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FROM THE BALTIMORE GAZETTE. CHINESE SKETCHES.

The kindness of a friend in sending a boat enabled me to leave the ship at an early hour in the morning, and proceed to Canton, distant from Whampoa about twelve miles. The first thing that attracted my attention after setting out, was the immense number of boats that crowded the river, and by which we were continually surrounded. We passed two Pagodas, one on the left, and one on the right bank of the river; they were each nine stories high, and very much resembled the models exhibited in our Museums, except that age and exposure prevented their showing quite so smooth and polished an exterior, as their more favoured representation. After some difficulties encountered in making way among the numerous China boats, we at length reached the city, and I placed my foot upon the quay in front of the factories, with the most delightful sensations, and which none but a voyager ever experiences. I was soon domiciliated, and being provided with all the requisites suitable to the climate, by the assistance of a tailor, shoemaker, and knitter, I gave audience to the shoal of Chinese, who always wait on a new-comer to solicit his patronage. Having selected the due quantity of securities from the number that offered, I embarked a host of Tea men, Silk men, and Commodors, that I had no business with them, who withdrew expressing much surprise, that a Pan-qui would come all the way to China and no wench that Tea thing, no wench that Silk thing.

I was much annoyed at first by the importunities of those petty merchants; but when their importunities ceased, they were informed of the nature of my pursuits, they ever after showed me the greatest respect, and never even spoke about pigeon, as they call business. If a stranger unwittingly broached the subject to me in their presence, they would reproach him, exclaiming, "Hy yan, you no Sabby! that hab Merican Mancharine, he only make that head pigeon, that talk pigeon." In the evening, after dining, I walked out with some countrymen, to enjoy the cool breeze upon the Esplanade, a public walk, in front of the factories. I saw here a motley collection; black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey, through the place; a representative from every Eastern nation; the Turban'd Turk, the shawled Indian, and the bearded Arab, shuffled along, their thoughts intent upon gain, while the more volatile Europeans clad in their livery jackets, appeared in that distant spot, as if in search of pleasure rather than of wealth. Here and there a native showed his characteristic features, and finished a group—a novel subject for the pencil of an artist.

The residence of all the foreign traders in Canton is restricted to several rows of large and well built houses, situate on a square, facing the river, and immediately in front of the city. These are called "the Factories," not as being places of manufacture, as some persons imagine; but because they are the habitations of factors, or agents sent out to negotiate trade with the natives. The factories are finished in the European style, and possess all the comforts of first rate American, or English houses. Their white exteriors give them a clean and light appearance, and some taste is displayed in the architecture. The entrance to each is through arched ways extending the whole depth of the buildings, called a hong, and these hongs are named Dutch, English, American, Danish, French, &c. after the nation of their occupiers. Each hong has its respective national flag flying before it, and a porter is stationed at every gate to attend to visitors, and keep out the rabble. On each side run the hongs and pack houses of the privileged Chinese Merchants, and the whole are intersected by the streets of the city, which extend in all directions. China-street, Pankequa-street, and Hog-lane are those nearest to, and consequently more frequented by the foreigners—but no difficulty is found in visiting any part of the city, provided one does not attempt to enter inside the walls surrounding the Governor's palace, and the houses of the principal inhabitants—almost all the streets are built in a straight line, but they are very narrow, and the houses low; the shops however, where they sell silks, china, &c. generally take up the whole street, and form a very agreeable vista.

The Chinese have a custom which adds to their beauty; each shopkeeper puts out before his house, on a kind of pedestal, a board about twenty feet high; painted, varnished, and often gilt, on which are written his name and the commodities he deals in. Those kinds of pilasters, thus erected on each side of the street, and almost at an equal distance from each other, have a very pretty effect; in some places I have seen these so unit, that the whole street

subdivided by arched gateways, on which the name of the partial street is written in gilt characters. These arches continually appearing, serve as central objects for the eye to repose on. The cross streets are terminated by small latticed gates, that shut during the night, or in case an alarm of thieves should be given, when the soldiers go round and take into custody all suspicious persons. It is surprising what a great degree of tranquility is maintained, among the immense population, and crowded streets of Canton. Indeed such strict order is observed, that it is next to impossible any crime could be committed with impunity. Day and night, soldiers with swords by their sides and whips in their hands are ready to chastise those who make the least disturbance, and have power to take into custody whoever raises any quarrel. At night all passers are obliged to carry transparent lanterns with their names painted upon them in large characters, but persons are not permitted to go without having a good reason for so doing. By these salutary regulations, order, peace, and safety reign throughout the city. Notwithstanding this, the most unpleasant scenes daily offend the eye of the lounge, the frequent sight of which does not tend to lessen the horror, one feels on beholding them.

Strings of beggars of every age and sex, are constantly marching from shop to shop, bearing their noisy gongs and demanding charity in songs of the most doleful description. The law forbids their being turned away from the premises, without first receiving an alms, so that they are suffered to remain beating and shouting, a long time before the merchant thinks proper to bestow upon them the customary gift. Somehow they contrive to find out when a white man is in their vicinity, and one day shortly after my arrival I met at least thirty of these wretches and all blind, at a shop. I had occasion to stop in. I was astonished that they should all be afflicted with the same terrible misfortune, but on enquiry learned that many poor persons purposely deprive their offspring of sight, thus making them greater objects of commiseration and pity. The punishment of criminals in the public streets, is also daily to be seen, and many times these unfortunate beings are driven along the most crowded thoroughfares, uttering yells of anguish while suffering the cruellest tortures. At the approach of one of the processions, the passengers precipitately rush to each side of the street in order to make way for the cavalcade. They come moving on, at as rapid a rate as they can be urged, the miserable sufferers; their hands bound behind them, and ropes round their necks, receiving the scourge of the executioner at every step they advance. I have sometimes seen the wretches apparently at their last gasp; their festering backs giving proof how long they had been under lash, while their foaming mouths, from which no sigh escaped, and glassy eye unable to yield one tear, announced a speedy release from their horrible torments.

Acadian Manners.—Letters from Nova Scotia, by Capt. Moorson of the 52d Light Infantry, just published in London, give the following sketches:—

"The settlement of Clare, of which the Roman Catholic chapel is the nucleus, extends for about thirty miles along the shores of St. Mary's Bay. The population is almost Acadian-French, and deserves particular mention not only from its origin, but for the distinct and peculiarly interesting features it displays. The number of families comprising the pastor's immediate flock is about three hundred & thirty, giving a total of nearly two thousand five hundred souls; about thirty families also reside in the township of Digby; and at Tusket, below the town of Yarmouth, are nearly two hundred families more, the whole being included in the cure of Abbe Segoine. Perhaps it is to a sojourn in the out quarters of Ireland that I owe, in common with many others, the uncharitable feeling which leads us to associate a Roman Catholic priest with imaginary phantoms of dark-scowling mortals wrapped up in bigotry and black garments, or intent on the means of retaining in slavish ignorance, and moulding into a handle of political anarchy, the quick perceptions and high-wrought passions of a warm hearted peasantry. How pure, how redeeming an archetype in the reverse of this image is the worthy Cure of Montaigne! Born & educated in France, M. Segoine emigrated from that country when revolutionary suspicion threatened the lives of all whose virtues were inimical to the views of the ruling democrats, and for the last thirty years has devoted his attention exclusively to the welfare of these children of Acadia. Buried in this retreat from all the thoughts and habits of the polished world, he yet retains the urbanity of the old French school; or rather, I apprehend, possesses that natural excellence of disposition which gives to urbanity its intrinsic value. He is at once the priest, the lawyer, and the judge of his people; he has seen most of them rise up to manhood around him, or accompany his own decline in the vale of years; the unvarying steadiness of his conduct has gained equally their affection and respect; to him, therefore, it is that they apply in their mutual difficulties

belonging to this settlement came on for trial before the Supreme Court. From some informality, the cause was nonsuited; it was not again brought forward; and since that time there is no instance of a law-suit from Montaigne appearing on the records of the judicial circuit. The Abbe complains much of the indifference his parishioners manifest on the subject of education; with the exception of two or three young men who are under his own instruction, the rising generation of this settlement are wholly uneducated; his exertions to establish schools among them under the system framed by the legislature, have been attended with no effect; the parents are not willing to contribute the necessary quota, and consequently no school matters can be appointed. Probably this apathy may be attributable to the same source as that which renders these people so peculiar in the picture compared with those around them. A feeling of insulated existence and separate interests, in the first instance, has been softened down into reverence for the habits of their fathers. Possessed of ideas beyond those relating to their own immediate wants, they know not that active enterprise which ever urges forward to the acquirement of more; they are satisfied with their condition as it is; a competence sufficient for their simple mode of life is easily obtained, and beyond this they do not care to make any further exertions. In practical traits of social morality, they shine pre-eminently. Their community is in some respects like that of a large family. Should one of their members be left a widow without any immediate protector, or means of support, her neighbours unite their labours in tilling her land, securing the crops, and cutting her winter fuel. Instances of a second marriage were rare among them. Children who may become orphans are always taken into the families of their relations or friends, who make no distinction between them and their own offspring.

"Inter-marriages between the Acadians and British settlers very seldom take place. 'Why,' said a friend of mine, to a young Acadian—'why do you keep the English at such a distance you never give them a chance of running off with any of you?' 'Ah,' replied M. de la Terrie, 'in her native parlais, perhaps the English don't try.'

"The difference of language, however, is rather an awkward bar to intermarriage, and is quite sufficient to give colour to the young lady's implied accusation. A small *auberge* near Sissibou is kept by an Englishman, who has been holder than the rest of his countrymen, and has carried off a prize from the flock of Montaigne. I passed the night at his house, and was amused, not like Miss Letitia Ramsbottom, that little boys should speak French, but to observe half a dozen children chattering to their mother in that language, and then running to their father with a little tale in English, they invariably maintained this distinction, never speaking to their parents, except in the native language of each, although the mother, in this instance, was almost equally conversant with either. The French of *la vieille France* is perfectly understood by them; and one whose ear has been accustomed to the parlais of that country, would have no difficulty in understanding theirs. It is however far more corrupted than that of the Canadians, and has become still farther changed by many grammatical misapplications.

The Pope and Sir H. Davy.

THE STRANGER.

I was educated in the ritual of the Church of England; I belong to the Church of Christ; the rosary which you see suspended about my neck is a memorial of sympathy and respect. Justious man, will, if you will allow me, give you the history of it, which, I think from the circumstances with which it is connected, you will not find devoid of interest. I was passing through France in the reign of Napoleon, by the peculiar privilege granted to a scaven, on my road into Italy. I had just returned from the Holy Land, and had in my possession two or three of the rosaries which are sold to pilgrims at Jerusalem, as having been suspended in the holy sepulchre. Pius VII. was then in imprisonment at Fontainebleau. I obtained permission to see this venerable and illustrious pontiff. I carried with me one of my rosaries. He received me with great kindness; I tendered my services to execute any commissions, not political ones, he might think fit to intrust me with in Italy, informing him that I was an Englishman; he expressed his thanks, but declined troubling me. I told him I was just returned from the Holy Land, and bowing with great humility, offered to him my rosary from the holy sepulchre; he received it with a smile, touched it with his lips, gave his benediction over it, and returned it into my hands, supposing, of course, that I was a Roman Catholic. I had meant to present it to his Holiness, but the blessing he had bestowed on it, and the touch of his lips, made it a precious relic to me, and I restored it to my neck, round which it has ever since been suspended. He asked me some unimportant questions respecting the Christians at Jerusalem; and, on a sudden, turned the sub-

ject being overheard, he said, "The *afas* has long been triumphant over the *fas*, but I do not doubt that the balance of things is even now restoring, that God will vindicate his church, clear his polluted altars, and establish clearly upon its permanent basis of justice and faith; we shall meet again, *afas*!" and he gave me his paternal blessing.

It was eighteen months after this interview that I went out with almost the whole population of Rome, to receive and welcome the triumphal entry of this illustrious father of the church into his capital. He was borne on the shoulders of the most distinguished artists, headed by Canova; and never shall I forget the enthusiasm with which he was received; it is impossible to describe the thoughts of triumph and of rapture sent up to heaven by every voice. And when he gave his benediction to the people, there was an universal prostration, a sobbing and marks of emotions of joy almost like the bursting of the heart. I heard every where around me, cries of "The holy father, the most holy father, his restoration is the work of God." I saw tears streaming from the eyes of almost all the women about me, many of them were sobbing hysterically, and old men were weeping as if they had been children. I pressed my rosary to my breast on this occasion, and repeatedly touched with my lips that part of it which had received the kiss of the most venerable pontiff. I preserve it with a kind of hallowed feeling as the memorial of a man, whose sanctity, firmness, meekness, are an honor to his church and to human nature; and if has not only been useful to me, by its influence upon my own mind, but it has enabled me to give pleasure to others, and has, I believe, been sometimes beneficial in ensuring my personal safety. I have often gratified the peasants of Apulia and Calabria by presenting them to kiss a rosary from the holy sepulchre which had been followed by the touch of the lips and benediction of the Pope; and it has even been respected by and procured me a safe passage through a party of brigands who once stopped me in the passage of the Apennines.

Last days of a Philosopher.

At St. Petersburg, an Oriental Institution, on an extensive scale, has just been founded. The institution is intended to form an academy for the instruction of Russian Professors, interpreters and diplomatic agents. The Members will publish an Asiatic Journal, for which 10,000 rubles will annually be allowed. The languages to be taught, are the Arabian, Persian, Turkish, Tartar, Chinese, Mantchou, Sanscrit, Tibet, Mongolian, Kalmuck, Georgian and Armenian. The history and literature of the latter nations, will be comprised in the objects of instruction. English, French, Italian, and Modern Greek, will also be taught. At the expiration of five years, the students, whose number has been limited to forty, will be sent to China, Persia, &c. with a view to perfect themselves in the knowledge of different countries of the East. The Institution will form a branch of the St. Petersburg University. It will contain an Oriental printing press, library and museum. It is supposed that the object of the Russian Government is to conciliate the princely families separating the Asiatic frontiers from those of the East India Company. Different strangers are, by order of the Government, to explore the southern parts of Asia. M. de Kalinovski has been appointed Director of the Finances in Georgia.

An anecdote of the Haut-Ton.—Not an hundred years ago, a leader of the *Haut-ton*, whose father and mother as Goldsmith says, had made a great noise in the world—the first by beating a drum, and the other by eating oysters, went to Washington to see the fashions, take the size of the rotunda, and inside Gadby's canvass backs. He had in early life been quite a man of polish, at one of the taverns in a distant town, having been a boot black of great skill and genius; he was a man of polish still, and gave out the card of fashion for one of the most distinguished circles.

One morning he wished to be introduced to the Senate of the United States.—He wished to see the place where Randolph had uttered his jokes, and sprinkled his sarcasms. He went, he made his entrance at the side door of the Senate. At that very moment, the full rapid voice of the Vice President was heard—in other words the question was taken—"The Senators in favor of the motion will please to rise."—Half the Senate rose just as the "fashionable" was entering. "Gentlemen," said our man of fashion, "pray don't rise—do be seated." The voice of the Vice President was again heard putting the negative of the question, and the other portion of the Senate rose. This mark of condescension overwhelmed the "leader of the ton." Why really, gentlemen, said he you do me too much honor—let me beg you to be seated." When our man of wealth and fashion returned to the banks of the Schuylkill, he told his friends that the Senate of the United States, was composed of the politest gentleman he had ever seen. So they are. N. Y. Courier.

When the Divine Blessing was prayed

HEROISM.—A Ja warrior appeared on the walls of Bauripore during the storming of that fortress, very conspicuous for his dress and his resolute demeanor. A mine, which had been previously driven, sprung under his feet as the storming party advanced. His figure was seen distinctly projected some height into the air, and again precipitated into the ditch. To the astonishment of the spectators the hero rose again, rushed up the steep, entered the breach with the king's 14th regiment, cheered by the applauding soldiers, who cried out to save him by all means. But he would not be saved; he turned upon the Europeans, and fought in the midst of them till he fell! We are not aware that there is an incident in the history of war to match this. Arnold de Winkelried made a path for his Swiss companions into the middle of the Austrian men at arms by making fast four or five lances in his bosom; but there was about this hero of Bauripore a power, as well as patriotic devotion, almost superhuman.

Mascotas, (Middle Florida), April 24.

Manteca, or Sea Cow.—The existence of this animal in this country is no longer matter of doubt. The bones and skins of several of them have been obtained from the Indians, by the officers of the garrison at Tampa Bay.—specimens of which have been shown us by gentlemen recently returned from that place. Those shown us were of the ribs, from one to two inches in diameter, and so nearly resembling ivory, as scarcely to be distinguished from it. The skins are used by the Indians for various purposes, whose strength and durability are required. They are found useful in rigging their canoes, building their houses, &c. The officers of the command have made a liberal offer to the Indians, to produce them one entire, either dead or alive.

A musical critic, in a late London paper, gives the following picturesque description.—"Madame Duicken's performance on the piano-forte was an extraordinary exhibition of manual dexterity. She flew at the keys like a tiger cat, pounced upon the chords, touseled them, shook them till she had her 'wicked will of them'; scrambled up and down like a kitten among leaves; whisked off from Dan to Beerbeche; played at leap-frog with her hands like one possessed; ran down the chromatic scale on double notes; up again, to show that she could do both; and all with amazing dexterity—equal in its kind to the tumbler in Drury Lane Pantomime, was bestowed upon a composition of at least twenty minutes duration, which did not contain one single thought worth hearing."

Parensic Wit—Scarlett's Last.—Brougham, who is not very attentive to the decoration of his outward man, entered the Court the other morning, with his wig most whimsically awry, and "in most admired disorder;" so much so, that even on the bench "birth was at odds with gravity," and a general titter was heard. At length Brougham addressed a younger barrister behind him, with "What's the matter, H—n, eh? Why this titter? What the deuce is it that relaxes the rigid muscles on the judgment seat?" "You wig, sir," cried the striking Junior, "My wig! my wig!" cried he and turning to the Attorney-General, "Eh, Scarlett, do you see any thing ridiculous in my wig?"—"Humph—No," said Scarlett, "I see nothing ridiculous in it—except the head."

SINGULAR PROPOSAL.—A young lady came over from a great distance "to be cured," and when I asked her what was her complaint, she replied, "As to that matter, I believe there is not a single complaint under the sun which I have not got." Here was a fine catalogue of disorders! I asked if she were married or single? "Single," was the answer. I then told her that so many complaints as she seemed to have could only be cured by a husband! At which observation she was exceedingly exasperated; but her anger terminated in a proposal to marry me! I never was more surprised in my life, and looked quite stupid.—Hardy's Travels in Mexico.

Chronometer Oil.—This desideratum has, we are assured, at length been met by the preparation of an oil, possessing all those qualities so essential to the delicate machinery of chronometers: it is limpid and colourless, does not decompose metals, or become frozen until exposed to a temperature many degrees under the freezing point. Our correspondent has perused the letters of several principal makers who have this oil, and who bear ample testimony to its excellence. It is the discovery of Mr. Payne, late in the department of the principal storekeeper of his Majesty's Ordnance.—London paper.

POPE'S WILLOW.—The first weeping willow in England was planted by Alexander Pope, the poet. He received a present of hgs from Turkey, and observing a twig in the basket, ready to bud, he planted it in his garden, and it soon became a fine tree. From his stock, all the weeping willows in England and America originated. [The Willow was introduced in Nov.