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POETRY.

FROM MOORE.
Farewell! but whenever you welcome the hour,
Which awakens the night-song of mirth in your bow'r,
Then think of the friend who once welcom'd it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return, not a hope may remain,
Of the few that have brightened his pathway of pain,
But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw
Its enchantment around him, while ling'ring with you.

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
The hours, and the heart is all in a glow,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My dear, my dear friends, shall be with you that night,
You'll be my revels, your sports and your wives,
And to return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles,
Too blest, if it tells me, that 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmur'd, "Farewell, farewell!"
Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
And which come, in the night-time of sorrow & care,
To bring back the future that joy'd us to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distilled,
You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

MISCELLANY.

FROM A LATE LONDON PAPER.
Coanellor O'Garraish.—We take shame to
ourselves for not having sooner noticed the
very able address to the Court of King's Bench
during the last term, of a barrister from the
sister kingdom in the cause *Serge against
Sabretach*. The following is we believe a pretty
correct report of it:—

"When I look around me, and above me,
and below me, and oozily ponder over the
tide of time, which, rolling thro' this elevated
edifice, sweeps the mighty and the mean to
one common bourne, whence, as the poet of
nature informs us, no traveller returns—when
I reflect that the Court which I now address,
may perhaps, the very segment of the seat I
now occupy, was heretofore enlightened by that
Aurora borealis of legal effulgence, which
formed a halo on the brows of a Dunning and
a Mansfield, I feel rooted with terror to the
ground and paralyzed with my lower extremities,
like the marble-troughed monarch in the Arabian
Tales. Would to Heaven that the red-
haired Founder of this venerable Hall had
snatched Tyrrell's dart from his own bosom,
and plunged it into mine, ere I had essayed
this office! But the different epochs of our
existence checks the wish—My Lords, my
client, the plaintiff, is of the useful class of
beings (nine of whom were heretofore supposed
to constitute a man) who give broad cloth to
the back—serge to the stomach—buckram to
the body—tuckset to the thigh! His manners
are modest—his conduct creditable—his shop
is showy—and his residence is Ratcliffe. The
defendant is an officer of Dragoons, recently
drawn from the Purlicus of Pall-mall, and
quartered at Hounslow. Luckily for him
the days of drawing quartering are over, or
wrongs like my client's might justify the
corporal partition. It might be accident,
it might be design, which caused Captain
Sabretach on a visit to the Wapping
Docks, to lounge over Ratcliffe Highway.
Attracted by these words, "Serge, Taylor and
Habitmaker," he halted at the plaintiff's door.
An elegant pelisse, with arms extended, hung
swinging on the door-post—he entered the
shop and with a blandishment well suited to
the perfidy of his purpose he ordered a pelisse
of the same workmanship and materials. The
superb ornament started like the web of Arachne
from the fingers of the plaintiff's journeyman,
and on the Monday week following the cele-
brated issued from the Hounslow Barracks, the
envy and admiration of his booted brethren.
His collar was of sable fur. "Get me a cut
of sables," cried he mimicking the march of
the duke of Denmark; but when he would have
added, "the *Donit wears black*," the Demon
of Darkness stuck in his throat. My Lords,
you are (and long may you continue to be) clad
in the robes of office and you know what fur
is.—When you reflect that the pelisse was of
extra superfine French brown; that bands of
braids were buttoned on the bosom, with a fork
of do behind; that the side seams were finely &
fully figured; that the tassels were tamberoued
and that frogs, presumptuous as those of Pha-
roah, enveloped the defendant from chitterlin
to chine, you will not, I am sure, elevate your
eyebrows with extra astonishment, when you
learn that the price demanded was 174. four-
teen shillings and sixpence. The plaintiff
was pressing—the defendant was dunned; but
cash not being forth-coming, the plaintiff drew
a bill of exchange for the amount, which the de-
fendant accepted, payable at Messrs. Child and
Company's Temple-bar. The bill was present-
ed when due, and was noted for non-payment.
God forbid that I should impute any blame to
Messrs. Child and Company. Their answer
was "No effects," and after sedulous inquiry

I find, that when a man has no money in a ban-
ker's hands, such banker is not bound to pay
his drafts. This, my Lords the defendant must
have known. His acceptance, therefore, was
a mockery of the ace merchant; it was bat-
tering the bacon of baseness; it was thrusting
the red hot poker of pertness into the already
blazing conflagration of my client's grievances.
The defendant had now thrown away the scab-
bard, and the plaintiff drew the sword. He
issued out a writ in the name of George the
Third of the United Kingdom of Great Britain
and Ireland: Ireland in its unfathomed caves
of despotism; that hapless tin kettle, doomed
to be eternally appurtenant to the tail of the
dog of war. A declaration was filed, caution-
ing containing counts for goods sold and deliv-
ered, and for work and labour, with a notice to
plead in eight days. Even now the plaintiff
did more than by legal courtesy he was bound
to do. He demanded a plea—

"This was contemptuously contemned; it
was treated as *Britannia Fulmen*. But the plain-
tiff, my Lords, was no mimic Jove, bantering
and blustering from a bridge of brass; Serge,
and not *Salmoneus*, was the antagonist whom
the defendant was to cope with. The bolt
was hurled, and into florid judgment signed
for want of a plea. At this stage of the
proceedings, the plaintiff's attorney put into
my unexperienced hands, an affidavit of the
cause of action. The motion he wished me to
submit to your Lordship, was novel arduous.
Seniors in silk, an *Uranus* in prunella, would
have shrunk from its experiment. But, fall of
my client's wrongs, and swelling like the
Sibyl with my object, even so humble an in-
dividual as myself now ventures to move your
Lordships—that it may be referred to the mas-
ter to compute principal and interest on the
Bill of Exchange upon which this action is
brought!!!!

**2nd ed. of Vol. I. esp. the celebrated *Dyna-
mic Poet*.**—It is generally known that this fa-
mous poet lived his days in a mad house.—
During his confinement, such was his rage for
poetic composition, especially when his par-
oxysms came on that the physicians judged it
not only proper but highly necessary to in-
dulge him perpetually with writing imple-
ments; and the unfortunate man never ap-
peared so happy as in the use of them.
As soon as he had finished any new copy of
of verses, he used to recite them with great
glee and variety of emphasis, tone and cadence;
and at intervals with such veneration, that he
often grew hoarse, and was obliged to be re-
freshed with aromatic pipes from him, when it
could be done with safety to the patient,
which was generally during some of his head
intervals, or when he was asleep. The loss
of these papers he would sometimes lament in
the most extravagant language, that is, when
he could remember the loss; for his memory
was at times entirely gone, and then fell to
writing again.

On moonlight night his friend Mr. Dryden
was walking under the window of the ap-
artment wherein the hapless bard was confined
(perhaps to smother his own ideas for some
gloomy subject) overheard the poor fellow,
who was then writing in a lofty reverie, cry
out

"Arise Jupiter and snuff the moon!"
It seemed the planet just before become a
little obscured by the skirt of a driving cloud.
Presently the "celestial lamp of midnight"
as he termed it, became entirely veiled from
his sight by the complete interception of the
whole cloud which was very broad and dense.
This so exasperated Lee, that he exclaimed in
a rage—

"O thou covinous God! thou has snuffed it out!"

But perhaps nothing can convey so strong,
and at the same time, so just an idea of the
melancholy pitch to which the frenzy of this
unfortunate man had arrived before his death,
as the following wild poetic effusions of his,
written, no doubt in a state of exasperation.—
Probably there is not, of the kind extant, a
greater instance of the most complete mis-
erable derangement of intellect:

Oh! that my lungs could bleat like buttered peas,
And even with frequent *blatting* catch the snail,
And grow as hungry as the Irish seas,
To engender whirlwinds for a shabby witch.

Not that a hard-roed herring dare presume
To swing a tye-pig in a cat-skin purse.
Cause of the great hailstones that fell at Rome
By lessening the fall might make it worse.

I grant that drunken rainbows lul'd to sleep
Short like Welch rabbits on a fair maid's eye,
Which made him laugh to see a mudding creep;
For creeping pudding only please the wise.

The reason's plain; for Charon's western barge
Running full tilt 'gainst the subjunctive mood,
Beckon'd to a Porpoise and gave the charge
To fatten padlocks with antarctic food.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 8.

Swallowing Notes.—On Friday last four
persons were arrested, and committed on the
suspicion of having stolen eight \$100 notes.
Strong circumstances having induced a belief
that they had swallowed the money, emetics
were administered. In consequence, one of
the suspected persons, John Smith, cast up two
notes of the United States bank, each of one
hundred dollars. The others did not deliver
any.

FROM THE NEW-YORK ADVERTISER.
Sometime since, we made some remarks upon
a speech of Mr. Randolph delivered by
during the late session of Congress, in which he
undertook to explain, more fully, what he
meant, when he introduced in a prior debate
the subject of "Virginia Armory." In do-
ing this, we have been so unfortunate as to pro-
duce the resentment of no less a man than
Mr. Ritchie, the publisher of the Richmond
Enquirer. We had no idea that in making
these remarks we were trespassing upon
the learned gentleman's ground. Our busi-
ness was with Mr. Randolph. It was his con-
fession for his native state, and his explanation
of what was the import of that confession that
drew forth our remarks. It seems, however,
that they were not palatable to Mr. Ritchie.
This may be a misfortune but it is a remediless
one; and therefore—

Mr. Ritchie has been long enough in Virgi-
nia to have learned the trade of *Sheering off*
from the question and going into the discussion
of something else. He therefore enters upon
the consideration of the abstract right of oppo-
sition and resistance. "Certainly," says he,
"we can conceive cases, in which the tyranny
may become so glaring as to justify resistance.
This is a principal of his own—one that we
have not moved or discussed, or questioned."
Our object was to show, from Mr. Randolph's
own mouth that in a given case where the
course of public events did not suit the taste
of Virginia, she was preparing to make resis-
tance, and that of a pretty formidable kind—
being nothing more nor less than that of *hav-
ing secured Dark's brigade and the arms at
Harper's ferry, in case of an attempt to set up
a pagan and odious colour of law, and supervise
the public weal.*"

This plan and the progress which it appears
was made towards its execution, we thought out-
went in enormity even the Hartford Conven-
tion wicked as that may have been—for what-
ever else may be said of that Convention, they
did not engaged their officers nor secured the
arms necessary, to oppose the government.
But says Mr. Ritchie—Virginia must not be
brought down to the degraded level of the
Hartford Convention. "This we understand
perfectly. Let that unassuming State" take
what course she may—whether it be to oppose
the national government or to denounce over
the other states—she is always upon her still,
and nothing must attempt to bring her down to
a level with the rest of the country. This is
the very essence of our complaint. It is the
she has assumed and her reluctance to descend
to the standard of the other states, that we
charge upon her and we are indebted to Mr.
Ritchie for his banknote in declaring that there
she means to remain.

Mr. Ritchie asks if the editor of the *Comer*
is mad in supposing that Virginia so *readily*
for order, would have flown to arms to
assist Mr. Adams—when, he says, "the
fact is we never took up arms against him."
We have not said that Virginia took up arms
for any purpose; but Mr. Randolph has said
that for a certain purpose, they had the promise
of Dark's brigade & the arms at Harper's ferry.
This is not true, Mr. Ritchie had much bet-
ter give vent to his anger on Mr. Randolph,
and not upon us, who merely took his assertions
for truth—a course that we shall pursue
until better informed, because we consider him
as not only a more competent but a more cre-
dible witness, than the editor of the *Enquirer*.

Mr. Ritchie calls upon us to blush at our
ignorance or misrepresentation in understanding
Mr. Randolph by his *pageant to mean* Col. Farr-
ar asks if the sagacious Courier does not know
that the very man who was principally spoken
of at that day by some federal fanatics at
Washington as the President by law was a
federalist, a Virginian of distinguished standing.
We are so unfortunate as not to know this
to be the fact, and this we presume will relieve
us from the charge of misrepresentation. And
we are still more unfortunate in not giving
credit to it now even upon the evidence ad-
duced; and this Mr. Ritchie may ascribe
to ignorance or any other cause which his
vanity may suggest. We think federalists
must be deeply imbued with fanaticism, if they
would go to Virginia even for a pageant to place
at the head of the nation.

HARTFORD (CONN) APRIL 14.

Hail Storm.—On the evening of Monday last
a violent storm of hail crossed us from the
northwest. Although some of the stones pick-
up measured four inches and a half in circum-
ference still the wind was so light that we suf-
fered no other damage than the breaking of
a few of our windows. The storm was confined
to this city and the immediate vicinity.

Monopoly.—Leonard Baker, and others of
Albany have petitioned the Legislature for
the exclusive right of running stages between
New-York and Albany.

Royal Academy of Arts.—At the Forty-
ninth Anniversary of the institution of the Ro-
yal Academy of arts, held late in London,
Benjamin West, Esq. was unanimously re-chosen
President.

The Rev. President Davis, has declined the
office of President of Yale College.

FOREIGN.

LONDON, FEB. 10.
Lord Cochran has left town to attend the
Hampshire meeting, to be held this day near
Portsmouth, upon the subject of parliamentary
reform, &c.

The Austrian Observer states the following
to be the result of the conferences between Mr.
Pinckney and the Neapolitan Government.

"Mr. Pinckney, the American envoy, after
various conference with the Neapolitan gov-
ernment, handed over a note in August last,
in which he demanded that the subjects of the
United States should be indemnified by the
Neapolitan government for their losses in ships
and wares under Murat's government. The
reply of the Neapolitan government was a re-
fusal, founded on this—that no writer on pub-
lic law had ever maintained that a lawful cov-
erign should be made responsible for the un-
just acts of an usurper; that the United States
should have reclaimed against Murat; that the
nation was in no degree responsible for his
acts; that it besides appeared from a report
by M. Agar, Murat's Finance Minister, that
the order for confiscating American ships and
wares originated with Bonaparte, who wrote
to the council to that effect with his own hand;
that the produce of the confiscations never
came into the public treasury, but was spent
by Murat in his extravagant displays of Asiatic
magnificence; and that a part of it was em-
ployed in the expedition to Calabria against
the lawful prince.

"Mr. Pinckney then addressed a second
request, in the name of Commodore Chauncey,
to the Neapolitan government; he asked for
a depot of stores at Messina or Syracuse, for
the wants of the American squadron during
the war with the Barbary States. To this the
Neapolitan government replied, that the re-
quest could not be complied with, while such
a privilege was granted to no other foreign
power; that his Sicilian majesty being at peace
with the Barbary powers, could not consent to
such permission; but that if the American
squadron wanted to purchase supplies in Sicily,
this would certainly be allowed. Mr.
Pinckney replied, that he had sent the answers
to his own government, which he had no doubt
would properly estimate their contents.

The English had no objection whatever
with the above negotiation, and the idea of skir-
ring for Hampden did not so much as enter
the thoughts of the American ambassador.

On Thursday night a most cruel murder was
committed near Salford, near Birmingham, on
Morton and Bellchambers, wine merchants,
of London. Mr. Pennington was on his way
to Coventry via Castle Bromwich, in his gig,
and was way-laid on the road, about a mile be-
yond Birmingham. He was found with a pistol
shot through his temple, and quite dead.

The assassinating villain had taken his gold
watch, and the contents of his pocket sil-
ver box, but fortunately abandoned the object
of their fury without discovering his pocket-
book, which contained bank notes, &c. of several
hundred pounds value.—We have to state,
that by the death of Mr. Pennington, a very
amiable wife and seven young children are de-
prived of a tender husband and most affection-
ate father.

New Voyages of Discovery.—A private let-
ter from Petersburg, in a French paper, gives
the following details:—The Russian Ameri-
can Company have fitted out at Cronstadt, an
expedition, for a voyage round the world.—
This expedition, which has been preparing in
that harbor during all the last summer, is com-
posed of two vessels; one is the *Farral*,
which conveyed Gen. Moreau to Europe, and
the other, the *Swarrow*, lately arrived from
the Colonies. The command of the two ves-
sels is entrusted to capt. Hexmeister, knight by
a similar voyage, in 1800, in the ship *Neva*.

Longevity.—On the 13th of Dec. a Catholic
Priest proceeded on foot to the Cathedral of A-
dria, in Lombardy, and returned thanks for hav-
ing attained his 110th year, without any illness
or sickness! He was accompanied by an im-
mense concourse of people, and chanted the
Cathedral service in a firm, manly, and grati-
fied voice.

Revenue.—There cannot be a more convinc-
ing proof of the great decline of the revenue
of the county, than the extraordinary dimi-
nution of the revenue of the post office, the re-
ceipts of the last year being less than those of
the preceding by the sum of 122,000. £ which is
upwards of 25-1/2% per week.

In the old peace tax upon tea, (an article of
such general consumption with the lower class-
es) there is a decrease of 351,654; and in the
war tax of 324,634, making a total decrease
of more than 650,000, on that article alone.

Dutch and Flanders mails arrived last night
—The following is an extract:

BRUSSELS, FEB. 1.

"Letters from Cambray now state that it
is generally reported there, that the rigging
of the army of occupation is to be diminished
in the month of March next. It is said that
the Duke of Wellington himself considers the
maintenance of tranquility in France as so se-
cure, that the diminution of the army of the
allies in France will not be attended with
any danger, and that this diminution, under
the present circumstances of distress, cannot
fail of having a very favourable effect on the
people's minds to the advantage of the royal