



"VOX POPULI, VOX DEI."

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THE HERMIT IN AMERICA.

As I am among those privileged orders of beings who may glide in and out of a house, from one family to another, without waiting the form of invitation, and with the attendant pleasure of finding a social welcome, I have opportunity of observing domestic habits, and from these the best criterion may be formed of the heart and mind in their undress— for hearts and minds have dress suits as well as the body. In one of these domiciliary visits I was reading out a late London journal to the family circle, whilst they were employed in needlework. I came to the catholic question— "O never mind the catholic question," exclaimed a pretty lively brunette of seventeen, "read us the spring fashions!" A severe look from her maiden aunt occasioned the ball of cotton to slip from her fingers. It rolled to my feet, she rose, I stopped, the ball got round the leg of the chair. I pulled it the wrong way—again it rolled, and became so entangled that we were obliged to snap the thread. We look in each other's face, and smiled. "Was it your fault or mine?" said I. "O it was the fault of the catholic question," replied the sprightly girl, at the same time giving an arch look towards her aunt. "And like the catholic question, the longer it ran the more complicated became the entanglement," rejoined I. "True," said she, "and I wish they may put as pleasing an end to the matter by taking up the ball quietly, and by throwing the revealed thread away." "Is there any thing more about Kean or Miss Foote?" inquired a demure looking widow of about forty, and who deems a theatre Satan's meeting-house. I glanced over the columns, and my eye met Miss Foote's engagement to the Brighton theatre at fifty pounds a night. "Monstrous!" exclaimed the widow. "What a demoralised age!" said the aunt. "Almost as bad as King and marry with his barberer," rejoined the playful brunette. "Kill a king! what king?" said the good old grandmother who had been quietly counting the stitches of a stocking she was knitting. I was thinking of my aunt's favourite, Mary, queen of Scots, said the laughing girl. "Pshaw! nonsense, you have made me lose my count just as I was setting the bell." "I am surprised that Madame—has not sent home my cap," said the widow, in a half whisper. "Suppose we take a walk to her," replied the aunt. "O yes," cried the brunette, and they all rose, and were presently equipped for walking. I was permitted to accompany them. It was to one of the most fashionable milliners in Philadelphia, a French woman, whose personal attractions and stylish dress were a good introduction to her millinery, since the latter indicated a perfect knowledge of the art of showing the former to the best advantage. A slight tinge of rouge gave additional lustre to a pair of sparkling black eyes, the eyebrows were neatly pencilled, and the lips vermilled with *pate rosat*, pearl powder gave to her neck an alabaster whiteness, the delicate hands were graced with rings, and two pretty feet peeped from beneath the furbelowed petticoat, in silken sandals. I had leisure to observe all this as Madame was displaying her turban *à la Fayette*, &c. &c. with the air *debonnaire d'une véritable Parisienne*. An hour nearly elapsed in trying on caps and bonnets, all which Madame assured the ladies became them a *merveille*. After escorting the party home, I went to dine

with my friend M—, and he proposed we should go to the play in the evening. Between the first and second act, as I was looking round the house, I saw a lady in an upper box, whose face seemed familiar to me. By the help of my opera-glass I discovered her to be Madame the milliner, seated by a very gentlemanly looking man. I whispered to my friend M—that I saw a newly made acquaintance in the house, and directed his eyes to the box. He immediately named Madame—, and said she was under the protection of the person who sat beside her, that he was a man of large fortune, and was (he was sorry to add) a married man. "Impossible!" exclaimed I. Why? asked my friend, I told him the circumstance of my having accompanied ladies to that milliner in the morning, who certainly would not have shown any countenance to a woman of that description. "It is a well known fact," replied my friend, "and yet that woman has more public patronage than any milliner in the city. It was but last week that Mrs.—took my daughter there, and when her mother learnt that she had purchased a hat of Madame, she sent it as a pattern to an amiable, but very indigent young woman who has recently opened a milliner's store, declaring, that our daughter should not owe her fashionable appearance to the taste of a profligate. I sat pondering in amazement, and resolved that my female friends should be informed of the character, or rather the want of character, in their favourite milliner. Accordingly, the next morning I called at an early hour on them. The breakfast things were still on the table, two or three hand boxes were on the sofa, and, as I entered the room, the demure widow was adjusting a black hat and feathers before the pier glass, nodding, as if in pleased complacency at the waving plume. "It is very gracefully disposed, is it not?" "Very," replied I. She turned hastily round, with an exclamation of "Bless me! who would have thought?"—to have had an intruder at so early an hour," said I, "but I come as a friend." "You are always welcome," said the good old grandmother, "come, sit down, and take your coffee." I had breakfasted, but willingly accepted the offer; for I began to feel a little awkward, and what over night presented itself to me as an indispensable act of friendship, I now thought might be deemed an officious interference. I sipped my coffee, glanced at the widow, raised my eyes to the nodding plumes—our eyes met—she blushed. I felt confused. At length I spoke of the play. She looked grave. "I am sorry you frequent such places," said she, in a tone of friendly reproof. "You object to the evil company we may meet there, I presume," she replied, "I object to the immorality of the drama."—"The play was a good one, and well performed," I continued, "but the company (I mean the audience) were not all select persons. I saw Madame—, the milliner, seated in a box with a gentleman whom I am told,—" "Fanny," said the maiden aunt to the pretty brunette, "go and feed your canary birds, and then it will be time to practise your harp." Fanny looked as if she had rather stay, but she left the room, giving me a good humoured smile, and a familiar "good morning." "Fwas saying," resumed I, "that—" "O yes," said the maiden aunt, "we know what you were going to say. It is certainly a great pity that so excellent a milliner should be a little remiss in morals; but, then, you know, we do not expect perfection in those sort of

people, and they are exposed to so much temptation—and—in short, they are not our acquaintances." "And yet," said I, "Madame seemed to be on very familiar footing with us all yesterday morning." "Only in the way of business," said the widow. "True," said I, "but surely the same feeling that would prompt us to discountenance a fallen actress, should lead us to withdraw our support from a milliner of abandoned character. When we take our wives or daughters to the playhouse, it is not to visit Mr. Kean as an acquaintance, but to see his Othello, his Hamlet or his Richard. It is not to hire we pay our money, we pay the managers for our entertainment: We pay our tribute of applause to the actor for his individual ability in performing his allotted part. The managers engage to furnish a good and moral entertainment to the public; every piece that is represented may be by the audience approved or condemned. If, therefore, an immoral piece be acted, it is the fault of the public. The managers engages his actors and actresses for their talents. It was to show the public a Hamlet, a Portia, and a Rosalind, that a Kemble, a Farren, and a Jordan, exerted their dramatic powers, not to present themselves to the public, but to lay their talents before their tribunal, and to receive from them their just applause or condemnation. It is talent alone that the public rewards in the actor, and the manager enriches himself by a judicious selection of such talents. Would philanthropy lead the public to support a theatre where very good men and women were engaged to dress themselves as kings and queens, and to talk Shakespeare in modest virtue! The same spirit that leads you to Madame—, leads the public to see Miss Foote—the one gets up a bonnet, the other gets up a character, a *merveille*. The same moral spirit that would demand the public to sacrifice their own gratification, to punish a defalcation of virtue, must hold good in both cases; and I am of opinion, since a milliner is supported by females, that more delicacy and attention to the moral conduct of those whom they employ, might be looked for than in the selection of actors and actresses, whose talents are required to be so far above the common level, and consequently rarely to be found; but surely many hundred virtuous individuals may every where be found, sufficiently gifted to make caps and bonnets. Strong indeed must that love of dress be that can induce discreet moralists to meet face to face—to hold converse with, and to pay vast sums of money to a woman who lives in open abandonment of religious and civil law. Nor is it consistent with the pride of modesty to stoop to receive personal embellishment from the hands of vice, when it would shrink from listening to moral truths from the lips of a frail actor."

Such are the opinions of the Hermit in America.

[Correspondence of a youth in Europe]

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

A stranger's first visit after he arrives in London, is to Westminster Abbey, that monument to the dead, that sad memento to the living, and the wonder and admiration of the world. But whether it was that I was at that time more stupid than others, or whether former accounts had raised expectations greater than it was able to realize, I know not. When it is, that all the poetry which had inspired me beforehand, left me at my entrance. I walked among

the tombs of royalty and loyalty; trod upon the graves of valor and of honour; paused as I passed the monuments to philosophers, statesmen, and poets, but could not feel the excitement that I anticipated. In fact, so singularly unconcerned and so unjust did I think myself to be for not enjoying the scene as I ought, that a second time I spent a whole day in the aisles and chapels of the Abbey.

Entering at the "Poet's corner," where the records to literary fame are numerous and elegant, I took off my hat at the request of the door-keeper, and was obliged to remain, during my visit, uncovered. The attendant explained the particulars relating to those who were mouldering in the dust beneath them. But I took little interest in names. It was the accident, and in many places; defaced marble, the well-cut statue, the finely wrought figure, that drew my attention, and I passed the monuments of departed greatness, the symbols of ancient heraldry, without a tear of regret. I dwelt for a few moments at the tomb of Elizabeth, the proudest and the greatest of England's queens, and possibly I heaved a sigh as I stopped at the grave of the accomplished Mary, queen of Scots. Two blocks of marble, representing the princes killed in the tower by order of Richard the third, brought to my recollection the power and genius of Shakespeare. The splendid monument erected by government to the memory of the elder Pitt, is worthy of the individual, and honorable to his country. At another end of the Abbey is another monument to his son, who was cut off in the prime of life and flower of his age. The gay, the profligate Charles the second, was there, sleeping under the cold stone, with no one to bless his memory, or mourn his loss. The light-hearted, and careless Rochester, with a long list of Buckingham, not forgetting the haughty libertine, George Villiers, were there reposing calmly in the ground, almost

"Unwept, unhonored, and unsung." The monuments were objects of curiosity, and I shall long remember the impression made by some of them. One, represented Death breaking from a charnel-house, and giving his final warning to a wife, whom her husband was vainly endeavoring to protect from his dart. The figures of this scene were as large as life, and the king of terrors was, even in the marble, with his hollow skull and fleshless bones, an object of dread. There was a sickly looking mother nursing her infant, and the silent grief depicted in her countenance, as she appeared about to leave all that made this world a comfort to her, would make the lightest heart feel sorrow. There was nearly opposite to this, another and a happier scene. It represented a husband seated in the heavens, and angels were bearing his just deceased wife in her shroud, to a vacant seat beside him. The swift winged destroyer of all joys, and the calmer of all sorrows, Time, who levels all distinctions and makes all ranks equal,

"—who forever will leave  
"But enough for the past for the future to grieve,  
"O'er that which hath been and o'er that which must be"

was represented, with his hour-glass and scythe, in every corner. Leaving the Abbey, I could not help contrasting what I had then seen, with the stillness and quiet of a village graveyard seen in some parts of New-England, with its plain, white church standing so modestly, yet so beautifully among the trees in front. In such a spot as that, "we have loved to walk and commune with ourself."

There, was found no pride and no power to disturb meditation. The simple daisy, blooming over the tomb of innocence and beauty;—the sweet-scented clover which had accidentally found root in the sod which covered the last mortal remains of a father, or a mother; the wild brier, growing without molestation above the head of a once careless, giddy child, are so many incitements to thought and contemplation, that no one can resist the feelings of melancholy, yet pleasurable, sadness they infuse into the soul. But, in that proud pile, where no one but the great and powerful is allowed to lie; where there is distinction, even in death, enthusiasm and reflection were both beyond my reach. It is a sad story to tell, of such pride as will induce a man to rear a monument for himself and first wife, leaving a vacant place on the marble slab, on which to place the name of his second, when she should be numbered also, with the dead; but it is stranger, and sadder still, to tell that that second refused the place because it was on the left side. Yet such a story and such a monument of the pride of the world, does the walls of Westminster Abbey enclose.— Under that proud dome, too, was a few years since exhibited, the paraphernalia and mockery of a coronation; soon again to be followed, perhaps, by another. At the shrine of Edward the Confessor, are the chairs on which the kings and queens of England have been crowned for upwards of five hundred years, standing among the dead, as if to mock the short-lived greatness of each one who was, or who may hereafter be permitted to occupy them.

"Remnants of things that have passed away,  
"Remnants of stone, reared by creatures of clay!"

CROSS READINGS.

Lost, a lady's reticule, containing—a new dry good store, with a complete assortment of ironmongery.

A sweepstake will be run for over the Washington race course, between—the members of the Pennsylvania delegation for the 19th congress.

The Creek nation are said to be much dissatisfied with—a journeyman shoemaker who can bring good recommendations—by applying at the black-smith's shop, No. 2 Church-street.

We understand that the elephant lately exhibited in this city, devoured, at one meal—a new grocery store, with an extensive assortment of glassware.

The child of Mr. Colden was made very sick by swallowing—twelve dozen bottles of Warren's liquid blacking just received.

For New York, to sail with the first wind—a two horse cart, with harness complete.

Mr. M'Cready appeared last night in the character of Hamlet, and—recommended to the dealers in West India produce to stop purchasing.

Dr. J. T. professor of anatomy, will deliver a lecture next Monday on the—most approved method of planting potatoes.

For sale, twenty thousand best white oak staves—one to be taken every morning before breakfast; a certain remedy for the headache.

Late French writers state that drunkards may be cured by eating—fourteen thousand pounds of raw silk just imported.

In order to comply with the regulations of the Post office—thirteen hundred hogs passed thro' this place on their way to Virginia.

A two year old milch cow—has been unanimously elected colonel of the regiment of flying artillery.