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

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SELECTIONS.

From the Illinois Monthly Magazine.
THE PHILADELPHIA DUN.

One day, no matter when, a stranger was seen riding slowly through the streets of a flourishing town in Tennessee. He was a well-dressed, good-looking young gentleman, mounted upon what in this country would be called 'the best kind of a nag.' His appearance, altogether, was respectable enough; it was even, as respects exteriors, a touch above what is common; and he would have passed along unnoticed, had it not been for one thing, which excited universal attention. Although the streets were crowded with people, and the front of the stores adorned with fine goods, and such fancy articles as usually attract the eye—the stranger's gaze was fixed on vacancy; he turned his head neither to the right nor left; he moved neither lip nor eye-lid; but rode forward, as if apparently unconscious, as well of his own existence, as of the presence of his fellow creatures.

It was court week, and an unusual concourse of people was collected. Here was the judge, with a long train of lawyers. The candidates for office were here, distributing smiles and kindnesses, and practising all those popular arts, which are so well understood in every republican country. Here was the farmer clad in his neatest homespun, and mounted on his best horse. Here, in short, were the people, collected, some for pleasure, and some for business, exhibiting the excitement of feeling which crowds always produce, with a good humor is only found in countries where all are free and equal. The public square exhibited a scene which would have been amusing to one unaccustomed to such displays of character. At one spot were two neighbors driving a bargain. Unlike the people of other countries, who transact business in private, they were surrounded by hosts of people, who all occasionally threw in their comments. A stranger, judging from the sly jokes, the loud caressing, and the vociferous laughter, which passed around the circle, would not have supposed that any serious business was in hand; a resident only would infer, that before this little circle parted, a horse would be swapped, a crop of tobacco sold, or a tract of land conveyed. Not far off was a set of politicians settling the affairs of the nation. But the most amusing individuals were some two or three who were cavorting. Now, if any lady or gentleman is so ignorant of the American language as not to know what cavorting is, and if Webster's celebrated quarto does not furnish the definition, it is necessary that we explain, that it expresses the conduct of an individual who fancies himself the smartest and best man in the world. On this occasion, a fellow might be seen dressed in a hunting shirt, with a rifle on his shoulder, mounted, half-tipsy, on a spirited horse, and dashing through the crowd.

While the people were amused at the vagaries of this wild hunter, or engaged in conversation, the sun had gone down, and it was nearly dusk when the moving automaton, described in the commencement of this story, rode solemnly into the town. It is customary in this country for persons who meet, although unacquainted, to salute each other, and this courtesy is especially practised towards strangers; and although the new comer on this occa-

sion, would not have been expected to address each individual in a crowded street, yet when those who nearest nodded or spoke as they civilly opened the way, they were surprised to see the horse-man's gaze fixed on vacancy, and his body remaining as if tied to a stake.

"That man's asleep," said one.
"He's as blind as a bat," said another.
"I reckon he's sort o' dead," exclaimed a third.
"He rides an elegant nag," remarked a fourth; and all were surprised that a man who was apparently so good a judge of a horse, had not wit enough to see where he was going, or to know who were around him.

In the mean time our traveller moved proudly on, until he reached the besting; a fine brick building presenting every indication of neatness, comfort, and even luxury. As he rode up, two well-fed negroes, with visages like polished ebony, and teeth as white as snow, rushed forth, and while one seized his bridle, the other held his stirrup as he dismounted. Still the automaton relaxed not a muscle; but drawing up his body, moved majestically towards the house.

At the door he was met by the landlord, a portly, well-dressed man, with a fine open countenance, who had been honored by his fellow citizens with several civil appointments, and had even commanded some of them in the field, in times of peril. He touched his hat as he welcomed the stranger, and invited him into his house with an air of dignity and hospitality. A servant took his surcoat, and several gentlemen who were seated round the fire, pushed back their chairs to make way for the stranger. But all these things moved not the automaton; the glazed eye and compressed lip were still fixed, and the chin remained in the cushion of a immense cravat. After a momentary pause, the gentlemen in the room resumed their conversation, the landlord applied himself to the business of his house, and the silent traveller was consigned to the oblivion which he seemed to covet, and excited no more attention, except from an honest backwoodsman, who strolled in to take a peep, and after gazing at him for a quarter of an hour, suddenly clapped his hands, and exclaimed to his companion, "it moves, Bill, if it an't alive, I'll agree to go a foot as long as I live."

By this time, candles were lighted, and the silent gentleman seemed to grow weary of silence. He now rose and strutted across the apartment with a very important stride. He was a young man of about two and twenty, of ordinary height, and less than ordinary thickness. His person seemed to be compressed with coarsets, and his head was supported by the ears upon a semicircle of stiffened linen, which occupied the place of a shirt collar; and all his habiliments announced him to the eyes of the curious as a genuine species of that singular genus, the dandy. After taking several turns through the apartment, he drew forth his gold repeater; and opening his mouth for the first time, exclaimed, in a peevish tone, "Landlord! I want supper."

"You shall have it, sir," said the landlord with a bow, and winking at the same time at the other guests; "we had supper when you arrived, but will not detain you many minutes."
In a short time supper was announced, and the stranger was shown into a back room, handsomely furnished, where a neat elderly matron presided at the head of a table spread with tea, coffee, bread, cakes, beef, pork, bacon, venison,

fowls, and all that profusion, with which the western ladies delight to entertain their guests. Near her sat a young lady, modestly attired, in the bloom of youth and beauty, whose easy manners and engaging appearance, might have warmed any heart not callous to the charms of native elegance. Now, indeed, our dandy opened both mouth and eyes to some purpose. Scarcely deigning to return the salutation of his hostess; he commenced the work of havoc—fish, flesh and fowl vanished from before him; his eye roved from dish to dish, and then wandered off to the young lady—now he gazed at a broiled chicken, and now at the fair niece of the landlord—but which he liked best, I am unable to say. The chicken seemed to go off very well, but on the subject of the damsel he never opened his mouth.

Returning again to the sitting apartment, he found the same set of gentlemen whom he had left there still engaged in conversation. They were the judge, the lawyers, and other intelligent men of the country, who were not a little amused at the airs of our dandy.

Again, they opened their circle to receive him, but his eyes, his mouth, and his heart, if he ever had one, were closed against every thing but the contemplation of his important self. After drawing his boots, picking his teeth and puffing a cigar, he again opened his mouth with "Landlord! I want to go to bed."

"Whenever you please, sir,"
"I want a room to myself, sir!"
"I don't know how that will be," replied the landlord; "my house is small, and I shall be compelled to put you in a room with some of these gentlemen."

"I can't go in, sir," replied the dandy, strutting up and down; "never slept in a room with any body in my life, sir, and never will; must have a room, sir!"

The landlord now laughed outright at the airs of the coxcomb, and then said, very good humoredly, "Well, well, I'll go and talk with my wife and see what we can do."

"My dear," said the landlord, as he entered the supper room, "there's a man who says he must have a room to himself."

"What, that little greedy man, in corners?"

"The same."

"Set him up with a room!" exclaimed the landlady.

"He is a trading fellow," said the landlord, "but if we can accommodate the little man, we had better do so."

The lady professed her readiness to discharge the rites of hospitality, but declared that there was not a vacant apartment in the house.

"Give him my room, aunt," said the pretty niece; "and I will sleep with the children, or any where you please." The young lady was a visitor and a great favorite; and the elder lady was altogether opposed to putting her to any discomfort, particularly for so rude a man. But the niece carried her point, and arrangements were made accordingly.

In a few minutes, the silent man was conducted by the landlord to a very handsomely furnished apartment in the back part of the house.

Every thing here was of the neatest kind. A suit of curtains hung round the bed; the counterpane was white as snow, and the bed linen was fresh and fragrant. The dandy walked round the room, examining every thing with the air of a man who fancied his life in danger from some contagious disease; or venomous reptile. He threw open the bed clothes, and after inspecting them, exclaimed, "I can't sleep in that bed!"

"Why not sir?" inquired the astonished landlord.

"It's not clean! I can't sleep in it," repeated the dandy, strutting up and down with the most amusing air of self importance, "I would not sleep there for a thousand dollars!"

"Take care what you say," said the landlord; "you are not aware that I keep the best house in all this country, and that my wife is famed for the cleanliness of her house and beds!"

"Can't help it," replied the dandy, very deliberately surveying himself in a mirror, "very sorry, sir; awkward business to be sure, but to be plain with you, I won't sleep in a dirty bed to please any man. You won't, won't you?"

"No sir, I will not."

"Then I shall make you!" said the landlord, and seizing the astonished dandy by the back of the neck, he led him to the bed, and forced his face upon it—"look at it, continued the enraged Tennesseean, "examine it—smell it—do you call that dirty, you puppy!"

Then going to the door, he called to a servant to bring him a horse-whip, and informed the terrified dandy, that unless he undressed and went to bed instantly, he should order his negro to horse-whip him. In vain the mortified youngster promised to do all that he required of him; the landlord would trust nothing to his word, but remained until his guest was disrobed, corsets and all, and snugly nestled under the snow-white counterpane.

It was nearly breakfast time when the crest-fallen stranger made his appearance in the morning. To his surprise, his steed, who had evidently toiled as well as himself, stood ready saddled at the door. "Pray sir," said he to his host, in a humble tone, and in a manner which showed him at a loss how to begin the conversation, "pray sir, at what hour do you breakfast?"

"We breakfast at eight," was the reply, "but the question is one which you can have little interest, for you must seek a meal elsewhere."

"Surely, my dear sir, you would not treat a gentleman with such indignity—"

"March!" said the landlord.

"My bill—"

"You owe me nothing; I should think myself degraded by receiving your money."

In another moment the self-important mortal, who the evening before had ridden through the town with such a consciousness of his own dignity, was galloping away, degraded, vexed and humbled. As he passed along, the same backwoodsman, who had gone to ascertain the fact of his vitality, on his first arrival, met him, and pulling off his hat, said very civilly, "stranger, your girth is under your horse!" The dandy reined up his steed, jumped off and found that his girth was indeed under the horse where it ought to be.

"Do you mean to insult me?" exclaimed he, turning fiercely upon the backwoodsman; but the latter, instead of replying, coolly remarked to his companions, "If it an't alive I'll agree to be shot," and walked on.

"Who is that young man?" inquired the judge of the circuit court, as the stranger rode off.

"He is a Philadelphia Dun," replied the landlord.

"I am no wiser than before," said his honor.

"Have you lived in our country so long, and not know this race of men? Sir, they are the collectors, sent out by eastern merchants to collect their debts. Although they come from different cities, they all go under one general denomination; some of them are nice young men, but too many of them are like your der chap."

"But how do you know this to be one of them?"

"Oh, bless you, I know them well. I read the history of that youth, in his motions, before he was in my house five minutes. One year ago he could bow and smile like a French dancing master, skip over a counter, and play as many tricks as a pet monkey. He is just out of his apprenticeship, promoted to the dignity of a Dun, and mounted on a fine horse, and you know the old proverb, 'Set a beggar on horseback—'"

"I understand the whole matter," replied the judge, and very gravely walked into the house, while the younger members of the bar were roaring with laughter at this odd adventure of the Philadelphia Dun.

LOVE.

The true key of the universe is Love. That levels all inequalities; "makes low the mountain and exalts the valley," and brings human beings of every age and every nation into a state of brotherhood. "The lion and the lamb lie down together; the leopard dwells with the kid, and a little child shall lead them." What unprejudiced man can look abroad in the world and not see this? The splendid sun, the cerulean sky, the majestic trees, the green earth, the thousand colors that enamel the mead, the silver stream, in beauty composed and serene, living in the endless flow of its waters, all talk of what softens the heart, and inspires kindness and affection to our dispositions and feelings. Has not God made man the crown of his works, and stamped all his limbs with majesty and grace; and shall we treat with harshness and with indignity what God has chosen for his living temple? No; the man that is true to his brother mortal is the true, the practical atheist. The true system for governing the world, for fashioning the tender spirits of youth, for smoothing the pillow of age, is Love. The one thing which most exalts and illustrates man, is disinterested affection. We are never so truly what we are capable of being as when we are ready to sacrifice ourselves for others, and immolate our self-love on the altar of beneficence. There is no joy like the joy of a generous sentiment, to go about doing good, to make it our meat and our drink, to promote the happiness of others, and diffuse confidence and love to every one within the reach of our influence.

A case of Emergency.—An Irishman who made an honest penny by swapping horses and taking something to boot, once attempted to cross the river during a high freshet, with his only remaining mare and colt. He was washed from the back of the former, and seizing the tail of the colt, buffeted the angry waves much to the dissatisfaction of the "creator." His friends on the banks of the river, seeing his perilous situation and his frail support, called out to him to leave the colt and take the mare. "Oh botheration to ye," exclaimed Pat, in all his tribulation, "it's no time now, jontlemen, to talk about swapping horses."

A Dumper.—A young man just from the country, lately volunteered his services to gallant a young lady home from a party. On the way he entangled his brains for some interesting topic of conversation to amuse her with, but in vain; he could hit on nothing until they met several cows, when the swain said, with much simplicity of manner, "Now, isn't it strange what a motherly appearance a cow has?" To which the lady replied, "I do not think it at all strange, sir, that a cow should have a motherly appearance to a calf." The beau was silent during the rest of the walk.