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HUFFEY WHITE.

"Semel insanivimus omnes."

It was the beginning of the year 1824, that, for my sons, I was travelling in the north mail to Lincoln. My companion was a "scion of a noble stock," and a *soidisant* invalid; so tenacious of descent, that, as Boniface said of his ale, he eat, drank, slept, lived; and died upon his "family;" and was withal one of those tiresome, prosing, disconsolate, hearty old bachelors who are afflicted with more of the *maladie* than any of the physicians is acquainted with. Our only other fellow-passenger was "eloquent in silence;" for we heard his voice for the first time, when we parted at Market Harborough, where he wished Mr. Plantagenet better health, satirically adding, that he "blessed God he had a good constitution, and no nonsense above him."

An influx of strangers arising from a county election, obliged us to put up with a double-bedded room. Mr. P. had taken his nightly allowance—a posset, some caudle, and a basin of water-gruel;—had arranged his lemonade on the other—had applied hot bottles to his feet, and warm pillows to his head—and, having exhausted every waiter within his reach was at last in a state of quiescence, when a thundering rap was heard at the door. "You can't come in," said Mr. P. faintly, from under the clothes, as he saw me about to unbar the door, "the cold air," he observed in a smothered voice—"would be fatal to me at this time of night." "You can't come in," he repeated in a shriller key. "But we will," was reiterated outside. "You will! what drunken vagabond is this?"—"Don't jabber at us, you old sinner; but unbolt the door."—"God bless me!" cried the hypochondriac, "can I believe my ears? An old sinner! There must be some mistake which"—"We'll burst the panels," interrupted the assailants. "Oh! this is unbearable. Give me my flannel gown. I'll leave the Inn instantly." "Force the door, Jack, I say, d—me force the door, or the old one will get off!" And, our assailants suiting lustily the action to the word the staples gave way with a crash—two constables entered with a warrant—desired my unfortunate friend to surrender—and instantly appear before a magistrate!

"Gentlemen," said the Honourable Athelstan with all the dignity he could assume in his nightcap, "this may be an excellent joke to you, but I happen to be a man of influence, and bitterly shall you repent it. It is clear you don't know me." "Oh, but we do; and a devil of a chase you've given us. So now turn out." "If I don't have you tried for assault

on a battery, at the Old Bailey, may I never sleep again," replied Athelstan. At this juncture I interposed, and discovered, with amazement, that my illustriously allied friend was taken to be Hufley White; that a warrant had been issued against him in that character; and that it was indispensable necessary he should forthwith appear before Colonel Clavering, the County Magistrate. I see him standing before me, as I, with the utmost difficulty, explained the circumstance. I seem again to witness his astonishment, his obstinacy in declaring it impossible. "I won't believe it! A man of my station in life of my connexions of my appearance"—and he sat bolt-upright in bed—"to be taken for a Highwayman! It's out of the course of nature!"—and he took a draught of lemonade. "Hardly sweet enough—so—good people"—he resumed—"from this place I won't stir. Were I not in bed, I'd soon—however, I shall to-morrow avenge this insult, and visit with the law my aggressors. Settle it with them, E—" he observed to me "settle it with them;"—and carefully closing his curtains, he turned on his other side, and disappointed in the feather-bed.

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Blow me, if that's had—" said the first constable—"but it won't do, old one, it won't do. This is a fifty guinea job; and d'ye think we're such flats, when we have you so saug, as to let you slip tether for a bit of blarney? No, no. Come, Jack—" and they simultaneously tore on the cord, and prated the Duke of Cardigan's cushion bolt upright on his legs in the middle of the apartment. My interference was again indispensable. Plantagenet suffered himself to be dressed in silence; and I, having previously prepared myself with documents for rectifying the mistake, accompanied him and his attendant constables to the magistrates. HUFFEY was speechless. Even concern for his health, and his natural dread of a draught, were forgotten. He looked around him occasionally, with the air of a man awaking from a painful dream, but not a sound escaped him. On our arrival at Colonel Clavering's, a few minutes' conversation, and the production of some papers, soon rescued the noble Athelstan from the charge of being a footpad. It appeared, that after committing various robberies in the neighborhood, the County Magistrates had ascertained Hufley to have quitted London by the Lincoln mail—that a warrant had been issued out against him in consequence—and that the same description applying to both parties my hapless friend had been apprehended for the hardy highwayman. Beyond doubt, our silent fellow passenger, who had no nonsense about him, had been—Huffey White!

Many and sincere apologies were made for the mistake; but Mr. P. resolutely declared he should never survive it. "At my time of life!—a man of my family to be taken for a common footpad!—Say no more; my death warrant is sealed."—Neither argument nor railery, could remove the impression. "You are very good," was his reply to a hope Colonel Clavering had expressed they should meet again, and often hereafter—"but"—and his countenance assumed a most dolorous expression. "I am now bound upon my last journey." Our hospitable host detained us that night, and the next morning Mr. P. resumed his route. But he was still haunted by the same idea. When in his carriage, he replied, with a wave of his white handkerchief, to some *bandinge* from his fair hostess, respecting a future Mrs. Plantagenet. "Many thanks, Madam; but earthly feelings are at best with me, free,

I am hastening to a world—(his voice went off in a quaver)—where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage. Colonel Clavering, farewell! You look for the last time on Athelstan Plantagenet. All is over. Drive on."

The gentle reader, perhaps, will smile at hearing, that *maladie imaginaire* very shortly had her triumph. Whether cold, over exertion, excited feelings, or hypochondriacism, produced the event, is uncertain; but a few weeks afterwards the county paper announced the death, at the mansion of his noble relative of the honourable Athelstan Plantagenet, uncle to the late, and cousin to the present, Duke of Cardigan; M. A., F. R. S., F. L. S.—and thanks I to myself, A. S. S. Time, however, and the cares of maturer life had almost effaced the circumstance from my recollection, till, on passing through Northampton, I was shown in the corner of a country church-yard, Hufley White's grave." It is on record, that this terror to nervous ladies and elderly gentlemen, after his last exploit of robbing the North mail, was tried, condemned, and executed in this very town; and afterwards, by the entreaties of his friends—who for many nights watched around his grave, buried in the churchyard of St Giles the parish in which the gaol is situated. To the last, the daring, reckless spirit displayed itself, which had characterized him through life. On his way to execution, he snatched a hasty look at the executioner who stood near the foot of the gallows; and on the platform replied to the devotions of his fellow sufferer—"Come! look sharp—let's be off!"

The corner is almost concealed from public gaze, and wholly appropriated to the remains of malefactors. The spot is lonely and quiet—the grass grows green and fresh o'er his grave—but Superstition has cast her halo around it; and the peasant in the hour of twilight, will take any other path than that which runs beside it—will whistle—will sing—will fix his eye on any object however distant and uninteresting—and feels happy and relieved, when he leaves the spot behind him, where, beneath the sod, moulder the remains of this Prince of Footpads.—Black Book.

POPULAR EDUCATION.

The North-American Review for July, contains an interesting article on *Popular Education*, from which we make the following extract. It merits, we think, serious consideration.

The subject of popular education is one of greater moment to us in this country, than any other people. Education, and the education of the people, too, is the hope, not of our improvement only, but of our existence. It stands with us, in the place of every thing that makes other governments strong. It stands in the place of the establishment of the army, and the sacred throne; it is the order, and defence, and power of the nation.

We look upon this nation as making a momentous and perilous experiment on free and popular institutions; nor is it to be thought, that the experiment has yet gone beyond the point of danger. It is certain, and it cannot be too often repeated, that such institutions as ours can have no permanent standing, but on the basis of knowledge and virtue. The character of our privileges is our national character. It was this, that bought them when our strength was not in sinews, but in brave hearts; in the spirit of men, that were resolved to stand, or die. If other nations cannot attain to the same privileges; if Spain, and Portugal, and Italy cannot be free, it will be because the spirit of

intelligent, virtuous, and courageous freedom is not in them. Let our people swerve from this; and it matters little whether, in name and in form, they are freemen or slaves. Let our national character fail in the great trial, which it is passing through; let vice stalk abroad fearlessly in our villages; inefficient, bankrupt in property, and more bankrupt in spirit; let our noble youth lose the principles of a virtuous education, and vie with each other in extravagance and reveling; and farewell to the dignity and joy of freedom. Though the semblance remain awhile, the spirit will have fled forever.

Now, that our national character is improving, we wish it were easier to maintain than it is. No sober citizen certainly can look without concern, on the increase of luxury, and the fearful inroads of intemperance among us; nor ask, without solicitude, what is to stay their dissoluting progress? To say, that we want more virtue, is only saying, that we have too much vice; and is therefore only to descend upon the evil, which we wish to correct.

Of the means of correction for our grand national vice, but two things occur to us as at all likely to have any success. One is, to lay a tax on liquors, such as must exclude them from that common use, which now brings temptation to every man's door every day and hour of his life. But to this the community is not yet virtuous and high-minded enough to consent; and hence the government will not venture on a measure so impracticable, perhaps, as it is unpopular. Or, to state the case more truly, since, among us, the feelings of the people are represented in the government, the government has no inclination to do it.

The other means of prevention, and the only one, it appears, which is now open to us, is to educate, to enlighten, to exalt the public mind. No wedge, reading, must supply those resources to the mind, which shall render it independent of meaner excitements. For why does a man resort to the intoxicating draught? Commonly, because he is unhappy without it; he wants something to excite or to entertain him. He sits down at home for an evening, and it is dull to him; he goes abroad for relief and too often finds a relief which is his ruin. Now let this man have been educated, not in the technical artificial way, which too much prevails, but educated to the love of knowledge; let something of the science and mystery of nature have been opened to him; let interesting books have been provided for him; let him have been associated with others in the same pursuits; and he would not have found leisure a burden; he would not have found company a snare; he would not have found his home irksome. Life, with him, would have received a new impulse new resources; and he would be proportionably raised above sense and matter, to intellect and virtue.

The hope of seeing communities thus educated, intelligent, virtuous, and happy, is one which we delight to cherish. We gladly go along, however cautiously, with this spirit and promise of the age. Visions of improvement, not of perfectibility, are before us; and though past experience seems to mock them, we will not believe they are dreams. The auspices of freedom, the tendencies of knowledge, the counsels of providence, the promises of Christianity, the hope of man, all forbid despair. Let our favored communities do their duty, and there shall be no place even for scepticism. Tell us not of difficulties, of expenses, in the way of rearing a wise, and enlightened, and righteous generation. Give us the