

THE SPY.

"MULTUM IN PARVO."

Vol. 1.

NEWBERN, N. C. TUESDAY, OCT. 1, 1839.

No. 4.

TERMS.

The SPY is published every fortnight by ROBERT C. HAY.

Fifty cents a year one half payable at the expiration of six months.

Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

All letters addressed to the Editor must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE OLD BACHELORS' CLUB.

According to Public Notice, the members of the Old Bachelors' Club met on the 20th Sept., at Celibacy Hall. After the meeting was organized, the proceedings of the last meeting were read. The roll being called, the following gentlemen answered to their names:—Morus Multicaulis, Samuel Sawdust, Simon Syphax, James Jewsbury, Lionell Longshanks, Dumplinius Dumflumux, Thomas Pomkins, Cornelius Goosequill, David Decanter, and Gustavus Gunflint. After which the President addressed the Club in the following language:—

"Dear brother Bachelor's, it is with grief and astonishment that I am at this time called upon by the duty which I owe to you as your President, to address you.—it is with pain that I have to disclose to you the object of this meeting. Bachelors' ye of the Club, it is one of you that have caused this meeting to be called, one who have given scandal to our society, and brought it to ridicule by denouncing it as disgraceful, and saying that its members should be expunged from decent society. 'Oh ye hypocrites.' (Who is he, who is he, was asked by a number of voices.) I am called upon, brethren, to give up the name of the offender, and it is with a blush that I pronounce the name of our once honorable member, Lionell Longshanks. A general moan was heard, and Mr. Longshanks upon hearing his name, rose and said:—

Mr. President, and brother Bachelors, it is with deep regret that I am compelled to stand before you as a criminal and to vindicate my own cause. I am charged with having given scandal to the society to which I have the honour to belong, and of denouncing it as disgraceful, and fur-

thermore, saying that 'the members should be expunged from decent society.' I acknowledge that I have spoken in rather harsh terms of the honorable Club, but I deny having said that they 'should be expunged from decent society.' No sir, how could I say so when I am a member myself; if I had I should have expected myself to be 'expunged' with those of my brethren. It is true I said 'yes' to some remarks of an abusing nature made by a lady, but I was sorry for it afterwards. The reason I did not take up the cause of my brethren, was through fear of being called a misanthrope. (Much hissing were heard, and the speaker sat down.)

After which James Jewsbury, Esq., said that it was his opinion that brother Longshanks, was guilty of the charges brought against him—not from report, but from personal observation, having at several times seen him gallanting the ladies, and various other reasons. And, he further remarked that he (L.) had acknowledged that he was guilty of speaking too harshly of our honorable Club. He would recommend to the President the necessity of severely reprimanding, and fining brother Longshanks three dollars, and that he be subject to a public exposure for a similar offence.

Samuel Sawdust, Esq., thought that brother Jewsbury had spoken the sentiments of the Club, and he hoped the President would forthwith proceed according to brother Jewsbury's proposition.

After which, the President reprimanded brother L., fined him three dollars, and required him to make acknowledgments to his brother Bachelors, and promise never more to offend. Whereupon, brother L. rose with tears in his eyes, expressed his sorrow, and begged forgiveness, which was granted.

On motion of Dumplinius Dumflumux, Esq.,

Resolved, That the members of this Club express their regret that such a circumstance has ever come under our observation, and that as our brother have showed so much sorrow on this occasion, and begged so humbly for forgiveness, that we, as friends to justice, deem it our duty to think no more of the past, and extend to him again the right-hand of fellowship.

On motion of Gustavus Gunflint, Esq.,
Resolved, That the meeting adjourn,
and the proceedings be sent to the *Spy*
for publication.

SIMON SYPHAX, *Pres't.*
MORUS MULTICAULIS, *Sec'ry.*

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Spy.

Mr. Editor,
Since you are always on the look-out,
and profess to *spy* into these matters, it
may not be improper to inquire what has
become of the young men of our town?
When has the Paris of Carolina before
seen the day, that she could not boast a
lady's man? 'Tis even so at the present
time and you may well conceive, that
speculation is rife among us as to the true
cause. Such a state of things is surely
calculated to beget in us unpleasant feel-
ings, since if the fault is ours, it becomes
us to rectify it, and to make amends to the
Gentry for any offence we may have com-
mitted. Have we become less attractive
than formerly? Then we will endeavour
to smile on them more graciously and to
mend our looks. Is our conversation of
too little interest to afford them gratifica-
tion or entertainment for an hour? Then,
if they will allow us the opportunity, we
will take a few lessons under them and
learn how to talk to please them. Is it
because we do not treat them with suffi-
cient politeness, or that our musick is not
pleasing to their nice ears? Then will
we study Chesterfield more carefully, and
be more assiduous in our attention to the
muses.

Mr. Editor, I am inclined to believe the
fault is not ours alone. They are an un-
mannerly, scurvey set, to say the best of
them. Where are our riding parties, our
sailing parties, our evening walks, and our
evening talks? About as far away from
us as are these degenerate sons of Athens
on Sunday nights, when we are forced to
fight our way alone through darkness,
ditches, fice dogs and brick bats, to the in-
finite discomfiture of our weak nerves and
sensitive feelings. If they have any manly
feelings, any pride for the honor of their
sex; any simpaty for the sinking condi-
tion of the once polished society of our
town, they will not calmly suffer this re-
buke, but either vindicate their cause, or
arouse from their ungenerous, unbecoming
apathy to their duty and their privilege.

Since you are an avowed friend to the
cause of the ladies, I must subscribe my-
self,
Yours, very sincerely,

MAG.

[We strongly suspect that the writer of
the above is not of the feminine gen-
der. We think we can detect the incipi-

ent *moustache*, the boy-man strut, and the
bitterness of disappointed pretension and
vanity in every line. We will not consent
to have our dear friends, the *real Ladies*,
attacked thus covertly, and the public
made to believe that any of them are to be
found on the streets "on Sunday nights,"
"fighting their way *alone* through the
darkness." It is very possible that such
ladies as our correspondent is most inti-
mate with "low solitary rambles on a
moon-less night," as a reprieve from the
water-pail and scrubbing broom which
they ply through the day, but it will not
do to judge "white folks" by such a stan-
dard.—*Ed. Spy.*]

For the Spy.

Mr. EDITOR,

You are no doubt well acquainted with
that class of amiable beings, known by the
common acceptations of "Village Gossips."
Notwithstanding our town has been honored
with the appellation of *City*, it has rather
too much of the village touch about it in this
respect. There is a species of gad-about
loose-tongue creatures, (I know not what
they are—the Lord deliver me from know-
ing,) who make it their business to trumpet
abroad fabricated reports; reports as *incre-
dible* as they are base and defamatory. One
would suppose from the rapidity with which
such things circulate and gain credence,
that Fame, had borrowed of Argus his
hundred eyes, and seated on the court-
house steeple, trumpeted what she saw
"so loud that all the earth could hear."
A young man in his teens, for instance, is
seen visiting the house of a woman of 45,
on business perhaps. Instantly it is sur-
mised that he has gone to court the old
hag for her money, and before he can
blink three times, it is known in the re-
motest precinct of Fife Town, and the
meanest hovel about the frog-pond, where
the frogs chanted fry-bacon over it almost
ere it was known. A poor fellow happens
to have corns on his toes, so as to cause
him to limp. It is rumored forthwith
over town, that he broke his shins over
the pump trough in a drunken frolick. A
person can't wear spectacles, but he does
it to conceal his rum swollen eyes. If he
walks with a lady he is courting her, and
if he repeats it, the thing is settled—he is
engaged. As for my poor self sir, the De-
vils have wasted all their energies on me.
I have, according to the common report,
courted eighteen and been kicked by all.
Bought during my courting days, no less
than six wedding suits, in joyful anticipa-
tion of using them to the best advantage,
but only to retain them as the sad memen-
toes of my bad success.