "Well, that is mine." Pointing again to the other side—"Do you see that house?" "Yes." "That also belongs to me." Then said his friend, "Do you see that little village out yonder?" "Yes." "Well there lives a poor woman in that village, who can say more than all this." "Aye? what can she say?" "Why, she can say 'Christ is mine!'" He looked confounded, and said no more.

The Fair Quakers.—They are certainly a dangerous set. There is more peril to be encountered beneath one of their coal-box drab bonnets, than in all the eyes that ever shone through artificial flowers. The coquettish simplicity of dress, that latent smile, just sufficient to dimple the cheek without uttering a sound, and, above all, the snow white stockings fitted exactly to the foot that cannot be concealed, have a witchery about them which we are sure never entered into the contemplation of the good and honest Penn.

Reputation.—We must not take a rash prejudice, or entertain a sinister apprehension of any, upon slight grounds; do not represent a man, his words or actions, at a disadvantage; make the best of every thing, for a man's good name is like a looking glass, nothing is sooner cracked, and every breath can sully it. Handle every man's reputation with the same tenderness thou wouldst have every man use towards thine. Do not slander or defame any man, or rejoice to hear other men's miscarriages ript open.

A blacksmith in Alabama having been slandered, was advised to apply to the courts for redress. He replied, with true wisdom, "I shall never sue any body for slander—I can go into my shop and work out a better character in six months than I could get in the court house in a year."