

MISCELLANEOUS.

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 man, 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 on vacancy; he turned his head neither to the right nor to the left; he moved neither lip nor eyelid; 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 was the hunter with his rifle. 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 which is only found in countries where all are free and equal. The public square exhibited a scene which would have been amusing to one accustomed to such displays of character. At one spot were two neighbors driving a bargain. Unlike the people of other countries, who transact such business in private, they were surrounded by a host of people, who all occasionally threw in their comments. A stranger, judging from the sly jokes, the loud bantering, 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, upon a spirited horse, and dashing through the crowd. Now he would force his spurs in to his horse's sides, and put him at full speed, or rein him up until he reared on his hinder feet; and now he would command him to stop, and the obedient animal would stand still and tremble. All the time he was ranting and roaring in praise of himself, his horse, and the United States of America. He boasted that he was born in the woods, rocked in a sugar trough, and suckled by a buffalo; that he could tote a steamboat, and outrun a streak of lightning; that his wife was as handsome as a pet fawn, and his children real roasters. He bestowed similar encomiums on his horse; and finally avowed himself to be a friend to the United States of America—and then he commenced again, and went over the same round, flourishing his rifle all the time, and exerting his lungs to their utmost. Although he often declared that he could whip any man in the round world, except Col. C., that he fit under a New Orleans, nobody accepted the challenge, or took offence; the whole being considered as a matter of course, and as the natural effect of stimulant potions upon an illiterate man of ardent temperament, who, when duly sober, was an honest, quiet, and inoffensive citizen.

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 not acquainted, to salute each other, and this courtesy is especially practised towards strangers; and although the new comer on this occasion, would not have been expected to address each individual in a crowded street, yet when those who were nearest nodded or spoke as they civilly opened

the way, they were surprised to see the horseman's gaze fixed on vacancy, and his body remaining as erect 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 while our traveller moved proudly on, until he reached the best inn; 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 an 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 clapped his hands, and exclaimed to his companion, "It moves, Bill! if it ain'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 corsets, 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 peremptory 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 of eatables, with which 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, 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 segar, he again opened his mouth with, "Landlord! I want to go to bed!"

"Whenever you please, sir!"

"I want a bed to myself, sir!"

"I don't know how that will be," replied the landlord, "my house is full, and I shall be compelled to put you in the room with some of those gentlemen!"

"I can't go it 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, "here's a man who says he must have a room to himself!"

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

"The same."

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

"He is a trifling 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; "I will sleep with the children or any where you please." The young lady was a visiter, and a great favorite; and the elder lady was altogether opposed to putting her to any discomfort, particularly on account of such a rude 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 best and 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, examined every thing with the air of a man who fancied his life in danger from some contagious disease, or venomous reptile. He therewith 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 wouldn't 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 down upon it—"look at it!" continued the enraged Tennessean, "examine it—smell it—do you call that bed dirty, you puppy?" Then going to the door, he called to a servant to bring a horse-whip; and informed the terrified dandy, that unless he undressed and went to bed instantly, he should order his negro to horsewhip him. In vain the mortified youngster promised to do all that was 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 horse, who had evidently fared as well as himself, stood ready saddled at the door.

"Pray sir," said he to his host, in an 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 in 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

humiliated. 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 his 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 companion, "if it ain'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 merchants to collect their debts. Although they come from different cities, they all go under one denomination, some of them are fine young men, but too many are like yonder 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.

Saddle and Harness FACTORY.

NELSON EASTMAN,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a shop in the house formerly occupied by Decourcy and Richardson, next door to his father's shop where he will manufacture and keep on hand, or make to order, **Saddles, Bridles, Martin-gales, Harness, Whips, Trunks, and all other articles in his line of business.** He has purchased the patent right for making *Spring Saddles*, a late invention, and a very great improvement both for horse and rider.

Orders for any articles in his line will be thankfully received, and executed in a manner which he flatters himself will give entire satisfaction.

He returns his thanks for past favors, and hopes by close attention to business and a determination to do good work, to receive a continuance of the same.

Rising Sun, March 19, 1836-3m

RISING SUN Chair Factory.

 THE subscribers respectfully inform the citizens of Rising Sun, the surrounding country, and the public generally, that they are now carrying on, in the shop formerly occupied by Robert Best, on Main st. next to Messrs Rodgers' brick house, the Chairmaking business, and will keep on hand and make to order, all kinds of *WINDSOR, CAGE, and RUSH BOTTOM Chairs, Settees, and all other kinds of work in their line.* From their experience in this business, and a determination to do good work, they flatter themselves that they will receive a liberal custom. Orders from a distance will be promptly attended to.

Old Chairs, Settees, &c. will be repaired on liberal terms, and at a short notice.

Country Produce, such as may be a greed upon, will be taken in payment.

MAPES & ARMSTRONG.

Rising Sun, Dec. 26, 1835.

Law Notice.

Hugh B. Eggleston & D. Kelso,

HAVE associated themselves in the practice of the Law, in the Circuit Courts of Dearborn, Switzerland and Ripley. Mr. Eggleston resides in Madison, and will attend said Courts during term time; and Mr. Kelso resides in New York, Switzerland county, where he may be found at all times, when not absent on business. Business confided to them will meet the joint attention of both.

April 2, 1836. § 157103

To the Friends of Education.

THIE INDIANA TEACHERS' SEMINARY which was established in Jefferson county, near Madison, has recently been transferred to Rising Sun, and will be open for the reception of pupils the 2d Monday in April.

The primary object of this institution is to prepare young gentleman for teaching school, by furnishing them with an accurate and thorough literary and scientific education, and instructing them in the best method of teaching and preserving discipline. Facilities for instruction in every branch usually taught in the best Academies will also be furnished. Young gentlemen will be prepared for any class in college, for mercantile and other pursuits, and for professional studies.

The Rev. Wm. Twining, a graduate of Yale College, (a gentleman highly recommended,) has been appointed Professor of Mathematics and Natural Science, and is expected to be present at the opening of the school. Mr. T. will be assisted by competent Tutors until permanent Professors are secured. Attached to the institution is a Philosophical Apparatus, and a choice Library of about 500 volumes. As soon as practicable a manual labor department will be prepared for the benefit of the pupils.

Rising Sun is a pleasant and healthful village, on the Ohio river, 35 miles below Cincinnati, and 110 above Louisville. Its location is peculiarly favorable for a literary institution, and we trust will be appreciated by the public. Particular attention will be paid to the manners and the morals of the pupils.

Board may be obtained in respectable families on reasonable terms.

B. JAMES,
M. H. WILDER,
W. LANIUS,
W. LEWIS,

Committee of the Board of Trustees.

Rising Sun, March 19, 1836.

Mr. Twining has arrived, and the Seminary has been opened, and is now under his charge.

April 30, 1836.

BOOT and SHOE MANUFACTORY.

GEO. B. HALL

GEO. B. HALL respectfully informs his old friends and the public in general, that he has opened a shop in the frame building adjoining Craft & Son's store, where he intends to keep on hand a good assortment of **BOOTS AND SHOES.** Manufactured from the best materials, and by good workmen, which will enable him to warrant his work of the best quality. He invites his friends and all others who may want articles in his line, to give him a call. Ladies Prudella Shoes always hand.

Rising Sun, Jan. 30, 1836.—16t

P. & H. James,

HAVE just received a fresh supply of new and fashionable Goods, comprising in part a splendid assortment of **Fancy Calicoes**, especially selected for the *Fall season*, which, in addition to their former stock, comprises almost every article used in our country, either by the *Farmer or Mechanic*, which they will sell low for cash, or approved produce.

COTTON YARN, BATTING,

AND CANDLE WICK,

Will always be found in their establishment, for sale either by wholesale or retail.

They have also a large lot of

Kanawha Salt,